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.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLI. NO. 46 — SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1893. — WHOLE NO. 2179.

A. L. G. HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office with Valentine Hay, Esq. Somerset, Pa.

D. B. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW
Sixth Diamond Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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

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

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

GEORGE R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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

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

I. N. SNYDER. J. G. OGLE.
SNYDER & OGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Office in Snyder Block. SOMERSET, PA.

F. J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in Diamond Block, Somerset, Pa.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

DR. P. F. SHAFFER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office near door to Commercial Hotel. Somerset, Pa.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL,
Offers his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St. Sign of the 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, one door west 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 warranted satisfactory. Office in the store of J. M. Bradwell & Co.'s store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

Oils! Oils!

The Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburgh Department, Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the highest 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 & SHERRITS AND FREASE & KOOSER,
SOMERSET, PA.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING
A SPECIALTY.
HARRY M. BENSHOFF,
MANUFACTURING STATIONER
— AND —
BLANK BOOK MAKER.
HANNAH BLOCK,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

After Mt. Clemens Failed.

PITTSBURGH, JUNE 23, 1892.
BRAHMA MEDICINE CO.,
Gentlemen:—Have had the rheumatism for years and tried all sorts of remedies. Also had many different doctors and did not get any relief until I found your rheumatic drops. I was advised to go to Mt. Clemens, but found so much relief in two bottles of Brahma that I stayed at home. After three months I am able to attend to my business. I think it is the only remedy on earth that will cure Rheumatism. Hoping some unfortunate will see this and profit by my experience I give this testimonial with my name and of my own free will. I buy the Brahma medicine in the house and give it to my children, as it is the best blood purifier I ever tried. Anyone calling at my place of business I will with pleasure state all about my case.
Very respectfully,
E. F. HODGE,
Wine and Liquor Dealer,
2017 Penn Ave., Pittsburg, Pa.
If your dealer does not keep it, upon receipt of $1 we will send one bottle.
BRAHMA MEDICINE CO.,
423 Liberty Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

—THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
— OF —
Somerset, Penn'a.
—o—
CAPITAL - - - - $50,000.
SURPLUS - - - - $10,000.
—o—
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,
FREY W. BIESECKER.
EDWARD SCULL, : : : : : PRESIDENT
VALENTINE HAY, : : VICE PRESIDENT
HARVEY M. BERKLEY, : : : 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.
—:o:—
Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.
—:o:—
CAPITAL, $50,000.
—:o:—
Cha. J. Harrion, Pres't
Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.
—:o:—
DIRCTORS:
Sam'l Snyder, Wm Endsley,
Josiah Spenst, Jonas M. Cook,
John H. Snyder John Stutt,
Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder,
Jerome Stutt, Noah S. Miller,
Sam. B. Harrison.
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

FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST CO.
121 & 123 Fourth Ave.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital - - - $1,000,000.
Undivided Profits $250,000.
Acts as Executor, Guardian, Assignee and Receiver.
Wills receipted for and held free of charge.
Business of residents and non-residents carefully attended to.
JOHN B. JACKSON, - President.
JAMES J. DONNELL, Vice President.
FRANKLIN BROWN, Secretary.
JAS. C. CHAPLIN, Treasurer.

FANCY WORK.
Some Great Bargains in
IRISH POINT LUNCH
AND TRAY CLOTHS
Bought below cost of transportation we are selling at great bargains white and colored Bedford Cord Table Covers, stamped ready for working. Singed Canton Flannel Table and Cushion Covers, Singed Plush Cushion Covers, Bargarran Art Cloth Table and Cushion Covers, all stamped with Newest Designs; Hem-stitched Hot Biscuit and Roll Napkins. A new and large line of hem-stitched Tray and Carving Cloths from 60cts up.
Stamped Hem-stitched Scarfs from 35cts up. Table Covers from 50 cts. up. A full line of Figured
INDIA SILKS,
All New Patterns and Colorings. Also,
Figured Plush,
24 and 33 inches wide, in beautiful Colors and Designs. Art Satin Squares for the Central Covers and Cushion Covers.
Waban Netting,
36 inches wide, 50 cents per yard, in Pink, Blue, Olive and Yellow, THE NEW THING for Draping Mantles and Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of Head-rests, from 25c. up.
Visit our Table Linen, Towel, Napkins, Muslin, Sheeting and Linen Department, by all means.
HORNE & WARD.
41 FIFTH AVENUE, Pittsburgh, Pa.

