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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 1, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 2318.

Ivory Soap

IT FLOATS

It costs a little more, but with chapped hands and clothes weakened by the free alkali in common soaps, the house-keeper soon finds that Ivory Soap is the cheapest in the end.

The People's Store.

First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

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Surplus, \$20,000.

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Campbell & Smith,

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

A NEW YEAR ROMANCE.

"You may talk as much as you please," said Muriel Vane, nodding her curly head, "but I'm going to receive company in the parlor on New Year's day. Why shouldn't I? Every other girl does."

"It's a sinful, wicked waste of time," said Mrs. Vane, "when the quilting is so behindhand and there's such a deal of sewing to be done."

"But I don't all for work," pleaded Muriel. "And Mr. Clifton is coming all the way from the city in his sleigh to see me. Oh, mother, please let me have a loaf of homemade cake and some red apples and real cream for the coffee! Just for this once! It's only one day in the year. Do, mother?"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Mrs. Vane, who was one of those aggravating women who make up their minds on the least possible grounds and then persist themselves on adhering to their word. "I've said no, and I mean no. When I was a young girl I wasn't setting my cap at every fellow that came along."

"Mother," cried Muriel in an agony of wounded pride, "do you mean to say that I do such a thing?"

"You think a loaf too much of the beans anyway," said old Mrs. Vane, sewing up her thin lips. "And I'm going to break up that sort of thing. See if I don't!"

It was with difficulty that Muriel Vane, naturally a high tempered girl, checked the indignant retort that rose to her lips. Surely, surely, it was not right that she, a girl of 18, who was earning her own living by teaching in the district school, should be treated like a child; and that her tyrannical old mother should place no confidence whatever in her sense of right and delicacy. Up to this time she had rendered the tribute of an unwilling obedience to Mrs. Vane's behests, and now she felt that the moment for just rebellion had come. She felt that she could not live any longer in this cramped, pig-sty of a room, with the very long, very long sugar for her tea, and the one by one, and the pipkin apple for her lunch dealt sparingly forth, as if each one were molded in gold. Mrs. Vane took her lamp away at 9 o'clock every night. She dictated to poor Muriel as to the very color of her dresses and the make-up of her hair, and she would not let Muriel purchase for herself, in fact, the girl scarcely dared to think for herself. Could she live thus always? she asked herself. Was it right that she should? "At all events, mother," said Muriel, speaking in a low, determined tone, "I shall receive my friends on New Year's day! It is my privilege, and I claim it!"

"It is!" was the contemptuous rejoinder, but there was a world of meaning in Muriel's eyes.

So Muriel returned her one black silk dress and bought a new ribbon sash and baked a great, golden New Year's cake filled with plums and studded all through with translucent bars of citron and herself bargained with the grocer for two pounds of real Java coffee with as little adulteration of Rio Maracibo and chicory as he could bring within his power.

"I can use the china that my grandmother Vane left me in her will," thought Muriel. "That, at least, is mine, although mother would never allow me to unpeck it."

She was busy decorating the walls of the little parlor with laurel leaves and long, dark green trails of pine's pine cones on New Year's eve, when her mother came into the room.

"Muriel," said she, "I want to send some dressed chickens and a peck of those goldenripples to your Aunt Dora at the lighthouse. Jenkins' boy is ready with the boat, but he's such a limb that I don't, for the life of me, dare to trust him with the apples and the bag of hickory nuts. I want you to go and ask Aunt Dora for the pattern of the new bedquilt—the Philadelphia pavement, you know."

"Very well, mother," said Muriel in the old submissive way. "But isn't it rather late?"

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Vane. "Why, the sun is an hour high yet. You'll be back long before dark if Jenkins' boy is spry with the oars."

