

The Somerset Herald. ESTABLISHED 1827. Terms of Publication. Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock unless in advance, otherwise it will be sent by mail. Subscriptions are paid up. Postmasters are notified that this paper will be held responsible for its contents. Advertising rates on application. The Somerset Herald, Somerset, Pa.

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ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 42. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1896. WHOLE NO. 2331.

## IVORY SOAP

99 1/4% 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 Procter & Gamble Co., Care.

## THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

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

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

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 Bedroom Suit, elegantly carved and finished, with top drawers and wash stand, \$250.00. French pine mirror on dresser, only \$10.00.

5-piece parlor suit—teal, Roman chair, emerald, and two parlor chairs—upholstered in tapestry and fringe to the floor, \$320.00.

Solid Antique Ash Sideboard, 1 feet long and 6 feet high, velvet lined silver drawers, handsomely carved and polished—a large, good sideboard, for only \$120.00.

Solid Oak or Mahogany finish—elegant seat rocker, solid side leather seat, extra fine polished, \$35.00.

## 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. Koontz, - Vice President. Milton J. Pritts, - Cashier. Geo. S. Harrison, - Ass't Cashier.

**DIRECTORS:** Sam. B. Harrison, Wm. Endley, Josiah Specht, Jonas M. Cook, John H. Snyder, John Stuffs, Joseph B. Davis, Noah S. Miller, Harrison Snyder, Jerome Stuffs, Chas. W. Snyder.

## A. H. HUSTON,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE, and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh.

## 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.

Jarecki Phosphate, Lime, Crushed Coke, Hard Coal, Salisburg Soft Coal.

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

Prices Right.

Peter Fink

### THE COUNTRY NEWSPAPER.

He was getting home from business—he a merchant well-to-do—The wheels of the electric car were throwing sparks of blue; And around him were acquaintances who were not at all acquainted with him; By look or word or gesture, were inviting to a chat.

But quite ignoring all of them, except to bow and smile When hailed by someone at the door or just across the aisle, He read with boyish eagerness, while speeding over the street, The neatly printed pages of a little country sheet.

He read of Tom Jones' enterprise in adding to his barn, And learned that "Solon Hadkinson has got a broad-new yarn." That "Anty Simpkins gave a tea;" that "crops are pretty good;" and that "Abe Bailey came to town and brought a load of wood."

Well, yes, these things are trifles, perhaps to you and me; For 'tis they are reminders of the times that used to be, And from his busy city life he glances back with joy To see the town that circumscribed his doings as a boy.

Each short and spicy paragraph upon the village sheet Presents a scene familiar or a friend he used to meet; And may be—you can tell by the smiles that quickly come—There's mention of his mother, and the other "folks" at "home."

Men wander far for fortune, and find it less and yet, The farm and staid village and its folk they ne'er forget; And there's not a thing in city life which greater joy can give Than the little country paper printed where they used to live.

—*Stanzas Disputed.*

### THE FORBIDDEN DOOR

An Adventure That Befell Two Boys on Shipboard.

BY E. MANON.

Jack and I took our first sea voyage on board H. M. S. Porterman from Southampton, England, several years ago. We found Captain Thornton, who was our father's friend, a very pleasant fellow, and he seemed to be anxious that our trip should be as enjoyable as possible. Then, again, Jack, who was 10 years old, had never been on board ship before, and as I was five years older and knew something about a sailing vessel, I took pleasure in explaining to him many things that he did not understand.

When we ran up the gang-plank, following our father on board the Porterman, we tried to see who should get on deck first, and in our haste we ran plump into the arms of a short, stout man with bushy whiskers, who was talking to father, and who afterwards learned was the captain. Jack fell over the captain's feet, while I could not stop myself, so my head bumped against his arm and over I went on to deck.

"Hello!" he shouted, in a voice like a foghorn and laughing heartily; "what is the meaning of this, young gentlemen? Is it mutiny? I never had a crew yet that came on board in such a hurry."

