

The Somerset Herald

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXX. NO. 12.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24, 1881.

WHOLE NO. 1572.

A NEW OPENING,

In the Building known as the
NAUGLE HOUSE,
BY
ALBERT RECKE,
WISCONSIN & RETAIL

BAKERY AND CONFECTIONERY,
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE AND COMMON CANDIES, CRACKERS,
CAKES AND BREAD.

DEALER IN
GROCERIES, FINE COFFEES, SMOKING
AND CHEWING TOBACCO, FOREIGN
AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, AC. AC.

Parties and Specials supplied with Candies,
Cakes, Breads, and other delicacies. All
Goods Fresh, and sold at
low prices.

A LOW FIGURE.

Call and see for yourself.
I will open out with a full line of the above
goods, SAT. 24th.

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
Hotels, Hot and Cold Water Baths, large
Reading Rooms, Parlors and Chambers, and
has good Stables attached.

The Table and Bar will be as GOOD AS
THE BEST.

From experience in the Hotel business, I
flatter myself I can render satisfaction to all
my guests.

F. S. KLEINDIENST.

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.

M'MILLAN & CO.,

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

Special attention given to House Drainage and
Sewer Ventilation.

ESTIMATES MADE AND WORK DONE
in the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

NEW BANK.

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

Collection made in all parts of the United States.
Checks made. Butter and other checks col-
lected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange
always on hand. Remittances made with prompt-
ness. Dividends collected.

Parties desiring to purchase U. S. & PER-
CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated
at this Bank. The coupon are prepared in
duplicate. Deposits of \$10, 50, 100 and 1,000.

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,

108 BALTIMORE STREET,
CUMBERLAND, MD.

WATCHES, CHAINS,
SILVER PLATED WARE,
AMERICAN CLOCKS, FRENCH CLOCKS,
SILVER PLATED WARE,
JEWELRY, &c.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS!

Watches and Jewelry
Repaired by Skillful Workmen and
returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra
charges for Engraving. Goods war-
ranted as represented.

JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange
property, or need will find their advantage
in registering the description thereof, as no charge
is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business
generally will be promptly attended to.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

(A New Jersey Hatting Store.)
MERCHANT TAILOR,
LATEST STYLES ON LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SOMERSET PA.

GO SLOW.

When you pair of bright eyes meet,
That makes your heart in rapture beat;
When one voice seems to you more sweet
Than any other voice you know—
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

For brightest eyes have oft betrayed,
And sweetest voice of youth and maid
And thereby wrought a deal of woe!
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

When you're convinced you are a poet,
And wishing all the world to know it,
Call on some editor to show it,
Your verses full of glow and glow—
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

For many a one has done the same,
And thought to grasp the hand of fame,
And yet has never seen his name
In print. And why—waste-baskets know!
Go slow, my friend, go slow!

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PIECES WITH A SMILE.

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ALONE.

I cannot leave my husband,
Uncle Walter—I love him!
"Then you must both of you
come and be my children, said the
old man doggedly, "and you must
look after the good house is
like a tomb."

Frank is an express agent no
longer and pretty Minnie moves in
velvet and diamonds; but they are
quite as happy as they were in the
old days and that is saying enough.
Uncle Walter Harrington goes
older and feeble every day and his
two children are the sunshine of
his declining life.

A Runaway Train.

