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The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 5, 1882.

WHOLE NO. 1604.

COOPER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

DUNPHY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

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HORNE & WARD,
EATON & BROS.,
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SPRING, 1882.

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EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

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Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

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ESTABLISHED 1877.

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CASHIER AND MANAGER.

Collection made in all parts of the United States.

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- Seventh: He takes no advantage of those who are no judges of goods.
- Eighth: He carries the largest and finest stock.
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- Tenth: He buys in large quantities direct from the manufacturers.
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- Twelfth: He does the largest business in this part of the State, which is enough to substantiate the above.

WOLFE, The Popular One Price Clothier and Mens' Furnisher,
MAIN STREET, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

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When you come to JOHNSTOWN, do not fail to call at the
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NO. 3 MORRIS ST.

3,000 Gallons OF FERMENTED WINE, FOR SALE
GROVE FARM

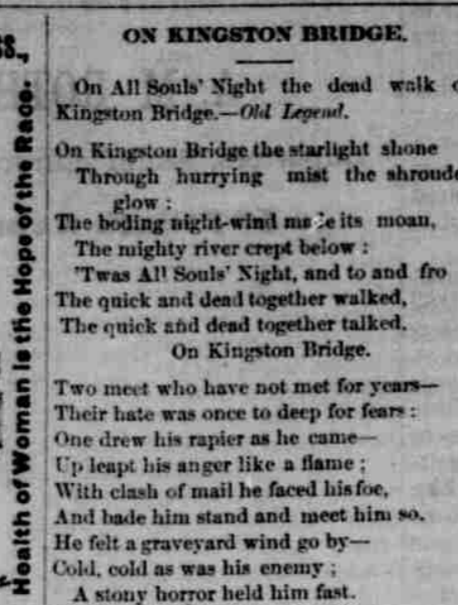
Albert Trent, Manager.

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THE WORLD-FAMED BURDETT ORGAN
IS FOR SALE ONLY BY
I. J. HEFFLEY,
MUSIC DEALER, SOMERSET, PENN'A.

VIOLINS, GUITARS, ACCORDEONS, BANJOS, CLARINETTES, PICCOLO, PLUETS, PIPES.

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MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,
Woman can sympathize with woman.

For all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses connected with the Female System, such as: Pains in the Head, Stomach, Back, and Sides; Indigestion, Constipation, and Irritability of the Bowels; Whites, and all other Discharges; and all the troubles which attend the Menstrual Period, and especially that of the young.

FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD, DRUGGIST, Somerset, Pa.

"LA BLONDE MEES."
I.
"Pretty? No; but gentle. Figure to yourself a blonde, languid, sparkling, magnificent!"
"But not pretty?"
"Well, scarcely perhaps; but a voice! Ah! not a little clear, but a voice like a silver bell—clear, sympathetic."
"Shall I like 'la blonde Mees'?"
"Like her, yes; love her, no; she has no fortune."
So far I had heard—overheard; let me avoid my dishonored aunt. But I was 'la blonde Mees,' and it too tempting an opportunity! The window was open. I was outside, lazily enjoying a dreamy siesta in the rose hower, when I heard the murmur of voices. My godmother was talking of me; and the deep, pleasant voice asking so many questions about my insignificant self was no other than her august nephew, the son of her only sister, who had married an Englishman—her favorite, Horace Vernon. 'No fortune indeed,' I repeated, softly, and then, clear as a bell, struck up the old song:
"My face is my fortune, sir, she said,
Sir, she said, 'la blonde Mees.'"
Over and over again, with every variety of intonation, she sang the words. Suddenly I ceased. Instinctively I felt she was nearing the window and meditating a descent in search of the singer. Hastily I fled; fear lent wings to my feet; blindly I made a dash at the clipped vest hedge and its labyrinthine path, when suddenly I stumbled, and should have fallen but for the arms hospitably outstretched to save me. Recovering myself quickly I drew back with busy dignity and exclaimed in my best French, "Mademoiselle, are you hurt?" "He bowed, 'Mademoiselle, are you hurt?' he said, managing to infuse much tender solicitude into the few words. Then, with a quick look at me, before I could answer, he added: "Let me introduce myself. I am Horace Vernon; and you must be Miss Eugenie Everard. I have been hearing all about you from my aunt."

