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ESTABLISHED 1827.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28, 1895.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 11.

-THE

Somerset, Penn'a.

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CAPITAL,

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THE FUN OF IT. BY ANNIE DOUGLAS BELL. How doth the little busy boy

Delight in snowy weather With merry mates, and shouts of joy, Climbing the hill together. "And does it pay, up hill to run, In spite of wind and weather?"

Ob, yes indeed, it is such fun To ride down hill together." They roam the fields for berries sweet, The summer sunshine scorning, Tall untstrees climb with nimble feet.

Nor fear the frosty morning. "And does it pay, my little son, To work so hard for pleasure? Why, yes! You know we call it fun, And boys don't stint the measure."

They seek a spot the fire to make, Then roast the chestnuts fragrant; With sooty hands, the feast partake, And clothes like any vagrant!

And does it pay to burn your skin, To wear your clothes in tatters?" Why, to be sure! When boys have fun, Those are but minor matters.'

The light of another zone,"

village to hurry over the levels.

to see was merely temporary.

ed Mrs. Marden, with hard hearted

bottles was free from all eruptions. I am perfectly cured and in ex-THE PASSING BELL. celient health. A. J. DAVENPORT, Milton, N. J. "But the spell of the old-time tone "Hood's Pills are purely vegetable and de Brings unaware auto lip and brow

parilla

Campbell &

not purge, pain or gripe. Try a box. 25c.

Impure Blood

Caused large Boils on my face and neck.

-ood's Sarsa-

Limes

The funds and securities of this bank are se- Stock Taking Over. . . .

> larger than we expected. We find many lots of goods of the neighbors. August, before the arrival of our Fall Importations, September 1st.

Estabilished, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890 Price

will be no object-we will not carry these goods into another season, so look out for extraordinary values during August in-

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ibetal treatment consistent with safe banking.
Parties wishing to send money east or west
can be accommodated by draft for any Underwear, Money and valuables secured by one of Die-Carpets, ime lock. Collections made in all parts of the United Curtains. Upholstery Goods, Wild & Anderson, Furniture, Housefurnishing Goods, China Ware, &c.

> Watch the Pittsburg Daily Papers for Particulars.

Campbell

I'd disown her."

wooden rocker, and shook out her

skirts in anger. Her bright eyes snap-

to rival the bow on her hair.

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A GOOD HEARSE, nd everything pertaining to funerals furn-

Pa. SOMERSET

the black cashmere shawl with narrow keeper—she sank into a large rocking- the masses of cumulus clouds, but

black silk mitts.

received a wound, she found a rein- out in hopeless distance. stating comfort in walking the old kind of home that is written with a voice not quite under control.

small initial letter. On the way she stopped to visit at Then 'twas fun with him to toy, heigho?" signed for the Old Ladies' Home, and the little ones there an hour she knew ings near were homesteads of a cen- dest things in growing old is to lose tury's standing, which had apparently the feeling of being necessary to some grown from the earth as naturally as body; the transition from a caretaker sorrow.

the trees surrounding them, thus mak- to an object of care. Mrs. Upton ing more conspicuous the garish new- never felt superfluous at the "Shoe." ness of the Home, which sheltered As she left the crowded house she three old women. Two of them were lifted her head to the grand hills about Our Surplus Stock is much sitting in the window looking on to the her, and felt their inspiration. She days, and it made youth seem nearer

> too well the certainty of hills in the thread-like path by the road-side, trod the visitor passed out. always by a solitary pilgrim, or by its "There never was a straighter man narrowness separating groups unsocia- into the room with a trembling curiosithan James L. Haight, and it does bly into Indian file. Mrs. Upton trod ty. He was the man she had met on seem a shame that after he's had the it in reverie, with her head lowered, her walk. favor of havin' the new horse-car nam- and stopped in surprise as a man step-

