The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 17. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1895. WHOLE NO. 2306.

The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

Terms of Publication.

Published every Wednesday morning at $1 00 per annum if paid in advance, otherwise $2 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, Pa.

C. F. UHL, Jr., ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC. Office above Coffroth & Ruppel, Somerset, Pa.

RUFUS E. MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Scott's Law Building, 2d floor. All business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Somerset, Penn'a.

A. G. HAY. C. W. WALKER. HAY & WALKER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Office opposite Court House. Somerset, Pa.

D. B. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 170 Fourth St., Pittsburg, Pa.

J. A. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office above Fisher's Book Store. Somerset Pa.

HARVEY M. BERKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in First National Bank. Somerset, Pa.

A. C. HOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office with John H. Uhl. Somerset, Pa.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Printing House Row, opposite Court House. Somerset, Pa.

J. R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

W. H. KOONTZ. J. G. OGLE. KOONTZ & OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to their care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Print House Row, opposite Court House. Somerset, Pa.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. Somerset, Pa.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block. Somerset, Pa.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross street, above Coffroth's Grocery Store. Somerset, Pa.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all business attended to with promptness and fidelity. Somerset, Pa.

A. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN. COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms. Somerset, Pa.

H. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention. Somerset, Pa.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, All business entrusted to their care will be promptly and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross street, opposite Mammoth Block. Somerset, Pa.

J. W. CAROTHERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office on Patriot Street, near R. R. Station. Calls left at office. Somerset, Pa.

DR. P. F. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office next door to Commercial Hotel. Somerset, Pa.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Office on Main street, rear of Drug store.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL, Offers his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office, Main St., East of Diamond.

DR. J. S. McMILLEN, (Graduate in Dentistry.) Gives special attention to the preservation of natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. Operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office at residence over L. H. Davis & Co's store, Main Cross and Patriot streets.

C. H. COFFROTH, Funeral Director. Office 606 Main Cross St. Residence, 340 Patriot St.

FRANK B. FLUCK, Land Surveyor AND MINING ENGINEER. Listie, Pa.

Newspaper. J. F. Beachy. Real Estate and Collecting Agency. Persons wishing to buy or sell farms or town property in Somerset county or elsewhere, are invited to call at our office in Knepper Block. Prompt attention will be given to all mail inquiries regarding prices and location of property. Please enclose a two cent stamp to prepay answer. SNYDER & BEACHY, Knepper Block, Somerset, Pa.

Oils! Oils!

The Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburg Department, Pittsburg, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating & Lubricating Oils Naphtha & Gasoline,

that can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known

Product of Petroleum

If you wish the most uniformly

Satisfactory Oils

—IN THE—

American Market.

Look for our Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by

COOK & BEERITS and FREASE & KOOSER, Somerset, Pa.

THE

First National Bank

—OF—

Somerset, Penn'a.

—0—

Capital, $50.000.

Surplus, $20,000.

—0—

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

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

—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. BIESECKER.

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

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated CORLISS BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. The only safe made absolutely burglar-proof.

The Somerset County National

BANK

OF SOMERSET PA.

—:0:—

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890

—:0.—

CAPITAL, $50,000

SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS $16,000.

—:0:—

Chas. J. Harrison. Pres't.

Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.

Milton J. Pritts, Cashier.

—:0:—

DIRECTORS:

SAMUEL SNYDER, WM. ENDSLEY, JOSIAH SPECHT, JONAS M. COOK, JOHN H. SNYDER, JOHN STUFFT, JOSEPH B. DAVIS, NOAH S. MILLER, HARRISON SNYDER, JEROME STUFFT, SAM. B. HARRISON.

Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.

Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with most improved time lock.

Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.

Accounts and deposits solicited.

Wild & Anderson,

Iron & Brass Founders,

Engineers and Machinists and Engin Builders.

—Manufacturers of—

COAL CAR WHEELS and AXLES.

New and second-hand Machinery, Shafting, Hangers and Pulleys, Injectors, Lubricators, Oil Cups, Etc.

ERECTING OF MACHINERY A SPECIALTY

Strictly First-Class Work Guaranteed.

Shop on Broad St., near B.& O. Depot

Johnstown, - - Pa.

THE ART AMATEUR.

Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine.

