The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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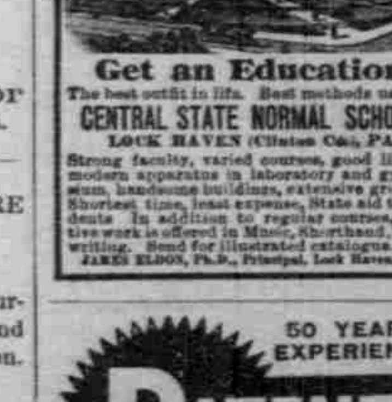

AT THE WINDOW.

I heard the woodpecker pecking,
The sap-sucker sing:
I turned and looked out of my window,
And lo, it was Spring!

A breath from tropical borders,
Just a ripple, flowed into my room,
And washed my face clean of its sadness,
Blew my heart into bloom.

The buds I have kept for a lifetime,
Sweet buds I have shielded from snow,
Break forth into full leaf and tassel,
When Spring winds do blow.

For the sap of my life goes upward,
Obeying the same sweet law
That waters the heart of the maple,
After a thaw.

I forget my old age and grow youthful,
Bathing in wind-tide of Spring,
When I hear the woodpecker pecking,
The sap-sucker sing.

—Atlantic Monthly.

HOW FAIR MADE HIS MILLIONS

AMASSED $40,000,000 IN SIXTEEN YEARS.

His Mining Partner's Story of His Streak of Luck—Reads Like a Tale From Arabian Nights.

From the Philadelphia Sunday Times.

"Virginia Fair to become Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and the sister-in-law of the Duchess of Marlborough! Whew! what wonderful changes gold mining makes in some folks' lives."

The speaker was Daniel Hooley, a veteran gold miner and prospector among the Sierras. "Forty years ago," he continued, "Jim Fair and I were living in a little redwood cabin at Hogan's Camp, in Calaveras county. We were not worth more than $100. We were holding down a gold claim which did not promise well, but we had hopes that some day we might find a ledge of pay ore that would sell for a few hundred dollars, and then we would be fixed. We slept together in a bunk; we cooked our own meals of boiled beans and fried bacon over a fire outside the cabin; we washed our own overalls and jumpers at the creek, and we wondered if we could ever get enough together to marry two fine Irish girls named Rooney, who lived over the divide at Douglas Flat. But fortune had some wonderful things in store for my partner, Jim Fair. In just sixteen years from that time he was worth $40,000,000, and he and John W. Mackay were the richest miners alive. He became a United States Senator, the leading millionaire of California, and now his daughter Virginia, is to marry William K. Vanderbilt, Jr. Well, it is certainly surprising."

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No more picturesque soldier of fortune than Dan Hooley can be found. While some of his mining associates long ago struck it rich, and then either died poor or in affluence, Dan Hooley has chased the fickle goddess, Fortune, from one mining camp to another all the way from Chihuahua, Mexico, to British Columbia through forty-five years. And he still has the proverbial miner's hopes.

He was the chum and partner of James G. Fair in two mining camps for eleven years. They shared the same poverty and cheered each other when season after season passed and they never found any pay rock. Many a time they were both disheartened at their continued adversity. It seemed as if luck never would come their way. For months at a time Jim Fair and Dan Hooley, shod with clumsy brogans with soles studded with steel pegs, begirt with leathern straps, and clad in overalls, red flannel shirts and greasy sombreros, went prospecting over the Sierras. Their sole joint and undivided possessions were a jackass and the load on its back, consisting of smoke-begrimed kettles, burned skillets, clanking, battered tin pails, two rolls of sadly soiled blankets, and a bag or two of beans and chunks of salt pork. Many old-time miners in California are recalling those salad-days in the career of Jim Fair, during the latter fifties, now that his daughter is to become one of the Vanderbilt aristocracy in New York.

Once Jim Fair, discouraged, abandoned mining and walked to Sacramento to hire out as a teamster. He was then 37 years old. Luckily for him and for the mining world, his natural fondness for hunting for mineral wealth came back. He and Hooley moved over into Nevada county. There they found an outcropping of gold-bearing quartz.

