BUBSCRIPTION RATES! GATLY, per year,...

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Advertising Rates. Transfers, 10 cents per line, first insertion ;

for regular advertising can be nad on applica Ston at the office or by mail.

tion in Shenandoan than any other paper pubisshed. Books open to all. Enjoyed at the Postoffice, at Shenandeah, Pa.

The EVENING HERALD has a larger circula-

for transmission through the mails as second-class matt matter.

THE TIMES IN VERSE. Appropriate and Interesting to Peruse

These Good (7) Times. Brom forges where no fires burn. From mills where wheels no longer turn From looms o'er which no shuttles leap. From merchants' shops—which shertifs keep, From banks gone up, from stocks gone down From God-stade country, man-made town, From Wall street men. from sons of toil, From the broased tillers of the soil, From North, from South from East, from West

Business is crying with a sest-Don't monkey with the tariff."

LODEING BACKWARD. Twas all serene some months ago when Graver took his seat, And Democrats with marching 'round with

measured trea, and best; Ohl how they prove od "good times" that they declared were dawning.

But-somehow didn't calculate the difference In the morning ! and now, when Grover goes to fish, the allver

And suy, he's after gold-fish with his little Some time ago the sky was clear, but now its

dark and strange, And even in his pocket Grover Cleveland feels the change -Philadelphia North American.

WHEN THE PACTORY WHISTLES SOUND, What repoleing there would be if the days we could recall When everything was booming, with work

When the smoke from factory thimneys told a And pay day never passed without the usual

Not satisfied with good enough, we heeded

tempter's cry
And voted for reform as Grover laid it down, And It isn't like it was When

Before the great reformer, the portly Grover C., Backed us by Mugwamp statements of finan-

Fooled the poor deluded people into voting for There was money in their pockets and plenty

two stories stand and village hardeeds stand canteen of peppersauce and alcohol and

down-town each day passes on the never ceasing to Lexingtad, blocks. Plind it very different than Whon Rock Isla

Fort Ways factors take 61st Avenue J ver, in his measage, says the Silver bill

The ad later on the tariff will be tinkered, "don't has F is "joilies" long the workingman, in Sup And tells them them they're the backbone of

& No. the country of to-day. division, all of this is very nice, but it dozen't furand who half a dozen hungry mouths who form the

and wise workman's brood, lots of oth to re looking for the roosters worn last fishing all call when marching round, and addres upon this winter H. Henfford THE

F. A. BAHTLETT. Bluinger Igeport, Conn.

CONGRESS will debate for two weeks. Then there will be a sort of fortnightly of the view of the case, and then—then we Permy complished.

nest "THE Democrats have a remedy," my the partisan newspapers. We life was worth to be a voteran nowadays. thought they had the staggers. However, it's gratifying to know they he would go around the block. But at really have something tangible, the sham battle, where there were "Dolfars Coined While You Wait" would be an acceptable indication of Democratic enterprise.

THE meeting of the Grand Army at Indianapolis will be the largest of that budy that can ever be held. In the course of nature the Army will now begin to wane. The reunions will henceforth become pathetic, and we are not sure that they will maintain their interest. Advancing years mean sympathy, and sympathy is not what reasonable men crave. It is twentyeight years since the war closed. The Grand Army under its present organization should have an existence until well on in the next century. We read the other day that there were still five survivors of the battle of Waterloo in France who were entitled to wear the rit. Helena medal and draw a weekly pension of a doller a week. The Grand Army should, if our American soldiers areas long-lived as the French, have and pain in the back have also been cured."
MRS. MARY THOMPSON, No. 55 Passaic Ave., representatives in the enjoyment of Newark, N. J.

pensions in 1913.



CHAPTER VIII.

HIS PA AT THE REUNION "I saw poor Pa wearing a red, white He looked like a hero with his old black

hat with a gold cord around it."
"Yes, he wore all the badges he could get the first day, but after he blundered nto 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 sham battle," says the boy.



