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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLII. NO 29 | SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 3, 1894. | WHOLE NO. 2214.

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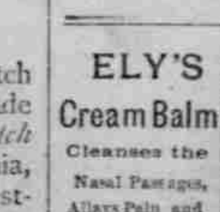

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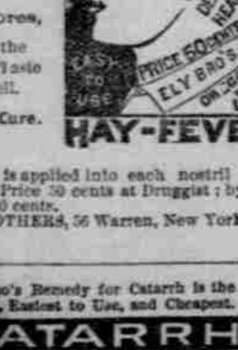

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WINTER.

Old winter has shaken his snowy locks
O'er the lap of mother earth,
And bound with his arm the woodland stream
To the hill that gave it birth.

He stripped of their verdure the grand old trees,
And has robed them all in white;
The merry flowers, as they heard his steps,
In the earth have hid from sight.

The breath of his coming the song birds felt,
And to sunnier lands made haste,
While summer-clad fields grew sere and gray,
And the vales he laid in waste.

The asters and golden-rod passed away
When they saw him coming by;
And dainty bluebells their death knell rung
As they laid them down to die.

But Winter, well-knowing they'll wake again
When the joyous spring draws near,
Has covered them over soft and warm
To await her word of cheer.

Then blustering on in his busy haste,
To unsightly things and poor,
He decks each one with a garb of white,
And the world grows white and pure.

For cleanly and fair the earth must be now,
As withdraws the passing year,
For Winter has said to every heart:
Lo! the Christmas time is here.

A MEAN TRICK.

MADGE ROBERTSON.

He had often tried to propose to her but she was such a very flippant young person that he found it herculean to reduce her to a sufficiently serious frame of mind.

Then, too, he was by no means certain as to her feelings toward himself. Some definite assurance either way would, he felt, have been grateful, although it is safe to affirm that had such assurance been unfavorable to his hopes he would none the less have been anxious for further information.

However, he was denied the satisfaction of even well grounded suspicion. She had such a baffling sort of manner. Never had he been able to surprise her into an admission of anything, however trifling, which might be taken as an indication that he aroused within her emotions of any kind whatever. It was certainly very difficult to know what to do.

Many times had he almost taken advantage of a momentary silence on her part. Times without number had he nearly clasped her in his arms as she pirouetted past him, but she was too quick for him.

The boldest effort on his part had been made one evening after he had brought a friend to call upon her. Minna, Bob and the friend had all sat in the kitchen and pulled taffy. Next evening Bob said sheepishly:

"Do you know, Minna, what Ikey was tellin' me last night?"

"How could I know without you told me?" returned Minna, with spirit.

She was washing dishes, and she clattered them in the pan.

"He was asking me if I was going to marry you?"

"And what did you tell him?"

"Told him I didn't know."

"That was right," said Minna, swirling the dishcloth around.

"And he—he said I was a durned fool if I didn't."

Minna went off into peals of laughter. Then she sobered up.

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't marry you."

"So you would be—if you got the chance!" was the prompt reply.

"That's what I told him—if I got the chance, but I can't get the chance," dejectedly.

"What right had you to tell him you couldn't get the chance?"

"Because you ain't ever given it to me."

"No, and I never will," returned Minna, with emphasis.

"Jes' what I thought," said Bob dismally. "Guess I'd better go."

"Guess you had," remarked his hostess, hospitably. As she spoke she wiped out the dishpan and hung it up on a nail. "If I was you, I'd learn a few things before I came courting."

"But you're a big sight clever'n me," answered Bob, meekly.

"That's so," said Minna, laconically, as Bob passed dejectedly out of the kitchen door.

On thinking over the interview, on the way home, Bob thought that on the whole he had not made much progress.

A few days later hope returned, bright eyed and smiling, and Bob determined to make another attempt to secure the elusive Minna.

In the soft dusk of the early summer evening he went thoughtfully across the field toward her father's cottage now softened of its daytime angularities and, to Bob's imagination, nestling confidingly in the trees.

"House ain't much like Minna," he reflected, sadly. "Wisht I could think of some way to cotch her."

