The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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oct21. New Baltimore, Pa.

JOHNSTOWN COLLEGE OF ART AND COMMERCE
ART, MUSIC, COMMERCIAL, LITERARY.
Send for catalogue. BENNET & GREER,
Sept. 26, 6m. Johnstown, Pa.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
WHAT IT IS. SIX STANDARD VIRTUES.
ITS EFFICACY.—1. Its effects are prompt. 2. Its relief is sure. 3. Its cures are permanent. 4. It cures; no return of pain. 5. It cures in all cases used according to directions.
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A Cure
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From a severe cold Mrs., wife of Rev. R. L. Hickman, of Prosperity, Washington county, Pa., was attacked with a severe pain in the ear and side of the head, forcing her to seek expert treatment. The pain, swelling and effect on the brain made it plain the inflamation was in the mastoid cells—the prominence behind the ear, which are separated from the brain by a wall not thicker than a sheet of paper. The death of Senator Roscoe Conkling from this same affliction caused no little alarm to her family and friends. Under the skillful treatment of Dr. Sadler, the Eye and Ear Specialist, 86 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, improvement was soon established, which continued to perfect recovery of both health and hearing.

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TAPESTRY BRUSSELS,
From 50c. to $1.00.
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From $1.00 to $1.50.
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From $1.00 to $2.60.
LACE AND HEAVY CURTAINS.
IN EVERY DESIRABLE QUALITY.
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IN ALL WIDTHS.
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TO BUY YOUR
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SUCCESSORS TO C. N. BOYD.
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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 us.
Respectfully,
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Oct24-1m. J. E. WEIDNER, West Earl, Pa.

OUR LITTLE MAN.

His head it is bald,
And his face it is red,
And O me, and O my!
Not a tooth in his head!

He looks wonderful wise,
And yet no one has heard
This odd little man
Ever utter a word.

Sometimes he will frown,
Sometimes chuckle with glee;
But what it's about
He never tells me.
His counsel he keeps;
But his wide-opened eyes
Say plainer than words
That he's trying to size

Up the world. And the way
That he draws down his face
Shows he more than suspects
It's a dangerous place.

Then he makes such a mouth!
And O how he does cry
And kick, while I think
He will certainly die,
Till mamma comes in.
With Heaven's own light
Of love in her eyes,
And then baby's all right!

—*N. Y. Sun.*

THAT NEW SOFA.

"George," said Mrs. Hall, as they were in their pleasant sitting room one evening, "I was never so much ashamed in my life as I was to-day."

"Really," answered her husband, smiling, "it must have been a serious matter. What was it?"

"Why, I called at Mrs. Savary's yesterday, and she showed me her parlor entirely new furnished."

"You were ashamed of that, were you?"

"Come now, you are laughing at me," said his wife, pouting. "I won't say another word"

"If you don't," said her husband in a mocking, tragic tone, "I shall never recover from the blow."

"You are incorrigible; but if you had only waited a moment I would have told you what it was that I was ashamed of. Mrs. Savary had an elegant sofa; you can't think how it set off the room. She told me that if she could only have one decent article of furniture in the room, it should be the sofa."

"And you were ashamed of her remark?"

"Of course not."

"Then I am still in the dark."

"Why, it made me think of our old-fashioned sofa, and what a contrast it was to the one at Mrs. Savary's."

"So it might be, if it were in the same room with it; but you know it is not. I am sure it is comfortable enough."

"So would a feather bed be," retorted his wife; "but I suppose you would not be in favor of putting one in the parlor. But I was going to tell you that to-day Mrs. Savary called upon me, and of course I invited her into the parlor. You ought to have seen the glance she cast on our old sofa."

"But, as I didn't see it, suppose you describe it to me."

"Of course, she could not help regarding it as very shabby, though she did not say so, for fear of hurting my feelings."

"And that made you ashamed?"

