

of Publication. Somerset Herald, VOL. XXX. NO. 13. A NEW OPENING. THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS. PURE RYE WHISKY. MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES. NEW BANK. Somerset County Bank. AUCTIONEER. PAINTERS. FERMENTED WINE. FOR SALE. GROVE FARM. BLACKBERRY, CURRANT, AND CHERRY. WILD-CHERRY AND CIDER WINE.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1881. WHOLE NO. 1573.

A NEW OPENING.
In the Building known as the
NAUGHT HOUSE,
BY
ALBERT RECKE,
WHOLESALE & RETAIL.
BAKERY and CONFECTIONERY.
MANUFACTURER OF
FINE and COMMON CANDIES, CRACKERS,
CAKES and BREAD.
DEALER IN
GROCERIES, FINE CHESES, SMOKING
AND CHEVING TOBACCO, FOREIGN
AND DOMESTIC FRUITS, &c., &c.
Parties and Picnics supplied with Candies,
Cakes, Nuts and Grapes on short notice. All
Orders Fresh and well at
more than forty years.

A LOW FIGURE.
Call and see for yourselves.
I will open up with a full line of the above
goods, May 19th.
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.
Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa.,
will receive prompt attention.
March 2, 1880.

MILLAN & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
STEAM AND GAS FITTERS.
No 112 Franklin Street, Johnstown, Pa.
Special attention given to House Drainage and
Sewer Connections.
ESTIMATES MADE AND WORK DONE
in the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

NEW BANK.
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 exchange
always on hand. Remittances made with promp-
titude. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. & F. B. PER
CENT FUNDING LOAN, can be accommodated
at this Bank. The sum of money is payable in
denominations of \$5, 10, 20 and 100.

S. T. LITTLE & SONS,
108 BALTIMORE STREET,
CUMBERLAND, MD.
WATCHES, CHAINS,
SOLID SILVERWARE, DIAMONDS,
AMERICAN CLOCKS, FRENCH CLOCKS,
SILVER PLATED WARE,
JEWELRY, &c.
HOLIDAY PRESENTS!
Watches and Jewelry
Repaired by Skilled Workmen and
returned by Express Free of Charge. No extra
charge 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
real estate, or who desire to purchase property,
to receive the description thereof, or to have
deeds and other legal documents prepared,
generally will be promptly attended to.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR,
(Above Henry Heffley's Store.)
LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
SOMERSET PA.

THE FARMER'S SEVENTY YEARS.
Ah, there he is, lad, at the plow!
He beats the boys for work,
And what's the task might be,
None may say him thick,
And he can laugh, too, till his eyes
Run or with mirthful tears,
And sing full many an old-time song
In spite of seventy years.
"Good morning, friends!" he twined
clock
Time for a half-hour's rest."
And farmer John took up his lunch
And ate it with a zest.
"A harder task it is," he said,
"Than following up these steers
Or mending fences, far for me
To feel my seventy years."
"You ask me why I feel so young;
I'm sure, friends, I can't tell,
But think it is my good wife's fault
Who keeps me up so well!
For women such as she are scarce
In this poor sort of care."
She's given me love and hope and strength
For more than forty years.
"And then my boy's have all done well,
As far as they have gone,
And that thing warms an old man's blood,
And helps him up and on,
My girl's have never caused a pang,
Or raised up anxious fears;
Then wonder not that I feel young
And hale at seventy years."
"Why don't my good boys do you work
And let me sit and rest?"
Ah, friends, that wouldn't do for me;
I like my own way best,
They have their duty; I have mine;
And till the end appears,
I mean to smell the soil, my friends,"
Said the man of seventy years.

