Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED IN 1827.

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...DR. WM. RAUCH tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity.
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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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We have secured a
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Yours, &c.,
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Somerset, Pa.
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LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
☞SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Harrison Weimer, dec'd late of Milford Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, January 30, 1885, at the late residence of said deceased.
JOHN A. SHULTZ,
dec17. Administrator.

ELECTION NOTICE.
The annual meeting of the members of the Farmer's Union Association and Fire Insurance Company of Somerset County will be held in Berlin Tuesday, December 30, 1884 for the purpose of electing a President, Vice President, Secretary and six Directors to serve the coming year. By order of the Board.
D. J. BAER, President. ALEX MUSSER, Secretary.
nov26-3t.

XMAS GIFTS
FOR EVERYBODY.
Christmas Gifts for Parents,
Christmas Gifts for Children,
Christmas Gifts for Brothers,
Christmas Gifts for Sisters,
Christmas Gifts for Sweethearts.
THERE IS NOTHING MORE APPROPRIATE OR ACCEPTABLE FOR
CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
THAN
JEWELRY.
Good Jewelry Can be Bought Cheap, and is Cheaper at the
New Jewelry Store, No. 2 Baer Block,
THAN ANY OTHER PLACE IN SOMERSET. DON'T UNDERSTAND THAT WE
GIVE JEWELRY AWAY,
But we do give More for the Dollar than anybody else. All we ask is an
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MY STOCK CONSISTS IN PART OF
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OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
CLOCKS, CHAINS, BRONZES,
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CROSSES, EAR-RINGS, BAR-PINS,
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DIAMONDS!
YOU CAN BUY AN EXQUISITE
DIAMOND RING OR STUD
At a very moderate price, as they are cheaper now than they have been for years.

SILVERWARE!
The largest selection in Somerset, and the Cheapest in the County.

Space will not permit us to enumerate all the
HANDSOME AND ELEGANT PRESENTS
We have, but we
UNDOUBTEDLY HAVE
The finest lot ever brought to Somerset, and to be convinced, call and examine for yourself.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.
A FULL LINE OF
Violins, Guitars, Kazoos, Harmonicas,
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AND THE FINEST
MUSIC BOXES
YOU EVER SAW.
Toilet Cases,
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And many other handsome articles, too numerous to mention.
Don't Think of Making Your Purchases Until You Have seen my stock. Call and see it.
RESPECTFULLY,
W. H. WOOD,
Jeweler, No. 2 Baer Block,
SOMERSET, PENN'A.
☞Every article will be guaranteed as represented.

ST. NICHOLAS.

"Ho! there at the wicket, who pounds at the door?
Such a din in Olympus was ne'er heard before—
I would sleep—get ye gone—I'm ailing—I'm sick,
What the deuce—there again—who is calling, St. Nick?"

"Arouse ye! Arouse ye! It's dawning again,
The Star that once beamed over Bethlehem's plain—
The star of the Magi, that shone on the morn
When earth's blessed Savior, the Christ child, was born!"

"Ho! Ho! Is it so? Then I'll up and away
As soon as the Goblins can harness my sleigh."
Then he roared such a laugh as he sprang out of bed,
It startled the stars in the sky overhead.
And they winked at each other as much as to say:
There is something gone wrong and Old Nick is to pay.

It took but a moment to jump in his boots,
To wrap himself up in the best of fur suits,
To run to the closet and drag out his pack,
Which he swung with a chuckle across his broad back;
Then off to the stable he dashed through the snow,
Where the reindeer were prancing, all ready to go.
He was up in a jiffy, and, cracking his whip,
With a "Hi, there! my hearties!" he let the rein slip.
Straight down through the welkin they speed like the light;
Without pause or turn to the left or the right;
The clouds dragged their skirts to get off of the track,
The winds shrank alarmed—all quite taken aback.
E'en the moon drew in haste a veil o'er her face,
So quick cracked the whip and so fast was the pace;
And he pealed out a laugh so jocund and gay
That aurora woke up long before it was day.
Oh, never such a sleigh-ride was ridden before
As that of St. Nick with his rich Christmas store!
Far down in the distance Earth rolled fast asleep,
Dark night having wrapped it in silence so deep
That the children, tucked close in their snug little beds,
Whence nothing peeped out save their cherubim heads,
Were dreaming of fairies, of frolic and fun,
And other stern facts of the life just begun.

