The Somerset Herald

Terms of Publication.

ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmaster neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

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ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 1. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY. JUNE 13, 1883. WHOLE NO. 1666.

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ED. M. KIMMELL. H. S. KIMMELL.
DR. E. M. KIMMELL & SON tender their professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. One of the members of the firm can at all times, unless professionally engaged, be found at their office, on Main street, east of the Diamond.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Kristner's store. apr. 22, '82.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of the Diamond.

DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office—one door east of Wayne & Berkebile's furniture store. Dec. 6, '82.

DR. A. G. MILLER, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

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## A WOMAN'S TONGUE.

I have heard of a man,
Who concocted a plan
To bridle a woman's tongue;
But he made such a mess,
That he died in distress,
And has gone to his rest unsung.

He had measured the length,
But mistaken the strength;
And these are the facts, my friends;
It was part of the plot,
To tie in a knot
The rapidly moving ends.

An unfortunate crank,
To encourage the prank,
Proposed his wife for the fun;
He thought it would end
As a joke on his friend,
But the circus had scarce begun.

As he stood in the door
Of his wife's boudoir,
With a cord in his evil hand,
Her tongue flew out,
And it moved about
In a way that was fiercely grand.

Then his friends ran in,
And a glorious din
Arose on the morning air;
But the king of the plan
Was a fallen man,
And the wound was plain to be seen.

The machine, of course,
In its wonderful force,
Had floored our ingenious friend;
And, before he could rise,
He was struck in the eyes
And killed by the other end.

MORAL.

You may venture at ease,
Be as rash as you please,
You may trifle with old or young;
But whatever the strife;
If you value your life,
Keep away from a *woman's tongue*.

—*Philadelphia Press.*

## A CRUEL BLOW.

"The most dangerous and troublesome men," said Dr. Redfield, "are those who should be regarded as fools, but for some unexplained reason are not. Here is a beautiful and lovely young woman suddenly deprived of reason just on the eve of her marriage to the worthy young man on whom the blow has also fallen with crushing force. Two lives blighted perhaps for ever by an act that should consign its perpetrator to a prison and a lunatic asylum for each alternate year of the remainder of his life."

These remarks related to a practical joke played by a reckless and imprudent young man, one Fred Losher, the victim of his criminal folly being his cousin, Florence Percival, whose marriage would have taken place the next day.

The railway train which was bringing her prospective husband from his home, three hundred miles away, was behind time about five hours, delayed by a heavy storm, which had also prostrated the telegraph lines, so that no information in regard to the cause of the detention could be obtained.

The train came in at last, however, all right, and without having sustained any serious accident. The bride groom elect, Frank McAllister, alighted from the cars, going first to the hotel, from whence, in half an hour, he would have reported himself at the residence of his betrothed.

That foolish cousin, however, who had been sent to the station to obtain the earliest news of the delayed train, came rushing back to the house to bring the tidings, but he thought it would be a capital joke, as he afterwards said, to give his cousin at first a good scare.

"Well, Florence," he exclaimed, "Frank has been heard from at last. The train's smashed—forty persons killed—and he among them!"

A bewildered, half conscious look was followed by a fearful scream, and poor Florence had fallen unconscious.

Dr. Redfield, the family physician who chanced to be passing the door, was immediately with the patient, and doing his utmost to arrest the progress of those terrible convulsions, but with scarcely anny success.

A young brother of Florence was the only person with her at the time that startling announcement was made; but his version of what had occurred was so clear and positive that the reckless fellow who was the author of the mischief did not attempt to contradict or deny the boy's statement.

Had the life of the dear girl been suddenly destroyed by the careless discharge of a pistol, fired by some one who did not stop to consider in what direction he was pointing, the consternation and sorrow of the family could scarcely have been greater. Frank McAllister knelt at the side of the insensible girl, giving vent to his feelings in an agony of grief.

In the meantime, the young blockhead by whose criminal folly the mischief had been done, was dodging around in a dozen directions, telling everybody how very sorry he was for what had happened, and asking each one to tell him what service he could render.

He subsided, however, and made himself less prominent, after having been repeatedly told that his immediate departure from the scene of the trouble would gratify everyone in the room.

But the blow that had fallen upon the heart of the afflicted lover was too severe to permit an immediate reaction even in the way of resentment against the author of the trouble. The joyful hope that filled his whole soul an hour before had given place to sorrow that seemed to have gone through every nerve of his life.

