A Synopsis of the Nicely's' Funeral Sermon on Sunday.

The following is the sermon preached by Rev. Prof. W. J. Swigart, at the funeral of the Nicely Brothers on Sunday afternoon, April 5, 1891, at 2:30 o'clock:

TEXT—"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble," Psalm xlvi.

The student of the Bible cannot but be impressed with the variety of symbols under which God is represented to the human mind. Sun, shield, rock, strong tower, hiding-place, cloud, brightness, are familiar types or symbols used to represent Him. He is judge, and prisoner; He is a lamb dumb before His shearers; and The Wonderful, even the great "I am." He is the Son of man, and the King of kings, the Lion of the tribe of Judah, and the Lamb of God.

In the text, He is set forth as a Refuge. This word explains itself; it is a place of shelter and protection from storm or attack. Probably the most common refuge is the home, the house. In the 90th Psalm, God is declared to be our dwelling place. An ordinary house is a refuge from some things, but when the earth quakes, people rush out rather than into the house. Whoever can say of God, "He is my refuge!" has security from everything.

God, in this text, is also declared to be our strength. Do you not oftentimes feel that you need strength above your own? It is a question how people bear up under the dreadful pressure of burden and trouble incident to human experience. The child of God has a help, has a strength that is above human. An old lady and intimate friend, who had seen more of trouble than is common to the lot of her race, said to me once when speaking of her trouble, "People say to me, 'I don't see how you can bear it;' but I say to them, I don't bear it, but I have a kind Father in heaven Who helps me with His strength."

But this is not all of this text as it develops word by word. This is not all that God is declared to be: He is a *help*, and He is our help. There is little use to talk about a great thing if it is not *ours* and can never become *ours*. But this help is ours. Martin Luther used to thank God for the possessive pronoun of the Bible. Every believing heart may say, "The Lord is *my* helper."

Furthermore, this help is declared to be a present help, and indeed a very present help. I should like that you mourning ones would realize the fact here, in contrast with other help. How often have you felt a willingness, nay, a desire to help your friends, but the help could not reach. The case was inaccessible, and consequently useless. It was not a present help, not so of God as a help. But I want you to notice the particular time at which the help is so very present. In time of trouble! This is the very heart's core of truth in this great text. The time of trouble! When do men and women need help? When all goes well? When prosperity and success mark every effort? When peace and plenty crown their lives? Help is then easily obtained. But when adversity comes; when adverse winds blow; when things go the wrong way; when eyes are blighted and highest hopes are foiled in the dust; when clouds arise, and gather and thicken, break over us and descend in torrents of trouble over our unprotected heads, then it is that the soul realizes its need and cries out in anguish for help. Were we to study this help by contrasting it with other help, once more I think that we would find that when trouble comes and the greatest need is reached, human help is often conspicuous by its absence. You, who sit around these coffins to-day, bowed down under the stroke and pressure of this the climax of the sorrow that has beclouded your home, and your hearts through two years of anxiety and suspense, have felt that people who were present and helped in the day of your prosperity and freedom from trouble, have failed you when trouble came. But God knows the hearts of all, and if you will love him and trust him and follow him and flee to him, as the refuge of your souls, you'll find him a present help even in your trouble. What words these are: "A very present help in trouble."

There is a heap of trouble in this world. It sometimes seems like a world of trouble. A few weeks ago a neighbor came into our house, her face the picture of despair. My wife inquired what is wrong. "Oh we have trouble at our house, my husband is out of work and my son has been caught stealing." And she bowed herself down and wept over her trouble. I met another neighbor in the street, who declared she had not eaten or slept for half a week, because of trouble, her little boy had gone off in the night cars, and she knew not whether he was living or dead, and her trouble was crushing her mother life out of her. A man came in from the country; I took hands with him and asked how his folks were. He shook his head dolefully and said, "We have trouble out there." What is wrong? "Ah! we have had trouble, my son's wife is ragingly insane and I am in to get handcuffs that we may chain her to prevent her doing violence to her children." And I thought, "How much trouble there is in this world, any way." And I suspect that there are few in this very large assembly of people this day whose lives are not pressed by some burden and marred and marked by some trouble.

I think that we say that it is a general tendency of people who have trouble to think that theirs is unusual and extraordinary, and in some way peculiarly troublesome and grievous trouble, and to above the ordinary experience of their fellow men, and therefore not intended to be included in a text of this nature. And we will allow that there are some very bitter and severe experiences in the lives of some people.

But this only argues the necessity of a help that is more than human, and God freely offers himself to be the refuge and the help of just such persons.

