The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 25. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1894. WHOLE NO. 2262.

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.

A. L. G. HAY. C. W. WALKER.
HAY & WALKER,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
and NOTARY PUBLIC,
Office opposite Court House. Somerset, Pa.

ED. B. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 120 Fourth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. A. BERKEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office above Fisher's Book Store. Somerset Pa.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Office in First National Bank. Somerset, Pa.

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

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

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

J. R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

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

W. R. KOONTZ. J. G. OGLE.
KOONTZ & OGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to their care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Print House Row, opposite the Court House.

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

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

JOHN O. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street, above Coffroth's Grocery Store.

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

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

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

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

J. W. CAROTHERS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Somerset, Pa.
Office on Patriot Street, near R. R. Station. Night calls at office.

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

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Office on Main street, rear of Drug store.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

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

Oils! Oils!

The Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburg Department, Pittsburg, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest 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 & BEERITS and FREASE & KOOSER,
Somerset, Pa.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING
A SPECIALTY.
HARRY M. BENSHOFF,
MANUFACTURING STATIONER
—AND—
BLANK BOOK MAKER.
HANNAM BLOCK,
Johnstown, Pa.

A. H. HUSTON.
Undertaker and Embalmer.
A GOOD HEARSE
All everything pertaining to funerals furnished.
Somerset, Pa.

—THE—
First National Bank
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
Capital, $50,000.
Surplus, $16,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED
—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

LARUE M. HICKS, GEO. R. SCULL,
JAMES L. PUGH, W. H. MILLER,
JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL,
FRED 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 COLLISS BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. The only safe made absolutely burglar-proof.

The Somerset County National
BANK
OF SOMERSET, PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890

CAPITAL, $50,000
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $16,000.

Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't.
Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

SAMUEL SNYDER, WM. ENDSLEY,
JOSIAH SPECHT, JONAS M. COOK,
JOHN H. SNYDER, JOHN STUFFT,
JOSEPH B. DAVIS, NOAH S. MILLER,
HARRISON SNYDER, JEROME STUFFT,
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 improved time lock.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.

Accounts and deposits solicited.

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 received for and held free of charge.

Business of residents and non-residents carefully attended to.

JOHN B. JACKSON, - President.
JAMES J. DONNELL, V. President.
FRANKLIN BROWN, - Secretary.
JAS. C. CHAPLIN, - Treasurer.

Here's your
—PLACE!—
WOOL! WOOL!
WANTED!

25 cents per pound paid for Tub-washed; one-third less for Unwashed, in exchange for goods at

JAMES B. HOLDERBAUM'S
Clothing, Gent's Furnishing & Carpet Store,
425 Main St., - SOMERSET, PA.

Men, Boys' and Children's fine and cheap Suits and a large line of Overcoats for Men, Boys and Children. Underwear, Over Shirts, Laundried Shirts, Night Shirts, Overalls, Pants, Hosiery, Gloves, Mittens, Suspenders, Braces, Cuffs, Collars, etc., Hats, Caps, Mufflers and Handkerchiefs, etc., will sacrifice all goods that have been in stock over one year.

Am closing out my entire line of Boots, Shoes, Carpets & Oil Cloths at Reduced Prices.

I buy for Cash; sell for Cash or Approved Notes at short time; and consequently can afford Small Profits.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

We are now ready with our new and large invoice of Fine Confectionery Goods, popular brands of Biscuits and Cakes, Fancy Goods of all styles, and everything else pertaining to a first-class house to fill orders promptly, and to supply resident families to any extent. Goods always fresh, and always offered at lowest figures. Call and see one of the finest assortments ever carried.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.
270—272 Main Street,
Johnstown, Pa.

Harper's Magazine

IN 1895.

