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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 30.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 2319.

IVORY SOAP

99 4/100 PURE
High priced toilet soaps cost more than the Ivory, not because the soap itself is any better, but by reason of the expensive wrappings, boxes and perfume. Then the profit on toilet soaps is much greater.

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a. & Smith,
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-days winter don't generally commence until after Christmas, so the winter is still before you; and yet we will sell you our best and seasonable goods at tremendous reductions.

OUR ENTIRE CLOAK STOCK: Jackets, Fur and Cloth Capes, Muffs all marked down. All our DRESS GOODS stock marked down. Flannels and Blankets at reduced prices.

The Somerset County National BANK

OF SOMERSET PA.
Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.
Capital, \$50,000. Surplus and Undivided Profits \$19,500.

Chas. J. Harrison, President.
Wm. H. Koontz, Vice President.
Gilton J. Pritts, Cashier.
M. S. Harrison, Ass't Cashier.

Directors: Sam. B. Harrison, Wm. Endsley, Joseph Specht, John Smith, Joseph R. Davis, Joseph Snyder, Jerome Staff, Chas. W. Snyder.

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 the bank's safe deposit boxes, with the most improved fire and burglar proof.

A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer.
A GOOD HEARSE, Campbell & Smith, Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh.

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

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

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

BLANK BOOK MAKER
HANNAM BLOCK, Johnstown, Pa.

A BOY IN THE LIBRARY.

Alas! what ruin has been wrought in warning's dim domain!
A reader in the quiet thought
And lover of brain!
How did he gain the library key?
And scale the topmost shelf
To better distance the book?
Lamb's butcher—by himself?
My Milton shows an ink mark—
A page is missed from Moore;
And thence from the corner dark
Has tumbled to the floor.
And Baxter—be of sanity "lost!"
And meditation deep—
Brought from the regions of the blest,
Lies in a tattered heap!

Sage treatises on ancient Greek
And dissertations long,
And non-mechanical love lays speak
Promissiveness from the throat
From corners dark I sadly hear
Old Demos's dying groans,
A hand's gone from Hamlet's hair
And Bangs's sins his classic
Then in the rare and classic wreck
I see the tyrant's form;
His arms are round his mother's neck—
A refuge in the storm.
And as his very lips moist mine
And showy ringlets fall,
I see the world of Shakespeare's wit resign—
His is worth the rest of it!
Frank L. Stanton in Atlantic Constitution.

STORY OF A NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTION.

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER.

I had known Gregory in the States. He was an A. No. 1 young fellow and had worked side by side for three years at the same desk in a little whole-sale house in Iowa. How Gregory happened to leave Canada and find his way to Iowa, is too long and too dull a story to tell; but he did find his way there, and soon after he arrived he became great chums.

He sang in the choir, made out the bills of the concern for which we worked, took horseback, and had looks. Of the four occupations, the latter seemed to interest him most, and no wonder, for they were with him night and day. He used to back up to me and say: "Look at my neck, will you, old fellow, and see if that spot looks like a boil?" Usually it did.

We all used to advise him what to do for them, and he did it. Our desk drawers were always full of his lotions and ointments and salves; and when anyone pulled one of his special drawers open an odor like an apothecary shop escaped.

But all this has nothing to do with my story. When Gregory was called back to Canada he made me promise to visit him at Sutton-West some time. He said it was his beautiful spot in the world, and that it had a climate as much superior to ours here in Iowa as gold to lead.

So when I found I was to have two weeks' vacation during the Christmas holidays in '95, I wrote him that I was coming. His reply to my letter was enthusiastic. The weather was superb, the sleighing excellent, a pretty country was waiting for me, and sometimes he would have a big caribou on his arm. So I went.

To get to Sutton you go through Toronto and up a little branch railway, and from Sutton you drive several miles to Sutton-West along the shores of Lake Simcoe. Gregory met me at the station and wrapped me in robes. A servant drove Gregory explains that he would take me to the beautiful spot in the world, and that it had a climate as much superior to ours here in Iowa as gold to lead.

