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# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVI. NO. 32. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 19, 1898. WHOLE NO. 2425.

## What is Scott's Emulsion?

It is a strengthening food and tonic, remarkable in its flesh-forming properties. It contains Cod-Liver Oil emulsified or partially digested, combined with the well-known and highly prized Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, so that their potency is materially increased.

### What Will it Do?

It will arrest loss of flesh and restore to a normal condition the infant, the child and the adult. It will enrich the blood of the anemic; will stop the cough, heal the irritation of the throat and lungs, and cure incipient consumption. We make this statement because the experience of twenty-five years has proven it in tens of thousands of cases.

### THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus, \$30,000.  
UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$4,000.

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

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.—DISCOUNTS DAILY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

CHAS. O. SCULL, PRESIDENT, GEORGE R. SCULL, VICE PRESIDENT, VALENTINE HAY, W. H. MILLER, JOHN R. SCOTT, ROBERT S. SCULL, FRED W. BIESCHKE.

EDWARD SCULL, JR., PRESIDENT, VALENTINE HAY, VICE PRESIDENT, HARVEY M. BERKLEY, CASHIER, JOHN B. DAVIDS, CLERK.

### The Somerset County National Bank of Somerset Pa.

Established 1877. Original as a National, 1890.

Capital, \$50,000 00  
Surplus & Undivided Profits, 29,000 00  
Assets, 300,000 00

Chas. J. Harrison, President.  
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Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking. Parties wishing to send money and/or order checks on other banks, may do so by draft for any amount. Money and valuables secured by one of our depositors' safe.

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

### A GOOD HEARER,

and everything pertaining to general furnishing.

### SOMERSET - Pa.

### Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

### 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 purchase.

### J. D. SWANK.

### GET AN EDUCATION

### HENCH & DRONGOLD'S

### SAWMILLS AND ENGINES

### THE LONG WHITE SEAM.

As I came round the harbor buoy, The lights began to gleam; No wave the land-locked water stirred, The crags were white as foam, And I must not my love by midnight light, Staring her long white seam. I was sailing alone, my dear, My watch and anchor set, I've reefed and reefed about the line, The sea, and that of the seam. I fell into the water, and the sea, My sweet, my love, my dear, I saw the light of her eyes break on me, My soul to meet its beams. As the shining water leaped of old, When through the rigging gleamed, Awaft and in my dream, I saw a smile as bright as the sun, Seeing the long white seam!

### THE LOST LATCH KEY.

Love in the Metropolis and the Lover's Adventure in a Vestibule Between Two Locked Doors.

It was considerably near 2 than it was 1 o'clock when Huntington reached Twenty-first street and went up the stone steps of No. 11. Political stuff had been coming in heavily all day, and as the boys at the office said, "Mr. Bryant will still be speaking," so the fall frowns, literary men and all had been kept busy till the paper went to press. Now then Huntington liked the thing of that kind. The work and the bustle, the stir and anxiety of a "rush night," seemed to stimulate him. It reminded him of old times when he was glad enough to be in the rush or to any kind of excitement. Those were the things that had helped him to what he was, and he liked to be reminded of them. But it chanced that just that particular night of all others he hadn't wanted to stay at the office and sit telegrams and write heads. What he had wanted to do was to go to the Tremont-Ford's ball out on the seventh street. Huntington had gotten beyond the point of denying even to himself that he wanted to go to the Tremont-Ford's simply and solely because Helen Trevor would be there, and because he should see her dancing though he might not dance with her himself. In fact, he had reached the point of believing that the only person in the world worth seeing was Helen Trevor, the only thing worth caring for was her love.

Huntington had believed this for a much longer time than he knew, but he had not realized it with the full strength of conviction till two months ago, when he had learned from Helen Trevor that the thing he most cared for was the thing he could never possess. He was thinking of this as he had never ceased to think of it for one moment since he realized it, with pain and longing, and wishing he might have seen her that night with the fresh color on her cheeks and the sweet light in her eyes; wishing he might have heard the music of her silver gown and caught a whiff of the rose she was wearing in her smooth, big-coiled hair. Those roses were she wearing, Huntington wondered as he pushed his latch key in the outer door. Perhaps it was that made him push the door shut again with considerably more force than was necessary; perhaps it was that made him feel the knob as it struck his hand, and he felt the click of the lock as it closed behind him.

