

The Somerset Herald. ESTABLISHED 1827. Terms of Publication. Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock. Price 5 cents. In advance, otherwise \$2.00 per annum. Payment in advance. The advertiser will be held responsible for the insertion of his advertisement. The printer will not be held responsible for the insertion of his advertisement. The printer will not be held responsible for the insertion of his advertisement.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827. VOL. XLII. NO. 28. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1893. WHOLE NO. 2213.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SOMERSET, Penn'a.

CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$12,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL ACCOUNTS PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

LAURENCE M. HICKS, W. H. MILLER, JAMES L. PUGH, CHAS. H. FISHER, JOHN R. SCOTT, GEO. R. SCULL, FRED W. BERNECKER.

EDWARD SCULL, : : : : PRESIDENT. VALENTINE HAY, : : : : VICE PRESIDENT. HENRY M. BERKLEY, : : : : CASHIER.

Somerset County National Bank

OF SOMERSET, PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.

CAPITAL, \$50,000.

Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't.

Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.

Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

Wm. Koontz, John H. Snyder, Joseph B. Taylor, John H. Miller, Wm. Koontz, John H. Snyder, Joseph B. Taylor, John H. Miller.

FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST CO.

121 & 123 Fourth Ave., PITTSBURGH, PA.

Capital \$1,000,000.

Undivided Profits \$250,000.

Acts as Executor, Guardian, Assignee and Receiver.

Wills received for and held free of charge.

Business of residents and non-residents carefully attended to.

JOHN B. JACKSON, President. JAMES J. DONNELLY, Vice President. FRANKLIN BROWN, Secretary. JAS. C. CHAPLIN, Treasurer.

B. & B.

Perhaps You've Tried Shopping by Mail.

But have you ever tried shopping by mail in THESE STORES?

There's a vast difference, as you'll agree after you invest in one. Among the Holiday Specials:

15 Cents Each. Lot Ladies All-Pure Linen Fine Embroidered Handkerchiefs. Fifty cents each for 25; 40 cent each for 50.

FOR THE MEN. Fifty Dozen All-Silk Mufflers.

Crean Broaches, Black Broaches, Black and White Plaid, Black and Corolla Plaid, Navy and White Plaid—Mufflers for 50.

Everything in Ladies and Men's Wear.

Silk Mufflers 50 cts. to \$5.00 Each. 100 dozen Men's Hemstitched Initial SILK HANDKERCHIEFS. Extra fine ones, 50 cts each, \$5.00 a dozen; for holiday gifts.

LEATHER GOODS. Sale of 500 Ladies' Pocket Books, genuine Seal, Gold, Green and Morocco leathers, with Sterling Silver Mountings—dollar books—at 50c. Holiday Sale, 50c each. And there'll be a lively sale of some pocket books.

Jewelry Department. About 50 of the newest and most artistic designs STERLING SILVER.

Tea Spoons at 65 Cents Each.

\$2.15. \$1.15. \$1.15.

People's Store, Hood's Cures

Dissolution Sale.

At reasonable prices and in great quantities. Hood's Pills are the best. Hood's Pills are the best. Hood's Pills are the best.

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French Mary The Star.

French Mary, or, as she is known in private life, Mary Leonard, still carrying the little red flag, whose contents, in the darkest days of the civil war, saved the lives of many wounded men, was on Wednesday night entertained by the surviving members of the 114th Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, on the occasion of their annual reunion at Mechanics Hall in Philadelphia.

The famous woman, whose adventures have but recently been discovered, was as cheerful as ever, despite a rebel bullet wound in her ankle and some physical infirmities, which render moving about difficult; she was warmly greeted by comrades after a long absence, and recognized nearly everyone.

She carried the old flag, along with her shoulders by red, white and blue ribbons, in place of the old strap, and it was quite as much of a feature of the evening as in former days. When asked by several if she remembered them she would answer: "Hold your face up to the light; yes, I know you now; so does the flag." Several were also laughingly reminded of old war relics, but offers to pay were generally refused.

When the banquet was finished Mary, after repeated calls and much persuasion, said she was glad to meet all hands again, and hoped a year hence to have them visit her at her home near Pittsburgh. At the close Mary said she would face battles again for the privilege of having her old friends, if such action was necessary.

