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ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIII. NO. 33.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 30, 1895.

WHOLE NO. 2270.

—THE—
First National Bank
Somerset, Penn'a.
Capital, \$50,000.
Surplus, \$18,000.



DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.
—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
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JOHN L. PUGL, W. H. MILLER,
JAMES H. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL,
FRED W. HERSCHER.

The funds and securities of this bank are securely deposited in a celebrated CHESTER BANKING TRUST COMPANY. The only safe made absolutely burglar-proof.

The Somerset County National BANK
OF SOMERSET PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.
Capital, \$50,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$16,000.

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Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.
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Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to send money out of town can be accommodated by draft for any amount. Money and valubles secured by one of the best and most reliable of all forms of insurance.

Acting as Executor, Guardian, Assignee and Receiver.

PITTSBURGH, PA.
Capital \$1,000,000.
Undivided Profits \$250,000.

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Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine.

FOR 10c. we will send you a copy of the Art Amateur for one month. If you send us \$1.00 we will send you a copy for one year. If you send us \$2.00 we will send you a copy for two years. If you send us \$3.00 we will send you a copy for three years. If you send us \$4.00 we will send you a copy for four years. If you send us \$5.00 we will send you a copy for five years.

FOR 25c. we will send you a copy of the Art Amateur for one month. If you send us \$1.00 we will send you a copy for one year. If you send us \$2.00 we will send you a copy for two years. If you send us \$3.00 we will send you a copy for three years. If you send us \$4.00 we will send you a copy for four years. If you send us \$5.00 we will send you a copy for five years.

GOOD LIQUORS!
and Cheap Liquors.
By calling at the Old Reliable Liquor Store.

No. 309 Main St., and 106 Clinton St.,
Johnstown, Pa.

all kinds of the choicest liquors in market can be had. To my old customers this is a well-known fact, and to all others a convincing proof will be all this evening. I keep on hand the greatest variety of liquors, the choicest brands and at the lowest prices.

American Market.
Trucks for Somerset and vicinity supplied by

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING
A SPECIALTY.
HARRY M. BENSHOFF,
MANUFACTURING STATIONER.

BLANK BOOK MAKER
JOHNAM BLOCK,
Johnstown, Pa.

The Plain Facts
Are that I have had Canker 10 Years. My stomach did me no good, but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Cures
Scapularia, Itch, and
Wounds, My head
is relieved, sleep of
returning. Hood's
Sarsaparilla is doing
me a world of good for
that Throat Trouble.
GEORGE H. DIETTERICH, Hobbs, Pa.

LADIES' SHIRT WAISTS.
The warm spell will suggest this comfortable and more than ever popular garment. We have all kinds in the

Star Make,
The best made, with Plaid Puffed and SHIELD FRONTS, turn-down and standing collars, in materials such as

BOTTLE AND WILL WASHED ASHORE.
The strange case of Mrs. Parsons' Dying Statement.

MAIL ORDERS.
HORNE & WARD,
41 FIFTH AVENUE.

Jacob D. Swank,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Next Door West of Lutheran Church,
Somerset, Pa.

I Am Now
prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

J. D. SWANK.
Wild & Anderson,
Iron & Brass Founders,
Engineers and Machinists and Engine Builders.

COAL CAR WHEELS AND AXLES.
New and second-hand Machinery, Shafting, Hoopings and Pulleys, Injectors, Lubricators, Oil Cans, Etc.

ERECTING OF MACHINERY A SPECIALTY
Strictly First-Class Work Guaranteed

Johnstown, Pa.

HERMAN BANTLY,
134 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Builders' and Other Hardware,
GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ETC.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.
We are now ready with our new and large line of Fine Confectionery Goods, popular brands of Biscuits and Cakes, Fancy goods of all styles, and everything else pertaining to a first-class house to fill orders promptly, and to supply residents families to any extent. Goods always fresh, and always offered at lowest figures. Call and see one of the finest assortments ever carried.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.
270-272 Main Street,
Johnstown, Pa.

