The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.
Terms of Publication.
Published every Wednesday morning at $1.50 if paid in advance, otherwise $1.75 will certainly be charged.
No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take the paper will be held responsible for the subscription.
Subscribers removing from one postoffice to another should give us the name of the former office as well as the present office. Address
THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, Pa.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLV. NO. 40. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 17, 1897. WHOLE NO. 2381.

J. F. CILL, JR., ATTORNEY & NOTARY PUBLIC. Somerset, Pa

PRITS E. MEYERS, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Penn'a.

C. W. WALKER.
...LAY & WALKER, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, and NOTARY PUBLIC, Somerset, Pa.

W. K. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Pittsburg, Pa.

M. A. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset Pa.

HARVEY M. BERKEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. C. BOLBERT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

GEORGE R. SCULL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

FRED. W. BIESECKER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. K. SCOTT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. G. OGLE.
...OONTZ & OGLE, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

SAMUEL O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. L. BAER, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

W. H. RUPPEL.
...FFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW, Somerset, Pa.

J. W. CAROTHERS, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.

P. F. SHAFFER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.

J. M. LOUTHER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Somerset, Pa.

H. S. KIMMELL,

J. M. MILLER, (graduate in dentistry,) Somerset, Pa.

H. COFFROTH, Funeral Director. Main Cross St. Residence, 340 Patriot St.

FRANK R. FLUCK, Land Surveyor CIVIL ENGINEER. Listie, Pa.

Oils! Oils!
Refining Co., Pittsburg Department, Petrolia, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of
Luminating & Lubricating Oils
Naphtha & Gasoline,
not to be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known
Product of Petroleum
if you wish the most uniformly
Satisfactory Oils
—IN THE—
American Market.
Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by
COOK & BERKITS and FREASE & KOOSER, Somerset, Pa

Cures
Prove the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla—positive, perfect, permanent Cures.
Cures of scrofula in severest forms, like goitre, swelled neck, running sores, hip disease, sores in the eyes.
Cures of Salt Rheum, with its intense 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 impurities which cause and sustain the disease.
Cures of Nervousness by properly toning and feeding the nerves upon pure blood.
Cures of That Tired Feeling by restoring strength. Send for book of cures by
Hood's Sarsaparilla
To C. I. Hood & Co., Proprietors, Lowell, Mass.
Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion. 25c

—THE—
First National Bank
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
—o—
Capital, $50,000.
Surplus, $26,000.
—o—
DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.
ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED
—DISCOUNTS DAILY.—
BOARD OF DIRECTORS.
CHAS. O. SCULL, GEO. R. SCULL, JAMES L. PUGH, W. H. MILLER, JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBT. S. SCULL, FRED W. BIESECKER
EDWARD SCULL, : : PRESIDENT.
VALENTINE HAY, : VICE PRESIDENT.
HARVEY M. BERKLEY, CASHIER.
The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated CORLISS BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. The only safe made absolutely burglar-proof.

The Somerset County National
BANK
OF SOMERSET PA.
Established 1877. Organized as a National, 1890
Capital, - $ 50,000 00
Surplus & Undivided Profits, 23,000 00
Assets, - - 300,000 00
Chas. J. Harrison, - President.
Wm. H. Koontz, - Vice President.
Milton J. Pritts, - - Cashier.
Geo. S. Harrison, - Ass't Cashier.
DIRECTORS.
Wm. Endsley, Chas. W. Snyder
Josiah Specht, H. C. Beerits,
John H. Snyder, John Stuffi,
Joseph B. Davis, Harrison Snyder,
Jerome Stuffi, Noah S. Miller,
Sam. B. Harrison.
Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to send money east or west can be accommodated by draft for any amount.
Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with most improved time lock.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate.
Accounts and deposits solicited.

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.
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.

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 aged goods sold. Take a moment's time and look at these prices:
2 Year Old Somerset.....$2.00 per gal
3 to 4 Yr. Old Pure Rye 2.25 to 2.50 " "
7 to 10 " " " 3.50 to 4.50 " "
1885 Hand-made Sour Mash 5.50 " "
J. S. Dougherty Pure Rye...5.50 " "
Andriessen Best Pure Rye..5.50 " "
Special price list on Wines, etc., on application. No extra charge for jugs or packing. Give us a trial order.
TELEPHONE A. ANDRIESSEN,
No. 594. 188 Federal St., Allegheny, Pa

NOBODY KNOWS BUT MOTHER.

