

Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.
Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock in advance, otherwise as directed.
Advertisements are charged for in advance, and will be discontinued until the advertiser pays for them. Postmasters are notified that this paper will be held responsible for the contents of the same.
The Somerset Herald is published for the proprietor by J. D. Swank, at the office of the printer, No. 100 North Street, Somerset, Pa.
F. CHIL, Jr., ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa.
W. WALKER, ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa.
H. H. BAER, ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa.
J. W. CARPENTERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.
D. J. M. MILLER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.
J. D. SWANK, FURNITURE DIRECTOR, Somerset, Pa.
J. D. SWANK, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER, Somerset, Pa.
J. D. SWANK, LAND SURVEYOR, Somerset, Pa.
Oils! Oils!
Satisfactory Oils
American Market,
Product of Petroleum
If you wish the most uniform
Satisfactory Oils
-IN THE-
American Market,
For use. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by
COOK & HEERITS and
FRANK & CO. KOSKEL, Somerset, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

VOL. XLV. NO. 51. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2, 1897. WHOLE NO. 2392.

Sleepless Nights

Run Down in Health—Constant Pains in Arms and Shoulders—A Valuable Gift—Health, Appetite and Sleep—Pains are Gone.

"I was run down in health and could hardly keep on my feet. The least exertion would cause palpitation and I would feel as though I was being smothered. My nights were sleepless and I felt worse in the morning than when I retired. My liver was out of order and I had constant pains in my arms and shoulders and numbness in my limbs. I was sometimes dizzy and would fall. My son gave me two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and they proved of more value than a very costly gift. In a short time after taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I had a good appetite, sleep came back to me and the pains all left me." Mrs. ANNE E. STEINER, 621 Marquette Ave., Lancaster, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Best in the World One True Blood Purifier. Sold by all druggists. Price 21, six for \$5.

Hood's Pills

are the best after-dinner pills, and alter-dinner pills, and alter-dinner pills, and alter-dinner pills.

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.

Surplus, \$26,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVE IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

CHAS. O. SCULL, GEO. R. SCULL, JAMES L. PUGH, W. H. MILLER, JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL, FRED W. HIESECKER

EDWARD SCULL, PRESIDENT. VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT. HARVEY M. BERKLEY, CASHIER.

The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA.

Established 1827. Organized as a National, 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.

SOMERSET - Pa

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.

For Catarrh May-Rever Cold in Head

ELLY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quick and sure. 25 cents a tin. Sold by all druggists.

AND LOSING, WIN!

Author Unknown.

Here's to the men who lose!
What though their work be e'er so nobly planned,
And watch'd with zealous care,
No glorious halo crowns their efforts grand:
Content is their father's share.

Here's to the men who lose!
If triumph's easy snail outstragles great,
Courage is may then;
The vanquish'd banners never are unfurled,
Crisp up and fight again.

Here's to the men who lose!
The ready plaudits of a fawning world
Ring sweet in victor's ears;
The vanquish'd banners never are unfurled,
For them there sound no cheers.

Here's to the men who lose!
The touchstone of true worth is not success;
There is a higher test—
Thou shalt not be darkly frown, outward to press,
Who, bravely do the men's best.

Here's to the men who lose!
It is the vanquish'd who praise that I sing,
And this is the toast I choose:
"A hard-fought failure is a noble thing;
Here's to the men who lose."

"MADE IN GERMANY."

Anthony Alexander was a woman later. He was also a student of philosophy—very comfortably off a teacher, of course, and at 40 the despair of determined mothers and dutiful daughters, who, when he came in their way—he did it as little as possible—scarcely had heart for an attack.

Alexander made up his mind to learn German, because he desired to read in the original the works of Kant, Hegel, etc. In a weekly paper he came on the following advertisement:

"The German tongue taught on a new and speedy system. Apply Herr Schwab, 3 May street, Philadelphia."

"An Englishman," said the grumpy maid of the tall, griny lodging house, "fifth floor, first door to the left. Mind your feet when you get near the top, the carpet's gone."

Alexander climbed to the door indicated and knocked. A sweet treble voice with a strong foreign accent said:

"Come in."

"What a fine man!" thought Alexander. "The less he can afford a female acquaintance the more sure he is to have one."

He entered. The little room was neatness itself. A girl in a brown dress and black apron stood up to receive him. She had a pretty figure, rosy cheeks, large blue eyes and an innocent quality of fair hair rolled into a tight ball.

