The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XXXVI. NO. 36. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15, 1888. WHOLE NO. 1909.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $2 00 per annum, if paid in advance; otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office with John H. Uhl.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cook & Beerits' Block, up stairs.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

S. U. TRENT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

M. J. PRITTS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Somerset County Bank.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

J. P. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross street, opposite Mammoth Block.

WM. H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

DENNIS MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, next door to J. B. Snyder & Co.'s Store.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa., Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, above Fisher's Book Store.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.

COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Bounty and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa. Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

DR. F. A. RHOADS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa. Office in Cook & Beerits' Block, Second Floor.

DR. J. E. BIESECKER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, SOMERSET, PA., Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Post Office Building, East of Diamond.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St., East of Diamond.

DR. H. BRUBAKER Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of Diamond.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Stoystown.) PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of Drug Store.

DR. J. S. McMILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.) Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in Baer Block, up-stairs.

DR. JOHN BILLS, DENTIST. Office up-stairs in Cook & Beerits Block.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST. Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

DR. J. K. MILLER Has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store.

Somerset County Bank.
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
C. J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS, Cashier.
Collections made in all parts of the United States.
CHARGE MODERATE.
Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale 900 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE.
SOMERSET, PA.
BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.
Employ Only First Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Heffley's Store.)
Latest Styles, And Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
Somerset, Pa.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of sundry writs of Fi Fa. and Lev Fa issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co. Pa. I will expose to public sale at the Court House in Somerset Borough at 1 o'clock p. m. on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1888,

All the right, title, interest and claim of Matthias Bowman, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: A certain tract of land situate in Summit Township, Somerset County, Pa., containing 118 acres and 148 perches, more or less, bounded on the North by Flaugherty Creek, lands of Aaron Cober, Daniel Carns, and others, on the East by lands of J. O. Meyers and Keystone Coal Company, on the South by lands of Keystone Coal Co and E. Cober, on the West by lands of Aaron Cober and others, known as "Mein" on the plot of the lands of Peter Meyers' dec'd, with a one story dwelling house, a one and a half story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings thereon erected; about 40 acres clear, balance in timber; a sugar camp of 300 or 400 trees is also on the premises.

Taken in execution as the property of Matthias Bowman at the suit of J. M. Olinger's use.

— ALSO —

All the right, title, interest and claim of Albert Walter of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: A certain lot of ground situate in the town of Garrett, Summit Township, Somerset County Pa., containing three-fourths of an acre, more or less, located on the south side of the B. and O. Railroad on the road leading from Garrett to Summit Mills, adjoining lands of Mrs. T. Eichner, H. Christner, and a lot lately owned by Wm. Walter, with a one-story dwelling house, stable, and other outbuildings thereon erected.

Taken in execution as the property of Albert Walter at the suit of Wm. L. Hoover's use.

— ALSO —

All the right, title, interest and claim of Daniel Beughley, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: A certain tract of land situate in Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa., containing 107 acres more or less, adjoining lands of Wm. Trent, Cyrus Shaver, Wm. Fritz, Levi Walker, and others, having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house, large barn and other outbuildings.

Taken in execution as the property of Daniel Beughley, at the suit of Israel J. Schrock in trust for Mary Beughley and for use of George Shaver.

— ALSO —

All the right, title, interest and claim of Tobias Miller and Lydia Miller of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: A certain lot of ground situate in the Borough of Meyersdale, Somerset County, Pa., numbered on the plot of said town as lot No. 28, located on Broad street on the South side fronting on said street and running back 120 feet to an alley, &c. &c.

Taken in execution as the property of Tobias Miller and Lydia Miller at the suit of D. Austin Frandline's use.

— ALSO —

All the right, title, interest and claim of A. C. Davis, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: A certain lot of ground situate in the Borough of Somerset, Somerset County, Pa., known on the plan of the town of Somerset as lot No. 141, bounded on the North by lot of Samuel Gaither, on the East by Main Cross or Turkeyfoot street, on the South by lot of Chas. F. Rhoads, and on the West by Church Alley, said lot fronting 66 feet on Turkeyfoot street and running back 264 feet to Church alley, with a two story frame dwelling house 24 feet front by 34 feet deep, thereon erected.

Taken in execution as the property of A. C. Davis at the suit of Wm. P. Huston and Charles J. Harrison.

— ALSO —

All the right, title, interest and claim of Mary A. Miller and A. A. Miller, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: That portion of land or lots of ground, together with the buildings thereon erected, situate in West Salisbury, Somerset County, beginning fronting 50 feet on West Salisbury Avenue on the East; North by lands of John Anspach, South by public road leading from steam grist mill to depot and extending West to the boundary of the lands of John Anspach.

No. 2. Beginning at southwest corner of lot of Mary A. Miller, thence North along the line of Mary A. Miller 50 feet more or less to a corner of said lot, thence 25 feet more or less to line of the reservation of the Salisbury railroad, thence by said reservation southwest 50 feet; thence southwest 8 feet more or less to place of beginning.