The terrible shock was followed, as the doctor predicted it would be, by a typhomania, that continued three weeks, the patient's life in the meantime, being suspended in a balance which the weight of a feather might turn.

At the end of that time the malady began to take a different form.

The cerebral excitement appeared to have exhausted its force and to be passing away, but the light of reason did not return. The one terrible thought, that her lover had been crushed to death, had gone through and possessed her whole mind, and there did not seem to be any way to remove it.

The first question she asked, when looking as if making an effort to reason once more, was, how long it would be before she could go to her Frank's funeral.

When assured that he was not dead, but still alive, and actually in the room at that moment, the meaning of the words did not seem to enter her mind, for she again repeatedly asked, in a pleading way:

"Please let me go to Frank's funeral!"

Her lover, who had been with her, or near her, almost continually, then came forward, and, sitting down beside her, took one of her hands, saying:

"I am not dead, dear Florence! I am alive and here with you."

But his kind words only brought a bewildering stare.

"You! Who are you?" she asked. "I do not know you! I never saw you before. You are not my dear Frank—he is dead; and now they will not even let me go to his funeral. Did you know Frank? You look some like him, but I believe you are trying to pass yourself for him. Go away from me, you trouble me!"

"There is hope in her case," said the doctor, when at his next visit this incident was related to him. "The normal action of her mind will not be restored immediately, and will be a work of great labor and care. I think it will be better, my young friend," he continued, addressing McAllister, "for her not even to see you for a few days. We will, in the meantime, carefully observe all she says in regard to you, Frank."

This plan was continued for some three weeks, but with no encouraging result. The experiment of allowing Frank to return and talk to her, and with other persons was again tried, but without success.

By the earnest desire of the parents and other friends of the patient, Florence was retained at home instead of being sent to an asylum for lunatics. Dr. Redfield giving her his daily, and in fact, almost constant attention.

In this way three months of painful and anxious suspense, with no certainty in regard to the final result, passed.

"You are a good singer, I believe," said the doctor addressing young McAllister, as they were sitting together on the veranda, where they had been talking for half an hour in regard to the care of poor Florence.

"Well, yes; I am a fair singer," replied Frank. "Florence and I have been accustomed to sing together, especially when much younger, and before I moved away from the city. We were at one time members of a juvenile choir for over two years."

"Well, my dear fellow," said the doctor, "I am disposed to try another experiment, which may not be of the least use to our dear Florence, but can certainly do her no harm. I want you to come into one of the adjoining rooms occasionally, only do not let her see you, and sing one of those old songs which you and she have been accustomed to sing together with the deepest interest, and let us see what the result will be. You must be near enough for her to hear you distinctly. We will try this experiment only when she is in a quiet state of mind."

"Who is that singing?" asked Florence, starting up and looking around suddenly and earnestly. "It sounds like the voice of my dear Frank, who is now in Heaven. How glad I would be to get there and live with him."

This remark was made the first time the experiment was tried, the patient being at that time more composed than usual.

"I know that is my dear Frank's voice," she repeated. "Please let me go to him."

And she at once began to catch the tune and also sing a few notes of it.

"It does sound like Frank singing," the doctor finally said; "but I do not see how we could hear him if he is already in Heaven. I think it must be nearer than that."

The experiment was, however, continued only a short time, as the patient became very much excited after a few moments, and burst into tears, begging to be allowed to go and join her dear Frank in the world to which she knew he had gone.

Similar experiments were repeated frequently, occasions being selected when Florence was most quiet and not liable to be too much excited; her lover, in the meantime, passing around from one room to another, sometimes quite near to her, and then in a distant part of the large house.

After a few trials the patient began to ask for the singing, and would not be satisfied until she heard it. She would listen for a considerable time with the deepest attention and interest, occasionally joining with her own voice, but would invariably become weary after a time, and sometimes pass off again into the wildest excitement.

The moment, however, any trouble of that sort appeared to be approaching, the singing was, of course, suspended.

In this way these experiments had continued for some two or three weeks, with encouraging results. At length, one day as the patient was sitting up in her chair, and more quiet than usual, the familiar notes of "The Last Rose of Summer" sounded out clear and distinct.

Florence immediately joined her own voice to that of the unseen singer; then, as if forgetting that she had ever imagined that her lover was dead, she sprang from her chair, the doctor grasping her arm at the same instant, and fixing upon him an earnest and intelligent look exclaimed:

"Doctor, that is my dear Frank! He is in the next room! Why does he not come in here?"