The most hair-raising episode
that ever happened to a New Jer-
sey Mountain railway, train fell to
the lot of Conductor Blessingham
Thursday afternoon at three o'clock,
on the west slope of Glorietta Summit.
The train comprised nearly
thirty loads, and as it entered upon
the descent, Jake Brown, an engi-
neer, took the wheel, and found that
it was broken and would not
work. The train gained a mo-
mentum such a frightful extent
that the switch cables and hooks ly-
ing on the pilot base in front were
hurled from their place into the air,
breaking one of the locomotive's
brakes, but the train men had al-
ready set every one, and realized
that the train was beyond their con-
trol. Seeing that nothing could be
done to stop the mad course the
train was running, Brown jumped
from the only engine in the train,
sixty miles an hour and landed
seventy-two feet distant, actual
measurement, Blessingham, who
was on the caboose with Pawnee
Charley and wife as passengers,
fearing that the train was going to
destruction, cut his way through
the brush with the brakes, while the
train continued its velocity
down the long grade. The fireman
stood at his post like a hero, and
while the engine was plunging
down the height at a giddy speed,
he crawled out on the foot-board
and poked sand through the
locomotive's wheels, which he might
assist in getting a grip upon the
rails. As the train sped around
Material Curve, which is "short and
steep," the velocity was so great that
the locomotive ran on one rail, and
overbalanced so greatly that it came
within an inch of losing its equilib-
rium, and a jostling in the engine
obliterated the flat and cling to the
running-boards for safety. For six
miles these badly frightened men
stuck to the ship and faced the hor-
rors of death. Below Connetto is a
natural basin, with three miles
level track, and it was on this
stretch that the runaway train was
mastered and stopped. Some of the
cars were laden with iron for the
front, but they were unloaded be-
fore the train stopped by the mate-
rial being hurled in all directions.
Just how the train held the rails as
well as it did is a mystery which
the philosophers must solve—we
can't.—*The Vegas (N. M.)*

Advice to the Girls.

When a man chooses the profes-
sion of law he does not expect to
be a musician and a virtuoso; he
knows if he would succeed he must
devote himself to the one
chosen calling. When a woman
marries she realizes that in order to
reach lofty heights in wife and moth-
erhood she must sacrifice lesser
ambitions. The delightful occasions
which made her girlhood so pleas-
ant, she must know that she will
lose out of the great unknown.
Wait a while, girls; think it
over before you promise to become
wives—to take these duties and
burdens upon you. Sweet and sat-
isfying as are the obligations of wife
and mother, they are not to be taken
lightly. A husband is not to be looked
upon as a sort of perpetual beau,
and children are extremely uncer-
tain and imprudent adjuncts. Un-
less, like William Meister, your ap-
prenticeship ended, you reach out
of yourself and ask for larger duties,
for a wider field of labor, you had
better stay at home with father and
mother, dignifying the name of wife
with the title of spinster, the old-fashioned
home with a mild radiation which
would seem but a dim light in a
new one.—*New York Post.*

Evangeline.

Longfellow said "Evangeline was
suggested to me by a gentleman
with whom he and Hawthorne
were dining, and who urged the
novelist to write a novel on the
exploited young Arcadian girl who
spent the remainder of her life
searching for her lover. I caught
the thought at once; the poet said
that I should make a striking pic-
ture if put in verse, and said Haw-
thorne gave it to me for a poem, and
promise me you will not write
about it until I have written the
poem." Hawthorne readily assent-
ed to my request, and it was agreed
that I should write whenever I had the
time and inclination to write.—*Phila-
delphia Press.*

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cur-
ed of his insatiable thirst for liquor,
which had so prostrated him that
he was unable to do any business.
He was entirely cured by the use of
Hop Bitters. It allayed all that
burning thirst; took away the appe-
tite for liquor; made his nerves
steady, and he has remained a sober
and steady man for more than two
years, and has no desire to return to
his cups; I know of a number of
others that have been cured of drink-
ing by it.—From a leading R. R.,
Official, Chicago, Ill.—*Times.*

ESCAPED.

It was a bitter night in January—
a night when the homeless wander-
ers stunk down from death, and the
very marrow seemed to congeal
in one's bones.
"There's no advantage in steam,"
growled a fat old gentleman, in the
corner seat; "wind and weather
don't affect it. No flesh and blood
horse could stand a night like this,
but the iron horse keeps straight
ahead, though the thermometer be
at zero, or at a boiling-water head."
Just then the conductor entered.
"Tickets, gentlemen, if you
please."

"It's a dreadful night, conductor,"
I said, feeling with stiffened fingers,
for my ticket.
"Dreadful, sir," feelingly respon-
ded the conductor. "Why, the brake-
man can't live outside, and so I look
the other way when they creep in.
Poor fellows, to get a breath of warm
air at the depot!"

