The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 24. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1899. WHOLE NO. 2521.

The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 182 7

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $1 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $1 will invariably be charged.

Subscription will be discontinued until arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

F. UHL, Jr., ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC. Office in Coffroth & Ruppel, Somerset, Pa.

JONAS S. MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Scull's new building, 2d floor. Somerset, Penn'a. Business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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

H. S. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 78 Fourth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

A. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office above Faber's Book Store. Somerset Pa.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in First National Bank. Somerset, Pa.

C. BOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Cook & Beerits Block, up stairs. Somerset, Pa.

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

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

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

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

J. G. OGLE. H. KOONTZ. KOONTZ & OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to their care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Print House Row, opposite Court House.

VALENTINE HAY. A. L. G. HAY. HAY & HAY, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Office in Cross Cross street, Somerset, Pa.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections. Office in Mammoth Block.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on main Cross street, above Coffroth's Grocery Store.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross street. Collections and business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

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

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

W. H. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross street, opposite Mammoth Block.

H. I. MARSDEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN and SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Office over First National Bank. Special attention given to the care of the eye and to the treatment of chronic diseases. Night calls at office. Telephone.

J. W. CAROTHERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Office on Patriot Street, opposite U. B. Church. Night calls at office.

DR. P. F. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office corner Main Cross and Patriot street.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office on Main street, rear of Drug store.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

DR. J. S. McMILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.) Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All work guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the brick room over I. H. Davis & Co's store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

FRANK R. FLUCK, Land Surveyor AND 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 Farm property. Write for information. JAC. J. ZORN, Secretary.

HOTEL GLOBE, Confluence, Penn'a. This well-known inn has been refurnished and equipped with all modern improvements and is now under the management of John Murray, an experienced hotel man. The public is invited to make it headquarters when visiting Confluence. John Murray.

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

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of certain writs of Fi. Fa. issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, Pa., to me directed, there will be exposed to sale at the Court House, in Somerset borough, on

Friday, Dec. 8, 1899,
At 1 o'clock P M.,

the following described real estate, to-wit:

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of William Kendall, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Larimer township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 13 acres more or less, adjoining lands of Peter Knepp, Jere Bittner, Wm. Mazer and others, having thereon erected two one and one-half story dwelling houses, stable and other outbuildings, with the appurtenances. Being the same piece of land conveyed to Louisa Kendall by deed of Rebecca Sheets and Wm. Sheets, by their attorney in fact, Herman Johnson, dated 11 Oct. 1882, and recorded in Deed Record for Somerset county, Vol. 62, p. 412.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of William Kendall, at the suit of Wm. H. Zufall's use.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of J. R. McMillen, of, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit:

No. 1. The undivided one-third interest in a certain tract of land situate in Middlecreek township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 450 acres more or less, about 30 acres clear, balance timber, adjoining lands of Noah Pletcher, the Philip Sullivan tract, Schwebens Lumber Company, and tract No. 3, having thereon erected a one and one-half-story frame dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings.

No. 3. A certain tract of land situate in Lower Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 37 acres more or less, two acres clear, balance timber, adjoining lands of —Cowen and tract No. 2.

No. 4. A certain tract of land situate in Lower Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 150 acres more or less, 5 acres clear, balance timber, adjoining lands of Schwebens' Lumber Company, David Harbaugh and others, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of J. R. McMillen at the suit of Reuben McMillen.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of W. H. Bepler, of, in and to the following described real estate, to-wit:

No. 1. Two and one-half lots of ground situate in the Olinger Survey to Meyersdale borough, Somerset county, Pa., and known and numbered on the plan of said survey as lots Nos. 341, 342, 343, and bounded on the north by Hill street, south by Olinger street, east by an alley and west by Clay street.

No. 2. A certain lot of ground situate as afore-aid, being lot No. 338, bounded on the north by Olinger street, south by Summit street, east by lot No. 337 and west by Clay street.

