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The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1873.

NO. 45.

Hardware.

HARDWARE.

JOHN F. BLYMYER

Has re-opened his store

Few Doors Above the Old Stand.

Hardware of Every Description.

IRON, NAILS, AND GLASS.

Wooden Ware of All Kinds.

COAL OIL LAMPS.

COAL OIL.

CHIMNEYS.

WHITE LEAD.

LINSEED OIL.

VARNISHES.

BRUSHES.

PAINTS IN OIL AND DRY.

PAINTERS' GOODS IN GENERAL.

Table Knives and Forks.

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SPOONS.

SHEARS.

AND SCISSORS.

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.

SOMERSET, PA.

D. J. HORNER.

Buggy, Carriage

AND

LIGHT WAGON

MANUFACTURER.

SOMERSET PA.

Is now prepared to manufacture to order every description of

CARRIAGES, BUGGIES,

SILKES, SPRING WAGONS,

SLEIGHS,

AND

ALL IN WANTED OF

First Class Carriage.

Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine his work.

Best Workmen

Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have had an experience of over twenty years in the business.

Manufacturers of all kinds of

CASTINGS & MACHINERY

Orders by mail promptly attended to.

Address W. M. BOOSE & CO.,

Salisbury, Pa., Somerset Co., Pa.

Oct. 16.

CROUSE & SHIRES,

Manufacturers of all grades of

CIGARS,

REDFORD, PA.

Attention particularly asked of Jobbers.

Orders solicited by E. H. Marshall, druggist,

Somerset, Pa., my.

SIMMONS & CO.

Wholesale Dealers in

Tobacco and Segars.

408 Market Street, Above Fourth,

PHILADELPHIA.

See E. H. Marshall, agent, Somerset, Pa.

607 1/2

GREAT INDUCEMENTS.

Persons wanting first-class Fruit Trees, Vines and Plants, should call on

H. H. KEMP,

HARNESVILLE,

Somerset County, Pa.

You can purchase of him at lower rates than of any other party.

Feb. 27-72.

TIN WARE.

The undersigned is prepared to manufacture all kinds of

TIN AND SHEET IRON WARE.

Constantly on hand a supply of copper and brass kettles, fruit cans and all kinds of

House Furnishing Goods

usually kept in his line. Shop one door west of

Cook's store, Main street, Somerset, Pa.

aug. 15-72.

ROAH CASEBERER.

Miscellaneous.

JOHN DIBERT & CO.,

BANKERS,

NO. 340 MAIN STREET,

JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

We sell Drafts negotiable in all parts of the United States and Canada, and in Foreign countries.

They hold, Deposit and Government Bonds at highest market prices. Loan money on approved security. Drafts and Checks on other banks cashed.

Money received on deposit payable on demand.

Interested at the rate of Six per cent. per Annum paid on Time Deposits.

Everything in the Banking Line receives our prompt attention.

Thankful to our friends and customers for their past patronage, we solicit a continuance of the same, and invite others who have business in our line to give us a trial, assuring all, that we shall at times do all we can to give entire satisfaction.

Feb 7-72

JOHN DIBERT & CO.

JOHNSTOWN

SAVINGS BANK.

120 CLOTHING STREET,

CHARTERED SEPT., 1870.

OPENED FOR THE TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS FEB. 23, 1871.

BANK OPEN DAILY FROM 9 A. M. TO 10 P. M. ALSO ON WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY EVENINGS, FROM 4 TO 7 O'CLOCK.

LOANS SECURED BY BONDS AND MORTGAGES ON REAL ESTATE.

SIX PER CENT. GUARANTEED.

Deposits received of all sums not less than One Dollar, and a dividend of the profits declared each year, in June and December.

Interest commencing the first day of each month. Interest when not drawn out is added to the Principal, thus compounding twice a year, for the depositors.

Books containing the charter and by-laws will be furnished at the Bank.

J. J. MORRELL, President.

FRANK DIBERT, Treasurer.

CHRIS ELDRED, Auditor.

BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

James Cooper, David Dilbert, George Fritz, J. H. Haver, F. W. Hay, John Lorman, Daniel M. Langhans, James McMillan, James Morley, Rev. Edm. C. Ellis, Powell Nickerson, Charles Siggers, Geo. T. Swank, W. W. Walters, and Dr. J. M. Mearns, President.

S. C. KEIM, J. A. LIVENGOOD, BANKERS,

SALISBURY ELKLIK, P. O.

SOMERSET COUNTY, PA.

Drafts bought and sold, and collections made on all parts of the country.

Special arrangements with Guarantors and others who hold moneys in trust.

Feb 17-72

JUST RECEIVED

AT

A. W. KNEPPER'S

NEW GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

FLOUR &c.

Be sure to call and see, and to examine the goods, as there are too many articles kept for enumeration.

OPPOSITE

SOMERSET HOUSE,

SOMERSET, PA.

July 17

A. W. KNEPPER.

Calling a boy up in the morning can hardly be classed under the head of "pastimes," especially if the boy is fond of exercise the day before.

It is a little singular that the next hardest thing to getting a boy out of bed is getting him into it. There is rarely a mother who is a success at rousing a boy. All mothers know this; so do their boys. And yet the mother seems to go it in the right way. She opens the door and insinuatingly observes "Johnny, there is no response. Then there is a short, sharp "John," followed afterward by a prolonged and emphatic "John Henry."

A grant from the upper regions signifies that an impression has been made and the mother is encouraged to add another to the list.

