

Somerset Herald. PUBLISHED WEEKLY. TERMS OF PUBLICATION. VOL. XLVI. NO. 39. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MARCH 9, 1898. WHOLE NO. 2432.

Who would prescribe only tonics and bitters for a weak, puny child? Its muscles and nerves are so thoroughly exhausted that they cannot be whipped into activity. The child needs food; a blood-making, nerve-strengthening and muscle-building food.

Scott's Emulsion. of Cod-Liver Oil is all of this, and you still have a tonic in the hypophosphites of lime and soda to act with the food. For thin and delicate children there is no remedy superior to it in the world. It means growth, strength, plumpness and comfort to them. Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion.

Don't Guess. The man who "guesses" is not as safe as he who "knows." You don't have to guess about an Equitable contract. Guarantees written in every policy are backed by a Surplus of \$50,000.00.

THE EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society, "Strongest in the World." EDWARD A. WOODS, Manager, PITTSBURGH.

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

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

J. D. SWANK, Washmaker and Jeweler. Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

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

J. B. HOLDER, Land Surveyor. "Store Apathia the cheapest and best find on the market. With it you can run a rap for one-half cent an hour. Give us a call and be convinced."

Scientific American. IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS. The crown of the country papers is found in Remington's County Book Lists. Shrewd advertisers will themselves of these. Here a copy of which can be had of Remington Bros., of New York & Pittsburg.

A SOLDIER'S DOUBLE.

BY CHARLES H. LEVINS. About 20 days before Grant broke through Lee's lines at Petersburg and the beginning of the end came a portion of my regiment captured seven Confederates and brought them into camp. My own company was a part of the Federal force, but as I was on detached duty that week I was not with them. The first I knew of the capture was when I heard the story that I had deserted to the Confederates and been recaptured and would be shot.

I visited company headquarters to ascertain what the talk meant and there met with a strange reception. I was there, wearing a blue uniform, and yet I was in the guardhouse half a mile away wearing the battered uniform of an Alabama regiment.

When placed side by side, we were twin brothers. Each of us was 23 years old; each 5 feet 11 inches high; each weighed 137 pounds. Our eyes and hair were of the same color. Even our voices were the same, except that he spoke with more of a drawl. The name of the young man was John Wakefield, and we were born 1,000 miles apart and were in no way related.

We were as much astonished as the officers and surgeons who were called in to gaze at us. No twin brothers ever bore a closer resemblance, and they declared that even our gait was the same.

I had not yet recovered from my astonishment when the suggestion was made that I go into the Confederate camp as a spy on the strength of the wonderful resemblance. I was given three days in which to pump Wakefield. He did not know my object, or I should credit him with having told me less, although he was tired of the war and rather glad he had been captured.

I first got his family history complete, then the town from which he hailed, the names of many people and the situation of streets and public buildings, then the names of his officers and comrades and incidents of campaigning. Having nothing else to do, and my aim being to acquire information, I got from him almost every incident of his life in those three days and nights.

As my mind would depend upon my being thoroughly posted, we canvassed the most trivial incidents of his life at home and as a soldier. He was a ready talker and had a good memory, and of course these things helped me wonderfully. When I was quite ready, I took his suit of clothes complete, and he was given another.

Then I was laid down to the front and made a hole for it. In other words, of the Confederate prisoners escaped and dashed across the space which separated the opposing lines. Not half a dozen men were left in the secret, and as I ran I was fired upon by half a regiment.

They had promised me differently, and I still cherish a bitter feeling against the officer who had charge of the bullet which whizzed overhead and tore up the earth at my feet, and it was nothing short of a miracle that I escaped being hit.

I ran at full speed straight for the Confederate lines, and, on dashing over a breastwork, I found myself in the midst of a Louisiana brigade of infantry. A colonel questioned me as to my name, and I answered as usual, and I supposed everything was all right. It wasn't, however. Federal spies had played the game before, and Confederate wit had become sharpened.

I was sent to the headquarters of General Mahone, who was subsequently celebrated in Virginia and national politics. He asked me the same questions which the colonel had put to me and many others in addition. I saw that he was suspicious, and, braving all at one stroke, I requested that my captain be sent for.

