

The Somerset Herald.

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IVORY SOAP

IT FLOATS

Have you noticed when discussing household affairs with other ladies that each one has found some special use for Ivory Soap, usually the cleaning of some article that it was supposed could not be safely cleaned at home.

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cin.

Campbell & Smith,

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$22,000.

Do you keep house, or are you going into housekeeping soon? If so, you are interested in this advertisement. We can furnish your house complete with the newest and best goods, and save you lots of money.

Furniture.
Solid oak three-piece bed room set, elegantly carved and finished, well sprung mattress, and two parlor chairs—upholstered in tapestry and fringe to the floor. \$200
Solid oak Mahogany finish bed room set, solid oak bed, solid oak dresser, extra fine polished. \$110

The Somerset County National BANK

OF SOMERSET PA.

Established, 1877. Organized as a National, 1890.

CAPITAL, \$50,000. SURPLUS AND UN-DIVIDED PROFITS \$19,500.

Chas. J. Harrison, - President.
Wm. H. Kootz, - Vice President.
Milton J. Pritts, - Cashier.
Geo. S. Harrison, - Ass't Cashier.

China Ware.
Large, handsome Vase Lamps with shades for parlor or dining room. \$2.50
12-piece Toilet Sets, newest shapes and decorations, only \$3.75

Housefurnishings.

7-lit. Granite Preserving Kettle, at the price you generally pay for a tin one, only \$2.00
Pine and white Steel Enamelled Parlor Chair, best quality, good size, \$2.50
Large Steel Enamelled Blue and White Coffee Pots, best quality, \$2.50

A. H. HUSTON,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE,

SOMERSET - 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.
ALWAYS
On Hand.
BEST IN THE MARKET.

Peter Fink
At the Old Stand near the Somerset & Cambria R. R. Station.

Salisbury Soft Coal,
Lime, Crushed Coke,
Hard Coal.

At the Old Stand near the Somerset & Cambria R. R. Station.

Prices Right.

WHERE TWINE THE UMBLE HOVINES.

Been living in the city full twenty years, I know, that among admirers of things as things here go, a little bit in extra, an' havin' struck it rich, The house is filled with carpets an' bric-a-brac an' such.

An' lonesome glances at 'prez folks' they're meetin' in the road.
But I—somehow in memory a cottage ever
Where times don't shine as brilliant as candle did back there.
An' then a fire 'n' no backing—delusion and a snare!
Gems an' things are fine, my daughters think, But let me smell the tanny an' dews-evaporated pink.
An' how I'd like a journey beneath the evenin' sky
Where shines the moon, cloud-etched—a waikin' waltz.
For then the dearest picture, an' there the cottage looms
Where times the 'umble hovins' an' honny-suckles bloom!

Will T. Hale, in Memphis Commercial Appeal.

AN EDITOR'S STORY.

"What a strange thing," murmured Gregory Manvers, as he turned the leaf of a type-printed manuscript that lay on the desk before him. "Now who can have written this?"

It was a short sketch entitled: "Is It Too Late?" The record of a love scornfully cast away, and of consequence regret and suffering. A common theme enough, and not one calculated to touch the heart of a man accustomed to pass hours of each day in reading similar effusions. But for all that our editor knitted his brows as he read, pressed his lips together and finally dropped a tear upon the paper.

Was it only a coincidence, he wondered, or had some one who knew the story of his past life been clever enough to trade upon it? For the first chapter was almost a transcript of what had passed between Helen Blackmore and himself scarcely three years ago. There it must be owned, the resemblance ceased. Helen, he remembered himself, was not one to repent, as the heroine of this poor little sketch had done, still less to acknowledge her error. Pride was her besetting sin—the north pole must touch the south before she would admit she had been in the wrong.

He turned the roll hastily to find the name and address of the writer. But it afforded no clue. It was signed with initials, and directed to a remote post office in the north of England, to be left till called for.

"That the sketch was unsuitable he saw at a glance. Setting aside his natural reluctance to bring it before the public, it was too long, too diffuse; it had a dozen faults that disqualified it for the pages of the journal he conducted. Yet, with fingers that trembled slightly, he wrote on it in pencil No. 3354, put it into a drawer set aside for rejected communications, and took another manuscript from the pile at his side.

