The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827

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THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart,

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'Twas not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no,—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in Peace.

A BLESSING FROM HEAVEN DIRECT.

MARION MARSHALL.

"You dear old fellow, you mustn't take it so hard!" and she laughed so merrily that he coaxed his perplexed brain all that night to admit that there was a lurking and deep sympathy for him concealed in the sweet smile of the honest little face.

"Well, I'll quit."

The lights far away in the city below vied with the myriad stars above to illume, with a pervading obalescence, the mystic summer air, while the eternal murmur of the feverish life in the streets of the great human hive that soft June evening came soothing up to the peaceful homes of Auburndale to mingle with the night sounds of woodland, brook and meadow.

There was a long silence between them.

Flo tilted back in her porch settee, and fell into a protracted reverie. The rector of St. Stephen's drove by, along the leafy avenue, with his elegant span of bays, and a jolly party of girls; but she did not raise her eyes.

Wooliscroft pulled away at his Havana till the smoke seemed to smart his orbs.

When he could tolerate the nuisance no longer, he drew out his handkerchief and wiped away their moisture, after which he puffed away more furiously than ever.

Suddenly he moved his chair nearer, and turned toward her his dark brown eyes.

There was still enough filtering through the maples of the lawn to enable him to catch the nimbus of gold around her blonde head, but he could not see the blush—if there was a blush—nor the graver expression stealing into her lovely countenance.

A pause of fully two minutes in this attitude, and then he bursts out:

"I'm going to quit! It is absolutely impossible to make a decent living in this dead town! The Dutch have captured Holland sure enough! I am a dead broke, decayed aristocrat—one of the most unfortunate products of our American civilization. It was wrong to bring me into the world with a silver spoon in my mouth and then take it away from me before I had a chance to purchase another. Flo, I'll quit this blessed town, I tell you, this blessed night!"

Flo moved uneasily on her green settee.

"Have you ever told papa Fred, that there is no chance for you in this town?"

"No. He knows that. All old business men here know that."

"Well, I'm going to speak to him about it," she suddenly exclaimed with a certain determined, suppressed earnestness.

"No, you shall not! What would the Breckenridges, the Clays, the Southerlands, the Clendenins and the whole crowd of them say? No, if you don't let me hope as a poor man, I will never borrow money of your father in order to make myself acceptable financially to you and to him. Hang it! I'll quit, and quit right now, too."

He jumped upon his feet with an air of resolution that brooked no detention. A moment later he was gone, and that, too, without more than a handshake for goodby.

* * * * *

It was a long winter—long to eanestly working Fred Wooliscroft, on the lonely ranch in Texas, longer to luxurious Flo Truax, in her beautiful suburban home in Auburndale. But it passed, as all long weary times pass, and summer was come again.

The vines are climbing over the veranda once more as they were one year ago this very night. The lights far away in the city below vie with the myriad stars above to illumine, with a pervading opalescence, the mystic summer air, while the eternal murmur of the feverish life in the streets of the great human hive, this soft June evening, come soothingly up to the peaceful homes of Auburndale, to mingle with the night sound of woodland, brook and meadow.

"I dread the long ride West again, so soon, Flo. It is nearly two thousand miles."

"West again, Fred! When?"

"To-morrow."

It was as if he had struck her a blow. She did not recover from it for full two minutes. Then she said—and the alarm in her voice could not be concealed.

"Surely not to-morrow, Fred! To-morrow is your birthday."

"You remember that. Well, does it interest any of the old set at Auburndale?"

"It interests one, at least; and you ought to know who that is."

"I might guess it is you, Flo; but there are circumstances that make me doubt it."

"Now, look here, Fred, I want to talk to you."

"That's what you are doing now, Florence."

She always knew that there was to be a heart talk when he began that way.

"I've a great many things to say, Fred and—and you must not go to-morrow."

"Business, Flo."

"Oh, botheration on business! Your business doesn't require you to go away to-morrow, at any rate. You know I cannot say what I want to say in one talk."

"You can say what I want you to say in one little bit of a word."

"Now, Fred, don't begin! You know it always ends by your going away in a huff. Let us drop the matter and talk sense. You know you are poor, and we are both very young, and there are a hundred chances for your succeeding in the next few years."