General Mahone at a hotel in Richmond, I put the inquiry:

"General, suppose you had secured proofs that I was not John Wakefield, what would have happened?" "Can't you guess?" he replied. "Would you have had me shot?" "No, sir, I'd have hung you by the neck, and made a good job of it."

"I suffered for months from sore throat. Electric Oil cured me in twenty-four hours." M. S. Gist, Hawesville, Ky. Alive Only to His Duty.

One day a riot was apprehended, and Donzelot was sent to the Pantheon to report the events in that quarter. Already the stones were flying, and the lawless mob had begun to tear up the barricade.

One of Donzelot's friends saw him as he was running by, and said to him: "What are you doing here? Run and save your life!" Donzelot made no reply, and again his friend urged him to leave so dangerous a spot.

"I am not going to move," he said; "but as you are going, kindly take this copy along with you to the paper; you will save me time."

An hour passed and the disorder was at its height. The mob had already begun to clash seriously with the authorities. Suddenly the Guard National fired a volley, and Donzelot fell, his breast pierced by a bullet. A surgeon rushed up to him.

"Are you hurt?" he asked. "Yes," replied Donzelot, "seriously, I think. I can not use my pencil." "Never mind your pencil," returned the surgeon sharply. "The question is to save your life!"

"Don't be in a hurry," returned Donzelot, quietly. "To each man his own duty. Mine is to get the story, and you must help me. Here, write at the foot of this page this postscript: '3220 p. m.—At the fire of the troops three men fell wounded and one was killed.'"

Why, which one is killed?" asked the doctor. "I am," said the reporter, and he fell back dead.

The Surprise of All. Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden Hill, in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his life was attacked with La Grippe, and he grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Jones could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollars worth of the medicine had cured her.

An Overlooked Crop. A great many suggestions have been made in favor of renovating the land, and to secure improvement of the soil by plowing under green crops. Of the crops recommended may be mentioned clover, cover peas, soya beans, ryegrass, and even corn and millet. There is another crop, however, which has been somewhat overlooked, and which can be grown on almost any soil, and that is turnips. The turnip crop need not be planted in July, or even August, and it grows rapidly, being off the land in a short time. On medium land from thirty to forty tons can be grown, and the tops are more valuable than the bulbs for turning under. The English farmers grow turnips, allow sheep to feed on them, and turn them under as a manure crop. Turnips may be broadcasted on well-prepared land, using plenty of seed, and they will soon cover the ground. Crops grow that way in the Southern States, and the cost is but little, as they require no cultivation when the seed is broadcasted.

Now is the Time. To purify your blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla. March, April, May are trying months of the year. At this season your blood is loaded with impurities which have accumulated during the winter, and these impurities must be immediately expelled. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. It is the medicine which has accomplished many thousands of remarkable cures of all kinds of blood diseases. It will take the millions take in the spring to build up health and ward off sickness.

How Bees Hatch.

The egg of the queen bee is about one-sixteenth of an inch long, and as large around as a fine cambric needle. These are deposited in the cells by the queen, sticking fast to the bottom of the cell with a stand on end, being held by an adhesive substance. In from sixty to seventy-two hours these eggs hatch into little worms or larvae. They remain in the larval state about six days, when the cell containing them is sealed over with raised capping by the worker bees, and the larvae, after spinning its cocoon and undergoing a transformation similar to that of the caterpillar to butterfly, emerges a perfect insect, as a drone bee, in twenty-one days, or as a worker bee, in twenty-four days, the time being accelerated a little by extra heat, or retarded by cool weather.

Elizabeth, N. J., Oct. 19, 1896. ELY BROS., Dear Sirs:—Please accept my thanks for your favor in the gift of a bottle of Cream Balm. Let me say I have used it for years and can thoroughly recommend it for what it claims. If directions are followed.

Yours truly, (Rev.) H. W. HATHAWAY. No clergyman should be without it. Cream Balm is kept by all druggists. Full size 50c. Trial size 10c. We mail it.

ELY BROS., 55 Warren St., N. Y. City.

"Pennsylvania."

