

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXXII. NO. 45.

SOMERSET PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 1710.

YOU ARE
Respectfully invited to call and examine, before purchasing elsewhere the largest assortment of

Stoves, Tin, Copper, Or Sheet-Iron Ware, Knives, Forks, Plated Ware, Lamps, Enameled Ware, Clothes Wringers, Etc.

To be found in the Western Part of this State. Our Goods are Warranted to be as represented, and prices are Not Cash, within the reach of all persons needing them.

TIN ROOFING, SPOUTING AND JOBBING
OF ALL KINDS IN TIN, SHEET-IRON OR COPPER

Promptly attended to at Lowest Rates. Brushes a Specialty, at Wholesale Only. Orders Solicited from Merchants Selling Goods in My Line.

FRANK W. HAY,

No. 280 Washington Street, Johnstown, Penn'a.
TO SHOE BUYERS OF

SOMERSET TOWN AND COUNTY.

BOOTS, SHOES AND SLIPPERS,

Which have arrived for the Spring Trade of 1884.

When you visit Johnstown we shall be pleased to see you in our Large Store, and will take pleasure in showing you the fine line of

Shoes for Ladies and Gentlemen

Which we carry in stock, as well as a very large stock of Medium and Course Boots and Shoes. Farmers, when you visit our Store ask us to show you the Hand-made

ACME KIP PLOW FOR MEN AND BOYS.

It is the Best Shoe made, at a very Low Price. Our business is conducted on a

ONE PRICE SYSTEM.

All our Goods are marked in Plain Figures, at the very Lowest Possible Price, so if you can't come yourself send a postal card, describing as near as you can the Style, Quality and Price you want to pay, and we will send them to you by return mail.

L. STARGARDTER,

ONE-PRICE OPERA HOUSE SHOE STORE,

212 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!

(ESTABLISHED 1827.)

CHARLES J. HARRISON, M. J. PRITTS, President, Cashier.

CHARGES MODERATE.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

W. M. HOCHSVEILER, Somerset, Pa.

HORNE & WARD,

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

SPRING, 1882.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

PHILADELPHIA.

A. C. YATES & CO.,

Ledger Building, Chestnut & 6th Sts.

\$66

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

FOR THE HERALD. A PATHETIC TALE FROM KENNEL'S MILLS.

In the ancient burg of Kennel's Mills, Lives a contented pair of fair renown; For a man of judgment rare is he, Fact! the shrewdest man in all the town.

Never he, in all his life's career, Has been badly let in deal or banter; Always able to tell a cow from a steer, Or a gander from a goose, or goose from a gander.

So he led himself to Cumberland, On his judgment solidly and fast relying. With a snail and a speculative twinkle back, Soon was he a Hong Kong goose and gander buying.

Proud and happy now, this burger old; Surely nothing of the goose kind could be grander, And he bore them home in triumph bold, This grand Hong Kong goose and goosey gander.

Proud the people all of Kennel's Mills, Of the new addition and new glory; But how often grandest triumph fills, History's pages with pathetic story.

Soon to nature's promptings proudly listening, Mrs. Hong Kong styles seeks a nest, Twenty-three eggs, large and white, and glistening.

Laid she without ceasing, stop, or rest, Larder grew the praise for Mrs. Hong Kong From the burger old, and all the town; Praises better never yet from mortal tongue Fell on feathers gray, or white, or brown.

But, alas! too fleeting is all earthly bliss, To which mortals be too fondly wick; For the burger found the goose of his, Or her nest on duty, still and dead.

Sharpest grief and anguish, oh, so bitter, Daring through his torn and aching breast, "I saw my darling gander as a wicker!" Thus he, kneeling, waited at goosey's nest.

Not far from this scene of anguish, Swoot the goose's mate, with wistful eyes; "Oh, goose my mate, I languish, Oh, darling goose my mate, I too, will die."

Larder, far more delicate rose the wailing Of the good and honest burger old, Counting toes, which two dead geese entailing, Which he had bought for solid, shining gold.

Soon the sorrow-stricken burger marks the anguish, Of his woe, and is sore distressed, Quicks in sympathy, "I will not languish, I will fill my nest with the empty nest, Straightway went this lonely, pensive gander On the nest, with moistened eye, he said, Thought not in his line of trade, and gender, For the burger, three fine eggs he laid.

Now, after this miraculous feat of nature, Some base and wicked people fair would slander, This good old man, and his gray feathered creature, And say his lonely goose is not a gander.

BAINBRIDGE & SON

There was a suppressed murmur of conversation in the dressing department of the large drapery establishment of Messrs. Bainbridge & Son which the steady whir of a thousand sewing machines could not wholly drown. Where the presence genuine can be found, be sure the tongue feminine will be heard.