The bare recital of the facts in the life of James G. Fair from that time in 1862 until 1880 is as marvelous as any chapter in Arabian Nights. The veracious story of the way the immense Fair fortune was achieved from nothing in practically thirteen years thrills even the veteran Californians, familiar as they are with the incidents of the story, whenever it is told, to this day. Among all the wonderful stories of how the famously great fortunes in the world have been piled up, none equals that of the $137,000,000 which the four bonanza kings dug from the bowels of the Comstock lode at Virginia City, Nevada, from January, 1872, to July, 1879. In 1852 James G. Fair was worth about $200; in 1868 he had $5,000; in 1871 he was worth $50,000, and in 1880 he had in cash and securities as good as gold between $42,000,000 and $45,000,000.

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Jim Fair and his old partner, Dan Hooley, parted company in 1853. They had sold the little Hopewell mine near Grass Valley, Nevada county, California, for several thousand dollars. Dan felt as if he were rich for life, and he went down to 'Frisco to celebrate his good luck. In a month, he says himself he was broke. Fair, with the first capital he ever had, decided to stick to mining. He first went over the range to his former mining field in Calaveras county and married Miss Jennie Rooney. The miner had known the bride's father, Peter Rooney, in the mines at Welch's Bar, and as the Rooneys, Fair and Dan Hooley had all come originally from the County Tyrone, in the north of Ireland, a friendship had sprung up among them. Many an evening young Jim Fair had spent at the Rooney cabin. When Mrs. Rooney and her two bright-faced daughters opened a little general store for the miners at Douglas Flat, Fair and Hooley used to drop in of an afternoon and chat with the Rooney sisters behind the pine counters. Miss Jennie promised to marry Jim when he had made a strike in the mines.

With his bride and a household outfit Jim Fair started over the Red Dog and Placerville trail for the Comstock mines at Virginia City. For two years he had been stamping restlessly to get over there, where the miners were making great money. Mrs. Fair was equally anxious to go and try luck in the new diggings in Nevada. So, away they went in a lumber wagon drawn by two rented mules, from Douglas Flat to the Comstock. They had their sole possessions in the wagon with them. There was an ancient cook stove, a featherbed tick, a half bushel of earthen dishes, and a lot of cooking utensils, such as pans, pots and kettles. Jim had $3,000 in his leather belt. The miner and his bride were a week in crossing the Sierras and descending to the mining camp of Virginia City. They cooked their meals along the mountain road and they slept out of doors whenever the night overtook them. Many times after the miner and his bride had their millions of dollars, and could not begin to spend a fraction of their enormous daily income, they often said those simple, natural days when they had it all to look forward to were by far their happiest.

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Arrived in Virginia City, Fair studied the sulphuret ores—then a novel combination of gold and silver—and soon became an authority in the camp. Such millionaires as "Lucky" Baldwin, Sharon and Ralston were making large fortunes there then, and hundreds of miners were getting thousands of dollars out of the twenty-two mines on the Comstock lode. By 1865 Fair was a boss of a gang of men employed in the Ophir Mine there. Later he was a superintendent. He and another Irishman, John W. Mackay, became close friends. Mackay was a foreman in the Hale & Norcross Mine. The young Irishmen saved their earnings, while other miners spent theirs in drink and gaming. They also exchanged secrets they had learned in the depths of the mines as to the formation of the richest ledges in the Comstock lode. At the same time there were two young men of Irish birth, James C. Flood and William O'Brien, who ran a saloon in a little one-story wooden building on Washington street, in San Francisco. The saloon-keepers were popular with Cornish and Irish mining laborers who went from the Comstock to San Francisco to spend their money in sprees. Flood and O'Brien had been told by tipsy miners valuable facts for investors in Comstock shares, and the saloon-keepers had been putting all the profits of their bar into mining stocks. Naturally, Mackay, Fair, Flood and O'Brien came together.

In the dingy little back room of the Flood & O'Brien saloon the mining company of Mackay, Fair, Flood & O'Brien was secretly formed one day in 1870. Mackay and Fair were the practical miners at Virginia City; Flood and O'Brien manipulated the mining stock market in San Francisco. In 1869 the Comstock mines began to peter out. All sorts of discouraging rumors were afloat in 1870. The stock of all Comstock properties depreciated month by month. The great Ophir paid no dividends for half a year; the Hale & Norcross closed for the first time in seven years and the Consolidated California stock went down 70 per cent. in the summer of 1871. The San Francisco newspapers and mining experts said again and again that the glories of the Comstock were forever gone and that the lower ledges were not worth the working.