FACTS That I sell the following goods at these low prices:
Two years old Pure Rye $2.00 per gallon.
Three " " " " 2.25 " "
Four " " " " 2.50 " "
Six " " " " 2.75 " "
Ten " " " " 4.00 " "
Fifteen " " " " 5.50 " "
Twenty-one " " " " 7.50 " "
All from the best known distillers. California 2-year-old pure wines, all kinds at $1.50 per gallon. Rhine, Mosel, Claret, Hungarian, Sherry and Port Wines, direct importations in glass. Pure Imported Brandies, Gins, at the lowest figures. Call or send for Special Price List. Mail orders promptly attended to. No extra charge for boxing and packing.
A. ANDRIESSEN,
1172, Federal St., - ALLEGHENY, PA.
Telephone, 1543.

Officer Eugene Christine
Of Philadelphia.

An Officer's Battle

He Might Have Lost But for Assistance

How It Was Given, and the Inevitable Result.

An officer connected with the Tacony Station house, Philadelphia, has had a severe battle with a monster, or a demon, he hardly knows which to call it. We will let him tell the story in his own words:

"I Want to Say a Word

about what Hood's Sarsaparilla did for me. I was troubled the worst way with dyspepsia. Why, **I could not eat anything** at breakfast without distress, and when I did manage to eat a little it would all come up again. I tried almost everything I heard of to find relief, but still I suffered. At last I was told **just how I felt** and what Hood's Sarsaparilla would do for me by an advertisement in a paper. I decided to try the medicine, and **realized all the benefit promised**. It was what Hood's Sarsaparilla actually did for me that

Convinced me of its Merit

I cannot praise it enough. I can eat heartily now, although two months ago I did not know what it was to keep anything on my stomach.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Besides being cured of dyspepsia, I have been relieved of severe pains in the kidneys. I am willing this should be used to tell others how to be cured of dyspepsia." OFFICER EUGENE CHRISTINE, Tacony Station House, Tacony, Philadelphia.

HOOD'S PILLS cure Nausea, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Biliousness. Sold by all druggists.

B. & B.
Irish Pointes.
We mean Curtains, and refer particularly to the remarkable sale we now have of about a dozen patterns
Irish Pointe Curtains,
50 inches wide, 3½ yards long, at
$3.00 a pair,
they are equal in every way to $7.50 values as usually sold, and we're anxious to have you investigate and compare. Also line Irish Pointes, at $10.00 a pair—good as usual $15.00 qualities—and FORTY STYLES the latest and best designs
NOTTINGHAM CURTAINS.
3½ yards long, 50 to 60 inches wide, at
$2.50
a pair—that are as to value (to use a common expression) "simply out of sight."
We've a special Illustrated Catalogue on LACE CURTAINS to send you. Large lots
All Wool Serges,
45c yard.
Wool Taffetas
30c yard.
American Suitings,
25c yard.
in all the new Spring colorings—values so good and that will save you so much on every yard, as will warrant your writing for Samples and in sending us your order.
Spring catalogue ready: write for copy.
Boggs & Buhl,
115, 117, 119 and 121 Federal Street,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

A. H. HUSTON,
Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE
and everything pertaining to funerals furnished on short notice.
South Turkeyfoot Street, Somerset, Penn'a
'91-1yr

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 Warrantd.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA.