It was quite a considerable city—
with a handsome iron depot, and
a usual crowd around the plat-
form, with their hands in their
pockets and their cigar ends ablaze.
Our car was nearly the last of the
long train, and but one passenger
entered—a slender young girl, wrap-
ped in a gray blanket shawl, and
wearing a neat little traveling hat
with a straw trim and with ston-
colored velvet flowers. She seemed
to hesitate like one unused to trav-
eling, and finally sat down near the
door.
"Pardon me, young lady," said I,
"but you had better come nearer the
stove."
She started, hesitated an instant,
and then obeyed.
"Does this train go to Baywater?"
She asked, in a voice so deliciously
soft that it seemed to thrill through
me.
"Yes, can I be of any service to
you?"
"Oh, no—at least not until we reach
Baywater. I would like a carriage
then."
"We shall not be there yet these
three hours."
"Do you stop again?"
"Only at Exmouth."
She drew a deep sigh, seemingly
of relief, and then settled back in
her corner. By the light of the
lamp I could see her face plainly.
Apparently she was not more than
sixteen, with large blue eyes, gold-
en hair drawn straight away from
her face, and a little rosy mouth like
that of a baby.

"Do you expect friends to meet
you at Baywater, my child?" I
asked.
"No, sir; I am going to school
there."
"It will be an awkward hour to
arrive by yourself—one in the
morning, you say?"
"Oh, I am not afraid," she said,
with an artless little laugh. "I
shall go straight to the seminary."
So the train thundered on, with a
steady, ceaseless pulsing at its iron
heart, and a constant roar. Sudden-
ly the signal whistles sounded, and
the train began to slacken its speed.
"Surely we aren't Exmouth yet?"
I thought; unless I have fallen un-
consciously asleep, and allowed the
progress of time to escape me."
I glanced at my watch; it was
barely half-past eleven, and we
were just out at Exmouth until
twelve.

I rubbed the frost from the win-
dow pane and looked out. We had
stopped at a little way station, in
the midst of dense pine woods.
"Is this Exmouth?"
It was the soft voice of the pretty
gentlewoman opposite.
"No; I don't know what place it
is; some way station."
"Does this train stop at way sta-
tions?"
"Never, generally; they must
have been especially signaled here.
You are opposite, my child—your voice
trembles."
"It is cold," she said, faintly,
drawing her shawl around her. "Oh,
I wish they would hurry on!"
"We are moving once more," I
said. "Conductor?" for the man of
tickets was passing through the cars
and stopping at a time for refresh-
ment.
"Out of water," was the reply as
he hurriedly passed by.
Now I knew perfectly well that
this answer was not the real solu-
tion of the matter. Our delay had
not exceeded half a minute—al-
though it showed a time for refresh-
ment; but where on earth was the
water to come from in that
desolate stretch of barren pine
woods? Five minutes after the con-
ductor entered the car; I made
room for him at my side.
"Sit down, conductor—you've
come to do just this minute."
He obeyed.
"What did you mean by telling
me such a lie just now?" I spoke it
in my breath. He replied in the
same tone:
"About what?"
"About the reason we stopped,
just now." He smiled.
"To tell you the truth, I stopped
to take on a single passenger—a
gentlewoman—who has come down
from Baywater."
"For the pleasure of traveling
once more over the same route?"
"Exactly—in certain society. Don't
be alarmed for your own safety—it's
a detective policeman."
"I was about to repeat the words
in astonishment, when he motioned
me to silence.
"And who is the offender?"
"I don't know myself yet. He
doesn't want a scene until the mo-
ment of arrest; we are safe enough
until we reach Baywater."
"Where is he?"
"The detective?" He sits by the
door yonder, with a ragged fur cap
pulled over his eyes. Did you ever
see a more perfect specimen of the
dissipated countryman?"
I smiled; I could not help it.
"What is the case?"
"A murder—a man and his wife
and two little children—their throats

Garfield on Assassination.

His eloquent remarks on the murder
of President Lincoln.