Meanwhile Mackay, Fair, Flood & O'Biren kept their partnership a secret, but each member of the firm was busy. Shares in the California and the Virginia mines were bought by Flood and O'Brien for mere songs, compared with their former selling values. Every dollar the mining firm could get went quietly into these stocks. It took some $80,000 to get control of the California and Consolidated Virginia mines. Three years before the same stock had sold for over $1,400,000.

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When a majority of the shares were owned by Mackay, Fair, Flood & O'Brien their partnership was announced. That was January 1, 1872. The new company went to work to find new and rich ledges at a depth of 1,400 feet down in the lode. Scarcely a miner in Virginia City but thought they had gone crazy. Hunting for ore at such a depth was absurd. All mining history was contrary to it. For a year the firm had to exercise every manoeuvre in mining financiering to get money and keep pushing laterals, drifts and slopes through porphyry or worthless rock. The outside miners said, "I told you so." It cost a lot of money and kept the firm devising new financial schemes but Mackay and Fair kept their own counsels and worked with their gang of laborers like fiends. Then a body of ore that yielded $115 a ton was reached. It gave the firm new heart and fresh capital. In three months more another ledge of ore worth $150 a ton was entered. Four more ledges of equal value were worked in the course of the year.

But the greatest natural treasure-house of mineral wealth ever known in the world was yet to be opened by these four miners. On what is known in the Virginia Mine as the 1,300-foot level a drift was entered into a ledge that assayed $1,230 to the ton. When the ledge was dug into, ore that assayed $2,000 was reached. In a week or more the ore ran to $5,000 and even $6,000 a ton. And there was much of it. The mining world of the West went crazy over such a find. Thousands of mineralogists and mining experts flocked from all over Europe and America to Virginia City purposely to see that wonderful ledge of gold and silver. Its richness is a subject which stirs any reminiscent gold miner on the Pacific coast to this day. Some of the rock even yielded $15,000 in gold and silver to the ton. A wagon-load of the ore, sent as a sample to San Francisco, contained $4,500 in gold and $14,000 in silver. This extraordinary ledge, known the world over as the Bonanza of the Comstock, was uncovered in May, 1874. The Big Four mining firm had been having for months a net daily income of over $6,000, and the bonanza ledge jumped their net profits to $50,000 every day in the week. Once on the witness stand James G. Fair said his income in 1874 was over $7,500,000 from the California and Consolidated Virginia mines alone. But besides, the firm of Mackay, Fair, Flood & O'Brien had enormous deals in the shares in other neighboring Comstock properties. They knew things about the deeper ledges that no one else did. Often they doubled the money they invested in shares in other mines. One deal in Ophir stock yielded over $400,000 profit in a week. At another time the firm engineered a big deal in Belcher stock, which rose from $90 to $215 a share in ten days, and they made hundreds of thousands of dollars.

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Shares in the California and Consolidated Virginia mines which Mackay and Fair were developing rose from $47 in February, 1872, to $1,260 in May, 1875. The mining firm bought and sold and rebought and resold the shares and always made great profits. All the other twenty-two Comstock mines boomed also. The deep-mining development prospered everywhere. San Francisco, indeed, all California, became a vast hive of speculation in mining shares. People abandoned other pursuits and became plungers at the Mining Exchange. Everybody watched for the first warning that the bubble might burst, so as to hastily unload mining stocks on other and less suspecting people. In June, 1875, the feverish speculators began to hear rumors as to the petering out of the Bonanza ledge. A panic was narrowly averted. In July reports came that the Comstock would earn no more dividends. Early in August the people believed the reports and the crash came like the fall of a house of cards. Stocks went down to a mere shadow of their former values. Literally thousands of California men and women, who were rich on August 4, were poor on August 5, and have never since recovered their wealth. The panic of 1875 in the San Francisco Stock Exchange did not affect the Bonanza mines. The Big Four mining firm disclaimed responsibility for the stock gambling of the Toms, Dicks and Harrys of the Pacific coast. There was a slight reaction in the value of Comstock shares, but never again was there anything like the enormous prices paid for them.