Pittsburg Daily Evening News. A brother down the railroad says in his newspaper that "William Penn called this State 'By' because of its wonderful forests." Let us see what the founder himself said on that subject, in a letter to his friend, Robert Turner: "This day my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England, with large powers and privileges, by the name of Pennsylvania, a name the king would give it, in honor of my father. I chose New Wales, being, as this, a pretty hilly country, but Penn being Welsh for a head, as Penmanor in Wales, and Penrith in Cumberland, and Penn in Buckinghamshire, the highest land in England, called this Pennsylvania, which is, the high or head woodlands; for I proposed, when the secretary, a Welshman, refused to have it called New Wales, Sylvania, and they added Penn to it, and though I much opposed it, and went to the king to have it struck out and altered, he said it was past, and would take it upon him; nor could I guinea move the under-secretary to vary the name, for I feared lest it should be looked on as a vanity and not as a respect to the king, as it truly was, to my father, whom he often mentions with praise."

This Welshman was William Blathwayte, born at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, and not in Wales. He was secretary of the Lords of Trade and Plantations, under whose direction and supervision the draft of the charter was prepared. It was at a meeting of the council held March 5, 1681, that the charter was finally issued, and it was apparently during this meeting that Penn proposed the name New Wales, then Sylvania, which latter would have been meaningless, because applicable equally to many other parts of the country. The characteristic portion of the name came from the king, and upon this William Heyworth Dixon in his life of Penn remarks that the change he desired would have been granted quickly enough if the guinea had been offered to the king. For money Charles the Second would have betrayed the mother who bore him. The honor which he conferred on Penn's father was the cheap payment of a debt.

In this fashion does Dixon begin his book: "Sir William Penn is one of the suppressed characters in English history. By the general historian he is rarely mentioned, and there are some obscure good collections of local biography in which his name does not appear. Yet in an age of great captains he stood in the foremost rank." Is not this strange? Not at all. In the Revolution "the navy was neutral and patriotic when every other power in the state sided with one or the other of the factions." As to this "or" which is so much insisted upon, it is the purely domestic history of the period. There the marine played but an inferior part. The army occupied the center of the stage. "Where did Sir William come from?" "The Penns were an old family in the early part of the 15th century. For many generations they had been settled in a district of Buckinghamshire, from which they received their name, which they bestowed their name." According to the founder, it signifies "a head," and is a word of Welsh origin. In Wales it was spelled with only one n, as also in Cumberland; but in Buckinghamshire, and this latter county, having "the highest land in England," is in the southeast, not far from London, where it is spelled with two n's, in the far north, while Cumberland is in the far north, bordering Scotland. In the southeast the name was Penn, in the north and west it was Pen, and there is reason for believing that Sir William spelled it in this latter form. There is no documentary evidence of that at hand, but every reader of the diary of Samuel Pepys knows that it was spelled invariably Pen when he referred to the admiral, to whom he did refer more times than any man has ever numbered, and each time with a cordiality of hatred which is infinitely amusing—amusing cause Pepys was man, woman, child, all in one, and therefore such a bundle of absurd prejudices as existed not before his time. Penn was one of the commissioners of the navy with whom Pepys acted as secretary, or clerk of the acts. He saw Penn's signature over and often, and though he occasionally mislabeled names, it is hardly credible that he should uniformly mislabel one with which he was so familiar. There is a possibility, or even a probability, that the admiral, as an indifferent student of spelling, and recognizing either the Welsh Pen or the English Penn.

His son always used the English form of the name, but in 1729 John, Thomas and Richard Penn, in a joint letter to James Logan, did say that he "might depend upon one of us seeing Pennsylvania immediately," and in one of the documents relating to the boundary question we read that "by the care and vigilance of the government of Pennsylvania this province hath hitherto found means to hold all the lands eastward of Saquehanna," that "nothing can settle the peace of Pennsylvania on that side but an entire adjustment of the boundaries," and in the list of papers taken to Maryland in May of 1734, was an agreement entered into a decade before between the proprietors of "Pennsylvania and Maryland." In a paper relating to Hannah Penn's interest, drawn up so late as 1760, the name of our commonwealth appears twice as Pennsylvania. In an exhibit accompanying that paper we read of "William Penn, esquire, deceased, late chief proprietor and governor of the province of Pennsylvania." In a petition from inhabitants of the Susquehanna, during the boundary dispute with Maryland, the name of the commonwealth is spelled as now, but that is the only instance of such spelling which we could find through the old records. Perhaps it would be safe to say that as a rule the Welsh form of the name is used with reference to the commonwealth, while the English form is invariably in reference to the family. Charles named

He Knew Whereof He Spoke.