Then he laughed again, a cherry, ringing laugh, and grasping each of us by a hand lifted us to our feet while he looked at us.

"Of course the first thing we did was to explore nearly every part of the vessel. I was telling Jack that the galley, or caboose, was the place where the cooking was done, when the captain, overhearing us talking about his ship, stepped up and said:

"Well, young gentlemen, I suppose you know what a ship is?"

"This is a ship," answered Jack.

"How do you know that?" he asked and his eyes twinkled.

Jack looked at me, but I think I looked rather foolish. The captain laid his hand on my shoulder and said kindly:

"Always remember this master Tom: A ship is a vessel furnished with a bowsprit and three masts, a mainmast, a foremast and a mizenmast, each of which is composed of a lowermast, a topmast and topgallant mast, and square-rigged. Do you know what square-rigged means?"

"I think I know that, sir," I answered. "It means when the chief sails are extended by yards and suspended by the middle."

"That's right," said the captain. Then he caught Jack by the chin and asked: "Well, little middy, do you know what your boys and myself are going to have for dinner to-day?"

Jack shook his curly head.

"Roast partridges," said the captain, smacking his lips.

As neither of us knew what a partridge was, the captain explained that it is a bird of the grouse family having its feet feathered down to its toes; that the plumage is ash-colored in summer and almost all white in winter. Also that they live in the tops of mountains, in the cold countries, and come down into the valleys to feed, living on berries, buds of trees and insects.

After dinner I continued my explanations to Jack about the ship, for I did not want him to think that I knew no more than the captain had given me credit for.

"They live in the forecastle," I replied. "It is in the forward part of the ship under the deck."

Just then a brisk little man, hurrying across the deck to speak to the captain, stumbled and almost fell over the coil of rope. One of the sailors laughed, and said softly to his companion:

"There goes old Candies."

"He is the ship's chandler, Jack," I said, taking the cue, and supplies coaling, canvas and any other furnish-

ings the ship may need. When the ship is in port, however, and needing repairs the work is done by a man called the ship's husband, who also sees that she is in every respect seaworthy, which means in a proper condition to make a voyage.

"Now, just where we are standing," I continued, "is called the ship's waist, or middle, and lies between the quarter-deck and the forecastle. The quarter-deck is the space between the stern and the mainmast. We are now standing with our faces toward the head or bow of the ship. On our left hand is the larboard side, or port, and on our right is called starboard."

I also told Jack about the wheel, which is fastened in an upright position on an axle. It has handles on its edge about a foot apart, and is used for winding the filler ropes, which connect with the rudder for steering the ship. A strong and heavy beam of wood, five feet in height, and shaped something like the letter A, only that it spreads out wide at the top, which is pierced with holes, was the next thing that attracted Jack's attention. This, I explained, was the capstan, which is principally used in raising the anchor.

The "blue-peter," which is a blue flag with a white square in its center, had been flying for some time from the top of the mainmast. Jack thought it was the ship's colors, but I explained to him that it was the signal for sailing and was used also to recall boats that had been sent out.

Captain Thornton was very kind to us during our first day at sea, and a special treat took us in the evening into his own cabin and showed us many curious things from foreign lands and seas. On his table was a model of the rock of Gibraltar, the strongest fortress in the world. The model was cut out of granite with loop-holes for cannon, with galleries and underground passages just like the real fortress.

"What kind of watch-dogs do you suppose are kept in the fortress?" asked the captain, looking at Jack. "Now, don't both of you speak at once."

"I should think," I replied, "that the cannon were the best of watch-dogs."

"Good! Master Tom," he cried, "but I ought not to have put it that way. Properly speaking, though they do keep a sharp lookout for strangers, their watchfulness does no good; in fact, they are snarlers, and are worth a hundred, but little fellows."

"Monkeys?" we both cried.

"Yes," answered the captain, "and they are protected by the government, though for what reason I cannot say. No one is allowed to harm them, and a record is kept in a book of all their movements. When a baby monkey is born the captain is printed in a paper called the Gibraltar Chronicle. Isn't that funny?"

