

Terms of Publication
The Somerset Herald
Published every Wednesday Morning at 10 o'clock
Subscription price in advance \$2.00

Abandoning Her Parents' Faith.
HOW A YOUNG JEWESS LEFT HER HOME AND WAS BAPTIZED AS A CHRISTIAN.
Lucy Sherak, a pretty young Jewess, aged seventeen, daughter of parents who are firmly attached to the faith of their fathers, has for a year been receiving Christian instruction in the Appleton Mission, in Kent avenue, Brooklyn. She left her parents bent on becoming a Christian, and has followed the instruction given her by Miss Emma Holmes and other teachers in the Mission with her. Her disappearance from her home at 125 Ninth street, February 28, created much commotion among her friends, who already knew of her intention to renounce Judaism. She had been a saleswoman in Benjamin Wade's fancy goods store at 129 Grand street, and was much liked. She left a note saying that she was anxious to become a Christian, and knowing that she could not remain at home to attend the Christian faith, she had decided to go and live in a Christian family.

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS, BANKERS.
Schell & Kimmel, and Real Estate Brokers.
NEW BANK.
SOMERSET COUNTY BANK.
Tobacco and Cigars.
J. H. Zimmerman, Main Cross St.
S. R. PILE, DEALER IN FLOUR AND FEED.
PHYSICIANS.
DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Somerset.
DR. H. H. BURBAKER, a professional services to the citizens of Somerset.

GRANT IN THE EAST.
SPLENDID RECEPTION IN UPPER EGYPT.
VISIT TO ABYDOS.
ON THE NILE, Jan. 26, 1878.
The morning of the 13th of January, that being the third day of our journey, we came to the town of Siout, or Assiout, as some call it. We have a Vice Consul here, and tokens of our coming had been sent, as could be seen by the flags which decorated the bank and the crowd on the shore. Siout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city is some distance back from the river, and grew into importance as the depot of much of the caravan trade from Darfour. Upon arriving the Vice Consul and his son came on board and were presented to the General. Congratulations were exchanged, and we offered our friends cigars and cigars in the true Oriental style. The name of our Consul here is Wasief Hayat. He is a Syrian and a large landed proprietor. He is a grave elderly person, who speaks only Arabic, but his Arabic is well educated in Beyrout, at the mission schools, and knew English. We all drove to the town. It was over a hilly, rocky country, through a country that in more favorable years would bloom like a garden. But the Nile is but a shallow stream, and the water is not good, and a famine in Egypt. We rode into the town and through the bazaars, all the town seemed to know of our coming, for wherever we went crowds swarmed around us, and we had to force our donkeys through masses of Arabs and Egyptians, both men and women, some almost naked—crawling crying for bakhseeh or pressing articles of merchandise upon us. The bazaars are narrow covered, covered with matting or loosed boards, enough to break the force of the sun. The stores are built on the sides of the river, and in front of the trader's side and calls upon you to buy. As these avenues are not more than six feet wide at best, you can imagine what a time we had in making our progress. The town had some fine houses and mosques, but in the main it was like all the cities of Egypt, a collection of mud huts. We rode beyond the town to tombs built in the sand and climbed the limestone rock on our donkeys. This was our first evidence of the manner of sepulture in the olden times. The chambers were cut into the rock and were large and spacious, according to the means of the deceased. In some that we entered there was a chamber, an ante-chamber and a porch. The walls were decorated with inscriptions on the walls, but they had been defaced. The early Christians had deemed it their duty to obey the first commandment by removing the representations of the gods that came in their way. The ceilings of the tombs had been decorated, but modern Christians have deemed it their duty to deface them by firing pistol shots. When you visit a tomb and notice the blue stars and astronomical forms that the ancients painted with so much care, it is so cunningly done by the moderns. Consequently the roofs are spotted with bullet marks. Here also came the wanderers for shelter, and you see what the fires have done. What the tombs may have been in the past when they came fresh from pious hands we can only conjecture. What with ancient Christian iconoclasts, modern Christian wanderers, Bedouins, Arabs selling the graves for ornaments, nothing remains but empty limestone rooms filling with sand and a few hieroglyphic memorials on the walls.

