The Somerset Herald.

GEORGE R. SCULL, Editor.

WEDNESDAY. August 5, 1896.

The capital invested in the brewing business in the United States is $164,788,962.

Fifteen persons were killed at Gloucester, a mining town in Ohio, on Wednesday night, in the terrific wind and rain storm that struck the place.

The Glade Reformed Sunday-school, of Stonycreek township, will hold their annual picnic, in the grove near the church, on Saturday, August 29th. The public is invited.

A young son of County Auditor Baker's got too close to the business end of a horse yesterday morning and as a result is suffering from a broken leg. Dr. Harry Kimmel reduced the fracture.

The congregation of the Beam Church, in Lincoln township, will hold a lawn fete on the evenings of Friday and Saturday, August 14th and 15th, in the grove near the church. The public is invited.

Somerset's ball team visited Rockwood Wednesday afternoon and dressed down the club of that place in fine shape. Score 11 to 4. The game was strictly between home players and was interesting throughout.

A new York supreme court has decided that monuments are not subject to liens. The leaning tower of Pisa is, of course, an exception.

Call, Examine, Purchase! Stein's Shoe Store. Latest styles in Men's Ladies' and Children's Shoes at Stein's! Stein's! Mammoth Block, North Main St.

George Gates, of Bedford, has been appointed a clerk in the Auditor-General's Department on the recommendation of Judge Longenecker.

$50 will pay for a term of six weeks, board and thorough instruction in music, at the Musical College, Freeburg, Snyder county, Pa. Pupils can enter any day. For catalogues address, HENRY B. MOYER.

"Mamma, was that a sugar-plum you just gave me?" asked little Mabel. "No, dear, it was one of Dr. Ayer's Pills." "Please, may I have another?" "Not now, dear; one of those nice pills is all you need at present, because every dose is effective."

DANA'S Sarsaparilla is not only the best of all remedies for the Nerves, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, and Blood; *but if no benefit, you can get your money back.*

The same guarantee applies to DANA'S Pills, Cough Syrup, and Plasters.

For sale by David Gildner, M. D. Agent, Rockwood, Pa.

Popocracy, Popocrat, Demopopocracy, Demopopocrat, Argentomaniac, Argentomania, Sixteen-to-One and goldogarchy are the latest words that have cropped up for the dictionary compiler to attend to, and the end is not yet.

Howard Gadd, of New Salem, Fayette county, while hunting killed a snake and noticing an unusual swelling in the body, cut it open. He found the obstruction was a glass egg, which his wife had used for a nest egg, and which the snake had swallowed.

What causes bad dreams is a question that has never been satisfactorily answered; but, in nine cases out of ten, frightful dreams are the result of imperfect digestion, which a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will effectually remedy. Don't delay—try it to-day.

Bertha, the bright little four-year-old daughter of Joseph C. Head, cashier of the First National bank, of Latrobe, while playing on the balcony on the third story of the family residence Saturday noon, lost her balance and fell to the pavement below, alighting on her head. She was instantly killed, her skull being crushed.

Young Coyle's wife recently became demented and was sent to the asylum on Friday, the aged parents taking her infant. Young Coyle went home drunk Saturday night, and, on being reproached by his father, sprang upon the old man like a wild beast. A number of stalwart miners had a desperate struggle in overpowering the young man and placing him in jail.

Mrs. Anna Dixon, whose son—Harry Faith—died at Indiana last week from a cut sustained in falling from his bicycle, has sued Joseph W. Clements, of the Indiana House, for furnishing the boy, who was a minor, with liquor. It will be recalled that when Faith fell from his wheel he alighted on a bottle of brandy which was in his pocket, and sustained a cut from which he bled to death.

This is hard weather on the farmer who is endeavoring to get his hay harvested. Since the rainy season began the first of this month, harvesting has been pushed forward in the brief intervals between showers. Frequently grass was mowed only to lie on the ground several days, being constantly soaked by the drenching rain. In several instances hay that was shocked up had to be spread out again to dry. The same difficulty has been experienced with the wheat and oats harvest.

One of the most fiendish murders ever committed in Westmoreland County was perpetrated in the little mining village of Darragh, near the Madison Coal Works, Saturday night about 12 o'clock. Patrick Coyle, and old, grey-haired miner, seventy years of age, was pounded and choked to death by his son—Walter Coyle—aged about twenty-four years. Old Mrs. Coyle, the mother of the murderer, was an eye-witness of the horrible crime, and on her knees pleaded for the life of her husband, but was finally compelled to flee.

There is a township in Dauphin county in which there are 251 inhabitants, according to the past census, and 50 voters. In that township there is no minister, no church, no Sunday school, no lawyer, no justice of the peace, no industrial work of any kind, and no place where liquor is sold. There are three grocery stores and one school house. When the people want to attend church they have to cross the river into Perry county and walk to Dunsmuir. The township is Reed. There has been but one case in the criminal court from that township in the past twenty-five years. There is not another township like it in the whole United States.