Then the captain showed us some poisoned arrows once used by the natives of South Africa; a collection of very beautiful shells from every quarter of the globe, and a great glass case filled with specimens from the depths of the sea—curious-looking fishes and seaweed looking like green, blue and red silk.

From a drawer in a cabinet the captain produced a piece of shell called "onychia," which, he said, belonged to a kind of shellfish found in the lakes of India. He rubbed a little white oil on the shell and then set it on fire. A beautiful green and yellow flame leaped into the air, and was followed by a thick white smoke which quickly filled the cabin with a very pleasant perfume. Then the captain told us that the shells always gave out a small like musk when burning.

"You boys are free to read about the ship wherever you choose," said the captain at the close of the evening's entertainment, "and I shall be glad to have you make use of this cabin at any time. There are books here, master Tom," he said, pointing to a well-filled case above his head, "that will tell you and Jack many wonderful things about the sea and its inhabitants, but do not on any account have anything to do with that little door or you will be sorry for it." He pointed as he spoke to an iron door in the corner of the cabin, in the lock of which a big key was sticking. "You may be sure, young gentlemen," he continued in a solemn manner as he turned on his heel and made us good-night "that I have a good reason for this warning word."

The excitement caused by our strange surroundings, however, drove the captain's warning out of our heads, but it came back to us in a startling manner not long afterwards.

One night, shortly after 11 o'clock, Captain Thornton left us in his cabin to answer a call from some one on deck. Jack was reading in one corner, and I was looking at a specimen of the "ship-worm," which, the captain had told me, was found in all but the coldest seas, and is very destructive to the wood of ships. I was wondering why the worm was covered by a little shell, and was about to pick it up to examine more closely, when I heard a cry from Jack, followed by a low growl.

I turned quickly and saw with alarm that Jack had disobeyed the captain's orders, and had opened the iron door. The growl had come from an animal, which looked like a leopard. It stood on the sill of the door looking at us with eyes like balls of fire.

I do not know to this day how I did it, but I grabbed hold of Jack, who had rushed to my side after opening the door, and ran with him as fast as I could up the companion-way to the deck, screaming all the time for the captain. In my excitement I was half way up before I noticed anyone on deck. The captain was smoking a cigar and talking to the man at the wheel. He turned around on hearing my cries repeated and shouted sternly:

"Come down out of that rigging at once, young gentlemen. What do you mean by such conduct?"

I was speechless with fright and could only point at the monster which, by this time, was almost on the deck. Some one else also saw the animal as soon as it put up its head level with the deck. This was a Swedish sailor, a very powerful man nearly 7 feet in height. Jack and I had often watched

### A Thick Skail.

There is one thing about black Abe Bunter that isn't shrouded in mythic darkness, and that is his head. He may not be much on clothes and general seductiveness of face or form, but he has undoubtedly the knobbiest head in North America. This is recognized by all medical authorities who have seen him. Just at the top where his forehead used to be, before age made its extensions of it, rises a knob as large as a pigeon's egg, directly above the center of his forehead. It is to this knob and the general thickness of his skull that Abe owes his principal fame. The great work of his life has been as a "bunter," and the tricks he has done in this way are many and wonderful. Unfortunately, many are made doubtful by Abe's tendency to fiction, but enough remain to justify the reputation he has gained. One that has many times unquestionably been performed is the breaking of a 2-inch plank on his head. Abe's own method of doing this is peculiar. Though not tall, he is a very powerful man, with arms like a black Hercules and legs like an ebony concert grand piano. Taking a board in both hands he holds it at arms' length and brings it down with a crash on the knob of his skull. The first blow is generally not enough to break it, but by continued thumping it finally gives way, cracking across as if broken by blows from the blunt end of an ax. This performance is varied at times by fastening a plank at both ends and letting Abe bump it in the manner of a billy goat. He plunges at it with desperate earnestness and it generally gives way at the first blow. If an old subscriber thinks this is a pleasant pastime, the "Republican" has generously decided to enter to his pleasure by furnishing him 2-inch planks for this purpose.