No. 3. A certain lot of ground situate as aforesaid, bounded on the north by Olinger street, south by Summit street, east by Fourth street, west by lot No. 339, and known and numbered as lot 335.

No. 4. Two certain lots of ground situate as aforesaid, known as lots No. 339 and 340, bounded on the north by Olinger street, east by lot No. 338, west by Clay street, and south by Summit street.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of W. H. Bepler, at the suit of A. L. Miller's use.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Ben Cramer, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Lincoln township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 5 acres more or less, adjoining lands of John Brant, Joseph Ogline, Harrison Emert and Moses Stearn, having a two-story frame dwelling house, a one-story dwelling house and stable thereon erected, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Ben Cramer, at the suit of Henry F. Barnett.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Sarah Bowlin, of, in and to a certain piece or parcel of land situate in Addison township, Somerset county, Pa., containing six acres more or less, about two acres clear, adjoining lands of Z. T. Smith and wife, John W. Tressler, William Endsley and others, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, stable and other outbuildings, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution and to be sold as the property of Sarah Bowlin, at the suit of Simon Miller's use.

Terms:

NOTICE—All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that 10 per cent. of the purchase money must be paid when property is knocked down; otherwise it will again be exposed to sale at the risk of the first purchaser. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before the day of confirmation, viz: Thursday, Dec. 14, 1899. No deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Somerset, Pa. } M. H. HARTZELL, Sheriff.

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 22d day of September, 1899, in the matter of AMANDUS G. SINK, Bankrupt, No. 28, 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.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

You

need not lose flesh in summer if you use the proper means to prevent it. You think you can't take SCOTT'S EMULSION in hot weather, but you can take it and digest it as well in summer as in winter. It is not like the plain cod-liver oil, which is difficult to take at any time.

If you are losing flesh, you are losing ground and you need

Scott's Emulsion

and must have it to keep up your flesh and strength. If you have been taking it and prospering on it, don't fail to continue until you are thoroughly strong and well.

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 CORLISS 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.

Get an Education
The best outfit is this. 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 is student in addition to regular courses, elective work is offered in Music, Shorthand, Typewriting. Send for illustrated catalogue.
JAMES ELDER, Ph.D., Principal, Lock Haven, Pa.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents.
Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
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.

IMPROMPTU.

Written for the HERALD.

All of my loved ones, I think, are aware
Of the attachment I have for this dear old chair.
The reasons are many that make it so dear;
To part with it would cause many a tear.

Associations connected with the dear old chair
Help me wonderfully life's burdens to bear.
Now, this may seem strange and absurd,
Nevertheless it is true—every word.

'Twas by this chair, this dear old chair,
That each of my little ones knelt in prayer;
And when the stars began to peep,
Each little loved one I rocked to sleep.

Is it any wonder that I love the chair
When such sweet memories cluster there?
Oh! 'tis a treasure of the gone-by past,
But I shall cherish and love it while life shall last.

And now, often, when burdened with care,
I find myself resting on the dear old chair,
And there I pray to my Father above
To guide and protect the dear ones I love.

S. B. H. S.

THE DOCTOR'S STORY.

I.

I was a young man of 27, and had just hung out my sign in a little manufacturing village of about 2,000 inhabitants. There were at this time three other physicians in the town, and during my four weeks' stay I had been favored with but few patients.

I boarded with an elderly lady whose grandson cared for the garden and stable. My boarding mistress was precise and methodical in everything, and was a model of punctuality, so I one day set my watch, and the clock in my little office, ten minutes fast, in order to be prompt at meals when at home.

On the evening of that day, just before the clock struck 10, my telephone bell rang. I had only the day previous had the instrument put in, and hastened to answer my first call. "Come immediately to Millville, No. 20 High street. Take the ten o'clock train."

"It is too late for me to catch that train, but I will drive over with my team if that will do. What is the case?" I asked.

No reply.

"Hello!" I called again, but all was still. Then I rang up the central office.

"Please connect me with the parties who called for Dr. Wildes," I said.