MISCELLANEOUS.
AGENTS FOR FIRE AND LIFE INSURANCE.
JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
MERCHANT TAILORS.
GRANT IN THE EAST.
SPLENDID RECEPTION IN UPPER EGYPT.
VISIT TO ABYDOS.
ON THE NILE, Jan. 26, 1878.
The morning of the 13th of January, that being the third day of our journey, we came to the town of Siout, or Assiout, as some call it. We have a Vice Consul here, and tokens of our coming had been sent, as could be seen by the flags which decorated the bank and the crowd on the shore. Siout is the capital of Upper Egypt, and is a city of 25,000 inhabitants. The city is some distance back from the river, and grew into importance as the depot of much of the caravan trade from Darfour. Upon arriving the Vice Consul and his son came on board and were presented to the General. Congratulations were exchanged, and we offered our friends cigars and cigars in the true Oriental style. The name of our Consul here is Wasief Hayat. He is a Syrian and a large landed proprietor. He is a grave elderly person, who speaks only Arabic, but his Arabic is well educated in Beyrout, at the mission schools, and knew English. We all drove to the town. It was over a hilly, rocky country, through a country that in more favorable years would bloom like a garden. But the Nile is but a shallow stream, and the water is not good, and a famine in Egypt. We rode into the town and through the bazaars, all the town seemed to know of our coming, for wherever we went crowds swarmed around us, and we had to force our donkeys through masses of Arabs and Egyptians, both men and women, some almost naked—crawling crying for bakhseeh or pressing articles of merchandise upon us. The bazaars are narrow covered, covered with matting or loosed boards, enough to break the force of the sun. The stores are built on the sides of the river, and in front of the trader's side and calls upon you to buy. As these avenues are not more than six feet wide at best, you can imagine what a time we had in making our progress. The town had some fine houses and mosques, but in the main it was like all the cities of Egypt, a collection of mud huts. We rode beyond the town to tombs built in the sand and climbed the limestone rock on our donkeys. This was our first evidence of the manner of sepulture in the olden times. The chambers were cut into the rock and were large and spacious, according to the means of the deceased. In some that we entered there was a chamber, an ante-chamber and a porch. The walls were decorated with inscriptions on the walls, but they had been defaced. The early Christians had deemed it their duty to obey the first commandment by removing the representations of the gods that came in their way. The ceilings of the tombs had been decorated, but modern Christians have deemed it their duty to deface them by firing pistol shots. When you visit a tomb and notice the blue stars and astronomical forms that the ancients painted with so much care, it is so cunningly done by the moderns. Consequently the roofs are spotted with bullet marks. Here also came the wanderers for shelter, and you see what the fires have done. What the tombs may have been in the past when they came fresh from pious hands we can only conjecture. What with ancient Christian iconoclasts, modern Christian wanderers, Bedouins, Arabs selling the graves for ornaments, nothing remains but empty limestone rooms filling with sand and a few hieroglyphic memorials on the walls.

RECURRENCE OF GENERAL GRANT.
DONKEY RIDING IN THE DESERT.
IT WAS RATHER A LONG distance from our landing place to Abydos, and General Grant had given orders that we should be ready at eight for our journey. I am afraid it was quite an effort for some of the party whose names shall be withheld to heed this command. But the General was the first on deck and very soon came Mrs. Grant eager and smiling. As the General waits for no one those who were late had to hurry their breakfast, and some of them were skurrying up the side of the bank with half-eaten biscuit. There were taken for a minor portage, as in the Orient every all that lace and gold we saw a real transformation scene. Mrs. Grant eager and smiling. As the General waits for no one those who were late had to hurry their breakfast, and some of them were skurrying up the side of the bank with half-eaten biscuit. There were taken for a minor portage, as in the Orient every all that lace and gold we saw a real transformation scene. Mrs. Grant eager and smiling. As the General waits for no one those who were late had to hurry their breakfast, and some of them were skurrying up the side of the bank with half-eaten biscuit. There were taken for a minor portage, as in the Orient every all that lace and gold we saw a real transformation scene.

THE BATTLE WITH THE SUN.
OUR JOURNEY WAS THROUGH A country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the edge of the great desert, and it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, and let them sleep in the sand; but onions and corn needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sand hills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man, and in the impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, to keep from going over his head into a ditch and show him the safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey-riding—namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care on the subject and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups, and let them swing just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members, who had learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle and were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouas. The donkey is apt to fall for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait till he came to a better frame of mind. But it is not the

THE BATTLE WITH THE SUN.
OUR JOURNEY WAS THROUGH A country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the edge of the great desert, and it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, and let them sleep in the sand; but onions and corn needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sand hills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man, and in the impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, to keep from going over his head into a ditch and show him the safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey-riding—namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care on the subject and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups, and let them swing just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members, who had learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle and were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouas. The donkey is apt to fall for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait till he came to a better frame of mind. But it is not the

THE BATTLE WITH THE SUN.
OUR JOURNEY WAS THROUGH A country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the edge of the great desert, and it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, and let them sleep in the sand; but onions and corn needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sand hills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man, and in the impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, to keep from going over his head into a ditch and show him the safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey-riding—namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care on the subject and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups, and let them swing just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members, who had learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle and were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouas. The donkey is apt to fall for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait till he came to a better frame of mind. But it is not the

THE BATTLE WITH THE SUN.
OUR JOURNEY WAS THROUGH A country that in a better time must have been a garden; but the Nile not having risen this year all is parched and barren. Abydos was built on the edge of the great desert, and it over the mountains. The old Egyptians were practical in this respect, that not having land to spare they built their tombs and temples in the sand, and kept their narrow, fertile lands for corn. They could worship their gods in the sand, and let them sleep in the sand; but onions and corn needed all the parsimonious Nile would give. We kept on over a series of irrigating ditches, over sand hills, over roads that had not been mended within the memory of man, and in the impression was to hold my animal well in hand and guide him, to keep from going over his head into a ditch and show him the safest paths. But I soon learned the elementary lesson in donkey-riding—namely, that your animal knows more about the subject than you can teach him, and that you had better discharge your mind from all care on the subject and allow him to go in his own way wherever Mohammed Ali will lead him. Then if you can make up your mind to disengage your feet from the stirrups, and let them swing just as when a boy you used to swing over a gate, you will find it easier in the long run. I noticed that those of our party who had the most experience of Egypt rode in this fashion, and so, while some of our ambitious members, who had learned horsemanship in the best schools and loved to brace themselves in the saddle and were anxious about stirrups, I allowed myself to dangle. There is another reason for this, as I learned from practical experience one day at Assouas. The donkey is apt to fall for the land is full of holes and traps. To fall with your feet in the stirrups might be a serious matter. But when Yankee Doodle took it into his head to throw his head upon the ground and his heels into the air it only remained for me to walk from him, as though I had risen from a chair, and wait till he came to a better frame of mind. But it is not the