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ESTABLISHED, 1827.

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The Somerset Herald

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THE INTER-OCEAN will remain uncompromisingly Republican; will maintain its present attitude on the question of protecting American industries; will continue to devote special attention to trade, transportation, and economic questions; will retain the departments of The Curiosity Shop in current encyclopedia of curious, interesting and valuable information called out by inquiries of Subscribers, The Woman's Kingdom (devoted to the progressive movements in which women are interested, The Farm and Home, covering topics of special interest to farmers, their wives, and their children. The Veterinary (containing answers to questions as to the treatment of horses and other animals, by one of the best veterinary surgeons of the West; and Conundrums, etc.,) all of which are peculiar to the paper; will give as much space as hitherto to serial and short stories, original and selected sketches and poems, and with increased facilities for news gathering in the shape of special wires to New York and Washington, and experienced correspondents well placed at home and abroad, will move than maintain its high standard for enterprise and accuracy in all departments of news. The subscription price of the INTER-OCEAN is as follows:

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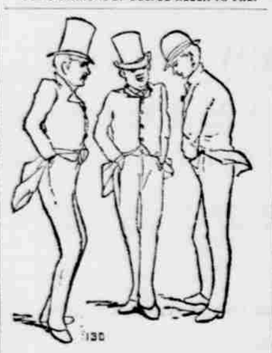

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Estate of Henry M. Baker, dec'd, late of Milford township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Wednesday, January 23, 1884, at the late residence of said deceased.

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THE MYSTIC CHRISTMAS.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

"All hail!" the bells of Christmas rang,
"All hail!" the monks at Christmas sang,
The merry monks who kept with cheer
The gladdest day of all their year.

But still apart, unmoved thereat,
A pious elder brother sat
Silent in his accustomed place,
With God's sweet peace upon his face.

"Why sitt'st thou thus?" his brethren cried,
"It is the blessed Christmas tide;
The Christmas lights are all aglow,
The sacred lilies bud and blow.

"Above our heads the joy-bells ring,
Without the happy children sing,
And all God's creatures hail the morn
On which the holy Christ was born.

"Rejoice with us; no more rebuke
Our gladness with thy quiet look."
The gray monk answered, "Keep, I pray,
Even as ye list the Lord's birthday.

"Let heathen Yule fires flicker red
Where thronged refectory feasts are spread;
With mystery-play and masque and mime
And wait-song speed the holy time!

"The blindest faith may haply save;
The Lord accepts the things we have,
And reverence, howsoe'er it strays,
May find at last the shining ways.

"They needs must grope who cannot see,
The blade before the ear must be;
As ye are feeling I have felt,
And where ye dwell, I too, have dwelt.

"But now, beyond the things of sense,
Beyond occasions and events,
I know, through God's exceeding grace,
Release from form and time and place.

"I listen, from no mortal tongue,
To hear the song the angels sung;
And wait within myself to know
The Christmas lilies bud and blow.

The outward symbols disappear
From him whose inward sight is clear;
And small must be the choice of days
To him who fills them all with praise.

"Keep while you need it, brothers mine,
With honest zeal your Christmas sign,
But judge not him who every morn
Feels in his heart the Lord Christ born!"

Youth's Companion.

A TRUE CHRISTMAS STORY!

Saturday night! Thousands of people filled the streets and avenues. The shop windows were brilliant with gas and electricity; life and warmth everywhere on the inside; cold and discomfort everywhere on the outside. Express wagons dash here and there with their freight of holiday goods; the street cars crackle, the elevated trains roar and everything is astir. Private carriages are carefully driven through the press. The coachmen are warm in fur and the horses are covered with comfortable blankets. Stand on the corner of Sixth avenue and Fourteenth street, where the crowd is densest, and watch a while. Women in warm fur lined cloaks, women in costly skins of animals, women in satin, women in cloth, some shivering with the scantiness of their clothing. Men with bundles in their arms and bundles hanging out of their pockets; men without bundles and very few pockets to put anything in. A rushing, pushing, good natured throng going up and down and across with unceasing clatter. It is practically Christmas Eve and everybody is happy. Even the tramp rejoices at the expected liberality of the saloon keeper. Everybody is smiling.

Everybody?

No; not everybody. Standing back near the corner and in the shadow of the house is a woman. Her clothes, heaven help her, would be scanty in September. Around her body and head is wrapped a plaid shawl, old and thread-bare, the like of which the coachman sitting on his box within twenty feet of her would not use to wipe the dust from his carriage; her hands are bare and pale and thin; her hair is stringy and gray; her face—despair.

