The Somerset Herald.
ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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as Scott's and we sell it much cheaper," is a statement sometimes made by the druggist when Scott's Emulsion is called for. This shows that the druggists themselves regard

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda as the standard, and the purchaser who desires to procure the "standard" because he knows it has been of untold benefit, should not for one instant think of taking the risk of using some untried preparation. The substitution of something said to be "just as good" for a standard preparation twenty-five years on the market, should not be permitted by the intelligent purchaser.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper 50c. and $1.00, all druggists.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

In Considering Life Assurance—

It isn't so much what **others** are receiving to-day, as what **you** will receive twenty years from now.

**A Surplus**—of over Forty-three Million Dollars speaks for the future of a policy in the Equitable Life Assurance Society—Tells of security as well as future dividends.

Ask to see the new Cash Guarantee Policy.

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First National Bank
—OF—
Somerset, Penn'a.
Capital, $50,000.
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DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND. ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.
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The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated CORLISS BURGLAR PROOF SAFE. The only safe made absolutely burglar-proof.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The Hon. JACOB H. LONGENECKER, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties composing the 16th Judicial District, and Judge of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and D. J. HOUNSER and GEORGE J. BLACK, Esq's., Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Somerset, have issued their precepts, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer at Somerset, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1898.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said county of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their office and in that behalf appertain to be done, and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset County, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

M. H. HARTZELL,
Sheriff.

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.

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prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as Cheap as the Cheapest.

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

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For Catarrh Hay-Fever Cold in Head

ELY'S CREAM BALM is a positive cure. Apply into the nostrils. It is quickly absorbed. 50 cents at Druggists or by mail; samples 10c. by mail. ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York City.

THE OLD HORSE.

Ay, sell the old horse, if you will,
For he is broken down
And weak with years—why care for that?
There's plenty in the town
To take his place and do his work,
To go the pace he went
By day or night, or rain or shine,
Until his strength was spent.

He never stopped to reason why,
To ask that this be done,
Or that; he knew his duty;
He did it on the run.
He served his master as he best
Knew how to serve—and now
Go sell him; he is loyal and
Will not ask why, or how.

A horse is not a sentiment;
He can not think or speak
Or vote; then why protect him when
He's worthless, old and weak?
For him no starry banner floats
On every breeze that blows;
For him no pension comforts come
When years his labors close.

Ay, sell the old horse, if you will;
He will not ask you why,
Nor make complaint when he is turned
Adrift to starve and die;
But faithful in his labors still,
As when they were begun,
He will not care; he is content,
With duty bravely done.

—Kansas Farmer.

## ON A TIGHT ROPE WITH A MADMAN.

No one who saw the tawdry finery of his tinsel trappings and the cheap viatoria as single handed and alone he prepared the paraphernalia for his appointments of the famous Signor Saltight-rope performance which had brought him his glory would have ever imagined that there was time or space in his busy life for a romance. The signor was a peripatetic perambulator of the rope; and his field of performance lay in country towns, where it was his wont to stretch his narrow pathway across a street from roof to roof of houses whose owners were willing to extend that privilege to him in exchange for tickets to "the Great and Only Megatherian Concert," which followed the outdoor exhibition. Yet he had a romance, and there were in it those elements which one greater than the Signor Salviatoria might easily have crystallized into a melodrama that would have stirred the applause of a thousand galleries.

"The greatest act I ever done," he said with a natural and easy disregard of accent and syntax, "I done in an Ohio town about ten years ago. I was doing my turn there for a week, as it was the county fair season, and I was following their trail like a sleuth, for they brought people to town and helped my business, never none too good. The third night of my performance, which was a half hour exhibition in midair before the concert had begun, I had gone up on the roof to get things ready, and while I was pottering around snuggin' up the rope and seeing that there wasn't any loose cogs to be dropping I heard a screech up through the scuttle hole leading to the roof, and the next second out popped a woman like one of these here jumping jacks. It give me a hard pull on my nerves, but I flew over to see what the matter was. It was my landlady—and here I want to say tha' when I stop for any time in a town I go to a boarding house where I can get a rate that won't break me. Got to do it in this line. Can't give it all to railroads and hotels.

