Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 22. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2519.

...UHL, Jr.,
ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa.
...Office in Buppel,

...S. MEYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.
...ing 22 four.
...ntrusted to his care will be at...with promptness and fidelity.

...W. WALKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
and NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa.
...House.

...B. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
No. 79 Fourth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

...A. BERKEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa.
...Baker's Book Store.

...ERT M. BERKLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...the National Bank.

...T. HOLBERT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...Cook & Beerits Block, up stairs.

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

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

...A SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...J. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

...J. GANTZ, J. G. OGLE.
GANTZ & OGLE,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...prompt attention to business entrusted to them in Somerset and adjoining ...Office in Print House Row, opposite ...House.

...HOUSE HAY. A. L. G. HAY.
...LI & HAY,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...Row street.

...ES H. UHL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...promptly attend to all business entrusted to him ...ney advanced on collet...Office in Mammoth Block.

...EN O. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...attend to all business entrusted to his ...in Somerset and adjoining counties, with ...and fidelity. Office on Main Cross ...Goltner's Grocery Store.

...MES I. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Somerset, Pa.
...Mammoth Block, up stairs. Collections ...promptly attended to, titles examined, and all ...business attended to with promptness ...acy.

...COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
...BORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...business entrusted to our care will be ...faithfully attended to. Collections ...in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining ...Surveying and conveyancing ...reasonable terms.

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

...DUFFOTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
...FFOTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.
...business entrusted to their care will be ...and promptly attended to. Office ...East Cross street, opposite Mammoth ...

...I. MARSDEN, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.
...Office First National Bank.
...attention given to the care of the ...and to the treatment of chronic diseases. ...at his office. Telephone.

...W. CAROTHERS, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.
...on Patriot Street, opposite U. B. ...and office.

...A. P. F. SHAFFER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.
...offers his professional services to the citi...of Somerset and vicinity. Office corner ...Main and Patriot streets.

...A. J. M. LOUTHER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, ...Main Street, rear of Drug store.

...A. H. S. KIMMELL,
...offers his professional services to the citi...of Somerset and vicinity. Unless pro...engaged he can be found at his of...East Main St., East of Diamond.

...A. J. S. McMILLEN,
(Graduate in Dentistry.)
...special attention to the preservation ...natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. ...guaranteed satisfactory. Office ...Main Cross and Patriot streets.

...FRANK B. FLUCK,
Land Surveyor
...MINING ENGINEER. Listie, Pa.

...CO-OPERATIVE MUTUAL FIRE
...INS. CO., BERLIN, PA.
Get insurance at actual cost by insuring at home. We insure Town and ...property. Write for information.
JAC. J. ZORN,
Secretary.

HOTEL GLOBE,
Confluence, Penn'a.
...this well-known inn has been refurnished ...throughout with all modern improvements ...now under the management of John ...an experienced hotel man. The pub...spare no pains to make it headquarters when ...in Confluence.
John Murray.

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

TRUSTEE'S SALE

Of an Undivided Interest in Certain Pieces or Parcels of Land and

Mineral Interests!

Pursuant to an order of the District Court of the United States for the Western District of Pennsylvania, made on the 23d day of September, 1899, in the matter of AMANDUS G. SINK, Bankrupt, No 24, in Bankruptcy, the undersigned Trustee of the estate of said Bankrupt, will sell, by Auction, at the

COURT HOUSE IN THE BOROUGH OF SOMERSET, in the county of Somerset, and State of Pennsylvania, on

THURSDAY, NOV. 23, 1899,

At 2 o'clock P. M.,

the undivided third part of the following described pieces or parcels of land and Mineral Interests of said Amandus G. Sink, said Bankrupt, clear, discharged and divested of liens, to-wit:

The one undivided third part of all those certain pieces or parcels of land and mineral interests, situate in Lower Turkeyfoot township, in the county of Somerset, and State of Pennsylvania, as follows:

1. The one undivided third part of a certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, containing four hundred and twenty-four (424) acres, warranted in the name of William Jolles, adjoining lands warranted in the name of Samuel Painter, George Dark, Jr., William Dark, Isaac Mason and others.