Are you a sufferer from that terrible plague, Itching Piles? Doan's Ointment will bring you instant relief and permanent cure. Get it from your dealer.

A gold ring that is supposed to have spent nearly two years in a cow's stomach was sent the other day to its owner, a young lady of Homestead. Two years ago the young lady was visiting on a dairy farm near West Newton, and while in the barn picked up a kitten and tossed it in a pile of chop and bran. With the kitten went a gold ring from her finger, which could not be found, and was given up and finally forgotten. Several days ago Edward Jones, a Saterville butcher, bought a cow from Frank Hough, the dairyman, and when the cow was killed the ring, with the young lady's name engraved on it, was found in its stomach. —Johnstown Tribune.

Last Monday morning Mr. Emanuel Swartzwelder, whose farm is situated two miles from Chaneysville, Bedford County, and his son Frank were engaged in cutting hay with a mower drawn by two horses, and in attempting to rake some grass from in front of the machine the elder Mr. Swartzwelder was caught by the knives and dragged ten or twelve feet before he succeeded in extricating himself from his perilous position. Upon examination it was found that his left limb was so badly lacerated that amputation was necessary, which was promptly done by Drs. Enfield, Smith, and Trimbath. The other limb was horribly mangled, but not so seriously as the left one. He suffered from his injuries until Wednesday night, when death resulted. Deceased was sixty-two years old, and leaves a widow and five sons.

Local hotels and boarding houses are crowded with summer guests.

The many friends of 'Squire LaRue M. Hicks will be sorry to learn that he is critically ill.

Miss McPherson, of Clearfield, Pa., is the guest of her school friend, Miss Flossie Knepper.

Mrs. Mary Belle Kimmel Johnson and three children, of Pittsburg, are at the Hotel Vannear.

Miss Marion Wright, of Bedford, is the guest of her aunts, the Misses Picking, of "Patriot Terrace."

Miss Jessie Adams, of Washington, D. C., is visiting at the home of her uncle, Mr. William H. Platt.

Rev. W. Houpt will preach next Sabbath at Lichty's at 10:30 A. M., and at Pleasant Hill at 2:30 P. M.

Mrs. "Tom" McCutcheon and daughter, of Allegheny, are visiting with the former's sister—Mrs. C. J. Harrison.

Miss Mame Mendell, of Wheeling, W. Va., and Miss Harriett Brown, of Baltimore, are guests of Miss Maud Cook.

Dr. J. W. Carothers left Saturday morning for a short visit with his parents, whose home is in eastern Pennsylvania.

Mr. Horace G. Darsie, of the prominent Pittsburg hardware firm of Wolf, Lane & Co., Pittsburg, is spending his annual vacation in Somerset.

"Uncle Josh" made a flying visit to his numerous Somerset business friends last week. He tells all about it in an article elsewhere in this paper.

Miss Jennie Marrietta and her friend, Miss Cavenaugh, of Dayton, Ohio, are guests of landlord Marrietta, of the Merchant's Hotel, Rockwood.

Mrs. William S. Kreger, of Allegheny, after spending a few days at the home of Mrs. Henry Kreger in this place, left this morning for a short visit with friends at Bakersville.

Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Hartzell, of Rockwood, and Mrs. L. N. Fyan, of Bedford, were in town last week for the purpose of attending the funeral of their relative, Mrs. John M. Holderbaum.

Mr. James Vernor Long and mother, of Pittsburg, are enjoying the hospitality of Farmer Tayman's Gravel Hill cottage. Mr. Long represented the United States as Consul at Florence under the Harrison administration.

James E. Ferner, of the firm of Ferner Bros., has gone to Chautauqua, N. Y., where he will remain for several weeks enjoying the pleasures of that famous resort. He will visit Niagara and other points of interest before he returns.

E. G. Henry, of Upper Turkeyfoot township, brought a wagon load, 600 quarts, of black berries to town yesterday morning, which he disposed of at five cents per quart. The blackberry crop in this county is the largest known for years past.

Mr. Barnett Picking, a former prominent hotel keeper of this place celebrated the eighty-third anniversary of his birth, on Saturday last. Notwithstanding his advanced years Mr. Picking is in robust health and is as active as most men are at sixty.

Mrs. K. B. Coffroth left yesterday morning for Pittsburg, where she will join Mrs. Jacob P. Kimmel and son John, of Sharpsville, Mercer county, when they will proceed to Atlantic City, for a two weeks' sojourn at the sea shore. Mrs. Kimmel will return to Somerset with Mrs. Coffroth.

Dr. J. M. Toner, one of the best known physicians of Washington, D. C., was found dead in his chair on the Mountain House porch at Cresson Springs, Saturday morning. He was a native of Pittsburg, and was well known in Somerset. His last visit to this place was during the County Centennial celebration last year.

Services will be held in the Somerset Presbyterian Church next Sunday, Aug. 9th, in the morning. Theme of sermon: "God's Designs Will Stand." Text: "My Counsel Shall Stand and I Will Do All My Pleasure."