> ed for 'im, you should take off from ped aside to let her pass. his glory by your jokin'," responded Mrs. Marden; but she smiled to soften was a stranger-she had looked on all before him. "I have been to her old far past youth-so far beyond it that friend Lauren Hamilton " "Who's in the ear this noon?" askeven middle age was counted within ed Mrs. Upton, trying to indicate by its happy compass. He raised his hat trembled and the color flushed her removing her glasses that her ability slightly as he waited for her to pass, delicate pale cheek. Her sweet dream that he might step back into the path, of by-gone years, from which so com-"Them glasses of yourn seem to al- and she passed on, after satisfying her-

when you most want to see," respond- had never known him. She mused about him idly as she mischief, "I believe it's the School in?" she said, preening herself a bit age, for we are all most interested in ren!" which was black and abundant, for all

searlet bows on her slippers which half as our own. concealed the prunella. "Red's my When she had almost reached the ing deeply, with his head thrown eag- and English sovereigns, mostly the feeling that might have belonged to the color, you know," she always said, old house she saw in the path a large erly forward. Motionless save for his latter, besides \$4,000 in drafts. The Eastern Prince when he felt himself with a pleased laugh, if any one tried freshfolded handkerchief. With a eyes, these scanned piercingly every sovereigns weighed the vest down till transported from pole to pole in an ento remonstrate with her about her natural impulse she picked it up, then | lineament of the face before him. He | it was as heavy as its owner, and all chanted dream. dress, and their attempted reform rip- noted that it was fine, and embroider- noted the soft white hair with straying an able bodied man could carry. They "I'm in the wrong room, I believe pled away on the sound of her laugh- ed with two initials in the corner.

"I don't know why I'm looking, as a gentle retrospective smile, as though upraised. His eyes travelled over the his sides and front there was money, end of ribbons and gloves and lace colthough I expected somebody," mused that combination of initials was pleas- little figure, upright, though the should- and the back of the vest had to be lars on the bureau." Mrs. Upton, positively. "The folks antly known to her. She hid the hand- ers drooped a bit, the clasped hands strengthened with leather straps to He balanced the coquettish little hat that belong to me don't travel in horse- kerchief lovingly in the bosom of her appealing. Within him rose such a keep the garment from being pulled to on his hand. "Nor didn't neither when they was more alertness than common,

alive, for, even though I'm a few years "I've heard that there's a rage for the image of this woman which he had with the billy-goat whiskers has been Rosa's hat would fit me!" younger'n you, I can remember all antiques," Myra Marden was saying, cherished within it was also young. Jugging with him wherever he traveled. Mr. Ross adjusted the article jauntily about the horse and rigs you and as Mrs. Upton went into the general He could not in one brief moment tear There were fears at times that he on one side of his curls and viewed your folks had. I needn't do no look- sitting room of the Home, "an' if we it out and in its place set the picture would be robbed, but Nicholson has himself in the mirror. in' on my own account, neither, for if | don't watch out some one'll be buyin' | he saw before him now.

I saw Cory comin' right here to this us right under our noses an' takin' us Old Ladies' Home, I'd never speak to off to the city." & Smith, Old Ladies' Home, I'd never speak to her. She deserted me once, and now here. us here and call this a museum of an- like a mighty cavern in which each load of cash, he threw off his heavy his arms well back. There's Alice's "She's your own daughter, Myra, tiquities?" responded Mrs. Upton, at- heart-beat sounded an infrequent bell. vest in his room and put on another blue muslin dress. I've two minds and she only left you because you tempting to wound herself, that she She quickly traced on the smooth- one to cool off. He finally stepped and a half to put it on, just for the joke