The Simpletons, a new novel by Thomas Hardy, will be begun in the December number, 1894, and continue to November, 1895. Whoever may be one's favorite among English novelists, it will be conceded by all critics that Thomas Hardy stands foremost as a master artist in fiction, and The Simpletons may be expected to arouse enthusiasm not inferior in degree to that which has marked 'Trilby'—the most successful story of the year. Another leading feature will be the Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc, by the Sieur Louis de Conte, Her Page and Secretary, under which guise the most popular of living American magazine writers will present the story of the Maid of Orleans. In the January number will appear a profusely illustrated paper on Charleston and the Carolinas, the first of a series of Southern Papers.

Northern Africa is attracting more attention than at any other time since it was the seat of Empires. The next volume of *Harper's Magazine* will contain four illustrated articles on this region, and three of them will depict the present life there. Julian Ralph will prepare for the *Magazine* a series of eight stories, depicting typical phases of Chinese Life and Manners. Besides the long stories, there will begin in the January number the first chapters of a three-part Novelette by Richard Harding Davis—the longest work yet attempted by this writer. Complete short stories by popular writers will continue to be a feature of the *Magazine*.

Send For Illustrated Prospectus.

The Volumes of the *Magazine* begin with the numbers of June and December of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order. Cloth cases, for binding, 50 cents each—by mail, postpaid. Title-page and Index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this Advertisement without the express order of Harper & Bro's.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

Harper's Magazine, one year, $4.00
Harper's Weekly, " 4.00
Harper's Bazar, " 4.00
Harper's Young People" 2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Address HARPER & BRO'S,
P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

Harper's Bazar

IN 1895.

Elegant and exclusive designs for Outdoor and in-door Toilettes, drawn from Worth models by Sandoz and Chapuis, are an important feature. These appear every week, accompanied by minute descriptions and details. Our Paris Letter, by Katharine de Forest, is a weekly transcript of the latest styles and caprices in the mode. Under the head of New York Fashions, plain directions and full particulars are given as to shapes, fabrics, trimmings, and accessories of the costumes of well-dressed women. Children's Clothing receives practical attention. A fortnightly Pattern-sheet Supplement enables readers to cut and make their own gowns. The woman who takes *Harper's Bazar* is prepared for every occasion in life, ceremonious or informal, where beautiful dress is requisite.

An American Serial, Doctor Warrick's Daughters, by Rebecca Harding Davis, a strong novel of American life, partly laid in Pennsylvania and partly in the far south, will occupy the last half of the year.

My Lady Nobody, an intensely exciting novel, by Maarten Maartens, author of "God's Fool," "The Greater Glory," etc., will begin the year.

Essays and Social Chats. To this department Spectator will contribute her charming papers on "What We are Doing" in New York society.

Answers to Correspondents. Questions receive the personal attention of the editor, and are answered at the earliest possible date after their receipt.

Send For Illustrated Prospectus.

The Volumes of the *Bazar* begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Cloth Cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each. Title-page and Index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Bro's.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

Harper's Magazine, one year, $4.00
Harper's Weekly, " 4.00
Harper's Bazar, " 4.00
Harper's Young People" 2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Address HARPER & BRO'S,
P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

Harper's Weekly

IN 1895.

Harper's Weekly is a pictorial history of the times. It presents every important event promptly, accurately and exhaustively in illustration and descriptive text of the highest order.

The manner in which, during 1894, it has treated the Chicago Railway Strikes and the Chino-Japanese War, and the amount of light it was able to throw on Korea the instant attention was directed to that little-known country, are examples of its almost boundless resources. Julian Ralph, the distinguished writer and correspondent, has been sent to the seat of war, and there joined by C. D. Weldon, the well-known American artist now for many years resident in Japan, who has been engaged to co-operate with Mr. Ralph in sending to *Harper's Weekly* exclusive information and illustration.

During 1895 every vital question will be discussed with vigor and without prejudice in the editorial columns, and also in special articles by the highest authorities in each department. Portraits of the men and women who are making history, and powerful and caustic political cartoons, will continue to be characteristic features. This Busy World, with its keen and kindly comment on the lesser doings of the day, will remain a regular department.

