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# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1837.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 6, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 1565.

VOL. XXX. NO. 5.

## A NEW OPENING.

In the big building known as the NAUGLE HOUSE, BY ALBERT RECKE, BAKERY and CONFECTIONERY, MANUFACTURER OF FINE BREAD, COOKIES, CAKES AND BREAD, CROISSANTS, AND OTHER BAKED GOODS, AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, AC., &C.

## A LOW FIGURE.

Call and see for yourselves. I will open up a full line of the above goods, Nov. 10th.

## NEW CENTRAL HOTEL.

MAIN STREET, SOMERSET, PENNA., Opened for guests on January 10th, 1881.

## F. S. KLEINDIENST.

R. C. LANDIS, Has constantly on hand at his distillery PURE RYE WHISKY, For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.

## M'MILLAN & CO.,

PRACICAL PLUMBERS, STEAM AND GAS FITTERS, No. 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.

## NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank, CHARLES J. HARRISON, Cashier and Manager.

## S. T. LITTLE & SONS,

Watches, Chains, Solid Silverware, Diamonds, American Clocks, French Clocks, Silver Plated Ware, Jewellery, &c.

## DAVIS BROTHERS,

PAINTERS, 2000 Gallons PURE FERMENTED WINE, FOR SALE.

## CHARLES HOFFMAN,

MERCHANT TAILOR, LATEST STYLES AND LOWEST PRICES.

## ROWING AGAINST THE TIDE.

It is easy to glide with the ripples down the stream of time. To flow with the course of the river, this is the name of old physics. But all it takes for progress is resistance. Against its currents is life. And we must have strength from heaven, when rowing against the tide.

## PRINGLE'S FLAT.

"There is Pringle's Flat," said Dick, suddenly, pointing ahead. "Surely, we have not come seven miles, Dick?"

"It's a small place," said his wife, as she looked toward Pringle's Flat. "It is a little better than the gold, made by the sun's slanting rays falling upon the river. And that is the river."

"I can so glad," said the young wife. "What lovely weather we have had ever since I came here! not at all like what some of my friends predicted when they said we ought to spend our honeymoon in the East."

"I think she is good for twenty-one without much of an effort," said Dick, curiously. "That's just what I was saying, Dick," answered her husband. "We have them out here faster than that."

"It is fast," said his father. "We used to think it impossible, but we have got so far on now there's no telling what's in a horse. I like this mare very much. If it was anybody else's, I'd..."

"Come now, father, what would you give?" said Dick, banteringly. "It's all in the family, so I'm saved a hundred dollars at least."

"A hundred more wouldn't buy her father. Just say to anybody that says any more that I won't take a cent less than seven hundred dollars. Why she goes like the wind."

"That reminds me, Dick, you'd best take the road round by Mr. Drake's."

"That's a long way round, father," said the elder Mrs. Hope. "You take my advice," said her husband. "I mean coming back. It doesn't matter going. If it should blow you will find it safe."

"That is where we are going, isn't it, Dick?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the least little anxious as she turned to her husband. "Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"Bad! Bad's no name for it. Why it blew my wagon as far as from here to the barn, blew the horses off their feet, tore up trees and lodged me against a rock that saved my life."

"It's not like our sky, then," said Dick, as he lay on his landing. "The very top of Dan's Rock. At the very top it is time we were moving now."

"We have only been here a little while," said Dick. "It's three hours since we stopped at the foot of Dan's Rock."

"That's what I'm always saying to myself when I think you took me before all the other fellows."

"I can't be," said Dick. "Look for yourself," said Dick, holding out his watch. "It's the grandest day of my life, Dick! I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

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"That is where we are going, isn't it, Dick?" Mrs. Dick Hope looked the least little anxious as she turned to her husband. "Was it so bad, Mr. Hope?"

"We are almost naked. There is nothing on me and your dress is in ribbons." He looked up and down the river in a helpless way, still pressing a hand to his heart. "I don't see any sign of the buggy or the horse." Then he cast a glance at the bluff back of them. "Come, let us go up on the bank."

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## BULL AND BEAR FIGHT '80.

The moments passed slowly; the eager crowd could not brook delay. The clamorous brass band blew its loudest, but soon as it paused the shouting and stamping was renewed. At length, all grew suddenly silent. An attendant stood at the door of the arena, and, grasping the simple formula being, "I swear fidelity to the emperor and the constitution."

In Austria, also, there is no oath, but, in reply to a question from the president of the reichsrath, whether the new member promises loyalty and obedience to the emperor, as well as of all other laws, and conscientious fulfillment of his duty, the new member simply replies, "I promise."

The Russian number of parliament takes an oath beginning, "I swear by God, the omnipotent and omniscient, and ending, 'So my God, help me.' As if this were not enough, those who choose, it is provided, may add, 'through Jesus Christ to eternal bliss, amen.'"

The Spanish deputies are put through something of a catechism. The secretary asks them: "Do you swear to observe, and make others observe, the constitution of the Spanish monarchy? Do you swear fidelity and obedience to the legitimate monarch of Spain, Alfonso XII? Do you swear well and truly to have in the mission confided to you by the nation, always and in everything seeking the welfare of the nation?"

The answer expected is, "Yes, I do swear," and the repetition to every letter of his oath. And he calls you to account. In 1879 it may be said, Senor Castelar and fifteen others were the Draughts of Spain, but their objections were not based on religious or irreligious grounds.

Blair had not time to finish his invocation before the bull struck the bear like a thunderbolt and rolled him headlong in the dust. "Glorious!" cried James, excited out of his wits. "Glorious!"