might not feel so poignantly the weap- shaven face of the man some of the down-stairs, leaving the door open. wouldn't let her marry Jim Leeds." "But where is she now? wrote to on her less sensitive friend was using. fulfilled indications of his youth. And He sat at a desk for a long time, her three years ago, to that town out +There's been some one here already she chided herself for her failure to forgetting about his cash. Suddenly he Jacob D. Swank, West, jest after we got them new let- to-day tryin' for you," continued Mrs. recognize them in that quick glance of recollected it, his face assumed an ashter-boxes put up, and mailed it myself Marden. "Leastways he asked for first meeting. Later, when this dread- en hue, and he vanished upstairs like in one of 'em. Why didn't she answer | Elizabeth Hunt, an' that's the name I | ful mutual scrutiny and endless silence | a streak of light. His precious vest it? An' what does she care for her old first knew you by. He said he know- were over, she would beg forgiveness. was there, though hanging on a chair. mother? I'd be town poor if it warn't ed you was married, but he'd forgot He had come now as her deliverer; He grabbed it and put it on, and since for them ladies that runs this house, the name. I told him you was out, she felt that. He would once more then he has worn it constantly. an' that's the truth. We may try to an' he's to call again.

hold up our heads here because we | Except from benevolent ladies of the live in a Queen Ann house right on town, Mrs. Upton had not had a visit within its happy retirement. At the suit him, so the land of the antipodes mused Kenneth, strutting backward for this ideal housekeeper. Such a wothe main street, with all the fine peo- since she entered the Home, nor did ple for neighbors, but we're paupers her pride allow her to want any. for all that, an' some days myself re-

speek it 'most gone." She stopped a Myra?" she asked in agitation. moment in her excited monologue to "He didn't quite say, but I think he pick up the red bow, which had fallen meant to-morrer. You're tuckered from her head in violently walking to out," she added sharply. "Go an' rest prepared to supply the public and fro. "It was only this mornin'," a spell. Whatever do you want to she continued, with swelling indigna- walk your legs off for?" Her tenderer tion, "that our housekeeper, Mary feelings always irritated her, for they elry of all descriptions, as Cheap Bartlett, whose freckled face I've wash- were in contradiction of her estimate of ed many a time when her mother was herself as a hard-hearted shrew. helpin' with my kitchen work-it was

"I'm goin' out," she continued, "to agance of a lace ruffle about my garter. goes off at six o'clock, when the town As though she thought it was any of clock rings, an' they say them horses SPECIALTY. her business, anyhow! Who's she, I'd is ready to leave the stable in three like to know!" Mrs. Marden rocked shakes of a lamb's tail." her capacious person violently in the

Mrs. Upton climbed wearily to her room, after Mrs. Marden and the unpopular Mary Barlett had disappearped, and enough red flew to her cheeks ed down the wide elm-shaded avenue. The only other occupant of the house Poor, brave, faded Mrs. Upton slip- was old Miss Greene, as she was callped out of the room, lest Myra Marden ed even by her contemporaries. She should see the agitation she had un- had never been young in spirit, and wittingly produced and catch a glimpse now her body had caught up, as it of her filling eyes. Tears lie very near were, and there was harmony between the surface when they have been meat her physical and psychical natures. and drink for years. What Mrs. Mar- She was silent always, and unsympa-Undertaker and Embalmer. den had rudely blurted out was true, thetic, and knitting endless numbers of Leeds, an' is a rich woman, an' has home was endurable was to build ing occupation she resented interrup-

> preserving, self-deception to live in the closed door. ments, so Mrs. Upton crept away. she had touched here and there with please wake up, Mrs. Upton?" Pa Once in her room, she prepared her- tasteful fingers-much to the disgust | The early sun purpled the moun-

self for the street, thinking a walk of the inexorable Mary Bartlett, who, tains, putting brightness and color inwould set her straight. She put on before all things was a rigid house- to all earthly things, and reddening border, that had been for years her chair and wandered into a delightful Elizabeth Upton awoke to a far greater richest possession, a black bonnet with haze of reminiscence, in which the men glory, the widow's line of white next her soft | were always young and the maidens al- | Under her pillow they found a large gray hair, which strayed in tendrils ways beautiful. There seemed to be in folded handkerchief which had on it

almost unconscious, so linked it was one corner were the embroidered initi-Out beyond the village, on a lovely with her own personality, and that was als "L. H." Myra opened it with tendhill side, with the wooded river run- her own younger self; and always near er hands and laid it over the silent ning near, was an old house of solid her was another, a man, but he was heart. unornamental construction, generous always out of reach. He was an ignis The solemn bell of the church tolled played its grim pranks on her and ently sought her, and from that time to pause to count and listen. hers. Whenever her amour propre had the light that had so long led her went

