The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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NEARLY A TRAGEDY.

Stories of rivals in love being together on the trapeze are common enough, but the following is true:

We had been partners, Jim and I, for just ten years in the flying trapeze line of business. We were called the Brothers Darcalli, and without boasting ('gassing' we called it in the profession) we deserved the name, for there was no feat, however risky, but what we would undertake and excel it.

We were devoted to our work and to each other. Jim was twenty-seven and I was twenty-nine; we had started before either of us was twenty. We were both single and had nothing to worry about, so we were as happy as it is possible for two young fellows to be. Our attachment was so noticeable that our associates called us the 'Corsican Brothers' and other classical names, which I do not recollect. And, I repeat, we were as happy as possible until—a woman came between us. A woman! No she was a witch, a fiend!

To all appearances she was a veritable Arcadian, so guileless did she seem. She was sweetly pretty and had a charming little figure and a sweet voice, but was as deceitful as delightful. I fell a victim to her wiles first, and if ever a man was an abject slave to a woman I was. If I were clever with my pen perhaps I might express myself more poetically, but in plain prose I was 'fool and tool.'

I've heard of serpents fascinating their victims with a glance. If ever there was a human serpent, that reptile was Flora Denbigh. If ever there was a poor creature absolutely enchanted, that victim claims to be the writer of this narrative. I had never been in love before, so was as clay in the hands of the potter. It came about in this way.

One evening after the performance a telegram was handed to Jim—I noticed he looked agitated and asked the reason.

"My mother!" he faltered. 'She is dangerously ill, Jack—she is asking for me—I must go to her.'

'Why, of course you must,' said I.

"But how about the engagement? Old Morritz won't let us break it without paying forfeit, and that'll be hard on you, Jack."

"Not so hard as you being prevented from seeing your mother,' I rejoined. 'It won't won't ruin us, Jim; besides, perhaps he'll let me do a single turn till you get back.'

"No, no, Jack,' he exclaimed, 'you have not been used to it of late; you've anything about it, and she, to all appearance, reciprocated Jim's feelings. At last I got wrought up to a pitch of desperation and resolved to put an end to the matter.

"Will you be my wife or not, Flo?" I asked her one night when we happened to be alone.

She still temporized and I fully believed now that she enjoyed torturing me.

"Well, Jack, I like you well enough," she answered, "but I cannot say I love you yet. Besides, there are—"

"Others," I interrupted. "Oh, yes, I know you have a dozen of admirers as well as me, and one of the principal ones of them is—is—"

"Jim?" she suggested promptly. "You may as well say it as think it. Of course he likes me and I like him. But," she added coaxingly, "I like you too, Jack; still you must wait."

"And suppose you had never seen Jim," I suggested.

"Oh, goodness knows!" she tittered. "Perhaps I should have accepted you before this time. But there goes eight o'clock; you'll be late for your turn, as you call it, if you don't hurry."

I turned and walked slowly away, having plenty of time before me and no inclination to work. The way to the circus, which was a canvas one in an open space on the outskirts of the town, was through a shady lane. As I rambled moodily along I noticed as I neared a bend a man who drew behind a clump of bushes as I passed. One glance was sufficient. It was Jim! In a flash it came to me that he was there to meet Flo. Restraining my passion, with grim determination, I passed on, then crept through small a gap in the hedge and stealthily returned to the spot to listen to the forthcoming interview. In a few minutes she came tripping along; the next minute she was in his arms, while he showered kisses on her upturned face. The sight maddened me and only by tremendous efforts did I restrain myself from rushing upon them. At last she said, as she released herself:

"There, that'll do, Jim; I want to tell you something." Then, in her pretty, artless fashion she related our last conversation. Jim listened to the end, and then said very gravely:

"Poor old Jack; I'm truly sorry to hear this. I wish I'd known it before."

"That wouldn't have prevented you falling in love with me, though, Jim," she reasoned.

"No," he retorted, still more gravely, "Perhaps not, but it would have prevented me confessing it. Good heavens! what will Jack think of the

"Don't be a baby," she cried, "you haven't stolen his sweetheart. I like old Jack very much—no one could help that—but I don't love him, Jim like I do—well, some one who is not a hundred miles away."

It was dusk, so it was impossible to see her face, but I could well imagine how she looked at him as she said this. I'm sure no man on earth could have resisted the temptation, and Jim didn't. He embraced her again. I could stand it no more and rushed frantically away, reaching the circus in a state of agitation that was noticed by every one.