THE OUTCAST.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Strange dreams of what I used to be
And what I dreamed I would be swim
Before my vision, faint and dim,
As misty distances we see
In pictured scenes of fairy-lands,
And ever on, with empty hands,
And eyes that ever lie to me,
And smiles that no one understands,
I grope adown my destiny.

Some say I waver when I walk
Along the crowded thoroughfares,
And some leer in my eyes and talk
Of dullness, when I see in theirs—
Like flashes' eyes, alive or dead—
But surfaces of vacancy—
Blank tiles that never seem to see,
But glint and glow and glare instead.

The ragged shawl I wear is wet
With driving, dripping rain, and yet
It seems a royal raiment, where,
Through twisted torrents of my hair,
I see rare gems that gleam and shine
Like jewels in a stream of wine:
The gaping shoes that clothe my feet
Are gold in sandals, and the shrine
Where courtiers grovel and repeat
Vain prayers, and where in joy thereat
A fair prince doffs his plumed hat,
And kneels, and names me all things sweet.

Sometimes the sun shines and the lull
Of winter noon is like a time
The stars might twinkle to the moon
If night were bright and beautiful—
For when the clangor of the town
And strife of traffic softens down
The wakeful hunger that I nurse,
In listening forgets to curse,
Until—ah, joy, with drooping head
I drowse, and dream that I am dead
And buried safe beyond their eyes
Who either pity or despise.

THAT FRENCH BABY.

Two and twenty years ago a great war was raging between the countries of France and Germany. Which was right and which was wrong? Well, I don't think anybody knows exactly the right and the wrong of any war. That has nothing to do with our story, which only concerns a dear little boy baby, who was the only child of a French officer.

He was not altogether a French baby, for he had an English mother; but he had been borne in a beautiful old chateau not very far from Metz, the capital city of sunny Lorraine.

When the war began hopes ran very high in the old chateau on the banks of the beautiful Moselle river, for the gallant French army was on its way to Berlin, and all was to be glory and victory; and if any of its men were killed in the fight, or died on the way of illness and exhaustion, why that would be very bad for the wives and children waiting at home; but, of course, it was the fortune of war that all who did not share in the glory, and the sorrows of the few must not be counted against the gain of the many.

That was how many, nay, most of the people round about the city of Metz argued during those early days; and the lady of the chateau, an Englishwoman, and a very brave one, was to be seen every day walking beside her boy's little carriage, or driving in her own pretty Victoria with her baby and his English nurse beside her, with a bright smile on her face and brave words on her lips; yet in her own heart there was always an awful dread, like a lump of lead, a fear that all these thousand of men had been sent out to battle with scarce a shoe to their feet, or any provisions for them, such as they ought to have had. If her heart was brave it was also a very tender one, and it ached, oh, so sadly, for every poor mother who mourned for a lost son, for every wife who learned that the husband she loved and the father of her children would never come marching home again, never any more.

Day after day she went to try and comfort some poor soul in the district whose anxious fears had come to the worst end, and all the time her own heart was trembling and sick with the horrible dread that her own brave and gallant husband would be the next to fall—her dear, dear love, Andre Forrestier, who had won her heart years ago and had brought her away from her English home to be the mistress of the beautiful old chateau on the banks of the Moselle.

And after a while the times changed—alas! how soon it is sad to tell. The victorious Prussian army—well trained, well led, well provided—soon, and but all to easily, beat the French forces back upon their own ground and then set themselves to surround and destroy the fair city of Metz if they could.

It was then that Madame Forrestier's troubles began in real good earnest when all the country was thrown into confusion and panic by the hosts of fugitive French soldiers and the incoming hordes of great Germans, who strode about in their big boots with the air of conquerors, who spread far and wide like a cloud of locusts, eating up all the provisions that the poor peasants folk and gather together for themselves.

"Annie," said Madame Forrestier to her English nurse, "if anything does happen, remember that it is on you that I shall rely."