How many buttons are missing to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many play things are strewn in her way?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many thimbles and spools has she missed?
How many burns on each fat little fist,
How many bumps, to be cuddled and kissed?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many hats has she hunted to-day?
Nobody knows but mother.
Careless hiding themselves in the hay,
Nobody knows but mother.
How many handkerchiefs wilfully strayed,
How many ribbons for each little maid,
How, for her care, can a mother be paid?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many muddy shoes all in a row?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many stockings to darn, do you know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many little torn aprons to mend,
How many hours of toil must she spend,
What is the time when her day's work shall end?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many lunches for Tommy and Sam?
Nobody knows but mother.
Cookies and apples and blackberry jam,
Nobody knows but mother.
Nourishing dainties for every "sweet tooth"—
Toddling Dottie or dignified Ruth,
How much love sweetens the labor, forsooth?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many cares does a mother heart know?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many joys from her mother-love flow?
Nobody knows but mother.
How many prayers by each little white bed,
How many tears for her babes has she shed,
How many kisses for each curly head?
Nobody knows but mother.

A BUREAU, BUT NOT OF INFORMATION.

BY HAYDEN INGRAM.

"I am afraid," said Robert Dawson to his wife, as he took his place at the daintily spread dinner table, "that John Archer is finding out that marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner."

"Why, my dear, are you not rather hard on Mrs. Archer? What has she done to deserve such severe censure?"

"Well, you see, John wanted her to take in his old aunt, Elvira Brown. She is the only one belonging to him now living and has been like a mother to him. It seems he had made all the arrangements necessary, then her high mightiness kicked over the whole plan and would not allow the old lady to come there. I hope I am not a tyrant, but if my wife's house was too good for my folks, it would be too good for me," said Mr. Dawson with decision, and when his wife looked at him perhaps she was relieved to know that her mother-in-law was sleeping the sleep of the just.

"It certainly does seem hard, but there are always two sides to a story. Did John tell you?"

"He tell me? Not he. I found it out by accident."

"Perhaps, then, you have not heard the whole of it."

"Perhaps not," replied Mr. Dawson, sententiously, and let the matter drop.

John Archer had been the friend of Robert Dawson for years. He was a simple, quiet fellow, some years the senior of his wife. He was fond of domestic life, of the better side of which he had seen very little, as he was left an orphan at a tender age, his sole surviving relative being the Elvira Brown in question.

John had not been looked upon as a marrying man but from the first he had been greatly taken with Miss Smith, who was a new light on the firmament of the society of Waterville, and had pushed his suit with such vigor that he had carried off the prize from younger and wealthier men. Miss Smith had not always moved in the class of society which she at present graced. She had during her early years vegetated with the rest of her kindred upon a farm, and not a fertile farm, either.

But the tide which is said to be in the affairs of men had swept mineral oil beneath the stony bed of soil which her father and brothers had hitherto tilled with such scant returns, and with its discovery wealth flowed into the family coffer until its members all forgot that they had ever been poor.

All Waterville considered the match between John Archer and Miss Smith a very suitable one. Mrs. Archer's father had bestowed a lovely little house, charmingly furnished, upon his daughter, and with health and a fair income they certainly ought to have been happy.

Mrs. Dawson was fully as fond of John Archer as her husband was, and therefore took an interest in his affairs. She did not like the thought of outside gossip getting about concerning the young wife, and because of this made up her mind to investigate the story for herself, and to do what she could to smooth down the rough places.

It was a charming little drawing-room in which Mrs. Archer received her caller, beautiful and costly things filling every nook and corner. There was not much in common between the sedate Mrs. Dawson, who was old enough to be Mrs. Archer's mother, and that airy young matron, who evidently had made up her mind to carry things with a high hand.

Mrs. Dawson had too much good sense to broach the subject herself, but Mrs. Archer was a great talker, and soon came around to the matter, which was evidently uppermost in her mind.