In the evening Rev. Bristow will again preach in the Reformed Church for Rev. King, who is recovering from his illness and is at the Markleton Sanatorium.

The conference to nominate a Republican candidate for Congressman for this, 20th district, will meet at Bedford, on Wednesday, 19th inst. None of the candidates have made the names of their conferees public. Each of the four counties in the district will present a candidate, and more than usual interest attaches to the meeting owing to the snarl the Hicks and Thropp factions of Bedford county have gotten into.

There was joy in Berlin last night. A base ball team, composed of six players from that place and three semi professionals from the vicinity of Pittsburg, lifted the scalps of the Maroons at Vannear Park in the afternoon. Berlin scored 2 in the third, 3 in the fourth and 1 in the fifth, while Somerset scored only 1 in the fifth, and that on a wild throw. The game was one-sided throughout, the only features being the magnificent battery work of the Pittsburg gentlemen, assisted by a very able and efficient shortstop. The Maroons were not in their usual good form and were unusually weak with the stick. It was a very narrow escape from a shut out for the home team. The Maroons are willing to play teams composed of all county players at any time, but they have had sufficient experience with salaried players to last them the rest of the season. Five hundred people witnessed the game.

Mrs. G. M. Pauling was apprised by telegraph Wednesday of the death of her eldest daughter, Mrs. J. J. Burns, who expired the night before at her home in Pocatilico, Idaho, from diphtheria. Seven weeks ago Mrs. Burns visited at the home of her grand-mother, Mrs. Sarah Cummins, in this place, having only recently returned from a trip to South America, which she made with her husband. She was in delicate health before sailing for the south and was not benefited by the journey. Her health improved after her arrival here and when she started for her western home it was thought that it had been permanently restored. She was seized by the fatal malady the day she reached her home. Mrs. Burns was well known here, having spent the greater part of her childhood with her grandmother. She was a beautiful girl and was loved by all of her large circle of acquaintances. She was twenty-eight years of age.

A reporter of the Johnstown Democrat delified the readers of that journal Friday morning with a graphic description of the manners and customs of the denizens of the mountain above Trent, alleged to be engaged in the moonshine business. The intelligent reporter was imposed upon by his friend, Mr. Caldwell, of Camden, New Jersey, who claims to have been one of a camping party who spent ten days in the region mentioned, and, as a result is guilty of publishing a grossly slanderous article reflecting upon some of the most thrifty and law abiding farmers of this county. The mountaineers, so-called, of Somerset county, do not go armed day and night, and in place of being suspicious of every person traveling through the country, are noted for their generosity and hospitality. It is the exceptional Somerset county farmer who fails to treat strangers with extreme courtesy. But perhaps, Mr. Caldwell and the gullible Democrat pencil shover are not to be too harshly censured, since the article referred to is simply a repetition of a lot of rot that has been rehashed in Pittsburg and other daily papers for years past.

Suicide of a Former Berliner.

John E. Hartman, who was born and grew to manhood in Berlin, was found dead on a public road in the suburbs of Pittsburg, Thursday morning. He had committed suicide by shooting himself through the right temple. No cause is assigned for the act except that the young man was insane, as his actions for some time past seem to indicate that fact. The victim was 24 years of age and single. His father is a prominent business man of Uniontown, having removed from Berlin to that place about six years ago. Hartman quit work in his father's store on July 20th, when he went to Pittsburg, in search of employment. He told everybody he met that he was a "spotter" for the Consolidated Traction Company. Wednesday afternoon he hired a bicycle, saying he was going to call on his cousin, E. E. Johnson, whose home is in the East End. He did not appear there. Thursday morning his body was found as indicated above by a man on his way to work.

The bicycle the man had been riding was found about four miles from where the body was found. It was in good condition. In one of the pockets was found a letter addressed to Hartman's mother. It read:

"Maybe I am doing a cowardly thing, but let God be the judge. I am too weak to live, and I hope God will forgive me. My breast is full of love for you all. I am writing in the dark. Goodby."

With the letter was found a cabinet photograph of a young girl, and on the back of this, written with a lead pencil, as was the letter, was:

"Goodbye, Liddy, You are the only one I ever truly loved."

The Coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide by shooting.

Hartman had a brother, William, who was murdered three years ago. He was a brakeman on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, August 15, 1896, while the train was running from Dunbar to Uniontown, some parties from Dunbar refused to pay fare. Trouble arose between the men and Conductor Tucker Hunt. A shot was fired. Hartman was wounded and died some time afterward of his injuries. The man who did the shooting, James Watt, is now serving a term of four years and a half in the penitentiary, having been convicted of voluntary manslaughter.

Death of Mrs. John M. Holderbaum.

Mr. Julia C. Holderbaum is dead. When the news passed from lip to lip Wednesday morning there was a general expression of sorrow. The death of this estimable lady and beloved mother had been anticipated for some days and the members of her household were measurably prepared to receive the grim visitor who would rob them of their best friend and counselor. Her last moments were as peaceful and calm as was the long life she had spent among the people of this place, and as becomes the strong character of a truly christian woman. The watchers at her bedside thought she slept even after the vital spark had fled.