For four years longer the California and Consolidated Virginia properties were worked day and night. But the bonanza ledge was worked out by the fall of 1875. Exploratory work was vainly conducted in every part of the mine for further bonanzas. The mines yielded good profits every month until the latter part of 1878. Then the lode had been dug so deep that it was too expensive to mine there. The mining firm had sold all their shares bit by bit for several years, and when 1881 came it had left only a handful of stock in the California and Consolidated Virginia. John W. Mackay moved to New York that year and invested his $38,000,000 in Atlantic cable and telegraph lines. James G. Fair had drawn out about $43,000,000. James C. Flood took out over $20,000,000 more, and William S. O'Brien, who was an invalid during the last years of his life and had withdrawn early from the firm, about $11,000,000.

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James G. Fair made his home before and after he became a multi-millionaire at a little wooden house on Washoe street, in the mining camp of Virginia City. He was elected United States Senator from Nevada in 1881, and when his term expired he went to San Francisco to live. All his four children were born in the Washoe street house, and they were brought up like any other children in the camp. Mrs. Fair's head was never turned by the Aladdin wealth that poured in upon her. While her husband was adding $800,000 or more to his wealth, and while his bank deposits in San Francisco often ranged from $14,000,0000 to $18,000,000, she and her little girls went to visit among the miners' cabins about the camp, dressed in calico dresses and straw hats.

The future Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr.—Miss Virginia Fair—was named after the mining camp in which she was born and reared to girlhood. She is the youngest of the Fair children. Along with the children of the poor Cornish and Irish laborers of the camp she went to a red schoolhouse on Gold Hill street. The old-time miners in Virginia City remember her as a dark-eyed and jolly little girl, who played in the street and in the open sand lots near her home with other and less favored children of fortune. She inherits her father's clear pink-and-white Celtic complexion.

In 1884 she, with her mother and sister (now Mrs. Herman Oelrichs of New York) and two brothers, went to live in a superb mansion on Pine street in San Francisco. Four years ago Miss Virginia Fair spent several days in the decayed old mining town of Virginia City, where her father dug his enormous fortune. She called upon a host of her girlhood friends and left many a pleasing remembrance there of her visit.

The possession of millions of dollars brought unhappiness for the last ten years of James G. Fair's life. Mrs. Fair obtained a dispensation from the Pope and divorced her husband in 1886. Vile scandals went abroad about the Senator in California. He gave Mrs. Fair $8,000,000 in bonds and stocks and he lived with his sons, James and Charles, at the Lick Hotel in San Francisco. James, Jr., after a shameful debauchery, died in an inebriate institution, and Charles married a woman whom the Senator publicly proscribed. While the veteran miner's income of thousands of dollars a week was piling up he was periodically the subject of some humiliating public scandal. He wrote and re-wrote many wills in his last years, according to his moods. Sometimes he would disinherit one heir, sometimes another. He had a mortal fear that some woman friend would lay claim to his property when he was gone. Mrs. Fair died in October, 1894, and left her property to her daughters. The Fair estate cases are likely to be on the court calendars of San Francisco for long years to come. A dozen great lawyers are employed in various capacities on them. An ex-San Francisco school teacher claims to have been the Senator's common-law wife, and she is making a costly fight in the California courts for one-third of his estate. Then many complications were made by the Senator's numerous and unique wills, and it is probable that some of the Fair wonderful millions may be distributed among lawyers on the Pacific coast.

First Up San Juan Hill.

Capt. W. M. McFarlane, of the Sixteenth U. S. infantry, which did such glorious work in the charge on San Juan hill at Santiago de Cuba, and who is now home on leave of absence, relates a new and pretty story in regard to the first man on top of San Juan hill. This honor has been claimed by men of the Sixteenth and also by the Twenty-fourth, but according to Captain McFarlane the first man in the advance belonged to neither regiment. Neither was he technically in the service of Uncle Sam.

