

**The Somerset Herald.**  
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# The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1898.

WHOLE NO. 2427.

### Worn Out?

Do you come to the close of the day, exhausted? Does this continue day after day, possibly week after week? Perhaps you are even too exhausted to sleep. Then something is wrong. All these things indicate that you are suffering from nervous exhaustion. Your nerves need feeding and your blood enriching.

#### Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil, with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, contains just the remedies to meet these wants. The cod-liver oil gives the needed strength, enriches the blood, feeds the nerves, and the hypophosphites give them tone and vigor. Be sure you get **SCOTT'S Emulsion.**

### THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

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

### The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA.

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

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

A GOOD HEARSE, and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

### REPAIRING A SPECIALTY

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

J. D. SWANK.

### HENCH & DRONGOLD'S SAWMILL AND ENGINES

**DON'T!**  
I might have just the most fun if I wasn't for a word.  
I think the very worst one.  
"At ever I have heard."  
I even try it at times.  
"But I'm afraid it won't."  
"I just say it'll stay away."  
That awful word of "don't."

### COUNT NECKERS' REPRIEVE.

On January 7, 1898, Prince Degenthal, colonel of the Hussars, was opening the carnival with a ball in his house, and his eldest daughter, Princess Pauline, was being pressed for far more dances than could possibly take place before daylight.

The name of flirt, though obviously an innocent one. In fact, it had occurred to him once or twice before to-night that he himself was almost the only man in the regiment on whom she had not tried her hand, probably because he looked too clumsy or too grim to be lightly experimented upon, or possibly because she had guessed his secret, and was merciful enough to spare him.

As an incident of the evening, the countenance was in the progress of the evening, and he had not even a shadow of an idea of how he would come off. He had known that it could not end otherwise, but he had not yet come to accept the event. From the moment that the young man had stood opposite to him, sword in hand, and that in a prophetic flash he had seen his fate sealed, the feeling of hatred within him had died out as completely as though it had never been.

Presently, standing shielded by the window curtain, Brentner caught sight of two figures turning down the street. It was this he had been waiting for, he knew that the two young lieutenants of the regiment who, in accordance with an old-established custom, had been sent to beg for the life of their comrade, would have to pass by his lodging on their way back from the colonel's residence.

When, two hours later, they met again in the riding school—no longer as dancer and looker-on, but as superior and subordinate—the first glance at the lieutenant's face, as fresh and smiling as though he had not spent his night in an over-heated ball room, told the captain that the monster was as wide awake as ever.

There was a bar to jump, which the brute ridden by Neckers would not even approach—the easiest opportunity possible for a superior disposed to harass his subordinate. Count Neckers, stalling till now, was beginning to look grave.

Count Neckers' boyishly rosy face turned suddenly pale. He had borne a great deal, understanding the reason of his persecution, and perhaps tripping in it; but this time the insult was too obviously intentional to be accepted by the high spirit of his race. Before anyone could interfere the young man had jumped from the back of his foaming horse, and, forgetting everything but his threatened honor, had drawn his sword upon his superior.

ness was over, but its consequences were yet to come.  
A week later he sat alone in his room, staring "blankly" at the clock on the wall and asking himself whether there existed no means of stopping those stealthy creeping hands. The court-martial, which was the inevitable sequel of the scene in the riding school, had pronounced the inevitable sentence, and this was the day on which Lieutenant Neckers was to die by powder and shot for the crime of insubordination. He had known that it could not end otherwise, but he had not yet come to accept the event.

He stepped short, breathless with the hurry of speaking, and looked at her with flaming eyes that commanded far more than they beseeched. Her sword, wide open and uplifted, were fixed upon his troubled face, while her shaking fingers clutched the chair back yet tighter.  
"Speak! say something!" he said fiercely, as she did not yet break the silence. "There is no time to lose. Even at this moment they may be leading him past my window."

For a moment longer she stood searching his face with her wild eyes, and apparently struggling to speak.  
"I will go," she whispered at last; "and I will tell my father the truth—as you bid me."  
Alone in the deserted drawing room Brentner stood for a short space, debating with himself as to whether he should wait for the result of the appeal, or, having finally smothered up his cap and almost ran back to his lodging, to take up his post once more at the window.

Brentner was standing in the middle of the big room—the same room in which the ball had taken place—upright, and with his two hands resting on the bill of his sword.  
"Tell Princess Pauline that I must speak to her at once," he said in exactly the same tone he had used towards the servant. "At once," he repeated, "and alone."

"What is it you want of me?" she said so low that Brentner only just caught the words, and standing still beside one of the old-fashioned, high-backed chairs, she took hold of his glittering face like a steady hand.  
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"I have never until now had the opportunity of thanking you, Princess, for your kindness in according to my wish when I asked you to go to your father," he began in a stiff, formal voice, very different from the impassioned tone he had had on that occasion.  
Pauline flicked at the tree branches with her riding whip, and made no answer.  
"I am more thankful than I can say that your prayers were not spoken in vain."  
"I, too, am thankful," said Pauline, with what sound like dawdling irritation in her voice.

"I suppose the Prince was very hard to move?" remarked Brentner hastily.  
"He was not easy to move," was all she said, in not apparently on a flicking off as many leaves as she could reach.