She would have gone to find him at once, but Dr. Redfield finally persuaded her to sit down and let him go and see if he could find him.

"Go in at once," directed the doctor, "but in a perfectly natural way, do not show the least excitement. I will come after a few moments, but you had better go in and meet her alone."

Ten minutes later the doctor entered quietly, and had the happiness of seeing his patient sitting by the side of Frank, clasping his hands in her own.

"Why, Doctor," she exclaimed, "here is my dear Frank. He has come at last. He says the cars were off the track, and were delayed a few hours. We were to be be married to-morrow, you know."

"Yes, Florence," said the doctor, taking her hand kindly, "but you have not been very well lately, and it will be better to defer your marriage for a few days."

"But you will not go away any more, Frank, until after our wedding?" said Florence, very anxiously.

"No, indeed," said her lover, the tears starting to his eyes. "And we will be married just as soon as you are well enough for us to go on our wedding tour."

No allusion was made at that time to what had occurred, but after some days, in answer to her questions, she was gradually permitted to learn the whole truth.

Of the sudden fright, however, she remembered nothing. The last thing her memory recalled in connection with that terrible affair was an incident that occurred about four hours previous to that event, when her father, as she said, came in and told her that the train was behind time, having been due for an hour. All after that was a blank, the terrible shock having, by some strange law of the mind, reflected backward, so as to wipe out entirely the recollection of what had occurred in those four preceding hours.

She referred, however, occasionally to having heard Frank singing in the adjoining rooms, and wondering why he did not come in where she was. This had seemed, however, more like a dream than a reality.

Her recovery was rapid. Although possessed of a highly wrought nervous temperament, her constitution, previous to this sad affair, had been good, and her health was soon restored, leaving no trace of the mental disturbance and injury she had suffered.

The marriage took place soon after her complete recovery.

## Scalping of the Indians by the Colonists.

The taking of scalps came to be a recognized part of colonial warfare. Hannah Dustin, who escaped from Indian captivity in 1698, took ten scalps with her own hand, and was paid for them. Captain Church, undertaking his expedition against the Eastern Indians, in 1807, after the Deerfield massacre, announced that they had not hitherto permitted the scalping of "Canada men," but should thenceforth allow it. In 1722, when the Massachusetts colony sent an expedition against the village of "praying Indians," founded by Father Rasle they offered for each scalp a bounty of £15, afterwards increased to $100; and this inhumanity was so far carried out that the French priest himself was one of the victims. Jeremiah Bumstead, of Boston, made this entry in his almanac in the same year: "Aug. 22, 28 Indian scalps brought to Boston, one of which was Bombazen's, an Indian chief, and one fryer Raile's." Two years after the celebrated but inappropriately named Captain Lovewell, the foremost Indian fighter of his region, came upon ten Indians asleep around a pond; he and his men killed and scalped them all, and entered Dover, New Hampshire, bearing the ten scalps stretched on hoops and elevated on poles. After receiving an ovation in Dover they went by water to Boston, and were paid a thousand pounds for their scalps. Yet Lovewell's party was always accompanied by a chaplain, and had prayers every morning and evening.

The most painful aspect of the whole practice lies in the fact that it was not confined to those actually engaged in fighting, but that the colonial authorities actually established a tariff of prices for scalps, including even non-combatants—so much for a man's, so much for a woman's, so much for a child's. Dr. Ellis has lately pointed out the striking circumstance that whereas William Penn declared the person of an Indian to be 'sacred,' his grandson in 1764 offered $134 for the scalp of an Indian man, $130 for that of a boy under ten, and $50 for that of a woman or girl. The habit doubtless began in the fury of retaliation, and was continued in order to conciliate Indian allies; and when bounties were offered to them, the white volunteers naturally claimed a share. But there is no doubt that Puritan theology helped the adoption of this practice. It was partly because the Indian was held to be something worse than a beast that he was treated as being at least a beast. The truth was that he was viewed as a fiend, and there could not be much scruple about using inhumanities against a demon. Cotton Mather calls Satan "the old landlord" of the American wilderness, and says in his *Magnalia:* "These Parts were then covered with Nations of Barbarous Indians and Infidels, in whom the Prince of the Power of the Air did work as a Spirit; nor could it be expected that Nations of Wretches whose whole religion was the most Explicit sort of Devil-Worship should not be acted by the Devil to engage in some early and bloody Action for the Extinction of a Plantation so contrary to his Interests as that of New England was."—T. W. Higginson, in *Harper's Magazine.*

Part payment of debt which has passed the statutory limitation revives the whole debt, and the claim holds good for another period from the date of such partial payment.

