

Vertical text on the left edge of the page, likely from an adjacent page or a narrow column.

Nervous. People often wonder why their nerves are so weak; why they get tired so easily; why they start at every slight; why they are nervous; why they do not sleep; why they have frequent headaches, indigestion and palpitation of the heart.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Is the One True Blood Purifier. Prepared only by C. H. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

THE First National Bank Somerset, Penn'a. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$26,000.

DEPOSITORS IN LARGE AND SMALL ACCOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND. STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED. DISCOUNTS DAILY.

THE Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA. Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank in 1890.

Capital, \$50,000.00. Surplus & Undivided Profits, 23,000.00. Assets, 300,000.00.

A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer. A GOOD HEARSE, and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

SOMERSET - Pa. Jacob D. Swank, Watchmaker and Jeweler. Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

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

J. D. SWANK. 16 TO 1. SILVER GOLD. In the money question means that in weight it would take 16 gold dollars to equal one silver dollar.

Satisfactory Oils. American Market. Product of Petroleum. Satisfactory Oils.

HIS COURTSHIP.

The moon, inconstant as of yore, peeped out occasionally from between the clouds which were sending along over the expanse of sea. Here and there twinkled a tiny star, and the rippling waves as they rolled gently up the beach made a low murmur that was soothing to the hearts of true lovers.

"And must you leave me to-morrow?" she sighed. "I must, my darling," he replied as he gazed down into the depths of her lustrous eyes (vide "the penny shocker").

The moon conveniently disappeared again. Ah! Was that the sound of lips? The gentleman, who had given his name as Mark Leign had been passing a three weeks' vacation at Slop-ton-on-Sea, where he had made the acquaintance of Miss Stella Story, whom he had, perhaps somewhat precipitately, wooed and won.

Mr. Mark Leign openly confessed his love for Stella, and her mother, who, apart from pecuniations upon her lodgers which are not regarded by seaside landlords as prohibited by the eighth commandment, was really a very respectable old soul, had given her consent to the match, which she regarded as being a good one for her daughter, Mr. Leign being a colonial merchant in London.

But the best of friends, and of lovers, too, must part, and the next day Mark took his leave of Slop-ton and of Miss Stella Story, with many promises to write early and often on his return to town.

It proved, however, that poor Stella was left deserted and forlorn. She neither saw nor heard anything further of the heartless villain, Mark Leign.

It happened that late in the season Mr. Specker, of the well known firm of Specker & Spottley, solicitors, staid at Mrs. Story's, and hearing a word or two as to Stella's faithless lover he persuaded that young lady to confide her fate to one of his, with a view to his firm commencing an action for breach of promise of marriage against Mr. Mark Leign, who, as Mr. Specker well knew, was "good for costs."

Mr. Mark Leign, as known to his business friends, was a successful merchant of about 35 years of age, a bachelor and likely to remain so, for he had never cultivated ladies' society and had become so wedded to his business that no charms of nature or of art had hitherto been able to allure him from the market, and the desk, and the ledger. Arriving, as was his wont, at his office one morning just before 10 o'clock, he was accosted by a self-confident sort of young man, who produced a document from his pocket, which he handed to Mr. Leign, saying:

"From Messrs. Specker & Spottley, staid to write at the suit of Miss Stella Story for breach of promise. And," flashing another document in the eyes of the astonished merchant, "here is the original!"

Mr. Mark Leign turned very red. "What do you mean?" he asked. "I don't know any Miss Stella What's-her-name! There's some mistake here. The lawyer's clerk has innocently and peculiarly irritating manner. 'I've done my duty and served you with the writ, sir. That's all I know about it. Good morning!'"

Mr. Mark Leign stood as if in bewilderment. What did it mean? Could he have so soon forgotten that pleasant little flirtation at Slop-ton-on-Sea? However that might be, he knew that writs were things which must not be forgotten, so he sat at once and read the old friend and solicitor, Mr. Standwell, in Mining avenue, to whom he handed the hateful paper, telling him he knew nothing whatever about the lady or the promise.

Mr. Standwell looked somewhat incredulous and probed his client with some rather shy questions, but on Mr. Leign's repeating his innocence and showing a sincere irritation he desisted. "That's all," he said. "It's very strange. Perhaps there's been some mistake, but Specker & Spottley are sharp people—very sharp people—and it won't do to trust to that. You wish me to do whatever is necessary to defend the action?"

"Certainly," replied his client. "But, surely, if you tell them that there is a mistake, they will drop it at once?" "There is no knowing what they will do," returned the lawyer. "They will be very sharp—very sharp people in deed. However, I will do what's necessary, and you need not trouble yourself any more about it till you hear from me."