For hours after that our editor worked on, writing, reading, aswering questions, etc., except that he was a little short-tempered, no one remarked anything unusual in his demeanor. But the incident of the morning had not been forgotten.

His task completed, he lay back in his chair, and, shading his eyes with the light, fell to reviewing his past life, and wondering if Helen, knowing as she must have known long since that he had only told her the simple truth, was still implacable. If, following the advice given by the author of the sketch, were to cast pride from him, and plead his cause once more, would it be of any avail? But it was useless to dwell here. He knew not where to find her. After the rupture of their engagement, she had gone with her parents to reside abroad, and he had lost sight of her.

The facts were these: A cousin of his, bearing the same name, had been guilty of obtaining money on false pretences, and had fled the country. Through the contrivance of the real culprit, the public were led to believe Manvers was the defaulter, and the Blackmores, hearing the report, demanded an explanation. Circumstantial evidence chained to be strong against the innocent, he found it difficult to prove his innocence. He had never spoken to the Blackmores of this cousin, and they were not willing to believe in the existence of such a person. The upshot was a serious quarrel, ending in his engagement to Miss Blackmore being broken off. Deeply offended that Helen, at least, would not trust him, he accepted with discomfiture the offer of a Swiss aunt, and he took himself to Switzerland for his annual holiday, thinking a thorough change would be beneficial to both body and mind. But by an untoward accident, he sprained his ankle so severely that he was kept a prisoner to the sofa for some weeks, and thus had more leisure to brood over his misfortune than was good for him. He was wholly dependent for amusement on the kindness of the visitors staying in the hotel, many of whom were exceedingly polite and attentive; in particular—a young German of the name of Muller—coming to the invalid's room at all hours and bringing with him the gossip of the place.

"I can't stay now, Mr. Manvers," this young fellow cried one morning as he rushed in with a pile of newspapers and periodicals under his arm. "I'm off for the Garner Grut with those weather I told you of last night—the weather is glorious. But I have done my best for you. Everybody is out, so I've made a clean sweep of the English titles on the reading-room table, and here they are. Good-by. I will look you up directly I come back."

As a rule Manvers had a point of

eschewing all periodical literature during his holiday, but just now he had little else to divert him; so when he had finished his correspondence he opened the last treasury of the reviews and began to read an article of one of the leading politicians of the day. He waived through it with praise-worthy perseverance; then, noticing that there were two or three articles on the same subject, closed the book, and went on to speculate on the advisability of seeking a post on a paper of a like nature; wondering whether the burning questions that seemed capable of bearing so many and such different interpretations would, in the end, prove any less wearisome than the love-letters, hair-brained essays, and semi-scientific articles with which he was accustomed to fill the pages of his magazine.

"Ah, well," he said to himself with a smile, who could he do but go out "to stick to the evil one's knoll," the safest course after all. I should only get into hotter water if I meddled with politics. Perhaps it may be interesting to see how other people do my work," he continued, languidly, taking up the current number of the Magazine as he spoke, "so here goes for the light literature."

The smile faded from his lips the next moment, and there was a catch in his breath, as glancing over the table of contents, his eye lighted on the title of the last article in the list: "Is It Too Late?" It was the very story he had read so carefully and returned to the author. He threw the book from him, annoyed that the book should thus force itself on his notice. It lay untouched for some minutes, while his vision dwelt on the title, but just as he felt he had had enough, and that his helplessness a loss, when rapid movements of the book, which he was turning over, brought it back to him, and he saw that it was the very story of his past life, and he started and turned pale.

Could it be she was here? When last he had heard of her she was residing in Florence?—he per-her parents. But of course the Blackmores, like everyone else, were free to roam at will, and if they choose to spend the autumn months in the cooler Switzerland, why not?

He could not see the speaker from his sofa, but presently she crossed the grass, and, accompanied by another girl, stood looking at the surrounding mountains. Yes, it was Helen Blackmore! He had seen her still as a matter of fact, in some way, bring his German friend to ascertain.

It would be wise to avoid a meeting, should he wish to do so, for though he had intended going down the next day, he might alter his mind, and no one would think it strange. One thing must be done, he decided, and that immediately—that the sketchy magazine must be kept out of the reading-room, where, to a certainty, it would fall into her hands. So, with some difficulty, he edged himself towards the stove, opened the little door, and forgetting the book did not belong to him, thrust it inside to be cremated at his leisure.