The old woman in the chair was of babyhood. A score more of strokes,

"Love was once a little boy, heigho, heigho! now-a small house which was pseu- the front door bell, told of an arrival. deprived of the love that makes life beautiful main street, and was built in This was one place where Mrs. Upton scent, and all the others were out, so to say, "Who enters here leaves hope the jauntiest, most inconsistent style of felt herself not only welcome, but an she must open the door. She glanced behind," so flat and lifeless were the conglomerate architecture. It was de- actual benefit, for when she amused hastily in the glass to straighten her tones, with dreary waits between. The soft lace cap, but quite missed seeing bell struck in accord with the hearts was the pet charity of the moneyed their overtired mother had that hour what was patent to all who looked on of women at work in homes where lawomen of the little town in Vermont for rest, or at least for employment her-a sweet, unselfish soul shining bor and privation were not made enwhere it was situated. All the build- without interruption. One of the sad- from her eyes and making pleasant durable by love and encouragement, marks about her mouth, quite in harmony with the lines etched there by the finished life they had never known

She opened the street door, and into the sitting-room, around the walls of which Myra Marden had arranged il- weariness had stopped counting the shone resplendent in red and yellow

Mrs. Upton followed the tall form

"I want to see a lady whose name was once Miss Elizabeth Hunt," he She looked at him with interest. He said, courteously bowing to the lady the words, for although she had plenty the village too many years not to know home, where I used to know her, and of pepper in her composition, she al- its own. He was well dressed, albeit was told that I should find her here. I ways softened to Mrs. Upton. Every- with a graceful attention to the fashion tried once before to-day, but she was body did, just as instinctively as one of twenty years ago rather than to that out. May I ask of you if she is now handles with tender touch a morning- of the hour, and he was, like herself, at home, and if she will receive her old The slight frame of the little woman

mon a thing as the door-bell had awakways have some fillum on 'em just self with a searching glance that she ened her, was being linked with the present. Standing before him, with her face

went along. Her life was so absolute- upturned to his so far above her she Board or somethin' on the car, there's ly colorless that even the sight of a clasped her hands to control their tellso many men aboard, an' there's one stranger was almost an event. Then, tale trembling, from her eyes, she said stranger. I wonder if they can see too, the interest was increased by his simply, "I am Elizabeth Hunt, Lau-

There was a scarlet bow on her hair, against us in competition with those filled with emotion to be reckoned by he had all his money sewed up in his ment. younger or older, but we stand on a the ordinary annotation of time. The vest, On investigation it was shown "Hallo?" her seventy years; and there were level with those whose years are even man stood mute before the woman, his that he had a surprising amount. Mr. Ross gazed vacantly around the arms folded across his breast, breath- There was no less than \$5,000 in bills room with something of the bewildered tendrils, the refined contour of brow were skillfully and stoutly sewn in for there is Flora Edgeworth's light "L. H." she read aloud, then smiled and cheek and chin, the piteous eyes from the bottom up, so that all around wrap on the bed, and Rosa's hat and no dress, and stepped on her way with tumult of thought that it needs must pieces. This queer contrivance loaded "So this is the fashionable style of find an outlet. His heart was young; with coin, bills and drafts, the man chapeau, ch? I wonder now whether

