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.

DRS. BILLS & COOPER,
DENTISTS.
Office over Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa.) All operations pertaining to Dentistry skillfully performed. Special attention given to filling and treating the natural teeth. Artificial dentures inserted. Also, teeth inserted without plates. Gold and porcelain crowns attached to the natural roots. aprils'91-1yr.

J. W. CARUTHERS, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOMERSET, PA.
Office on Union street, next door to Printing House Row. Night calls at office.

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

DR. H. S. KIMMELL,
Renders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St. opp. 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, near of Drug Store.

DR. J. S. M'MILLEN,
(Graduate in Dentistry.)
Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the rooms over M. M. Bradwell & Co.'s store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

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

HENRY. F. SCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Bounty 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.

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

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

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

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.

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. B. SCOTT. J. G. OGLE.
SCOTT & OGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
SOMERSET, PA.

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

H. S. ENDSLEY,
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 speedily and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

NEW HOTEL AT CUMBERLAND

S. P. Sweitzer, late of Sand Patch, has purchased
"THE AMERICAN HOUSE,"
At Cumberland, Md., and has refitted and refurnished the said house throughout, and made it a first-class Hotel to accommodate the traveling public with good table, and choice liquors at the bar.
He also has in connection with the Hotel a large quantity of Sweitzer's Pure Old Rye Whisky for sale by the barrel or gallon at the following prices:

Two Year old at	$2 00 per gallon.
Three " " "	$2 50 " "
Four " " "	$3 00 " "

The price of the jug is 15 cents for each gallon. The price of the Whiskey and Jug must always accompany the order, which will insure prompt attention and shipment. Address all orders to
S. P. SWEITZER'
apr2-'90-6m. CUMBERLAND, MD.

STILL IN BUSINESS!

Welfley's Photograph Gallery

My patrons are informed that I am still in the
PICTURE BUSINESS,
And am at all times prepared to take all kinds of pictures, from a
Tin-type or Cabinet Photograph,
To a Life-size Crayon. Instantaneous Process used, and all work guaranteed to be satisfactory.
Gallery up stairs, next to Vought's Store.
WM. H. WELFLEY.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XL. NO. 5. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 22, 1891. WHOLE NO. 2087.

Scrofula

Is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues; there is a period of fœtal life when the whole body consists of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a potent remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels every trace of the disease and gives to the blood the quality and color of health. Get Hood's.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

"When my boy was two years old he was attacked and suffered a long time with scrofula sores. The physician at length told us to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla, which we did. Two bottles cured him. He is now 10 years old and has not had any sign of scrofula since. We recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all our friends." MRS. E. C. CLIPPER, 8 Kidder St., Cleveland, O.

Entirely Cured My Boy

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Sold by all druggists. $1: six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.

CAPITAL - - - $50,000.
SURPLUS - - - - $6,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS. PAYABLE ON DEMAND. ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.
—DISCOUNTS 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 Stuff,
Joseph R. Davis, Harrison Snyder,
Jerome Stuff, 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. mar5-6m

FARMERS,
TAKE NOTICE.

I have leased the large warehouse of Peter Fink, at the B. & O. Depot, in Somerset, for 5 years. Also, warerooms at Berlin and Colemans. There I will keep on hand during the seasons, for delivery and re-shipment to all points every grade of

FERTILIZERS

manufactured by the well-known

Susquehanna Fertilizer Co.,

of Canton, Baltimore, Md. I have spent 5 years among you, while these goods have been used in

SOMERSET COUNTY

for 8 years, having been introduced by Hon. O. P. Shaver. Owing to the large number of my patrons, whom I thank heartily, my agents and myself may be unable to call to see you all personally, so I take advantage of your excellent paper to call attention to the merits of our Fertilizers, and beg leave to say S. R. Yoder, of Pugh, Somerset County, Pa., and myself, have solicited orders for the fall crop of '90—300 tons, notwithstanding the strong competition.

