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# The Somerset Herald.

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## Merit

In what gives Hood's Sarsaparilla its great popularity, its constantly increasing sales, and enables it to accomplish its wonderful and unequalled cures. The combination, proportion and process used in preparing Hood's Sarsaparilla are unknown to other medicines, and make Hood's Sarsaparilla Peculiar to Itself.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. It acts directly and positively upon the blood, and the blood reaches every nook and corner of the human system. Thus all the nerves, muscles, bones and tissues come under the beneficial influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

## First National Bank

Somerset, Penna.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$24,000.

## The Somerset County National Bank

OF SOMERSET PA.

Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank in 1890.

Capital, \$50,000.00. Surplus & Undivided Profits, 23,000.00. Assets, 300,000.00.

## A. H. HUSTON,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE, and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

## Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

## REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

J. D. SWANK.

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## THE OLD CALENDAR.

The calendar of ninety-six New Years to the full, and that for almost seven comes to crowd it from the wall. When that old card was posted up, it seems but yesterday. Its ink was fresh, its colors bright, but now it's torn and gray. Like faithful friends, it never deceives, but always answers straight. When with inquiring eyes we turn to question the date, though a century old, by day and night, our trust it never betrays. A sentiment of time it stands, with record of the days. And as we look back memories rise of days that it has seen. Since it was placed upon the wall in remembrance of our dead, it reminds us of our friends. Recall the pleasant hours when smiles were bright, and hearts were true. And paths were strewn with flowers. And, thinking of the year to come, we wonder if—oh, how! The coming year will pay when double it has not. The old must go, the new must come. Time's always on the wing, and every day it brings its share of joys will bring.

## A TRUE HERO OF THE OLD NAVY.

COMMODORE DAVID PORTER AND THE FOXARDO AFFAIR.

HOW HE SUPPRESSED PIRACY.

He Made the Flag Respected Only to Run Afloat of Officers on Shore—His Trial and Sentence He Would Not Endure—How He Defended Himself.

From the New York Sun.

Every American is familiar with the early career of Commodore David Porter; how as a lad he entered the first navy of the infant republic; how in 1788, at the age of 18, he became a midshipman; how in the following year he distinguished himself during the struggle of the Constitution with the L'Insurgente by cutting away a wounded spar on his own responsibility; how he shared the fate of the crew of the Philadelphia, and was imprisoned at Tivoli, and how his gallant and romantic episode of the war of 1812.

Popular knowledge regarding Porter, however, ceases with a story of peace, the popular belief doubtless that he had then retired into some Valhalla of comfort, sustained by the gratitude of his countrymen and cheered by the universal plaudits. But the sequel in reality was vastly different; and in its record of futile sacrifice and success and of patriotism confounded by conservative officialism, it presents a tale of melancholy interest.

The war of 1812, being a practical demonstration of the strength of popular government, stimulated the Spanish possessions of the New World to rebellion. One after another the colonies of Central and South America asserted and maintained their independence. Of course the United States sympathized with these revolutionaries, and in 1819, the year of the peace, a condition which demanded the armed attention of the government.

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Porter on Porto Rico and the Isle of Palms. Every month there were innumerable adventures, cutting out expeditions, hand-to-hand fights in which the women of the freebooters showed the greater ferocity; midnight chases through bays and creeks, descents on caves and keys, and boardings with cutlass and pike, while the Jolly Roger flapped defiantly nipped to the mast-head. The diary of David Glasgow Farrago, who, as everywhere, bore a faithful, courageous part in the service, reads like a romance of the sea rather than the record of conscientious young manhood. The buccannery were dispersed, if not wholly destroyed, and American merchantmen sailed unmolested under such vigilant convoying. All this, however, was accomplished at the cost of much sickness and many lives. In 1823 yellow fever drove the fleet into northern waters. In 1824 Porter was compelled, through the breaking out of an old wound, to take a furlough.

Samuel L. Southard was Monroe's Secretary of the Navy, a public functionary of the old school, whose particular aptitude for the Naval Department was found by excellent work as a law reporter. He it was who on his appointment had been unable to make ready answer to the quip of a friend:

"Now, Mr. Southard, can you assert that you know the law from the stern of a frigate?"

