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# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLV. NO. 44.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 14, 1897.

WHOLE NO. 2385.

## More

Medicinal value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation. More skill is required, more care taken, more expense incurred in its manufacture, than in any other. It costs the proprietor and his dealer more but it costs the consumer less, as he gets more doses for his money. More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process, which makes it peculiar to itself. More people are cured by its use, more testimonials received than by any other. More people are cured of their various ailments, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, etc., by its use. More people are cured of their various ailments, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, etc., by its use. More people are cured of their various ailments, such as Rheumatism, Gout, Gravel, Dropsy, etc., by its use.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. Cures all Liver and Bowel Disorders. Hood's Pills. Cures all Biliousness, Headache, Sick Headache, Constipation, etc.

## First National Bank

Somerset, Penna.

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

## The Sheriff's Daughter.

By Clark Barrows.

One of the prettiest towns in the whole state of Pennsylvania is Vallowboro. Its numerous neat and brightly painted dwellings are half concealed amid leafy groves of oaks, maple and cottonwoods; the straight, quiet streets, paved with the most perfect granite, are everywhere shaded by tall fine trees, while the well-cared for grass along the sidewalks gives them the aspect of a city boulevard. In the centre of the town stands the white sandstone courthouse, of which the citizens may well feel proud when they turn as they do twenty times a day, to read the time on the great clock face in its tower.

On a corner, not many squares from the courthouse, stands the county jail. It is of brick, the front portico, which is built like an ordinary dwelling house, with a wide veranda, being occupied by the sheriff and his family, while the rear, with its ugly gabled windows, is in a sort of court and partially hidden from the gaze of the passing pedestrians by a high brick wall. The whole institution has from the outside such an air of retirement, cleanliness and, one might almost say, of respectability, that to a beholder unversed in the turmoil of modern life, incarceration within its walls might not at first sight seem such an altogether terrible thing.

James Lewis, the present sheriff, who lives in the front part of the building, where the wide windows are, and the shady veranda, has held his office for two terms, with great satisfaction, not only to the townspeople for his fidelity and good management, but even to the prisoners themselves by his kindness and his liberality in the matter of food. He has a wife reputed to be a good cook and an excellent housekeeper, a son at the present cashier of a local bank, and a daughter Clara, who is now married and living in the east. At the time of our story, however, this daughter was a schoolgirl of sixteen and the pet of the family. On warm summer evenings she often sat out on the steps with a book in her lap, and many a passer-by turned to look again at her sweet earnest face while she sat there reading.

Clara gave little heed to the prisoners who came and went. To her they were simply part of her father's business, and she thought no more of them than a merchant's daughter does of her father's customers. But one day a man was brought there whom she could scarcely help noticing, for the whole town was talking about him. Four months had come with the prisoner, and for several nights a guard was placed about the jail in anticipation of an attempt at lynching. For the man was accused of a most dastardly murder.

On the corner of Main and Bell streets, facing the courthouse square, stands the First National Bank of Vallowboro. In connection with the other banks of this town, it does not close at one or at twelve on Saturdays, as do the city banks, but for the convenience of farmers and railroad hands, it keeps open on that day until eight o'clock in the evening. On one of these evenings, just before the time for closing, the shades of twilight having already gathered on the summer night, a rough-dressed man was seen by those in the street to go up the steps and enter the bank. He was hardly inside when a pistol shot was heard and the man reappeared and dashed down Main street out of sight. A dozen men started in pursuit, and when they turned the corner they saw what they supposed to be the same person, running half a square ahead of them, with a revolver openly in his hand. Some of the men were in the jail and the courthouse, she saw him frequently. He was a young man, tall, broad-shouldered and of dark complexion, with a long, well formed nose, bright hazel eyes and a wide high forehead. From the very first he prejudiced the judge and jury against him by his haughty and uncomplacent bearing. He gave his name as Hugh Wentworth, but freely admitted that the latter half was assumed. He asked leave to plead his own case, and when the court refused and appointed lawyer Johnson, a big, pompous man with a great reputation in criminal cases, to conduct the defense, and the latter in private advised the prisoner to confess the whole matter to him that he might make out a better case, Wentworth turned upon the lawyer with great fury, saying he had no need of the services of a rascal to prove his innocence.

