

Somerset Herald. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. TERMS OF PUBLICATION. VOL. XLV. NO. 34. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1897. WHOLE NO. 2375.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLV. NO. 34. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1897. WHOLE NO. 2375.

## P. & P. Cures

PROVE THE MERIT OF HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA—PAINLESS, PERFECT, PERMANENT CURE.

Cures of scrofula in various forms, like pimple, swollen neck, running sores, hip disease, sores in the eyes.

Cures of Salt Rheum, with its itching and burning, scald head, tetter, etc.

Cures of Boils, Pimples and all other eruptions due to impure blood.

Cures of Dyspepsia and other troubles where a good stomach tonic was needed.

Cures of Rheumatism, where patients were unable to work or walk for weeks.

Cures of Catarrh by expelling the sapurines which cause and sustain the disease.

Cures of Nervousness by properly toning and feeding the nerves upon pure blood.

Cures of all that Tired Feeling by restoring strength. Send for book of cures by mail.

## Red-Letter SALE.

WE have a large stock of goods on hand that must be reduced before invoicing. We know prices will be low. It down they go. We mean business!

25 yds of Calico for 99 cents.

25 yds Shirting Calico for 99 cents.

25 yds American Indigo Blue, Turkey Red and Fancy Prints for 99 cents.

20 yds Lanecaster Gingham for 99 cents.

25 yds Toweling for 99 cents.

25 yds Outing Cloth for 99 cents.

25 yds 4-4 good Unbleached Muslin, 99c.

16 yds Heavy Sheeting 99 cents.

25 yds 4-4 Gilt Edge Bleached Muslin 99 cents.

Soft Oil Cloth, 12 1/2 cts per yard.

14 yds 4-4 Fruit of the Town and Lonsdale 99 cents.

## First National Bank

SOMERSET, PENN'A.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$26,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

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EDWARD SCULL, JR., PRESIDENT. VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT. HARVEY M. BECKLEY, CASHIER.

## PARKER & PARKER.

THE PHILADELPHIA Times THIS MORNING?

THE TIMES is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the largest and best news family and general newspaper.

TERMS—DAILY, \$3.00 per annum; \$1.00 for four months; 30 cents per week; delivered by carriers for 6 cents per week. SUNDAY EDITION, 32 large, handsome pages—224 columns, elegantly illustrated, beautiful colored supplement, \$2.00 per annum; 5 cents per copy. Daily and Sunday, \$3.00 per annum; 50 cents per month.

## THE KEELY CURE

A special boon to business men who, having been seduced into the drink habit, are unable to find the disease of alcoholism cured by any other means. It is a scientific and safe method of curing the disease, requiring a clear brain. A few weeks course of treatment at the

PITTSBURGH KEELY INSTITUTE, No. 426 Fifth Avenue, New York.

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## A GAME OF CHANCE.

"Pretty, isn't she?" said Tom Vincent, as he rode along by his half brother's side across the undulating fields, and Ralph nodded, although no name had been mentioned.

There was no need of a name, when their first of feminine acquaintances was so strictly limited. One might have searched within a radius of twenty miles round the spot, near their home, where they were without finding more than three European ladies, and of these, Mrs. Marsden, at whose hospitable farm they had just been visiting, was decidedly homely, and her little girl took after her.

Mr. Marsden's niece, Viola Gray, however, was of a different type altogether, and as Ralph thought of her delicately-colored oval face, with its frame of gold red hair, and its soft, dreamy eyes, he felt that to speak of Miss Gray as "pretty" was to do her an injustice.

"Beautiful, rather," he said, quietly, and flushed a little.

Tom was the first to speak again.

"If I had known that Viola—that Miss Gray was coming to the Marsden's, I should not have suggested sending for Floss to come and look after us."

"Why?"

"Well, a sister is rather in the way when she marries," said Tom, slowly. "You know what the proverb says about two women in one house."

"We have not got one woman in the house at present," said Ralph, and his half brother smiled with easy confidence.

"No; but it won't be my fault if we don't have one soon, whether Floss decides to come or not. Directly I saw Viola, last week, I said to myself, there is the wife for me."

"You have said that to yourself before, haven't you?" asked Ralph, and Tom smiled good-naturedly.

"Lots of times, but this time it is serious, and there is nothing in the way. We can elope as we afford to marry."

