The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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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 use ofHerbold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Tale $400 time lock.

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All Legal Holidays Observed.

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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 Screws for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in. CURTIS K. GROVE, (East of Court House) SOMERSET, PA.

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FALL 1888 WINTER, Black and Colored Silks. Velvets and Rushes. Fine imported Woolen Dress Goods in Colors and Black. Broad Cloths, 50 inches wide, at $1 00 to $2 75 a yard. Wool Henriettas, at 50 cents to $1 50 per yard. Plaid Stripes, Mixtures and fancies, all wool 50 inch Suiting cloth, 60 cents per yard. Complete assortment of Winter Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Laces, Embroideries, Millinery and Ribbons, Zephyrs and Yarns, Embroidery Silks; Dress Trimmings, Braids and Buttons, Corsets, Muslin Underwear, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Blankets, Flannels, Table Linens, Sheetings and Muslins. JOS. HORNE & CO'S PENN ATENUE STORES, 613, 615, 617, 619, 621 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh. - Pa. nov27-88-1y

PUBLIC SALE — OF — Valuable Real Estate.

THE heirs and legal representatives of Mrs. Rebecca C. Meyers, dec'd., will offer at public sale on the premise of No. 1, below described, on

Saturday, March 2' 89

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described Real Estate, viz.:

No. 1. A certain lot of ground situate in Berlin Borough, fronting on Main street 66 feet, and extending back 200 feet, adjoining lot of Daniel A. Brubaker on east and Paul G. Nowag on the West, having a large two story frame DWELLING HOUSE, and Store-room, Wash-house and stable thereon erected.

No. 2. A lot fronting on North street 66 feet, bounded by lot of George Heffley's heirs on the East, land of Elizabeth Heffley on the North, and tract No. 3 on the West, and number set on the general plan of Berlin Borough as lot No. 50.

No. 3. A parcel of land situate in Brothersvalley Township, Northwest of Berlin Borough, adjoining lands of Jacob Musser, Elizabeth Heffley, Plank Road, and others, containing 3 acres and 26 perches, strict measure.

TERMS: Ten per cent. on day of sale; balance of one-third April 1, 1889, when possession will be given and deed delivered; one-third April 1, 1890, and one-third April 1, 1891, with interest on deferred payments from April 1, 1889. GEORGE C. LEGRTY, Administrator. WM. H. MILLER, Guardian, &c.

ED. O. HOSTETLER MERCHANT TAILOR, (No. 2 MAMMOTH BLOCK.) SOMERSET, PA. All the Latest Styles of Fall and Winter Suitings and Overcoatings. Satisfaction Guaranteed, and Lowest Prices.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset on Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1889:

Second account of Ephraim J. McKenzie, acting and surviving Executor of Joseph McKenzie.

Fourth and final account of Wm. G. Schrock and John S. Meyers, Executors of Jacob B. Meyers, deceased.

First and final account of Jonas Lichty and Samuel J. Miller, Executors of Mary Lichty, dec'd.

First and final account of Lavenia C. Reel, Administratrix of John Reel, dec'd.

First and final account of George Holtzhour, Administrator of John Holtzhour, dec'd.

Second and final account of Wm. S. Morgan and Josiah Keller, Executors of Phebe Marshall, dec'd.

First and final account of Jonas Snyder, Administrator of Margaret Hamlin, dec'd.

First and second accounts of Josiah Kocher, Administrator of George Kocher, dec'd.

First and second account of John N. Snyder, Administrator of N. B. Snyder, dec'd.

First and final account of S. J. McKenzie, Admr. of Hiram Pritts, dec'd.

REGISTER'S OFFICE, Somerset, Jan. 30. JACOB D. SWANK, Register.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Samuel Weimer, dec'd., late of Black Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters testamentary on the abovestate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Tuesday, April 4, 1889, at the office of the Executor in Rockwood Borough. E. D. MILLER, Executor. 6t20

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Caroline E. Smith, dec'd., late of Salisbury Borough, Somerset Co., Pa.

Letters of administration on above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 30th day of March, 1889, at the residence of the Administrator in Salisbury Borough. STEWART SMITH, Administrator.

ST. JACOBS OIL FOR NEURALGIA.

Hon. I. STACY HILL, Treasurer Cincinnati Incline Plane Railway: "I was hardly able to move with rheumatism, or what physicians called sciatica. The first application of St. Jacobs Oil relieved me, and after the third I went about with perfect ease and comfort. I indorse it as the most remarkable medicine." I Stacy Hill

— CURES — Wounds, Cuts, Scalds and Burns.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere. The Charles A. Vogeler Co., Balto., Md.

