

Somerset Herald  
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VOL. XXXII. NO. 33.  
SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1884.  
WHOLE NO. 1698.

# BARGAINS!

## In House-Furnishing Goods We Offer:

Coal Vases, Chest Boxes, Tea Trays, Chamber Pails, Copper Ware, Mining Knives, Revolving Grinders, Coffee Mills, Nut Crackers, Waffle Irons, Lamps. (All Kinds), Clothes Wringers, Enameled Ware, Queen Oil Cans, Knife Trays,	Bread Boxes, Chest Boxes, Toilet Sets, Egg Beaters, Saw Cutters, Pudding Molds, Lemon Squeezers, Can Openers, Apple Parers, Mrs. Potter's Irons, Bread Toasters, Towel Rollers, Steak Pounders, Pocket Stoves, Farina Boilers,	Fine Carving Sets, Knives and Forks, Fine Plated Ware, Cake Beaters, Egg Pake Molds, Lanterns, Tea Canisters, Granite Ware, Wire Broilers, Cups, Dippers, Dust Brushes, Rolling Pins,
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AND HUNDREDS OF OTHER ARTICLES.

Special attention paid to Jobbing in Tin, Galvanized Iron and Sheet Iron, Sugar Pans, Steam Pits, Hot Air Pits, Roofing, Spouting, Stacks for Engines, and all work pertaining to the above. Also, in connection with the above, work done on the premises of  
**HAY RENE, No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Penna.**

## FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

## OLD RELIABLE SADDLERY & HARNESS SHOP

(OPPOSITE THE GLADE HOUSE.)

## WM. M. HOCHSCHILD, PROPRIETOR.

KEEP constantly on hand a large assortment of  
HARNESS, SADDLES, BRIDLES, COLLARS, WHIPS, BUSTERS, ROBES, BLANKETS, &c.  
And everything usually found in a First-class HARNESS SHOP.

Harness from \$10.00 a Set Upwards.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

Satisfaction guaranteed in every instance.

## Jeremiah Woy, PROPRIETOR.

# TUTT'S PILLS

## TORPID BOWELS, DISORDERED LIVER, AND MALARIA.

From the experience of the proprietors of the disease of the human race. These pills have been used by the most distinguished Physicians, and have cured thousands of cases of Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Constipation, and all the ailments arising from a disordered bowels and liver. They are the best medicine for the cure of these ailments, and are sold in every part of the world.

**TUTT'S HAIR DYE.**  
Gentle and safe, and of proven merit. It is the best for the hair, and will restore it to its natural color and texture. It is sold in every part of the world.

## NOTICE OF APPEALS.

Notice is hereby given that appeals will be held from the decrees of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Somerset, Pa., on the 1st day of February, 1884, at 10 o'clock A.M., at the Court House in Somerset, Pa. Appeals are to be taken from all decrees of the Court in cases where the amount in controversy does not exceed \$100.00. Appeals are also to be taken from all decrees of the Court in cases where the amount in controversy exceeds \$100.00, and where the defendant has been ordered to pay the costs of the proceedings. Appeals are also to be taken from all decrees of the Court in cases where the amount in controversy exceeds \$100.00, and where the defendant has been ordered to pay the costs of the proceedings.

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Attorneys at Law, Somerset, Pa.

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**EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.**  
The undersigned, executor of the last will and testament of the late John D. H. H. H., of the County of Somerset, Pa., do hereby give notice that he has been appointed executor of the last will and testament of the late John D. H. H. H., of the County of Somerset, Pa., and that he has taken the oath of office and qualification.

**SAMUEL CUSTER,**  
Executor.

**ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.**  
The undersigned, administrator of the estate of the late John D. H. H. H., of the County of Somerset, Pa., do hereby give notice that he has been appointed administrator of the estate of the late John D. H. H. H., of the County of Somerset, Pa., and that he has taken the oath of office and qualification.

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## A CLEAR CASE.

Auburn hair inclined to curl.  
Honest eyes and winning smile;  
Form to set the brain a-tingle;  
Lips that might a saint beguile;  
That's the girl.  
Taller than the maiden coo;  
Truthful far, handsome, strong;  
Heart of gold without alloy;  
Halting ne'er 'twixt right and wrong;  
That's the boy.  
Window pans festooned with rime,  
Leafless trees and hillside bare;  
Towm clock sounding midnight chime;  
Street lamps glimmering here and there;  
That's the time.  
Nestling at the mountain's base,  
With its one long, quiet street  
Clasped in winter's white embrace;  
Quaint old village, grim and neat;  
That's the place.  
Truant arm and shy embrace,  
Tender vows in willing ear,  
Kisses on an upturned face,  
Whispered: "Yes, I love you, dear."  
That's the case.