"You may trust me, Madame," said Annie quickly; "it will be a clever Prussian—aye, or a clever Frenchman either that will get me to speak what I've a mind to keep to myself."

"That is not what I am the most afraid of," said Madame Forrestier; "it is your coolness and your presence of mind that I shall need most. These poor people are so excitable, so nervous, I shall not be able to depend on them in any emergency."

"Listen, Madame; what is that?" exclaimed Annie, putting up her finger and listening intently. "Somebody at the window."

"Rosie, Rosie!" cried a low voice without, and at the same time tapping softly at the window-pane.

Madame Forrestier uttered a glad cry. "It is the master," she cried, "the master!" and she rushed to the window and tore it open, when a tall figure in uniform, covered by a long military cloak, tumbled in.

"Shut the window, quickly he gasped. "They are after me; they'll be here in ten minutes. I knew the short cut through the wilderness, and I gave them the slip!"

In a moment Annie had shut the window again, and barred the heavy shutters and drawn the velvet curtains over them.

"You are wounded, my Andre!" cried Madame Forrestier, with her arms around her husband.

"Yes—not dangerously—only a cut in my arm," he answered. "No, don't open it—it may start the blood flowing, and that would betray me not," bitterly as he looked around, "that I need take care. They are bound to get hold of me. I am caught like a rat in a trap; but I determined I would see you before they took me, if it was only for a minute.

Madame Forrestier looked at Annie. "They shall not take you!" she said firmly, unless they burn the chateau down, and I fancy it is too comfortable and too well-provisioned for them to do that. I am all ready for you! Andre and I have cleaned out the secret room, and there are provisions there for a month or more, a comfortable bed, clothes, books, lights and all your toilet things. You can be quite comfortable down there, and I shall come and see you when I can manage it.'

Andre Forrestier burst out laughing. "My darling! my dear love!" he said, "and how do you think you are going to keep the Prussians out of the secret room? Nay, nay, child! a secret room that has no better concealed entrance than a trap door in the floor of your own appartment is no more likely to be secret from these Prussians than any other room in the house."

"But, Andre, they do not know that you have reached the chateau at all," Madame Forrestier urged. "We, Annie and I, will devise some means of covering over the door."

"A rug and armchair," said Forrestier, teasingly. "My poor Rosie!—my poor, poor girl!"

"Listen," said Annie, who had been standing at the door. "I hear horses coming up the avenue. Get down the trap-door, sir—at least it is a chance they may not very closely search the mistress' own bed room."

"All is fair in love and war, Annie," said Captain Forrestier, "But I will do as you wish, my darling, my brave love! God bless you and be with you."

She kissed him tenderly, and hurried him down the steps into the secret room, closing the trap-door upon him.

"Annie, what can we coyer it with?" she asked, anxiously looking down at it. "Really, it hardly shows in the markings of the parquetry"—for the floor was made as the floors in the better houses in France generally are, of short pieces of wood fitted together so as to form a pattern.

"Not to an ordinary eye, Madame," said Annie; "but these men are after the master you know, and will be extra keen in poking there noses everywhere. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll stand hereabouts, Madame, and if I look very sweet at the soldiers, you mustn't take any notice."

Madame Forrestier sighed anxiously. "Oh, Annie, I am so nervous—so full of dread!" she said trembling. "What is that? Oh, they are coming!"

It was, indeed, the sound of footsteps on the polished corridor, and then there came a rap at the door, and the word "Madame, madame" was twice repeated.

"It is Jacques," said Annie, who was busy polishing the floor with her soft slipper, so as to remove the traces of muddy footsteps which the master may have left behind him. "See what he wants, Madame."

Thus encouraged, Madame opened the door, and Jacques, the old servant who had been at the chateau in the time of Andre Forrestier's father, came in with a scared white face.

"Such misfortune, Madame," said he in quavering accents. "Here are six great bulking Prussian pigs with a requisition for board and lodging in the chateau, and some sort of notion that the master is skulking about the premises hiding. I swore by all that's holy he'd never been back since the war broke, out but the great brute either didn't or wouldn't understand me. He speaks bad French," he added in unutterable dirgust.