I must often think of that wonderful talk Christ had with his disciples as he sat with them at supper and walked with them on the Mount of Olives, just before the apprehension. He doubtless talked with them of his decease which was to be so soon accomplished, and he saw that it troubled them, and he reiterated those words that you have read and heard read so often in the 14th chapter of John. "Let not your hearts be troubled, believe in God, believe also in me, &c." What words these are, given to a world of trouble, coming down through the cycles of the centuries, the Holy Ghost making them as full of power to-day, as when they fell from Christ's lips on that night. Bless God with me, that, however deep our trouble and whatever its nature, there is refuge here, and a present help.

I once read that Charles Wesley sat at an open window on a bright summer morning. Hearing a feeble cry of distress outside, he looked and saw a little bird pursued by a cruel hawk. Chased from covert to covert and finding no secure refuge, by and by it darted through the open window, into the refuge of the great man's bosom. Moved by the inspiration of the circumstances, he gave to the world the grand old hymn beginning—

"Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

What a thought! Storm-tossed soul! Trouble-beaten heart! Pursued from covert to covert, seeking refuge and finding all insecure and unreliable, will you flee for refuge to the bosom of your God?

However the public may be looking this way to-day, to me this is truly a sad occasion. Dear, mourning ones, sitting here in the presence of these two coffins enclosing your dead, my heart goes out to you. Aged parents, with bodies more bent, and heads more whitened by trouble than by age; affectionate brothers and sisters; weeping wives; dear little children, with the tears glistening on your bright, young cheeks, my soul is touched, my heart is full. "I could weep my spirit from my eyes." May God in his infinite goodness and mercy comfort you all, and may the Holy Ghost sanctify and bless this text to your edification and joy. To-night, when you have returned from the graves on the hill, when the shades of evening gather round your desolate homes, will you in full faith, with comfort and edification, read my text, not in the plural but in the singular, "God is my refuge and my strength, a very present help in my trouble."

Rev. Prof. Swigart, of Huntingdon, Pa., who delivered the foregoing sermon, was at Elder Hanawalt's, near Ligonier, officiating at the marriage of his daughter, and preaching in his church, and at the earnest solicitation of Rev. Hanawalt, he remained over with him for the funeral on Sunday, not supposing, until only a few hours previous, that he was expected to preach.

Guarding the Jail.

FEAR OF A NIGHT RAID CAUSES THE SHERIFF TO GUARD THE PRISON.

From the HERALD "Extra," April 2.

Last night Sheriff Good, placed a strong guard, both inside and outside of the jail in anticipation of any disturbance or attempt at rescue. Winchesters and double-barreled shot guns loaded with buck shot were placed in the hands of the guards, who were also furnished with a complete system of pass words and signals for their own use and those of the jail officials and guards that might be called upon to pass from one section of the jail to the other or within the court yard. These guards were very vigilant, as one or two who strolled into the yard discovered, who gazed into the muzzle of the Winchesters and could hardly regain their breath in time to answer the challenge of the guards.

Sheriff Good was on the alert for any description of danger last night, as a result of a telegram from Ligonier notifying him to be on the lookout for a rescuing party that had started from that neighborhood early in the afternoon. This telegram was in harmony with information that the Sheriff had received earlier in the day to the same effect—that a company of 12 or 15 persons, mounted and armed, had been seen crossing the mountain from the direction of Ligonier toward Somerset. This last piece of information was given to the Sheriff by a gentleman in whom he had the most implicit confidence, and more upon his representation than upon other rumors he had heard, he began to take defensive measures. At midnight none but citizens or belated travelers were on the street, and at that hour little fear of a midnight raid on the county bastile was felt.

The County Jail.

From the HERALD "Extra," April 2.

The Somerset jail is new, only having been completed last October, and if it were not for the iron gratings over the windows, could easily be mistaken for a private dwelling. The Sheriff's residence is immediately in front of the prison and is cut off from it by a solid brick wall. Entrance to the jail is gained from a neat veranda on which a door from the Sheriff's office opens. A door in the east wall of the office opens into a guard's corridor and in this corridor a set of iron steps leads to a similar corridor above. The two floors, of the jail are exact counterparts. In the upper guard's corridor a solid iron door opens into a barred cage three feet square and in it are two levers operating the locks in the doors of the side corridors. A very narrow door opens into the exercise corridor where the execution took place. This corridor is 14x40 feet running east and west. Six feet from the east wall are two steel traps in the floor, secured by bolts and operated by a lever. When the lever is drawn the traps are received by springs and held firmly in place. In the ceiling ten feet above the floor and immediately over the traps are two heavy iron rings to which the ropes were secured.

Two grated doors lead into side corridors—east and west—and three feet wide, into which four cells open. Grated fronts expose the interior of all the cells. The Nicely boys occupied cells on the east side but were removed to others on the opposite side this morning and had to walk only about ten steps to the place of execution. The coffins for the reception of the law's victims were placed in the lower corridor immediately under the traps, and when Joseph and David Nicely were pronounced dead the ropes were gently slackened until they had been lowered into them. The lids of the coffins were closed immediately by an undertaker in compliance with a request from the father of the victims, that no one be permitted to view the remains. Two men sent by old Mr. Nicely from Ligonier took charge of the remains.