(The only Art Periodical awarded a Medal at the World's Fair.)

Invaluable to all who wish to make their living by art or to make their homes beautiful

FOR 10c. we will send to any one mentioning this publication a specimen copy, with superb color plates (for copying or tracing) and 8 supplementary pages of designs (regular price 35c). Or 10c

FOR 25c. we will send also "Painting for Beginners" (96 pages).

MONTAGUE MARKS, 23 Union Square, New York.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING

A SPECIALTY.

HARRY M. BENSHOFF,

MANUFACTURING STATIONER

—AND—

BLANK BOOK MAKER

HANNAM BLOCK,

Johnstown, Pa.

Mr. Geo. H. Dietterich

The Plain Facts

Are that I have had Catarrh 10 Years. No catarrh cure did me any good, but Hood's Sarsaparilla helped me wonderfully. My head is cleared, sense of smell returning. Hood's Sarsaparilla is doing my wife a world of good for That Tired Feeling. GEORGE H. DIETTERICH, Hobbie, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

Hood's Pills are efficient and gentle. 25c.

Campbell & Smith.

The Peoples' Store.

Are you ready to buy your outfit?

Do you want to get the latest style in a new Fur Wrap, a stylish Hat, or a handsome Dress Pattern?

Never in our twenty-four years' history have we had such a magnificent display, and the prices are so low it will pay you to buy here even if you live one hundred miles away.

Here you can get everything you need for your personal requirement, and we can furnish your home complete.

This is the place for brides to get their outfits, and if you are going to housekeeping to come and get everything complete in house furnishings.

Several thousand handsome jackets and wraps of all kinds, latest styles.

From $5 00 to $75

Hundreds and hundreds of new fur capes.

From $4.75 to $250

Nearly a thousand children's jackets, sizes 4 to 18 years.

From 79c to $15.00

The most magnificent display of stylish trimmed hats and bonnets we have ever shown.

Prices $1.50 to $25.00

Grand display of new silks suitable for wedding dresses, evening costumes or afternoon wear.

50c to $2.50 per yard

Grand values in new handsome black silks.

50c to $2.00 yer yard

Large collection of fine imported dress goods in French, German, British and American novelties, including new styles of plaids.

Our display of black dress goods excels all we have ever before shown.

We have dress goods from 10c to $2.75, but you want to see the values we are showing at

39c, 50c, 75c, $1.00

When you come to town don't fail to come to this store; you are welcome whether you want to buy or not.

MAIL ORDERS RECEIVE CAREFUL ATTENTION.

Campbell & Smith,

Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Between Wood & Smithfield Sts.

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.

A. H. HUSTON,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE,

and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

SOMERSET - - Pa.

LULLABY SONG.

Sleep, my darling, while the shadows
Gather round thy downy bed,
And the golden summer sunset
Softly falls upon thy head.
Let thine eyelids droop like curtains
O'er the windows of thy soul;
Mother's precious, precious darling,
Sleep while dark the billows roll.

Sleep in peace, no foe shall harm thee,
Mother will be ever nigh,
And the angels, clad in splendor,
God will send thee from the sky.
All the night, though storms may gather,
All the night, though thunders roar,
Drift away on wings of slumber,
Till you reach morn's golden shore.

Sleep, my darling, sad and lonely,
With a tear upon thy cheek,
With a sorrow in thy bosom
That thy lips can never speak.
Thou hast found thy life a burden,
Long has been the weary day;
Sleep, oh, sleep, and let thy sorrow
In thy slumber drift away.

Sleep, my darling, soon the morning
Thou shalt joyfully behold,
And the skies so dark and cloudy,
Flaming like a sea of gold.
Blessed, blessed be thy waking,
When the night of earth is past;
Sleep, oh, sleep, in peace and safety,
Thou shalt wake in heaven at last.

—G. W. Crofts in Chicago *Inter Ocean*.

RUNNING OUT AN ANGEL.

"Gents," said Major Fulton, ponderously, "I've saw hundreds, mebbe thousan's, of 'em, an' I say th' feller's bogus, an'll bear right smart chance o' watchin'—that's what I think."