Fiction. There will be two powerful serials, both handsomely illustrated—The Red Cockade, a stirring romance of olden days by Stanley J. Weyman, and a novel of New York, entitled The Son of His Father, by Brander Matthews—several novelettes, and many short stories by popular writers.

Send For Illustrated Prospectus.

The Volumes of the Weekly begin with the first number for January of each year. When no time is mentioned, subscriptions will begin with the number current at the time of receipt of order.

Cloth cases for each volume, suitable for binding, will be sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1.00 each. Title-page and Index sent on application.

Remittances should be made by Post-office Money Order or Draft, to avoid chance of loss.

Newspapers are not to copy this advertisement without the express order of Harper & Bro's.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS

Harper's Magazine, one year, $4.00
Harper's Weekly, " 4.00
Harper's Bazar, " 4.00
Harper's Young people" 2.00

Postage Free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada and Mexico.

Address HARPER & BRO'S,
P. O. Box 959, N. Y. City.

Hood's Saved My Life

I Can Honestly Say This

"For years I was in a very serious condition with catarrh of the stomach, bowels and bladder.

Mr. W. R. Young, Potter's Mills, Pa.

I suffered intensely from dyspepsia, and in fact was a miserable wreck, merely a skeleton. I seemed to go from bad to worse. I really wished I was dead. I had no rest day or night. I did not know what to do. I had taken so much medicine of the wrong kind that it had poisoned me, and my finger nails began to turn black and come off. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. I had faith in the medicine, and it did more for me than all prescriptions. I have gradually regained perfect health, am entirely free from catarrh of the bowels, and pain in my back. My recovery is simply marvelous." W. R. YOUNG, Potter's Mills, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures
Hood's Pills relieve distress after eating.

LADIES'
SHIRT
WAISTS.

The warm spell will suggest this comfortable and more than ever popular garment. We have all kinds in the

Star Make,

The best made, with Puff Plaited and SHIELD FRONTS, turndown and standing collars, in materials such as

PERCALES,
MADRAS,
ZEPHYR AND
OXFORD CLOTH.

All sizes, 32 up to 42.

Prompt attention will be given to

MAIL ORDERS.

HORNE & WARD,
41 FIFTH AVENUE.

Jacob D. Swank,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Next Door West of Lutheran Church,
Somerset, - Pa.

I Am Now

prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

J. D. SWANK.

THE ART AMATEUR.
Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine.

(The only Art Periodical awarded a Medal at the World's Fair.)

Invaluable to all who wish to make their living by art or to make their homes beautiful

FOR 10c. we will send to any one mentioning this publication a specimen copy, with superb color plates (for copying or framing and 8 supplementary pages of designs (regular price 35c). Or 10c.

FOR 25c. we will send also "Painting for Beginners" (96 pages).

MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.

HERMAN BANTLY,
131 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN. - - PA.,
—DEALER IN—
Builders' and Other Hardware,
GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ETC.
—See Our Large Stock of—
SLEIGHS, BOB SLEDS, SLEIGH BELLS, ROBES, HORSE BLANKETS, ETC.
PRICES to suit the times.

JES' 'FORE CHRISTMAS.

I

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—rather be a boy
Without them sashes, curls an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give fr belly-ache!
Most all the time the hull year roun' there ain't no flies on me,
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I can be!

II

Got a yeller dog named Sport—sick 'im on the cat;
Fust thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper-sled, an' when us boys goes out to slide
'Long comes the grocery cart an' we all hook a ride!
But, sometimes, when the grocery man is worrited and cross,
He reaches at me with his whip, and larrups up his hoss;
An' then I laff and holler: "Ok, you never teched me!"
But jes' 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I can be!

III

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionerer like her oldest brother Dan,
As wuz et up by the cannibfs that lives in Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she had never been to see a Wild West show,
Or read the life uv Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buffalo Bill an' cowboys is good enough fr me—
Excep' jes' 'fore Christmas, when I'm good as I kin be!

