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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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will be found one of the most elegant lot of cutters ever brought to this county. Just the thing you want for sleighing and at
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within the reach of all. Every owner of a horse should have a
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We're not a toy house, but we have more toys than toy houses in town. Not only more but handsomer, nicer, newer and prettier toys than can be found elsewhere, and what's still better, *toys for about half regular toy store prices.* This 'll be as merry a Christmas for poor people's children as rich people's children if beautiful toys will produce that effect.
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DOLLS.
It's the greatest Doll Assortment ever shown in this city; it's a right you should not miss. Our entire first floor is given up to toys and dolls. Come to see us and bring the little ones.
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Weather of High Prices.

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All New Patterns and Colorings. Also,
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TAKE CARE.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I know a maiden fair to see;
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes so soft and brown!
Take care!
She gives a side glance and looks down.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not.
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of golden hue!
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom white as snow!
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show.
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not,
She is fooling thee!

THE "MINE JUMPER."

The Little Christabel mine in Colorado long ago went through a process vulgarly called "petering out." It is now a mere hole in the ground. The half dozen shanties and cabins near it have long ago fallen into disuse. Their roofs have fallen in, and it is years since the gulch in which their ruins are was the habitation of men. The entire gulch is deserted now, and the Little Christabel is only a memory to those who once shared in the prosperity it brought to Fairplay gulch.

A long narrow pile of decaying logs and parts of a clapboard roof mark the spot where the boarding house was. There are still living many of the men who once gathered around the long, rough pine table that ran the full length of the cabin. One of them told me the story of Miss Millicent.

Miss Millicent Hay was the only woman ever seen at the Little Christabel mine.

When Harley Vance, the owner of the mine, advertised in a Denver paper for a cook for his boarding house, Miss Millicent Hay answered the advertisement in person.

She came walking up the trail leading to the camp carrying a little hand satchel and a stout walking stick.

"I have been staying down in Camp Crystal," she said to the surprise of Mr. Vance, who had advertised for a man cook, "and I thought the place would just suit me. The stage brought me to the mouth of the gulch and I walked the rest of the way. It isn't more than six miles is it?"

She was a small but resolute looking woman, with keen gray eyes and a mouth indicating great firmness of character. Her thin brown hair was combed plainly back from a brow beginning to show signs of wrinkles, although she was but 40 years old.

"Do you think I couldn't do the work?" she asked. "I am quite strong and I have known nothing but hard work all my life."

She held out her ungloved hands as she spoke. They were rough and wrinkled, with bent fingers and caloused palms.

"You might do the work," said Mr. Vance. "There are only about fifteen boarders and we live in a plain, rough way, and there is a boy to help. But it wouldn't be a pleasant place for a lady to live. There are no woman in this gulch."

"I care nothing for that," and Miss Millicent. Men are sometimes kinder than women," she added with a trace of bitterness in her voice.

The end of it all was that Millicent was installed as cook in the boarding-house. She had evidently come determined to stay, for the stage coach that went rumbling through the gulch next day brought up a little hair covered trunk with "M. H." on the end of it with brass headed nails.

Before a week the boarders began blessing the good angel that sent them Miss Millicent. Such meals as she served had never been seen before at the Little Christabel; and it was wonderful to see the change she brought about in the dirty little boarding-house and its contents. Her energy and strength seemed unfailing. She went stepping briskly about, the neatest and sprightliest of housekeepers singing at her work and smiling at everybody.

At the end of a fortnight every man in the camp knew Miss Millicent and had felt the influence a good woman exerts in every community.

Old hats and caps were doffed to her wherever she went. No oaths or rough words were spoken in her presence, and the man who would have dared to offer her an indignity would have "rid on a rail," as my informant said.

For a year Miss Millicent lived at the Little Christabel, and in that time she had won the sincere regard of every man in the camp. There had been a great amount of sickness among the men that winter, and some of them owed their lives to Miss Millicent's careful nursing, good food and general good sense in everything pertaining to the care of the sick.

Her own cheerfulness and good health never failed her.

"I don't believe you ever had a sorrow in your life, did you?" asked one of the men one day.

Miss Millicent was standing in the cabin door at the time. The smile on her face vanished as she made the reply; she leaned her head wearily against the door frame; her face paled for a moment and her lips quivered as she said slowly:

"Every heart knoweth its own bitterness," then she turned and went to her own little room at the end of the cabin, and the man who had asked the question said:

"Some villain of a man is at the bottom of it all, I'll bet; I'd like to help stretch his neck!"

It was no secret that one or two of the men in camp had been suitors for Miss Millicent's hand and it was known that she had received their proposals with a burst of tears, and had begged them, as they valued their happiness and hers, never to refer to the subject again.