Down here to your breakfast, young man, before I come up there and give you something you'll fell." That so strates the young man that he immediately goes to sleep again.

The operation has to be repeated several times. A father knows what he is about in this trouble.

He merely opens his mouth as a soda bottle ejects its cork, and the "John Henry" that cleaves the air of that stairway goes into that boy like electricity, and pierces the deepest recesses of his nature. And he pops out of bed, into his clothes and down stairs, with a promptness that is commendable. It is rarely a boy allows himself to disregard the parental summons. About once a year is believed to be as often as is consistent with the rules of health. He saves his father a great many steps by his thoughtfulness.

"Molly" bawled Mr. Bilkins,

thrusting his head into the kitchen door.

Molly tripped out into the entry, the round white arms were bared above the elbow, and here traces of flour she had been sitting. Her dress was a neat Gingham, over which was tied a blue checkered apron, but she looked winning and lovely as she always did wherever she was found.

She blushed and smiled as she saw Luke, and then turning her eyes up on her father, waited dutifully to hear what he had to say.

The old man regarded the daughter quizzically.

"Molly, this young man—mayhap you've seen him before—has brought me a lot of tubs and barrels, all of his own making, and every year, too. He asks a pretty steep price for 'em, but if you are willing to give it, well and good. And, hark ye, my girl, whatever bargain you make, your old father will ratify."

As Mr. Bilkins said this, he considered stepping out of the room, but he would follow his example. But the kind of a bargain the young people made can readily be imagined by the speedy wedding which followed.

Luke Jordan turned his attention to the study of medicine, of which profession he became a useful and influential member, but every year, too, the anniversary of his marriage, he delighted his father-in-law by some specimen of his handiwork by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

A LITTLE WHILE.

Only a little while, darling, Only a day or year; The golden hours are slipping past, How soft and warm, and strangely sweet, As they near the home above.

I dreamed of angels yesterday, And to this was the song I heard: "Lift to rest on my shadowy wing, Love is to sacred and holy a thing, For ever an angry word."

But a little while, darling, May be but a day or year; The loving and tender, the real and true, Are falling from sight and slipping from view, As the nightfall is getting near.

HOW HE HEARD HIS WIFE.

BY MARY GRACE LALPINE.

"And so you want to marry my daughter young man?" said farmer Bilkins, removing the pipe from his mouth and looking at the young fellow sharply, from head to toe.

Despite his rather indolent, effeminate air, which was mainly the result of his education, Luke Jordan was a fine-looking fellow, and not castly moved from his seat, but every year, too, the anniversary of his marriage, he delighted his father-in-law by some specimen of his handiwork by which he won what he declares to be "the best and dearest wife in the world."

"The old man's face softened.

"Molly is a very good girl—a very good girl," he said, stroking his chin, with a thoughtful air, and she deserves a good husband. What can you do?"

The young man looked rather blank at this abrupt inquiry.

"If you refer to my ability to support a wife, I can assure you—"

"I know you are a rich man, Luke Jordan, but I take it for granted you ask my girl to marry you, not your property. What guarantee can you give me, in case it should be swept away—in case it is thousands of instances—that you would provide for a comfortable home? You have hands and brains—do you know how to use them? Again I ask what can you do?"

This was a style of catechism for which Luke was quite unprepared, and he stared blankly at the questioner without speaking.

"I believe you managed to get through college—have you any profession?"

"No, sir, I thought—"

"Have you any trade?"

"No, sir; my father thought that, with the success that I should inherit, I should not need any."

"Your father thought like a fool, then. He'd much better have given you some occupation and cut you off with a shilling—it might have been the making of you. As it is what are you doing?"

"I have a young man, twenty-four years old and never earned a dollar in your life! You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"And you want to marry my daughter," resumed the old man, after a few vigorous words in the same vein.

"Now, I've given Molly as good advantages for learning as any girl in town, and she hasn't thrown 'em away; but if she didn't know how to work, she'd be no daughter of mine. If I choose, I could keep her more than I choose that my daughter should be a pale, spiritless creature, full of dyspepsia, and all manner of line lady ailments, instead of the smiling, bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked lass she is. I did say that she should marry no lad that had been cursed with a rich father, but she takes a foolish liking to ye, and I'll tell ye what I'll do; go to work, and prove yourself a man; I don't care what, so long as you come to me, if the girl is willing, she is yours."

As the old man said this, he deliberately knocked the ash out of his pipe against one of the pillars of the porch where he was sitting, tucked it into his vest pocket and went into the house.

Pretty Mary Bilkins was waiting to see her lover, down at the garden gate, but she saw the old man's face, she noticed his sober discomfited look.

"Father means well," she said, as Luke told her the result of his application.

"And I'm not sure but what he is right," and resumed, after a thoughtful pause, "for it seems to me every man, be he rich or poor, ought to have some occupation."

Then, as she noted her lover's grave, she added, softly:

"Never mind, I'll wait for you Luke."

Luke Jordan suddenly disappeared from his accustomed haunts, much to the surprise of his gay associates. But, wherever he went, he carried with him, in his exile, these words, and which were like a tower of strength to his soul: "I'll wait for you Luke."

One pleasant, sunshiny morning, late in October, as farmer Bilkins was pruning up the grape vine, in the front yard, that threatened to break down with the weight of its luxuriant burden, a neat cart drove up from which Luke Jordan alighted, with a quick, elastic spring, quite a contrast to his former easy, leisurely movements.

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