"I will come down, Jacques," said Mme Forrestier, with a last look at Annie, who was busy making up the fire. "Where are these—these gentlemen, Jacques?" she asked as she reached the head of the stairs.

"In the hall at present, Madame," Jacques answered.

So, with her brain on fire and a heart like ice, she went down into the hall, where she found six great German soldiers, warming themselves by the wood fire, each one big enough and fierce enough to frighten any little woman out of her senses.

"Good morning, gentlemen" she said in English.

The biggest of the six, and evidently the officer in charge of the party turned from the fire and came forward, saluting her politely:

"Madame is an English lady," he said in some surprise. "I understood that this was the Chateau Forrestier, and that Captain Forrestier—"

"Captain Forrestier is my husband, sir," she said simply. "Can you give me any news of him?"

"None, Madame, except that twenty minutes ago he was flying in this direction, but we missed him in a small wood on the road," the Prussian answered. "He is believed to be in this house, Madame, and we must look for him."

"Certainly, you shall do that," said Madame Forrestier, with great calmness. "Will you come now? But did not my servant tell you that my husband is not here, and has not been here since the war began?"

"That he did, madam," said the Prustian, with a smile, "but I took the liberty of disbelieving him."

"Then I cannot expect you to believe me or anything, but the evidence of your own eyes," said she, with dignity. "Will you come with me now and search the the house? Is it necessary that you should all come? I ask because I do not wish him to be frightened by so many strangers."

"I will take one of my men with me. We shall not wake the child, Madame," said the Prussian, more kindly. "I am sorry not to be able to take your word without searching the chateau, Madame, but it is not left for me to use our own discretion, and my orders are explicit."

"Come then," she said, leading the way.

She took them first to her own room feeling that it was best to get at that danger over first; but at the door she stopped again, and turned imploring to the two great giants who were treading softly and holding their swords away from the floor. "You won't hurt my boy? she said imploringly, "you are sure you won't?"

The big Prussian officer could not help smiling.

"We are not barbarians, Madame," he said, in his pleasant broken English. "As for me I have a babe of my own at home and a half a dozen youngsters waiting to see me again."

"Come, then," she said, opening the door.

She almost screamed out aloud at the sight which met her eyes, for there over the trapdoor, Annie had spread a bright Moorish rug; and on the rug, sprawling among a heap of silken cushions lay little Rene, the baby, the heir, who had just wakened from a late afternoon sleep.

He looked so big and fair and bonny in his dainty white embroidered, lace trimmed frock, with wide blue sash and bows to tie up his sleeves, with one foot bare and the other in a soft knitted shoe that the Prussian walked right up to him and began to talk to him with every coaxing phrase he could think of. And in answer Baby Rene held up his silver coral and bells and tried to grab at his tamborine and his favorite toy of all, a few empty cotton-reels strung together, as if he was anxious to show them to his fascinating new comer with the sword and the bright buttons and the long yellow mustache not so much unlike Forrestier's own.

"Dad—dad—dad," he cried in delight "Ba-ba—da-da."

"I have just such a child at home," said the big Prussian with a suspicious quaver in his voice. "You will excuse me madame, I will just look around for form's sake."

"To be sure," said madame Forrestier with a smile—she could afford to smile now, for the baby had warded off the great danger she had so much dreaded.

It was a mere form. He looked into the old oak presses, poked his sword under the bed, glanced through the dressing room, and opening one window, peered out into the darkness, little guessing that less than half an hour ago Captain Forrestier, wounded as he was, had, with strength born of desperation, swung himself up to the window by means of the ivy which covered the walls from roof to ground, and that he was at that moment within a few feet of him, his retreat safely cut off by the silken cushions on which the baby lay sprawling playing with his toys and his faithful dog.