Between him and Porter there was antagonism. The Secretary felt that he was ignored; the commodore fretted for lack of appreciation. The one felt his official and the other his natural superiority. There were squabbles about Porter's right to return without permission. There were remonstrances over a suitable flagship's not being furnished. At length, in the autumn of 1824, Porter sailed away for his station in the John Adams, as indignantly over slight as was Southard himself.

Meanwhile there had also been trouble with the Mosquito fleet. On October 26 complaint was made to Charles S. Platt, lieutenant commanding the Beagle, that the stores of the American consul agents at San Juan had been broken into, and goods to the amount of \$5,000 stolen. Many circumstances indicated that this property had been carried to Foxardo, a small town of unsavory reputation on the eastern end of Porto Rico. More than one had pirated take refuge there; more than one had its inhabitants guilty of acts of lawlessness. Platt determined to show his respect for the aid of the authorities. He trusted largely to the efficacy of a letter which he bore, addressed to one who was universally deemed the first citizen of the place.

Platt anchored his boat in the harbor and proceeded to the town in company with three others, all being in private dress. He found this first citizen who was professor in promises of assistance. With him he called on the Alcalde and the captain of the port and demanded reparations and restitution. At first the lieutenant's character was conceded and his object of secrecy in appearing without his uniform recognized. Later, however, after the first citizen had talked apart with the officials, there was a change. He was notified to show his register, and, though he finally sent for his uniform and commission, was denounced roundly as a pirate and placed under arrest in a filthy stowage. At nightfall he was cruelly dismissed, and returned to his ship, without the stolen goods, and amid the jeers and curses of the populace.

On November 12 Porter arrived at San Thomas and received a report of this sorry treatment. He acted as usual. Accompanied by the Beagle and the Grampus, he sailed on the John Adams for Foxardo. There he sent a flag of truce to the town with the message that if apology for the treatment of Lieutenant Platt was not made within one hour he would storm the place. He then landed companies of sailors and marines aggregating over 200 in number. These spiked two batteries which threatening preparations were being made, and then proceeded inland. A mob of native militia made some show of force and for the moment an engagement was imminent, when the Alcalde and the Captain of the Port appeared and rendered submission. They apologized for Platt's imprisonment, his arrest, and his wrongs, and promised that thereafter American officers should be respected and assisted. Then the troops marched back again, partaking of grog on the shore at the expense of their late antagonists.

Porter made due report of these proceedings to the Navy Department, praising the conduct of his men and expatiating on the good which this example would produce. There is no doubt that he believed he deserved well of his country; there is no doubt that the order which he received from Southard recalling him to explain "the extraordinary transactions at Foxardo" came with crushing force and shock. Not for one instant did he regard such treatment otherwise than as an outrage. He hastened to Washington, hot with indignation, all ablaze with the fever of wounded honor, impatient of each moment that delayed his vindication.

There were many such moments, weary and maddening. The department seemed content to keep him on waiting orders. The administration of Monroe was just passing out. There were other matters that could less conveniently await the administration of John Quincy Adams. Not for one moment did Porter acquiesce in such delays. He wrote letters by the score, entering, berating. He bombarded the press with voluminous communications. If there were an old sea dog in a righteous rage, he was that old sea dog.

In April President Adams ordered a court of inquiry. This held its sessions at Washington, and throughout its course was subject to Porter's acute and minute criticisms. Before its decision was rendered he had published an account of the proceedings, showing his own infallible position. The court, however, took an opposite view, and on its recommendation Porter was summoned on the 23rd of June as a defendant before a court-martial of twelve captains, with James Barron as President.

Richard S. Cox appeared as judge advocate. Porter's instant objection to him resulted in a rather whimsical proceeding. One of the judges disclaimed his ability to decide whether such a challenge should be permitted without a legal opinion. The judge advocate was thereupon called upon to furnish such advice, which he naturally did in favor of his own independent and immovable position.