The camp had been singularly free from the brawls and lawlessness that both distinguish and disgrace most mountain mining camps. Mr. Vance would not allow a saloon within the limits of his mine, and had made it obligatory on the men that they refrain from many things common to the ordinary miner.

The presence of Miss Millicent had much to do with the unusual good behavior of the men and the good name the Little Christabel wore as a mining camp.

But one day there came a bit of news to the camp that enraged the men from good natured, easy going, jovial fellows to angry, determined men.

There lived on a claim near the Little Christabel an honest, hard-working and thoroughly good man, very popular with all who knew him, and unusually so with the men employed at the Little Christabel.

For two years he had worked hard in poverty and deprivation, developing a claim that was generally believed to be worthless.

But fortune plays strange freaks in mining camps, and Capt. Tom's unpromising mine one day revealed a splendid vein of rich silver ore. He came down to the Little Christabel jubilant over his good fortune. He returned home to find his claim "jumped" by two or three men, led by a fellow of unsavory reputation known as Doc. Grigson.

Grigson and his confederates were in possession of Capt. Tom's two year's of labor, and coolly ordered him to "clear out" when he appeared at the door of his own cabin, the order being emphasized by threats of Tom's immediate annihilation if he tarried long on the order of his going.

"This "mine jumping" process is one I cannot give in detail here. Suffice it to say that possession is even more than 'nine-tenths of the law' when applied to unpatented unrecorded mining claims."

There was nothing for Capt. Tom to do, alone as he was, but to vacate the premises. This he did, going directly back to the Little Christabel and laying his grievances before his friends there.

Capt. Tom's story of his wrong created intense excitement at the Little Christabel. A meeting was at once held and a plan of action decided upon.

Miss Millicent was kept in ignorance of this meeting.

"Women don't want to be mixed up with such things—lestwise a women like her," said one of the men.

Soon after supper that evening the men began leaving the cabin on various pretenses, and in a short time Miss Millicent was alone. This was an unusual proceeding on the part of the men, but Miss Millicent was wholly unsuspicious of its import.

An hour later, while sittting before the fire mending a coat belonging to one of the men, Miss Millicent threw aside her work and said:

"There! if I haven't entirely forgotten to give Mr. Vance that list of things I want from down in Crystal City, and he's going to start for there before breakfast in the morning, and breakfast at the stage office. I'll just run down to the shaft-house and hand the list to Tom Dolan, and he can give it to Mr. Vance in the morning."

Tom Dolan was the engineer at the Little Christabel. The shaft-house was but a short distance from the boarding-house. Throwing a shawl over her head Miss Millicent went out hurriedly, stepping lightly down the trail made in the deep snow. The night was cloudless and made wondrous fair by a full moon and thousands of shining stars.

She reached the shaft-house door. The engineer and another man, unaware of her approach, were talking. A name they spoke caused her to stop suddenly, with her hand to her heart and a strange look in her face.

"I feel sure it is Silas Hoover," the engineer was saying. "He changes his name 'bout ev'ry camp he goes to, and I reckon Doc. Grigson suited him 'bout as well as any other name while he was here."

"Well, he won't change it again very soon," said the other man with a short laugh. "The next time the roll's called he'll answer up to his name, I'm thinking."

"Hoover may be his real name," the engineer said. "He swore it was when I moved him two years ago over to Paradise Gulch. But he was a scoundrel there and just got away with his neck. I knowed him soon as I see him down in Crystal City one day last fall. But I never told anybody that his name wasn't Grigson. Where did you say the boys intended fixing him?"

"Down the gulch here, 'bout two miles at that place where the big bowlder is that they call 'Hanging Rock.' Freckon they'll make short work of him."

"Oh, sure," said the engineer with a laugh, "they'll hang him, as he deserves, without hardly time for his prayers."

The other man glanced carelessly at his watch and said:

"And it's almost time they went at it. Ten o'clock was the hour agree on, and it's after nine now."

Neither of them heard the half suppressed cry of the woman standing just outside of the engine room door. Could they have seen her face in the moonlight they would have seen it drawn and old and ghastly in its terror and agony. Her limbs trembled under her, and her bloodless lips moved in silent prayer.

For a moment she stood so, and then, still praying for courage and strength, she ran silently but with all speed down the trail leading from the camp and toward the gulch. The trail was rough, and she stumbled and fell again and again. She ran with all speed when she could do so, and the fear she might be too late caused her heart to almost stop its furious beating.

She could see the Hanging Rock ahead of her some moments before she reached it. Dark forms were moving around, going to and from the mighty rock, and the pines a few yards from it.