Peter Fink, of Somerset, who resides near the depot, is acting as delivery agent for me. By addressing or calling on him, you can learn our prices. We can re-ship to any local point, on

SHORT NOTICE,

and would prefer at all times to have your orders as far in advance of immediate wants as practical, as it enables us to get our goods to you in better mechanical condition. In behalf of the Susquehanna Fertilizer Company, I am,

VERY RESPECTFULLY,

A. J. KOSER.

St. Charles
HOTEL.
CHAS GILL, Prop'r

Table unsurpassed. Remodeled, with office on ground floor. Natural gas and incandescent light all rooms. New steam laundry attached to the house. Rates, $2 to $2 per day.

Cor. Wood St. and Third Ave.
Pittsburgh, Pa

IN A SWING.

Here's a picture of the spring
(Happy spring);
It is beauty in a swing
(Such a swing)!
Made of vines from garden bowers
Where the blossoms fall in showers,
With embroidery of flowers—
Pretty thing!

She is Beauty. Up she goes
In the air,
And there tumbles down a rose
From her hair.
I can catch—I will not miss it—
Tumble, tumble—ah, this is it
And with lips of love I kiss it
For my dear.

"Swing me, swing me!" It is clear
I am caught
In a fairy, silken snare
All for naught,
For her sweet commands are ringing,
And she will not stop the swinging,
Though the birds of love are singing—
Happy lot!

"Swing me, swing me." Hear her tones
Ring and ring,
'Till the heart within me groans—
Tired thing!
But her heart is like a feather:
Would to heaven, in just such weather,
We could go through life together
In a swing.

—*Atlanta Constitution.*

KATE'S HUSBAND.

"It does seem to me that these children will drive me crazy," said Kate Harland, as she ran into the sitting-room and drew her baby from under a chair which it had accidentally pulled over upon itself.

"Patience, Kate, patience," said her husband, who sat by the window reading the morning paper:

"You are too easily excited, my dear—you should learn to to take things more coolly."

"You don't know what you are talking about, Carl," said Kate, in a peevish voice. "You tell me to be patient, calm and cool, and accuse me of being irritable. Perhaps I am irritable, and I think you would be if you had to live with two mischievous children, day in and out, the year round. When you talk about a woman being patient and calm under such circumstances, I say you don't know what you are talking about."

Kate spoke excitedly, and gave her husband a look of severity that was wasted, for Carl Harland did not lift his eyes off the paper he was reading.

"You are just like all the others of your sex," Kate," he replied, shifting his eyes slowly to the top of another page, "I never yet knew a woman who didn't spend a good share of her time complaining of her lot in life. I said you were too easily excited, and I think you are. You always have let the housework worry you, ever since you have been obliged to do it. If I could afford to employ a girl to assist you, and you could get time to read and get out and ransack the dry goods stores and have a good time generally, you would be comparatively happy. I cannot afford to furnish you with an assistant, and it seems to me it is but your duty, under the circumstances to perform the work of the house without giving way to your temper, which makes you very disagreeable, indeed, my own dear."

"I do the best I can, Carl," said Kate, "but I can't help worrying and finding fault with the children sometimes when I am tired."

"I can't see what there is about your work that should tire you, as you say it does," laying down his paper and turning to Kate, who was vigorously sweeping:

"If you had the responsibility of supporting the family and had to work from morning till night as I do, then you might worry and complain of getting tired. You have never heard me complain, have you?"

"I don't know that I ever have, Carl," said Kate, meekly, as she swung the new broom over the carpet, unable to see through the mist that was in her eyes.

"You were a spoiled girl, Kate," continued her husband, "and I suspect that it would have been much better for us both if we had never met, but we are married, and must make the best of the situation, and I sincerely hope that you will refrain from letting your temper get the best of you, when I am in the house. If I had no more to do, and no more to worry me than you have, I should consider myself an extremely fortunate person."

"Carl had risen, and putting on his hat he left the room, closing the door behind him with an emphesis which indicated that he allowed *his* temper to rise above the point of moderation.

When the door closed upon the form of her husband, Kate sank into a chair and, burying her face in her hands, gave herself up to tears.

Harold, the eldest boy, tugged at his mother's elbow, while the baby sat in the middle of the floor and looked inquiringly at her mother through her big blue eyes, as if wondering that any other person on earth, but herself, should have cause for indulging in such great grief.

