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The Somerset Herald.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 14. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1895. WHOLE NO. 2303.

—THE—
First National Bank
Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.
Surplus, \$20,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

LARUE M. HICKS, GEO. R. SCULL,
JAMES L. PUGH, W. H. MILLER,
JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL,
FRED W. BIESSECKER.

EDWARD SCULL, JR., PRESIDENT.
VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT.
HARVEY M. BERKLEY, CASHIER.

The funds and securities of this bank are securely deposited in a celebrated COLLIER BROS. & CO. FIRE INSURANCE CO. The only side made absolutely burglar-proof.

Established, 1827. Organized as a National, 1890.
BANK
OF SOMERSET PA.

Capital, \$50,000.
Surplus and Undivided Profits, \$16,000.
Chas. J. Harrison, Pres't.
Wm. H. Koozts, Vice Pres't.
Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

The Magic Touch
OF
Hood's Sarsaparilla
You smile at the idea. But if you are a sufferer from
Dyspepsia
And Indigestion, try a bottle, and before you have taken half a dozen doses, you will involuntarily think, and no doubt exclaim,
"That Just Hits It!"

"That Just Hits It" is a magic touch! Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates a natural, healthy desire for food, gives refreshing sleep, and in short, raises the health tone of the entire system. Remember
Hood's Sarsaparilla
Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache, indigestion

Campbell & Smith.
The Peoples' Store.

We shall be receiving daily during the month of September, large invoices of goods purchased at the various market centers of the world.

These will be placed on sale, as received, on the small profit basis for which this store is noted. Great care has been taken to select only the latest styles and best values in
Silks, Dress Goods, Suits, Wraps, Millinery, Infants' and Ladies' Underwear and Hosiery, Trimmings and Laces.

Watch the Pittsburg Daily Papers for Details Day by Day.
Campbell & Smith,
Fifth Avenue,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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.
Undertaker and Embalmer.
A GOOD HEARSE,
and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

HANNAM BLOCK,
Johnstown, Pa. **SOMERSET - - Pa**

ONE AT A TIME.
One step at a time, and that well placed, And as time rolls on, your mind will grow. Will slowly come to light; One foot at a time, and the forest grows; One drop at a time and the river flows Into the boundless sea.

ONE WORD AT A TIME, and the greatest book is written and is read; One stone at a time, and the palace rears Its lofty head; One blow at a time, the tree's end is through; And a city will stand where a forest grew A few short years before.

ONE GRAIN OF KNOWLEDGE, and that well stored, Another, and more of them; And as time rolls on, your mind will grow. With many a garnered gem Of thought and wisdom. And time will tell "One word at a time, and that done well," Is wisdom's proven rule.

A PAIR OF NIECES.
"You can't expect me to support you in idleness any longer," said Mrs. Udsell, reddening to the very roots of her hair. "I didn't mean to be in the way, if you are the gardener, I just broke off this little orange blossom. I may keep it."

"You may keep it certainly," said a tall, fine looking man, who was trimming the superfluous branches from a magnificent white blossomed daphne. "I thought perhaps you had picked your finger on the great Colorado cactus and hurt yourself. You seemed to be crying."

"It wasn't the cactus," muttered Ginevra; "it was the children." "The children?" "They won't mind," explained Ginevra; "they only laugh at me, and I don't know what to do."

"We are wishing to work if any one would show us how," murmured Ginevra. "General Livingston wants a governess for his granddaughters, six and seven years old. Music, French and Latin required. You shall take that position, Ginevra," said her aunt.

"The taller of the girls changed color. 'I don't know much about music,' said she. 'I speak Latin, but I'm quite ignorant of French.' 'Say you know it,' said Mrs. Udsell, sharply, 'and do the best you can. General Livingston is at home very little. Twenty or one he'll never find it out. At all events, I've told Miss Jenks, the housekeeper, that you will be there to-morrow at 9 o'clock to take the situation.'"