The superintendent of the room, understanding this, did not attempt to enforce silence, so pretty Dolly Wynn and Mary Brunton talked very confidentially in their corner of the great room, and no one interfered so long as fingers were busy as well as tongues.

And this was what Mary said, Dolly's blue eyes riveted upon the quilting on which she was at work.

"I saw her yesterday when I was going out to dinner. She was just stepping into her carriage, and Mr. Edgar himself handing her in. She looked older—nearly 40, I should say; but she says she is immensely rich, and her dress was splendid. So I suppose her money goes against her age."

"Did you hear they were to be married soon?"

"How did I tell you that? My brother is in the stationer's where the wedding cards are being printed. They are to be married on the 27th. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bainbridge, and the card of the bride's mother, Mrs. William Wilson. Twelve! Come, we will go for a walk."

"No, I am very tired," Dolly pleaded.

And her friend left her, never heeding the sadder pallor of the sweet young face, the dumb agony in the great blue eyes.

When she was alone, Dolly stole away to the little room where the cloaks, shawls and hats of the girls were kept, and there, crouching in a corner, hidden entirely by a huge water-proof, she tried to think it all out.

What had it meant? What did Edgar Bainbridge mean in the long year he had tried by every unscrupulous device to win her love?

She had not been unaimably; heart and conscience fully acquitted her.

She had given her love, pure, true and faithful to the son of her employer; but he had sought it, delicately and persistently, before he knew that it was given.

The young girl now sewing for a living, had been daintily bred and thoroughly educated, her father having been a man drawing a salary sufficient to give his child every advantage. But when he died, and his wife in a few months followed him, Dolly had chosen a life of honorable labor in preference to one of idle dependence upon wealthy relatives.

And yet in the social gatherings of her relatives and the friends of former days, Dolly was still a welcome guest.

It was at her Uncle Lawrence's suburban villa she had been introduced to Edgar Bainbridge. After this she met him frequently, and in her simple dress, with her sweet, pure face, had worn marked attention from him.

With the frankness that was one of her greatest charms the young girl had let her admirer know that though she was Lawrence Wynn's niece, she worked for a living in the dressmaking department of Bainbridge and Son.

Harry Packer's Wedding.

The recent death of Harry Packer revives the memory of his good father, Judge Asa Packer, the simplicity of his life, the admirable ways in which he trod and his ever-to-be-remembered liberality. Both the Packer boys, Robert and Harry were devotedly attached to their father and mother. In the little village where this good old man lived there was a summer hotel, which was patronized considerably during the season, young Harry Packer often taking his meals there. A young girl named Lockwood, the daughter of a very respectable citizen, lived near the village, came in to assist waiting on the table.

The frequency of Harry Packer's meals at the hotel attracted some attention and his brother Robert, or "Bob," as he was familiarly and affectionately called, one day before the father and Harry at the breakfast table, that Harry was sweet on a little girl down at the hotel, and that was the reason he did not come home to his meals regularly. Harry could not deny it, and after they finished their breakfast the old Judge seated himself on the front porch, which overlooks Mauch Chunk, and gives such a magnificent view of the Lehigh Valley, the moving boats and trains which his own industry had created.

"Miss Lockwood, father, the daughter of a man you know very well."

"Are you going to marry her Harry?"

"I have some notion of it, father," said Harry.

"Well, wait till I go down and see her," said the Judge, and picking up his old white hat and cane, the Judge quietly rambled down to the village and called on the girl. She innocently came into the office of the hotel, and seated herself beside the Judge. Just what he said to her, or she to him will never be exactly known unless she tells it, but when the Judge came out he was smiling, and looking mightily well pleased. He went home and found Harry still sitting on the porch where he had left him. By this time the Judge's face had resumed its usual grave but kind expression.

"Well, Harry," he said, "but she is something greater, higher, nobler, purer and more God-like than I have ever seen. We must raise her some money. I will give some, mother will give some, Robert will give some, and your sisters. Mary and Mrs. Linderman will each give some, and I guess she will feel more independent and contented."

The old Judge put down his memorandum for fifty thousand dollars, the mother and the others for twenty-five thousand each, and thus one hundred and fifty thousand dollars was placed in the bank to the exclusive and immediate credit of the young girl, and the wedding day was announced, the wedding day fixed, the marriage took place, and Harry Packer got the girl he liked.

Early Rising.