"John and I have had our first quarrel," Mrs. Dawson. "A week or two ago he quite insisted upon the propriety of offering his Aunt Elvira a home with us. It seems that the old people who have always cared for her place are going out West to their married children. John does not want to put the old lady into the care of strangers. I gave only a reluctant consent, for I can not abide elderly people—they are so fussy. But John coaxed and pleaded until I gave in. We agreed upon the large front chamber for her, and I went with the best grace I could muster to invite her in person. Then the fuss began. I found she had a van load of personal property, a cat and a parrot. I agreed to the live stock, but I drew the line at the old furniture. Then John went to see her, and she consented to come with only her trunks but at the last moment she stuck to a most disreputable old bureau, and I would not allow it to come into my house. I told her I did not have a single article of old furniture in my house, and I could not think of allowing that old bureau to come. That made her mad, and she said: 'More shame for you. That old bureau is worth a dozen new-fangled ones.' Anyway, she wouldn't give in; neither would I, and so the whole thing is off. John is very angry, I am afraid, but I don't care."

"Oh, yes, you do. I am sorry, my dear Mrs. Archer. It is evident that the craze for the antique has not struck you, or you would be wild to have that old bureau."

"No, indeed. I never could abide old traps. I like new, bright, expensive furniture. I was going to get the old lady a beautiful new chiffonier. But it is all off now."

"Well, I must say I think it is a pity. You know, my dear Mrs. Archer, that Mr. Brown is all the mother your husband ever knew, but we must all grow old in time."

"That's true; but she never did anything extra for John. Besides, I am under no obligation to her. I would rather have her room than her company at any time, and why should I give in when she won't?"

Why, indeed, thought Mrs. Dawson, though she did not give expression to her thought. Nevertheless, she did say what she could to the young woman about forbearance, and felt when she left as if her visit had not been in vain, and that if John took the right way his wife would finally consent. It was evident, however, that John Archer did not follow the lead that Mrs. Dawson had given him, for his aunt did not become an inmate of Mr. Archer's pretty home, and about three weeks afterward Mr. Dawson brought home word that the old lady was dead.

"And the funny part of it all is," said Mr. Dawson, with a chuckle of amusement, "that she left that bone of contention, the old bureau, to Mrs. Archer, 'her beloved niece,' by will. Her real estate goes to John; she made provision for her pets and her old servants, but the bureau, without a scrap else, goes to Mrs. John. The old woman had a strong sense of the humorous. I wonder what my fine lady will do with it, now?"

"I wonder, too," said his wife.

It was therefore with some natural curiosity that Mrs. Dawson called once more upon her young friend, whom she found in a high state of indignation.

"Spiteful old thing! She was just determined to make trouble between me and my husband, dead or alive. John insists that the bureau must come here. The idea! But I shall not allow a rattletrap to come inside my house. I am on guard—have been for days—and when it comes I shall send it off again. I guess I am a match for John and an old woman."

While the lady was speaking an express wagon drove up to the pretty front entrance, and the driver dismounting dropped the tail-board of his wagon and drew a very solid-looking old-fashioned bureau to the back. Then, apparently remembering that he ought to make some inquiries as the disposition of the article in his charge before shouldering it, he opened the gate and walked towards the house. He did not get a chance to ring, for Mrs. Archer herself opened the door.

"You can take that old thing away again, my good man. I do not want it here."

"Isn't this Mr. Archer's place?"

"Yes, this is Mr. Archer's place. But, don't you understand, I don't want that bureau. You are to take it away."

"But I have only just brought it, and where must I take it to? I was told by the old man to bring it here. Besides, sure, I wasn't paid for hauling it."

"Very well, I will pay you for hauling it. How much is it?"

"Seventy-five cints," said the young Irishman with a grin. He evidently thought this a rum go, but so long as he got his pay it did not matter much. And the extra quarter would come in handy. Mrs. Archer paid him, and as he turned to go he said: "Must I take it back to the old place where I got it, ma'am?"

"Certainly not: If you did, it would only have to be brought back again. Do what you like with it, my good man, but don't bring it back here."

"All right, ma'am. You're sure nothing will be done to me?"

"Perfectly sure. The bureau was given to me, and I refuse to take it. I give it to you. Do what you like with it."

"All right, ma'am. I am glad this lady hears the discourse. My name is—"

"No, no, I don't want your name nor address. I want to know nothing except that you get that bureau away from my front gate before my husband returns."