2. The one undivided third part of a certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, containing two hundred and fifty-five (255) acres, being part of a tract of land, warranted in the name of Samuel Painter, Andrew Stewart, reserving one-half of all iron ore.

3. The one undivided third part of a certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, containing seventy-four (74) acres, known as the John D. Roddy tract, Henry Kurtz reserving fourteen (14) acres surface now in possession of James Hyatt, with privilege to the said James Hyatt to mine and use sufficient coal for his family use.

4. The one undivided third part of all the coal underlying the surface of a certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, containing one hundred and seven (107) acres, being part of a larger tract of land, warranted in the name of Samuel Painter, with the right of free ingress, egress and regress.

5. The one undivided third part of all that certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, warranted in the name of Isaac Mason, adjoining lands warranted in the names of William Jolles, George Dark and David Stewart, containing four hundred and twenty-four (424) acres, reserving and excepting from this conveyance the same reservation made by Andrew Stewart and wife in their deed to John Rush, being all iron ore and the timber that is twelve inches across the stump and upwards two feet from the ground and with certain privileges in said deed mentioned.

6. The one undivided third part of all the coal and minerals underlying a certain tract of land, situate as aforesaid, containing sixty-three (63) acres, being a part of a tract warranted in the name of Samuel Painter, reserving to Andrew Stewart the one-half of the iron ore underlying said tract.

Terms:

Ten per cent. of the whole purchase money to be paid when the said property is knocked down; one-third of the whole purchase money, less the ten per cent., to be paid on confirmation of sale by the Court; one-third of the purchase money to be paid in six months from the date of confirmation of sale, with interest from date of confirmation of sale, and one-third of the purchase money to be paid in one year from date of confirmation of sale, with interest from date of confirmation of sale; the deferred payments to be secured to the Trustee by the bond and mortgage of the purchaser or purchasers.

J. GEMMILL DAVIS,
Trustee of the estate of Amandus G. Sink, Bankrupt, Altoona, Pa.

A. J. RILEY, Attorney for Trustee, Altoona. Bank Building, Altoona, Pa.

Altoona, Pa., October 25, 1899.

PUBLIC SALE

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., to the undersigned directed, there will be exposed to sale by public outcry, on

SATURDAY, NOV. 18, 1899,

At 1 o'clock P. M.,

on the premises in the township of Larimer, county of Somerset, Pa., the following described real estate, late the property of Urias Murray, dec'd, viz:

All that certain tract of land situate in Larimer township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of John Bittner, John Knepp's heirs, Ezra Geiger, Samuel Bauman's heirs, John Brown and others, containing about 160 acres, of which 55 acres are cleared, balance wood land, having thereon erected a one and a half-story frame dwelling house, bank barn 38x65 feet and other outbuildings, is well watered, all kinds of fruit and convenient to school and church.

Terms:

⅓ in hand on confirmation of sale, ⅓ in six months and ⅓ in twelve months from confirmation of sale, to be secured on the premises by judgment bond. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale.

OWEN MURRAY,
Administrator and Trustee of Urias Murray, dec'd.

John R. Scott, Attorney, Somerset, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., to the undersigned directed, there will be exposed to sale by public outcry, on

THURSDAY, NOV. 23, '99,

At 1 o'clock P. M,

at the Court House, in Somerset borough, Pa., the following described real estate, late the property of Matthew Henry, dec'd, viz:

All that certain lot of ground situate in the borough of Confluence, Somerset county, Pa., bounded and described as follows: Fronting on Logan Place street on the north 24 feet and extending back of equal width 121 feet to an alley on the south, bounded on the west by lot of H. B. Tissue and on the east by lot of Mrs. A. W. Beal, and being known as lot No. 2, in block 3, having thereon erected a one-story brick dwelling and store room. This is a desirable business location.

—Terms:—

Cash on confirmation of sale. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down.

AMY HENRY,
Administrator and Trustee, Confluence, Pa.

John R. Scott, Attorney, Somerset, Pa.

Administrator's Sale

OF VALUABLE

REAL ESTATE!