No. 3. Tract in Elklick township, county and state aforesaid, beginning at a stone corner of Samuel Schrock and Reuben Kretchman, formerly P and D Wechtenberger, on line of Henry Gutterman, better known as John Chary; thence by said Kretchman tract North 22¾ degrees; East 156 perches to post near old Ridge road thence through the original Samuel Schrock tract North 76¼ degrees, East 46 perches to post thence through same South 66 degrees, East 69 perches to post on line of Daniel Johnson, thence by land of said Johnson South 27 degrees, West 137 perches to a birch tree, thence by land of Henry Gutterman, formerly John Chary, North 87¼ degrees, West 100 perches to place of beginning containing 85 acres and 85 perches strict measure being part of a tract of land conveyed to S Schrock by Adam Hochstetler by deed dated 26 April, '80, and now filed in the office for recording deeds in and for said county 14th September, 1868, Volume 41, page 338.

Taken in execution as the property of Mary A Miller and A A Miller at the suit of Araminta Livengood.

— ALSO —

All the right, title, interest and claim of Catharine Lambert, widow, Edward Lambert, Wm. Lambert, W J Green and Amanda L his wife, heirs and legal representatives of John W. Lambert, dec'd, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: A certain lot of ground situate in the Borough of Salisbury, Somerset County Pa. known as lot No. 5 in Beachy's addition of said Borough, bounded on the North and East by alley, on the South by lot and on West by Grant street.

Taken in execution as the property of Catharine Lambert, widow, Edward Lambert, William Lambert, W. J. Green and Amanda L. his wife, heirs and legal representatives of John W. Lambert, dec'd, at the suit of John W. Beachy and A. P. Beachy.

— ALSO —

All the right, title, interest and claim of John J. Fritz, of, in and to the following described real estate, viz: A certain tract of land situate in Jefferson township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of J. W. Gaither, Alex Fritz, Simon Hanger's heirs, Jacob Ankeny, Daniel Phillippi and others, containing 130 acres more or less, with two dwelling houses (one new), bank barn and other outbuildings thereon erected.

Taken in execution as the property of John J. Fritz, at the suit of Alexander Miller, administrator of Magdalena Miller, dec'd.

— NOTICE —

All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that a part of the purchase money—to be made known at the time of the sale—will be required as soon as the property is knocked down, otherwise it will again be exposed to sale at the risk of the first purchaser. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before Thursday of the 1st week of the Feb. term of Court, the time fixed by the Court for securing the acknowledgment of deeds, and no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Feb. 1, 1888. R. S. McMILLEN, Sheriff.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The Honorable WILLIAM J. BAER, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties composing the 16th Judicial District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and SAMUEL WALKER and OLIVER P. SHAVER, Esq's, Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Somerset, have issued their precepts, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer at Somerset, on

MONDAY, FEB. 27, 1888.

Notice is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done, and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset County, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Sheriff's Office, Feb. 1, '88. R. S. McMILLEN, Sheriff.

DIAMOND LINSEED OIL WORKS,
THOMPSON & CO.,
GENUINE OLD PROCESS
OIL CAKE MEAL.
Oil Meal as Stock Food.
There is no better or cheaper food for MILCH COWS. Increases the quality and quantity of milk more than any other feed. For fattening beef cattle it surpasses all other food, making the meat more tender and juicy. No food known will fit CATTLE as rapidly for market as Oil Meal. For HORSES, a small quantity can be fed daily with valuable results, and for SHEEP, HOGS, FOWLS, etc., it is an excellent food, keeping them in a healthy condition, making fine, palatable meat.
We manufacture by the OLD PROCESS—steam heat and hydraulic pressure.
Well settled LINSEED OIL and fresh ground OIL MEAL always on hand.
Write for circular and prices. Send your orders to
THOMPSON & CO.,
1-11-3m. Allegheny, Pa.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upwards, wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. jan11-'88-1yr.

Is Life Worth Living?
That depends upon the Liver, for if the Liver is inactive the whole system is out of oder—the breath is bad, digestion poor, the head dull or aching, energy and hopefulness gone, the spirits are depressed, a heavy weight exists after eating, with general despondency and the blues. The Liver is the housekeeper of the health; and a harmless, simple remedy that acts like Nature, does not constipate afterwards or require constant taking, does not interfere with business or pleasure during its use, makes Simmons Liver Regulator a medical perfection.
I have tested its virtues personally, and know that for Dyspepsia, Biliousness and Throbbing headache, it is the best medicine the world ever saw; have tried forty other remedies before Simmons Liver Regulator, and none of them gave more than temporary relief, but the Regulator not only relieved but cured.
H. H. JONES, Macon, Ga.

THE REASON WHY
Joseph Fleming, the well-known druggist, 84 Market St., Pittsburgh, sells more bottled whisky than any other druggist or liquor dealer, is, 1st, he makes a specialty of bottling the pure *Seven-year-old Export Guckenheimer Whisky*, now recommended by all physicians as the best whisky to be had. 2d, This whisky is exported to Hamburg, Germany, where it is aged in German warehouses and brought back to this country and bottled by Mr. Fleming, and he has the documents to show that this is a correct statement. 3rd, this whisky is put up in full quart bottles at $1, or six for $5, placing it within the reach of every family for medical purposes. A full stock of pure California wines can also be obtained at 50 cents, put up in full quart bottles, or $5 per dozen. Remember the place and number.
JOSEPH FLEMING,
DRUGGIST,
84 Market Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
OF
BIESECKER & SNYDER.
SUCCESSORS TO C. N. BOYD.
None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.
You can depend on having your
PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.
The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of
FITTING TRUSSES.
We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.
SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see me.
Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