One afternoon as Clara was returning home from the high school with a girl friend, the latter asked her to go up into the courtroom with her and see the great trial, and Clara, after some hesitation, consented. They found a large crowd of spectators, among whom were many girls and women, and so going a little back to one side, they sat down to listen. The prisoner himself was on the witness stand and as Clara looked at his pale, impressive face and listened to his deep voice, now low and musical and now raised in indignation, she soon forgot the smoky room and the crowd of vulgar people and became quite absorbed in his story.

His defense was strange and well nigh incredible. He said that on the evening of the robbery he was walking slowly down Main street on his way to his lodgings. As he thus sauntered along, he heard the shot in the bank, and turning to see what it meant, a man with a revolver came around the corner and ran into him, almost knocking him down. He caught the weapon from the fellow's hand and tried to hold the man himself, but the latter escaped, and Clara looked at his pale, impressive face and listened to his deep voice, now low and musical and now raised in indignation, she soon forgot the smoky room and the crowd of vulgar people and became quite absorbed in his story.

"I wish I could help you," said Clara, earnestly.

"The prisoner hesitated a moment and then replied, 'you can.'"

"By making me a free man for an hour."

Clara was startled. "Oh, I couldn't do that, you know," she said. "Papa would never forgive me, and besides, I have no keys."

"God would forgive you, Clara, and as for the keys, look behind you."

The girl turned around and there, before her very eyes in the lock of an empty cell, hung the bunch of keys which the deputy had carelessly forgotten.

"Set me free," said Wentworth, "and I swear to you that whether I find the man or not, I will be back in a hour."

Clara picked up the keys and fumbled them with her trembling hands while she looked searchingly in the man's face.

"I will trust you," she said at last, and slipping the steel into the lock she swung back the heavy grating. Then she opened the outside door into the alley. "Turn to your right," she whispered, "and you will come out on Eighth street."

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"When your father comes back," he said, "tell him I have gone to Bower's to see about that land deal."

"All right," replied Clara, and the deputy disappeared.

## HOEING AND PRAYING.

From the Christian Leader. Said Farmer Jones in a whining tone, to his good old neighbor Gray, "I've worn my knowledge through to the bone, but it ain't no use to me no more."

"Your corn looks just as nice as mine, though you don't pretend to be a shinin' light in the church to shine, but I'll bet you've got it all right."

"I've prayed to the Lord a thousand times for to make that 'em corn grow; 'An' why you boots it so 'em, 'I g'n a deal to know."

Said Farmer Gray to his neighbor Jones, in his easy quiet way: "When you gets that mix with lary bones, they don't make farmin' pay."

"Your weeds, I notice, are good 'n' tall in spite of all your prayers; 'An' you may not count 'em all, but I'll bet you don't dig up the roots."

"I mix my prayers with a little toil, 'An' I work this mixture into the soil, 'An' I'll bet you'll see it grow."

"An' I've discovered, though still in sin, 'An' as sure as you are born, this kind of compost well worked in makes pretty decent corn."

"So while I'm prayin' I use my hoe, 'An' I do the weeds along each row, 'An' the Lord does the rest."

"It's well to pray both night and morn, 'An' your farmer knows; 'An' the more you pray, the more you'll see it grow."

"You must use your hands while prayin' too, 'An' your farmer knows; 'An' the more you pray, the more you'll see it grow."

Clara saw you at the trial also. "No, you don't," she replied, honestly, though frightened at her boldness. "And, yet," she added, "my father says innocent men are seldom convicted."

"What happens seldom must sometimes happen," he replied. "And I have been particularly unfortunate, Clara, for the one evidence which would clear me beyond a doubt is now almost within my reach, and yet because I am helpless and an one will believe me, I cannot get it."

Clara threw herself in her father's arms. "He will come back," she sobbed, "he will come back!"

"You bet he will!" her father exclaimed, and then adding more gently, "Sit down and stop crying and tell me about it, Clara."

"When the sheriff had heard his father's story, he was somewhat relieved, for he had feared she had been more deeply involved. He did not in the least believe the condemned man would keep his word, in fact, he doubted whether he himself would under such circumstances, for Wentworth would know that nothing serious would be done to the girl that freed him. As it was now half-past ten, he decided to wait until eleven before doing anything, for he could not help considering that if Wentworth did come back, it would save him a deal of shame."

