

The Somerset Herald

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VOL. XXXII. NO. 50.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 28, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 1715.

YOU ARE

Respectfully Invited to Call and Examine, Before Purchasing Elsewhere the Largest Assortment of

Stoves, Tin, Copper,

Or Sheet-Iron Ware, Knives, Tools, Plated Ware, Lamps,

Enameled Ware, Clothes Wringers, Etc.

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.

READ THIS!

HORNE & WARD

It will interest Customers of Limited Means, as well as those who do not wish to spend much for

SHOES AND SLIPPERS!

THIS WEEK WE ARE OFFERING

78 Pairs of Ladies Slippers, 109 Pairs of Ladies Kid Croquet Slippers, 97 Pairs of Ladies Serge Slippers, 118 Pairs Ladies Opera Toe Slippers, 289 Pairs Ladies Newports, tie and button, 48 Pairs Infants' Strap Slippers, 76 Pairs Infants' Fine Kid Slippers, 38 Pairs Children's Opera Toe Slippers, 211 Pairs Infants' Kid Button Shoes, 96 Pairs Mens' Cloth-top Low Button Shoes, 38 Pairs Mens' Low Cut Working Shoes, Men's Better-grade Low Cut Button, 18 Pairs Youths' Buckle Shoes, 11 Pairs Misses' Coarse Shoes, 312 Pairs Ladies Serge Lace Shoes, 213 Pairs Ladies' Grain Peg Lace Shoes.

78 Pairs of Ladies Slippers, \$18
109 Pairs of Ladies Kid Croquet Slippers, 59
97 Pairs of Ladies Serge Slippers, 41
118 Pairs Ladies Opera Toe Slippers, 95
289 Pairs Ladies Newports, tie and button, 1 00
48 Pairs Infants' Strap Slippers, 18
76 Pairs Infants' Fine Kid Slippers, 35
38 Pairs Children's Opera Toe Slippers, 85
211 Pairs Infants' Kid Button Shoes, 25
96 Pairs Mens' Cloth-top Low Button Shoes, 1 25
38 Pairs Mens' Low Cut Working Shoes, 1 13
Men's Better-grade Low Cut Button, 2 00
18 Pairs Youths' Buckle Shoes, 45
11 Pairs Misses' Coarse Shoes, 25
312 Pairs Ladies Serge Lace Shoes, 68
213 Pairs Ladies' Grain Peg Lace Shoes, 1 13

HUNDREDS OF OTHER BARGAINS FOR THIS WEEK.

STARGARDT'S,

THE POPULAR ONE-PRICE SMOE STORE

No. 212 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

N. B.—Don't forget our stock of Fine Shoes for Ladies, Gentlemen, Misses, Boys, Children, Youths and Infants.

FARMERS,

We have marked down our large Stock of Plain Shoes. Don't buy before you see ours.

STARGARDT'S,

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK!

ESTABLISHED 1877.

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

Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in 800 cents. Collections made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

AGENTS

Lime, Lime, Lime!

From the Celebrated Port Limestone Ledge, furnished about the coast of our State from Grove at a price per bushel, including cartage, one of Delah's celebrated sales, with a Star and a Yale \$60.00 per ton.

W. S. WOLFE, Somerset, Pa.

ISAAC O. JONES, Somerset, Pa.

THE CHAIR IN THE CHIMNEY CORNER.

On gilded thrones and on chairs of state, There are kings that tremble with soft And to many a lofty seat climb Through favor and power and wit; But the chair in the chimney corner Is in my seat of power and pride; When I sit there the purple I wear— I'm king at my own bedside.

The judge sits high on his lofty bench, And seldom beside him waits; He solemnly says the words of death; He fastens the prison gates; But in the chimney corner, Not in his chair so high and wide, And with a kiss the household faith— I'm judge at my own bedside.

In the halls of trade and commerce, There are seats for the shrewd and bold That can manage a bank or railroad, And turn what they touch to gold; I'm president in my own affairs, Vice-president in my wife— No "board" or "committee" manage me, And I'm chairman, too, for life.

There are seats in the halls of learning, And seldom sits after there; But even with learned professors Their honor I seem to share; For my labor has many a question, That "father" can best decide, And I feel that I am "principal" To the class at my own bedside.

