

# The Evening Herald.

VOL. VI.—NO. 141.

SHENANDOAH, PA., SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

ONE CENT.

THE SUREST ROAD TO WEALTH IS THROUGH LIBERAL ADVERTISING!

**Sunday Specials.**  
 Presbyterian church, Rev. J. M. Wicker, pastor. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 2 p. m.  
 English Lutheran church, Rev. D. B. Treibley, pastor. Services to-morrow as follows: 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m.  
 Ebenezer Evangelical church, Rev. H. Glick, pastor. Services to-morrow at 10 a. m. in German, and 6:30 p. m. in English. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m. All are heartily invited to attend.  
 Rev. I. Pethian Davies, of Merthyrtydfil, South Wales, will preach in the Welsh Congregational church on Sunday at 10 a. m. in English and at 6 p. m. in Welsh.  
 Trinity Reformed church. Services on Sunday at 10 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Preaching by Rev. O'Boyle, of Saxton, Pa. All are invited to attend. Sunday school at 1:30 p. m.  
 All Saints' Episcopal church, Oak street, near Main, Rev. Floyd E. West, rector. Services to-morrow as follows: Morning prayer, litany and reading (lay service) at 10:30. Evening prayer and sermon by the rector at 6:30. Sunday school at 2 p. m.  
 Welsh Baptist church, corner West and Oak streets, Rev. D. I. Evans, pastor. Services to-morrow at 10 a. m. in Welsh and 6 p. m. in English. Sunday school at 2 p. m. Prayer meeting on Monday evening, at 7 o'clock. Children's sermonette Wednesday evening at 7 p. m. Class meeting on Thursday evening, at 7 o'clock.  
 P. M. church, corner of Jardin and Oak streets. Services to-morrow at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Sing People's Christian Endeavor at 6 p. m. every Sabbath. Classes meet Tuesday and Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock, and Sunday at 9:30 a. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m. H. G. Russell, pastor.  
 English Baptist church, South Jardin street, Rev. H. G. James, pastor. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. In the absence of the pastor, Brother William Howells will occupy the pulpit both morning and evening. Sabbath school at 2 p. m., Deacon John Bunn, superintendent. Monday evening at 7:30 the Young People's Christian Union will meet. Wednesday evening, at 7 o'clock, a general prayer and covenant meeting.  
 First Methodist Episcopal church, Rev. Wm. Powick, pastor. Divine worship at 10:30 a. m. and 6:30 p. m. Morning subject, "Echoes from Memorial Day." Members of the G. A. R. particularly invited. The evening sermon will be addressed especially to the young. Subject: "Thoughts suggested by Commencement Day." Members and friends of the class of '91 are cordially invited. Sunday school at 2 p. m., to be followed by the devotional meeting of the Epworth League. Bible study Monday evening. Thursday evening, [illegible] prayer meeting. All are invited.  
 Grant Band picnic May 30th. 5-8-3w

## MET AT THE GRAVE

DECORATION DAY EPISODE CONCISELY TOLD.

IT ENDS IN A PLEASANT MANNER.

A Short But Interesting Story That Will Be Enjoyed by the "Herald's" Many Readers To-day.



WHEN the tall, military-looking stranger moved into the modest dwelling next to the widow Clark's, that excellent lady, in common with the rest of the neighbors, experienced some little curiosity. In truth the newcomer was a handsome fellow—handsome enough for any widow to enjoy gazing at. Though his mustache and imperial were snow white, his form, six good feet in height, was erect and vigorous and he walked with a stride that if it did not show the elasticity of youth at least betokened a liberal supply of vitality. The widow Clark got to peeping through her blinds at her neighbor as he walked past and then to wondering when she should make his acquaintance.

But Captain Mageddon (for that it seemed was his name) did not display any anxiety to make acquaintances. He lived all alone in his little house and seldom went out of it. A colored boy made his bed and did his cooking. He was scrupulously courteous and polite to the inhabitants of the little country town. He exchanged greetings with the postmaster every day in the cheeriest manner possible. He was quite a favorite at the resort known as "the store," whether he went every day to order his supplies, and where he went at times to regale the assortment of prominent citizens there assembled with a story or two.

Now, though the widow Marjorie Clark was fifty-two good summers old (though she might have prevaricated if questioned on that subject before a judge and jury), and though there were streaks of silver here and there in the locks that had once borne the hue of the raven's wing, she was a decidedly wholesome creature to look upon. She had round, plump, white arms, as any one could see who watched her kneading the dough on baking day. She had, moreover, smooth fresh cheeks, with the tinge of ripe snow apples in them. She had not an unsound tooth in her head, and her laugh was like the ripple of a thin stream of water over pebbles. She wore neat black gowns with fleecy lace ruffles at the wrists and throat. Many were the swains who had sighed at the feet of the comely widow for the last ten years; but the number who had gone away sorrowing matched precisely the number of those who had



sighed. Mrs. Marjorie Clark she remained, and seemed to be perfectly happy so.