As he walked, crushing down the moist grass, he resolved a dozen schemes in his mind, all of which had sooner or later to be dismissed as impracticable in view of the uncertain nature of the damsel in question. If he could only be sure of how Minna would take anything. But he never could be. She was as wayward as the summer breeze.

Suddenly, in the midst of his pondering, an idea came to him—a heaven sent inspiration, so beautiful, so clever, that the cunning little god himself must have been hiding in a bluebell along his path.

Bob gave an emphatic clap to his leg, and the listening Cupid might have heard a short chuckle, followed by a delighted exclamation:

"Gosh! But that'll do it!" as the wooer sped along his path.

Minna herself met Bob at the door and gave him a chair outside beneath a fragrant honeysuckle.

She sat down near him on the doorstep and leaned her head against the casement.

She looked very pretty, her black eyes darkening the lids and her face pale in the dusky twilight, her hair curling in moist little ends around her sweet little face.

Bob looked at her, but his heart failed him. But he remembered a certain Thomas Anderson, who report said had loitered beneath the honeysuckle for the last few nights; and brought back his oozing courage.

"They wuz talking about you last night down at the pump," he remarked, with assumed cheerfulness.

"Talkin' about me?" said Minna, angrily. "How dare they?"

"Oh, (Lord!" gasped Bob to himself. "If she gets mad before I begin!"

"They wuz sayin'—"

"Well?" sharply, "what wuz they saying?"

"They wuz sayin' how as you'd never marry anyone—you wuz that uncertain and flighty."

"Who said that?" said Minna, turning wrathful eyes upon him'

"I don't exactly remember," faltered Bob.

"Most likely yourself," disdainfully.

Bob could not truthfully disown the remark, as he had made it frequently, in confidence, to his near companions in the village. So after this unexpected home thrust, he remained uncomforably silent.

Minna pursued her advantage.

"Nice doings them, fur a man!" she went on, contemptuously. "Talking about girls when they can't talk back for themselves!"

If the reported conversation had not been wholly imaginary, Bob would have been stricken with remorse. As it was, however, although inwardly trembling, he saw an opening and took it.

"But I spoke back for you Minna, I did."

"Oh, you did, did you?" was the discouraging comment. "Since it wuz you said the worst, seems to me it wuz all you could do."

"They said a lot more'n I did," Bob continued, with fictitous courage. "They said as how I needn't be hangin' around here, fur ye'd allus scorn me till the judgment, and not marry me at all."

"There wuz some truth in their remarks," remarked Minna, snubbingly.

"But there's wusser nor that," he said, with well forced gloominess. "I said as how I knowed you would marry me—"

"Who made you so wise?" interrupted Minna, sarcastically.

"And a man bet me you wouldn't an'—an'—I bet him you would."

"Beasts! ejaculated the much incensed Minna.

"An I bet a fearful lot, Minna. Gosh! I'm scared to think of it. If I've got to give him all that money, the farm ull have to go."

Minna looked frightened.

"How much?" she asked, faintly.

"Wonder how much she'll stand?" Bob asked himself perplexedly. Then he glanced at her.

"I'm most afeared to tell you. Its—its—$100."

"Oh, my!" ejaculated Minna: "You never did."

"A hundred dollars!" repeated Bob, chokingly, and overcome by the feelings he had aroused he buried his head in his hands. From this safe retreat he continued disjointed remarks broken by emotion.

"Don't care for myself. (Sigh.) I don't want to live any (way, but the farm ull have to go, sure, and poor mother and father." (Sob.)

"Oh, no, no," said Minna tearfully.

"They're old now to start over again, (a protracted sigh), but I kin work for 'em. I'll do it—" and Bob's shoulders shook with nobly suppressed emotion—"it u'll come hard to lose the old place now—(sob) after all them years."

"Oh, don't, don't, Bob. I can't bear it!" gasped Minna, choking down the tears. I'll—"

Bob waited a moment. Then he went on:

"Poor sister can't go to school or nothing," rocking himself to and fro in apparent deep grief, "an' there's no wood got for the winter—" here he wept aloud, and seeing this Minna, too, wept aloud.