Leign received a summons from Mr. Standwell to attend at the law courts the next morning, when the action would come on for hearing.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "Fancy me, Mark Leign, defendant in a breach of promise case! I shall be laughed off the market!" But he must go. And so he did. Arriving a little before 10:30, he found Mr. Standwell had not yet got to the court, so he sat up and down the passages until that gentleman should appear.

While pacing to and fro he was accosted by a very pretty and modest looking young lady, who evidently took him for a "limb of the law."

"If you please, sir," she asked diffidently, "can you tell me which is the court of queen's bench?" "I believe it is that one," he replied, pointing to the door.

"Oh, thank you, sir," she said in a sweet voice. "I—I have to give evidence, and I'm a stranger."

When Grant Was Courting. While General Grant, then a lieutenant, was courting the lady whom he married, there occurred an event to which he never reverted without a shudder. A writer in the Midland Monthly, describing an adventure which the young lieutenant and Miss Dent met with, says:

"When the water is high in the Mississippi the swift current abrades the banks and they frequently 'cave in' for several yards or rods at a time. In early spring, in one of these afternoon explorations, Lieutenant Grant and the young lady were riding along the bank of the river, passing from one cove or valley to the mouth of another. The land was but a few feet above the surface of the turbulent stream.

Suddenly Miss Dent's horse began to sink, and she frequently 'cave in' his hind feet. Grant's horse was close beside hers. In an instant he saw that her horse was sinking into the awful abyss!

Grant's cool head and splendid horsemanship here had opportunity to display themselves. Quick as a flash he leaped over, threw his right arm around Miss Dent's waist, and drew her to him as her horse disappeared in the swirling and surging in angry tumult over the place where bank and horse had vanished from sight.

It was a frightful moment! Fortunately the earth parted between the two animals, leaving Grant's horse on solid ground. Lifting and firmly holding Miss Dent, and applying the spur to his horse, he was on safe ground in a moment. Then he gently lowered her to the earth—all this without a word from "the silent man" or a scream or murmur from her.

As he hastened back to rescue her horse she stood holding the bridle of his, outwardly as composed as if nothing had happened. Her horse had disappeared. Grant followed down stream and hailed a boatman in a skiff, who found the horse swimming several hundred yards below, amid driftwood and debris. He landed the animal at a place where it could climb the bank, and it was soon on safe ground, none the worse for the fright and the truth.

The True Remedy. W. M. Rephe, editor Tskilwa, Ill. "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never failed until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, and were inaugurated by the second time, and is named Grover Cleveland in honor of the president. The old man has 64 grandchildren and two great-grandchildren, and he is as proud of them all as most people are with plenty of money. Richard is an intelligent, good, old-fashioned country doctor, and has the esteem of all who know him.

The Right Light. Eminent authorities declare that light which is more than normally rich in violet and ultra-violet rays acts in time to destroy the fibres of the crystalline lens. Light that is deficient in yellow rays temporarily destroys the crystalline or photosensitive substance of the retina, producing great fatigue of the nerve and requiring subsequent darkness for the formation and restoration of normal vision. Professor Crookes, one of the foremost English physicists, says that the best form of artificial light is one containing few or no ultra-violet rays, no excess of yellow rays and just sufficient red light to objects around.

Even in the most severe cases of sprain or bruise, cut or burn, Thomas' Electric Oil gives almost instant relief. It is the ideal family liniment. "Lost a collar dog by a man on Saturday answering to him with a brass collar around his neck and a muggle!"

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Some Extracts That May be Interesting, With Comments by a Correspondent. (Continued from last week.) EDITOR HERALD:—In May 1818 John Beason established a pottery on the Conrad Keyly lot, near the Stoyestown bridge, and later he advertised for a journeyman potter, to whom he offers work for the entire summer.

Henry F. Snyder is at this time captain of the Independent Blues. The Blues invite the citizens of Somerset to partake of a dinner with them at Unanimitv springs on the coming 4th of July.

Andrew Stewart desires the services of a more journeyman tailor, while Samuel Crooks wants two or three wagonmakers who are promised steady work. In those days the farmers about Somerset must have patronized home industries and bought their wagons at home. If a local wagonmaker of our own time were to bring an advertisement calling for help of this kind to the editor of any one of our newspapers, the sight of it would so completely take away his breath that he would forget to make any charge therefor.

In July Dr. W. B. Scott, of Somerset, sold out his practice to Dr. Thomas G. Lamb. John Linton, Esq., postmaster of Johnston, died on the 25th of July, 1818.

A statement under date of August 10, 1818, is made from Washington, Pa., that the new line of stages between Baltimore and Washington City and Wheeling, Va., had commenced running over the National Road, and that on the first trip seven passengers were carried, and that the line occupied between Baltimore and Washington, Pa., was less than four and a half days.

The makers of counterfeit money in those days evidently were more enterprising than in our day, for the Detroit Gazette is quoted as saying that thousands of dollars purporting to be of the Bank of Michigan were circulating in full, as well as other counterfeit money, and that the bank was in readiness to issue any notes prior to October following.