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.
During the summer of 1841 the
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Maine lying east of the Penobscot,
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A bitter curse from the prisoner
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"Commodore," said Carter, with a
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"I rather think so," said Tucker,
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look out, Carter! Why, madam, you
are two points to the southward
of your course."
"Blow me, so I am," said the
man, bringing the helm smartly
about. "But say, didn't you notice
anything peculiar about the old
woman?"
"Why, man, you seem greatly in-
terested about her."
"So I am, commodore, an' so I am
about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it
be well for you and I to overhaul it
before we sail?"
"Pshaw! you're as scared as a
child in a graveyard!"
"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit.
That woman ain't no woman."
The commodore pronounced the
name of his satanic majesty in the
most emphatic manner.
"It's the truth, commodore—I can
swear to it. I pertended there was
a spider on her hair, and I rubbed
my hand against her face. By Sam,
if he wasn't as rough and
bearded as a holy-stone. You see
she told me as how I'd let the boom
jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed
there wasn't no woman there, and
so I tried her. Call somebody at the
wheel, and let's go and look at the
coffin."
The commodore was woodstruck
by what he had heard, but with a
calm presence of mind that made
him what he was, he sat coolly to
thinking. In a few minutes he called
one of the men aft to relieve Car-
ter, and then he went down to look
after his patient. The latter had
returned to a number of the men
had gathered about the spot. The
hatch was raised, and the commo-
dore carefully picked up the ball
of twine and found that it was made
fast to something below. He de-
scended to the hold and there he
found that the twine ran in between
the lid of the coffin. He had no
doubt in his mind now that there
was mischief boxed up below, and
sent Carter for something that might
answer for a screw driver.
The man soon returned with a stout
knife, and the commodore set to
work. He worked very carefully,
however, at the same time keeping
a bright lookout for the string.
At length the screws were out,
and the lid very carefully lifted
from its place.
"Great God in Heaven!" burst
from the lips of the commodore.
"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a
thunder clap from the tongue of old
Dan.
"God bless you, Dan," said the
commodore.
"I know'd it!" said Dan.
The two men stood for a moment
and gazed into the coffin. There was
no dead man there, but in place
thereof there was material for the
death of a score. The coffin was
filled with gun powder and pitch
wood; upon a light framework in
the centre were arranged four pis-
tols, all cocked and the string en-
tering the coffin from without com-
municated with the trigger of each.
The first movement of the com-
modore was to call for water, and
when it was brought he dashed 5 or
4 buckets into the infernal con-
trivance, and then he breathed more
freely.