Oh, yes, but she's a tramp, a professional beggar, hundreds say to themselves as they hurry by, scarcely deigning to look at her.

But is she?

For an hour she has been standing where she is and not once has she asked alms of anyone. Presently, pushing through the crowd, comes a tall man with a peculiar face. No man in New York is better known. His pictures are to be found on every side, his name is a household word where English is spoken. His face is strong and hard, his eye has a cold glitter; he walks slowly, seemingly engrossed in his own thoughts. But the great arch of his forehead means benevolence, if the conformation of a man's head means anything. People stare at him, policemen touch their caps to him as he passes. Slowly he comes along, a marked man among thousands. He nears the woman. Suddenly the eye that seems to see nothing sees her. The grave face looks graver. He turns out of the tide and hands something to her. She is not quick enough, and the coin rolls on the pavement at her feet. The grave man stoops and picks it up, despite her protest, and puts it in her hand. The long, thin fingers close over it. It is the largest they have held for many a day. The pale, water eyes fill with tears. The man with a sterner face and a colder eye, passes on. The woman remains. She looks at the coin and seems to hesitate; then starts slowly toward the west side of the city with the money in her hand. Despite her rags there is something graceful in her walk; something peculiar in the poise of her head.

A pawnbroker's shop!

The narrow door swings on its hinges with much creaking, for pawnbroker's hinges are nearly always rusty. Within a long counter and at one end a number of stalls. Behind the counter several men with bushy beards and sharp, questioning eyes. Before the counter a motely throng, for it is Christmas Eve to the pawnbroker, too. The request for advances are tremblingly made; the answers are sharp, short and decisive. There is no appeal from the dread judgments of these autocrats of the poor.

'Sure, them two feather pillows is worth more than seventy-five cents,' says a little woman scarcely five feet high. 'I guv four dollars a piece for them when my husband was my husband.'

'Seventy-five cents or I don't want them,' was the clinching reply.

'This ring cost eighty dollars,' says a woman of better appearance than her neighbors.

'Fifteen dollars,' was the laconic answer.

'Please, sir, I will take this out,' said the woman from Fourteenth street, laying down her bright silver dollar and a ticket.

'Oh, you are here again after that picture, are you? Let me see, you had twenty-five cents on it—four month's interest and storage, sixty cents,' says the man, giving back the change and a little miniature of a child and its father. 'That's the fourth time that woman has had that thing in,' continued the pawnbroker to one of the others. 'I suppose you would rather get that out than eat, eh?'

'Oh, sir, I prize it very highly. It is all I have left of my happy days.'

'No doubt, no doubt! you have been a grand lady in your time, I dare, say, ha, ha! a grand lady!' and those who had not yet been waited on, joined in the sneering laugh. The woman's thin fingers closed over the little picture and her furrowed cheeks were moistened with bitter memories, though the tear faucets were almost dry.

Out of the door still creaking, through the crowded streets to the spot where we first saw her, went the unfortunate, wrapping her scanty drapery more closely about her and shivering with the cold.

A 'concert garden!'

Very little 'concert,' a great deal of light and noise and strong drink. Jaunty little clerks, with tight trousers and pointed shoes, smoking cigarettes, drinking beer and leering at a lot of women who sat around. Tobacco smoke everywhere, and the sound of the concert almost unheeded amid the clink of glasses and the echo of ribald laughter. Surely a pleasant place for young men to spend the evening before going home to their mothers and sisters.

At a table sat a young woman evidently not altogether of the same class as her neighbors. She wore warm and rich clothing, and in her ears sparkled the price of beauty. For she was beautiful in form and face, notwithstanding the telltale lines on her forehead and the heavy sensual contour of her mouth. The happiness of all others seemed to be with her too, for she laughed and talked gayly with her companions.

'Nine o'clock, let us go,' said the man with a yawn. 'I do not like it anyhow; it is too noisy.' Slowly the girl drew on her gloves and wrapped herself about with furs. Slowly they approached the entrance. The doors opened, and with a flood of light and warmth accompanying them they passed into the street. The shop girls hurrying home looked at the silks and jewels and sighed, the policeman looked and shrugged his great shoulders. A brave sight was this handsome, gallant pair.