The charges were two-fold. The first accused Porter of disobedience and refusal to accept an officer in that "he did land on the island of Porto Rico, in the dominions of his Catholic Majesty, the King of Spain, and committed divers acts of hostility in contravention of the Constitution, the laws of nations, and the government's instructions." The second charge was the direct consequence of Porter's sincere but injudicious rage, and dealt with his behavior since his return. It accused him of sending divers insulting letters to the President and Secretary of the Navy; of having published an incorrect account of the proceedings of the court of inquiry, with highly disrespectful comments, and of having made public various official communications, thus "impairing the discipline of the service and setting a most dangerous and pernicious example."

## A Windy Well.

Arizona possesses some of the greatest natural wonders in the world, not the least of which is the phenomenon of a current of air issuing from or going into the bowels of the earth through sundry natural and artificial openings made in the earth's crust.

Something over a year ago a Mr. Cochrane, an Englishman, drilled a well at his place. Everything went well to a depth of some twenty-five feet, when the drill suddenly dropped some six feet and a strong current of air issued from the hole. The escaping air current was so strong that it blew off the men's hats who were recovering the lost drill.

The well was of course abandoned and left to blow, but there are some peculiarities about it that are worthy of observation. The air will escape from the hole for days at a time with such force that pebbles the size of peas are thrown out and piled up about its mouth until it looks very much like the expanded portion of a funnel. At the same time it is accompanied by a sound much like the distant howling of a dog horn. This noise is not always present, because the air does not at all times escape with the same force. Again there will be for days a suction current, unaccompanied by sound, in which the current of air passes into the earth, with some less force than it escapes, and any light object, such as a feather, piece of paper or cloth, will, if held in close proximity, be immediately sucked into the subterranean labyrinth of Arizona.

Just the cause of this phenomenon no one has yet been able to determine, but it is supposed that there is an underground opening between the Grand Canon of the Colorado, which cleaves the earth for more than a mile in depth, and the Sycamore Canon, some eighty miles to the south of it, of the same proportions, but much shorter.

This would seem possible from the fact that the current of air is always passing from north to south or vice versa, varying, of course, a few points of the compass from the true meridian, but always in these general directions, as determined by experiment, and then the stratum underlying the quaternary is of volcanic origin. This is very porous, and in many places so called bottomless holes exist.—Popular Science.

## A New Mammoth Cave.

An immense cave has been discovered in a field near Pine Grove, Centre county, Pa. The discovery was accidental and came so suddenly that a large plowing horse was precipitated several hundred feet into the cavern, where it was dashed to death on the projecting ledge of rock.

Boston Campbell was out in a field near his home. He had a two-horse team with him and was working hard to finish the field before dark. When it was driving his team directly through the centre of the field, he felt a violent palling on the reins, which he held in his hands. Looking up to see what was wrong with the team he was struck dumb with fear to find his horses missing. One of them could be seen nudging tearing across the field, but the other one was nowhere in sight. While Campbell stood looking in amazement at what had happened, the plow which was lying at his feet also disappeared.

Campbell was thoroughly frightened by this time and ran to his home for assistance. A number of men were soon at the scene where the horses and plow disappeared, but all they could do was a great yawning chasm. A derick was erected over the opening and with a rope and lantern Levi Morrison, a plucky young farmer, was lowered down into the dark recesses. Over 20 feet of rock had been let out before Morrison could find a firm footing. Here he found the horse lying dead on an immense ledge of rock, which proved to be but a spur projecting out from the side of the cave. Morrison gave the signal again to lower him, but after going fifty feet further down the rope gave out and he had to be hauled back without having reached the bottom of the cave.

Morrison says the cave is fully 300 feet deep, and that the sides are coated with glistening stones and crystals. After a direct descent into the earth for 200 feet the cavern extends to the north, running through ledges of solid rock. Running water can be distinctly heard, and there is every reason to believe that the cave is very near to underground stream of great volume.

## Charcoal \$12,000 a Pound.

It is said that the most expensive product in the world is the charcoal thread employed in the incandescent lamps. This will be interesting to those who are friends and neighbors of the people who use such light, especially if they are cognizant of such a proximity of wealth.

