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# The Somerset Herald

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### Frank W. Hay, ESTABLISHED 34 YEARS, John B. Hay

# HAY BROS.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

## Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware Manufy,

No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Pa.

WE ARE PREPARED TO OFFER

### RANGES, STOVES and HOUSE-FURNISHING GOODS IN GENERAL

At Prices Less than any other House in Western Pennsylvania.

## HERE IS THE PLACE!

# J. M. HOLDERBAUM AND SONS

NO. 4 BAER'S BLOCK.

A Complete Assortment of GENERAL MERCHANDISE consisting of

### STAPLE and FANCY DRY GOODS!

A Large Assortment of

### DRESS GOODS and NOTION!

### MEN'S, BOYS' & CHILDREN'S CLOTHING!

### HATS, BOOTS and SHOES!

### CARPETS & OIL CLOTHS!

Queensware, Hardware, Glassware, Groceries.

All kinds of Window Blinds and Fixtures, Wall Papers, Umbrellas, Satchels and Trunks, Churns, Butter Bowls, Tubs, Buckets, Baskets, Toledo Pumps, Farm Bells, Corn Planters and Plows, Cultivators, and WAGONS!

### THE ROLAND CHILLED PLOW,

The CHAMPION MOWER & REAPER,  
The CHAMPION GRAIN SEED DRILL.

With Detachable Fertilizer.

### THE BEST OF EVERYTHING AT

# J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SONS,

SOMERSET, PENNA.

### COOLEY CREAMERS.

Manufactured by Cooley Brothers, Somerset, Pa.

### FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

WM. M. HOCHSTETLER,  
Somerset, Pa.

### SOMERSET COUNTY BANK

(ESTABLISHED 1877.)  
CHARLES J. HARRISON, President.  
M. J. FRITTS, Cashier.

### HORNE & WARD,

EATON & BROS.  
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,  
PITTSBURGH, PA.

SPRING, 1882.

### NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

### TUTT'S PILLS

A NOTED DIVINE SAYS:  
"I have been a sufferer from Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and general debility, for several years. I have tried many remedies, but have not found relief until I commenced using your Pills. I feel now as if I were a new man."—J. H. TUTT, Esq., 100 Broadway, New York.

### TUTT'S HAIR DYE

Gray Hair is a sign of age, and is a source of much embarrassment. It is a source of much embarrassment. It is a source of much embarrassment.

### PATENTS

Obtained and all business in the U. S. Patent Office, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office.

### JEANETTE'S HAIR.

"Oh, loosen the curls that you wear,  
Jeanette,  
Let me tangle my hand in your hair, my pet."  
For the world to me had no daintier sight  
Than your brown hair falling over your shoulders white.

### AUNT JEAN'S MISTAKE.

"Oh, dear! It is too pleasant to stay in the house to-day," said Kitty Ford. "Aunt Jean, couldn't I go berrying up in the pasture lot?"

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### good, early start on Monday morning," said Aunt Jean. "At twelve o'clock the back bedroom was whitened and sweetened by my little handmaid, 'come,' the quilt was satisfactorily arranged, and the whole family sat down to a savory meal of fried chicken, white bread, milk and strawberry short cake. "You seem to be a very respectable young man," said Aunt Jean, critically surveying the stranger. "If you'd like to stay here and do chores for your board, you might sleep in the barn chamber, and I could recommend you to do white-washing jobs for the neighbors. Deacon Dowd's house needs a good coat of paint, badly, and I'm most sure that widow Elanah Trubey would like her barn painted to match the new house."

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### Courting.

Whenever a man goes courting, everybody seems to know all about it. His demeanor tells the observant spectator the business he is intent upon. He just might as well placard himself with the legend, "I go courting." Every one is cognizant of it, and looks knowing, and asks "if the northern lights were bright last night, say about 10 o'clock?" and a score of other questions equally out of place. "We have in our family at present, says a contemporary, "a young man who is deeply—we trust successfully—engaged in courting; and our warmest sympathies have been aroused for him. When Sunday afternoon arrives it is plain to see that something is about to happen. Our young man is fidgety and non-communicative, and cannot sit in one place a half-minute at a time. He is continually looking at his watch and comparing it with the old eight-day clock in the corner. He looks in the glass frequently and draws his forehead locks first back and then forward, and combs them up and puts them down, and is unsatisfied throughout. The small hairs on his forehead are manifestly apparent. When he shakes out his handkerchief musk is perceptible. His boots shine like mirrors. There is a faint odor of cardamom seeds in his breath when he yawns. He smoothes his budding moustache with affectionate pats, and feels his nose and ear-loops continually, to make sure they are still there—a fact which is not established to the satisfaction of his eyes. He tries on all his stock of neckties without finding what is just the thing, and has spasms of brushing his coat that occasion with violence, and lasts till one grows nervous for fear the broadcloth will never be able to stand it. He declines soup that day for dinner. He says it's because he doesn't feel hungry, but we know it is because there are onions in it, and onions, as every one knows, do not sweeten, but breed colds and coughs. He is spoken to on a sudden he will start and blush, and looks as guilty as if he had been caught stealing something; and directly if one does not speak to him he goes back to the delightful occupation of staring at the ceiling, and waiting for the hour to come up to seven. And at seven he sets forth, clean and tidy from tip to toe, looking precisely as if he had just stepped out of a bandbox.