"For 'eaven's sake, what's the matter?" asked old Morritz. "Ave you bin a-drinkin'?"

"No!" I almost shouted. "I'm as sober as a judge. Let me alone."

He shrank away with a look of fear on his greasy, Jewish features. Having dressed myself I saw to the fixing of our apparatus, taking more than usual care to make sure all the gear was sound and in good order; why I knew not, but I shall be thankful for the extra bit of precaution to my dying day. At the very last moment Jim arrived and just had time to get his war paint on—that is, don his theatrical finery—when the bell rang for our appearance. As we prepared to go on he looked at me earnestly and whispered: "What's wrong, Jack?"

"I know all," I hissed. "Let's us get through this night's business and then part before worse comes of it.

He flushed crimson through his "make up," but said nothing, and we went on together, as usual, meeting with a splendid reception. That evening Jim fairly surpassed himself in skill, grace and daring. I could perceive along the sea of faces below, that of Flora Denbigh, with her eyes fixed admiringly upon him. My blood boiled, I felt sick and giddy, half mad with jealousy, and a desire for revenge.

We had now reached one of our final acts. I was hanging from the bar by my feet; Jim was at the other trapeze preparing for a flying leap into my hands, whence he was to take a couple of somersaults into the net beneath us. He gave the signal and the next instant was shooting toward me like an arrow. We gripped and took the usual swing to and fro; as I prepared to let go I felt his clasp on my wrists tighten spasmodically.

I knew that something was wrong. I looked down; his eyes met mine without a sign of intelligence; they were rolling horribly, filmy and bloodshot—his features were purple, and looked swollen, while his form was stiffened like that of a corpse. Then the awful truth came to me with a shock; he was in a fit of some kind. I was so startled that I nearly let go my hold, he swayed to and fro more slowly, and stopped dead; the perspiration rolled from my own on his upturned face. The tension of my muscles was becoming unbearable. I tried to call for help, but no sound escaped my parched throat. It was evident to the onlookers, professionals and all, who thought we were about to perform some new and startling feat.

If I was mad with jealousy before, I was crazy now with horror. What could I do? If I droppod him he would fall an inert mass into the net, and either break his neck or burst through and reach the ground crushed and bleeding, if not killed outright, at least crippled for life. His head now fell back and his hold relaxed. What could I do? To support much longer was impossible. At that supreme moment there came to me a temptation so revolting that I shudder now to think of it.

He, my rival, was in my power. All I had to do was to let him fall, and all would be over. No one could blame me, and no person but Flora could possibly suspect anything. I instinctively looked at her; it was evident that she could see that we were in trouble. Her eyes were of a horror too terrible for me to describe. Some demon seemed to whisper: "Let go, you fool; now is your chance. Let go; you can soon get another partner."

That word restored all my manhood like an electric shock. The reaction was almost unbearable, but I withstood it. With a silent prayer, I braced myself up for a last effort to save him or die with him. It was now that the result of having recently worked the aerial act singly came to my aid. It had made me as supple and strong as a tiger.

Exerting all my powers in a final super-human effort, I drew Jim up until I clasped him around the waist with my left arm, then raised myself and burden to the bar, grasped it with my disengaged hand, got astride and dragged Jim up beside me. When it is borne in mind that I had been all this time suspended by my feet, the extraordinary exertion required to perform this act may be imagined. It is certain none but a trained athlete could have done it, and exactly how I did it myself I never could tell; but by heaven's help I did do it, and we were comparatively safe.

By this time the audience had scented danger, and were awe-struck. Our fellow performers were the same and a stupendous silence reigned in the vast tent. After a brief rest I regained my speech, and called out hoarsely: "The rope! the rope!" This aroused the professionals from their stupor, and the climbing rope by which we ascend and descend to and from the trapeze was brought within my clutch. More dead than alive, I slid down it with Jim still in my arm.

I was told afterward that I cried like a child when I recovered from the swoon into which I had fallen, and learned that my partner had, by the aid of a doctor, who chanced to be present, also regained his senses I pulled myself around sufficiently to go on with old Morritz, and bow my acknowledgements to the deafening applause with which I was greeted.

It was a terrible experience, and I have never been on the trapeze since, and neither has Jim. We set up in business as makers of gymnastic apparatus, and are doing fairly well, and remain better friends than ever.—*Boston Traveler.*

How The Prince Was Converted.