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., there will be sold at public sale, on premises No. 1 hereinafter mentioned, on

Thursday, Nov. 9, '99,

At 2 o'clock P M.,

the following described real estate, late the property of David Barnhart, dec'd:

No. 1. A certain tract of land situate in the township of Quemahoning, county of Somerset and State of Pennsylvania, adjoining lands of John E. Good, Samuel Coleman, James Smith, Adam Barnhart and O. P. Shaver, containing about 82 acres, be the same more or less, with a large two-story frame dwelling house and large bank barn, nearly new, orchard, good water, &c., thereon; farm in good state of cultivation. The coal on this tract has been sold.

No. 2. A certain tract of land situate in the township of Somerset, county and State aforesaid, adjoining lands of Emanuel Pile, Uriah Mostoller, Alexander Trent, John Pile and others, containing 107 acres, be the same more or less. This tract is underlaid with coal and has some young timber. Tract No. 2 will be sold subject to a dower of about $125.00 in favor of the widow of Samuel Coleman, deceased.

Terms:

Ten per cent. of the purchase money on day of sale; balance of one third on 1st April, 1900, when deed will be delivered and possession given, one-third of the whole amount of purchase money after payment of debts to remain a lien on tract No. 1 as a dower for the widow of David Barnhart. Balance of purchase money in one and two years from the 1st April, 1900, without interest.

O. P. SHAVER,
Adm'r of David Barnhart, dec'd.

GRANDMA
HAD
CONSUMPTION

and I am afraid I have inherited it. I do not feel well; I have a cough; my lungs are sore; am losing flesh. What shall I do?

Your doctor says take care of yourself and take plain cod-liver oil, but you can't take it. Only the strong, healthy person can take it, and they can't take it long. It is so rich it upsets the stomach. But you can take

SCOTT'S EMULSION

It is very palatable and easily digested. If you will take plenty of fresh air, and exercise, and SCOTT'S EMULSION steadily, there is very little doubt about your recovery.

There are hypophosphites in it; they give strength and tone up the nervous system while the cod-liver oil feeds and nourishes.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE—
First National Bank
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, $50,000.
Surplus, $40,000.
UNDIVIDED PROFITS $4,000.

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

—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

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

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

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated COLLISS BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. The only safe made absolutely burglar-proof.

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

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

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

J. D. SWANK.

KEFFER'S NEW SHOE STORE!

MEN'S BOYS', WOMEN'S, GIRLS' and CHILDREN'S SHOES, OXFORDS and SLIPPERS.

Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at lowest

.....CASH PRICES.....

Adjoining Mrs. A. E. Uhl, South-east corner of square.

SOMERSET, PA.

Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior hangings or decorations.
Manufactured by
STANDARD OIL CO.
For sale everywhere.

Get an Education
The best outfit in life. Best methods used at
CENTRAL STATE NORMAL SCHOOL
LOCK HAVEN (Clinton Co.), PA.
Strong faculty, varied courses, good library, modern apparatus in laboratory and gymnasium, handsome buildings, extensive grounds. Shortest time, least expense. State aid to students in addition to regular courses, elective work is offered in Music, Shorthand, Typewriting. Send for illustrated catalogue.
JAMES ELDON, Ph.D., Principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

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Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

SOCIETY'S VERDICT.

Talbot came blundering into my room with the news, just as I was sitting down to dinner. The old boy was clearly out of his mind with excitement, and wouldn't stop for a drink, or, what was worse, wouldn't let me have one, but dragged me down stairs and bundled me into a cab.

The rest of the night was spent in driving about London to hunt up police agencies. Finally, at 8 o'clock in the morning, we landed at his flat in Earl's Court, thoroughly dead beat.

And the papers bristled with it. I suppose it came as a godsend in the slack time, for most of them gave us a couple of columns.

The journalists had done it thoroughly. They gave a highly decorated account of Talbot's private career, and an analysis of his character and disposition. They did the same for his vanished wife, with a precise account of when and where she disappeared. Then they speculated as to the reason. Was it murder, robbery, suicide or an elopement?

It seems that Talbot arranged to meet his wife at Waterloo at 4 o'clock the previous afternoon, on her return from a country visit. When the train came in, the compartment in which she had traveled contained a magazine with her initials inscribbled on it, a novel, "Society's Verdict," a small handbag, and an umbrella—but not Lady Dolly. Talbot had inquired of the guard. That intelligent functionary remembered the young lady quite well, but had not seen her get out. "Then where the dickens is she?" roared Talbot. The guard looked under the seat, and referred him to the station-master.