"He was a Cuban nigger," said Captain McFarlane, according to the Salt Lake Tribune, "and about the biggest and blackest man I ever saw. In our first advance he had somehow become a hanger-on with the Sixth and Sixteenth. He was armed with only a machete, and from the moment we received the first fire of the enemy he seemed literally crazed with military ardor. He had never seen troops take an enemy's fire in the open, and after the first blood he literally tore from the rear through our ranks, barefoot and with machete in hand. As he passed me his appearance was so unusual and striking that he made an impression on me, even with the fight raging around us, but onward he ran like a tiger until his progress was stopped by several lines of wire fence. These he quickly cut with his machete, thereby opening the way for the Sixth and Sixteenth. Onward he dashed, fully 75 yards in advance of our first line, and my last sight of him was as he disappeared in the Spanish trenches. A few minutes later I was in the same place, but all search for the unknown hero, either dead or alive, was fruitless.

"Captain Lassiter, however, stated that he had seen the man start down hill with the blood streaming from a bullet hole in his face, and that is the last known of this hero of San Juan hill."

This is the simple story of the first man in the American columns to reach the Spanish trenches, and Captain McFarlane much regrets the impossibility of finding and honoring the name of the half-savage hero.

Discovered by a Woman.

Another great discovery has been made, and that too, by a lady in this country. "Disease fastened its clutches upon her and for seven years she withstood its severests tests, but her vital organs were undermined and death seemed imminent. For three months she coughed incessantly, and could not sleep. She finally discovered a way to recovery, by purchasing of us a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, and was so much relieved on taking first dose, that she slept all night; and, with two bottles, has been absolutely cured. Her name is Mrs. Luther Lutz." Thus writes W. C. Hamnick & Co., of Shelby, N. C. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c. and $1.00. Every bottle guaranteed.

Useful Hints.

It is said that if the edges of carpets are saturated with alum water it will effectually destroy moths. If the floor is unpainted it is always well to take the precaution of washing it up with a solution of alum before laying the carpet. The same liquid is also an excellent remedy for black ants.

If housewives who rely upon the lemon essence of commerce will take the trouble to pare the yellow rind of the fruit very thin and put it into glass jars, covering it with alcohol or rectified spirits, they will secure a superior quality, at the cost of the spirits, about one-third that of commercial extract.

To purify a room set a pitcher of water in the apartment, and in a few hours it will have absorbed all the respired gasses in the room. The capacity for purifying is nearly doubled if the water is reduced to the temperature of ice; hence very cold water that has stood in a room for some length of time is unfit to drink.

Naturally.

This story, relating to a young pork-packer in Kansas City, is circulated quietly among his acquaintances:

A new baby had arrived in his family, and he was very proud of it. While several friends were congratulating him in his office and smoking cigars at his expense, one of them asked him:

"By the way, how much did the cherub weigh?"

"Ten pounds, dressed!" exclaimed the delighted young father.

Not that Kind.

The Argonaut tells of two fresh-air fund children in the country, looking in wonder at some live chickens.

"Didn't you ever see any before?" a lady asked them.

"Oh, yes, mum," the eldest child answered, knowingly, "we've always seen 'em—lots—only generally it was after they was peeled."

Ordinary household accidents have no terrors when there's a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the medicine chest. Heals burns, cuts, bruises, sprains. Instant relief.

WITH THE COMING OF EVEN.

BY AGNES CROZIER HERBERTSON.

"It is only the wind," said the Poet. He threw himself listlessly upon the hard leather couch, and turned his face to the wall.

The waves dashed madly upon the rocks below the little cottage; with angry shrieking the wind beat up the waves; and the moan of the storm came upon the wind. The Poet heard all these, and smiled wearily; young in years, he was old in spirit, in experience, in enjoyment; they had no charm for him.

He opened his lips now in discontent. "They have written so much about the sea that one is dead sick of it all." He sighed; "I can find in it nothing that has not been found before."

He himself had written not a little concerning the beauties of the sea, but his hand had been young in sooth when it held the pen, and his eyes not yet aweary.

He turned restlessly on the couch, bemoaning its hardness, and cursing the friend whose advice had sent him to recruit at this little fishing town, throwing all the burden of his disgust of life and his own feebleness into the cursing.