The light of one or two lanterns flashed in the dark depths of the forest. She heard the shouts of the men as they assembled from all directions, fiendish shouts they seemed to her.

When near enough to make her voice heard it rang out in loud, sharp tones of entreaty and command:

"Wait! wait! wait!"

A moment later she stood in their midst, gasping for breath, white and terrified.

"It is I," she said; "Miss Millicent."

"Yes," said one of the men gravely, "but what do you want here? This is no place for a woman."

Her answer was:

"Where is he—that man?"

"What man?" said one of the men evasively.

"The man whose life you were going to take here to-night?"

A groan from the edge of the pines came in reply to her ears. She ran toward the spot from whence the sound came the men seeking to detain her. Among a little group of men there stood one, trembling and ghastly, a rope around his neck and the end of it thrown over the branches of a tree. The man was moaning and protesting piteously.

Going close to him she said in a choked and fearful voice:

"Let him go."

There was a murmur of disapproval and refusal among the men.

"Come, come, Miss Millicent, this is no place for you," said one of the men, "Let me help you back to the camp."

"No," she said, going close to the trembling culprit, and laying her hand on her arm. He grasp her hand and said hoarsely:

"Save me, woman, whoever you are; save me, if you can."

She took a lantern from the ground and held it up to her white face. She She threw the shawl from back of her head, and said:

"Don't you know me, Silas?"

He lifted his bowed head quickly, gave one glance at her face and covered his own guilty face with his hands, crying out:

"Milly! Millicent!"

The men looked on in amazement, an angry murmur of disapproval was heard when the man spoke Miss Millicent's name in tones that seemed endearing.

She turned toward them and said slowly and distinctly, with painful effort:

"Let him go. He is my husband!"

There was dead silence for a moment. Then the leader of the mob stepped softly into the moonlight and started in silence down the gulch in the direction of the Little Christabel.

One by one the men followed him in silence. In ten minutes Millicent was alone with her husband. He turned toward her and said in a choked and broken voice:

"Millicent."

"Well, Silas."

She held out one hand toward him. He grasped it in both of his own and fell on his knees before her with her trembling hand held to his lips.

An hour later they came forth from the shadows of the forest and walked down the trail in the moonlight and were no more in Fairplay Gulch.

The outgoing stage took up a man woman passengers next day, ten miles from Hanging Rock.

"They were mighty sober passengers," said the stage driver afterward. "Both of 'em looked as if they cried all night, and they hadn't much to say; but they seemed mightly tuk up with each other. He called her 'Milly,' an' she called him 'Silas.' I think they was bound for Denver, and expected to go farther on west from there."

They were heard no more of at the Little Christabel, but years afterward Harley Vance while traveling in California, came across a pretty little house hidden away on a ranch in a most beautiful mountain valley. The occupants were a man and woman he had heard of as models of industry and excellence.

"I never opened my head about it to them or to anybody," he said afterward, "but that woman was our Milly and that husband of hers was the man we all thought too worthless to live."

The Public Schools.

From the Harrisburg Telegraph.

In these days, when popular magazines and certain editors whose minds seem illy balanced are discussing the fallacies of the public school system and pronouncing them failures, it is refreshing for them to remember that a man of Daniel Webster's gigantic intellect was a firm supporter of them and that he often remarked that "he congratulated himself on the fact that his first public speech was made in behalf of the common schools."

It is a pity that to-day so many deem it the proper thing to decry that institution which is most pre-eminently American, and on which the ultimate prosperity of the nation must rest. Because some rogues attended the public schools in their early lives is no argument against the system. The number of street gamins, thieves and criminals of all classes would be multiplied indefinitely were it not for the civilizing influence and the moral influence also of the common schools. Ignorance is the parent of nearly all crime. Eradicate ignorance and you will also eradicate socialism, anarchism, riots, incendiarism and all other menaces to the safety of a community.

The number of educated men who deliberately resort to criminal ends for obtaining a livelihood is very small. It is so small that when one such is found he is held up as an example by all who wish to depreciate the value of the free system of education as exemplified in America.

No well wisher of this country, no true patriot and no loyal citizen will ever attempt to undermine the influence of the public schools. He will rather give them all the aid and support at his command.

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

Pray that you may not think evil and then you will not speak it.

Two Valued Friends.

A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds, and Consumption. Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Her Schemes Were All in Vain.

It was at the hotel table, and they looked suspiciously like a bridal couple but their conversation seemed to disprove the theory. He had explained in rather loud tones that he had sewed the loop on his overcoat with white thread and she told him that if he'd had any ingenuity he could have made it black by drawing it through the ink bottle. So that everyone could see that they were "old married people," for a bride would have reproachfully asked him why he hadn't let her do it.