It was three by the clock when out on the roof
That tinkle of sleigh bell and taps of a hoof
Made their little hearts bound and flash round the Earth
A smile such as welcomed the Lamb at its birth;
But they woke not. Oh, no! Old Nick is so sly
He fastens a padlock on each prying eye.

With a "Whoa, there, my pretties," he stops with a jerk,
Lights his pipe, swings his pack, then away to his work,
Over steeples and house tops, in windows, down flues,
So fleet you would think he had wings to his shoes,
In pantries he peeps and through bed-rooms he whirls,
Now pinching the babies, now kissing the girls,
Filling up all their stockings with goodies and toys,
Nor forgetting the switch, always left for bad boys,
Then on through the play rooms to plant those great trees,
Where grow dollies and drums with exquisite ease.

What a jolly fat fellow! so little and spry,
With round dimpled cheeks and a fine flashing eye,
Hair jeweled with hail-stones, and such a red nose,
It lights up the pathway wherever he goes!
Then his rich, merry laugh—ah! never, I fear,
Will music so sweet again gladden the year.

But time flies apace. Even now a faint ray
Struggles up through the East as the herald of day;
The winds wake in protest and scatter the snow;
Now listen! the signal! I hear the cock crow.
"Ho! ho!" cries Old Nick, with his cheeriest warning.
"Merry Christmas to all! and to all a good morning."
—E. C. Hincks.

Boreas Bluster's Christmas Present.

BY MRS. W. J. HAYS.

"'Tis an ill wind that blows no good."

I

It had been a hard, cold, cruel winter, and one that just suited old Frozen Nose, the Storm King, whose palace of ice was on the north shore of the Polar Sea. He had ordered rain, hail and snow, his Slaves to accompany Lord Boreas Bluster on an invasion of the temperate zone, and when they had done his bidding he harnessed up his four-in-hand team of polar bears and went as far south as he dared, just to see how well they had obeyed him. How he roared with laughter when he found nearly all vegetation killed, and the earth wrapped in a white mantle as thick as his own bear skins six feet deep! There was no nonsense about that sort of work.

"Catch any pert, saucy little flowers sticking up their heads through such a blanket!" said Frozen Nose to himself "No, no; I've fixed 'em for a few years, anyhow. They're as dead as door nails, and Spring with all her airs and graces will never bring them to life again. Ugh! how I hate 'em and all sweet smells! Wish I might never have anything but whale-oil on my hair and handkerchiefs for the rest of my life!"

"There's no fear but what you will, and stale at that," said the ugliest of his children, young Chilblain, giving his father's big toe a tweak as he passed, and grinning when he heard Frozen Nose grumble out:

"There's the gout again, I do believe!"

But Boreas Bluster, coming in just then, saw what was going on, and gave Chilblain a whack that sent him spinning out of the room.

To tell the truth, Boreas was not as hard-hearted as he looked. He was the most honest and straightforward of all Frozen Nose's friends. To be sure, he had to obey stern commands, and do many things that required a show of fierceness, but in the course of his travels he often yielded to a kind impulse, and restrained his fury when to indulge it would have pleased old Frozen Nose mightily.

This very day he had met with a strange adventure, which had been the occasion of a hasty return to the palace, and had so stirred his heart that the whack he gave Chilblain was but the safty-valve to his feelings—a sort of letting off of steam which other wise might have exploded and bust every block of ice in the realm.

In the many furious storms which had occurred of late Boreas had seen the destruction of numerous forests, and had even assisted in laying waste the country. But one night an avalanche had buried a hamlet from which only one living soul had escaped, and that was a young child—a mere sprig of a girl, with hair like the flax and eyes like its flowers, a little timid, crying child—whom B. B. had actually taken in his arms and carried all the way out of the woods, over the mountains, and finally into Frozen Nose's own palace by the Polar sea.

Never had such a thing happened before. Never had the tones of a child's voice pierced his dull ears, any made that big sledge-hammer of a heart positively ache with its throbs. It was a new and even dangerous feeling; for though he made young Chilblain's impertinence the pretext of an outburst, he might just as readily given a cuff to the hoary-headed Prime Minister, Sir Solomon Snow Ball—and then there would have been a revolution. But happily for the peace of the Polar Sea palace, B. B. was satisfied with Chilblain's howl of rage, and in another moment had sunk down into his favorite arm chair of twisted walrus tusks, and was lost in the thought.

