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The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JUNE 10, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 2081.

Drs. BILLS & COOPER, DENTISTS.

J. W. CARUTHERS, M. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

D. R. P. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

D. R. H. S. KIMMEL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

D. R. J. M. LOUTHER, (Formerly of Steubenville).

D. R. J. S. MILLER, (Formerly of Steubenville).

D. R. W. COLLINS, DENTIST.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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J. A. BEEKY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

HARVEY M. BEEKY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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NEW HOTEL AT CUMBERLAND

"THE AMERICAN HOUSE,"

STILL IN BUSINESS!

Wetley's Photograph Gallery

PICTURE BUSINESS,

W. H. WELLEY.

It is to Your Interest

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

OF JOHN N. SNYDER,

BIESECKER & SNYDER,

None but the purest and best kept in stock...

PRESCRIPTIONS AND FAMILY RECEIPTS filled with care.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES in great variety.

JOHN N. SNYDER.

Oils! Oils!

Illuminating & Lubricating Oils

Naphtha and Gasoline.

PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM.

Satisfactory Oils

American Market.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Somerset, Penn'a.

SPRING DRESS GOODS.

MOST COMPLETE

John Stenger,

227 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

Princeton University Entrance Examination.

Thursday, June 11, 1891.

PUBLIC SALE

REAL ESTATE!

SAVED AT PUBLIC AUCTION, on the premises, on SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

TERMS MADE KNOWN ON DAY OF SALE.

EWING & GWYNNE,

WHOLESALE COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

TRESPASS NOTICE.

Administrators Notice.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION on the above estate have been granted to the undersigned...

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Administrators Notice.

A LOVER'S JOY.

Only a simple truth Told with a loving smile:

And at his side.

Only an answer sweet.

Whispered with downcast eyes:

"You love me true, As I love you."

As my blissful rise.

Now she is mine—all mine.

For love impels me; And to trusting hearts,

Faith that no tongue can tell.

Now winds, blow high or low.

It matters not, we say;

For tender spring Will surely bring

Our happy wedding day.

Only a twain man and wife.

And a bridegroom glad.

And at his side.

A blushing bride.

In bridal garments clad.

THE HISTORY OF ONE OLD MAID.

There were two twin sisters, pretty and petite, as twins often are,

and they grew to be women without losing their beauty.

They were named Dora and Cora, and at times you could scarcely tell them apart.

They were very much admired, and at the age of 20 Dora had an offer.

She was visiting an aunt at the time, and there were those who believed that this was the reason why the offer was made.

Because when the sisters were together no man knew which he had fallen in love with.

She was young, Dora being only nineteen,

and she was the only woman in the world to him.

With American independence she accepted him, and after a few days she received the sanction of her parents' approval.

Her sister was delighted with her choice, and all seemed well.

The engagement was quite open and much spoken of; the marriage was to be at the end of the year, and Dora was delighted to see how "fine" Cora appeared to be of her brother-in-law.

He was so handsome and so kind, and she had never been so happy in her life.

He had received an appointment as consul to a small German state, and there would be a party for friends for the bride to undergo.

But to him it was all happiness, and what newly-made husband does not prefer to have his young wife to himself for awhile, however charming and agreeable her relatives may be.

Handsome, fond of each other, rejoicing in the approval of all who had a right to make remark, how could they dream of a coming shadow?

Yet the cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," was already in the sky.

Cora grew pale. Cora languished. Cora wept. From sweet she turned to bitter.

All her love for Dora seemed to have vanished. She reproached her wildly without cause. She thrust her hand away when it touched her.

No one guessed the truth until it suddenly flashed on Dora.

Cora had fallen in love with Elwyn Chester. The sisters had a long and miserable talk. Cora believed that Chester had tried to win her heart. Dora knew that this was untrue; but what could she say? Her sister was in agonies of mingled remorse and rage—her twin sister, whom she adored.

"I shall think of you in my arms until I kill myself," sobbed Cora. "Every kiss he gives me goes to my heart like a knife. He will sit before me knowing what I feel, and hold my hand and look into my eyes to torment me. I worship the ground he treads on; I love him twice as much as you do, and he knows it, and triumphs in my misery."

"He does not know it; he never dreamt of his own thoughts," cried Dora. "O Cora, what misery, what misery! I and I was so happy, so blindingly happy."

"You will be happy yet," said Cora, with more remembrance of her sister's feelings than she had ever yet exhibited.

"Yes, Dora, you will be far away, beloved, cared, his comrade in all things. You need not think of me. I should have kept my secret to myself if you had not told me."

"I told you I do not remember it. I shall die very soon, and suffer no more."

"The decease you have?" exclaimed Mr. Drew, angrily. "Well, you are a fine lawyer to look after the interests of your clients. I wouldn't give a dollar for such lawyers as you."

"You don't seem to understand, Mr. Drew," explained the lawyer. "We have won the suit, and you are \$35,000 ahead, to say nothing of the cost."

