he Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLII. NO 33 SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1894. WHOLE NO. 2218.

- THE -
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— OF —
Somerset, Penn'a
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WHO READS

This paper ought to know of the

Price Reductions

in these stores for this month of January, 1894's business. Every Department, up stairs and down, participates in this great

Clearance Sale,

which we have begun earlier than usual, and which will be pushed with so much energy, and the price reductions will be so positive, that it will be to your profit to know about, if you have any purchases at all in the Dry Goods line to make.

LOT AMERICAN DRESS GOODS,
39 inches wide, 7-8 wool,
15 Cents.

50 Pieces Columbian Plaids,
All-wool Cloth Plaids; they are 38 inches wide,
30 Cents;
Always sold heretofore at 50 cents.

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Lots of watch cases are spoiled in the opening. An opener to obviate this sent free.

Hood's Cures

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Sour Stomach

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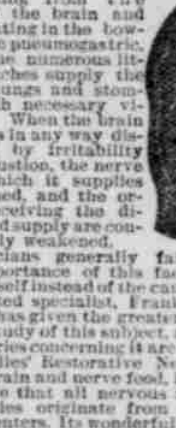
Hood's Pills cure indigestion and liver troubles, jaundice and sick headache. 25c.

The Human Electrical Forces!

How They Control the Organs of the Body.

The electrical force of the human body, as the nerve fluid may be termed, is an especially attractive department of science, as it exerts so marked an influence on the health of the organs of the body. Nerve force is produced by the brain and conveyed by means of the nerves to the various organs of the body, thus supplying the latter with the vitality necessary to insure their health. The pneumogastric nerve, as shown here, may be said to be the most important of the entire nerve system, as it supplies the heart, lungs, stomach, bowels, etc., with the nerve force necessary to keep them active and healthy. As will be seen by the cut the long nerve descending from the base of the brain and terminating in the bowels is the pneumogastric, while the numerous little branches supply the heart, lungs and stomach with necessary vitality. When the brain becomes in any way disordered by irritability or exhaustion, the nerve force which it supplies is lessened, and the organs receiving the diminished supply are consequently weakened.



Physicians generally fail to recognize the importance of this fact, but treat the organ itself instead of the cause of the trouble. The noted specialist, Franklin Miles, M. D., LL. B., has given the greater part of his life to the study of this subject, and the principal discoveries concerning it are due to his efforts.

Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine, the unrivaled brain and nerve food, is prepared on the principle that all nervous and many other difficulties originate from disorders of the nerve centers. Its wonderful success in curing these disorders is testified to by thousands in every part of the land.

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Stamped Hem-stitched Scarfs from 35cts up. Table Covers from 50 cts. up. A full line of Figured

INDIA SILKS,

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24 and 33 inches wide, in beautiful Colors and Designs. Art Satin Squares for the Central Covers and Cushion Covers.

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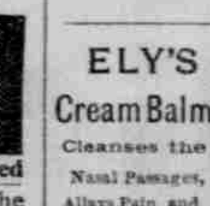

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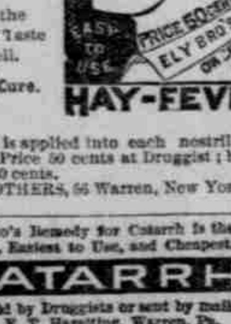

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In One Of The Years Gone By

BY EDITH L. CRARY.

As I push aside the year mist that stretch so far away
I can see a little picture framed in a summer's day
That hangs in memory's gallery as the brightest, dearest view
My fancy ever painted, or my history ever knew.

A golden landscape picture, with a green hill, and the sea
Stretched out as far as eye could reach, like vast eternity;
A sunset glow upon the sky where clouds all tinted lay,
As good-by words the sun had left for twilight lips to say.

And a little maiden standing in dreamy reverie,
A soft, glad light upon her face, which looked far out to sea;
While wind which tossed the sparkling waves played with her shining hair,
As if it half expected to find some sunbeams there.

