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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, 3,000,000.00. Chas. J. Harrison, President. Wm. H. Koonz, Vice President. Milton J. Pritts, Cashier. Geo. S. Harrison, Asst. Cashier.

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

THE SUNDAY SUN. National Importance. The greatest Sunday Newspaper in the world. Price 5c a copy. By mail \$2 a year. Address THE SUN, New York. GET AN EDUCATION. EDUCATION is the only way to success. The Somerset Herald offers a course of instruction in the English language, penmanship, and bookkeeping. Apply to the Editor.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 30.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 5, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 2423.

### First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.

Surplus, \$28,000.

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. B. SCULL, JAMES L. PUGH, W. H. MILLER, JOHN B. SCOTT, ROBERT S. SCULL, FRED W. BISSOCKER.

EDWARD SCULL, PRESIDENT. VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT. HARVEY M. BERKLEY, CASHIER.

### Thin Blood

Where the blood loses its intense red—grows thin and watery, as in anemia, there is a constant feeling of exhaustion, a lack of energy—vitality and the spirits depressed.

### Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is peculiarly adapted to correct this condition. The cod-liver oil, emulsified to an exquisite fineness, enters the blood directly and feeds its every corpuscle, restoring the natural color and giving vitality to the whole system. The hypophosphites reach the brain and nerve centres and add their strengthening and beneficial effect. If the roses leave, let your cheeks, if you are growing thin and exhausted from over-work, or if age is beginning to tell, use SCOTT'S Emulsion.

### WILLIAM'S WAY.

I will give you just two hours to get down upon your knees—Tyr, will you accompany me? Right gladly did Tyr spring up, and the two brothers set out for the forest-land where Hymir dwelt. They traveled as only gods can travel, quick as the winged lightning, light as the soft of summer, slightly as the hush of night, and before they reached the end of heaven and the beginning of Frossa Sea. Soon they found the abode of Hymir. It was a huge cavern, hewn out of rocks, with floor, and walls, and pillars, and ceiling, of frozen crystals. Fountains of ice rose in the air around, and a vapor of frozen mist hung low about the cave.

### THE GIANTS MILE-DEEP KETTLE.

A Wonder Story of the Days of Odin and Thor.

BY EDWARD COURTNEY.

Once upon a time, the great god Thor took a journey to the land of the giants where he saw such things as he had never dreamed could be. For the giants were versed in magic, and much chagrined was Thor that he could not perform the feat with which they challenged him; but had he known how impossible these feats were, and the misery that the performance of them would have produced, he would not, probably, have cared so much. As it was, he left the land of Jotunheim, having done more towards the performance of them than he knew.

"I go to bring Mile-deep," answered Thor, "that we all may drink. Tyr, will you accompany me?" Right gladly did Tyr spring up, and the two brothers set out for the forest-land where Hymir dwelt. They traveled as only gods can travel, quick as the winged lightning, light as the soft of summer, slightly as the hush of night, and before they reached the end of heaven and the beginning of Frossa Sea. Soon they found the abode of Hymir. It was a huge cavern, hewn out of rocks, with floor, and walls, and pillars, and ceiling, of frozen crystals. Fountains of ice rose in the air around, and a vapor of frozen mist hung low about the cave.

As they approached the door, suddenly a giant appeared, with nine hundred heads, out of which gleamed fiery eyes; but the stranger, part about her was that her heads grew out of every part of her body, so that it was impossible to tell how she stood or walked. She approached them with a terrible roar, and his issuing from her nine hundred heads, but the two gods looked at her more out of curiosity than fear, and seeing this she turned away and left them.

### A MINER WHO SAW CUSTER DIE.

The Sole Survivor of the Indian Massacre at Little Big Horn.

George Benjamin, a crippled and wounded miner, on his way to Washington, where he hopes to secure a pension, says a Los Angeles dispatch to the New York Sun. He claims to have been with Custer at the massacre at the Little Big Horn. Although it was supposed that there was no survivor of the massacre, Benjamin's story bears marks of truthfulness, and the fact that he was held as a prisoner by the Indians and driven crazy by their tortures long prevented his experiences from being made known. Senator Stephen M. White is taking him to Washington and will try to get a pension for him this winter.

"In the spring of 1876," says Benjamin, "I was prospecting in the Black Hills for gold with two other miners named Stone and Kelly. In June we were camped on Clark's Creek, and as we were getting short of supplies Kelly and I went out to shoot game for supper, leaving Stone in camp. When we returned we found him dead and horribly mutilated. We knew at once that the Indians were on the warpath, and that we had better get out. So we started at once for Fuster's ranch, but when we reached there we found that the Indians had been ahead of us. Every man, woman and child on the ranch had been murdered, and all the bodies had been mutilated. The house had been burned and all the horses and cattle driven off. We started for Cheyenne to get warning of the uprising, and on the way we met a body of Custer's men. They asked us to join in the pursuit, and I consented gladly, but my partner, Kelly, decided to go on to Cheyenne. Not long afterward, we found his body, scalped and cut to pieces, only a few miles from where we parted.