"And in the meanwhile some other fellow comes along—some chap belonging to the F. F. V.'s with his pockets lined with gold, handsome, elegant in address and quite to dear papa's and dear mamma's taste—and presently and consequently, to yours. Then, where do I come in? I will be a back number. I know the ways of the world, Florence, and I am not going to delude myself with false hopes."

"Fred, you know I don't care for riches; but you are the poorest man of all my acquaintances, and papa thinks it wouldn't be wise for us to try to live on nothing. Besides there is something—something—more than riches needed—on both sides, Fred, to make a couple completely happy."

"Yes, I know—that is the worst part of it—to love and not be loved in return."

He was silent, and she did not know the word to utter.

She was sure that he believed of her what he implied. But she would not let him ask questions about her heart in that style. A woman likes a lover to get down on his knees and plead.

He broke the silence.

"You don't say anything to a remark of that kind? You mean, very plainly, that you can never be more than a friend to me. Florence, goodby. I shall no longer intrude—not even when I am a millionaire."

He arose brusquely, poked out his hand fiercely and otherwise manifested his haste to be off.

"You will not soon lay your eyes on me again, Miss Truax."

She was affrighted. She seized his hand in both of hers.

"Oh, Fred—don't go!" Then, as if she had betrayed herself a little, she added—"at least not in anger!"

"Goodby, I say, and I say it forever!" and he jerked himself from her grasp and whirled his back upon her.

In a moment she had thrown her arms about him, and had him fast.

"Ah, well! you do care, Flo; but why won't you say so?"

She burst into tears. He unclasped her encircling arms and led her to the settee.

"Flo, I love you—love you with a kind of love that would sacrifice all my own happiness to see you happy—even with another. But unless you return my love, life will be nothing to me. Can you not tell me truly—"

No, lovers do not reveal much by speech. There is another language of communion and expression in which all true love delights.

"Happy as I am now, Fred," said Flo an hour later, "with you all my own, whether you are here or in the far off plains of Texas—"

"But, dearest, I am not going back to the far off plains of Texas."

"Not going back, Fred?"

"Not going back, Miss Truax."

Flo was nonplussed.

She had a vivid and painful recollection of a talk with her father only the night before, during which he had hotly maintained that Wooliscoft would not amount to much, because the young man had too little faith in anything to stick to it and await results. She knew she had not been able to refute his allegations. Now here she had a most convincing proof of their truth.

While she was revolving this thought in her mind and waiting for her lover to speak further, a brilliant aerolite shot across the firmament south of her vision, causing both to cry out in wonderment.

"Wasn't that grand!" exclaimed Flo.

"Marvelous!"

Then, after a little pause, he added:

"But that is nothing to what I have seen in Texas. A short time before I left the ranch I was nearly frightened to death by a meteor. I was crossing a stretch of pasture, about 11 o'clock at night, when instantly the whole heavens were light up by a ball of fire, and a hissing sound turned my attention to the south, where, a second latter, a huge stone struck the earth and buried itself almost out of sight. I ran to it, and—Flo—"

His breath came short and quick.

"I am to-day worth one hundred thousand dollars!"

"What under the sun! Have you lost you senses, Fred?"

"No; I am sane and sober, but ecstatically happy!"

He drew from his pocket a little box and opened it.

"There! Count those beauties! They are all of the first water. Read this."

He handed her a bit of paper. It contained a note from a jewelry firm, saying in brief, that the stones were remarkable specimens, and were very valuable, particularly because they were aerolite diamonds. The firm offered to buy the three largest for $500, and the half dozen smaller ones for sums ranging from $50 to $75. They would bring a handsome profit from some scientific society, as few such specimens existed in America.

Flo studied the letter carefully.

"But such a fortune—would not satisfy papa."

"Nor did it satisfy me. It was only a nest egg. Real estate and lumber did the rest!"

He pulled out of his pocket three deeds and some certificates of stock. They represented a value of over one hundred thousand dollars.

"When I had made my fortune I bought these doubly precious stones back again. I wouldn't part with them for the world!"

"But why did you not tell me before?" she pouted.

"Why not before? Before I knew your heart? It is unnecessary for a woman to ask that question, surely!"

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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.

An Ideal Mother.