"And Miss Gray is willing?" asked Ralph, clearing his throat.

"I haven't asked her yet, but she seems to like me; and out here, of course I have not much fear of a rival."

"No?"

There was something in the tone of the short monosyllabic which made his brother turn sharply.

"Well, what rival is there?"

Ralph's face had grown a shade paler than usual; his lips were tightly compressed.

"Why don't you tell me?" asked Tom.

"I suppose it would be more fair and square if I did," said Ralph slowly and thoughtfully. "I am sorry, old man, but you have one rival."

"Can't you guess?"

"I can't guess if I can. You don't mean that head man of Marsden's, Clayton?"

"Of course not. But is there any particular reason why I should not tell you?"

Tom pulled up his horse to stare at him in unfeigned astonishment.

"You think of marrying—Viola Gray?"

"Why not?"

"There was something in Ralph's voice again which surprised his brother, and made him side the inclination he had felt to laugh.

"I do not know why I should be surprised," he said seriously, "but somehow I never thought of your marrying. We always looked upon you as a confirmed bachelor."

"Because I never met the right woman."

"And you have met her in Viola Gray?"

"This is awkward," he said. "You can not expect me to give up my claim to her?"

"You have no more claim than I. She likes me at least as much as you."

"That is a matter of opinion," said Tom. "I am going to ask her to be my wife to-morrow."

"Yes, an 'I' said Ralph, and his brother laughed unpleasantly again.

The unanticipated rivalry made Tom feel more determined than ever to secure Viola for himself.

His face and voice began to betray some little anxiety.

"Do you think Viola is in love with you?" he asked, trying to cover the anxiety with a sneer, and Ralph's voice came as a pleasing contrast with its quiet earnestness, as he answered:

"I do not think that she is in love with either of us, although she certainly likes us both."

"Then the one who speaks first will have the pull," said Tom, quickly, and was sorry the next moment that he had not acted on the idea instead of putting the enemy on his guard by mentioning it.

Ralph did not answer. He was realizing how true the words were likely to be, and that the chances of a word from his brother might lose for him the woman who seemed to him the one for whom he had always waited and longed.

"This is all you have done for me?" he said, and ground them again, as he thought of the journey that Viola and Ralph would have together. He knew so well what the end would be.

## THE HUMBLE HOME IN WHICH LINCOLN FIRST SAW THE LIGHT.

Twelve years ago, the cabin in which Lincoln was born was torn down, and the logs were hauled to an adjoining farm, and used in the construction of another house. The old farm had practically been abandoned, and nearly all the people in the neighborhood had quite forgotten, a second time within a decade since the death of Lincoln, that he was born on the "Lincoln Spring Farm," as the place was always been called. The Lincoln birthplace is fifty-four miles southeast of Louisville. It can be reached from Louisville by going to Elizabethtown, in Hardin County, a distance of forty-two miles, and then taking another road from Elizabethtown to Hodgenville, a ride of twenty miles. The Lincoln Spring Farm is three miles from this quiet old town, on Nolin's Creek, directly on the public road leading from Hodgenville to Buffalo, a village six miles to the east. It is a pleasant twenty minutes' drive over a good dirt road, through a poor, but interesting, country.

The original Lincoln cabin had been torn down and the materials had been moved away, as stated, by a man named Tom Davenport, who used the logs in his own house.

