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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

VOL. XLIV. NO. 46.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 2335.

IVORY SOAP

99 ¹¹/₁₀₀ PURE

"Men should be what they seem," and so should soaps, but Ivory is the only soap that is 99 ¹¹/₁₀₀ per cent pure.

The Procter & Gamble Co., Wash., D.C.

THE First National Bank

Campbell and Smith,

Somerset, Penna.

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

THE PEOPLE'S STORE.

EVERY lady is interested in nice Spring goods, whether it be for her own personal adornment or for comfort or embellishment of the household.

This spring we have made extraordinary preparations and are now ready with a magnificent stock of

Carpet,
Lace Curtains,
Furniture,
China and Crockery Ware, and
Kitchen Goods,

The Somerset County National Bank

OF SOMERSET PA.

Established 1877. Organized as a National, 1899.

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

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

DIRECTORS:
Sam. B. Harrison, Wm. Embler,
Joseph S. Harrison, John M. Cook,
John R. 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,
at everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

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.

Jarecki Phosphate,
Lime,
Crushed Coke,
Hard Coal,
Salisbury Soft Coal,
At the Old Stand near the Somerset & Cambria R. R. Station.

Prices Right.

Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Money and valuables secured by one of the best burglar-proof safes in the United States. Charge moderate. Accounts and deposits solicited.

ELLY Balm

It will cure COLD IN THE HEAD
Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Eczema, and all other skin diseases.

SOLELY BROTHERS, 26 Warren Street, N. Y.

THE KEELEY CURE

Is a special tonic for business men who, having indulged unconsciously into the drink habit, are unable to find the disease of alcoholism. It restores them to their normal condition, and restores them to their normal condition, and restores them to their normal condition.

Peter Fink

Scientific American

DER PIHWIE.

Phiwie, Phiwie, Phiwie!
Phiwie, Phiwie, Phiwie!
Phiwie, Phiwie, Phiwie!

THE DOCTOR'S PERIL.

"He was a man who did not know what fear was." We read of this inexperienced individual every day without a thought of evil. Did anybody ever really know such a man? I am for one firm in the belief that he never lived.

Reminiscences.

A confession, if that name is applicable, indigenous, so far as the writer is informed, to Western Pennsylvania and Maryland, called "apple-butter," was considered as necessary on the table of the old taverns and farm houses, as anything that was on it. If this article is not, or rather, was not, indigenous to this country, it was, at least, made in its purity here. A few weeks ago the writer saw a large bucket or several buckets, from Pittsburgh, marked as somebody's apple-butter, guaranteed to contain seventy per cent. pure sugar and some kind of syrup.

Resolutions of Thanks.

"Busied with the body politic," writes an Arkansas editor, "I neglected my own, till malaria swamped me, utterly disabling and consuming. I had more headaches than a barrel of Jersey lightning. An old medical friend advised Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and it cured me. Then there was a ratification meeting up at our house—resolutions of thanks to Dr. Pierce and my medical friend were unanimously adopted. Both of them can always have best position in this paper, next to reading matter."

Professional Beauty in the Turkish Bath.

The very stout woman taking her first lesson. The new woman wrestling speechlessly with her collar button. The bachelor friend making his first attempt to hold his host's baby.

ELLY'S CREAM BALM

It will cure COLD IN THE HEAD
Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Eczema, and all other skin diseases.

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THE NEW WOMAN.

How She Appeared to a Long Row of Old Family Portraits.

She picked up the forcing file and ran up the stairs two at a time, through the picture gallery, into the gymnasium. She wore a white woolen sweater and crimson bloomers. Her eyes sparkled with health; her skin was as smooth and fair as a rose leaf. The family portraits, every last man of them, eyed her with a certain admiration, and she returned their gaze with a certain confidence.

Dutchman—What is that which just passed through?
Roundhead—It should be a man by the garb, but the outlines were those of a woman.
Frenchman—St. Denis aid me, but she was fair to look upon! Marked you her trim ankles?
Spaniard—I beheld more than ankles. To me she seemed some bold matron ready for the fight. I say she violates etiquette in attiring herself thus.
Puritan—The Monday of the week. Why lendeth she not over the family washbasin?
Roundhead—Who prepareth the noontide meal?
Indian—The chief's wampum goes smoking.