Then through and betwixt the voices of the storm came a wailing cry; the cry of a lost soul at God's gates; the cry for the unattainable from the lips of a child of earth. Rising higher and higher, it beat sobbingly upon the wind; it cried with the echo of the seagulls' warning; it scattered with the soft sea foam; and sank hushing and palpitating into the mutter of the waves. But only to rise again in a melody so triumphant as to override in its grandeur the voices of the angry ocean.

"It was the great sea-spirit," said the Poet.

But the sound had hardly seemed to come from the sea—rather from above.

He rose and walked to the window. "It was not the wind," he said, aloud.

It was still howling, but the music had ceased. He threw open the window and looked out. The wind fell in a blast upon his thin face, and tossed his hair. The sea shouted at him with angry menace. The look of the sky upon him was without a glint of a smile.

But again the music rose; but so softly that he had to strain his ears to catch the murmur of the half-hushed cradle-song. When it ceased again the voices of the storm seemed to be sinking, and the sea to be aweary of rage. The wind fell, and into the sky came a white glimmer where a silver star sought its entrance to the heavens.

The Poet stood there long, his arms resting on the sill, a dreamy look on his old-young face. There had come to him one of those moments which he fancied had left him forever, when his mind, like the worn out sea, could hush its crying and be at peace.

It was only when, on his way to his bedroom later, he passed his landlady on the stairs that the problem of the strange music he had heard returned to him. "It seemed in the house, and yet not in the house," he murmured to himself, stopping her. "It has been a wild night, Mrs. Lewis."

"Indeed, and it has, sir, but it has settled down nicely."

"It was strange; but I thought I heard during the storm the sound of a violin. Some one has chosen a strange time to play."

"There's Miss White, sir: she has the room above yours. She teaches the fiddle in town—goes up every day. But she's not been playin' to-night, sir; and she's the only one in the place that can."

"O, that explains it! She must have been playing. No doubt it was she I heard."

"But she hasn't been playin' to-night, sir; I beg your pardon for saying it. I've been sittin' sewin' in the room just above her head, and never a sound have I heard. She's been that still, too."

The Poet laughed, but went on his way unconvinced. "Strange playing for a teacher of the violin," he thought, "and a strange time in which to play. She must be a strange girl."

It never occurred to him, in the arrogance of his few years, that she might be more than a girl. Indeed, he speedily forgot the whole matter. But in the dead of the night he rose, and, hastily donning a few garments, sat till the gray of the morning inscribing the thoughts of which the strange strains had sown the seed. He had found in the sea what he had never found before.

II.

With the golden eye of the sun upon him, he threw himself upon his tossing bed and slept until after noonday. Afterwards he rambled upon the shore, returning, tired and listless, at length to his chambers.

"Miss White, she's leavin' to-morrow mornin'," his landlady told him, as she laid his tea.

But the Poet was not interested. He wondered who Miss White might be. "Indeed?" he drawled languidly. He roused himself to poke the fire as a stopper to any other attempt at conversation; and Mrs. Lewis took the hint.

But in the evening when, with the coming out of the stars, a delicate thread of sound wound itself through the stillness, his interest came back to him. He threw himself upon his couch, and gave himself up to pleasure of the sweet strains. Yet was it hardly pleasure, but more a fine pain. There was in the music naught of the wailing of yesterday's, naught of its pleading, naught of its passion, naught of its hope. It was like, the Poet told himself, a wire of polished silver, a wire that might turn and twist in one's flesh forever, yet never cause a mortal wound—only an infinitude of pain. But that of yesterday was the broad blade that kills at one stroke.

And again—as it broadened and deepened, and faded, like a moonbeam, away—"that of yesterday," he murmured, "was renunciation; with its battle, its victory, its sublime triumph, its transient peace; to-day's is resignation; a submittance which has naught of battle, of victory, of triumph, but only pain. To-day's is the end, an end that has no end."

But as he lay there, hands clasped behind his tired head, lips parted in a smile—a smile unlike his, for it had naught of scorn in it—there broke upon the silence the opening bars of a little prelude, dainty and sweet in itself, but the manner of its playing a veritable triumph in mediocrity. It wailed and cried laboriously above the Poet's head, and echoed above the window. It broke into painful snatches and indifferent rhythm.