"All right, ma'am," the expressman said for the third time. He slipped the three quarters into his pocket and walked back to his wagon in the most deliberate fashion, like one in deep thought. Mrs. Dawson saw that her hostess was very anxious to have him depart; but he was naturally slow in his movements, and it was evident that the old bureau was a kind of white elephant on his hands.

But at last he was off, and Mrs. Archer breathed freer. Mrs. Dawson soon saw that she was in too excited a mood to enjoy her visit, and with some regretful thoughts over her young friend's future happiness, the elder lady took her departure.

Meantime Tim O'Flaherty drove about to several second-hand stores to dispose of his present. The first dealer refused to take it at all, and the second offered him only fifty cents.

"'Deed and I'll not take that for it," said Tim. "It's an illigant chist of drawers. I'll take it home to my sisters to kape the children's clothes in. It'll be fine for that, sure." So saying, Tim got upon his wagon and drove away.

"Here, Maggie, me jewel," he said a little later, to a comely young Irish woman, who, upon hearing the sound of a wagon stopping, ran from her tiny cottage in a narrow street to "spake" to her brother, "here's an illigant chist of drawers for you. It was given to me by a lady a bit ago. I was going to sell it, but jist in the nick of time I thought of you."

"The Lord bless you, Tim, for a good brother," said Mrs. Connelly. "It's the very thing of all that I want the most. The childers' things be mussed that I don't knew what to do with them sometimes."

"Well, here you are. Give me a hand with it, for it is rather heavy to lift alone."

But somehow Mrs. Connelly was not strong, or she was awkward, for the old bureau went down with a thud—such a thud that a board clattered off the back and fell with a flat package tied up in worn brown paper into the gutter. Tim pushed the package and the board aside with his foot, while he instructed his sister how to take hold of the old bureau to lift it up on the curb. But his words fell upon dull ears. Something about the package claimed his sister's attention, and she stooped down and picked it up.

"We'll take this in first, Tim," she remarked, "an' if you push that chist back there out of the road, Tom will get someone to help him in with it the night. I niver was much on the lift."

"All right, Maggie. But I must be off now. I have got a job waiting for me to haul a trunk. By the powers, I ought to be there this minute."

"Not till we see what's in this ould bit of paper. Faix, Tim, me boy, 'tis money, I think!"

"Faith, Maggie, you were always a caution for thinking things. But let us see, me jewel!"

In a moment Tim's strong hands had rent the paper, and then an exclamation from them both.

"Holy mother! What a sight!"

When the flat parcel was spread open upon Mrs. Connelly's clean kitchen table it proved to be a lawyer's folder for holding legal documents, and it contained such a pile of Treasury notes that it fairly bulged and took the breath from Tim O'Flaherty and sister to even try to count them. But later, when they grew calm, they found that the sum total of the amount was ten thousand dollars in bills of large denomination. Besides the money was a queer little will containing the childish phrase, "Finders are keepers."

This simple little will was legally drawn, properly signed and duly witnessed, and bore such a recent date that it must have been executed a few days before the old lady's demise. She had evidently planned it as a surprise for her nephew and niece, never thinking that after her death the bureau would still prove unacceptable.

Tim Flaherty and his sister made no secret of their find. They were the finders, and according to the devisor's will the keepers of the find.

The Archers, of course, were terribly cut up, especially Mrs. Archer, who was very fond of money, but they did nothing, though at first Mrs. Archer was full of the idea of going to law to recover the money. However, John Archer would not listen to a word.

"It would be only throwing good money after bad. The will is perfectly legal. You had your opportunity, and lost it through a whim. It is a pretty costly lesson, but I hope it will not be thrown away," he said, and history does not record what reply Mrs. Archer made.

Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Milch cows should always have good, pure water to drink. The best water comes from a good well with the surroundings clean and right. A clear, running stream that is not contaminated is all right, but one never knows for certain about the contamination. Ponds usually become foul and stagnant and altogether unfit for cows to drink from.

Stop drugging yourself with quack nostrums or "cures." Get a well known pharmaceutical remedy that will do the work. Catarrh and Cold in the head will not cause suffering if Ely's Cream Balm is used. Druggists will supply 10c. trial size or 50c. full size. We mail it.
ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.
Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mont., recommended Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for catarrh if used as directed."—Rev. Francis W. Poole, Pastor Central Pres. Church, Helena, Mont.

