MY BEST FRIEND.

I was twenty-one—the possessor of eighty thousand dollars in cash, and owner of a handsome residence on one of the stylish thoroughfares of a large city.

No governor, no guardian, no maiden aunt, no bachelor uncle, to object to my disposing of myself and means according to my fancy.

She who gave me being had departed this world of change and succession ere I could remember. My remaining parent, engrossed in merchandise and bank stock, had no time to spare in looking after his heir; consequently I was placed in the hands of a nurse, and as soon as my age would permit, was bundled off to an institution to be 'crammed.'

But before reaching my majority I received a telegram to hasten home as my father had received a shock which his medical attendants pronounced fatal. I reached home just in time to see him breath his last. Having received no special marks of affection from him during the, to me, exciting intervals of my vacations, my days of mourning were soon over. I returned to college and remained there until I was twenty-one, at which time I came in possession of my fortune to use at my own disposal.

I had no idea of following the wake of father. I had a horror of business. I cherished a recollection I had for the yearning in youthful days for an exhibition from my father of the affection I had seen lavished on others of my own age. My memory was still alive with the remembrance of how I had run to his knee, longing to be clasped in his arms and had my heart stung with a cold repulse.

"Why not enjoy life while I can?" I said as I sat alone in my room, for when youth has passed, and manhood is on the wane, it will be time enough to clog independence with the encumbrances of life.

I lifted the bank book from the table before me, and looking over it saw there was no mistake, there was eighty thousand dollars placed to my credit.

I joined a club. In closing my initiation speech, I tendered a champaign supper to my companions. They were too polite, certainly, not to do me the honor of accepting. At supper I was cheered and toasted, and was pronounced a merry, good fellow.

Assuredly I must have a fancy team and give all my friends a turn around the most popular drives. Besides, I must visit the course, and "stake on favorites." And engage in an occasional game of poker in the club. If I lost I must not wince, or be heard to utter any regrets.

All this I did, and kept it up for a year. Then my eyes were opened, but not in the same manner quite as the deacon's kittens—by knocking their brains out. It happened this wise:

I met a young lady with whom I fell deeply in love; no young lady, I was sure, as I surveyed myself in the glass on the evening I determined to propose, could resist my suit. A handsome form a reputation obtained through my club, of being a great deal wealthier than I was, (as if they didn't know my fortune to a dime) and a standing in society that any one may envy, indeed, no sensible woman would refuse such an alliance was my comment.

But my vanity received a mighty shock. I was refused, and so decided was the refusal, that I felt there was no hope. I hastily left the scene of my disappointment, went home, shut myself in, walked the floor until morning—for I was desperately in love, and even then was at home to no one. I remained all day, notwithstanding a trot was to take place that afternoon on which I had staked a large amount. I cared nothing about the result, and entertained some serious thoughts of making my will. While meditating on the subject, the thought entered my mind that possibly I might have a rival. I felt a curiosity to see how he looked, and finally concluded not to make my will yet.

The second forenoon I sauntered forth. I displayed a negligent aspect and haggard countenance which contrasted sadly with my former scrupulous neatness and happy appearance. I saw a number of my club associates, but they seemed to avoid me, as they would cross the street before we met, or, if on the opposite side, would be deeply interested in viewing an object in another direction. I returned from my walk and after dinner, ordered my team for a drive. The programme of the morning was reenacted.

I passed several of my acquaintances, and instead of receiving the usual polite bow and pleasant smile, I got a cold stare or no notice whatever.

"Were they all witnesses of my rejection?" was the internal query. I knew of nothing else to effect so obvious a change in their demeanor.

The mystery, however, was soon solved. I was sitting alone at dusk in my room, my mind in a vague, dreamy state, when the housekeeper entered enquiring whether she should light the gas. That moment there was a ringing of the bell.

"Yes," I replied, "and if that is any one to see me conduct him in."