Then the woman was tortured to death. "Finally they began upon me. They tied cords of fire upon my head and left them there until I fainted. When I came to they put on fresh ones. When I refused to open my mouth they smashed my upper jaw and knocked out my teeth with a hatchet. Then a squaw grasped my tongue with a rough pair of wooden pliers and dragged me over the ground in that way, to the great mortification of those who were looking on. They tied my hands to a stake, and then, stretching my body with all their strength, tied my feet to another. Then the squaws beat the sides of my feet until every bone was broken and the flesh was a jelly.

"A big buck threw a dull lance through my thigh, pinning me to the earth. But, these are only a small portion of the tortures they inflicted upon me while I lay there helpless. The bucks, squaws and boys all joined in shooting arrows into me, and at last, when they must have thought I could not endure much more, they tied me on an ant mound, to be eaten by the large red ants. Horrible as the other tortures had been, this was the worst of them all. My breast is still one big running sore where the ants gnawed my flesh. It has never healed.

### The Shyness of Grant.

Gen. Grant neither overestimated nor underrated himself. He was modest, but he was also self-reliant and persistent. An anecdote related by Mrs. Sherwood in her "Epistle to Posterity" sets forth his disposition to accord to others their due and to claim little for himself save the virtue of "getting there," says the Chicago Record.

"We broke camp on June 15, and Major Reno scouted the trail to the Rosebud and struck a fresh trail where the Indians had crossed. Gibbons was ordered to cross the Yellowstone near the mouth of the Big Horn and meet General Custer at the mouth of the Big Horn on June 28. On June 27 the trail of the Indians was scouted twenty-eight miles up the Rosebud. That night a council was held, and the troops left the Rosebud and marched up Dirty Woman's Creek toward the Big Horn, ten miles, and went into camp, as it was too dark to venture over the divide. The next morning the troops were in the saddle soon after daylight, and about 8 o'clock the first Indians were seen by the scouts from the top of the divide.

"At first we met but few Indians, and they quickly gave way before us. But the next morning we were met by every direction. They came upon us from front and rear and flank, and every ravine and every bush and tree seemed alive with them. We soon knew that we were doomed, and we fought as men fight only under such circumstances. A perfect storm of arrows and bullets was pouring upon us from every side, but we fought our way back to our horses, mounted, and in our struggle to reach the bluffs we left the greater portion of our men dead or wounded on the field. But ten Indians went down for every white man who fell. The companies of Captain Calhoun and Lieutenant Crittenden were thrown across our flank to protect our retreat.

### The Coming Woman.

Who goes to the club while her husband tends the baby, as well as the good old-fashioned woman who looks after her home, will both at times get into a little trouble. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headache, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bites. Thousand of sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed. It is the medicine for woman. Female complaints and nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bites. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c per bottle. For sale by J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

"The first thing we did was to shoot our horses, so as to make a breast-work behind which we could fight. General Custer was everywhere, and for a time seemed bullet and arrow proof. Captain Keogh's company was exposed to the fiercest fire and his men were soon swept off. It seemed as if a quarter of a mile. We made our last stand on a little knoll, which we reached with only seventeen men out of our entire command.

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"When I shot my horse a bullet struck me in the head and I fell. In my death struggles the horse rolled on me and protected me during the rest of the fight. When it was all over and the Indians swarmed over the knoll they changed to see that I was still alive. They then bound me hand and foot and took me to their camp.

"There they already had two other white men, prospectors, and a young white woman. They put these three through tortures, which I was compelled to witness. But I was reserved for the last, because the execution I had done in the fight had not been noticed, and they wanted to have revenge for it. In fact, they named me "Little Thunder," and called me by that name all the time I was among them. The two prospectors were made to run the gauntlet again and again. Each time the arrows were pulled out by force and fresh ones shot into them. One of the men finally resisted and was branded with a tomahawk. When the other came to work to afford any more sport of that sort, he was bound to a stake, a slow fire was built on his abdomen and the bucks and squaws danced around him, laughing over his death agonies.

### Who Killed Cock Robin?

"I did," says the new furniture dealer.

"How?" "By knocking the bottom out of the high prices asked for."

### GET MARRIED

and go to housekeeping a year sooner than you could before the opening of the new furniture store. Why? Simply because we make it so cheap.

### Valuable Real Estate

The undersigned administrator and trustee of the estate of John H. Harrison, deceased, of Somerset county, Pa., will sell to public sale, on Saturday, January 8, 1898, at One o'clock, P. M., at the homestead of said John H. Harrison, in the township of Somerset, Pa., a certain tract of land situated in the township of Somerset, Pa., containing 100 acres more or less, being a portion of the land of said John H. Harrison, deceased, and containing a good two-story plank building, barn, and all other necessary outbuildings, good crops of young apple and other fruit trees, underlaid with limestone and coal, and a very fine view of the river and a good state of cultivation; balance well timbered, being the homestead of the deceased.

### Public Sale

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., and to be directed, we will sell to public sale, on Tuesday, January 18, 1898, at 11 o'clock P. M., at the following described real estate of Samuel J. Weller, deceased:

All the following real estate situate in Somerset township, Somerset county, Pa., to-wit: A certain tract of land, adjoining lands of Wm. S. Weller, Albert and others, containing 100 acres more or less, being a portion of the land of said Samuel J. Weller, deceased, and containing a good two-story plank building, barn, and all other necessary outbuildings, good crops of young apple and other fruit trees, underlaid with limestone and coal, and a very fine view of the river and a good state of cultivation; balance well timbered, being the homestead of the deceased.

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