The Poet sprang to his feet with an exclamation of impatience. "To spoil that with this!" he cried. "O, how can she?" He bit his lips wrathfully; but he did not intend to have his dream altogether spoiled, and, his anger conquering his weariness, ran lightly up the narrow stair.

He burst into the room of the stranger without preface or prelude, and began, in a high-pitched, womanish voice: "What in the world—" Then he paused, for he found she was crying. A little, middle-aged woman, with a wrinkled face, and funny elfin locks that fell in a cloud about it. She was standing in the middle of the room, with her music stretched out flatly on the table, and her violin and bow in her hands; standing, the tears running thickly down her pale cheeks, without making any attempt to wipe them away.

The Poet felt even angrier than before. Women of that age had no right to cry so openly, he thought; it went against all his theories. He was angry, too, that he had imagined her to be young.

"What an abominable row," he said, savagely. "And what are you crying about? But it is enough to make anyone cry!" He was not far from tears himself with vexation.

She looked up at him wistfully—she was but a little thing—and without any apparent surprise at his presence or abrupt entrance. "Ah! I should not have played again," she sobbed, "after—after I had given it up."

"Then I had guessed aright!" cried the Poet. "Yesterday it was renunciation, and to-day resignation. But what had you given up? What have you renounced? To what are you resigned?"

"I don't understand you," she said, uncomprehendingly. She laid her violin on the table, hanging over it as a mother does over her child.

"When you played yesterday—"

"But I didn't play yesterday!" she cried. I wanted to—O, so badly! The storm cried to me; the wind cried; and the sea cried; and I heard them all. I took my violin in my hand, but I could tell nothing of what I heard. O, how unhappy I was! Then I drew the bow backward and forward across the strings, but without touching them, and imagined it all. I caught the sobbing of the sea-god on the end of my bow; I sent out the cry of the gulls—"

"And the spray of the sea!" cried the Poet.

"And the eddy and gathering of the foam—"

"And the mutter of the waves!"

"And I thought of how I might have played had not something, something been wanting. O, I cried to God to give me the power to play as—as my soul could play, but for this thing—this me that cannot."

"The cry for the unattainable," the Poet whispered to himself, but she did not hear or heed him.

"I made a resolution," She dried her tears briefly at the recollection of it. "God would not give me my desire, so I gave up my semblance of it, for I wanted to keep my ideal. Then, when I had quite made up my mind, how I could have played then! But it would not come."

"The triumph," said the Poet. He smiled imperceptibly to himself.

"But to-day it was all so dreary. It was all over, and there was nothing left. And after I had thought how it was all over and my last note played, I thought I would again say good-by to my fiddle. And I fetched it out and played goodby, but without making a sound. And I felt not a bit sorry, but only a strange feeling here;" she put her hand on her heart. "So I played a real little bit to see if it would take it away."

He did not speak. His dream had come back to him; and his thoughts, like white clouds, floated far, far away.

"But I am going away to-morrow," she said, with white lips, but firmly, and I will never play again. Will you take it, please? Will you take it with you? I shall never have one again." She placed violin and bow in his arms, and he let them rest there, seeing only the beauty of his dream.

Then he turned away, and her eyes followed him as if her heart lay in his arms. But at the door he paused. "You have given me a gift for which I can never thank you as I should," he said, simply.

She thought he was speaking of the violin, and her eyes, full of pain, smiled in corroboration of his words.

"But—I should never play again."

It was their first meeting—it was also their last.

In the early dawn the poet blotted the last leaf of what he knew to be the greatest thing he had ever written, or would ever write.

"It will make the world weep," he said, through his tears.—Black and White.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile, of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Four bottles of Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but her cure is complete and her health is excellent." This shows what thousands have proved,—that Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It's the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50 cents, at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. Guaranteed.

The Art and Science of Washing as Told by an Expert.