"In this case I not only stopped at this boarding house, but the landlady let me stretch my rope from her roof to the roof of the house across the way, and as it was the main street of the town it was convenient all the way round for me. The only drawback was that the lady had a half-crazy husband that never had done anything for her when he had his senses, and now she had to support him and take his abuse of her every time he got a jealous fit, which was every time she had a new boarder that was anything for looks and style."

Signor Salviatoria stopped a moment at this remark, stroked his little chin whiskers and smiled retrospectively.

"She had only been polite to me because I had been polite to her as any gent should be when there is a pretty woman around, and the landlady was the prettiest little woman, about as big as a piece of soap, I had met.

"As I was saying, when I got to her she had slung the cover to the scuttle hole over it and was sitting on it with her jaw set and trying to stick her toes into the roof to help hold it down. In a mighty few words she told me her husband was on the chase after her with a hatchet to kill her and he would be up from below in a minute. She wasn't as bad scared as I was, for I didn't have much experience in that kind of business and didn't know what to do. I didn't have anything to defend myself or her with either, and the more I thought of the situation the more I begun to think how many things there were that were more dangerous than walking a tight rope fifty feet above the earth, and me as innocent as a babe. The little woman told me to bring a barrelful of sand there was over in one corner of the roof and we'd set it over the cover of the scuttle to hold it down. I done it as fast as I could and when we had the barrel there and about fixed the crazy husband came slashing up with his hatchet. As luck would have it, the sand fell in on him and knocked him off the ladder below and the barrel got stuck in the hole, so the little woman and me had a minute or two to think, and she done the thinking.

"'Are you afraid?' says she.

"'Some,' says I, nodding toward the scuttle hole.

"'I mean of me?' says she smiling.

"'Not much,' says I.

"'Are you strong?' says she.

"'That's part of my act,' says I, 'but not against a crazy man with a hatchet,' says, I, wondering what she would do next and about how long it would be till the crazy man was on deck with his tomahawk gleaming in the air.

"'Then,' says she, 'grab hold of me right quick and carry me across the rope over to Mrs. Peck's house, so's my husband won't get at me with that axe.'

"She had more nerve in a minute than I had in a week, but when she said that, my professional pride come to me, and without any more talk I reached for my balancing pole, and, stooping down so she could get on my back, which she didn't like very much, I made a quick run for the end of the rope just as the crazy husband come out of the scuttle through the barrel and tumbled down on the roof half smothered with sand. I told her to hold tight and do the prayin' for both of us and I thought I could get her through safe. I don't know how I ever got out on that rope with her on my back, for that wasn't the way my profession done business, but I got there, and as I shot out with the woman clinging to me the people in the street below set up such a yell as I never heard before, and I come near losing my balance, for I knew, and they didn't, why this feature that wasn't on the bills was being showed.

"The crowed yelled about twice, and then all of a sudden got so still I could hear the little woman's heart beat. Anyway, I thought I could, but maybe it was my own. I knew when they done that the crowd had seen the man on the roof with the hatchet and recognized him, for all the people in the town knew the kind of a fellow he was. At the same time the crowd got still something came to me telling me to nerve myself, for the crazy man would cut the rope and drop me and my load in the street to be crushed into a shapeless mass, and I came near letting go and dropping before I was dropped. I couldn't see what was going on behind me, and all the little woman knew she was whispering to me to go ahead, because we were safe if I only kept my path. I didn't know whether she thought about the man with the hatchet or not. Likely she did. It wasn't her to mention it, though, under them circumstances.