Alexander bowed stiffly and said that, having seen the advertisement of a Herr Schwab—

"Yes," said the girl quickly. "He is my father, at all. You want to learn German, sir?"

Alexander replied in the affirmative and added that he hadn't much time to spare. He would be glad to see Herr Schwab at once. He stood like a tower, one bristling with battlements. The girl gave him an anxious glance.

"My father cannot tell you," she said. "Since de notice appear he has a complaint. De treat of my father is ill, sir. He must not speak."

Alexander said he was sorry, and with a second stiff bow, moved toward the door. "Nest little article!" made in Germany. Hello, no offense, old chap! Alexander, no offense, I say."

Jones surveyed him with a twinkling eye.

"Changed your views?"

"Don't understand."

"I thought, according to you, the best woman that ever breathed was only to be tolerated. You seemed a trifle overdoing with toleration, and any ignorant intruder, hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied— But it was time to go home."

Of course Alexander saw Hedwig safe to the door of 3 May street.

"I can talk you never," she said earnestly. "Gute nacht."

"Gute nacht, fraulein; gute nacht."

Turning away he ran against an acquaintance—Jones.

Jones surveyed him with a twinkling eye.

"Changed your views?"

"Don't understand."

"I thought, according to you, the best woman that ever breathed was only to be tolerated. You seemed a trifle overdoing with toleration, and any ignorant intruder, hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied— But it was time to go home."

AMERICA ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

There was not a public library in the United States.

Almost all the furniture was imported from England.

An old copper mine in Connecticut was used as a prison.

There was only one hat factory and that made cocked hats.

Crockery plates were objected to because they dulled the knives.

Virginia contained a fifth of the whole population of the country.

A man who jeered at the preacher or criticized the sermon was fined.

A gentleman bowing to a lady always scraped his foot on the ground.

Two stage coaches bore all the travel between New York and Boston.

A day laborer considered himself well paid with two shillings a day.

Every gentleman wore a queue and powdered his hair.

The whipping-post and pillory were still standing in Boston and New York.

Beef, pork, salt fish, potatoes and honey were the staple diet all the year around.

Buttons were scarce and expensive, and the trousers were fastened with pegs or laces.

A new arrival in a jail was set upon by his fellow-prisoners and robbed of everything he had.

When a man had enough tea he placed his spoon across his cup to indicate that he wanted no more.

Leather breeches, a checked shirt, a red flannel jacket and a cocked hat formed the dress of an artisan.

The church collection was taken in a bag at the end of a pole, with a bell attached to arouse sleepy contributors.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury, as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

THE SATURDAY MORNING WHICH BROUGHT THE TENTH LESSON, TIME BEING UP, HEDWIG LOOKED GAILY AT HER PUPIL, AND SAID:

"Don't you think you proceed?"

"I'm astonished at myself," said Alexander.

"Herr Schwab nodded blandly from his chair in the corner.

"Ah, I told you my womanliness was nothing," said Hedwig with a triumphant air.

Alexander looked at the sweet, modest figure in the shabby brown dress, at the round face, flushed with the July heat and with her pedagogic exertions on his behalf.

Her womanliness nothing! Well, poor little girl!

He asked if she had ever been to Hampton court. No? Would she like to go? Hedwig's eyes spoke. Would Herr Schwab trust Alexander to take her down on the noonday coach and bring her back by six in the evening? Alexander, which meant she might go.

But how long would the fraulein take to get dressed?

Hedwig laughed, ran across the passage, and in five minutes reappeared, having pinned a lace collar on the brown dress, loosened the tight ball of shining hair and mounted a fresh little hat, like her hat, like her face, one nest of roses.

"Oh, fairly day, happy, happy hour! The very sight of the great gates and great trees set Hedwig's heart dancing, and then the flaming flower beds and cool alleys and emerald grass and diamond fountains made her cry, "Ach, heavenly, heavenly!" again and again.

Alexander conducted her through the rooms and courts of the famous old palace, and Hedwig chartered of Cardinal Wolsey as if he had been her uncle and of Henry VIII. as if he had been her grandfather, and the next thing was to order tea in a queer little shop parlor looking on the park, and while they were at tea a beautiful tame deer with sad eyes came to the window and asked to be fed.

"Take Alexander," said Hedwig, leaning forward to touch the creature's head. He caught her by the hand and pulled her back.

"Hirsch—we call the animal so," said Hedwig, standing meekly by his side. "How do you call him at all?"

