The Herald.

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ABSENCE OF MIND.

They paused just at the crossing's brink.
Said she, "We must turn back, I think."
She eyes the mud. He sees her shrink,
Yet does not falter,
But recollects with fatal tact
That cloak upon his arm—in fact,
Resolves to do the courtly act
Of good Sir Walter.

Why is it that she makes no sound,
Staring aghast as on the ground
He lays the cloak with bow profound?
Her utterance chokes her.
She stands as petrified until,
Her voice regained, in accents chill
She gasps, "I'll thank you if you will
Pick up my cloak, sir!"

—Oliver Herford in Harper's.

To Improve Our Consular Service.

The consular service should be made more homogeneous. As at present constituted there is no general supervision over the different consulates in the several countries. They should all be made subservient to the consul general, or, even better, as in the English service, to the minister accredited to the country in which they are located. As it is, some consuls report to the legation, some to the consul general and others direct to the department of state. It is recognized that this custom arose partly to procure quicker mail facilities, but in many instances postal service has been improved lately, and the cable and telegraph can be used for emergencies.

The consuls general could be dispensed with, or if retained should pay annual visits to the different posts in their districts, a duty at present only permitted in some countries once a year and by special permission on application to the department. A novel feature might be substituted to increase the efficiency of the consular service in the institution of several superintendents, whose duty it would be to visit the various consulates and inform the department in relation to their true state, such as the proper location of the office, the state of the records, the correctness of accounts, as well as to ferret out abuses and inquire into any charge of misconduct, all of which can only be done by personal inspection. Owing to their remoteness consuls are less under the eye of the appointing power and the espionage of the public press than any class of public officials.—North American Review.

Eating London Sandwiches.

Among the crowd of us who rushed into one of the refreshment rooms of the London and Northeastern line, where we had to wait for an hour, was a chap who had made up his mind to say something unpleasant when he came to pay for his refreshments. He was growling when he went in, and he jawed all the while he was eating, and when he slouched up to the counter to pay he shouted out:

"Them sandwiches are enough to kill a dog."

"What sandwiches?"

"Why, them on the table."

"But we have no sandwiches on the table."

"You haven't? Well, I should like to know what you call them roasted brickbats on that blue platter."

"You didn't try to eat one of those?"

"Yes, I did. I have had five."

"Then, my friend, you had better go to a doctor at once. Those are table ornaments made of terra cotta, and were placed there to help fill up space. Upon my word, you must have strong teeth and jaws."

The traveler rushed to the nearest doctor's, had an emetic, and returned for his train. He didn't get over looking pale for three hours. And they were sandwiches after all, real good ham sandwiches made that day.—London Tit-Bits.

How the Forgetmenot Was Named.

Everybody knows the pretty little forgetmenot and likes the flower more perhaps because of its name than its beauty. How was it so called? The Germans account for it by quite a pathetic romance. It seems that once upon a time a knight and a lady were walking by the bank of the Danube when the latter asked her "gallant gay" to pluck for her a tiny blue flower which she saw growing in the stream. No sooner said than done, but the knight, overbalancing, fell into the river, and owing to the slippery nature of the bank and the weight of his own armor was carried away by the current. As he threw the flowers ashore to his lady he cried out with his last breath, "Vergiss mein nicht!" ("Forgetmenot!") And ever since the flower has been looked on as the emblem of fidelity.—Philadelphia Times.

Treatment of Bunions.

Bunions are serious and hard to treat. About the only thing to do is to wear seamless stockings, and shoes with kid or fine calf uppers. Avoid heating the feet and change the shoes frequently. Any sweet oil will heal the soreness of a joint, and sometimes anointing it with iodine will bring relief. When a bunion gets troublesome, the best plan is to buy a stick of sulphate of copper, pare away the dead skin and cauterize the spot. The operation is a trifle painful, but it is only momentary, while the sense of relief that is sure to follow is like the "peace that passeth understanding."—New York World.