Deceased was a daughter of Major Joseph Imhoff, a prominent inn keeper and politician of Somerset, and was born on October 16, 1824. Her father was elected Sheriff of the county—1828—and subsequently was the nominee of his party for Congress against Charles Ogle. Her mother was a daughter of the late Peter Heffley, of Berlin. In 1844 she became the wife of John M. Holderbaum, then an aspiring young merchant of this place, who later developed into one of the foremost business men of the county. She was always prominent in social and church affairs, having been a consistent and devout Lutheran from girlhood, and without effort she won the friendship and admiration of all with whom she came in contact. Her sphere, however, was her home, and here her sterling character was infused into the hearts of her children. She was a thoughtful listener, a wise counselor and a devoted mother.

Mrs. Holderbaum is survived by her husband and by two sons, Charles P., who is associated in business with his father; James B., the successful hardware and farm implement dealer; and by four daughters, Mrs. K. V. Cromwell, Mrs. Rebald Megahan, of Lincoln, Neb.; Misses Lucy E. and Dari F. She is also survived by a brother and two sisters, all of whom reside in Lincoln, Neb., and by a half-sister, Mrs. Jacob S. Picking, of Somerset.

The funeral took place at 6 o'clock Friday evening from the family residence on Main Street. Rev. S. J. Taylor, of the Berlin Lutheran Church, conducted the religious services at the house and at the grave.

Death of Robert Garrett.

Robert Garrett, ex-president of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad company, died at the cottage of Mrs. T. Harrison Garrett, Deer Park, at three o'clock Wednesday morning.

Mr. Garrett has been in poor health since he retired from the presidency of the Baltimore and Ohio system in 1887. In recent years he has been mentally as well as physically unfit to participate in any business and has seldom been seen in public. His sister, Miss Mary Garrett, and his brother, Henry, are now the only direct survivors of John W. Garrett, who for many years dominated the Baltimore and Ohio system. Robert Garrett was born in April 9, 1847.

Failed to Get the Money.

On Tuesday, July 14th, Aaron Shaffer, of Shade township, whose home is between Hillsboro and Hooversville, sold two hundred acres of coal land to Edward J. Berwind for $4,000 cash.

The deal was made by J. S. Cunningham, of Tyrone, agent and chief mining engineer for Mr. Berwind, who advised Mr. Shaffer to leave the money in the First National Bank instead of taking it home, as he originally intended. He did so.

On the following Sunday, while Mr. Shaffer and family were away from home, robbers entered their residence, evidently expecting to secure the $4,000. The house was thoroughly ransacked, but the visitors did not secure any money whatever.

Fire in Jenner Township.

About 10 o'clock Wednesday night Jere J. Shaffer's large barn, located near St. James' Lutheran Church, in Jenner township, was struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

Mr. Shaffer had almost all of his grain in the barn, and had finished hauling his hay from the harvest field to the barn only yesterday. The barn, which was two stories high, was a frame structure forty-five feet wide and about one hundred feet long. Mr. Shaffer's wagons, buggies and farming implements, along with the grain and hay, were entirely destroyed. Five head of horses and six head of cattle were taken from the building while it was in full blaze.

The barn was insured in the Farmer's Fire Insurance Company, but the amount stated in the policy is not known. There was no insurance on the contents. The loss will reach several thousand dollars.

Quite a Novel Case.

Quite a unique case was decided by Judge McIlvaine, of the Washington county courts, last week. It was that of W. S. Woods vs. Isabella Sheets. Woods bought two lots at Charleroi from Mrs. Sheets and built on them, as he supposed, but it turned out that he made a mistake and built on two lots that Peter Neshon, of Manor Station, owned. He refused to pay for the houses, allow them to be removed or sell the lots, and Woods sued Mrs. Sheets.

The court decided that, in the absence of any convenant in the deed that the lots staked off are the same as those sold, Woods can not recover; that all he could recover would be the purchase money of the lot, and not for any subsequent improvement; but that, as he still has the two lots purchased, Nos. 634 and 636, he has no standing at all, and judgment is given for the defendant. It is certainly a very peculiar case, and Mr. Woods has sustained loss in a novel manner.

Milton Yoder's Good Work.