"Deer, fraulein," said Alexander. He had forgotten to let go of her hand, and he spoke very gently, and any ignorant intruder, hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied— But it was time to go home."

Of course Alexander saw Hedwig safe to the door of 3 May street.

"I can talk you never," she said earnestly. "Gute nacht."

"Gute nacht, fraulein; gute nacht."

Turning away he ran against an acquaintance—Jones.

Jones surveyed him with a twinkling eye.

"Changed your views?"

"Don't understand."

"I thought, according to you, the best woman that ever breathed was only to be tolerated. You seemed a trifle overdoing with toleration, and any ignorant intruder, hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied— But it was time to go home."

THE DISTANCE LOOKED LIKE HERS, WITH GLIMPSES OF YELLOW HAIR.

Or was she back in the fatherland? Safe with her friends, with a betrothed lover perhaps.

If it were so and he could but know, Hedwig thought he should have the manhood to thank heaven.

He had been returned to town four days. As he came in late from a weary stretch of walking his valet met him.

"A person to see you, sir."

"What sort of a person?"

Alexander's nerves were in a queer state. He turned very pale.

"A woman, sir."

"A lady?"

"I think, sir, she's a nun."

Alexander walked into his study. Amazed, he saw first before him a figure in black, with flapping sleeves and flowing skirts.

A calm, good face looked on under the white hand and sable veil.

"Is it you?" said the nun quietly.

"Who has been advertising to discover the address of Hedwig Schwab?"

His heart sank.

"Yes, yes."

"Hedwig! A nun?"

"Nuns are not made so quickly. Our order has a chapel and infirmary near Soho. We work there. Two days ago I found the poor young woman lying on the chapel steps. I am Sister Frances. She is ill—inseparable. We took her in. Her name is on her clothes. We could not find out anything about her. She has fever—it is on the brain—she doesn't speak sense. But we see she is a good girl, and she has been well cared for—inocent, refined. If you are a relative and wish to see her, you can come with me."

"Not a relative," gasped Alexander.

"An old friend."

"The nun bent her head.

"I am sorry to have to say it, but there is no time to lose if you want to see her alive."

"Narrow beds, white beds, sick-beds in rows. Walls—gray walls, silent walls, glimmering walls—with pictures. Lights—dim lights, kind lights, holy lights—like flowers. And on a pillow Hedwig's face, with the roundness and the roses and the splendid hair gone from it, and Hedwig's voice, babbling in German wildly.

"She won't know you," said Sister Frances.

But she did know him. He took her hand and bent over her, and he began talking English at once. A light came into the sunken face.

"It is you. I am so pleased to see you, at all. I was knowing you would come. What a fine day! What a blue sky! Happy, happy?" Her gaze wandered.

"And look only—the beautiful time dear! Can I give him bread? No, no! His eyes are too sad! Take him away! I am tired! Gate nacht!"

Perhaps Sister Frances had had a lovely story in her youth.

She turned her back when she saw how Alexander's tears rained down and the sunlight just touched the little girl in a passionate, yearning clasp.

Was it the warm tears, the warm clasp that brought Hedwig back to life's shores from which she had been fast drifting? Who can say?

As soon as she was better, Alexander asked her very timidly if some day she should marry him. Hedwig's reply: "I will—at all."—Answers.

IRMAS BETHROTHAL.

In one of the turret rooms of Reitzenberg castle a young girl arrayed in a simple dress and white apron sat sewing industriously. At the sound of footsteps she paused in her work; at the sight of a hussar officer in uniform she reddened with vexation. Yet there was nothing in Albrecht von Reitzenberg's appearance to annoy her; on the contrary, he was young, very good looking, tall and of dignified bearing.

"Will you allow me to come in?" he asked, standing on the threshold.

The girl took up her work again. "You can come in if you wish," she said, indifferently.

He walked across the room. "I have a proposal to make to you, Baroness Irma. Will you give me your attention for a little while?"

She looked at him indignantly. She had a sweet, oval face and deep gray eyes.

"I prefer not to listen to you, Count Albrecht."

"I thought that you would say so!" (There was something like a ring of triumph in his voice.) "But, indeed, my proposal is very harmless. Let us come to an understanding."

There was an uncertainty, distrust in her eyes.

"Yes," continued the young officer, "I know you have every reason to be offended. You have every reason to be offended. You have been most unfairly treated."