At a Democratic Republican meeting held at the house of John Fleming, in Somerset, John Hindman, of Somerset, and Philip Noon, of Cambria county, were agreed on as candidates for the Legislature, and James Hartwell, of Turkeyfoot, for a commissioner. Henry Black, Geo. Hartzell and Jonathan Rhoads were appointed Congressional conferees.

The conferees from Bedford, Somerset and Cambria met at the house of John Stabler on the 3d of September, and nominated General Robert Philson, of Somerset county, as the candidate for Congress.

The death of General Arthur St. Clair is announced as having taken place at his residence on the Chestnut Ridge on the 31st of August, and the Whig contains an account of the funeral, which took place at Greensburgh. John Wells, of Somerset, George Gebhart, of Milford, Jacob Schneider, of Somerset, Alexander O'Brien, of Brothersvalley, John Griffith (of Ebenezer), of Elk Lick and Andrew Danvers, of Somerset, are announced as candidates for the Legislature; Jacob Loud and Jacob G. Miller for Commissioner, and Adam Lepley and George Graham for auditor. The Whig at this date shows abundant proof that the campaign law was already in evidence. Robert Findley, of Somerset, withdrew as a candidate for the Legislature in favor of Jacob Schneider.

A circular meeting of the Baptist church was called to meet at Somerset on the second Sabbath of October; ministers to be present were Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Rev. Dr. Estep and Rev. Mr. Cox. Another minister of that denomination was Rev. John Waring, who preached both in English and German. Denominational notes are advertised for sale what they call the best tavern stand upon the National Turnpike road, being a large stone house on the east bank of the Youghiogany, in the town of Smythfield. This must refer to the Eadesley House in Somerset.

Samuel Parnele has a prospectus for publishing the "Pocket Companion," or Every Man His Own Lawyer. Price, 10 cents. In the Whig for October 2d, 1818, are found the election returns for the year 1818. There were then 13 election districts in Somerset county. Somerset, Brothersvalley and Conemaugh were carried by the Federalists. For Congress the vote of the county stood: Geo. Robert Philson, Democrat, 749; Major John A. Hurd, Federalist, 568; Assembly, Philip Noon, 536; Jun. Hindman, 475; George Gebhart, 445; John Wells, 229; Alex. O'Brien, 141; John Griffith, 89; Anderson Dennison, 156; Jacob Schneider, 98. For Commissioner Loud, 327, and Jacob G. Miller, 251. For Auditor, Adam Lepley, 372; Geo. Graham, 60. Noon and Hindman, having also the highest vote in Cambria county, were elected to the Legislature. The vote in Cambria county for Congress was: Philson, 157; Hurd, 161. In Bedford it was: Philson, 947; Hurd, 607. This gave Gen. Philson a majority of the votes.

In this same issue it is stated editorially that "the Whig is now edited by the sixth year of its existence as a newspaper." This would indicate that the publication of the Whig was begun in October, 1813; just 38 years ago.

Thomas H. Baird, of Washington county was appointed President Judge of the 14th Judicial District by Governor Findley. The counties of Washington, Greene, Fayette and Somerset composed said District.

In our own time there has been much criticism of the thanksgiving proclamations uttered by our Presidents and Governors, the complaint being that they appear to ignore christianity and the christian religion. There does appear to have been some

TRIBUTE TO THE LATE SENATOR JOHN A. LEMON.

The Senate of Pennsylvania met in Special Session on Wednesday Feb. 23rd inst. at 10 o'clock p. m. to hold a memorial service in honor of Senator John A. Lemon, late member from the Blair and Cambria District. Resolutions were offered by a special committee appointed to prepare the same, and addresses were made by Senators Stinebaugh, Hamilton, Gulick, Critchfield, Crouse, Osborn, Snyder, McQueen, Walton, and Stiles. The addresses show the high esteem in which Senator Lemon was held by his colleagues. They were full of expressions of praise for his many noble qualities and sorrow for the loss of one who by these qualities had endeared himself to his associates. We give below the address of the Senator from this district in full. In speaking to the resolutions Senator Critchfield said:

It is with mingled feelings of pleasure and sadness that I arise in my place to say a few words on this occasion. It is always a pleasure to speak of the virtues of the departed, who in the time they were living won our respect and love, and yet it is sad to have brought fresh to my memory, although it had occurred but yesterday, the loss of our friend and colleague whose genial nature and kindness of heart made him an special favorite with all who knew him.