Elizabeth Upton waited. She had care of himself. give her a home of her own, and her thought her lip trembled, her eye will get him again. He sailed on and forward before the mirror. "On man will easily command an annual brightened. Lauren moved as though the Mariposa, the same steamer on the whole-Tomb of the Prophet! is salary of \$1,000, if not more. She is "When did you say he was coming, to speak, and she listened with both which he came. San Francisco Ex- that the girls." soul and sense,

"I do not see any trace of what you used to be. I never should have known you." His voice was deep and slow. Each word drove mercilessly into the heart of the woman before him; but, consumed by the grief of his own disappointment, he, all unseeing, left her with a heavy step, youth dropping from him as a loosened garment. And to talk to me about the sinful extravfor the last time on earth, taking with him such a bundle of dead hopes as it in so short a time.

"Can't you hear me. Mrs. Upton " asked Myra Marden, bending over her as she lay in bed the third day after Lauren Hamilton had left her. She had lain quiet on her narrow white bed ever since they found her insensible on trying to rouse her. "Don't you know me, Mrs. Upton?

It's me, Myra, an' I've heaps to tell you. My Cory's come back with Jim never opened that had my letter in it, News, about it that hedge of self-deception tion; so Mrs. Upton, even with her an' she's goin' to make a home for me, without which all happiness is incom- longing for companionship, had but an' you're to come too. Do your hear? plete. It was impossible for this pride small temptation to enter her half. A home of our own, with no visitin' committee, just ourselves, an' flowers, ruthless light of Myra's plain state- Once in her own simple room, which an' earthly things we love. Won't you

when the wind blew, and a pair of her mind one figure of which she was the crinky spots of many tears, and in

in size, dignified and elegant in pro- fatures, the brightest light in her young for the dead, one stroke for each year, portion. Around it were old fashioned life, but always beyond her. Tired at sounding over the village and reaching flowers, and over it hung the graceful last and chagrined, the girl in the day- far out to the everlasting hills which branches of high elms. The place had dream relinquished her hopes, and bad surrounded the scenes of this combeen Mr. Upton's home before fate united her life with one who persist- pleted life. The whole town seemed to The first stroke fell upon the air with

familiar road and fancying once again looking far away to the mountains, and which sent their gladness away off to that she was on the way home-the reminiscently singing, in a low gentle the grim hills, carried the little life to womanhood, and then the tones began to lengthen and deepen with an ominous hum. It was the utterance of a almost the only house she ever entered when the sound of wheels, and then disappointed life, one depressed, and donymed the "Shoe," because the The dream of vanished years flew livable. Forty strokes were sadly No one seemed to think of the incon- mother there found her prototype in away, confronted by the necessity of reached, and culminated almost in a gruity between the style of the build- that other woman who had so many the moment. Miss Greene's rheuma- groun. After that the knell was slow, ing and its occupants. It was on the children she didn't know what to do, tie knees would not allow of her deand awoke in them a sympathy with when Elizabeth Upton was a fellowworker. At seventy-five the undicated to the entering visitor the way willing bell lagged feebly, as the added years had done, and every one in

luminated texts brought from the last strokes save a little boy in school, who his sheets of loose manuscript like houstreet—a diversion that to one of them would like to be even as they, patient, home she had owned. Her amiable found in them distraction from his task. ey bees on a bed of heliotrope, and never failed—watching the movements strong, her head high in heaven, then intent to please the visitor was express- And the last stroke of all—it was not a were laughing over the rather illegible she would do great things for all the ed by "Welcome," in shaded blue, rounded psean of victory clanning out chirography. Miss Fernall stood near "There goes James L. Haight, full world. She reveled in the feeling, for placed where the eye would meet it on triumphant to the sky; rather it rung the door, a little confused and very that must be sold during again," said Mrs. Upton, with a pleas- it had been common to her younger entering; "God Bless Our Home," like those preceding it, and hung quest pretty, in her blushes and uncertainity. tioning in air with an upward toneshe peered out of the window at the now to resume its habit of thought. where all could see; and "Come an unfinished phrase, awaiting its comsmallest size of street car, slowly drag. The sidewalk had lost all pretence Again," in subdued purple, uttered the pletion in the other world.—Helen fice now. Rosa Fernall has written a ged by a languid horse, which knew to a name, and was now a wavering graceful wish of the establishment as Churchill Candee, in Harper's Bazar. Ince now. Rosa Fernan has written a twelve page letter to her sweetheart in

Not So Very Poor.