After wiring in every direction without getting any tidings except that she had certainly entered the train, Talbot concluded that she was the victim o foul play. There was no doubt that she had traveled alone, and that she had her little jewel-case with her. The jewel-case was now missing, while all the articles which were practically valueless were undisturbed. There was no sign of a struggle. So Talbot drove down to my place, dragged me away from dinner, and then went to the police.

It was a delicate case, because, although simple-minded, old Talbot was quite certain it meant robbery, or perhaps something worse, and although the police supported him, it seemed quite on the cards that Lady Dolly had disappeared of her own free will. To search railway lines for a corpse is waste of time, if the supposed victim has gone yachting.

The fact is, Talbot was the last man on earth to understand Lady Dolly. He was a brainy creature, solidly and respectably ambitious, who studied law as a science, and nearly killed himself with anxiety over the few briefs he received. Lady Dolly was pretty, frivolous and feather-brained. When Talbot met her she was a penniless widow. Society was watching her closely. She was making a desperate flutter to cling to her position, and society was cynically amused. Would she make a wealthy match—which was her only chance—or would she go under?

She did neither. She married steady-going, hard-working Talbot. It's no good trying to explain why they married. Talbot had fallen ridiculously in love, like brainy men always do, and she—well, it's my opinion that the poor little creature accepted him as a refuge against herself. Somewhere in her giddy nature there was a dash of common sense and principle; she had snatched at respectable poverty as a safeguard against something worse. But was it possible she had tired of it? Had Talbot, meaning well all the time, made life unbearable for the little butterfly? Had she found him too steady-going, too high in principle, too self-restrained? It's the kind of subject you can't discuss freely with a man, even if he is your best chum. At any rate, it was just like a woman to leave everything except her trinkets, and Talbot might be only making a fool of himself in drawing attention to the matter.

"I suppose there wasn't any little tiff, or misunderstanding between you?" I asked, suggestively.

"Not a bit of it, he said, heartily. "We were never so thoroughly united as we were last Thursday when I saw her off. In fact, old man, I don't mind telling you that it's only during the last month or two that we have begun to understand one another. You haven't any idea what a good little woman Dolly is. On the surface she seems to be a trifle vain—and—frivolous, but at heart she's as true as steel. She wasn't very fond of me when we first married—I admit it—but I'm certain it's all right now."

"I suppose there were no money troubles?" I said, carelessly.

"Nothing more than usual," he said, with a faint smile. "As you know, my income is small, but I won't let her drop out of the set she has been used to, because I don't think it would be wise, consequently it's a bit of a pinch to keep afloat."

I guessed as much.

"But that hasn't anything to do with it," he said, warmly. "That little woman has been decoyed away and robbed. I only hope no harm has come to her. By George! Cliff, I give you my word, I'd sacrifice my life to save hers." I knew he meant it literally, and I was rather sorry to see him so much in earnest, for I believed that within the next few days he would have a nasty shock. "Why, man," he went on, "at the very moment it happened she was reading my own novel."

"Your novel," I said. "What on earth do you mean? You don't mean to say that you have written a novel?"

He blushed like a schoolboy. "She made me do it," he said. "She said it was a quicker way of getting on than waiting for briefs. But don't tell anybody. I have published it under an assumed name for fear it should damage me, and, between ourselves, it's shocking rot."

A copy of "Society's Verdict" was lying on the table, and I picked it up, feeling in a vague way that it had something to do with Lady Dolly's disappearance. "What is it all about?" I asked.

"Oh, don't ask me!" he said, bashfully. "It's nothing but sentimental twaddle. The usual business, you know—a woman who hovers on the brink of the unspeakable."

"And what becomes of her?"

"She bolts—runs away from it all to escape temptation, and begins life again in an obscure country village."

"I suppose Lady Dolly suggested it, more or less?" I asked.

"We talked it over together," said Talbot. "I told her that if I wrote a story it would be all about her, as she is the only woman I know anything about."

"And Lady Dolly is practically the heroine?" I suggested.