The woman with the miniature approached and scanned the girl's face, as she had done to hundreds for hours. Her knees bent under her, her eyes started and her hand went out to clutch the heavy cloak. The girl shrank back with apprehension, and her escort tossed a ten cent piece toward the woman. It rolled into the gutter unheeded.

'Julie! Julie! at last I have found you!' said the weak voice; 'at last, at last!' but the couple moved on. The woman pursued, and this time succeeded in catching the cloak. The girl gave a little scream and the man turned fiercely:

'What more do you want, woman? I have already given you some money.'

'What do I want? Merciful God! can my child stand by and hear that question? Oh, Julie, Julie! it is so long since I have seen you, but I am happy now, my darling, I am not cold now.'

'Is the woman a crank?' asked the man, turning to his companion, but the girl said nothing. Her eyes were half closed, her hands clenched, her face pale. Impatiently the man stood looking from one to the other. Suddenly the girl leans over and fiercely whispers:

'Mother, I was told you were dead. You will ruin me if you persist now. Meet me here to-morrow night, at nine o'clock, and I will make everything straight.' Then, turning to her companion, 'she seems a harmless old thing. Let us go.' The two passed on. Crouching on the sidewalk the woman remained. A policeman saw her. 'Come, old woman, get out of this,' he cries! 'Why, hallo! you have dropped your money! Come, get along, or I will have to run you in, and I don't want to go to court to-morrow morning with anybody.'

The woman rose and tottered feebly away.

A garret in Minetta lane!

No fire, no stove to make it in, and nothing to burn if there was. A lodging house of the cheap 'furnished room' sort, with a very small, very fussy and very shrewd mistress, to whom every woman who paid her board was a lady, and every one who did not was a hussy. Want of the most pinching character was everywhere discernible, the very walls had an odor of poverty. Wearily the woman with the miniature dragged herself up the stairs to the room that had been hers. The door was locked. The landlady stood in the hall.

'Well, have you your rent?'

'Alas! No; but I will have plenty to-morrow night.'

'To-morrow night you will have plenty, will you? You dirty hussy, do you suppose I keep this house for fun? Get out, and don't show up here again.'

There was no use of remonstrating. There was nothing in the room of hers; everything had been pawned. Wearily she went out the way she had come, out into the cold and darkness. And as she walked she smiled, for was it not a gladsome Christmas to her? Had she not seen and spoken to her child? The electric lights flickered as brightly on the great avenues as they had while she waited, the crowds jostled and pushed here and there, though thousands had gone home. Away from these sights down the side streets the poor soul wandered. Her steps were more and more unsteady as she progressed. From time to time she would look at the picture and smile, for she thought her darlings were with her. It is true one was dead and the other had turned from her, but she would see them soon she thought. Away down the silent streets toward the North River she went, growing weaker as she walked. The light of pleasant homes beamed on her, and she saw through the uncurtained windows the figures of men and women and children clad in warm apparel and not hungry. On the great docks there was nothing to stop her advance, but a policeman saw her and followed. Away to the end she went, where the dark waters of the river gurgled against the bulk heads. There she sat down and, being over weary and weak, fell into the water. There was loud hallooing and the rush of men with lights followed, for a ship was hard by and the men were celebrating the Christmas season in their own way.

'This is a terrible night, woman, to take a man into the water,' said the policeman as, all dripping, he laid his senseless burden on the boards.

A ward in the hospital!

A great room, with scores of beds, plain, white walls, with now and then a Scripture text on them. Patients coughing, and patients moaning with pain. On one cot was the woman with the portrait. Her eyes were half open and she breathed but faintly; but she was conscious. Then she roused a little and talked, and the sweetness of her voice, though but feeble, attracted the attention of the orderlies and they listened. Presently the doctor came and stood by the bedside and looked at her.

'She cannot live, Jeffry,' he said to the orderly. 'She will die of shock and starvation.'

'But, sir, she had forty cents in her pocket when she came in and could have bought something to eat.'

'That may be, but she has been slowly starving for days and improperly clad, and the want of food and exposure to the weather has brought her down. The forty cents would have done her but little good, though if taken in hand forty-eight hours ago she might have been saved.'

'She has talked very queer, sir, since she came in, not at all like most of our patients.'

'Did she?'

'That she did, indeed. She has something on her mind about a daughter. She talked a good deal of nonsense, it seemed to me, about horses and carriages and servants, but from what I can understand she must have at one time been pretty well off—according to her own story. She called "Julie" a number of times and told somebody to tuck the robes carefully about her, as she was not used to this cold climate, and then said, "Oh, he is dead, he is dead."