Kate had been Carl Harland's wife for five years. They had known each other but a few months before they were married. They believed that they loved each other, and as Carl was a prosperous merchant in a thriving western town, there seemed to be no reason for postponing the day when they became one, so they were marrried, and Kate bade adieu to parents and friends, to go to the house her husband had prepared for her in the far country.

In the second year of their married life a boy was born to them; a golden haired, brown-eyed fellow, the image of his father, and two years later came a girl, with the tender blue eyes and sweet face of her mother. Carl Harland and his wife were supremely happy in the possession of their home and their children. Their love for each other increased with the years, and they seemed destined to pass through life under a cloudless sky. One night during a great storm the water came down from the mountains and swept through the valley destroying many thousands of dollars' worth of very valuable property. Carl Harland's place of business was wrecked; the building was torn timber from timber, and its contents carried away by the flood. The property was not insured against damage by water, and Carl awoke one morning to find himself penniless.

This misfortune had a marked effect on Kate's husband. He had lost his cheerfulness; he became irritable and critical in his manner towards his wife, who always tried to be brave and encourage her husband by word and deed to renew his efforts to rebuild the business of which he had been so ruthlessly robbed. The indifference with which her efforts in this direction were received had at last deadened the ambition in Kate's heart, and she had begun to enfold herself in the skirts of the gloomy mantle that her husband had wrapped about himself. She grew despondent and peevish, irritable and careless, and the last year of the married life of Carl Harland and his wife were marked by many unpleasant scenes in which harsh words frequently prevailed.

It was late in the afternoon when Carl came home, on the day that he left his wife with the unpleasant words quoted above, and found Kate lying upon the sofa, suffering from a severe headache.

"More worry," he thought, as he sat down to a cold lunch alone; "well, I do think after all that if she is bound to worry, the best thing to do is to refrain from showing her sympathy. If she thinks she is treating me and the children right by acting in this manner, I think I shall let her get all the satisfaction that she can out of her headaches."

Carl passed the evening in silence. He gave some attention to his children, but he was indifferent to his wife. Kate's head pained her so severely that she made no especial note of her husband's treatment of her. The next morning her head was no better, and she was so weak as to be unable to leave her bed.

Carl did not think that she was really as ill as she was, but he encouraged her "whim," and insisted on her remaining in bed.

"I have no work to-day," he thought, and this will be a splendid opportunity for me to show Kate how easily the housework can be done, if a person goes about it calmly, and takes some interest in it. It will probably teach her a lesson.

He was kind to Kate that morning, for he wanted his every act to impress her. He dressed the children, and set about preparing the breakfast. While he was arranging the dishes on the table Grace, the youngest child, crept up to the coal hod and tipped it over upon herself. The coal dust filled her mouth and eyes, and soiled her clothes. Carl, glad of the opportunity to show his wife how calm he could be under trying circumstances, gathered the crying child in his arms and talked coaxingly to her, while he bathed her face and hands and changed her dress. He had got the dress partly on, when the oatmeal boiled over. Carl set the baby down on the floor, and stepped to the stove to remove the kettle. Meantime Grace was frantically trying to extricate herself from the folds of the dress her father left enveloping her head. Carl picked her up and said "peek-a-boo" when her head popped from the interior of the dress, but the tone in which he said it was not altogether cheerful, and when he buttoned her dress he drew it together with so much force that the seam at the shoulder was widely ripped. At this Carl's teeth bore together harder than usual; that was all.