IV

Then ol' Sport he hangs around, so sollum like an' still—
His eyes they seem a-sayin': "What's er matter, little Bill?"
The cat she sneaks down off her perch, a-wonderin' what's become
Uv them two enemies uv hern that use ter make things hum!
But I am so perlite and stick so earnestlike to biz,
That mother says to father: "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy himself, suspicions me,
When jes 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be

V

For Christmas, with its lots an' lots uv candies, cakes an' toys,
Wuz made, they say, fr proper kids, and *not* fr naughty boys!
So wash yer face, and bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say yessum to the ladies, an' yessir to the men,
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate fr pie again;
But thinkin' uv the things you'd like to see upon *that tree*,
Jes' 'fore Christmas be as good as you kin be!—

EUGENE FIELD in December *Ladies' Home Journal.*

44 CAMBRIDGE STREET

The Story of the Ghost of Robert Trent and Its Silent Revenge. By Albert Hunt.

From the Philadelphia Times.

I

On the morning of the 14th of April, 1868, the newspapers of Philadelphia chronicled a fearful crime. Early the night before a young man named Robert Trent had murdered his wife and himself. They had been married only a year, and those neighbors who had observed their unflagging devotion to each other during that time had made a pretty little romance out of it. They were both from the "country"—the name applied to a thriving town in the interior of the State. Trent had inherited a few thousands from his father and, as he had been given a course of chemistry and medicine, he brought his bride to the city and established a drug business on a small scale. They were intelligent and, to a degree, refined, but they were also eminently unsophisticated and they fell into temptation. One day Trent left the store in the custody of his clerk and went down town. That night he jubilantly told his wife that he was on the high road to fortune. Such terms as "margins" and 'rise in the market," were as Greek to her and she heard listlessly. Her interest then was centered in needle work—tiny knit socks, caps, laces and what not, such as brides of not quite a year generally work upon. Unfortunately, Trent had made a profit with his shares of stock, with the usual result. In the space of a few months' time, there remained no inheritance; no prosperous little business—nothing except a chubby little affair in a cradle, whose feeble wails brought tears to the mother's eyes and muttered oaths to the father's lips. Trent adored his young bride and he was weak. The almost illegible scawl found on the dressing table declared that he lacked courage to face the prospect of unmitigated privation. The Coroner's jury, in one of its usual attacks of wisdom, decided that he was temporarily insane. When the bodies were found that night, the one witness lay placidly asleep in its cradle. Trent, in his despair, had either forgotten or intentionally spared that little life.

Then stories were told and rumors circulated. A wiseacre of the neighborhood asserted that Trent had been duped. It was only a supicion and it was quickly dissipated by a certain benevolent gentleman who had often been seen at the house of the Trents and who was known to have been their valued friend. He announced that Trent had been seized with the fever in the ordinary way—he wanted to get rich. The benevolent gentleman had done everything in his power to dissuade him, but without avail, and the end was as he had feared. It was the old story.

Next, plans for the welfare of the child were suggested, for the tragedy had attracted much sympathy. Again the benevolent gentleman came to the front. He would take care of the orphan for friendship and pity's sake. Nobody knew anything about the benevolent gentleman, but everybody, in his or her secret heart, was glad that the responsibility had been removed and they applauded his conduct with unfeigned admiration.

When the applause had died away the sensation had died with it, and the tendered-hearted guardian, with his infant charge, had vanished had been forgotten.

II.

Cambridge street was one of those thoroughfares which in every big city are thrust to the rear rank in the march of progress. Once a rapid, hustling commercial avenue, lined with what were then very substantial business houses, it had degenerated into a partially retail, partially residential street. It had become cheap. The commerce now consisted in the green grocery and notion line, profuse with conspicuous placards and unhealthy vegetables. The dwelling houses were of the two-story order, and their front doors opened into their "parlors." But the metamorphosis had not been complete. A quarter of a century will do much, but not all. One building alone stood as the relic of a by-gone age—entirely irrelevant to its surroundings. This was No. 44. It was a decrepit old affair, with creaking stairways and cracked window-panes. Originally a storehouse for a wool firm whose main building had stood next door—where a candy shop now flourished—attempts at improvement by hazardous speculators had given it a hermaphrodite appearance—half storehouse and half dwelling—but a glance told that it did not belong to this day. In fact, a rusty iron plate spiked under the gable roof, which receded from the top of the second story as if trying to get away from evil associations, announced that it had been erected in 1849—and this was 1893.