I look upon this picture and my heart is throbbing fast,
The freshness of its beauty was in the happy past;
But though time has dimmed its color it is still as dear to me,
For its presence lights life gallery as a gift of memory,

The little maiden's golden hair has turned to twilight gray;
Her girlish dreams have wakened as she passed along life's way;
Yet hand in hand together, youth's hope fulfilled we see
As 'neath time's fading shadows shine love's eternity.

THE GHOSTLY RIDER.

My shanty was situated in the Bighorn Mountains, Wyoming. With the exception of two companions and some friendly trappers, who lived about five miles distant, I had not seen a white man for nearly a year.

One day I was out hunting with Anderson Picket. We had just sighted an antelope and were occupied in stalking the animal, when we suddenly heard the neighing of a horse near us. Surprised at such an unusual sound in a neighborhood where very few human beings were to be encountered, we looked up and saw hardly three hundred paces from us, a rider whose head was uncovered and his long hair floating in the wind that blew across the hills. He was a white-faced, haggered man, mounted on a thin horse.

For a few seconds he remained motionless, and then disappeared as suddenly as he had come.

"A highwayman," whispered Picket.

"What should a marauder be doing here?" I replied, doubtfully, "for a distance of three or four hundred miles, no one, with the exceptions of you, myself and the trappers upon the creek, can be found. Not a single soul to hold up. Let us see who the fellow is."

Quickly mounted our horses, and dropping our game for the time being, we galloped up the hill, following the stranger, who was slowly riding toward the north.

"That animal hasn't had much fodder or rest lately," laughed my companion. "I'll wager he hasn't ten pounds of flesh on his bones."

"I'd like to know who the man is and what he is doing alone in these solitary hills?" said I, inquisitively. "Come, get a gait on the horse, lets get our game and follow the fellow."

After acting upon the suggestion we returned to our pursuit and were hardly a hundred paces behind him when I shouted:

"Hello, my man! Where are you bound for?"

The horse turned its head towards us, but the rider did not move, and immediately started off at a breakneck gallop. Although we were well mounted and endeavored to follow, he soon disappeared in a path thickly overgrown with brushwood. We consequently lost scent of the fugitive, and my companion very sensibly observed that we had better not follow him, as he might easily blow out our brains, under shelter of the rocks or hidden behind the brushwood, before we were aware of his presence. We therefore retraced our steps toward our cabin, which we reached an hour later.

My second companion, who in consequence of a slight wound had remained at home, came toward us in great excitement.

"I'm glad you're back, boys!" he cried.

"Heavens! man, what has happened?" I asked, anxiously.

He was as white as a corpse, and sighed as if relieved when we reached him.

"It was awful, I tell you, awful! In all my life I shall never forget what has happened to me."

"Come along, stop your quaking and tell what's wrong. Seen any suckers or ghosts?" said I smilingly, while Anderson added impatiently:

"You've had a visit, haven't you? A highwayman on an old gray nag—"

"How do you know that?" stammered Jim, quickly interrupting him. "Same was here, but it wasn't a roadman, it was a ghost."

While he said this he shivered from head to foot and looked around anxiously on all sides.

"Don't be a fool," I laughed. "Tell us a straight story. What has happened you?"

Meanwhile we had reached the cabin, and as I sprang from the saddle Jim pointed with trembling hand to the ground.

"Here, look at this; you can see the prints of the ghostly horse's hoofs," said he in a voice full of excitement. "I was cleaning up things in the cabin, when I suddenly heard a noise outside. I thought you fellows had returned, and went out of doors to meet you. Horrified, I sprang back; before me, on a horse nothing but skin and bones, was a man without a hat, with long black hair. He sat bolt upright in the saddle; he had a thick black beard; his face was ashen gray, and two eyes, wide open, stared at me in a ghastly way as only a spectre can. I wanted to cry out, but my tongue glued to my mouth—I felt my hair standing on end. Then the ghost turned his horse—started off at a gallop—I could plainly hear the rattle of the rider's and the horse's bones."

Jim shuddered again at the remembrance of the horrifying spectacle.

"That was the same fellow we followed!" cried Anderson; and I could only agree with him.