Verbs and Sympathy.

"Mamma, I is so s'eepy."
"Not 'I is,' my pet."
"Well, me is."
Mamma shakes her head wisely. "No."
"Me—me be!"
Another negative shake.
"Me—me—am?" doubtfully.
"No, 'I am' so sleepy."
"Am oo? Oo come to bed too?"
Collapsus maternus.—Vogue.

Who Can Pronounce His Name?

The many friends of Mr. Joseph Sids will be pleased to learn that his integrity and ability have been recognized. Mr. Sids was called into the presence of Director Pollner on Saturday and asked whether he would accept appointment as Poundkeeper at the south end.—Cleveland Leader.

The feasibility and advantage of dredging the Salmon river with a view to obtaining its concentrated treasure in the form of placer gold is being earnestly discussed by California scientific writers.

CHAPTER X.

HIS PA GOES HUNTING.

"What has your Pa got his jaw tied up for, and what makes his right eye so black and blue?" asked the grocery man of the bad boy as the boy came to bring some butter back that was strong enough to work on the street. "You haven't hurt your poor old Pa, have you?"

"Oh, his jaw is all right now. You ought to have seen him when the gun was engaged in kicking him," says the boy as he set the butter plate on the cheesebox.

"Well, tell us about it. What had the gun against your Pa? I guess it was the son of a gun that kicked him," said the grocery man as he winked at a servant girl who came in with her apron over her head after 2 cents' worth of yeast.

"I'll tell you if you will keep watch down street for Pa. He says he is dammed if he will stand this foolishness any longer."

"What, does your father swear while he is on probation?"

"Swear! Well, I should cackle. You ought to have heard him when he come to and spit out the loose teeth. You see, since Pa quit drinking he is a little nervous, and the doctor said he ought to go out somewhere and get bizness off his mind, and hunt ducks, and row a boat, and get strength, and Pa said shooting ducks was just in his hand, and for me to go and borrow a gun, and I could go along and carry game. So I got a gun at the gun store and some cartridges, and we went away out west on the cars, more than 50 miles, and staid two days. You ought to seen Pa. He was just like a boy that was sick and couldn't go to school. When we got out by the lake, he jumped up and cracked his heels together and yelled. I thought he was crazy, but he was only cunning.

"First I scared him nearly to death by firing off the gun behind him as we were going along the bank and blowing off a piece of his coattail. I knew it wouldn't hurt him, but he turned pale and told me to lay down that gun, and he picked it up and carried it the rest of the way, and I was offul glad 'cause it was a heavy gun. His coattail smelled like when you burn a rag to make the air in the room stop smelling so all the forenoon. You know Pa is a little near sighted, but he don't believe it, so I got some of the wooden decoy ducks that the hunters use and put them in the lake, and you ought to see Pa get down on his belly and crawl through the grass to get up close to them. He shot 20 times at the wooden ducks and wanted me to go in and fetch them out, but I told him I was no retriever dog.

"Then Pa was mad and said all he brought me along for was to carry game, and I had come near shooting his hind leg off, and now I wouldn't carry ducks. While he was coaxing me to go in the cold water without my pants on I heard some wild geese squawking, and then Pa heard them, and he was excited. He said, 'You lay down behind the muskrat house, and I will get a goose.' I told him he couldn't kill a goose with that fine

"He went over a log."

shot, and I gave him a large cartridge the gun store man loaded for me with a handful of powder in, and I told Pa it was a goose cartridge, and Pa put it in the gun. The geese came along, about a mile high, squawking, and Pa aimed at a dark cloud and fired. Well, I was offul scared. I thought I had killed him. The gun just rared up and come down on his jaw, shoulder and everywhere, and he went over a log and struck on his shoulder. The gun flew out of his hands, and Pa he laid there on his neck with his feet over the log, and that was the first time he didn't scold me since he got religdin. I felt offul sorry and got some dirty water in my hat and poured it down his neck and laid him out, and pretty soon he opened his eyes and asked if any of the passengers got ashore alive.