Mary was born in France in 1834, and followed her first husband to the war. He was killed and she was wounded at the battle of Fredericksburg just 31 years ago on Tuesday. She was under fire in 13 battles, and was known to many thousands of the soldiers. She kept a supply of little banners for the soldiers, such as tobacco, ham, whiskey, on the fly, and many other things not to be mentioned in masses or furnished in packages. She cooked for them, she washed and mended their clothes, she cared for them in hospitals, and was often the housemaid at headquarters.

Not So Bad as It Seemed.

The young man talking to a very pious acquaintance of his.

"Miss Follins told me to-day you were at her home last night," she replied.

"Yes," he replied.

"I presume, of course, you had a very pleasant time; she's such a charming girl."

"Lovely, I never had a better time. You see, there was one playing the piano in the back parlor, and Miss Fannie and I lighted a pipe out into that big dining room they have, and in about a minute I slipped my arm about her waist—"

"Sir!" and Miss Prim almost said so.

"He was as cool as a cucumber."

"I said," he went on, "that I slipped my arm about her waist and she put her soft white hand on my shoulder—"

"I beg your pardon," interrupted Miss Prim, "but I cannot permit this conversation to continue. If Miss Follins thinks no more of herself than to permit such liberties from a gentleman, surely he should think enough of himself not to tell them."

"The young man smirked."

"Of course, of course," he said; "but wait till you hear it all."

"So, sir; so sir," she protested. "I have heard too much of you."

"Why there isn't anything been told yet," he persisted; "I said—"

"I shall not hear it, sir," and in high indignance she rose to depart.

"My dear miss," he said very contritely, "I was only beginning to wait, and everybody was looking at us."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, with a sudden collapse, and the young man laughed.—*David Free Press.*

Postoffice Etiquette.

The following rules laid down by the Postoffice postmaster, appeared in the Kentucky Democrat, of that place, and it would be well for our citizens to more closely observe them:

When you call at the office for your mail, and the postmaster hands it out, ask him if that is all.

If you ask for mail and he tells you there is none, tell him there ought to be, then go home and send the rest of the family around to ask at different times during the day.

Don't bring your mail to the office until the mail closes, then cause the postmaster to open the mail bag and putting your letter in.

When you want a stamp on your letter tell the postmaster to put it on; if he doesn't like it, look him in case you put it on yourself; ask it on your own with long enough to remove the postage; it will then stick until it is dry.

Be sure and ask the postmaster to credit you for a stamp; if he has any accumulation about him he will do it.

If you have a box, stand and drums on it until the postmaster hands out your mail; it makes him mad, especially if he is waiting on somebody else.

I have been on a grand tour from dry catarrh for a great many years, and I tried many remedies, but none did me so much benefit as Ely's Cream Balm. It completely cured me. M. J. Lally, 28 Woodward Avenue, Boston Highlands, Mass.

After using Ely's Cream Balm two months I was surprised to find that the right nostril, which was closed for over twenty years, was open and free as the other, and I use it now as I could not do for many years. I feel very thankful. R. H. Crossingham, 275 15th st., Brooklyn.

A Great Present.

What are you going to give Santa Claus for Christmas? Ask Auntie.

"I guess I'll give him my stocking," answered Mary.

"Why, Santa Claus doesn't care for that," Auntie returned.

"Well," said Mary, "then he can fill it and give it back to me."—*Hesper's Young People.*

Mr. Jackson—Bingle has lost money at everything he's tried lately, and his friends are afraid he'll soon be in a state of chronic insolvency. His hasn't satisfied friends.

Mrs. Jackson—Dear fellow. Why doesn't he marry?

"What good would that do?"

"Why then, you know, he could blame his reverses on his wife's extravagance and take a fresh start, the same as you did."

Old Bramble—"Want to marry my daughter, do you? Let me say, sir, that you are not exactly the sort of a man I should like for a son-in-law."

Young Gentleman—"Well, you are not the sort of a man I should like for a father-in-law; but then you know we needn't be chummy unless we want to."

Old Mother—"And so my little girl joined the Little Defenders to-day, and will always be in the ranks."

Little Girl—"Yes, mommy. Comfort me I met a man who dug a ball of kitten as he was going to 'dore, and he promised to bring them 'dore for us to be kind to."