"Of course it did. I don't believe there's a family in town that has got such a wretched looking article of furniture."

"I believe it is whole, is it not?"

"Yes."

"The only objection you have to urge, then, is that it is old fashioned."

"Isn't that enough?"

"You know," said the young husband, gravely, "that I have special reason to value that sofa. It was my mother's and some of my happiest recollections are connected with it."

"Well, there's no objection to keeping it. We could put it in our chamber, and buy a new one for the parlor. I saw a beautiful sofa to-day at Whitmarsh's—cost only fifty dollars. I couldn't help thinking how much it would set off our parlor. It would give a certain style to it that it hasn't now?"

"Fifty dollars would be a large sum for me, Mary."

"Why, I am sure you have a salary of eight hundred dollars."

"Very true; but it has to be spent in a great many different ways."

"But it only cost us six hundred, last year."

"that is because we were economical. You know it was our ambition, or mine, at least, to save up something against a rainy day. I may be sick, or a hundred things may happen. I shall grow old, at any rate."

"But you know, George, it only costs fifty dollars. You could still save one hundred and fifty. It's a good thing to save money, I know, and I am as much in favor of it as you are; but one likes to enjoy life as they go along and not deprive themselves of its necessary comforts just for the sake of saving."

"So you look on the new sofa in the light of a necessary comfort do you?" asked George, smiling.

"Yes," said his wife, ingeniously, "because it is necessary to my comfort. Besides, we can easily save the amount our of our ordinary expenses, and save up as much as we did last year."

Of this George was not fully convinced but he saw that his wife laid it very much to heart, and finally consented to go over to the furniture warerooms the next day and look at the coveted article. Mrs. Hall's eyes sparkled as he made his conclusion. She knew that, having gone thus far, he would without much difficulty be prevailed upon to purchase the sofa George had hitherto proved a very indulgent husband, but this indulgence, thus far, had not been severely taxed until his wife made the acequaintance of Mrs. Savary a woman of large pretensions, whose highest ambition was to make a show. Her influence was beginning to be preceptible on her young friend, who was easily impressed by others.

To return to our story. The next day Mrs. Hall, accompanied by her husband visited the furniture warehouse, and desired to be shown the sofa. It was really a handsome article, as George would readily have admitted, even if he had not been voibly assured of the fact—first by his wife, and secondly by the clerk, who expatiated enthusiastically upon its merits.

"I am afraid," said George, wavering, "it won't correspond with the rest of the furniture."

"No danger of that," said his wife, "it will set off the rest, and make them all look handsomer."

"It may be so," said George, doubtfully. "I suppose you know better about such things than I do. If you are desirous of having it, I suppose I can buy it."

"Oh, George, if you only will, it will be such a comfort!"

"Then," said her husband, turning to the clerk, "you may send it to my house."

"It shall be done this forenoon."

The young husband took five ten-dollar bills from his pocke and paid them over for the sofa.

"This is the money," said he, as he was walking home, "that I was going to put into the savings-bank. You know that this is quarter day, and for the last four I have put in this amount. Now, in consequence of our new purchase, I shall not be able to."

"It is only for once," said his wife, "and then only consider how much better our parlor will look."

Was it only for once? Time would show.

When that sofa came home, and was installed in the place of honor, the old fashioned sofa was removed to a chamber. Somehow it did not seem to set off the room as much as it was expected to. It looked out of place, as Mrs. Hall could not help confessing to herself, though she was not disposed to speak of it. The plain but neat Kidderminster carpet looked decidedly cheap in comparison with it. However, Mrs. Hall resolutely shut her eyes to this unpleasant fact, and continued enthusiastically to expatiate in praises of the new sofa. She could not be contented until Mrs. Savary had called and expressed her opinion of it. This happened before long.

"My dear," said that lady, taking a critical survey of the apartment, "your sofa is a handsome one, I acknowledge, but will you pardon my suggesting one thing?"