"Are you talking about me? You are the doctor, are you not? and I am in a hospital, am I not?" asked a low, sweet voice from the bed.

"Yes, madam, you are in a hospital," replied the physician, with a start, 'and you must keep very quiet, indeed, in order to get well.'

"Yes, doctor, but I am not going to get well, and I want to tell you something about myself before I die, and I want you to send for my Julie, my daughter; she—God in heaven! I don't know where to find her.' And the low tones died away in a wail that almost frightened the watchman in the hall into a fit, albeit he is accustomed to such things. Then they gave her a soothing draught and she became easier and told the doctor her story, asking him the while to keep the appointment her daughter had made. She was a Southern woman, she said, and before the war her people were all powerful in their section. At its close her husband had gathered together what little fortune he could and they went abroad. Business matters did not prosper, and after a while they came back to Philadelphia. Her husband went to gambling and from that to drinking. One day he was brought home dead. An accident had occurred on the river, and he had been mortally wounded, dying before he reached home. Brain fever seized her and she was ill for many months she thought (the doctor and the nurse looked at each other significantly). While she was ill her little girl disappeared. She was seventeen years of age, and that was two years ago. She hunted for the girl without success, though she was told that she had plunged headlong into a life of dissipation. The mother came to New York. Then she heard that dissipated women frequent concert saloons of a certain character, and night after night she watched at the doors, being too poorly clad to be allowed admittance. She grew thinner and paler and weaker, but the hope of finding her "Julie" buoyed her up. She did not expect to be repulsed, she said, for her daughter, though a wayward child, had never been unkind to her, and she had faith now that there was some good reason for it. She did not believe that her child had gone all wrong. All that could be explained the next day when the doctor saw her.

Midnight!

The woman with the miniature lay silent on her cot. A smile was on her countenance and the thin lips were parted slightly as if receiving the impress of the baby face in the picture. The cold and hunger were forgotten, the misery of her life was over. She was dead.

"Will you keep the appointment, doctor?" asked the nurse.

"How can I distinguish the girl from hundreds like her?" he answered.—*New York Herald.*

Everybody Knows It.

When you have the Itch, Salt Rheum, Galls, or Skin Eruptions of any kind, and the Piles that you know without being told of it, C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, will sell you Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy for 50 cents, which affords immediate relief, and is a sure cure for either of the above diseases.

Christmas Presents.

'Who would think it?' said Mrs. Breezy, taking up a piece of fancy work and sitting comfortably in her rocking chair. 'It is only a few weeks to Christmas.'

'Is that all?' asked Mr. Breezy, deep in an editorial on the recent action of the young republicans.

'Yes, only a few weeks,' said Mrs. Breezy. "The time will fly away before we know it, and I have hardly thought of presents. I have so many to make, too. Now you are elected I suppose you won't grumble as you usually do, at this season of the year. There isn't any excuse for your saying that you can't afford to give me a few dollars for presents this year. It's high time I had a little money to commence with, too. Suppose you let me have a check for one hundred in the morning, and—'

'A check for what?' asked Mr. Breezy, looking up suddenly from his paper.

'Only a hundred to start with,' said Mrs. Breezy, putting her thread a little nervously through her work.

'A hundred dollars to start with!' ejaculated Mr. Breezy. 'Start with?'

'That's all the attention you ever pay to anything I say,' said Mrs. Breezy. 'I suppose you haven't heard a word I've been saying. Do put that everlasting newspaper down and pay a little attention to your wife for once in your life. I say you may give me a check for a hundred—a hundred and fifty dollars in the morning for Christmas pres—'

'You just said a hundred,' said Mr. Breezy.

'I knew you'd notice that,' said Mrs. Breezy. 'I know I said a hundred a moment ago, but I've changed my mind. The fact is, I should really have two hundred dollars—'

'My dear, if you keep raising the limit at this rate, I shall have to draw out of this game.'

'I don't understand your horrid gambling terms, and I wish you would confine yourself to respectable language,' said Mrs. Breezy, fumbling around in her work basket for a partichlar shade of silk. 'Two hundred and fifty dollars wouldn't be any too much for—'

'I call,' cried Mr. Breezy.