"I have been invited to this house under false pretenses. I came here because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who fills, or is supposed to fill, the place of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but—"

"Not at all. You are perfectly right, and my relative, Frau von Wolde, is in the plot, and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. My old uncle has just enlightened me. I, as the heir of Reitzenberg castle, you will excuse my mentioning my name first—have received orders to offer my hand and my debts in marriage to Baroness Irma von Buchow, who, on attaining her majority, will become possessed so large a fortune that she could feed the Reitzenbergs with a stroke of her pen. Now, hear me out: this lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but that her friend and chaplain could not resist the temptation of giving her a hint as to how matters stand after she had become the guest of the castle. Is this so?"

"Yes," she stood by his side now, and the sunlight just touched the coils of her auburn hair. "I have been deceived; cruelly deceived."

"Under the circumstances, nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this tyrannous family compact even more decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma of Buchow, will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?"

"Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg, I thank you for the honor, which you have shown me. I will not."

They stood facing each other, and as Irma looked at her strange wooer she saw a faint smile in his eyes. Her own anger was beginning to evaporate; he really was behaving well, considering that the Reitzenbergs were renowned for their nasty tempers.

"You admit," she said, after a pause, "that I have been awkwardly placed."

"I admit that you have been inopportunist, abominably treated! I blush to think that a member of our family could have dreamed of such a scheme. In order to show you how penitent I am, now that I have received my dismissal, I will immediately leave this house and rid you of my presence."

"If you do that, Count Albrecht, I shall be worse off than ever. You don't know your cousin, Frau von Wolde. She will insist upon my remaining here for three months as was arranged, she will reproach me for your absence, she will argue and make me dislike you more than ever, if—"

"If possible?"

His good humor was irresistible; she burst into a merry laugh.

For another half hour the rejected suitor remained in conversation with the heiress, and at the end of that time they, too, had made a plot. Albrecht was to remain at the castle, he and the heiress, and the two conspirators (the count and the chaplain) were not to learn until the last day of the visit expired that their hopes had failed.

"I will endeavor to make your visit as little irksome as possible," explained the heir Reitzenberg; "and we can behave as if there were no enmity between us."

"Yes!" (and there was still a little doubt in her voice and manner.) "I think I can trust you."

"Come," he said, gently, "Baroness Irma, it is a true between us signed and sealed!"

He took her hand in his, and bending over it, raised her fingers to his lips.

The master of the castle was the first to go to bed.

One day, toward the end of the three months' visit, Irma came into the drawing room to find the whole party awaiting her arrival, and in an instant she perceived that something was wrong. Frau von Wolde had been shedding tears, the old count's brow was clouded with anger, and Albrecht—Irma hardly dared look at him, so changed was his aspect.

It was too clear that the termination of the pleasant companionship of the last few weeks was to be war.

"My dear Baroness Irma," said the count, advancing to meet his young guest with ceremonious politeness, "I am exceedingly pleased to see you. Your visit here has given me great satisfaction. You honored this house with your presence, with the full consent of your guardian and my esteemed cousin, Frau von Wolde. I had hoped, not without grounds, that the friendship between you and my heir was gradually ripening into a deeper and more lasting feeling. The alliance is one which must give satisfaction to all interested in our families. Imagine

TRACKING A CHILD.

A Bloodhound is Not Always a Fiery Beast.

So many terrible stories of the ferocity of blood-hounds have been told that it is refreshing to read a true story of a chase by a bloodhound in which the hunter and the hunted were equally satisfied. It is couched for by a writer in Good Words, who had it from an eye-witness.

The bloodhound was enjoying a stroll with his master on the sands of Weston-super-Mare, quietly following the horse his owner rode. Neither was thinking of a chase. In fact nothing seemed further from the character of the dog than a desire to interfere with any human being. The group of pleasure-seekers scattered over the sands saw nothing unusual in him. Nor did the poor distracted woman who ran from one group to another frantically asking for tidings of a lost child. Nobody knew anything of the missing boy, and when in her desperation she approached the gentleman on the horse, he also shook his head.

But though he knew nothing of her boy, he was not sure that he could not help her find him. He alighted from his horse, and thrusting his arm through the bridle, bent over the dog, patting both the hound and the child. The courtiers present exchanged glances of horror at seeing him guilty of such a faux pas. With them, unless royalty spoke first, silence was preserved.

The young sovereign regarded Mr. Stevenson's attentions more favorably and invited him to ride with her the next morning. To do this much honor had been bestowed on her party when the active English horseman, and how when she leaped her horse over a five-barred gate, he dared not follow, but rode around some distance on an easier road, and found himself completely distanced by the Queen and her immediate attendants—Harpers' Round Table.