AGENTS WANTED
FOR
PIANOS and ORGANS!
A SPLENDID CHANCE FOR ACTIVE AND RELIABLE MEN!
We desire to establish agencies in every county for the Pianos and Organs we represent, including the
Peerless Hardman Pianos, Krakauer Bros.' Pianos, Schomacker Bell Pianos, Ivers and Pond Pianos, Harrington & Co. Pianos, Loring & Blake Palace Organs, Chase Organs, Smith American Organs, Lawrence 7 Octave Piano Organs, Chicago Cottage Organs, Automatic Æolian Organs.
In the above list are included the very finest instruments made in the United States, and having the highest and most extensive reputation, thus rendering them the easiest and most satisfactory for any agent to deal in. We invite correspondence from any active, industrious and reliable persons wishing to engage in this business, or from those who are already in it. Please state abilities and give references.
MELLOR & HOENE,
Palace of Music,
feb8-1m. 77 Fifth Ave. Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE
— OF —
Valuable Real Estate.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Penn'a., there will be sold at public sale on the premises in Shade Township, in said County, on

SATURDAY, MARCH 3, 1888,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late the property of Christian Plough, dec'd to wit:

A certain tract of land situate on both sides of the Stoyestown and Bedford Turnpike, in Shade and Stonycreek town ships, Somerset County Pa., adjoining lands of Adam Sorber, Daniel Wagner, Samuel Brown and others, containing about

61 ACRES 61

one-half of which is cleared and in good cultivation, and the balance timbered. The improvements are a two-story dwelling house, small barn, good young orchard, and plenty of water.

TERMS

Ten per cent on day of sale, and the balance cash after confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, on or before April 1, 1888.

ENOCH PLOUGH,
feb8-1t Administrator of Christian Plough, dec.

GEORGE J. HOFFMAN,
MANUFACTURER OF
BUGGY TOPS, CUSHIONS, APRONS, RUGS, ETC., FOR THE TRADE.
523 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
88 & 90 Anderson St., Allegheny City after April 1.
Write for descriptive catalogue. feb8-1m.

SOMEBODY PAYS.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

Some find it convenient to live at their ease,
And all obligations to shirk;
On every occasion to do as they please,
And give no attention to work.
As idlers and sluggards, as loungers and drones
They follow their indolent ways,
By being thus lax, increasing the tax
That somebody pays.

Free lunches, free passes, they have a command,
Rich gifts that to others are lost,
And gayly they feast on the fat of the land,
And travel regardless of cost.
But for all the fine banquets, the wear and tear
Of public or private displays,
Though you may go free, 'tis as sure as can be
That somebody pays.

Some boast of the credit they freely obtain,
The taxes from which they're exempt,
And to cancel the favors received, 'tis plain
They've made not a single attempt;
With honor at stake, they consent to remain
In debt to the end of their days,
And with insolent pride, a free horse they ride,
For which somebody pays.

Some go thro' the world with a niggardly heart,
And carry a miserly purse,
While others, with liberal zeal do their part
And freely their treasures disburse;
And for hours of idleness we may enjoy,
For losses and needless delays,
For waste and neglect, it is well to reflect
That somebody pays.

A MODERN PARIAH.

"Now I s'pose you'll have to come and stay with me, Lisbeth, yer father's gone and yer brother Joe bin an' got married."

The speaker was a tall, gaunt woman, whose expressionless face seemed cut out of solid rock, without one softened line, even in this hour of trial. Lisbeth Morton looked up quickly. "No, thank you Aunt Rachel, you have no work for me and I should not like to be a burden. I am going to the city and intend to get a situation as housemaid. I'll work a little cheaper than the others do if I can have time to go to the Art School one day in the week and some of the evenings."

"Going out to service?" the hard voice answered sneeringly. "It's just like you, anyhow; you always were cranky, but I don't think my brother's darter would stoop so low. What'll Jim Downing say?"

"I haven't asked him," replied the girl, with a proud lifting of her head and a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Well, you'd better," advised Aunt Rachel, "and if he doesn't put his foot down on that my name ain't Rachel Jones, that's all."

"I shall do as I think best for myself," answered Lisbeth very quietly, and left the room to attend to some household duties. The gray evening came slowly on. Brother Joe and his new wife took Aunt Rachel to her dreary home on their way to spend the evening with a neighbor. Lisbeth sat down to her sewing with fast beating heart, listening at intervals for a step she knew so well that might at any moment be heard on the gravel walk beneath the widow. She had not long to wait, for a gentle knock was followed by a quick opening of the door in country fashion, and a young man, with close-cropped yet dark curling hair, entered without further ceremony. He took her hand and attempted to draw her down to a chair beside him, but she sprang lightly up, under pretence of turning down the wick of the lamp for fear it might crack the glass, and then seated herself on the opposite side of the fire-place. But the tones of her voice were tender, even trembling, as she talked of everyday affairs; at last, with some hesitation, she said: "I wanted a chance to tell you that I am going to the city to stay."

The young man looked surprised, and there was a protest in his voice as he said, "Why Lisbeth, isn't it rather sudden? You surely don't mean to stay?"