Perhaps it was a memory of her vanished girlhood that caused the widow to feel a trifle piqued at the captain's obvious indifference. Other tenants of that house had—but why call up harrowing recollections? And here was the captain, a next door neighbor for six months, and he had never even called on her. True, he bowed with a grave courtesy whenever they met, and often exchanged verbal salutations with her respecting the condition of the weather and so on. But it was all done with a cold politeness that harmonized very ill with the widow's neighborly feelings. If anyone had told her she had fallen genuinely in love with that soldierly figure and earnest, manly face, she would have been vastly indignant. She grew more and more exasperated at the captain's unsociality nevertheless.

But there came a day when this kindly interest (to call it by no warmer name) was changed into something closely resembling dislike, and a very stormy interview took the place of any pleasanter one for which the lady may have wished. Deep down in her heart Mrs. Clark cherished a passionate regard for a lot of fat hens that she kept fenced in her trim backyard.

One morning the captain's big retriever, a shaggy brute with a matted coat and no conscience, burst through the fence, put three of the fattest hens to death and so eternally scarified the others that they could do nothing but lie down and gasp for air. The widow caught the brute in the act. She forgot he was Captain Mageddon's dog—forgot everything except the wanton slaughter he had wreaked. She grabbed him pluckily by the collar, armed herself with a broom handle and in two minutes the dog, having been dragged onto the widow's front porch, was being belabored with a lustiness that caused him to fill the air with his howls.

In about ten seconds Capt. Mageddon descended his front steps and walked



"WHY ON EARTH ARE YOU BEATING MY DOG?"

across the lot that separated the two houses. "Madam," he said rather brusquely, "why on earth are you beating my dog?"

"Madam," retorted the widow, snore

for being caught in so ridiculous a situation, "he killed my hens! Because—take that, you brute!" with a final thump as the dog flew between his master's legs and crouched there, trembling.

"I am sorry, madam," responded the old soldier gravely, "that he killed your hens, and I will pay you for them, gladly. He deserved the beating, and I hope you'll excuse my testiness, but you see that dog and my colored boy, Tom, are about the only friends I have in the world, and I don't like to see either of them hurt."

Pay for her hens! As if she wanted his money, indeed! The widow was thoroughly angry. "It's not the value of the hens I care about," she snapped. "I don't like to see their heads eaten off by a great, roaring cannibal." The captain could not help smiling a little, which exasperated her the more. "And I'll make bold to tell you, Capt. Mageddon," she added, "that it shows a poor spirit for a man to claim he has only a dog and a nigger for friends, when he might have—"

Here the widow Marjorie felt herself giving way. With a last wrathful look she darted within her door and slammed it.

After that, when she passed the captain she looked across the street and pretended not to see him. The captain continued to salute her gravely, as before. In this way things went on for a month or so.

There was a certain annual ceremony that the widow Clark never neglected. In the little cemetery, eight miles away, lay her two boys—twins, of seventeen, they were when they left her on that bright morning, oh! so long ago. She never saw them alive again, and they rested there now, under the soft grass. The husband and father who had brought them home lay there also, now, and when Memorial day—that most sacred, perhaps, of all American days—came around, the widow laid her blossoms and wreaths on the three mounds. Every year, as the day came around, she hitched up the chunky old mare to the creaky buggy and drove down the tree-lined road to the place where the dear ones slept. This year she was a little late. The sun had gone down behind the hills when she drove down the smooth gravelled road. The turf looked fresh and inviting. She strewed her flowers on the mounds—precious tank—and sat there for an hour, thinking of those who had rested there so long and so silently. She felt no grief now; a calm gladness, rather, that she should be able to care for their sleeping place so well.

A feeling of loneliness came over her as she rose to go. The dusk was gathering over the deserted city of the dead. Slowly the old horse tolled up the incline. Suddenly the reins were tightened. The woman who was driving gave a little gasp of astonishment. She peered through the shrubbery. The stalwart man sitting upon a moss-covered stone with his white head bowed upon his hands was—Capt. Mageddon.

The old mare stopped. She stood stock still for five minutes. The man never moved. The dusk grew deeper

Moved by an impulse she could never afterwards explain, Mrs. Clark slowly descended from the buggy. She moved noiselessly over the grass. She approached the stooping figure. "Excuse me, Capt. Mageddon," she said, softly, "but will not you let me give you a ride home?"

He had risen at the sound of her voice. "This is indeed a pleasant surprise, Mrs. Clark," he said. The traces of tears upon the stern, strong face sent a pang to the good woman's heart. "Captain," she asked, softly, "are there dear ones of yours here, too?"

"My boy lies there," answered the old warrior, pointing to a slim marble slab. "He was too young to face that hell of war. But he rode by my side like a hero in that last mad charge at Gettysburg, his young face aglow and his fair hair streaming in the breeze. I can hear his splendid cry of triumph, that he gave as the ball struck him, ringing through my ears now. 'Strike home, father,' he yelled, as he rolled from his saddle, and I saw him no more until afterwards. Poor Ned! It killed his mother. I came to your town to be near him, Mrs. Clark. You must excuse an old fellow's weakness." And the veteran covered his face once more.