The Nicely Boys.

From the HERALD "Extra," April 2.

Joe Nicely would have been recognized anywhere as a handsome man. When he was first placed in the Somerset jail his face had the ruddy color of good health, his eyes were bright and sparkling; a smile played around the corners of his mouth; a heavy dark mustache ornamented his upper lip; his clothes were of fashionable cut and well fitting.

Joe Nicely had a peculiarly striking voice, never to be forgotten after once heard. It was of the high tenor order, but careful training had not eliminated the peculiar tones that impressed the hearer. Joe used to teach singing, and during the first year of his imprisonment he made the walls of the old jail resound with the music of his voice. He showed a great partiality for sacred music, and persons passing by the jail without knowing the character of the building might have thought that a well conducted prayer meeting was being held inside every evening in the week. For the last year he has not sung a note.

Joe was always popular with the inmates of the jail, who seemed to recognize him as a superior man. All appeared to have been subject to his will and were ever ready to assist him to escape.

Although a little under size, Joe Nicely was an athlete and at the time of his arrest possessed remarkable strength. On one occasion, when told that his father had been arrested for complicity in the murder of Umberger, he began to cry. Suddenly drying his tears, he exclaimed, "Jesse James once said the law can drive men to commit crime," and grabbing the bars of his cell door, he shook them until the old building rocked. He was fond of boasting of his feats of strength, and, in conjunction with other inmates of the old jail, had a sand-bag suspended from the ceiling and daily exercised his muscles.

Notwithstanding Joe's repeated assertions that he had never been in Somerset county but once, he admitted shortly after he was brought here and confronted with a gentleman acquainted with the fact that he had visited Somerset in the seventies for the purpose of playing poker, and had left a large sum of money with local "sports."

Joseph has had a very checkered career, and his versatile attainments have led him to commit all manner of crimes. He was imprisoned in Ohio for impersonating a U. S. detective, and it is said he was wanted in that State to answer for burning barns of well-to-do farmers. He was generally feared by the inhabitants of the Ligonier valley, where he lived, and was regarded as a bad man. Nearly every theft that was committed among the good farmers of that region was laid at the door of the Nicely boys. No matter whether it was the robbing of a chicken coop or the more serious crime of relieving a lonely widow of her money, the brothers were suspected. A feeling of relief was enjoyed by their neighbors when they were arrested for the murder of farmer Umberger, and since then all the residents of the Ligonier valley have felt more secure. They have been compelled to employ new butchers, bar tenders, choir masters, and jacks-of-all-trades over there.

Recently, when speaking of the attempts made by his brother and himself to escape, Joe said: "We are not guilty, and we know our innocence will be proven in time. We hoped to get away from this part of the country and live in seclusion until the truth of the Umberger murder came out, the actual criminals discovered and our reputation cleared. Then we would come back again.

"I was not near the Umberger farm on the day of the murder. I was at my home, 15 miles away, and that was proven at the trial. I was never in Somerset county but once, and I did not know Umberger nor anyone else around Jennertown.

"I always had money. I owned a little farm and worked for my father and the neighbors. I used to do all the butchering for the neighbors. I never was without a few dollars, and owed no one. I was happy and contented and coveted no one's wealth.

"Yes, indeed, I have a good wife. My eldest boy is teaching school this winter three miles away from home; but he walks to and from school every day that he may be at home at night to comfort his mother. He is smart and good."

For the last three months Joe has shown signs of weakening. He had grown thin and paid very little attention to his personal appearance. The injuries he sustained early in December, when the attempt of himself and brother to escape from the new jail failed so disastrously, were a constant source of trouble to him. In fact, he had not entirely recovered the use of his injured foot. He evidently had not despaired of making his escape, however, from the fact that thirteen saws were found by Sheriff Good in the cells of the doomed boys only three weeks ago.

Dave Nicely has proved a conundrum that not even his friends or counsel have been able to solve. He always lived near the old homestead in the Ligonier valley, and appears to have worked at nearly everything. He was suspected by his neighbors of having committed many petty thefts, and it is stated that on one occasion he was imprisoned in a neighbor's hen coop over night; the neighbor's wife having seen him steal his way into the coop barred the door, and refused to release him until the following morning.

Since he has been confined in the Somerset county jail Dave has kept his tongue well bridled and rarely ever talked without consulting his brother. He appeared to have been entirely under the influence of Joe and depended upon him to do the talking.