"Yes I do," she answered drearily, "I'm not wanted here. Maria takes my place already, and it's right she should, but it cuts me up dreadfully; I've been head of the house and all Joe had to depend on so long—I can't get used to it."

"It is only till next year," he protested. "Then my apprenticeship is finished, and you might take me for better and for worse."

There was a minute's pause, and then she spoke slowly, but with an air of conviction. "I couldn't; my clothes would wear out; my temper would be soured; I should not be worth taking, I am not fit for anything but housework; father never thought it mattered for girls. Now I must begin my life and it will be hard at first. But I have just got so far with my studies in art, I want to get further; so I shall get a house maid's place, and can save over a hundred dollars by the time you are——"

She never finished her sentence, for he broke in: "You a servant, Lisbeth Morton! You will not degrade yourself so."

"I do not think it degrades me, trying to earn an honest living, any more than if I were a dressmaker or a music teacher she answered, with spirit.

His face paled with passion, his dark eyes glowed. "If you go to service I have done with you," he said, finally.

"You have, James Downing!" said Lisbeth, in cool, calm, tones; "and there is the door—good evening."

His manner changed, "Oh, Lisbeth be persuaded," he said, imploringly, with a sound as of tears in his voice. But she shook her head and did not speak, as he picked up his cap and fumbled for the latch, evidently blind with grief and anger. Neither of them remembered after years just how they parted, but the sad break never healed, and during the weeks that she remained at the old homestead Lisbeth did not again meet her old lover. Miss Arabella Downing was strong in her denunciation of the young girl's project. "To think our Jim had an idea of marrying her once," she said in a moment of confidence, "a common servant. It's a shame for her. She might have taken in sewing or trimmed hats, or had a strawberry bed—that's fashionable now—anything but that. Well, she's lost caste anyway, and Jim will likely marry Amelia Blakely, who has a little money, though she isn't as pretty as Lisbeth Morton. But then beauty's only skin deep, anyway." which must have been a consolation to her if her glass was faithful. And so in this small village, where every farmer's wife was "nurse, seamstress, house-maid, cook," all in one, our little forlorn girl was an outcast from society because she chose to do whatever her hands found to do well. Aunt Rachel, in a fit of spasmodic generosity, made her twelve large aprons of the coarsest toweling, suitable for a scullery maid in the pot-washing moments and Lisbeth thanked her for them with good grace. But all these petty trials made the parting from the old home less severe, and it was almost with a sigh of relief that she bade farewell to her early associations, and after planting a rose bush on the graves of her parents, stepped out into the world without further regret than to be so far from those grassy mounds.

Mrs. Lyster was a widow with two unmarried daughters, who were just out in society, and spent all the time they could spare from that arrogant mistress in the pursuit of art, with a little music and embroidery that was also artistic. Maude was not more than "17," but "tall and stately," with a *hauteur* of manner that was not so pleasant as the affectionate disposition of Mignon, the younger. They were good girls, brought up in a gay, thoughtless manner, without troubling their heads over any social problems. In fact, they considered all women out of place who asserted their rights, and believed those socially beneath them to be of a different caste altogether.

"Isn't it curious, mama?" said Maude one morning, as she idly cut the leaves of the latest magazine. "Your new housemaid, Lisbeth, wears gloves, and such pretty ruffled aprons and neat dresses. I wonder if she wants to save her hands or what is the reason?"

Mrs. Lyster smiled. "That is no fault, my dear child; the girl does well, and is a treasure. She is rather superior, and is ambitious—goes to the art evening class, and goes one afternoon in the week as well. I got her for $2 a month less than the last maid on that account, and she is far more handy."

Maude looked her astonishment. "The art class! Why, she's only a housemaid, and it's really too bad. Rene Lindsay and Tom Davis belong to that very class. if it's Prof. Pantelle's; I shall be very much surprised if they stay when they find out servants go there."

"Nonsense," answered the mother; "it is no one's affair who goes, so as they pay and are admitted. The girl is thoughtful, and hopes to become an art teacher by and by, she told me, and I am sure it is much nicer to have a girl with artistic tendencies; she dusts and arranges the parlors with exquisite taste—every caller notices it, and thinks you girls do it for me; and she handles the choicest bric-a-brac carefully. I really never had as faithful a girl."

So Lisbeth continued to attend the classes, and worked in the early mornings in her attic bedroom as soon as daylight came in, and if her pictures were "skyed" it mattered but little, for no one saw them but herself, and the glimpses of the early sun light, the first glow in the east, that she watched in those working moods, formed a picture that always remained in her memory as long as life lasted.

Lisbeth won the hearts of her fellow-servants by many little acts of kindness, till Kitty, the parlor maid, told her one day in confidence that she was trying to study arithmetic and bookkeeping, so as to take a situation in a store some day as saleswoman.

"Could you make more money and be as comfortable?" Lisbeth ventured to ask.

"No," answered Kitty; "but I shall be treated as a human being in the house where I board, and be independent. I don't mind the work, thats easy; but it's having Miss Maude look at me as if I was a post, and talking to other girls about the servants' as if we were not of the same flesh and blood. She doesn't even wait till our backs are turned, but treats us like dirt under her feet," and Kitty's democratic little head gave a toss of scorn as she spoke.