"Then his eye swelled out so it looked like a blue doorknob, and Pa felt of his jaw and asked if the engineer and fireman jumped off or if they went down with the engine. He seemed dazed, and then he saw the gun, and he said take the dam thing away, it is going to kick me again. Then he got his senses and wanted to know if he killed a goose, and I told him no, but he nearly broke one's jaw, and then he said the gun kicked him when it went off, and he laid down, and the gun kept kicking him more than 20 times when he was trying to sleep. He went back to the tavern where we were stopping and wouldn't touch the gun, but made me lug it. He told the tavern keeper that he fell over a wire fence, but I think he began to suspect, after he spit the loose teeth out, that the gun was loaded for bear. I suppose he will kill me some day. Don't you think he will?"

"Any coroner's jury would let him off and call it justifiable if he should kill you. You must be a lunatic. Has your Pa talked much about it since you got back?" asked the grocery man.

"Not much. You see he can't talk much without breaking his jaw. But he was able to throw a chair at me. You see, I thought I would joke him a little, 'cause when anybody feels bad a joke kind of livens 'em up, so we were talking about Pa's liver, and Ma said he seemed to be better since his liver had become more active, and I said, 'Pa, when you was a-rolling over with the gun chasing you and kicking you every round your liver was active enough, 'cause it was on top half the time.' Then Pa throwed the chair at me. He says he believes I knew that cartridge was loaded."

TO BE REINSTATED.

Father Tracey Says He Will Resume His Priestly Functions.

BURLINGTON, N. J., Aug. 19.—Rev. P. A. Tracey, a priest in the Roman Catholic church, who has for some time been excommunicated and his priestly functions taken from him, will, it is claimed, be reinstated in a short time. Some two years ago Father Tracey had some difficulty with Bishop O'Farrell, of Trenton, N. J., and in an interview with the bishop threatened to shoot him. Father Tracey at this time was adjudged insane and placed in an asylum. Soon after he was liberated and took a trip abroad. Since his return he has been living here, and he now says that through the intervention of friends high in authority in the church he will be given back his priestly functions.

Actor Curtis' Third Trial.

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19.—The third trial of M. B. Curtis, the actor, who is charged with killing the police officer Grant in this city in February, 1891, is nearly ended. The prosecution concluded its case yesterday, and then Curtis gave his version of the story, which was that he was attacked by a foot pad on the street; that Officer Grant approached them while the foot pad was beating him and arrested them both, and that the foot pad then shot Grant and escaped. The case was given to the jury today.

Dr. Carl Peters Arrives.

NEW YORK, Aug. 19.—Dr. Carl Peters, the great African explorer, arrived yesterday on the steamship Fuerst Bismarck. He has come here to attend the ethnological congress which meets in Chicago the latter part of this month. He will be here until Monday, when he goes to Washington. Then he goes to Chicago, and from there west to Yellowstone Park and to California. He will remain in the country about three months.

Farmers Suffer from Drought.

WEST CHESTER, Pa., Aug. 19.—The farmers of Chester county are in a bad way because of the long drought. The pasturage has all been dried up by the sun, and they are now compelled to feed the cows. The corn is following the grass, and during the past few days many farmers have been cutting the green corn and feeding it to the stock. The Brandywine and Chester creeks have not been so low in many years.

Verdict for the Defendant.

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 19.—The sensational trial of State Senator Thomas Boyd, of Hamilton county, under the paternity statute, on charges brought by Mrs. Ida May Davis, of this city, closed with a verdict for the defendant, and he was discharged from custody.

Barn Burned by Lightning.

DOYLESTOWN, Pa., Aug. 19.—The large stone barn of Wallace Dungan, in Doylestown township, was struck by lightning last night and totally consumed. The building was filled with the season's crops and a lot of farming machinery.

Judge Stewart Not a Candidate.