Mr. A. W. Dennett, a New York gentleman, not long ago bought the Davenport house, recovered the logs, and after much difficulty, restored the cabin exactly as it was originally, using the very same timbers, door, window, and frames. It occupies the former site, and is in much the same condition as it was when the Lincoln left it. The cabin is eighteen feet long, sixteen feet high, and about twelve feet wide, counting from the floor to the ridge-pole. There is only one door and one window—the latter an opening twenty inches square. A large open fireplace, built in the most primitive way, occupies nearly the whole of one end of the cabin. The chimney is made of small logs, placed together just as log houses are built. Inside of it, flat stones placed on the ground made the hearth, and wide flat stones placed against the logs kept the fire within bounds and protected the woodwork of the chimney. The inside, from the heartstones to the top of the chimney, was thickly daubed with clay. The chimney reaches only half-way to the roof of the house, and is rounded off with small sticks. This simple fireplace furnished most of the light, all of the heat, and the sole means for cooking the meals for the family. The cabin did not have even a loft, or second story, as have most cabins. It was built by Thomas Lincoln, father of the President, some time about 1801 or 1805, and was entirely constructed with an ax and saw, the simple tools of the pioneers. The clapboard roof was anchored down by small logs, laid lengthwise on the top of the rows of oak boards. There were no nails or hardware. The door-hinges were of wood, and the paneled window had an inside board-shutter, held in place by raw-hide thong. There were chairs and mud benches, and the penultimate floor was pegged down. It is probable that after Abraham Lincoln's grandfather was killed by the Indians at Long Run Meetings, in Jefferson County, Ky., the family went further into the forest, and took up a section of land in La Rye, then part of Hartin County. Later, to better his fortune, Thomas Lincoln, left this farm on Nolin's Creek, and settled on Knob Creek, a dozen miles from Hodgenville, and from there he went to Indiana, and later to Illinois.—The Birthplace of President Lincoln, by George H. Yonewine, in February 23, Nicholas.

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"Or you," said Ralph. "You must see in common fairness that it is as much your duty as mine. But it is of no use quarreling about it. We must decide it like sensible men, and brothers."

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"The fairest thing seems to be to toss up which goes."

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His face flushed as a sudden thought came to him.

"Let us decide it by a throw of the dice. Clayton gave me a set-to-day."

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"Do you want to throw at once?"

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"All right."

Ralph shook them up in his hand as he spoke and threw them on the table, bending over it anxiously to see the result. His face had turned pale again under its bronze as he thought how much depended upon the result.

He breathed a sigh of relief when he looked at the dice. He had thrown fifteen. It was scarcely likely that his brother could be more successful.

Tom's face had grown whiter than when he took up the dice, and tried his luck.

"Eighteen," he said sharply, and there was no exultation in his voice, although he had won. "Eighteen. You will have to go, Ralph."

"I suppose so," said Ralph, huskily. "Well! good-night. I shall turn in now, and start before you are up."

"Aren't you going to have supper?"

"No, thanks, I am not hungry. Good-night."

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## A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE, and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

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## REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

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## 16 TO 1.

SILVER GOLD

In the money question means that in weight it would take 16 gold dollars to make in weight one silver dollar. We guarantee for either one silver or gold dollar to give you the purest and most useful goods sold. Take a moment's time and look at these prices:

1 Year Old Somerset, \$2.00 per gallon

2 Year Old Pure Rye, \$2.00 per gallon

3 Year Old Pure Rye, \$2.00 per gallon

4 Year Old Pure Rye, \$2.00 per gallon

5 Year Old Pure Rye, \$2.00 per gallon

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## Senator-Elect Platt's Sensible Talk.

When Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt went out of the United States Senate six years ago because they had differences over Federal patronage with Garfield, they said, "We go, but we will return." The Legislature did not return them, however, and Conkling died without the fulfillment of his promise. His colleague now sees it fulfilled as to himself in his almost unanimous election to represent the greatest State in the Union, and one of the culminating features in this vindication was the great dinner tendered him in the metropolis last night by the New York State League of Republican Clubs. One thousand prominent men were there, but Mr. Platt seemed to be the chief centre of attention of all.

He embraced the occasion to say some sensible things in a speech, partly of a personal nature and partly dealing with National affairs, among them the following:

"It is not without hesitation that I have again accepted the responsibilities of public office. Indeed, it seemed as though the temptation to do so had been put by, and that the remainder of my life would have no other relation to public affairs than such as becomes every citizen. I shall be acquitted, I think, of any affectation about office-seeking and office-holding, but it is a fact that I have not been a candidate for the Senate. I have not asked any member of the Legislature to vote for me, and I did not even intimate until after the caucus that I should accept the office if it were tendered. That it has come under these circumstances, and with such generous expressions of good will and confidence from Republicans throughout the State, makes it a pleasing burden and a rich compensation for all that I have done and tried to do in my party's service. And so I shall not be disappointed if the caucus should elect me to the office that I should accept. The Republican party, devoted to the State of New York, and earnest in the resolution to exert whatever influence I may have or may acquire for the welfare of our incomparable country."