"Confound people who won't keep their houses in repair!" he exclaimed, as he pushed the knob down through the narrow pane in the transom overhead. He listened to hear the bolt strike the cobblestones in the street without, and from a sharp little jingle that accompanied the thud of the heavy knob, realized that he had thrust his latch-key along with it. "Confound me for an idiot," he said, laughing, as he pulled the knob back to himself.

It was not exactly a laughing matter, though, to be caught at that hour of the night between the inner and the outer doors of a quiet boarding house, and with no means of opening either. Having no latch-key, of course it was impossible for him to open the inner door, and with no latch-key on the outside door it was equally impossible for him to open that and ring the bell, or better still, go to a hotel for the rest of the night.

With a thought of a man's one resource in a case of emergency, Huntington felt in his trouser's pocket for his knife only to remember that one of the new men at the office had borrowed it and forgotten to return it. He got out his ring of keys and jingled them impudently, knowing it was impossible for any one of them to find a purchase in the thin slit of the latch-lock. This reminded him of his envelope-opener, and he tried it stem lastly in the keyhole, but it went all the way through meeting no resistance. Clearly that, too, was a failure. He waited awhile hoping something would turn up; but that something he waited for never came, or, if it did, he would have been very likely to see it, reflected, and he felt it would have been next to impossible to make himself heard, even if he had been willing to arouse the inmates by pounding with his knuckles on the door. The sleeping rooms were all upstairs, and nothing short of an explosion could arouse the servants in the basement. The boy had been known to sleep through the ringing of the door bell on more than one occasion, though the good sounded directly over his head. Clearly Huntington realized that there was nothing for him to do but remain a prisoner in the vestibule till the servants opened the doors in the morning.

### THE PROSPECT.

The prospect was not a very cheerful one, but Huntington remembered things that had been worse, and resigned himself to his fate with the best grace possible to a fellow man who had learned to appreciate the blessings of creature comfort. He did not know whether to be sorry or glad of the broken pane in the transom. "It no doubt kept the entry from being stuffy, but it was an eager and a piping hot, that made its way in through the opening.

As he snuggled down into a corner on the floor, pulling his overcoat collar up about his throat preparatory to making a try at least for a little sleep, Huntington was reminded of the night he had spent on a bench near the fountain in Madison Square. It was a long time ago now—the first night he had come to New York. He had had only fifty cents in his pocket when he took the ferry at the foot of Desboroughs street, not enough to pay for a night's lodging and breakfast in the morning, so he had made his way up Broadway and spent the night in the Park. The next morning he got a square meal at a little restaurant around on Fourth avenue and wrote the story of his night out, putting in a pretty good fate about a pair of sparrows that had spent the night in his coat pockets out of sympathy for his loneliness, sold the story to the Sun, and—well, his fortune was not made exactly, but he slept indoors that night, and had continued to do so thereafter. The fortune—a moderate one—came gradually, and with a moderate ordinary degree of fame.

Huntington was thinking of these things as he sat there in the chill of the entry, waiting for sleep to come to his tired eyes, but the dull aching of his heart made him ask himself what it was all worth, the struggle and the toils, the fame and fortune, since he had not given him the greatest thing in the world—the love of the one woman whom he had loved. For the hundredth—for the thousandth time, perhaps, during the past two months—he set himself calmly to review the matter, hoping to discover in what particular he had failed, wherein he had fallen short. He thought of Helen Trevor, beyond the years of youthful passion; he was a man, with all of a man's clearness of judgment, and his good sense placed him beyond the reach of vanity, but, consider the matter as he would, his thoughts still brought him back to the same starting point. Helen Trevor did not love him simply because he was so well-to-do, and the things which he had done, but because she loved his sweet womanliness.

Though he had told her she need not hurry with a reply to his question, the next morning brought him a letter from Helen. It was rather a longer letter than he had ever had from her, written upon some other thin, glazed hotel paper and in her own handwriting. She began by thanking Huntington for his goodness to her always, and especially for his love for her. She spoke of his offer as a compliment far beyond her expectation or her merits. Other men had asked her to marry them, she said, but his asking was different. He was not like any other man; he was kind and true, and he had loved her long before she had ever seen him. He was a man of good sense and judgment, and he had not asked her to marry him for her money. She was a woman of good sense and judgment, and she had not asked him to marry her for her money.