"He's dead wrong," assented little Ike Bullet, who always agreed with the Major in everything. "Of, course, his actin' mysterious hain't really nothin' p'tic'lar ag'in 'im. Folks out yere—that is, they hain't nobody, hardly, th't hain't got somethin't' by mys—that is, some o' them ducks is mysterious an' some's noisy, like," finished Ike, lamely, realizing that had had almost slipped into personalities.

"Tried t' talk t' 'im," sighed "Lazy" Wolf, with his customary stretch. "'S I. 'Fr'm the States, I recon?' 'Yes, 's he. "Xpect t' go intuh minin'?' 's I. 'Possibly,' he, an' then 'e gits out of a good, comf't'ble cheer an' walks off."

"Hain' nobody but my clerk gits no talk out of 'im," put in Colonel Hanks, the landlord, "an' 'bout all 'e says t' Billy is 'Nice day,' an' 'Cigar, please.' But 'e pays 'is bills, an' carries a roll, too; I s'pose that's all I ought t' worry 'bout."

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" snapped little Ike, excitedly, "an' all th' time, him layin', most likely, f'r t'jerk th' props fr'm under he! I'm fr' startin' 'im, I am, an' pretty quick, too!"

"I wouldn't be too hasty gentlemen," counseled the mild voice of Professor Hendrix, editor of the Gold Hill Avalanche. "We may, after all, be entertaining an angel—that is, a 'sucker—unawares. Let no guilty capitalist escape ere he has been induced to invest."

"He hain't no capitalist," interjected the Major, scornfully. "He's too—too quiet. I think he'd better have th' run."

"Easy, Major, easy," said Hendrix, softly. "Now I would suggest that we select a committee of, say, two, to sound the gentleman and endeavor, by peaceful means, if possible, to cause him to give an account of himself. If he declines to do so—" The editor concluded with a tolerably graceful wave of his hand, for the subject of the foregoing remarks—a pale, somewhat ordinary looking young man in clothes of Eastern cut—had just entered and was passing through the room.

Time was when Gold Hill had been a thriving, busy camp, with metropolitan aspirations. But its boom died, and the glories of Gold Hill were only a memory to the three hundred citizens (who remained behind because they could not afford to leave what little was left them of their former possession), and to the "suckers" who had dropped their money at the time of the rush. It was still the centre of a fairly good but steadily "petering" mining district, and there yet remained the hope on the part of many citizens that some one might make another big "strike," and the old times come back; in which case they would be "in on the ground floor." But several years had seen only a steady decline in Gold Hill, and an increase of prosperity on the part of its hated rival, New Kimberly, the inhabitants of which were wont to profess ignorance of the existence of the former metropolis, albeit only twenty miles separated the two camps.

It was in the second year after the death of Gold Hill boom that the business men of that camp began to realize that retrenchment was necessary. There was always the hope of a "strike," or a chance of unloading something at a good price on some unsophisticated "tenderfoot"; but, in the meantime, it was necessary to "look after the leaks." The gentlemen who kept the dispensaries had as lively a sense of the necessity for retrenchment as the rest, and they went about economizing in a practical manner.

There was in the camp a prominent but somewhat impecunious citizen, known as Joe Godfrey, and Mr. Godfrey had formerley resided in the "moonshine" districts. This latter fact gave Major Fulton and Hanks an idea. The bottom lands near by grew large quantities of cereals, including corn. Putting two and two together—Joe Godfrey and the corn-crop—and—why, it was as easy as anything could be! In a short time Mr. Godfrey's work made itself felt by the wholesale men, who shook their heads over the decadence of business, not only in the Gold Hill, but in several outlying camps, as well. Revenue officers shook their heads, too, and sought to ascertain the cause of this unaccountable state of things. But only one of them had found what he sought, and he mysteriously disappeared, failing even to call for his baggage or to pay his bill at the hotel. And Messrs. Fulton, Hanks, *et al.*, waxed fat and prosperous in the midst of seeming adversity, yet were ever circumspect, as behooves gentlemen who defy the laws of Government. There were no informers in Gold Hill. The man who gave the revenue officer who mysteriously disappeared the information that led to the finding of the still, was shot in "self-defense" by a henchman of the ring within a day or two after the officer turned up missing.

