The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

J. A. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Odd Fellows' Building, SOMERSET, PA.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OMRAST, PA. Office with F. J. Kooser, Esq.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office with John H. Uhl.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Printing House Row, opposite Court House.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
J. R. SCOTT. J. C. OGLE.
SCOTT & OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, SOMERSET, PA.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be quickly and politically attended to. Office on Main Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

WM. H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, above Fisher's Book Store.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Scenty and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

DR. P. F. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA., Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office next door to Commercial Hotel.

J. W. CARUTHERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA. Office on Main street, next door to Lutheran Church. Night calls at office.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St. East of Diamond.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown,) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of drug store.

DR. J. S. M'MILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.) Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial ones inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the house occ. by M. Truxwell & Co., store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office in Kuepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

CURTIS K. GROVE, SOMERSET, PA. BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK Furnished on Short Notice. Painting Done on Short Time. My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the best Iron and Steel, substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction. Employ Only First-Class Workmen. Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and All Work Warranted. Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call on. CURTIS K. GROVE, (East of Court House) SOMERSET, PA

WANTED:— WHITE OAK LUMBER, CUT TO ORDER. Address W. C. WHITE LUMBER CO., No. 10 Baltimore St., Cumberland, Md.

Benn's National Liniment — CURES — Rheumatism, Sprains and Swellings. For Man or Beast. For sale by all Druggists. Price, 25c., 50c., and $1. per bottle. W. B. BENN, Mf'g., Allegheny, Pa. 6-30-1yr.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIX. NO. 17. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1890. WHOLE NO. 2047.

It is to Your Interest TO BUY YOUR DRUGS AND MEDICINES OF JOHN N. SNYDER, SUCCESSOR TO BIESECKER & SNYDER.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.

You can depend on having your PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of FITTING TRUSSES.

We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.

Respectfully, JOHN N. SNYDER.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN! EVERYONE WANTS TO KNOW WHERE TO GET THE MOST OF OF THIS WORLD'S GOODS FOR THE LEAST MONEY? WE HAVE THEM. Dishes. WHITE, YELLOW, GLASS, AND ROCKINGHAM WARE, IN GREAT VARIETY. BASKETS, LOOKING-GLASSES, HANGING LAMPS, STAND LAMPS Lamps of all Descriptions.

Novelties and Oddities in China THE PLACE FOR FANCY & STAPLE GROCERIES IS AT THE STORE OF ED. B. COFFROTH, SOMERSET, PA

PUBLIC SALE — OF — Valuable Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., we will expose to public sale on the premises in Somerset Township, three-fourths of a mile west of Lavansville, on

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1890,

At 1 o'clock p. m., the following described and valuable real estate:

A certain farm, the real estate of Jacob B. Countryman, dec'd, situate in Somerset and Jefferson Townships, Somerset County, Pa., containing about 125 acres, adjoining lands of Joseph L. Miller, George Hicker, John Hay, John Yoder, H. Kring, Alex. Countryman, D. Lavan's estate, John Countryman, H. H. Flick and others, in all containing 149 acres more or less, about 120 acres cleared, balance well timbered, with a

SUGAR CAMP

that will set about 225 kettles; two dwelling houses, one a large brick house—a very large barn and other outbuildings, about five miles west of Somerset, near to church, schools and stores. This is a good and beautiful farm in the highest state of cultivation, and produces good crops of grass and grain; also fine fruit trees on the farm, with good running water, also limestone. The grain sowed out on the farm is reserved. Possession given April 1, 1891. The purchaser loses the right to plow and use the farm preparatory for the next spring's crops.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third to remain a lien on the farm, after the expenses are deducted, the interest to be paid annually and regularly to the widow of the dec'd during her life, and at her death the principal to the heirs of the dec'd. One-fourth of the balance cash, after deducting the dower, on confirmation of sale, (when int. on dower shall begin) and 20 per cent of land money cash on day of sale. The balance in three equal annual payments, without interest; payments and dower to be secured by judgments.