"It is a very good thing," he had said, and he had said at the time it was "only a woman's reason"; but the more he thought about it, the more convinced he had become that it was a very comprehensive reason. Helen did not love him, and was honest enough to say so, not beating about the bush for excuses which mean the same thing, no matter how they might sound.

Huntington had met Helen Trevor three years before at a country house party in the Catskills. She was a debutante that season, and Huntington always remembered her as he saw her first, standing in a little bit of ray of light, in the doorway of the house, her hair blown by a breeze from the sea. She was a woman of good sense and judgment, and she had not asked him to marry her for her money.

It was this thought that made him send Helen the answer that he did, trying to be very brave and magnanimous, resigning his hope of her as an anchorite might have done. And that had been the end of it, as far as she was concerned, he told himself. He fancied she would be very happy with March, and he fancied himself growing old without her. He was going to be very good to her all ways—to her and her children—and he told himself he must keep her from finding out how he loved her. He would make a brave fight and he would be very manly and honorable. There are some men who never know that it is not always best to be what they call "manly and honorable."

But this was what Huntington meant to do. There was to be no whining; he would not let the world know that he had ceased to move for him. He had his life to live, and he must make up his mind to live it alone.

"Better let her have her swing," he had said. "If she likes me I'll keep; but it may be one of those younger fellows, and I don't want to stand in her way."

So he had taken a week last, as he called it, but in spite of the admiration that was showered upon her Huntington felt that she had been very good to him. She had found time to read his books and learn his songs and hear the opera that he liked. She did not break engagements for him—he did not want that she should—but now and then he would find a blank on her card if he came in late at a ball, and she would tell him she thought he would be coming. Once or twice of a quiet Sunday morning she had risen early to walk with him out to the Cathedral to hear the music, or maybe down to Trinity or Grace church, and she would seem so joyous and so bright on these little outings, filling his whole week with gladness. Once Huntington had fancied these little acts of kindness might mean that Helen loved him. He had thought so very strongly the year she was abroad when now and then at long intervals he would get a little note from her, written on thin, glazed hotel paper telling in a few short sentences where she was and what she was doing. Usually the note would wind up with something like this:

"The child loves me," Huntington had said to himself, and after a letter like this had come several times he wrote to her and told her he loved her and asked her to be his wife. He remembered the letter, every word of it, just as he had written. He had recalled it a hundred times, wondering if there could be any doubt in her mind as to his full meaning. It was the first real love letter he had ever written, and he told himself it was a perfectly straightforward one. He began by telling his love for her, very simply, but very forcibly, he thought. "I don't mean to white about it and make her love me out of pity," he said as he wrote. He said that, while he had loved her from the first moment he met her, he had not told her before not wishing to coerce her affection or prejudice her choice. He said he had not meant to write this to her, had not meant to tell her so soon, wishing her to have full liberty to select with all the world before her wherein to choose, but that something in her little letters had made him feel that she was not altogether indifferent to him. He told her, however, not to hurry about replying to his question. He was willing to wait, leaving her perfectly free, and that even after she replied, if she did not feel quite satisfied or if she met any man whom she thought she could love one—came gradually, and with a moderate ordinary degree of fame.

"Good night," he heard the voice, and the door opened slowly, letting her into the dim, half-light.

"Helen!" he cried, staggering forward; his feet and limbs were numb with cold and the long confinement. "You!" the girl cried, shrinking away from him, suddenly slumping the door behind her. The horrible significance of her tone struck Huntington's quick ear.

"I am not drunk," he said, with a laugh, "though I don't wonder that you thought so. I simply wrenched the knob from the outer door and in trying to get my key in, I should probably have been here all night if you had not come to rescue me. I am glad of the imprisonment, however, since it has given me an opportunity to say good-bye to you at least."

"If you will let me," she said, holding out her hand, "I shall open the door for you."