Work a little more by plan and system this spring. It is the only way out of trouble. The conditions which confront the farmer of to-day make discretion, careful calculation and a keen sense of business management absolutely essential to any marked degree of success. The sooner we come to a realizing sense of this, the better.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Belin, Pa.

Do not attempt to cover a big field with a little pile of manure. Reverse the proceedings.

OLD NEWSPAPERS.

Some Extracts That May be Interesting, With Comments by a Correspondent.

(Continued from last week.)

EDITOR HERALD:—

The following is an account of the Celebration of the 4th, of July 1819.

Monday last being the 4th day of July, the Volunteer corps commanded by capt. Hr. F. Snyder, together with the citizens of Somerset celebrated the day which gave us Independence, in the neighborhood of the town. The day was fine, and the presence of a number of citizens from Stoyestown and Berlin, added greatly to the festivity of the company.—After marching to the ground, and the company formed around the table, the Declaration of Independence was read by James Carson, Esq. immediately after which, a neat and appropriate address was made to the citizens by C. Forward, Esq.

Soon after which dinner was served up, and the citizens chose Gen. Alexander Ogle, President; James Carson and C. Forward, Esquires, Vice-Presidents.—After dinner, the following toasts were given.

1st. The day we celebrate; Centuries hence, may unborn millions feel the sentiments with which we commemorate it. 9 guns 6 cheers.

2d. The union of the states; Cemented by the highest interests and the noblest sympathies of man, a rock of adamant equally invulnerable to the assaults of foreign emissaries and domestic faction. 9 g. 6 c.

3d. Gen. George Washington; The father of Liberty, the shield of his country, his name will be venerated so long as virtue and gratitude characterizes the human mind. 12 g. 6 c.

4th. The President of the United States. 6 g. 3 c.

5th. The heads of departments. 4 g. 3 c.

6th. The Governor of the state of Pennsylvania. 6 g. 3 c.

7th. Thomas Jefferson; "God said let there be light, and there was light. 10 g. 6 c.

8th. The Patriots of the Revolution; Their example worthy the imitation of all engaged in emancipating man from either superstition or despotism. 12 g. 6 c.

9th. General Jackson; "He would not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder." 12 g. 6 c.

10th. The army of the U. States; In peace, mild as the dews of heaven, in war terrible as its thunder. 6 g. 3 c.

11th. The Navy of the U. States; Its fame has reached beyond the Ocean its canvas has whitened every sea, and its deeds have astonished the world. 6 g. 3 c.

12th. The love of our country; We inhaled it at our birth, we will cherish it throughout life, and impart to the rising generation its glowing flame. 12 g. 6 c.

13th. The fate of Erbuthnot and Ambrister to all foreign emissaries, and domestic traitors. 6 g. 3 c.

14th. Gen. M'Intosh; The brave American chief of the woods; may his valor and his modesty be emulated by all who like him appear in arms in defence of American rights. 6 g. 3 c.

15th. Legitimacy; May all the fools, tools, and sycophants interested in its support, remain on the other side of the Atlantic. 6 g. 3 c.

16th. Independence; May that proud spirit which marks our nation, never be betrayed by any American in his private capacity. 12 g. 6 c.

17th. Perpetual union among the sons of freedom. 6 g. 3 c.

18th. Our revolutionary foreign Allies; The recollection of their friendship will be as durable as the blessings they contributed to secure to us. 12 g. 6 c.

19th. Manufactures; The fruits of human ingenuity and industry, operating upon the productions of the earth they encourage agriculture, supply our wants, and merit the protection of the government. 12 g. 6 c.

20th. The late War; Commenced with reluctance—carried on with resolution, and terminated in glory to the American character. 6 g. 3 c.

21st. Our brethren of South America; May the God of battles preside over their councils and conduct them to victory and independence. 6 g. 3 c.

22d. The Fair Sex; The loviest work of heaven, the greatest comfort on earth; their smiles constitute both the hope and reward of all our exertions. 16 g. 6 c.

VOLUNTEER TOASTS.

By Gen. A. Ogle—Major General Jacob Brown.