"I am satisfied, Madame," the Prussian said. "I must search the rest of the house, and I am afraid you must put up with our company for some little time longer. But we are not, as I said, barbarians, and we do not wish to annoy you; and from this moment your own apartment is sacred.

"I think, Annie," said Madame quietly, "that you had better show these gentlemen the rest of the house. I will stay with the child."

"Yes, Madame," said Annie. "Come along, sirs."

"Oh, Rene! Rene! you don't know," cried Madame Forrestier, when the door was closed, "but you saved him!"

Madame Forrestier, as the big Prussian officer had warned her, had to put up with the company of six great hulking Germans for some weeks after that eventful night. She was a very wise little woman, was Madame Forrestier, for she absolutely forbade her servants (who were old and well trained in ways of obedience) to make the slightest fuss about the Prussians. She fed them well, she lodged them well, and she became the greatest of friends with the officer who was in command of the little party. Only the old man servant, Jacques, dared to say to the mistress something of what was in his mind.

"How the mistress can degrade herself," he murmured to her one day, "by sitting down at the same table and eating with this Prussian pig, no Frenchman can understand."

"Jacques," said the little English woman, looking him very straight in the eyes, "do you doubt your mistress' love for your master?"

"No, no madame, not at all, not so—but madame may believe me, if the master should find his way home this Prussian pig will have no mercy because madame has entertained him royally.

"When I ask this gentleman to do any thing out of the ordinary rules of war for me, Jacques," said Madame Forrestier with much decision. "I know that he will do it. For the present, it is not for you to trouble about the master; it is for you to obey my orders, and I insist—and I think, Jacques, it is the first time I have used that word to you—I insist that you treat this German gentleman and the five men who are under his orders as you would treat your own master. Some day, when all this trouble has gone by, I will explain why I wish you to do this, and then, Jacques, you will not only understand me but you will feel ready to put your neck under my feet and let me trample on you."

The old servant bowed murmuring something about his chiefest desire being to serve the house of Forrestier, and he took himself away to his own pantry, where he busied himself in polishing the bits of plate which still remained to the family.

"She's an Englishwoman," he murmured to himself, or to the walls, "she's an Englishwoman, and the English are an astute race. What has she in her head? Has she had a communication from her master? Has she even seen him? What is it, then? She is not against us, although she's English; she's a meaning for all that she does; she's not coquetting with this Prussian pig, as some of the fools among the women do with his hulking followers. For she's an Englishwoman and the English are an acute race."

But in spite of all his reflections Jacques learned nothing. He tried to pump Annie, the English nurse, as to what she knew, but Annie scouted the idea of knowing anything.

"Lor', Mr. Jacques," said innocently, "what have you got in your head? It's better for the mistress to keep on civil terms with this great brute—especially if she saves the chateau by doing it. As to the master—why she worships the very ground he walks on. Surely you don't doubt now—why you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Annie's French was not of the best, but she managed to make the old man servant understand her, notwithstanding and meantime went on her own way, flirting pretty hard with any of the big Prussians who came across her path.

And so the weeks went over, and in the occasional absence of her visitors, Madame Forrestier and Annie contrived to replenish the store of provisions in the secret chamber below madame's bed room, and although Forrestier felt like a rat trapped in a cage and fumed and fretted at the notion of being absent from the regiment, still, after all the hardships through which he had gone, and the weakness consequent on the loss of blood from his wounded arm, it was well for him that he had this chance of peace and quietness.

So the days crept over until the army of occupation pressed on toward Paris, having laid bare the country like a swarm of locusts. Then when the danger was over and it was fairly safe for the master of the chateau to come out from his hiding place, Madame Forrestier sent for old Jacques to come to her bed room.

"Jacques," she said, in a queer, shaky little voice midway between tears and laughter, "you wondered that I was so civil to our Prussian guests, I am going now to tell you the reason—surely you had forgotten the secret chamber beneath my bed room?"

