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A. V. HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa.

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Office in the old Federal Building.

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W. M. H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 2199

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

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Hood's Cures

GRANT.



Supple McEldred.

When 7 years old began to be troubled with eczema on the head, causing intense itching and burning, and affecting her eyes. Her mother tried all the remedies, but she got no relief.

And as with his old, immortal example of triumph over Rome, whose eagle saw the round globe their banner.

How the grandson of our true hero made himself eminent and such a manly hero, that he could not gather all his wealth in his hands.

No limitations here:

The weary hero has done a great feat at the infant of the mother's breast.

Without a care, without a thought of fear, waiting to grow to his own hero.

The glorious hero of a thousand deeds.

Dark to his kindred or b;

The spirit of the following words!

As slowly time the night's sorrows made of waiting and of pain, the hero's fame, faithful to the faithful, writes on high his name as one that was not to die.

—John W. Foster.

LYDIA'S TRUE LOVER.

It seemed to Lydia Kesson that night as she lay in bed, reading the weekly paper, as he sat contentedly by the shaded lamp with his spectacles balanced on the bridge of his nose, and his comfortable, slippered feet crossed one over the other, while the hands of the wooden clock traveled slowly from 8 to half-past 8, and from half-past 8 to 9.

"I don't see what he can possibly find to interest him," said Lydia to herself. "I am sure he must have read that article of the burning of Deacon, which I believe he knows the list of prizes at the county fair by heart. Of all the papers, the Weekly Tribune is certainly the most stupid I ever saw. And dear, poor Dick must be half frozen to death out there in the corn-house."

For here was the root of the matter. Pretty Lydia was in love with Dick Churchill, who was steadily disconcerted by old Mr. Kesson; and this silly young woman, with black-blue eyes and the dimple in her chin, was actually in the habit of indulging Dick with a fine side chat after the old gentleman had plucked his way leisurely up to bed, which he did very soon after 8 o'clock.

"One can't go to bed at sunset, like the chickens," reasoned Lydia to herself. "And I must see Dick sometimes, and it's a deal too long to wait till he comes to the apple tree in the orchard any more, and as long as I'm darned the stockings and mending father's clothes, I'm sure it can't signify to him what company I have."

But Mr. Kesson laid down the Weekly Tribune flat at last, and cleared his throat, with a prodigious noise.

"Lydia," said he, "that Spire Grex has took the premium again for his fat cattle."

"Has he?" said Lydia, indifferently.

"Dreadful farmed hand, Spire Grex," remarked Mr. Kesson, staring at the fire.

"Is he?"

"And I can't help hoping, Lydia," added the old man, at last removing his eyes from the smoldering log and fixing them solemnly on his daughter's face, "that you'll make up your mind to reconsider the offer he was good enough to make you last month."

"Father," said Lydia, reddening to the roots of her hair, "I thought that was all past and gone."

"It ain't too late yet to Mr. Grex, if—"

"Yes, it is!" burst out Lydia. "I never will marry that horrid, fat disagreeable old man, not if there was nobody else in the world!"

"Humph!" said Mr. Kesson. Well, p'raps the day will come when you will be sorry for it, Lydia. Young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks know that young folks are. Dick Churchill ain't been here lately, has he?" he added, sharply.

"Dick Churchill, father?"

"Because," said the elderly sage, with some asperity, "I won't have him on the place, and so I tell you. If you won't marry a well-to-do, respectable member of society like Spire David Grex, you certainly shan't throw yourself away on a vagabond like Dick Churchill."

Lydia flushed deeply, and bit off the end of her needle of darning cotton with considerably more emphasis than the occasion seemed to demand, but she said nothing. And Mr. Kesson uttered another remarking "Amen!" and went out.

But not to bed. Through some strange fatality he took it into his head to wander out to the back door and look at the sky.

"Cloudy," said he to himself, "and rain's a smart article. Well, the wind has been from the East all day. Bless me, what's that? It's too late in the season for fire, but I certainly did see a light in the corn-crib!"

And instead of going to bed, as Lydia had fondly hoped he would, Mr. Kesson wrapped himself in an old army blanket and crept stealthily out toward the corn-crib.

Dick Churchill, watching and waiting for the candle in the middle pane of the window, which was the telegraphic signal between him and Lydia, had become thoroughly chilled and weary, and in an evil moment had lighted a cigar to while away the lagging moments.

"But it won't do to smoke here," said Dick to himself. "It's too dry and inflammable a spot. I'll go out under the big pine tree. Puss, how it rains! Who could have supposed that it would turn out such a night as this?"

So just as Dick went out of one door of the corn-crib, old Mr. Kesson crept stealthily into the other.

The sound of cracking boards, and the fall of an ear of corn, dislodging all the rest, startled Dick; he turned to see a spectral figure closing the corn-crib behind it.

"Hello!" said Dick. "Burglars!"

Lack of promptness never had been one of Churchill's characteristics. He

GRANT.

flung down the cigar, whose fiery end had already wrought its mission of mischief.

"I'll settle this matter," thought he; and he quietly bolted both the corn house door and the outside, securing them with the strong wooden pin which belonged to them.

"There!" said he to himself. "I rather think he'll keep for the present. Now I'll go and have a nice chat with Lydia, for I see that the candle has found its way to the right place at last, and I'll notify the constables and rouse up old Kesson. But I don't think there's any occasion for hurry."

It was not the old clock's hands touched the figure of midnight that Dick got through with all that he had said to pretty Lydia.

"Mercy on us!" said Lydia, as the twelve strokes burst hoarsely on the listening ear of night, "how awfully late it is!"

"Yes, rather so," said Dick, suddenly remembering his prisoner. "And I suppose the fellow outside thinks so, too."

"What fellow outside?" cried Lydia, opening her eyes wide.

"Now, don't be frightened, pet," said Dick. "I thought there was no use in disturbing you about it; but there is a burglar secretly peeped up in the corn-house outside, and has been for the last two hours."

"A burglar, Dick?"

"Just that exactly, my love."

"Oh, Dick! Oh, Dick!" cried Lydia, clinging convulsively to his arm. "A burglar! Will he kill us? Will he murder us?"

"Darling, don't worry," said Dick, taking advantage of the sudden opportunity to administer a hug and several kisses to his sweetheart. "If there's to be any killing or murdering done, it won't be while I'm around."

"But father! Let me call father?"

"My pet, what on earth should we disturb the old gentleman for?" said Dick. "I'll just go out and interview the fellow, and then I'll wake up the chore boy and send him over to Sam Hall, at the constable's house, for reinforcements."

"But Dick, don't go. Suppose he were to shoot or stab you?" cried Lydia, hysterically.

"I rather think it will take two to make that bargain," observed Dick, marching out, with the big dark lantern in one hand and Mr. Kesson's big, old-fashioned gun in the other; while Lydia from the doorway, watched the triumphant progress with a palpitating heart.

Old Mr. Kesson, hoarse with howling, and lame in the wrists with pounding at the relentlessly-closed doors, was overjoyed to find advancing footsteps.

"Let me out here! Thieves! I've said so!"

As he uttered these words, the constable and Mr. Kesson's big, old-fashioned gun in the other, while Lydia from the doorway, watched the triumphant progress with a palpitating heart.

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