I bowed and colored vividly. "Yes! 'La Blonde Mees,'" I could not help retorting with a smile. "Ah! you overheard us?" he cried with a ludicrous expression of dismay. Anger and the demon of coquetry prompted me there and then to take off my godmother, and I replied in her voice: "Like her, yes; love her, no; she has no fortune."
The next moment I felt awkward and confused, for I had hardly realized the meaning of the words. Mr. Vernon laughed. "Well," he said, "I promise." "To like you."
He offered me a well-shaped brown hand, into which, after a moment's hesitation, I put my own golden locket, and put my own fingers closed over it in a protecting clasp, and I could not but look up gratefully into the handsome sunburnt face and the merry blue eyes gazing down upon me. As I acknowledged the compact we were making.
Of course my readers will have already decided that I, Eugenie Everard, shall presently fall in love with Mr. Vernon; that he will reciprocate the tender feeling, and thereby break his aunt's heart, and upset all of her deep-laid plans. But the least-slightest shadow does not show that I am trapped nineteen and have passed those important years in the gay town of London, where I have left an inconceivable lover. A certain Reverend Robert Duncombe, whose betrothal ring I wear on the orthodox finger, and whose photograph I have duly set in a large golden locket, with the touching Greek words A. E. I. on one side, and the impossible monogram of R. D. E. E. in raised figure work on the other.
Robert is of a saving nature and has limited our correspondence to three times a week, but he never allows a day to pass without writing, and the budget when it does come is a daily journal of his uneventful life. He wished me to follow the same plan, but I am not of regular habits, and have declined to do

more than reply to the folios as I receive them. So much for my side. On the other, there's a certain heiress with a very large dot (millions of francs) destined for Monsieur Horace. Bonne-maman particularly impressed this upon me when she told me she expected her nephew at Dinard. I have not long since arrived from England, a bitter month's visit to Bonne-maman, otherwise La Comtesse Eugenie Reine Marie d'Harcourt, my mother's old school friend, and my godmother. I was but a baby when I lost both my parents. After my father, Colonel Bonnard's death, I lived with my uncle, but misfortune seemed to claim me as her own; my poor aunt died suddenly, and my uncle, broken-hearted, drifted back into an aimless state of bachelorhood. I felt a burden upon him. Eagerly he availed himself of Madame d'Harcourt's invitation to me, and promptly came off to Southampton, from where I was shipped to St. Malo. There I was met by the Countess's man-of-all-work, Jean Pierre, and with him crossed over to Dinard, where Bonne-maman lived in a bright, cheerful white house, with green jalousies, standing in the old-fashioned garden, being near the beach and the lovely bay with its glittering sands of sparkling black granite. Madame d'Harcourt gave me a hearty welcome to Madame Malouine, and Perrine, the countess's black and white, brightly-eyed maid, stared at me approvingly, and admired my traveling gear of English alpaca as much as I did her wonderful lace cuffs, fixed on with gold pins, and her black silk bib apron over her neat

"A month had passed rapidly, and I never wavered in my belief in my godmother until this fatal morning, when I experienced the truth of the old adage, and listening had heard no good of myself. I was nothing, almost nothing, to Bonne-maman. All her heart was with the young man who had just arrived from England, with whom she had been discussing me as a stranger. As if I should ever seek to win the affections of an engaged man! Nothing to Bonne-maman, I thought. Shall I tell her, my dear godmother, that I am engaged to you? No; I resolve I will not do so, but let her feel, if ever so slightly, uneasy.
Yes, we are both safe, I will make myself as fascinating as I can. Horace Vernon is to marry Madlle. Berthe de Pontac, and I am to marry the young man who had just arrived from England, with whom she had been discussing me as a stranger. As if I should ever seek to win the affections of an engaged man! Nothing to Bonne-maman, I thought. Shall I tell her, my dear godmother, that I am engaged to you? No; I resolve I will not do so, but let her feel, if ever so slightly, uneasy.