"The characteristics are the same, but the incidents are purely fictitious," he replied, sulkily. "But why do you ask these absurd questions about a rotten novel, when I'm nearly out of my mind with anxiety?"

"Because, you silly old juggins," I said, "don't you understand that what is fiction to you is fact to Lady Dolly. She has dramatized your story in real life—and disappeared."

Talbot raved at me for suggesting such a thing, but the coincidence was too striking to be disregarded. In fact, two days later—no news of Lady Dolly having been received in the meantime—a smart journalist, who had taken the trouble to look through the book, pointed out that her disappearance coincided with the action of the "heroine," and hinted that her ladyship had been carried away by a hysterical desire to imitate her. Although this was precisely my own view, I was sorry to see it made public, on Talbot's account.

But that was not the worst. An individual signing himself "A Sturdy Briton" felt called upon to send a long letter to The Daily Paragraph, headed, "Is Novel Reading Dangerous?" in which he kindly assumed the truth of the "hysteria" theory, and went on to prove that "Society's Verdict" belonged to the most mischievous class of literature. He concluded by showing that novel reading is only a mild form of suicide. It was the silly season, and the editorial mind appeared to have run amuck, for the following morning a "leader" was published, in which one of The Paragraph's spirited young men quoted seventeen different instances of young people having been led by sensational romances into acts of folly, and warned parents against the so called "society fiction." Next morning a letter signed "Fair Play" appeared, in which the writer laid himself out to prove that "A Sturdy Briton" was an unspeakable idiot. From that moment the fun became fast and furious, and the "horrors of fiction" became the topic of the day, and were discussed where two or three lovely people were gathered together. Talbot was furious. He was unpardonably rude to interviewers, and was not even decently grateful when they described him as a "handsome and rising young barrister."

I was quite annoyed with him. "Will nothing satisfy you?" I asked. "Here are a number of young fellows telling lies about you gratuitously, your photograph is in The Daily Graphic, and yet you growl. Pull yourself together, man, and tackle your briefs. Many a man with less luck than this has reached the woolsack and slept there for years."

But three weeks elapsed without any news of his wife, and all classes of society—including "A British Schoolboy," "A Book-Reading Chimney Sweep," "A Country Vicar" and "A Bread-and-Butter Miss"—contributed astonishing letters to the daily press on "runaway wives" and "modern novels," with sidelights on such matter as "Patent Cures for Headache" and "Should a Wife Peel the Potatoes?" It really seemed as if the United Kingdom had gone mad. One night we turned into a music hall and heard a prominent comedian call upon the audience to rejoice with him because his wife had run away, under the intoxicating influence of a novel called "Dotty Doll; or, who Stole Baby's Cough?" It was humor of a delicate class, and involved frequent allusions to his mother-in-law, a policeman and a kipper. I led Talbot out, put him into a cab and took him home. He was in a state of mental collapse.

Suddenly the case took a new turn. Mysterious messages began to appear in the "agony" column of the Standard, the first of which ran: "T., can you ever forgive me?—Dolly." Talbot, of course, insisted on reply, and advertised: "Know of nothing to forgive. Come back, dearest.—T." Two days later, one ran: "I am broken-hearted and long to see you. Your own Dolly." And Talbot advertised an affectionate and equally insane reply.

The police were very suspicious of these advertisements, and believed them to be a hoax, all the more so, seeing that we could not trace the advertiser. The advertisement was always sent to the office of the paper by the post, and the advertiser changed her address after each insertion.

Then this message appeared: "I have been very wicked and extravagant. Am ashamed to tell my debts. Dolly." Here was the money question cropping up again. I asked Talbot what it meant.

"Nothing," he said, with a good-humored smile. "It appears she owes a milliner's bill. It certainly is rather a warm one, but nothing to worry about. If that's the cause of the trouble, I'll soon set her dear little heart at rest." He wrote out an advertisement for the Standard and looked happier than he had done for weeks, though I felt confident that there was more in it than a milliner's bill.

In the meantime an enterprising journalist had been watching the "agony" column, and putting two and two together in his mind, guessed it was the celebrated "Lady Dolly" case, and published a long and speculative account of it, reproducing all the advertisements, and giving his readers to understand that all the trouble had arisen about a milliner's bill.