"Oh, Bob," she cried, "how could you be so—so"—and she burst again into tears.

"Dunno, Minna," he said in a choking voice, "but there ain't no help for it now. It's all got to go—farm and all."

"Never," said Minna hysterically. "I will marry you—I will!"

"'Tain't right to ask you," Bob said sadly and hypocritically." You don't care nothin' about me."

"I didn't afore," said Minna tearfully and shamefacedly, "but that was an awful lot of money to bet on me. I like you for it, Bob, I do!"

"And you will marry me?"

She nodded.

"Thank you, Minna," Bob said mournfully. "It's awfully good in you."

A moment elapsed before he started on the real business of courtship—he had to proceed carefully—and in that moment Bob looked up at a very jester of a twinkling star and silently exchanged with it a knowing and prodigious wink.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

Not In It.

Prompted by the feeling that it was his duty, the bishop remonstrated with one of his clergy for attending a local hunt.

"Well," your lordship," replied the offender, "I really do not see that there is any more harm in hunting than in going to a ball."

"I presume," answered the bishop, "that you refer to having seen my name down among those who attended Lady Somerville's ball. But I assure you, throughout the whole evening I was not once in the same room with the dancers."

"That, my lord, is exactly how I stand. I was never in the same field with the hounds."

Then the bishop sat down.

The Beauty of It.

Some men never grow tired of admiring their wives, and one of these, whose wife was a handsome girl, was recently showing a friend of his a new house they had just moved into.

"I can't say I admire the house," said the friend candidly, as they looked at it from the front gate.

"Well, there's one beauty about it," said the owner.

"Where?"

"On the inside."

"What is it?"

"My wife," and after that it seemed to the friend that the whole place was beautiful.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Salted Claim.

Judge Stevens, of Ironwood, is a good story teller, and, one evening when the thermometer was below zero at Ironwood and the wind was whistling outside of a cozy room where was burning a cheerful fire, he related a tale of a Yankee's shrewdness. The Judge is an old miner and went out West with the rush for gold. Near a claim where the Judge was working was a thin, angular New Englander, who just kept shoveling ore and paid no attention to anyone else. One day some capitalists came along and casually picked up a few chunks from the Yankee's output. When they got back to town they had them assayed and they yielded wonderful results. The capitalist jumped in the air for joy. Then they went back and there was the old fellow shoveling the same as ever and not saying a word.

"You'll never do anything this way," remarked one of the capitalists.

"Well, I'll get on," returned the Yankee, plying his pick with renewed energy.

"You should interest capital to help you to develop that hole in the ground," continued the capitalist.

"Can develop it myself, I guess," said the Yankee.

"Think you've got anything?"

"Not yet. Nothing in sight."

Then the gentlemen took several more pieces of rock and went back to town. These assayed even richer than the first samples, and the capitalists were wild with excitement. They went back the following day to see the old man, who gazed upon them with unconcern as they approached. He was a taciturn individual, with an honest face, and he looked as though he would rather die than wrong anyone.

"My friend," said one of the capitalists, "what will you sell out for?"

"Wouldn't sell out."

"But we want to buy."

"What you want to buy for? There is nothing here yet. Maybe some day, but this hole ain't worth anything."

"We want to buy it, though, and will give you $10,000."

"It ain't worth ten cents."

"Will you sell it."

"Nope."

"Give you $20,000.

"Nope.'

Finally $60,000 was offered.

"Well," said the Yankee, "you can have it if you want, but I tell you it's nothing but a hole in the ground. May be worth a lot some day, but now it ain't worth sixty cents."

But the money was paid and the capitalists received the hole. The Yankee's assertions were correct. The hole was not worth sixty cents, but the taciturn Yankee had spread a few rich samples around, and then waited for some fish to bite. He had an honest face, but human nature is sometimes deceptive.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Turning Out on the Road.

It was on the highway running into a city in the north. One man was driving out with a load of bricks and the other driving in with a load of hay. Both attempted to get the best side of a mud hole and as a consequence their teams came head to head and stopped.