"No one has called for Dr. Wildes," answered the voice of the operator in the central office.

"You must be mistaken, for I have just been talking to some one through the telephone who wants me," was my reply.

"The wires must be crossed somewhere. I will see if I can find out where the trouble is, sir," came in a sleepy voice from the central.

I put on my hat and started toward the stable, meeting Jimmie with lantern in hand.

"I was just coming after you, Doctor," he said. "Your horse seems to be dreadfully lame, and I can't find out what ails her foot."

I sent the boy to a livery stable near by to procure a horse and carriage for me, and was bathing and bandaging my own horse when I heard the whistle of the 10 o'clock train. Then remembering that my watch had been too fast, I muttered a very unorthodox expression as I thought of the 16-mile drive I must take in the cold March night.

I had hastened indoors and put on a heavy ulster, when I heard the boy drive up to my door.

Again I went to the telephone and ringing up the "central," I inquired if he had ascertained who had called Dr. Wildes.

"I can not find that any one has called for you this evening," came the reply over the wire.

Suspecting that somebody might be trying to play a joke on me, I stepped to the door and had the horse and carriage returned to the livery-stable.

I seated myself in an easy chair by the fire, and after reading a short time I fell asleep. I woke just as my clock was striking 12, and as the last stroke ceased my telephone again rang.

I hastened to reply, and received the call, "Come to Millville on the midnight train, to No. 20 High street."

"Who wants me?" I asked, as I knew not a soul in Millville.

I received no reply, although I rang several times, and putting on my overcoat and cap, I seized my medicine case and hurried to the railway station, a few rods away, where the night train stopped on being signaled. Before 1 o'clock I had reached Millville and found the place to which I had been summoned.

It was an old-fashioned house, which had been modernized by the addition of bay windows in the front, from one of which shone a faint light.

I hastened up the steps, but before my hand could touch the door it was opened from the inside, and I passed in. A very old lady, with pale face and snowy hair, silently pointed into the next room.

I entered, and found I was in a good-sized apartment that seemed to be half parlor and half library. A leather-covered lounge was drawn up before an open fire, and upon it lay a man of perhaps 60 years. An ugly gash was in the right side of his head, which, with the partially dried blood upon his face, formed a picture at which I shuddered.

I bent over him and felt for his pulse. His hand was cold, but in his grasp he held a peculiarly shaped key, which I saw plainly in the light of the fire. His lips moved, and, without opening his eyes, he said:

"The second bunch of grapes; the second bunch of grapes."

"The man is delirious," I thought, as I stepped into the hallway.

"Madam," I called, as I peered around in the darkness, "please bring me a basin of warm water at once."

I heard no sound except my own voice. I could faintly see by the light of the fire that shone from the library that there were three or four other doors leading from the hall. One after another I tried to open them, but they were all locked fast. I ran back into the room from which I had just come.

The leather-covered lounge was still drawn up in front of the fire, but the man was gone. I looked wildly around the room, but no sign of him could be seen. I drew my hand over the lounge and found my finger showed plainly on the dusty covering.

The fire was burning low and I seized my medicine case from the chair where I had placed it, stepped into the hall and hastily opened the front door. Once outside the house my courage returned, and looking back I shouted, "Where are you, sir?" but no answer came. Then I grasped the door-bell and rang peal after peal, but all I heard were the echoes dying away in the empty house. I may as well confess that I ran to the railroad station.

When I asked the night-watchman who lived at No. 20 High street, he replied:

"I can not tell you sir, as I am but little acquainted in this place."

Still puzzling my brain over the mystery, I remained with him until five the next morning, when the first train took me home.

II.

The next afternoon, my courage having returned, I drove to Millville and went straight to the house which I had visited the previous night. I went boldly up the front steps and was ringing the bell, when a man at work in the next yard looked over the fence.

"There is no one at home, sir," he said.

"Where are the people who belong here?" I asked.

"They are spending the winter in Southern California, and have been away since last September," was his reply.