Persons desiring further information about the farm can call on the Administrators on the farm, or their attorney, John H. Uhl, Esq., at Somerset.

W. F. COUNTRYMAN, E. L. COUNTRYMAN, H. L. COUNTRYMAN, Administrators and Trustees. sept29.

EXECUTRIX' NOTICE. Estate of Levi Brubaker, dec'd., late of Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa. Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Friday, Oct 31, 1890, at the office of J. O. Kimmell, in Somerset Bor. NANCY BRUBAKER, Executrix. sept24.

DRUNKENNESS—LIQUOR HABIT—IN ALL THE WORLD THERE IS BUT ONE CURE, DR. HAINES' GOLDEN SPECIFIC. It can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been cured who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, today believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effect results from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Send for circular and full particulars. Address in confidence, GOLDEN SPECIFIC CO., 185 Race Street, Cincinnati, O.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE. In the matter of the estate of Ludwick Kesler, late of Berlin Borough, Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd. The undersigned, appointed by the Court to pass on the exceptions and report a distribution of the fund in the hands of the Executor, hereby gives notice that he will attend at his office in Somerset, Pa., on Friday, the 24th day of October, '90, to the duties of his appointment, when and where all parties interested can attend. HENRY F. SCHELL, Auditor. oct1.

New Fall Stock — OF — Boots and Shoes Are received and open for your inspection at "THE FAMOUS," 52 Sixth Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THOSE IN NEED of the finer and lighter grades of foot wear will find a good and well selected stock at our store, but we wish to call your special attention to our

Heavy Kip and Calf Boots, Calf Button and Lace Shoes, FOR THE LADIES, AND Good, Solid School Shoes for the children. We will guarantee you a great saving (in money) by buying from us, and guaranteeing satisfaction to all. We invite you to give us an early call.

Rubber Boots and Shoes in Abundance.

Come in and see us while you are here at the Exposition. Make yourself at home by leaving your bundles and packages. They will be taken care of free of expense.

PUBLIC SALE — OF — Valuable Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to me directed, I will offer at public sale on the premises, in Paint Township, one-fourth of a mile east of Scalp Level, on

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1890,

At 2 o'clock p. m., the following described and valuable real estate, viz:

A certain farm, the real estate of Andrew Kunkel, deceased, situate in Paint Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., and Richland Twp., Cambria Co., adjoining lands of David J. Shaffer, J. F. Deitz, Christian Bentley, George Conrad Jeremiah Beam, John E. Seese, James F. Beam and others, containing 156 acres more or less, about 140 acres cleared and balance well timbered, with a good sugar camp that will set about 800 kettles, two

Dwelling Houses,

a large bank barn and other outbuildings, being near the village of Scalp Level, and about two and one-fourth miles from Paint Creek Station, on the S. & C. R. R. near to church, schools and stores. This is a good and beautiful farm, in the highest state of cultivation, and produces good crops of grass and grain; also several good orchards of fruit trees, and a number of never failing springs are on this farm. Nearly the whole farm is underlaid with several veins of excellent coal and limestone, (a four-foot vein of coal, and a six-foot vein of limestone being open).

This farm will be offered in two divisions, or as a whole. Persons desiring information about the farm can call on the Executor, in Stonycreek Tp. Cambria County, or J. E. Gastiger, Somerset, Pa.

TERMS:

One-third at confirmation of sale; one-third in one year, balance in two years. Deferred payments to bear interest and to be secured by judgment notes to be made liens. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down.

ANDREW KUNKEL, Executor. oct1.

LEGAL NOTICE. In re Estate of Sally Coleman, dec'd. } In the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa. 24 Sept. '90 Extr's Acct. confirmed nisi.

25 Sept. '90 Extr's Acct. confirmed absolutely. And now, 4th Oct. '90, on motion of Valentine Hay, Esq., Attorney for the Executors, the Court appoint J. O. Kimmel, Esq., Auditor to ascertain amount of collateral inheritances tax to be paid, and distribute the balance in their hands among those legally entitled to the same.