"Certainly, Mrs. Savary."

"Then allow me to suggest that a dark Brussels carpet is necessary to have it show to good advantage. Now this Kidderminster, I dare say, is a tolerably good one, but it couldn't have cost more than a dollar a yard."

"Only eighty-seven cents," said Mrs. Hall, a little confused.

"So I suppose. Well, you see, a carpet at eighty-seven cents a yard doesn't correspond very well with a fifty dollar sofa. To tell the plain truth, the old fashioned sofa looked more appropriate."

Mrs. Hall almost wished that she had never bought the new sofa; but, having done so, she was determined, if possible, to have everything to correspond. She was too wise to say anything about it at present, but waited until a week before the next quarter day.

Then she began to indulge in brief hints, which at length became more decided. At first, George would not hear of a new carpet. He was determined not to omit his usual quarterly deposit this time; but at length his wife's importunities succeeded, aided by a lurking conviction on his own part that there was a real incongruity between the sofa and the plain carpet. The new purchase cost fifty dollars and a trifle more, which made George look a little sober; but he could not deny, as his wife said, that the room looked a good deal improved.

And was this all? By no means.

By the time the carpet was put down it was discovered that the chairs, which were only cane seated, looked quite inferior to the good company which had recently been introduced. When the next quarter day arrived, it was found absolutely essential to purchase some black stuffed chairs. Afterwards came a new mirror, and a piano was hired, for even Mrs. Hall did not venture to suggest so large an out lay as the purchase would require. So the piano was brought and some fifty dollars a year were paid for its use, though by the way, it was never used, since Mrs. Hall had no ear for music; therefore it served only for ornament.

By the time the year was up, George found that two hundred and twenty-five dollars had been spent for furniture, and not one cent had been deposited in the savings bank. More than that, as their style of living had increased with their new furniture, which had unconsciously elevated their ideas, George found himself some hundred and fifty dollars in debt. At this time, or just before, the great commercial revulsion had swept over the land, and George's employers had not been spared. They had not failed, but their resources had been greatly crippled. They called him aside on the last day of the year and told him that, though they should be glad to retain him in their employ, they should be obliged to cut down his income for the year to come to six hundred dollars. He went home much depressed, as well he might be. His expenses increased, his income diminished, and a debt to pay, which would swallow up nearly all he had laid aside in the savings bank.

He at length told his wife the cause of his despondency, on her anxious solicitation. The vanity and love of show she had exhibited lay on the surface. She determined to express her sympathy in an active way. What that was I will explain.

When George came home the next evening to tea, what was his astonishment to find a load of furniture before his door.

"Can it be possible," he thought, "that Mary has been purchasing new furniture?"

Looking more closely he observed that the new parlor sofa and other articles of furniture were included in the wagon load. Full of amazement he entered the house.

"What's all this, Mary? What have you done with the parlor furniture?"

"Sold it," said his wife, composedly.

"Sold it!" exclaimed George, in surprise.

"Yes; I knew that your circumstances were not as good as they have been, and I thought the money would be worth more to us than the furniture. I had heard that the Walkins were about to furnish their house, and thought they might be willing to buy our furniture at a reduced price. Here is what I got for it."

She placed in her husband's hands a purse containing one hundred and fifty dollars.

"Mary," said he, with emotion, "you don't know how you have relieved my mind. This will just pay off our debt, and I shall not be obliged to take the money from the bank."

The year passed, again business revived, and with the first of January George had his salary raised to one thousand dollars; but though his means are increased, his wife has learned a valuable lesson, and probably will be content, for some years to come, at least, with the old fashioned sofa.—*Caroline E. Preston, Yankee Blade.*

Entirely Reformed.