One morning I went around to Talbot's place to breakfast, and was started to hear voices in the dining-room. I pushed the door open and walked in. There was Talbot, seated at breakfast, with a look of radiant bashfulness on his face, and opposite him—his wife, Lady Dolly. She received me as calmly and naturally as if nothing had happened, and asked me to join them, which I did in silent wonder.

"When did you arrive?" I managed to say at last, with tolerable composure.

"Quite late last night," she said, with a charming smile. "And, do you know, I was dead tired. It was such a nasty, long journey."

I tried to make an intelligent remark, but failed.

"Who is going to tell him?" asked Talbot.

"You tell him," said Lady Dolly; "but, of course, it is in strict confidence. You won't tell anybody, will you?"

I pledged my word and begged her to proceed, because I knew she intended to tell the story herself.

"You see, dear old Talbot has written a book," she began, with a proud glance at the brainy man, who looked half inclined to crawl under the table, "and it struck me that if I disappeared, just as the girl in the book does, and left it lying open, so that everybody should know why I disappeared, it would be a lovely advertisement for it. Nobody would know I was the wife of the author, and I did not dare to tell Talbot, for fear he'd object. The dear old goose hasn't any head for business, you know. Of course, I was awfully cut up when I thought how worried he would be about it, but, after all, a little worry doesn't matter much, does it? Fancy, they have sold 50,000 copies already. Isn't it splendid?"

"Fifty thousand copies!" I echoed, weakly, looking at her pretty baby face in amazement.

"Yes; and wasn't it a good idea writing that letter signed 'A Sturdy Briton,' and contradicting it next day by one signed 'Fair Play?' Of course advertising in the 'agony' column kept the interest up, and comforted Talbot, too."

"It's a queer thing, Cliff," said Talbot, but I've had more briefs in the last three weeks than I've ever had in my life. I do believe this mad escapade of Dolly's has been the making of me."

And so it had, for they are living in a smart little house near Park lane, and Talbot has taken silk, and Lady Dolly gives the neatest dinner parties in London. And society's verdict is that she is "quite the nicest little woman in the world, you know."—Truth.

Diphtheria relieved in twenty minutes. Almost miraculous. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. At any drug store.

An Unlucky Pet.

While coasting in South African waters, says Robert Cochrane, in "Strange Pets on Shipboard," I had a monitor lizard as a pet, confined in a box. Fully five feet long from tip to tail, he swelled and tapered in the most perfect lines of beauty. Smooth, though scaly, and inky black, tartaned all over with transverse rows of bright yellow spots, with eyes that glittered like fire and teeth like quartz, with his forked tongue continually flashing out from his bright red mouth, he had wild, weird loveliness that was most uncanny.

Mephistopheles, as the captain not inaptly called him, knew me and took his cockroaches from my hand, although perfectly frantic when any one else went near him. If a piece of wood, however hard, were dropped into his cage, it was instantly torn in pieces.

One day the steward, pale with fear, entered the ward-room and reported. "The lizard escaped, sir, and yaffling (rending) the men."

I rushed on deck. The animal had torn his cage into splinters and declared war against all hands. Making for the fore hatchway, he had seized a man by the jacket skirts. The man got out of the garment and fled faster than any British sailor ough to have done.

On the lower deck Mephistopheles chased the cook from the coppers and the carpenter from his bench. A circle of Kroomen were sitting mending a foresail; the lizard suddenly appeared among them. The men unanimously threw up their toes, individually turned somersaults backward, and sought the four winds of heaven.

These routed, my pet turned his attention to Peepie. Peepie was a little Arab slave lass. She was squatting by a calabash, eating rice. Mephistopheles seized her cummerbund; it was her only garment. But Peepie wriggled clear and ran on deck. On the cummerbund the lizard spent his fury, and the rest of his life; for, not knowing what might happen next, I sent for a fowling-piece, and the plucky fellow succumbed to the force of circumstances and a pipeful of buckshot.—Youth's Companion.

Catarrh Can Be Cured

By eradicating from the blood the scrofulous taints which cause it. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh, promptly and permanently, because it strikes at the root of the trouble.

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Do not dally with snuffs, inhalants or other local applications, but take Hood's Sarsaparilla and cure catarrh absolutely and surely by removing the causes which produce it.

