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M. A. BOYER, Proprietor

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THE TIMES IN VERSE.

Approvals and interesting to Peruse in These Good (7) Times.

From merriment where no fires burn.

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CHAPTER VIII. HIS PA AT THE REUNION.

"I saw poor Pa wearing a red, white and blue badge, and a round red badge, and several other badges last week during the reunion," said the grocery man to the bad boy as the youth asked for a piece of codfish skin to set to coffee with.

"Yes, he wore all the badges he could get the first day, but after he blundered into a place where there were a lot of fellows from his own regiment he took off the badges, and he wasn't very numerous around the boys the rest of the week. But he was lighting on the sham battle," says the boy.

"What was the matter? Didn't the old soldiers trust him well? Didn't they seem to yearn for his society?" asked the grocery man as the boy was making a lunch on some sweet crackers in a tin canister.

"Well, they were not very much maddened on Pa. You see, Pa never gets tired telling us about how he fit in the army. For several years I didn't know what a sutler was, and when Pa would tell about taking a musket that a dead soldier had dropped and going into the thickest of the light and fairly mowing down the Confederates in the way they cut hay I thought he was the greatest man that ever was. Until I was 11 years old I thought Pa had killed men enough to fill the Forest Home cemetery. I thought a sutler was something higher than a general, and Pa used to talk about 'I and Grant,' and what Sheridan told him, and how Sherman marched with him to the sea, and all that kind of rot, until I wondered why they didn't have pictures of Pa on a white horse, with epaulettes on and a sword. One day at school I told a boy that my Pa killed more men than Grant, and the boy said he didn't doubt it, but he killed them with commissary whiskey.

"The boy said his Pa was in the same regiment that my Pa was sutler of, and his Pa said my Pa charged him \$2 for a canteen of peppercorns and alcohol and called it whiskey. Then I began to inquire into it and found out that a sutler was a sort of liquid peanut stand, and that his rank in the army was about the same as a chestnut roaster on the sidewalk here at home. It made me sick, and I never had the same respect for Pa after that. But Pa don't care. He thinks he is a hero and tried to get a pension on account of losing a piece of his thumb, but when the officials found he was wounded by the explosion of a can of baked beans they couldn't give it to him. Pa was down town when the veterans were here, and I was with him, and I saw a lot of old soldiers looking at Pa, and I told him they acted as though they knew him, and he put on his glasses and said to one of them, 'How are you, Bill?' The soldier looked at Pa and called the other soldiers, and one said, 'That's the old duffer that sold me the bottle of brandy punches at Chickamauga for \$3, and they eat a hole through my stomach.'

"Another said: 'He's the cuss that took \$10 out of my pay for pickles that were put up in aqua fortis. Look at the corps badges he has on.' Another said: 'The old whelp! He charged me 30 cents a pound for onions when I had the scurvy at Atlanta.' Another said: 'He beat me out of my wages playing draw poker with a cold deck and the ace up his sleeve. Let us hang him.' By this time Pa's nerves got unstrung and began to hurt him, and he said he wanted to go home, and when we got around the corner he tore off his badges and threw them in the sewer and said it was all a man's life was worth to be a veteran nowadays. He didn't go down town again till next day, and when he heard a hand playing he would go around the block. But at the sham battle, where there were no veterans hardly, he was all right with the militia boys, and I told them how he did when he was in the army."

Advertisement for Hood's Sarsaparilla, featuring a portrait of a man and text describing the medicine's benefits for various ailments.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Advertisement for Royal Baking Powder, featuring a crown logo and the text 'ABSOLUTELY PURE'.

run, and so when one of the cavalry fellows lost his cap in the charge and was looking for it I told the dragoon that the pussy old man over by the fence had stolen his cap. That was Pa. Then I told Pa that the soldier on the horse said he was a rebel, and he was going to kill him. The soldier started after Pa with his saber drawn, and Pa started to run, and it was funny, you bet. The soldier galloped his horse and yelled, and Pa put in his best kicks and ran up the track to where there was a board off the fence and tried to get through, but he got stuck, and the soldier put the point of his saber on Pa's pants and pushed, and I got through the fence, and I guess he ran all the way home.

"At supper time Pa would not come to the table, but stood up and ate off the sideboard, and Ma said Pa's shirt was all bloody, and Pa said sorry '99 of them cavalrymen charged on him, and he held them at bay as long as he could and then retired in good order. This morning a boy told him that I set the cavalryman onto him, and he made me wear two moustaches on my ears all the forenoon, and he says he will kill me at sunset. I ain't going to be there at sunset and don't you remember about it. Well, goodby. I have got to go down to the morgue and see them bring in the man that was found on the lake shore, and see if the morgue keeper is drunk this time."