Mrs. Cleveland is an ideal mother. It is true that the "Roses of France" have faded from her cheeks since her lovely form and face first dawned on the city's astonished vision, but in its place has come a matronly shape, a mother's tender dignity and a wife's high resolve. No woman looks at her, especially if she is privileged to see her with her babies, without warming to intense loyalty. Ruth was not, to my thinking, a beautiful child, but one of unusual attractions and exceedingly winning. When I saw her in the spring, just after she had begun to go alone, I had a bunch of violets in my hands. She wanted them, and I gave them to her. She took them to a remote part of the room, spread out her dress, laid violet after violet upon it, looked at them awhile and then laid them daintily into the tin foil and brought them back. I never saw so young a child so concentrate her attention. The last thing I heard of her she was "doing down into the tichen to see the tittens," in which expedition she emulated Young America, North and South. Esther, the later born, is an exquisitely beautiful child, or was when she was two months old. I have not seen her lately. The President will have it that she is not as pretty as Ruth, but nobody agrees with him. "First come, first served," we cry. The wife of one of our Republican Senators was so charmed with the child that her husband grew quite impatient of her reiterations. One day he encountered the wicker carriage and raised the curtain. A few moments after he interrupted his wife's lunch by the hearty exclamation, "By jove! You were right about that baby!" Mrs. Cleveland is sometimes equal to her occasions. She wanted the photographs of her children and she got them, without informing the photographer. No children were ever more sacredly guarded from the public eye than hers.

For Worn Out Faces.

No one knows the cares of a house in all its departments as one who has tried it for years. No one can know the weariness of selecting, planning and knowing just what will be served for the 1,095 meals which are needed to give one family a year's growth, except one who has planned that number for several years.
Over and over again one hears:
"She is worn out. She has kept house for fifteen years, and she is the best housekeeper I know."
All through the history of humanity a need calls forth a supply. Each condition of suffering or demand has through all ages brought its cure, its reply.
Sometimes we do not see the cure as quickly as we might, but it is always waiting, always ready when our need is great enough to drive us to it.
What, then, is the response here to the hundreds of drawn, tired faces; the hundreds of strained, tired voices; the hundreds of broken down women who, instead of ripening into a vigorous old age, wither and droop into indifferent stages of incapacity and suffering?
The answer is here:
Learn bodily economy.
Spare your forces as you spare your money.
Watch your bank account of muscular and nervous strength.

Doctors Discouraged, Relief Found.

Mr. C. E. Bartholomew, Kalkaska, Mich., writes: "I am as certain as I now live, that Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy saved my life when I was a victim of Bright's disease." If you are suffering from Bright's disease, diabetes, or any urinary trouble, you should use this only cure.
"I had been troubled since 1869," writes S. N. Arnald, of Rochester, N. Y., "with gravel and catarrh of the bladder. Tried several doctors, but got no relief. Upon advice, I used Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. The result was marvelous; a few bottles, entirely cured me."

Lady (on leaving a crowded car)—"Well, I'm glad to get out of this crowd. I've had to stand on one foot all the way."
Voice (from corner)—"Yes, and that one foot was mine."

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, 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. Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

The man who tries to take advantage of the ignorance of another occasionally gets a Roland for his Oliver. A Boston man once, in England, seeing a laborer digging flints out of chalk, pompously asked him if he thought they grew.
"Sure," was the reply, "I know they do."
"Then put some flint on a table, and see how much it grows in a year."
"And you, sir," said the laborer, "put a potato on the table, and see how much it grows in a year."

See The World's Fair for 15 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.

Did he marry her for her money?
No; for her father's.

A NEW GOSPEL.

Record of the Tribes of Grover Cleveland.

The following is from the Salt Lake *Tribune* of January 14, and hits off the peculiarities and proclivities of Democrats in a manner both severe and satirical:

BOOL OF GROVER.

(By Hezekiah, the Scribe.)

CHAPTER I.

Now it came to pass in the last days that the followers of Grover the great surnamed the goldite, the same which begat Ruth and Esther and the panic and the Hawaiian trouble, where vexed with vexation exceedingly, inasmuch as they listeth not to the locality where they abideth at.

For behold, in the beginning they girded up their loins and went before the people, crying with a loud voice, Verily, we say unto men that we are Groverites, from exceeding far back, and woe unto ye who forgot it.

And verily, we hold in exceeding great detestation that which the children of men call the tariff, for it is not a thing fashioned for our enemies, the same which hath licked the everlasting stuffing out of us from generation to generation!

Yea, verily, this same little protective tariff, it buildeth furnaces in the valley and smokestacks on the mountain top; it turneth the wheels of progress, and causeth the desert to blossom like unto a green bay tree.