On returning to my office, I found a telegram from my sister, who lived in an adjoining State. In response to it I started at once, and on arriving at her home the following morning I learned that an elderly physician, a friend of her husband, was about to give up active practice. Arrangements were speedily made, and I moved to my new location.

During the spring and summer I was kept busy and had but little time to myself, yet I often pondered over my midnight visit to Millville, trying to persuade myself that it might be only a delusion of my brain while in some stage of somnambulism.

One evening at about 12:30, I had returned from a professional call and was about to retire, when I picked up my evening paper, which my thoughtful sister always left on my table. The first item I read was a notice in the society column:

"Miss Marguerite Lawton, of Millville, is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Stephen Powers Lawton, on College avenue."

The name of the town brought to my mind the mysterious call I had once answered. I placed the paper on the table at my elbow. As I did so I became aware of a feeling as if some one was in the room.

Glancing hastily around I saw that I was alone, but as my gaze again fell on the table I saw moving towards me the figure of a man's hand, holding in its grasp the same peculiarly shaped key. The hand moved over the table until it rested on the paragraph I had just read, and the key tapped once or twice on the name "Marguerite."

The hand began to fade; already I could see to read the letters that were under it, and as the shape of the key began to grow indistinct I seized a pencil and made a sketch of it on the margin of the paper opposite the paragraph.

The key had barely faded from my view when my bell rang. A man stood in the door.

"Come at once to Mrs. Lawton's, College avenue."

In response to my inquiries he replied, "She is unconscious. It is probably a stroke of paralysis."

In a few minutes we entered the room where a slight girlish figure, clad all in black, was kneeling by the side of the bed, whereupon lay an old lady. She was quite dead, and but one glance was needed to tell me that she was the mysterious one who had opened the door for me at the Millville house.

"Here is the Doctor," Miss Marguerite," said the man.

The young girl rose, and with a stifled sob, held out her hand to me. "My dearest friend, my only friend on earth is gone," she cried.

A few days later my sister and I called to see Miss Lawton, who had decided to close her grandmother's house and go away.

"The only relative I have now is my mother's half-brother, in California. He has telegraphed for me to come to him. Poor Papa and I were so happy there until his sudden death last spring."

Then she added, "I will show you his picture," and taking a photograph from a case on the table, she handed me the exact likeness of the man whom I had found upon the lounge with the ugly gash on his head. I did not question her at that time, although my curiosity was difficult to control, as I saw that she was deeply agitated, and I felt that she must be kept as calm as possible.

Destiny, fate or what compelled me to follow Marguerite to California? I was not wholly impelled by the desire to obtain a solution of my mystery, of which I felt that somehow I held the key, having been to a locksmith and had a key made from the drawing on the newspaper margin.

In the latter part of January I placed my practice in the hands of one of my medical friends, who was not quite ready to settle down, and started out for a six weeks' vacation.

Marguerite and my sister had kept up a correspondence. I had no difficulty in finding the object of my search and in less than five weeks was on my way east with my bride.

Before leaving California I had learned the particulars of Mr. Lawton's sudden death. Marguerite's grandmother, who had been a leader in society until her husband's death, was the possessor of some valuable diamonds, which a few years previous she had placed in her son's hands for safe-keeping until Marguerite should be of age to wear them.

He very seldom mentioned the jewels to his daughter, and it was supposed that he carried them around on his person. One day early in March he was returning from a drive, when he saw a man skulking around the street corner, who looked strangely familiar to him.

He finally said to Marguerite, "It has just occurred to me that the stranger is Davidson, who used to be employed by your grandmother. She wrote me some little time ago that she had discharged him because she found him one day trying to unlock her desk where her private papers were kept."

The following day Mr. Lawton was brought home unconscious, with a cruel wound in his head. Robbery was evidently the motive of the assailant, for the diamonds were gone, also the money and watch of the victim. The poor man did not regain consciousness, but died in a few hours. Comparison of the date showed that this occurred at the very time I had been called to Millville.

Inquiry proved also that the grandmother had been in her own home, ill in bed with an attack of rheumatism, on that night.