NASBY IN EGGSHLE.
LONDON, (which is in England),
July 16, 1881.—Yesterday I received
the following epistle from the Corn-
ers:
To the Rev. P. V. Nasby—Come
back; we relent. You shall have
all the liquor you want, and the
citizens will see that you have proper
food and raiment. The new shirts
are making for you now. We want
somebody to read the news for us.
We're in total ignorance of what is
going on. Come back. We enclose
money to pay return passage. Come
back for us. Come back for Democ-
racy.
ELKANAH PROGRAM,
Chairman Committee.
I hev bin expectin this for some
time. The note wuz written by
some stranger within their gates, for
no man at the Cross Roads, except
Bascom, kin rite, and he only kin
enuf to keep his books. Since he
located at the Corners he hed to
learn to rite to do this, and I must
say he hed a heap uv experience.
The money they send me I shud
keep for the present, but I shud
write you a note to let you know
their bribe uv shirts with scorn.
Wat is two shirts to me in London,
where they dry their shirts upon
lines on the top uv the houses? Do
they think I am too old to cim?
Am I like Kalegh, which remark
exclusively I shud not heed, but I
fear to do it. Tho bowed with the
weight uv sixty years, I wud cim
the Alps at midnite, were there a
clean shirt on the summit.
And then wat is shirts anyhow?
The shirt is the most yoculst uv
garment. It is not warm, and the
only use it is for show. I wud cim
only in deference to an absurd re-
quirement uv our modern civiliza-
tion. They are purely artifiel. I
never saw an Arab, or any other
child of nacher, with a shirt on.
With a wet cut close to the throat,
and a paper collar, wat does a man
need uv a shirt? Ask the travlin
two—ask the song and dance men.
Two shirts forsooth!
I shud not go back to the Corners
—not much. I am too well sitooat-
ed here to make any change, and es-
pecially to go back to a place which
is bin tryin' to shut me for ever
on a rock, and I shud not more uv
shishun uv me than to finally suc-
ceed. They hev at last asserntioned
how true the line:
Bismarck glad ef they take their life.
I am glad I left of for no other
reason than to shoo these barbarians
wat they lost in me.
I am at present in London tryin
to make up my mind whether to
stay here and become a English pub-
lican, or to go to France and become
a French one. There is so much to be
said on both sides that I find it cer-
tified to decide. Ef it wuz certain
that the Irish agitashun wud keep
up, I think I should go to Paris,
but unfortunately they never wuz
imjigly sold out by the leaders. Ef
it is a humbug, as you seem to be
inclined to decent propoziashun, then
imjigly occurred 'a foot cool
git to London to set it out first.
There is no doubt but that I kin
make a good thing uv it by organiz-
in' myself into a skrimshin fund,
and then I shud be able to do any-
thing uv the kind, and hev in the
Irish servant girls and day labers uv
Ameriky send me contribushuns,
but when the present movement
dies out where am I?
I shood hev to go to work to git
up a new truble, and that wud be
strainin to an Amerikan. A Irish-
man comes to it naturally, but to me
it wud be a no uv expoziashun.
On the other hand, I never saw
better material for a party uv re-
form, similer to the Democracy in
Ameriky, than there is here in Lon-
don. There is oshens uv material
there, Atlantic and Pacific uv it.
This is more gin ready to the square
than I ever seen afore, and wat
makes it better, they are crowded of
the time. There is Irish here, more
than there is in Noo York even, and
the fact that they are not upon
school boards and upon the com-
mission force the limit they come
over, and onto the Board uv
the Altemen and other places, the
same ez in Noo York, makes em dis-
contented and unhappy. They are
ripe for a movement that wud give
em the control uv London, the
same ez they hev uv Noo York, and
if they want to commence a dem-
onstrashun they hev in London the
every Irishman is a leader who is
bold enuf to hed em, and skillful
enuf to organize em.
Am I that man? Ef so there is
for me patent-leather boots, riors
at a first-class hotel, champagne and
Havana cigars, the same ez the Irish
leaders in Ameriky. Ef so, there
is a carriage at the door, with a liv-
er coachman on the box, and a
flunkey in a livery behind, the same
ez of men hev who strike many blow
for the poor orest uv every land.
Ef so, there is nights uv luxury and
days uv ease, which is proper for
the champion uv the starvin Irish
and the orest Celt. I see portierhouse
stables and the wines uv France in
this kind uv a crusade for the down-
trodden. I shud like to hev a
flunkey to kick and abuse. I wud
be a champion for almost any variety
uv equality for that blessed privilege.
For patriotic purposes I hev found
no liquid better than English gin.
It is a beverage that is eminently
calculated to prodoo discontnt
with existin' order uv things, no
matter wat they may be. A gin
drinker alius wades suthin else. In
this respect it lays off over Ameriky
whisky, no matter how bad it is.
London is clearly my field.
Go back to the Corners with these
golden prospect open in afore me!
Go back to the Cross Roads and en-
joy Bascom's refoals for credit,
and Dekin Pogram's refoals to
lend, and the terrors uv unappas-
sated hunger, when I kin hed an Irish
sureshoun, and sell out to the blottid
aristocracy uv England, and be a
Dook or suthin uv the sort, and hev
an estate uv my own! Go back to
the Corners and read the noos for
mere whisky, and that given grudin-
gly and in insufficient quantities!
Not much!

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name of his satanic majesty in the
most emphatic manner.
"It's the truth, commodore—I can
swear to it. I pertended there was
a spider on her hair, and I rubbed
my hand against her face. By Sam,
if he wasn't as rough and
bearded as a holy-stone. You see
she told me as how I'd let the boom
jibe if I didn't look out. I knowed
there wasn't no woman there, and
so I tried her. Call somebody at the
wheel, and let's go and look at the
coffin."
The commodore was woodstruck
by what he had heard, but with a
calm presence of mind that made
him what he was, he sat coolly to
thinking. In a few minutes he called
one of the men aft to relieve Car-
ter, and then he went down to look
after his patient. The latter had
returned to a number of the men
had gathered about the spot. The
hatch was raised, and the commo-
dore carefully picked up the ball
of twine and found that it was made
fast to something below. He de-
scended to the hold and there he
found that the twine ran in between
the lid of the coffin. He had no
doubt in his mind now that there
was mischief boxed up below, and
sent Carter for something that might
answer for a screw driver.
The man soon returned with a stout
knife, and the commodore set to
work. He worked very carefully,
however, at the same time keeping
a bright lookout for the string.
At length the screws were out,
and the lid very carefully lifted
from its place.
"Great God in Heaven!" burst
from the lips of the commodore.
"By Sam Hyde!" dropped like a
thunder clap from the tongue of old
Dan.
"God bless you, Dan," said the
commodore.
"I know'd it!" said Dan.
The two men stood for a moment
and gazed into the coffin. There was
no dead man there, but in place
thereof there was material for the
death of a score. The coffin was
filled with gun powder and pitch
wood; upon a light framework in
the centre were arranged four pis-
tols, all cocked and the string en-
tering the coffin from without com-
municated with the trigger of each.
The first movement of the com-
modore was to call for water, and
when it was brought he dashed 5 or
4 buckets into the infernal con-
trivance, and then he breathed more
freely.