They did not have to wait long as they expected, for just as the town clock struck the third quarter, a heavy footfall was heard on the front walk. "There he is, I knew he would come," cried Clara, her face suddenly radiant.

"I don't believe it is him," replied her father, but he went into the front hall and threw the door open wide. Then a strange sight met their eyes, for sure enough, in came Wentworth, his face dripping with perspiration, and bearing in his arms a man, whose hands and feet were tied with straps taken from a valise. Wentworth threw him to the floor and put his foot on him as if he had been a dog. The fellow had evidently been drinking, his clothes were in disorder, his red and yellow teeth were the worse for being so long as he had been in the jail, and his head, prominent, raw and uncleanly, eyes stamped him indubitably as a criminal.

"I caught him on his way to the depot to catch the 11:15 train," gasped Wentworth, "but I had to hide his valise beside the road; you had better send for the county attorney, and I'll be glad to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per foot. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Belle, Pa."

Wedded a Pauper at Sight. William Buchles, of Eldred, Pa., has served the shortest of courting records. At Machias, N. Y., one day last week, Mr. Buchles was married to Miss Hatt Clough. It was a case of marriage at sight and came about in a very unusual manner.

Miss Clough was a friendless young woman, whose circumstances compelled her to become a charge upon the poor district in which she lived. She was taken to the county almshouse, at Machias, where her thrifty ways and excellent knowledge of the culinary art gave her a prominent place in the almshouse family. One day last week William Buchles called at the almshouse, stating that he would like to obtain, if possible, a housekeeper from among the women inmates. He looked over a group of women and his fancy settled on Miss Clough.

The noise of this dispute had by this time awakened the remaining inmates, who, suspecting what had happened, gave vent to many a jest and taunt. Lewis, after casting every look to see that none of them were tampered with, returned to the sitting room. Clara, with pale face, wide eyes and trembling hands, was standing by the table the perfect image of despair.

"Daughter, daughter," said the sheriff, his mood melting at the sight of his child's misery, "what have your father and I done?"

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Ex-U. S. Minister John A. Kasson writes in the Century: While in Venezuela on his tour around the world, ex-President Grant stayed at the American legation. In one of our long evening talks I said to him that I knew of no braver civil act in our history than his veto of the fat money ("inflation") bill, which had passed both Houses of Congress, and to which many of his warmest friends had committed their political fortunes. He quietly replied: "I will tell you about that. During the progress of the discussion I followed its course, but expressed no opinion. After the bill came to me I was visited by both its friends and its opponents, urging their views. To none of them did I express any judgment of the measure, nor did I bring it before my Cabinet. When I came for its consideration I was weary of the world, and I was in a bad mood. I thought I would take up the bill. I thought it admitted a construction which would obviate the evil effects alleged against it, but resolved to sign it without communicating to the Congress that view. I proceeded to write out such a message to accompany the notice of my approval."

"After finishing the draft I took up the sheets to read them over. At the conclusion of the review I said to myself, 'This is evasive and a strained construction. It is not my honest conviction.' I gathered the sheets, tore them up, and cast them into the wastebasket. Then I wrote out my veto message. Next day I advised my Secretary of State, and sent it to the Congress."

The line I seek to add to his portrait is that of a silent man, in the night, in the solitude of his chamber, aware of his great power over the welfare of his country, watching his own debate between inclination and duty, and finally, deciding with his conscience against an eager popular demand.

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 foot. For sale at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Belle, Pa.

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Mr. Buchles surprised the young woman by asking her to marry him. She consented, however, and in the parlor of the institution, a half hour later, the pair were married by Rev. F. P. Simmons, and at once left for home.

It is reported that the remarkable success of Mr. Buchles in securing a wife at the Machias almshouse has given that institution a wonderful boom in the matrimonial line. The other day two other men called there and inquired as to their chances of getting good wives.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and cleanses the system by throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50c or \$1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Belle, Pa.

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## A Veto by Grant.

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## Cheap and Costly Telegraphy.