After breakfast he prepared some toast and tea for Kate, and accepted her praise with a triumphant smile. After the dishes were washed and set away, he began to sweep the carpet. He had scarcely begun his work when he found his annoyance in the person of the baby, who insisted upon gathering up the dirt in her tiny hands, and scattering it on the carpet, which had just been swept. After several vain attempts to get her interested in some other direction, he finally picked her up, and with a muttered "There, stay there, will you?" sat the mischievous elf in her high chair with rather more force than was absolutely necessary. Grace was not pleased with this arrangement, and began kicking and screaming and rocking to and fro. She swayed her body so wildly that she finally went over with a crash, and Carl, dropping the broom in the midst of the room, exerted himself to quiet the screeching child. He had succeeded in this when it suddenly occurred to him that he had not noticed Harold since breakfast, and as the outside door had been left open on account of the heat it was probable that he had gone out and he might have fallen into the stream that ran through the field near the house. Hatless with his sleeves rolled up, and one of Kate's apron's fastened to him, Carl rushed out in search of his boy; he finally found him in the chicken house, breaking the china nest eggs, with a hatchet, which he picked up near the wood pile. Carl was disposed to give his son a thrashing but, remembering that it was the day of all days in which he must be calm, he picked up the child and carried him into the house, where he found Grace busily engaged in creeping through the dirt that he had swept up, and scattering it broadcast over the room. At the sight of this, Carl's nerves quivered, and he gave the broom a kick that sent it flying across the room, and the handle, coming in contact with an earthen cuspidore, chipped a piece out of the rim.

"What was that, Carl?" asked Kate, from the bedroom, feebly.

"Oh, nothing at all," answered Carl, gulping down his wrath. "You lie still, and don't worry about me. I'm getting along splendidly."

Picking up the broom he swung it over the carpet a few times, and gathering up the dirt, he concluded that that was good enough to suit him, and if other people didn't like it, they could do it over again.

It was an hour before lunch time, and Carl sat down to go through the morning paper. He mentally assured himself that he had not found it very tiresome to do the morning work.

He had read about a half hour, when Kate disturbed him by asking what the children were doing. He had not thought of the children since he began reading. He found them in the kitchen. Somehow Harold had got a bottle of mucilage, and he was engaged in "polishing" his sister's shoes with its contents when their father came upon them. Carl smiled in a weak, spiritless way, and removing the baby's shoes, set them aside "to be cleaned by Kate."

After luncheon, when Carl came to wash the dishes, he found that the novelty of the situation had worn off, and he did not move about the room as actively as he had in the forenoon. The children were peevish and mischievous. They wanted their afternoon nap, an once, when Carl had stepped into the dining room, Harold climbed up into a chair, and leaning on the kitchen table, tipped until the pan of dish water slipped off and spilled over the floor. By the time Carl had reached the kitchen Grace had crept into the pool of water and her clothes were saturated.

Carl's calmness was seriously disturbed and closing the kitchen door, punished Harold severely. Grace did not relish this treatment of her brother and the howling of the two children fairly made Carl's teeth chatter. He soon had dry clothes on Grace, and tucking the sobbing children into their crib, he went about his work.

"I'll have a little peace," he thought "while they're asleep," and he became conscious of a still small voice within him which weakly asserted that after all Kate had a good many things to contend with of which he had known nothing.

Kate's husband was on his knees cleaning the dish water from the floor when there was a knock on the kitchen door and Mrs. Chantler, a near neighbor, walked in.

"Excuse me for coming right in, Mr. Harland," she said, "I didn't know but I might be needed here. I saw you running around the yard this morning with your sleeves rolled up and an apron on, and I came to the conclusion that your wife was sick, and I see I am right. Poor thing, she works herself most to death. I suppose, of course, she's in the bedroom. I'll go in and see if I can do anything for her. If you have any trouble in getting that grease spot out of the floor, Mr. Harland, just try concentrated lye, then put sawdust on it and let it lie a few days. That'll absorb it you know. I guess I'll go right in and see Kate. I don't believe she'll care if I don't announce myself."

Mrs. Chantler stepped into the dining-room and shut the door behind her. Carl, with the floor cloth in one hand and a pail in the other, looked after her with an expression in his eyes that was really dangerous. "I'll bet my life that she'll wake the children with that tongue of hers," he muttered. "She didn't know but she might be needed here, hey? If I was a woman I would see that she did not leave the house with any doubt in her mind on that point. She has no business to run in here whenever she pleases."

Mrs. Chantler remained with Kate two hours, and with her ceaseless chattering contributed to the pain that racked the poor woman's head. When she departed she cautioned Carl against letting the children make too much noise in the house, and suggested that for a day or two it would be much better for Kate if none of the neighbors were allowed to see her.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when Carl had finished the work, and had just seated himself for the purpose of resuming his paper when the children awoke. Gritting his teeth almost savagely, Carl threw down the paper and gave his attention the children.