Over two weeks ago W. B. Nieholon, of New Zealand, arrived here on in appearance, with a queer bunch of ear. in the house. Under these circum- Diemen's Land" stances Manager Wiseman was inclinend of three days Mr. Wiseman broached the matter of settling the bill.

the bill in the next day or two. He the woods," did not, however, and he was spoken | Flora Edgeworth had succeeded in to again about it. Still there seemed planting a rankling thorn in her cous-Zealander said he would go up stairs had been.

waited through life; she well might | A few days ago, after returning from |

Nicholson came over to invest his

Why Women Prefer Low Chairs.

One of the things that no man ever will or can understand is that women invariably choose the lowest chairs they can find, usually selecting for solid comfort one that is about six inches from the floor. Schopenhauer's contemptuous allusion to them as the "short-legged sex" generally occurs to him as the final solution of the problem. would seem impossible to have raised even though he be too polite outwardly to hint at such a thing. That is by no means the real reason, according to a bright little artist. Women, she says, seem to know intuitively when they are looking their best, and they know that rarely happens when they are sitting on a chair sufficiently high to make the feet dangle stiffly downopened her eyes, and Mrs. Marden was ward, barely reaching the floor. In all the celebrated pictures of sitting feminine figures the line from the waist to the knee is elongated as far as possible, and it is to secure this graceful, easy length of line, as well as for comfort, that women instinctively turn | events. sadly true, but the only way life at the slumber slippers, during which absorb-

Life's often lost from little illa Which might be saved by little pills. That is to say, if you suffer from biliousness, constipation, dyspepsia or torpid liver use Dr. Pierce's Pleasant mon's letter was to-to-"

A FOOLISH MASQUERADE.

WHOLE NO. 2300.

"Three girls domiciled in the next room! There's an end to my writing for one month, at least!" Kenneth Ross pushed his papers in-

to a confused heap, shut his desk with a vindictive snap as he lighted a cigar. "Three chattering, noisy girls, each with a tongue three times its proper length! There's my consin Flora, Alice Aymer and Rosa Fernall-blue eyes, black eyes and melting gray; by the way, that little monkey Rosa, isn't bad looking. I rather fancy that peculiar shade of brown hair. She would make a tolerable study for my next heroine. I may as well put her to some useful purpose. Heigho! I think a joyous ring, as it told the happy year Aunt Meg was crazy to invite all those

> girls here at once?" He paused a moment, as the merry peal of girlish laughter echoed in the adjoining apartment.

"They're laughing at me, Girls always think a bachelor fair game," Tap! tap! tap! sounded softly on the panel of his door, and he had just time to take his heels off the table before

Flora Edgeworth put her head into the "Cousin Kenneth, are you there?" "Well, what's wanting now."

"I may as well say yes!" "I just want the girls to see what a dear little den you've got here." Flora threw open the door and adritted her two companions.

"May we come in?"

"Here he is, girls! the old bachelor, as he appears in his native wilds!" "Now, young ladies," said Mr. Ross, throwing his half-smoked eigar out of the window, "I'll trouble you to be a

little less unceremonious!" For Alice and Flora had pounced on

Canada-"Flora!" exclaimed Rosa.