Several circumstances had caused suspicion of the man who had been the subject of the afternoon's sessions in the present instance. He had been in Gold Hill about two weeks, and had hardly spoken to any one in the camp; he had said nothing about his business; he took not even a hammer with him when he walked or rode about the country (presumably prospecting); and he had been seen on several occasions, after nightfall (his light-colored clothes were conspicuous), outside the camp, talking to some one, probably a stranger, who was as yet unidentified, inasmuch as the two had never yet been seen together by daylight or within the limits of the camp.

On the evening after the consultation of the powers in the Merchants' Hotel, Professor Hendrix met the stranger, who claimed the name of Tennison, and tried, in his most suave and diplomatic manner, to draw him out and to learn something of his business; but the young man, while willing enough to discuss matters in general, became as dumb as an oyster when it got to personal questions, and displayed an aptness in turning the conversation worthy of one of twice his years. So Hendrix tried another tack.

"Er—Mr. Tennison," he began, in his mildest manner, at what he considered an opportune moment, "I greatly fear you think me unduly curious about your—ah—er—affair, but—"

"Yes, I do," interrupted the other, curtly; "you're about the seventeenth man that has tried to sound me." And he bit off the end of his cigar in a manner that betokened not a little resentment.

Hendrix was a bit disconcerted; but, not a bit cast down, he resumed:

"I'm sorry, Mr. Tennison, but—er—the fact is, if I must tell you, that—that there are rumors—that is, there are those who affect to believe you are not what you pretend to be."

"What have I pretended to be?" asked Tennison, shortly.

"Nothing—nothing," said the professor, in some haste. "That's just the trouble. They think you ought to—"

"Mr. Hendrix, we are in free America, are we not? Well, then, I propose to attend to my own affairs; and as for these prying gossips you refer to, I have the sublimest contempt for them.' Whereupon Mr. Tennison rose abruptly, went into the hotel, and retired to his room.

As a matter of fact, he was through with most of his business at Gold Hill; but he did not propose—even though he expected, before his departure, to discuss other matters with certain mining men—to give the idle gossips a chance to have any satisfaction out of him.

Hendrix, at a session of the ring in his back office, reported his failure to extract anything from the close-mouthed "tenderfoot."

"See?" said Major Fulton, "I knowed how 'twould be. They hain't but one thing left t' do, as I c'n see."

Little Ike looked at him interrogatively. "Ye don't mean—" he began, with some apprehension.

"Nothin'!" replied the major, shortly. "Jes' give this 'angel' th' run, that's all."

* * * * * *

About two o'clock in the morning Tennison was suddenly awakened by repeated raps at his door.

"Who's there?" he called sharply.

"Me—Hanks," was the response, in what the colonel intended to be a trembling voice. "Open the door a minute."

Grumbling at thus having his sleep broken, Tennison complied and at once found himself covered by half a dozen revolvers in the hands of masked men. Sensibly he threw up his hands and they entered the room, pushing the apparently unwilling landlord, hemently protesting against what he called their brutality, before them.

"What does this mean, gentlemen?" asked Tennison, angrily. "Do you propose to rob or murder me?—or both?"

"Shet up!" was the reply, "an' git intuth them clo'es an' pack that there grip, dam quick! Ye won't be hurt ef ye don't make no fuss."

Twenty minutes later the unfortunate suspect found himself some distance out of camp, grip in hand, and with footsteps accelerated by the parting injunction of his captors:

"Ef y're w'thin ten miles o' yere b' daylight, ye won't need no breakf'st.

The New Kimberly Miner and Ranchman of a week later contained the following item, and marked copies of the paper were sent to Gold Hill:

"Again have the moss-backed denizens of that antique settlement of Gold (save the mark!) Hill stepped on themselves; one more blunder have they committed, to their everlasting cost.

"Three weeks ago, Mr. G. F. Tennison, a gentleman of culture and refinement, who represents an Eastern syndicate with millions of capital, went to Gold (?) Hill with the intention of looking about for investments. First, however, it was his aim, with the assistance of certain documents in his possession, and under the guidance of that veteran prospector Peter the Hermit, to locate some of the old Jesuit workings supposed to exist there. Failing in this, it was his intention to invest in one or two properties which he considers are not being properly worked (as nothing, excepting an occasional sucker, ever is at Gold Hill).