Things do take their course, and a very pleasant course. I often days in a twinkling, and I have no time to write letters. The Dinard bathing season will soon be at its height. The Parisian world, including Madlle. Berthe de Pontac, will be here—so Bonne-maman tells me. A more pleasant meeting here. I often long to ask him about his little sly feeling close to my lips. Do I dread that her name should break the spell of happiness cast around the bliss?
Alas! after some weeks of delightful enjoyment, the spell was broken, and I was on my feet, and I have no time to write letters. The Dinard bathing season will soon be at its height. The Parisian world, including Madlle. Berthe de Pontac, will be here—so Bonne-maman tells me. A more pleasant meeting here. I often long to ask him about his little sly feeling close to my lips. Do I dread that her name should break the spell of happiness cast around the bliss?

Although I was broken-hearted, vanity was not dead; I determined to look my best. I gazed in my mirror, and I placed among the way fringes of curls some gorgeous crimson tresses. I half feared a rebuke from Bonne-maman as to being over-dressed—so slipped on a black silk gown, wherein I had artfully inserted a white lace kerchief, and a corsage of red and gold, another cluster of scarlet tresses and black mittens finished off the severe and becoming costume, in which I entered the room prepared to make the acquaintance of the hateful de Pontacs.
Madlle. Berthe only was there, arrayed in a fashionable attire, and was scarcely surprised to recognize in her Horace's lively companion of the morning. Horace behaved beautifully in Bonne-maman's eyes. After greeting me coldly, he overlooked my insignificant presence, lost in the brilliancy of the diamonds sparkling and amusing Berthe. She absorbed him entirely. They were making arrangements for a trip to Mount St. Michael, where he had talked of going. How wretched I felt, how wild with the scraps I heard of the young man's carriage at Dol on the Hospice!" "Must make a diversion, and something what abruptly asked Madlle. de Pontac to play or sing. In vain Bonne-maman objected that it was getting dusk and she did not want lights, as I rested her eyes. Madlle. Berthe, gracefully shaking out her puffs and lace, sweetly observed that she would play for Mme. d'Harcourt, and sing for Mademoiselle.
She rattled through a noisy and brilliant piece, and then her voice, sharp and metallic, filled the air: "Si vous n'avez rien a me dire." She was singing it at Horace, who, apparently buried in thought, was sitting near her. I wondered if he remembered it as one of the songs I had often sung to him. Bonne-maman coughed and fidgeted and shivered; Madlle. Berthe bravely sang, on sometimes flat, sometimes sharp, finishing at last on a note that jarred