High-Pressure

Living characterizes these modern days. The result is a fearful increase of Brain and Heart Diseases—General Debility, Insomnia, Paralysis, and Insanity. Chloral and Morphia augment the evil. The medicine best adapted to do permanent good is Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It purifies, enriches, and vitalizes the blood, and thus strengthens every function and faculty of the body.

"I have used Ayer's Sarsaparilla, in my family, for years. I have found it invaluable as A Cure for Nervous Debility caused by an inactive liver and a low state of the blood." —Henry Bacon, Xenia, Ohio.

"For some time I have been troubled with heart disease. I never found anything to help me until I began using Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I have only used this medicine six months, but it has relieved me from my trouble, and enabled me to resume work." —J. P. Carzanett, Perry, Ill.

"I have been a practicing physician for over half a century, and during that time I have never found so powerful and reliable an alterative and blood-purifier as Ayer's Sarsaparilla." —Dr. M. Maxstart, Louisville, Ky.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Price $1; six bottles, $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

EVERY YOUNG LADY IN THE LAND EXPECTS TO BE THE OWNER OF A Sewing Machine Unless She is Already, but which of the many Machines in the Market WILL ANSWER HER PURPOSE BEST in every respect, is the question that now engages her mind. She is well aware that a Sewing Machine costs too much to make FREQUENT CHANGES, But this question has now been solved for her. At the great Centennial Exhibition at Cincinnati, after 100 DAYS 100 of Solid Competition with all the professed best Sewing Machines in America, before a jury of mechanical experts, it was awarded a SILVER MEDAL, the highest and only award given to Sewing Machines, pronouncing it to be the most durable, the lightest and quietest running, and best adapted for family purposes. This, coupled with the fact that it entered the field in 1877, when the market was glutted with Sewing Machines, 700,000 have been sold, more than double as many as any other Company's for the same time it was on the market. Ladies of taste and good judgment, after carefully testing the merits of the WHITE, and its new Steel Attachments, absolutely the most Durable and Best, will not entertain the thought of buying any other Sewing Machine. Sold on the most reasonable terms by JOSEPH CRIST, AG'T., JENNER X ROADS, Somerset Co., Pa. Also for Sale, forty Second-hand Sewing Machines, taken in exchange for the WHITE. Including nearly all the popular makes. Some are as nice as new, having been very little used. Will be sold very low.

DR. SADLER FRAUDULENTLY IMPERSONATED.

SEVEN COMPLAINTS FROM SIX COUNTIES IN SEVEN DAYS.

Mrs. Emanuel Risel, Stewarton, Fayette Co.; Miss Katie L. Brown, Kent, Indiana Co.; a lady from Westmoreland county; J. T. Cole, Whitburg, Armstrong county; George W. Montinger, Lone Pine, Washington county; Jos. M. Timmons, McConnells Mills, and Miss Emma Barr, Rochester, Pa., report men in those sections at different times personating Dr. Sadler, the noted oculist and aurist, of 501 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, or claiming to be his agent or partner, selling glasses and treating Diseases of the eye. All such are imposters, taking advantage of Dr. Sadler's wide reputation for the greatest skill in all that pertains to the eye and ear, and can be prosecuted by any person defrauded by them. Go to Dr. Sadler's office, where you will find him every day and look out for traveling imposters.

SALESMEN WANTED To handle my thoroughly reliable Nursery Stock on salary or commission. Permanent employment guaranteed. Outfit free. Previous experience not required. Write to C. L. YATES, Nurseryman, Rochester, N. Y. Mention this paper.

PITTSBURGH FEMALE COLLEGE And Conservatory of Music. Also Schools of Elocution and Fine Arts, and best school for young ladies; unsurpassed home comforts and care; Central! Healthful! Charges very moderate! Next term will open January 29th! Send for new Catalogue to A. H. NORCROSS, D. D., Pittsburgh, Pa.

PENSION AGENCY. SOL. UHL, Duly authorized by the Government. Office in Baer's Block, Somerset, Pa. merh27tf.

DECLARATION IN ASSUMPSIT.

JOHN DOE VS. SUSAN ROE.

John Doe complains of Susan Roe,
That she, with scheming art,
Had stolen from the said John Doe
His valuable heart.