The watchmen at the jail felt satisfied that he would make a confession after deputy sheriff McMillen was shot, and when he proposed to make a confession none of them were surprised. But when he destroyed the written propositions he had made they were convinced that Joe had learned of his intention to confess and persuaded him to abandon it. Dave talked very well when he talked at all, and has won the esteem of all the jail officials. He always enjoyed a joke with them and occasionally repeated a story. One story that he was fond of repeating was told him by "Rev." Amos Sell, at the time that unworthy shepherd was an inmate of the jail. His "Riverence" vouched for the truth of the narrative, which was as follows: "I knew an old farmer who lived in the county of ——, O. He was very profane, and one bright morning in June was engaged in hoeing corn. The corn was not very promising, and the old farmer was very much discouraged. Halting near the middle of a row he raised his hoe to heaven and cursed the Almighty for not causing the stalks to flourish as his neighbor's. His blasphemy was interrupted by an invisible hand, and the venerable tiller of the soil was paralyzed on the spot. He is still to be seen standing there in the uncultivated, field holding his hoe aloft, and no power has been able to remove him. I have seen him very frequently in passing, and he will remain there until the end of time."

Dave would laugh immoderately after repeating this story, and say, "I don't believe it, although "reverend" Sell declared it was true.

David Nicely has suffered all his life from heart disease. His left side is bulged out at least two inches, and the beating of his heart is noticeable above his clothing. He was very thin and tall and walked as erect as a Sioux chief. His eyes always had a far-away expression, while his face was furrowed with lines of disease.

"A mistake has been made in convicting us of this crime," he said to a newspaper representative a few days ago, "and we were determined not to suffer if we could help it." This remark was made in explanation of the attempts made to escape. "I proved I was at home all the day of the murder, and if I had not been my physical condition should have been sufficient to prove that I did not climb the Laurel Hill mountain twice in one day. I was never in Somerset county but once in my life, and that was several years before the murder, when I helped to bring a traction engine across the mountain. I never saw Herman Umberger; did not know him, or any one else in Somerset county; I did not need his money, and I didn't kill him; I shall not commit suicide, because people would say that it was a confession of guilt; if I must be hanged I will walk upon the scaffold like a man and declare there, as I do now, that I am innocent of the Umberger murder."

It has never been believed that Dave Nicely fired a shot on the night of the Umberger murder, and that he was only dragged into it through his brother. A great deal of sympathy has been felt for him by the public, who have always believed Joe to have been the murderer.

Both of the brothers were very hopeful that the justice would return the case for conspiracy brought by their mother and Joe's wife against Constable Rauch and Detective Camp, and that Governor Pattison would be compelled to grant them a respite until the suit was disposed of. That the justice would dismiss the case never entered their minds, and the news that he had done so was a terrible shock to both.

Their Ages.

JOE AND DAVE TALK OF THEIR BIRTH AND THEIR DEATH.

From the HERALD "Extra," April 2.

"How old are you, Joe?" asked one of his friends this morning, after the trip of inspection.

"I was born on the 17th of February, 1849, and am just a little over 42 years of age," replied Joe. "Not an old man yet," said he, as a suspicion of a smile brightened up his face.

"And you, Dave?"

"I was born on the 1st day of January, 1864, and am just 27 years and three months of age." His lip trembled as the memory of a youth all too short, and the improbability of a future struck him harder, perhaps, in that moment than at any time of his life, and perhaps the feeling of regret was more poignant than ever before.

Nothing more was said, and no one again attempted to intrude upon the privacy of thier thoughts.

Summary of Sentiment.

GENERALS COFFROTH AND KOONTZ TELL THE STORY OF THEIR DEFENSE OF THE NICELYS.

From the HERALD "Extra," April 2.

General A. H. Coffroth, senior counsel for the Nicely boys, tells the story of his connection with the case in a most interesting and thrilling manner. "I was called upon by A. A. Nicely, father of Joe and Dave, shortly after their arrest and asked by him to undertake their defense. He also told me that he wished to employ another attorney and asked me to name a man in whom I had confidence and I suggested Gen. W. H. Koontz, and after a consultation with that gentleman he consented to co-operate with me in the conduct of the case. We began the defense, and its successive steps are matters of history.