So, my chair in the corner is better Than that of the king or lord, Than the seat of judge or professor, Than the "chair" at the board; The bestowment's its solid foundation, 'Tis girded all round by love, Its portion is peace and contentment, And the blessings of Heaven above.

THE FIRST BELL.

"But I want to go so much," said Zaidie. "Oh, Mrs. Wilde, please, please, don't tell grandma."

The old country house had been shut and locked up for the night. Overhead the stars burned in points of frosty light, and the wind snow-gleamed faintly underneath, while every breeze that stirred the woods set a whole chime of tiny icicles to jingling.

Zaidie Wilde had the least possible cough that afternoon, and old Mrs. Wilde had sent the snow-gleamed faintly underneath, while every breeze that stirred the woods set a whole chime of tiny icicles to jingling.

"Oh, Miss Zaidie! oh, Miss Zaidie!" she cried. "I thought you never would come home. You're to go to Mrs. Wilde at once. She's waiting for you."

"Oh, bless you, no, my dear!" said Mugs, tugging away at the white gown. "Get those things off as quick as ever you can. Miss Wilde has sent for me. I'm in a pink meringue dress-gown. We've had a terrible trouble since you went away."

Zaidie looked around her with a bewildered air. "The house certainly is not burned down," she cried. "And if grandma wants me to come to her, she certainly can't be dying nor dead."

"It ain't that," croaked Mugs. "It's burglars! We've been robbed!"

"Oh, Mugs," cried Zaidie, conscience-stricken, "not through the door that I left unbolting. Because it was locked."

"No, Miss, no," said Mrs. Mugs. "Thank Providence there was no one near that door! It's a deal too close to the stables where Thomas sleeps with a revolver. Come, let me see your trunk. I'll take it through Mrs. Wilde's door. There's a pair of gloves, and every bit of the old crested silver taken, and Miss's diamonds, and—"

"I don't know what you're saying," said Zaidie, looking at Mrs. Mugs. "I never heard of anything like that."

"Well, tell her to be very careful," said Mrs. Wilde, laying her head down among the pillows with a sigh. "Mugs, I've had a terrible trouble since you went away."

"Miss Zaidie, my dear, you can't take away her bed candle, like if she was a little girl."

"Well, tell her to be very careful," said Mrs. Wilde, laying her head down among the pillows with a sigh. "Mugs, I've had a terrible trouble since you went away."

But Zaidie was not asleep. On the contrary, the room was bright with wax candles and there, before the chandelier, stood the little maid, dressed in the soft, pink meringue dress, a cluster of white roses in her belt, and the prettiest little white satin boots that ever, "like like the mice, peeped in and out."

Zaidie Wilde was going to the Military Ball. Leave or leave, as she explained, she was in a hurry, and with Colonel Battersby and his daughters.

"But, Miss," pleaded Mrs. Mugs, "your grandma said you wasn't to. She don't like them Miss Battersbys, anyhow."

"Yes, I know," coaxed Zaidie, "but grandma has forgotten how she felt when she was seventeen. And Colonel Battersby is to be at the Great Gala at half past ten precisely—and I never was at a ball in all my life before. Dear Mrs. Mugs, you will keep my secret, won't you?"

"Well, I'll try," said Mrs. Mugs. "But there was a soft spot down in her heart, after all, and she finally consented, after many tears and entreaties on the part of Zaidie, to condone her offenses."

"I s'pose it is dull here," she reasoned within her mind, and Miss Zaidie—after all her girls will be girls. Of course my mistress will be very angry if she knew it—but we must take care she don't know it."

So Mugs herself helped to bundle Zaidie up in the old gray shawl, which had been her mother's, and extinguisher held the light of a candle, and escorted her to the Battersbys' carriage, which waited at a discreet distance from the house.

"You're sure you've got the key to let yourself in, Miss?" said she, the last time.

"Oh, yes, it's all safe in my dress pocket."

Mugs trudged back through the snow, thinking of the long gown by day and the pearls by night—and Zaidie Wilde went to the ball.

Oh, the lights, the roses, the bewitching music, the soft, warm, accustomed ball-gown; it was the same tedious story and over again, the same "Blue Danube" and "Thousand and One Nights," and the same tuneless clarionets and speaking violins, the same sickly gaslights, the same decorative plants on the mantel, the same artificial smiles and worn faces bedecked anew in rouge and velvete and pearl powders. But to Zaidie it was like the "Arabian Nights," suddenly galvanized into life, a dream of beauty and enchantment.