"Thunder and lightning, man!" fumed the brusque Daniel. "What do I care about the \$35,000? I wanted to get on the witness stand and tell what I thought of them fellows!"

"I have no choice but to tell you that we must part. The cause is no longer in my affection for you, but it is one from which there is no appeal. We must not meet again."

The wretched lover thought himself gone when he read this note. He could not believe his senses. He hurried to the home where he had been so happy.

Dora's mother received him; she was as bewildered as he himself. She knew no reason for her daughter's conduct, but the twin had locked themselves into one room, where they sat with their arms about each other, weeping violently.

No answer was given to any question, and all efforts to save Dora were in vain. At last the time arrived when Chester must set sail. He had thought so much of this happy voyage, with his bride by his side, he took it alone, a miserable, broken-hearted man, to whom the world looked black.

From his new home he wrote many times to Dora, but received no answer. It was not until news came that he had married a young German lady that Dora told her mother the truth.

Meanwhile Cora had recovered her good spirits and looked fresh and blooming, while Dora grew paler, thinner, and lost her temper altogether. She looked five years older than her sister,

Bill Kinny's Arrest.

Bill Kinny, of Dry Fork, killed a prominent man of the community, and the authorities after some little meditation, decided that he ought to be arrested.

But Bill objected, and when three deputy sheriffs called on him he laid a Winchester rifle across one corner of his homestead, killed one of the deputies and so painfully wounded the other two that they strolled back to the Shady Grove Court-house.

Several days later, while Bill was sitting in front of his door, Mark Townsend, the Sheriff in chief, walked up to the fence and lazily placed his arms on the top rail. Bill reached back and took up his rifle.

"Good mornin', Bill,"

"Hi, Mark."

"Had a good bit of frost last night?"

"Yes, rather. Which way you travel, Mark?"

"Oh, no way in particular. 'Lowed you more to be honest, an' I thought I'd talk over an' talk with you awhile. Don't make no difference how lively a fellow is he's apt to get lonesome once in a while, specially this time of the year."

"I reckon that's true," Bill replied. "Some fellers come out here the other day, and one of them got so lonesome that he jest actually had to lay down."

"So I heard," said the Sheriff. "By the way," he added, "them fellers that you speak about wanted you to go to Shady Grove with them, didn't they?"

"Yes, they loved that a judge down there wanted to make my acquaintance."

"No, no, no," exclaimed the Sheriff. "You'd jest be a mighty big man, an' I'd think you'd like to meet him, Bill."

"I would, but you see I ain't in society this year."

"Sister retired, air?"

"No, she's at the fair, footin' a little too good for the bright footness an' yaller trimmin' of this here life."

"Yes, that must be," the Sheriff replied. "A feller does withdraw mightily as he gets along in age; but say, the judge is a friend of mine an' I want you to meet him."

"No, I'm obliged to you. I never hankered after these here fellers that pride themselves on their book learnin'."

"I don't exactly crave them," the Sheriff rejoined, "sailing" his tobacco about in his mouth, "but still I think we ought to meet them one in awhile. But say, Bill, there's a man down at Shady Grove that I do want you to meet."

"Who is he?"

"Sam Powers."

"He's the jaller, ain't he?"

"Yes, an' the best one you ever seen."

"So they say," Bill replied, frowning his rifle. "In fact, them fellers that are the other day wanted me to meet him."

"I'll tell you. What can you expect from a landlubber who raises the red rooster on every flat in the building?"

"Of course you tell me so; of course. You tell me everything you know, and more, too. Perhaps you can tell me if he's retired any of his flatters?"

"I can."

"Then why don't you?"

"He'll be brought in one man, though, to look at the flat below us, and nearly caught him."

"Rent too high, I s'pose."

"He said it wasn't."

"What then?"

"He found out you lived alone and said he knew you," said Mrs. Nagger, dejectedly, thus scoring one on her lord and master.

"He'll not get a tenant this year," said Mr. Nagger, ignoring his wife's delicate compliment.

"How do you know?" said Mrs. Nagger, trying not to laugh.

"Because," said Mr. Nagger, taking a long roll from his pocket. "I've brought you a dozen new songs."—Chicago Tribune.

An Angry Client.

A lawyer of some eminence in this city while enjoying a social hour with some friends the other night, narrated an incident of his practice in which Daniel Drew then a "king of Wall street," figured.

Mr. Drew had been sued by persons who had been let out of the small case to-day with strong consideration an' smooth gentlemen you must accept the jaller's invitation to come an' spend a while with him."

"No, I'm obliged to you. I don't care to go to-day. I've got to over the ridge an' whip a fellow to-morrow, an' if I don't do it I'm afeared he must be disappointed. Well, now, Mark," he added, "if you ain't got no further business with me I reckon you'd better be shovin' along."

"But I have got some further business with you, Bill. I want you to go with me an' see the jaller."

"Wall I ain't goin'."