"There's one thing that Kate does," he thought, "that I will not do, for I don't think it's right—and that is to sit around the house and hold the children, when they might just as well be taught to amuse themselves."

Placing Grace on the floor and instructing Harold to play with her, Carl took up his paper. The children gradually found their way into the sitting-room. Carl was deeply interested in an account of the discovery of a rich silver deposit in Colorado, when a crash from the sitting-room brought him to his feet. With a bound he was at the door, and the shattered remains of a costly vase that he had given Kate on the day of their marriage, lying on the floor met his eye. Grace had caught the covering of the table upon which it stood and pulled it off. Shivering with fright at the disaster, Harold had concealed himself behind the sofa, while the baby, unable to conceive the extent of the damage that she had done, sat in the midst of the debris and looked smilingly upon the white face of her father.

Carl shook with passion. The shivered vase on the floor called to mind the day, years before, when he had led Kate to the altar and made her his companion. On that day he had promised to love and protect her and to give her his sympathy in the time of trouble. Had he done this? Had he done his duty?

This was the question that arose in his heart, and turning away from the sight of the vase he went to the bedside of his wife and frankly told her how his eyes had been opened to his shortcomings; how selfishness had devoured him, and how blind he had grown to his duties and her wants. "Kate," he said, "forgive me for all my ill treatment to you. I have been in the hands of an evil spirit. This day the seal has dropped from my eyes, and henceforth I shall endeavor to be to you all that I have promised." And he was.

Work.

There has been so much justly said about the prejudicial effect of overwork, especially in using up the powers of man and cutting short his life, that it may be hastily assumed by some that work itself is opposed to length of day. This, however, is a fatal mistake. Whatever may be proved concerning the comparative tendencies of different employments to shorten life, it will always be found that a life of idleness will surpass them all. The faculties of man, used and not abused, serve not only to benefit the world, but even more to benefit himself. His health, happiness and length of life depend largely upon the regular, steady and full—not excessive—employment of his powers. He who neglects this law and suffers them to run to waste, leading an aimless and vacant life, will reap the penalty quite as much in his own inferior condition, physical and mental, as in any external loss he may sustain.

The Doctor and Postmaster

Were talking about a case of serious illness, due to a neglected Cold and rapidly going into Consumption, which was promptly cured by Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

Experience has shown sufferers with Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Liver Complaint, in fact all diseases arising from a disordered system, that nothing equals Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator for these troubles. Try it.

At G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Women are the Experts.

At a meeting held here recently in honor of the late Gen. Francis E. Spinner formerly Treasurer of the United States, says a Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, Secretary Foster paid a tribute to him that was well deserved. Attention was especially called to the fact that Gen. Spinner was one of the first to recognize the merits of women as department clerks and to give them position in the service. From Gen. Spinner's day the employment of women in the department has become general.

In many branches of the Treasury service women have arisen to the proficiency of experts. This is especially true as to the office of the Treasurer of the United States, where the most expert rapid, and accurate counters of mutilated currency and detector of counterfeit money are women. A woman detected the first counterfeit $100 bill of a very dangerous issue. When called upon to explain why she thought it was counterfeit her answer was: "I knew it was." It took a day or two for the engravers and cashiers to make a detailed explanation so that bank officials could understand the reason. However, it was discovered that the same cashiers and bank officials had received a good many of the bills, while the woman had detected that they were counterfeit. Gen. Spinner when Treasurer of the United States once said: "A man will examine a note systematically and adduce logically from the imperfect engraving, blurred vignette, or indistinct signature that it is counterfeit, and he will be wrong four cases out of ten. A woman picks up a note, looks at it in an apparently careless manner, after her own fashion, and says. 'That is counterfeit.' 'Why?' the Division Chief will ask, and she will be sure to answer, 'Because it is,' and she is right eleven cases out of twelve." It would be wrong to say that these discoveries are the result of chance. They come from a keen perception, fine eyesight, delicate touch, and long acquaintance with the work. There is in one of the bureaus to-day a woman whose Division Chief says that her daily average of work is nearly three times that of a man who has been assigned to the same duty, and who sits in the same room, yet the man gets twice the pay.