"You there!" shouted the brick man.

"You there, yourself!" replied the other. "Going to turn out?"

"No."

"Neither will I!"

"I'll stay here a whole year first!"

"And I'll stay ten of them!"

Both proceeded to make themselves as comfortable as possible and to appear careless and indifferent as to results. Other travelers took the other side of the hole and passed them by, so it became a question of endurance. At the end of an hour the hay man said:

"If there's any one man I hate above another, it's the human pig."

"Then it's a wonder you haven't hated yourself to death!" was the retort, and silence reigned supreme again.

Another hour passed, and the brick man observed:

"I'm going to sleep and I hope you won't disturb me."

"Just what I was going to ask of you," replied the hay man.

Both pretended to sleep, but at the end of the third hour the hay man suddenly called out:

"Say! You are a mean man!"

"The same to you!"

"Where are you going with those bricks?"

"Four miles out, to John Dyton's. Where are you going with your hay?"

"To Stiner's brickyard. Say, man I'm John Dayton myself, and I've traded this hay for bricks!"

"Well, I'm young Stiner, and I was driving the first load out!"

"What fools we are! Here take all the road."

"No, no—let me turn out."

"I'll turn."

"No—let me."

And in their haste to do the polite thing the load of hay was upset and a wheel taken off the brick wagon.—*London Tit-Bits.*

Dangers of Bad Water.

If we take England alone more deaths are attributable to impure water than to pure, impure and adulterated spirits and alcoholic drinks altogether, and the diseases from which the miserable victims die are as hideous and repulsive as those caused by drink.

Five and twenty years ago, during a most fatal epidemic of typhoid in the West of England, I had to assist the government inspector in tracing its cause to its source, and the result was conclusively established as due to impure water. The supply of water as it entered the town was pure, but in many houses the water closets were supplied by the same pipe and cistern as the water for drinking purposes. As the water was turned off during the night to prevent waste, the pipes emptied and subsequently became filled with air poisoned by the foul gasses from the closets, and when the town water was turned on in the morning it rapidly absorbed the poisonous air in the pipes.

The outcome was that those houses supplied from this source were decimated by an epidemic of typhoid. In those cases where the inhabitants got their water from wells it was found that they escaped, unless, as in many instance, they procured milk from shops supplied with the tainted water. The whole problem worked out like a sum in arithmetic.

When Women are Most Beautiful.

The physical beauty of women should last until they are past fifty. Nor does beauty reach its zenith under the age of thirty-five or forty. Helen of Troy comes upon the stage at the age of forty. Aspasia was thirty-six when married to Pericles, and she was a brilliant figure thirty years thereafter. Cleopatra was past thirty when she met Antony. Diana de Poictiers was thirty-six when she won the heart of Henry II. The King was half her age, but his devotion never changed. Anna of Austria was thirty-eight when described as the most beautiful woman in Europe. Mme. de Maintenon was forty-three when united to Louis, and Catherine of Russia thirty-three when she seized the throne she occupied for thirty-five years. Mlle. Mar was most beautiful at forty-five, and Mme Recamier between the ages of thirty-five and fifty-five. The most lasting and intense passion is not inspired by two decade beauties. The old saw about sweet sixteen is exploded by the truer knowledge that the highest beauty does not dwell in immaturity. For beauty does not mean alone the fashion of form and coloring, as found in the waxen doll. The dew of youth and a complexion of roses sometimes combine in a face that is unmoving and unresponsive, as though lacking utterly the life spark. A woman's best and richest years are from twenty-six to forty. It is an arrant error for any women to regard herself as failing at on earlier day.

In the course of years, however, a time arrives when the coming of age must be recognized, when the muscles begin to relax, the skin to lose its polish, and roundness and softness give place to angles. Contentment and good humor will still outrival all medical inventions as a preservative of youth. A woman, beautiful in all else, but wanting mirth, will grow old, sour, thin and sallow, while the merry, fun loving woman will be fresh and sweet, despite life's happenings and sorrows.—*St. Louis Star Sayings.*

A Shrewd Lawyer.