There was an uncanny atmosphere about the place—a subtle suggestion of mystery that repelled one. After dark children took the other side of the street and whispered fearful stories in which the words "ghost" and "haunted" were audible. Thus it stood for years, grimly watching the changes that time makes even in superannuated streets—the gradual disappearance of familiar faces and the succession of strange ones which in their turn grew familiar, and so on.

—

One night there was mild excitement in the street. Moving lights had been seen on the first floor of No. 44. The ghost story was retold and the children quaked, but one hardy youth, with vaunted courage but throbbing heart, investigated to his everlasting glory. And the ghost developed into nothing more supernatural than a band of noisy medical students who had hired the first floor of the old tumble-down house as a fit place to make experiments without disturbance. After that they came and went at odd times, and the neighborhood had grown accustomed to them when another thing happened. The house received a regular tenant—not a ghost, but a breathing, human personality—a real tenant in common with the legions of rats which had gnawed passages through the floors and built nests in the crazy timbers. The new tenant was as suggestive of mystery as was his dreary dwelling place. He was apparently on the shady side of 60, lean and gaunt, with a pair of shifty eyes and a hard, firm mouth. Even the denizens of a street such as this felt their resources fail when they tried to find him out. They learned, in that occult manner in which secrets always leak out, that his name was Kingston Braith, and they said that he was rich and a miser. Who but a miser would live in such a hole?

Unconsciously they hit the truth. Mr. Braith had money and he loved and guarded it jealously. He lived on the second floor they knew, because the band of students still came on occasions to the first, but they were less noisy now, having been warned evidently of the rights of the upstairs tenant. Not from him, however. Whatever was his solitary occupation it must have been of absorbing interest for they never heard a sound from above. As a matter of fact the old man knew but vaguely that at intervals a certain group of men assembled below, but for what purpose he neither knew nor cared.

III.

On the night of November, 22, 1893, about three weeks after his first appearance in the street, the solitary tenant of No. 44 Cambridge street, entered his room in a cheerful mood. There was a grin on his thin lips, for that day he had made a lucky stroke which netted him a snug sum.

His keen eyes swept the bare room with grim delight, and again he gloated over the chance which had thrown such a bargain in his way. What did it matter if the place was deserted and crumbling to decay? He had no callers and wanted none. It served his purpose by giving him a shelter at the smallest possible outlay, so that he could place his money to advantage in the market, and double, aye, perhaps treble it. He had rarely failed to place it to advantage during the thirty-five years which he had spent in speculation.

Outside the night was swiftly coming on, so he touched a match to the coal-oil lamp on the table, and at the sudden glare a troop of rats scampered across the floor and disappeared. He laughed harshly and sat down. All at once his spasm of mirth grew stronger and peal after peal rang out on the still air. It was a strange thing, truly—this cruel-faced old man, alone in his solitary and cheerless home, swaying to and fro in a paroxysm of harsh, unmusical laughter which shook the crazy timbers beneath him and rattled the discolored panes of glass in the window behind him. The shadow cast on the wall by the flickering lamp-light rocked in unison with him and lent a more ghastly effect to the uncanny scene. Suddenly he ceased, wiping the water from his eyes then he drew from his pocket a thick leather book and opening it at the first leaf was in a moment absorbed in its contents. It was a closely-written record of events—evidently a diary—and the date stood out in little gilt letters on the cover—1868.

IV.