I enjoyed the first half of the ride, but the last half was decidedly odd. It seems that they had had a change of weather, and were now having a genuine Canadian winter. The place, which they called Old Sotherwood, fronted on the lake, and was a rambling old building in the real English style.

There were 14 rooms and they kept 13 stoves in continual action. The room without a stove was an extra room. Gregory said that all the men turned out in the fall and hauled wood, and then when snow fell all the men chopping, and chopped until time to plant in the spring.

It kept Gregory busy feeding the stoves. He would fill up number one, and then fill number two, and so on, and by the time he had number 13 he would be ready to load number one again, and sometimes he would not be able to get around in time and the fire in number one would be out before he had number 13 full of wood. The front door was completely snowed up, buried behind a 20-foot drift, and Gregory told me it was a lucky thing, for if it had not been anyone should have opened the front and rear doors at the same time the lake breeze would have blown the whole unlucky 13 stoves out of the house and blown down to Toronto. That lake breeze was what they called "blowing weather" up there. Down in Iowa we would have looked ourselves indoors and said: "What a fearful blizzard!"

And they seemed to enjoy it. The girl cousin, Maud Gregory, did not mind it in the least, and would take her skates and sail out for a little spin on the ice on days when I was wondering whether we had not better tie the house to the pine trees to keep it from blowing away.

But then she was accustomed to it. She had never been farther south than Toronto, and frequently spent her winters there on Lake Simcoe. She was a beautiful girl, too. I saw that the first time I met her, and I saw it more plainly every day.

By the time I had grown a little accustomed to the beautiful climate we were quite good friends, and as Gregory's caribou practically confined him to the smoking-room, the pleasure of escorting her on her numerous skating trips naturally fell to me. And I did not shirk my duty.

She was an only child, and her father was a clerk in one of the Toronto banks, the Commerce, and Maud was very desirous of helping him by securing a position as stenographer some-

Railroad Postal Cars.

From Harper's Weekly.
The postal authorities have put in operation recently half a dozen improved cars, which have become known as "burglar and collision proof." The construction of these cars is such that robbers would find it difficult to break into them in transit, as frequently happens with express cars, but they are not intended primarily to be "burglar proof." Extensive use of steel plates in the framing at the ends and between the sills of the heavy timbers that run the length of the cars has made them much stronger than the cars in use heretofore, and they are practically collision proof in ordinary smash-ups. They are not collision proof in the sense that they will withstand any shock that comes when the accident usually results in loss of life.

The place of postal clerk is extremely hazardous. Several of these clerks were killed in an accident recently on the Pennsylvania Railroad, near Harrisburg, and others were injured in a train-wrecking accident on the New York Central Railroad, near Utica, shortly afterward. Whenever an accident happens to a through train all most invariably reads that the postal clerks are killed or injured. The reason for this is that postal cars are carried next to the locomotive, as a rule, to avoid switching as much as possible. They are usually heavily loaded and in making over the train at junctions they are placed where they will cause the least delay in getting under way again. By strengthening them with steel plates and stout angle bars the danger in accidents will be greatly lessened.

Six of these cars are now in operation between New York and Chicago on the Erie railroad. In a few weeks fifteen of them will be in operation, and from time to time their number will be increased. They are made from the design of E. W. Grieves, superintendent of the car department of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. They are sixty-five feet long on the inside, and have no platforms. The absence of platforms gives the appearance of one long jointed car when three or four of them are made up together. There are no doors at the ends; and this fact, with the absence of platforms, gave rise to the "burglar-proof" idea. The platforms were taken off to get more room inside rather than to prevent robberies, which rarely occur on mail cars.