ONE WOMAN'S WORK.
"Who having little but hath all." A narrow spirit here can you call it? Three pairs of baby eyes look up in vain, And soon the gates through which a light shines Transfigure all my life with tender glow, Because I cannot paint with artist skill, The changing colors of the sea or sky, Because I cannot write of visions high, And move you all with pain or joy at will, Because to learning's shrine no gifts I bring, Nor take a foremost stand for woman's cause, Because I trust in nothing but the laws, That bring us snow in winter, birds in spring, You think my life is circumscribed and cold In what should make it helpful, rich and strong, Ah, friend, these happy days are none too long Foral the loving duties that they hold, Nor are the acts you love best all denied, For I will not desert you every day I see In childhood's endless game and movement free, From waking hours till dreamy evening, My little's hands, now brown, now golden bright, Impression first an artist's brush has known, The baby's deep blue eyes, that met my own, In living beauty mock all painted hands.

Parsons' baby boy was trampled to death. The boats containing Mr. and Mrs. Parsons capsized and both perished within sight of shore.

As soon as Mrs. Bowdish recovered from the shock of her mother's tragic end she resolved that her mother had money on deposit at the Hiernia Bank, and she called there for information. The cashier treated her very curiously and told her he knew nothing about any Mrs. Jennie Parsons. Shortly afterwards she saw an attorney and gave him \$10 to make a few inquiries for her. He pocketed the money and when she called again informed her that he could do nothing for her unless she would give him a retainer of \$500. That was out of the question, and Mrs. Bowdish had recourse to the *Economist*.

Following is a copy of the notice, printed in plain type, which was taken from the Philadelphia Record in possession of Mrs. Minnie Adams Brooke's attorney, to be used as an exhibit:

Enrico, Ennio, a stranger in your city and beach, died on Sunday, the 27th of the month of Cape Henry, by the terrible calamity of Cape Henry. I came to meet that mother and finish my wife's duty. In her letter she wrote of having considerable money and the best of her property, but no particulars. I have a right to know, but so far have been unsuccessful in my quest. I am at least in my family in New York, and take this way to appeal to the public for information. My mother was the late Jennie Parsons.

Address: MINNIE ADAMS BROOKS, General Delivery, San Francisco, Saturday, November 8, 1875.

A day or two before taking her departure for the east Mrs. Bowdish received the bottled letter and will, addressed in an unknown and irregular hand, at the general delivery. Failing to comprehend the importance of that letter with her and placed it among her papers, where it lay forgotten for nineteen years.

Though written in pencil, the document when found was easily read.

Following is an exact copy of the letter and will:

To whoever finds this bottle letter, please forward to Minnie Adams Bowdish, San Francisco, Cal., 629 p. m., on board the Pacific.

My DEAREST CHILD: We are in awful peril, with little hope unless you come to our relief soon. The terrible disaster that has befallen the already past-due passengers, men and women wringing their hands and crying: "I do not desire for myself, but for my dear child, that she should be lost. I do not think that I will ever see you again. I am at least in my family in New York, and take this way to appeal to the public for information. My mother was the late Jennie Parsons.

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herself in good faith, was married to Thais with Porter.

When it was that George Adams, "moralistic and fustian" ever" to quote from a letter subsequently written by Mrs. Adams Porter to Minnie Adams Brooke in San Francisco. The notice of his death, published here, was only a part of his villainous plan for extorting more money from his wife. As Mrs. Adams-Porter was going from the old American Theatre one night across to her hotel she saw Adams standing on the corner. He had been "playing for her," she informed her, adding, by way of jocular gratulation to his own shrewdness, "that she had fallen into the trap he had set for her." As a result of the conference which ensued Adams secured \$200 from his wife on condition that he would go away and cease his persecutions. It is supposed to have been the last meeting between Minnie Adams Brooke's father and mother.

It is now claimed that the estate, instead of being worth \$4,700 with interest for nineteen years, will aggregate in the neighborhood of \$19,000. Documentary evidence will be forthcoming. It is asserted, showing that Jennie Adams-Porter-Parsons was \$15,000 on deposit here in San Francisco.