every nerve and fibre.
Horace was profuse in thanks, and I, too, thanked her, and added immediately: "Shall I sing you a little English ballad?" Bonne-maman interrupted me to order the lamp, but I maliciously remarked that I would sing a twilight song first. I could not resist my anticlerical triumph. Straight from my first row I sang: "In the Gloom," and vibrating strangely through the dusk came the farewell to my love, mine no longer: "Best for you and best for me."
"I must have sung better than usual, from the deep silence paid as tribute to my talent, and under cover of darkness I rose, and stealing silently to the door, sought the friendly night wherein to hide my sorrow. Perrine met me with the lamp, and leaving the hateful light and the happy circle, I turned away to the garden.
IV.
Hastily I went, past the clipped vest hedge, to the stone seat, on which I sank, and burying my face in my hands burst into passionate tears. I was young, and this my first sorrow seemed too great a burden to bear. I sat there, my shrinking back into the shadow of the hedge, waited breathlessly. They were passing when the treacherous moon shone out and bathed me in a flood of silvery light. A hand was kindly laid upon my head. There, in the glory of moonlight, stood Horace, looking down with kind and pitying eyes upon the tear-stained face uplifted to him; and in the winning voice of old I heard my name.
"Robert had written. I was too depressed to feel wounded at the tone of his reply, or might have resented his agreeing with me on the desirability of breaking off the engagement. In a postscript he added that he had the promise of the vicarage of Capel-le-Ferne, and his £1,500 a year had come to the conclusion that his joy at his worldly advancement had taken away the sting from his heart's adversity. I was thankful that it was so. The morning was clear and bright, and a swim in the sea was a tempting remedy to drown my care, and I strolled down leisurely to the beach. I was late, and when I emerged from my "caban" found a crowd of gossiping idlers in possession of every chair and available seat. Not a nook or corner but was filled with gay couples, working, smoking and "frivolously."
Classically draped in my white wrapper, my hair piled up on high, undisturbed with the oisins cap that French ladies affected, I hurriedly walked through the criticism and jest, and leaving my man in Perrine's care, was soon disporting myself in the crisp sunny waves. After a longer swim than usual I waded out a dripping Niobe. I looked for Perrine and my wrapper—vain; she was nowhere to be seen. A momentary hesitation in my mind I prepared to run the gauntlet of the assembled multitude and make a quick rush at my sheltering "caban."
With a sudden inspiration, I unlocked my long hair and let its shining golden glory fall around my neck and over my shoulders. A little less gleam of gold, and so made my way through the "mob" as I spitefully called the loungers surrounding the "caban." With a ludicrous sense of humiliation and flaming cheeks, I saw Horace in a lively conversation with Madlle. Berthe, and I was in the front of my haven of refuge. I made a frantic dash at the canvas door, to be greeted with the sight of an unmistakable pair of manly boots. I turned and fled—oh! misery! In my confusion I had forgotten the number of the boat. My only recourse was to wonder if beach etiquette expected me to acknowledge Horace. I prepared for another dash—when a lady kindly pointed out a canvas tent with a polite "est la, mademoiselle," and I rushed in to hide my blushes under the friendly canopy. In my haste, Bonne-maman told me that she expected the Baroness de Pontac and her daughter and Horace.

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The feeling was verified. The morning Bonne-maman was too ill to care what she wore, and I, while she murmured in a feeble voice, "Eugenie, my child, I should like you to stay with me; always, if your uncle will not object. When Horace is married I shall be very lonely. Will you stay, dear, until you can marry and leave the old woman?"
The blood flamed in my cheeks; I stooped and kissed her fondly. "I will not leave you, Bonne-maman, unless—unless you send me away."
While I was speaking the doctor came. Alas! my dread forebodings were realized! Bonne-maman was indeed ill, stricken with typhus fever.
And so my dream ended. I looked my last upon Horace. He was obliged to leave for England, and the doctor had not yet pronounced his health. In vain he urged me to let the sisters of charity take my place beside her. I was firm. A duty was before me—clear and distinct, it was needed by the kind old lady who had befriended me and offered me a home. True to the old friend, if it must be, I must risk losing the young friend, the more than friend I do not deny that it was a struggle between duty and inclination, but she needed me, and he—well, "he loved and he rode away."
Days grew into weeks, weeks into months; Bonne-maman varied, now better, now worse. At last my patience was crowned with success, my love won her back from the arms of death. She owed her life to my nursing. The yellow flag was still flying, and we were not out of quarantine, when Perrine, with her face shining like a beneficent sunbeam, announced "a visit."
It was a bright spring morning, and as the visitor was in the sitting-room, I decided on holding a party from the garden, thus averting any

danger of lingering infection. Throwing a scarf around my head, I stood before the closed window and tapped lightly, instantly it flew open and I was clasped in the arms of my stalwart lover.
He laughed my fear of infection to scorn, suggested a warm climate for Bonne-maman, a month or two at Cannes—and as I also needed a thorough rest, he proposed changing Miss Eugenie to Mrs. Horace Vernon.
I think Perrine must have put Bonne-maman up to a thing or two. She was not surprised to hear the news, and I was considerably relieved to hear her say: "She was glad her one darling was to marry her other darling."—The Argosy.