The quietness and my solitary confinement was becoming unbearable to me. Instead of 'him' conducted to my presence, before me stood a woman, closely veiled. I was taken by surprise, my feminine visitor threw the veil back, and I beheld the identical lady who had so recently administered such a scorching blow to my vanity.

"You will excuse this intrusion, Mr. Morton, when I tell you that nothing but a desire for your welfare has caused me to visit you. I have heard of your misfortune, and attributed a good deal of it to my refusal of your hand. I knew the life you were leading would sooner or later effect your ruin, but I had no idea it would come so soon. I have a few thousand dollars at my command, and if they can be of any service to you they are at your service, and I will gladly advance them to you in your present circumstances, as I believe you will repay the money."

I was now completely amazed; and before I could recover my self-possession my visitor had departed, I started up to stop her, but she was gone. I returned to my seat and stared at the vacancy where she had so lately stood. Part of what she had said recurred to my mind "ruin—life you are leading." A light dawned upon my mind. I rang the bell and called for the morning paper, which I had not yet glanced at. In an announcement of the race, the "favorite" had been beaten, and my name was mentioned as a very heavy loser. To me there was nothing very startling in that. The reason I will explain presently.

I commenced to look through the paper. At last the mystery of the usage of my friends was cleared. Before me was the paragraph:—

"We learn from one who knows, that Mr. Henry Morton has sunk within a year over one hundred thousand dollars. The result of the race yesterday was the finishing stroke. His misfortunes should be a warning to those who had commenced a similar career."

"Whew!" said I, in one prolonged whistle. "Let me see if there is any truth in the report."

I took down the bank book and ran over its column. I had drawn out all but eighteen dollars and thirty-six cents. I knew where the rumor of "we learn from one who knows" came from. One of my club associates was cashier of the bank.

The reason why I was not startled at this announcement of the race, was because I had not bet on the one that had been beaten. After the race previous to this one, my *confreres* of the turf, belonging to the club, somehow had been flush with bank notes, while my pockets were empty. It had happened before. I began to suspect there was something to account for such an effect. So instead of betting on the "favorite," I had bet on the other. My suspicions were so well grounded that I had staked largely and won.

"Since the play has begun let us have it out," was my soliloquy.

The next morning I went to my lawyer, and asked him to me a favor. I told him that I was willing to spend a hundred or two to find out who were my friends. I induced him to bring suit against me, under two fictitious names.

There was a law in New York State which was repealed a few years ago, that the person in whose favor a note was drawn, could sue on, and collect it, without appearing in court, so long as the signature was proved to be genuine. The same law is still in force in New Jersey.

I confessed judgement, and was sold out by the sheriff. The night of the sale I visited the club. When I entered, a number of persons were there who had done me the honor to borrow a few hundred dollars from my surplus funds. Almost immediately after I entered they were missing. I was soon made to feel myself a useless appendage, and took my leave. When I reached home a letter was waiting for me. I opened it. It contained a check for two thousand dollars, bearing the brief line, "From a friend." I presented it at the counter of the bank on which it was drawn. It was recognized and cashed. The most minute inquiries could gain no clue from whence it came.

"Ah!" I thought, what a fool I have been. Here for the past year I have been wheedled and flattered by a human set of vampires. They believe my blood is drained and leave me alone to perish. How they will cringe when they find I am not the gull they took me for.

My home was not my own. I had a mortgage for twenty thousand dollars, which I had taken some three months before to accommodate a friend of my father. He gave me the money, and I returned the document. I had thirty thousand dollars of my eighty. I forswore clubs and the race course, procured a position in a mercantile house, and in six months after became junior partner.

I was now fully launched in the business I had detested.

Reader, six years have passed since then. Near me sits the lady who rejected my suit, and first informed me of my ruin, playing with a little blue eye, who climbs up to the window, and before I reach the door, clasps his tiny hands and cries out, "Papa!"

It was she who sent the check, and, as I reflect on the past, and think of the present, I feel thankful for the blow she administered to my vanity.