Telegraph rates vary greatly in this country, owing to the immense distances. In many of the smaller countries of the Old World a uniform rate is made for any point within the given country, but it would be manifestly unfair if they were compelled to send a message from New York to San Francisco for the same rate as they charge for a message from New York to Jersey City or from Chicago to Evanston.

As a rule, the minimum rate for a day's message of 10 words in this country is 25 cents. A great many points in Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin, Iowa, and other states in the Mississippi valley may be reached from Chicago for this rate. Any point in Illinois may be reached for 25 cents. A message to Boston costs 30 cents, while New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore have a 4-cent rate. The highest rates from Chicago are those for points in southern Florida—85 cents. It costs only 75 cents to telegraph to California or Oregon, and the rate for New Orleans is 50 cents.

Few persons who have made an experiment with telegraph tolls appreciate the expense of cable communication. Cable rates are as much per word instead of per message of 10 words, and the figures are very much higher. Messages to England, France and Germany cost 81 cents per word from Chicago. Belgium's rate is 25 cents; Holland and Austria, 28 cents; Italy, 40 cents; Greece, 44 cents; Egypt, 62 cents; Switzerland, 43 cents; Sweden, 45 cents; Turkey, 43 cents and 55 cents; Russia 43 cents.

The Cuban war has greatly increased the volume of telegraphic business in the West Indies. The lowest rate is 43 cents per word for messages to Havana. Japanese rates are higher, and in towns in the West Indies outside of Cuba can be reached for less than \$1.00 per word. Messages to Porto Rico cost \$1.85.

Central American rates range from 50 cents (Guatemala) to 75 cents (Costa Rica and Nicaragua.) South American rates make a big jump upward. Brazilian messages cost from \$1.25 to \$1.87 per word. British Guiana costs \$2.17.

Communication with Australia is expensive. Queensland reaches the highest figure, \$2.02 per word, while South and West Australian rates are \$1.37. Messages to China cost \$2.02 per word, and the same figures apply to Corea. Japanese rates are \$2.27 per word; Java, \$1.65; Formosa, \$2.27; India, \$1.28; Madagascar, \$1.70; New Zealand, \$1.40; Philippine Islands \$2.51; Siam, \$1.51. African rates are lowest for points along the Mediterranean and highest along the west coast. Algeria can be reached for 35 cents per word, the minimum rate for the dark continent. East African rates are \$1.54 and \$1.64, while South African points range between \$1.55 and \$1.70. West African points, as a rule, range about \$2, while it costs \$3.02 sent a word to Mossamedes from Chicago—more than to reach any other telegraphic station in the world direct. However, a message to Bassorah or English costs the Chicago sender \$1.12 per word to Jock Persia, and \$2.76 extra for special dispatch boat line from that point.

Who can fall to take advantage of this offer. Send 10 cents to us for a generous trial size of our Ask for Ely's Cream Balm, the most positive catarrh cure. Full size 50 cts. ELY BROTHERS, 56 West 12th St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Two Susquehanna county young men, a few weeks ago, returned from a bear hunting trip through Pike county, bringing with them a pair of locked horns, which they obtained from an old hunter in that section. The hunter, in prowling through the woods, came upon the carcasses of two fine bucks, their horns firmly interlocked. They evidently had been fighting, and in the struggle had locked horns. Being unable to get them separated, and consequently unable to obtain any food, they had starved to death in that position. One set had nine prongs. The horns are so firmly locked together that it is impossible to separate them without sawing off one of the prongs.

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### Farm Topics.

From the Agricultural Epitomist.

Progressive farmers are always looking after the necessary small improvements in the home surrounding them. On many farms these simple little matters are put off from time to time, and keep accumulating until there are so many things needing attention that one does not know where to begin. In that case it is well to lay hold of the first thing one runs up against.

When the lay of the land will permit the fields should be long, as this form saves time and labor in plowing, harrowing, cultivating, mowing, in fact, in all team work. We have seen many farming little square or three-cornered patches year after year that their own disadvantage, when a little forethought and labor would transform their inconvenient patches into long, narrow strips with fewer fences to keep up.