Harrisburg Telegraph. The Growler came down stairs this morning looking as if he had passed a very restless night. His eyes were heavy, and there were deep lines across his forehead. Likewise were his jaws firmly set. He had a morning paper in his hand, and as he settled down to read the other boards said at once that he was in no mood for conversation. There was a subdued conversation at the other end of the breakfast table in which the lady in the pink wrapper and the ribbon counter clerk joined, and then there came a squeaky voice from the small man who is trying to sell a patent. He had joined in the conversation which, not very strangely, was about the Maine disaster. The man who is trying to sell a patent broke out with: "Oh, I'd like to be the Government of the United States; I'd go down to Havana and blow the whole blasted city out of the water. What this country needs is war—red, bloody war with a quick victory and a good licking for all of the Spanish troops."

The Growler was in the act of lifting his cup of coffee to his lips when this ejaculation from the man attracted his attention. He slowly lowered the cup and turned on the man. "You want war, do you?" he rasped out; "want war, eh? Real red, bloody war, eh? What do you know about it—war? Oh, you know all about it—war. You are one of these fellows who fight with your mouth. What do you want with war, eh? Have you ever seen war? I dare say that you haven't, and yet, if you were to see a real war you would get down on your knees and pray that the country might never be again so afflicted. And you would have this country plunge into a real, red, bloody war not only before she is prepared for it, but before she really is certain that she has the slightest grain of courage going to war. And where would you be if war should come? Fighting, I presume! Such fellows as you always do the fighting—I don't think. You are one of the fellows who are Johnny-on-the-spot, in your mind, always saying what you would do if you were there, but somehow you never manage to get there. Listen, young man—I remember the time when I and here the Growler passed his hand across a forehead out of which shone a deep red scar—"I remember the time when there was a real, red, bloody war on in this country, and I hope to the good Lord that I will never again see one. I remember the good fellows who went out of this city by the thousands from old Camp Curtin, and I remember when their regiment came back home leaving many of those good fellows in Georgia's sands and Virginia's hills. I am not a fellow of emotional nature, but whenever I hear a man lawling for war I want to rise up and kick real hard. Say, if you had been in this city during the war, you would never give utterance to the wish that would be yours when the women of this place—and of every other place the country over—were frantic at the report of every battle, and to see their faces as they scanned the newspapers for lists of the dead and wounded was enough to melt a heart of stone. Every woman who had a son, a husband or a brother at the front carried a bleeding heart about with her. There are men in this city to-day, gallant old soldiers, who do not want war. They are either on crutches or are carrying an empty coat sleeve. Why, I know a man in this city who went into the army a mere boy, and he was not in his first battle five minutes when a bullet tore a hole in his arm, and a month after he had enlisted he was back here in Harrisburg with an empty coat sleeve going to the High School to complete his education. That's what you call war. War! Great gee whiz! I wish you could see a real war for a couple of months and you would revise your yawp!" And the Growler threw his newspaper on the floor and left the room.

Free Pills. Send your address to H. E. Buckle & Co., Chicago, and get a free trial of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action, and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken the system, but by giving tone to the stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 50c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., and G. W. Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Instruction in Read-Building. The opportunities for instruction in building different kinds of roads afforded occasionally at fairs and institutes, and by sample sections that have been laid under Government auspices, have been very valuable, and have aroused the people somewhat to a realization of the importance of regular instruction on this subject. The Worcester (Mass.) Gazette suggests that it would be well if the State spent a portion of the money now appropriated annually for the highway system in holding institutes of instruction for highway supervisors, commissioners, selectmen, and all others who have to do with road-building. It thinks the trouble with the highway builder usually is that he does not consider his business a profession, and needs to learn from the experience of others. By establishing a school for instruction in road-building, the state could do a greater service to the public than by using the amount such a school would cost in building macadam roads through the country.