The internal arrangement of the cars is a decided improvement on the old style. The stove is in the middle of the car. Thislessens the danger from fire in time of accident, and also gives a better heat. The racks and storage part of the car are in one end. They serve as a buffer in collisions. The cars are lighted by oil and gas, and this makes careful sorting of the packages easier. Under each end is a six-wheeled truck. The wheels are thirty-three inches in diameter, and are said to be the largest ever used on cars in this country. There are two doors on each side of the car, and the sides of the car seem as thick as the sides of an armor-plated ship. When these cars come into general use it is probable that we shall have fewer deaths and injuries to postal clerks in railroad accidents.

The Lady and the Doctor.

"Is it still raining, Jeanette?" inquired Mrs. Lightford, wearily. "I'm afraid it is," responded the maid, apologetically. "Just a slight drizzle."
"Are you sure I've nothing on for this afternoon? I'd give anything for some diversion."
"Nothing, ma'am. I'm afraid you wouldn't like to go to the matinee."
"No, there isn't a play fit to be seen. Ring up Mrs. Harcourt and see if she won't drop in to see me for a little while. She's clever and makes lots of fun."
"Don't you remember, ma'am? I rung her up this morning for you, but she's going out on the doctor. We wish you care to hear the end of the novel we began yesterday?"
"No, it's too early to go to bed yet. If there's absolutely nothing else to do, I'll have the doctor. He's always clever, and sometimes amusing. Besides, there is something in the matter with me—what did I say it was yesterday?"
"Your headache, was it? No, I think it was a headache."
"A headache? Nonsense! It will have to be something worse than a headache. You can't have a doctor come to see you for a mere headache. What was it I thought was wrong with me? Why, of course! Indigestion! It was after Mrs. Dupres's ball. I remember it perfectly, now. Ring him up at once—the doctor, I mean—and ask him to call to see me this afternoon."
"Shall I tell him what's the matter?"
"Yes, you'd better. I may forget again before he gets here, and it might be awkward if neither of us knew."
—H. C. Boutwell, in Truth.

Wedded Eighty Years.

There is living in this vicinity within three hours' drive, probably the oldest married couple in the State, if not in the United States, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press. Their names are Dar-Canada, and are French. Louis Darwin was born on September 24, 1788, and is therefore over 107 years old. His wife was born on March 17, 1794, and was 101 on her last birthday. This aged couple were married in 1815, and have passed their 80th anniversary.

They have lived near here for the last 42 years, and he has been extensively engaged in the lumber and logging business, also in farming. They have reared a family of seven sons and five daughters, only five of them being alive now. The oldest daughter lives here and has a large family, she being married when she was 11 years of age. They have the fourth generation from the parent tree. The old gentleman was one of the liveliest among the "boys" on the river 40 years ago, and could dance all around the young fellows at that time.

Testing Milk by Freezing It.

Professor M. Winter, who has specially investigated serum and milk, has observed that the freezing-point of a milk is invariably below that of pure water. He suggests from this that freezing is a convenient means of recognizing the adulteration of milk with water.

REMINISCENCES.

It is a sad, though not a singular fact, considering the mutation of all subsidiary things in this world of ours, that in all countries, there remain but two old-time, regular wagons, and one old-stage driver. Of course, there are still some "sharpshooters," men who, in slack times of farm work, rigged up a team to haul goods on the road; and a few who had regular Conestoga wagons on their farms, who occasionally drove their teams for a season. Daniel Augustine, who has been mentioned in these papers, was a regular, although he did not drive as regularly as some others, as he got into better paying business soon after. Jerry Strawn, a typical old-time wagoner, still lives close to the Maryland line, wrinkled, grizzled, gray and old; and among an anecdote can be told of the happenings on the pike. He has been through it all, and has lived on it. He drove on the "line" at an early day, and afterwards drove on the regular local freight.