Nantucket Out of Season.

In May the cod fishermen are in possession, and it was to have a view of the fishery that we drove out. On the wide beach under the bluff, perhaps a score of narrow, sharp pointed dories were drawn up. Four men we saw rising and falling on the swells outside the line of breakers. "They are coming,' said our friend as he hastened down to view the operation. A horse attached to a fish cart stood on the sand where a dozen bronzed and sturdy fishermen were watching the incoming boats.

Codfish strike here between the middle last of April, the pollock a little later. They are caught with hook and line, though on the south shore some trawls are set. The bait used is the long clam, which has to be brought from Tuckernuck and Muskegat Island, which lie to the westward of Nantucket. Gathering them forms the business of quite a number of the toilers who build little shanties on the islands and live there for days, digging clams between tides. By the time we have learned this the foremost boat has reached the breakers, and we watch anxiously to see how the boatman would get through without being swamped. Both skill and strength are required to effect this.

The oarsman balanced his boat on the swells just outside the line of breakers and waited till the biggest one of the "three brothers" came towering on, when he rode triumphantly in on its crest, being carried far up the strand where his waiting fellows seized the boat ran it up beyond the reach of succeeding waves. The second and third did equally well, but the fourth miscalculated and the prow of his boat dashed into the sand and was held the midst of the surf. In a moment the succeeding wave pounded upon it, and filled and swept man, boat, fish and oars far up the beach. The man however, gathered up the scattered cargo, emptied the dory by turning her over and soon had out of the waves' reach. Sometimes, in coming through the surf, the boats are thrown end over end.

The dories contain from twenty to thirty large cod and pollock, with an occasional ugly skate or big-mouthed sculpin. The cart is backed down to the boats, the cod and pollock are thrown in and carted to the cleaning and pickling room, where after being dressed and salted, they are dried on flakes in the sun, and marketed. Very little fresh fish is exported from the island, but the cured fish has the highest reputation of any in the market.

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

The Mexicans will have to buy hogs from the United States this fall, or go hungry for meat. The hog cholera has caused a large shortage in the supply in that market, and shipments from Kansas City have already begun.

I CAN cheerfully recommend Ely's Cream Balm to the suffering public for hay fever and stoppage of the air passages. I have tried it and find it gives immediate relief.—J. E. Rector, 209 Rock St., Little Rock, Ark.

Narrow escape from a big Cinnamon Bear.

The largest bear any of us ever saw was a cinnamon that came within an inch of killing one of my men, a good hunter and first-class guide—Charles Huff. (I may refer to the big cinnamon too, as an instance of the danger that sometimes attends trapping the bear.) He set his traps near Sunlight, in the spring, and was unable to visit them for a week. When he got to the bait, trap and log were gone. After taking up the trail, he soon found the remnants of his log chewed to match-wood; the bear evidently a large one, had gone off with the trap. He followed his trail as long as he had light, but found nothing, and had to return to camp. Next day, very foolishly, he took the trail again alone, beginning where he had left off. After long march he came to the steep side of a hill; the bear had evidently gone up there; on the soft, snow-sodden ground the trail was plain. Just as he was beginning to ascend, there was a rush and a roar, and the bear was upon him. He had no time to put his repeater to his shoulder, but letting it fall between his hands, pulled the trigger. The bear was within a few feet of him, and by a great chance the unaimed bullet took him between the eyes. He had evidently tried the hill-side, and, worried by the heavy trap, had come back on his trail and lain behind a great heap of dirt, into which he had partly burrowed, waiting for his enemy. Among the debris of spring-tide—fallen stones and uprooted trees—a bear could easily lie hidden, if he was mad and wanted to conceal himself, till the enemy was within a few feet. It was a terribly close shave.

THE PLUCK OF A WOUNDED GRIZZLY.