By James Carson, Esq.—Captain James Biddle.

By C. Forward, Esq.—The Heroes of the Revolution:

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
"By all their country's wishes blest!"

By Capt. Snyder—The union of the states—Planned by wisdom and cemented by the blood of patriots.

By Lieut. Philson—The President and Vice-Presidents of the day, with the visiting officer from the other volunteer companies.

By Lieut. A. Ogle—The genuine sons of freedom throughout the globe, may success attend their exertions.

By Ensign Boyle—May peace, harmony and concord subsist among all true Americans, and may every idle dispute and frivolous distinction be burried in oblivion.

By J. Patton—The state of Pennsylvania; Firm in her political integrity, may she ever remain the key-stone of the Union.

By James Clark, Esq.—The memory of Gen. Pike, Who fell at York, may he never be forgotten by the sons of freedom.

By R. Peattie—Columbia's stars; May they increase in lustre whilst the sun rolls in its orbit.

By John Tantlinger, Esq.—A safe return to our surviving brother soldiers who engaged in the late war against Great Britain.

By Charles Ogle, Esq.—General Alexander Hamilton; The statesman of integrity, tried and spotless;—error and predjudice were dissipated by the radience of his talents.

By Isaac Niswander—Gen. Washington; The star of 76, may his republican ambition, ever be a guide to the present and rising generations.

By Th. Patton—Genuine Republicanism; It inculcates freedom of opinion, disdanes the trammels of party spirit and personal hatred, and clings to the constitution of the United States as the only durable standard of political rectitude.

By Geo. Shaver—The day we celebrte; Washington, Warren and Montgomery, look down from the clouds with bright aspect serene.

By Capt. Graham—The Independent Blues.

By John Coffroth—The Union Blues of Stoystown; May success attend them.

By Lieut. Statler—The United States of America; United in the cabinet and the field, the standard of liberty will continue to wave in defiance of tyrants and enemies of freedom.

By S. G. Bailey—The heroes of 76; May their achievements animate us to like deeds of glory when our country calls.

By Herman Updegraff—May virtue ever direct our actions with respect to ourselves; justice to those with whom we deal, mercy, love and charity to all mankind.

By The Company—Herman Updegraff; Our polite entertainer; we thank him for his good cheer.

At four o'clock the Volunteers and citizens returned to town. Never have we seen so much order and sobriety on such an occasion; notwithstanding the company was large and mixed.

The following sketch of manners in Somerset was evidently penned by a sufferer:—I now intend to make some remarks upon the daily observations relative the matches. Not matches made with slivered shingles and brimstone, or matches made in heaven—but such matches as are made every day here on earth by every body except the parties concerned.

It is well known that the female mind is never occupied upon any subject so completely as upon the subject of match making. You will agree to the truth of this remark, I am sure, if you ever visit the ladies; for you may and will always hear this subject introduced in every circle, composed of females, into which you may have the felicity of being admitted. Now, if a young fellow is seen going to church with a girl by a female acquantance, of he or she, it is instantly reported that he is courting she, or paying attention to her—or—he visits her—or—keeps her company, &c. &c. &c. Now, the parties who assent to and spread this tale, know nothing about the affair. Why, sir, I happened to call on Miss Tiffany last Sunday, and, out of mere civility, waited upon her to meeting, and, believe me, sir, on the Monday evening following, I heard it pronounced, in three or four different houses, where I called to stop a moment, that I was paying attention to Miss Tiffany. Now, sir, so far am I from any such intention, that I always wished the d——l had Miss Tiffany, and many other Misses that I wait upon and sometimes see home in the dark. And I write this merely to let the girls know that a man may accompany a girl to meeting in the day time, and even to a night lecture, without—marrying her immediately.

George Shaver gives public notice that there is ground-rent due him on 22 lots within the Borough of Somerset, and demands that said ground-rents be paid on or before the 15 of August, or he will cause the lots to be sold at that date.

John Holdridge is in Somerset Jail for debt and will apply for the benefit of the insolvent laws.