Aunt Dora, Mrs. Vane's only sister, was a worthy son of the family tree—tall, masculine and hard featured. She had always taken the entire charge of White Reefs lighthouse even although the official appointment was conferred upon her husband, and when one day that public servant departed this life, things went on precisely the same. Muriel was not fond of her Aunt Dora, and her Aunt Dora regarded her as a "poor chattered hearted creature—Vane all over." But Muriel did feel sorry for the lonely old woman, and she thought that even a pair of fowls and a few apples—this unmounted manifestation of sisterly feeling—were worth carrying to White Reefs. So she made haste to don her wadded cloak and little fur edged hood and to draw on the scarlet woolen mittens, which she herself had knitted during these long, dreary winter evenings when she and her mother sat in silence opposite each other, for Mrs. Vane never invited any company, and gave her neighbors but scant welcome when they came of their own accord.

"Jenkins' boy" was ready with the boat, a small, ferret eyed youngster, with an intensely freckled face and a furtive, sidewise glance, which Muriel always distrusted; and as they glided out over the water, already dyed with the orange reflection of sunset, in the direction of White Reefs lighthouse, Muriel leaned her chin in her hands and thought of Mr. Clifton.

What would her mother say if she knew it all—that Paul Clifton loved her—that he was coming to ask for her at the maternal hands the very next day? "It will be of no use," she thought sadly. "Mother will say no. She despises me to marry Squire Sedley, who is bald and deaf and twice my age, and who only wants me because his house-keeper has struck for higher wages and he thinks a wife would be better economy. But we can wait, Paul and I. We will wait."

And then they ran up alongside the tall, spectral cylinder of the lighthouse for the tide was high and landing was comparatively easy, and Muriel sprang lightly out of the boat, looking up at the fiery eye in the lantern above.

"Give me the bag and the basket, Tommy," said she. "Steady with the boat now! I'll be back in a minute."

So the orange glow had burned down into a deep red radiance and the dark shadows of the New Year's eve were creeping over all the glassy surface of the sea.

Aunt Dora was at home. In fact, Aunt Dora never was anywhere else. Her own society, little as other people cared for it, was all sufficient for herself.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Aunt Dora as unconcerned as if she lived on dry land and was in the habit of seeing company every hour in the day. She was darning stockings by her own special little lamp, and the tapet already shimmered on the hob for her tea. "A little thing the matter? Because I couldn't leave the light if it was ever so?"

"No, nothing is the matter," said Muriel. "I've brought you a pattern from my mother. Something about the pattern of a bedquilt, I believe. And some chickens and apples and a bag of fresh hickory nuts."

Aunt Dora read the note once, twice, three times over. Then she regarded Muriel in a sinister fashion from under her thick, black brows, while the girl played unconsciously with the cat.

"Humph!" said she. "Yes, I'll go and get the pattern."

She was gone some time—half an hour, at least, as it seemed to Muriel, and when she came back, the girl started up.

"It is nearly dark," she said. "I must make haste home."

"Well you needn't be in such a hurry," said Aunt Dora, with a firm chuckle. "I've sent the pattern by Tommy Jenkins. He's half way to shore by this time."

Muriel uttered a little shriek.

"And how am I to get home?" she cried.

"You ain't to get home at all said Aunt Dora. "You're to stay and spend the New Year with me. That's what your mother said in her will."

"But I shall not!" exclaimed Muriel, stamping her foot vehemently. "I must go home! I expect company to-morrow."

"Sit down and be easy—do!" said Aunt Dora. "Must be for the king, I'd like to know how on earth you're to get home, with only one boat at the steps, and that padlocked tight, with the key hung at the bottom of my pocket?"

And Aunt Dora laughed a hard, dissonant laugh that was like the croak of a raven.

For a moment Muriel gazed wildly around like a newly caged bird, then she burst into tears and sobs.

"It is all a stratagem of mother's!" she cried, wringing her hands. "I might have known it! I might have known it! I might have known it!"

And that night at the White Reefs lighthouse, with the melancholy sea lapping the foot of the tower and the wind whistling around the steady glow of the beacon, was the dearest that Muriel ever spent in her life.

"You ain't good company to-night," said Aunt Dora, glancing at her niece ever and anon between the stitches of her darning.

"Because you have deceived me?" cried Muriel, in an agony of mother's.

"Humph!" said Aunt Dora. "It's all for your own good. Girls oughtn't to have their own way."