One of the strangest stories of a drunkard's reformation is told in the Philadelphia *Times*. William H——, a prosperous tradesman of Eastern Pennsylvania, lost his property through unforeseen business troubles, and, leaving his young family, went West to retrieve his fortune, but discouraged by want of success, he took to drink, and finally became a degraded loafer. He drifted eastward again, and was seen in Troy, N. Y., hanging around liquor saloons. He had lost his manhood, and even his very name (having long been ashamed to be called by it) and men knew him as "The Worm of the Still."

Once, soon after the arrival of a circus and menagerie combination to exhibit in the city, the drunkard saw one of the keepers purchase a pailful of whisky for a sick elephant, and snaked after him to the circus tent, following the impulse of his raging thirst.

The keeper put the bucket of whisky down before "Betsy," the sick elephant, and she drank about half of it. The intelligent brute knew it was medicine, and did not propose to take more of it than she thought she needed. The bucket, still half full of liquor, was left standing near her, and the keeper's attention was called away for a moment.

Hardly was his back turned when a bloated, red face was poked through under the canvass, and its pair of watery eyes were fastened greedily upon the bucket. Betsy fixed her keen little eyes on the intruder, stopped swaying to and fro, and waited patiently to see what he would do.

He did not notice her. The fascination of the whisky blinded him to everything else. The bucket was beyond his reach. He drew himself under the tent until he could clutch it. The instant that he did so, Betsy flung her powerful trunk about his waist, and whirled him high in the air.

She did not mean him any harm, but he was tampering with her medicine and she would not stand that. So he had barely time to give one wild shriek of terror, when she tossed him thirty feet away, where he struck against one of the ponderous wheels of a lion cage, and fell to the earth with one leg broken, and three fractured ribs. She did not attempt to follow and hurt him, for she had no malice. He was carried away on a stretcher to the hospital.

The rest of the story is a pathetic romance. The wretched man's recovery was so slow that fifteen weeks passed before he could walk on crutches; but in that long time the thorough hospital treatment had cleansed all the liquor out of him, and he had begun to look something like his former self.

One day, when a party of ladies visited the hospital, distributing flowers and reading matter to the patients, one of them, a handsome but sad-faced young woman, stopped by his chair, and gazed at him as if strangely startled.

"Father," she said, "you don't remember me. I am your daughter Mary."

It was twelve years since she had seen him, but she knew him.

She had him conveyed to her home as soon as possible where, in time, he was restored to health, found good employment, and began a new life of sobriety and industry, which continued to the last.

His adventure with the elephant, so nearly fatal to him, proved the means of his entire reformation.

A General Tie-up

of all the means of public conveyance in a large city, even for a few hours, during a strike of the employes, means a general paralyzing of trade and industry for the time being, and is attended with an enormous aggregate loss to the community. How much more serious to the individual is the general tie-up of his system, known as constipation, and due to the strike of the most important organs for more prudent treatment and better care. If too long neglected, a torpid or sluggish liver will produce serious forms of kidney and liver diseases, malarial trouble and chronic dyspepsia. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are a preventive and cure of these disorders. They are prompt, sure and effective, pleasant to take, and positively harmless.

She Knew the Furniture.

There is a good May-moving story which has just gained publicity regarding some rather prominent furniture dealers in Chicago. The firm alluded to had a very elegant parlor set of solid mahogany and the finest upholstering. It also had duplicates in veneering wood and cheap plush in the store-room. The costly outfit, which was worth about $200, was displayed in the window and marked: "This elegant parlor suit only $27." One day a mild, meek-looking woman came in, examined the furniture and invested. She took a receipt for her money, left her address and was bowed out by the smiling salesman, who assured her that "the things would be sent right over." In due time the wagon arrived at the young woman's house and backed up in front of the door.

"Hold on," said the purchaser, "Don't unload yet."

Then she climbed on the van and made a very particular examination of the load. At last she said to the driver and his assistant: "I'll go back with you to the store. These are not the goods I purchased." And back she did go, despite entreaties, protests and assurances that "everything was all right." When she walked in she was not the mild mannered creature of two hours before.