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in head have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your druggist or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS., 50 Warren St., N. Y. City.

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Lock the Door

Before the horse is stolen. Purify, enrich and vitalize your blood and build up your physical system before disease attacks you and serious sickness comes. Hood's Sarsaparilla will make you strong and vigorous and will expel from your blood all impurities and germs of disease. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the favorite family cathartic. Easy to take, gentle, 25 cents.

A Japanese correspondent of Garden and Forest says that the burdock, which the Japanese call "gobo," is a valuable food in Japan. The tender shoots are boiled with beans, the roots are put in soup and the young leaves are eaten as greens. The plant has been cultivated for centuries, and the annual value of the crop is about \$400,000. The standard for the burdock as a "peasy weed."

On a scale of 100 points the prize butter of the Massachusetts Agricultural Society ranged as follows: Creamery, 97; dairy, 97. The standard for judging butter adopted by the Massachusetts Agricultural Society is a very good one for others to follow: It is this: Flavor, 45; grain, 25; color, 15; salt, 10; packing 5. The standard of flavor was that of June butter.

The egg plant is not difficult to grow, and it is one of those vegetables not often seen on farmers' tables, but which which, if provided, would help make an agreeable variety. The purple egg plant is most productive and best. The plant belongs to the same botanical family as the potato, and must be protected from attacks of the potato larva. The best way is to watch the plants closely so long as the potato beetles are flying, and kill the beetles before they laid their eggs. If any larva hatch a weak dilution of Paris green will kill them.

Do not be too gross nor too busy to care for the things of beauty which should adorn the farmer's home. The cultivation of flowers tends to bring out that which is best and finest in our nature. Make the d'or yard bloom with beauty in the spring, and have a thought for the plants for house decoration in the winter.

Her Secret.

"Yes, sir, I know one woman who can keep a secret."

"My wife and I have been married for ten years now, and she has never consented to tell me how it is she stays so young in need of money."—Cleveland Leader.

THE FOREST SPREAD ITS WIDE WINGS EVEN AS FAR AS THE CASTLE GARDEN.

Irma loved the green paths and quiet shades, and here she came with her book the morning after her interview with the count, and pretended to read. But, though she kept her eyes on the pages, she read there only Count Albrecht's parting words—she accepted her offer of friendship gratefully! Driven to bay, as it were, in order to save, that was what he had said.

During the last three months she had come to understand something of his brightness, his high sense of honor. He would never marry a woman, though she were a princess—to whom he could not give his love.

"It was my fortune," sighed Irma, "that made him nearly late me at first." Did he hate her now?

She closed her book and wandered still farther into the woods, down a hillside covered with fern and moss, toward the stream that ran between high rocks, chattering and foaming on its way.

On the further side of the stream was a tract of open country, dotted with clumps of trees and underwood and bright heather. The stepping stones were half covered with water to-day; the current was running fiercer than its wont. She beheld herself of a rustic bridge a few yards further down the stream.

The bridge hung high in the air, supported by rough pine stems; it was picturesque but a fragile affair.

"Half way across Irma put her hand on the rail—how noisy the stream was!—it snapped off at her touch, one wooden plank tottered under her feet, another fell with a splash into the water below.

She had plenty of courage; she was light and active. She knew, moreover, that she could easily leap that formidable looking gap and gain the bank. She was about to make the attempt, when she was stopped by a peremptory shout:

"Gently, gently! Jump from the projecting stem; it is safe!"

She looked up. On the edge of the heather covered rock stood Albrecht Reitzenberg.

She paused uncertain, half inclined to retreat her steps.

Perceiving her hesitation, he raised his voice and shouted still louder above the clamor of the rushing water:

"Can you hear me, Baroness Irma?"

"She nodded assent.

"Step there—to the left. Do not look back!"

Involuntarily she obeyed. He held out his arms. The gulf yawned between them. He could be of no help.

"The stem will bear your weight. Do not be in too great a hurry."

"Why does he look so grave?" thought Irma. "Is he still angry?"

"I had better return the way I came, Count Albrecht. Do not trouble on my account."

"No; do as I direct you. You see which is the best place to stand? Drop your book—it might be in your way—and jump as far as you can. Now!"

One spring, and Irma was safe on the moss and heather, while the plank on which she had thought to stand, slipped into the foaming water.