There were three different lines of "line" wagons, with relays at convenient points. Mr. Strawn says in speaking of driving teams, that a fourteen hundred pound horse was better on the road than a heavier one, as the lighter horse was speedier, and altho' he was a heavier supply, and if a wayfaring man, or several of them were guests at this hotel, there were slippers enough for everybody. Boot-jacks were a necessary article around the bar rooms of those old taverns, as shoes worn by men were almost unknown then. Now, however, boots are seldom worn, shoes being worn altho' not exclusively. It was a sight to see on winter evenings, when the wagoners and others had gathered around the immense grate, toasting their slippered feet, telling yarns, and swapping stories to, and with each other, their boots the while, standing against the wall, conveniently by, ready to be put on in the morning. Then as the night drew on, and the eyes grew heavy, they unrolled their beds, spread them on the floor, and slept the sleep of the just, at least the sleep of weariness, enjoyment and contentment. The wagoner's bed was not of down, nor curled hair, nor woven-springs, by any means, but a straw tick wide enough for one man; not a very thick tick either, as in that one tick would have been inconvenient to roll a pillow, a sheet and a couple of quilts or blankets. This bed in the morning was rolled up as compactly as possible, with a strap buckled around it, and carried in the front part of the wagon. The writer slept on one of these beds once, with his feet towards the fire, and he can not conscientiously say that the bed was of a higher grade than, at best, from fourth to tenth class; this depending mainly on how tired a fellow might be. As a general thing "mother earth" would be infinitely softer and pleasant-er. Time and tide, which, we used to be told in our "copy" books, was for no man, have meted out changes in all these things, and we shall never look on the like again, in the pity, for those were enjoyable times.

Clouds of Swallows.

From the Savannah News.
A Russian steamer, hailing from Odessa, has for some time been engaged in the Mediterranean trade, principally carrying passengers between Leghorn and Malaga. On one of the latter trips it encountered an adventure which will never be forgotten by either the crew or the passenger. The passage had been a stormy one, but the day of the occurrence was unusually clear. Through a rather heavy sea was running most of the passengers were on deck. Suddenly the lookout called: "Hurricane cloud ahead!"

At once there was great consternation aboard and a number of people sought safety below. The captain, however, after glancing at the barometer, gave it as his opinion that it was no hurricane cloud. The black mass that they saw hovering near the horizon was, he thought, a particularly dense volume of smoke from some steamer. But the solution of the mystery came much sooner than they had expected. The threatening mass grew larger and larger, and soon was seen to beat down in the direction of the vessel. The people on board. These were soon followed, not by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. The birds literally overwhelmed the vessel. The man at the wheel lost his bearings, and the wild disorder prevailed. The birds poured into every available opening, hatchways, windows and everywhere else. They got between the rigging and sails, and clustered about the rigging.

Even the smokestack was so filled up at one time that the fires were nearly extinguished. The most amazing part of the whole thing was that the birds did not evince any disposition to leave. To lighten the confusion the steamer had got out of its course and ran ashore. However, on account of going very slow, no material damage was done, though the passengers were badly frightened. When the crew had recovered from their amazement they began to clear the deck and the vessel in general of these unexpected and not all welcome guests.

The captain ordered the men to use shovels and whatever else they could to throw the birds overboard. After getting fairly in shape the vessel proceeded on its voyage, having been delayed for nearly eight hours on account of this singular experience. The captain could not offer any theory as to where this vast army of swallows came from. At the same time 2,500 persons excluded from long flight during the storm of the previous day, and sought rest on his vessel.

Organic weakness or loss of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Enclose 10 cents in stamps for book of particulars, mailed in plain envelope sealed. Dr. J. C. Depuey, Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Prohibition seems to be a comparative condition, even in Kansas. According to statistics just published in Topeka there are in the State 2,500 persons and from engaged in making and selling intoxicating liquors. The number included 2 brewers, 1 refiner, 13 wholesale and 2,257 retail liquor dealers in beer.

A Kennel, Mr. man was shoveling gravel out of a bank into his wagon the other day, and was naturally a trifle surprised when he shovelled a wooden plank into the cart with a spool of gravel.