"You've tried to swindle me," she cried, "I bought one set of furniture and you sent me another. Now, I want what I paid for. How do I know? Because in every article of that set you sold me I stuck a pin in while you were not looking. Now, I am going to pick out my property and see that you take it over. If you don't there'll be trouble."

There was no trouble, and the little woman is again looking for some sharp merchant with a similar "bargain" on hand.—*Chicago Herald.*

Mournful numbers—a balance on the wrong side of the sheet.

THE SENTENCE OF JESUS.
A Copy of the Original Decree as Issued by Pontius Pilate.

London Tablet.

A correspondent of *Notes and Queries* extracts from the *Kutnische Zeitung* what is called "a correct transcript of the sentence of the death pronounced against Jesus Christ." The following is a copy of the most memorable judicial sentence which has ever been pronounced in the annals of the world—namely, that of death against the Saviour, with the remarks that the journal *Le Droit* has collected, the knowledge of which must be interesting in the highest degree to every Christian. Until now we are not aware that it has ever been made public in the German papers. The sentence is word for word as follows:

Sentence pronounced by Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth shall suffer death by the cross. In the seventeenth year of the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, and on the 25th of the month of March, in the most holy city of Jerussalem, during the Pontificate of Anna and Caiaphas, Pontius Pilate, Intendant of the Province of Lower Galilee, sitting in judgment in the presidential seat of the Prætors, sentences Jesus Christ of Nazareth to death on a cross between two robbers, as the numerous and notorious testimonials of the people prove: 1. Jesus is a misleader. 2. He has excited the people to sedition. 3. He is an enemy to the laws. 4. He calls himself the Son of God. 5. He calls himself falsely the King of Israel. 6. He went into the Temple followed by a multitude carrying palms in their hands. Orders: The first centurion, Quintus Cornelius, to bring him to the place of execution, forbids all persons, rich or poor, to prevent the execution of Jesus. The witnesses who have signed the execution against Jesus are: 1. Daniel Robani, Pharisee; 2. John Zorobabel; 3. Raphael Robani; 4. Capet. Jesus to be taken out of Jerusalem through the gate of Tournes.

The sentence is engraved on a plate of brass in the Hebrew language, and on its sides are the following words: "A similar plate has been sent to each tribe." It was discovered in the year 1289 in the city of Aquill (Aquilla?) in the kingdom of Naples, by a search made for the discovery of Roman antiquities, and remained there until it was found by the Commissaries of Art in the French Army of Italy. Up to the time of the campaign in Southern Italy it was preserved in the sacristy of the Carthusians, near Naples, where it was kept in a box of ebony. Since then the relic has been kept in the chapel of Caserta. The Carthusians obtained it by their petitions that the plate might be kept by them, which was an acknowledgement of the sacrifices which they made for the French army. The French translation was made literally by members of the Commission of Arts. Denon had a fac-simile of the plate engraved, which was bought by Lord Howard on the sale of his cabinet for 2,800 francs. There seems to be no historical doubt as to the authenticity of this. The reasons of the sentence correspond exactly with those of the Gospels.

His Words Live.

Nearly two thousand years ago a little man contemptible in appearances, named Paul, was driven by a guard of soldiers back to his cell in one of the great prisons of Rome. He belonged to a poor and despised sect, and because of his faith, had been scourged and tortured that day before Nero. When he should go out from his cell again the torture would end in death. He had fought the fight, he had finished the course, he had kept the faith. He thought that he had found a secret for which men of all nations had searched since the world began. It was a word of life—the hope, the promise, beyond the grave. But if he had found it, the world about him apparently did not care. His flesh quivered as sorely under the thongs of Nero's lictors, the stones of his prison were as gray and hard, the blue grass flower in his path smiling as brightly in the sun as though there were no such momentous unspoken secret. He wrote a letter in his cell to a young man named Timothy, whom he loved, and in these dying words the hope and meaning of his life spoke plainly.