A correspondent asks for some explicit directions for laundry work, the burden of which in the household routine she rightfully deplores. It is a pity that at least in the cities there should not be established co-operative laundries in which household washing could be done at minimum rates. Some careful housekeepers protest against this suggestion, saying that nothing would induce them to send the family washing to be laundered with a promiscuous lot of soiled clothing coming from everywhere. This objection however, would not exist in the properly managed laundry conducted on hygienic and sanitary principles where the clothing was properly disinfected. The French manage these things better than we; all washing is done outside, and in consequence "blue Monday" is eliminated from the household week. However, since washing day in most families comes once in seven, it is desirable that it should be met in the best possible way.

To begin with, the question arises whether clothes shall be soaked or not the night before. The best laundry teachers say that they should not. If done at all, it should be in lukewarm water and without soap, or, if soap is used, the greatest care should be taken to see that no stained article is put in the tub of soapy water. Hot water or soap sets many stains, and often there may be what is called a blind stain, which is one unsuspected until brought out by the hot water or soap. To soak clothes over night in water in which a washing powder has been dissolved yellows, rots and practically ruins the clothes. Of course, flannels are never soaked. To sum up, if tempted to soak clothes—don't.

The process of washing clothes taught by Miss Emily Huntingdon, the domestic-science expert, provides as a first process the careful sorting of the clothes; the table linen, the fine clothes, the bed linen, the coarse clothes, and the towels are separated in the order in which they should be washed. A strong suds is made by cutting the soap into small pieces and dissolving the pieces in warm water. The water should be warm but not boiling hot. A little more soap should be used during the washing and this on the most soiled places of the articles. The garments are washed on both sides, care being taken that the finest and nicest clothes are not rubbed on the board. The table linen is washed first of all; then the fine clothes. Both should be put into the boiler in cold water and brought to a scald. To put them in hot water sets any stains. When they have been scalded, they are drained out and put into clean, cold water. The coarse clothes and towels are then washed and put into the boiler for twenty minutes. Too much boiling make clothes tender.

When the blueing-water is made, care being taken that it is not too blue, the fine clothes and table linen are drained from the cold water and put through the blueing-water first, the other clothes passing from the boiler into the clean water, and then into the blueing-water, where they may remain until the fine clothes have been hung out. Clothes should not be wrung out and left any length of time in baskets, as in this way they become streaked. The hanging-out process, if properly managed, has a direct influence on the ironing of the clothes. All articles should be snapped and pulled smooth and even and hung up on the wrong side. They should be dampened at night and rolled tightly, the starched things being ironed first in the morning. In summer they should not be sprinkled over night, as they will sour before morning, and there is danger of mildew. The starched clothes should be hung in the sunniest places. * * * —New York Evening Post.

Ninety Per Cent.

Of the people are afflicted with some form of humor, and this causes a variety of diseases. The reason why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail is found in the fact that it effectually expels the humor. Scrofula, salt rheum, boils and all eruptions are permanently cured by this great medicine.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver tonic. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Depression.

"I suppose Washington will seem rather dull after we're gone," remarked the statesman.

"Oh, I don't know," said the amiable lady with whom he boards. "Of course, it will take some time to forget all these debates, and yeas and nays, and such. But it won't be more than a week or two before we begin to liven up a bit." — Washington Star.

Bismarck's Iron Nerve

Was the result of his spendid health. Indomitable will and tremendous energy are not found where Stomach, Liver, Kidneys and Bowels are out of order. If you want these qualities and the success they bring, use Dr. King's New life Pills. They develop every power of brain and body. Only 25c. at at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset,, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Unimportance.

"What has become of the Chinese Emperor?" inquired one of the leading citizens of Pekin. "He doesn't seem to be alive to the situation."

"Yes," replied the mandarin who knows court secrets: "as a politician he is so completely off the earth that the empress doesn't even think it's worth while to announce any more funerals for him."—Washington Star.

Volcanic Eruptions

Are grand, but Skin Eruptions rob life of joy. Bucklen's Arnica Salve cures them, also, Old, Running and Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, Warts, Cuts, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Chapped Hands, Chilblains. Best Pile cure on earth. Drives out Pains and Aches. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Before the Open Door.

Algernon thought he was on the free list at the house of the revenue officer whose fair daughter had welcomed him so many times before.

But on this occasion two watchdogs met him at the foot of the steps and thought it their duty to levy a tear-off.

That was why he custom.

Ah, yes! Life is full of such horrors!—Chicago Tribune.

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.