(SEAL.) Somerset County, ss. Extract from the record, certified 4th of October, 1890.

JACOB D. SWANK, Clerk.

The Auditor will attend at his office in Somerset Borough, on Thursday, the 30th day of October, 1890, of which all persons interested will take notice, or be forever debarred from coming in for a share of the fund hereafter. J. O. KIMMELL, Auditor. oct8.

PUBLIC SALE — OF — Vnaluable Real Estate!

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., we will expose to public sale on the premises in Somerset Township, one mile east of Edie, on

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1890,

At 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, viz:

A certain farm, the real estate of Franklin Launtz, dec'd, situate in Somerset Twp., Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lands of Benjamin Miller, Peter Miller, Uriah Trent, Henry J. Hoffman, C. Gnegory and Emanuel Bowman, containing 130 acres; 120 acres clear, and in good state of cultivation; balance well timbered. There is erected on the farm a good two story

DWELLING HOUSE

Bank barn, and other outbuildings. The farm is well watered; running spring at the house; sugar grove, two thriving young orchards, and is convenient to church and schools—about 4 miles north of Somerset. Possession given April 1, 1891.

TERMS OF SALE.

One-third to remain a lien on the farm after all debts and expenses of administration are paid, the interest to be paid annually to the widow of the dec'ased during her natural life, and at her death to the legatees of the deceased. Ten per cent. of the purchase money on day of sale; the remainder of one-third at the confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and the remaining one-third in one year, with interest on deferred payments from confirmation of sale; dower and payments to be secured by judgment notes.

Persons desiring further information can call on or address either of the Executors at Edie, P. O., Pa.

JOSEPH R. MILLER, ALEXANDER LAUNTZ, Executors. oct.11.

PUBLIC SALE — OF — VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

The undersigned, Guardian of Austin J. Brant's children, of Brothersvalley Township, will sell at public sale on

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1890,

at R. L. Cook's store in Berlin, at 1 o'clock, p. m., the undivided one-half of a tract of land situate in Brothersvalley Twp., adjoining lands of Alexander Coleman, J. M. Shaver, Henry Haugey, and others, containing 82 acres, more or less, on which are erected a Dwelling House and Stable. The land is well timbered. The owner of the other half will also sell his half at the same time.

TERMS REASONABLE, and will be made known on the day of sale. H. H. YODER, Guardian.

Peruvian Tonic Liver Regularto. The only sure and radical cure for CONSTIPATION. BILIOUSNESS, INDIGESTION, and all disorders of the Liver, has cured hundreds of people, and is the only remedy for these diseases, and in cases in which the most skillful have utterly failed. Testimonials from hundreds of people living in Blair County, Pennsylvania. It is manufactured by D. T. KETRING, WILLIAMSBURG, PA., for the P. T. L. R. Co., and for sale by all Druggists at 50 cents per bottle. None genuine unless the label shows the Indian Arrow-head Trade Mark. 4-30-'90-1yr.

GEO. D. MITCHELL, Attorney-at-Law and Solicitor of Pensions and Patents, Box 255, Washington, D. C. Clerk to Senate Pension Committee for last 7 years. If you like promptness, write him. Glad to give advice. 5-20-8m.

St. Jacobs Oil Cures PROMPTLY AND PERFECTLY BRUISES, SWELLINGS, CUTS, &c. A bruise is a contusion; swellings are inflammations; cuts and wounds are alike disturbances to natural action, through which the veins are clogged, circulation impeded, congestion sets in and pains ensue. Nature is impatient—it tries to right itself and pain intensifies. Bruises and swellings need a soothing influence, but in cuts and wounds hardly any one would pour a liquid remedy into a gaping wound. So soon as nature brings the parts together, almost at once, St. Jacobs Oil soothes, cleans away obstructions, heals the injured tissues and restores. Used according to directions, it helps nature and cures PROMPTLY AND PERMANENTLY. Mr. Louis Rush, 49 Preston Street, Detroit, Mich., says: "Pitching ball I sprained and bruised my arm; two applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured me." Mr. Gustav Naunwald, Jr. (Tivydale), Fredericksburg, Texas, writes, August 26, 1888: "I was badly cut with a scythe; half bottle St. Jacobs Oil cured me." It CURES. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS. THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