"Behold the stupidity of Gold Hillites! Because Captain Tennison, who is, as we said before, a gentleman of culture, refinement and education, did not stand upon the housetops and declare his business to the open-mouthed multitude, certain persons, ostensibly respectable business men, but who, from the environment, do not know a gentleman of culture, refinement, education, and good breeding—these swine because he chose to step lightly while in their sty, took exception to his quiet and gentlemanly way of conducting himself; and at the darkling hour of two o'clock a. m., when all decent people should be in bed, a cut-throat horde came and ourst in his door, and under pain of death compelled him to leave their camp—which he was, no doubt, glad to do.

"Like the gentleman of culture, refinement, education, good breeding and unerring judgment that he is, Major Tennison came to New Kimberly as fast as his legs would bring him, knowing full well that the people of the city, who know a gentleman when they see one, would treat him with hospitality and consideration, as they do, indeed, every one who behaves himself in anything but Gold Hill's popular hoodlum style.

"The distinguished visitor is at present the guest of Judge Williams and his charming spouse at their palatial home on Citrus avenue, and has spent the past two or three days looking at some of the judge's partially developed bonanzas in this vicinity."

The next issue of the Miner and Ranchman presented the following:

"Last week the Miner and Ranchman published (exclusively) the account of the brutal treatment at Gold Hill of Colonel Tennison, the distinguished Eastern gentleman who is sojourning in our midst, and who, by the way, has made some heavy investments in New Kimberly mining property for the syndicate he represents. [Incidentally, the colonel states, without reservation, we may interpolate, that the Miner and Ranchman is the best newspaper west of St. Louis and south of Denver).

"There is another chapter to the story, and an interesting one. At the last hour before going to press, we receive by special courier a message from Deputy Revenue Collector Boggs and Deputy United States Marshals Newton and Dwyer, stating that they have arrested the parties who, for two years past, have operated the illicit whisky still that has so long been baffling the vigilance of the Government officials, and will arrive here with their prisoners before this issue of the Miner and Ranchman (which has the news exclusive, as usual, the old, worm-eaten, musty Prospector being, as it ever was, too stupid to know an item of interest when it sees one) is cold from the press.

"And will the venerable, moss grown Prospector believe it? It affords us unmingled satisfaction to record for the hide-bound editor of that spavined sheet that first and foremost among those captured, and more certain of conviction than he ever was of an honest living, is that Fidus Achates of his, that sweet thing known as Hi Hendrix—heretofore editor of that disgraceful rag the Gold Avalanche—Hendrix, the base, low-born creature whom we have exposed time and again in the past four years, and for whom the poor old Prospector's editor on the other hand, has (is it because birds of a feather etc.) ever carried an inky cudgel. Will the latter shut up—now?

"In addition to Hendrix, there are old Dank Hanks, proprieter of the Merchants' Hotel; Jim Fulton and Ike Bullett, of the Gold Hill exchange; Mart Wolf, of the White Wings Saloon; Joe Godfrey and Pat O'Hearn the latter two being caught at work in the still.

"It appears that the night before Colonel Tennison was assaulted, he accidentally overheard a conversation between two loungers on the hotel porch, in which one of them said something about a "revenue officer." On reflection, the colonel decided that he was the person referred to, inasmuch as several parties had tried unsuccessfully to learn his business; and the result was that he put two and two together, and on meeting Colonel Boggs in our office, told him of his theory as to what was back of the assault upon him. Thereupon the officers went to Gold Hill, with the gratifying result above recorded.

"If, as is believed, the arrested men can be convicted of the supposed murder of Deputy-Marshal White something over a year ago, it will go hard with them. At any rate, the people of this county will be pleased to know that they are safe for good, long terms in the pen."—*San Francisco Aronaut.*

The Glass Snake Only a Brittle Lizard.

The glass snake, which is not a snake any more than it is a turtle, has a tail about two-thirds its entire length. This tail, like the tails of about all lizards in the United States that I have met with, is very delicate and easily broken off at times. When a fourth to a half, or even more, of the animal is detached and the head end wriggles away and the remainder and sometimes a large part squirms in sight, it is an astonishing spectacle, and I am not surprised that the ignorant should clothe the creature with mysticism. But, as a matter of fact, all sensible people know that the fragments do not reunite, for it would be impossible to fit together the ruptured blood vessels and shattered nerves and restore the animal. Still this story of traditonal force is believed by a host of people, along with other surprising hoopsnake tales, millsnake whoppers, with quill-throwing porcupine relations, and a thousand and one other and lesser untruths.—*American Field.*

Snap Shots.

