The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

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The Somerset Herald,

Somerset, Pa.

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MR. CLEVELAND PROTESTS.

Oh, I am the head of the ticket,
As any one plainly can see,
But the tail is the biggest, tho' I am the dog.
So the tail keeps a-wagging of me;
Can it be?
I may howl, but the tail it wags me.
He knows that I used to be Sheriff,
And Mayor of Buffalo, too;
And for him to be wagging a dog like that,
It isn't the thing for to do;
Now you
Know it shouldn't be so, but 'tis true.
When he was a Governor, I was a boy;
And a Senator learned was he;
When he ran for Vice President I couldn't vote
And that's why he goes and wags me;
You see,
He makes weight with his long pedigree.
I would like to show men I am grateful;
I would prance and exalt in my glee;
In pantomime joyous my tail I would wag,
But the tail it gets up and wags me;
You'll agree,
He wags me, though I ought to wag he.
So I sit on my haunches and wonder,
And I really wish that I knew—
Whether I am the watchdog they say I am,
Or a blooming long-tailed kangaroo;
For I do
Look more like a big kangaroo.

TAKE BACK THIS RING.

The spacious dressing room of Albert Carnes opened into a passage connecting with a no less spacious apartment, the sewing room of his sister Frederika.

Through this arrangement there happened a chain of circumstances which would have been extremely obnoxious to Mrs. Grundy, whose foresight, indeed, had not been consulted in the plan.

The young men who visited Albert on the most intimate terms, and who without exception, if not lovers, were certainly admirers, of Miss Frederika, found it very delightful to saunter through the passage from the masculine boudoir of the brother into the sanctum of his sister whenever the open door allowed.

Edward Lovell, whose engagement to Miss Frederika Carnes had been formally announced, was the only one who seldom entered the tell-tale precinct, where already delicate embroideries, finest of fine linen, and exquisite Mechlin and Valenciennes anticipated the exigencies of an approaching day.

In this well lighted apartment of sewing all the cases sent from Paris with the season's surprising costumes were deposited and opened; in this apartment two seamstresses were forever bending over the needle, one plying it industriously by hand, the other "ex machina" evolving the elaborate stitchery. The first was an old maid of antediluvian prestige, who, although her piercing black eyes were fixed on her stitches, never lost sight of an outside glance or motion; and who, deaf as an adder, insisting that every order should be bawled into her left ear, heard with her right every syllable whispered or spoken.

The other was a young creature who worked upon the sewing machine, a delicate girl eighteen years of age, graceful in figure, with a face gentle, yet piquant, soft brown hair coiled carelessly around a brow fresh-white as a pearl, soft brown eyes and lips. Frederika Carnes was really fond of her little sewing-maid. She inquired into the history of the young girl, and learned that she supported by her labor an infirm and widowed mother, and, moreover, that in the approaching spring she was to be married to a young man with whom she was in love truly, an undertaker by trade.

One evening in the February twilight—the working hour was past, and the old maid seamstress had gone home—two young men entered the room. Josie Harte, bending over the clicking machine, was desperately in earnest finishing some important work. She did not glance up at the entrance. Joseph Bell threw himself full length upon a sofa. He was possessed with an idea that he was personally irresistable to the pretty sewing girl. He laughed in his sleeve at "the absurdity of Harrison's supposing he had any winning chance there." Spencer Harrison drew an arm chair close to Josie's side.

Josie went on working. But through the steady low noise of the work she heard—she could not but hear, and indeed she had often heard the same strain before—Harrison's protestations of love.

"I am engaged to be married," said Josie Harte, lifting her eyes once, and only once, as she changed the work, beneath her needle.

"To some coarse, laborious man, I'll be bound," said Harrison, "who will make you stitch and drudge to your life's end. Josie, you were not made for this. Every turn of your graceful head, every gesture of that dear little hand, protests against it. You shall not sacrifice yourself, Josie."

Josie Harte arose and left the room. In a closet of the adjoining corridor her shawl and bonnet hung. In a moment she had put them on. Quickly she was at the front door—quickly she was in the street. But scarcely had she gone the distance of a block when footsteps sped behind her. Spencer Harrison, with his passionate eyes ablaze, and his lips pale beneath his black mustache, had followed and approached her. Again he was at her side.