Albrecht held her hand clasped in his.

"Thank heaven that you are safe!" he cried. "Oh, Irma, my Irma, I could not stop you! I came just too late for that. I could only look on in agony! Are you frightened? Are you hurt?"

"I am not hurt. I did not know that it was dangerous. I did not, indeed."

She saw him turn pale at the thought of her peril, and the tears which she had not shed for herself fell fast for his distress.

"The bridge should have been destroyed long ago; it shall be done to-day. I did not dare to join you or to speak to you until you had passed the worst. If you had been killed—ah! I cannot bear to think of it—I should never have known another day's happiness, and it would have been my fault—mine! How could I let you wander about alone when I was longing to be with you? My Irma, my best beloved! Thank Heaven I have you safe at last. Surely we have played at being friends and enemies long enough! Look at me and say that you love me!"

When he had made her an offer of marriage three long months ago, she had been ready with her refusal. Now, when her whole heart was his, she could find no words amid her tears except: "I love you! I love you!"

It was enough for him. "My bride, my wife!" he said, and held her in his arms.

The green ferns rustled and whispered, the bees took their loaths in the sunlight, the red squirrels played in the oak trees, the whole world was full of life and joy at that moment when the lovers plighted their troth.—Woman at Home.

When there is a crack in the stove it can be mended by mixing ashes and salt with water.

OF QUEEN VICTORIA AND A COURTEOUS AMERICAN MINISTER.

The approaching celebration of the sixtieth anniversary of Queen Victoria's reign naturally turns our thoughts back to the year of grace 1837, when Her Gracious Majesty was a fair young girl of eighteen.

Mr. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, had been the American Minister to England only a few months when the young Princess became the Queen. His contemporaries took great pleasure in hearing his experiences on that occasion so fortunate for England and the world.

Mr. Stevenson was duly presented to King William IV. by his predecessor. As he backed away from the presence of majesty he observed a small group standing near the door through which he must leave the Drawing Room. Two ladies, evidently a mother and daughter, attended by several gentlemen, stood apart, neglected by a crowd of other pleasant young girls. He was looking directly at him, and bowed courteously to her, which salutation was returned by the little party, the two ladies smiling pleasantly.

When they were fairly out of hearing Mr. Stevenson's companion informed him that the two ladies were the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Victoria, and that he had committed a great blunder in saluting them, since it was contrary to court etiquette to acknowledge the heir in the presence of the sovereign. The gallant Virginian, however, stoutly protested that no cast-iron rule could excuse a gentleman for inattention to a lady.

When the next Drawing Room was held Mr. Stevenson saw with satisfaction a great blunder in saluting them, since they were all looking away from him, so that his courtesy need not be tried. But as he approached them the Duchess of Kent remarked, in an audible tone, "Victoria, the American Minister." The young Princess turned quickly with a glance of recognition, and again smilingly acknowledged Stevenson's bow.

Not many weeks after this the youthful Princess became the Queen, and showed her appreciation of American civility by including Mr. Stevenson's name in the list of first guests invited to Windsor Castle. When the visit took place, Mr. Stevenson found himself seated near the Queen, to whom he talked as he would have done to any other pleasant young girl. The courtiers present exchanged glances of horror at seeing him guilty of such a faux pas. With them, unless royalty spoke first, silence was preserved.

The young sovereign regarded Mr. Stevenson's attentions more favorably and invited him to ride with her the next morning. To do this much honor had been bestowed on her party when the active English horseman, and how when she leaped her horse over a five-barred gate, he dared not follow, but rode around some distance on an easier road, and found himself completely distanced by the Queen and her immediate attendants—Harpers' Round Table.

Thousands suffer from Catarrh or cold in head have never tried the popular remedy. There is no longer any excuse, as a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm can be had of your druggist or we mail it for 10 cents. Full size 50 cents.

ELY BROS., 50 Warren St., N. Y. City.

A friend advised me to try Ely's Cream Balm and after using it six weeks I believe myself cured of catarrh. It is a most valuable remedy.—Joseph Stewart, 624 Grand Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

THE SATURDAY MORNING WHICH BROUGHT THE TENTH LESSON, TIME BEING UP, HEDWIG LOOKED GAILY AT HER PUPIL, AND SAID:

"Don't you think you proceed?"

"I'm astonished at myself," said Alexander.

"Herr Schwab nodded blandly from his chair in the corner.

"Ah, I told you my womanliness was nothing," said Hedwig with a triumphant air.