He had hardly done this and resumed his seat when he was reminded, by a certain "sprinkled" and "sprinkled" that he had a note, and, seeing himself without taking any heed of Manvers' preoccupied air, began to dilate on the new arrivals.

"The mother and father are most pleasant and friendly," he said, his face all aglow with excitement and the exertion of his morning's climb. "The sort of people for a plain of this sort—jolly and kind and ready for anything. The daughter is a Spanish-looking beauty with superb eyes. I can't think where she gets them from. They are friends of that fellow Donathouse—the man with a glass in his eye—he is quite gone on Miss Blackmore. But she keeps him and everybody else at a distance, and no mistake. I haven't had the courage to say a word to her yet, and I'm not a shy man, by any means."

Yes, that was Helen all over. How well Manvers knew the look that would come into those dark eyes of hers, if, by any chance, her fellow-travelers showed undue familiarity. He had learned, now, what he wanted to know, and asked no further questions, deeming it wisest to keep his own counsel. Which the Blackmore family themselves was unlikely—they should desist it.

At night, as he lay sleepless, he debated with himself as to his course of action. With the pathetic appeal of that little story ringing in his ears, his heart was very tender towards his old love. Was it too late? One word would make it too late, and could he let that word go unpunished? No, a thousand times no. Still pride fought hard. With all his unspoken longing to touch once more the hand of the girl he loved, he could not forget that if an advance were to be made, it was, in all right and reason, her place to make it. But his better self conquered at last, and when morning dawned he had come to the conclusion to put to the test the lesson so strangely imparted to him.

So the magazine was not cremated, but laid carefully on the reading-room table, and Manvers, screened from observation by a thick curtain, lay on a sofa in the recessed window of the ante-room, and waited to see what would happen. Truly a tantalizing occupation, for young girls came in and out, but never the one he was yearning for. The morning had been stormy and dark, but after two o'clock the sky cleared, and one by one visitors tripped past the ante-room window, eager to enjoy the fresh air. Mr. Donathouse sallied forth, a guide at his heels. Mr. and Mrs. Blackmore strolled along, followed by Muller and half-a-dozen others, though not, as the watcher was glad to observe, by their daughter. At last Manvers had reason to believe

Public School Examinations.

About one hundred applications for graduation in the County Course of study are now on file, representing almost every district in the county. The plans made for holding the final examinations have been selected with reference to the convenience of applicants in the several districts. The committees named to conduct the examinations have been elected by the directors and teachers of the districts, or, where this was not done, they have been appointed by the superintendent. The last named member of each committee is a member of the local school board, and is expected to be present at the examination in his district, to take such part in the work as may be agreed upon by the committee.

Under our rules no teacher who has applicants in the class can serve on an examining committee. If for any good reason changes on committees are desired they will be made through proper notice to the superintendent.

Since our system of grading, and the plan and purpose of the final examinations are well understood, it is thought best to have uniform lists of questions and the same date for all the examinations throughout the county districts. All questions will therefore be mailed from this office to the local committees, and all examinations will be held on Saturday, March 21st. All the schools do not close at the same time, but this date is believed to be sufficiently near the close of all the schools to suit the convenience of the greatest number of applicants and teachers.

PLATES AND COPIES.

Pittsburg—(Addison) J. W. Jones, Miss Bertha Cromwell, L. M. Linger.

Berlin—(Brothersvalley) C. H. Harter, B. F. Rayman, B. J. Bowman.

Darkestville—(Conenough and Paint) J. J. Stahl, S. G. Shaffer, Simon Layman.

West Salisbury—(Eck Lick) D. H. Bauman, Miss Janette McKinley, J. P. Vogel.

Kobersville—(Jefferson) E. F. Shanks, William R. Miller, Isaiah Kirk.

Somers—(Jenner) F. G. Fryburg, Chas. A. Miller, Fred E. Heffe.

Somers—(Lincoln) E. F. Hittner, C. E. Bitter, Hiram Shanks.

North Salisbury—(Middlebrook) E. S. Pills, Miss Hattie B. Moore, J. F. Henry.

New Centreville—(Milford) New Centreville and Black E. S. Fress, A. A. Schroek, D. G. Miller.