"But, Aunt Matilda, wouldn't that be acting a lie?" faltered the girl. "A lie, indeed, indeed screamed Mrs. Udsell, her eyes ablaze with anger. 'How dare you use that word to me, Ginevra! As for you, Kate, you are to go as companion to Miss Ramona Ray. She's as deaf as a post, and you've got a good, clear voice to read aloud to her. She's had tempers and exacting, but it's the business of you young people to give way to your elders—and any way you have your living to earn.'"

two blooming little maidens were sitting up in the school room, with clean slates and spottless new school books, waiting for their governess. Miss Jenks was on hand to introduce the stranger to her new domains. "You're rather young, miss," said she, "and insignificant looking for the place. Mrs. Udsell told me—"

"I shall do my best," said Ginevra, with gentle dignity; "and I do not doubt that I shall succeed very well." "But Eva and Ella were born rebels. They had conquered governess after governess, and driven them off defeated. They liked the excitement of it, and did not like to study, and the natural sequence was that in less than an hour Ginevra Hall was in tears.

Eva had imitated her French accent with scorn. Ella had mischievously rubbed out the figures on the slate as often as Miss Hall made them, and when the hour of noon recreation came, and the little maidens rushed out to play on the lawn, poor Ginevra hid herself among the palms in the conservatory to weep without stint.

"Is anything the matter?" asked a voice. "Ah, I beg your pardon," said Ginevra, reddening to the very roots of her hair. "I didn't mean to be in the way, if you are the gardener, I just broke off this little orange blossom. I may keep it."

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I have been sanguine enough to hope that I can win the love of a girl of seventeen. It is for you to decide whether I am right or wrong. "For me?" "I have fallen in love with you, Ginevra. Tell me—will you be my wife instead of the children's governess?" Mrs. Udsell told me—

It was a fine old man, and he had a fine old story to tell. He had been a soldier, and he had seen some of the best fighting that was ever done. He had been a captain, and he had been a general. He had been a hero, and he had been a villain. He had been a man of many names, and he had been a man of many deeds.

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CAPTAIN TISSUE AGAIN.
"Some people are hard to please; so much so that they are never satisfied with anything. This seems to be the case with the man who is the subject of the present article. He is a man of many names, and he has a fine old story to tell. He has been a soldier, and he has seen some of the best fighting that was ever done. He has been a captain, and he has been a general. He has been a hero, and he has been a villain. He has been a man of many names, and he has been a man of many deeds."

ing adopted by his descendants in this country a large time. "As 'Dieher Ben' truthfully, although somewhat ambiguously, says: 'The honest inquirer after the truth doesn't always know where to go to get the most reliable statements of the facts as they really occurred, until after he has had his own statements contradicted by someone who pretends to know better.' He should allow himself to be convinced by the foregoing statements, which, as the writer said in the paper which called forth 'Dieher Ben's' denials, were substantially and certainly true. A good deal has been said first and last about the original spelling of Capt. Tissue's name. Without pretending to have any familiarity with the German language, the writer believes and supposes that the name originally was spelled something like this: 'Tashou. 'Dieher Ben' can, and most likely will, correct this; but it is doubtful whether he can improve it very much. 'Dieher Ben' says the story as he heard it from Mr. Welley. 'Looks like a correct statement.' He ought to know, at this time of life, how deceptive appearances are, and would do well to remember 'that all that glitters is not gold.'"

The Rescue.
Three pairs of Baltimore Orioles built their nests in the boughs of the elms shading a large garden. Though on separate trees, they were all close together and the birds were all on good terms. In other trees round about and in the shrubs and bushes beneath were the nests of other birds—robins, bluebirds, blackbirds, catbirds, chipping birds—what not. Between these outsiders and the orioles there was usually peace, though the blackbird occasionally got into trouble when he came too near the orioles' nests. Accordingly, when, on a certain morning, the birds of all kinds were found to be in a state of wild excitement, the gardener ran to see what ailed the feathered crew.