We then told Jim of our adventure, and quieted him by reasoning that it could not have been a ghost, but simply a human being, possibly some lunatic.

It was my custom before going to bed to look after the horses. I left the hut that evening as usual, but hardly had I taken a few steps, when suddenly I stopped as though my feet were rooted to the ground.

Directly in front of me, in the bright moonlight, stood the same ghostly rider. His long black hair hung loosely around a ghastly face. The eyes were sunk deep in their sockets. The mouth was wide open and the glimmer of white teeth could be seen behind the black beard; in his left hand he held the rein while the right hung limply by his side. He sat in the saddle as though hewn out of stone, without the slightest emotion.

I had the same feeling as Jim. I wanted to cry out, but could not; only a hoarse whisper came from my throat; but instinctly my hand sought the revolver at my side. I slowly raised my six-shooter and covered the frightful apparition. Then I found my voice.

"Who are you? Answer or I'll shoot," I said.

At the sound of my voice the horse, which consisted of nothing but skin and bones, jumped to one side, and both horse and rider went off at a breakneck gallop, the bullets which I sent after them taking no effect. I distinctly heard the peculiar rattle of which Jim had spoken and which graduall grew dimmer and dimmer, until nothing could be distinguished but the far off clatter of horse's hoofs on the rocky ground.

My heart was beating violently as I re-entered the hut.

Not one of us closed an eye that night. I tossed to and *fro*, in vain speculating what was to be done if the uncanny thing reappeared. When at last morning dawned, I resolved to ride over to the trappers at the creek and get their advice.

Soon after sunrise I started, and after two hours' ride saw the shanty of my friends at some little distance ahead. They came to meet me with their guns in their hands to shoot.

"Lucky for you that our eyes are accustomed to long range and that the air is clear to-day, else either you or your horse would have a bullet between his bones now," said the elder of the two trappers, as I reached them holding out his hand in friendly greeting.

"That's so," acquiesced the other, also shaking hands, but with a very solemn air. "Charley is right. We were ready to shoot, but luckily saw our mistake in time."

"Since yesterday we have been on the watch. We've been fooled long enough, and mean to make an end to this infernal nonsense," said the first trapper.

"Has a singular-looking rider also paid you a visit?" I cried eagerly.

The friends looked at each other in astonishment.

"Do you know the beggar?" asked Jack quickly.

"I don't know him, but it is on his account that I'm here." And I related our adventure, to which both listened attentively.

"No doubt, it's the same fellow who got the best of us," said Charley shaking his head. "Day before yesterday we saw him for the first time. He took no notice of us and seemed to be deaf to our shouts. About noon he and his miserable old horse stood there, just opposite our shanty. 'Hallo, what do you want?' I called out. No answer. A minute afterwards he was gone. In the evening he drew rein up there on the hill again. As he wouldn't answer me, I lost patience and got out my shooter, but before I could raise it, the fellow again disappeared. But I'm not going to be fooled to-day. I'll send a bullet through him or his horse."

I willingly accepted the trappers' invitation to stay with them during the day. Our conversation turned almost exclusively on the mysterious stranger. In the afternoon I accompanied them to their traps, and while they were setting them I walked up and down with my gun in my hand. We had resolved, as soon as the rider should reappear, to shoot his horse, and in that way get this singular creature into our hands.

The day was drawing to a close and the peaks of the mountains were dyed in the sunlight.

"The fellow has a notion we're going for him," said Jack. "I shouldn't be sorry if he slipped by us now, for I'm anxious to see what sort of—"

He stopped suddenly and the words seemed as if frozen to his lips as he stood staring at the rocks opposite the hut. There, on the top of the hills, clearly outlined against the red sky, was the ghostly rider. I also stood staring, spellbound, at the apparition. Then a shot rang out, and the horse fell forwards.

"Come on, and don't let the fellow crawl from under and get out!" cried Charley with the smoking gun still in hand, and pulling the revolvers from our belts, we all scurried over the frozen creek than ran in front of the shanty, and up the declivity.

Jack was the first to reach the top. With one bound he stood next to the rider, who lay motionless on the quivering horse, of which he was still astride.