Johansbury—(Northampton) J. F. Dively, W. H. Vutzy, John H. Miller.

Shopsville—(Shopswood and Queensbury) Albert Lambert, Ed. Smith, Valentine C. Maler.

Castle S. H.—(Shade) C. Foster, Cable, R. L. Horner, Chas. W. Lambert.

Somers—(Somerset Twp.) H. S. Risook, J. P. Livingston, J. C. Gray.

Prospect Hill—(Summit) C. C. Heakle, Miss Martha Taylor, Dr. W. T. Pollard.

Wintersburg—(Southampton) A. H. Weltersburg, W. G. Witt, Miss Nannie Patton, Peter Peterinick.

Shanksville—(Stonycrest) Ira G. Carver, R. J. Brant, I. F. Brant.

Kingston—(Upper Turkeyfoot) P. E. Wolmer, J. S. Brougher, William Zoulik.

No applicants have yet been reported from Allegheny, Betsco, Cassin, Hays, Latonia, Greengville, Lyoner Turkeyfoot, New Baltimore, Ogle and Somersford.

They intend to keep right along in the work and make further experiments. While in the hospital, yesterday afternoon, engaged in conversation on the subject with the two medical men, a man came in to have something done with one of his arms, which was troubling him greatly. Dr. Pritchard found that he was suffering from an old gun shot wound, and that part of the leg known as the radius was gone. Dr. Pritchard arranged for the man to call at the hospital Monday or Tuesday, when he will demonstrate the utility of the X rays by making use of Roentgen's discovery in the surgical operation he will perform on the man's arm. In speaking of the pictures made by himself and Dr. Gaggin, he said:

"If this discovery of Roentgen's had been known at the time, Garfield would have been saved. He would probably be alive to-day, for it is generally believed that the continual probing for the assassin's bullet was what killed Garfield. With the X rays the bullet could probably have been located and extracted, and his life probably saved."

Rules and Suggestions.

- The examinations will be held in the public school buildings, and will begin promptly at 9 o'clock.
- Applicants will provide themselves with pens, ink, good paper, and stamped envelopes, addressed to themselves.
- Full sets of printed questions with complete instructions will be mailed to each committee before the date of the examinations.
- All the manuscripts of each class, with the committee's report, will be forwarded to the Superintendent who will mail to each applicant a report of examination grades, and diplomas to all who reach the required standard.
- None but the applicants who have been recommended by their respective teachers will be admitted to examination.
- Directors and teachers interested in this feature of our school work are invited to be present at the examination in their respective districts.

High School Examinations.

The dates for the examination of Junior and senior classes in the borough high schools are fixed by the principals, and the members of the examining committees to assist the superintendent are elected by the respective school boards. The following dates have been selected:

Berlin—March 21st.
Conenough—April 22nd and 23rd.
Rockwood—March 27th.
Salisbury—March 10th.
Somerset—to be selected.
Somers—March 11th.

The courses of study in the high school vary from one to three years, but all students are expected to do the same thorough work, and reach a satisfactory standard in such branches as shall be found in the course adopted for each school.

The schools of the county as a whole, have done excellent work during the term now closing, and we doubt not that these examinations will bear additional testimony to the fact of their growing efficiency and worth.

J. M. BERKEY,
County Supt.

Berlin, Pa.
March 6, 1896.

Genius is simply intensity of faculty.

Spare the rod and the child both, and neither one will be spoiled. Consciousness is the window through which we see God.

Matter is a condensation of mind into visible shape, as water is of invisible gas.

The one who achieves, creates, builds, is the true workman, not the one who does the routine labor.—Century.

The Interesting Story of a Famous Man's Dog.

By Mrs. E. J. Kelly in Philadelphia Times.

Gifford Hamilton used to say: "I thank divine Providence for having invented dogs, and I regard that man with wondering pity who can lead a dogless life." All the boys, and a good many girls, will agree with him that without Trooper or Tiger to join their company on a ramble, half the pleasure of life would be lost.

Perhaps they will not be surprised to hear that most famous men have thought just as they do about it. There was Sir Walter Scott, who would hardly stir about Aberdeen without having a troop of dogs at his heels. He loved his pets so well that when Malia, a Newfoundland, had a cold, he used to get out of his carriage and carry her over the mud-puddles so that she might not get her feet wet. Wagner, the composer, was never without a faithful dog's companionship from the beginning to the end of his life.

