

FOR 1880!

PREPARE FOR THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL STRUGGLE!

THAT OCCURS THIS YEAR. BY SUBSCRIBING FOR SOME GOOD PAPER IN TIME!

KEEP YOURSELF POSTED ON THE EVENTS OF THE COUNTY!!

GET THE COUNTY NEWS. READ THE ADVERTISEMENTS AND LEARN WHERE TO BUY CHEAP.

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AND SEE THE BOMB! IF YOU WANT POLITICS, THE Herald IS RED-HOT REPUBLICAN!!!

AND A STALWART OF STALWARTS!

GENERAL NEWS! THE Somerset Herald CONTAINS AS MUCH NEWS AS ANY COUNTY PAPER IN-

LOCAL NEWS, THE Herald IS THE PLACE TO FIND IT

WE have made arrangements by which the department will not only be EQUAL, but MUCH BETTER than in the PAST!

NO CHROMOS! ADDRESS, THE Herald, SOMERSET, PA.

JOHN F. BLYMYER, DEALER IN Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C. The following is a partial list of Goods in Stock...

OLD TEA HOUSE. E. A. S. A SPECIALTY. HEADQUARTERS FOR FANCY and STAPLE GROCERIES, FINE TEAS, AND RARE and CHOICE COFFEES. J. R. JENKINS. 28 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

OLD TEA HOUSE SPECIALTIES. The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea! The Celebrated Snow Bird Flour! The Celebrated Delmonico Coffee! The Celebrated Java Coffee! The Celebrated Mocha Coffee! The Celebrated Java Coffee! The Celebrated Java Coffee!

TO THE LOVERS OF FINE HORSES OF CELEBRATED Garden Grown Tea! THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY THAT KEEPS A FULL LINE OF THE CELEBRATED Garden Grown Tea! PRICE OF TEA. THE NEW CROP. YOUNG POWDER. ENGLISH BREAKFAST. A reduction of FIVE CENTS per pound will be allowed on all orders of FIVE POUNDS or more.

FOR SALE GOOD SECOND HAND ENGINES. BOILERS AND MACHINERY. One 25 Horse British & Wagon Portable Engine... One 25 Horse British & Wagon Portable Engine... One 25 Horse British & Wagon Portable Engine...

TOWNSHIP SETTLEMENT. Settlement with Supervisors of Northampton Township, for the year ending April 1st, 1880. Frederick Mahlenberg, Secy. To settle duplicate... \$100.00. To settle duplicate... \$100.00.

KIDNEY WORT. THE Only Remedy THAT ACTS AT THE EARLY STAGE OF THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, AND THE KIDNEYS. Why Are We Sick? Why suffer from the disease of the kidneys...

PHENIX. Will stand at Mount Pleasant, Bedford county, and that vicinity. A large number of his cattle can be seen at Bedford and Everett. Don't fail to see these cattle before purchasing any other.

WINTER WHEAT FLOUR. CHEMICAL HAMS, Breakfast Bacon and Dried Beef. PICKLES and TABLE SAUCE. SYRUPS and MOLASSES. NEW YORK GOSHEN AND OHIO CREAM CHEESE. LAUNDRY and TOILET SOAPS. PURE SPICES. COLMAN'S ENGLISH MUSTARD. J. R. JENKINS. No. 28 Fifth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

OLD TEA HOUSE. A correspondent of the Chicago Tribune, writing from Mexico, says: 'No one can ever forget his first draught of palque. It is administered in a little earthenware cup to the stranger. The natives take it in a most mysterious way. It is the essence of success if properly managed...

George Abraham was a ravaging and cold cabbage, and one day, seeing that quite a distasteful left after dinner, asked his wife to save it for his salad at night. But the next morning George came home laboring under a stress of heavy weather. Feeling hungry and thinking of his favorite cabbage he asked when it was.

'WOULD LIKE SOME MORE.' 'Wanted to see the quality of your tea, and to see if you were as good as you advertised to be. The quality of your tea is not so good as you advertised to be. The quality of your tea is not so good as you advertised to be.'

Beauty of America. There is no country, we think, but our own, not even the great Russia; where the month of April runs, as it were, the whole round of the year. For in the north of Maine and other corresponding regions snow still reigns in the desolation of winter...

A \$50,000 Fire. PITTSBURGH, April 28.—At about 4 o'clock this morning an alarm of fire was sounded from box 31, and on the arrival of the department the whole third and fourth floors of the iron-front building No. 297 Liberty street, occupied by Messrs. J. Wilson & S. Son, grocers, was found to be in flames.

Hints on Etiquette. A lady who goes into society with the simple wish to please and be pleased, generally succeeds in both objects. She who wishes to be welcome in a society, must distinguish in herself the desire of 'abounding off.' To dress in a more costly style than the majority can afford, is not in keeping with the general tone of society.