"Josie, you provoking little witch, you are flying, I know, but you cannot fly away from me. Love is the winged god, ma petite. Is it nothing, nothing to you, Miss Harte, that you are making my life miserable? nothing to you that I adore you, that I truly—Ch! you must know it!"

"Leave me," said Josie. "This moment leave me."

"Never," said Harrison—"never until—"

Through the deepening dusk, and with pace quickened like their own, some one came to Josie. A gentleman, waiting but a second for permission, drew her arm within his own. It was Edward Lovell. He had seen the rapid movement of the girl, and the expression of the man that followed her. Appreciating the situation in a moment, he determined to save her from annoyance if possible.

His good intention was not misplaced. When Josie Harte reached the dingy door of her humble home, she said to Edward Lovell, with sincere fervor:

"I shall never forget your kindness."

"Our last drive in the park," said Frederika, turning her dark eyes, sufficiently eloquent of affection to satisfy the most exacting lover, upon Edward Lovell.

"The last this season," he suggested.

They were driving in a landau, with Albert Carnes and Spencer Harrison sitting opposite. Crowding up Fifth Avenue, their talk was interrupted; it was not until they had entered the park, and had somewhat escaped the throng, that Albert Carnes said to his sister:

"Freddie, show Edward that ring. I'd like to have him say now he has no respect for African diamonds. Two thirty caret stones, Spence," he added, turning to Harrison, "of the first water, and a perfect match. For my part I prefer other qualities being equal—these brilliant off-color stones. When I'm engaged to be married, my engagement ring shall be an African solitaire. I like the sunny tinge of the southern adamant."

Fredericka drew off her soft gray glove, and Edward Lovell, ever sensitive to the least display of her refined charms, glanced warmly at the little lily white hand. She took from the forefinger of the hand not engagement-pledged a diamond ring.

The eyes of Spencer Harrison and of Albert Carnes were fixed upon the jewel. Edward Lovell glanced at it vaguely. He had already, however, taken it into his hand.

"Very beautiful," he said. "These cape diamonds have fire, to say the least. One could—" He paused. He had seemed, as he spoke, in the act of returning the ring. Suddenly it had escaped from his fingers. He looked for it. It was gone.

"Give me my ring, then, Ned, if it is so fiery," said gentle Frederika. "I like to keep to myself all that burns."

"Where is it?" asked Lovell, bewildered.

"You have dropped it," Albert exclaimed, moving so as to look on the floor of the carriage.

"Give back the ring, Lovell," said Harrison. "You took it, you know. Come, that's not fair."

"Where is it?" reiterated Lovell. The diamond ring had vanished.

"Oh, somewhere in the carriage," said Frederika, somewhat petuantly, drawing on her glove. "We shall find it when we get home."

But the diamond ring was not found. The expressive face of Albert Carnes wore a grave frown when the group alighted and the carriage was searched.

"It could not possibly," he said to Frederika, "have fallen outside."

"What do you mean," asked his sister, alarmed to her heart's core. She was as pale as the white lace scarf that she had drawn close around her throat in nervous self-infoldment from the hour.

"The engagement of Edward Lovell and Frederika Carnes is broken off," said Rumor, knocking at every "in society" door. Miss Carnes is the chief actor in the unhappy affair. Edward Lovell has accepted a foreign partnership in the mercantile house to which he belongs, and has sailed for England in view of a permanent residence abroad. Rumor added that Lovell's departure was hastened to avoid a threatened exposure of circumstances seriously detrimental to his good name.

And all this happened on account of the mysterious loss of Frederika's diamond ring. The rumor that took bodily shape in the world's ear was the consolidated form of innumerable whispers in the tete-a-tete of parlors and the clubs. Spencer Harrison was accountable for the most subtle injurious of these scandalous breaths. To use his own phrase of thought, "he owed Lovell a grudge," and fate had given him an opportunity of paying this ignoble debt.