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

mashed 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 fight and fairly mowing down the Confederates in swaths the way they cut hay I thought he was the greatest man that ever was. Until I was 11 But that is all a memory, a thought of days years old I thought Pa had killed men ough to fill the Forest Home cemetery. I thought a sutler was something higher than a general, and Paused 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 spaulets 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 commissery whisky.
"The boy said his Pa was in the same regiment that my Pa was entler of, and his Pa said my Pa charged him \$5 for a called it whisky. Then I began to inquire into it and fo 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 cars. He thinks he is a hero and tried to get a pension on account of losing a piece of his thumb, but when the officers 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 reterans 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 know 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 penches at Chickamauga for \$3, and they eat a hole through my

"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 50 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 aces up his alcove. Let us hang him.' By this time all know whether anything has been 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 budges and threw them in the sewer and said it was all a man's He didn't go down town again till next day, and when he heard a band playing no veterans hardly, he was all right with the militia boys, and I told them how he did when he was in the army.



Sight Restored by Hood's

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and my eyes are perfectly well. Lung trouble in the buck have also been cured." Hood's Cures. Mood's Pitts Cure sick headache. 25c.

Highest of all in Leavening P ower .- Latest U . S. Gov't Report.

run, and so when one of the cavalry fellows lost his cap in the charge and was looking for it I told the dragoon some per line each subsequent insertion. Rates and blue badge, and a round red badge, that the pussy old man over by the fence for regular advertising can be used on application and several other badges last week during the badge. That was Pa. Then ing the reunion," said the grocery man to I told Pa that the soldier on the horse the bad boy as the youth asked for a said he was a rebel, and he was going to and said: piece of codfish skin to settle coffee with. kill him. The soldier started after Pa "Percy said he was a rebel, and he was going to and said:

"Percy and I have quarreled, and I am with his saber drawn, and Pa started to run, and it was funny, you bet. The soldier galloned his horse and yelled, and that I have heard something of the kind." run, and it was funny, you bet. The soldier galloped his horse and yelled, and Pa put in his best licks and run 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 But he was lightning on the Pa got through the fonce, 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 more'n 50 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 man onto him, and no made the two monsetraps on my cars all the two monsetraps on my cars all the "Very true. Go over your letters care forencon, and he says he will kill me at ruly, dear. Dolly made an awful mistake once. Shegot some of Fred's letters mixed once. Shegot some of Fred's letters mixed set and don't you remember about it. up 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 time time."

(TO BE CONTINUED.) MEROIC FIREMEN.

A Story of Reroism That Ought to Be

ago firemen at the recent burning of the my pink dress. His sister has one like it cold storage warehouse in the World's fair and grounds deserves to be made historie. One annot read of it without a thrill of mia

lars of the fire. The nation knows them, But the heroic conduct of the firemen sive thing he ever sent me. I'll tell the poor fellow I kept it to remember him by." should be embalmed among the precious memories of the generations of men. It is thus described in the Chicago Herald by an eyewitness:

cupola. Suddenly the fire burst through the white sides of the tower midway its height. The treacherous element had eat-



THE COLD STORAGE WAREHOUSE. until the men on the balcony were out off. A shout from the assembled thousands told them of their danger. They had been covered those below only when it was too

Chief Murphy himself had led his men o their perilons 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 in-terior 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 line of hose. Five men slippe down the smoking tube, and then it gave

The calmness of despair settled on the men still in the balcony. To remain where they were meant cremation; to jump meant to be dashed to picces. Over, under and all about them surged the hellish fire. Not a man lost his head. None shrank 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 crush.

But the horror did not end here. Three minutes after the fall of the tower the en-tire roof was ablaze. One hundred men were on it. The only way of escape was down a single hadder 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 ablebodied men 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 buried in the burning lebris was lowered to the ground by rope or in strong arms. Then the blister heroes sought the north ladder. Abo them surged the fire. Flames surled arou their legs, stabbed at their faces and licked off their mustaches and eyebrows. But thought here, as in the tower, there was no outery

no struggle for precedence, no cowardice.