Dropped Dead. STAMEN, N. Y., April 28.—Isaac Spencer, the Postman on this place, dropped dead last evening. He was plowing some land near the Post Office, with two other men, and he was appearing in his circuit at a reasonable time the other men went to look for him, and found him lying in a row furrow just made. Mr. Spencer had heart disease, with strong symptoms of Bright's disease, for several years, and the overexertion caused his death.

with the brother, and thanked him so gracefully for his courtesy, that he felt himself almost a man. But when the little pale faced pony Willie was caught in her tender embrace, her heart seemed to overflow with love and pity. That night Willie went to sleep in her arms, and was tucked up in the crib as the poor motherless child had never been before. And what a happy evening had they in the parlor. Cousin Frances touched the keys of the piano with a delicacy that charmed Mary and made her long for the morning that she might become her pupil.

Then Eddie's room was visited. Poor boy! How ashamed he felt when he saw her stoop down here and there and gather his clothes in order. He determined she should never be obliged to do it again. And when, mother-like, she drew the clothes closer about him, kissed him, and said good-night in so sweet a tone, he declared that down in the bottom of his heart something stirred which had not moved since his mother died. Ere she retired to her own chamber, half in order, she visited the children; they had resented the idea of having any but themselves to regulate the household, having regarded it pretty well since the late household never left when they were together. Eddie yet firmly set his feet, and he determined they would stay while yet and see how matters went. But when they entered the kitchen and saw so quiet and lady-like a way asked them, how they had got along since Mr. Stanley left, and if they were not tired with so much cleaning and dusting, she went to her heart's content.

Mr. Stanley had been absent about five months, and a letter indicating the day of his return was daily watched for. They sat at tea one evening, and Cousin Frances had just remarked that the mail would soon be in, when the door bell rang. 'That is the post boy,' said she and the children in the same breath. But instead of dealing with the tramping vagabonds, just so long will it be the same old story. Just as soon as a sensible person gives them the cold shoulder, and refuses to deal with them under any coaxing and temptation, no matter what astounding offers they make, they go and get out of the house, and they belong to the past, and farmers and shopkeepers will save their money, and also save themselves from being subject to the jeers of wide-awake men of business.

James Piac, a veteran fox hunter, in Marblehead, New York, affirms that one day while he was out hunting he shot a fine fox and as he supposed he had secured his quarry, he went to him and taking off his knife commenced to take off the pelt, so he wouldn't have to carry the carcass home with him. He skinned it down and then pulled it over and gave it a yank in order to free it from the body, and in the next moment he and the great and inexpressible astonishment of the hunter, the fox jumped up and ran at full speed, the hunter being unable in his surprise to raise his gun to shoot him. The dogs however were after him in a jiffy, and the remarkable sight of a fox without its pelt, scolding along over the crust with three hounds yelping on his track, was then seen. The fox being in light marching order, soon distanced the dogs and in ten minutes was out of sight. 'Whispered she, the man was out hunting again for foxes. The hounds ran one pretty lively and he passed through a ravine, and it being a peculiarity of the fox that when he goes through a ravine he will come back to it again, no matter how wide the circuit may be, the man halted posted himself at this place and waited until he heard the track of the hounds following the track up to near where he stood. He was on the edge of a ravine and got a glimpse of an animal running at a great speed that had all the resemblance to a fox, only its coat seemed a glossy white. The hunter never thought of the skinned fox, that ran away the day before, but supposed the white fur to be a great rarity in the market, so he fired, killing the animal, and with great expectations hurried up to where he lay, and there, lo! and behold, found instead a white furred fox the one that had skinned the day before, while the white fox had been in the air in the night. Seemingly the fox had not minded the lack of skin very much, and the flesh had become by exposure in the air almost to the consistency of leather.

Had she been their mother, the children could hardly have manifested more grief when she left. 'We shall come, we shall and will come, to see you, I feel sure,' were their last passionate exclamations to her as the carriage rolled away. Their father then told them that he should leave that day week for the purpose of being married—a day he and his bride would spend a few days in traveling, and then he should bring her home as much as they had desired, and owned that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to have her to continue in the family. He held several consultations, both public and private, with her upon the subject, but he could not influence her. She would go at the specified time. 'It is a delicate subject,' said he, 'and the least said is the soonest mended. I only ask you to give the new mother that kindly welcome which your relatives would crave were your relative positions changed,' he added calmly.

The day came for the father's departure, the week glided and the day time of his return had dawned. The hours passed on and evening came. There is a sound of carriage wheels. Near the parlor stands the dining room carpet taken up, the nurses' throats throatly renovated—in short so much was to be done that everything was in perfect order, the new governess, on her arrival, found all in disorder.