A Temperance Drink.
Among the thirsty ones yesterday
hunting up and down Woodward
avenue for something to quench
thirst was a man in rusty black,
who entered a drug store and softly
inquired:
"Have you a temperance drink?"
"Two or three of 'em. Will you
take soda water or ginger ale?"
"Well, now, our society does not
regard either of those as a strictly
temperance drink. Both are associ-
ated with stronger liquors."
"How would root beer answer?"
"Suspiciously suspicious," was the
whispering reply.
"Ah! I've got it now!"
"Ah!"
"I can give you a straight temper-
ance drink as cool as ice, but it
comes high."
"How much?"
"One cent a glass."
"Very well," said the old man, as
he put down his dime.
The drugist was absent only a
minute, and then returned and
placed a glass of liquid before him.
The old man drank half of it, smacked
his lips and asked:
"May I ask what you call it?"
"I just call it 'iced water.' I
just drew it from the hydrant."
The excursionist set the glass
down much harder than he needed
to, buttoned his coat, and with a
glance meant to reduce the drugist's
weight to 120 pounds in five
seconds, marched out as stiff as a
board, and crossed the street at
a lemonade-flavored with pep-
perment essence.—For Press.

Self-Made Men.
Many of those who have taken
the foremost rank in the circles of
business, of thought, and of reform,
have come from homes supplied by
gold. This is as it should be. For
those who have been brought up
exclusively in drawing-rooms, intelli-
gence is a name, a recreation; for
those who have held the sword or
worked with the chisel, intelli-
gence becomes a passion, a force,
a beauty, a worship, and a love ad-
mired. It is from the stall, the shop,
the work-room, that the most pow-
erful minds have issued. Moliere
from the upholsters, Burns from the
farmers, Shakespeare from the ho-
siers, Rosseau from the wheelrights
—long engaged in a struggle with
physical nature, they all took refuge
in the free domain of thought. On
the other hand, the offspring of the
gold and great are apt to deteriorate;
not that they do not inherit strong
mental powers, but their luxurious
surroundings weaken self-reliance
and lessen effort.
It is possible.
That a remedy made of such com-
mon, simple plants as Hops, Buchu,
Mandrake, Dandelion, &c., makes
so many and such marvelous and
wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do?
It must be, for when old and young,
rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor,
Lawyer and Editor, all testify to
having been cured by them, we
must believe and doubt no longer.
See other column.—Post.