There is an old proverb that runs something like this: "Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

We venture the assertion that many a hale constitution has been improved by the faithful adherence to the foolish advice of this silly old saw. As to making a fellow wiser by jumping out of bed at 4 o'clock in the morning, the old crone who invented this couplet did not know that Socrates, Solon, Demosthenes and all those old wise heads of Athenian fame sat up until long after midnight alongside a tall dip, writing with the Greek verb, and then laid in bed until after the sun's rays had dispelled the fogs of the Mediterranean and their Nantipexes wakened them up with a club to come to breakfast.

Modern examples are, likewise, not wanting that will knock the wind out of this inflated saw so quick that it will look like a balloon jerked through a cyclone. For instance, there is Tom Ochiltree, or "Tommy," the "Red" Educationist, Morrison. Who can count the sleepless nights and drowsy mornings they have passed through? It goes without saying that early rising never made them healthy, wealthy or wise.

If there is any one thing more detrimental to a fellow's health than another, it is after he has been up late at night seeing his girl next to be routed out of bed at 4 o'clock next morning for an early breakfast because some crazy member of the family wants to catch the morning train.

"I don't particularly object to any man getting up early in the morning if he feels like it, or if it is necessary for him to do so, but it is the height of folly to wake other people up out of their sleep when it is unnecessary and when an hour or more of sleep would add strength to their mental activity and physical energy to make up twice over for the time slept away. What is true of grown people is doubly true of children. Nature should be allowed to have full sway in them, and never should they be aroused from their slumbers except by nature."

Whom to Marry.

If marriage, in the language of the holy Apostle, is "a great Sacrament" there is something greater, higher, nobler, purer and more God-like than the holy state of virginity. But if one state is holier than the other, both are holy, lawful and commendable. Indeed, all that is fair and beautiful in woman may be gathered up in these two features of the sex, the purity of the virgin, and the tender, magnificent and loving heart of the mother. There is nothing grander than virginity, but next to virginity comes the magnificent maternity of the Christian mother. The mother with a child in her arms, next to the virgin, consecrated to God and kneeling before Jesus Christ—the virgin Son of the Virgin Mother—is the most beautiful thing in creation. The great English Protestant poet, Wordsworth, says:

"There is more poetry, to say the truth, in the milk of the one idea of the Blessed Virgin Mary, than in the Catholic Church preaches her, namely, as the woman who combines the infinite purity of the virgin with the love of the mother, than ever was written by the pen of man."

The true girl must be sought; she is not to be found in the beaten tracks of every day life. Generally, she is not rich. But oh! what a heart she has! If you gain her love your hundreds become thousands, and your thousands become millions. She makes you come home that feel your power higher than ever. She makes you love home. As a man trained to love the beauty and simplicity of God's work, we hold there is nothing half so intrinsically good as the true girl. She is the home, diffusing around her the influence of her goodness like the essence of sweet flowers.

The Joy of Being a Boy.

One of the best things in the world is to be a boy; it requires no experience, though it requires no practice to be a good one. The disadvantage of the position is that it does not last long enough. It is soon over. Just as you get used to being a boy you have to be something else, with a good deal more work to do, and not half so much fun. And yet every boy is anxious to be a man, and is very uneasy with the restrictions put upon him as a boy.

There are so many bright spots in the life of a farm boy that I sometimes think I should like to live the life over again. I should almost be willing to be a girl if it were not for the chores. There is great comfort to a boy in the amount of work he can get rid of doing. It is sometimes astonishing how slow he can go on an errand. Perhaps he couldn't explain himself why, when he is sent to the neighbors after the yeast, he stops to stone the frogs. He is not exactly cruel, but he wants to see if he can hit 'em. It is a curious fact about boys, that two will be a great deal slower in doing anything than one. Boys have a great power of helping each other do nothing.

A little three-year-old friend who was allowed to choose the prettiest kitten for his playmate, before the other nurselings were drowned, being taken into his mother's sick room to see two tiny new twin babies, looked reflectively from one to the other for a minute or two, and then poking his chubby finger into the cheek of the plumpest baby, said decidedly "Save this one."

Chained and Burned to Death.

BRENSHAM, April 15.—A negro named Gibbs brutally murdered the wife of L. P. Moore, a prominent farmer of Barren county, on Saturday evening, because he would not allow him to sit at the supper table with the family. Mr. Moore was not at home at the time of the murder, but returned shortly afterward. The whole community turned out in pursuit, and on Sunday afternoon overtook Gibbs, ten miles away, and captured him in a field in which the negro was plowing. He was taken back to Moore's place where the exasperated citizens chained him to a post and burned him to death. Gibbs was an escaped convict and was considered a very bad negro.

Of Mississippi's 70 colonels of the war, only 2,500 now remain.

A Young Man Who Took a Back Seat for His Father.

"Who! who! who!" exclaimed a broad-shouldered emigrant, as he drew up in front of a saloon in Bloomington, Illinois, in an early day.