We stalked two small grizzlies in the "open" one evening. They were busy turning over stones, in order to get the grubs and worms underneath, and when we managed to get, unseen, within forty yards, at first fire each received a bullet broadside behind the shoulder; but, seemingly none the worse, they both turned down-hill, as bear will when wounded, nine times out of ten, and made for the ravine, whence they had evidently come. This gave me a nice open shot as they passed, and No. 1 rolled over dead; not so No. 2. Before he got a hundred yards away I hit him three times. My rifle was a fifty-calibre Bullard repeater, the one I have used for years—one hundred grains of powder and a solid ball. At the forth shot he fell all of a heap, seemingly dead. To save trouble we laid hold of the first one, which lay about seventy yards above the second, and dragged him down the steep incline to where the second lay, for convenience in skinning. We got within a few feet of the bear, when up he jumped, and, on one hind leg and one fore, went for Frank. The attack was tremendously unexpected and sudden. At a glance you could see that the poor, plucky brute was past hurting anyone, for one arm was smashed and his lower jaw was shot almost completely away. Yet I tell the simple truth when I say that in a few strides he actually caught up to Frank, who made most admirable time; then he suddenly fell dead. We examined that bear carefully; he was a small one not weighing more than two hundred pounds, and was shot all to pieces. Each of the five bullets I had fired had struck him; one hip and one forearm were broken, the lower jaw shot away; there was one shot in the neck, and one, through and through, behind the shoulder. It is never safe to fool with a grizzly; he may run away as fast as an elk, or he may not. He may drop to the first well planted bullet, or he may stand up till blown almost to pieces.—From "Camping and Hunting in the Shoshone,"—*Scribners Magazine.*

A Lengthy Pastorate.

The late Rev. H. B. Ewell was the pastor of the Baptist Church at Pavilion, N. Y., for nearly half a century. He was a man of strict honor and integrity and the highest Christian character. His word was as good as a government bond, and he never expressed an opinion that he did not firmly believe. He wrote as follows:—"It affords me great pleasure to recommend to the public, Gilmore's Aromatic Wine. I believe it to be the most desirable remedy that can be placed in any family. I am well acquainted with the manufacturers, and have confidence in their ability to do a good thing for suffering humanity. I have used their Wine in my family for a number of years with good effect, and firmly believe it will do what is claimed for it.

The Gilmore Remedies are for sale by Biesecker & Snyder, Mammoth Block, Somerset, Pa.

Divorce and Marriage.

"My marriage was a very romantic one," said a Chicago gentleman at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, who is on his bridal tour.

The lady's former husband was an intimate friend of mine. He is a good fellow, but he didn't use her well.

Although a gentleman in most respects, he was so unfortunate as to have the drinking habit, and occasionally, while in liquor, he raised the deuce in the domestic circle.

Both he and the lady were accustomed to come to me for advice after these affairs.

"Get a divorce," said I, at last.

"Agreed," says they, and shook hands on it.

Then they separated, pending the result of the legal proceedings.

I visited the lady in her retirement several times.

"Frank," said the husband to me, "don't you think you had better not call on Lizzie while this divorce business is in progress?"

"Why, Bob, says I, "what the mischief have you to do with the matter?"

"I don't like it," says he.

"But, says I, "the idea never occurred to me before, but now that you suggest it, I don't know but what I will. Do you think she'll favor the idea herself?"

"I'm blessed," continued the Chicago man, "if the fellow didn't begin to fight the divorce from that minute."

We downed him, of course, but he's still cool, and even refused to attend the wedding.

However, when we get home my wife will manage to smooth him down; she knows his ways, you understand.

There's nothing so painful to me as a break in an old friendship, and we both really like Bob very well, in spite of his faults.

In many localities Hood's Sarsaparilla is in such general demand that it is the recognized family medicine. People write that "the whole neighborhood is taking it," etc. Particularly is this true of Lowell, Mass., where it is made, and where more of Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold than of any other Sarsaparilla or blood purifier. It is the great remedy for debility, scrofula, dyspepsia, biliousness, or any disease caused by impure state or low condition of the blood. Give it a trial.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

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Absolutely Pure.

