

The Somerset Herald, ESTABLISHED 1827. Published every Wednesday morning at 12 o'clock, unless otherwise directed.

The Somerset Herald, Somerset, Pa.

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DR. WILLIAM COLLINS, Somerset, Pa.

DR. JOHN BILLS, Somerset, Pa.

DR. W. F. FUNDENBERG, Somerset, Pa.

DAVIS BROTHERS, Somerset, Pa.

PAINTERS, Somerset, Pa.

DIAMOND HOTEL, Somerset, Pa.

THE SOMERSET HERALD. ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXIX. NO. 1. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1880. WHOLE NO. 1509.

NEW GOODS!

Clothes & Co. have just received from the Eastern cities a very large stock of goods which they are now offering at extremely low prices.

DRESS GOODS,

very large, and as they had sold their old stock

REDUCED PRICES,

They now have on hand an entirely NEW and SELECTED STOCK OF DRESS GOODS of the very

LATEST and BEST STYLES

Found in the Eastern markets which they will sell at prices to suit all.

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, HATWARE, HATS and CAPS, PAINTS and OILS, FISH, CARBETS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES,

TABLE & FLOOR OIL CLOTHS,

WALL & WINDOW PAPER, &c., &c., &c.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT

in town.

CASEBEER & CO.,

77 FIFTH AVENUE, Above Wood Street.

CARPETS,

LIGNUM,

LINOEUM,

OIL CLOTHS,

AN IMMENSE STOCK BOUGHT AT

Low Prices of Three Months Since.

The Greatest Advantage in Prices will be given to Early Purchasers.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

SOMERSET, PA.

PURE RYE WHISKY

For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for

MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL

PURPOSES.

WALTER ANDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE.

NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,

JOHN RICKS & SON,

SOMERSET, PA.

And Real Estate Brokers.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,

106 BALTIMORE STREET, CUMBERLAND, MD.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We have been handed the following announcement by Josiah Keller, Esq., Chairman of the Republican County Committee, candidates to be voted for at the primary election, held June 2, 1880.

FOR ASSEMBLY. To Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee.

Sir:—In accordance with the usage of the Republican Party, I am a candidate for re-election to the Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

To Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee.

Sir:—In accordance with the usage of the Republican Party, I am a candidate for re-election to the Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

To Josiah Keller, Chairman Republican County Committee.

Sir:—I will please announce my name as a candidate for Assembly, subject to the decision of the Republican primary election.

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ONE SUMMERS DAY.

I walked through a pleasant valley In the days when my life was young, And woodbine and red-tipped roses Over my pathway hung.

And down at my feet a streamlet Murmured a drowsy song, And the flowers bent low to listen, And wept as it flowed along.

The sunbeams danced on its waters, The lilies lay on its breast, And I said, I will follow onward And see where it sinks to rest.

The gloom of the forest deepened, There was shadow on every side, And the streamlet drew to a river, And dark was the rushing tide.

No longer the rose and woodbine Blushed warm with the light of love, For they now was the pathway, And black was the sky above.

I stood 'neath the drooping willows, But I saw the brook no more; And I lost its whispered murmur, In the torrent's angry roar.

Alas for the sparkling streamlet— Alas for the sunny sky! So life grows ever shadowy, As the days creep slowly by.

WHY I JOINED THE DETECTIVES.

"Can I sit with you?" "Certainly, sir."

"Nice weather?" "Splendid, indeed."

"Cross growing finely?" "Yes—couldn't do better."

I was sitting in a car on a Wisconsin railroad, one day, years ago, when a good-looking, pleasant-spoken man came along, stopped at my side, and the other part of it after I had given him part of my seat.

Now, I am regarded as a social man. I like a joke; more so than than now.

On entering a railroad car I always looked about for a talkative man, and when I got as close to him as possible and strained him dry, if the journey was long enough, and I want to state one thing more. Left an orphan before I could realize the sad event which made me one, I got kicked here and cauffed there, and when folks, as they say, I ought to have had, at the time of which I write, a pretty thorough knowledge of human nature, and have been able to read evil in a man's face if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself on being over-sharp, but I had knocked around among strangers myself to have given any one a good experience.

Well, the stranger and I fell into an easy train of conversation as we rode together, and, everything went so well, that my companion, who was a well made fellow, finely dressed, and wore a fine watch and a silver-pure diamond ring. I never saw a man who could talk so easy and so pleasantly. It seemed that he had had a long and varied experience of the world, and the words fell right out.

I had travelled in the South; so had he. I had heard the roar of the Pacific; he knew all about it. I had been up in a balloon, down in a mine, been blown up, smashed up and repaired again; my new friend had experienced all these things, and was wishing for something of a more startling nature. We agreed on politics, neither had any religion, and I had never met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man who, though a stranger to you ten minutes before, could wrest from you your secrets which you had sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he had me in his power, and he was not so much to try to quiz or draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a sly, round-about way, that before I knew it I was giving him my history.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fence along the road seemed to grow higher and the trees grow larger; something came to my ears that the rattle of the buggy spoke up to me, and I was greatly frightened.

"How strange! Why, I believe I am going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding on to the seat with all my might.

"You do look strange," he replied, with a smile, "but don't worry. I shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it was. My head began to spin and my ears to ring, and I was greatly frightened.

"You are badly off," he continued, looking up into my face. "I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes, and he put his horse at his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants of the wagon called out to me, "What ails that fellow? He looks like a dead man!"

About three miles from Grafton was a large stretch of forest, and this was soon reached. The pain in my head was so violent, and I was not so badly affected when opening my eyes. I had settled into a sort of drowsy stupor, with a brain so numb that I had to try to myself: "This is a tree; that is a stump," etc., before I could make sure I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road after we struck the forest, and then he stopped the horse, got out and I could not understand what he intended. I tried to grope with the question, but could not solve it.

"Oh, yes, I shall most likely bring it down," I replied, and never occurred to me how imprudent I was. He turned the conversation into other channels, and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton at 10:30, and, to my great surprise, he announced that he was to stop in town on business for a few days. I had not asked his name or avocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and then I secured a livery team and drove out, getting through with business so soon that I was back to take the 3:30 express east. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up, carrying the same honest, dignified face.

WELL, did you find out?" he inquired, in his pleasant way.

"Yes, it was on the 13th, as I expected," I replied.

We had lunch together, and when we shook hands and parted I had no more idea of meeting him again than I had of knowing him. In fact, he told me that he should sail for England within a week or ten days, and should not return to America. At parting he gave me his card. It was a modest piece of pasteboard, and bore the name of "George Raleigh," in old English script.

Everything at the office went on as usual, and the 13th came at length. Law & Law had arranged with me to go down with the money, and I looked upon it as a business of no special importance.

"I had indeed me all right," remarked the senior partner, as I was about to go, "but I want to give you a word of warning, nevertheless. Don't take any strangers into your confidence until you have passed out the money, and look out who sits next to you."

It was something new for him to caution me, and I could not but wonder at it; but in the bustle of getting aboard the train I forgot what he had said. Ordinary prudence would have placed the money, which was all in bank bills and divided into three packages, under my shirt and next to my skin, where the deft hand of a pick-pocket could not reach it.

"Cross growing finely?" "Yes—couldn't do better."

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