Alexander looked at the sweet, modest figure in the shabby brown dress, at the round face, flushed with the July heat and with her pedagogic exertions on his behalf.

Her womanliness nothing! Well, poor little girl!

He asked if she had ever been to Hampton court. No? Would she like to go? Hedwig's eyes spoke. Would Herr Schwab trust Alexander to take her down on the noonday coach and bring her back by six in the evening? Alexander, which meant she might go.

But how long would the fraulein take to get dressed?

Hedwig laughed, ran across the passage, and in five minutes reappeared, having pinned a lace collar on the brown dress, loosened the tight ball of shining hair and mounted a fresh little hat, like her hat, like her face, one nest of roses.

"Oh, fairly day, happy, happy hour! The very sight of the great gates and great trees set Hedwig's heart dancing, and then the flaming flower beds and cool alleys and emerald grass and diamond fountains made her cry, "Ach, heavenly, heavenly!" again and again.

Alexander conducted her through the rooms and courts of the famous old palace, and Hedwig chartered of Cardinal Wolsey as if he had been her uncle and of Henry VIII. as if he had been her grandfather, and the next thing was to order tea in a queer little shop parlor looking on the park, and while they were at tea a beautiful tame deer with sad eyes came to the window and asked to be fed.

"Take Alexander," said Hedwig, leaning forward to touch the creature's head. He caught her by the hand and pulled her back.

"Hirsch—we call the animal so," said Hedwig, standing meekly by his side. "How do you call him at all?"

"Deer, fraulein," said Alexander. He had forgotten to let go of her hand, and he spoke very gently, and any ignorant intruder, hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied— But it was time to go home."

Of course Alexander saw Hedwig safe to the door of 3 May street.

"I can talk you never," she said earnestly. "Gute nacht."

"Gute nacht, fraulein; gute nacht."

Turning away he ran against an acquaintance—Jones.

Jones surveyed him with a twinkling eye.

"Changed your views?"

"Don't understand."

"I thought, according to you, the best woman that ever breathed was only to be tolerated. You seemed a trifle overdoing with toleration, and any ignorant intruder, hearing what he said, seeing how close the simple, pretty little Rhine maiden and the woman hater stood together in the alcove of the parlor window, might have fancied— But it was time to go home."

THE DISTANCE LOOKED LIKE HERS, WITH GLIMPSES OF YELLOW HAIR.

Or was she back in the fatherland? Safe with her friends, with a betrothed lover perhaps.

If it were so and he could but know, Hedwig thought he should have the manhood to thank heaven.

He had been returned to town four days. As he came in late from a weary stretch of walking his valet met him.

"A person to see you, sir."

"What sort of a person?"

Alexander's nerves were in a queer state. He turned very pale.

"A woman, sir."

"A lady?"

"I think, sir, she's a nun."

Alexander walked into his study. Amazed, he saw first before him a figure in black, with flapping sleeves and flowing skirts.

A calm, good face looked on under the white hand and sable veil.

"Is it you?" said the nun quietly.

"Who has been advertising to discover the address of Hedwig Schwab?"

His heart sank.

"Yes, yes."

"Hedwig! A nun?"

"Nuns are not made so quickly. Our order has a chapel and infirmary near Soho. We work there. Two days ago I found the poor young woman lying on the chapel steps. I am Sister Frances. She is ill—inseparable. We took her in. Her name is on her clothes. We could not find out anything about her. She has fever—it is on the brain—she doesn't speak sense. But we see she is a good girl, and she has been well cared for—inocent, refined. If you are a relative and wish to see her, you can come with me."

"Not a relative," gasped Alexander.

"An old friend."

"The nun bent her head.

"I am sorry to have to say it, but there is no time to lose if you want to see her alive."

"Narrow beds, white beds, sick-beds in rows. Walls—gray walls, silent walls, glimmering walls—with pictures. Lights—dim lights, kind lights, holy lights—like flowers. And on a pillow Hedwig's face, with the roundness and the roses and the splendid hair gone from it, and Hedwig's voice, babbling in German wildly.

"She won't know you," said Sister Frances.

But she did know him. He took her hand and bent over her, and he began talking English at once. A light came into the sunken face.

"It is you. I am so pleased to see you, at all. I was knowing you would come. What a fine day! What a blue sky! Happy, happy?" Her gaze wandered.

"And look only—the beautiful time dear! Can I give him bread? No, no! His eyes are too sad! Take him away! I am tired! Gate nacht!"