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold as competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

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Actress and Jeweler.

The bete noir of woman who get into debt is the jeweler. One of these had a hard battle with an actress recently, in which he was cleverly worsted. He had been steadily prevented from making any seizures because he could not get his hands on her property. But one day word was brought to him that the lady was to hold a grand ball at her house that evening and he determined to catch her at last. On this occasion, thought he, she will certainly wear her jewelry and most expensive dresses and will display all her costly knick-knacks about her apartments. One consideration only made the jeweler's scheme fail. Knowing his customers, he saw that it would make him immensely unpopular if he should interrupt a lady creditor in the midst of her festivities, and fearing that such an act would drive trade from his door he made up his mind to wait till the conclusion of the fete before entering to make the seizure. So he secured the services of two officers and a coach and drove to a point just across the road from the actress' hotel. There he stopped and waited. The night was long and the dancers in the hotel across the way never weary. At the time when the enjoyment was at its height the actress' maid, that never failing conspirator, began quietly to remove the precious knick-knacks and other valuables from the house by a back door. Morning dawned, and still the fete continued. At 7 o'clock, however, the last guest departed, and the jeweler, cold, hungry and impatient, climbed the stairway. He was received at the doorway by the actress, who was dressed in a plain, loose robe (her expensive dress had been spirited away). She said sweetly, "You have come to make a seizure of personal effects. Very well; I am about to retire, and when I have done so you are welcome to what I have on; but do not touch anything else, for remember I am in the suite that is rented by a third party." It was complete. Not a solitary piece of seizable property worth taking was left in the apartments and the jeweler retired defeated.

Highly Recommended

For eight months the best natured creature in the world had held undisputed sway in the kitchen and its environs; but toward spring the mistress began to take account of stock.

"Bridget" she asked, "where are the pots and frying pans?"

"Pots, ma'am? and it's the good for nothing they are! Every family as I lives with always gets new pots in the spring."

"Bridget, I cannot find the kitchen dishes!"

"Dishes, ma'am? and it's in the ash cart they are. Every family I lives with always gets new dishes in the spring."

"Bridget, what have you done with the bed and table linen? It's positively in rags."

"Rags, ma'am? What would you be expecting after the cold weather? Everybody as I lives with always gets new things in the spring."

"Bridget, when I walked through the kitchen last night, there were hundreds of roaches running over the kitchen floor and on the tables and shelves. How could you let so many bugs live in the house?"

"Roaches, is it, ma'am? and you have not any at all! Bugs always come out in the spring. Every family as I lives with always has as many running in the daytime as there is at night."

"Well, Bridget, I think you had better get a new home."

"And I'm thinking so myself, ma'am. Every family as I lives with in the winter always gets a new girl in the spring."

A well-known citizen of Lancaster, Pa., Mr. L. B. Keifer, writes: Having a sprained leg of almost thirty days standing, and after trying half a dozen advertised preparations in the market without satisfactory results, I was advised to try Salvation Oil, did so, and in less than three days my leg was all right again. It did the work.

Demoralizing the Turf.

"Never heard anything so contemptibly mean in all my life—never!" he said as he brought his right hand down on his left.

"What was?"

"Why, I bet $20 with a man on one of the horse races, and we put the money in the hands of a stakeholder. I won it."

"Well?"

"Well, a constable stood right there and attached the whole $40 for a debt of five years old."

"No!"

"He positively did, and he offered to mop up the ground with me to boot! It is just such work as this that has brought horse racing into disrepute and which keeps honest people away from the tracks!"

Do you suffer from scrofula, salt rheum, or other humors. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. 100 doses one dollar.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

The United States has a convict population of upwards of 60,000, and the number is steadily increasing.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The man who is in the habit of trying to get at the bottom of things should beware of falling overboard in mid-ocean.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A bald-headed Italian and a red headed negro were among the curiosities in an Albany police court a few days ago.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The Baltimore park commissioners have just prohibited kissing in the public park under penalty of $10.