About Strong Men.
Thomas Thompson lifted the barrels of water, weighing together 1,285 pounds on March 29, 1882. He also put an iron bar on his neck, seized his feet, and bent it until the latter met. On another occasion he carried a table six feet long, supporting at its farthest end a weight of 100 pounds. He also rose without serious effort a rope of a diameter of two inches, and lifted a horse over a bar.

Some years ago a negro appeared in London, who with one hand and his arm straight, lifted from the ground a chair in which was seated a full grown man having on his lap a child.

It is on record that a German called Buchholz lifted with his teeth a cannon weighing about 200 pounds, and fired it off in that position. While performing at Epernay, in France, the same feat was accomplished by a Dutchman, who carried on his back a barrel of gun powder, and with his teeth lifted against his left arm, protected by a leather bandage, lending it afterward straight again by beating it with the other way.

Charles Loyler, a carpenter of Paris, found it child's play to roll a tin ball between his fingers into a cylinder. On one occasion he carried off a soldier on guard who had gone to sleep in the sentry box, depositing both in a low chaise and with close by. An equally amusing story is told of a Dane, Knut Knudsen, a locksmith, who while standing in a window on the ground floor, lifted with one hand and a bullock from the shoulder of a butcher who was toiling past with his load.

He Was Powerful Lonesome.
The road up the mountain was hard to climb on horseback, but when I reached the top of the gap a beautiful view was spread before me. Like a strand of twisted silver the Cumberland river was woven into a beautiful picture of the valley, and far, far away the green of the forest stretched until it faded into the blue of the distant sky. After gazing on the magnificent scene for a few moments I got off my horse to fix my saddle girth, and while I was about it a mountain eagle came out of the woods by the roadside.

"How are you?" said I. "Have you a piece of string that I can tie up this girth with?"

"Sorry, mister," said he, "but I ain't."

"How far is it to the nearest house? Maybe I can get there."

"Like 'n' you kin; it's about half a mile down the mountain."

"Who lives there?"

"The Wilder Binkins' widow." I asked in astonishment, for only a week before I had met Sam down in Pineville in a timber trade.

"No, it ain't," he had a brother, but I didn't know he was dead," said I, considerably relieved.

"He ain't dead," said he, grinning, "it's his grass widdler."

"Oh, Bill has skipped, has he?"

"Well, sorter, you may say. You see, Bill's wife was sick, and he had to kinder look it easy, but she got her dander up, and then, er, er, he wouldn't work, she tucked it into her head to pester the life out of him and keep him from injin' his rest. It kip' on from bad to worse, till at last she tucked a club 'n' drub Bill off the place. And told her he'd be demised of he'd ever come back forever."

"When did all this happen?"

"Only jist this mornin'."

"Well, I guess I had better not stop there, but I must."

"In course, mister," he said urgently; "she ain't there to strangers."

With this assurance I started off, and as I turned in the road he called to me: "Say, mister, won't you tell the widder that when she Bill up in the mountain lookin' powerful lonesome!"

Transatlantic Liners.
It takes an expenditure of nearly \$20,000 to carry a vessel like the Majestic across the Atlantic.

A ship's steward, who sprang into the sea and rescued a young lady who had fallen overboard from an Atlantic liner, has been presented with \$1000 by her relatives.

It is said that the first cost of building a fleet of Atlantic liners is a trifle compared to the cost of running them; in less than three years it will exceed the cost of construction, and the constant expenditure in wages, port duties and repairs.

It is noted as curious that the most beautiful girls, and those with the greatest social advantages, more often die old maid than their homely sisters.

A DAGHESTAN PATTERN.

Phoebe Jane Brock hung the rug over the back of the household rocking chair, and Mrs. Posonby-Ten Brock gazed at it critically.

"It's a real Daghestan pattern," said the great lady, who was a summer visitor at East Palestine, and Phoebe Jane colored high with pride and pleasure. Being only seventeen years old, and not the capable one of the family, it was a great satisfaction to have her handiwork admired by a lady from New York.