But Muriel only wept on and refused to be comforted.

She went down to the foot of the tower, the next day, and sat there, her cloak wrapped about her shoulders listlessly gazing out on the sparkling floor of the deep.

"Is that a boat coming?" she asked herself. "With one man in it? Is it coming here, I wonder?"

Nearer and nearer came the boat, rocking lightly on the surface of the waves, and presently Muriel started up with a cry of joy.

"For it was Paul Clifton waving his hand to her, as he came ever nearer and nearer.

"A happy New Year, sweet Muriel!" he called out, as the boat touched the stone steps. "I am the enchanted knight come to rescue you from the prison tower!"

"How did you know I was here?" said Muriel, with sparkling eyes and velvet cheeks dyed with crimson.

"Your mother was entirely noncommittal," said Clifton gayly. "I could learn nothing whatsoever from her except that you were well and were not receiving company. But I was fortunate enough to meet Tommy Jenkins, who, for the consideration of a silver quarter indignantly turned state's evidence. And here I am, my sweet-heart! Will you come with me?"

"Of course I will," said Muriel, springing lightly into the boat. "But where?"

"To be married," said Mr. Paul Clifton. "It is high time that this system of tyranny was broken up. My little Muriel must be mine and mine alone henceforward. Do you not agree with me?"

"Yes," said Muriel answered.

And Muriel answered:

"Yes."

Aunt Dora got to the window just in

THE DYING YEAR.

My door stands open wide to-night, In token of a parting guest, When twelve months since, with keel de-light, I welcomed to my homely vest.

He stands there now, was, washed, old, His new year's suit, his mission clear, And when the midnight hour is tolled, We part, to meet on earth no more.

He came to me in merry guise, With hopes and promises not untrue; And deem that they were all fulfilled, But expectations all have fled, The promises are broken, too, The hopes lie withered, crushed and dead—Not one of all but proved untrue.

And then he stands, crest-fallen, wan, Who came to me a merry elf, A few days more he will be gone, And with him goes a part of myself.

So come and go the passing years, That bear us to the next, and then, But bright with smiles and dim with tears, They come in love, dear Lord, from thee. Christmas Week.

NEW YEAR PORTENTS.

Ancient Superstitions Regarding The Weather.

The 12 days from Dec. 29 to Jan. 6 have long been recognized as indices of the weather during the following year. The ancient texts referred to distinctly assert this, a Sanscrit proverb running thus, "The 12 nights are an image of the year." Another text from the same source evidently refers to the same period, and a very old writer (1596) records the current notion in his day that the 12 days served as an index of the coming year's weather. It was said in one English port that if the wind blew hard on the fifth night (Dec. 30), ships at sea would be in great peril the coming year.

The inhabitants of the Vesuvius mountains restrict this prophesying period to that of old holidays, from Christmas to New Year's, and are willing only to say that these six days indicate the character of the weather for the succeeding six months.

In one part of our own country it is said that "the first three days of January rule the coming three months," while in another place the 12 days are said to be the "keys of the year."

Of New Year's day itself we have the authority of a very old weather prophet—the author of the "Shepherd's Calendar"—for the generally ominous portents to be drawn from the weather on that day, "if New Year's day in the morning open with dusky red clouds, it denotes strife and debate among the great ones and many oboleries that year." More recently it is said of this day, "if the morning of New Year's day is red, it portends foul weather and great need." While on the second day of the year it is said, "As the weather is this day, so will it be in September."

In the "Book of Presidents" (predecessors), 1614, Jan. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5 are set down as unlucky days. Another chronicle says: "January—Of this first month, the opening day, and seventh, like a sword will slay."

The first day of the year is often regarded as the proper time to make certain divinations affecting the future. In Northamptonshire the master of the family, on the morning of the 1st, reads the Bible with his eyes shut and obtaining from the passage first touched with his finger some indication of the coming year.

Among the Welsh young maidens hasten the advent of the chosen husband by going to the henhouse on New Year's eve, striking the perch against the hens, while repeating to themselves the following doggerel:

It creaks the hen,
You will have a man;
It creaks the hen,
You know when I shall see him.