## ALICE'S SURPRISE.

It was a sunny May day, with an immense blue in the sky, and the sun was shining brightly on the school room door, leisurely dismounted, tied his horse to the hitching post, and, totally unconscious that he was observed alike by Miss Negley from her post of authority on the school room door, and little Alice Hopkins by the spring in the woods, passed to dust his boots with his yellow silk pocket handkerchief, and to adjust his thick dark locks before he rapped on the door.  
"I'm glad I'm not there," said Alice Hopkins, with a long sigh of relief.  
And then, having cooled her face and hands in the transparent spring she set down to think.  
To her, a reduction of her scanty salary meant nothing less than starvation. As things were, she could scarcely pay her board and other expenses.  
And sitting there in the shifting shadows of the wind-blown branches, she cried a little, to think how solitary and friendless she was in the world.  
Miss Negley, however, was in a very different mood.  
"Alice," she had answered "knocking" to his knock at the door, without taking the trouble to move from her seat.  
And when Mr. Barborne entered he espied her sitting still, silent and straight.  
"Good afternoon, Miss Negley," said the trustee, depositing his hat on the nearest shelf, and venturing on an apologetic bow.  
"Good afternoon, Mr. Barborne," Miss Negley answered, with just about as much warmth as an icicle in her address.  
"I hope I do not intrude," said he civilly.  
"Oh, no, not at all," said Miss Negley.  
"—A—hem," said the trustee, evidently ill at ease. "It ain't easy to broach the business I've come on, Miss Negley."  
"I should think not," replied the trustee.  
"But I called just at this hour, when I expected to find you all alone."  
"Oh, yes, I haven't any doubt that you did," Miss Negley interrupted him in accents of fine sarcasm.  
"Even you, Squire Barborne, would be ashamed to hint at such a thing with the dear poor school children."  
"Eh?" said Mr. Barborne, instinctively retreating a pace or two, for there was something pithy in Miss Negley's attitude, as she rose and darted her head forward at him, to emphasize her words.  
"I know what you are going to say," said Miss Negley, and I won't listen to a word of it—not one word! No one but a set of narrow-minded niggers would have thought of it. I'll leave Wynndale school first!"  
"Well, well, no harm done," said Mr. Barborne, clutching at his hat, "if I had known that you'd taken things as hard as this."  
"How did you suppose I was going to take 'em?" said Miss Negley, with a scornful laugh: "did you mistake me for the dust under your feet?"  
"I assure you, ma'am, that nothing of the sort was in my mind," humbly uttered Mr. Barborne, "I wish you good afternoon."  
He hurried out, mounted his gray steed, which, poor beast, was just composing itself for a comfortable doze in the sunshine, and rode off, making, to Alice Hopkins' intense dismay, straight for the shady woods, where she still sat arranging ferns around the ribbon of her summer hat.  
"There is no use trying to run away," thought she, "I may as well stay where I am. And after all why should I be afraid of Mr. Barborne?"  
Mr. Barborne checked his rein as he saw the beautiful young school-teacher there under the trees. He nodded pleasantly.  
"Fine day, Miss Alice," said he, wiping his brow with the identical yellow silk handkerchief which had just now served as a duster to his boots.  
"Yes," said Alice, standing like some hairy wood-nymph beside the spring; "please Mr. Barborne, what did she say?"  
"What did you say?" said the middle-aged gentleman, turning scarlet.  
"Miss Negley. Don't think me intrusive," she added; "but I know all about it."  
"The deuce you do!" said Mr. Barborne. "Why, she wouldn't let me get in a word edgewise—that's what she said. Perhaps, however, I had a lucky escape."  
"But you must own that it is hard," said Alice, earnestly.  
"Hard?" echoed Mr. Barborne. "I should have supposed it would have suited her exactly. But," a new idea burst into his brain; "there's a good fish in the sea as ever were caught out of it. Miss Alice, what would you say if I were to ask you to be my wife?"  
Alice Hopkins looked at him in amazement.  
"—I, Mr. Barborne," she exclaimed.  
"You are young enough to be my daughter, sure enough," said the worthy man, not without some bitterness. "But I'm not so very old, either, and I've a good home to offer, and any woman who will take pity on my loneliness."  
Alice looked at Mr. Barborne in amazement.  
It had never occurred to her little innocent heart that Mr. Barborne, in the big white house with the pair of horses and the close carriage, could ever be lonely.  
And Alice, heartily thankful for this gradely-accorded privilege, put the copy books into the desk drawer, piling up the dictionary and definer, caught her little pink lawn sun-bonnet from the nail, and vanished like a flying shadow into the nearest patch of green woods.  
Miss Negley sat very upright, with folded arms and prominent eyebrows; her nose slightly tintured with the rosy hue of coming battle, her lips compressed; and Mr. Barborne, a

