

The Somerset Herald. ESTABLISHED 1827. Terms of Publication. Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock, unless otherwise directed. If not paid for in advance, the subscription will be discontinued until all arrears are paid up. Postmaster: This paper is paid for by subscribers. The publisher is not responsible for the contents of advertisements.

THE SOMERSET HERALD, SOMERSET, PA.

TO BUY YOUR DRUGS AND MEDICINES OF JOHN N. SNYDER, BIESECKER & SNYDER.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when drugs become high 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 us.

Respectfully, JOHN N. SNYDER.

—THE— WHITE IS KING OF SEWING MACHINES. It was Crowned when it took the First Premium at the Cincinnati Centennial in 1853, at the Great Contest, but more so when it took the

GOLD MEDAL At the Universal Exhibition at Paris, France, in 1859, for being the Best Family Sewing Machine in the world. It is applauded as such by the

800,000 Sold since its introduction in 1877. Its superiority is acknowledged, though with many regrets, by thousands who had bought other new

SEWING MACHINES. Before they had seen the merits of THE WHITE.

J. M. LUTHER, in the end. An inferior Sewing Machine is a poor investment at any price.

JOS. CRIST, of J. M. LUTHER, is the authorized agent for it in this County. Write him, and tell him to bring one to your house for examination.

SOMERSET, PA. FAST BLACK ONYX HOSIERY.

Full Importation now ready. Lastest variety, all weights and qualities, for Ladies, Misses, Men's and Boys' Wear.

Ladies' Fine Gauge, extra good, 25 cents a pair. Ladies' medium weight, high-spliced heels and toes, 25c. a pair.

A better grade Fine Gauge, 35c. a pair, or three pair for \$1. Ladies' light weight at 40 cents per pair.

Ladies' fall weight, high spliced heels, 40c. a pair. Ladies' light and heavy weight at 50c. a pair, the best ever sold at the price.

Ladies' Ingrain Cotton, medium weight, high spliced heels and toes, 60c. a pair.

Best values in the finer grade ever offered, at 65c., 70c., 90c. and \$1 a pair.

All grades Onyx Hose for children. Boys' extra heavy Onyx Hose, as well as our full importations of IRON-CLAD HOSE FOR BOYS.

Visit our Hosiery Department. HORNE & WARD, FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

—THIS PAPER— YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER in the hands of the Advertiser's Agents in every town in the State.

REMINGTON BROS. Sole Agents for the State of Pennsylvania.

W. B. BERN, N.Y., Allegheny, Pa.

# The Somerset Herald.

VOL. XXXIX, NO. 27. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1890. WHOLE NO. 2057.

It is to Your Interest TO BUY YOUR Valuable Real Estate!

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Somerset, Pa., I will sell at public sale on the premises in Essex Township, Pa.,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1901, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described real estate, to-wit: The property of Alexander G. Bieucker, deceased.

A certain lot or parcel of ground situated in the Township of Essex, County of Somerset, Pa., bounded on the north by the road, on the west and east by the road, and on the south by the road, containing one-half acre, more or less, having thereon a two-story frame house.

TERMS. One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, and the balance in two equal installments, the first to be paid on the day of sale, and the second on the day of the next year.

Executors Sale Valuable Real Estate. BY VIRTUE of an order of the Orphans' Court of the County of Somerset, Pa., I will sell at public sale on the premises in Essex Township, Pa.,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, '01, at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day, the following described real estate, to-wit: The property of Alexander G. Bieucker, deceased.

A certain lot or parcel of ground situated in the Township of Essex, County of Somerset, Pa., bounded on the north by the road, on the west and east by the road, and on the south by the road, containing one-half acre, more or less, having thereon a two-story frame house.

TERMS. One-third of the purchase money to be paid in cash, and the balance in two equal installments, the first to be paid on the day of sale, and the second on the day of the next year.

Executors Notice. In the matter of the estate of Mary Elizabeth, late of the County of Somerset, Pa., deceased.

Administrators Notice. In the matter of the estate of Mary Elizabeth, late of the County of Somerset, Pa., deceased.

Administrators Notice. In the matter of the estate of Mary Elizabeth, late of the County of Somerset, Pa., deceased.

Administrators Notice. In the matter of the estate of Mary Elizabeth, late of the County of Somerset, Pa., deceased.

CHRISTMAS WITH MY OLD MOTHER. BY A. C. BERRY.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

CHRISTMAS WITH MY OLD MOTHER. BY A. C. BERRY.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

Oh! I never felt so happy as when last Christmas came. I remember the little house upon the hill, the laughter of the children, and the warm glow of the fire.

THE SLAV CHRISTMAS. How The Holiday is Kept in Southern Austria.