"While I was thinking about him cutting the rope I was getting along it toward the safe end as fast as I could, the little woman hanging on till she nearly choked me, but it didn't hurt, and I was standing it beautiful. It's funny how a man will find pleasure in life when there's so much in sight that ain't, and I nearly forgot the man with the hatchet thinking about the little woman's arms holding onto my neck as the one hope for her life. But it was only for a second; then I felt a jar on the rope and I choked and braced myself, for I was sure that the crazy man was beginning to cut, and I knew that three or four licks would be enough. I waited for the second jar, but it didn't come, and in its place come a spring to the rope, as if a weight had been taken off it, followed by a swishing sound and a dull thud on the sidewalk fifty feet below us. At the same time the crowd sent up a groan as if every person in it was hurt. I didn't know for sure what had happened, but I guessed that the crazy man, like most any crazy person or a mad dog, only had room in his mind for one thing at a time, and when that was there there wasn't space for any more. He wanted to kill his wife, and the only way he knew how to do it was with the hatchet by cutting her to pieces. It did not strike him that he could kill her by cutting the rope and letting her drop to the ground. That was too much for him. He knew an easier way, and as she was out there on the rope not forty feet from him he would go out there and kill her. Crazy people have such a crazy way of doing things, don't they? He did, and when he took his second step out on the rope he went over and down to his death. That's what had made the rope spring back. I guess the little woman must have felt that something awful had happened, though she never said a word, because when I at last stepped safe on to the roof and the crowd yelled a hundred times louder than they did before they knew what they were about, the little woman let go her hold around my neck and dropped at my feet in a dead faint, and I didn't blame her, either; it was time for somebody to faint, and if she hadn't a done it I would, sure pop. Her doing it gave me something else to think about, and I got her downstairs as quick as I could, where the women took charge of her and soon brought her out all right.

"I guess that's all there is to it," smiled the signor picking up his balancing pole and pointing it to a date line and some initials on it. "This is the one that steadied us over, and the little woman had them put on there when she become the blushing bride of Signor Salviatoria," and the signor bowed with a sweep that would have entranced an audience of millions.—New York Sun.

### To Our Customers.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough syrup we have ever used ourselves or in our families. W. H. King, Isaac P. King and many others in this vicinity, have also pronounced it the best. All we want is for people to try it and they will be convinced. Upon honor, there is no better that we have ever tried, and we have used many kinds.—R. A. BLAKE & SON, General Merchants, Big Tunnel, Va. Sold by all druggists.

### Glass Eyes by the Bushel.

One French house turns out annually 300,000 glass eyes, and 2,000,000 more are made in Germany and Switzerland. The average duration of the glass eye is five years, after which time it becomes clouded and loses its natural appearance.

After using a 10 cent trial size of Ely's Cream Balm you will be sure to buy the 50 cent size. Cream Balm has no equal in curing catarrh and cold in head. Ask your druggist for it or send 10 cents to us.

ELY BROS.,
56 Warren St., N. Y. City.

I suffered from Catarrh three years; it got so bad I could not work; I used two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm and am entirely well; I would not be without it.—A. C. Clarke, 341 Shawmut Ave., Boston.

## THE TRUE STORY OF "AXIE" YODER,

### A Somerset County Celebrity Whose Genius Was in Advance of His Generation.

BY W. H. WELFLEY.

The readers of the HERALD will doubtless remember an amusing article which appeared in its columns in 1895 entitled "Axie and the other Argonauts," the central figure or hero of which was the late Joseph J. Joder.

Now, it is true that the legends concerning him as they are related in that article, do substantially exist among the older families of Elk Lick and Summit townships, where they have been handed down for several generations, and the talented author, when he condensed them into a newspaper article, was not drawing very much, if any, upon his imagination.

These legends had their first origin among the more ignorant of his neighbors—people who did not really know nor understand a man who, notwithstanding his plain garb and the fact that he had been brought up among them, was, so far as education and general information were concerned, far in advance of many of his fellows—and they place him in a somewhat false light in the eyes of the present generation, among whom his name still lingers. His lines were cast in what may be called the primitive times of the settlement, days in which any man of an investigating turn of mind could expect to be accused of dealing in the "black art."