The official report in the *Congressional Record* of yesterday, April 14,
1865, relates that Mr. Garfield, in
the House of Representatives, after
prayer by Chaplain Boynton, moved
to dispense with the reading of the
Journal, and said:
"Mr. Speaker, I desire to move
that this House do now adjourn.
And before the vote upon that mo-
tion is taken, I desire to say a few
words. This day, Mr. Speaker, will
be sadly memorable so long as this
Nation shall endure, which God
grant may be 'till the last syllable
of recorded time,' when the volume
of human history shall be sealed up
and delivered to the Omnipotent
Judge. In all future time on the
recurrence of this day, I doubt not
that the citizens of this Republic
will meet in solemn assembly to re-
flect on the life and character of
Abraham Lincoln, and the awful
tragic event of April 14th, 1865—an
event unparalleled in the history of
nations, certainly unparalleled in
our own. It is eminently proper
that this House should this day
place upon its records a memorial
of that event."
After a brief eulogy on the late
President, and a pathetic allusion to
the circumstances of his death, Mr.
Garfield concluded:
"It was no one man who killed
Abraham Lincoln; it was the em-
bedded spirit of treason and slavery,
"implanted with feudal and despotic
habits, that struck him down in the
moment of the Nation's supremest
joy.—Ah, sir, there are times in the
history of men and Nations where
they stand so near the vale that sepa-
rates mortals from the immortals,
time from eternity and men from
their God, and they stand so near
the beatings and feel the pulsation
of the heart of the Infinite.—Through
such a time has this Nation passed.
When 250,000 brave spirits passed
from the field of honor through that
thin veil to the presence of God, and
the right and just parting folds ad-
mitted the martyr to the silent con-
pany of dead heroes of the Repu-
blic, the Nation stood so near the
veil that the whispers of God were
heard by the children of men.
Awe-stricken by His voice, the
American people rose in fearful
reverence for us, consecrated by
that great event, that under a cov-
enant with God, to keep that faith,
to go forward in the great work un-
til it shall be completed. Following
the lead of that great man, and
obeying the high behests of God, let
us remember that a trumpet that shall
never call retreat.
He is sifting out the hearts of men before
His judgment seat.
Be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubil-
ant, my feet,
For God is marching on."

The Sandwich Island Story.

The secret history has just come
to light, according to the San Fran-
cisco *Call*, of the negotiations, which
were almost successful, by which it
is alleged King Kalakane intended to
dispose of his birthright, the king-
dom of Hawaii, for a \$7,000,000
mess of potage. Cesar Celso More-
no, who acquired some notoriety
recently as a San Francisco foramen-
with a connection with Chinese steamship
lines, was father of the project, and
succeeded in inducing the king to
consent to it and empower him to
carry it into completion. The plan
was that the Chinese steamers were
to import as speedily as possible
1,000,000 Chinese subjects into the
island, and these were to be taxed
\$7 a head, thereby raising \$7,000,
000. Immediately the Minister of
the Interior was to issue a pro-
clamation declaring all persons on the
island citizens of the United States,
and the Government was then
to proclaim to the people that it was
favorable to an annexation with
China, and call upon the people for
a popular expression on the ques-
tion. The 1,000,000 coolies would
outvote all the other population,
and naturally vote for annexation.
The \$7,000,000 head tax was to
be the price, and more was prob-
ably to be paid to the islands. More-
no's mission was to withdraw the
foreign watch-dogs—the Ministers.
When this conspiracy was discovered
the weather portion of the for-
eign residents brought every influ-
ence to bear, and the king was forced
to dismiss the objectionable por-
tion of his ministry, and revoke Mo-
reno's commission, and thus ended,
for the present at least, the attempt
at turning over to China the Sand-
wich Islands.

A Woman's Experience.

The purity of our blood depends
chiefly on the purity of the air we
breathe, for in the laboratory of life
the lungs are the atmosphere air is
brought into contact with each respiration
with the fluids of the venous and arterial
systems which absorb it and circulate
it through the whole body; in
other words, if a man breathes the
vitiated atmosphere of a factory all
day and of a close bedroom all night,
his life blood is tainted fourteen
thousand times in the course of the
twenty-four hours with foul vapors,
dust, and noxious exhalations. We
need not wonder, then, that ill-
ventilated dwellings aggravate the
course of so many diseases, nor that
pure air should be almost a panacea.

Happy Friends.

Rev. F. M. Winburne, pastor of
M. E. Church, First, has written
the following: Several months
since I received a copy of St. Jacobs
Oil. Retaining two bottles, I
distributed the rest among friends.
It is a most excellent remedy for
pains and aches of various kinds,
especially neuralgia, and rheumatic
affections.—*Jackson Daily Patriot.*