"Do I believe them guilty? No, sir, I do not, and from anything either has told me, or anything I have learned here, I have grounds for such a belief. They solemnly affirmed their innocence to me on the occasion of our first meeting, and have reiterated it from time to time under circumstances that lead me to think they are innocent men. Dave Nicely, in particular, has persistently denied complicity in or knowledge of the crime of killing Herman Umberger. Joe, in his same moments, was equally positive in his assertions. Let me illustrate. This morning I was in the jail 15 minutes before Dave Nicely was immersed, and calling his attention to the proposed rite, its sanctity, its meaning as a preparation for the awful ordeal through which he is to pass, I said solemnly to Dave, 'David, are you a guilty man?' He drew himself up, and looking at me steadily, he said, 'I am an innocent man.' A few minutes afterwards the minister of God came in and Dave was immersed and professed his faith in the merits of Christianity. Is this the appearance of guilt? I can cite a still stronger example, and, to my mind, the dramatic scene of my lifetime and professional experience. One day, after the Supreme Court had cut off all hope in that direction, and after the desperate effort they made at liberating themselves, in which they shot Deputy Sheriff McMillen, old man Nicely came to me and asked me to go with him to see the boys. The Sheriff had placed a guard on the jail, and, assuming the responsibility for everything the guard was expected to cover, I sent it down stairs and left the old man alone with his son, I passing into the corridor meanwhile and keeping out of ear shot of the confidences of the father and son when enterchanging. Finally I walked up to the cell, and the two arose together. The old man turned around and faced Dave, regarding him with all the love that desperation and the knowledge of an imminent separation can crowd into a father's face and eyes, and bursting into tears said, 'Oh Dave, my son, my youngest son, my last born son, you see into what trouble this affair has brought us all, you in the shadow of death and I and your mother in the very depths of despair over your condition and that of your brother. You have whitened our heads prematurely and are hastening us toward the graves which are already too near. Oh son, my son, my son, if you are guilty tell me now, confess and let me know all.' The father's feelings overcame him here, and turning his eyes imploringly on his son besought him to unbosom himself. David's tears were mingling with those of his father, but drawing himself up he steadied his body and his voice and solemnly and distinctly declared his innocence. "I believe you, my son, I believe you, and I'll do all in my power to help you establish your innocence." The father and son fell into each other's arms and there was as sad a scene as I have ever witnessed. I might multiply instances of this nature, but these will go to show the trend of things and at the same time give the basis of my belief in their innocence.

"Another factor in this fabric of innocence. I asked Dave and Joe one day, after the Supreme Court had affirmed the finding of the Somerset county court in their case, "Gentlemen, if you can arrange to furnish the means this case can be carried up to the Board of Pardons. I think at least a commutation of sentence may be arranged for, and perhaps an absolute pardon.

"How much will it take?" asked both of them. "Well, four or five, or six thousand dollars," said I, trying to draw them out in regard to the Umberger money, which it was said they had taken on the night of the murder of old man Umberger. I watched them narrowly for a few minutes, and Joe said, "there is a man in the neighborhood who, I think, will advance me a thousand dollars if father will back the note for me. That is all I can raise."

"I think Mr. Rodebaugh, of Suter, will let me have a thousand dollars to aid me in a case like this," said Dave.

"Boys," said I, "where is the Umberber money? It is claimed that thousands were lost that night. I do not care what you have done with it or where you have put it. Let some man come to me, I do not care to know his name, and say he wants to put money into this case to save your lives and I will ask no questions about the source of the money or try to discover the identity of the man." I was still trying to see if I had been mistaken in my estimate of their innocence. They never quivered, never moved a facial muscle or manifested the least sign of guilt or confusion. Both said they had not a penny, and had never touched or seen a cent of old Umberger's money. This convinced me more than ever of their innocence and has kept me stable in this belief."

General W. H. Koontz, who has been associated with General Coffroth in the defense of the Nicelys, said last night: "An attorney's duty to his client in a capital case ends when the drop falls and not before. I began the defense of Joe and Dave as conscientiously as I ever did anything in my life and have made as honest an effort in their behalf as it was in my power to do as did, also, General Coffroth. I think the uncertain character of the testimony of the Commonwealth, contradicted as it was in almost every particular, was too vague in itself to take away the lives of two people. I think also that there was in the case of Joe Nicely a clear proof of alibi where at least ten witnesses and three books were introduced and uncontradicted in his behalf, and in the instance of Dave the proof of alibi was nearly as good.

In every appeal to these brothers on the part of General Coffroth and myself to declare themselves, they solemnly and emphatically denied any complicity in the murder of old man Umberger. After their first conviction, in the appeal to the Supreme Court, in our efforts before the Pardon Board, they separately and together affirmed and declared their innocence. I asked them, Gen. Coffroth asked them, and in all forms and conditions have we tried to get from them a statement of their guilt, if they were guilty, and our every attempt was met by the same denial, and to-night I can say, as one of their counsel, that there is, and has been, nothing in their conduct to make me believe to the contrary."

THE HAUNTED FARM.

VALUABLE REAL ESTATE DEPRECIATED BY A GHOST.

From the HERALD "Extra," April 2.

The Umberger homestead has passed into the hands of strangers. After the tragedy, Mrs. Umberger and her grandchildren went to live with her son-in-law, Reuben Horner, two or three miles away. Ella Stern, the other witness to the murder, hired out to another family several miles from Jennertown.