"Thank you," she said. He had not told her that she could go to her own room before the boy came down, but she understood. Helen wondered herself at her own calm acceptance of the situation, but somehow she felt as if harm or fear of harm could never come to her again.

"I am afraid you will be cold without your coat," she said, as Huntington folded it for her.

"I will be all right as I am," he said, and she stepped in and closed the door behind her. He had been looking down at the clock, the first days of their meeting, the walks they had taken together, the books they had read, and suddenly daylight was peeping in over the transom. Something else was happening, too. Without on the steps was the sound of a heavy step and a thick voice.

"It is old Mason coming home a little later than usual," said Huntington. "Get up and put my coat about you. It is darker than your dress, and he will not see you in the shadow."

"So he will not disturb us," said Helen.

"Perhaps he will ring the bell," Huntington said.

scarcely spoken to Helen after that first evening. There had been only an occasional glimpse of her going and coming, and that morning when he had written her a note asking if she would be good enough to save him a dance at the Tremont-Ford's she had written back that she was afraid she would not be able to do so because of the men on the steamer whom she had promised. She said, too, that in the event of her not seeing him, she would just bid him good-bye for herself and her mother. She would leave New York by an early train the next morning.

It was the hope that after all she might have remembered him and saved him a dance just for old time's sake that spurred Huntington all day; it was the knowledge that he had lost even the chance of seeing Helen again before she left that hurt him.

When his eyes closed he went on dreaming about her, and, presently, when the sound of a key in the outer door awakened him he started up, feeling in a vague, half-conscious sort of way that it was Helen coming.

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and evil, through sunshine and through storm, there is one man who loves you and who will love you forever. Promise me you will remember," he said, unfolding his arms, and holding her away from him.

"I shall not be apt to forget when it is the only thing in the world I care to remember," the girl said, softly, turning her face up to his.

"Helen!" he cried, joyously.

"Yes," she said, very softly. But he heard, for her head was on his breast, and she was not to marry March?

"And you do love me?" "I have loved you always."

"Then why did you write me that letter?" she cried.

The girl laughed softly. "Some time I shall tell you, but just now I must say good-night and go up stairs and tell mother we need not go South after all."

"My love," he said, reverently, and stood aside with bowed head to let her pass.

**The Dog's Bark.**

As to barking, there are different sorts of barks, the meaning of each of which is well known. For example, there is the barking that at night is meant to call the master's attention to the fact that some burglar, or other evil-doer, is hovering around the premises. When I hear my Landseer Newfoundland, or my splendid St. Bernard giving warning in this way, I turn on my other side, and do not sleep the sounder, well knowing that no evil-doer would dare to enter my premises, or even my grounds.

Some years ago every house in New York was entered by burglars except my own. With inmates they had already opened a lower window of my villa, when they had to try the bark of warning has doubtless descended through long generations from the days when wild dogs hunted in packs, and it was then as useful in recalling stragglers as the bark of a dog.

Next there is the bark of joy, when a dog, for instance, meets again a kind and loving master, who may have been absent a few days. No mistaking this. It is the bark of pleasure and excitement.

### Water-Drinking.

You may remember the advice that we gave you in Chat, a year or so ago, about drinking a glass of water every night, just before going to bed. Here's something of a similar nature from the Youth's Companion.

When it is considered that the body is made up of very largely of water, it can readily be understood how important to health is a constant supply of this fluid. Many people have a notion that the drinking of water in any quantity beyond that actually necessary to quench thirst, is injurious, and acting in this belief they endeavor to drink as little as possible. The notion, however, is wide of the truth. Drinking freely of pure water is most efficacious means, not only of preserving health, but often of restoring it when falling.

All the tissues of the body need water, and water in abundance is necessary also for the proper performance of every vital function. Cleanliness of the tissues within the body is necessary to health and comfort as cleanliness of the skin, and water tends to insure the one as truly as it does the other. It dissolves the waste material, which would otherwise collect in the body, and removes it in the various excretions.

These waste materials are often actual poisons, and many headaches, many rheumatic pains and aches, many sleepless nights and listless days, and many attacks of the "blues," are due solely to the circulation in the blood or deposit in the tissues of these waste materials, which cannot be got rid of because of an insufficient supply of water.