[illegible] to the Greek faith, was an interesting ceremony. It took place at Sofia on February 14. Prince Ferdinand took his stand upon the dais before the throne. The Ministers left their places and went to the church door, whence they returned escorting Prince Boris, borne in the arms of his governante, who after divesting him of his broad white hat and plisse, placed him on the throne seat nearest the altar, where he sat in perfect composure, wearing half-a-dozen orders over his white frock.

The Bishops had previously moved back to the altar screen. An Archbishop, accompanied by four Bishops, came from the west end of the church, bearing aloft the casket containing the chrism, which he carried to the altar.

Then the Exarch came and confronted the little Prince, who maintained his self-possession while his imperial god-father by proxy, in the person of General Cutuzoff, stepped on the dias and answered the long series of questions prescribed by the ritual, which were put to him by the Exarch.

After this interrogatory the infant Prince was borne off the vicinity of the altar, where, encircled by Bishops, he received unction at the hands of the Exarch.

The little man, says the correspondent of the London Times, was weeping when, in about ten minutes, he was brought back a convert, but he soon found consolation in the ministrations of his governante, with whom he shortly afterward left the church amid the thunder of a salute from the batteries.

"What a Piece of Work is Man!"

And so liable to get out of order. His food may not agree with him, his liver may be torpid, or his heart have some functional derangement. His blood can become impoverished, and break out into boils and carbuncles. His head may ache, and his senses may one and all refuse to act, or his limbs to obey his volition. He may lose his will power, his mind, his memory. He may go into quick consumption, or he may live years, a moving mass of scrofulous corruption. All this is possible to a man, and yet it all may be avoided by the timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the great blood-purifier and the only one so positively certain in its curative action that, once used, it is always in favor. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Eve's Immunity.

Once upon a time, ever and ever so long ago, there was a man named Adam.

And his wife's name was Eve.

And there arose a mighty epidemic of measles in that land.

But Eve wasn't afraid.

She had Adam.—*Judge.*

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

REMINISCENCES.

That beautiful little mountain stream, the Casselman now, which forms the middle toe of the famous "Turkeyfoot," at Confluence, rises in Garrett county, Maryland, and, taking a somewhat north-easterly course for some distance, turns in a north-western direction, bearing a little south, occasionally, until it unites with the Youghiogheny and the North Fork when from Confluence, which by the modern geographer, was considered a higher-sounding and more euphonious name than plain, old-fashioned "Turkeyfoot," by which it had been known for all preceding time, by the Indians and early settlers, the broadening Youghiogheny wends its way toward the "father of waters," the mighty Mississippi. The Youghiogheny river, also, rises in Garrett county, Maryland, and runs north-west. The sources of the two rivers, Casselman and Youghiogheny, are not very far apart, and the greatest distance, perhaps, they are apart, is where they cross the National Pike, some seventeen miles, named, respectively, "Big" and "Little" Crossings. The Casselman river is formed and fed by hundreds and hundreds of mountain springs, the pure crystal waters running over the moss-grown rocks and stones, and among the sandstone and gravel, and, as the stream grows in depth and width, it wends its way among the silent foot hills, and mountain spurs, "on its clear winding way to the sea." In summer this stream is smooth, and clear, and limpid, and pure as the nectar which the gods do drink, but in winter and spring when the snows have melted on the mountains, and the rains descend, it becomes a mighty, resistless torrent, rushing with an unimaginable force, carrying destruction and death on its foaming, muddy bosom. The mighty waters of the awful Johnstown flood rushed not with more terrific force, than this placid stream rushes when swollen by the melting snows and violent rains. The bed of the river is very rough, and mighty boulders, and saw-logs, and all kinds of *debris*, are caught in the twirling waters, grinding, groaning, splitting, tearing along, in one mighty conglomerate mass, "in one red burial blent."

Some dark secrets have been covered by this turbulent stream, some awful tragedies enacted, many homes made desolate, and widows and orphans made to mourn. Many years ago there was a public house near where now is the village of Confluence, which was frequented by the Greek faith, was an interesting ceremony. It took place at Sofia on February 14. Prince Ferdinand took his stand upon the dais before the throne. The Ministers left their places and went to the church door, whence they returned escorting Prince Boris, borne in the arms of his governante, who after divesting him of his broad white hat and plisse, placed him on the throne seat nearest the altar, where he sat in perfect composure, wearing half-a-dozen orders over his white frock.

