

THE SOMERSET HERALD
ESTABLISHED 1827
TERMS OF PUBLICATION
Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock.
Subscription price per annum in advance, \$3.00 in advance, \$4.00 in arrears.
Single copies 10 cents.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXIV. NO. 4.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1885.

WHOLE NO. 1773.

The Oldest Business House in the City.

You are respectfully invited to call and examine the largest assortment of
RANGES, STOVES,
TIN, SHEET-IRON AND COPPER-WARE, KNIVES AND FORKS,
PLATED WARE, ENAMELED WARE, CLOTHES WRINGERS, LAMPS, ETC.,
TO BE FOUND IN WESTERN PENNA.

Our Goods are Warranted to be as Represented, and PRICES NET CASH, within the reach of all persons needing them.

SMOKE STACKS AND BREECINGS FOR ENGINES MADE TO ORDER.

TIN ROOFING, SPOUTING and JOBBING

Of all kinds in Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Ware, Promptly attended to at Lowest Rates. Orders Solicited from Merchants Selling Goods in Our Line.

FRANK W. HAY,

280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.

P. S.—Look For My Name on the Window.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK

(ESTABLISHED 1827.)

CHARLES I. HARRISON, M. J. FRITTS,
President, Cashier

Collection made in all parts of the United States.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Parties wishing to send money West can be so promptly paid by draft on New York in any sum. Collection made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuable securities on deposit. Interest on deposits. Cash on hand and in the vault. \$100,000 on time loan.

ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.

All legal holidays observed.

ALBERT A. HOER, J. SCOTT WARD,
Cashier, Vice-President

HORNE & WARD

SUCCESSORS TO
EATON & BROS.,
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
SPRING, 1885.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

Labels, Ribbons, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Wash and Bed Linen, Underwear, Infant's and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK.

Labels, Ribbons, Laces, Millinery, White Goods, Handkerchiefs, Dress Trimmings, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Wash and Bed Linen, Underwear, Infant's and Children's Clothing, Fancy Goods, Yarns, Zephyrs, Materials of All Kinds for FANCY WORK.

TUTT'S PILLS

"THE OLD RELIABLE,"
25 YEARS IN USE,
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age,
Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.
Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with dull sensation in the back part. Pain under the scapular blade, fullness after eating, with a distension to extending to the lower part of the abdomen. Irritation of the bowels, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weakness, Dizziness, Flushing of the face, Heat, Redness of the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored urine.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer. They increase the Appetite, and cause the body to take on flesh, thus the system is invigorated, and the patient resumes his usual health. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRATIFY YOUR VANITY AND CHANGE TO A GLORY BY USING THIS DYE. It is a permanent hair dye, and will last for years. It is made of the finest ingredients, and is entirely safe. It does not injure the hair, and it does not fade. It is the only hair dye that will give you a permanent, natural looking color. Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

HAVING had many years experience in the art of cutting and fitting, I guarantee to give you a suit that will fit you perfectly, and will wear well. I use the latest patterns, and I use the best materials. My prices are reasonable, and my work is guaranteed.

W. M. HOCHSTETLER,
Somerset, Pa.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,

RETAIL TAILOR.

(A la mode Henry Hoffman's style.)

LATEST STYLES AND LATEST PATTERNS.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SOMERSET PA.

THE EQUITABLE

Life Assurance Company of the United States.

Henry B. Hyde, Pres't.

120 BROADWAY, N. Y.
81 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

ASSETS - \$53,039,581
SURPLUS - 12,09,576
INCOME - 13,470,571

New Assurance written in 1883, \$81,129,756. Paid to policy holders during the last 24 years, \$73,877,699.

W. Frank Gaul,

Special Agent for Somerset Co.

LEGAL NOTICE

To the State of Pennsylvania, I, John H. Winters, Sheriff, do hereby certify that the following is a true and correct copy of the will of the late John H. Winters, deceased, as the same appears from the records of the County of Somerset, Pennsylvania.

JOHN WINTERS, Sheriff.

Among the anecdotes illustrative of General Frank P. Blair's iron nerve and undimmed courage related in the *St. Louis Republican* is the following:

The campaign of 1863 was attended with great deal of sporadic killing and bloodshed, and it was a dangerous thing for a Democrat to speak as Blair and Phelps spoke throughout the State. In one of the Southwestern towns a coterie of Republican sports, that Frank P. Blair should not make a speech in that town. On the night in question the courthouse was filled with an angry, excited crowd, through which General Blair rapidly made his way to the front. Arriving at the stand he drew with his right hand a navy revolver and laid it down on the table.