Wherefore do we of the tribe of Grover the great despise the same as a curse and abomination in the sight of men.

Yea, as a stench that offendeth our nostrils, the same which we smelleth from afar off.

And behold, in the great and terrible day of the ballot, when the army of voters be gathered together, shall we arise in our might and smite our enemies into mince meat.

Yea, we shall lay them cut could on a platform of free trade, and cover them over with planks of tariff reform.

And our enemies shall be scattered like unto the leaves of the forest, for Grover shall rend them into fragments like unto a potter's vessel, the which hath been smitten by the flipper of a youth, and then shall the end come.

For in that day shall our banner be planted on the outer wall of the great citadel of the nation, and we shall bow down unto Grover, our deliverer, who shall henceforth be known as our Saviour on Mount Buzzard.

And he shall reign for four years, and shall shower good times and fat offices and special messages and free raw materials upon us in rich abundance forever.

And the black smoke of industry shall no longer obscure the noonday sun, and the farmer shall wear pants woven in foreign parts and socks from the isles of the sea.

And it was even so. And after the space of a time, Grover, who was a mighty fisher girded up his lines and his chattels and his cabinet and went and pitched his tent over against the capitol which is in the land of Columbia and the band played behold the cat hath come back.

CHAPTER II.

Now when Grover was crowned king of the nation it came to pass that he was puffed up in the pride of his heart and his other viscera, inasmuch as his raiment became several cubits too small to contain his jobbots.

And he shook himself by the hand, which is after the manner of his tribe, and spake unto himself, saying Ha, ha! Behold I am monarch of all I can get. Four years more of Grover; four more years in clover. O, America, America, how often would I have gathered ye under my wing, but ye would not.

But now I have ye on the hip, and ye are confronted with a condition, not a theory, for behold, I will rule or ruin ye.

Yea, verily, to commence with, I will brandish my great silver sword, and all who believe on me and do my will shall be saved, and all who don't shall be broke.

And I will call my soothsayers together and they shall tinker at the tariff, and when they have finished their tinkering, McKinley, the father of the factory, will not recognize the same.

And it shall come to pass that all ye who hearken unto the sound of my voice, shall have sewing machines from Glasgow at cost and ten off, and corrugated copper gaskets from the ends of the earth.

And when Grover had spake these words he crew twice, and the people went out and wept bitterly.

CHAPTER III.

And after the space of a time it came to pass that when the shepherds took of the firstlings of their flock and sheared them, and went up to the city to exchange their fleeces for pieces of silver, the wise man of the city said unto them:

Not this season some other season. Yea, Grover is great. He is all wool and a yard wide, but the slump in wool is several cubits wider.

And the shepherds marveled exceeding and some of them, yea even they which had harkend unto the voice of Grover smote their breasts and went and down with bent heads crying to one another, "Behold if thou wilt kick me I will do even so unto thee."

And when the diggers of the earth went up with their silver and lead and precious stones and said unto the money changers, "Give us food that we may eat, and clothing that we may dress up," the money changers laughed little cold, hard laughs, and sang songs of great sacrilege, saying:

"Grover, Grover, four more years of Grover; we would buy your lead, but times are dead, till four more years are over," and other psalms.

And when they heard the psalmists many hired kickers and others tore their hair, and all inhabitants of the nation said damn.

And it came to pass that the storms came and the panic decended and the children of darkness lifted up their hands and wrung them in great lamentation, saying:

"Wherefore art thou, Grover, our deliverer, and wherefore art the good time at? and a mighty voice came back from the wilderness saying: "The president is fishing and must not be disturbed."

CHAPTER IV.

And it came to pass that the children of the desert, yea even the remnant of the tribe of Grover which dwelleth in the valley of the Jordon, the same which floweth from Lehi round about Bluff Dale unto the Dead Seal they buckleth on their armor and cutteth a wide swath.

And they lifted up their voices, saying: "Behold a mighty tribe are we, a mighty man is Grover, yea a mighty man is Grover, yea a mighty profit, and he hath promised us mighty good times if we but remain faithful and uncomplaining and obedient and busted to the end.

"And behold we are his children and it behooveth us to obey our great father for is it not writ that obedience is better than sacrifice and to harken than the fat of rams?

"Wherefore will we cleave unto Grover, and his great notions through thick and thin, through weal and woe, through poverty and distress and financial ruin, even unto death. For ever and ever, amen."