One well-authenticated instance of Abe's prowess is furnished by a party of the jeunesse doree of White Oaks, who, while indulging in a hard game of croquet on the knolls at Cedar Crossing, invited old Abe to be present at their gay orgies and furnish amusement for the occasion. This amusement consisted of the comparatively simple act of standing still while they broke 2-inch planks over his knob. This wood-splitting, however, soon became too much like work, and one festive youth, incited by the serpent which lurks in the coils of the apple, snote Abe a perilous blow with the edge of the plank and fell him to the ground. Raising up slowly the old man said: "Guess yo' let that slip that time. Fo' God, yo' oughtn't to be so careless, yo' might hurt somebody some day." In this case, however, besides suffering the discomfort of having his knob somewhat puffed, old Abe seemed to have been unharmed.

—*Springfield Republican.*

### Biggs' Peroration.

"But talking of blunders," continued the member reminiscently, "did you ever hear the story of Governor Biggs of California, and his pleuro-pneumonia? Well, it was in the Fifty-first Congress. Biggs represented a district in California and his one hobby was pleuro-pneumonia. The symptoms were most violent in the Governor at times, but somehow he could never get a chance to be heard on it. Reed persistently refusing to recognize him. He was so full of his subject that one day he told the speaker on the floor of the House:

"I must be recognized on the pleuro-pneumonia bill, for I am going to California to-morrow and shan't be back for a month. If I am not allowed to speak on it to-day I don't know if the chance will ever come."

"But Reed, with one of his frosty Siberian stares, looked over Biggs' head and recognized another member. The California man was mad. He went West the next day and had not yet cooled off when he returned.

"Reed happened to put Judge Payson in the chair one day and had no sooner turned his back than Biggs slipped up and asked Payson to recognize him. Payson promised and Biggs went down stairs to take a cup of cold tea to tonic himself for the great effort of his life, the long-looked-up speech on pleuro-pneumonia.

"As soon as an opportunity offered Biggs asked for recognition and was given the floor. As he proceeded he waxed eloquent and simultaneously thumped. He brought a glass of water, and thumped, under an overwhelming inspiration of humor, set a glowing gin on Biggs' desk. Biggs drank the gin and grew more garrulous still on his favorite subject, while Clancy and his circle of sworn confidants sat and watched the tea, the gin and the pleuro-pneumonia working out their fatal destiny like so many toys keeping guard on a door flung open.

"Well, Biggs closed in a burst of pyrotechnic eloquence. He had the eagle beating his mighty pinions and mountain tops bearing witness to his assertions, and about this time the combination of gin and cold tea so completely monopolized him that he closed with a solemn declaration: "I am, sir, in favor of the poor laboring man and of pleuro-pneumonia."

—*Washington Post.*

### He Needed no Sympathy.

"I am the man who was talking with you about two hours ago," he said as he walked up to a patrolman on Jefferson avenue, near second street.

"Yes," replied the officer, after a look.

"I did you I was an old sport, and was out to find some of the boys."

"Yes."

"You said the best thing I could do was to go down to the depot and wait for my train, and let the boys alone."

"Yes, I think so yet."

"Well, I'm glad, but I found the boys. They were down here in a station, and when I told 'em I was an old sport from Sportsville they winked at each other. I do look like a hayseed, don't I?"

"Very much so. If you've been cleaned out don't come whining around to me. I gave you a fair warning of what would happen."

"You've seen a feller throwin' three cents around, and you couldn't pick out the ones, haven't you?"

"That's three-cent money. You were blind enough to let, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'll know better next time. Don't you read the papers?"

"Every day."

"Then you ought to have known what the game was?"

"I did."

"And yet you bet with your eyes wide open and not knowing you hadn't one chance in a hundred I have no sympathy for you?"