"My prospects," said the young lawyer with animation, after he had greeted the business man. "Why, sir, they were never so good as they are now. I have been retained in the McWilliger will case, and there is certainly $500 in that. Then I have been asked to act as junior counsel in the Interoceanic Railway suit, and there is sure to be a big sum in that. I received a retainer to-day to take a libel suit against the *Weekly Whoop*, and I have some bills out that I ought to get remittances on in a week or two. Yes sir, things are booming with me, and inside of sixty days I will be in a better financial condition than I ever was in my life before. You know how it goes when a man does get started up."

Then he said "good day" to the business man and passed on with the friend who was with him. And the friend thought the matter over and then said:

"See here! That's a very different story from the one you told Bilkins yesterday."

"Of course it is," said the young lawyer.

"You told Bilkins that you were nearly discouraged; that you had hard work getting what was due you, and that new cases that had any money in them were few and far between."

"Exactly, I was afraid Bilkins intended to ask me for a loan."

"But you've just told Wiber that things never looked so promising, and that you'd have money to throw to the birds within sixty days."

"Certainly. I expect I'll have to ask him for a loan of $100 or so in a day or two."

"Which story was right?"

"Neither wholly and both partly."—*Chicago Post.*

An Ice Mine.

An "ice mine" is reported from New York Gulch, Meagher county, Montona In early days the gulch turned out $2,000,000 worth of gold, but of late years, it has been nearly deserted. Last summer two prospectors uncovered the mouth of an old shaft and glanced curiously down it. They saw the ice which reached up to within four feet and eight inches of the surface. They considered it curious and thought what a good place it would be to keep their meat, butter and other food from spoiling while they were working in the neighborhood. They lowered their provender into the ice mine with the best results.

Naturally they told of their find to other miners, with the result that for a radius of three or four miles around the miners came to the ice shaft, lowered the beef and other provisions into the mine, putting their tag on it, and hoisting the rope from time to time as provisions were needed. It is a godsend to the miners, as it enables them to keep meat fresh in the very hottest weather. The miners are unable to give any solution to this strange phenomenon. The formation of the gulch is shale, reddish in color and full of fissures. It is supposed that gusts of air from cold caves may have underground connections with the shaft and rapid evaporation near the top may explain the continued formation of ice there as it is cut away.

Just full of improvements—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. To begin with, they're the smallest, and the easiest to take. They're tiny, sugar-coated anti-bilious granules, scarcely larger than mustard seeds. Every child is ready for them.

Then, after they're taken, instead of disturbing and shocking the system, they act in a mild, easy, and natural way. There's no chance for any reaction afterward. Their help *lasts*. Constipation, Indigestion, Billious Attacks, Sick or Bilious Headaches, and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured.

They're put up in glass vials, which keep them always fresh and reliable, unlike the ordinary pills in wooden or pasteboard boxes.

And they're the *cheapest* pills you can buy, for they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned. You pay only for the *good* you get.

Bucklen's Arnica Save.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. **For sale by J. N. Snyder.**

How She Got Even.

Mrs. Nuwed conceived the idea of buying her husband a birthday present out of money she had saved and earned herself. So every cent she could scrimp from the household allowance was put away, and many other little devices resorted to in order to get the required sum. One of her plans was to save rags. She instructed the servant to be very careful to save every piece of old cloth that could be found, and she herself spent hours in gathering all sorts of odds and ends and stuffing them into the ragbag.

One day the bag was full, and a man came along the street shouting:

"Wrags! Wrags!"

Mrs. Nuwed opened a window and said, "Here, man, I've got some rags to sell!"

The ragman came in and the portly bag was produced. He lifted it and then attached his scales to it.

"Tweluff pound," he said.

"What's that?" inquired Mrs. Nuwed, sharply.

"Tweluff pounds, lady."

"Why, the idea! I weighed them myself yesterday, and there were 32 pounds there."

"Vill the lady loog for herselluff?" asked the ragman, attaching his scales to the bag again and holding it up.

Mrs. Nuwed looked. The scales registered 12 pounds and no more.