Perhaps Sister Frances had had a lovely story in her youth.

She turned her back when she saw how Alexander's tears rained down and the sunlight just touched the little girl in a passionate, yearning clasp.

Was it the warm tears, the warm clasp that brought Hedwig back to life's shores from which she had been fast drifting? Who can say?

As soon as she was better, Alexander asked her very timidly if some day she should marry him. Hedwig's reply: "I will—at all."—Answers.

IRMAS BETHROTHAL.

In one of the turret rooms of Reitzenberg castle a young girl arrayed in a simple dress and white apron sat sewing industriously. At the sound of footsteps she paused in her work; at the sight of a hussar officer in uniform she reddened with vexation. Yet there was nothing in Albrecht von Reitzenberg's appearance to annoy her; on the contrary, he was young, very good looking, tall and of dignified bearing.

"Will you allow me to come in?" he asked, standing on the threshold.

The girl took up her work again. "You can come in if you wish," she said, indifferently.

He walked across the room. "I have a proposal to make to you, Baroness Irma. Will you give me your attention for a little while?"

She looked at him indignantly. She had a sweet, oval face and deep gray eyes.

"I prefer not to listen to you, Count Albrecht."

"I thought that you would say so!" (There was something like a ring of triumph in his voice.) "But, indeed, my proposal is very harmless. Let us come to an understanding."

There was an uncertainty, distrust in her eyes.

"Yes," continued the young officer, "I know you have every reason to be offended. You have every reason to be offended. You have been most unfairly treated."

"I have been invited to this house under false pretenses. I came here because I thought that the visit would give pleasure to Frau von Wolde, who fills, or is supposed to fill, the place of my mother. I am sorry to speak disrespectfully of your cousin, but—"

"Not at all. You are perfectly right, and my relative, Frau von Wolde, is in the plot, and has been from the beginning. I know all about it now. My old uncle has just enlightened me. I, as the heir of Reitzenberg castle, you will excuse my mentioning my name first—have received orders to offer my hand and my debts in marriage to Baroness Irma von Buchow, who, on attaining her majority, will become possessed so large a fortune that she could feed the Reitzenbergs with a stroke of her pen. Now, hear me out: this lady was to have been kept in ignorance of the plan, but that her friend and chaplain could not resist the temptation of giving her a hint as to how matters stand after she had become the guest of the castle. Is this so?"

"Yes," she stood by his side now, and the sunlight just touched the coils of her auburn hair. "I have been deceived; cruelly deceived."

"Under the circumstances, nothing remains for me but to give you the opportunity of expressing your opinion as to this tyrannous family compact even more decidedly than you have done already. Baroness Irma of Buchow, will you consent to give me your hand in marriage?"

"Count Albrecht of Reitzenberg, I thank you for the honor, which you have shown me. I will not."

They stood facing each other, and as Irma looked at her strange wooer she saw a faint smile in his eyes. Her own anger was beginning to evaporate; he really was behaving well, considering that the Reitzenbergs were renowned for their nasty tempers.

"You admit," she said, after a pause, "that I have been awkwardly placed."

"I admit that you have been inopportunist, abominably treated! I blush to think that a member of our family could have dreamed of such a scheme. In order to show you how penitent I am, now that I have received my dismissal, I will immediately leave this house and rid you of my presence."

"If you do that, Count Albrecht, I shall be worse off than ever. You don't know your cousin, Frau von Wolde. She will insist upon my remaining here for three months as was arranged, she will reproach me for your absence, she will argue and make me dislike you more than ever, if—"

"If possible?"

His good humor was irresistible; she burst into a merry laugh.

For another half hour the rejected suitor remained in conversation with the heiress, and at the end of that time they, too, had made a plot. Albrecht was to remain at the castle, he and the heiress, and the two conspirators (the count and the chaplain) were not to learn until the last day of the visit expired that their hopes had failed.

"I will endeavor to make your visit as little irksome as possible," explained the heir Reitzenberg; "and we can behave as if there were no enmity between us."

"Yes!" (and there was still a little doubt in her voice and manner.) "I think I can trust you."

"Come," he said, gently, "Baroness Irma, it is a true between us signed and sealed!"

He took her hand in his, and bending over it, raised her fingers to his lips.

The master of the castle was the first to go to bed.

One day, toward the end of the three months' visit, Irma came into the drawing room to find the whole party awaiting her arrival, and in an instant