CHILDREN Are always liable to sudden and severe colds, to croup, sore throat, lung fever, etc. Remedies, to be effective, must be administered without delay. Nothing is better adapted for such emergencies than Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, relieves coughing, and induces sleep. The prompt use of this medicine has saved innumerable lives, both of young and old. "One of my children had croup. The case was attended by our physician, and was supposed to be well under control. One night I was startled by the child's hard breathing, and on going to it found it

Strangling. It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a part of a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously waited results. From the moment the Pectoral was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping quietly and breathing naturally. The child is alive and well to-day, and I do not hesitate to say that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved its life." —C. J. Woolridge, Wortham, Texas. For colds, coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and the early stages of consumption, take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

— THE — FIRST NATIONAL BANK — OF — Somerset, Penn'a. DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND. ACCOUNTS MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED. — DI COUN DAILY. — BOARD OF DIRECTORS: LaRue M. Hicks, W. H. Miller, James L. Pugh, Chas. H. Fisher, John R. Scott, Geo. R. Scull, Fred W. Biesecker. Edward Scull, : : : : : President; Valentine Hay, : : Vice President; Andrew Parker, : : : : : Cashier. The funds and securities of this Bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corliss Burglar-proof Safe. The only Safe made absolutely Burglar-proof.

Somerset County National Bank OF SOMERSET, PA. Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890. CAPITAL, $50,000. Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't; Wm. B. Frease, Vice Pres't; Milton J. Pritts, Cashier. DIRECTORS: Wm. H. Koontz, Sam'l Snyder, Josiah Speicht, Jonas M. Cook, John H. Snyder, John Scott, Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder, Jerome Scott, Noah S. Miller, Wm. Endsley. Customers of this Bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's Celebrated Safes, with most approved time lock. Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Accounts and Deposits Solicited. mar1-6m

Oils! Oils! The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of Illuminating & Lubricating Oils Naphtha and Gasoline, That can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM. If you wish the most uniformly Satisfactory Oils — IN THE — American Market, Ask for ours. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by COOK & BEERITS AND FREASE & KOOSER, SOMERSET, PA. sept28-'90-1yr.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Estate of William Hanna, late of Milford township, Somerset County, Pa. Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before Saturday, Oct. 25, 1890, at the late residence of dec'd in Milford township. JOHN W. HANNA, Administrator.

HER STIPULATION.

At the old piano seated
As I played with Margaret,
Sweet the harmony repeated
In the chords of our duet.

'Twas her favorite piece, she told me,
She had chosen it to play,
And its music seemed to hold me
With a viewless magic sway.

'Twas a melody Circassian,
And its strains, in varying mood,
Now sang low of love's sweet passion,
Now like clarions stirred the blood.

Still with me the memory lingers
Of that happy day in June;
So harmonious moved our fingers
Surely we had hearts in tune!

Visions through my soul delighted
Passed, that told what joy 'twould be
If our hearts could be united,
Making endless harmony.

And I thought "'Tis now or never!"
So I whispered, "Margaret,
Why should not we twain forever
Make our lives one long duet?"

She, meanwhile, with smile entrancing
Stood in silence wrapt; but soon,
"'Twould be nice," she said, sly glancing
If I always chose the tune!"

HOW IT ENDED.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

"Of course I am very sorry for you, my dear," said Mrs. General Gore, complacently arranging the lappets of her new lace cap, as she sat before the blazing fire of Liverpool coal. "And I dare say you will soon find some occupation to suit you. But it is quite impossible for us to help you. The General has so very many claims on his purse, you see. And, really, when we come to think of it, you are only but a sort of third or fourth cousin."