'There you go again,' said Mrs. Breezy. 'For heaven's sake drop on—stop that slang. You know you can well afford to give me a few hundred dollars for Christmas presents, and the man who has met with the luck you have this year in politics should not kick—object to giving his wife a little Christmas money. You wouldn't think anything of spending three or four hundred dollars on vile liquors and cigars for your—your constituents, as you call them, but when your wife asks you for half that sum—'

'Suppose we return to the original estimates and call it an even hundred?' said Mr. Breezy, pulling out his check book.

'Do you suppose I can get along with a miserable hundred dollars?' cried Mrs. Breezy. 'Why, your present alone will cost nearly that. Yes, I expected to give you a real handsome present this year, but if you are going to be stingy, of course you will have to take what I can afford to give you. Then think of the children, and of dear mother, and of grandmamma and my dear sister-in law, to say nothing of brother Jack and cousin Harry and your own mother. You don't want me to forget your own mother—'

'You hold over me,' said Mr. Breezy, and he threw down a blank check. 'Fill her out to suit yourself.'

'Do you really mean it?' asked Mrs. Breezy.

'Yes.'

'Well, you shall have just the sweetest, nicest present in the world,' and Mrs. Breezy gave her husband a tremendous kiss square upon the lips and flitted out of the room with the check.

'The first time this year,' gasped Mr. Breezy, as he slowly recovered from astonishment.

A Japanese School House.

Beside, the clear, crystal waters of a running stream and surrounded with lilies, says a correspondent, writing from Japan, we noticed on our way up Uuji-Yama, the Japanese sand mountain, what we thought to be a schoolhouse and our curiosity prompted us to ask admittance. There were some fifteen children in the room, which was furnished with long, plain tables. There appeared to be no check upon the children, who were moving about and conversing with each other. The master was teaching the smaller ones the characters of the written language by writing them on a blackboard and requiring them to repeat the sounds indicated by them. Some were engaged in writing upon their slates, others in arithmetic calculations and others in reading or committing to memory from textbooks. There seemed to be an entire freedom from restraint, and we were surprised at the happy and contented manner in which they pursued their studies. Bright and intelligent little fellows they looked, and from what we have seen of the youth of japan we are convinced there is much to be expected from them.

Women Smokers.

English or American women who have traveled much in Egypt generally come home confirmed smokers, and find to their discomfort that they must keep their new taste very dark indeed, or else be looked at askance by the virtuous of their set. If they dare to smoke friendly cigarettes with their male friends, they will find themselves ranked among the rapid women who are dangerous. Now the question is, by what process do we civilized people arrive at a conclusion so strange? The Chinese lady smokes from childhood, and one of the elegances of her attire is a silken tobacco pouch. But what would be said of one of our society women who dared appear in public similarly decorated?

The Prince of Naples.

—From "The Prince of Naples and His Palace," in St. Nicholas for December.

All boys and girls who have read recent Italian history are familiar with the name of Victor Emmanuel, who united the various states of Italy into one kingdom. As the Italians had long been hoping and praying for this union, they naturally regarded Vitor Emmanuel as the saviour of their country, and were much grieved when he died, in 1878. His son Humbert succeeded him on the throne, and he in time will be followed by his only son, the Prince of Naples, this title corresponding in Italy to the title of Prince of Wales in England.

The little prince bears his grandfather's name. Victor Emanuel, and was born November 11, 1869, in Naples, probably the most beautiful city of the whole world.

The young Prince spends his winters in Rome, and may be often seen driving on the Corso, the main street of the city. Were it not for the bright scarlet livery of the coachman, a stranger would not notice particularly the neatly and quietly dressed boy driving with a middle aged gentleman. But the Romans all know and love the boyish face, raising their hats politely as the carriage passes, while the "principino" (little prince), as they call him, gracefully bows in acknowledgment of their courtesy.

At rare intervals he is seen driving with his mother, the beautiful and beloved Queen Margaret; but he is usually accompanied by his private tutor, a cultured and educated man, whose chief thought is to interest his young charge and improve his mind; They often drive by in earnest conversation, the Prince evidently asking questions about something he has seen in passing, and the tutor giving him all the information in his power. I am sure this gentleman is fully sensible of the great responsibility resting upon him, for upon him more than any other man depends the character of the next king of Italy, who will have grave matters to decide and momentous questions to settle. Judging from his face, I feel equally sure that the *Principino* himself thinks seriously of the importance of improving the present, in order that he may know how to rule his people with judgment and wisdom.

I give the following incident as it was related to me by the personal friend of an English peeress who was in the habit of attending the