It is, for the most part, manufactured at Paris and comes from the hands of an artist who desires his name to remain unknown in order to protect the secret of manufacture. There have been many unsuccessful attempts to learn this secret, and fabulous sums have been offered to the manufacturers to divulge even the artist's name.

This product is sold at wholesale by the gramme and, reducing this price to the basis of pounds, it is easily found that the filaments for lamps of 30 candle-power are worth \$800 per pound, and for the lamps of 30 candle-power the fabulous sum of \$12,000 per pound. The former have a diameter of twenty-thousandths of one millimeter, or 7874-thousandths, and the latter less than one-fifth of this size.

The filaments for lamps of three candle-power are so light that it requires nearly 1,500,000 of them to weigh one pound. Placed end to end these 1,500,000 filaments would reach 187 miles.

"I burned my fingers very badly. The pain was intense. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil brought relief in three minutes. It was almost magical. I never saw anything like it." Amelia Swords, Sandersville, O.

## Wanted to Trade Wives.

Two Hungarian men and a woman called at Squire Wilson's office the other day to settle a domestic difficulty. It appears that the woman was in love with the man who was not her husband, and wanted to live with him. The husband, who was much older, seemed objectless. He said to the squire:

"Does a man want my wife. Me no like. He had man. He love my wife. Me good man. Me go to church. Me do nothing bad."

The woman expressed her preference for the man who was not her husband. The squire said:

"Does a woman love me. She no like. She man. He too old. My wife too old. She come over here pretty soon. Me give her my wife. Me take decent woman."

But the old gentleman objected. Squire Wilson informed them that there was nothing in the law or the Constitution that enabled him to legalize a swap of that kind—that the only way was for both to obtain divorces and re-marry. It is quite a curiosity and home and he good, and not permit their minds to be perplexed by such worldly thoughts.

And they departed, evidently under the impression that there was something seriously wrong with a law that tyrannized over the empire of the human heart.—Punxsutawney Spirit.

## A Strong Potato.

Charles W. Simmons, who lives on a farm near Pleasant Home, yesterday brought in from his farm a curiosity. It consists of a late rose potato grown in the root of a tree. The potato vine seems to have crept into the root, and a new potato then started down in the depths. It branched in its strange way, and was a most unusual specimen, large and well formed potato. The root in the root was too small for its expansion, and so the spud exerted not less than a ton pressure on the root until the side was split open. The root is about three inches in diameter and six inches in length. About an inch of the spud protrudes from one end. It is quite a curiosity and all who have seen it say they never saw anything like it before.—Portland Oregonian.

## He Knew Him.

"Do you mean to call me to testify to that man's reputation for truth and veracity?" asked the small, timid looking witness.

"Certainly," replied the lawyer.

"Well, I wish you wouldn't."

"Why?"

"Well, you see, he's a life-long friend of mine, and would testify for the world to do anything that would injure his feelings or damage his interests; not for the world."

"But all you have to do is to testify his reputation for truth and veracity is good."

"Now, hold on. Remember that I have some truth and veracity of my own to look after. Why, sir, and his voice sank to a melodramatic whisper, "that man's been a trusted employee of the Weather Bureau for more than four years."—Washington Star.

## Considering the Files.

New Boulder (shivering).—Don't you think it is nearly time to start the fires, Mrs. Simlied? I know coal is rather high, but—

Mrs. Simlied.—Yes, I will have them started as soon as the files are all dead. You see, if the fires are started too soon it keeps the pesky flies alive all winter."

New Boulder.—"Oh, I didn't think of that."

Mrs. Simlied (a little later, in the kitchen).—"Bridget, the parlor has some dies in it, so cold they can hardly crawl. Bring 'em in here and warm 'em up a bit."—New York Weekly.

## Marriageable Age.

The discussion had waxed warm. He had given his views upon women and marriage and she had disputed every assertion he had made in regard to the age at which a girl should marry.

"Well," he said in desperation at last, "what do you consider the marriageable age?"