Mr. Milton Yoder, a young Amishman, some three weeks since, took eight little Baltimore girl waifs for a two weeks' fresh air outing at his pleasant Summit township farm. The youngsters were pinched and white when they arrived, but after chasing butterflies up and down country lanes, gathering daisies and buttercups, riding on the hay wagon and dieting upon the purest and most wholesome of food for fourteen days they were as brown as the berries that cluster in the corners of Mr. Yoder's well kept fields. The two women who are employed to look after the domestic affairs of the Yoder farm house were unselfish in the attention shown the little strangers, and when the time arrived for them to return to their homes in the heated city there was genuine sorrow on the part both. Mr. Yoder, too, who had spent many happy hours—to the detriment of his farm work—with the little strangers, letting them tag at his coat tails and ride on his broad shoulders, was loth to hear them say "good-bye," and finally after eight little lunch baskets had been prepared and eight little boxes—all containing the same number of red apples—had been filled, he decided to accompany his charges on the way as far as Cumberland. At Cumberland the heiplessness of the tots appealed so strongly to him that he concluded he would escort them to their homes, which he did, and where he was warmly received and generously treated by the officers of the Fresh Air Society. Saturday Mr. Yoder returned to his home, accompanied by eight other little Baltimore waifs, and by thirty-two of their playmates, all of whom are now enjoying a visit of two weeks at farm houses in the neighborhood of Meyersdale and Stoyestown.

Fistic Artist Training Here.

Frank Dwyre is the name of the tall, handsome, athletic young man who takes morning and evening runs of five miles every day on the various roads leading from this place. In addition to this exercise he punches a sand bag, skips rope, runs up and down stairs at breakneck speed, swings Indian clubs and dumb bells and boxes with anyone he can induce to put on the gloves with him. He, also, takes a cold plunge two or three times a day and has his limbs and body rubbed with coarse towels until the skin becomes a fresh pink. He never smokes, chews, or takes a drink, and lives on the plainest kind of fare. Mr. Dwyre is a pugilist by profession and he is at present in training for a "mill," scheduled to come off in September, at Richmond, Va. His only diversion is a game of checkers, and he can be found any evening in one of the hotels offices fortifying a "king row." People who have seen Mr. Dwyre have been impressed by his appearance. His clean shaved face ornamented by a gracefully curved mustache, which only faintly conceals a pair of smiling red lips gives no indication of the fistic artist; but when the observer observes his erect carriage, broad shoulders, stocky neck and thick wrists he naturally wonders what the man's vocation is. No one would suggest from his appearance that he had ever entered a prize ring. Mr. Dwyre has been the victor in a number of notable ring contests, but an intuitive feeling comes over all who look at him that he would not be a safe man to run against.

Asked his reasons for coming to Somerset Mr. Dwyre replied that he was seeking for high ground and that he believes that that the pure air of this altitude is more invigorating than the atmosphere of lower countries. I want to get myself in condition for my winter's work," he continued, "and I selected Somerset to train without ever having seen the place, only having heard it casually mentioned by a stranger. I wish you would say in your paper that I would like to have a "go" at either John Finnegan, or William Vensel, the big carpenter, of Pittsburg, both of whom have been chasing around the Post Office, in that city, talking fight. I have never seen either of the men, but that makes no difference. I'll cover any amount they put up."

Dwyre is a native of the "Sunflower State" but is not a "Pop." He has fitted up training quarters at the Commercial Hotel, where he has agreed to instruct a class in the art of self defense.

The Calfornia, Pa, State Normal

Provides well for the comfort and health of its students. Five brick buildings; no building more than three stories high; electric light in every room; new gymnasium with all modern appliances; large and beautiful library, &c. But the main thing is the downright earnest work of students and teachers. Send for catalogue.

The Army Worm Has Met His Waterloo in Luzerne County.

Just now when the ravages of the army worm are beginning to be felt in this immediate vicinity the discovery of a Luzerne druggist of a process for their extermination is of general as well as considerable interest. The army worm appeared in Luzerne county some time since and his ravages have been quite wide spread. Recently he attacked the grass on the lawn of a Mrs. Harris and was having a veritable picnic. But just when his happiness was most complete he met his fate. In a drug store the clerks gathered about a hundred of the worms, and began experimenting with them—not in a way, however, that proved entertaining to the worm. The clerks found that by adding a teaspoonful of creoline to one pint of water, and giving the worm a bath in it, it produced almost sudden death. The news spread and all the people of Luzerne, who were holding receptions for the worms hastened to load up with creoline. This they placed in sprinkling pots and the lawns and gardens in which the worm was holding his levee with the result that those of the worms which were not killed were content to beat a retreat on the double quick. Luzerne is now rid of the pest. Creoline is said to be harmless and does not injure grass or vegetables.

Do Not Fail to Read This.

The noted Specialist, Dr. M. Salm, who has been so successful in the treatment of private diseases of both sexes, and all kinds of chronic diseases, may be consulted, as usual, free of charge, in Somerset, at the Hotel Vannear, on Friday, Aug., 7th, and every 4 weeks thereafter on same day. Consultation and Examination free.

A Railroad Horror.

The 5.40 p. m. express train, on the Reading railroad, bound down, while moving at a high rate of speed, crashed into an excursion train on the West Jersey railroad, at the crossing on the "Meadows," just outside of Atlantic City, N. J. about half-past 6, Thursday evening. As nearly as can be ascertained forty-two persons were killed and about eighty injured. Of the killed all but two were on the excursion train, which carried a party from Bridgeton and Salem.