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Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

R. The bodies were very much decomposed, and as they were all found close together, they were all buried, perhaps, in one grave; or at any rate the four were buried at one place, on the Addison side of the river, with a little round of stones to mark the spot of their sepulchre they sleep their last sleep by the side of the treacherous river. Uncle Jake Hinebaugh, in a recent conversation with the writer, regarding this accident, said he came as near as anything could be, to sacrificing his life on this occasion. He said when he saw his brother and the other men struggling in the water, he mounted a mare he had been riding, and plunged into the river, determined to try the rescue, or to die with them. He was only prevented from going by the united strength of the party, and long before he could have reached them, even supposing he could have done so, they went down. No animal could have crossed that river as it was on that day. Mr. Hinebaugh told the writer he and A. J. Case, of Connellsville, a nephew of one of the drowned men, visited the place of their burial, and that in the near future they intended to pale in the ground, and erect a neat monument to commemorate their dead. A good many years ago, a young man named Levi Wilkins living in Addison township, on the famous "Fort Hill" farm, went across the river one Saturday morning, to visit to his uncles, Wm. and Levi Ream, who lived on the farm on which Ursina is located. He had no trouble to cross the river in the morning, but, during the day the water rose rapidly, caused by the spring freshets. He started home in the evening, intending to cross on horseback, at a fording a little ways below the tunnel. He did not come home, and his people thought he was going to stay over Sunday with his relatives; and his relatives supposed he had arrived safely at home. So that he was not really missed for several days, when a search was made. The horse was found a mile or so down the river, his bridle caught on a bush, and nearly dead from starvation. The body of his master was found further down, some days after. No human being can ever know the desperate fight young Wilkins made for his life, in the darkness and storm, and no one but the Supreme Judge knows under what circumstances he gave up the life that had been given him and that was so dear to his widowed mother, and his friends. Truly this Carolina is up to date.

Truth's Fables.

During a snow-storm a couple of oxen in a comfortable barn engaged in a conversation.

"What a kind man our master is," said the brown one. "He feeds us well and lets us live in luxurious idleness. Is he not a cuckoo?"

"Nit, said the roan. "He is a cold-blooded monster. You observe that I eat sparingly of the food he places before us. His idea is to fatten us and sell us for gain. We will then be turned into steaks, roasts and other delicacies for the tables of the rich. You are playing into his hands, while I am a wise boy and will fool him a trip."

"You may be right," replied the brown bovine, "but it does not spoil my appetite. I shall not overlook any bets for fear some one will get a tenderloin out of my flank. I can die but once, but I can eat several times. Better have another morsel of hay."

The two oxen carried out the plans they had discussed. Sure enough, the fat brown one was sold to a butcher, by whom he was killed in a humane manner. The roan one, he who boasted of his wisdom, grew thinner and thinner. The farmer put him to a plow and made him work all summer, until the beast wished that he was dead. The next fall he was sold without being given another chance to become fat and he then spent several years hermetically sealed up in the cans.

Moral—They were fools to be oxen anyway—*Truth.*

Watch Your Wife!

Not lest she do some great wrong, but that you prevent her suffering many of them. Watch her that she suffer not from the many insidious diseases which afflict women, dragging them down and enfeebling them till life becomes a burden, and from which too few are altogether exempt. By getting her a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great female restorative tonic and nervine, you will furnish her the means to alleviate and speedily cure "Female Weakness," displacements, dragging pains, ulceration, weak back and general debility, and the wan, jaded look will give place to the ruddy glow of health before its influence. Once used, it is always in favor.

Seeds-Thoughts.

He who has no faith in himself is doubtedly everbody else.

"There were giants in those days." There are organization in these days.

Institutions are made of men, but institutions never yet made a man.

The center of a cyclone is a calm. The man who most moves others is himself unmoved.

Duplicates are waste material. Counterfeits are worse than worthless. Be yourself.

Indolence is worse than ignorance. Ignorance may be excusable; indolence never.

A mind unused is a mind abused.

This work-a-day world has no more use for an idle brain than it has for a brainless idol.

An intellectual tinker may be a brilliant bouquetist—out of others' thoughts; but I would rather be a plain, original thinker, with less of bizarre effects and more of self-respect.—*New York Mail and Express.*

"I had a bad cold which developed into grip. Physicians gave me no relief, and I finally tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle cured me completely. It is a wonderful medicine." Jacob Hannles, Lyon Station, Pa.

THE REVOLUTIONARY PREACHER.

From a lecture delivered in the Presbyterian Church, Somerset, Pa., on Sunday evening, March 8, 1896. Subject: "Presbyterianism and Patriotism."