"I loved you would, Bill."

"Take yo' arms off that fence or I'll drop you right where you stand."

"So I heard," said the Sheriff. "Say, I come over to take you to jail."

"You don't say?"

"Yes, an' I want you to go with me."

"How many men did you bring with you?"

"None at all, but yo' air goin'."

"Shobber: after all these here cartridges is shot off."

"Now I thought you would go with me without having to waste any of the cartridges. You know the price of brass an' powder here 's mighty of late."

"Oh, now here, Mark, I don't mind no' fer expenses. I don't mind no' shootin' a few balls into a fellow that wants to put me in jail and afterwards hang me."

"I'm glad you ain't stingy, Bill. Some of the boys over at the store said that you was mighty economical, but I'm glad to see you ain't. It herts a man mighty to see you, to have it norted around that he is close."

"I know that, Mark, an' I'm alius tryin' hard to keep that charge from bein' flung agin my reputation."

"I'm pleased to know you think so much of yo' self, but say, I told the boys over at Shady Grove that you would come back with me, an' I wish you would."

"I'd like to accommodate you, Mark, but I don't feel like strollin' to-day."

"S'ry to hear that, for I told the boys that you had you in jail by 12 o'clock to-day."

"I wish you hadn't told them, Mark, an' you oughter done it, for you didn't know how busy I must be."

He Got at the Landlord.

When Mr. Nagger got back from town Mrs. Nagger was practicing a song for the new piano her mother had given her.

"Stop that screeching," he snapped, throwing a folded slip of paper on the table, "and put that rent receipt away with the others."

"Our dearly-loved landlubber wasn't over-agreeable," the Sheriff remarked. "Mr. Nagger, giving the offensive instrument a stinger and descending from the stage at high C."

"Naw," growled Mr. Nagger, "he was not. He said he'd fix that bath room faucet when he got good and ready, and if we wanted screws so bad we could put 'em in ourselves and pay for 'em, too."

His dead stare "cause everybody but me moved out."

"I told you so. What can you expect from a landlubber who raises the red rooster on every flat in the building?"

"Of course you tell me so; of course. You tell me everything you know, and more, too. Perhaps you can tell me if he's retired any of his flatters?"

"I can."

"Then why don't you?"

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"Because," said Mr. Nagger, taking a long roll from his pocket. "I've brought you a dozen new songs."—Chicago Tribune.

Gems From Thackeray.

A good laugh is sunshine in a house.

I would rather have genius than wealth.

A hero, whether he wins or loses, is a hero.

I would rather win with honor than honors.

You get the truth habitually from equals only.

I would rather be a man of genius than a peer of the realm.

A woman without a laugh in her face is the greatest bore in existence.

Countless knights were slain before St. George won the battle. In the battle of life we are all going to try for the honors of championship.

Novels are sweet. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women, a vast number of clever, hard-headed men.

What man's life is not overtaken by one or more of those torments that send us out of the course, and fling us on rocks to shelter as best we may?

General Jackson one but he didn't come.

"So I heard," said the Sheriff, "an' you air not comin' with me?"

"That's what I ain't."

"I'll bet you \$10, Bill, that you do."

"I'll take that bet, but in the meantime I'll drop you right in yo' tracks."

"That's the way I like to hear a man talk, Bill. Say, last night the jaller and his two sons went 'possum huntin'."

"They called up the dogs—and they have got some of the finest hounds you ever saw—and here they came with brightness in their eyes an' deep music in their voices."

"You ought to have heard them go 'onk, onk, onk.' Well, they went out, an' about midnight they came back with two of the biggest and fatest 'possums you ever saw. Well, they dressed them right after an' then an' put them on the house so the frost could fall on them, an' 'em began to bake them along with some sweet potatoes. Then the jaller's son he says, says he, 'Pop, we ain't got no regular wild licker to go with these here 'possums, so the old man, havin' a mighty eye for art, gave a jug to the jaller, an' he said to go up in the mountains. The young feller went but he couldn't find no licker, an' at last he seen a ole feller drinkin' a wagine, an' when he asked the ole feller if he could give him licker he swore that he didn't know nothin' about it, 'but,' says he, 'if you will take that jug up on the hillside an' put a dollar under it I don't know what would happen, but when you come back I don't believe the dollar will be there.' Well, when he went up on the mountain side an' put a dollar under a jug an' went away, but bless yo' life when he came back the dollar was gone but the jug was filled with the best licker that had passed sixteen. An' so, at dinner to-day they are goin' to have them possums an' sweet potatoes an' that old that's got a bead on it like a dewdrop; an' say, that jaller says that you may enjoy the fast."

"Look here, Mark, you ain't tryin' to trifle with my feelin's, air you?"

"No, I'm tellin' the Lord's truth; an' say, that ain't all. The Perdue boys caught a big bear down in the bottoms an' after dinner they air goin' to set the dogs on him in the jail yard right in full view of