He Was Deceived.

"A rather queer incident occurred on my train the other day," said the traveling man. "We were coming along through Eastern Ohio. We were going directly toward a very heavy, black cloud, a thunder-storm, doubtless. It was fearfully dense and black. You know how such clouds look. Everybody noticed it."

"Yes," replied the listener, "but what was there peculiar about this one?"

"Why, the brakeman saw it, and went through the cars calling out 'Pittsburg.'"—New York World.

What's the secret of happy, vigorous health? Simply keeping the bowels, the stomach, the liver and kidneys strong and active. Burdock Blood Bitters does it.

DOBLEY'S MAN WITH A HOE.

"I might just as well resign at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Dobley. "I had no idea that joining a literary club meant that one had to perform in public. I simply can't do it."

"What do they want you to do, my dear?" asked Mr. Dobley. "A song and dance or a cakewalk? I wouldn't mind a little thing like that. You can pick it up in no time."

"It's nothing like that," said Mrs. Dobley, passing a typewritten document over the breakfast table. "And you needn't make any fun of the matter, either. The frivolous way in which you look at everything is tiresome. Now, what am I to do?"

"I am sure, my dear," began Dobley—

"Just read it—read it!" commanded Mrs. Dobley, and her husband read:

"Honora Coombs Dobley.—Dear Madam: At the next meeting of the Literary club the topic of discussion will be Markham's poem, 'The man with the Hoe.' As you have been selected as chief speaker of the evening, you will kindly be prepared to recite the poem and give a sketch of the author's career. Also to give your opinions as to the idea contained in the work as well as the general style and literary construction of the poem."

"Well, my dear," said Mr. Dobley, trying to conceal the fact that he was quite as perturbed as his wife by the letter. "Well?"

"Well? Why didn't they select you? What did they send that to me for? What do I know about farming?"

"You forgot, my dear, that this is not an agricultural club, but a literary society. Of course they refer to the famous poem?"

"What poem?

"Is it possible that you haven't heard of markham's masterpiece, 'The Man with the Hoe?'" asked Dobley, with a reproachful look over the top of his egg.

"Why, I haven't read anything but 'Quo Vadis' this summer, and I only half read that. You see it hurts my eyes, and besides that I'm too busy. Who was he?"

"'The Man with the Hoe?' He has become one of the most typical of—"

"What was the matter with him? Why didn't he hoe? Where did it happen?"

"It began with a picture my dear. An artist made a picture of a man in a field with a hoe."

"Hoeing corn, I suppose, well, what of it?"

"Well, it was a great picture—filled with depth and feeling and life—"

"I suppose it seemed as though he were really hoeing, did it? I've seen a picture like that—a girl gathering roses—you could just see the stems snap."

"No, it wasn't exactly that. The man had stopped—

"Stopped hoeing? What did he do that for?"

"He'd stopped to rest and was leaning on the hoe."

"Gracious! A hoe isn't a bit comfortable to lean upon. Why didn't he sit down?"

"Why—er—it was just the artist's idea, you see. The man stopping to lean on his hoe—the laborer in the field—don't you see—typifying the workman of the ages—the 'empty ages,' Markham wrote."

"Was it Markham had the hoe?"

"Oh, no! Markham was a poet and he saw the picture and saw the poetry in it. Then he wrote the poem and called it, 'The Man with the Hoe.'"

"Was it pretty?"

"It was a magnificent idea—the figure of that man as typical of the workman—the patient slave plowing the field—"

"You don't understand. Don't you catch the idea? Labor—the farmer at work—plodding along without an idea—sweating over his work—"

"You just said he'd stopped to rest."

"Er—yes—but when you read it, you'll see the splendid picture Markham drew—"

"Excuse me, John; was Markham the artist or was he the man who had the hoe, or the man who just wrote about it?"

"He was the poet, my dear; he wrote the verse."

"I suppose he was paid for it, wasn't he?"

"I suppose so, my dear."

"Then, what was the trouble? Really, John, I can't seem to understand what all the fuss was about."