THE COLD STORAGE WAREHOUSE. Its way down the wooden stairs between the iron climber and the staff exterior wall all the men on the balcony were out off. A shout from the assembled throngs told them of their danger. They had been watching the flames above them and discovered those below only when it was too late.

Chief Murphy himself had led his men on their perilous climb to the balcony, and when the fire broke out below he ordered them to save themselves. They could not go down as they had come up, for the interior of the tower was a roaring crater. The heavy ladders could not be drawn to the roof in time to save them. They rushed to the south side of the balcony and swarmed down the smoking tube, and then it gave way.

The calmness of despair settled on the men still in the balcony. To remain where they were meant ruin, to jump meant to be dashed to pieces. Over, under and all about them surged the hellish fire. Not a man lost his head. None shrunk back. None cried out. When every vestige of hope was gone, one by one they dropped through the sea of flames that surrounded them to the roof below. Sixteen men jumped from the burning balcony, and as the last one sprang out the tower, completely enveloped in flames, tottered and fell with a crash.

But the horror did not end here. Three minutes after the fall of the tower the entire roof was ablaze. One hundred men were on it. The only way of escape was down a single ladder at the north end of the building. The deeds of heroism, of self-sacrifice and courage performed in the few minutes that it took to clear the roof will never all be told. The unfortunates who rushed to save their helpless fellows who lay about with cruelly broken bodies, the result of the leap from the tower. Every one who was not killed in the burning debris was lowered to the ground by ropes or in strong arms. Then the blighted heroes sought the north ladder. About them surged the fire. Flames curled around their legs, stabbled at their faces and licked off their mustaches and eyebrows. But here, as in the tower, there was no outcry, no struggle for precedence, no cowardice. They took their turns, and one man who wore a white helmet stepped back and motioned a fireman to go before him. Then the man with the white helmet stooped down and seized the hose that dangled from the edge of the roof went whizzing down its length and landed as lightly as a cat on his feet. He was Fire Marshal Murphy, and from that moment he was a marked man in the eyes of the thousands who crowded about the burning building. Next the crowd saw the man with a white helmet climbing a ladder on the east side of the building. Then a fireman sprang up the ladder. Another and another followed, until four were going hand over hand after the man with the white helmet. The white helmet disappeared over the edge of the roof along with two black ones. When they reappeared, their wearers were struggling beneath a limp burden. It was the body of Captain Fitzpatrick in the arms of Fire Marshal Murphy, Captain Kennedy and Fireman Hans Rehfeldt. They stood a trio of heroes outlined against a background of fire.

THEY QUARRELED. And of course she had to send back the presents. The room was in great confusion, and as her dearest friend came in she looked up and said: "Harry and I have quarreled, and I am sending back all his letters and presents."

"I think," said her friend cryptically, "that I have heard something of the kind before."

"Yes, it's for good this time, for I'm only sending back part of his presents." "Oh, then you are really in earnest—do you remember the time you were afraid he would not bring back the diamond pin in time for Milly's reception?"

"I don't like to see you so angry. I will please him, Oh, did you ever hear what a mean trick Jessie played on Will?"

"No, do tell me about it. It may help to raise my spirits." "Well, she wouldn't send back her lovely diamond ring when they quarreled for fear she would give it to Helen. And don't you think, she waited until the very day of the wedding and sent it with her congratulations. He was just starting for the church when the messenger came. His trunk had gone, so he just slipped the ring into his coat pocket."

"You don't mean—" "Yes, I do. He had given the wedding ring to his best man, but in the excitement of the moment he didn't see him holding it out to him and took the one out of his pocket."

"And what happened then?" "Oh, nothing, only Helen had often seen Jessie wearing it, and Will had always denied that he was ever engaged to her."

Advertisement for Dr. Sander's Electric Belt, featuring an illustration of a person wearing the device and text describing its uses for various ailments.

Advertisement for The Shenandoah Herald, featuring the text 'READ The Shenandoah Herald' and 'Bright, Crisp, Concise.'

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Advertisement for Job Printing, featuring the text 'JOB PRINTING' and 'Steam Printing Presses.'

Advertisement for The Shenandoah Herald, featuring the text 'The Shenandoah Herald' and 'EAST COAST STREET, Shenandoah, Pa.'

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JOE WYATT'S SALOON AND RESTAURANT

Matt's Popular Saloon

SNEDDEN'S: LIVERY

EARLEY'S SALOON