Before going back to my practice, I went with Marguerite to her old home. On arriving there I told her of my mysterious visit, and of the key which had been held out to me. I produced the one I had had made, and asked if she had seen one like it, but she never had.

When we entered the dining-room, it was a bright, sunny day. I looked around the room, and as my glance rested on the massive oak sideboard that was built into one corner of the room, I saw along the top were carved grape leaves and bunches of grapes.

Suddenly there flashed into my mind the words, "The second bunch of grapes," and, mounting a chair, I managed to reach it. After a few attempts I found I could move it a little, and finally I succeeded in pushing to one side the entire cluster, leaving exposed a keyhole in a little door of iron four or five inches square.

Producing my mysterious key I at once unlocked the door, and found that the aperture contained a small iron box in which we found the missing diamonds.

We soon went to the house of Marguerite's grandmother, where we have lived for the past eight years, during which time I have only once met with another ghostly visitor.—By Helen A. Cousins, in Philadelphia Star.

Mr. Hennessy on the Boer.

Mr. Dooley's theory of the Boer war in Africa seems to be as shrewd a commentary as any that has appeared. The few paragraphs from his latest colloquy with Mr. Hennessy on current topics that follow are taken from the Pittsburg Dispatch:

"An' what's it all about?" demanded Mr. Hennessy. "I can't make head nor tail iv it at all at all."

"Well, ye see, 'tis this way," said Mr. Dooley. "Ye see, th' Boers is a simple, pasthral people that goes about their business in their own way, raising hell with ivrybody. . . . . .

"Kruger, that's th' main guy iv th' Dutch, a fine man, Hinnissy, that looks like Casey's goat, an' has manny iv the same peculyarities, he says, 'All r-right' he says, 'I'll give thim th' franchise,' he says. 'Whin?' says Joe Chamberlain. 'In me will,' says Kruger. 'Whin I die,' he says.

"An' there they go, Hinnissy. I'm not again' England in this thing, Hinnissy, an' I'm not again' th' Boers. Like Mack, I'm divided on a matter iv principle between a desire to cemint th' 'lieance an' an effection f'r th' Dutch vote. But if Kruger had spint his life in a rale raypublic where they burn gas he cud've settled th' business without losin' sleep. If I was Kruger there'd 've been no war."

"What wud ye have done?" Mr. Hennessy asked.

"I'd give thim th' votes," said Mr. Dooley. "But," he added, significantly, "I'd do th' countin'."

He Admitted It.

A story is told of two prominent Chicago lawyers who several years ago were regarded as being among the brightest lawyers the State had produced in a long time.

There was great rivalry between these men, and one day they were having a heated argument on the steps of the State House at Springfield.

"I'll agree to leave it to the first man we meet," said one of the wrangling lawyers, fiercely.

"All right, and that will settle it once for all—ah, here he is, Charley—we'll leave it to him."

"Charley," as the man spoken of approached within hearing distance," we want you to decide who is the best lawyer in Illinois. We agree to abide by your decision."

"Well," replied Charley, himself an old practitioner, and well known in the capital city, "I plead guilty to being the best lawyer in the State myself."

"Why, Charley, how can it be proven?" inquired the first of the two Chicagoans.

"You don't have to prove it," replied the Springfield man; "I admit it, don't I?"

The Barber Got His Money.

A suspicious-looking individual entered a barber's shop in Manchester and while being shaved casually remarked: "I suppose a good many of your customers forget to pay?"

"No, sir," the barber replied, "there was a time when I used to give credit, but I never do now. In fact, nobody asks for it any more."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see," said the barber, trying the edge of his thumb-nail, "whenever I shaved a gentleman who asked me to mark it up, I put a little nick in his nose with my razor, and kept tally that way. They very soon didn't want to run up bills."

There was a tremor in the customer's voice as he answered from beneath the lather:

"Do you object to being paid in advance?"

"Dthis mon Dewey can't be much av a polutician," said O'Hooligan.