As for Frederika, she could not stem the current of prejudice which had so cruelly set against her lover but with her whole soul she maintained her faith in his innocence. Her relatives had used authority to annul the engagement, but the girl secretly vowed that she would be the wife of no other man.

A year had passed. Josie Harte, whose marriage had been postponed because her infirm mother needed day and night a daughter's care, answered at last the inquiries of Miss Carnes, made a few weeks after the burial of Mrs. Harte. "I have fixed my wedding for this day fortnight."

"I wish you all happiness, my good Josie," said Frederika, with a smile and a sigh. "And now you will give me the pleasure to add a few trifles to your trousseau, since you were—ah, I do not forget it—so interested in mine."

Among the many useful gifts and the many not useful but quite pleasurable bits of finery that Miss Carnes pressed upon the acceptance of Josie Harte was a silk costume which for a twelvemonth had hung in the dark of a seldom-visited cedar closet.

"Do you know," said the sweet girl, "that I hardly like to give you this, and yet I will, hoping that time has taken from it whatever ill luck it had. For, Josie, this is the carriage dress I wore the day I lost all the happiness of my life. I felt that I ought to tell you this; but you need not be superstitious about it, for happy love makes all things right."

Josie accepted the gift, but not without a superstitious misgiving, with which she compromised by determining that she would alter the fashion of the costume at once.

The enterprising young undertaker, who, in spite of the solemnity of his trade, had found, as Josie said, his business "so good," and who was one of the sunniest-hearted beings in the world, encountered at last the "compensation" of his good times in the verified fact "that the course of tue love did never yet run smooth."

The postponement of his marriage for a year, truly as he respected Josie's filial devotion, had occasioned him continued regret; and now, a fortnight before his wedding day, at the last moment, it seemed fate had a great trial in store for him.

One evening he noticed that Josie's manner showed unusual seriousness; but he "laughed it off," thinking, fondly, "when she is a married woman she shall have no care."

Just as he was about to close his visit, Josie said:

"Robert, I want to speak to you about something."

"Speak away, darling," said her lover, possessing himself of what Harrison had called "that dear little hand," and quite content to listen.

"Robbie, you know I have two hundred dollars in the bank. It would have been more, but—"

"I know it, child," said Robert relaxing slightly the clasp of the small hand.

"Well, dear," said Josie, speaking very quickly and softly, "I wanted to keep that money—or rather I meant to keep it—for a rainy day. But now, all of a sudden, I want to spend it. And I want to spend it in a ridiculous way, and you will think it a ridiculous way, and I think so, too, looking at it in one light. But never mind, Robbie, I want to cross the ocean—don't start so, that's nothing much nowadays—to cross the ocean and come right back. Oh, right back, you may be sure, dear Robbie! But even that will defer our wedding day a little while. Hush. Don't say a word. You have good faith in me, Robert; you have shown that to me always, and without it, heaven knows you would not want me for your little wife, as I shall be, dearest. Well, on Saturday—and my passage is taken—I am to sail. My heart is set upon it."

And on Saturday, Robert actually crying—'tis a pity such uncommon things should be—crying like a child upon the seasick wharf whence the jubilant looking steamship departed—Josie sailed.

A foggy night in London—a foggy night succeeding a foggy day; the fifteenth foggy night, succeeding fifteen foggy days. Very depressing to an American.

Edward Lovell leaving his office late, and wearily wending his way to his lodgings, looked, this dismal night, oh, how much older than he looked a year ago. He had always been a thoughtful, he was now a sorrowful, man. His grief had told upon him. Those vague, deadly rumors—could any prosperity in business, any kindness, any admiration extended to him in his new field of career, ever dispel them? And Frederika—would her faith die at last of the slow poison?

Reaching his lodgings, Edward Lovell found a visitor awaiting him. "A young woman; a foreigner, I think, sir; very respectable like. She insisted on waiting, sir."

The young man did not recognize his visitor. She made herself known to him as the sewing girl who worked for Miss Carnes.

"Oh, do you not remember, sir?" she said. "Once you were so kind to me."

Then Josie Harte put into the hand of Edward Lovell a little object which she had found inclosed in a box pleat of a carriage dress, which a "fortnight before her wedding she had been remodeling."