For this, to-wit; that heretofore,
To-wit; November nine,
She called the said John Doe an oak
And styled herself the vine.

And later on the aforesaid day,
With malice all prepense,
The said defendant ate ice cream
At plaintiff's great expense.

And then and there to said John Doe,
Said Susan Roe implied
That she would go in coverture
To be said plaintiff's bride.

And this to do she had refused,
And thus, with cruel art,
Has stolen from the said John Doe
His valuable heart.

And so he prays this county court
To do him justice meet;
Likewise for damages he prays,
Therefore he brings his suit.

AMBITION.

"Why, Libby, is that you? Stop a minute; I'm going your way and I'll walk home with you."

"I'm in a hurry, Job!" stammered the tall young girl whom Job Lindley had addressed.

"But I won't detain you a second!" catching up the change and the parcel from the counter of the little general shop which served for a grocery, dry goods emporium, flour mill and postoffice for the dwellers in Succothville. "I'm ready now."

Libby Morse was a slender, bright-eyed girl of 18. Job Lindley was the village druggist, a quick, keen-faced, young fellow, with a healthy glow on his cheeks.

They walked briskly along over the hard frozen winter roads, in the gray twilight.

"Were you getting anything at the store?" Job asked. "Have you any bundles for me to carry?"

Libby laughed bitterly.

"I was asking for letters," said she. "There were none for me. I didn't much expect there would be. Luck don't come to me!"

"Luck!" Job looked at her in a perplexed way. "I hope, Libby—I do hope you haven't been persuaded into buying tickets in the Breezetown lottery!"

"Nonsense!" retorted Libby.

"Your uncle gives you all the spending money you want, don't he?"

"He gives me all I ask for," Libby answered—adding, within herself:

"And little enough that is!"

"You're not discontented at living with him?"

"Not especially."

"Because, Libby, if you don't like it where you are——"

"Oh, Job, there comes Alice Markham!" hastily interrupted the girl. "I've got a message for Alice. You'll excuse me, won't you? Good-bye!"

Job Lindley stood puzzled, in the middle of the road, watching Libby's figure vanish against the yellow bar that still marked the spot where the sun had gone down half an hour ago.

"It's queer," said he. "I'm hanged if I understand it! Every time I get near that subject she slips away from me, exactly as if she understood what I was going to say. It's like trying to catch the waters of a running brook in one's hand. To me there's no girl in all Succothville like Libby Morse, and yet I can't for the life of me tell whether she cares for me or not."

In the meantime Libby had joined Alice Markham, the young district school teacher, whose week it was, in "boarding around," to go to Mr. Morse's.

"Oh, Alice," said she, breathless with the haste she had made, "I've had such an escape!"

"Child, what on earth do you mean?" said Miss Markham, who, though she was scarcely a month older than Libby, in actual time, had the dignity of at least thirty summers.

Perhaps it was as much owing to the responsibilities of her position as to natural temperament, but still it was there—the sober, charming sedateness of a young queen.

"I think, Alice," said Libby, in a mysterious whisper, "that Job Lindley wants to ask me to marry him. I've just been walking with him."

"Well—and if he does?"

"It's such nonsense," said Libby, slightly accelerating her swift, elastic pace.

"I don't see that at all," said composed Alice. "Every girl is the better for a good, sensible husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Libby. "As if a girl with an ambition like me wanted to be tied down to live in the back parlor behind a druggist's counter!"

"An ambition?" repeated Miss Markham.

"Ah, I haven't told you!" cried exultant Libby, dancing up and down until her feet sounded like tiny castanets against the frozen ground. "But I have an ambition—two or three of them! Shall I tell you what they are, Alice?"

"If you can leave off flitting along like a will-o'-the-wisp, certainly," said Alice, twining one arm around Libby's slender young waist.

"Well, you see," explained Libby, lowering her voice to a confidential mystery, although there was only the frost brightened stars and the yellow rim of light above the western woods to overhear her communication, "Uncle Thomas hasn't been very successful with his farm of late and as he has nine children of his own, he naturally feels that I am a burden to him. And he hints that I ought to be doing something for myself. Now what can a girl do for herself in Succothville but to go out to service or enter the factory or take in plain sewing?"

"Not much else, I must confess," said Miss Markham.

"Well," pursued Libby, "I don't fancy any of these three roads to a livelihood. So I have picked out three other paths for myself. I have been studying up the papers, Alice, and I've written a love story, in competition for the three hundred dollar prize offered by the Titufield Literary Clarion."