Hour after hour fled swiftly by unheeded; the rats, emboldened by the silence, emerged from their holes and made little excursions across the floor, and the light in the lamp gradually waned, but still the old man bent over his book and read with eager eyes. At first a grin of evil satisfaction distorted his lips, but as page after page was passed, and he traveled into the body of the diary, the words he read seemed to trouble him. Here and there he paused and glanced fearfully over his shoulder. He told himself that his nerves were playing tricks, but it was the first time he had admitted the possession of nerves. The grin left his lips and his brows grew together. Once, a rat bolder, than the rest, struck against a leg of the table, and the old man, with a sharp cry, half started from his seat. Then he looked towards the window. Outside it was black and utterly silent. Night had come on, but he had lost all estimate of time. As he raised his hand to shade his eyes, he suddenly found that he was trembling.

"Been reading too long" he said, but he knew that it was something else. He knew that although he had again and again read the record of that eventful year until the syllables stood out plainly in his brain, it had never before effected him as it did to-night. It had always given him a sort of pleasure. He loved to read how sharp-witted men amassed fortunes by their cuning and at the expense of other men, but when the achievement was his own the joy was two-fold. Yet he was undeniably nervous to-night, and he felt a trifle ill. His head throbbed painfully, but he went on with his book. At last he came to a page which set his lips twitching, and almost unconsciously he read the chronicle aloud:

—

April 1. To-day he came to me and demanded money. I told him I was not his banker and then he used harsh words. "You got me into this," he said, "and you must get me out. I must have money and you must give it to me." Really, I almost lost my temper. "Give it to you?" I said "My dear young friend, am I to blame because, like so many other fools, you thought to get rich suddenly?"

"I was a fool," he answered hotly, "to trust my last dollar to such as you. He was speaking loudly and I wanted no scene, so I said: "Let us have no trouble, Robert; use your common sense. You gave me the money to invest for you according to my judgment. Unfortunately, as frequently happens, my judgment miscarried and your money went. If you had any more we might try again, but you say—" "More?" he cried, "more? If I only had—but, my God, it is all gone—every penny—the business and all—oh, my wife," and he began to cry like a baby, like the baby that he is. I shrugged my shoulders and repeated that it was hard. At this he burst into another of his furies. "Hard! you can stand there and say that, with my money in your pocket, you scoundrel! I know—smile away—I know you have me; that I can't prove it, but I also know that as true as I stand before you, that you have cheated me and my wife and child and you know it." It was most trying to me, but I saw that he was agitated and I really pitied him. "You may say what you please, Trent,' I told him, "I would help you if I could, but I have lost in this sudden turn, too. Now, you are excited. Go home and say nothing and we'll see what can be done to-morrow." He looked at me strangely for a moment and then went out.

—

This ended the day's record. The old man lifted his eyes and murmured: "And twenty-five years have gone!"

He was shaking from head to foot now with a sort of superstitious fear, and he no longer trifled with his conscience. "How true his words were," he said, and yet, at the time. I fancied that I had done no uncommon thing."

He started up and looked around, fancying he heard a noise. A draught of air swept up through a cranny in the floor and fluttered the leaves of his book. Even at this he started. Then, with another harsh laugh, he called himself a coward and went on with his reading. The next few leaves contained only dry records of the action of the stock market and he passed them quickly. Suddenly he gave a great start and read aloud:

April 13. To-night a bad thing happened. He shot and killed his wife and then committed suicide.

"Ha," muttered the old man," that means Robert Trent," and he shuddered. Was it fancy or echo? The words seemed to come back to him in another voice from a corner of the room. The lamp had gone low and he was seized by a great shivering as he rose and peered into each corner. Except for the rats he was alone. Again he went back to his book and read:

I have decided to have nothing on my conscience, although even now I know I am free from blame. I will send the child away to be educated. He shall go through college, if he cares to, but he shall never know who is his benefactor. The papers have called me a benevolent gentleman. I will prove my title. All the arrangements have been made. He is to be reared in a private school and when old enough shall go to college. The money has already been paid into the hands of a trustee. A pity that so much money should go for—but I *will* have a clear conscience. Now my work is done.