For a time the farm was rented to a man named Humbert, who came from Berlin. He did not stay long, and when he went away he said the house was haunted. The story as told by the neighbors as they sit around the fireside in the long winter evenings, is that when the dusk begins to fall, and familiar objects become indistinct and assume fantastic forms, the old alarm bell on the roof will toll dismally two or three times. Then three shadowy forms are seen to issue from the back door leading out of the kitchen where Farmer Umberger fell dead at his wife's feet two years ago. First come two men, one tall and one short, both with their faces concealed. In hot pursuit follows the gaunt form of old Farmer Umberger, with the pallor of death upon his face and blood flowing from his breast.

PHANTOMS PURSUED BY A PHANTOM.

On press the two men in advance, and closely follows the ghost of the old farmer. On they glide—through dewy grass without bending a blade, over soft-plowed land without leaving a track, melting through fences like a mist. Over the fields and down the hollow flee pursued and pursuer, until they are finally lost in the wood where the murderers rested before they attacked their victim.

The story of the ghost depreciated the value of the farm. It contains 135 acres of the best land in Somerset county, with large and substantial farm buildings. The homestead is comfortable, but old, and not of great value. Finally the administrators of the estate found a man named Schafer who was willing to buy the farm, apparition and all, at a reasonable figure. He believed that it was easier to lift a ghost than a mortgage. He got the place for $4,000 cash.

When the farm was visited by the writer Mrs. Schaefer was exercising evil spirits by hard work, and had succeeded in putting a polish on the stove which was bound, by its brightness, to put to flight a legion of ghosts.

ONLY A MEMORY OF THE TRAGEDY REMAINS.

Few signs of the tragedy linger around the house now. There are still a couple of bullet holes in the wall, showing that the assassin twice missed his victim, but the stains of blood have been effaced, and the old bell, with its rope coming through the ceiling into the kitchen, has been removed. The work of plowing, sowing and reaping goes on just the same as ever through the varying seasons, for nature never changes her habits though a thousand men be killed.

The property will not long be known as the Umberger farm, but will soon take the name of its new owner, and the ghost of Farmer Umberger will be but a shadowy memory, brought up occasionally by the matrons of Jennertown to keep their children indoors o'nights.

This fanciful tale is taken from the Pittsburgh *Dispatch* which recently published "The Narrative of a Crime" from the defendants, point of view. "The Haunted Farm" yarn contains a few threads of truth.

La Grippe Again.

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm this statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the disease left no bad results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any Throat, Chest or Lung Trouble. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1.00.

Mrs. Mina Rishel is visiting at the home of her father, Mr. Rudolph Ferner.

Grass Seeds.

Our farmer friends and county dealers will be interested in the fact, that, we now have in stock a large supply of choice recleaned western clover, both medium and mammoth and timothy seeds, which will be sold, retail and wholesale, at fairly moderate prices, quality of goods considered. Quotations and samples sent out by mail on application. A test of our grass seeds, with the use of a magnifying glass, we think, will insure sales on their merits. Call at our store or mail us your orders.

Respectfully,
COOK & BEERITS.

A petition is being circulated for signers to be presented to the court this week asking that a rehearing be granted to the applicants for liquor dealer's licenses in this borough.

Happy Hoosier.

Wm. Timmons, Postmaster of Idaville, Ind., writes: "Electric Bitters has done more for me than all other medicines combined, for that bad feeling arising from Kidney and Liver trouble." John Leslie, farmer and stockman, of same place, says: "Find Electric Bitters to be the best Kidney and Liver medicine, made me feel like a new man." J. W. Gardner, hardware merchant, same town says: Electric Bitters is just the thing for a man who is all run down and don't care whether he lives or dies; he found new strength, good appetite and felt just like he had a new lease on life. Only 50c, a bottle, at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store.

Capt. B. F. Long died at the residence of his daughter, Mrs. B. F. Brant, in Allegheny City, last Friday. He was in his 62nd year. Mr. Long was Captain of Co. G., 54th Reg't., Penn'a. Volunteers, and served as a member of the State Lagislature, representing Somerset county.

Potatoes for Sale.

Car load choice Dakota Red's, in stock, good for table use or seed. Potatoes are scarce and high in price, which is no fault of ours. Come and see them, or mail us your orders which will be filled at current price.

Respectfully,
COOK & BEERITS.

The Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the organization of the G. A. R. was celebrated by the comrades of R. P. Cummins Post on Monday evening, in their lodge room. Every G. A. R. Post in the United States met at 8:30 o'clock the same evening. A delightful feature of the meeting of Somerset's soldier boys was that the wives of the comrades surprised them with a banquet shortly after 9 o'clock. It was entirely unexpected, but it is safe to say that no meal during the late unpleasantness was more fully appreciated by the soldier boys.