"Child, child!" cried Alice. "What do you know about love?"

"As much as other girls, I fancy," said giddy Libby. "I've read about Ophelia and Desdemona and Lucia di Lammermoor, and all those classic heroines, and of course one depends a good deal on one's imagination. It wasn't a bad story, I know. Well, that's one road. And I read the statement of the Woman's Barter establishment in New York—how they'll pay you for good cake or preserves, or anything of that sort, less a trifling commission—so I sent a box of plum jam to them, a box that ought to net me $10 at least."

"That's number two," smiled Alice. "Excuse me for saying that I have more faith in number two than in number one."

"We shall see," nodded Libby. "And the third——"

"Yes," said Alice, encouragingly, "the third——"

"I answered an advertisement for a wife," whispered Libby, hanging down her pretty head. "Yes, Alice, I did. You needn't start back in that tragical manner. Other girls do it. Why shouldn't I? Such a beautiful worded advertisement! A widower, all alone in the world, sighing for sympathy and love—a widower of means, Alice!"

"Libby, you have done wrong," said Alice, with a gravity that impressed her young companion more than she would have been willing to confess.

"Well, I've done it, and there's an end of the matter!" said Libby, with a rebellious toss of her head. "So there's no use in lecturing me. Uncle Tom shall find out that I'm not entirely without resources. A hundred dollars for the story (besides all the fame it will bring me, Alice,) $10 for the plum jam—and there, you see, is enough to buy quite a neat little trousseau for marrying the widower. People don't launch out with silk dresses and dozens of underclothes, as they did, and"

"Libby," urged Miss Markham, "are you really in earnest?"

Libby broke out into a little hysterical laugh.

"Alice," said she, "I've thought of nothing else, and dreamed of nothing else for a week. And it's strange—so strange that I never have received an answer to any of the three communications!"

Just then little Tommy, the youngest hope of the house of Morse, came trotting across the sear meadows.

"Oh, look here, Lib!" said he. "The storekeeper he's found a lot of letters as got hid away under the mailbags, where they was sortin' the mail on Thursday. They calculate as Pete, the puppy, done it—he's chuck full of mischief and tricks, and the storekeeper he give me a lemon ball if I'd take these to you. I was licking the inside of the molasses keg with Johnnie Piper and Sam Stokes, under the counter"——

Libby grasped the letters, and even by that imperfect light Alice could see the snow and crimson chasing each other across her face.

They were already inside the little gate, and Libby caught at her companion's arm with nervous haste.

"Let us go up stairs to your room, Alice," she whispered. "There is always such a swarm of children in the keeping room, one never can have a moment to one's self. Besides, there is only that lamp in the house, and I can't read by candle light."

Side by side, in the school teacher's apartment, by the light of the flickering, strong scented kerosene lamp, Libby and Alice opened the letters.

The first, whose envelope bore the stamp of the Titusfield Literary Clarion, was brief enough. The editor regretted that Miss Morse's manuscript had proved unsuited to his columns, but would return it to her address on the receipt of sufficient postage stamps to defray the cost of transportation by mail.

"There's an end of that!" cried Libby, very passionately, tearing the letter in two and flinging its fragments on the ground.

The second was an elegantly written note on scented and monogramed paper from the Secretary of the Woman's Barter establishment, stating that Miss Morse's kind favor, per the Rackawaxen Railroad Express, had been sampled, and had unfortunately proved to be below the standard which the establishment had set up. The box awaited her orders, and Mrs. Geraldus Geoffreys remained hers truly, etc., etc.

"It's all nonsense!" cried breathless Libby. "Standard of excellence, indeed! It's all favoritism. There's a ring—I know there is! The whole thing ought to be exposed through the newspapers."

The third letter was brief enough. It was from a well known lawyer in New York, stating to Miss Elizabeth Morse that her communication, together with numerous others, had been found among the effects of a notorious swindler, who had fled from justice about a week previously. It was returned to her with a well meant warning to avoid such traps in the future. Most of his dupes, it was stated, had inclosed money, rings and photographs to him, but she was fortunately among the exceptions.

Poor Libby! She burst into angry tears, with her head bowed on Alice's shoulder.

"Oh, Alice," she cried, "what a fool I have been!"