A merciful man is mereiful even to another man's beast.

Good luck has cost many a young man a great fortune.

Attention to business is the first thing a young man must pay.

The man who finds the North Pole gets the persimmon.

Men with wheels in their heads are naturally inclined toward revolutions.

An Arkansas young man who was bitten by a horse trader died of mortification.

Satan is merely an autocratic cook.—*Galveston News.*

Of "Pierce's Pellets" we wish to rehcrse
The wonderful virtues, in prose and in verse.
Dyspeptics—blear-eyed, sour-visaged and cranky—
May be cured by a pill, the device of a Yankee.
Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cost only 25 cents and cure dyspepsia, constipation, biliousness and all derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

A White Ribbon.

We were traveling away from the home scenes
In a crowded and stifling car,
And could see but the faces of strangers—
From home we had wandered so far.
E'en the hills stretching quietly backward,
And the river and broad fields of grain
Seemed to give us no sweet recognition,
As we sped on the crowded train.

We were weary—the journey was tiresome,
We were lonely—the world seemed so wide,
And the strangers were unsympathetic,
Though they traveled for miles at our side.
But, again, as I scanned all their faces,
I saw, with a gladsome surprise,
A tiny bit of white ribbon,
And I glanced at the wearer's eyes.

She was kind when she glanced back upon me,
And when she saw on my dress
A bit of the same snowy ribbon—
Came a smile like a tender caress.
Soon she came to my side, and we murmured,
Our gladness at meeting; and then
We talked of our plans and our purpose
To defeat the destroyer of men.

It is true that one touch of nature
Makes the whole of the great world akin;
It is true that a bit of white ribbon
May friends for the traveler win.
And the cold, distant glance of the stranger
Will change into sympathy rare,
As the emblem of true-hearted service
Flashes forth in its purity there.

Ah, sisters, we must not be careless
In wearing this emblem of ours—
It may comfort some lonely stranger,
It may soothe like a gift of flowers;
It may plead like an eloquent speaker
With the soul that is weary in sin;
It may prove a message from heaven
To beckon the wanderer in.

—ANGIE M. LEWIS.

W. C. T. U. CONVENTION.

Proceedings of the Eleventh Annual Session of the Somerset County W. C. T. U.

The Eleventh Annual Meeting of the Woman's Christain Temperance Union of Somerset county met in the Methodist church of Confluence, Pa., September 18th and 19th the president, Mrs. A. W. Knepper, presiding. Delegates were present representing the majority of Unions in the county. Appropriate decorations beautified the pulpit and altar. A large flag was draped over the pulpit, bunting and potted plants were placed tastefully around.

The Convention opened on Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock by short devotional exercises led by Mrs. L. A. Hay, of Somerset. Several very touching solos were rendered by Prof. C. A. Heath, of Roanoke, Va. The choir of the church also gave some fine selections throughout the convention. Mrs. E. D. Kilgus, of Meyersdale, gave a reading which strongly portrayed the effects of "King Alcohol" upon the body and soul of his victim. Miss Etta Black, of Confluence, delivered an address of welcome in which she spoke warmly of the pride the members of the Union and citizens of Confluence felt in entertaining so noble a band of women workers; she also spoke of the life and vigor the coming of the Union to their little town would doubtless put into their home work which as yet is in its infancy. This was responded to by Rev. S. M. Baumgardner, of Salisbury, who on behalf of the Union thanked the citizens of Confluence for their hospitality and the spoken words of encouragement to the members of the convention.

Rev. George Flynn, pastor of the Confluence church, delivered an address upon the subject of "Social Purity;" his words were well chosen and emphatic.

Miss Ethel Ross next sang a beautiful solo. Miss Wagner of Salisbury read an interesting paper upon the work and its needs.

Miss Tissue, of Confluence, here made an appropriote address appealing to the people for funds to carry on the work.

The meeting then adjourned until Thursday morning.

Thursday morning the session opened by devotional exercises led by Mrs. S. W. Platt, of Somerset.

Minutes of the evening session were read and accepted and three committees were appointed by the chair.—Committees on credentials, courtesies, and resolutions.