The other day a Black Hill stage-driver undertook to horsewhip his passengers into getting out and pushing up hill, but the gold-seekers held a coroner's inquest and found that he died of pneumonia.

No horse is so slow that he cannot catch the epizootic.

## THE BAD BOY.

"There, you drop that," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping into the store and began to thumble around a box of strawberries. "I have never kicked at your eating my codfish and crackers and cheese and herrings and apples, but there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, and I make it on strawberries at four shillings a box and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping that some plumber or gas man would come along and buy it, and by gum, everybody has been in this store has sampled a strawberry out of that box, and shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price," and the grocery man looked mad, and took the hatchet and knocked in a barrel of apples, and said, "There help yourself to dried apples."

"O, I don't want your strawberries or dried apples," said the boy, as he leaned against the show-case and looked at a bar of red, transparent soap. "I was only trying to fool you. Say, that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show-case when I was about a year old and pa come in here with me and held me up to the show-case to look at them tin tobacco-boxes, and that round zinc looking glass, and the yellow wooden pocket comb, and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you would wash yourself once in a while your soap wouldn't dry up on your hands, and the boy sat down in the chair without any back, feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

"You never mind the soap. It is paid for, and that is more than your father can say about the soap that has been used about his house the past month," said the grocery man, as he split up a box for kindling the fire. "But we won't quarrel. What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them in to lunch?"

"Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of those Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa that I guessed some of his friends who heard we had a baby at the house had hired a band and were coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for his neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expenses, so they quit blowing where they were and came right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to take a drink when he is invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and got them to play "Babies on our Block," and "Baby Mine," and I stopped the men going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun; so when the band got through the second time, and they were emptying the beer out of their horns, and pa stepped out on the porch there were more than a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat and struck an attitude. He looked like a Congressman or a tramp, the band was scared, 'cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of a brick house at them. Then dad sailed in. He commenced "Fellow citizens," and then went back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, and gave a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, 'cause I knew how he would feel when he come to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen the band come into the house! They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? now I should smile. They just reached for things and talked Bohemian. Drink? O, no I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, finally they got full and started out, and the leader asked pa for $3, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader that he supposed the gentleman who had got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman that got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my chum lit out, and the Bohemians come down the street boiling full, with their horns on their arms, talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but you couldn't tell what tune it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove them home. I gues I will sleep at the livery stable to-night, 'cause pa is offul unreasonable when anything costs him $3, besides the champagne."

Little Arthur has been to church. "How did you like the sermon?" asked his sister. "Pretty well," responded the youthful critic. "The beginning was very good, and so was the end, but it had too much middle."

Mrs. Partington may take a back seat. A Georgia farmer recently announced that he was about to build a "conception room," wherein to entertain his guests in a "hostile manner."

Kentucky feels assured of having a double bass knott.

## The Farmer's Wife.

It is a good deal more pleasant to read the poets dreams about purling brooks, lowing kine, the scene of new mown hay, and the milk-maid singing blythe than the language of Josh Billings, "cradle oats down hill in the dry days with both gallus buttons broke." The poetry and reality of a farmer's life are two different things. As the farmer himself is, morally and intellectually, so will his wife be. The path of neither is one of primrose and violets.

The character of household work on the farm and its associations and isolations are wearisome, long continued and necessarily monotonous. All this breaks ambition and leaves little time or inclination for self improvement. The average can be independant and is, but he acquires it by continuous and careful labor and his wife is like unto him. All this is largely true, and therefore one is not surprised to hear now and then complaints from farmer's wives that their lot is not a happy one. In Tuesday's *New York Sun* is a communication from a farmer's better half bewailing her condition and among other things says:

"I am not thinking lightly on this topic, nor solely for myself; yet in my own case I cannot see where we have been in fault. I am 45 and gray haired. I have strived for years with all my nerve and strength and so has my good husband. We have practiced economy, self denial and frugality, along with our hard labor, to a painful extent. We have done the very best we could, and our toil has not been adequately repaid. What we have to sell brings too little for what we buy.

