

The Somerset Herald

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THE TALE OF A TRAMP.
Let me sit down a minute,
And tell you of my shoe.
Don't you remember your cousin—
I ain't done what of it?
Yes, I'm a tramp—what of it?
Folks say we ain't no good—
Tramps have got to live, I reckon,
Though people don't think we should.

Once I was young and handsome,
Had plenty of cash and clothes—
That was before I got to tipple,
And gin got in my nose.
Way down in the Lehigh Valley
Me and my people grew;
I was a blacksmith, captain,
Yes, and a good one, too.

Me and my wife and Nellie—
Nellie was just sixteen—
And she was the poorest rector
The valley had ever seen.
Nellie's why she had a dizen;
Had 'em from near and fur;
But they was mostly farmers—
None of them called her.

But there was a fine chap,
Whom I had known for years—
Ah, curse him! I wish I had him
To stranger against your wall.
He was the man for Nellie—
She didn't know no ill;
Mother: she tried to stop it,
But you see a young girl's will.

Well, his was the old story—
"Whom I had known for years,"
Then by Alice came, and so across
The country for miles, as straight as
The crow flies. It soon threw out all
Except the most daring; but among
These was Alice; and, of course, the
duke had to follow her.

"Hence the fellow said Jack,"
"The rides like a cat; but then he's
subtly mounted. On such a horse
as his, any fellow could keep up
with Alice."

The huntsman and two others
were in front; Alice and the duke
close after. "I had known for years,"
said the duke, "I had known for years,
I had known for years, I had known
for years, I had known for years."

When I was in England, a year
ago, I went down to Warwickshire,
with Jack Ansloe. His sister had
married one of the footmen, and
she had been invited for a week's
hunting.

I had known Jack in the United
States, which he had visited to try
and forget a hopeless love affair.
"You see, he's beyond my reach,"
he said, after he had become intimate
with her in the States. "I don't
mean to say that my family isn't
as good as his, at least, as we
count those things in England," he
added; "but for all that, as I am
absolutely a beggar, she's beyond
my reach."

When I knew Burr best he was
well advanced in years. He was
one of the worst men that ever lived.
He had no scruples whatever
about a woman, and he chose the
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A girl about 11 years old lived with
her grandfather. He was a
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grew less and less, till he had spent
his last shilling in buying bread.
Soon that was all eaten up; and one
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The lady who brought food to
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God sends food to his children by
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Elijah; so now and then God puts
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to give to those he loves.

A poor man, named Thomas
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He put them to bed and they
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So God answered his prayer.
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That is the most remarkable part
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When he got to market he had
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Two hours afterward he got up and
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The farmer was vexed the next
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unexpected invitation; but a sudden
shower of rain fell, and they went
home another way.

This is what put the farmer into
such a bad temper.
When he got to bed he dreamed
three times that Thomas Hornham
and his family were starving, and
therefore had sent the food.
He regretted his generosity, but it
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MECHANICAL WORKS,
(Limited.)
The Somerset and Petersburg Foundries have
been consolidated under the style of the
"SOMERSET MECHANICAL WORKS,"
(Limited.)
Located in the borough of Somerset, and is pre-
pared to furnish all kinds of

HARTZELL PLOWS!
are manufactured and kept on hand. Also a full
line of

COOKING AND HEATING STOVES.
All kinds of REPAIRING will be promptly done.
The public is informed that all kinds of work gener-
ally done at

FIRST-CLASS FOUNDRY
AND
MACHINE SHOP!
Can be procured at SHORT NOTICE.
EST. 1845.

WOOLEN MILLS
ESTABLISHED 1812.
Having for the past year or two, been entirely
equipped to supply the increasing demand for my
goods, I have built an addition to my mill and put
a large amount of my goods into many parts of
the country.

NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY
and thereby almost doubled my capacity for man-
ufacturing.
I have now on hand a large stock consisting of
SPINNERS, SATINETS,
JEANS, RIVALLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &c.,
which I wish to

TRADE FOR WOOL.
Farmer, I have the kind of goods you need. I
want you.

WOOL!
RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY.
In order to reach all my customers in good
time, I have employed the same agents I have
used in addition Mr. Joseph L. Daugherty,
who has been appointed my agent for many parts
of the county.

WALTER ANDERSON,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
COR. WOOD ST. AND EIGHT AVENUE.
NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET
PITTSBURGH, PA.
EST. 1850.

BEYOND HIS REACH.
BY GEORGE C. MAXWELL.
When I was in England, a year
ago, I went down to Warwickshire,
with Jack Ansloe. His sister had
married one of the footmen, and
she had been invited for a week's
hunting.

I had known Jack in the United
States, which he had visited to try
and forget a hopeless love affair.
"You see, he's beyond my reach,"
he said, after he had become intimate
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A Stranger in the School.
A large school of boys and girls
were coming over the lesson. The
teacher tried hard to keep order, to
make all take to their studies, and
to help those who needed aid, and to
make all happy. He opened the
doors and windows to give them
fresh air; but all would not do.
Some sat discourteously with their
lessons, some felt sleepy, some felt
tired, and everything seemed to
drag and linger. By and by the
heavy tread of a foot on the door-
step was heard, and without knock-
ing in walked a first-faced man,
young and old, with a firm step,
the children at first felt afraid of
him, but they soon found that he
brought his hard looks with a
bright eye, a pleasant smile, and a
kind heart. But, instead of sitting
down by the side of one of the
little girls who was trying to get her
spelling lesson.