"Madame said Jacques in a quivering voice, "is it possible—"

"Yes, Jacques," she said, "it is quite possible; more than possible—it is true—your master has been in this house since ten minutes before these Prussians arrived here. I did not keep it from you because I did not trust you, Jacques, but because I knew it would be easier for you to keep the secret if you did not know it."

"But they searched the room?" he cried. "So they did," she answered with a laugh, "put we put Master Rene on a heap of cushions just over the trap-door and they never thought to search the middle of the room. It was baby who saved his father."

"Ah," murmured Jacques, as she lifted the trap-door and motioned him to go down and see his master, "out the English are an astute race."

A Girl's Choice.

A girl, if she cannot always choose, can always refuse, and generally her difficulty is this: It is evident that this man is making love to me. I do not love him, but I think I might do so if I choose. Shall I choose or shall I forbear? It is here that the power of choice comes in, and it is here that the voice of prudence must be heard, if it is to be heard at all. In such circumstances a girl will act wisely if she pays considerable attention to the general opinion that is held of the gentleman in question by his professional brethren or his business aquaintances. It is in short, not the man who is agreeable among women, but he who is well liked by his own sex who is the man to choose as a husband.

There are certain persons, however, of the opposite sex who are almost as good judges of a man's disposition as those of his own—and they are his sisters.

A girl can always tell how a man stands with his sisters. If they are really fond of him, she may feel almost sure that he will make a good husband. A mother of course always speaks well of her sons. It is not what she says of him, but it is his behavior to her that is to be looked to. And a lady may feel certain of this point—that as a man now treats his mother and sisters, so he will treat her six months after marriage.

All this may seem very cold blooded, very far removed from the tender feeling which the courtship induces. But, after all, a girl has a choice to make, a choice upon which the whole happiness of her life may depend, and there is always a time, whether she notices it or not, before she parts with the control of her heart, at which she ought to listen to her judgment.—*Domestic Magazine.*

Conceit or Prophetic.

What seems the utterance of selfconceit may prove to be the expression of self-knowledge. "Never mind," said Nelson to the friend condoling with him on his name being left out of Admiral Jervis' despatch, reporting the naval battle of St. Vincent—"Never mind, I'll have a gazette of my own some day." "A peerage or Westminster Abbey," said he on another occasion. When events justified the remarks, they were called prophecies.

Sheridan's first speech in the House of Commons was such a conspicuous failure that he retired to the coffee-room and buried his face in his hands. "Cheer up, cheer up! others have failed before now," said a friend.

"I know I have it in me, and some day it shall come out!" replied Sheridan.

An Englishman in a recent book, "Echoes of Old Country Life," tells an interesting anecdote of the early days of Disraeli. The anecdote was related to him by a Mr. Venables, who, when a boy, often walked with young Disraeli to his father's house.

One moonlight night Disraeli was unusually taciturn, and Venables asked, "What are you thinking about Ben?"

"I am considering what I shall be," answered the boy, slowly, as if weighing his words. "I mean to get myself talked about."

"How are you going to do that?" asked his companion.

"Well, I shall write a book; then I shall make some speeches and get into Parliament, and I wan't rest until I am made a Privy Councillor."

"Don't talk such nonsense as that," said Venables.

He did write a book and was talked about. He tried to get elected to Parliament and failed. "Recollect," said he, "the author of 'Vivian Grey' cannot long remain out of Parliament." Subsequently, through the influence of Lord Lyndhurst, he was elected to the House of Commons. He began his first speech in a bombastic style, the House tittered; Disraeli got angry; the House burst into loud laughter. He turned savagely on the audience and said:

"You won't hear me now; but the time will come when you will hear me."

"It did come; they not only heard, but made him Prime Minister."

Ask your druggist to show you a bottle of Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. One bottle to cure any case, no matter how severe, and will last for 3 months' treatment. Sold everywhere.

Sweet vs. Sour Gream for Butter.