This is the fourth time since I became a member of this body six years ago, that we have come together in special session to speak of the life and character of some one of our number, who we recall with affection and esteem as constant reminders of the frailty of human life, and yet, when I remember that out of the comparatively small number of members belonging to this branch of our General Assembly all of whom come here in the full vigor of manhood, so many have passed away in so short a time, my attention is called more than ever before to the uncertainty of our life and the sad havoc that the enemy of our race is making among these around me. Doubtless as we sit within this chamber to-day the question comes unbidden to the minds of many of us "Who shall be the next to fall into that sleep that knows no waking?"

John A. Lemon was the only member of the Senate of whom I had any acquaintance when I entered this body. I remember well his greeting the morning I entered the old Senate Chamber on the hill, six years ago. It was warm and cordial, and such as to make me feel that I had at least one friend among the men with whom I was to be officially associated for the four years that followed. The strength of that friendship increased with the years of our service together, and I arise in my place to-day not to speak for others, but to pay the tribute of a friend, to the memory of one whose friendship was honest and true, a friendship that will not be forgotten while life and reason last.

I do not wish to say a word of this body except to say an extent as did Senator Lemon, the good will of all of his colleagues. Not one word was ever heard uttered by any of his associates that would indicate any thing else than that he was held in high esteem by all. To all he was known by the familiar name of "Uncle John."

As a Legislator, he was faithful, and his individuality was felt in every bill he represented is one in which there is a wide diversity of interests, and to represent all fairly, without suffering some inequality to fall upon one while seeking to secure the good of all, required a thoughtful carefulness that only a few men are capable of exercising. How well he succeeded in this is indicated by the number of bills he was called by his people to file the place.

His devotion to his constituents was equalled only by his confidence in his integrity. He knew no distinction between the high and the low, or the rich and the poor. To him all men of proper conduct were equal, and his heart and hand were ever open to the suffering and unfortunate.

The esteem in which he was held by the people of the community in which he lived was attested by the fact that when he died, the people of the county found every place of business in a city closed, and the whole city draped in mourning.

In his political aspirations, he was always successful, because his success did not depend upon political manipulations, which may succeed or fail, but the people were with him, and no political opponent was ever able to overcome their loyalty to their friend and favorite. He never engaged in conversation, about a year before his death, with a gentleman from his own county concerning his remarkably successful career, and he said to me, that although he did not belong to the same political party to which Senator Lemon belonged, he had always supported him every time he had been a candidate. I learned to know and love him, as I learned to know and love the man who was so true and so good, and I remember the acts of kindness he performed for my father, who was a poor man, when I was a child.

It was my privilege to know Senator Lemon in his home, but he frequently spoken to me of his family, and always in such a way as to satisfy me of his devotion to those to whom he bore the sacred relation of husband and father. Our hearts go out in sympathy to the inmates of that home to-day. I do not envy the stone or the indifference of the man who does not mourn with those who mourn, or who can not mingle his tears with the tears of those who weep, and so with those who know my departed friend the best and loved him most. I bow my head in sorrow, and wait for the revelation of that day, when the pilgrimage of time shall close, when all kind associations of virtue and sin shall be laid bare, and that which is mortal shall be clothed with immortality, and when He Who came to earth to teach us how to live, and Who entered the grave to show us that it leads away from suffering and grief, shall receive the sorrowing ones of earth into his Father's house on high.

My President, I heartily endorse the resolutions.

WELLS VERNON, Pa., Feb. 3, 1897. I have been troubled with dyspepsia and indigestion a great deal. I was persuaded by a friend to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Since I began taking it my general health has been better than for several years. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever used. It is the only one that does me any good. I am now feeling better than I have for years. I am now feeling better than I have for years. I am now feeling better than I have for years.

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FREE PILLS.

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

Sing Lee's Asylum. Sing Lee was an enterprising young Chinaman who conducted a laundry in a small mining camp in Colorado some years ago. His never-failing good humor made him a universal favorite, and on more than one occasion the boys found that he had a ready tongue in his head.

A Presidential election occurred about this time, and one of the boys—an Irishman—reminded Sing Lee that "Well, Sing, you'll have to go in' to China now. The Irish be goin' to run things here, and they won't have any hither Chinse around."

Quick as a flash Sing retorted: "All right, me go Ireland. Irish no him things there."

DIVEL, N. H., Oct. 31, 1896. MESSRS. ELY BROS.—The Balm reached me safely and in so short a time the effect is surprising. My son says the first application gave relief. I have a chaff filled with "Catarrh Cures." To-morrow the stove shall receive them and Ely's Cream Balm will reign supreme. Respectfully, Mrs. FRANKLIN FRIEDMAN. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10c. We mail it.

ELY BROTHERS, N. Y. City. WELLS VERNON, Pa., Feb. 3, 1897. I have been troubled with dyspepsia and indigestion a great deal. I was persuaded by a friend to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. Since I began taking it my general health has been better than for several years. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine I have ever used. It is the only one that does me any good. I am now feeling better than I have for years. I am now feeling better than I have for years. I am now feeling better than I have for years.

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