And Miss Markham was endeavoring to console her, when Tommy came clattering up the stairs to shout at the keyhole that "supper was ready, and marm had been frying flapjacks, and there was some real maple molasses on the table, better than that on the inside of the keg at Billings' store!"

Alice went down. She knew that it would give mortal offense to Mrs. Morse's housewifely pride to neglect this summons; but Libby flung a hood over her head and rushed out into the cool night air.

"I couldn't speak to any one just now," she pleaded. "You'll keep my secret, Alice, won't you?"

Just there at the gate stood Job Lindley, a black shadow against the starlight.

"Libby!"

It was all that he said, but the one word was so full of devotion, allegiance, tender appreciation that Libby stopped involuntarily.

It was a healing balm to her hurt spirit and wounded pride.

"I was coming to ask you to go to Swope's Corners with me to-night," said he. "There's to be a concert there, and—but is anything the matter, Libby?" he asked, checking himself in mid-explanation.

"Yes, Job, I should like to go," said Libby. "It's very good of you to ask me."

"But you're in some sort of trouble, Libby!" exclaimed Job. "You've been crying. Has your uncle been cross to you? Because, Libby you needn't stay another day under his roof unless you choose. If you'll come to me and be my wife, Libby, there's nothing you need ask for in vain. It may sound abrupt to you, this love story of mine, but its been trembling on my lips every time I've seen you for three months."

It was a strange, short wooing, but when they came into the noisy, cheerful room, Libby had promised to be honest Job's wife.

The failure of her fantastic ambitions had luckily driven her into the sure haven of a good man's love.

"I have got my own love story now," she said to Alice Markham. "Better than all the Desdemonas and Ophelias that the editor of the Titusfield Literary Clarion ever dreamed about. And Job is worth forty sentimental widowers. And as for the plum jam, we'll let that go! Mrs. Geraldus Geoffreys is welcome to it for her afternoon teas!"

"And you are really happy at last?" wistfully asked Miss Markham.

"Yes, dear Alice, I really am happy at last," said Libby.

And her radiant face bore witness to her words.—*Saturday Night.*

The Name "America."

The bulletin of the Paris Geographical Society, which has just been issued, contains an account by M. Jules Marcon of certain further researches which he has made into the origin of the name "America." As far back as 1875 he published a paper on the some topic, which attracted much attention at the time, and he has since devoted much labor to an investigation of early historical documents in which the new world is named.

The popular notion that America was so called from the Christain name of Amerigo Vespucci is, he says, wholly unfounded, and he sums up his conclusions in this way: 1. Amerique is the Indian name of the mountains between Juigalpa and Libertad, in the Province of Chontales, which separate Lake Nicaragua from the Mosquito coast. The word in the Maya signifies "the windy country," or "the country where the wind blows always." 2. The Christain name of Vespucci was Alberico in Italian and Spanish, Albericus in Latin. 3. This particular name is subject to an enormous number of variations, as the nomenclature and calendars of Italian and Spanish saints of the period show; but nowhere is there any such variation as Americus, Amerrigo, Amergio, Almecigo, etc., and none of these is either a diminutive or a variation in use in Italy, Spain or France for Alberico or Albert. 4. Before 1507, when Jean Basin, of Saint Die, published the name, it is not to be found in any printed document, nor even in any manuscript of recognized and incontestible authority.

M. Marcon claims that his theory of a native origin for the name America has been accepted in Spain, Spanish America, and, with some exceptions, in the United States; in France, Germany and Italy it has excited doubt and surprise, but in the last named he has the support of the eminent Turin geographer, M. Guido Cora. There is no doubt that Columbus and Vespucci went along the Mosquito coast at the feet of the Sierra Amerique, and that the name was reported by the officers and men of these expeditions, and Schoner, the geographer declared in 1515 that the name was already popular in Europe.

It is beyond question that one edition of Vespucci's letter on his third voyage has the name Amerigo in the place of the Christain name; nineteen editions had Albericus and subsequent Italian editions had Alberico. The one with Amerigo on the title page was published in 1506, but M. Marcon suggests that this was never intended to be a variation of Alberico, but rather an adaptation of Amerrive, a name already known and applied to the New World, to Vespucci's name to distinguish him, as we say now "Chinese Gordon," to distinguish the particular Gordon by suggesting one of his greatest feats. The paper, which is very learned concerning the geographical publications of the sixteenth century, is not yet concluded.—*London Times.*

A cold of unusual severity which I took last autumn developed into a difficulty decidedly catarrhal in all its characteristics threatening a return of my old chronic malady, catarrh. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm completely eradicated every symptom of that painful and prevailing disorder.—E. W. Werner, 165 Hudson St., Rochester, N. Y.