Lisbeth often saw the young ladies busy with their desultory drawing, but they never seemed to consider her as a human being, withh thoughts and feelings, or capable of observing, mere training in early life and at the art school fitted her to be their companion in everything except in money. Yet there was a great gulf between them socially, because one had to earn her daily bread by the labor of her hands.

Professor Fontelle was very much interested in his quiet scholar; her grave, pensive face, the deep thoughtfulness of her pure gray eyes, reminded him of the wife of his early manhood, who was taken from him during the first year of their married life. It was ten years ago that she died, and he had never seen a woman on whom he cared to bestow a second glance; they were so frivolous, many of them, and studied art only for fashion's sake, forsooth; but this young girl seemed to enter into his methods and understand his moods. He watched her closely; saw how lonely she appeared, and apart from the rest; even penetrated the feeling that was to be seen among some of his fashionable pupils, who seemed not to care about making any social advances toward her. Was she not their equal in position? He curled his lip in scorn,—a peasant before they left Europe; he was alone, and could snap his fingers at the world if this sweet girl would consent to be his wife. And all the while Lisbeth labored on in silence, serene, ambitious and hopeful, determined to master the art of teaching as well as the teaching of art, and fit herself for more congenial employment.

The closing of the summer term came in June, and a reception was given to the pupils and friends. The rooms were crowded; fashion smiled on anything artistic and delighted to honor the handsome professor who presided over the school.

Foremost among the gay groups were Maud and Mignon Lyster, who enjoyed such gatherings, but wished particularly to see and criticise Lisbeth's work. After some music, it was announced that an essay would be read by one of the pupils and when Lisbeth appeared in her simple white dress, with no ornaments but a bunch of pale roses at her throat and belt, the audience listened attentively to her words. Calmly, and in rich, deep tones, she spoke of "Simplicity of Art," and when the last eloquent words were said, was greeted with rapturous but well-bred applause. As she stood alone the pleased professor gave her his arm and escorted her down the long room, stopping now and then to introduce her to some gentleman who wished to congratulate the fair essayist.

A few minutes passed in pleasant conversation, when suddenly there fell upon her ears the voice of Maud Lyster; it fell sharp and clear. "Didn't you know, Mr. Wilburn? Why, she is our housemaid! Mamma indulgently allows her time to attend the evening school, but I think there ought to be rules to exclude that class."

The young man addressed was a dandy of the first water and put up his eyeglass to stare at Lisbeth's pale face, but the professor had heard the words, too, and he hurried her to a quiet corner, and, procuring a cup of tea, gave it to her trembling hand as he commenced an argument on the taste and culture of the age with a rival professor who stood near.

"I wish to see you home," said the professor, with a sudden, imperious manner, when she spoke of leaving, and she folded her hands in her lap and quietly awaited the leave taking of the rest. It was over at last, and he stood in the hall as she came out of the cloak room. The moon shone brightly and the scent of roses was strong in the little park they had to cross to reach Mrs. Lyster's.

"Child, I want to know your history," he said when they started, and in a few sentences she told him all and he in turn talked of his lonely home, his dead Anna and all his past. "I have been loving you for a long time, my Lisbeth, but only to-night found courage to speak."

"But," she said, shivering in the warm sweet air, "you cannot marry me—I am only a 'housemaid.'"

He stopped and turned to her. "You are all the world to me,' he said simply, "and I need you."

Her clear, sweet tones broke the silence.

"Then if you need me, my master, I must be yours, and with you I feel so safe."

They had reached the front steps: he put his foot on one of them. "Not there" she said appealingly: "I go in by the area steps. Do you repent?" Her voice had token a joyous ring, almost a laugh. For answer the professor drew her to him and kissed her.

"There is no one to consult," he whispered, "and I shall came for you to-morrow. My home is ready. Sister Gretta will welcome you; she knows my wishes. Good night, dear one."

He was gone, and she entered the dark hall in a whirl of amaze. To be married to-morrow! Yet it seemed as if she had known him all her life, and now she remembered many things that proved he loved her; she had always felt that he was her friend; she would yield, heart and art would be safe in his keeping, and as she groped her way toward the upper hall, the voice of Miss Maude called over the balustrade; "It's not proper, Lisbeth to be talking to a young man and laughing on the area steps."

"It shall not happen again, miss," said Lisbeth, as she made her way for the last time to her attic studio.

New Year's Greeting.

At the opening of a New Year we extend to all our readers the compliments of the season, and wish them all health, happiness and prosperity. To secure the first we know of no better service we can render than to commend Gilmore's Aromatic wine, the best tonic and vitalizer for men, women and children ever produced. For ladies who are suffering from general debility and diseases peculiar to their sex, it has no equal. For fifteen years it has been the standard remedy in many localities, and has received higher endorsement from physicians and persons who have been benefitted by its use than any other medicine ever introduced.

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

Character In Ears.

I have often felt, too, that something of a men's nature could be determined by his ears—their shape and their hang, if I may put it in that way. I have noticed that wide, heavy jawed and stolid criminals, and even men of intelligence of this make up, have small ears which lie close to their heads. These men are not to be trifled with, and they only appreciate the pressure of force or of mind when they feel it. The lantern jawed and flappy eared are easily read and handled. The most desperate criminals, whether of higher or of lower order, are of the former class, while the petty thieves and men of light mental calibre are generally of the flappy eared genus. I think too, that something can be told of a person's nature by his gait of walking. I do not know that much can be determined by the carriage of the head, just the same as the jockey or horse fancier tells the nature and spirit of a horse by head poise.