A diamond ring—the diamond ring! Edward Lovell, strongly nerved man as he was, turned pale and staggered at the sight of it.

The day Frederika Carnes, driving in the park with her lover, showed him her ring, it slipped from his fingers, and lodged unseen in the open pleat of her skirt's goffered flouncing.

Josie Harte, the humble, obscure sewing girl to whom Edward Lovell had shown a brief chivalric kindness, had crossed the ocean to put into his own hands the clew alike of his evil and good fortune.

"Take back this ring."

Driven Off.

A night or two ago a watchman on one of the wharves saw a young man come rushing down in hot haste, stop short at the edge of the wharf, and, after peering at the dark waters for a moment, he was heard to exclaim:

"I called, but she was not in! I wrote to her, but the letter was returned unopened! It is the work of her hard hearted father!"

He walked up and down, as if bracing his nerves, and presently continued:

"Shall I live with this gnawing at my heart, or shall I die to prove my devotion?"

The toot! toot! of a tug coming up the river was the only answer.

"When I am missed will anybody's heart beat the faster?" he went on. "When my dead body is hauled from the river, and the coroner goes through my pockets, will any body shed tears! Will the sight of my pale and sunken face be an accuser to that flint hearted father?"

A propeller boomed her old whistle in sad response.

"I will die!" he exclaimed, with sudden energy, but the watchman came forth and seized him by the neck, and pointing him up the street, said:

"You great big calf. Go along home and soak your head in soapsuds! The idea of such a fellow as you coming around here to splash into the water and keep a poor, honest watchman out of his hard-earned sleep! Skip!"

And fifteen minutes later the young man was calling for pork and beans in a restaurant.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Homliest Man in Somerset

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on C. N. Boyd, and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis, and Consumption. Price 50 cents and 1.00.

A Simple Steam Bath.

The following simple directions, by following which a bath may be obtained by those who are not possessed of those doubtful luxuries called "modern conveniences," are extracted from an article by Dr. H. Engel, in the *Medical Reporter*. The treatment has especial reference to catarrhal jaundice:

"To assist nature still more I have the patient take a steam bath every night on going to bed. As one or the other of the young practitioners may not be familiar with the easiest and cheapest method of procuring such a bath I will explain my modus operandi:

The room in which the patient is to take the bath is brought to a temperature of 74 deg., as determined by the thermometer—to prevent chilling; the patient, perfectly naked, sits on a high-cane-seat chair, and is totally enveloped in a large blanket, pinned tightly round the neck, his feet resting on the blanket, and the latter covering him and the chair, and the little space within it air-tight. The blanket is so arranged that the open fold is at the back. Under the chair stands a bucket or a small tub, half filled with cold water. Into this tub or pail gradually, one after another, three half pieces of "red-hot" brick are thrown and the blanket is once again folded up. Certainly, as soon as the hot bricks come in contact with the water a sudden and rapid evolution of steam takes place, which being confined to the small space within the blanket, soon causes the patient to fall into a most thorough sweat. The first and second time the skin does not respond very actively, but every day the perspiration increases. If the patient feels uncomfortable—his hands, etc., all being confined within the blanket—the nurse will give him a mouthful or two of cold water to drink, and sponge off his forehead and face with a sponge dipped in cold water. These two procedures give a great relief.

When the patient is almost through with his forced perspiration one of the attendants takes a hot iron and goes over the bed-sheets with it, so as to warm thoroughly the bed of the sick person. A hot iron wrapped in rags, or a bottle filled with hot water may be put at the foot of the bed. Then the patient is released from the "sweat-box," and immediately a large bed-sheet, which has been during all this time hanging near the fire, is thrown over him and he is thoroughly dried. Dressing himself in his warmed garments, he retires to his warmed bed, while the steam-bath apparatus is removed, and the blanket hung out to be well aired and dried.

I have been so particular about these directions first for the reasons given above, and then because I wish to impress the reader with the necessity of using the utmost caution that the patient during this procedure does not become chilled. While I have seen the greatest benefit arise from this steam bath, and improved with it cases that did not seem to yield to any other mode of treatment, I have observed irreparable injury being done for want of the caution alluded to. In one case I am positive that a patient had a relapse and died within twelve days, because, when coming out of the bath and feeling so well, as he had not for many a long day, he had run, "just for the fun of the thing," after a friend out into the cold entry."