The most skillful persons to identify the notes and bonds which were defaced and charred in the great Chicago fire were women. There was one mass of charred paper from the Chicago fire amounting to $165,000, consisting of legal tenders, national bank and fractional notes, bonds and coupons. They were so charred that they would crumble at the touch. This black mass was given to six ladies for identification, and in the course of time they accomplished their task. Other like amounts from that city were in like manner successfully identified. A year later eighty-three cases of money similarly charred came from the great Boston fire. One case was found by these same six ladies to contain $89,000. How they did it is described in this manner by one of them:

"After unpacking the money from the raw cotton in which it traveled, as zealously swathed as the most precious jewelry, the ladies separated each small piece with thin knives made for the purpose; then laying the blackened fragments on sheets of blotting paper they decided by close scrutiny the value, genuineness, and nature of the note. Magnifying glasses were provided, but seldom used, except for the deciphering of coupons numbers or other minute details. The pieces were then pasted on thin paper, the bank notes returned to their respective banks, and the United States money put in sealed envelopes and delivered to a committee of four, who superintended the final burning. The amount of all the money from the two cities identified was $1,226,341, or over 76 per cent of the whole."

Six months were required to identify the money saved from these two fires. Some of the woman are employed on what are known as "affidavit cases"—cases where money is too badly injured to be redeemed in the usual manner. One of these expert women clerks saved the government $180,000 once. This money was lost in a paymaster's trunk, which was sunk at the bottom of the Mississippi River, lay there for many months, and was almost a mass of pulp when it arrived at the Treasury. The express company, which was responsible for this money, presented the clerk with $500.

A good many distinguished women have at different times been compelled to seek employment in the government service. Mrs. Stephen A. Douglas, the widow of the "Little Giant" reduced to poverty by her husband's unfortunate speculations, for a time held a clerkship in the Treasury. During the lifetime of her husband she was a brilliant leader in society, and while in the Treasury married an army officer of high standing. The daughter of a decayed Washington family was married from the Treasury to a wealthy German Baron. A niece of Gen. John Sedgwick one held a place there. Mrs. Commodore Wainright, a descendant of Franklin, and two granddaughters of Jefferson have been clerks in the government service. Mrs. Attorney-General Brewster was a clerk in the Bureau of Internal Revenue in the Treasury Department, and Mr. Brewster, then a Philadelphia lawyer, occasionally came to see her when she was a clerk. She was the orphan daughter of Robert J. Walker, once Secretary of the Treasury. A female cousin of Gen. Rawlings, formerly Secretary of War, and a cousin of William H. Seward have held government clerkships.

The daughters of Chief Justice Taney were employed in the Treasury until friends of their father raised a fund for their support. Gov. Fairchild of Wisconsin married his wife from the Treasury. A sister of Gen. Robert Ould was a long time in the Treasury. The poetess, "Florence Percy," held a place in the Quartermaster-General's office until she was married. Some of the more prominent women writers of Washington were once Treasury clerks. The daughter of Pittigrew King, the noted Governor of South Carolina, was long a clerk in the Postoffice Department. The list could be made a very long one.

What's the matter old boy? Can't you meet your bills?" "Yes, confound it! I meet so many that I can't pay them."

Knew She Would Come.

One of the most touching stories Dickens ever wrote was that of poor "Little Emily." It is hard for most of us to keep back the tears when we read of her wanderings in foreign lands, and of how Mr. Peggotty never gave her up, but sought her everywhere until he found her and saved her. Just such things are happening in real life. Here is a story of a young Scotch girl.

One day, while proceeding along the street, she came by a church and heard the congregation singing an old tune she knew well. She paused a moment, and while listening, a sudden vision came to her of the home she had left, her father and mother, the quiet village and the simple and pure life that had once been hers.

A longing swept through her heart just to creep over the threshold of home once more and sit at her mother's feet; mother was there, and forgiveness and love were there.