Capt. Thomas H. Lapsly died at his home in Braddock Saturday last. Capt. Lapsly served through the entire civil war as Captain of Company D, Fifty-fourth Regiment, P. V. I. He was the first Captain who offered the services of his company to Governor Curtin, and was ordered into service April 15, 1861. He immediately marched to Camp Curtin, and was the first to enter that famous camp. His company carried the first flag issued in the State, and it is still preserved by his son, W. L. Lapsly, of the Edgar Thomson Steel Works.

I suffered from acute inflammation in my nose and head—for a week at a time I could not see. I used Ely's Cream Balm and in a few days I was cured. It is wonderful how quick it helped me.—Mrs. Georgie S. Judson, Hartford, Conn.

Mr. John Slager was found dead in his bed at the home of his sister, Mrs. Henry Picking, in this place, at an early hour Sunday morning. He had been suffering from an attack of la grippe for two or three days prior to his death, but had refused to have a physician called in, saying that it was only a slight cold and he would be all right again in a few days. His death was a terrible shock to his friends. Mr. Slager was a printer and for a number of years worked at his trade in Philadelphia and New York. He returned to native Somerset about ten years ago and since then has devoted his time to cultivating his own and sister's ten acre patch of ground just east of town. He was in his 60th year.

Stand Your Ground.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaprilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

Landlord Vaneer entertained the following named gentlemen: H. L. Baer, Esq., Dr A. J. Endsley, of the Johnstown *Democrat*, John H. Uhl, Esq., J. A. Lambert, of the *Standard*, Wm. H. Koontz, Esq., F. W. Riesecker, Esq., Geo. Tayman, A. C. Holbert, Esq., and Robt. S. Scull, of the HERALD, at dinner at his new Park Hotel, Saturday. The repast we were assured was only a sample of the regular hotel dinner Mr. Vaneer proposes to furnish the guests of his house. It consisted of oyster soup, roast chicken, roast beef, and roast veal, Irish and sweet potatoes, string beans, sweet corn, relishes, cream pie, ice cream, different kinds of cake, coffe, cheese.

The table was set with beautiful ware, the silver all bearing the inscription "Park Hotel."

The new hotel is centrally located, surrounded by beautiful grounds, contains 17 bed chambers, office, sample rooms and parlor. It is furnished throughout with new brussels carpets and antique oak furniture. Bright, cheerful papers adorn the walls and, all in all, the house is a credit to the town and one of which our people are justly proud.

"Every Spring,"

Says one of the best housewives in New England, "We feel the necessity of taking a good medicine to purify the blood, and we all take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the children free from humors, my husbands says it gives him a good appetite, and for myself I am sure I could never do all my work if it was not for this splendid medicine. It makes me feel strong and cheerful, and I am never troubled with headace or that tired feeling as I used to be."

The Opera House was crowded Tuesday night on the occasion of the Franklin and Marshall Glee Club's first appearance in Somerset, and the enthusiasm created by the boys—who, by the way, only claim to be amateurs—has never been equaled by a Somerset audience, usually undemonstrative. Every number on the long program was well received, and was greeted with hearty and generous applause. The performers cheerfully responded to nearly every *encore*, and, although basso Keller, whose humorous solo, "Accents," received the plaudits of the entire assemblage, looked just a trifle displeased, he finally consented to render a "Drinking Song" that proved the climax of the entertainment. Mr Keller possesses a voice of wonderful compass, flexibility and sweetness, and if he had only condescended to smile on the audience he had thrown into an ecstacy of delight he would doubtless have been greeted with exclamations of "bravo!" as well as the tumultuous clapping of hands. Three other features of the entertainment deserving special mention were Mr. Irvine's inimitable "bugle song"; Mr. Kirshner's tenor solo, "Image of the Rose," and Mr. Reed's violin solo. The choruses, medleys and glees were all well rendered. The voices of the young gentlemen harmonized beautifully. Like Mr. Keller, the HERALD will refrain from putting any accent on the performance of the Mandolin Club. However, the Franklin and Marshall boys will be welcomed by our people at all times.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

If you feel depressed, your appetite is poor and are troubled with dizziness of the head, biliousness or dyspepsia, Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator will cure you. Trial size bottles free.

A well known physician in New York advises all his patients that suffer with coughs and colds to use Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 and 50 cents.

Trial bottles free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

There is much talk of a confession just now and we have to confess that we never had a brighter, fuller or more stylish stock of millinery than is on our counters just now. To all this add the fact that it is very cheap.

M. M. TREDWELL & Co.

Elder C. W. Granger.

From the HERALD "Extra," April 2.

Rev. C. W. Granger for weeks has been unwearied in his attendance upon Dave Nicely, and to his ministrations Dave said he was indebted for the grace he felt at the last moment. He has, at the expense of his health and that of his wife, spent nearly all of the last ten days with Dave, and has done much to alleviate his sufferings. Sheriff Good and his wife also did all in their power for the boys and were extremely kind at all times. The parting was an extremely affecting one, just after noon to-day.