How a Rear-Admiral Was Made.

One morning, when the Duke of Clarence, having received his commision and his ship, was on his way to his tailor's in Plymouth, to get the new uniform, at a street corner he saw a boy crying, and stopped to inquire the cause. The lad looked up through his tears, revealing a handsome, winning and intelligent face, and replied that his mother had died only a few days before, and that he had been cast homeless into the streets. "Where is your father?" asked the Prince. "He was lost in the Sussex, on the Cornwall coast, two years ago." "How would you like to go to sea in a first-rate man-of-war?" The boy's face brightened as he answered that he should like it verywell. The Prince took out his pocketbook and wrote something upon a slip of paper which he gave to the boy, with a shilling. "Go down to the docks," he said, "and with this shilling you will hire a boatman to carry you off to the Pegasus. When you get on board the ship you will give this paper to the officer whom you find in charge of the deck, and he will take care of you. Cheer up, my lad! Show me that you have a true heart, and you shall surely find a true friend." Arrived on board the Pegasus the officer of the deck received him kindly, and sent him to sit upon a gun-carriage under the break of the poop. In less than an hour the Prince came off in his new uniform, and the boy was strangely moved upon discovering that the man who had promised to be his friend was none other than William, Duke of Clarence, and Captain of the frigate. The boy, whose name was Albert Doyer, was taken into the cabin, where the Prince questioned him, and forthwith he ordered him to be rated as a midshipman, and from his own purse he procured him an outfit. During the voyage to the American coast the Prince became strongly attached to his youthful protege, keeping him about his person continually and instructing him in general branches of education, as well as in his profession. Time passed on and the boy grew to be a man, serving King and country faithfully. In time William became King, and signed the commission which made Albert Doyer a Rear-Admiral. He exclaimed, as he put his signature to the document: "There—if I have ever done a good deed for England, it was when I saved to her service that true and worthy man?"—*Life and Times of William IV.*

Mrs. Robert G. Ingersoll is said to bear a striking resemblance to the portraits of Martha Washington.

Pointers For the Young Man Who Is to Cast His First Ballot.

My son, you will cast your first vote for President next November. I don't want to influence your vote. I dont want you to vote for a certain man just because certain other men do. I want you to sit down and think about it before you vote. I want you to go to the polls in good company. As a young man of progressive ideas, I want you to be abreast of the world and shoulder to shoulder with the times when you walk up to the polls. I want you on entering politics to align with the party that has the purest, progressive record. I don't care a cent, my boy, whether you are a Republican or a Democrat. There are honest men, patriotic citizens, good Christians, in both parties. Only I don't want to see you walk up to the polls and cast your first vote with the party

That upheld human slavery as a divine institution;

That bought and sold men, women and babies like so many mules;

That fired on Fort Sumter and the American flag;

That for nearly five years fought to destroy the Union;

That opposed the issue of greenbacks when the Government was fairly perishing for want of them;

That organized mobs and riots to oppose the draft;

That swept American commerce from the seas with armed privateers;

That is the party of Boss Tweed and Jefferson Davis;

That polls its heaviest majorities in the most vicious and ignorant precincts;

That is strongest in the States where the percentage of illiteracy is greatest;

That has opposed every liberal and progressive measure in legislation during the last quarter of a century;

That was the defender of slavery;

That is the defender of Mormonism;

That slandered Garfield; and

That assassinated Lincoln.

Now, as I said before, my son, I don't care whether you are a Republican or a Democrat Choose for yourself. Just keep away from the crowd whose record I have very briefly outlined. Find the party to whom this record belongs, and then forever keep away from it. You need not be particular with which party you unite, if you don't join that one. Always vote against that party, and you will always vote about right. I am a Republican, but I shake hands with fraternal love with any Democrat who votes against that record. That kind of a Democrat is always a good enough Republican for me.

P. S.—I have never found that kind of a Democrat.—*Bob Burdette.*

The Coroner's Verdict.