Prof. Heath rendered several fine solos during the morning. He possesses a truly sympathetic voice well adapted to church work.

Miss Lilla Harris, of Salsbury, gave a recitation entitled "The Surrender," which was well rendered.

The history of the Salisbury Union was interestingly read by its president, Mrs. Baumgardner, and portrayed the many successes and disappointments through which it had grown.

The gentlemen present were asked to speak upon any side of the question "Temperance". Mr. Black of Confluence gave an interesting talk in which he told many funny incidents which fitted in appropriately with the grave question in hand.

Rev. Brown spoke of the law and its regulations saying it was useless to make laws if they were not properly enforced.

Rev. Baumgardner laid much stress upon the home training, advocating the principle that "The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world.'" So therefore the temperance men and women of the coming age are the boys and girls of to-day; under the parents guarding hands—much depends upon "Mother Influence."

Prof. Heath's speech called forth the applause of the ladies—he advocated Woman's Suffrage if only on a trial of five years and see if the country would not be improved one hundred fold.

Miss Whitsell, who has a sweet voice, sang a solo, "Where is my Wandering Boy."

Mrs. Kilgus then read a selection entitled "In the Signal Box," by George S. Sims, in which the audience grew deeply interested.

The most important feature of the morning session was the president's address which was exhaustive, completly covering the work from the suspension of the sale of liquor to the question of Woman's Suffrage. The work was systematically reviewed and spoke words of cheer and encouragement to all the members.

The department of suffrage was spoken of as a new step, comparatively in the work. In short our women are realizing as never before the need of the ballot. Give women the ballot and you will find them earnest students of the affairs of government. Her vote will be cast not at the bidding of party leaders or on the demand of the saloon caucus but in the fear of God—she will not be so much interested in the silver question as in the jewels of her own household—not so much disturbed by the tariff question as in keeping her own home free from the accursed tax of the licensed saloon. The woman's home is her castle, her family the jewels in her diadem. At the conclusion of the address hearty applause resounded.

After noontide prayer the morning session adjourned.

The afternoon session was devoted most entirely to business. The treasurer's report was read and accepted. Committees appointed in the morning reported.

The Committee on resolutions rendered its report in some 8 or 9 resolutions and a preamble; that as members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union they were opposed to the liquor traffic and would use their efforts in every way against the sale of intoxicants. Another, resolved, that as members of the W. C. T. U., they set their face and efforts against theatre going, dancing, card playing, progressive euchre playing in the parlor as well as gambling in the saloon, and many more less important. The president asked what should be done with them. A motion was made that they be accepted as a whole, a murmur passed through the room and a motion was made to reread one or two of them when upon consideration they were accepted as a whole.

The next in order was the election of officers which virtually was a re-election and was as follows: President, Mrs. A. W. Knepper, Somerset; vice president-at-large, Mrs. L. A. McKinley, Meyersdale; Cor. Secretary, Mrs. S. W. Platt, Somerset; Rec. Secretary, Mrs. Jennie Thompson, Ursina; Treasurer, Miss S. B. Thomas, Meyersdale.

The next in order was the election of the delegate to the state convention to meet in Harrisburg, October 11th to 15th. Mrs. L. A. McKinley, of Meyersdale was chosen.

Mrs. E. R. Floto, of Meyersdale, read an instructive paper upon "The Need of Temperance Work To-day." The paper was deemed by all full of helpful facts. Miss Mary Thomas of Meyersdale in her paper dwelt upon the need of systematic work in all societies as being the out come and result of much success; the paper was precise and emphatic.

Mrs. Sue. Liston, of Listonburg read a paper upon the juvenile work and was listened to with much attention; it was spicy.

Miss Annie Zufall, Meyersdale, had a paper upon woman's part in temperance work which was very good.

Miss Pink Zufa'l, Meyersdale, sang a solo which was highly appreciated.

Unfermented wine was discussed by the delegates and efforts are to be made to have it used in all the churches upon the Communion table. Favorable reports came from some of the churches.

The announcements were read and the session adjourned until evening.

The closing session was Thursday evening and opened by singing by the choir and reading of the 149th psalm by Mrs. Kate Flynn. Several solos and recitations were creditably given and an interesting paper read by Miss Carrie Welfley.