"Hold him!" yelled Charley, with whom I was close on Jack's heel.

"It's not necessary," said Jack bewildered, "for you've shot the beggar dead."

"Nonsense," said Charley angrily. "I know exactly where my bullet hit. I aimed at the horse's left eye," he added. "There it is!"

Meanwhile Jack was examining the rider closely.

"What's this?" he cried astonished. "The fellow is bound fast to the horse—look here—even with a chain." Horrified he sprang back. "Look! The man has a mark around his neck. Great God! he's been hanging—been lashed to the horse, and the poor beast has been carrying around a lifeless burden."

Filled with astonishment and horror, we saw that Jack's suspicions admitted of no doubt. The rope had sunk deep into the man's muscular throat and the knot was still attached to it.

Charley then raised the dead man's head.

"Why, it's Black Sam!" he exclaimed. "He was a wild fellow, but he got his deserts. His gun was always ready, and he has sent many a good fellow to pass in his checks. Who knows how long it is that he has been astride this horse? Corpses do not decompose up here in the mountains, but dry up; I've often noticed that in dead animals." Shuddering, he turned away. The dead man, with his withered face, and staring eyes, had a truly horrifying appearance.

"What'll we do with him?" asked Jack, after a short pause.

Charley considered a moment, then answered, while he unfastened the bands which tied the dead man to the dead horse.

"Lend a hand here, boys. It is our duty to give him a christian burial. Let's put him in the gully."

In a few moments the dead man was released; Charley took him by the shoulders, Jack and I by the legs, and so we carried him to the place indicated, and by our united efforts soon had a grave dug, in which he was laid. After this had been filled in we rolled stones and small rocks over it to prevent the wolves from disturbing the dead.

It was night before we had finished our work. A solemn stillness reigned over all; no sound was to be heard, and with uncovered heads we uttered a short prayer. "God be merciful to this poor sinner," added Charley. Then we silently returned to the hut.

We retired that night earlier than usual, and even in my dreams the ghostly rider appeared to me. I awoke several times bathed in perspiration disturbed by the loud howls piercing the stillness of the night. Wolves were eagerly fighting over the bones of the dead horse.

Next day I returned home and related to my astonished friends the end of the ghost rider.

About the Brownies.

Who and what were the Brownies? and did Palmer Cox invent them? are questions that come to Mr. Cox from children all over the country. The Brownies were fairies or sprites who were believed to inhabit the forests of Scotland long years ago; and Mr. Cox chose them for his rhymes in preference to all other little people because they were such good little things, never mischievous or naughty like the greater part of Fairyland's diminutive population. The Brownies never showed themselves to men, never gave advice or charms, but went quietly about doing good, seeking out everyone in trouble in order to afford relief. Their work was accomplished wholly during the night, for it was believed that should the sun shine upon them his rays would be fatal.

How did the artist discover what the little creatures looked like? He searched every where for information, in all the musty old books he could find that contained accounts of fairies or fairy pictures; but of course there were no photographs of the Brownies, as no one had ever seen them; so he was obliged to make them according to his own idea of what a fun-loving, goodnatured sprite might be. At first all the Brownies drawn by Mr. Cox were alike—roundfaced, thin-legged little fellows, wearing pointed caps. Soon he began to introduce the different personages. The Irishman was the first new figure seen in the gay company, and in all the stories that followed, Mr. Cox continued to add new characters until the list has become almost full. Sometimes the characters would suggest themselves to him; sometimes an idea received from an admiring reader would be carried out. A few days after the verses in which the Brownies Indian appeared for the first time had been sent to press, the following queer request from a little chap in Dakota reached the artist:

Dear Mr. Cox—Please make a Brownies Indian with feathers.

To the little writer the feathers were the distinguishing mark of the Indians, for he lived among them, and was very familiar with their style of dress. When the boy discovered the Indian, made purposely to please him (he thought), and dressed in full war costume, with the desired feathers, his delight knew no bounds; and another letter was written thanking the artist, and advising him to keep an eye on "the new member, because," explained the boy, "the Indian looks very savage, and might scalp the Dude and spoil his complexion." Another little boy, very fond of horses, wanted a jockey Brownie.