At a public meeting (Democratic Republican citizens, which had been previously called) held at the Court House on the 31st, day of August, 1819, presided over by John Phillipi, with Jonathan Rhoads and John Gebhart, Jr., as secretaries, Alexander Ogle and George Gebhart were nominated for the Legislature; Peter Will and Geo. Hartzell for Coroner; George Meese for Commissioner; Henry Chorpening, for Auditor, and Daniel J. H. Kieffer and Jonathan Rhoads as Trustees for the Somerset Academy. No nomination was made for Sheriff for the reason that some half dozen good and acceptable men had announced themselves as candidates for that office, and it was a free-for-all race. These candidates so announced were: William Philson, of Somerset, Adam Bowling, John McCarty, of Turkeyfoot, George Chorpening and Jacob Ankeny. Jacob Loud announced as candidate for Commissioner, as did Thomas Kennedy.

John Hindman, of Somerset county, and Philip Noon, of Cambria county, members of the last House, also announced themselves as candidates for re-election to the Assembly; as did also Jacob Blocher, of the town of Smythfield.

This Jacob Blocher, we are informed by Hon. Wm. Endsley, had represented the district in the State Senate. He resided in what is now Somerfield.

The paper containing the election returns is missing, but Alexander Ogle and John Hindman, both of Somerset county, were elected to the Legislature, and George Meese was elected commissioner.

Daniel Keller, of Somerset, (a tanner by trade,) made a business trip to the western country in May, 1819, but died at St. Louis on the 10th of July.

A circular meeting of the Baptist Society will be held in Somerset on the second Sabbath of October next. Attending ministers: Rev. Mr. Campbell, Rev. Dr. Estep, Rev. Mr. Cox. Sept. 23, 1819.

The barn of Nicholas Shultz, of Brothersvalley, was struck by lightning on the 7th of September, and was destroyed by the fire which followed. His entire crop of grain, wagon and sleigh, one horse, windmill, and all the harness were destroyed with the barn, making a loss of upward of 2,000 dollars.

The death of James Hanna is announced as having taken place at his residence in Milford township, on the 17th of September, after a long and painful illness of nearly 18 months. Mr. Hanna represented this County in the Legislature for many years, and was much beloved by his associates and constituents.

Jonathathan Rhoads, Geo. Hartzell, of Stoyestown, Henry F. Snyder, of Somerset, Michael Dively, of Salisbury, and Wm. Atchison, of Berlin, announce themselves as candidates for the office of Brigade Inspector at an approaching military election. The first named later on withdrew in favor of Col. Michael Dively, Major Wm. Atchison being winner.

In the Whig of October 28, 1819, James Clark, Esq., post master of Somerset, advertises letters remaining in his office. The list embraces the names of 105 persons.

The store of H. F. & J. L. Snyder was burglarized on the night of October 13, 1819, and robbed of 250 dollars in bank notes and some specie. A reward of 30 dollars and one-fourth of the money recovered is offered.

Alexander Ogle, Major General of the Twelfth Division, orders the enrolled militia of the several Battalions to meet and elect by ballot a Brigade Inspector in place Major James Hanna, deceased.

On the night of October 21, David Lewis and his companion, John C. Connelly, and James Harrison, broke out of Bedford Jail where they were confined for the robbery of a Mr. McClelland, of Pittsburg. As Lewis was quite notorious, the citizens of Bedford county turned out generously to aid in their recapture, which was accomplished.

(Continued next week.)

All Around the Farm.

A bare soil loses nitrogen, and that is where the error comes in when advocating a bare fallow to restore fertility.

The horse when browsing is guided entirely by the nostrils in the choice of proper food, and blind horses are never known to make mistakes in their diet.

Hatch the pullet for next year as early as can be done, so as to afford as long time as possible for them to grow and mature before November, and to have them laying before winter sets in.

Diseased wood on a tree can never be made new again. Cut it off and allow another shoot to grow. Every day that such wood remains on the tree adds to the liability of losing the tree.

In setting out trees, trim the roots when straggling. Select a time when the ground is just moist; not wet. Press dirt firmly about the root, and set about 2 inches deeper than they were in the nursery.

The clover plant is the cheapest and most effective subsoil plow that can be used on soils where it will work; runs deeper than steel plow, self-propelling, and in passing leaves more fertility than it takes.

The planting of a tree, whether for fruit, timber or ornament, increases the value of the land. The value of many farms could be almost doubled in a few years, at least in a generation by a judicious tree planting.