Skunk farming has proved unprofitable on the ranch at Dixfield, Me., about which much has been written. The skunks took an off turn recently and died so rapidly that there was no profit in caring for those remaining; so the proprietor killed the survivors.

It is related at Taunton, Mass., that at an club house in that town, a few nights ago, a young man found thirty-six pearls in one oyster he was trying to eat. The story is somewhat substantiated by the fact that it is not claimed the pearls were priceless. Several were just large enough to set in a small ring.

A grandmother with twenty-six grandchildren came into Martineville, Ind., from the country just before Christmas to buy toys. She wandered through the stores pretty much all of one day, utterly unimpressed by the profession of toys and the possibilities of joshados and imbecilities. Finally she selected a plain tin cup for each of her grandchildren, loaded them into her wagon, and started for home, happy and contented.

Watermelons of good size and luscious quality were on sale on the streets of Augusta, Ga., the day before Christmas. Bangor, Me., is planning a big ice palace, to be built on the Penobscot River as soon as the ice is of sufficient thickness. A veteran of the war of 1812, and only one, lives in New Hampshire, he is Eleazar Smith of Alexandria, and is 90 years old. A woman broker is making a good living in building up a considerable business in Clarksville, Ind. She is a broker in sugar, coffee, and tea. What is claimed to be the largest single pane of glass in the country was received at Hartford, Conn., from Belgium a few days ago. It is 12 1/2 feet high, 15 feet wide, half an inch thick, and weighs 1,800 pounds. The night and day forces of police in Burlington, N. J., don't seem to each other, offhandedly or otherwise. All orders left over for force for the other side are returned through a gate-between. Some petty rivalry is the cause of the feud. The village wag thought he would have some fun with the mild mannered young man who had recently taken charge of the county paper. "I say," he said, coming into the office excitedly, "there's a man in the street looking for you with a club." The young editor looked up pleasantly. "Is that so?" he inquired. "We make special reductions to clubs. How many subscribers has he got?" —New York Truth.

THE LATEST STYLE IN BONNETS.

And the very newest thing in "Dress Patterns," are not half as important as the perfect health of the ladies who wear them. On the whole, without there is little enjoyment in life and no desire for dresses and bonnets. When ladies are suffering from pains in the back, nervousness, neuralgia, inflammation of internal organs, "Female Weakness" and derangement, the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bring immediate relief and, in due time, complete and perfect cure. Druggists have it for sale.

Custer battlefield, in Montana, where Custer and his command were massacred, is to be greatly beautified next spring and made into an attractive park. The government is to put in a system of water works and plant trees, and a substantial stone wall, three feet high, will be built to take the place of the present stake fence enclosing the battlefield.

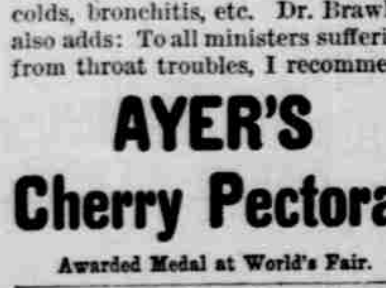
Teacher—If a boy smites you on the right cheek what should you do? Dick Hicks—Give it to him with me left.—Puck.

Oils! Oils!

The Atlantic Refining Co., Pittsburgh Department, 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, we are prepared to supply you. Solely supplied by COOK & BERRITS and FRIESE & KOESER, Somerset, Pa.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Cough-cure, the most prompt and effective remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs, is Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. As an emergency medicine, for the cure of Croup, Sore Throat, Lung Fever and Whooping Cough. Cherry Pectoral cannot be equalled. E. M. BRADLEY, of the American Baptist Publishing Society, Petersburg, Va., endorses it as a cure for violent colds, bronchitis, etc. Dr. W. B. Sawyer also adds: "To all ministers suffering from throat troubles, I recommend Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."



Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Awarded Medal at World's Fair. AYER'S PILLS Cure Liver and Stomach Troubles.