I can bear ordinary privations, if not with cheerful at least with patient submission, but when I see no hope of anything but the merest rudiments of an education for the bright brains the Lord has given me, without sacrificing the home itself, I feel that it is too cruel a Providence, if it be not man's injustice. The farmer is not properly paid or there would not be thousands of mothers similarly situated."

When we read this complaint we are inclined to think at first that it represents the common condition of all farmer's wives, and that this unhappy condition is peculiar alone to farmer's lives. Evidently this wife has a yearning for the socalled refinement of life; a fashionable education for her children and the association of cultured society. The only advantage other class of the community, the artisan and tradesman, have over the farmer, is in the culture of close accociation.

The majority of men and women have to work for a living, and when wages are measured by endeavor, the farmer's wife gets as much for her churning as the seamstress for making a shirt. When we look at the work in a general way, we find that no special class has an advantage. The wife of the artisan, the tradesman, and even of the professional class, is just as bad off as the farmer's wife, in fact worse; she works hard for the scheming to keep the larder full, clothe the little ones, and make both ends meet, requires the expenditure of more nervous force than is called from the farmers wife. On an average the lawyers of this town are not making $2,000 a year; many tradesmen no more, and all workingmen scarcely half. From one end of the world to the other, living is but from hand to mouth, and no time is allowed for much higher culture or more agreeable way of living.

Of course we are speaking generally. The riches which give luxury are the exceptions in this world, not the rule. And so taking all in all the farmer and his wife have it in their power to be more solidly happy than those who live upon the fluctuations of trade or the demand of labor from the artisan. Very much of our condition depends upon ourselves. If we have brains, we can live in the world of culture in spite of circumstances. The wife who has the inclination to study and reflect, can instill the same love of learning into daughter or son. Lack of time is always the excuse of the indolent or incompetent. As a general thing, farmers do not care for association. Clubs, etc., are not common. His library is the family newspaper and a few patent office reports sent him by his Congressman. His parlor is opened on state occasions and his children live in the kitchen. There is no ease in this life and there is no royal road to learning. The situation of the farmer's wife is as good as that of any other woman, save the actually rich. The trouble is work is made the end of life, and sufficient time is not spared for improvement, even, which is rare, if there is inclination. There are no artificial ways to better existence. This depends upon ourselves, and if farmers' wives resolve to do nothing but churn and bake, in season and out of season, they need not complain if they do not have the grace and culture of those who spare the time for self improvement.

## NEUTRALIZED.

**In what way a Prevalent Evil may be Shorn of its Power to Harm.**

Malaria is a broad name for many diseases—all originating in blood poisoning. Bilious fever, the typhus and typhoid fevers and chills and fever are prominent members of the family. Malaria defies alike the builders, the plumbers and the physicians. Despairing of ordinary treatment, the latter almost unanimously recommend Benson's Capcine Pouris Plaster as the greatest anti-malarial specific of the age. These plasters act upon the liver, spleen, bowels and kidneys.

Worn over the region of the liver, and upon the back over the kidneys, they ward off malaria like an armor. No other plasters do this.

When you purchase, satisfy yourself that the word Capcine is cut in the centre of the plaster.

Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, N. Y. Highest awards at International Expositions. june13-4t.

No man can be successful who

## Miscellaneous Items.

There were twenty deaths from yellow fever at Havana last week.

Bismarck has been fixed upon as the site for the capital of Dakota Territory.

It is estimated that the decrease of the public debt for May is about $3,500,000.

Mrs. Hendricks and Mrs. McDonald are said to be better politicians than their respective husbands.

The thermometer at Portland, Oregon, last Tuesday stood at 92°—the hottest day since June, 1876.

It is now said that Queen Victoria has symptoms of dropsy, and suffers from serious fits of depression.

Gen. D. B. McCreary, of Erie, has been spoken of as a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of State Treasurer,

Out of 30,000 paper car wheels running on the railroads in this country during the past year, only three failed or broke, a record which iron wheels cannot approach.

The excitement continues in regard to the Lower California gold fields. The exact location of the fields is said to be known only to the Indians in that locality.

The Vanderbilt family have purchased the Bedford Springs property and will use it in connection with their new railroad line through the southern tier of counties as a mountain summer resort.

The Hessian fly is making sad havoc in the wheat fields of Berks county. In the southern section of that county farmers report that they do not expect more than four bushels per acre from many tracts.

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