Certain observances are supposed to afford luck for the year following. In one part of modern Greece all in the house go out early New Year's morning, then return to the dwelling bearing each a branch on which the leaves are well dried. These are cast on the open fire, each wishing at the same time good luck to the family. The drier the leaves, the greater the flame and the better the augury.

In the north of England new clothes are put on for luck the first day of the year.

An odd ceremony is recorded of one locality in England. Bands of straw were put under the feet on New Year's day while at the table. When the meal was finished, one person got under the table and another one sat on his back and drew out the bands of straw. These were taken to the orchard and bound round trees, which were thereby insured to bear a full crop of fruit the next year.

In parts of France it is regarded as unlucky to lend anything on New Year's day.

The fire must be watched with great care on the first day of the year. In Lancashire, England, it is said that if it do not burn through the night of New Year's eve, bad luck will visit the household that year; nor must any one be given a live coal, or even a lighted candle at this time, for the bad luck will then visit the recipient of the gift.

At Aspach the shadow thrown on the wall by the candles on the "Christ" mas tree, on New Year's evening will, if any one is to die soon, represent his shadow length.

In Roumania the New Year begins with a ceremony of blessing the waters, the priest performing a mass and sprinkling the streams with holy water while blessing them.—St. Louis Republic.

Happiness in Store.

A colored man entered a Woodward avenue jewelry store yesterday with a small silver watch in his hand, and passing it to the register he curtly said: "See what this is!"

"The mainpring is gone," replied the repairer as he opened the case, and—"

"Dat's all right."

"And the jewels and—"

"Dat's all right."

"And most of the wheels."

"Dat's all right."

"In fact, there is only about one-quarter of the works left."

"Dat's all right. Kin it be fixed?"

"No."

"Is it with over a dollar?"

"No."

"Dat's all right. Ize gwine to put it in de ole woman's shoekin' fur Christmas."—Detroit Free Press.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It sets mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of her functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and \$1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

A Great Opportunity Missed.

The dullest case of snake-bite I ever knew of," said the man with ginger beard, "was a fellow out in Iowa that got bit by one of them prairie rattlers. Well, you know that a man drinks enough whisky he gets a snake, but this here fellow, he'd hit a snake, imagine he was full of whisky and bin' drunk. Next day they run him out of town."

"What for?" asked the grocer.

"Cause he killed the snake, of course. The darn fool could have made a mint of money out'n that snake in Iowa if he only knowed it."

He Had a Snag.

"I was a stockholder in the first railroad ever built in Oregon," said a veteran Wall Street man, "and it was a snag. The road was a street in Portland. It was built in 1861, and now, Ben Holiday offers me \$200,000 for it, cash, and I like fools, went and sold it to him. I wish I had it now."—New York Sun.

Chance for a Linguist.

"Language, they say, is constantly changing," said the man who had a job.

"I'm glad of it," returned the man who was looking for one.

"Why?"

"Well, I'm something of a linguist, and if I can't find a long enough perhaps I can get a job retranslating some of the translations of the old authors."—Chicago Post.

Buckley's Arsenic Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Childbirth, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store Berlin, Pa.

Presents for a Family.

Fond Mother—Here comes my dear boy. Bless his precious heart. He has been out all the morning buying Christmas presents with his own money for the whole family. Well, pet, did you have a nice time?

Little Dick—Yes, indeed, mamma; I bought a paper of pins for the cook and some hairpins for you, and a pocket-comb for papa, and a brass collar for my dog, and a bell and ribbon for my kitty, and a dram and trumpeps and sled and pair of skates for my little brother.

"But you haven't any little brother."

"Well, may I have one before Christmas, if I don't, I can use the things myself."—Sis and Leather Review.

A False Diagnosis.

La Grippe is confounded by many persons with a severe attack of catarrh, which in some respects resembles the former. These individuals suffer severely with pain about the forehead, eyes and ears, with soreness in throat and stoppage of the nasal passages, and in fact, are incapacitated for work of any kind for days at a time. These are catarrhal sufferers. Ely's Cream Balm has been used with the best results in such cases. The remedy will give instant relief.