Russian Peasant Traits.

Quarrels prevail not only between different households, but even in the very midst of families living under one roof. Now in our house, for instance, the grandmother—a brisk and still lively old woman of seventy-five—sided with one of her daughters-in-law against another, and they went so far that eventually nothing would do but they must divide all their possessions; even the iron sheet serving to dry peas was cut in two—spoiled on purpose—so that it should not serve any one. If one party to the quarrel gets its peas burnt a trifle, its opponents are happy; if a young ox belonging to one dies, the others rejoice, saying, "See now how God chastises him!" Yet at the same time they are all of them really good and very considerate people.—*Harper's Magazine for Feb-ruary.*

For constipation, "liver complaint," or billiousness, sick headache, and all diseases arising from a disordered condition of the liver and stomach, take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets—a gentle laxative or active cathartic, according to size of dose.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "what Scriptural quotation would you use if somebody should call Jimmy a fool? You remember, 'He that calleth—'"

Johnny—"Oh, I know. "The truth should not be spoken at all times."

CATARRH.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit, was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y.

If the chain pump is clogged up with ice do not give the crank a jerk. Both wheel and chain break more easily when very cold.

COLD WATER MEN.

In State Convention—Judge White Made President—The Third Party Prohibitionists Badly Beaten.

HARRISBURG, PA., Feb. 19, 1889.

When the Executive Committee of the United Prohibition organizations adjourned last night after preparing a program to be observed at Tuesday's convention, the Third Party Prohibitionists were feeling very happy because they had not only succeeded in preventing any particular organization from taking precedence in the call, but had also succeeded in naming Joshua L. Bailey to be the temporary chairman. The members of the Constitutional Prohibition Amendment Association, who were largely outnumbered in committee and were sat down upon several times, went out of the hall with considerable trouble on their minds and rather sore because they were not allowed to lead. They slept on their defeat all night and early this morning held a caucus at the Lochiel Hotel at which were President Fulton, Secretary Collins, Joseph D. Weeks, Rev. Boyle and others, and then and there it was decided to make an effort to break the slate. Their first move was to defeat Bailey for temporory chairman and elect Judge Harry White, of Indiana, and this done the way was clear. How it was done will be seen in the proceedings. Weeks and Dravo led the movement, and whenever a Third Party prohibition man made a move it was promptly met by Weeks or some other opponent and promptly counteracted or defeated. It was remarked in convention that unless all signs fail there will be bad blood all through the campaign.

THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEETING.

The Executive Committee of the State met in session last night in the Y. M. C. A. hall, and was presided over by President Fulton, of the Constitutional Amendment Association. A committee was appointed to prepare an order of business, which reported the order for to-day's session. The meeting was characterized by a great deal of wrangling in a contest for supremacy between the Third Party Prohibitionists and the Constitutional Prohibitional Amendment Association, in which the former had the best of it.

TO-DAY'S SESSION.

There was an hour's devotional exercises this morning before the meeting was called to order, and the five hundred delegates sang with a will and prayed fervently. At 11 o'clock President Fulton called the meeting to order, and immediately Representative Dravo named General Harry White, of Indiana, for temporary chairman, which was seconded by Frank Mantor. Walter Kaufman named Joshua L. Bailey, of Philadelphia, and it was seconded by Rev. Caley. Just here was a wrangle as to how they should vote, the Constitutional Amendment Association wanting White and demanding a rising vote. On voting

