

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 27, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 1568.

VOL. XXX, NO. 8.

A NEW OPENING.

In the building known as the

NAUGLE HOUSE,

BY

ALBERT RECKE,

BAKERY and CONFECTIONERY,

MANUFACTURER OF

FINE BREADS, CRACKERS,

CAKES AND BREAD.

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES, FINE CIGARS, SMOKING

AND CHEERING TOBACCO, FOREIGN

AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, &c., &c.

Parties and Groups supplied with Cakes, Cookies, Breads, &c. at short notice. All orders promptly attended to.

Call and see for yourself.

Established in 1840 with a full line of the above goods, May 1st.

A LOW FIGURE.

Call and see for yourself.

Established in 1840 with a full line of the above goods, May 1st.

NEW

CENTRAL HOTEL.

MAIN STREET,

SOMERSET, PENN'A.,

Opened for guests on

January 10th, 1881.

This house is furnished in first-class, modern style, with the modern conveniences of Hot and Cold Water, Bath, Large Reading Room, Parlors and Chambers, and has good tables attached.

The table and bar will be as good as any in the city.

From experience in the Hotel business, I can assure you that I can give satisfaction to all who may call.

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.

Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa., will receive prompt attention.

March 2, 1880.

JAN. A. MILLER.

MILLAN & CO.,

PRactical

PLUMBERS,

STEAM AND GAS FITTERS,

No. 21 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.

Special attention given to House Drainage and Sewer Ventilation.

Estimates made and work done in the most thorough and guaranteed manner.

NEW BANK.

Somerset County Bank,

CHARLES J. HARRISON,

Cashier and Manager.

Capital paid up in all parts of the United States.

Changes made in all parts of the United States.

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DON'T TAKE IT TO HEART.

There's many a trouble

World break like a bubble,

And into the waters of Lotte depart,

And tangle and tangle

And give it a permanent place in the heart.

There's many a sorrow

World vanish to-morrow

Who we not unwilling to finish the way,

So gently and gently

And quietly breathing.

It holds all sorts of impossible things.

How welcome the coming

Of looks that are beaming.

Which one's wealthy or whether one's poor;

Eyes bright as a berry,

Chicks red as a cherry,

The grain and the case and the heartache

The can care.

Resolved to be merry.

As for the world that is to be forgot;

And no longer fearful,

But happy and cheerful,

We feel life has much that's worth living

For yet.

IS IT YOU?

"Albert, I wish you would let me

have seventy-five cents."

Kate Landman spoke carefully,

for she knew that her husband had

not much money to spare; yet she

said earnestly, and there was a

note of entreaty in her look.

"What do you want seventy-five

cents for?" asked Albert.

"I want to get some bread for my

new dress."

"I thought you had all the material

on hand for that."

"So I thought I had; but Mrs.

Smith and Mrs. Thompson both

have a trimming of broad upon theirs,

and it looks very pretty. It is very

fashionable and adds to the beauty

of a dress."

"Flange takes these women's fashions—

your endless trimmings and things—

and it costs more than the dress

itself is worth. It's nothing but

shillings and pence when a woman

thinks of a new dress."

"I don't have many new dresses."

"I do certainly try to be as economi-

cal as I can."

"It is a funny kind of economy

at all events. But if you must have

it, I guess you must."

And Albert Landman took out

his wallet and counted out the sev-

enty-five cents, but he gave it grudging-

ly, and when he put his wallet

back into his pocket, he did it with

an emphasis which seemed to say

that he would not take it out again

for a week.

When Albert reached the outer

door, he was about to work, he

found the weather so threatening

that he concluded to go back and

get his umbrella; and upon enter-

ing the sitting-room he found his

wife in tears. She tried to hide the

fact that she had been weeping, but

she had caught her in the act, and

asked what it meant.

"Good gracious!" cried the hus-

band, "should like to know if you

are crying at what I said about the

dress?"

"I was not crying at what you

said, Albert, replied Kate tremu-

lously; "but I was so reluctant

to let you take the money, I was

thinking how hard I have to work; I

am tied to the house; how many little

things I have to perplex me—then

to think—"

Grant's got one left—oh such a pretty

thing!

The sobbing had ceased, and as the

child caught her father's hand eagerly.

"Not now, Lizzie—not now. I'll

think of it."

Sobbing again the child moved on

toward home, dragging the old hoop

after her.

At one of the stores, Albert Land-

man met some of his friends.

"Hello, Albert! What's up?"

"Nothing."

"What do you say to a game of

billiards, Albert?"

"Good, I'm in for it."

"Do not forget Albert to the bill-

iard hall, where he had a glorious

time with his friends. He liked

billiards; it was a healthy and pre-

tty game, and the keeper of the hall

allowed no rough scuffs on his pre-

misses.

"They had played four games. Al-

bert had won two and his opponent

had won two.

"That's two and two," cried Tom

Piker. "What do you say to playing

them off, Albert?"

"All right, goin'," said Albert, full

of confidence in his party, yet so sim-

ple as an act of loving kindness that

he affected her.

How many games of billiards

would be required to secure such

satisfaction as Albert carried with

him that morning to the shop.

A very simple lesson, it is not; low

ly, but it is a lesson in the art of

giving heed to the lesson?

A Nevada Story.

A gentleman of this place has a

tree which is a perfect specimen of

the kind, and is a great

brought from Australia. The tree is

now a sapling some eight feet in

height and is in full foliage and

growing rapidly. It is leguminous

and very distinctly shows the char-

acteristics of the mimosa, or sensitive

plant. Regularly it sheds its

leaves, and it is a healthy tree, and

is a healthy tree, and it is a healthy

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THE HISTORY OF A DEAD MAN.

FROM THE RUSSIAN.

It was in the autumn, just before

the opening of the railroad between

Tagnurok and Charkoff, and I had

to make the tedious journey with

myself. For the first two days

the weather was pleasant, but on

the third morning the heavens were

covered with heavy, grey clouds, a

northwest wind blew furiously; and

thunder, lightning, snow flurries,

and rain followed—such a storm as is

only to be found in Southern Russia.

For an hour the roads were un-

passable with black mud, and as we

reached the post station of Donski

we found there was no more pro-

gress for that day. As I entered the

station I was met by a tall, fine-

looking, gray-haired man, whose

black coat and white shirt were un-

derstandable to me. He was a

looking Greek, and he made me

judge him as holding some military

or official position. Behind him

came a handsome Cossack woman

about his age, and both greeted me

kindly. In reply to my request for

a cup of tea, the woman, I found,

asked the gentleman if he would

not like a roast chicken with his

tea. It will be a long time before

he can mount his troika and continue

his journey, and he