"And," pursued the relentless Flora, "we're going to post it. Come girls." And Mr. Ross was left alone with the the steamer Mariposa and put up at heavy musk roses nodding at the open the American Exchange hotel. He casement and the dreamy murmur of was so roughly dressed and so unique maple boughs and far off bees in his

whiskers on his chin, that he seemed "A twelve-page letter to her sweeta walking advertisement of hard luck. | heart," he pondered, "She must have He had arrived in the steerage, and had something very interesting to he took one of the very cheapest rooms | write. Canada, eh? I wish it was Van

Mr. Ross rose from his easy chair and ed to keep a wary eye on him. At the began to walk up and down the floor. "It's too confounded hot to breathe here!" he said, impatiently taking up The oneer guest said he would pay his hat, "I'll go and take a tramp in

to be a hitch, but finally the New in's breast, all unconscious though she and get the money. After a while The sun was low in the sky when

he came down with it and paid the Kenneth returned from his abstracted ramble in the woods, and the wide, old-Then he explained that the reason fashioned country house was very still at a mirror between the windows. our contempories. We have odds The moments that followed were too why he hadn't paid it before was that as he ascended toward his own apart-

always insisted that he could take "Upon my word, it don't look s bad! And now where's the sacque! A little tight in the sleeves, but other-

> of the thing!" A momentary silence ensued, broken by the rustling of muslin. "Don't meet round the waist by good six inches, but I can hold it up. I wonder what makes the thing drag on

the floor and cling round one's legs so! Oh, I know-the crinoline ought to go under!" "I'm not certain but that I should few remaining days would be spent money, but did not find anything to make quite a nice looking woman," England are constantly on the lookout

> ierk at the sacque, and a pull at the are served, her hours of labor or duty crinoline; but all in vain. The gay are reasonably brief, and she is not exvoices, intermingled here and there peeted to hold other than official relawith a ringing laugh, or a snatch of tions with the domestics. song, drew nearer and nearer.

For an instant Mr. Ross wildly contemplated a rush through the hall to his own door, but a moment's reflection convinced him that such a retreat would be impossible. "I must stay and face it out!" he

thought, "but hold on! there's the closet. It's just possible they will only stay a minute or two," And totally oblivious of the "majesty

of man," he fled precipitately into the "Why the deuce didn't I think to se

cure the key?" he thought, as the girls

streamed into the room. "However, I

can hold on to the door handle if any one attempts to get in. By Jove, if the girls should see me in this rig I should never hear the last of it." He leaned against the shelves and breathlessly awaited the progress of

"Why?" ejaculated a soft voice-Ro-

sa's own-"where's my hat? Was I careless enough to have it down stairs? stomach or bowels. It is nature's Flora you have hidden it." "I wonder what you'll accuse me of

next?" said Flora, in an injured voice. "You told Mr. Ross that Cousin Si-"Your sweetheart? Well, he ought kind.-Shenstone.

young man I know." "Oh, Flora, he don't compare with

Mr. Ross," "Rosa, be honest," said Flora, "which do you like best-Cousin Ken or Simon Montresc?"

to be, I'm sure. He is the bandsomes

"Flora!" "Tell me now, honestly." The answer came in a low, half in-

"Kenneth?" The heart under Alice's sacque gave a great jump! Mr. Ross's head came in contact with something on the upper

shelf, and down came a rain of bandboxes on his occiput! There was an instant's terrified sience, and then all the girls began to

eream in chorus. "How silly we all are," said Rosa

"As if a cut could make such a noise as that?" said Flora. "Call Uncle John! Alice, do look and see what it is!"

"No-you look," faltered Alice. I'll look myself," said Rosa Fernall, dravely advancing to the rescue. But when the door handle refused to turn,

"Some one is holding the door inside.

Call the men!" "There is no necessity," quoth a voice from behind the panels, and the next moment the door flew open, disclosing a tall form in blue, and a countenance

"Why, it can't be possible?" ejaculat-

each other in paroxysms of laughter!

the long and the short of it?" But Rosa Fernall had stopped laughing already, and the pink of her cheeks was deepening into scarlet. She had just remembered the words carelessly

spoken not five minutes ago. In an inexplicably short space of time Mr. Ross had torn off his feminine adornments and fled ignominiously, followed by peals of laughter from his sonsin and Alice Aymer, Rosa-strange piece of contradiction-had begun to

"Poor little thing! she's hysterical," said aunt Meg, who had just appeared on the scene.