CHAMBERSBURG, Pa., Aug. 19.—Yesterday Judge Stewart sent a letter to ex-Judge Rowe, declining to allow his name to be presented at the coming Republican state convention.

Ordered to Honolulu.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 19.—The United States steamer Philadelphia, at Callao, Peru, has been ordered by telegraph to proceed immediately to Honolulu and relieve the Boston.

BASEBALL YESTERDAY.

At Baltimore: Louisville, 8; Baltimore, 2.
At Washington: Chicago, 7; Washington, 5.
At St. Louis: St. Louis, 3; Philadelphia, 2.
At Brooklyn: Brooklyn, 8; Cincinnati, 4.
At New York: New York, 12; Cleveland, 9.
At Troy: Troy, 15; Binghamton, 2.
At Springfield: Erie, 11; Springfield, 6.
At Providence: Buffalo, 10; Providence, 9.
At Albany: Wilkesbarre, 4; Albany, 2.
At Easton: Easton, 8; Harrisburg, 9.
At Allentown (10 innings): Allentown, 9; Johnstown, 4.
At Reading: Altoona, 20; Reading, 7.
At Scranton: Scranton, 18; York, 8.

STOCK AND PRODUCE MARKETS

Closing Quotations of the New York and Philadelphia Exchanges.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—The market was somewhat apathetic today. There was considerable heaviness at the start, but some firmness later. Closing bids:

Lehigh Valley	81¼	W. N. Y. & Pa.	8⅞
Pennsylvania	49⅝	H. & B. T. com.	—
Reading	12⅞	H. & B. T. pref.	—
St. Paul	51¼	Erie	11¼
Lehigh Nav	46¾	D. L. & W.	134¼
Reading g. m. 4s	78⅛	N. Y. Central	97¼
Reading 1st pf 5s	22	West Shore	—
Reading 2d pf 5s	18⅝	Lake Erie & W.	13¼
Reading 3d pf 5s	12	New Jersey Cen.	8¾
N. Y. & N. E.	18	Del. & Hudson	108

General Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 18.—State and western flour dull, steady; state extras, $1.95@2.45; city mills patents, $4.25@4.55; fair to fancy, $2.45@3.65; Minnesota clear, $2.50@3; patents, $3.90@4.30; superfine, $2.75@3.25; city mills, $3.80@3.85; winter wheat, low grades, $1.95@2.45; patents, $3.40@4; rye flour, $3.30@4; rye mixtures, $2.90@3.40; fine, $1.70@2.10; southern flour dull, steady; common to fair extra, $2.10@2.10; good to choice extra, $2.15@4.25. Rye flour quiet, firm; superfine, $3@3.35. Wheat very dull, steady; September, 69¼@69⅞c.; October, 71⅛@71⅞c.; December, 76⅝@77⅛c. Rye dull, steady; western, 55c. Corn dull, steady; No. 2, 47⅝@48¼c.; September, 47⅝@47¾c.; December, 47½c. Oats dull, steady; New York, 31@35c.; western, 31@35c.; September, 33½c. bid.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 18.—Beef steady, dull; extra mess, $7.50@8; family, $10@12. Pork quiet, firm; new mess, $14.50@15. Lard nominal; steam rendered, 9c. Butter firmer, in fair demand. New York dairy, 17@23c.; New York creamery, 24@26c.; western dairy, 14@18c.; Elgins, 26c.; imitation creamery, 16@19c. Cheese steady, quiet; New York large white, 8⅝@9c.; do. colored, 9@9½c.; do. small, part skims, 3@4½c.; full skims, 1c. Eggs easier, quiet; New York and Pennsylvania, 18@17c.; western, 15@16c.

BALTIMORE, Aug. 18.—Flour dull, unchanged. Wheat steady. Corn easier; white corn, by sample, 51c.; yellow do., by sample, 49@50c. Oats quiet. Rye quiet. Hay dull; good to choice timothy, $18.50@17. Cotton nominal, middling, 7⅞c. Provisions quiet, unchanged. Butter firm; creamery fancy 20c.; do. fair to choice, 23@24c.; do. imitation, 20c. Eggs scarce at 15½c.