A different story of this man's life can be told from that which would be looked for after hearing these legends as they are still related, and it is the present writer's purpose to try and tell something of this story.

Jacob Joder (the name in our time is usually spelled and pronounced Yoder) was one of the early pioneer settlers of Somerset county. He is said to have been born in Switzerland, or possibly in one of the German protestant provinces, and came to America when quite a young man. It is known that his father also emigrated to America, but his name is forgotten, nor is it known that he ever lived in Somerset county.

Jacob Joder (or Yoder) took up a farm on the east bank of the Casselman river, about two and a half miles west of what is now Meyersdale, about the year 1750, possibly a year or two earlier, or perhaps a little later; the precise date can not now be determined. What is now known as Yoder station is on this farm. His wife was a daughter of John Hochstetler, who was the pioneer ancestor of the Hochstetler family of our day.

The family of Jacob Yoder consisted of four sons and three daughters, as follows: John, Elizabeth, Joseph J., Anna, Sarah, Daniel and Solomon. Of these, John Yoder was married to a sister of the late Michael Sipe, and moved to Holmes county, Ohio; Elizabeth Yoder became the wife of Jost Schrock; Anna Yoder was married to Frederick Helmuth, and they also moved to Holmes county, Ohio, in 1835.

Jacob Yoder died in 1828, and his remains rest in a graveyard near the Casselman River.

Daniel and Solomon Yoder became the owners of the home farm after their father's death, and lived and died in Somerset county.

Joseph J. Joder was born on the Yoder farm on the 11th day of December, 1788, and on this farm his early days were passed. In his time there were no common schools. His family were Amish. Now, the writer does not wish to convey the idea that the early Amish people were against the educating of their children. To this they gave some attention, but it had to be in the German language; it was educating their children in the English language that they resisted.

But, notwithstanding the attitude of Jacob Yoder's co-religionists on the matter of the education of their children, his son Joseph received what for that day was a fair English education. He wrote quite a legible English hand, as specimens of his writing as far back as 1820, which have been preserved, will show.

Jost Miller, who lived near the mouth of Blue Lick run, about a mile and a half down the river from Meyersdale, was a blacksmith. In 1810 Joseph Joder went to his shop and became an apprentice to this Jost Miller, remaining with him for two years. He then seems to have worked at the trade two years longer with one Jacob Dietz. In 1814 he stayed with his father for a short time on the farm, and later entered into a partnership with John Bittner, who was also a blacksmith. This continued until late in 1815.

About this time he determined to go to Philadelphia, where he apprenticed himself to Elliot & Co. for the purpose of learning the art of watchmaking and repairing. This was in January, 1816. He remained in the city something over a year employed in this business. Deciding to quit the city, he laid in a considerable stock of the more fancy goods of that day, supplied himself with a set of watchmaker's tools and returned to Somerset county, when he engaged in the occupation of peddling, as well as repairing, watches and clocks.

An old account-book shows that he sold goods on credit to one hundred and thirty-two persons in Somerset township, all of which accounts were settled and paid save two; these two persons living somewhat out of the way were never asked to pay. Would a peddler or any other business man fare so well in giving credit to the descendants of these people in the present day?

In 1820 he established himself in Salisbury and opened a shop for the repairing of watches and clocks; but that section was then still sparsely settled and he soon left the town and returned to his father's farm.

In December, 1820, he married Gertrude Schrock. He settled himself in a shop near the mouth of Blue Lick run and resumed the blacksmithing business. This was in a general way, doing all sorts of such work in this line as is required in a community of farmers. He was not long in finding out that there was a need and a call in the community for axes and edge tools, such as drawing knives, etc., and that none of the blacksmiths were able to make them; for hardly one in a hundred among them could weld caststeel upon iron. He therefore began to experiment in the way of welding caststeel and in tempering it when it was welded, and in time mastered it thoroughly. But to do this, it was necessary to devote some time to the study of chemistry and metallurgy. He bought the needed books, supplied himself with an outfit of chemical apparatus, etc., needed for his experiments and investigation, and in time he became a rather expert chemist, at least so far as the working of iron and steel was concerned.