The relative merits of sweet cream and sour cream for making butter were tested last year in a series of elaborate experiments at the Iowa Agricultural College. Sweet cream, fresh from the separator, was thoroughly mixed and then accurately divided in two equal parts by weight; one of these parts was churned immediately at 52 degrees F., the other was ripened at 60 degrees, and then churned at 50 degrees. The butter milk was tested for fat, and the butter was analyzed. In the nine tests the yield of butter from sour cream was 3 per cent. larger than from sweet cream. The sour cream usually churned quicker than the sweet, and the butter contained 2-100 of 1 per cent. more casein. The losses of fat in churning, washing and working were less with sour than with sweet cream. In nine trials the average difference was nearly ½ pound per 100 pounds of butter made. After being kept five months the sweet cream butter acquired somewhat of the flavor and aroma of ripened cream butter, and was in better condition.

I have had catarrh for twenty years, and used all kinds of remedies without relief. Mr. Smith, Druggist, of Little Falls, recommended Ely's Cream Balm. The effect of the first application was magical, it allayed the inflamation, and the next morning my head was as clear as a ball. I am convinced its use will effect a permanent cure. It is soothing and pleasant, and I strongly urge its use by all sufferers.—Geo. Terry, Little Falls, N. Y.

It may be remarked for the comfort of honest poverty, that avarice reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow only on barren soil.

Some of our Grand Army boys may be interested in the following from Alex B. Pope, A. D. C., Commander Dep't. Tenn. and Ga. He says: "We have had an epidemic of whooping cough here (Stewart, Tenn.) and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been the only medicine that has done any good." There is no danger from whooping cough, when this remedy is freely given. It completely controls the disease. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

How to Obtain Long Life.

Take life easy. Nothing prolongs life like a cheerful disposition.

Make haste slowly. The snail outran the hare and won the race.

Avoid all worry. Care wrinkles the brow and dries up the fountain of life.

Don't get angry. Every burst of passion shortens life one inch.

Be moderate in all things and temperate in your habits. Remember, "sleep is nature's kind restorer," and if you would live long, sleep long.

Above all take care of yourself. If you are not feeling well there is something wrong and nature needs to be stimulated in her work. The best physicians in the country recommend Klein's Silver Age and Duquesne Rye for such a purpose. They are for sale by dealers generally at $1.50 and $1.25 per quart respectively. Send to Max Klein, 82 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa., for a complete catalogue and price-list of all kinds of liquor, mailed free.

A Soft Answer.

An editor received a letter from an indignant subscriber, who said, "I don't want your paper any longer."

To which the editor mildly replied: "That is all right. I wouldn't make it any longer if you did, because in that case I should have to buy a new machine. The present length just suits me, and I am glad it suits you."

It is hoped this "soft answer turned away wrath."

See the World's Fair for Fifteen Cents.

Upon receipt of your address and fifteen cents in postage stamps, we will mail you prepaid our Souvenir Portfolio of the World's Columbian Exposition, the regular price is Fifty cents, but as we want you to have one, we make the price nominal. You will find it a work of art and a thing to be prized. It contains full page views of the great buildings, with descriptions of same, and is executed in highest style of art. If not satisfied with it, after you get it, we will refund the stamps and let you keep the book. Address
H. E. BUCKLEN & CO., Chicago, Ill.

He was a weary faced traveling man who had been the victim of every boom towner whom he had met.

He entered the office of a ticket agen the other day, and purchasing a through ticket for the east said:

"I have at least made one good investment since I have been in this part of the country."

"How's that?" asked the sympathetic agent.

"I came out even," replied the eastern man as he walked toward the door

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised Druggist and get a Trial Bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at J. N. Snyder's Drugstore.

Wallace—that is a very appropriate motto they have over there on that "nickle-in-the-slot" machine.

Roller—What is that?"

Wallace—"If at first you don't succeed try, try again."—*Truth.*

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.

Repentance without amendment is like continually pumping without stopping the leak.