Live Stock Markets.

BUFFALO, Aug. 18.—Cattle steady; cows and heifers, $2.75@3.80; good 1,100 lbs. steers, $4; fair exporters, 1,325 lbs., $4.30. Hogs weak, lower; good Yorkers and light grades, $6.90@6.95; mediums and heavy, $6.80@6; roughs, $4.25@4.75. Sheep and lambs dull; good mixed sheep, $3.85@4; choice, $4.25; good lambs, $5@5.25; few fancy shades higher; fair to good lambs, $4.25@4.75.

EAST LIBERTY, Pa., Aug. 18.—Nothing doing in cattle. Hogs slow, weak, extreme heavy to choice light. Sheep dull at about unchanged prices.

One Man's Chapter of Accidents.

Eleazer Chace, an 80-year-old citizen of Wilmington, Del., thus recounts the accidents of his lifetime: "I was sliding on the crust when a boy and slid over a fence, running a stake into me and making a bad wound. Once, when my mother was making soap, I saw a dipper of what I thought was water and drank three swallows. It proved to be strong lye. My mother melted some tallow and gave it to me, and the doctors said that was all that saved my life. Four times I came near getting drowned, twice breaking through the ice into the river, once falling from a raft into the mill pond, and once I fell out of a boat into a river.

"I was nearly killed twice by being thrown from horses, fell from a loaded team to the frozen ground and was picked up for dead and fell out of a wagon and had a leg caught between the spokes of one of the wheels. Once I was driving a covered wagon when the stanchion bolt came out, letting the body down. The rein hook caught me in the forehead, tearing a great gash, and when I fell out I struck my head on the axle. Twice I fell 12 feet from a staging, and once I fell down a trap in a carriage house on a pile of boards below and started a rib. I stepped on a scythe and cut my foot badly, and a cake of ice fell on my foot and burst open one of my toes; cut my ankle very badly with an ax, broke a needle in my heel, which was not removed for two months, and stepped on a tenpenny nail and drove it into my foot, making a bad wound from which pieces of the shoe and stocking were removed and which had to be cut open and the bone scraped.

"I had a windlass rope break when trussing up a barrel, and it broke out two of my teeth. I have been blown up once while blasting stone and was badly burned three times. My hand was caught in the feed rool of a picker. I was badly hurt once with a circular saw and again with a buzz planer, fell on an 18 inch belt when it was running and on top of a four foot gear when that was running; twice have fallen down stairs in the mill."

Hood's Cures

Mrs. Mary Shute

"Suffered Intensely

from pain in my stomach and side. I became reduced in flesh, and growing worse, removal to the Syracuse hospital was under advisement, when I gave Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial. I rapidly gained in flesh, can eat heartily without distress, and am now well." MRS. MARY SHUTE, Cazenovia, New York.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills. 25c. Try a box.

HAVE YOU TRIED DRUGS AND FAILED

TO FIND A CURE FOR

RHEUMATISM, LUMBAGO, SCIATICA, KIDNEY, LIVER and BLADDER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, LAME-BACK, &c.

DR. SANDEN'S ELECTRIC BELT with Electro Magnetic Suspensory will cure without medicine all of the above troubles. These who suffer from **Nervous Debility, Losses, Drains, Lost Manhood, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Poor Memory, all Female Complaints,** and general **ill health** the effects of abuses, excesses, worry or exposure, will find relief and prompt cure in our marvelous invention, which requires but a trial to convince the most skeptical. In ignorance of effects you may have quietly drained your system of nerve force and vitality—which is electricity—and have caused your weakness or loss. If you replace into your system the elements thus drained, which required for vigorous strength, you remove the cause and health, strength and vigor will follow at once. This is our plan and treatment, and we guarantee a cure or refund money.