So she traveled the long distance to the little village. She felt that she must not be seen by the neighbors. So, weary and footsore and longing though she was, she hid in the fields till dark. Then she waited and waited—fearing that she could not make it right with "feyther"—till "feyther" should be gone to bed, and she could find mother sitting alone.

When she came to the house her beating heart stopped in fear, for the lights were gone and she remembered that the door was shut at night. Yet at any rate she must see, and her heart leaped again when she found that the door was open. Light as was her foot when she stepped within, one ear heard it, and her mother's voice, low and trembling with hope, spoke from an inner room:

"Jeanie, is it you?"

"Yes, mother, and oh, I feared to find the door shut."

"Ay, Jeanie, lass, the door has nae been shut since ye left."

Repudiated the Contract.

The three men were sitting on a bench just outside the little park taking a sunbath when a man crossed the street and asked who wanted to put in a ton of coal.

"Up-stairs?" asked one.

"No. It's for the kitchen range."

"Far to carry?" asked the next.

"Got a bushel basket and a coal-shovel?" asked the third.

"Yes."

The three volunteered almost as one man.

"But I don't need three?" protested the man. "There's only a ton of it."

Then the dirtiest and raggedest of the lot slowly untangle his long legs, got up, and said impressively:

"Boss, I tells you what we does. I takes the contract, See? Then I sublets some of it to my two side partners and we all stand in. Does I get the contract?"

"Divide it up to suit yourselves," said the man. "Just go around to the alley gate of that house across the road."

"Dead easy money," said the chief contractor as the three scuffled along toward the alley. "I charges him a dollar for the job sure."

"Go him one fifty, Bill," advised the first subcontractor. "That's fifty all 'round and a man as isn't a boardin' house boss is a soft mark on jobs around a house."

"All right! I goes him the limit."

The three filed in the alley gate and were met by a little pleasant-faced woman. She was mild-mannered and all that, but she was a woman, and when she asked quietly: "How much do you want?" they turned around and solemnly filed out.

"It's no use," said the chief contractor, as he called the indignation meeting to order in the alley. "We uns has been played for suckers. We gets thirty cents from a woman for the job, when we wins one dollar or more from a man, and it ain't wuth while missin' the sun for three whiskies. A woman as is keepin' house knows the prices.—*Chicago Tribune.*

No Seat, No Sermon.

Once having to preach at a church in Regent street, on arriving at the door Bishop Wilberforce encountered his friend Mrs. A—— in the act of returning to her carriage.

"What, going away?"

"Only because I can't get in."

"Do you mean that you really wish to stop?"

"I came on purpose."

"Then take my arm."

The crowd at the door was excessive. At last the beadle appeared, to whom the bishop in his blandest manner, said:

"You will be so good as to give this lady the best seat in the church."

"Impossible, sir—church quite full!"

The bishop, calmly, but with emphasis repeated his orders.

"Quite impossible!" repeated the beadle. "I tell you, sir, the church is quite full."

"Oh, but," was the rejoinder, "I won't preach if you don't!"

This alarming threat at once opened, Bumble's eyes.

"Oh, I beg pardon, my lord," winking. "This way, marm."

And he deposited Mrs. A——in the church warden's luxurious empty pew under the pulpit.—*London Tid-Bits.*

A Colt with Horns.

Scriven county, Georgia, has a genuine curiosty in the form of a colt, which carries unmistakable horns on his head. He is now nearly a year old and in no way remarkable save for his horns, which have grown with him until now they are nearly a foot in length and as handsome a pair as any cow ever carried. The animal is the property, or was until recently of a farmer named Kavanaugh, who has sold it to an agent of a dime museum in Boston.

Kavanaugh says that the colt came of parents differing in no way from their kind, and can only account for the peculiarity by the fact that the colt's mother was severely gored by a savage cow a few days before he was foaled. The animal has never attempted to use his horns, and, it is said, seems not to know that he possesses any such adornment or weapon. The other animals with which he is stabled and pastured, however, appear to recognize that there is something abnormal about him, and are unanimous in giving him a wide berth, even threatening him with hoof and horn when he ventures too near them.

The Buzzard Party.