They then began to order their dinner.

"Will you have a red-head duck or a mallard?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," she returned airily. "I don't know the difference between a red-head duck and a blue-eyed pheasant."

This flippancy disconcerted him for a moment, but he seemed to remember something, and went on:

"Well, how do some broiled quails strike you?"

"Boiled or stewed, it's immaterial to me," she answered nonchalently.

Then he became cross and delivered himself of an opinion.

"See here, Alice, you've got to decide. I don't want to go and order something for our first dinner—"

And then he suddenly paused as Alice moaned.

"Oh, hush! I knew you'd forget. You've given it away after all my attempts to seem old married! Oh, Ralph!"

And the hearers thought again of the stupidity of man and how it ruthlessly destroys all the finesse of women accomplishes. And they also wondered again why the victims of a wedding journey should regard themselves as criminals.

A Fish Story.

As we strolled down to the boat house from the Greenwood Lake club house, we overheard some of the guides telling fish stories. As we had just heard a batch of them at the club house from the members, we had some curiosity to learn whether the members of their guides excelled in this, the most important requisite for a good fisherman.

"We were rowing up the arm of the lake," said Garrison, "when we saw straight ahead very rough water, as if a great gale was blowing over the water there. It was right smooth where we were, so we went ahead to see what it was."

"I know," said Storms; "it was the fish jumping in the water and out of it. I have seen that often."

Garrison looked somewhat abashed at having his story forestalled, but pleased to hear it verified.

"Well, that is just what it was, but what do you suppose happened to us when we reached them?"

"Why," replied Ryerson, "the boat bumped up against these fish as if it had hit a stone, and you couldn't pull through them. That's what happened to me once."

Garrison was balked, but he soon recovered his second wind, and this time rushed to the end of his story without giving the others a chance to interrupt him.

"Yes, sir; them fish blocked the way so that we couldn't get through."

"Will you swear to that?" asked Ryerson, raising his right hand.

"Yes, sir, on a stack of Bibles. And then them fish began to jump into the boat and over the boat and on to us. And in a minute the boat was so full that she began to sink. And we had ter jump out and walk over them fish that was in the water to the shore, and there wasn't one of us that so much as wet a shoe, because we walked right on the fish you see, and every one o' them fish was a small mouth black bass that weighed full eight pound and was as long as that."—*Forest and Stream.*

The National Guard's Two Trips.

The entire National Guard of Pennsylvania, 8,000 strong, will participate in the inauguration of Grover Cleveland on March 4 and will camp on the grounds of the Columbian Exposition, Chicago, from August 5 to 20. It is expected that every State in the Union will send troops to Chicago. New York, Texas, California, Indiana, Ohio, Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Pennsylvania and many of the smaller states have signified their intention of joining in the grand encampment. The federal government has not provided funds for this feature of the world's show, nor has the World's Fair commission, so each state will pay its own way.

In speaking of the prospective trip, Major General George R. Snowdon said: "Pennsylvania will be properly represented. The three brigades will go to both Washington and Chicago and I believe they will make a creditable showing notwithstanding the lack of dress uniform and other traps. What the guard most needs is new overcoats, haversacks and heavy guns, and these will be forthcoming."

A Smile.

As I said before, one is helped along a good bit in most everything if one will only look for the funny side of it. Then the laugh will knock out the tear or the frown and you are a deal better woman for the laugh.

That is a wise woman who can smile at a compliment, be pleased and forget it.

That is a wise woman who can smile at an insult and never see it.

That is a wise woman who can smile when the little worries are coming about and make of them little bits of nothing.

That is a wise woman who can smile when she gets up and who can go to sleep with a smile, for in this way she greets the coming day and at the end of it she has blotted out all the disagreeables.

That is a wise woman who has a smile for her friends and her enemies; it will keep the first and is the best weapon against the last.

That is a wise woman who can smile no matter how she feels. She is the woman who has learned to rule not only herself but will gain domain over the cook. And that means she gives comfort.

Getting Vaccinated.

A Detroit doctor who has vaccinated over five hundred men, women and children in the last two weeks, has had heaps of fun in watching the works of human nature under the lancet. "Getting vaccinated is somehow connected in most minds with getting a tooth pulled, and patients expect to suffer as much pain. Not more than two men out of ten walk square up to the rack. They hesitate, hang on, make inquiries, and in many instances remark that they will wait a day or two. One refused until he was tied to a chair. Another offered the doctor a dollar extra to give him chloroform. Scores of them want some object to clutch to and they shut their eyes, grit their teeth, and call up sufficient resolution to carry them through the operation of having a broken leg reset. A well-known citizen had made two calls and backed out. The third time he came he went into the office, peeled off his coat and pushed up his sleeve, and, throwing himself into a chair, shut his eyes and called out:

"Quick! quick! Bring on that laughing gas; and then don't be a second putting that lancet into my arm!"