Our 200 page book "THREE CLASSES OF MEN," should be read by every **young, middle-aged** and **old man,** sent sealed, free. **Dr. Sanden's Electric Belt** is no experiment, as we have restored thousands to robust health and vigor, after all other treatment failed, as can be shown by hundreds of cases throughout this and other States, who would gladly testify, and from many of whom we have strong letters bearing testimony to their recovery after using our **Belt.**

WE HAVE CURED THESE—WE CAN CURE YOU!

NERVOUS DEBILITY AND WEAKNESS.

NEW YORK CITY, October 5th, 1891.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, Dear Sir:—About three years ago I purchased one of your electric belts for the cure of nervous debility, which I had in its worst form and which was undermining my health. For years I had suffered from this terrible exhausting drain on my vital forces and I did not know what it was to have a good night's sleep, but in one month's time after using the belt I felt a much stronger man both mentally and physically, and in a short time was cured well.

Yours truly, H. SAELLIG, 52 Bowery.

RHEUMATISM AND LOST VIGOR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., October 25th, 1891.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, Dear Sir:—Four years ago I suffered such pain from rheumatism that at times it was impossible for me to get around, and I always carried a cane for support. I used your belt and took a relief in one hour. I gained in weight from that day and it was only a short time until the pains left me and to-day I am a well man. I always keep my belt near by for fear there might be a return, but as it has now been four years since you cured me, can safely say it is permanent. A. E. VOSS, Musical Director, 409 St. Mark's Place.

RHEUMATISM—LOST VIGOR.

NEW YORK CITY, Oct. 20, 1891.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, Dear Sir:—I can report to you that the belt has entirely cured me of rheumatism from which I suffered for fourteen years almost continually. I am a letter carrier, and the long daily tramps nearly in my rounds, up to the time of getting the belt, were painfully gone through with, but thanks to your wonderful invention, I can now walk as well as I ever did, and will recommend your treatment to all afflicted. The current has also brought back my vigor in other ways as you said it would. Yours very truly,

JAMES MEAD, 24 Perry St.

GENERAL DEBILITY, &c.

OFFICE OF SARGENT & SON, DRY GOODS, NTC. CASTINE, Maine, Feb. 27, 1892.

DR. A. T. SANDEN, Dear Sir:—I am glad to add my testimony to the many you have of the great value of your belt. My health has improved wonderfully, and I have gained twelve pounds of flesh, and now sleep well and have an excellent appetite. Your pamphlet electric belt with your "rules of Health," has been a very valuable benefit to me, and I take pleasure in recommending your belt. Yours respectfully,

WM. GEO. SARGENT.

THE DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT

is a complete galvanic battery, made into a belt so as to be easily worn during work or street, and it gives soothing, prolonged currents which are instantly felt throughout all weak parts, or we forfeit **$5,000.** It has an **Improved Electric Suspensory,** the greatest boon ever given weak men, and we warrant it to cure any of the above weaknesses, and to enlarge shrunken parts, or pay **Money Refunded.** They are graded in strength to meet all stages of weakness in young, middle-aged or old men, and will cure the worst cases in two or three months. Address for full information,

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 826 Broadway, New York.

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Do you desire success? All business men know that the only way of increasing trade is talking in print—Advertising! Where you make one customer by word-of-mouth argument or by displaying goods, you can make one hundred by bright, convincing advertisements.

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No one will hear you.

Don't talk in thunder tones—
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Don't talk without listeners—
Place your "ad" where it will be read.

THE HERALD is the best medium for reaching the public, and profitable results are sure to follow all advertisements placed in its columns. Let us convince you of this fact by a trial.

JOB PRINTING.

Our Job Office has always enjoyed a reputation for excellent work, second to none, which is maintained by strict attention to every detail of the business and a thorough equipment of the latest printing material. Our job office has just been refurnished with a new line of type of the latest and most artistic design, and have in our press-room all the latest and improved

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PEAR ALLEY, Near Heddall's

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Masks,
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