"You really have got a knack at rug-making," said Phoebe Jane's older sister Ennie, when the visitor's carriage had gone. It was at that very moment, when Phoebe Jane was sitting in this glass tumbler in which the lady had drunk her cream, that a great idea came to her.

She did not tell Ennie at once. Ennie was trying to trim Pauline Jordan's bonnet "kind of subdued," according to that lady's injunctions, and she was coming out with new false teeth, and was anxious not to look too "dightly." When Ennie had something on her mind was not the time to talk to her. Besides, it was such a great idea that it almost took Phoebe Jane's breath away.

If she could have told her Cousin Luella, that would have been a consolation. Luella went to the Oakland female seminary, and knew almost everything; but Luella and she were forbidden to speak to each other, because her father and Luella's mother, Aunt Cynthia, had quarreled long ago.

Aunt Cynthia, his wife, Jerome and Luella, and Phoebe Jane's brother Llewellyn, had always seemed at each other, but Phoebe Jane and Luella had wanted to be friends ever since the day when Luella's bird kitten got lost in Wingo's woods, and Phoebe Jane had climbed a tall tree, in the top of which it was nesting pitreously, and restored it to its mistress' arms.

That had happened long ago, when they were little girls; but ever since they were shown themselves congenial spirits. So Phoebe Jane begged to ask Luella's advice about her bright idea. But as that could not be allowed it rest awhile in her eager brain, and then proceeded to develop it.

Phoebe Jane stood sitting in "the shepherdess' room" they called it, because the old-fashioned parlor on the walls was covered with shepherdesses, with their crooks and their flocks of sheep. It was the best room, the parlor; but although Phoebe Jane's father and mother had lived in that house ever since they were married, her father had never been furnished. They had always been planning to furnish it. That had been one of Phoebe Jane's mother's hopes as long as she lived, and now Ennie, whenever she was able to save a little money, said that sometimes, perhaps, they could furnish the parlor.

Ennie had made a beautiful lounge for out of an old packing case, and Mrs. Tisbury, when she moved to Orchard, had left them her base-burner stove to use until she wanted it. But Ennie said the great difficulty was the carpet—it was such a large room.

Phoebe Jane stood in the middle of the room, and stroved it with measuring tape.

"Llewellyn will paint the edges for me," she mused, "and it is very stylish to leave half a yard all around."

"Then we could have the chair-reharsals here," said Phoebe Jane aloud to herself.

The chair-reharsals were held in the church before the services on Sunday mornings, which was a very inconvenient time for those singers who lived way up beyond Pigeon Hill and down at Wood End. These reharsals seemed a little like profaning the Sabbath, to some of the singers; and, anyway, it was not pleasant and social, as it would be to have them in the evening. But it cost too much to heat or even to light the church for evening reharsals. It was a large, old-fashioned church, and Palestine was poor.

The Brocks had a large parlor organ; it almost filled the little sitting room, Mary Ellen, the sister who had married a doctor, it will be remembered again, and she could play beautifully on the organ, although she had never taken any lessons. Even Llewellyn, who was thirteen years old, and only a boy, could be trusted to play better than Phoebe Jane. He could draw delightful music out of the old fiddle that they found in Grandpa Palfie's garret, and could puzzle the school-master himself when it came to mathematics.

Phoebe Jane couldn't play on anything, except a comb, and she was obliged to go to the barn to indulge in the musical performances, because it made Ennie nervous. She said she could hear it Phoebe Jane could keep a tune. And Phoebe was very apt to be at the feet of the class at school.

Never mind! Mrs. Posonby-Ten Brock never flatter, but Ennie certainly never did, and Ennie had said that she, Phoebe Jane, had a "knack."

Phoebe Jane slipped away that afternoon without giving any account of herself. She called first on old Mrs. Prouty, who had been the Palestine dressmaker for fifty years. Old Mrs. Prouty had the reputation of being "plees" in her art, and she had never been known to give any away, even for a crazy quilt. But she and Phoebe Jane were very intimate. Phoebe Jane had brought up Mrs. Prouty's tender "pieces" of which Mrs. Prouty had told her the history.