A negro was one day observed walking up and down in front of the office for a long time, and the doctor finally stepped to the door and asked him if he wanted to be vaccinated.

"Deed, sah, dat's what I cum for," was the reply, "but the very minit I turned dat corner de blamed fing quit aching!"

The favorite exclamation with men when the lancet is felt is "Woosh!" Once in a while one will say "thunder!" and about one in twenty refers to a lead that is hotter than this. As a rule, the women all shed tears, and many come prepared to faint away; children have to be coaxed, and it is sometimes necessary to tell them that bears and Indians are always on the lookout for children who haven't been vaccinated.

A Hard Fight.

The combined forces of the weather during the winter months are exerted to destroy health. Coughs and Colds attack us, which, if neglected, result in pneumonia and consumption. These diseases usually result seriously. Send for Pan-Tina, the great Cough and Consumption cure, and save doctor bills.

Trial bottles of Pan-Tina free at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Don't Try for a Government Clerkship.

To all young men who contemplate a journey to Washington for the purpose of securing employment the best advice is, don't. The humblest situation in a mercantile house, where the pecuniary reward is small, where the hours are long and the labor is hard, is better in the end than a government clerkship. One way lie opportunities for advancement, for the utilization and final reward of every talent and all the energy that the young man possesses. The other way lie hopelessness, drudgery, stagnation.

Many a poor young man seeks a government clerkship in order that he may earn his support while he is studying his profession. He is taking up a staff that is likely to become necessary to him as a crutch. He is in danger of discovering, when his profession is learned, that he has not the moral courage to drop his government stipend. It would have been infinitely better—it might have been his making—if he had toiled for scantier dollars in a manlier way.

The government clerk drags out a monotonous existence, dreary, unpromising of advancement, and if he is not turned out in his old age to linger on through his few remaining years in poverty, he is one of the most fortunate of his kind.

There is no service that so destroys the latent energies and kills the hope as that of a government clerk. Young men who think they have the elements of success in them should avoid it as they would the plague.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Catarrh in New England.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, Druggist, Worcester, Mass.

I believe Ely's cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.

An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Cream Balm has given satisfactory results.—W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

Fractious lamp wicks. Sometimes the lamp wick obstinately refuses to be turned up in the ordinary manner. It will seem firmly wedged at one side, while the other runs up in a point, causing weariness and vexation of spirit. To overcome this depravity, take a new wick and draw out a thread near the selvedge, and the wick will be found quite tractable when introduced into the burner, the cogs will take it up properly, and it will appear in good form and give an even flame when lighted.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder.

Sweet skimmed milk will brighten up stained floors and oilcloths. Rub well first with a soft cloth wet with the milk, then with a dry flannel.

To Prevent the Grip

Or any other similar epidemic, the blood and the whole system should be kept in healthy condition. If you feel worn out and have "that tired feeling" in the morning, do not be guilty of neglect. Give immediate attention to yourself. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla to give strength, purify the blood and prevent disease.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, jaundice, biliousness, sick headache, constipation.

Ex-President Hayes Joins the Great Majority.

A Good Soldier, an Able Statesman and Excellent Citizen, He has Gone to His Reward—His Death at His Home in Fremont, Ohio.

BRIEF SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

Ex-President Rutherford B. Hayes died at 11 o'clock Tuesday night at his home, Fremont, Ohio.

Early in the evening an inquiry excited the response that the General had passed a fairly well day and was resting nicely in the evening. The change from better to worse was rapid and at eleven o'clock the distinguished ex-president passed away.

The first intelligence was received when Webb C. Hayes came down town and quietly announced that his father had just died. Ex-President Hayes was taken home last Saturday suffering from an attack of rheumatism of the heart, with which he had been attacked at Cleveland. It was the second attack of the kind he had received within two weeks, and although his condition was regarded as somewhat serious and excited the alarm of his family, the encouragement given them by Dr. Hilbert, the family physician, led them to believe that the patient would soon recover. For this reason all knowledge of the ex-president's illness was kept from the public and the fact that he was suffering from heart trouble did not become known. While Dr. Hilbert remained almost constantly at the distinguished patient's bedside, no alarming symptoms appeared until in the evening, when he became rapidly worse.

Rutherford Birchard Hayes, nineteenth president of the United States, was born at