JUDGE WHITE WAS ELECTED

and Mr. Bailey and the Third Party Prohibition program, prepared last night was knocked out. Dr. Boyle, Representative Dravo, Jos. D. Weeks and Joshua L. Bailey were named to conduct Judge White to the chair, but Bailey didn't materialize. While the committee was hunting Judge White the convention sang "Hold the Fort" with a vim. At the close a delegate wanted to reconsider the vote by which Judge White was elected and take up Bailey, but he was declared out of order. At this point the committee appeared with Judge White, who was greeted with loud applause. President Fulton said all ought to be glad to meet the man who throttled the liquor traffic in Indiana county. This was the signal for another burst of applause as Judge White stepped forward and made a brief speech. He said that this convention was assembled to advance no individual interest nor promote the success of any merely selfish cause. In this assemblage there ought to be no rivalry nor jealousies, except that arises from the thought of how each can best serve the great cause. We are here to fight for the the success of the right, and it is proper that it should start here at the capital of the State founded by a man who was a great apostle of temperance. You meet here to make war not upon the saloon keeper, but upon the saloon. Are the majority of Pennsylvania voters with you? [Yes, Yes.] Why, of course they are. There is nothing impossible to him who wills if he wills on the right side. Nothing can prevent a victory. Some body has said that if the amendment is passed it cannot be enforced. We are here to satisfy the people that it can and will be enforced. Talk to me of not being able to enforce the law. It can be. In that respect we leave the future to take care of itself. The time is here when public men must speak out. We do not want the light covered by the bushel. Adopt the practices and the virtues of, the politicians: Heaven helps him who helps himself. Judge White read some figures of the votes in the larger cities in 1884 on the question of prohibition, showing that Philadelphia and Allegheny counties voted for prohibition, but it was defeated in the small districts. ["Beaten by Berks county," shouted Dr. Hargrave.] It was defeated by about 3,000 in the State and Berks county gave 19,000 against it. In closing Judge White made an eloquent appeal for all to work.

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION.

Dr. Boyle moved that a committee of fifteen be appointed to report on permanent organization. Mr. Kauffman moved to amend that one from each organization be appointed on permanent officers.

Mr. Weeks kicked against Kauffman's amendment, and said that organizations should be sunk.

The convention sat hard on Kauffman's amendment, and a second time last night's program was knocked out. Mr. Boyle's motion was unanimously agreed to.

SECRETARIES.

Messrs. Charles J. Steele, Schuylkill; Clarence J. Reddig, Cumberland; W. L. Peart, Armstrong, were made secretaries of the convention.

COMMITTEES ON ENROLLMENT.

On motion the chair was authorized to appoint a committe of seven on enrollment.

REV. HECTOR TALKS.

Rev. Hector, the colored orator, who is now located in Kentucky, was called on for a speech and made one of his characteristic orations against rum. He said he was anxious for the fight.

While Rev. Hector was speaking, Chairman White, with the assistance of Judge Rhone, of Wilkesbarre, and Joseph D. Weeks, of Pittsburgh, two members of the Constitutional Prohibition Amendment Association, fixed up the committees, which were announced as follows:

Permanent Organization—Rev. T. M. Boyle, J. L. Bailey, W. H. Clough, J. A. Stranahan, Prof. Bickel, Isaith Wear, John Fulton, A. C. Rankin, Tallie Morgan, Thos. R. Man, John Cessna, H. C. McDermott, Mrs. Swift, Mrs. Darlington, Mrs. Dr. French.

Enrollment—Osborne Congleton, L. S. Kauffman, J. D. Hicks, Frank Mantor, L. B. Brown, Mr. Johnston, Mrs. E. M. Watson.

Mr. A. A. Stevens was placed on the committee on enrollment, but refused to serve. Col. Mantor also withdrew, and Rev. Fred. Demming was substituted.

A PLAN OF WORK.

Mr. Stevens moved that a committee of 15 be appointed by the temporary chairman to prepare a plan of campaign work at once. If left until after recess, the time will be consumed. J. D. Weeks interposed by saying that this convention did not know who were members, and, therefore, it could not arrange for the formation of a committee of this kind. Mr. Weeks put the knife further into Mr. Stevens, after the latter gentleman had again pleaded for his motion and been loudly applauded, by moving to adjourn. He was prevailed on to withdraw it however, and this gave another Allegheny delegate a chance to cry down Stevens' motion.

Mrs. Annie Wittenmeyer, of the W. C. T. U., moved to amend the Stevens resolution so as to make the committee consist of one from each county represented in the convention, to be chosen by those present.

Rev. Mr. Caley said that Mrs. Wittenmeyer's amendment was not practical unless they had unlimited time.

A delegate in the gallery moved to lay the whole matter on the table, and the vote on this was so close that only a stand up and count of noses showed that the gallery delegates motion had carried and the Third Party Prohibitionists were again knocked out, by a vote of 176 yeas to 162 nays.

The convention then adjourned until 1:30 o'clock.

AFTER THE RECESS.

The convention reassembled at 1:30 o'clock, and the Third Pary were very subdued. One of them remarked that there would be no more fighting, but he didn't mean to insinuate that the fight was taken out of them.

PERMANENT OFF