"Follow Citizens—I have come to talk to you of the political issues now agitating the country."

Here he drew from his left hip pocket another revolver, and placed it as carefully on the desk, continuing without interruption.

"And I propose to address you without fear or flatter."

Then he plunged into his argument, hurling the bitterest invectives against certain measures, but making no reference to his revolvers.

He spoke nearly two hours amid the profound silence.

A War Reminiscence.

Over in a Jersey town at Mount Holly in the grave of patience Bartram, a Quaker girl and a heroine, and no grave is more entitled to the recognition of decoration in this section. She gave her life for the Union. No strength or charm can be added to the simple tale of her sacrifice. A young physician in Philadelphia was being held in Paris when the war broke out, and his wedding day was fixed. He also was a Quaker, and was enthusiastically loyal, and he was among the foremost to volunteer his service in defense of the Union. Months went by, and he was with his regiment in the thickest of the winter fights. One day news came North that a skirmish had left some of his company dead and others wounded, and that he was among the missing. When the dispatch reached the girl who had been waiting to become his wife, her whole life changed as in the twinkling of an eye, and she suddenly developed into a mature woman. The next news that came convinced all the young soldier's friends that he had been killed. But Patience did not sit idly and helplessly down to wait. Before even her closest relatives were aware of it, she had volunteered for the war.

She found her place in an ambulance corps, and they who loved her at the North lost sight of her wholly ere many weeks went by. She was far South; she was in the van of the regiment with which her hero had marched away. There came a furious fight one night and a rebel town was captured—torn town with a prison pen—a Libby on a small scale. When victory was no longer problematical, but assured to the Union troops, blazing fagots were thrown upon the roof of the prison, and the rebel soldiers, who had been ordered down, and the rebels were routed in time, and half suffocated by smoke, the prisoners were finally brought out to the open air, to their brethren, and to a sight of the old flag which was in the throng of emancipated beings saved, and was that one Philadelphia whom long ago Patience Bartram's heart had given up as lost. Foremost among those to meet him was Patience Bartram. How she came to the front so quickly not one of those excited soldiers knew. But she was there, and there was ecstasy in two bosoms in that moment, down from a neighboring woods came the bullet of some still defiant rebel. Its victim was Patience Bartram. Many a tear those rough storm beaten soldiers shed as they laid her to rest for a while in a Southern grave; not one of them in Philadelphia, who still unweeded, the man she loved lives to-day in Philadelphia, a citizen known for good deeds.

A Cow Boy in a Sleeping Car.

"Where do I camp?" he inquired, and was shown the lower berth, next to me.

"That's my pigeon-hole, is it? All right, old son; just watch my motion while I file myself away."

At this juncture he was desired to turn over his revolver to the porter, which he declined to do in a very spirited manner.

"Old Dad (his revolver) and me always sleep together, and we don't want no divorce," he explained.

The conductor remonstrated, but was advised not to try to "braid this mule's tail."

"This here's a sleeping car, ain't it?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"Well, why in—don't you let people sleep then, when they've paid and gone into your game? If you're aiming to keep people awake and want company, just dance into the next car; there's lots of folks there don't want to sleep, now, and I'll be glad to see you."

The conductor withdrew, and my friend pulled off his boots and stretched himself, with many comments in an undertone on the poverty of the surroundings.

In about ten minutes this erratic person had his head out in the aisle.

"Say, you boy," to the porter.

"Well, sah," said the porter.

"The porter drew near, and a pillow about as big as a pin-cushion was handed to him."

"Take that goddess' thing away," said the cow-boy.

"Don't you want a pillow, sah?" asked the porter.

"That ain't no pillow, and I don't want it, now; I'm afraid I'll get in my ear."

After this silence, and for a short time I slept. I roused up, however, at an exclamation on the part of my neighbor.

"Hold on there, my son! Just draw them boots."

"I was only jest gwine to black'em boss."

"Draw 'em."

"Jest gwine to pull them spurs, I reckon. Now, cow-boy, am I any car camp taking things no more. If you want anything, speak for it. You can't speak, make signs; if you can't make signs, make a bush. You h'r me?"

"Yes, sah."

After this silence, The wheels and the porter, and the again kept approving time, and presently I slept without interruption.

Seven cents per pound is the highest price paid for butter in Iowa.