A few days later he died of torture—how, nobody even cared to remember. The insignificant little prisoner may have been devoured by the wild beasts or burned slowly to death, a living torch to light Nero's gardens. The same blue grass flower still lived in the path, smiling up to the sun, and the stones of the prison frowned gray and unchanged. But he was gone. To-day the flower blooms no more inside the prison, the prison has vanished, the great stones are dust and have passed a thousand times into trees or living flesh, imperial Rome itself has gone, but the words which the little prisoner wrote that day have lived through the ages, and have quickened countless souls into hope and action.

There are things in the world which perish, and there are things which endure. This history may help some girl or boy in the beginning of life to understand what it is that dies and what it is that shall and must live.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Cat Craze Coming.

Recently Queen Victoria has contracted the habit of carrying her household cats along with her when she moves from one castle to another. The transportation of cats has, therefore, become quite a fashionable craze in England, no family of the least pretension considering it in good form to appear at a railway station without an ample basket containing the domestic felines. The aping of royalty even in the most absured and silly customs is one of those things that is not destined to die out soon. Of course the cat craze is liable at any moment to invade the ranks of our American nobility.—*Baltimore Herald.*

Mrs. Yerger—"Where were you employed last?"

Servant—"I was de wash lady for Mrs. Kurnel Jones, wat libs on Robinson Hill, but I quit her," replied Matilda Snowball.

Mrs. Y.—"Did you have any words with her when you left?"

Servant—"We didn't pertaxtly had no words. I jess spoke to her as one lady mout spoke to anuddur."—*Texas Siftings.*

Canadian Indians at Home.

The inmates of this Indian home were the strangest part of the scene. The tidy women were squatting on the floor, some cross-legged like Turks, others sitting on one foot as a cushion, their toes turned inward under them, or on their knees and heels. They were quite erect, yet easy in their attitudes, as comfortable as we are upon luxurious furniture.

One of them changed her dress by detachments at my elbow. The men were waiting for dinner; one slept curled up in a heap near the wall; another sat flat on the floor by his wife; and the other two lay stretched across the opposite end of the lodge. The children showed a remarkable capacity for stowing themselves away in grotesque shapes in nooks and corners, whence they stared at me with black, bead-like eyes as expressionless as those of animals. Meanwhile the people kept up a general conversation in their own tongue; their voices were low, even in laughter, and expressive of a kind and considerate nature. You notice a good deal of abruptness in their talk; but this is due to their language, in which you hear many inarticulate gutts, short, brusque inflections, and long, disjointed, unmelodious words. But when they talk French, which most of them understand, their speech is quite agreeable. I tried in many ways to engage the squaws in conversation in this tongue, but they turned to me a deaf ear, or else their husband's. It seems that the missionaries advise the tribe to have but little intercourse with whites; they will often pretend not to understand you, or will grant your request without replying to your speech.

The dinner, meanwhile had been prepared by one of the squaws. She set out a number of plates on the floor, and Louis invited me to eat of their stewed ducks. I accordingly settled from the chest where I sat to the floor. Only the men come to the meal, for it is a custom among them to serve the men first, the women, having less exposure and travel to endure in winter, consider their needs as secondary. They will absolutely fast when provisions are scarce. And yet, notwithstanding their extra nourishment, in times of starvation the men always succumb first. We helped ourselves from the kettle; and when we had finished, two of the men rolled up into heaps and went to sleep. The women, children and dogs then gathered about the dishes. Each one had an attendant dog at her elbow, ready for any emergency. The meal was social and pleasant, with good natured talking, and manners quite deferential. But the dogs were an aggressive element. They were eager and unscrupulous. If a hand remained too long away from the plate a dog captured the contents. Now and then a yelp, or a crescendo of ire or the word "shwis," broke the calmness of the conversation. The dog of the prettiest maiden kept advancing his nose toward her plate, and she kept pounding