There were tears of discouragement
in her eyes.
"Well, what's the matter with our
little one?"
"Oh, sir, I can't get my lesson. It's
so long, and so hard. I can never
learn them."

"Let us see. How many words
are there in one column?"
"Fifteen, sir."
"And how many columns in your
lesson?"
"Three, sir."
"Very well. That makes forty-
five words to be learned. How many
are easy, so that you can spell them
at once? Count them."

"Twenty-five."
"Then you have twenty which
you call hard. Now, take the first
one, look at it sharply, see every letter
in it, count the letters, see just how
the word looks. Now shut your
eyes; and see if you can still see
just how the word looks. Spell it
out softly to yourself. There, now,
you spelled it right. Now do so
with the next word, and the next
till you have them all.

"Oh, sir, that is very easy. I can
get my lesson now."
Thus he went from seat to seat,
and helped all. The scholars forgot
the lesson. They all had their lessons
learned, and praised their teacher,
and were very happy. Just as he was
leaving, the teacher thanked the
stranger, and hoped he would soon
call again.

"Mr. Hardstudy, sir, at your ser-
vice.—John Todd, in the Household.
Booth and the Lord's Prayer.

When the elder Booth was residing
in Baltimore, a poor, penniless old
element of that city, hearing of
the wonderful power of elocution
one day invited him to dinner, al-
though always deprecating the stage
and theatrical performances. A large
company sat down at the table, and
on returning to the drawing-room
the speaker asked Booth, as a special
favor to them all, to repeat the
Lord's prayer. He signified his
willingness to gratify them, and all
eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly
and reverently rose from his
chair, trembling with the burden of
great conceptions. He had meant
to realize the character, attributes and
presence of the Almighty Being and
he was to transform himself into a
poor, sinning, stumbling benighted,
unskilful supplicant, offering homage,
asking bread, pardon, light and
grace. Says one of the company who
was present: "It was wonderful
to watch the play of emotions that
convulsed his countenance. He be-
came deadly pale, and his eyes,
turned trembling upward, were wet
with tears. As yet he had not spoken
a word. The silence could be felt, it
was painful, until at last the spell
was broken, as if by an electric
shock, as his rich-toned voice syl-
labed forth, "Our Father which art
in heaven," etc., with a pathos and
fervid solemnity which thrilled all
hearts. He finished the sentence
continued; not a voice was heard,
nor a muscle moved in this vast
audience, until from a remote part
of the room, a subdued sob was
heard, and the old gentleman (he
had stepped forward with streaming
eyes and tottering frame, and
Booth by his hand. "Sir," said
he, "you have afforded me a
pleasure for which my whole future
life will feel grateful. I am an old
man, and every day, from my boy-
hood up, I have repeated the Lord's
Prayer; but I never heard before
two great conceptions. The first
Booth, "to read that prayer as it
should be read caused me the sev-
erest study and labor for thirty
years, and I am far from satisfied
with my rendering of that wonder-
ful production. That prayer itself
sufficiently illustrates the truth of
the Bible, and stamps upon the soul
of divinity."

Don't kiss any person who has
taken poison, and don't kiss a corpse
under any circumstances, unless you
want to contract blood poisoning.
A Grand Rapids woman took some
strychnine, and her convulsive
movements alarmed her pet poodle
dog, who jumped up into her lap
and licked her face. He licked
enough poison from her lips to kill
him, and she recovered.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

Our Daily Bread.
While Elijah the prophet was
driven into the wilderness by the
hated of the wicked King Ahab,
he was fed by ravens, which brought
him bread and meat, morning and
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SOMERSET COUNTY BANK,
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States.
Charges moderate. Butter and other checks col-
lected and cashed. Eastern and Western checks
always on hand. Remittances made with prompt-
ness. Accounts solicited.

NEW BANK.
For deposit to purchase U. S. & F. & F.
CENT. FUNDED LOAN, on P. & F.
dated at this Bank. The coupons are prepared in
denominations of \$5, \$10, \$20 and \$100.

THE JINGLING BELLS.
How many girls and boys know
how the jingling bells are made?
How do you think the little iron
balls get inside the bell? It is too
big to be put through the hole in
the bell, and it is inside. How did it
get there?
The little iron ball is called "the
jinglet." When you shake the sleigh
bell it jingles. When the horse
trots the bells jingle, jingle. In mak-
ing a bell, the iron ball is put inside
a little ball of mud, just the shape
inside of the bell. This mud ball
with the jinglet inside is placed in
the mold of the outside, and the
molten metal is poured in, which
fills up the mold.
When the mold is taken off you
see a sleigh bell, but it would not
ring, as it is full of dirt. The hot
metal dries the dirt that the ball is
made of, so it can all be shaken out.
After the dirt is all shaken out of
the holes in the bell, the little iron
jinglet will still be in the bell, and
it will ring.

Nothing is so conducive to a man's
remaining a bachelor as stopping for
one night at the house of a married
friend and being kept a wake for five
or six hours by the crying of a cross
baby. All cross and crying babies
need only Hop Bitter to make well
and contented. Hop Bitter makes a
man remember this.—*Traveler.*