White dogs are familiar to every eye. Robin, a great shepherd dog, was a favorite with the great poet, and one of his pictures shows him lying at the feet of the largest Norway spruce in New England.

President Garfield was also a dog-lover, as became a country-bred man. Veto was one of the best-known of his dogs. He was a familiar figure to the horns of politicians who flocked to the farm at Mentor after General Garfield was nominated for the Presidency. Veto never approved of them, either. When the first party came to congratulate the general on his nomination Veto met them halfway in the barn and dispirited further advance with many barks and growls. No small his master appeared, and assured him that it was all right would the dog let them pass.

Veto was a fine Newfoundland dog of large build. He had a white face and shirred top and the tip of his tail and his paws were white, too. He was a little puppy when Garfield got him, but in two years he had grown into an immense and very intelligent dog of most dignified manner. He was intensely devoted to his master, but he never took kindly to the crowds that besieged Lawfield after the general went into national politics.

Veto's evident unfitness for public life resulted in his being left behind when the Garfield family removed to Washington after the election, and he never saw his master again. After the President's death he was given to a family at Cleveland, Ohio.

In his new home he considered the barn and its belongs his especial charge. One night he barked incessantly, but his new owner paid no attention. Then Veto howled until, in desperation, his master got of bed and went to the barn prepared to give the dog something more than a talking to. What he found, however, made him change his mind. A valuable horse had got loose and was tearing around the barn in danger of injuring himself and the other animals. Veto had succeeded in seizing the halter and in endeavoring to bring the end in his mouth, while he was eagerly plunging and trying to get away.

According to another story when the family came home late one night from a country fair they heard Veto barking frantically in the barn. The minute the door was opened he rushed to another barn several rods distant and drove to a house, occupied by a large family who were all asleep. His master called him in vain and was unable to use force to bring him home, when he saw a little tongue of flame shoot out of the roof of a neighbor's barn. Another and another followed until the whole building was ablaze.

When the fire department arrived the barn was destroyed and the house was saved only through the heroic efforts of the neighbors. Had it not been for Veto's ability to sense danger and his intelligence in warning people who knew what to do about it, the whole family would probably have been burned to death.

Perhaps you would like to know how Veto came to be curious about mice. About the time when the little Newfoundland puppy was given to General Garfield, a bill was passed by Congress abolishing the office of Marshal of election. General Garfield did not approve of this action, and when the President vetoed the bill, he was so much pleased that he called his dog Veto in honor of the event.

Horns and Slippers.

From the Boston Traveller.

He had taken off his boots and was down on his hands and knees searching for something when his wife noticed him.

"What are you looking for, William?" she asked.

"My slippers," he replied.

"Oh, I gave those old things away to-day," she said in a scornful tone, and then he added solemnly: "Mrs. Miller, are you trying to drive me away from home?"

"Of course not."

"What is home without slippers?" he interrupted. "It is an evening at home with heavy boots on your feet Mrs. Miller, what do you think constitutes home?"

"Why, if you can get another pair," she protested.

"Of course I can," he exclaimed. "I can get a new pair of stuffed slippers and spend thirty dollars breaking them in."

"The others were torn, and—"

"That's why I liked them! They were comfortable. When I got them on things seemed homelike. It was settled for the evening, and a four-horse team could not get me out again. But now—I am ready for the club or theatre, or any old place. Slippers, Mrs. Miller, help me to make the difference between the home and the office, and old slippers make the difference greatest."

"I can't see why—"

"Of course you can't. No woman ever sat; but I tell you if I were running things I'd make every woman take a course in slippers. That is what is needed more than suffrage or anything else in that line. Just slippers—nothing but slippers."

He got up, stamped around the room in his stocking feet for a minute or two, and then put on his boots again.

"This isn't home he said bitterly. "It isn't a bit like it. I'm going to the club."

The Conjugal Eye.

"In writing to a man," said Mrs. Custance, to the young woman who was plotting over social shonks and singletons, "whether he is married, single or somewhat, keep strictly to this rule. Write nothing you would not be entirely willing to have his wife read—slipping slips to be sure, other woman than yourself."