Rev. T. J. Bristor, in the course of his lecture, related the following incident in connection with the Revolutionary War. During the reading of the patriotic description by Bret Hart there was the closest and most interested attention.

"Perhaps the best illustration of the Presbyterian preachers of Revolutionary days will be Rev. James Caldwell, of Elizabethtown, N. J. His neighbors said of him that 'he preached and fought alternately.'

"The Revolutionary soldiers were armed with old-fashioned muskets, which needed paper wadding rammed down betwixt the powder and the lead of shot. During the attack on Springfield the wadding gave out, and Caldwell ran to the church and filled his arms with Watts' psalm books, and, going back, scattered them among the soldiers, shouting: "Now, boys, give them Watts." Irritated by his efficiency, a large reward was promised by the British for his capture. Failing to get him, the soldiery set fire to his church, and his wife was shot through the window of her own room. Her bleeding corpse was afterwards dragged into the street. The story is told this way by Bret Hart, and there is certainly inspiration and patriotism in his peculiar and graceful style:

"Here's the spot. Look around you. Above on the height
Lay the Hessians encamped. By that church on the right
Stood the gaunt Jerseys farmers. And here ran a wall.
Nothing more. Grasses spring, waters run, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did so many years ago.
Nothing more, did I say? Stay one moment; you've heard
Of Caldwell, the parson, who earst preached the word
Down at Springfield? What, no? Come, that's back. Way, he had
All the Jerseys allame! And they gave him the name
Of the "rebel high priest." He stuck in their gorge,
For he loved the Lord God and he hated King George.

He had cause, you may say. When the Hessians that day
Marched up with Knyphausen, they stopped on the way
At the 'Farms,' where his wife, with a child in her arms,
Sat alone in the house. How it happened none knew
But God and the dust of the hireling crew
Who fired the shot. Enough; there she lay,
And Caldwell, the chaplain, her husband away.

Did he preach? did he pray? Think of him as you stand
By the old church to-day; think of him and that band
Of mint and pipe-staves. See the smoke and the best
Of that reckless advance, of that struggling retreat;
Keep the ghost of the wife, fairly slain, in your view,
And what could you, what should you, what would you do?

Way, just what he did. They were left in the lurch
For the word of no one was living. He ran to the church,
Broke the door, stripped the pews, and decided out in the road
With his arms full of hymn books, and threw down his load
At their feet. Then above all the shouting and shot
Rang his voice: "Put Watts into 'em; boys, give 'em Watts."

And they did. That is all. Grasses spring, flowers blow
Pretty much as they did ninety-three years ago.
You may dig anywhere, and you'll turn up a ball,
But not always an hero like this—and that's all.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's Bottle, Free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills Free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, Free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

There Are Others.

Jinks. "To-day I pleased a pretty woman by telling her that a certain red-faced mortal looked like her."

Winks. "Got out?"

Jinks. "The red-faced snub-nosed, bald-headed mortal was her first baby."—*Toronto Farm Question.*

"There is Danger in Delay."

Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

Musical Item.

The minister, Parson Downyecouch, was at dinner with the Chaffie family. Johnny spoke up and said:

"Can a church whistle?"

"Why do you ask, Johnnie?" asked the clergyman kindly.

"Because pa owes $12 back pew rent, and he says he is going to let the church whistle."

After the clergyman had taken his departure there was a vocal solo by Johnnie.—*Texas Sifter.*

Nervous Diseases.

Locomotor Ataxia, Paralysis, Nervous Prostration, Chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia or Sleeplessness, made a specialty; book free by mail. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

And He Passed On.

There were plenty of empty seats in the car, but the smiling youth who wore his hat on the back part of his head stopped opposite the handsome young woman in the red hat and said in his most engaging manner:

"Can I take this seat Miss?"

"I have no objection, sir," she replied in a tone that froze the smile on his face, "but I think it's nailed down."—*Chicago Tribune.*

It Seems That we Are Sensitive.

In daily life, if you know a man to be thin-skinned you guard your tongue accordingly, unless you deliberately desire to provoke his resentment or enmity. It would be well if our journalists and public writers would remember that the Americans are in their sensitiveness to foreign criticism more like the French than ourselves. We ought also to bear in mind that the Americans are far more sensitive to English criticism than to that of Frenchmen, Germans, or other foreigners. This means that they set a special value on our good opinion. When a man desires your good opinion he pays the best of compliments to your judgment; and the least you can do under such circumstances is to justify his compliment by refraining from expressing opinions founded on ignorance.—*London Truth.*