"Why, I don't believe there can be any ironclad rule in such a matter," she replied. "It's different with different girls, and it isn't safe to endeavor to be too specific. However, I may say, in a general way, that the age at which a girl should marry depends entirely upon the age at which she gets her first real good chance."—Chicago Post.

## THE OLD HARDY HOUSE.

A True Ghost Story.

From the Philadelphia Times.

"Here we are at last, girls." I cried cheerily, gathering up bags and umbrellas as the negro porter drew out on to the street.

"An-is-ton?"

"Oh, I am so tired!" Bess said in such a faint voice and with such a white, tired face that I hurried her in to the fly waiting at the dingy little station.

"To the old Hardy House," I ordered briefly to the driver as he closed the door, and even in the gathering dusk I saw I noticed his start of surprise.

"Depend upon it, the house is haunted," cried imaginative Loo, "the man looked as if he had seen a ghost."

I gave her a warning glance, but Bess had not heeded, indeed she seemed to have fallen into a doze which lasted until she was lifted out, and carried in to the cottage in the strong arms of Anne Dury.

Dismissing the man, Loo and I lingered outside awhile trying to make out something of our novel surroundings, but beyond the low rambling old house we could see nothing, not even a village light, so closely were we shut in by great trees.

Loo snickered lightly.

"How dark and weird it looks," she whispered, running into the brightly-lighted room, where Anne Dury, having deposited Bess on the broad, low lounge, was already occupied in making tea.

"I wish Dr. Cross had telegraphed old Dr. Deering to meet us at the station, it would have been a little less lonesome," grumbled Loo later on, when Bess had been left comfortably asleep in a wide, low-ceilinged room on the ground floor, the only one that had been gotten ready. Anne explained.

"I think Dr. Deering has been put to enough trouble for us, renting the house and all that," I was beginning to re-arrange, when Anne Dury came in interrupted me.

"Miss Katharine," she began in a low, low-voiced, but brightly-lit room, where Anne Dury, having deposited Bess on the broad, low lounge, was already occupied in making tea.

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"I think Dr. Deering has been put to enough trouble for us, renting the house and all that," I was beginning to re-arrange, when Anne Dury came in interrupted me.

"I could not help laughing, her tone was so spiteful, but she went on without noticing my lively white Loo looked with wide eyes.

"The man that brought me out with the boxes this morning said he had seen it, and you couldn't hire him to come near the place after dark; that lot of folks out late at night might have seen blue lights burning in the room up stairs; and he said he wasn't the only one that had seen a white figure shining through the dark hall, though nobody has lived in the house since two years ago a wicked, swearing young fellow died here, crying out at the last that he had sold his soul to the devil for drink, and it was burning him up."

"And Miss Katharine, honey, would you believe it? every blessed bit of furniture that had been sent on ahead was piled up out on the porch, just as they dumped it down, not a stick put in out of the weather, and a blessed thing it hasn't rained."

Anne looked at last for breath.

Loo peered fearfully around the cheerful but rather dilapidated little room, and moving her chair nearer mine, she said in a low tone as if afraid of the ghost's overhearing her:

"You can't imagine what induced old Dr. Deering to send us to this horrid old haunted house, anyway. He might have known—"

"Loo," I interrupted sternly, for her voice was beginning to tremble and I have all a man's horror of hysterics, "you know well enough Dr. Deering has been kindness itself. What claim have we upon him, I should like to know, except that he is a friend and patient of old Dr. Cross. And you, as well as I, saw the letter in which he described this old house, and said its location made it the very place for Bess to recover her shattered nerves, quiet and so near the sulphur water Dr. Cross has sent her here to drink."

"And now Anne," turning to our faithful old servant and friend, "you have too much sense, I know, to utter a word of any nonsense, whether Bess can hear it, and besides you get it out of your own stupid old head as quickly as possible. As for me," yawning, "I am too tired and sleepy to sit up any longer, ghosts or no ghosts," and in a short time the old house was wrapped in darkness and silence.

I had been asleep, I don't know how long, when suddenly I felt a rush of cold air and heard a sound like a low, sobbing sigh.

"Oh, KATHARINE!" I heard Loo under her breath, and clutching my arm convulsively, "did you feel it? Did you hear it? What was it?"