Ergot in rye may be the cause of abortion in cows when such occurs from some unknown course, and especially when the animals have access to rye straw. In using rye straw this liability should always be considered.

Old People.

Old People who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whisky nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

When closing up a gap in a wire fence through which horses or colts have been accustomed to pass, use a board for top of fence, or hang it to top wire by means of staples. If this is neglected the animals will probably run into the fence, and you may possibly lose the best one as a result.

"I had a bad cold which developed into grip. Physicians gave me no relief, and I finally tried Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. One bottle cured me completely. It is a wonderful medicine." Jacob Hammies, Lyon Station, Pa.

Make an estimate of the number of animals your pasture will probably carry through the summer in good shape. If you find a surplus of stock, it will be well to finish off and sell before they taste grass. If, on the other hand, there is an excess in pasture, keep your eyes peeled for bargains and pick up some well bred young things right.

For earache, put a couple of drops of Thomas' Eclectric Oil on a bit of cotton and place it in the ear. The pain will stop in a few moments. Simple enough, isn't it?

Forehanded farmers are now busy with preparatory work, and as soon as the ground is in order will start the plow and go right ahead without a balk. Then neighbor Slowboy will start upon a tour of discovery with a view of locating and investigating the conditions of implements.

If the system is fortified by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which makes rich, red blood, there is little danger of sickness.

Jumping from shallow to deep plowing all at once usually results in a decreased crop-yield at the succeeding harvest. The soil should be gradually deepened by letting the plow bring up a little of the subsoil each year till the desired depth is reached.

A Grave Charge.

From the Harrisburg Patriot (Dem).

General Bradley T. Johnson, of Virginia, makes grave charges against the administration which ought to be investigated as well as the Ruiz case. Mr. Johnson may be drawing upon his imagination, being known as an ardent Cuban sympathizer, but the temper of the people is such that they are willing to believe almost anything of the administration, and if it has been wronged they must have evidence of the fact or they will remain convinced of its guilt. General Johnson says:

Make it known to all men that the money of Spain permeates the most secret recesses of the administration that our assistant secretary of the treasury is the counsel of the Spanish consul at New York, and that the counsel of the Spanish embassy in Washington has just been assigned by the attorney general of the United States to assist the United States district attorney in prosecuting Ruloff and Lulo, indicted in Baltimore for violation of the neutrality laws.

The Spanish government, therefore, not only directs the operations of the revenue cutters of the United States to prevent the Cubans from getting ammunition from the United States, but actually directs the operations of grand juries and courts.

Mr. Johnson would hardly have made such charges publicly if he had not some foundation for them, and yet he may have been misinformed. Everybody knows that while the administration has published an interpretation of the neutrality laws which permit the carriage of munitions of war from one country to another where there is no war, and the sale of such munitions to whoever will buy, all the power of the administration and the courts and of Spanish spies and hirelings—the modern Hessians—of Spain have been used to prevent sales to Cubans and punish those who carry the supplies.

With this as a base it is easy to build to completion. The strange apathy of the administration, the refusal to send warships to Havana—where any self-respecting nation would have had them two years ago—the denial of moral or material support to General Lee, the frequent murders of Americans without any manly action on the part of the government, all these are so many stories to the structures which grows easily upon the base furnished by Johnson. As we have said, he may be wrong, but it will not do to assume he is wrong. The administration should clear itself of these charges of practical collusion and copartnership with the Spanish government or 70,000,000 loyal Americans will believe them.

Constables' Returns.

From Pittsburg Commercial Gazette.

The proposition to abolish by act of the legislature the making of returns by constables to quarter sessions of court meets with general favor. This is altogether natural. The very school children know that these returns, as a rule, have been an expensive farce, not only directly, but in the waste of time in the disposition of others which they interrupt or delay. One by one constables file up with reports showing that in their bailiwicks there have been no selling of liquors to minors or on Sundays, or other violations of the license laws, and that in other respects the peace and dignity of the commonwealth have been duly conserved. Meanwhile, as noted, even the children know that the constables, in preparing such returns, have been either ignorantly or willfully blind to the violations of the law discoverable in the aforesaid bailiwicks. True, there are exceptions to the rule, but the exceptions run largely to the reporting of bad roads, bridges requiring repairs, etc., and do not justify the general making of retur