Dutchman—She should be an her kneecornering the kitchen floor. How have such things come about?
Yankee—I have heard bits of talk as people pass. I always keep my eyes open. It seems that women have become completely changed. They now rebel against tradition and scorn St. Paul. It is whispered that they have plotted with the "niggers" from the marriage service. (Universal groan.)
Roundhead—Oh, forward and! 'perverse! Oh, generation of vipers!
Frenchman—The little serpents are lovely as angels.
Yankee—They join clubs; they read the papers; they deride the laws which we have made to govern them.
Spaniard—Horrible! Where are their demerits?
Yankee—The demerits are the worst of the lot. They began it, wearing their hair short and clamoring for emancipation. In some states the women now go to the polls and vote.

Roundhead—Hussies!
Puritan—I would put them in the stocks. I would duck them in running water. I would brand their shameless foreheads.
Yankee—They deck themselves gayly.
Frenchman—That they ever did. 'Tis no crime they would be beautiful in our eyes.
Yankee—They consider fields and buy them. They plant vineyards. They take upplains.
Indian—Ugh! Heap fool business. Who carries the wigwag? Who skins the deer? Who bees the corn?
Yankee—Not that fair squaw in the gymnasium sweating on grave and muscle. The brave hoen, the corn, or there wouldn't be a kernel in the land.
Spaniard—Glad I'm a good deal fatter. Spaniard—What is her object in doing these scandalous, these unlicensed things?
Yankee—Why, they say they have been downtrodden and oppressed for ages by brute man; haven't had a fair chance. They even declare the Lord created them the equal of us.

Roundhead—Jeebles! The Lord made them subject to us in all things as weaker vessels. I would keep them down with a heavy hand.
Yankee—Your day has passed. What could you do with that compound of fire and steel in yonder. She would with her and wanted to marry her. The girl's father was a customer of mine and I always timed my trips so that I could spend the evening at his house.
"One night I concluded to try my fate, and managing to see her alone I proposed to her. I was accepted conditionally upon my getting her father's consent, and I was not to ask him until after she had a chance to soften him a little. Of course when I went away that night I thought of nothing but what presents to send her. I could not see her for a month, but we could write.
We wrote every day, and I invested a whole month's salary in presents.
"When I reached the worn again, I called at once to see her, and she told me to ask her father the momentous question at once. Approaching the old man, he said to me: 'Young man, you act as if you were going to ask me if you could marry Sue. If you are, I'll just say that I've just got to the point where I don't care who she marries. When that New Yorker asked me I told him yes; when the fellow from Chicago asked me, I told him he had my blessing; when the Wheeling man wanted her, I told him all right. That was last week. You are the sixth this week, and I ain't going to let you say a word. She told me this morning she was going to marry a young lawyer at our county seat, and judging from the two or three wagon loads of parcels she has received by mail and express the last two months I should think she had about enough plunder to go to housekeeping on right away.'
"I did not say a word and skipped the lawyer."
Washington Star.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can now do my own work and am able to walk without crutches. I can recommend it to all who are afflicted with rheumatism, neuralgia, or any other kind of pain. It is a true and reliable remedy. Charles H. Wetzel, Salisbury, Pa.
Sworn and subscribed to before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Benford's Pharmacy.

Feeding Market Gardens.

The old idea that fertilizers were not adapted to market gardening, was long ago exploded by the practical experience of the big market gardeners near our large cities and by the truck farmers in the South. Cabbage, celery, spinach and similar leafy vegetables depend for quality upon quick growth, and it results only from plenty of soluble plant food in the soil. "A slow growth is usually tough, dull and rusty while a quick growth is tender, bright and crisp." Only by filling the soil with decomposed stable manure in excess of what the crops need, can the needed supply of available plant food be obtained from manure. Usually it is cheaper and more satisfactory to feed these market garden crops with fertilizers than to buy horse manure at high prices and haul it long distances.—New England Homestead.

Face the Facts.

The direct yearly cost of liquor in this country is \$1,000,000,000.—The indirect cost is as much more.—The cost of labor, loss by drunkenness, the resultant sickness, the crime, pauperism, etc. Two thousand millions a year for liquor!
At the same time we pay for bread, \$500,000,000; meat, \$200,000,000; wooden goods, \$227,000,000; cotton, \$210,000,000; boots and shoes, \$150,000,000; and for foreign missions, \$50,000,000. We send a nickel to convert the heathen, and then spend our hundreds of dollars on a spree to celebrate our philanthropy.

In cases of burns, scalds, sores, or any of the other accidental pains likely to come to the human body, Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil gives almost instant relief.