

The Somerset Herald

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The Somerset Herald

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BANKS, ETC.

J. O. KIMMEL & SONS, BANKERS, Schell & Kimmel, Somerset, Pa.

Accounts of Merchants and other Business People Solicited. Drafts negotiable in all parts of the Country for sale. Money loaned and Collections made.

NEW BANK. Somerset County Bank, Charles J. Harrison, Cashier and Manager.

Collectors made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.

Parties desiring to purchase U. S. A. PER CENT FUND LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The corporate records in its possession.

Tobacco and Cigars. J. H. Zimmerman, Main Cross St., Somerset, Penna.

The best of cigars of different brands, manufactured by himself, of the choicest tobacco. These cigars cannot be beat. Orders for cigars brought to Somerset. Prices to suit the trade.

BOOTS AND SHOES. PARKER TRENT, Late of Allegheny City, Pa., removed to SOMERSET, PENNA.

and opened a shop, for the manufacture of Boots, Shoes and Gaiters, in the building, corner Main and Pleasant Sts., East of Diamond.

He is able to turn out first-class work at the lowest prices, and will guarantee to make boots and shoes to order, and to repair and re-sole shoes promptly at hand. Repairing neatly done. Estimates given.

S. R. PILE, DEALER IN LOUR AND FEED Groceries, Confections, Queensware, Willow ware, Salt, Fish.

DR. A. G. MILLER, after twelve years practice in Shakerite, has now permanently located at Somerset, for the practice of the art, and tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Main Cross street, opposite the old House, where he can be consulted at all times unless otherwise notified. His terms are reasonable and his services promptly rendered.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

JOHN HICKS & SON, SOMERSET, PA., Agents for Fire and Life Insurance, ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as so change in price, and to be promptly attended to.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO., Merchant Tailors, Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods, NO. 42 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH.

Men, without house or home above their heads, roving here and there, and turning up in all sorts of odd ways, caring very little for life as a general thing, and making forages, just to fling them away again—and all for what reason? You don't ask me that is! No doubt you know all that is well.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever or something like it if you don't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying, and you must be here, for I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

She bustled away on hospitable thoughts intent, and the stranger made the exchange. He was a tall, well-formed man, with a bold but handsome face, sun-browned and heavily bearded, and looking anything but "delicate," though his blue eyes glanced out from under a forehead white as snow. He looked around the kitchen and stretched out his feet on the chairs and down by the deacon's slippers. Then he stroked the cat and her brood, and patted old Bowsie upon the head. The widow bringing in sundry good things, looked pleased at his attentions, but her dumb friends were not so pleased. "Seven years," so the widow's reverie ran. "It seems as if it were more than fifty—and yet I don't look so very old, either. Perhaps it is not having any children, or perhaps my life out as other people have. They may say that like—children are more plague than profit—that's my opinion. Look at my sister Jerusha, with her six boys. She's a widow, and I am sure they have done it, though she will never own it."

The widow took an apple from the deacon's and began to peel it. "How dreadful fond Mr. Cobb used to be of these things. He never will eat any more of them, poor fellow, for I don't suppose he had any apples where he has gone to Heigho, I remember very well how I used to throw apple parings over my head when I was a girl, to see who I was going to marry."

Mr. Cobb stopped and blushed. For in those days she did not know Mr. Cobb, and was always looking eagerly to see if the peeler had formed a capital "S." Her meditation took a new turn.

"How handsome Sam Payson was, and how much more to care about him. I wonder what has become of him? Jerusha says he went away from the village just after I did, and no one has ever heard of him since. And what a silly thing that quarrel was! If it had not been for that—"

Here there was a long pause, during which the widow looked steadfastly at the empty chair of Levi Cobb, deceased. Her fingers playing caressfully with the apple parings; she drew it safely toward her, and looked around the room for a moment.

"Upon my word it is very ridiculous, and I don't know what the neighbors would say if they saw me!"

"Still the plump fingers drew the red peeler nearer."

"But then they can't see me, that's a comfort, and the cat and old Bowsie will never know what it means. Of course I don't know anything about it."

The paring hung very gracefully from her hand, and she said: "But still I should like to try it; it would seem like old times, and—"

Over her head it went and curled up very quietly on the floor at a little distance. Old Bowsie, who always slept with one eye open, saw it fall, and walked deliberately up to smell of it.

"Bowsie—Bowsie—don't touch it!" cried his mistress, and bending over it with a beating heart, she turned as a capital "S." There was as handsome a red peeler as any one could wish to see.

A great knock came suddenly at the door. Bowsie growled, and the widow screamed and snatched up the apple paring.

"It's Mr. Cobb—it's his spirit come back again, because I tried that silly trick," she thought fearfully to herself.

Another knock—louder than the first, and a man's voice exclaimed: "Hillo, the house!"

"Who is it?" asked the widow, somewhat relieved to find that the departed soul was still safe in his grave upon the hill side.

"A stranger," said the voice. "What do you want?"

"To get lodging for the night." The widow deliberated. "Can't you go on there's a house a half a mile farther, if you keep to the right hand side of the road and turn to the left after you get by—"

"It's raining cats and dogs, and I'm very delicate," said the stranger, "Come in, whoever you are, for I don't think you can accommodate me—I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

"Raining, is it? I didn't know that," and the kind-hearted little woman unbarred the door quietly. "Come in, whoever you are, for I don't think you can accommodate me—I don't mind sleeping on the floor."

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OLD TIMES.

There's a beautiful song on the stambler air. That drifts through the valley of dreams; It comes from a strain which the roses were, And gentlest heart, and bright brown hair That waded in the morning hours.

Salt eyes of mine, and eyes of Brown. And more white forehead as three. A throb that throbs over the roses were, A throb that throbs over the roses were, A throb that throbs over the roses were.

A royal leaf in a diaphan hand, A ring and a platinum vow. Three golden rings on a broken band. A lay track on the snow-white sand. A tear and a silver bow.

There's a trottin' of feet in the beautiful song That throbs the summer air. And loneliness left in the festive throng Sinks down in the soul as it trembles along From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day, And it mingled with main-chords. But years have dimmed the beautiful lay, And its melody lingers far away. And we call it now "Old Times."

WIDOW COBB.

The fire crackled cheerfully on the broad hearth, of the old farm-house kitchen, a cat and three kittens basked in the warm, and a decrepit yellow dog lay flat in the reflection of the blaze, wrinkled his black nose approvingly, and turned his hind feet where his fore feet had been.

Over the chimney hung several fine hats and pieces of dried beef. Apples were festooned and hung along the ceiling, and crooked-necked squashes vied with red peppers and slips of dried pumpkins in garish display. There were plants, too, on the window ledge—some box geraniums and dew plants, and a monthly rose just budding, and a monthly rose just budding, and a monthly rose just budding, and a monthly rose just budding, and a monthly rose just budding.

She went nimbly to the closet, took it down, fished out a pair of slippers from her boot rack below, and brought them to the fire.

"I think you had better take off your coat and boots; you will have the rheumatic fever or something like it if you don't. Here are some things for you to wear while they are drying, and you must be here, for I will go into the pantry and get you something to eat."

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