"Markham wanted to show the miserable condition of the hard-working farmer—the slavery of the toiler—the—the—fetters—"

"Why, John Dobley, you know you have often said you'd like to be a farmer because they have everything so easy. Hoeing and raking is child's play, and as for plowing it's just like riding a bicycle nowadays. You sit in a sort of a sulky and the horses know just where to go. I suppose they will have automobiles after awhile."

"He spoke," went on Mr. Dobley, "of the 'emptiness of ages.' There's a grand thought. The empti——"

What did he mean by that?"

"Why—er—so much of that is metaphor—you see. The main idea is that the lot of the working man is hopeless. 'The Man with the Hoe' was a poor wretch bent with toil—a farmer whose life was—"

"Why didn't he get one of the farm hands to do the hoeing?"

"He probably was a farm hand himself working for a pittance—"

"Well, he ought to have been glad he was working, I think. The idea! What did he want? A steam hoe?"

"No, my dear; but the idea is what did life hold for him? Of what was he thinking as he stood there leaning on the hoe—that humble implement of toil?"

"Probably he was thinking of his dinner. I'm not a bit sorry for that man. He had nice open air work and he could stop to rest when he wanted to and probably his wife brought him his dinner every noon time, and he had nothing to do but to hoe. And he wasn't even doing that!"

"Wait till you read the poem, Honors. Markham calls him 'brother to the ox.'"

"What for?"

"The ox, you see, is the beast of burden. When the poet spoke of the laborer as the brother of the ox he placed him as low in the intellectual scale as it was possible to get him. He asks: "Who blew out the—'"

"Gas—?"

'No—no. 'Who blew out the light within his brain?' asks Markham.

"Well, who did?"

"It was just a metaphor—a figure of speech—"

,'Why didn't he say what he meant?"

"Poets never do that, my dear."

"Well, what did he mean?"

"That the workman was a miserable creature, whose life was like an animal's—a"

"Don't he believe in men working?"

"Yes—but—"

"I suppose he likes tramps, then. Those men that sit around the parks. 'The Man with the Tomato Can' would be his idea of the ideal man."

"Poets look at these things differently."

"Well, I think it is silly to pity a man because he has a job. Think of all the men that can't get work. Suppose you didn't work? Where would we be?"

"It's the idea of man earning his bread by the sweat of his brow—the curse of laboring for hire—for—"

"Why, this man with the hoe probably had a good, steady place on the farm. Perhaps he owned it. He probably had stopped to figure out the crop. Maybe his wife took boarders and they had plenty of money."

"When you read it, my dear, you will be able to—"

"Oh, pshaw! I might just as well start in to idealize the cook and call her 'The Girl with the Frying Pan' or 'The Woman with the Rolling Pin.'"

"Really, my dear, I think you will be able to talk before the club, if you keep on."

"It's the very same thing! The cook is a laboring woman, but she's a great deal freer than I am. She has no social obligations and no calls to make or to receive. She doesn't have to spend her time dressing and talking to folks when she doesn't want to. She has a comfortable home and just as good things to eat as we have. She has two days off every week. Suppose I began to weep over her sad condition and called her 'sister to the ox.' Why she'd leave the very first thing."

"But a poet would never write about a cook."

"Well, a good cook is a lot better than an old farmer who only hoes and looks pathetic. Any one could hoe. Why, I almost believe you could hoe."

"I haven't a hoe, my dear."

"That's another thing. Suppose the man didn't have a hoe? He'd have been worse off, wouldn't he? A hoe represents capital. Do you know, John Dobley, it gets sillier every minute, to think of all the sympathy that you're wasting on that man. It is 'The Man Without the Hoe' you should be sorry for."

"You are getting me round to your way of thinking, Honora. I recall now the story of a rich man who said that he started in business picking rags, but for a week or two he nearly starved, because he had no money to buy a rag-pick with."

"What did he do?"

"He borrowed money enough, I believe, and twenty-five years after he told the story of the trouble he had getting some one to lend the money. The funniest part of it was that he said he had never paid it back."

"I wonder if that man really owned the hoe, or had borrowed it?"

"Perhaps that is what he was thinking of."

"He was probably too mean to buy a hoe of his own! You know, John, I think that man was no good!"

"Honora, your logic is so convincing that I am beginning to agree with you that 'The Man with the Hoe' was