THE MYSTERIOUS WIDOW.
During the summer of 1841 the
British had not only laid claim to
all the portion of the district of
Maine lying east of the Penobscot,
but Admiral Griffit and Sir John
Storobrook, the latter being the Gov-
ernor General of Nova Scotia, had
been sent with a large force to take
possession, and occupied the town
of Castine, which place commands
the entrance to Penobscot river.
Shortly before the arrival of the
English squadron Commodore Samuel
Tucker had been sent around to
Penobscot Bay to protect the Ameri-
can coasters, and while the British
sailed up to Castine, he lay at Thom-
aston.
It was a schooner that the Com-
modore commanded, but she was a
heavy one, well armed and manned;
and she carried the true Yankee
"grit" upon her decks, of which the
enemy had received from them
rather too many proofs. On the
morning of the 28th of August a
message was sent down from the
British frigate, which was lying
at one of the low wharves, where
he would have to wait two hours for
the tide to set him off; but he hast-
ened to have everything prepared to
get her off as soon as possible, for
he had no desire to meet the frigate.
The schooner's keel had just clear-
ed from the mud, and one of the
men had been sent upon the wharf
to cast off the bowline, when a wa-
gon, drawn by one horse, came rat-
tling down to the spot. The driver,
a rough looking countryman, got
out upon the wharf, and then as-
sisted a middle-aged woman from
the vehicle. The lady's first inqui-
ry was for Commodore Tucker. He
was pointed out to her, and she
stepped upon the schooner's deck
and approached him.
"Commodore," she asked, "when
do you sail from here?"
"Well, sail right off, as soon as
possible, madam."
"Oh, then, I know you will be
kind to me," the lady urged, in
persuasive tones. "My poor hus-
band died yesterday, and I wish to
carry his corpse to Wisconsin, where
we belong, and where his parents
will take care of it."
"But my good woman, I shan't go
to Wisconsin."
"If you will only land me at the
mouth of the Sheepscot, I will ask
no more. I can easily find a boat
there to take me up."
"Where is the body?" asked Tuck-
er.
"In the wagon," returned the la-
dy, at the same time raising the cor-
ner of her shawl to wipe away the
tears. "I have a sum of money with
me, and you shall be paid for the
trouble."
"Tut, tut, woman; if I accommo-
date you there would be any pay
about it."
The kind-hearted old commodore
was not the man to refuse a favor,
and though he liked not the bother
of taking the woman and her strange
accompaniment on board, yet he
could not refuse. When he told her
he would do as she had requested,
she thanked him with many tears
in her eyes.
Some of the men were sent upon
the wharf to bring the body on board.
A long buffalo robe was lifted off
by the man who drove the wagon; be-
neath it appeared a neat black coffin.
Some words were passed by the sea-
men as they were putting the coffin
on board, which went to show pre-
tly plainly that the affair did not ex-
actly suit them. It may have been
but prejudice on their part, but the
seamen should be allowed a prej-
udice once in a while, when we con-
sider the many stern realities they
have to encounter. "Hush, my good
men," said the commodore, as he
heard their remonstrance. "Sup-
pose you were to die away from
home—would you not wish that
your last remains might be carried
to your poor parents? Come hurry
now."
The men said no more, and ere
long the coffin was placed in the
hold, and the woman was shown to
the cabin. In less than half an
hour the schooner was cleared of the
wharf and standing out from the
bay. The wind was right from the
eastward, but Tucker had no fear
of the frigate now that he was once
out of the bay.
In the evening the lady passen-
ger came on deck, and the com-
dore assured her that she should be
able to land her on the next morn-
ing. She expressed her gratitude
and satisfaction, and remarked that
before she retired she would like to
look and see that her husband's
corpse was safe. "This was of course
granted, and one of the men lifted
off the hatch that she might go down
into the hold.
"I declare," muttered Daniel Car-
ter, an old sailor who was standing
at the wheel, "she takes on dre-
fully."
"Yes, poor thing," said Tucker,
as he heard her sob and groans.
"D'ye notice what'n eye she's got?"
continued Carter.
"No," said Tucker, "only 'twas
swollen with tears."
"My eyes! but they shone, though,
when she stood here, looking at the
coffin."
Tucker smiled at the man's quaint
earnestness, and without further re-
mark he went down the cabin.
When the woman came up from
the hold, she looked about the deck
of the schooner for a few moments,
and then went below, and was seen
nothing in her countenance that
puzzled Carter. He had been one
of those that objected to the coffin
being brought on board, and hence he
was not predisposed to look very fa-
vorably upon its owner. The wom-
an's eyes ran over the schooner's
deck with strange quickness, and
Carter eyed her very sharply. Soon
she went to the taffrail and looked
over at the stern boat, and then she
came back and stood by the binnacle
again.
"Look out, or you'll jibe the
boom," uttered the passenger.
Carter started, and that the main
sail was shivering. He gave the
helm a couple of spokes apart, and
then cast his eyes again upon the
woman, whose features were lighted
by the binnacle lamp.
"Thank 'ee ma'am," said Dan. "Ha
hold on, why bless my soul, there's
a big spider right on your hair. No
spider there, I'll be—Ugh—Ugh—"
This last ejaculation Dan made
as he seemed to pull something
from the woman's hair, which he
threw upon the deck with the "Ugh"
above mentioned.
A bitter curse from the prisoner
now broke on the air, and with a
clenched fist the commodore went
below.
"Commodore," said Carter, with a
remarkable degree of earnestness in
his manner, "is the woman turned
in?"
"I rather think so," said Tucker,
looking at the commode. "Look out,
look out, Carter! Why, madam, you
are two points to the southward
of your course."
"Blow me, so I am," said the
man, bringing the helm smartly
about. "But say, didn't you notice
anything peculiar about the old
woman?"
"Why, man, you seem greatly in-
terested about her."
"So I am, commodore, an' so I am
about the coffin, too. Wouldn't it
be well for you and I to overhaul it
before we sail?"
"Pshaw! you're as scared as a
child in a graveyard!"
"No, not a bit. Just hark a bit.
That woman ain't no woman."
The commodore pronounced the
name of his sat