Very often little girls write to ask why there are no girl Brownies: they seem to consider themselves neglected—not finding anyone to represent them among their favorites. But tradition says there were no girl Brownies—another difference found between them and all other kinds of fairies. Notwith standing this fact, there is a little girl in Maryland who has been called for them, her real name being "Brownie."—January *St. Nicholas.*

Local Institute.

Following is the programme for a local institute to be held at the Hoffman School-house, in Jenner township, on Feb. 24, 1893:

Address of welcome—Becca Korns.

The teacher out of school—John Miller.

What is the relation of schollarship to the art of teaching?—M. L. Hoffman.

Character building—R. W. Lohr.

Things to be avoided in the school room—J. M. Daniels.

Tact and talent in the school room—F. B. Shaffer.

Education; its aim—M. L. Weighley

What are the evidences of educational progress at present—Jacob Hoffman.

Essays—J. P. Shaffer, John Griffith, P. S. Pile, John Donges, Nora Miller, Emma Smucker.

Recitations—Chas Miller, Harry Hoffman, A. P. Donges, Eva Griffith, Lucy Parks, Harry Korns, Harry Arisman, John Rhodes and Fred Sipe.

Papers—Bertie O'Connor and Annie Sipe.

Debate—Resolved that temperance should enter into politics—Affirmative, A. E. Fritz; Negative, C. C. Smucker.

Solo—Miss Madie Critchfield.

Declamation—Mr. S. Zimmerman.

A cordial invitation is extended to all. Institute to begin at 1:30 P. M.

COM.

Best Kind of Strike.

"I hear," said Mr. Dolan, "that the hands in the blacksmith shop is all back to worruk again."

"So they are," was the reply; "hammerin' away as if nothin' had happened."

"That's always the safest way," pursued the Hibernian philosopher, meditatively.

"Pwhat is?"

"To stroike wid yer muscles and not wid yer moth."—*Industries.*

For Additional Railroad Facilities.

SPEECHES OF JOHN FULTON AND EX-JUDGE BAER.

Following are the addresses of John Fulton, until recently Chief Mining Engineer of the Cambria Iron Co., and of Ex-Judge Baer, delivered at the mass-meeting held in Johnstown, last Monday, for the purpose of taking steps looking towards securing better railroad facilities for Cambria and Somerset counties:

MR. FULTON'S ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens:

I have been requested to submit some statistics, bearing on the mineral wealth of Cambria and Somerset Counties, especially the sections of these counties that are directly and indirectly tributary to the City of Johnstown, and to consider what additional transportation facilities are required to stimulate the development of these available resources. I shall take up these two considerations in their order.

Cambria County has an area of 670 square miles. About 600 square miles are underlaid with coal, which, at a low estimate of the four workable beds, will produce 5,000 millions of tons of coal. It is also rich in lumber, fire clay, and building stone. Somerset County has an area of 1,100 square miles. About 620 square miles are underlaid with coal, which will produce 5,025 millians of tons of coal. It is also richly endowed with timber, building stone, and fire clay.

From the geographical, enforced by the topographical, situation of the City of Johnstown, a large portion of these mineral and other products are tributary to it. That is, Johnstown holds the entrance to large portions of Cambria and Somerset Counties, from its location at the confluence of the waters of the Conemaugh and Stonycreek Rivers. In other words, Johnstown is related to these sections of the Appalachian coal field, just as the cities of Easton, Wilkesbarre, and Scranton are related to the anthracite coal fields in the eastern part of our State. From their location, they have made a large portion of the business of coalmining tributary to them, and have grown up until now they are cities of no small proportions.

About one fifth of the mineral treasures of Cambria County should go to market by Johnstown, or 1,000 millions of tons of coal. Somerset County, from the main line of the Stonycreek River and its tributaries, should furnish one half of its mineral products by way of Johnstown—estimated at 3,000 millions of tons of coal, in addition to other products.