Now a man can not do a work of this sort in just the same manner that he would go about in the making of a horse-shoe or a cow-chain. He had to prepare for himself a sort of a laboratory where he could carry on his experiments and keep his apparatus, etc., free from the hands of outside meddlers. Naturally he would keep it under lock and key; and just this is what gave rise to those legends that became current among the more ignorant of the community that he dealt in the black art, and had entered into a league with the evil one; some even went so far as to say that he made counterfeit money in this secret chamber.

Among other things used in the successful welding of steel was borax. He had a method of pulverizing and preparing this article for use, the secret of which was zealously guarded; and when so prepared it was worth, perhaps, three or four times as much as was the raw article. We have said that he thoroughly mastered the art of welding and tempering steel.

He now quit common blacksmithing entirely, and devoted his time to the making of axes, chisels, drawing knives and all sorts of edge tools that were needed in the community, as well as animal traps, forks and other implements of steel. The fame of his axes and edge tools for excellence speedily spread all through the surrounding country, and they were eagerly sought for as much as fifty and sixty miles away.

The axes had a steel poll, as well as a steel edge. The weight, number, piece and maker's name were all carefully stamped on each axe, and they were not ground down to a sharp edge, as are the axes we buy in the stores in our own day; on the contrary, the edge was left at a thickness of perhaps a sixteenth of an inch, and was ground to an edge by the purchaser. Such as were not sold from the shop were taken out and left at the stores through the surrounding country, to be sold on commission.

In his work he always used a four-pound hand-hammer. In time the patent axe of the present day, which was sold at a much lower price, came into competition with the Joder axe in the stores; but in the community in which they were made, the Joder axe always held its own as long as Mr. Joder was able to make them. Of course, it was not possible for any one man to make all the axes and other tools that were called for, and he soon began to take apprentices, who were carefully instructed in the art, and who, as they became free, were given employment as journeymen. The late Aaron Schrock, of Middlecreek, who was his brother-in-law, was the first of these apprentices. The article of indenture bearing the date of September 22, 1821, and written by Joseph J. Joder himself in a fair clerkly hand, is still in possession of Capt. Wm. M. Schrock, a son of Aaron Schrock, and, as it is something of a curiosity, is here given:

*THIS INDENTURE* Witnesseth, that Aaron Schrack, of the township of Brothersvalley, in the county of Somerset, by and with his own consent hath put himself, and by these presents doth voluntarily and of his own free will and accord, put himself apprentice to Joseph J. Joder, of the same place, blacksmith, to learn his art, trade and mystery, and, after the manner of an apprentice, to serve him from the day and date hereof, for and during the full end and term of three years next ensuing; during all of which term the apprentice his said master faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere readily obey. He shall do no damage to his said master, nor see it done by others, without letting or giving notice thereof to his said master. He shall not waste his said master's goods, nor lend them unlawfully to any. He shall neither buy nor sell. He shall not absent himself day nor night from his said master's service without his leave, nor haunt ale-houses, taverns or play-houses, but in all things behave himself as a faithful apprentice ought to do during the said term. And the said master shall use the utmost of his endeavors to teach or cause to be taught or instructed the said apprentice in the trade or mystery of a blacksmith, and procure for him sufficient meat drink, apparel, lodging and washing, fitting for an apprentice, during the said term of three years, and give him within the said term one month's schooling, and give him also yearly twelve days free in hay-making and harvest-time; and when he is free give him two suits of clothing, one good watch, and one good rifle.

And for the performance of all and singular the covenants and agreements aforesaid, the said parties bind themselves each unto the other firmly by these presents.

*In Witness Whereof* the said parties have set their hands and seals hereunto. Dated the first day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-one.