"Why," she said, "how could I have made such a mistake?" and she took what the ragman offered her and went into the house.

That night she was telling her husband about the transaction. "I'm sure," she said, "that those rags weighed more than 32 pounds, but there was no getting around those scales. Why, he didn't try to cheat a bit. He held them right up and let me see just where the pointer stopped."

"What kind of scales were they?" asked the husband.

"Why, those common scales like we use in the kitchen."

"And did you ever stop to think that the capacity of those scales is but 12 pounds?"

A faint light began to dawn on Mrs. Nuwed. "What difference would that make?" she asked tremulously.

"Oh," replied Mr. Nuwed, "it would not make the least bit of difference! Of course not. Only if those rags had weighed a ton that honest ragman's scales would have registered them at 12 pounds."

Then Mr. Nuwed laughed boisterously.

"Well!" said his wife, sharply, "you needn't make so much fuss about it. I guess those two paving stones I put in made up the difference all right."—*Buffalo Express.*

A Nice Little Boy.

Harry Godwin was a nice little boy and he had a great Yellow Mastiff many sizes too large for him, but it was a Love-me-Love-My-Dog combination, and his kind parents boarded the Mastiff at a sacrifice.

Harry was too lazy to do anything except play ball and hookey and go fishing.

Little Boys should never be lazy.

One day his dear mother sent him to the butcher shop for three pounds of liver.

"Must I carry all that home?" whined Harry, the lazy boy.

"Let Carlo help you carry it," said his mother, with keen sarcasm; "he is almost as lazy and good-for-nothing as you are."

Harry went off grumbling, with Carlo at his heels.

In three hours and thirty minutes Harry returned, the butcher-shop being three squares and a half away.

"Where is the liver?" asked his dear mother.

"Carlo is bringing it," replied the lazy Harry, wiping the perspiration off on his sleeve.

In ten minutes more Carlo came up to Harry with a large wag on his tail.

"Where's that liver?" asked Harry's mother, emphatically.

"Carlo's carrying it," whimpered Harry, fearing the result.

"But I don't see it," exclaimed the boy's mother.

"That's cause it's on the inside of him," explained the lazy boy, much to his mother's chagrin and disappointment.

The scene that followed beggars description.

MORAL.

There are more ways of killing a dog than choking him to death on butter.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Encouragement.

An amusing story is told of a little fellow named Artie, one of the three brothers, whose parents had brought them up to be brave and self reliant. He couldn't do much, but what he could do he did with all his might.

And as their parents were Methodists of the good old-fashioned kind, the boys were in the habit of hearing—at such times—the hearty 'Amen' break forth from their father's lips when the sermon was particularly enjoyable.

One cold Sabbath day these children were left at home, with many cautions to be careful.

Hardly had the parents left, ere the woodwork near the stove pipe was discovered to be on fire, and out of the childrens' reach; but with wonderful activity and energy, the eldest climbed upon the table and put out the flames.

When the father and mother returned they shuddered to see the danger to which their dear ones had been exposed, and with thankful hearts praised them for their courage.

"How did you manage, Tommy, to reach the fire?" asked the father.

"Why," said Tommy, "I pushed the table up to the wall and got upon that."

"And did you help brother, Jimmy?" was asked of the next.

"Yes, sir; I brought him a pail of water and handed him the dipper."

"And what did you do?" said the proud father to his pet, the youngest of the group.

"Well, papa," said Artie, "you see I was too small to help put out the fire, so I just stood by and hollered 'Amen.'"

Outwitted by a Moonshiner.

When Jack Roper was called in the United States court, he arose and pleaded guilty to working in an illicit distillery.

With a number of others, he was sent to one side to await sentence.

Working in an illicit distillery is nothing but a misdemeanor, while operating a distillery is equal to a felony.

Roper knew this and entered his plea to working in the distillery, which was accepted.

"How long did you work?" asked the judge when the man stood up for sentence.

"Oh, bout a week, I reckon."

"Whose distillery was it?"

"My own."

The judge looked puzzled, but all he could do was to give him a two months' sentence for working in an illicit distillery.—*Atlanta Journal.*