Kenneth Ross strolled into the garden, moodily puffing a cigar, and contemplating the feasibility of leaving Warburgh to avoid the girls' sareasm.

It was Rosa, coming from the lower part of the garden. By the full brilliant moonlight he saw the traces of fears on her check.

truth of her assertion. Rosa began to ery afresh. "Look here, Rosa," said the young man gravely, I have been thinking of

Rosa cried on. "But," pursued Mr. Ross, "I'll stay if-if-you'll only tell me to my face what you told my cousin when I was

Rosa. Speak, little one!" "What shall I tell you?" faltered Ro-

Flora, with little Rosa marshalled on his side. - New York News,

The Pull Mall Gazette, in an article on housekeepers, does justice to an office which it says requires of a woman the same qualities that are necessary to make a good statesman-cool judgment, equable temper, and a grasp of details, owever small. The average woman, he Gazette contends, in order to develop these qualities, needs to have the companionship of man, to live with him in the marital relation, and to be responsible to him for his daily needs and comforts; left to herself, free from the discipline of male domination and needing only to provide for her own wants, she will shirk the cares of housekeeping and maintain herself up-

As regards the professioal housekeeper, who is held to a strict accountability, and is called upon to provide anaually 1005 appetizing meals for a family and satisfying one for domestics, to make the servants do their best work and to prevent jars and bickerings among them, she requires an amount of tact, character and kindliness never found in the second-rate woman that the housekeeper is supposed to be. She must be cheerful, prompt and calm in emergencies, good-tempered and patient. The household over which she has supervision must be so organized that during her temporary absence or illness the whole thing will go on by

itself for a time at least. That the possession of such qualities is rare in any woman the Gazette holds to be true from the fact that the owners of large town and country houses in treated with great respect, she has her Mr. Ross gave a blindly desperate own apartments in which her meals

The Whirligig of Time.

through the Rosettan Sahara, when suddenly he started to his feet with an exclamation of wonder, and then an receding car occupied his face.

by, and a big negro, who takes in unwary canines, had just swooped down on one, and after a brief struggle had anded him a prisoner.

-now dev has niggers to ketch de dogs."-New Orleans Item. A dose of Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry brings immediate relief in all eases of cramping pains of the

ill qualities which he attributes to man-

tremulously; "it's only the cat."

even she blanched.

whose utter sheepishness can never be described! "Cousin Ken!" shricked Flora, "Mr. Ross!" faltered Miss Fernall.

And then the three girls clung to "The fact is, ladies," commenced Kenneth, confusedly. "I-Won't some one help me off with this mouse trap? Miss Alice, I'm very sorry I've split your sacque, but - Well, if you won't stop laughing I can't explain, that's

But Rosa was not hysterical. The full, delicious moon of summer was in the mid-heaven that night as

"I was a fool," said he aloud; "but-

"Rosn, you have been crying!" "No, I haven't!" And to prove the

leaving Warburgh to-morrow."

hidden away like a foolish rat in a trap,

"That you love me! that you will be And she told him so-in the language that lovers best like to hear. And Mr. Ross stayed in Warburgh, and braved the ridicule of Alice and

The Good Housekeeper.

on the most meagre diet, mainly one

An old country darkey was sitting on a curb uptown, watching the electric cars as they swept like a simoon expression of pleased surprise as thick as the cloud of dust that obscured a The dog catcher's wagon was passing

"Great Gawd!" exclaimed the old darkey on the curb. "Befo' de wah they usto hab dogs ter ketch de niggers

specific for summer complaint in all its forms. A man has, generally, the good or