"You bet I have. I'm not a member, but I have made things hum there, all the same."

"Not exactly. I come down from county to take the kinks out of my member. He was sailing in with a high head, and if I'd waited ten days longer, he'd have been bossing the whole State. What do you think?"

"I dunno."

"He wouldn't speak to me when I first got there. I think of that I told you we ratted him about number 4, and sent him down to Lansing more because none of the rest could leave, and he wanted to eat me colder'n a wedge! What do you think?"

"Rather mean."

"I don't believe the bear hears ye, answered a clownish boy from the next tier of seats below."

"There, there, you've got it old fellow," cried James, the boy who turned up at the sight of blood in the Edgemoor. The hard side of it was a brief close, for the bull, summoning all his strength, struck the bear on the lower jaw and shivered it.

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## Official Oaths.

A comparison of the official oaths of several countries, apropos of the布拉加赫案, says a New York paper, is nothing uninteresting. France demands no oath, nor even any equivalent formality, before her legislators enter upon their duties. Even under the empire the duty was not called upon, the simple formula being, "I swear fidelity to the emperor and the constitution."

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## The First Shot in the Revolution.

SELECTED BY H. N. LANE.

The first American who discharged his gun on the day of the battle of Lexington was Ebenezer Lock, who died at Deering, New Hampshire, about seventy-five years ago. He resided at Lexington in 1775. The British regulars, at the order of Major Pitcairn, having fired at a few 'rebels' on the green in front of the meeting house, killed some and wounded others; it was a signal for war.

"The citizens were seen coming up to the meeting house, on the roads, on foot, and through the woods, each with his rifle in his hands, his powder horn hung to his side, and his pockets provided with bullets." Among the number was Ebenezer Lock. The British had passed a reserve of infantry a mile in the rear, in the woods, on the Boston. This was in the neighborhood of Mr. Lock, who, instead of hastening to join the party at the green, placed himself in an open cellar, at a convenient distance for doing execution. A portion of the reserve was standing on a bridge, and Mr. Lock commenced firing at them. There was no other American in sight. He worked valiantly for some minutes, bringing down one of the enemy nearly at every shot. Up to this time no gun had been fired, and the British, who were greatly disturbed at losing so many men by the sudden firing of an unseen enemy, were not long in discovering the man in the cellar, and discharged a volley of balls, which lodged on the opposite wall. Mr. Lock remained unharmed, and to load and fire with the precision of a finished marksman.

He was driven to such close quarters, however, by the British on his right and left, he was compelled to retreat. He had just one bullet left, and there was now but one way to escape, and that through the woods. He rolled as if mortally wounded, and was lying on his back, and he was to be lost; he leveled his gun at the man near by, dropped the weapon, and the man was shot through the head. Mr. Lock reached the brink of a steep hill, and throwing himself upon the ground tumbled down, rolling as if mortally wounded. In this way he escaped unhurt. At the close of the war he moved to New Hampshire, where he resided until the time of his death. He lived in seclusion and died in peace.

English people are quite impressed by the abundance of viands set upon the American table, and rather criticize the custom. They say that in providing for their table the Americans rarely consider what goes with what, and that they are not so wise as the Europeans who do not. Except the Yankee 'pork and beans,' there seems to be no viands so wedded to vegetables as to be spoken of together, like the English 'chick and green peas,' 'mutton and turnips,' 'beef and cabbage,' 'meat and potatoes,' 'chicken and corn,' 'poultry and carrots,' or 'dried beans or turnips, as often served with poultry as not; no question of the 'eternal fitness' of things seems to trouble the housekeeper. Then, not only the unfitness of an often mentioned dinner, but the unfitness of the vegetables themselves are served with sublime disregard to harmony, and so peas and asparagus, and summer squash and potatoes, often find themselves cheek by jowl on one plate. From four to six vegetables are often served, and two merely are considered by any very fashionable table to be a very mean sort of a dish. Tomatoes, in some form or other, are invariably on the table when in season, and more often than not, are served in winter. Many of the methods in which potatoes are prepared are quite unknown to English people.

About two years ago the wife of John Cunningham, of San Francisco, obtained a divorce from her husband on the ground of ill-treatment, and the daughter, 6 years of age, was given to the mother. She was abducted by the father, causing the mother great distress. The father was located in Portland, Oregon, and from there he went to the town of Dayton, where he was known by the name John Coleman. The brother of Mrs. Cunningham went to Dayton, but the fugitive had gone to Puget Sound. On reaching the latter place his search proved unfruitful, but a man named John Coleman, the brother of John Coleman, was the pursuer on the track. On reaching Port Townsend he found the poor child unprotected by the death of her father, and a joyful reunion with her mother at San Francisco soon followed.

Women that have been bedridden for years have been entirely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

"Clara Kelly," the famous fashion designer, says during the coming season ladies will wear nothing but longitudinal striped hose. The printer must have overlooked a page of her copy containing a list of the other apparel.

There is a kitten in Providence which has succumbed to the charms of modern civilization. It chews tobacco.

After a boy stamps his toe the next thing he generally does is to 'heel it.'

Peruna is not an experiment but a fixed fact; a single bottle will convince you.

It sounds very fishy to allude to a pair of freckled sisters as a brace of speckled beauties.

It requires a man of considerable push to earn his living with a wheel barrow.

"Heroinism is cheap," said a man the other day. "What the world wants is common sense."

Peruna cured my daughter's sore eyes after oculists had failed. C. F. Schreiner, Allegheny City.

Death from intoxication in Chicago is called 'whiskyde.'