## The Spiritual Effect of Drunkenness.

An editorial in "Topics of the Time," of the December Century says: "This loss of self-respect, the lowering of ambition, and the fading out of the brighter virtues are the progress of this disease. In the case of the brave, ingenious, high-spirited man sinking steadily down into the degradation of inebriety; but how many such spectacles are visible all over the land! And it is not in the character of those alone who are notorious drunkards that such tendencies appear. They are often distinctly seen in the lives of men who are never drunk. Sir Henry Thompson's testimony is emphatic to the effect that "the habitual use of fermented liquors, to an extent far short of what is necessary to produce intoxication, injures the body and diminishes the mental power." If, as he testifies, a large proportion of the most painful and dangerous maladies of the body are due to the use of fermented liquors, taken in the quantity which is necessary to render moderate, then it is certain that such use of them must result also in serious injuries to the mental and moral nature. Who does not know reputable gentlemen, physicians, artists, clergymen even, who were never drunk in their lives, and never will be, but whose reversal in conversation and in conduct, certain melancholy effects of the drinking habit? The brain is so often inflamed with alcohol that its functions are imperfectly performed; and there is a perceptible loss of mental power and moral tone. The drinking habit, in such cases, is a loss; but those who know him best are painfully aware that his perceptions are less keen, his judgment less serene, his spiritual vision less clear, because he carries every day a little too long at the wine. Even those who refuse to entertain ascetic theories respecting these beverages may be able to see that there are uses of them that stop short of drunkenness, and that are still extremely hurtful to the mind and heart as well as the body. That conventional idea of moderation, to which Henry Thompson refers, is quite alien from the real moderation to cover habits that are steadily despoiling the life of its rarest virtues. The drinking habit is often defended by reputable gentlemen to whom the very thought of a debauch would be shocking, but to whom, if it were less lawful, in the tender and just souls of those who are such as these, as these might be spoken of. It is true that you are not drunkards, and may never be; but if you could know what is too evident to those who love you best, how your character is slowly losing the firmness of its texture and the finest of its out-lying lines; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you;—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that the greatest evils of the soul are most mournful tragedies."

## A Little Cloze.

In one of our hotels recently, says the Portland, Me., correspondence of the Boston Globe, a resident of one of the country towns in this State told several stories in regard to his townsmen, and of one family in particular, all the members of which have the reputation of being "little close."  
"I saw a fine fellow, such was his name; how your art deteriorates in the delicacy of its touch; how the atmosphere of your life seems to grow murky and the sky lowers gloomily above you;—you would not think your daily indulgence harmless in its measure. It is in just such lives as yours that the greatest evils of the soul are most mournful tragedies."

## Never No More.

He had just got his oyster-shop opened to the public the other day when in came a man who asked: "Got any raw?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Serve 'em on the half-shell?"  
"We do."  
"Extra large?"  
"We have some of the largest oysters I ever saw."  
The price was asked and given, and as it seemed to be perfectly satisfactory the man ordered a dozen and added: "I've got a slight contraction of the muscles of the throat, and sometimes I choke. If anything happens to me run to the door where I can get the air and then rush for a drink of water."  
The waiter promised to observe the caution, but it was only when the twelfth and last oyster was taken in between two rows of teeth which stood out like ten-penny nails that anything happened. Then the eater suddenly began to heave his eyes around in the hotel or to skip around like a goat dodging a club. The choke had come. The waiter seized him by the arm and hurried him to the door, and then rushed to the rear end of the restaurant for a glass of water. When he returned with it, he had expected to see the customer lying on the floor in the agonies of suffocation, no one was in sight. The man was not in the door, nor at the door, nor around the door. He was two blocks away, and the twelfth oyster had gone down to keep the company of the other eleven.

## Dying of Thirst.

Did you ever suffer extreme hunger or thirst? It was asked of a Kentucky Colonel, who was relating some odd stories about himself.  
"Well," he replied, "I never suffered what might be called extreme hunger, but no man knows how to endure the agonies of thirst better than I do."  
"I remember the time well," he continued retrospectively. "It was a fishing excursion and became lost in the woods. For three days a little trout stream, and it was yours before any word of saving me was entertained."  
"Was the trout stream dry?" asked one of the interested listeners.  
"I don't know. How could I catch fish if the stream was dry?"  
"Well, I don't see how you could suffer from thirst when a stream of water close at hand?"  
"Water close at hand?" repeated the Kentucky Colonel. "And what has water got to do with a man's being thirsty?"—Philadelphia Call.

What time will you come home to-night, my dear?" asked Mrs. Colonel Percy Meyer of her husband when he was going down town to attend the meeting of vestry.  
"Whenever I get ready," answered the husband, crossly.  
"Oh! well, don't come any later, please."  
The Austin ladies are proverbial for their accommodating disposition.  
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Washing cans and pails is a very important work in the dairy, especially when they have contained sour milk. The acid must be completely removed, or it will sour the next milk that is put in the cans. Want of care in this respect has much to do with making poor butter.  
"Economy is the road to wealth," and the way can be easily told by the tall grass which streaks its centre.