A Good Remedy for Bells. "I never knew what a bell was until recently I have been afflicted with a number of these disagreeable eruptions. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time it purified my blood and the boils entirely disappeared and I have not had any trouble with them since." Clarence Hertz, Hazelton, Pa. Hood's Pills are easy to take, easy to operate. Cure indigestion, headache, constipation, etc.

A Puzzling Problem. "I am very much troubled," said John S. Wise, of Virginia, to a Washington Post reporter, as he walked across the rotunda of the capitol yesterday afternoon. "I attended a session of the Daughters of the Revolution," continued Mr. Wise, "and one of the ladies who made an address had the several sheets which contained her remarks carefully pinned together. As she proceeded with her speech she would detach a sheet and put the pin in her mouth. Then she would detach another sheet and put another pin in her mouth. She kept this up for several minutes, and yet she continued talking all the time. I want to know what became of those pins. She certainly did not swallow them, and she did not remove them from her mouth. The thing was mysterious to me at the time, and it is a mystery yet."

Over 2000 young women are at present enrolled in the various departments of the Swiss Universities. The University of Geneva heads the list with 873, followed by the establishment of 200 at Zurich; sixty-two at Lausanne and Berne, and two at Basle. Many of these are Americans.

Does it pay to grow all the food for stock on the farm? If a farmer grows his food and sells from his farm, without bringing anything on it, he will find his farm becoming poorer. He will be compelled, in order to protect the fertility of his soil, to buy fertilizers, or some concentrated food, that makes the manure richer. The farmer who invests in his manure, which occupies many months' growth to the world about 100 Gek's worth is not included in the vocabulary heretofore known to moderns.

Becher's Advice. The following letter from Henry Ward Beecher to his son contains in brief the philosophy of a successful life. The people are sound and in their terse vigor cannot fall to impress deeply the receptive mind of youth and, if followed, will make an honorable and successful man.

1. You must not go into debt. Avoid debt as you would the devil. Make it a fundamental rule: No debt—cash or nothing.

2. Make few promises. Religiously observe even the smallest promise. A man who means to keep his promise cannot afford to be many.

3. Be scrupulously careful in all statements. Accuracy and perfect frankness, no guesswork. Either nothing or the truth.

Beat Way to Clean Carpets.

The method employed in the British factories for cleaning velvet, moquette, Aubusson, etc., carpets is the simplest, as to means, conceivable. It requires great faithfulness, but, given a good carpet to start with, if done every six months, should preserve the fabric in good order for twenty-five years.

By this passing of a quarter of a century the colors will be faded, but they will have faded so beautifully as to be more grateful to the eye and better than ever fulfill the carpet's mission, which is to be a background to the furniture.

Have two large pans of water, one clear and tepid and the other hot and soapy, made so by shaving "white curd" soap, say two ounces of soap to two gallons of water. Have plenty of perfectly clean white cotton rags, free from thread ends and lint.

Take a square of the carpet at one time and wash the surface quickly with a clean rag and the soapy water. Take up as much of the soiled water as possible, then wring out this cloth into a third pan of tepid water. Take the other pan of tepid water and wipe the soaped and clean surface well, being careful as possible to rub over, not rub in. Then wring this cloth out as much as you can and lay it flat until as dry as reasonable in so short a time. Proceed with the rest of the carpet until finished, guarding against any shadowy boundary lines by going back of each square as you continue. Change the water at every third or fourth square; more often if the carpet needs it.

The very first square will give your best result with a hard mop. Not only will the carpet look clean and feel cleaner, but it will be improved and made greater strength and prettiness. This washing is good for the textile, if the rule is followed and you do not get lazy over it, but rub faithfully and let the dry sunny air sweep over and raise such tuft of the weaving until as good as new.

It is safer after illness to send a carpet away to the cleaner's, but it is doubtful if the special places for doing this will employ any method so faithful and simple, so reasonable and so professional as this. Clean soap, clean water and clean white cotton cloths are the pharmacopoeia for the well-being of all beautiful textile fabrics.

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