Sealed and delivered
in the presence of AARON SCHRACK, Seal.
Abraham Miller,
Peter Miller, Jr. JOSEPH J. JODER, Seal.

Certainly a man capable of drawing up an instrument of writing such as this is, was no ignorant mountebank, given to consulting "Hex doctors," "Erd Spiegels" and the like.

Mr. Joder has left it as a matter of record that Aaron Schrock was the most obedient and faithful apprentice he ever had; and he also became the best workman. The late Michael Koontz, who lived several miles south of Somerset, was his next apprentice.

Other apprentices seem to have been: David Frankhauser, John Swartzendruber, Samuel Judy, Gabriel Schrock, Leonard Berkey, John Yowler, Joseph Weimer, George Lichty, Benjamin J. Joder, (his son) Thomas Moore and George Coleman. As soon as an apprentice or journeyman could really make and shape an axe he was allowed a stamp of his own, and was permitted to stamp his name under that of J. J. Joder.

After Michael Koontz became free, he located a shop about three miles south of Somerset, on the Centreville road. Joder sent the iron, steel, borax, etc., to him, his son Benjamin usually doing the hauling. Koontz then worked and shaped the material into axes; then they were hauled back to Mechanicsburg to Mr. Joder's shop, where he tempered them himself. Others of the journeymen may have done the same.

We give here a statement of the number of axes made by Joseph J. Joder himself, as well as those made by the apprentices and journeymen, but which received the final tempering and hardening at his hands:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| No. made by | Joseph J. Joder, | 4,550 |
| " | Michael Koontz, | 2,200 |
| " | David Frankhauser, | 360 |
| " | John Swartzendruber, | 300 |
| " | Samuel Judy, | 700 |
| " | Gabriel Schrock, | 900 |
| " | Leonard Berkey, | 200 |
| " | John Youler, | 1,142 |
| " | Joseph Weimer, | 25 |
| " | George Lichty, | 436 |
| " | B. J. Joder, | 418 |
| " | Thomas Moore, | 29 |
| " | George Coleman, | 1,195 |
| Total | | 12,355 |

Besides these there were hundreds of chisels, drawing knives, etc., made here also.

These figures are from his books as he kept them, and came down to 1857, when he quit work.

We believe the last of his apprentices were Jerome Bowman and Jere. J. Livengood; the latter now resides at Salisbury. Bowman went to the war and lost his good right arm in the service, and could no longer work at the trade. Mr. Livengood became a worthy successor to the great axe-maker, and we venture to say that, as a maker of steel and edge tools, he does not have his equal in Somerset county.

About the year 1824 he bought a small tract of land from William Miller, which then was in Elk Lick township. Here he built himself a house, shop and small barn.

Later he laid this land off into town lots, filing the plot in the Recorder's office at Somerset. He gave his new town the name of Mechanicsburg, though when a postoffice was established it could not keep this name, but took the name of Summit Mills. It was for a long time also called "Yotter Stheddle" by the German-speaking portion of the people.

In addition to his axe-making he also paid some attention to repairing clocks and watches. Indeed there were few things in the metal line he could not make. Doctors in that community in those days were but few, and for a long time he kept for sale a stock of simple family medicines. No one who ever knew him well will deny that he was not of an inquiring turn of mind and given to investigation, and he also had some talent for invention. The much talked of nail-making machine was not an invention of his. His invention was a device for feeding a nail-making machine. The machines then in use did not permit the making of a cheap nail. His invention, attached to a nail-making machine, as a self-feeder, enabled one man or boy to do the work of a dozen men or boys in looking after a machine or in feeding it.

It goes without saying that it was a useful invention. It is also certain that he was unjustly robbed of his invention.

This is said to have come about in this way: While he was a man of intelligence he was of a confiding nature. He judged other men somewhat by himself, and he thought other men were as honest as he himself certainly was.