Then Princess Pauline turned slowly in her saddle and looked with flashing eyes at her companion.  
"His own?" she echoed haughtily.  
"Who told you that he has his claim?"  
"But did not your own lips say so on that terrible day?"  
"You are dreaming; it was your lips that said so—no mine."  
"And yet you told your father—"

"Oh, how slow you are!" cried Pauline with a burst of characteristic petulance which swept aside every other consideration. "Do you not understand yet that it was for you I got the reprimand, and not for Count Neckers? Had you not as good as told me that you would shut a ball through your head, rather than live a murderer?"

A change of climate is highly recommended by physicians to those who suffer from many of the prevailing diseases of life; indeed, this change seems a sort of panacea for all the ills and cares of existence.

Under these circumstances it is the duty of geographers and scientists to bring to the door of the sufferer who cannot get away from his environment some remedy that will tide him over the shoals and quicksands of his immediate present. When the Creator of all things put together such an intricate and amazing bit of machinery as the human frame, He provided for it not only the means of going on, but also the means of restoring lost vitality and correcting many evils.

"Deafness Can Not be Cured" by local applications as they can not reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it swells and closes off the connection with the middle ear. As a result, the vibrations of the eardrum are not transmitted, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

"Mamma—'Now, Edward, the best portions of the fowl are for the guests, so what are you going to say when I ask you what you will have?'"  
Edward—"Just a few of the fowls, if you please."—New York Life.

When you are suffering from Catarrh or Cold in the head you want relief right away. Only 10 cents is required to test it. Ask your druggist for the trial size of Ely's Cream Balm, or buy the 50c. size. We mail it.

**Butter Without a Cow.**  
A Baltimore inventor asserts that he has discovered a process of making butter direct from the vegetables which constitute the usual food of cattle. Electricity is the force employed, and according to the Boston Herald, the inventor evolved his process from the discovery that the peculiar characteristics of different varieties of butter, cheese, etc., were owing to two general causes. One was the kind of food on which the cow was fed; the other was the kind of microbes nourished and by the roots of the plant which furnished the food to the cow.

When oils are extracted by heat, or the mechanical violence of pressure, the deleterious nitrogenous characteristics of the globe sheaths are imparted to the oil globules themselves, and no art can separate them afterwards. Here comes in the great discovery in the use of the electric light.

Another effect was also produced. Whatever microbe was associated with any particular oil or fat was killed by the antiseptic power of the light, thus leaving the article free from any of its native microbes and ready to be used as a culture medium for any desired microbe.

Mr. R. B. Geever, merchant of Challow, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business and Dr. King's New Discovery is the greatest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community.

Children's Parties.  
A word of warning on the subject may not be amiss at this season. It is impossible not to realize that the so-called "pleasure" of a children's party involves a very large measure of excitement before and after the event, so that, apart from the exposure to the chances of "chill," and improper food and drink on the occasion, there is an amount of wear, tear and waste attending these parties which ought to be estimated, and the estimate can scarcely be a low one. It may seem ungracious to strive to put a limit on the pleasures of the young, but it must not be forgotten that early youth is the period of growth and development, and that anything and everything that causes special waste of organic material without a compensatory stimulus to nutrition ought to be avoided.

**Too Good a Boy.**  
Mamma—"Now, Edward, the best portions of the fowl are for the guests, so what are you going to say when I ask you what you will have?"  
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**Cattle In Texas.**  
The Texas Live Stock Association, one of the largest live stock organizations in the country, is now holding its annual meeting in St. Louis, Mo.

For the same reason, the new articles are so afflicted by any disease, such as tetanus, typhoid fever, which may be carried and transmitted in the milk of cows, as well as by contamination from barnyard associations.

Consumption Positively Cured.  
Mr. R. B. Geever, merchant of Challow, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by use of two bottles.

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**Carrying a Flattery Too Far.**  
The Doctor, "It's twins, sir."  
Young Husband, "I might have known it; it's my wife's hobby that two can live as cheaply as one."—Tit-Bits.

**Beckien's Arnica Salve.**  
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Clapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures them, 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 G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

**How She Managed It.**  
Ella—"He seemed to question me with his eyes all the evening."  
Hattie—"Then I suppose you used your nose in answering him?"  
Ella—"On the contrary, I waited until he found his voice, and then—Don't you think my engagement ring is lovely, dear?"—Chicago News.

In old times, when the country was new, and shops and stores were a day's journey from the door of the householder, borrowing appeared sometimes a necessity. The good man or woman of the house came to an emergency when suddenly a call upon the neighbors seemed to meet the case. In most instances lending was a cheerful course, and the borrower rarely felt under obligations to reciprocate if occasion offered. But every community had what might be called its professional borrowers—families who, perhaps, were not as improvident as they were greedy and selfish. What they borrowed they didn't have to buy, and anything obtained in this way was clear gain. They would borrow anything that the neighbors would lend them, from the carving knife to the family carriage, and it was a fortunate circumstance indeed, if the fortune came to them in good time.

Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely on a healthy condition of all the vital organs. If the liver be inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach be disordered, you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health, and you will surely have good looks.

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