The Memphis *Avalanche* says Tennesseans are in the habit of coming to their death by the following causes, according to the written verdicts of Tennessee coroners' juries:

"She came to her death by strangulation in testimony we have sit our handes and seal the day above wroten."

"Paul Burns came to his death by a mule running away with a wagon and being fatally thrown therefrom."

"By taking with his oun hands an overdose of morphine."

"From causes unknown to the jury, and having no medical attendance."

"Came to his death from national causes."

"Said child aged one day old came to her death from spasms, said child having been found by the witnesses in a trunk under suspicious circumstances."

"The joueres on thare outhe do say that he come to his death by old age, as tha could not se enny else the matter."

"Come to his death from the following causes, to wit: from some sudden cause to the jurors unknown."

"The said deceased being an orphan, father and mother being dead."

"From an overdose of gin, administered by his own hand."

"Being run over by two coal cars while detached from the engine."

"Come to his death by tender of No. 7 jumping the track on which he was riding, either jumping or falling off and engines running over him, which was an accident and no fault of the engineer of the said engine.',

"She came to her death by lighten striken her."

"From hart deseize."

"Came to his death in the following manner, to wit: He was born dead."

"From the hands of some unknown person, or persons, to the jury unknown, and afterwards placed on the track and got run over by the incoming train."

"Congestion of the brain an applicote fitze."

"The body was so mangle and mutilate that tha could not tell ennything about it but tha think it was put in the cisterne by some unknown person."

"Calded on her left side by kittley hot water burning ever on her left side and causing her to die."

"From the effect of injuries received by her close accidental taking fire."

"From explosier."

A Great Surprise.

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorizen to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. C. N. Boyd, has secured the agency for it.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

Blaine's family is at Bar Harbor, Maine.

Wanted His Leg Straightened.

"It was after the battle of West Point, and there was a Frenchman in our regiment, I forget his name, but he was in Company A. Well, he had his leg broken by a ball—a compound fracture above the knee—and it had to be taken off at the thigh. He stood it well, and did not want to have chloroform, but they made him. Well, this leg—it was his left one—being taken off so high up, you see, there was a good deal of it, and the boys did not want to throw it out into a hole, so they looked about for something to bury it in. At last they found a cracker box, but to get it in they had to double it up, bend the knee sharply and turn the foot back, which they did, and then buried it.

After the Frenchman came around he was uneasy. There was not much pain, he said, but he wished to goodness he could straighten his leg out; his left, he said, felt all 'kinked up.' 'But you haven't got a left leg,' we told him.

'No, I know that,' he replied, 'but, morbleu! it feels all kinked up just the same."

Well, I did not know anything about the burying of his leg, and when he said this to me I thought it was just the ordinary pain after the operation, though I had never heard any one else describe the pain so, and I believed it would pass off. But it did not. He got more and more uneasy, and kept declaring that his left leg was cramped, and if he could only straighten it out it would be all right. He went on this way so badly that at length one of the boys who had buried the leg got scared, and without telling him, he went and dug up the leg, straightened it out, and reburied it without the box."

"Well, gentlemen, do you know that before that boy had got back, the Frenchman was easy as a lamb.

'Ah, but, morbleu! that is better!' he cried out suddenly. 'Yes, that's better, that's better,' and for ten or fifteen minutes he went on just as if he had really been relieved by having his leg straightened out. He never said another word about being cramped, but declared his leg was perfectly easy now. It wasn't till, maybe, a week afterward, that we told him what had been done, and then all he said was:

'Ah! but I knew my leg was kinked up all the time.'

"There, gentlemen, you may try to explain that how you like; you may believe it or not, as you like; but all I can say is I saw it, and there were plenty of others who knew about it at the same time, too."

Waterloo.

The battle-field of Waterloo as it lies to-day is an uninspiring spectacle—a good place to sit down and muse on life and men and the vanity of human things; but we have a vivacious little guide who spared no time for musing, but engaged us with a very dramatic recital in broken, though quite intelligible, English of the stirring things that happened on that bloody Sunday in 1815, when Bonaparte's brief candle went out and the European kaleidoscope ratt