What am I to Do?

The symptoms of Billousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A Bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tonge will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough, at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhoea or Constipation may be a symptom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try *Green's August Flower*, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy.

When vegetables are stored in cellars they must be kept from fermenting, as they surely will ferment when piled in large bulk. This may be accomplished by piling on shelves so as to allow some circulation of air among them, or by packing them in barrels.

For 30 years I have been troubled with catarrh—have tried a number of remedies without relief. A druggist here recommended Ely's Cream Balm. I have used only one bottle and I can say I feel like a new man. My catarrh was chronic and very bad. I make this voluntary statement that others may know of the Balm.—J. W. Mathewson, (Lawyer,) Pawtucket, R. I.

It is said that one thousand sheep kept on a piece of ground one year will make the soil capable of yielding grain enough—over and above the capacity of the soil without the sheep manure—to support 1035 sheep an entire year.

CONGRESRIONAL JOKERS.

MEN WHOSE WIT RELIEVED THE WEARY HOURS OF DEBATE.

From the St. Louis Republican.

The long night sessions of Congress are hollow mockeries, or at least they used to be twenty years ago, and as human nature was much the same then as now, it is safe to say that they are still flat, stale and unprofitable.

On the important questions of the day there is, of course, not time enough for each cross roads member to address the house, and through its record the constituency he hopes will re-elect him, but that constituency must have his views.

For such unfortunate gentlemen custom has established an outlet known as "leave to print." Some districts are on to the printing of speeches in the *Record* and the member has to show that his remarks were really issued, and orally. For this unfortunate the night session was invented.

"Mr. Speaker, as the time is limited, I move that a night session be held." This from the Hoop-pole member. Then some leader who is not going to be caught napping, says:

"I understand that this is only for debate."

"Only for debate."

"Then I trust, Mr. Speaker, that there will be no objection."

And there isn't. The members who wish to be heard have promised like good children only to talk. They will not attempt to vote nor get into the pantry after the pies, so they are allowed to get together in the evening. Frequently not more than two dozen are present, and the galleries are as empty as tramps interior, but the small fry talk.

Sometimes the small fry get angry at this neglect. They insist on being actually listened to, and, as there is no quorum present, a "call of the house" is moved. That is really fun. Then the sleepy pages are waked from their dreams on the generous stone steps where they have fallen into heavy slumber and are started in different directions through the town to hunt up the truants. These come in after a time from all directions and are called to the bar of the house where, like refractory boys, they make their excuses for absence.

One instance in the memory of the writer who served as a page in '59, occurred when the new members were particularly indignant at the neglect of the older ones. A big dinner, fraternal on its face but masking some political play, was being held that night at the residence of Fernando Wood. There were present Democrats and Republicans alike. To this gathering a page was sent, with the news that there was a call. The hour was 11 P. M., and the revel was running so high that the little fellow's raps were not heard at the door. He finally effected an entrance through the dining-room window which looked out into the street. Somebody was speaking when the boy crept in, and the sight of a page in uniform told the guests the message at once. The boy was grabbed and put on the table, where the revellers held a mock court-martial on him. Dan Voorhees was there, Ben Butler, Ingersoll, Kerr, of Indiana, and a dozen other heavy-weights. They decided that Butler should make the first excuse at the bar of the house and, as all were in company, they would follow his lead. The penalty for failing with an excuse satisfactory to the house was a fine of $10, and there was consequently, something at stake on Ben's wit. All hands watched him nervously as he marched at their head proudly up to the bar. All were in full dress, and a finer lot of culprits it would have been very difficult to have found.

"What is your excuse?" said the speaker.

"My excuse, Mr. Speaker, is here," said the Massachusetts statesman, and with that he produced a crisp $10-bill and handed it to the clerk. The old fellow chuckled as he walked off to his seat. They were birds of a feather, and it only took a moment for the joke to dawn on the others of the party. The $10-bills came blithely up, but the smiles were very malarious.

That was a great congress for jokers. It was a gathering of wit. Mark Twain, then in the very prime of his ability and popularity, used to spend many hours on the floor, a guest of the members. It was the year, too, that Proctor Knott made his great Duluth speech, the only thing of the kind that he ever publicly did to win him reputation as a wit. But he was one naturally, and was a most entertaining talker in conversation. Good dressing couldn't make him look in style. A coat was demoralized as soon as he put it on and hung, rather than sat upon him. His hair was wiry and unruly and there was one refractory lock that persisted in hanging down on his forehead. The mustache, too, was straggly. These things all added to his comical appearance. The face, however, was nicely modeled and intelligent, and during all of that Duluth effort Proctor never smiled. The galleries filled before he talked fifteen minutes. Men came from all departments, and the Senate was deserted. The news spread like a prairie fire, but Knott talked on in his easy, colloquial way, and with a drawl like a nigger end man.