It is said the Reading train had the "right of way," but that the signals were set so as to justify the engineer of the excursion train in moving on the crossing.

At the California, Pa., State Normal

A thorough and practical education is given. The secret of success there is hard work, well applied, at something worth knowing. Each year the advantages are greater. Last year 830 students were enrolled.

The protracted rain of the past few weeks has caused the loss of thousands of bushels of wheat to the farmers of this county. In numerous instances wheat that had been cut and shocked sprouted before it was in condition to be housed.

The plum crop in this county is the largest ever known.

JOLLY OLD UNCLE JOSH.

HIS GREAT GENEROSITY TOWARDS HIS NEWLY MARRIED NIECE.

A Realistic Romance of Somerset in Which a Number of Prominent Business Men Take a very Conspicuous Part.

"Miss Summers—Polly—I—I—er—dare I—" But the speaker took a header over bashfulness, only to hear a sweet

"Yes, Charley."

"Can I aspire to—er—to—that—is—"

Again a lapse into silence, followed by an encouraging

"Yes, Charley."

"Oh, if I might only hope to er—to—

Another failure of language. It was seemingly a hopeless case, and might have been, only for a demure

"Charley, I have said 'yes' twice, and if you mean it, I mean it too, and—"

And to this day that young man will insist that he popped the question.

All this happened away "down east," and it wasn't long before there was a wedding. Not much longer before there came a letter from Polly's Uncle Josh, out here in Somerset county who wrote effusively of his delight at the exhibition of what he called "grit," and he proposed that if the young people would locate at Somerset he would start them up in life, as a wedding gift. Of course they accepted, and were soon bidding their friends adieu.

A few weeks subsequent to the above conversation a travel-stained party arrived. Our friend, Uncle Josh, was in charge and he led the party straightway to a hotel. "The Hotel Vannear," said he, "is a typical Keystone hotel of the best class. I have known C. S. Vannear, the proprietor, for years and he is mine host after mine own heart. A thorough business man endowed with that delightful intuition that makes a guest feel at home, comfortable, contented, and in mighty good luck. The house is one of convenience; the apartments are well furnished; the cuisine all that a superior chef and unlimited orders on the market can make it. I have engaged rooms here for you to occupy until your own house is in readiness."

"After breakfast," said the old man, "I am ready to go buy your outfit. To expedite matters I have ordered a carriage from Isaac Simpson, our enterprising livery man." When the handsome carriage, with elaborate trappings and prancing horses drew up in front of the Hotel Vannear, Polly declared it the "finest turnout she had ever seen." "Yes," replied Uncle Josh, "the three S's, 'Speed, Safety and Style' is Simpson's coat of arms. So, young folks, when you want to take a drive, either for business or pleasure, go to him for a rig every time." It was in this stylish turnout that the rounds of the city were made.

"Where to?" asked the polite driver as the trio entered the conveyance, Uncle Josh looked askance at his wards. "Oh, goodness knows there's lots to buy," remarked Polly. "Then suppose we see about our house and lot first," quoth Charles. "I've already provided for the lot," said Uncle Josh, "but we must see about the building. The best people to talk to in regard to the contract are Granger & Stoddard, who are the principal contractors here. They have put up many of the handsomest buildings in town, and may be relied upon to do a first-class job. They'll do it quick and do it well, in the bargain. It's a pleasure to deal with Granger & Stoddard, for their greatest aim is to give satisfaction to every customer. And, by the way, Mr. Stoddard does slate roofing, and I'll have him slate roof the house; it looks better and lasts longer." Of course it didn't take long to arrange for the house.

"Having provided you with a cage for the bird," said Uncle Josh, "now the first thing we'll look after will be the furnishings for it." Hereupon Polly energetically declared that she had heard so much about C. H. Coffroth, the furniture dealer, that she had decided to go there. The result was that they were ushered into such a bewildering display that the girl was at first at a loss how to select But she soon yielded to the seductiveness of a magnificent parlor suite, a bed room set in oak, antique finish, that would do credit to old Antiquity himself. To this she added a dining-room set with all accessories, an easy rocker for Uncle Josh; and didn't forget a most convenient and ornamental writing desk for "Hubby" Charles.

"A pretty good start," said the old man, "and now we'll go to J. B. Holderbaum's big hardware and stove store." Here Polly's housewifely instincts had full play in marvels of kitchen apparatus. "There is not an establishment in the county that carries a more comprehensive stock of household furnishings," remarked Uncle Josh. "Every possible piece of kitchen furniture, from a tin dipper to a cooking range is here in all styles and variety." If Polly fails to accomplish wonders in the culinary art, it will not be for want of superior cooking utensils, for she purchased a Queen Cinderella cook stove with all equipments needed in a well regulated kitchen, besides an elegant air tight heater for the parlor.