"The meanest man I know of," Jones said, reflectively, "is in politics. He doesn't know what he's doing." "What did he do?" asked the listener. "He bought votes on credit, and after the delivery of the goods repudiated the obligation."

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Spasms, Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption.

Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

A Mean Trick.

A certain married lady of Hope sat up till 12 o'clock the other night waiting for her husband to come home. At last, weary and worn out with waiting, she went to her bedroom to retire and found the missing husband there fast asleep. Instead of going down-town, he had gone to his room. She was so mad that she wouldn't speak to him for a week.—Hope Examiner.

You Can Believe.

The testimonials published in behalf of Ely's Sarsaparilla. They are written by honest people, who have actually found in their own experience that Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, creates an appetite, strengthens the system and absolutely and permanently cures all diseases caused by impure or deficient blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act promptly and effectively.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

OUR GREAT JANUARY SALE COMMENCED.

From now on until the end of January we offer our stocks at reduced prices. All winter goods have got to go before the end of the month, as we then take stock.

Here is your opportunity to get the greatest bargains of the year. Now-a-days winter don't generally commence until after Christmas, so the winter is still before you; and yet we will sell you newest and seasonable goods at tremendous reductions.

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VALENTINE HAY, : : VICE PRESIDENT.
HARVEY M. BERKEY, : : CASHIER.

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

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Jackets, Fur and Cloth Capes.

Muffs all marked down.

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Special Bargains in Woolen Underwear for Men, Ladies and Children.

Do you want to furnish your House,

or any part of it? Now is your chance—our immense stock of Carpet at your service, and not only at greatly reduced prices, but we will make, lay and line it for nothing at any reasonable distance from Pittsburgh.

IS IT FURNITURE YOU WANT?

Then this is the place to find it; two entire floors filled with Furniture for Parlor, Bed-room, Dining-room, Kitchen, at lowest prices, and a special discount of 10 per cent. during this month to reduce stock.

Remember we have two entire floors filled with China, Porcelain and all kinds of crockery. Handsome Toilet Sets, Dinner and Tea Ware, both in French and English ware.

Everything wanted in the kitchen, in granite, tin, wooden or wire ware; also Stoves and Ranges, and Gas or Oil Heating Stoves.

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Come to this, the greatest January sale of Muslin Underwear this house ever attempted. Four of the best manufacturers in the country represented. Prices the lowest ever known.

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Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh.

ELY'S Cream Balm CATARRH

It is quickly applied to the Affected Parts and immediately Relieves the Soreness. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store Berlin, Pa.

AYER'S

FOR SCROFULA.

"Since childhood, I have been afflicted with scrofulous boils and sores, which caused me terrible suffering. Physicians were unable to help me, and I only grew worse under their care. At length, I began to take

Aunt Dora, Mrs. Vane's only sister, was a worthy son of the family tree—tall, masculine and hard featured. She had always taken the entire charge of White Reefs lighthouse even although the official appointment was conferred upon her husband, and when one day that public servant departed this life, things went on precisely the same. Muriel was not fond of her Aunt Dora, and her Aunt Dora regarded her as a "poor chattered hearted creature—Vane all over." But Muriel did feel sorry for the lonely old woman, and she thought that even a pair of fowls and a few apples—this unmounted manifestation of sisterly feeling—were worth carrying to White Reefs. So she made haste to don her wadded cloak and little fur edged hood and to draw on the scarlet woolen mittens, which she herself had knitted during these long, dreary winter evenings when she and her mother sat in silence opposite each other, for Mrs. Vane never invited any company, and gave her neighbors but scant welcome when they came of their own accord.

"Jenkins' boy" was ready with the boat, a small, ferret eyed youngster, with an intensely freckled face and a furtive, sidewise glance, which Muriel always distrusted; and as they glided out over the water, already dyed with the orange reflection of sunset, in the direction of White Reefs lighthouse, Muriel leaned her chin in her hands and thought of Mr. Clifton.

What would her mother say if she knew it all—that Paul Clifton loved her—that he was coming to