It would seem that he lacked the means at that time of patenting the machine and getting it into use. The writer does not know how expensive the obtaining of a patent was in those days nor whether it was at that time possible as now to protect an invention for a reasonable time by filing a caveat at a trifling expense. At any rate he did exhibit his machine first among his neighbors in the hope that some one would join him in securing the patent and getting the invention into use, but none of these would make the venture. After some correspondence with a firm of patent lawyers he took his model to Pittsburg, where he showed it to several men who were in the nail-making business, but failed to enlist their aid.

Yet there can be but little doubt but that these men saw the merit of the invention, and that some one of their number took the good points of his model and forestalled him in the procuring of the patent.

The old man and his oldest son both have always claimed that there was rascality practiced somewhere in the matter.

It is not true that he ever made a search for any hidden treasure, squandering a fortune therein, as many people believe. It is true that he did make a search for minerals and metals that he and others supposed might exist in that part of Somerset county.

With regard to the search made in this direction along Pine run, in Greenville township, the following we believe is a true account, because it is derived from one yet living, who took some part in the work, which was done in 1836.

Something in the nature of a company had been formed. Altogether $225.00 had been raised in this way. Three of the Bluebaughs, each had a share; a Mr. Hare, of Hopwood, Fayette county, had two shares; Frederick Bealman and John McDonald had each a share; Joder himself had three shares; several other persons had each a share.

The primary object of the search along the mountain was for iron ore, which was found, but not in such quantity as would justify working it. There were a number of excavations made along the run and mountain.

There was one made in the locality described in this new legend of the argonauts, but it was not made for the purpose of finding any hidden treasure-chest. "Die Erd Spiegel" of Moll Dell cut no figure. This particular excavation was made to a depth of perhaps eight or ten feet, and was on low ground and but a short distance from the run, the seepage of whose waters through the intervening earth and rock strata could not be kept out of the pit, and it had to be abandoned. It is true that watch was kept for any other metal or mineral that the rocks might carry, other than iron, and that Mr. Joder did carefully test the several rocks encountered, and did find some traces of silver, but not of a paying character.

The search was then abandoned. It was found that the sum of $195.00 had been expended, leaving a balance of $25.00, which was returned to the shareholders. The books and papers relating to the transaction are still in existence, and can be shown. This is the foundation for a legend that has been floating through Elk Lick township for fifty or more years, and in which what was a fortune for those days should have been wasted; and it has obtained even more than local circulation.

How so intelligent a man as Professor Leslie, who was associated with Professor Rogers in the first geological survey of Pennsylvania, and was at the head of the second geological survey, could have been imposed upon as he certainly was, and made to believe in the truth of these absurd stories, in which there is not a word of truth, passes our comprehension. Yet such is the fact!

In one of his lectures on "Man's Origin and Destiny" he says: "I have seen shafts sunk in the glades of Somerset county, Pennsylvania, under the dictation of an old scamp who would lay in his hunting-cap a small looking-glass which had cabalistic characters on the back of it, and was called an "erd spiegel;" and then, holding his own face over it, he would describe the depth to an inch of all the mineral wonders that he saw beneath the surface. So strongly did the imagination of this fetish act upon his workmen—simple old German immigrants from the motherland of superstition as they were—that they affirmed with all their faith that when at work at the bottom of the shaft they could distinctly hear invisible agents laughing, talking, pounding, picking beneath their feet, removing the treasure downward out of reach; for, of course, they never found it."

Without doubt Professor Leslie saw the shafts; but the circumstances under which they were sunk are just as we have related them, and just as scores of others have been sunk in Elk Lick township, some in search of coal, others for limestone, and here and there others for iron ore; some rewarding the labor bestowed on them, and others making no return whatever. And it is only by these toilsome and expensive searches that any of the treasures of the earth, whether they are gold, silver, copper, lead or iron, coal or limestone, were ever laid bare, except, perhaps, in a few isolated cases, when the discovery was the result of an accident; and it it is the height of injustice to hand down the names of those who have failed, and their name is legion, as knaves or fools.