"Whoy not?" said Finnerty.

"He's accipted a home from his grateful admoirers," said O'Hooligan. "A polutician wud have preferred an office."

Bits About the Boers.

The most important holiday in the calendar of the Transvaal Boer is December 16, known as "Dingaan's Day," and celebrated in the short and simple annals of the South African Republic. More than 50 years ago the warlike savages of Zululand were dominated by their King Dingaan. It was in his time that the Great Trek of the Boers from the Cape Colony Government took place. Of those who took part in the great emigration movement few survive, but among them is the case of "Oom" Paul, Mr. Kruger, now President of the Transvaal. He was then a boy of ten years, and followed his father's herds as they were driven northward across the veldt. The leaders of a well-organized body of Boers thought it worth while to propitiate the Zulu king by endeavoring to obtain from him a formal grant of land in due form. The Boers went to Dingaan's kraal and obtained their grant, but the next day the treacherous king offered them a "stirrup cup" of drink as they were about to depart, and so doing gave a signal to his Zulu soldiers to "kill the wizards." The Boer leaders were massacred on the spot, and the body of Dutch immigrants who were awaiting their return at a short distance from Dingaan's kraal were also surprised and slain by an overpowering Zulu force.

The Boer emigrants, having found peaceful measures a failure, were now roused to revenge, and in a terrific battle on December 16, 1838, a mere handful of Boers vanquished a large army of Zulus. The Boers, slow to rouse, fought with a steady valor, remarkable when the relative proportion of Dingaan's band and their own numbers is considered. This defeat was considered such an overwhelming disgrace to the Zulus that they drove Dingaan out of their country. The anniversary of Dingaan's day is still celebrated by the people of the Transvaal.

It was on "Dingaan's Day," 1880, that the Boers were called to arms, and a triumvirate of statesmen—Mr. Pretorius, Paul Kruger and General Joubert—proclaimed the re-establishment of the South African Republic, thus terminating Great Britain's "annexation." Joubert's operations at Laing's Nek and Majuba Hill followed hard upon British attempts to regain sovereignty, and by March 5, 1881, the "Transvaal State" was recognized by convention. No wonder "Dingaan's Day" is kept as a national holiday in the Republic.

Fatal Obstacle.

"No, mamma, I cannot marry him. My dream is over!"

Unshed tears stood in Glycerine McCurdy's eyes. She was not quite ready to shed them yet, or they would have been shed.

But let that pass.

"Why do you say that, my daughter?" asked the elderly woman, on whose sweet face, crowned with a wealth of silver hair, was a look of anxious concern. "Has he failed in business?"

"No, mamma."

"Have you discovered that he keeps low associates?"

"Oh, no. It is not that."

"Has he formed drinking habits?"

"No."

"Is he penurious?"

"Never."

"Has he deceived you in regard to his expectation?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"Is he not handsome?"

"He is."

"Is he not well bred, courteous, attentive, and——"

"Oh, yes, mamma, he is all that. It is nothing pertaining to his reputation, his habits or his treatment of me."

"Then, what under heaven my child, is the insurmountable barrier that has arisen between you?"

"Mamma," wailed the daughter, with tears in her voice—how they got there nobody knows, but let that also pass—"mamma, the stripes on his cuffs run the wrong way."—Chicago Tribune.

A Foreigner From Arkansas.

"When I was on the bench," relates Judge J. J. DuBois, "we were once making up a special jury for a murder trial. The lawyers were examining the venire, and I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on, till one of the lawyers attracted my attention by saying:

"'Your honor, this man is incompetent for jury service. He's a foreigner.'

"I looked at the man under examination and didn't think he looked like a foreigner. So I asked him:

"'Have you ever been naturalized?'

"'No, sir,' he answered.

"'And you say you're a foreigner and not naturalized. What country are you a native of?'

"'Arkansas.'

"Well, everybody in the court room laughed. I told the man he could go. He wasn't much of a foreigner, but too much to sit on a jury in my court."—Memphis Scimitar.