It was a sweet fair face which met their gaze as the traveler drew aside her veil, and very musical was her voice, as she said: 'Have you waited long, little cousins? I hope you are not as tired as I am.' Then she pushed back the curls from Mary's brow and pressing a kiss upon it, said half to herself and half to the children: 'The same dark eyes— I should have known them anywhere.' Then she turned and shook hands

THE STEP-MOTHER. BY A. O. G. There was a children's party at Mr. Stanley's. They were grouped on the piazza. The blinds of the library windows which opened upon it were closed, but the smiles were raised, and the merry musical tones of the young voices fitted through and stole upon the ear of its occupant, a fine, noble looking man in the prime of life. But suddenly the smile that had illuminated his face passed off, and an anxious, care worn look wrinkled his brows and saddened his eyes. A sentence from the lips of his oldest child, a girl of fourteen, had caused the change.

'I should like to see my father bring a step mother into the house,' said Mr. Stanley, vehemently stamping her little foot as she spoke. 'A step-mother, why I could not endure the world, I could never see another woman taking my own mother's place in my father's heart and his children's home! O, it would kill me, it would,' and she burst into tears and ran away and hid herself in the summer house. The group dispersed one by one and another—and when the echo of their steps and tones had quite died away Mr. Stanley left his seat and walked rapidly up and down the room, now pressing his forehead with quick, wild motions, and then holding his head as though it would burst its almost aching bonds.

He was, indeed, sorely troubled in mind. He had lost his wife about three years before. She was, indeed, one of God's noble women, and he had loved her with the intensity of a first passion. For a long time, not even the endearment of his two oldest children, nor the wails of the babe, left motherless ere it had known an hour's life, could call him back from the grave of her he had loved so well. Faithfully lifted up his soul—borne from earth to heaven, and he became resigned that his wife had not lost in the exchange of worlds, but gained in an infinite degree.

But now he realized more intensely than ever the saddened character of his bereavement. When first the first bitterness of grief he had not thought nor cared how matters were managed in his home; he had entrusted everything to his domestic without caring how or what they did. He awakened to find everything changed—disorder, and a general reign of order, extravagance turned economy out of doors, children growing up like weeds instead of being trained like flowers; in short, his home exhibiting that state of affairs which the wido-widow ever does when at the mercy of those who work for money and not love.

Yet two years since, rained and snowed upon the grave of his buried love he thought seriously of taking to his heart another. The thought at first seemed blasphemous to a holy memory. But he thought in time to feel that he could be faithful to the dead and yet give affection to the living. Still, after the widowed father had resolved to marry, had come to feel that he had a right to that which was his duty to do, he hesitated. There would come a time when, in spite of reason, the act would seem like giving up the dear departed—when the thoughts of clasping another to his heart was suffocating agony.

A year passed on and came and left his mind in the same uneasy state. But then a change passed over him and he again resolved to be a husband—to bring to his children a second mother. This thought was present when the words of Mary stole upon his ear and awakened a new and keen anxiety.

One evening, about three months after this, Mr. Stanley called his children into the library where he sat directing and sealing letters. When the last was folded and sealed, he pushed them aside, and standing by his chair from the table behind him, he took the book and turned to the page which contained the names of his children, which meant that Mary should kneel to his knees, and Eddie on a cushion at his feet. He did not speak for some minutes, as when at length he broke the silence, it was with a coarse, husky voice. 'I am going on a journey next week, my children. To the far West—and I shall be absent at least three weeks, and perhaps six, and the business that calls me is of such a nature it would be impossible for you to accompany me. But I am not going to leave you alone. I have engaged—' 'No, my children but a governess.' 'Worse and worse, father,' said Mary. 'I had rather be buried at once than be under the rule of a governess.' 'The lady I have engaged,' continued the father, very calmly, 'is no ordinary woman. She is a distant relative of your mother—and nothing but the love she cherished toward her has induced her to accept of the affirmative to my urgent solicitation, and become your governess during my absence. You will find her beautiful in person, amiable in disposition, dignified in manners, highly cultivated in mind—and I feel assured that you will soon learn to love her, and that you will be happy while I am gone.' And then the father dropped the subject. But he had managed it well. The idea of having a governess in the house, of being compelled to submit to any rules or restraints, though never so reasonable, was very irksome to both the children. But she was a lady, and a blood relation of their mother, and pride and affection constrained them both to agree to receive her in the most polite way possible. Mary was pretty good at giving orders, and she issued so many this time, that the poor cook and housemaid were almost distracted. The best chamber was to be put in order, the parlor cleaned, the dining room carpet taken up, the nurses' throats throatly renovated—in short so much was to be done that everything was in perfect order, the new governess, on her arrival, found all in disorder.