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POSTELWAITE, ATTORNEY AT LAW... JOHN D. BERT, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1874.

NO. 44.

Cambria County BANK,
M. W. KEIM & CO.,
NO. 266 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.,
A General Banking Business Transacted.

JOHN DIBERT & CO.,
BANKERS,
NO. 240 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PENNA.

JOHNSTOWN SAVINGS BANK.
JOHNSTOWN, PA., Dec. 1, 1872.

JOHNSTOWN
THIRD ANNUAL REPORT OF THE

JOHNSTOWN
Savings Bank.

JOHNSTOWN
Savings Bank.

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W. SIMMONS' PATENT
REGULATOR
The unrivaled Southern Remedy is warranted to contain a single particle of Mercury, or any injurious mineral substance, but is a

PURELY VEGETABLE.
This Great Unfailing Specific will be found in the

GRANTY CARRIGAN'S CAP BOX.
My wife's cousin was a slender, old-fashioned looking girl, with quiet, retiring manners, and a habit of gliding about with almost noiseless movements.

THE BEST PUMP IN THE WORLD!
THE AMERICAN STRAIGHT DOUBLE-ACTION, Non-Freezing FORCE PUMP!

MINERAL POINT PLANING MILL.
A. Growall & Son.

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A SPIRITUAL SONG.
He lived! He's risen from the dead! To proceed you to spread, Go with us and out!

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ly praise him and I am not sure but believe himself might hold him in the chains of eternal friendship. Harry Lonsdale is the vainest man I ever saw for a man who really is a great genius.

"Well, we'll see," said my wife, with that confident, little nod of hers. "It would be sufficient punishment for your unbelief if I have the chance to say some time, I told you so."

To my utter astonishment, Harry called at the house three evenings out of the week after that, and under the influence of his presence that little gray cousin grew beautiful. I noticed a change in her deportment. She seemed at times more preoccupied; at others, clated, martial, almost wildly happy; particularly on those days when it seemed probably Harry would come. I began to share my wife's anticipations, began to watch Harry. He did not seem exactly like an impassioned lover.

About this time, my wife said to me one day that Susie was receiving letters from some far off friend.

I notice when they come: sometimes I hand them to her, but she never mentions them again.

"Shouldn't you think she would speak about them?" asked my wife.

Susie's movements were now of importance in my eyes. How had that plain little girl managed to captivate handsome, popular Harry Lonsdale, the most exciting man in his relation to woman I ever knew? The thing certainly was done.

"Susie came out in a new character. Her gray dresses were brightened with exquisite bits of color. She spoke to my wife of needing new dresses, and to Nelly's astonishment, bought several. Then came ornaments, few, but choice and costly.

"Where do you suppose she gets the money?" asked Nelly.

"How do we know, but she may be rich and eccentric?" was my response.

"You pined her, and thought her a poor lone girl, but her father might have possessed property to a large amount for all we can tell."

Nelly shook her wise head.

"I don't believe he left a cent—indeed, what he said, as I said, it is a matter of certainty that he did not, for Susie told me so herself. Besides she would have got fine things fast enough, scores of times. I've seen the look in her eyes when I have been shopping at Stewart's, suggestive of a woman who has a good deal of spirit—for you see how what lovely things she has. But I wish she wasn't such a secret little thing, that's what torments me; I do like to be confided in."

What followed made that conversation memorable. Some months previous I had received the sum of three thousand dollars for a small piece of land. This money, or a part of it, I had occasion to use. I went up to the closet in my room, one side of which I had reserved for my wardrobe, and there I found a small box, and then called my wife for a consultation.

Together we looked in every available place—through the shelves of the library, searched along all the closets, but we could find nothing there. I searched the closet through and then called my wife for a consultation.

"I led her away from the crowd, and she was silent and strange the whole way home, utterly preoccupied with her thoughts, as if at all hours our great metropolis.

From that time Susie was one of us—I mean in all that pertains to the manners and customs of the household, and yet I never could feel any nearer degree of friendship than that with which I welcomed her the first day she came to live with us.

"She is handy," said my wife. You don't know how many little things she does, and yet I can't recall upon her to take a single present from me."

"She don't care for little vanities," I said.

"Don't she? she's as fond of nice things as anybody. I've found that out; but she has an absurd notion that unless she earns costly jewels, she won't wear them; won't be dependent even on me for the most trifling ornaments. She admired the little old-fashioned pearl brooch that you always like so well, and I offered it to her. No, no, as I might, I could not prevail on her to accept it. I have tried again and again to tempt her, for really I have so many useless things that I don't wear at all, but it is no matter of use. She is the most obstinate little creature I ever saw."

Time passed, and I became accustomed to the slight gray figure slipping beside my wife, or flitting about like a contented ghost. Wife had found a companion for her solitary hours, and I was glad. Together they haunted the picture galleries, the art saloons; together they shopped, and drove in the park or lunched, and I was glad.

"Whom do you think we met today?" my wife asked me one day when we were alone together. "Of all men in the world, Harry Lonsdale, whom I haven't seen since he returned from Europe, and he has a picture at Lozier's that everybody is going wild over. It is a beautiful thing—you know I never talk art jargon, but I satisfied me as pictures seldom do. When I saw him he seemed quite as much absorbed in studying Susie as he was in studying his picture. You don't know how pretty she looked. You needn't smile, John for her eyes would redeem any face. Suddenly Harry saw me and came up to where I stood. I told him how glad I was to know he was getting sams, but he only nodded, and said eagerly,

"That young lady seems to be rather interested—I am flattered."

"Yes, that is my cousin, Susie."

"Your cousin! I introduced me and John, as sure as you live, that will be a match."

"Nonsense" was my rejoinder. I knew Harry Lonsdale, and Susie was not by any means his ideal. Harry liked dashing, handsome girls, vivacious, magnetic, girls of the Traylorian style, with oval faces, languishing eyes and laughing lips. He had sketched such to me by the hour, and I knew some of the young ladies with whom he was on very intimate terms. The idea of his fancying this cold gray little creature, with so figure to boast of, and a manner so quiet that she was seldom noticed at all, was preposterous.

"I flattered him to see her absorbed by his picture," I said; "but

to have any trouble of that nature."

"Of course it is horrible. And she is so happy, so thoroughly happy, that it would be pleasure just to see her, if one didn't fear, did not dread—oh John! John!" and poor Nelly hid her face in her hands.

And still the purchases continued. Harry was now a constant visitor. He came to my office one day and with an almost radiant face, told me of his love for my wife's cousin. "I hope you do not object," he added, when I had heard him through.

"Why should I?" I inquired; she is only Nelly's cousin.

"But I confess there's no accounting for taste. It is very far from cool enough about it any way," he said.

"Can't you get up a little enthusiasm when a fellow is half besotted himself with happiness. You don't want her to go, eh?"

"I am quite willing," I answered; "but I confess there's no accounting for taste. It is very far from cool enough about it any way," he said.

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