"Let's see—I promised you a gold watch, didn't I," queried Uncle Josh of Polly, "and Neff & Casebeer's is the place to get one cheap." Entering the popular jewelry store the old man proceeded to have Mr. Casebeer, who is an expert optician, fit his eyes to a pair of 'specs,' so that he could better see the many beautiful things. He gallantly acquitted himself of the promise, and then directed Polly's attention to the superior stock of silverware carried by the house. "There is no other such house in town," said the old man, "and I will guarantee the quality to be the very best. Pick out your family clock while here," he added. "Neff & Casebeer carry a magnificent line. Don't forget another fact, Charley," he continued, "it over that old turnip of yours breaks down, remember these folks are expert doctors on sick watches." The old man explained that this firm had another nice store at Rockwood.

"Halt!" commanded Uncle Josh, as the party came in front of Dr. J. M. Louther's drug store. "Walk right in." "Why, Uncle, we're not sick, and—" "Guess I know that, but I suspect it won't be long before this young man begins to take an interest in matters of paregoric and—" "U-n-c-l-e!" "Well, go in anyway, Polly may find some toilet articles she wants." Sure enough, before leaving she was loaded down with combs, brushes, face powders and ounces upon ounces of fine imported perfumes. "Don't forget," added Uncle Josh, "to come here with your prescriptions, as Dr. Louther and his assistant are competent pharmacists and use pure and reliable drugs." He then invited them to a delicious treat at the soda fountain. Polly indulged in a profuse, but just complimentary to the superior quality of drinks served.

At this point, somewhat to the confusion of Charley, the old man indulged in a half serious criticism of his personal appearance. "You are decidedly off style for a townsman," said he, "and we'd better go and see Knepper & Good about some new duds." After Charles had fitted himself in a neat suit, from the piles of fashionable garments that cover the tables of this extensively stocked establishment, Uncle Josh declared: "Now you look like a newly married man." Before leaving, having found goods and prices irresistible, Charles also invested in a complete outfit of gents' furnishings, from the late style hat to a dozen shirts. Knepper & Good are not to be undersold in the state.

After this visit, Uncle Josh suggested a resort to some place of refreshment. At the table the old man waxed philosophical. "Never neglect your larder," said he. "That important adjunct to housekeeping controls masculine temper. To that end you must patronize a grocer on whom you can depend for honest goods. Through a long term of years I have found Cook & Beerits perfectly reliable. You will find them careful dealers, always fully stocked with every possible thing in the line of staple and fancy groceries, fresh and first class; no shelf worn goods there, while the prices are down to brass tacks.

"By the way," remarked Uncle Josh, as they reached the street. "I must run into the First National Bank and get another check book. Come along with me and get acquainted with Mr. H. M. Berkley for, of course, you will do business with him, and it is always more pleasant to be personally acquainted with the people you do business with. This bank is as solid as the base of the universe, and has a strong working capital. You will find them ever ready to extend any accommodations compatible with business principles."

"I declare, Uncle," exclaimed Charley. "There goes a handsome phaeton; I must have one like that for the girl." "Get it right here," said the old man. "You see our friend, J. B. Holderbaum also conducts a carriage repository here, that for variety and excellence of stock can not be beaten. He sells surreys, carriages, buggies and phaetons of leading makes and styles, and is satisfied with a moderate profit, too. Then while you are looking at the buggies I'll make myself a present of some farm implements. Nobody in the county keeps a better grade of farm machinery than J. B. Holderbaum.

"And as you are going to keep a horse," continued the old man, "of course, you'll need harness. The boss horse milliner of this section, to my notion, is M. E. Dennison. He uses only first-class material and gives personal supervision to the minutest detail of manufacture. There is nothing in harness that can not be had of him—heavy and light, single and double, plain and fancy, work and buggy harness. He has all them in stock, besides every other kind of turf goods imaginable and the finest lot of lap robes and whips you ever laid your eyes upon." After a visit to the harness store Charley said he thought "if a man couldn't get satisfied it would be his own fault," and he expressed himself pleased with Mr. Dennison's candor and fairness.

"Yes, and I must have an album, Uncle Josh," quoth Polly, "and—" "Yes, and a Bible with a reasonably big family register," interrupted the old man, "so we'll go over to Chas. H. Fisher's book store. You'll find many articles indispensable for the parlor as well as the library there, and as for variety, Fisher has an unequaled stock." So here Polly's purchases included miscellaneous books, fancy stationery, all the latest agonies, bric-a-brac, of all manner, for the centre table, house decorations and such, making handsome presents for all of her kinsfolk. Polly remarked to the generous old uncle, "Why, I don't know when to quit buying; Mr. Fisher sells such nice goods, and so cheap, too."

"Oh!" ejaculated Polly, as they halted before a show window, "what a perfectly lovely slipper." "Yes," said Uncle Josh, Geo. P. Stein & Co's. stock can't be equaled in style and extent in this section. Go in, look it over and get acquainted." It might have been policy not to have extended that invitation, had not Uncle Josh known what wise economy it is to trade at Stein & Co's. for Polly found goods and prices so seductive that she got an outfit from a pretty slipper to a handsome walking boot. Charley invested in gents' fine shoes, while Uncle Josh indulged in a stout farm boot, with rubbers for the crowd. No one needing footwear can resist the styles and prices offered by Stein & Co.