You can buy the HERALD at C. H. Fisher's Book Store.

Life's Mistakes.

Somebody has condensed the mistakes of life, and arrived at the conclusion that there are fourteen of them. The greatest of all mistakes is all allow a simple Cough or Cold to take its course, which always ends in death; check it in time, and save live by use of Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure. Price 25 cents.

Trial bottles free at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Peter C. Meyers, a well-known and prominent resident of Summit township, died Monday night. He was past seventy years of age, and had been identified with the prosperity of Meyersdale ever since that place became a town.

New York millinery, very latest, cheap and stylish.

M. M. TREDWELL & Co.

Metal shingles are here.

Wall paper at Geo. W. Benford's.

Musical instruments at Snyder's drug store.

For Rent—A good farm. Apply to Val Hay.

Buy your corn, oats and ground feed from Mahlon Schrock.

New Mackerel and Lake Herring now in stock, at Mahlon Schrock's.

200 pieces of sheet music, only 7½ cents a sheet at Fisher's Book Store.

For choice family groceries, provisions, flour and feed go to Mahlon Schrock.

Solid comfort rockers (big enough for two), at Devlin's next to Mansion House.

The excitement of last week over, people will settle down to business. Ladies will have time to call at M. M. Tredwell & Co.'s and look at the spring beauties in the shape of Hats and Bonnets. The assortment is now complete. The styles are lovely, and the trimmings worthy of the shapes.

M. M. TREDWELL & Co.

For a good stove, and warranted, go to J. B. Holderbaum's Hardware Store, Somerset, Pa.

Cradles, single and double, all sizes, color and shapes. Yes, Devlin's for them, 215 Broad st., Johnstown.

You can buy the Nicely–Umberger ballads at Fisher's Book Store, Somerset. 10 cents each. Mail orders filled.

Although the season here is rather late for the Easter Hat to bloom, the time has now come when ladies must have something new. Our counters and windows are full of Hats for ladies, misses and children. Latest shapes and styles from New York. The trimmings are beautiful, and worthy of the hats.

M. M. TREDWELL & Co.

If you think of papering a room, hall or ceiling this spring you should go to Geo. W. Benford's for you paper. He won't try to work off patterns five or six years old on you, as he has none but new styles.

Besides Millinery, our stock of Notions, Trimmings, Laces, Hosiery, Handkerchiefs, Corsets, &c., is full and fresh.

M. M. TREDWELL & Co.

Gospel Hymns and Hymn Books.

Gospel Hymns, all styles, bindings, and prices by single copy or dozens or hundred, for sale at Fisher's Book Store. Disciple, Evangelical and Lutheran Hymnals, and Sunday-school and reward cards and tickets at Fisher's Book Store.

Spring Opening of Millinery.

At the new store April 17th and 18th, Friday and Saturday. Trimmed and untrimmed hats, an unusually fine display of flowers and all kinds of trimmings. I also have in stock a full line of Jewelry, Notions, etc.

I have purchased from Mrs. M. E. Schrock her full line of millinery and furnishing goods and secured her trimmers. The latest and most approved styles will be furnished. Call and examine my stock.

MRS. K. B. COFFROTH.

Oats for Seed.

We have in stock several car loads choice western No. 2 white oats, which may be of interest to farmers in need of seed. Price 70cts. per bushel. Call and see the grain, or send us your orders by mail.

Respectfully,
COOK & BEERITS.

Summer Normal and School of Methods.

A Summer Normal and School of Methods will be held at Somerset commencing about the 20th of July and continue in session for eight or nine weeks. Prof. J. C. Kendall, who for twelve years has been principal of the Homestead schools, and deputy examiner of Allegheny county, Pa., for six years, has been engaged as an associate principal, and will give the students the benefit of his long and successful experience in school work, which covers a period of twenty-five years. County Superintendent Berkey has consented to give one week of his time in the instruction of Methods and Practical School Work. Other announcements concerning the Normal will be made later through the press and by circulars. For further information call on or address

E. E. PHILLIPS, Somerset, Pa.

Send 6 cents to Chas. H. Fisher, Somerset, Pa., for a copy of this paper.

Farmers Take Notice.

On account of being over-stocked (having fifteen cows and heifers in calf), I will sell a draft of six or eight thoroughbred Registered Short Horn heifers. All from good families, at way down prices. Call on or address

A. G. KIMMEL,
Berlin, Pa.

P. S.—These heifers are in calf to my Pure Rose of Sharon Bull, Airdue Brook, No. 78,601 A. H. B.

Notice.

My term of office as Sheriff having expired, all persons indebted to me for fees will please settle at once. I will leave Somerset April 1, and will then place my books in the hands of the proper persons for collection.

R. S. MCMILLEN.

Read Mrs. A. E. Uhl's advertisement in another column. It will be of some advantage to you.

Millinery! Millinery