It was a curious scene, these three old men half asleep in their bear skins, smoking long pipes of smouldering sea weed. No fire danced on the hearth, no lamp shed its lustre, but the moon's pale beams gleamed on the glittering walls and lit the ice-crystals with its silver rays. B. B.'s thoughts seemed to be of a troublesome nature, for he sighed heavily, almost creating a whirlwind and at last, looking cautiously at his companions, and seeing they were asleep, he rose and went softly from the room. In the hall was a huge pile of furs, among which B. B. gently pushed until he found the object of his search, which, lifting carefully, he bound about him with thongs of reindeer hide. Then pulling on his immense snow shoes, and drawing his cap closely about his ears, he went out into the night.

B. B. was aware that it would be impossible for him to keep his little Flax-Flower any longer in Frozen Nose's dominions; indeed he had only hidden her in the hall until he could decide what course to pursue, for he knew only too well that Chilblain, in seeking revenge, would be sure to discover his secret, and do all he could to injure him. Personally, he had little to fear, but the punishment for mortals entering Frozen Nose's realm was death, and Flax-Flower was mortal.

With the speed for which he was so celebrated, Boreas slid over the ground in a southerly direction, never stopping until he had come upon what seemed to be a river which led down to a dark forest of pine trees.

He was now at least three thousand miles from the Storm King's palace, and could afford to rest. Wiping his brow, and panting still with his recent efforts, Boreas drew a corner of the bundle of furs away from the face of Flax-Flower, and looked at the sleeping child. As he did so a thrill of tenderness made him long to kiss her, but he knew that his rough caress would chill her with fear. So, softly wrapping her up again, he plunged into the pine forest. Stopping again when in the middle of it, he gave a shrill whistle, which was responded to by one fainter and farther away, and presently a dwarf in the garb of an Esquimaux emerged from the dusky gloom; and bending low, said:

"What will you my master?"

"I would see thy lord, the good St. Nicholas—the Storm King's enemy. Is he at home?"

"He is at home, but he is no man's enemy. What message shall I bear him?"

"Tell him that Boreas, of the Frozen Noses, awaits him."

The dwarf vanished, and returned.

"My lord bids thee enter, but entreats thee to be gentle, and remember the manners of his court."

"That was a needless charge, considering my errand. Never has my mood been more peaceful. But it strikes me as passing strange thus to dictate terms to one of my station," responded Boreas, proudly.

"Pardon," answered the dwarf, "but we are no sticklers for ceremony, and recognize no rank save goodness. Follow me if it be thy wish to enter."

Pushing aside the heavy boughs on which the snow lay in icy masses that rattled and clashed like bolts and bars he uncovered a low arched opening into what seemed a vast snow-bank. Through this tunnel he and Boreas made their way to a broad court which was as airy as a soap-bubble, round in shape, with pillars and dome of glass, through which streamed rays of light softer than sun shine and brighter than moonbeams.

From this court a broad, low stairway led to another apartment, which was free from any show or splendor as the kitchen of a farm house, and, indeed, in its suggestion of homely comfort and hospitality it was not unlike thet cheery place. A Saxon motto, meaning "Welcome to those who hunger," was caryed in the wooden frame of the fire-place. The floor was sanded, the tables and chairs were of oak, blackened by age, as were also the timbers of the ceiling, and cut and carved with curious devices.

On a big settee by the fire sat an old man, whose twinkling eyes could but just see through the shaggy and snowy brows which overhung them, and whose white beard fell in a flowing mass upon his breast. What could be seen of his face bore a kind expression.

"Ho, ho' old Bluster!" he cried in a clear and merry voice, drawing up and around him the sheep-skin mantle which was beside him, "what new freak is this of yours to enter our peaceful dwelling? Methought you were so sworn to do the Storm King's bidding that no power other than his rough sway could compel your presence. Come you on your own account or on his? Be it either, you are free to partake of our bounty. Ho, there, Merry-thought! heave on more logs, and heat the poker, that we may thrust it fizzing into our tankards; 'tis always bitter cold when Boreas is abroad."

The dwarf skipped quickly to his task, assisted by a dozen others, and Boreas, unstrapping his bundle, drew little Flax-Flower, still sleeping from the furs.