### Mother.

A father talking to his careless daughter said:  
"I want to speak to you of your mother. It may be that you noticed a careworn look upon her face lately. Of course it has not been brought there by any act of yours, still it is your duty to chase away. I want you to get up to-morrow morning and get breakfast, and when your mother comes and begins to express her surprise, go right up to her and kiss her on the mouth. You can't imagine how it will brighten her face. Besides, you owe her a kiss or two. Away back, when you were a little girl, you would not when no one else was tempted by your fever-tainted breath and swollen face. You were not as attractive then as you are now. And through those years of childish sunshine and shadows she was always ready to cure, by the magic of a mother's kiss, the little, chilly, clubby hands whenever they were injured in those first skirmishes with the rough old world. And then the midnight kisses with which she soothed some of your bad dreams as she leaned above your restless pillow, have all been on interest these long, long years. Of course, she is not so pretty, and kissable as you are, but if you had done your share of work during the last ten years the contrast would not have been so marked. Her face has more wrinkles than yours, far more; and yet if you were sick that face would appear more beautiful than an angel's as she hovered over you, watching every opportunity to minister to your comfort, and every one of those wrinkles would seem to be bright wavylets of sunshine chasing each other over the dear face. She will leave you one of these days. These burdens, if not lifted from her shoulders, will break her down. Those rough, hard hands, that have done so many necessary things for you, will be crossed upon her lifeless breast. Those neglected lips that gave you your first baby kisses, that were forever closed, and those sad, tired eyes will have opened in eternity, and then you will appreciate your mother; but it will be too late.

### Josh Billings' Guide to Health.

Never run in debt, nor if you can find any thing else to run into. Be honest if you can, if you can't be honest, pray for help. Carry your gun, and if you make a hit don't brag about it. Be kind to your mother-in-law, and if necessary pay her board at some good hotel. Bathe thoroughly once a week in soft water and castile soap, and avoid tight boots. Exercise in open air but don't saw wood until you are obliged to. Laugh every time you are tickled, and laugh once in a while anyway. Eat wash washing day, and be thankful if you have to shut your eyes to do it. Hold the baby half the time, and always start the fire in the morning and put on the teakettle. Don't jaw back—it only proves that you are as big a fool as the other fellows. Never borrow what you are able to pay for, always have some things you own to lend. Never get in a hurry; you can walk a good deal further in a day than you can run. Don't swear; it may convince you it is snare to convince any others. If you have daughters, let your wife bring them up. If she has a son, never let him see a girl until he is twenty. Who knows what size bowl is required to drown care in?

### A Romantic Story.

About thirty years ago a farmer residing in a township near Springfield, Ohio, named Maxwell, visited a deserted coal bank in the neighborhood, attracted thither by sheer idle curiosity. He stood at the slope opening for a time and then started to walk down it, when at the entrance to this dark and gloomy place he saw a bucket. He picked it up, and soon there came from it the tender and suppressed cries of an infant. He carried it to the light, and then after removing the wrappings he saw a sweet little babe looking into his eyes as if it wanted to be picked up. He picked it up, and a poor little outcast, without a home. Won't you take me out and love and take care of me?" Mr. Maxwell was a young married man with a large generous heart, and having then no children of his own he took the little "raff" home with him, and he and Mrs. Maxwell took care of it as parents love their own children. The little foundling grew to be a beautiful and accomplished young lady, and she repaid her foster parents with an abundance of affection and tender devotion. Twenty years had passed and gone, when one day a young man called at the house of the Maxwells and declared that the babe found in the coal bank was his sister, and that he had come from a pleasant home in Iowa to see her, and if possible persuade her to return with him. His mother had died a few months ago, and on her deathbed she told how she had hid the babe in the coal bank, and of Mr. Maxwell finding it, and all about it, and made a dying request that the family should hunt the child up and claim her. The Maxwells were well pleased with the young man, and he remained with them several weeks. When he returned to his western home he took his sister with him. He also took the promise of one of Mr. Maxwell's daughters that she, too, would share his home and fortune ere long. This promise was kept.