Water is essential to making fat, and people with a tendency to corpulence avoid it for that reason. But this is not strictly true. It does undoubtedly often increase the weight, but it does so because it improves the digestion and therefore more of the food eaten is utilized and turned into fat and flesh. But excessive fat, what we call corpulence, is not a sign of health, but of faulty digestion and assimilation, and systematic water-drinking is often employed as a means of reducing the superfluous fat which it sometimes does with astonishing rapidity.

**A Clever Trick.**

It certainly looks like it. Anybody can try it who has Luric Back and Weak Kidneys, Malaria or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to the Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures Constipation, Headache, Pains, Stomach Troubles, Sleeplessness, and Melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c a bottle at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

**Useful Books.**

If a scholar has little money for books, he should expend it mostly on works of reference, and so get a daily return for his outlay. So seems to have thought a young man of whom we recently heard, who, when asked by an canvasser to purchase an encyclopedia, said he had one.

"Which one is it?" inquired the canvasser.

"The young man could not remember. Neither could he tell who published it, but it was a fine work, in many large volumes.

"Do you ever use them?" asked the agent.

"Certainly—almost every day."

"Oh, I press my trousers with them. They are splendid for that."—Rambler.

### The Class in Physiology.

Here are some answers made by 12-year-old pupils in a physiology examination to questions about the bones, stomach, heart, etc.

- "The bones hold up the body and we could not walk without them."
- "The stomach is a pear-shaped bag furnished with skin."
- "If it wasn't for bones we would be like a caterpillar and could walk."
- "The stomach is a pear shaped bag. It holds the head, trunk and limbs and it holds a round ball on top of the stomach. It holds the brain and the trunk, the chest and abdomen."
- "The pulse is the beating of arteries in the wrist, and we need the pulse because then the doctors can tell whether we are in poor health or bad health."
- "Tobacco makes the heart beat eager and weakens the heart."
- "The liver can be felt below the ribs and it makes the bile."
- "The pulse is a little thing in the wrist and it tells when a person is not healthy."
- "The capillars are a net work of long capillars and they grably be and unite with the veins."
- "When we run and play and jump is called exercise. We need it to make the blood flow faster and brisker."
- "The most important articles of diet are clothing, pure food, fresh air, exercise and potatoes."
- "Gymnastic is an exercise. You do that with dumb poles."—Harriet Times.

### Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sprains, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chills, Burns, 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, Pa., or at W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

"I 'hyah dah' a heap of talk bet' said 'bout de public policy of dis here country," remarked Miss Mamma Brown.

"Yes," replied Mr. Erasmus Pinsky. "I 'hyah dah' 'bout hyah. But I 'm' say de policy dah' played in private is 'hyah' er had ter be."—Washington Star.

Stranger (slipping him a silver dollar)—"Polliceman, 'bout dis 'hyah' little present. Now tell me, on the dead where I can find a quiet little place going on." Polliceman (pocketing the dollar)—"Thanky, Sir. There isn't any quiet little place going on anywhere in town, sir."—Chicago Tribune.

I had the rheumatism so badly that I could not get my hand to my head. I tried the doctor's medicine without the least benefit. At last I thought of Chamberlain's Pain Balm: the first bottle relieved all of the pain, and one-half of the second bottle effected a complete cure.—W. J. Holland, Holland, Va. Chamberlain's Pain Balm is equally good for sprains, swellings and lameness, as well as burns, cuts and bruises, for sale at all drug stores.

"Do you see the man and the woman?" "Yes, I see the man and the woman." "Do you think they are married?" "No. They are not married." "Why do you think they are not married?" "Because he has asked her if she objects to taking him, and she has replied that she loves the smell of smoke."—Cleveland Leader.

"Look at the big suns peering and Nansen are taking me," said a comrade who loved the smell of smoke."—Cleveland Leader.

"Yes, look at me—been curing a Boston heifer a whole year and haven't made a cent."—Detroit Free Press.

O. W. O. Hardman, when sheriff of Tyler Co., W. Va., was, at one time, almost prostrated with a cold. He used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and was so much pleased with the quick relief and cure it afforded him, that he gave the following unsolicited testimonial: "To all who may be interested, I wish to say that I have used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and find it invaluable for coughs and colds." For sale by all druggists.