"Mine is a strange errand, good Claus—so strange, that I hardly know myself to be myself. Rough and stormy as I am ever, a child's misery has made me for once gentle. You know my mad career, my furious passions, and that they indeed are the strength of Storm King's realm. Too well I knew that I should be but the sport of mocking derision if I appealed to his mercy in behalf of this child. Mercy, did I say? He knows none. Death alone could have met this little creature, whoes cries have aroused within me the deepest feelings I have ever known. To be honest, I have not always been the fierce being I appear. Many and many a time, unknown to you, I have followed you on your errands of love and pity, and watched with admiration the course you have pursued. This has induced me now to come and ask your favor for my treasure. Wake, little Flax-Flower, wake!" he continued, gently kissing the child's eyes, who, so stirred, rubbed her sleepy lids with rosy little fists, and looked around in astonishment.

"Ha!" said the good St Nicholas; "this is indeed a strange story for you to tell, friend Bluster. Ho, there, Merrythought! send for Mrs. Christmas, my housekeeper. The child may be frightened at our grim faces. But what a pretty little dear it is!" said Claus, in the kindest tones, putting out his big fat hand to caress her. To Boreas's surprise Flax-Flower did not shrink from his salute, but with a bright smile bounded into the old man's arms and kissed him.

Turning away with a pang of jealousy, Boreas muttered, "She wouldn't kiss *me*; but no matter. That settles it. She's in the right place, and I'll leave her. Farewell, Claus; I'm off. No, no; I've no time for eating and drinking. Frozen Nose will be thundering at my abscence already. There's a storm brewing even now; I feel it in my bones." So saying he tramped noisily out of the apartment, nearly knocking over a fleshy dame in ruffled cap and whitest apron, whose rosay cheeks were like winter apples, and who bore in her hand a huge mince pie in which was stuck a sprig of mistletoe.

II

"Come, mother cease thy spinning and look at the lovely tree that Olaf has brought thee; it stands as straight as himself in the best room. Surely thou wilt deck it to please him."

"Ah, Fritz! how can I?" said the forester's wife, rising from her wheel with a sad but sweet smile, in obedience to her husband's wishes.

"But there is surely no reason for longer indulging thy grief. Our child is too happy in heaven to wish her return to earth, and whatever the good God sends of pleasure or innocent mirth we should take with thankfulness. Look at the tree; it is the very image of Olaf's own strong youth. A good friend is he for two lonely beings like us to possess."

"You are right, Fritz," said the wife, wiping a tear from her eyes. "For Olaf's sake I will dress the tree and bake a cake." So saying, she tidied up her best parlor, and took from a brass-bound chest the gay ribbons and trinkets which had not been used since the Christmas-eve her little one last spent on earth.

Very lonely and sad would these two people have been but for Olaf, the son of their nearest neighbor. It was he whose clear ringing voice might be heard in the forest when returning from his work, and Fritz said that it made labor light but to hear him. It was he, too, who, when Fritz had been lamed by the fall of a tree, had borne him home on his strong young shoulders; so it was no wonder that the good wife was grateful to him. Often at evening he made their fireside bright with his songs and merry stories, and now it was but just that they should shake off their sorrow for his sake; so the good wife drew out the spotless board, and kneaded spice cakes, and spread her best damask, and set out the fine china.

"Ah, if I had my little one!" murmured the good woman. "But God knows best," she quickly added, as she remembered many blessings.

"Here comes Olaf!" shouted Fritz from below. "Come quickly lest he think thee tardy."

"Yes, yes, I come. I see him," was her reply. "But what is that he carries?—something he has picked up on the way?"

"A Christmas gift for the," was the merry answer from Olaf's ringing voice, as he laid a strange bundle in her arms.

III

Little Flax-Flower had been with St. Nicholas a whole long week. In that time he had been in every nook and corner of his dwelling. She had seen all his elves and dwarfs at work manufacturing every known toy to be found in the world. She had ridden the toy horses; she had blown the brass bugles and beaten the drums until Mrs. Christmas had to put cotton in her ears.

Now all this very delightful, and made Santa Clause laugh long and loud. He would not have cared if she had brought the house down on his ears, so long as she had a bright smile and a kiss for him. But when Boreas Bluster stopped to see how his young ward was getting on, he shook his head gravely, and told Mrs. Christmas he feared she was spoiling Flax-Flower. But Mrs. Christmas laughed just in the same manner that Santa Claus had done, and declared the child must have all she wanted.