The Gubernatorial Nomination.
It is now less than six weeks until the meeting of the State Convention. Although the time for making a choice of candidates is so near at hand, yet the discussion as to who they should be is remarkably quiet. Quite a number of counties have elected delegates and given their instructions, but there has been little contest anywhere at the primaries. Enough has been developed, however, by the expressions from various parts of the State to show that General BEAVER is unquestionably the choice of the Republicans for Governor. We regard his nomination as a foregone conclusion, and can truthfully say that it is one we can cheerfully endorse. He was our preference four years ago and we were sorry to lose him, set aside for a less worthy man. It is true that since that time he has made some political moves which we did not like and have not hesitated to criticize, and yet after all we regard him as being the man, and perhaps the only one in the State upon whom all factions of the party can unite, and under whose leadership the old Commonwealth may certainly be kept in the Republican line. While General BEAVER'S candidacy has been favored and approved by some party leaders, who are obnoxious to many Republicans, it is nevertheless true that his strongest support comes from the people. Mr. CAMERON shows his good sense and political sagacity by supporting the one-legged veteran and the fact that he has chosen for once an exceptional man is a recognition of the popular demands and shows that he appreciates the state of party feeling. No Republican should oppose General BEAVER simply because he holds Mr. CAMERON'S friendship. He was, certainly, once before, and Mr. CAMERON did not aid him. He is a candidate now, and we believe would be successful, one even if Mr. CAMERON opposed him. We repeat, therefore, that no Republican should oppose him merely because a leader who is distinctly favored by the State, the hope for Republican success in the important elections of this year, and with good nominations and the State ticket properly distributed as to locality, and with both wings of the party fairly represented thereon, we could not safely be counted on for the usual majority. We believe General BEAVER to be pre-eminently the man to head the ticket. His character and claims are too well known to be dwelt upon. Moreover, he has a peculiar hold on the people of our county and an almost "local pride" would render him strong among us as a candidate. To those who criticize him for his course at the Chicago Convention we commend Mr. BLAINE in his great energy when he said that General Cameron cared not so much what a man believed if he honestly believed it. So, if General BEAVER has honestly differed with many Republicans on the question of National candidates he should not be found fault with if in all other respects he is acceptable and possesses the qualities which insure success.—Washington Observer.

Get a Home.
We would have every true man build for himself a home, be it ever so humble in its beginning. Industry and frugality and good judgment will win of it the most lovely spot on earth. The man without a home is like a sojourner without a country. The richest, happiest and best in the world is he who has a pretty, comfortable home of his own, a family, good health, and owes no man a cent, even though his entire worldly possessions would not sell for a thousand dollars, and though he has never held so high an office as town Constable or Road-master.
We sometimes feel constrained to doubt whether a man without a home can be an industrious citizen and a more indifferent patriot. He cannot feel that interest in other people's real prosperity that he feels in his own, and without such prosperity we could have no country worthy a name. He would scarcely care to risk his life in defense of the hearthstone of his landlord, but let that hearthstone be his own, and woe to the invader who should threaten it with desecration. The homes of the people are the strength of the State. Build them, beautify them, own them and be happy. This is the fair deduction from hosts of instances and is the true philosophy of home-making and home-owning.
Mr. Theodore Hovey, tobacco and cigar dealer, 109 Seneca street, was recently laid up with rheumatism so that he couldn't walk. After liberal use of various preparations he purchased a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and to his own expression, "It was the first thing that afforded him anything like relief." He has completely recovered by its use.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Never confound the bad with the good remedies, the very best we know of is Ferruna.—Star.

The extreme height of misery is a small boy with a new pair of rubber boots and no mud or slush in reach.

The circuses start on the tenting season this month.