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### A Story From Crump.

Mr. Crump, the steward at the White House during General Garfield's administration, and one of the most faithful nurses, is now keeping a dining room in the old club house building on New York avenue, in this city. He tells many interesting reminiscences of President Garfield's illness, one of which is of the day when the President first asked for a glass of cold water. Crump relates that the physicians had forbidden him water, but the poor man begged so hard and so pitiful like that I had frequently to leave the room to keep from violating the doctor's orders. When he found that pleading would not serve his ends, then he assumed an authoritative tone, and I instantly became deaf. Then he tried persuasion and cajoling; but I would not weaken until he suddenly called to him in a low voice, and, with tears in his eyes, said: "Crump, would you refuse a dying man a drink of water?" "No, Mr. President, but you are not dying."

"But, Crump," he added feebly, "if you do not give it to me I will die here in my bed, and I cannot stand that, and I couldn't disobey the doctors. But somehow or another, I just get a glass of spring water on the table by his bed, and went to the window; and, hang me, when I returned if the glass wasn't empty, and the President wanted to know with a smile, what I meant by tantalizing him by placing a glass with no water in it within his reach and he so thirsty. However, he never asked for any more that day, and I am certain if he did drink that water it did him no harm."

Not Insulted.

"That man to whom you sent me insulted me," said a young drummer, who had only been a few weeks in the business to his trainer in a large lecture in the city.

"Insulted you," reiterated the trainer, with an expression of contempt almost sufficient to make the novice sink into the floor.

"Were you never insulted?" timidly responded the young drummer.

"Never, sir; not even during the period of my novitiate, which I passed through very rapidly, and I have been twenty years in the business."

"That is very strange," said the drummer.

"Very strange if you don't understand it, ferociously observed the old drummer. "I have been often badly abused. I have been ordered peremptorily to leave the premises. I have been frequently knocked down for standing on the order of my going, and several times I have been unceremoniously kicked down stairs; but," he continued, gaining fiercely and triumphantly, "I have never been insulted. I have never been insulted. The moment a drummer feels himself insulted he is no longer fit for business."

Was Not Up in Church Music.

The tenor of a Boston church choir rose to express his regrets that the clergy, as he knew so little of music, had told the prevailing ignorance.

"One Sunday morning a minister sent me a hymn written in a metre which did not fit any tune at my disposal.

"It was just time for me to rush to his room and ask him to change the hymn.

"Why?" asked he, evidently annoyed. "Because, sir," I replied, "there is not a tune in our collection of the same metre as this hymn." "Is that all, sir?" he asked with great dignity. "Then why, my task, do you not sing a tune in some other metre?"

As when She was Young.

"I have used Parker's Hair Balsam and like it better than any similar preparation I know of," writes Mrs. Ellen Perry, wife of H. P. Perry, of Coldbrook Springs, Mass. "I have used it since I was a girl, but a dollar bottle of the Balsam has restored the softness, and the brown color it had when I was young—not a single gray hair left. Since I began applying the Balsam my hair has stopped falling out, and I find that it is a perfectly harmless and agreeable dressing."

LUMINOUS MICH., Feb. 2, 1880.

I have sold Hop Bitters for four years, and there is no medicine that surpasses them for bilious attacks, kidney complaints and many diseases incident to this malarial climate.—H. T. Alexander.

A Nibble of Salt.

If horses, cattle, and sheep could bid for salt, they would lick or nibble at all times as they desired, while in stable yard, or pasture, they would escape various diseases and be more thrifty and useful than when deprived of it, or even given irregularly. Swine and poultry are better for having a little pure brine mixed up with their feed, as it makes a more made this a regular practice, we have never lost an animal from disease of any kind, and only a few fowls, and these later would not have become sick, had they not unfortunately got an uncovered sink in their house, by which they picked out bits of decomposing bread and vegetables, a small quantity of which had got there from the dish-water. The rock salt that comes in large lumps, and may be bought at low rates by the ton, is excellent for live stock. Boxes for this salt may be arranged by the sides of the mangers and in the pastures. They will need filling at different intervals.

He Had Two Balls in His Stomach.

He put them there because it was the fashion at his boarding house, where were codfish balls. But the boarders found that putting too many codfish balls in their stomachs produced dyspepsia, especially when washed down with salt mackerel and tough steak. Had they not found that Perry Davis's Pain Killer cured dyspepsia, especially when washed down with codfish balls, they would have killed them.

An early marriage subdues the mild energy of the boy; soothes the feeling of the girl, and makes both and generates a mutual unhappiness.

A happy wife is like Christian charity—a rarity. What causes wives to be unhappy? Marriage bondage.

The devil is not so black but what some people who claim to be white manage to resemble him very closely.