The cause of the trouble was soon discovered. One of the demure oriole wives had caught her head in the sharp angle of a tree limb and there she hung, fluttering and unable to free herself. The bird community had assembled in force and had they been endowed with ordinary human reason, they could not have been more excited, more full with advice, or less capable of offering any real assistance. Beyond dashing from place to place and screaming, the birds, other than the orioles, did nothing; but the two sisters of the prisoner not only flashed about and screamed, but occasionally one of them would catch the trapped bird by a tail feather and give her a yank. As it happened, this pulling only seemed to wedge the unfortunate bird the tighter in the fork.

To the spectator in the garden the fate of the bird seemed sealed beyond help, and because of this he looked with astonishment on the three male orioles, all of which were seated close together where they could see the hanging bird, and not one of which fluttered a feather or made a move.

But just as the gardener was concluding that the female must die, one of the male orioles, presumably the mate of the prisoner, flew to the place where she was hanging, straddled the fork, grasped her by the back of the neck with his bill, and, bracing himself, gave a mighty tug that pulled her free. Then he dropped her. Instantly recovering herself, she flew to a nearby limb and began arranging her badly rumpled clothes.—New York Sun.

Training Carrier Pigeons.
De Witt C. Lockwood writes an account of the "Carrier-Pigeons of Santa Catalina," describing the rapid mail service established between the two places in the September 8, *Nicholson*. It may be understood however, that in certain pigeons, especially those known as the Belgian variety, the homing instinct is developed in a remarkable degree; and it is the birds' intense love of home, and the almost unvarying certainty of their return thither after having been taken some distance away from their nests, which makes them valuable as carriers. The methods used in training a pigeon for special service are not by any means similar, as many persons seem to think, to those employed in teaching a dog to run after a stick, or a white-spotted pony to dance the polka. A carrier's education consists in conveying him away from home and letting him go, when he sturdily flies back to the loft where he belongs.

This sounds almost as thrilling as the story of the enterprising mouse that first ran up the clock and then ran down again, and of course it conveys no idea of the immense amount of care and patience involved in the rearing and breeding of the birds—the special cultivation of those qualities which produce the best results, and so on. In training the birds for Catalina three or four were usually placed together in a post-hole box, perforated with holes about the size of a quarter of a dollar. They were carried to a spot a mile or so from the loft, in a direct line for the coast and Catalina, and released. A few days later the same birds were taken a greater distance away—say three or four miles from home—and liberated. In this manner the several succeeding journeys were gradually lengthened until San Pedro, the seaport of Los Angeles, twenty-two miles distant, was reached. Then the pigeons were taken aboard the steamer and set at liberty a few miles out at sea, increasing the distance upon the four occasions that followed, until at last the end of the route was reached and the birds would fly, without fail, across the sea and over the land to their home.

Rupture, Breach, or Hernia, permanently cured or no pay. The worst cases guaranteed. Pamphlet and references, 10 cents in stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 463 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Had no Terrors For Roosevelt.
Theodore Roosevelt, the famous Game-winner, who is just now causing so much commotion in New York, making saloon-keepers obey the Sunday closing law, and by playing Harlan-Bessard among sleepy or negligent policemen, is well and favorably known on many cattle ranges in the West. Three qualities which he displayed out there endeared him to the heart of the plainsman; his plus his lawlessness, his ability to shoot straight and quick. Ask the first Montana cattlemen you meet out at the stock yards for his opinion of Mr. Roosevelt, and the chances are he will tell you of half a dozen stories of the young New Yorker's nerve and prowess. One of these visitors from Montana was sitting in the Transit House the other evening when someone happened to mention the big figure Roosevelt was cutting just at present in New York municipal affairs. The Montana man said:

"Some of the newspapers, I see, are having fun with Roosevelt, especially in the East. They don't know him down there as well as we of the West, or they would change their tune. You can hear of him all through the cattle ranges west of the Dakotas. He has fame there for absolute fearlessness. He has faced and killed more grizzly bears, for one thing, than most men, and a man who enters into a personal controversy with a grizzly, however well organized he may be for the interview, must have his nerve with him. Then the ranches out where Roosevelt circulates have never been able to produce a bronco which he dared not ride. The wilder and more ferocious the animal, the more sagaciously and ingeniously ready was Roosevelt to mount him. And on these broncos, as well as on the bear occasions, it was noticed that he showed those white teeth of his just as he does on police occasions and about which the New York papers feel such wondrous glee.