They took their turns, and one man who the man with the white helmet stooped down and selving the hose that dangled from the edge of the roof went whizing down its length and landed as lightly as a cat on his feet. He was Fire Marshal Mur phy, 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 Captalo Fitzpatrick in the arms of Fire Marshal Murphy, Captain Kennedy and Fireman Hans Behreidt. They stood a trio of heroes outlined against background of fire. a background of fire

A Tot Eiled by a Wagon, NEW YORK, Aug. 16 - Five-year-old Frank Fits died at Chambers street hospital from injuries which he received by being run over by a wagon in front of his rest

THEY QUARRELED.

And of Course She Had to Send Back His The room was in great confusion, and as

"Well, it's for good this time, for I'm only

ending back part of his presents."

"Oh, then you are really in earnest—do ou remember the time you were afraid he sould not bring lack the dimmond pin in imp for Milly's reception?"

"Indeed I do, but it came two full hours." before I needed it, and with the loveliest banch of orchibs. He always sent me or-olids after a quarrel," she added, with a

'ljut you aren't going to send back that

"July you aren't going to send back that lovely bracelet, are you?"
"Indeed I am: it's awfully out of style. Besides," she added vindictively, "Pve worn it so long that every girl in our set knows it, and he can never offer it to the next one he is engaged to."
"Very tens."

up with the ones she was returning to Har How perfectly awful!"

"Yes, especially as the quarrel had been about Fred, and she had only meant to frighten Harry by sending back his let

Poor thing! She always was absent-"Yes. What are you tooking for-this

Made Historic. "Pshaw! What made you remind me of the that displayed by the Chill it? I meant to forget it. It just matches

"Oh, well, pack it in so that it will

"I will. Just hand methose flowers, will gled admiration and sorrow, and it almost your They are legislating to fade anyhow reconciles a man to death to know that and it I send them it will look as if I was men can face the hing of terrors so bravely.

There is no need to recount the partien keep this locker. It was the most expen

As core or more of men had clambered up the winding stairs of the tower to the top balcony, where 150 feet above the earth the yellow flames were curring about the curola. Suddenly the fire borst through wedding and sent it win her congratulations. He was just starting for the church wher the messenger came. His trunk had gone, so he just slipped the ring into his

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

poclet."

"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."

"Humph! I had always wondered why he bon its Helen that lovely diamond star while they were on their wedding trip."

hat was why. Well, are you through Yes, and the messenger boy is waiting my mind about letting that lovely silver belt buckle go."

They watched the boy out of sight with is precious burden. Then she sank wear y into a chair. ercyl there's that diamond pin-I forget it," she cried. "Well, it's too

ow. I'll just have to keep it. I do r if he will return that silk purse! st knitted him." she went on. "Phil wanted it awfully, and as their initials are the same I can tell him it was for him all "So you can. Surely he'll not be mean nough to keep it."
"I should hope not. If there is one thing

I do de-plac, it is meanness." And she pro-ceeded to pin her collar with the diamond pin.-Chicago Tribune. Vanderbilt Dissatisfied. NEW YORK, Aug. 16.—It is reported that W. K. Vanderbilt, who owns about three-fourths of the capital stock of the Coney Island Jonkey club, is dissatisfied with the

A MEDICINE THAT MAKES GOOD BLOOD



owie regular, Boot by an druggists for \$1 per bottle.

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All the Local News printed in a readable, attractive manner, with no waste of words.

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-AMES SHIELDS.

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(Christ, Bossler's old stand.)

'latt's Popular Saloon, (Formerly Joe Wyath's)

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4. W. LEISENRING, President P. J. PERGUSON, View 1 - and S. W. YOST, Assistant - - ob



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