Ruby Phelps looked at the fair, plump, elegantly dressed matron with a sort of amazement. She had come to the city in the most perfect confidence that Mrs. Gore would help her, advise her—perhaps even offer her a home in the Fifth Avenue mansion until some opportunity to earn her bread should offer itself to her.

"But," said she, "What am I to do?"

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Gore, "what a very strange question! I should think that you might have made up your mind as to that long before you left your home."

"I wasn't as wise then as I am now," said Ruby, with flaming cheeks, as she rose to depart, reminded involuntarily of the old parable of the Priest and the Levite.

"Don't you think you had better go back to Mushroom Hollow?" said Mrs. Gore, sweetly.

"No, I don't!" said Ruby; and she went away without another word. She would have died sooner than tell Mrs. Gore that she had not enough money left for a return ticket to Mushroom Hollow.

Out into the snowy dark she crept, with a strange, empty feeling at her heart. She did not know where to go, so she simply followed the current of passers-by—and when she came to a humble little bakery, she opened the door and went in.

"I have had nothing to eat since morning," she said to herself. "I cannot starve."

At the back of the store there were two or three little oilcloth-covered tables; she sat down at the nearest one, and asked, meekly, for a roll and a cup of tea—and as she ate and drank, she could hear the mistress of the place scolding a girl across the counter.

"You promised to come to-night," she said, "and now you've thrown me over; and I'd like to know what I'm to do? and just our busy season, too; get married, indeed; if you was going to get married, why didn't you say so at first?"

And her distribe was only ended by the abrupt flouncing out of the store of the young woman whom she was scolding.

Ruby Phelps had listened intently to this little by-play.

She was a girl of some decision and originality. Her mind was made up at once.

She rose and came forward to the counter.

"Cannot *I* do?" said she. "You need a helper. I want work. I will come for low wages until I have learned your ways. I am willing and active. Will you try me?"

"But," gasped Mrs. Ely—for that was her name—"you are a lady!"

"I am a woman who wants work," said Ruby. "I think I could suit you if you would but allow me a trial."

"Ely will say it ain't business," said the baker's wife. "But I do need help dreadful, and I never yet mistook in people's faces. Yes, you may come—for a trial week, at least. Miss—"

"Call me Ruby," said the girl. "My name is Rubina Phelps."

And that night she slept under the humble roof of the Sixth Avenue bakery.

At the end of the week Mrs. Ely declared that she never had a help that suited her like Ruby Phelps.

The girl was quiet and efficient. She saw everything, and was prepared for all emergencies. But she had been in her new place only three months when good Mr. Ely died.

The poor widow wept and wrung her hands.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" she cried, "what is to become of me? The children are all babies, and not a cent of insurance on Ely's life! We're as good as beggars, and what shall I do?"

"Go on with the business, to be sure," said Ruby, calmly.

Mrs. Ely stopped whimpering, and stared at the speaker.

"But I am only a woman," said she. "I couldn't run the business."

"Then let me do it," said Ruby. "I know that I could go on just as Mr. Ely was doing. He was talking about enlarging the restaurant. We could serve twenty tables as well as ten. We could serve creams, and ices, and chocolate, as well as tea and rolls. There is Emile, the new French baker, can get up anything, and little Kate makes delicious tarts and *pates*. We may as well be a fashionable place as a mere bakery. And then, you know, we can charge accordingly. All that we want is to get our names up.

And Ruby Phelps prediction proved true. When two or three years had elapsed, the establishment of "Mme. Elie Rubini," as they had determined to christen it, had become famous! They had removed to one of the wide side streets, engaged a plate-glass fronted store, with a marble floor and elegantly-frescoed walls. Their gilded tables were attended by colored waiters; a perfumed fountain played in the centre, and tropical flowers bloomed in the windows. The public, easily caught by a little outside glitter, readily opened to them—and nobody's entertainment was complete unless the banquet was purveyed by "Mme. Elie Rubini." Ruby Phelps had a way of decorating tables which was entirely her own—an odd, original method of catering—a store of gastronomic secrets which she chose to impart to no one—but they pleased the cosmopolitan taste of New York. She had made a success of the business. She was the leader now, the capitalist, and meek little Mrs. Ely was borne along resistlessly in her track, admiring and loyal to the very last degree.