He was a wonderful man with his pencil, too. His faculty for caricaturing was unexcelled by Nast, and Knott was a much more accurate draughtsman. On one occasion Schenck, then chairman of the ways and means committee, was talking on protection. He was making a very effective speech, when a paper began to circulate through the house. A perceptible snicker followed in its wake, and this soon caught the attention of the general and so embarrassed him that a friend was obliged to ask for order. The paper was a rattling caricature by Knott. It was Schenck in his favorite attitude, and represented him stamping out the free trade flies that were attracted by his saccharine atmosphere.

Another congressional joker, and perhaps the best of them all, was Ebon Ingersoll. He never talked at any length, but his wit was like old wine. He was very like his brother Bob in appearance, except that his hair was darker and he wore a mustache. He was Blaine's favorite speaker *pro tem.*, and usually presided in cases of committee of the whole. He was in the chair when Butler, in reply to an attack by Sunset Cox, made that famous answer:

"I will say to the gentleman as any newsboy on the street would do, 'shoo, fly, don't bother me.' Shoo fly was just coming into popularity then, and the retort raised a chorus of laughter that shook the roof. It was a reflection at once on Cox's diminutive size and his ability also.

Cox took the floor and poured out an unusual torrent of abuse on Butler, so much so that members were demanding that Cox be reprimanded.

"Were the remarks not out of order, Mr. Chairman?" I ask a decision," said one.

"Well," replied Ingersoll, in that quaint way that Bob has, too, "the chair decides that the remarks were rather—pungent."

This little hit, and the smile that accompanied it, restored good feeling at once.

Ingersoll was a convivial fellow. He liked a good punch or cobbler, and often when Blaine left him too long in the chair, he was put to some generalship to obtain his beverage. He had a friend in a page boy who used to take his order and bring him the desired drink under a plug hat. Long straws were provided and masking these in with his handkerchief, Ingersoll would face the house and without exciting their suspicion quietly draw the sustenance from the glass, which rested on a shelf just under the speaker's desk. He thus attended to his own internal improvements and that of his country both at once.

PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, Feb. 9, 1888.

The free trade doctrines of the *Record* have excited the wrath of the *Press* and the *North American* to such a stupendous degree, that they have been pouring hot shot into Commodore Singerly's craft for over a fortnight. Day by day the fight waxes hotter, but up to the present time no one has been harmed. Interesting developments however are expected in the near future. Colonel McClure, of the *Times*, has been eagerly watching the fray, but so far has refrained from shooting any big guns. When the Colonel opens his batteries some one will be damaged. Commodore Singerly, much to the chargin of his rival, has succeeded in obtaining the recognition of President Cleveland, and he frequently travels in hot haste to Washington to interview his Excellency upon some pet scheme, concerning which the editor's closet friends are as ignorant as mules. His numerous jealous friends surmise as to his hasty errands, but this unpleasant mental exertion only tends to sour their sweet dispositions and makes them call one another naughty names. Singerly, no doubt, has considerable influence in Washington, and it is this power which, he wields so unostentatiously that ruffles the tempers of his adversaries. At the beginning of Cleveland's administration, Singerly was unpopular with the President, but by some hook or crook he has contrived, not only to make himself popular but a mighty power. Randall's defeat in the primaries and State Committee was caused by Singerly's astute manipulations. The defeat is still the subject of excited comment in the clubs and among the political clan generally.

The friends of Randall say that he is in a position to hit back, and when he gets in a humor to use his power there will be weeping and wailing among his opponents.

—

For years it has been the custom of the Americans Club to give a swell ball in the Academy of Music on the last Monday in January. This year no ball occurred because the Academy board refused the club the privilege to sell liquor upon the premise. When the lease was signed by the president of the club, George McGowan, he naturally expected such privileges as had alway been enjoyed on similar occasions; his expectations however were not realized. Shortly after affixing his signature to the contract he discovered that his club would not be allowed to set up a bar in the building, and as he immediately notified the Academy officials that he wished the engagement cancelled. This movement upon Mr. McGowan's part was looked upon by the gentlemen upon the other side as an unprecedented breach of social and legal stipulation. A thousand dollars is a pretty fair rent for one night and its prospective loss to the Academy's treasury caused its official to protest warmly against so unseemly an aberration. The club however was obdurate, and decided that if it could have no beer it would have no ball. Nothwithstanding that President Baker of the Academy, received thirty-five day's notice of the club's intention, he caused the building to be opened and prepared for its reception as if he were not cognizant of the broken contract. Although the building was brilliantly lighted, and the great ball floor charmingly polished, there was an absence of "fair women and brave men." Lewis C. Cassidy has been retained by the club as its counsel and of course he will make a strong fight against the Academy officials when they attempt to obtain the thousand dollars. It might be casually mentioned in this connection that the high license law which McGowan advocated so strongly last winter in the State Legislature, played an important part in the matter and upset the expectations of his club.

—

Cashiers who are bewitched, captivated and made miserable on account of their insatiable desire for money, keep continually bobbing up all over the city. Some get into print, others get into prison, but where one gets into prison ten are turned away from their positions with dishonorable discharges, which in many cases are never heard of a dozen blocks from the scene of their peculations. It is needless to add that, in a little while these fast gentlemen who manifest such flagrant disregard of honor, are soon occupying positions of trust and again pilfering the employers pockets as diligently as circumstances will allow. Ultimately, however, they are compelled to flee the country or spend years in prison. J. Henry Roberts, cashier for the firm of Whitall, Tatum & Co. is the latest man who has wandered from the paths of uprightness. His position which he occupied fifteen years is vacant and there is a deficiency of ten thousand dollars in the firm's cash account.