Of course she knew nobody there, but the Battersbys, her grandmother had kept her shut up a deal too close for that—but partners came eagerly to beg for introductions, and old Col. Battersby found himself a more popular character than he had been for years in the vild of the pretty young debutante, who came in the train of his old maid daughter.

"By Jove," said the old colonel. "I didn't know that Zaidie was so pretty, before."

Nor had Zaidie known it herself. She could scarcely recognize her own face as they passed in front of a full length mirror, so transformed was it in the light of girlish happiness and

daughters! But never steal away from me, like a school-girl, again!"

"Dear, dear grandma!" was all that Zaidie could say, for the pearls were safe, and grandma Wilde had forgiven her.

"And I'm very glad, Miss Zaidie, that you didn't mention my name," said Mugs, when she was taking Zaidie back to her room, "for after all, you know, it was not my fault."

"No, Mugs," said Zaidie, smiling, "it was not your fault."

The trunk of a sycamore tree, near New Madrid, is 4 1/2 feet in circumference.

An oak in Barwell county, S. C., measures 24 feet in circumference 18 inches above the ground.

A white oak on the premises of Amos Harvey, of Mansfield, Burlington county, N. J., measures 21 feet in circumference.

An apple tree in Mercer county, Ky., has borne fruit for sixty seasons without failing. Five feet from the ground, its trunk is ten feet and nine inches in circumference.

A lemon tree on the farm of Thomas Kennedy, at Noonan's Lake, Fla., 19 years old, has borne fruit for 11 years, and has earned for its owner \$106 in a single season.

In the negro cemetery at Americus, Ga., is a cedar tree that was planted in a pitcher at the head of a grave ten years ago. It burst the bottom of the pitcher and rooted in the earth. The pitcher still encircles the bottom of the cedar, which is ten feet high.

The "Major Oak," near Edwinstown, Eng., fell before a recent gale. Its trunk had a girth of 22 feet, and the circumference of the top was 260 feet. The hollow stem was used by picnic parties, and seven persons had at one time partaken of a dole 700 years.

Dulos Hotchkiss, of Marrow, Conn., has an apple tree in his orchard that is supposed to be 175 years old. Its annual yield is 85 bushels of apples. The circumference of the trunk is 16 feet near the ground. It bears fruit on five limbs on one year, and on four different limbs the next year. In 1876 it bore fruit on all of its limbs.

The soft maple tree that was cut down on the White House grounds last December had many historical associations. President Lincoln had a habit of stopping at this tree, then thoroughly strolling about the grounds, and pulling a twig from it. Then he would take out his pocket-knife and slowly whittle the stick as he walked on. The tree was destroyed during the administration of Andrew Jackson.

THE SMOKE FOR DIPHTHERIA.

Ruth Lockwood, the 3-year-old child of Thomas Lockwood, a compositor in the Times office, became violently ill with diphtheria on Tuesday night. She was so weak that it was deemed dangerous to try tracheotomy, or cutting open the throat.

On Thursday Dr. Nichols, who was attending her, received a copy of the Paris *Figaro*, which contained a report made to the French Academy of Medicine by Dr. Delteil. Dr. Delteil said that the vapors of liquid tar and turpentine would dissolve the fibrous exudations which choke up the throat in croup and diphtheria.

Dr. Delteil's process was described. He pours equal parts of turpentine and liquid tar into a tin pan or cup and sets fire to the mixture. A dense resinous smoke arises, which is inhaled by the patient.

"The patient," Dr. Delteil says, "immediately seems to experience relief; the choking and rattling stop; the patient falls into a slumber, and seems to inhale the smoke with pleasure. The fibrous membrane soon becomes detached, and the patient is able to breathe when he is visited her. First pouring about two table-spoonfuls of liquefied tar on an iron pan, he poured as much turpentine over it and set it on fire. The rich resinous smoke which rose to the ceiling was inhaled by the patient. At 11 o'clock the room the child's breathing became natural, and as the smoke grew dense she fell asleep.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Alleged Drug Store Blunders.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., May 13.—The small child of F. B. Ward of Allegheny City, died last night from the effect of morphine given by a drug-store clerk named Lewis, sets in mistake for salomel. When the clerk was informed of the terrible result of his mistake, he dropped to the floor unconscious, and it is feared that the shock may prove fatal. This is the second death from the blunder of a druggist in this city.