"Captain," said the lady, with almost motherly tenderness. "There are two of my darlings sleeping over there—"



MRS. CLARK APPROACHED THE STOOPING FIGURE.

boys of mine who died for their flag as yours did. Their father sleeps with them now. You and I must not grieve for our dead. They are perhaps happier than we."

They drove slowly home together in the moonlight, a man and woman both mature in years, who had seen life in all its varied phases—love, joy, grief, passion, all the emotions that carry a soul from the cradle to the inevitable end of all. Who shall say that the peace that came with the sunset of their days was not deserved?

HAROLD H. VERREN.

Buy Keystone Flour, Be careful that the name LUSTIG & Co., Ashland, Pa., is printed on every sack. 5-8-3w

Picnic at Columbia Park, May 30th. Music by the Schoppa full orchestra. 5w

## THE GRADUATES.

INTERESTING CLASS DAY EXERCISES YESTERDAY.

QUITE NOVEL AND INTERESTING.

Ye Olde Folke's Concert With the Town Meeting Dialogue a Pleasing Feature—A Patriotic Programme.

The class day exercises of the Shenandoah High School's 13th annual commencement were held in Fergason's theatre yesterday afternoon. As on the occasions of the junior exhibition and the grammar graduating exercises, the theatre was crowded. All the seats, all the standing room and all available places upon the stage were filled. It seems that the attendance at the graduating exercises increases with each year.

The stage was nicely arranged and very prettily decorated with flowers and flags, and above and about the private boxes were suspended excellent samples of crayon work by the High School graduates.

The afternoon exercises were of a novel, interesting and very pleasing character. Instead of the usual programme of declamations, essays and recitations was substituted an amusing, but refined entertainment called "Ye Olde Folke's Concert." A feature of the entertainment was a dialogue entitled, "The Town Meeting," in which nearly all the male pupils of the three High School classes participated.

Promptly at 2 o'clock Superintendent L. A. Freeman directed that the curtain be raised and Miss Mame Wasley struck up a march on the piano. The graduates marched to their seats upon the stage amid a storm of applause. The young ladies, attired as near as possible to the fashion of New England, with white aprons, caps and kerchiefs, looked very pretty and presented a quaint appearance.

Bert C. Hooks, the president of the class, made a brief address of welcome to the audience, after which the senior class rendered "Auld Lang Syne" in a very pleasing manner.

Banner Jones, assisted by pupils of a fourth grade primary school, gave a solo and chorus entitled, "Rose of Allendale" with good effect and Anna Dangler's first grade grammar class was heartily applauded for its rendition of



"The Star Spangle Banner."

"The solo 'Riding on a Load of Hay,' by Maggie Brennan, was a very pleasing rendition and won an encore.

The solo and chorus, "Lassie Jean," by Daniel O'Donnell, assisted by the first grade grammar school, was also well received; and "The Old Oaken Bucket," a quartette by members of the senior class, was very prettily sung.

A cornet and piano duet, "Lakes of Killarney," by Misses Sallie Beddall and Helen Price struck a popular chord, as attested by the applause at its conclusion.

Miss Dangler's class responded and gave "My Country 'tis of Thee" in true patriotic spirit. Nellie V. Reilly followed with a piano solo, "Grands Paraphrase Concert," which was liberally applauded.

Then followed "The Town Meeting." Twenty of the male High School pupils

(Continued on Second Page.)

## Butter Took a Tumble

LAST WEEK.

It is down to a respectable price now. You might as well have the good. The difference is only a few cents. We always have the finest Creamery.

AT GRAF'S,  
 No. 122 North Jardin Street.

20 CENTS per yd for the BEST TABLE OILCLOTH. Sold in other stores for 35c. All floor Oilcloths reduced. Call for bargains. C. D. FRICKE'S Carpet Store, 10 South Jardin St., near Centre

## JUST RECEIVED AT KEITER'S!

GENUINE IMPORTED GOODS

Crosse and Blackwell's Chow-Chow and Pickles.  
 French Macaroni, 2 lbs. for 25c.  
 " Sardines in Oil, 2 cans for 25c.  
 Fancy Rice, 3 lbs. for 25c.

Fine California Fruits.

Fancy Prunes, large and fine, 15c.  
 Choice Prunes, 2 lbs. for 25c.  
 Evaporated Jellied Apricots, 20c.  
 Evaporated Peaches, 15c  
 Canned Pears, Plums, Peaches and Apricots.

FRESH GOODS.

Fine Roasted Coffee, 30c—quality improved.  
 Old Government Java—fresh roasted  
 Fancy Table Syrup—2 qts. for 25c.  
 Ginger Snaps and Coffee Cakes, 3 lbs. for 25c.  
 Skinned Hams.  
 Lebanon Summer Sausage and Chipped Beef  
 Fancy Creamery and Fine Dairy Butter

CHEAP AND GOOD.

Tomatoes, Corn and Early June Peas—not soaks—3 cans for 25c  
 New Raisins—4 lbs for 25c  
 Washing Powder, 4 lbs for 25c

Will have another lot of those Fancy Moquette Rugs at \$1.25 in a few days.

AT KEITER'S.