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Among the Zulus young people fight and get married. Here they get married and fight.

SHILOH'S Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son

Put into plain English, Kapiolani's name signifies "The dropping of the clouds from heaven."

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A man must get right down in his work in order to get up in the world.

Beware of Scrofula

Scrofula is probably more general than any other disease. It is insidious in character, and manifests itself in running sores, pustular eruptions, boils, swellings, enlarged joints, abscesses, sore eyes, etc. Hood's Sarsaparilla expels all trace of scrofula from the blood, leaving it pure, enriched, and healthy.

"I was severely afflicted with scrofula, and over a year had two running sores on my neck. Took five bottles Hood's Sarsaparilla, and am cured." C. E. LOVEJOY, Lowell, Mass.

C. A. Arnold, Arnold, Me., had scrofulous sores for seven years, spring and fall. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured him.

Salt Rheum

Is one of the most disagreeable diseases caused by impure blood. It is readily cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier.

William Spies, Elyria, O., suffered greatly from erysipelas and salt rheum, caused by handling tobacco. At times his hands would crack open and bleed. He tried various preparations without aid; finally took Hood's Sarsaparilla, and now says: "I am entirely well."

"My son had salt rheum on his hands and on the calves of his legs. He took Hood's Sarsaparilla and is entirely cured." J. B. Stanton, Mt. Vernon, Ohio.

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Schuttler Wagon.

Established in Chicago in 1842.

I have just received two car loads of the SELF-OILING, STEEL-SKEIN SCHUTTLER WAGONS, the most complete Western Wagon in the market for Road or Farm Purposes. On the SCHUTTLER WAGON there is a Rear Brake, to be used when hauling hay or grain, a something that farmers know the necessity of when hauling on hilly farms. Every part of the Wood-work of this wagon has laid in Stock three years before being worked up, insuring the work to be thoroughly seasoned before being ironed. Being the patentees of the

DOUBLE COLLAR AND OIL CUPS,

It is the only Wagon made that has this improvement. It avoids the necessity of taking off the wheels to grease, as in the old style; by simply turning a cap the wagon can be oiled in less than five minutes. This Wagon wants to be seen to be fully appreciated, and parties wishing to buy will do well to see it before purchasing elsewhere.

Every Wagon Fully Insured.

In offering this make of Wagon to the public, will say I used the same make of Wagon for five years when freighting across the Rocky Mountains, over roads that were almost impassable, and they always stood the test. I feel warranted in saying I believe them the Best Wagon on wheels.

Call on Oliver Knepper or Henry Heffley, who will show you the Wagons.

Agents Wanted Throughout the County.

PETER HEFFLEY.
SOMERSET, MARCH 28, 1885.

THE SOMERSET HERALD.

Established 1827.

Is the Oldest Paper in the County.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

52 NUMBERS EACH YEAR.

IS RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

Is Read by the Best Class of People.

Is the Best Advertising Medium.

HAS A BONA FIDE CIRCULATION DOUBLE THAT OF ANY OTHER PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY.

It Contains all the County News.

HAS ALL THE COUNTY ADVERTISING.

Has all the Legal Advertising.

It has connected with it one of the

BEST JOB OFFICES

In Western Pennsylvania.

Does all Kinds of Job Work With Neatness and Despatch at PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Terms, $2. per Year in Advance.

For prices for Advertising or Job Work, call on or address,

THE HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth for their approval or rejection by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth. In pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth.

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the Eighteenth Article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

There shall be an additional article to said Constitution to be designated as Article XIX, as follows:

ARTICLE XIX.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage, is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this prohibition shall be a misdemeanor, punishable as shall be provided by law.

The manufacture, sale or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor for other purposes than as a beverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The General Assembly shall, at the first session succeeding the adoption of this article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for its enforcement.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

Fences FOR Farmers.

Prettiest, Cheapest, and Most Durable.