These two sections of Cambria and Somerset Counties, which should be tributary to the City of Johnstown, amount to 4,000 millions of tons of coal, besides timber and other products. With ample railroad facilities, favorable to the natural advantages and business of Johnstown, a large share of this trade should centre in our city.

Hitherto Johnstown has been a waitnig city—waiting for its growth on the Cambria Iron Works, and, more recently, on the Johnson Street-rail Mills. And while these are helpful as far as they go, yet, with the large mineral deposits surrounding it on every side, it becomes manifest that the business of the city should be expanded by the development of these ample resources. Clearfield County with its 1,130 square miles of surface and about 810 square miles of coal treasures, sent to market in 1892, 6,876,785 tons of coal. During the same year Cambria County sent 3,086,554 tons to market, Somerset shipping only 509,610 tons, mainly from the Salisbury portion of the County. Clearfield, therefore, shipped more than double the amount shipped by Cambria and Somerset combined.

During the past two years a large number of the coal-operators and shippers of the Clearfield region have come over into Cambria and Somerset Counties and have purchased large areas af coal lands. Some of these have already begun shipping in a small way. This movement of the "Coal Barons" is reported to have had its genesis in the rapid exhaustion of the large superior bed of coal in Clearfield County. However this may be, the fact of large purchases in Cambria and Somerset Counties having been made, with further anticipated purchases, is evident to our citizens generally.

Practically, it now becomes a pressing inquiry, how to stimulate coal-mining and shipping from these fields at and contiguous to the City of Johnstown. What is required to initiate this industry with its benefits and increase of population?

Under existing conditions, the market for coal is evidently eastward, from Baltimore to Boston. The competition from Cumberland and West Virginia is quite formidable at the former city, so that the chief market lies from Philadelphia northward. It is evident that, with unimportant exceptions, there is no market for our coal westward. It appears to me that the first great requirement is a main line of railroad to the eastern markets. The main line of the Pennsylvania affords every facility for this purpose as far as a main line can offer—the most direct and shortest rout, with prompt and efficient service.

Some one has observed certain shadows which coming events are said to cast in advance, and indicate the solution to the cause of these shadows in the extension of the Beech Creek Railroad to Johnstown and beyond. This anticipated competition is pleasant to contemplate, but in our present condition we are dealing with facts. The Pennsylvania lines reach all the eastern markets by the shortest routes. It is therefore evident that our present want is the extension of branch lines of this railroad to those points in Cambria and Somerset Counties when coal mining and shipping can be readily initiated, expanding such a system with the growing wants of the shippers. It is also a necessity that the freight rates be made equal from all points in those two counties to the same markets eastward.

It is not in the order of the meeting to suggest the location of the branch line extensions, but it may be well to submit that in their location no unfriendly discrimination be made in the presence of the natural topographical advantages of the City of Johnstown. It will be wise, in view of all our wants, to indicate the willingness of the people of Johnstown to meet the right-of-way conditions of any railroad extending its branches to meet the pressing needs of this time in the development of our mineral resources.

JUDGE BAER'S ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens.

When I left home to come to Johnstown I had no idea that I would be called upon to say a word to this good people. I came here for the purpose of hearing what was to be said in view of learning something that might be of interest to the people of Somerset County. I knew that the gentlemen who would address you here knew all about Johnstown and its capabilities and the capabilities of the surrounding counties. I knew very well that I could not add a word on the question that has been discussed. The gentleman who has addressed you is best able to speak on this subject of the mineral resources of Cambria and Somerset Counties. I may say that I have during the last few years largely based my conclusions on what he had said on the subject of coals and the qualities of coals in Somerset and Cambria Counties. The State Geologists told us that there was nothing but sulphur and ash. Everybody got to believe that it was useless to try to get anything else, but, after examining some of the papers, I came to the conclusion that the young geologists did not know everything, especially as they did not go further into the hill than the ground-hog goes, and had not seen anything but the out-crop. We have immense quantities of good coal, and, if we had railroad facilities it could be used. After I got off the Bench I had nothing to do, and concluded that I would take a hand in looking around to see what was in the earth. Finally I got some gentlemen to examine some coal on this side of Somerset. They were impressed with it, and we made an effort to see if we could not get coal to go East as well as those from Virginia and Maryland.