"Dad, let's go in and have a little corn juice."

"Just as a man came out of the log cabin, head over ears, and the other man after him, striking him with his fist at every revolution.

"Enough! Enough!" yelled the vanquished individual.

"Who! who! who!" shouted the victor. "I'm the best man in the state of Illinois!"

"Who! who! who!" cried the old man in the wagon. "John, ain't we in Elynoy?"

"Yes, pap."

"You can't stand that air kind of talk. Git out and whale 'im, John."

John came down from the wagon and soon had the bully begging for mercy.

"I'm the best man in Illinois!" shouted John.

"John, you are the best 'ol' man in Elynoy!" and he gave him a sound thrashing, while the bystanders applauded.

"I'm the best man in Elynoy!" the old man yelled, cracking his fists together and jumping up and down; and no one disputed his word.

As they all went in, the young man said:

"You're right, dad, an' yer boy comes next."

Eye Service.

Upon going into an office, I saw two boys at work addressing envelopes—or rather, one was at work, while the other, with his pen in hand was looking out of the window.

"Well, my employer was seated near by, and when he caught my eye he smiled.

"Which of these two boys is the better workman and of the most value do you think?" he asked in a low whisper.

"The one that works, I suppose," I replied.

"No, sir; that lad who is looking from the window now does so because he thinks there is no harm in it—does it, you see, under my eyes. On the other hand, while my eye is on them, the other boy is the most industrious and perhaps his mere presence does nothing. So you see he adds 'credit to his faults.' I would not trust him out of my sight."

"To be sure," came the immediate answer. "But you attended to his duties at all times, would you not? The best; but a boy who renders eye service merely, who cannot be trusted to work without watching, is not to be tolerated."

The man who said this had seen much of the world, he knew whereof he spoke, and perhaps some of our young readers will profit by his words.

Farm Notes.

Uniformity of temperature, whether artificial or natural, is the condition under which the best wool is grown.

Take as much pains in breeding your stock of bees as you do in breeding your hogs or cattle if you want the best results.

The vast quantity of 22,481,945 bushels of grain are reported as in store and afloat at Chicago. This is nearly 50 per cent. of the entire visible supply in this country.

The value of the pork exported from this country in the fiscal year ending June 30, 1883, was \$70,000,000. Thus there are 70,000,000 excellent reasons why it isn't desirable for foreign countries to exclude our pork.

Give all your drone comb to your best swarms and save the rest. Do not let the inferior swarms have any drone comb at all, and then you will see a change in your bees, and then you can feel that you are boss and not the bees.

In answer to a question as to what is the best grain for milch cows, Professor Arnold recommends four parts of bran, two parts of cornmeal and one part of linseed meal as having given him the best results in proportion of any dry food that he had ever used.

Milch cows should always have at least a small amount of some kind of green food, such as roots or ensilage, when other green food is not in season. Such a ration will do much to keep up their general health, as well as to increase the flow of milk. So says the National Stockman.

Mount Sterling, April 15.—Fifty masked men went to Jackson, Breathitt county, on Wednesday night, and took Henry Kilburne (white) and Ben Strong (colored), two negroes, and hanged them. Kilburne was charged with the murder of William Thorp last January, and Strong was suspected of being concerned in the same murder. A notice was pinned on one of the victims stating that all perpetrators of such crimes would receive like punishment. Kilburne had killed eight men.

Cause of Failure.

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of today. C. N. Roy, the Druggist, is not liable to fail for the want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, for he gives away a bottle free to all who are suffering with coughs, colds, asthma, consumption, and all affections of the throat and lungs.

Mormon women say our husband.

Salesmen Wanted

RELIABLE MEN having good addresses and good references, to sell our goods, call on our agents, N. Y. BROS. BUSHNEMAN, 100 N. 3rd St., N. Y.

EXECUTORS NOTICE.

State of Tennessee, do hereby give notice to all persons indebted to the late deceased, Thomas Wilson, deceased, to pay to the undersigned, the executor of his estate, the amount of their debts, on or before the 1st day of May, 1884. If any person who is indebted to the said deceased, fails to pay to the undersigned the amount of his debt, he will be held liable to the said executor for the same. Dated this 15th day of April, 1884. THOMAS WILSON, Executor.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership between Noah Brown, John K. Gillis and Edgar Kyle was dissolved on the 1st day of April, 1884, so far as relates to the said J. K. Gillis. All debts due the said partnership are to be paid, and those from the same discharged, at No. 212 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa., where the business will be continued by the said Noah Brown and Edgar Kyle, under the firm name of BROWN & KYLE. EDGAR KYLE, Executor.

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