"I don't know how you've done it, I'm sure," said the widow. "When I look back, it seems almost like magic! It was a lucky day for me, Ruby, when you came in and ordered that roll and cup of tea. Wasn't it?"

* * * * * * *

"I don't know of anybody," said old Mr. Gibbens, "that has money to put out at interest aside from the regular professionals, you know, except the firm of Elie Rubini. You might try *them*."

"Elie Rubini!" echoed Mrs. General Gore. "Why, those are the people who set my table for me when I had my last fancy masquerade ball, and charged so shockingly, too! But, then, they always do things so elegantly at Rubini's. And you think they could lend me the money? I must have it somewhere—if the General finds out that I've pawned my diamonds, I do think he'll murder me; oh, of course I'll go there—and right at once!"

The room at the back of the salon was dark at the best of times,—which was natural enough, opening, as it did, upon a blind wall—and Mrs. Gore told her tale, without even having had a good look at the face of the stately lady in garnet silk. It was a too oft-repeated story—extravagance, gambling, in a ladylike way, money borrowed, jewels put in pawn, until now it seemed to poor Mrs. Gore as if the entire financial world were opening beneath her feet—opening to swallow her up!

Mme. Rubini heard her through, and then she struck a silver hand-bell sharply. Mrs. Gore started.

"Dear me!" cried she. "What is all that for?"

"I rang," said Mme. Rubini, calmly, "for lights."

A servant glided noiselessly in, lighted a cluster of chandeliers, and as noiselessly departed. Mme. Rubini looked quietly at Mrs. Gore's now pale face.

"I see," she said, "that you remember me."

"It's—it *must* be—Ruby Phelps—my cousin Ruby, from Mushroom Hollow!" gasped the portly matron.

"Exactly," said Ruby. "Well, it appears that the tables are turned at last. You, Mrs. Gore, are in want. *I* am the moneyed person. Well, I shall do exactly as you did to me—send you civilly about your business."

"You won't lend me the money?"

"Not if it were to keep you from starvation."

There was nothing of the long-suffering and angelic about Ruby Phelps. She had been cruelly hurt and wounded when her city cousin "sent her about her business."

The opportunity to retaliate had presented itself at last, and Ruby had not been slow to take advantage of it.

"But," cried Mrs. Gore, "I shall be ruined!"

"Possibly!" Mme. Rubini shrugged her shoulders. "But I do not know that it matters to me."

Mrs Gore went into hysterics. Mme. Rubini rang the bell for a young woman to bring camphor and sal volatile to her relief, and calmly re-entered her cash-desk.

When Mrs. Gore went sorrowfully home, thinking what tale was best to tell her husband, she found that the old gentleman had taken the steamer to Cuba, leaving only an apologetic letter to his wife. Debts at cards—disastrous speculations—any number of excuses were put forward. But all that Mrs. Gore knew was that she was left penniless and disgraced to face the world.

It might have been a Nemesis! Who knew?"

While Ruby, sitting at the end of the long, brilliantly lighted *salon*, where endless rows of chandeliers seemed to repeat themselves in sheets of mirror, and the crowd of evening custom was beginning to flow in, thought to herself:

"If she had spoken but one word of kindness to me three years ago, I would have laid down my life for her. But now—"

Assuredly, it was a Nemesis!

Fifteen Cents for a Horse.