When we called on the B. & O. Railroad, to which Somerset is much indebted, we wanted them to put us on the same basis as the people of Virginia and Maryland. When we called upon the Company, with a view of getting them to furnish iron for a short side track into the mines, we were met by one of the finest gentlemen I ever met. He said: "You are going to make a mistake." He frankly told us there was a discrimination. "I cannot help it," he said, "I am not the head of the organization." The President of our Company, who had learned mining in California, said: "You give us a chance, and we will get our coal out." The first thing was, the City of Baltimore took to commenting on the coal, stating that we had got a car or two down. By and by a report came that our coal was not good for anything. By and by the very man who said our coal was no good offered to take the whole output of our mine. He did not get that output. It was small at first, but we are now sending three hundred tons a day, and have more orders (or had on Saturday night last) than they could fill. We are supplying all the rolling mills of Chester and Willmington and the orders come continuously. I came down here to-night because of the old adage, that when a man can make two blades of grass grow where only one grew before, he is doing an immense good for humanity.

If the development of the surrounding country would bring another railroad here, that if you put in two railroads the prospects are there would be work enough for both of them. The fabulous growth of your town has benefited Somerset wonderfully. Our farmers, most of them, come down here to deal because they sell their produce down here, and it is proper that they should do so. I came here with a view that something would be done to help this town along, and I have no doubt that as soon as the railroad companies see the propriety of what Mr. Fulton has said they will quit charging the five cents a ton more; then the coal from this whole region would be mined, and the railroad companies would have more than they could do, because, while they may travel five miles further, they have a couple of hundred miles between here and the seaboard.

I did not come down here to make a speech. I hope that whatever is done will be done with such unanimity that the B. & O. and the Pennsylvania will work in harmony and come in. Just as soon as the Pennsylvania Railroad goes up the Stonycreek, that moment we will get the Baltimore & Ohio. And there is no reason why that should not be. You need that road just as much as you need the Beech Creek, if this county is developed as it should be.

Local Institutes.

Programme for a teachers' district institute to be held at the Miller school, Stonycreek township, on Feb. 24 and 24, 1894:

1. Personality of the teacher—P. S. Spangler.
2. Does the attendance at school rest with the teacher, parents or children?—J. C. Schrock.
3. Relation of teacher to director—M. J. Snyder.
4. The teacher as a psychologist—R. I. Richardson.
5. Advanced Arithmetic—R. J. Brant
6. Paper—Moral training—Miss Ida B. Speicher.
7. What we owe to our profession—I. G. Carver.
8. Recitation—D. W. Miller.
9. How and to what extent should literature be taught in the public schools?—C. E. Ringler.
10. Teaching geography—E. G. Ross.
11. Impromptu class—J. B. Schrock.
12. How to succeed best with primary pupils—H. M. Stull.
13. The teacher on the school ground—M. R. Schrock.
14. How to teach penmanship—A. P. Kimmel.
15. Topical talk—G. W. Smucker.
17. What the directors owe to the schools—I. F. Brant, W. J. Glessner.

The programme will be interspersed with music and queries. All friends of education are cordially invited to attend.

COM.

Programme for a local institute to be held at the Ridge school house in Jefferson township, on Saturday, Feb. 3, 1894, afternoon and evening sessions.

The Dull Pupil—E. F. Shaulis.
Class drill in physiology—H. Beck.
Value of History—C. R. B. Cramer.
How to teach spelling—G. F. Barclay.
Manners in recitation—E. F. Miller.
What are some good results of county institute—W. B. Putman.
Topical talks—R. J. Hemminger, W. R. Miller.
Opening and closing of school—E. G. Bowman.
Pleasures of School-room—J. H. Moore.
Recitation—Hattie Moore.
Ought vocal music to be taught in school and to what extent—Laura A. Moore.

The programe will be interspersed with music and queries. All are cordially invited to attend, especially citizens and teachers.

G. F. BARCLAY.

The "Georgia thumper" grasshopper has a wing spread equal to that of a robin.