WASHINGTON, March 24.—Secretary Hunt has received from Passed Assistant Engineer George W. Melville, under date of Yakoutsk, Eastern Siberia, January 3d, a copy of letter of instructions sent by him (Melville) to the Yprawick (local government) of Verkhoyansk as follows:
"It is my desire, and the wish of the government of the United States of America, and of the projectors of the American expedition, that a diligent and constant search be made for missing comrades of both boats. Lieutenant De Long and his party, consisting of twelve persons, will be found near the west bank of the Lena river. They are south of the small hunting station which is west of the house known among the Kamtschats as Qu Vina. They are in fact, and possibly have marched as far south as Bulcom. Therefore, be they dead or alive, they are between Qu Vina and Bulcom. I have already traveled over this ground, but I followed the river bank; therefore it is necessary that a more diligent search be made on the high ground back from the river a short distance, as well as along the river bank. I examined many huts and small houses, but could not of course examine all of them. Therefore, it is necessary that every house, Drigman, and paper, and newspaper, for books and papers of persons of the party. Men without food and with but little clothing would naturally seek shelter in huts along the line of march, and, if exhausted might die in one of the huts. They would leave their boots and papers at hand, if unable to carry them further. If they carried their boots and papers south of that section of the country, between Mt. Bulcom, they will be found piled up in a heap and some prominent object erected near them, if not on top of a hill. In case no boots and papers are found, they are to be sent to the American minister resident at St. Petersburg. If they are found in time and can be forwarded to me before I leave Russia forward them to me. The persons of the dead I wish to be buried on the coast, in the most convenient of access to Bulcom; all placed inside of a small house, arranged side by side for free recognition, the hut then securely closed and banked up with snow and earth, and to remain so until a proper period has elapsed in America, after which the final disposition of the bodies. In banking up the hut have it done in such a manner that animals cannot get in and destroy the bodies. Search for the small boat, containing eight persons, should be made in the month of the Lena, and beyond the east mouth of the Lena river. After the separation of the three boats. No information has been received concerning the small boat, but as all three boats were destined to Barkin, and the Lena is a natural mouth of the Lena River, it is natural to suppose that Lieutenant Chipp directed his boat to Barkin if he managed to weather the gale, but if from any cause he could not find a Lena mouth, he would continue along the coast from Barkin west for a month or more in the direction of an eastern entrance or mouth of the Lena river. It still unsuccessful in getting into the Lena river, he might from stress of weather, or other cause be forced along the coast toward the Ajna river. Diligent and constant search is commenced at once and to continue till the people, books and papers are found, care being taken that vigilant and careful examination of that section of the country where Lieutenant De Long and his party were known to be made in early spring, when the snow begins to leave the ground and before the spring floods commence to overflow the river banks. One or more American officers will, in all probability, be in Behm in time to assist in the search. All the strict instructions in the letter of instructions is to be carried on independent of any other party, and to be entirely under the control of competent authority of Russia."
[Signed] GEORGE W. MELVILLE, A Submarine Vessel.

Removing Ink Stains.
An article in the Journal de Pharmacie d'Anvers recommends to use for this purpose the pyrophosphate of sodium, which does not destroy cellulose, and yields colorless compounds with ferric oxide. Before treating the spot with this salt it is recommended to let a few drops of yellow iron filings fall upon the spot, and then to wash in a solution of the pyrophosphate until yellow ink spots have disappeared. If necessary the operation is to be repeated.

The most sensible remedy, and the only safe, sure and permanent cure for all diseases of the liver, blood and stomach, including biliousness, fever and ague, dumb ague, jaundice, dyspepsia, etc., is Prof. Guimette's Compound, which, when taken, is absorbed. Ask your druggist for this noted cure, and take no other, and if he has not got it, or will not get it for you, send \$1.00 to French Pad Co., Toledo, Ohio, and they will send you one post-paid by return mail.

It seems impossible that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, etc., should make so many and such great cures as Hop Bitters do; but when old and young, rich and poor, pastor and doctor, lawyer and editor, all testify to have been cured by them, you must believe and try them yourself, and doubt no longer.

Personally and in my family I have used Ely's Cream Balm for cold in the head and nasal catarrh, with the most satisfactory results.

J. C. M. EUGENES, London, New Jersey.

Pastor M. E. Church, Linden, New Jersey.

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