"And in the matter of insurance," he continued, "that is of importance. You will want a builder's risk on your new house, and fire, lightning and tornado insurance on your farm property; then you can't do a more sensible or satisfactory thing than to give your wife a paid-up policy in life insurance. My old friend W. W. Knable, up stairs, here, not only has lines of the solidest and best companies, but he is an expert and trustworthy underwriter. He has several companies, all of which belong to the old reliable category, being well known for their prompt and satisfactory adjustment of losses.

"Oh, say, Uncle," exclaimed Polly, "where can I go for dry goods? This dress is hardly suitable, I must admit." "Well, my girl, if you want to select from one of the most popular establishments in the city, I will direct you to Mrs. A. E. Uhl, who carries a stock of dress goods that for variety and real value is seldom seen outside the largest metropolitan cities. She carries all the latest weaves in fashionable dress goods and you are sure to be guided right in your selections. You will find her pleasant to deal with, and her employes polite and expert, while the prices can not be duplicated."

"I would like to make you acquainted with Dr. J. S. McMillan, my dentist friend, too," said the old man, "If you ever have to supplement your natural teeth." "Ugh! Don't you mention false teeth to me," cried Polly. "I'll never carry 'pearly lies' in my mouth if I go toothless." "Oh, as for that," laughed Uncle Josh, "If you'll only consult a good dentist in time, you can save the catastrophe. Dr. J. S. McMillan, for instance, is wonderfully expert in saving natural teeth, and he has the skill and every mechanical appliance necessary to do his work with the least discomfort to his patrons."

"The next place I wish to take you, children, is to W. H. Reitz's flour mill," he said. "Your introduction to the town would not be half complete without. Talk about flour in this section that can come up to 'Pride of Somerset.' It's made from choice selected wheat, and bread made from it does not become dry and stale, but retains moisture and natural flavor of the wheat for several days. All good housewives use 'Pride of Somerset.' Then as to feed, this mill is headquarters for that. Everything, from golden oats down to corn cobs; serves customers with promptness and dispatch. I've been dealing with W. H. Reitz for a long time; sell him all my grain and for good results, I tell you he is a good man to tie to."

"How about the wall paper, Uncle," interrupted Polly. "I'm going to be mighty particular about that, because nice paper goes a great way in making a home look attractive." "That's right, my girl; you've got a level head; come right along, and we'll visit J. B. Snyder, at Snyder's Art Store, where you will find pretty wall paper in abundance and marked at wonderfully low prices." Polly was soon reveling in a perfect elysium of beautifully designed wall paper, of which she selected several handsome patterns; after which her attention was attracted to the many nice pictures and elegant frames which are displayed at Snyder's Art Store. Her liberal order suggested her thorough appreciation.

While Uncle Josh was pondering where to go next, Polly suddenly asked: "Uncle, where can I find the leading millinery establishment?" "Just a few doors further on," remarked Uncle Josh, "and we will visit Mrs. K. B. Coffroth, who, by the way, has on hand one of the completest stocks of millinery to be found in the city. You can get what you want there, the latest styles and lowest prices being their motto. Mrs. Coffroth's experience guarantees that when you have purchased of her you have the thing according to fashion and a satisfaction of knowing that your work comes from the hand of a competent artist. In a few hours there never was a happier girl than Polly. Her new hat was a dream.

"Law sakes!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Josh, "all this trading and shopping 'round town has caused me to forget one of the greatest essentials to future existence. I have heard it said that newly married folks could live on love and scenery, but an old man of experience knows better—your table would look slim without bread; it's the 'staff of life' you know. Polly, you must meet L. W. Brehm, the baker. His bread, pies, cakes and nick-nacks are conceded by all to be the finest on earth. Remember, Charley, there is no use of your 'ootsy tootsy' bothering herself much about baking, so long as there is a good baker in town like Mr. Brehm. When you give your reception, call on him for the good things, sure."

"Yes, and while we are on this important topic of gastronomics, we must not forget meat. It goes hand and hand with bread. Now to locate a meat market where you can get fresh, wholesome meats at all times, Zeigler & Parson is the firm to supply you. This is the boss meat market in the city, and is popular with everybody who is particular to have the best. The reason for this is all because they are very careful in the selection of stock and get the freshest of everything and keep nothing but the very best. To keep your 'Hubby' in a good humor, Polly, trade at Zeigler & Parson's market every time."

"By the way, Uncle, is there a good horseshoer in town?" asked Charles, "you know how particular I am about my mare, Kitty?" "Yes so, Jes so," replied Uncle Josh, "and you shan't have any botcher about her either. Well, there is only one first class horseshoeing firm in town, according to my opinion, and that Chas. Weimer & Co. They understand all about the peculiar construction of a horse's foot, just what kind of a shoe is required, and how to make and put it on.