Turning to National affairs, he said: "Sufficient time has passed since the November election to permit a close examination of its results. It can not be said that they are wholly satisfactory. The pending programme of legislation proposed by Mr. Bryan obtained so great a popular support as to forbid the idea that agitation in its favor will be abandoned, and our Democratic friends, who, without giving unqualified adherence to Republican principles, were nevertheless, constrained by their convictions on the money question to support the Republican candidate, should give sober consideration to this fact. It is not yet certain that any plan for the relief of the Treasury can pass the Senate as it will be constituted after the 4th of March.

"Capital will not invest, production will not increase, labor will not be adequately employed until laws are passed to insure the Treasury against insolvency, and to guarantee to the business interests of the country a safe and a reasonably permanent basis on which to operate. If the changes in the composition of the Senate now in progress fail to produce a majority that can hold together for the enactment of such legislation, we shall have the same fight over which we have just come to make again four years from now, and perhaps less favorable conditions.

"The lesson which the possibilities teach to the Sound Money Democrats and the duty it enforces upon them seem entirely clear. They can find no home in the Democratic party. Their presence there is not wanted, whereas, with us, it is held in just esteem. They must come into the Republican party, exert their due influence upon its policies, and accept their share of the responsibility of the country, and, without abandoning any vital principle, which they would not ask or expect, we must seek in all we do to hold their confidence and support.

"The people do not want the Wilson bill patched up. They want it repealed and in its place their plain demand, to which the election of two successive Republican majorities in the House of Representatives sufficiently testifies, is for the enactment of an intelligent and consistent tariff, based in every schedule upon the principle of preventing the foreign producer of goods that compete with American goods from wholesaling his wares in the American market at prices which compel the American maker of such wares either to go out of business or to reduce the wages he pays his labor."

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Ralph shook them up in his hand as he spoke and threw them on the table, bending over it anxiously to see the result. His face had turned pale again under its bronze as he thought how much depended upon the result.

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"I suppose so," said Ralph, huskily. "Well! good-night. I shall turn in now, and start before you are up."

"Aren't you going to have supper?"

"No, thanks, I am not hungry. Good-night."

He turned into the small white-washed room at the back of the building where he slept, feeling that the dream of his life was ended.

At the very shortest, the journey to Natal would occupy him ten days; ten days in which his brother would have every opportunity of seeing the woman he loved and making her care for him. His brother rose later, in the best of spirits, and as Ralph had expected, started as soon as he had breakfasted and walked round the farm, to ride to the Marsden's.

A lady's figure had appeared on the pretty veranda, and was coming to meet him, and Tom Vincent's face brightened as he saw her.

The brightness disappeared as she came, for the figure came nearer, and he saw that it was only Mrs. Marsden; but Viola could not be far away, and he had no rival now.

"Here I am again," he said. "Ralph has gone to Natal, and left me all alone. I thought you would take pity on my loneliness."

"This is awkward," he said. "You can not expect me to give up my claim to her?"

"You have no more claim than I. She likes me at least as much as you."

"That is a matter of opinion," said Tom. "I am going to ask her to be my wife to-morrow."

"Yes, an 'I' said Ralph, and his brother laughed unpleasantly again.

The unanticipated rivalry made Tom feel more determined than ever to secure Viola for himself.

His face and voice began to betray some little anxiety.

"Do you think Viola is in love with you?" he asked, trying to cover the anxiety with a sneer, and Ralph's voice came as a pleasing contrast with its quiet earnestness, as he answered:

"I do not think that she is in love with either of us, although she certainly likes us both."

"Then the one who speaks first will have the pull," said Tom, quickly, and was sorry the next moment that he had not acted on the idea instead of putting the enemy on his guard by mentioning it.

Ralph did not answer. He was realizing how true the words were likely to be, and that the chances of a word from his brother might lose for him the woman who seemed to him the one for whom he had always waited and longed.

"This is all you have done for me?" he said, and ground them again, as he thought of the journey that Viola and Ralph would have together. He knew so well what the end would be.

## A GAME OF CHANCE.

"Then Floss will have to come here by herself," said Tom Vincent.

"What! all the way from Natal, more than a week's journey through a country that she knows nothing about? We can not think of it."

"I suppose not, so you had better go for her."

"Or you," said Ralph. "You must see in common fairness that it is as much your duty as mine. But it is of no use quarreling about it. We must decide it like sensible men, and brothers."

"How?"

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