—

The great social event of the season was the Hebrew Charity Ball, which came off in the Academy of Music last Tuesday evening. Year by year these balls have increased in interest, and enough is realized every year to modestly support all charities in which the Hebrews are interested. The ball this year was by far the finest and most brilliant one the Hebrew Association has ever given. Over five thousand people were present; in point of attendance it was by far the largest ball given at the Academy this year. The display of dress and jewels was simply magnificent. Fully five hundred handsome women attired in the height of modern elegance, participated in the grand march which opened the ball at 10 o'clock the following morning the great ball room was a scene of constant animation. The total receipts amounted to $20,000. After deducting expenses which will foot up to about $1,500 or $1,800 the balance will be devoted exclusively to charitable purposes.

—

Speaking of charity reminds me of Mrs. John Wanamaker who performed a noble deed in that line when she caused the children's ward to be added to the Presbyterian Hospital. The new building was dedicated last week and Mrs. Wanamaker's numerous admirers are eulogizing her humane actions with considerable fervor. The building is constructed with special reference to children's use and supplied with every appliance which science and architecture could suggest. It is said to be the only institution of the kind in this country. When this is considered, fussy individual certainly cannot find fault with Mrs. Wanamaker's friends for their enthusiastic manifestations.

—

One night during the recent cold snap when the mercury in the thermometer bulb was cuddling zero, my attention was directed to Ex-Mayor Richard Vaux as he was walking down Walnut street, clad in his customary suit of broadcloth and without the semblance of an overcoat. This wonderful man with his long and bushy gray hair hanging upon his shoulders was moving along as unconcerned as if it were a balmy May morning, while the young bloods clad in heavy ulsters with their great collars turned up all around were trotting briskly to keep up their circulation. Richard Vaux is a remarkable man in many respects. Aside from his never wearing a top coat in cold weather and his refusal to carry an umbrella in rain or snow storms, he has the reputation of having once danced with England's Queen.

—

A solemn warning comes from the death-bed of little Albert H. Erwin, to the bright-eyed boys of our country who indulge in the pernicious habit of cigarette smoking. The poor lad died at his home in this city on Monday night after a week's agony and ravings. He had been sick about a week and at times during his illness his sufferings were terrible, and approached the misery of a man with *delirium tremens*. The direct cause of his death was due to spinal meningitis which the physician who attended him said was caused by excessive smoking. The boy began the noxious habit at school, and his parents, while they knew he smoked were ignorant of the extent of his indulgences.

—

Some ambitious politicians are pestering Mr. George W. Childs to accept the nomination on the Republican Ticket for the Presidency. I am assured Mr. Childs protests against such an arrangement and prefers that his name be dropped from the list of talked about candidates. He has no political aspirations at all, and his friends trust that he will be allowed to devote his attention to the *Ledger* without the interference of the political bosses. L. H. T.

The Population of Somerset

Is about two thousand, and we would say at least one-half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and $1 00. *Trial size free.* For sale by all leading druggists.

A Kansas Zephyr.

"There's quite a breeze sprung up within the last half hour," said a Kansas man as he came into the house. "The roof has gone off the court house and the Episcopal steeple has just now rolled by."

"Has Dave Johnson's anvil blown out of his shop yet and tumbled past?" said his wife.

"No; nor there hasn't a drop of water blown out of our new fifty-foot well yet, either."

"That's just the way it is," continued his wife, "and I'll never take any more stock in the Western Bureau. Here for the past forty-eight hours it has been predicting high wind for to-day, and after all it is comparatively calm. Mary Jane, go right ahead and hang out the washing while I rig up the baby and take him out and give him a little airing."

"We Point With Pride"

To the "Good name at home," won by Hood's Sarsaparilla. In Lowell, Mass., where it is prepared, there is more of Hood's Sarsaparilla sold than of all other medicines, and it has given the best of satisfaction since its introduction ten years ago. This could not be if the medicine did not possess merit. If you suffer from impure blood, try Hood's Sarsaparilla and realize its peculiar curative power.

Advertising Patronage.

The word patronage came into printing parlance very early in the history of the art. The printers, like the scholars and artists, were clients or dependents on great men whose only title to distinction was in the parchments that described their landed estates; and so it came to pass that every man who inserts an advertisement in a newspaper forthwith becomes its patron, supporter, protector, and the opinion is quite general that he who advertises in a paper confers an obligation, and in some cases a gratuity on the publisher. Some advertisers feel that the publisher of a newspaper is under an obligation for their patronage, and, if offended, threaten to withdraw it.

Newspaper men should omit no opportunity that offers itself to teach their patrons that they confer greater obligations than they receive. No man advertises unless he expects to receive more benefit than the worth of the money he pays. The publisher is under no more obligation to his advertiser than the doctor is to his patient, or the lawyer to his client. The business transacted is mutual benefit.

Editors, publishers, and all connected with the profession should hold themselves on a higher plane than patronage implies.

The Howard Stove works, at Beaver Falls, after a shut-down of over two months, resumed work last Monday.