Chamberlain's Pain Balm Cures Others, Why Not You?

My wife has been using Chamberlain's Pain Balm, with good results, for a lame shoulder that has pained her continually for nine years. We have tried all kinds of medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit from any of them. One day we saw an advertisement of this medicine and thought of trying it, which we did with the best of satisfaction. She has used only one bottle and her shoulder is almost well.—Adolph L. Millett, Manchester, N. H. For sale by all druggists.

Not a Case in Point.

"You durned expansionist," remarked the man with the long sorrel beard, "ought to remember the frog that tried to be as big as the ox and swallowed himself up till he busted."

"That frog wasn't an expansionist," said the other man. "He was an inflationist."—Chicago Tribune.

Useful Housekeeping Hints.

Cleaning the cellar before the winter vegetables and fruit are placed therein is a most important consideration. The work should be properly and thoroughly done before cold weather.

Wash the windows and woodwork and whitewash the ceiling and walls. A whitewash that is both a deodorizer and purifier is prepared thus:

Pour sufficient boiling water over a peck of unslacked lime to cover it; keep the vessel covered during the process of slacking. When slacked add a pint of salt and four ounces of copperas. Pour enough water to make the whitewash of the consistency of thick cream. Stir thoroughly. Apply with a whitewash brush or broom.

One of the requirements of a healthful cellar is freedom from dampness. If very damp an artificial drain should be made. Slight dampness may be overcome by keeping a pailful of unslacked lime in the cellar and as soon as it absorbs enough moisture to render it fine like powder replace it with fresh lime. Moisture is a producer of decay, and decay is one of the greatest enemies to be guarded against in the cellar.

Cellars under kitchens and living rooms are usually too warm for the perfect keeping of vegetables. To prevent sprouting and decaying of vegetables the cellar must be cool; the temperature should just be above the freezing point. Do not close the cellar window in the fall until there is danger of freezing.

Make frequent examinations of all the vegetables and remove at once any that shows signs of decay. Decaying matter will vitiate the atmosphere of the cellar, and if allowed to remain will spread through the whole house and cause sickness in the family. The shelves and cupboards, if there are any, should be washed with hot water every week. If milk or anything gets spilled clean it up immediately.—What To Eat.

He Had the Jury "Fixed."

The great lawyer was trying a great murder case. The defendant's nearest friend, a man of much practical sense, though little book learning, sat behind the eminent attorney. The work of securing the jury was in progress and the State had accepted and tendered to the defense a certain gray-haired man.

The defendant's friend leaned over to the lawyer and whispered:

"Take that man, quick."

The lawyer turned around with a grave and solemn air and said to his adviser in a pompous manner:

"You should be more careful in giving me advice. This is a grave matter. Now, I don't think that man will do. He is old. He has one foot in the grave. He is about to be called into the presence of his Maker and he knows it. When men reach that age they are apt to be exceedingly strict and are apt to make a stern judgment between the people of the State and the prisoner at the bar. They hold life something most precious. Do you ever think of these things?"

"No, said the practical individual, "but that man in the box is the uncle of the defendant."

"Oh!" exclaimed the lawyer.

The man was accepted at once. The jury returned a verdict of not guilty.—New York Journal.

A Cautious Verdict.

An inquest on the badly decomposed body of a man who had been drowned in the Yellowstone river resulted in the following cautious, if not especially luminous, verdict:

"We the jury, find that the deceased, Fred Darwin, lost his life accidentally while trying to cross the Yellowstone river on the 25th day of August, 1899. The jury know from hearsay and word of witness, not present, the above facts. No witness present, but from his evidence heretofore expressed, we find from the body and property recovered evidence sufficient to arrive at this verdict."—Case and Comment.

Used by British Soldiers in Africa.

Capt. C. G. Dennison is well known all over Africa as commander of the forces that captured the famous rebel Galisha. Under date of Nov. 4, 1897, from Vryburg, Bechuanaland, he writes: "Before starting on the last campaign I