He closed the book and wiped the perspiration from his brow. At the same instant the mysterious voice again sounded in his ears—again it sounded the name of Robert Trent. He shook from head to foot and a dread of horrible evil seized him. He sank into his chair and buried his face in his hands as if to shut out some fearful sight—he, who had never before known a moment's weakness. He distinctly heard a low mattering of vague, meaningless sounds, ever and anon punctuated by a sharp, clear sound that assumed shape and coherence—the sound of a name that made his very marrow cold, coming as it did from the silence of a quarter of a century to reproach him in his lonely home—the name of Robert Trent. He could not lift his eyes. Fear, abject fear, had complete control of him. The lamp flickered and went out. Braith was not superstitious, but the dread which hung over him could not be shaken off. The bare old room seemed to him peopled with phantoms of a wretched, wicked past. It came to him with full force now, and he acknowleged in his inmost heart that it had been wretched and wicked and that he bore on his soul the stains of murder.

—

For an instant a thought of the child came to him and he wondered what had become of it—of the boy for whose education he had paid in a fit of unwonted generosity, and whose tutors he had forbidden to communicate with him from that time on. The thought of the child touched a chord in him for an instant, but only for an instant, for suddenly his fear came back to him with redouble force. He held his hands tight over his face, but an unseen and resistless force tugged at them. Struggling from his chair he gained his feet, still with his eyes shielded from something—he knew not what—that seemed to be there waiting to meet his eyes. Then all at once the power of resistance left him, his hands dropped to his side, and, with wide, staring eyes, he saw what he had feared to see—a white figure, erect and motionless. In that instant his scoffings at so-called spiritual phenomena rushed back on him and at the same time he once more heard the name of the man he had ruined. With a wild shriek he rushed to the window, quaking in every limb and the muscles in his temples throbbing like engines. The window was stiff from recent rains and he could raise it only an inch, but as he did so he leered over his shoulder and saw the apparition move a step nearer to him. Even in that moment his old-time shrewdness was with him, and, seizing the little book from the table, he tore its sheets into fragments. Then, with a despair born of agony, he struggled and tore at the window until it gave way and glided suddenly upwards. As the chill air rushed in, the spectre, or whatever it was, bore down upon him swiftly, and, with one wild cry, the old man sank to the floor.

On the very second that he fell the door was burst open and three men dashed into the room.

"There it goes!" cried one of them, and they watched the strange white figure pass swiftly into the air with gleams of triumph in their eyes. There it melted from their sight.

It was then that they found the old man. He was dead and on his face was a look that turned them sick and hurried them away.

V.

Two documents complete this strange story.

One is a clipping from a morning newspaper of November 23, 1893, and reads as follows:

An eccentric old man named Kingston Braith, about 70 years old, was found dead in his room, on the second floor of No. 44 Cambridge street last night. The discovery was made by a number of medical students, who were making experiments on the lower floor, and who were attracted by the sound of the falling body. Braith recently came from abroad, where he had spent a number of years, and yesterday he engaged the room. The house is an old-fashioned, unused warehouse in the business portion of the city, and he was the only regular tenant, the lower floor being occasionally rented by the students mentioned for the purpose of experiments, it being a secluded place. It is said that Braith, who was once a speculator on the street, but was suspended for crooked dealings in the exchange, was possessed of considerable wealth, and efforts will be made to locate possible heirs. Death was due to heart disease, coupled with old age.

The second document is a letter from Sidney G. Carruthers, M. D., to Professor Norton B. Clarke, and says:

MY DEAR PROFESSOR: Victory is at last ours. When I first spoke to you of our belief in the theory that a certain combination of chemicals, properly utilized, would raise a vapor which could be made to assume a human form, you scoffed at me. But enthusiasts ignore scoffers. We kept at it determined to prove to the superstitious world the hoku-pokus by which so-called spiritualists materialize spirits. And what avenues does it not open to the ardent scientist? Expect me to dinner to-morrow, when I will give you the details. This much, however, I cannot refrain from telling you now. It worked admirably. We hired a big room in an old warehouse down town to be sure of no disturbance. There we got to work; and in two hours the thing was done. One thing, though, we had unfortunately not considered—the air theory—so that when we had gained success and raised the phantom—and it looked so like a phantom that we were scared ourselves for a moment—a current of air from the broken boards caught the vapor and carried it upwards. We found that it was irresistibly attracted by air, as you shall see. It passed through the ceiling and we rushed upstairs just in time to see it go through an open window, with an awful rush. Of course, once under the open sky, it immediately dissolved. We shall guard against this in our next trial. By the way, a strange thing happened, too. Up in the second-story room we found the dead body of an old man, who, the newspapers say, died of heart disease. I wonder if our spectre had anything to do with it! In conclusion, I want to say right here that the whole credit for the success we have achieved is due the young man whom we are pleased to call a hair-brained enthusiast, chasing chimeras. It was his enthusiasm and determination that kept us at it. You know whom I mean—Robert Trent. What have you to say now?

S. G. C.

Anarchy and Authority.

Near Milan recently, the laborers on the estate of a rich proprietor named Mal drove up to his house with the harvested corn. They were met by his son, a youth of twenty-three, who made them a speech telling them that the grain they had sown and cut was theirs by natural right, and bidding them take it home and shout "Long live Anarchy!" After some pressure they obeyed, and on the father's return the help of the police was required to make them give up the corn again. The son thought it prudent to leave the country.

Talmage on Heredity.

Now, the longer I live the more I believe in blood—good blood, bad blood, proud blood, humble blood, honest blood, thieving blood, heroic blood, cowardly blood, writes the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage in the December *Ladies' Home Journal*. The tendency may skip a generation or two, but it is sure to come out, as in a little child you sometimes see a similarity to a great-grandfather whose picture hangs on the wall. That the physical and mental and moral qualities are inheritable is patent to any one who keeps his eyes open. The similarity is so striking sometimes as to be amusing. Great families, regal or literary, are apt to have the characteristics all down through the generations, and what is more perceptible in such families may be seen on a smaller scale in all families. A thousand years have no power to obliterate the difference. The large lip of the House of Austria is seen in all the descendants, and is called the Hapsburg lip. The House of Stuart always means in all generations cruelty and bigotry and sensuality. Witness Queen of Scots. Witness Charles I and Charles II. Witness James I and James II, and all the others of that imperial line.

Scotch blood means persistence. Dutch blood means cleanliness and good breeding. English blood means reverence for the ancient. Welsh blood means religiosity. Danish blood means fondness for the sea. Indian blood means roaming disposition. Celtic blood means fervidity. Roman blood means conquest.

The Jewish faculty for accumulation you may trace clear back to Abraham, of whom the Bible says, "He was rich in silver and gold and cattle," and to Isaac and Jacob, who had the same family characteristics.

Are They Ever Struck?

The question has lately been asked in England whether birds are ever killed on the wing by lightning. Several observers have answered it in the affirmative by recalling instances in which they have actually seen birds thus killed. Doubt seems to have been entertained as to whether a bird on the wing is not protected from lightning by virtue of its being separated from contact with the earth.

But even the mere shock caused by the passage of a lightning stroke through the air near it might be sufficient to kill a bird without any actual electrical contact. How great such a shock is, in many cases, every one knows who can recall the crashing sound of a near-by thunderbolt.

Some observers assert that birds are peculiarly sensitive to the approach of a thunder-storm, and almost invariably seek early shelter from it, as if fully aware of the peril of remaining upon the wing when there is lightning in the air. But for this exhibition of caution the number of birds killed by lightning would probably be far greater than it is.

It would be interesting to know whether birds possess any instinctive knowledge of the danger of perching in tall, exposed trees in the open fields during a thunder-storm. A correspondent of the *Companion* has the impression that they are in the habit of congregating in the forest undergrowth and in shrubbery on such occasions. This might be mainly due, however, to a desire to find shelter from the rain.—*