Old Mrs. Tackeberry cried about the pink delaine that was her little granddaughter Abby Ellen's, who died, and about the lavender tulle that was her daughter Annah's wedding dress when she married a missionary and went to China, and died there.

Then they all laughed at an arabesque in one corner, which was Jerome's yellow flannel dress—Phoebe Jane had been a little afraid to tell of that, Jerome was so imposing in a white necktie. Aunt Cynthia would not believe that she had the dressmaker make that dress, until she remembered that it was the time when she scalded her hand.

People kept coming in. Phoebe Jane had an inspiration, and made Llewellyn go and invite them. It became a good old-fashioned neighborhood party—"just like a quilting," old Mrs. Tackeberry said. Everybody found some of their "pieces" in the rug, and smiles and tears and innumerable stories grew out of this.

The newcomers found the two factors apparently so reasonable that they were surprised out of any animosity they might have felt, and when they came to rehearse their music, it happened, oddly enough, that both parties had chosen the same hymn, and they all sang together.

When they had finished rehearsing, some one—Phoebe Jane would not believe whether it was Jerome or the professor—started "Bliss be the fiat binds." How did they sing it? Old Mrs. Tackeberry's thin cracked treble rang out in defiance of time and tune, and when the hymn ended, tears were rolling down her seamy cheeks.

Llewellyn got the Congo boys to help him make a frame that was large enough, and he helped to make the rug, too. By dint of hard work it was finished, and laid upon the parlor floor by the first of December. As Phoebe Jane said, if you don't believe it was a sieve, you'd better try one. A real Daghestan pattern nine by twelve feet.

Then, alas! when the rug was down, and the parlor furnished, all the pleasure of the chair reharsals was spoiled by a church quarrel. It arose as church quarrels and others often do, from a very small thing.

Old Mrs. Tackeberry, Aunt Cynthia's mother, had the old-fashioned New England habit of suspending all labor on Saturday evening, and beginning it again on Sunday evening; and, being a very obstinate woman, she would knit in the Sunday evening prayer-meeting. No matter how loud the minister and the members prayed and exhorted, no matter how loud the organ, old Mrs. Tackeberry's knitting needles seemed to click above everything.

Some people were shocked, and some had their nerves affected, while others declared that "a mother of Israel," old Mrs. Tackeberry, should be allowed to indulge in such harmless eccentricity. At this time the church was divided into two parties, one insisting old Mrs. Tackeberry should cease to knit, or leave, and the other declaring that if she left it would leave with her.

So the church was not re-assembled. The supporters of old Mrs. Tackeberry hired the town hall for their services, and a young divinity student for their minister. The funds that had been raised for the church were sadly insufficient for two, and there was enmity between old friends and neighbors. So Phoebe Jane, with a fearful sense of the futility of all human hopes, that there was "no comfort in half a choir rehearsal."

It was old Mrs. Tackeberry who had made the trouble between Aunt Cynthia and her brother-in-law, years before, so it was very likely that the Brocks would separate her cause. Phoebe Jane had never had a talk with her, but she was a tall and gentle man, and never had quarreled with anybody but Aunt Cynthia in his life—Deacon Brock said "wished folks could have put up with the knitting, for he believed it was conducive to godliness to let some folks do as they were a mind to."

thunder-shower; had always stood up for Ginger, the old lady's little rat-terrier, that was voted a nuisance by the neighbors boys. Moreover, old Mrs. Prouty's Luella, says in "the seats," and longed for evening reharsals. The "pieces" in Mrs. Prouty's attic were like mountains of rainbows, and old Mrs. Prouty had so good a memory that she knew to whose dress almost every piece had belonged.

Phoebe Jane made two or three other calls, and before she went home the success of her plan seemed assured.

Ennie said: "I don't see how you're going to make a rug that is large enough," and "I hope you won't get tired of it before its half done, as you did of the bedspread you began to crochet." But she helped. Ennie would always help, though she was practical, and saw all the difficulties at once.

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