Unfortunately Flax-Flower went into the kitchen one day, and finding all the cooks busily making sugar plums, helped herself so largely to taffy that she was made very ill she ate, besides, quite a menagerie of lemon-candy elephants, camels, and kangaroos, which disagreed with themselves and with her so thrt her head ached, and she had to be put to bed, with a hot-water bottle and a mustard draught for companions.—This happened just as Boreas had stopped in to inquire about his pet, and he shook his head gravely when Mrs. Christmas related the incident. But Santa Claus only laughed till the air seemed full of merriment.

"Ah, my dear Clause, I see you have too easy and gentle a nature to deal with willful little mortals in an every day way; besides you have to think of so many that it unfits you for the care of a single one," said Boreas, in his least gruff manner. "I shall have to find another home for Flax-Elower."

"Well," replied St. Nicholas, "I confess I can refuse nothing to a good child. Children to me are all like so many empty stockings—made to be filled. But I have had come doubts about keeping Flax Flower Mrs. Christmas and I are afraid it will make the others jealous, it is that, and not the stuffing down lollipops, that makes me think you are right. Now her feast day comes soon—I mean Mrs. Christmas's day,' said Santa Claus, with a nod—"and if you will just give my sleigh a lift, I think I can tuck in Flaxie and carry her to some people who will appreciate her and be kind to her; yes and even cross in a whole-some way seeing that's what you approve of."

Here Santa pretended to be very gruff himself, but Boreas saw through it. He knew that St. Nicholas, on the whole, believed that Flaxie would be better off without so much amusement and without so many temptations to do nothing but play all day long, and this was the way the matter ended.

Just before Christmas-day Santa-Claus's sleigh was brought out into the beautiful court I have described eight lively young reindeer were harnessed to it, and thousands of toys were packed in it; furs were wrapped around Flaxie, who was not quite well, and Mrs. Christmas herself made up a box of delicacies for her to eat on the way.

"Think of us often, dear child,' she whispered, "and give my love to everybody."

The dwarfs gave the sleigh a push from behind, the bells of the harness rang out a merry peal, the reindeers pranced, Santa Claus snapped his whip, and away they flew, with Boreas on his snow-shoes.

"Now, Flaxie," said Santa Claus after they had skimmed over the snow with lightning speed for hours, "before you go to sleep, as I see you are doing, I want to speak to you. I want you always to remember this visit to my house with pleasure, and tell all the children you may meet how I love them, how much it pleases me to know that they are good, and how it really distresses me when they are not; tell them, too, that as long as Mrs. Christmas lives we will do all we can for their happiness, and all we ask in return is a grateful spirit. Do you think you can remember all this?—well, as you say you can, tell them also to hang up an extra stocking, whenever there is room by the chimney for some little waif that hasn't a stocking to hang up for himself. Now go to sleep as soon as you please, and may your dreams be sweet!"

Cuddled down in the comfortable furs, Flaxie knew nothing more until she found herself awake and in the arms of a tall young fellow, whose name was Olaf, and who carried her into the brightest, nicest little parlor, and set her down in front of a fine Christmas tree, saying:

"There, Mistress Kindheart, see what Christmas has brought you. I found her in the forest, and a great bearded giant told me to bring her to you."

"Oh, Olaf, it is my little Lena come back, I do believe!" cried the woman, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks.

"Nay, mother, nay," said her husband; "but she shall take our lost one's place. Come, little one, tell us who thou art, and from whence thou art come."

Then Flaxie told the story of her visit to St. Nicholas, while Olaf, Fritz, and his wife listened in amazement.

Much as Flax-Flower had enjoyed all she had seen and done, it was delightful to be again with people of her own flesh and blood, and learn to say the sweet word Mother."

That Christmas was a merry one, but no merrier than the many which came after that, for Flax-Flower became a dutiful daughter to the kind people who had given her a home. She and Olaf were like sister and brother to each other, and they known throughout the country-side for their kindness to the poor and unfortunate, especially at Christmas time.

Frozen Nose still reigns in his palace on the polar sea, and it is mainly owing to him and his wicked son Chilblain that nothing more is known of that still unexplore region; but Boreas Bluster spends much of his time with good St. Nicholas and Mrs. Christmas. He tires of the severity of his life, and likes a snug corner where he can relate the story of his finding Flax-Flower, whom he still loves very tenderly. Often on an evening he ventures to take a peep at her in her happy home, and little does she suspect that the cooling breeze at the close of a warm day is Boreas's gift of thoughtful kindness.

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