It has been said that the Slavs of Carinthia had no Christmas, and this is true in the sense in which we understand the word. Of course they had a Catholic feast, the 25th of December, and the 24th a fast, the only joyous fast of the year.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

The supper is unusually good and plentiful, but no meat is served, as it is considered unclean to eat of the animal kingdom on that day.

ered by Christianity. The belief that horses and cattle talk in human language is a superstition which has been handed down from the 24th and 25th of December is universal there.

Whether the roes and chamois enjoy the same privilege or are subject to the same penalty seemed to be an open question, as few persons care to wade through the snow, to climb mountains, or even to take up their abode in a wood, in order to listen to their discourses.

Even with respect to domestic animals, everything has not hitherto been rendered as clear as we should like to be. For example, a village priest was kind enough to furnish us with the following story, which was written down at words.

It is a story to listen to, what the animals say, and it always brings back a farm servant from a distance did not believe the story—a sin which, it may be feared, was shared both by the present writer and his informant.

Still he retained such a half belief as induced him to hide himself in the stable. The two horses which it contained talked to each other as follows: "We shall have hard work to do this day." "Yes, the servant is heavy." "And the way to the churchyard is long and steep."

The man took to his bed and died. He was buried that day week. Here we have at least the Christian idea of a sin that is punished—a little too heavily, one is inclined to think—but what are we to say to the following story, which was told in the Slav district of Carinthia by a traveling workman, at once translated into German and noted down.

The story was read aloud in German, which was translated almost sentence by sentence to the narrator, who firmly believed in the truth of the tale, and pointed to him in one or two instances, which were directly related to the events of a far older, or at least more authentic, version than the last.

HOW TO REAR THE ANIMALS. No one can hear the animals talk unless he has boots with nine soles and fern leaves in them. There was a farmer (knecht) in the Gail Thal who had a pair of very strong shoes made, which he wore to the stable, and when he was there he could hear the animals talk.

He lived in a loft above a stall where two oxen were kept, and between the loft and stall there was a trap door, which he often left open. One Christmas eve he went to visit a girl with whom he was to live in a village about a mile and a half away.

He was a good man, in which there were a great number of ferns. He had two long, and hunched back in such a hurry that he did not stop to fasten his boots, the laces of which had become loose. It is to be supposed that this was the reason why some fern leaves got into them.

As soon as he had reached the loft he heard a great lamentation below, and called through the trapdoor to ask what was the matter. As no answer was given he put out his lantern, but remained standing. "What are you complaining about?" asked a voice below. "Why should I not complain," answered a second voice, "when in six months I am to be slaughtered?"

"That is quite true, but I have a better reason to lament for. I shall be slaughtered in two days for a furred coat, and you in six months for a marriage, which is better." "Why will die, then?" "Our mistress." "How?" "You know she has a cat that always sits beside her at meals and eats out of her plate. To-morrow there will be a great dinner, and the cat will come as usual, but she will be angry and push it roughly away. It will spring into the air, and when it has done this it will stay for a night, but when the soup is brought in it will jump down upon the table, and from thence over the trees and its mistress' head. In doing this it will let a hair fall, and that hair will choke her."

Here the conversation ended. Next morning the servant awoke, and his master asked him what was the matter. For a long time he refused to reply, but at last he entreated his master to let him be killed at once. It was no use telling a story that nobody would believe, he said, but his whole manner made such an impression on the proprietor that he consented to his request. For a day or two he lay in the house of the cat; it had been found in the furs, and if it were killed for a mere fancy she herself would go away. Everything, of course, happened exactly as the master had foretold. In six months the oxen were slaughtered again, and I don't like to see that; it is used to ward off one that was slaughtered by the servant, and he himself killed for dinner. "How does it do?" "I don't know, but I don't like to see that; it is used to ward off one that was slaughtered by the servant, and he himself killed for dinner."

A Soldier's Death. Historians always stop to describe the dying of Wolfe and Montcalm, the two opposing commanders in the battle of Quebec. But their deaths were simply heroic compared with death of Stonewall Jackson.

About 1:30 on the day of his death he was told that he had about two hours to live. He answered, "I don't feel sorry; 'Very good; it's all right.'"

A few moments before he died he called to him in delirium: "Order A. Hill to prepare for action. Pass the infantry to the front rapidly. Tell Major Hawks—"

Then stopped, leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread over his pale face, and then he said quietly and with an expression of relief: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." And then, without pain or the least struggle, his spirit passed.—Philadelphia Times.

A New Christmas. For the benefit of those who may have become tired of the old-fashioned games usually played at Christmas we suggest the following:

On Christmas morning, and then hunt up a lot of poor people who have no Christmas dinner and give them one.

The game can be played by any number of persons and is warranted to make more real enjoyment and merit for all who take part in it than any other game.—New York Post.

Headache is said to yield almost invariably to a simultaneous application of hot water to the feet and back of the neck.

Popularly called the king of ailments.—Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures scalds, salt rheum, and all other blood diseases.

Careless anger resembles waves without wind.