Julius Smith, of Troy Corners, on the Utica plank road, came to the city yesterday morning with a load of produce. He left his wagon in the eastern market and then put his horse in Victor Diedrich's barn. While disposing of his load in the market he was approached by three men, one of whom asked him if he wished to trade horses. He replied that he had no such desire, and was asked what the horse was worth. To get rid of the men he jokingly replied, "fifteen cents." Immediately one of the men put fifteen cents in his hand with the remark, "the horse is mine."

A moment afterward they disappeared. When Smith returned to the barn later on the horse was missing. He notified the police, and Patrolman Stoerwald was detailed to assist him in recovering the animal. The man who had given him the money was found near the barn, and locked up at the station. He gave his name as Robert B. Knowlton, aged 21, a farmer by occupation, and residing in Greenfield. He has, however, been stopping on Division street for some time. The horse was a gray mare and valued at $170.—*Detroit Free Press.*

There are 31 millionaires in Denver, Col., and 21 men worth, on the average, $500,000 each.

He Downed the Gambler.

"Do you see that tall man standing there?" asked the colonel. "Notice how he brushes his hair forward on the sides, as some Englishmen do. One of those locks hides a scar which bears eloquent testimony as to a narrow escape from death."

"Thirty years ago he was a deputy marshal in Nevada. He started out one day to arrest a notorious gambler who had killed a man over a game of cards. The gambler knew that the marshal was seeking him, but with a cool effrontery walked about the streets all day. John—that is the deputy marshal—heard that the man he wanted was in a well-known bar-room. He set out for the place and carelessly walked boldly into the room. He had not crossed the threshold before he found himself looking into the barrel of a six-shooter.

"'Come, Hardy,' he said coolly, this won't do. I've come to get you and I want you.'"

"'See here, John' said the gambler, I don't want to kill you, but I won't let any man arrest me. Go away and let me alone.'"

"'No, I want you,' said the deputy marshal quietly. 'Put down your six-shooter and come with me.'"

"'I'll see you shot first.'"

"'I can't help that,' said the other. 'I must have you now. Now you have the drop on me, but you must come with me or kill me in cold blood.'"

"'I don't want to kill you,' said Hardy.

"'Then put down your gun.'

"'John, I won't be arrested. Don't touch me. I don't want to shoot a man without cause.'

"'I've got to do it, Hardy.'

"'See here, said the gambler, turning white, "if you move a foot I kill you. But I hate to be a coward. That was fair and square last night. We both pulled together.'"

"The marshal shook his head."

"'I'll do one thing, John,' Hardy went on. 'I'll back up to that wall. You back up to the other. I'll drop my revolver to my hip, and you can draw yours. Then it's the best man.'

"The marshal moved backward to the wall, and Hardy did the same. Then the marshal drew his revolver and held it at his side, muzzle down. All this time Hardy had kept his weapon leveled at the marshal. Slowly his arm sank, until his revolver touched the seam of his trousers. Both men were perfectly calm and immovable, the marshal determined looking, the gambler still pale.

"'Now, John, said Hardy. Instantly both weapons went up. It was all over so quickly that both men were on the floor together. But Hardy had fired too soon; his ball went at an upward angle and grazed the marshal's temple. But the marshal had sent his bullet straight on a line to Hardy's heart, and there was no need to arrest the gambler.

The Original Buffalo Bill.

There is probably no better known name throughout the entire length and breadth of this country than that of Buffalo Bill, and there are but few who do not know that William F. Cody is the bearer of the title. Mr. Cody, however, is not the original Buffalo Bill. There is nothing underhanded nor illegitimate in his bearing it. He is fully entitled to it, but, for all that, he comes by it second handed. The original Buffalo Bill is now living, an aged, wealthy, prominent and highly respected citizens and the president of a savings bank at Wichita, Kan. His name is William Matthewson. He is high up in the order of Oddfellows.