The important feature of the evening was the address by Rev. Wm. Mullendore, Somerset, upon the subject of Temperance. The address was full of earnest thought and deepest meaning. It was eloquently delivered, holding the audience's attention throughout.

After passing resolutions of thanks, in which the members of the convention expressed themselves grateful to all who had so largely contributed to the success of the convention, the session was closed by singing "God Be With You 'Till We Meet Again."

The thorough success was looked upon as a happy promise for the success of future work through the county.

COM.

Joking the Congressman.

From the St. Louis Republic.

"Did you ever hear about the Brazilian mocking-bird that Congressman-elect John P. Tracy, of the Springfield, Mo., district once owned?" asked Jack Carr at the Planters recently.

"No? Well, I'll tell you about it. I was in Springfield and was going to Texas, and Tracy asked me to get a Texas mocking-bird and send it to him. He said his wife had long wished for one. I promised to do my best.

"The so-called Texas mocking-bird is larger than the Northern product, and has a long, scissors-like tail with a large white spot on each division of it. It is much easier to domesticate than the native of the Northern States, and its tones when it sings are more mellow. When I struck Paris, Tex., I went to see a friend of mine who had, I knew, several fine specimens. I told him what I wanted, and he showed me several birds, and then asked me which one I wanted. I told him I wanted the largest one he had.

"He took me into a rear room and said he would show me a Brazilian bird that beat the Texans all to pieces. Then he brought out a cage in which was the largest owl I ever saw. Every feather on its body was pure white, and when stretched out its wings measured over two and a half feet from tip to tip. I saw the joke at once and decided to send it—the owl—to Tracy.

"I boxed the bird up and took it to the express office. Then I decorated the box with all sorts of beer bottle labels, hieroglyphics of different kinds and other mysterious symbols and sent it to Tracy. He paid $3 or $4 express charges on it—you know it takes double charges to send live stock by express—and took the box home.

"Well, he made the best of it and kept the bird, and in time became much attached to it. He had a ball and chain attached to its leg so that it could not fly. It could walk easily, however, and for a long time the owl had the freedom of Tracy's house and yard.

"One night the bird grew thirsty and hopped onto the edge of a barrel that stood under a spout at a corner of the house. He lost his balance and fell in and the ball followed. He tried to get out, but could not fly with the ball attached to his leg, so he was drowned. The Congressman-elect has not yet secured a genuine Texas mocking-bird."

Our Army Commanders.

From the Philadelphia Times, September 29.

Lieutenant General John M. Schofield will be 62 years of age to-day, and in accordance with the statute will retire from active service in the United States army, which he entered as a graduate of the Military Academy in 1853, and of which for the past seven years he has been the commander.

The war department was established under the constitution by the act of congress of 1789, and in 1790 the standing army of the United States was fixed at 1,216, comprising one regiment of infantry and one regiment of artillery. Until the spring of 1791 the chief command of this little army was held by Lieutenant Colonel Josiah Harmer. The generals in command of the army since that time have been as follows:

1791-92, Maj. Gen. Arthur St. Clair.
1792-96, Maj. Gen. Anthony Wayne.
1796-98, Brig. Gen. James Wilkinson.
1798-96, Lieut. Gen. George Washington.
1800-12, Brig. Gen. James Wilkinson.
1812-15, Maj. Gen. Henry Dearborn.
1815-28, Maj. Gen. Jacob Brown.
1828-41, Maj. Gen. Alexander Macomb.
1841-61, Maj. and Lt. Gen. Winfield Scott.
1861-62, Maj. Gen. George B. McClellan.
1862-64, Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck.
1864-66, Lieut. Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.
1866-69, Gen. Ulysses S. Grant.
1869-83, Gen. William T. Sherman.
1883-88, Lt. Gen. and Gen. P. H. Sheridan.
1888-95, Maj. and Lt. Gen. J. M. Schofield.

Not all of these were equally distinguished, but the list, as a whole, as well as in detail, is one of which the country may well be proud.

When Washington resumed command of the army in 1798 he had under him but 3,000 men. In the war of 1812 the regular army at its highest numbered less than 12,000. During the Mexican war the maximum was 30,800, in 1848. In 1867, during the civil war, the regular army reached its highest numbers, with 54,000 men. The present force is, in round numbers, 25,000.

He Was a Philosopher.

From the New York World.

There is a grocer in the