The first was that of a young girl in Spohn's drugstore, on the South Side, gave sassafras and sweet-oil in mistake for castor oil, and the old lady, Ann Gallagher, who swallowed the dose, died in a few hours in great agony. Spohn has been held on a charge of murder.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers."

Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year.

Sold at fifty cents a bottle by C. N. Boyd.

A girl who elopes with a man named Pickles can hardly expect a sweet honeymoon unless she understands the much-coveted art of extracting subseams from cucumbers.

The Mexican National Drink.

The Artes manufactured pulque, and got drunk on it, just as do the Mexicans to-day. It is the great national beverage—the larger beer or hard cider of the land. It is a fermentation of the sap of the maguey, and is drawn by tapping the deep heart of the plant. When a specimen of the maguey feels real good it will yield a gallon of the sweet sap every day for months together. This juice is then emptied into an unshorn sheepskin, turned wrong side out and the feet tied up, in which it is transported to the place of fermentation. Everywhere the several flocks, or a cardado will trot along with one on the back of his neck, so smooth, and slippery, and uncouth, that it looks like a hog that has perished of dropsy. An enormous quantity of pulque is consumed every day in Mexico. The boy himself don't want any more of it. I tried the first day, as everybody does. It looks like sour milk a week old, sweetened with asafetida and smells like Constantinople. If I couldn't become inebriated on anything but pulque, I would forego that pleasure for life.

But the maguey plant is certainly a thing of beauty in the landscape, and when one becomes superannated and farrow it ceases to give down and then it shoots upward, when a good head and a big heart, gives me a story or two about him. In his later years General Scott was irascible. A great many people knew that, but few knew that he was always sorry for a hasty word. While he was in the valley of Mexico, he had his office on Seventh street just opposite the War department, he was coming out one day to enter his carriage, came in hand. A volunteer orderly, who knew nothing of Scott's views of military propriety, approached him with a letter from a War Department Bureau which had been directed to deliver Gen. Scott at once. The orderly, recking nothing of Adjutants General or Chiefs of Staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began to read the letter before you. "For a moment the proud Commander-in-Chief seemed perturbed. Then raising the letter, he said in a loud voice: "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way." The startled orderly sprang to one side, and the General, who was in a hurry, and was driven away. The orderly then delivered his letter to some one in the office and walked slowly out. General Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, musing, asked the orderly if you are coming here three nights out of a week just to pass away the time, you had better cease coming at once."

"Yes, Well, really madam," put in the youth, his voice all in a quiver, "since you please so to give me a very long ride, and that I live for her alone."

"Yes," broke in the anxious mamma; "that's the trouble with you young men; you waste too much time living for a girl alone when you ought to be living with her. I'm a plain, old-fashioned woman, and always say what I think. Now, I'm willing to give you a month longer as a trial, but if at the end of that time I don't see a spankin' fine new ring on Emma's finger, your visits to this house will be cut off."

And to the great relief of the young man she left the room and sent in her daughter, who, of course, was utterly unconscious of the "good licks" her mother had been putting in for her.

Bright's Disease.

Referring to what appeared on this subject in the *Scientific American* recently, Dr. De Borna, of Cleveland, N. O., writes that, after years of practical test of the milk diet for Bright's disease, he has a long list of cases in which he has made perfect cures. Great care is taken to get absolutely pure skimmed milk, from healthy and well fed cows, and no other food of any kind is given after the patient can bear five pints of milk a day. Up to this point, and until the stomach is able to take care of so much, is found to be the most trying period in this treatment, but no other medicine is given, and the patient has to have rice gruel as daily administered.

Another correspondent takes exception to the claim made that no drug of any therapeutic value in disease has yet been discovered. In support of his assertion he needs a cure in Bright's disease, as effected in a drowsy, in every case in which it has been tried during the last fifteen years. He recommends the drinking of an infusion of the dry pods of the common white soap bean or corn bean. When the latter can not be readily obtained the pods of the "snap short bean" will answer, and even the Lima bean, though the latter is of inferior strength. The recipe is as follows: "Take a double handful of the pods to three quarts of water; boil for three hours, and strain off the liquid to three pints. Use no drink of any kind but this, the patient drinking as much as he conveniently can; it may be taken either hot or cold."—*Scientific American*.

A walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 45 lbs."

Call at Dr. J. C. Boyds Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles \$1.00.

Texas has 4,000,000 sheep.

Getting in One on the Teacher.

Dr. Busby, once the master of the high school, once celebrated for severity, was not ill-natured. It is said that one day, when he was absent from his study, a boy found some plums in his chair, and at once began to eat them, first wiggling saying: "I publish the banus matrimoniales between my mouth and these plums. If any here present know just cause for impediment why they should not be united, you are now to declare it, or ever after hold your peace." The doctor overheard the proclamation, but said nothing till the morning, when, calling the boy up, he grasped his well known instrument, saying: "I publish the banus matrimoniales between this rod and this boy. If any one knows any just cause or impediment why they should not be united let him now declare it, or ever after hold his peace." The boy himself said: "I forbid the banus." "For what cause?" asked the doctor. "Because," said the boy, "the parties are not agreed." The boy's ready wit pleased the doctor, and the union was indefinitely postponed.

Anecdotes About General Scott.

An old army friend of mine who remembers General Winfield Scott as a tall, fine-looking old man, with a good head and a big heart, gives me a story or two about him. In his later years General Scott was irascible. A great many people knew that, but few knew that he was always sorry for a hasty word. While he was in the valley of Mexico, he had his office on Seventh street just opposite the War department, he was coming out one day to enter his carriage, came in hand. A volunteer orderly, who knew nothing of Scott's views of military propriety, approached him with a letter from a War Department Bureau which had been directed to deliver Gen. Scott at once. The orderly, recking nothing of Adjutants General or Chiefs of Staff, interpreted his order literally, and hastily giving a careless salute, began to read the letter before you. "For a moment the proud Commander-in-Chief seemed perturbed. Then raising the letter, he said in a loud voice: "Clear out, sir; clear out of the way." The startled orderly sprang to one side, and the General, who was in a hurry, and was driven away. The orderly then delivered his letter to some one in the office and walked slowly out. General Scott's carriage had not gone thirty rods before it stopped and turned about. The driver, musing, asked the orderly if you are coming here three nights out of a week just to pass away the time, you had better cease coming at once."

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Every Rising.

The proper time to arise is when sleep properly so-called, ends. Dozing is not admissible from any reasonable or health point of view. The brain falls into the state we call sleep, and the other organs of the body follow it. True sleep is the aggregate of sleeps. In other words, sleep, which is a natural function—i. e., physiological instead of disease or drugs—is a state which consists in the sleeping or rest of all the several parts of the organism. Sometimes one and at other times another part of the body as a whole may be less fully asleep, and the rest of the body, or the most exhausted and therefore the most difficult to arouse. The secret of a good sleep is—the physiological conditions of rest being established—to so work and weary the several parts of the organism as to give them a proportionally equal need of rest at the same moment. The cerebrum or mind organ, the sense organs, the muscular system, and the viscera should be all ready to sleep together, and so far as may be possible, they should be equally tired. To wake early and feel ready to rise is a fair and equal start of the sleepers should be secured; and the wise self-manager should not allow a drowsy feeling of the conscious or weary senses, or an exhausted muscular system, to beguile him into the folly of going to sleep again when once his consciousness has been aroused. After a very few days of self-discipline the man who resolves not to "doze," that is, to allow some still sleepy part of his body to keep him in bed after his brain has once awakened—will find himself, without following why, an "early riser."—*Lancet*.

Blue Grass Breeders.

Mr. R. S. Withers, of Fairlawn Stock Farm, Lexington, Ky., writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Oil, the great pain-cure, that I use on to everything; myself, my horses, my negroes. Everybody and every horse, for all kinds of aches and pains, believe in its sovereignty as a cure."

A boy writes to a paper that his father has "hit upon an important subject and his hand." From this it is inferred that the old gentleman has been resorting to corporal punishment.

A Georgia lady has entered suit against her husband for divorce because he would not give her the combination to his safe.

The opinion of the general public is regarded by Clergy Pectoral public speakers, and actors. All say that it is the best remedy that can be procured for all affections of the vocal organs, throat and lungs.

There are 193,000 physicians in this country.