Years ago Mr. Matthewson was a bold frontiersman on the plains, engaged in hunting and trapping for a living. He supplied the forts in Kansas and Nebraska with buffalo, and his success in this work was so great that he was given the title of Buffalo Bill. During this time he engaged a boy to work for him, and the lad was so diligent and faithful that he remained in Matthewson's employ until the latter quit the business to settle down to a more quiet life. As a reward the employer turned over the hunting contracts to the employe, who then followed in his late master's footsteps. That he was successful, that he earned honor, fame and wealth for himself cannot be denied when it is told that his name is William F. Cody. With the business rights he was given the title his former employer had borne. The world knows he has kept it bright and that neither stain nor tarnish has touched it.—*Chicago Herald.*

Who Can Best be Spared.

Young men, this is the first question your employers ask themselves when business becomes slack and when it is thought necessary to economize in the matter of salaries. "Who can best be spared?" The barnacles, the shirks, the makeshifts, somebody's proteges, somebody's nephews, and especially somebody's good-for-nothing. Young men, please remember that these are not the ones who are called for when responsible positions are to be filled. Would you like to know the probabilities of your getting such a position? Inquire within! What are you doing to make yourself valuable in the position you now occupy? If you are doing with your might what your hands find to do, the chances are ten to one that you will soon become so valuable in that position that you cannot be spared from it; and then, singular to relate, will be the very time when you will be sought out for promotion to a better place.—*Printing Times.*

What the Tariff Does.

There is a lace factory in Wilkesbarre, in this State, and it proposed to build another and still more extensive one in Scranton by a Nottingham firm. It will start with 400 hands, soon to be increased to 2,000. Before the Wilkesbarre mill was put up England had a monopoly of lace making by machinery. There are in the counties of Derby, Nottingham and Leicester no less than 282 factories, and it is estimated that nearly 30,000 persons are employed. These are the most intelligent and prosperous of English toilers. Far several years the American protective tariff has been operating against the English lace manufacturers. The factory at Wilkesbarre, therefore has done a larger and larger business.

A Western cowboy committed suicide because a 13-year-old girl refused to marry him.

She Was Prepared.

A woman opened a front door, and addressing a soiled man who, down on all fours, was seemingly looking for something, said:

"What are you doing there?"

"Madam," he said, straightening up, "please be so generous as to pardon this apparent intrusion. My little girl and I were coming along her just now, and the child, in her gay frolicsomeness, ran across your greensward, but in her glad forgetfulness dropped a silver dollar that had been given her by the handsomest and noblest of women. We were on our way to get a doll for my other little girl, that is sick in bed, and it would have done your heart good to have seen the happiness of the little would-be-purchaser—but she lost the money, and now, almost heartbroken, she has gone home to tell her mother of the sorrowful calamity.

"That was indeed too bad," said the woman.

"Yes, madam; and if I could only hope—have you any little children madam?"

"Yes."

"Then you know what disappointment means to a child. If I only knew where I could borrow a dollar how inexpressibly happy I should be. Madam could you let me have a dollar?"

"No, not this morning."

"Well, could you let me have 50 cents now and give me the other half this afternoon?"

"No, I can't do that either."

"Well, madam, may I ask what you are prepared to do?"

"I am prepared to tell you to move on away or I'll call a policeman."

"You are thoroughly prepared for this, are you?"

"I am."

"All right; I shall bid you good morning. It is one of my business rules never to tamper with any one that is fully prepared."—*Chicago Herald.*

Rooted to the Spot.

I heard a story the other day about the former assistant rector of one of the largest Episcopal churches in the city. The gentleman in question is now the president of a college so far away that he can not mind if I relate the incident. He was a jolly good fellow when he lived in a boarding house here, and in his off hours was accustomed to turn in with the other good fellows of the house at a friendly game of whist or a smoke.

One evening, when he was out at service, two of the wags of the establishment remembered that it was his invariable habit upon returning home to doff his roundabout vest and clerical coat, put on an old smoking jacket and encase his feet in a pair of morocco slippers, which latter always occupied the same position on his bedroom floor. Accordingly they firmly nailed the slippers to the floor and awaited results in the next room.

Presently the dominie returned. They heard him moving about; they heard the thud of his shoes as they were taken off and thrown