HORSE HIGH, BULL STRONG, AND PIG TIGHT.

SOMETHING NEW.

We are engaged in the manufacture of this fence at Somerset and Meyersdale. It is the most Durable, and strongest fence known. No barbs, no injury to stock. Factory in Somerset at the old Kooser carriage factory.
may19-tf. J. M. MARSHALL & SON.

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER on file in PITTSBURGH at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents, REMINGTON BROS. who will contract for advertising at lowest rates.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth. In pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth:

SECTION 1. *Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met,* That the following is proposed as an amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

Strike out from section one, of article eight, the four qualifications for voters which reads as follows:

"If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," so that the section which reads as follows:

"Every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at all elections:

First, He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least one month.

Second, He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third, He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election.

Fourth, If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended, so as to read as follows:

Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least thirty days.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election. The legislature at the session thereof next after the adoption of this section, shall, and from time to time thereafter may, enact laws to properly enforce this provision.

Fourth. Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days and an inhabitant of this state one year next preceding an election, except at municipal elections, and for the last thirty days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people: *Provided*, That in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the army or navy thereof shall be deprived of his vote by reason of his absence from such election district and the legislature shall have power to provide the manner in which and the time and place at which such absent electors may vote, and for the return and canvass of their votes in the election district in which they respectively reside.

Fifth. For the purpose of voting, no person shall be deemed to have gained or lost a residence by reason of his presence or absence while employed in the service of the United States or the State, nor while engaged in the navigation of the waters of the state or of the high seas, nor while a student of any college or seminary of learning, nor while kept at any almshouse or public institution, except the inmates of any home for disabled and indigent soldiers and sailors, who, for the purpose of voting, shall be deemed to reside in the election district where said home is located. Laws shall be made for ascertaining, by proper proofs, the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage hereby established.

A true copy of the joint resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

MT. PLEASANT
Classical Institute.
Opens September 14, 1887.
Five Graduating Courses of Study, including Music and Art. Select Courses to suit students of various aims. German conversation taught in its purity by a German just from University of Bonn, Germany. Students from only five recent classes have entered fourteen leading Colleges and Universities. Students last term, 112. Normal and business course. Mt. Pleasant has no saloons. Send postal for new catalogue.
LEROY STEPHENS, PRESIDENT,
aug10-2m. Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANCH.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Somerset to Stoystown	12¾	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	50
Somerset to Bethel	22¾	70
Somerset to Johnstown	36	1 10
Somerset to Rockwood	9	30
Somerset to Garrett	15	50
Somerset to Meyersdale	21	70
Somerset to Cumberland	58	2 00
Somerset to Washington	210	6 55
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Ursina	24	80
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 60
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

The fare to Philadelphia is $9.34, and to New York, $11.09.

Summer Arrangement—In effect since May 29, '87.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	8:30 a m	Johnstown	7:25 a m
SOMERSET	8:55 a m		
Geiger	6:01 a m		
Stoystown	6:28 a m		
Hooversville	6:38 a m		
Bethel	6:52 a m		

MAIL—No. 93. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Pittsburgh	7:20 a m	Johnstown	12:40 p m
Rockwood	10:50 a m		
Milford	10:56 a m		
Somerset	11:05 a m		
Stoystown	11:37 a m		
Hooversville	11:50 a m		
Bethel	12:05 p m		

Passengers from Pittsburgh change cars for points on the Somerset & Cambria at Rockwood.

On Sundays this train will run two hours late from Rockwood to Somerset, and five hours late from Somerset to Johnstown.

SOMERSET ACCOMMODATION—No. 95. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Baltimore	10:00 a m	SOMERSET	5:00 p m
Pittsburgh	1:10 p m		
Rockwood	3:30 p m		
Milford	3:45 p m		

Passengers for Somerset from the east and west on the Pittsburgh Division, change cars at Rockwood.

SOUTH-BOUND TRAINS.

BALTIMORE MAIL—No