"I wasn't a'kin' for any. If you've any sympathy to spare give it to the boys down there, for they are 82 out of 100 of 'em, and I'm 92 in 100. I just thought I'd stop and ask you if you'd take 20 cents on the sugar and turn over to an orphan asylum as a gift from me, but bet you are so busy and don't feel well, won't bother you about it. I'll go down to the depot and sit around, and if anybody comes with hayseed to sell send 'em down to me. I want a fresh supply for my hat and coat collar."—*Detroit Free Press.*

### That Folding Bed.

An old, gray-whiskered man, who had lived all his life on a small farm near Harrisburg, stopped at a hotel last Tuesday evening. He said he wanted a room for one night. He was sent to the third floor. Later in the evening he went out and didn't come back till midnight. He had evidently been enjoying himself. His breath smelled of whisky. He went up to his room and that was the last seen of him until early in the morning, when a boy went to call him for his train. The boy got no answer when he knocked on the door, and he opened it and walked in. The folding bed had not been let down. The boy had to look about for a moment or two before he discovered the old man. Then he heard a husky voice from up near the ceiling somewhere. He looked up and there was the guest curled up on top of the bed, rubbing his eyes. He was fully dressed, with the exception of his big cowhide boots, which were standing on the floor.

"Say mister," inquired the boy, "why didn't yer get into bed?"

"Eh? What?" shouted the man, angrily, "there ain't no bed. Here I've been curled up on top of this here sideboard all night without a wink of sleep. Ain't this a nice way to treat a man? Hey?"—*Buffalo Express.*

### Stranger Race of Simians.

In the island of Borneo is a race of wonderful monkeys. They are called the proboscis monkey, from their long nose. They are very large indeed, they are the largest of their species, measuring four to five feet in height when standing in an upright position. These creatures are seldom or never seen on the ground, spending almost their entire time in the tree tops, where they are perfectly at home. They are the most difficult of tame of all the simians, being very wild and unmanageable, and also on account of their size. This monkey gets his name from his curious countenance, which resembles a man with an exceedingly long nose, and they can also be recognized by a beard and side whiskers which extend from ear to ear under the chin. Like the farners' beards in the comic papers.

They so much resemble a human being that travelers in the interior often used to mistake them for a race of people. One of them was exhibited some 50 years ago through England, the advertisement calling it the "Wild man of Borneo."

The natives who inhabit the interior of the island believe that these monkeys are descended from an old man who retired to the forest to avoid paying tribute to the king, and they hold him in the greatest respect for being clever enough to devise this means of evading the responsibilities of society and escaping the powerful hand of the ruler. On this account also they can not be induced to kill or injure one, thinking an blessing that it might be a relative. They inhabit the central mountainous portion, principally, and are generally found in troops in the vicinity of streams. Borneo has many other curious and wonderful plants and animals, but this is the best known.

—*New York Journal.*

### Spasmophilic widow—

But your sister will meet her friends in that blessed land.

The afflicted one—And I only hope they won't find out that she lost all her money before she died.—*Boston Transcript.*

### Mr. Woodlee Passenger (in railroad station at Poughkeepsie)—

Here, you! what time does the next train go to New York?

Mike—B-Jabbers! 'Tis just gone, sir.—*Judge.*

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"Of course the first thing we did was to explore nearly every part of the vessel. I was telling Jack that the galley, or caboose, was the place where the cooking was done, when the captain, overhearing us talking about his ship, stepped up and said:

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### THE KEELY CURE

Keely's Cream Balm

Keely's Cream Balm is a special boon to business men who, having defined themselves into the drink habit and awoken to find the disease of alcoholism fastened upon them, are seeking relief from its grasp. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, requiring a clear head. A four weeks course of treatment at the KEELY INSTITUTE, No. 426 Fifth Avenue, restores to them all their powers, mental and physical, destroys the abnormal appetite, and restores them to the condition they were in before they indulged in stimulants. This balm does more than 1000 cases treated here, and among them some of your own neighbors, to whom we can refer with confidence as to the absolute safety and efficiency of the Keely Cure. The fullest and most searching investigation is invited. Send for pamphlet giving full particulars.

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MUNY & CO., 211 Broadway, New York.

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