The same forces that during the war season drove tens of thousand of Democrats out of the party of their fathers are at work to-day, and though the enforced exodus may not be so great in 1892 as from 1861 to 1865, it yet must be considerable. The thing that Democratic leaders never learn is that the people, whether classed politically as Democratic or Republican, are American. The Democratic leaders always belittle America and exalt foreign countries, and always, when there is diplomatic dispute or a commercial rivalry between this Republic and a foreign nation, are loud in their protest that either the right or the might of the question, or the might and the right of it, are against us.

Mr. Blaine has brought the Behring Sea controversy to an honorable conclusion. But during the whole progress the Democratic press and the Democratic leaders were writing and talking as England would have them talk. They said that our claim to sole jurisdiction over the seal fisheries in Behring Sea was not good in law, and that the inefficiency of our navy would prevent us from making it good in fact. All that Lord Salisbury and Sir Julian Pauncefote said on behalf of Britain had the mark of wisdom in their eyes; all that President Harrison and Secretary Blaine said on behalf of the United States was derided by the Democratic press as bad law or bad logic. And when American diplomacy was successful the Democratic leaders had no word of congratulation to offer, though the Democratic people were proud of our Nation's triumph.

As in diplomacy, so in commerce. The tin-plate tariff has been in effect but a few days, and the Democratic press, almost unanimously, is boasting that it never can result in the establishment of American tin-plate works, is rejoicing in hope that the British monopolists of the trade will increase the price of tin-plate to American consumers, and is predicting a speedy accomplishment of its hopes. It is true that five American tin-plate factories already are at work, that twenty-three more are contemplated. But that the American tin-plate industry has not been fully developed in the ten days that have elapsed since it was afforded protection is a matter of great rejoicing to the Democratic leaders. The Democratic people will be pleased if American tin-ware is made as cheaply as English. The Democratic leaders dread such an event. They dread every event that makes the Nation prosperous and independent.

As in diplomacy and commerce, so in agriculture. A year ago the Democratic leaders were as happy as buzzards in full scent of a corpse. Farm produce was selling too low, farmers were depressed and inclined to take the gloomiest view of the future. The Democratic buzzards swooped upon them. They croaked to them of "higher prices on account of the tariff" for what they would have to buy, and of lower prices "on account of the tariff" for what they would have to sell; they fearfully exaggerated the number and the money value of farm mortgages, and they were happy in exact proportion as they succeeded in making the farmer miserable. It is otherwise to-day. The tariff, except as regards tin-plate, has been in operation for some months. Sugar that was worth $1 per ten pounds now is worth $1 per twenty pounds; shoes, clothing, farm implements, hardware, nearly everything that the farmer buys, are lower, or certainly not higher "on account of the tariff," and the grain that the farmer sells is worth far more than it was a year ago. The truth about farm mortgages also has come to be known, and it is that farms are less incumbered by mortgages than town property is, and that farm mortgages are being paid off quite as rapidly as city mortgages are. The result of these things is that agriculture no longer seems moribund; it is active and healthy and its followers are happy. Consequently the Democrats are miserable. The buzzards have been disappointed in their search for a corpse. They sit upon the fence and croak, "It won't last long; it is only a temporary recovery."

As in diplomacy, in commerce, in agriculture, so in National finance. A year or two ago the Democratic leaders were denouncing the ills of a Treasury surplus. "Why is not this money put into circulation and the revenue reduced?" they asked. The McKinley bill was passed, and by it tariff duties to the yearly value of from $60,000,000 to $70,000,000 were wiped out. The Treasury surplus was put into circulation. Part of it was refunded to States that had said "the direct tax" in war times. Part of it was used for the construction of a war navy. Part of it was used to provide pensions for disabled soldiers or for the widows and orphans of dead soldiers; part of it was used in liquidation of the public debt. And now the Democratic leader denounce the evils of a lack of surplus. "Why was not the money kept in the Treasury as a provision against foreign war or other like contingency?" is now their cry.

In the war time the Democratic party came to be known as the Copperhead party. Its leaders and its press hissed and struck venomously at the life of the Nation. To-day it deserves to be known as th Buzzard party. Its leaders predict the death of every National enterprise, commercial, manufacturing or agricultural, and they predict the bankruptc