

THE SOMERSET HERALD. ESTABLISHED 1827. One of the leading papers of Western Pennsylvania.

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WE HAVE THE BEST FACILITIES WEST OF THE MOUNTAIN. JOB DEPARTMENT.

THE SOMERSET HERALD. PRINTING HOUSE ROW, SOMERSET, PA.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 7, 1882. The holidays are over. The national building has again been run up at both ends of the Capitol...

One of the most remarkable peculiarities of the average American is his aversion to walking. Men, as well as women, seem to regard their legs with profound contempt...

The House met on Thursday after a brief session, adjourned until Monday, and the session, brief as it was, was sufficiently long for Mr. Bell, of Indiana, to express his indignation and protest at being ignored in the formation of important committees...

Not long ago a traveling agent called at Dolson's house, Carson City, with a yard sprinker. It was a simple affair, only cost a dollar and a quarter, and when tested on the end of a hose could be stuck anywhere in the ground...

A low moon caused the city editor of a western paper to look up from the work of writing a notice of Col. Bunker, who had been killed in the late war, and who had written an article in this newspaper...

Children at the Hanging. A low moon caused the city editor of a western paper to look up from the work of writing a notice of Col. Bunker, who had been killed in the late war...

A Horrible Murder Confessed. CINCINNATI, O., December 28.—A special from Gore, Ohio, says the authorities placed a guard about the house of a woman who had confessed the assassination of a man...

An Earthquake Intense. GOREHAM, N. H., July 14, 79. Gore:—Whoever you are, I don't know you; but I thank the Lord and feel grateful to you to know that in this world of adulterated medicines there is one compound that proves and does all it advertises to do...

Why Is It? That some men would drink every ten minutes? That women wear such big hats? That selfish people always get along so well?

The Legend of Minnie. It is a beautiful legend of the South. Amilia was the village blacksmith, and under the spreading chestnut tree in his village smithy stood the boy and girl...

The Plague of Profanity. My hair lifted, my blood ran cold, my breath caught, my feet halted, when I heard cursing and swearing in the name of Jesus Christ in Fulton street, said the Rev. Dr. Talmage in a sermon a few days since, on "The Plague of Profanity."

Early one morning a few days later, Elmer while strolling through the garden, sees Beatrice standing by a rosebush, endeavoring to disentangle her scarf from the thorns upon which it caught.

Then they stroll down the shady path together, and enjoy a pleasant talk until the bell calls them to breakfast.

Some forty odd years ago, when I first began to execute orders given me by the Southern planters, they required, with rare exception, white swine. I told them the dark colored would prove the most hardy and sure...

Dark Swine Preferred. Some forty odd years ago, when I first began to execute orders given me by the Southern planters, they required, with rare exception, white swine.

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A Nemesis. "A bouquet, sir?" Elmer Richards starts suddenly and glances apprehensively at the speaker. There is nothing to fear in the little pink-robed figure before him, while shyly drooping eyes and white dimpled hands that are just now engaged in wrapping a bit of silver leaf around the green stems of a tiny bunch of flowers.

He bows forward that she may pin the blossoms on his coat lapel. He notices how small and white her hands are, and wishes she would raise her finger tips.

George Ellis looks up at the companion with an amused smile. "What, Richards, are you smitten?" he says. "Well, you are by no means the first one with whom these eyes have made acquaintance."

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