In 1836 Mr. Joder removed to Holmes county, Ohio, where, we believe, he had some relatives, and where his co-religionists are quite numerous. He remained there only a couple of years and returned to Somerset county, becoming a resident of Conemaugh township, where he died in the month of April, 1863, at the advanced age of seventy-four years and four months.

His remains were interred in the Kauffman grave-yard. By his first marriage there were several daughters and one son, Benjamin J. Joder, Esq., now residing at Waterloo, Iowa, but who, for many years before going west, was a leading and well-known citizen of Greenville township.

Levi J. Joder, of Meyersdale, and Reuben J. Joder, at one time a well-known school teacher of Somerset county, are sons of the second wife.

### 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 run down in health. They will be troubled with loss of appetite, headaches, sleeplessness, fainting or dizzy spells. The most wonderful remedy for these women is Electric Bitters. Thousands of sufferers from Lame Back and Weak Kidneys rise up and call it blessed. It is the medicine for women. Female complaints and Nervous troubles of all kinds are soon relieved by the use of Electric Bitters. Delicate women should keep this remedy on hand to build up the system. Only 50c. per bottle. For sale at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin Pa.

"A curious innovation," says the Boston Transcript, "at the coming Omaha Exposition will be a Bureau of Courtesy. Not only is the idea novel, but it is surprising to learn that nearly all the people in Omaha will be enrolled in the committee. Every member will wear a badge, and visitors will be at liberty to address any one who wears the badge and ask for information just as much as he likes. The member, on the other hand, will be pledged to treat the visitor courteously and answer his questions, or put him in the way of getting them answered."

### 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, Pa., or G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Hens that are being "coached" for egg production should not be "stuffed." Their food being of the proper character their crops should never be more than moderately full. It is a delusion to suppose that hens will not eat more than is good for them. As in the case of human beings, when tempted by appetizing viands, they will gorge themselves, and thus bring on indigestion, and waste energy in the effort to get rid of the surplus.

Seekers after gold are often disappointed. Seekers after health take Hood's Sarsaparilla and find it meets every expectation.

It is not often that a physician recommends a patent medicine; when he does, you may know that it is a good one. Dr. J. P. Cleveland, Glasgow, Va., writes. "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy in my practice and it has proven to be an excellent remedy, where a thorough course of medicine had failed with me. I recommend it to my patients every time for colic and diarrhœa." Many other progressive physicians recommend and use this remedy, because it always cures and cures quickly. Get a bottle and you will have an excellent doctor in the house, for all bowel complaints, both for children and adults. For sale by all druggists.

### Why He Didn't Swear.

General Horace Porter, in his "Campaigning with Grant," says: "While sitting with him at the campfire late one night, after every one else had gone to bed, I said to him, 'General, it seems singular that you have gone through all the rough and tumble of army service and frontier life and never been provoked into swearing. I have never heard you utter an oath or use an imprecation.' 'Well, somehow or other I never learned to swear,' he replied. 'When a boy I seemed to have an aversion to it, and when I became a man I saw the folly of it. I have always noticed, too, that swearing helps to rouse a man's anger; and when a man flies into a passion his adversary who keeps cool gets the better of him. In fact, I could never see the use of swearing. I think it is the case with many people who swear excessively that it is a mere habit, and that they do not mean to be profane; but, to say the least, it is a great waste of time.' His example in this respect was once quoted in my hearing by a member of the Christian Commission to a teamster in the Army of the Potomac, in the hope of lessening the rare oaths with which he was italicizing his language, and on which he seemed to be placing his main reliance in moving his mule team out of the mud hole. The only reply evoked from him was. 'Then thar's one thing sartin; the old man never druv mules.'"

### Free of Charge to Sufferers.

Cut this out and take it to your druggist and get a sample bottle free of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. They do not ask you to buy before trying. This will show you the great merits of this truly wonderful remedy, and show you what can be accomplished by the regular size bottle. This is no experiment, and would be disastrous to the