"Aside from combats with bears and contests with broncos, Roosevelt has unhesitatingly made valiant battle with three or four hard characters, whose trails he crossed in his Western rambles. One character who was regarded as desperate and who did business under the name of George Long Ike, once helped himself to a load of whiskey which Roosevelt had brought out. He evidently relied on his strength, his six-shooters and his evil fate to make good his insolence. He expected Roosevelt would submit tamely or pass it off as a joke. He was mistaken. Roosevelt in an instant had hold of him like a tiger, and before he had gotten the whiskey or anything else out of him, he had thrown him into the middle of the street.

"Even then he did not have peace, for Roosevelt was after him like a landslide and had thrashed him lame and black and blue before he was five minutes older. The stranger then returned to the saloon, perfectly calm, his white teeth making their usual exhibition. Now was Long Ike's really his only trophy. The man of the Northwest show others. To-day he is famous through the whole upper Missouri and Yellowstone country as a man utterly game, and you would not be able to find a character so reckless of his own safety in that region that would fight such a pull on trouble with Theodore Roosevelt."

When Roosevelt first made his appearance out West his get-up provoked a good deal of sarcastic comment among men who had lived there for any length of time. The New Yorker costumed himself a good deal according to the school-boy's notion of it, the Indian fighter. The hard-boiled frontiersman was inclined to resent this somewhat theatrical importation, and was not slow to express dissatisfaction. Roosevelt was regarded as "a fool take-up," whose notions of Western make-up were based on close study of Beadle's *Idioty*. The real cow-puncher or knew no such gaudiness, seldom carried an ivory-handled six-shooter and probably never sat for his picture with a Winchester "at the make ready." Before the newcomer had been long among them, however, the frontiersman learned to respect him, and overlooked his fondness for dressing himself in such fancy style. This change of opinion was precipitated when Roosevelt killed his first of many grizzlies, and was rock-stood on one occasion when a rustler sent the New Yorker word that he meant to shoot him on sight.

The Eastern man at once rode to the rustler's camp to find out why he was to be shot. The rustler did not like the look of his visitor, and, instead of making the expected gun play, asked him what he would have to drink. Roosevelt took "the same," and took it straight, and from that time on was one of the few men in the West who could drink like a tenderfoot and be taken for a "sure good boy." He could shoot a little better than a cowboy, he had better muscles and fewer veins than most of them. He had better teeth, above all. He could live on "sock-belly" without complaining, and get along without riding fifty miles for liquor. He was a pretty good cow-puncher, even if he did own the cows he punched, and even if he did lose money at the game.—Chicago Tribune.

The Spiketown Blizzard.
"James," said Editor Clugston, of the Spiketown *Blizzard*, "go and see what names that formidable snowfall." The other boy went out and presently came back with the information that somebody in the neighborhood was burning rubber.

"Hiram," said Editor Clugston, "see if you can find out where that horrible odor comes from." The foreman sallied out and sniffed the air. On returning he gave it as his decided opinion that some cook not far away had inadvertently burnt a beefsteak.

"You are both right," said Editor Clugston, seizing his pen and beginning to write, his lofty brow aflame with the light of a sudden inspiration. The next number of the Spiketown *Blizzard* contained this item:

"The frightful smell that permeated the atmosphere last Monday was caused by the accidental burning of one of those rubber stinks which the restaurant always supplies to its customers.

"P. S.—Unless satisfactory arrangements are made at the business department of this office, this same item will appear in the next issue of the *Blizzard* with the blank properly filled out."

Cruel Fate.
There in the dust, footsore and weary, he fell.
"How sad, how unjust!" the world cried, "to perish in the very sight of home!"
But the umpire refused to reverse his decision.—Rockland Tribune.

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