"I felt the wind blowing in through a broken window," I answered courageously, for though I was only twenty and a girl, I had not been the head of the family so many years for nothing.

Anne Dury came rushing in with a sheet wrapped about her and a lighted candle in her hand, just as Bess woke, asking in her weak voice what we were all doing up in the middle of the night. While I slipped on my dressing gown and lighted a candle on the stand near the bed, I told her as calmly as I could, for my heart was beating violently, that I thought a door or window up stairs had blown open, and Anne and I were going up to see while Loo remained with her.

Then I went out. Anne following bravely though I could hear her teeth chattering and the candle shook so I had to take it from her. As we shut the door behind us I heard the scrape of a match, and a bright light flashed out from a room at the head of the stairs.

"Ghosts don't usually carry matches about them," I said to poor trembling Anne in a hoarse, but as soothing tone as I could. "Better keep from being a witness. Better a dozen ghosts," I thought, "than one live burglar."

Slowly we mounted the creaking

stairs till just as I reached the top of a tall man, clad in a gray suit, stepped out from the room confronting me. A smothered shriek from Anne was, for a moment, the only sound that broke the stillness.

The light from my candle shone full upon the intruder's face, and I saw that he was young, good-looking and unmistakably a gentleman. Anne, too, must have seen as much for I heard her scuttling down the stairs behind me much faster than she came up, evidently mindful of her costume.

Curiously enough I did not think of my own appearance, but stood stock still, staring at the man, who stared back at me for fully two minutes, then lifted his hat and said courteously:

"I beg your pardon, but I have the honor of addressing Miss Blake?"

I bowed dumbly, wondering what on earth he would say next.

"Then," he went on pleasantly, "I owe you an apology for my most unceremonious intrusion, but I have been absent from the little village for several days. I reached home only a few days ago, and had not heard of your arrival. You must have expected your plans suddenly for I was not expecting you until next week," this with an inquiring glance.

"He expecting us! Was the man crazy?"

"Yes," I stammered, "the physician, Dr. Cross, thought it would be best to get Bess, my sister—she has been sick—away from the city as soon as possible, so we came on to-day."

"And the people told us," I went on incoherently, "that the house was haunted, and we thought you were a ghost, and—"

He laughed at this, and drawing himself up a little, "A very substantial ghost," he said lightly, adding more earnestly:

"I really am so sorry for causing you any annoyance. You see, I have been using this old house as a kind of a laboratory, making all sorts of chemical experiments here during the uncanny night hours, so it is no wonder the place has acquired an evil reputation. I ran over tonight to put things together a bit, to prepare for their removal before you came, but you took me unawares, and—"

"But where are you?" I interrupted, unable to restrain my curiosity any longer.

"Why, haven't I told you? I am Dr. Deering, at your service."

"Dr. Deering? Why we thought—"

Dr. Cross said—surely Dr. Cross spoke of you as an old friend," and in my confusion the candle slipped and went out, but not before I had caught a twinkle in his handsome eyes.

"Am his old friend, inasmuch as he has known me all my life," he said, stooping to recover the candle, adding gently, "Dr. Cross has confided you and your sisters to my care, and I hope you are not the less inclined to trust me because I happen to be not so old in years or wisdom as the good old doctor himself."

I do not know what reply I made; something foolish it must have been, for I suddenly became blushing conspicuously, and this man, this stranger, was regarding me with rather quizzical eyes.

With a muttered "Good night!" I fled precipitately, leaving him to find his own way out while I recounted to the girls as much of my ghostly adventure as I thought it needful for them to know.

This was the beginning of our stay in the old Hardy House. When I left it was not to return to the city, for Dr. Deering had persuaded me to remain in Anston.

MARGARET FOLEY BLASHFORD.

Consumption is the natural result of a neglected cold. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures coughs, bronchitis, asthma, and lung troubles of all sorts down to the very borderland of consumption.

"Who is there," demanded the dignitary.

"It's the lord, my boy." And he had practiced "It's the boy, my lord," all the way up stairs.—Fau.

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