There is always some risk in buying the smaller field seeds from strangers on account of the liability of introducing noxious weeds. Seeds of the common weeds already on the farm are not so much to be feared, but such seeds as English plantain, daisy, prickly lettuce, Canada thistle, etc., are very often contained in farm seeds that are bought in the open market. We once had a severe fight with ox-eye daisy and again with English plantain that came in clover seed. It pays to buy of reputable seedsmen who send their names with the seeds.

That it doesn't pay to work land when it has been plowed many times, yet the pushing farmer often finds it difficult to hold back when his injudicious neighbor or one with drier ground is in the field at work. Some men even lose their heads and start the plow when the soil leaves the mold in glowing rolls and water follows in the furrow. As a rule, clover, weeds, poor crops and poor land follow in their wake, and the man who waits, wins, provided he pushes as soon as the ground is in order.

The rapid and often inexorable depletion of soil fertility which is allowed to occur on many farms is, we believe, one of the most potent causes of the dissatisfaction which many young persons feel in regard to farm life. Many of our run-down fields, yielding over to lower crops of plants of little value, when they know that clover should be growing instead, and feel that through the mistakes of their fathers they have been robbed of their inheritance. These are exceptional conditions, but they exist, and it is no wonder that the apparent social and business advantages of city life present a pleasing contrast.

Some of the most thrifty farmers we know go over the farm every spring regularly with a wagon loaded with fence material, thoroughly examining and repairing all farm fences before the rush of spring work comes on; thus they often prevent injury to crops and a stock, and save themselves much hard labor later on.

It must be mighty discouraging to a silly Jock, who, when all hands are rushing the hay into the barn and the dark clouds just appearing above the western horizon, to have the good wife send word that she has no wood to get supper with. If wood is the summer fuel it should never be in the woodhouse or piled near the kitchen door.

Cool tar is the best preservative of fence posts that we have ever used; put it in a large iron kettle, hang over fire and gradually have an arch to set kettle over—one man stands post in kettle while another with a broom or wattle washes hot with long handle swipes the hot tar up and down the post thoroughly covering it to a point 6 or 8 inches above the ground line when set. Let posts drip a moment, then lay aside to dry. Posts should be seasoned before treatment.

Those who compile the bulletins of our experiment stations should not forget that farmers who most need instruction along the lines of advanced agriculture are not well versed in technical scientific terms, and that it is often difficult to get them to read good books. When it is made attractive and interesting, even so well as instructive. Farmers' bulletins should, therefore be couched in language which can be readily understood by the farm hand as well as the college graduate.

One good up-to-date farmer moving into a community that is a little behind the times, and going quietly about his business in an intelligent way, will often set influences at work that will, in time effect a radical change in farm management, increasing the profits and lifting the farmer's family to a higher plane of living. Though his "lock farm" may be laughed at, he will one day be recognized as a leader and public benefactor.

Ducks are much easier to raise than chickens. The eggs hatch better than the young grow much faster. Ducks are never troubled with indigestion and apparently never get quite enough to eat. Young ducks will eat twice as much as young chicks, but will equalize matters by making more than twice the growth of chicks of same age.

A Correct Surmise.

A little black-eyed and nimble-tongued Irish stevedore on a conductor on a branch of Boston road, and railroad is a source of no end of amusement to the passengers along his route by reason of some of his startling utterances.

One day he came into the car and called out in his peculiarly penetrating voice: "Wasn't on the right! Sit closer on the right, ladies and gentlemen, an' meek room for the lady phwat's standing!"

A big early-looking man who was occupying space enough for two said, sullenly: "We can't sit any closer."

"Can't yee?" retorted the little conductor. "Begorry, you niver wint coortin' this!"

It is needless to add that room was made "on the right" for the lady.—Harper's Bazar.

This Cow Died on Nails.

M. H. Reynolds, a few days ago sold a cow to a butcher, a Factorville, Pa., who killed it for beef. When dressing the carcass he noticed something hard in the stomach, and, upon investigation, found over a quart of assorted nails from both of the horse nail to a ten-penny nail. Strange as it may appear, the cow never suffered any inconvenience from the nails being in her stomach.

Run on a Bridal Couple.

C.—I suppose Brown and his wife attracted the attention of that newly-married man, Brown, who had just married a widow, you know, and to avoid being suspected of being on a honeymoon trip she took one of her children with them.—Parson Weekly.