

Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 19.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 2516.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES

should always be kept in the house for the following reasons:

FIRST—Because, if any member of the family has a hard cold, it will cure it.

SECOND—Because, if the children are delicate and sticky, it will make them strong and well.

THIRD—Because, if the father or mother is losing flesh and becoming thin and emaciated, it will build them up and give them flesh and strength.

FOURTH—Because it is the standard remedy in all throat and lung affections.

No household should be without it. It can be taken in summer as well as in winter.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.

Surplus, \$40,000.

UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$4,000.

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

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS: JAMES H. BERRY, W. H. STELL, J. M. BERRY, J. M. BERRY, J. M. BERRY.

MANAGING DIRECTOR: JAMES H. BERRY.

THE BANK AND SECURITIES OF THIS BANK ARE SECURELY INVESTED IN A CAREFULLY SELECTED LIST OF BONDS AND STOCKS.

THE ONLY BANK IN SOMERSET, PENN'A., THAT HAS A BRANCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

JACOB D. SWANK, Watchmaker and Jeweler.

Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

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

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

J. D. SWANK.

KEFFER'S NEW SHOE STORE!

Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at lowest prices.

...CASH PRICES...

Adjoining Mrs. A. E. Uhl, South-east corner of square.

SOMERSET, PA.

Shadow and Light

Blind man's story. A blind man's story of how he found his way through the world.

BANQUET WAX CANDLES

Manufactured by STANDARD OIL CO., CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Get an Education

Central State Normal School

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

TRADE MARKS

Scientific American

MUNN & CO., 361 Broadway, New York

UNCLE SAM'S ARMY SCHOOL

Since Ben came back from war it's strange to notice the changes in him. In his old goal of man and man. A love of study has been kindled in him. He has a new respect for the school. He has a new respect for the school. He has a new respect for the school.

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THE BRIDE OF THE PASTOR EMERITUS.

BY LYNN BOBY MERRICKS.

It was a peculiar scene. When the idea of placing an organ in the church was first proposed by the young minister, many years before this funeral, there was a great protest, but patiently and kindly the young man had won his way, and good music had helped to fill the pews as the clergyman's preaching. There was a marvelous organ in those early days, and he was greatly devoted to the young preacher.

In decades that had passed the organ had grown bent and deaf, but his love for the minister lived, and when he read of his death he asked that he might be allowed to play the pastor's favorite hymn at the funeral. And he was at the organ, looking it for what it was, a relic of a bygone time, half old, half new, and half dead. He loved it more for the sweet consolation it might give, just as he could a wife.

The lady who was to sing the solo had come, at great personal sacrifice, in compliment to the organ of the church which she served, but the heart in the choir had been a sweet, clear, and her competence was a handicap. She fanned to the limit of her energy, and the more she fanned the warmer she grew; but she was faithful to her duty, and the people gave to her any pity that they had left after pitying themselves.

"I had no idea of bringing myself into this plain narrative, but it has been my lot, in my threescore years or more, to attend funerals in churches of many denominations, and now that the services have begun, the same curious feeling comes over me. As an old-fashioned physician, I know that my part ends at the death-bed, but it has been interesting to observe that, though all the sad rites, a similar sentiment runs through the services of the Protestant Episcopal and Catholic, of Lutheran and Quaker, of almost all, in fact, and in each of them, whether the noble dignity of the Protestant Episcopal, or the impressive simplicity of the Methodist, or the different excellencies of any and all, one thought has always come to me: How blindly we do these reverent actions for the dead, when our whole religion teaches us that they have awakened into a knowledge far beyond our real knowing as Heaven is from earth.

Faith bridges the distance, you say, and so, indeed, it does, but I can not get away from my thought, and perhaps that is why I was so drawn to this young clergyman who, in his address, said that no words of his could increase the glory of that Heavenly awakening.

Then he told simply the story of the man who had given his life to the church and his fellow-men; who, in the very excess of his goodness and charity, had never been able to understand meanness, nor to feel resentment toward ingratitude. It was altogether worthy of the young man, and under the circumstances of the heat and the desire of every one to get away, it was really wonderful how well he held the attention of the congregation.

There came in good time the hymn of the pastor emeritus. We saw that the soprano was trying to force herself up to the organ, and we wondered if she could get through. The heat was worse than ever. Henry Moller, the old organist, trembled to the seat, and, closing his eyes, saw the favorite hymn of his friend, the pastor emeritus, stretched before him in ascending notes from earth to Heaven. His fingers touched the keys and there came a sound of music, rich, gentle, worshipful, with the soul of the musician and the heart of a friend playing together. It touched us all, and it served the soprano for her effort.

She arose and put her full strength in the first verse. It was sung well, but the effort in it was direful, and I, at least, was not surprised that when the last line of the verse was concluded she moved her head from side to side to say that she could go no further, and sat down. I started to the left, but when I saw her fanning I knew that she had not fainted, and I resumed my seat.

Then occurred the strangest thing I have ever seen at any funeral. Old Moller, being deaf and lost to everything save the hymn of his dead friend, kept on playing as if nothing had happened. The interlude was almost over, and the congregation was so that the soprano would attempt nothing further, so we waited for Moller to finish the instrumental performance, without a word to sing the words.

But suddenly there arose in the middle of the church a figure dressed in deep mourning. She quickly threw back her heavy veil, and we saw a face of infinite sweetness, old and wrinkled, but angelic in its softness, purity and beauty—the face that had been a mirror to a lovely life, and a clean, loving, helpful face that, once seen, was never to be forgotten. And I had seen it in its earlier years.

As the note of the verse was struck there came forth a melody that filled the church and thrilled our hearts. True music is always intoxicating, but the peculiar sweetness of the voice and the sympathetic vibration in each tone had a powerful effect amidst these surroundings. Women forgot to fan, and men bent forward, and children gazed wonderingly.

The voice rose and fell in perfect cadence, the very fullness of sympathy and inspiration. The verse sung, she stood with clasped hands and waited for the second, and Old Moller played on, oblivious to all save the organ and the hymn of his friend. As the song proceeded, the beauty of it, the intense interest of it, flowered into an indescribable glory. The hearts were singing. The souls were weeping. Heaven itself was singing.

There are on record several notable instances where the singing voice was returned in old age and under intense excitement, but as far as I could remember, the reaction generally meant collapse and sudden death. I was in the pew just back of the singer, and, without being perceived, I moved so as to be near her if she fainted. But she did not faint. When she finished the hymn, she half sat, half sank down in the pew, and quickly replaced the veil. I could not help bending forward and saying: "I am Dr. Thomas Ambers—Tom Ambers you used to know. Can I do anything for you?"

"No."

"I'll escort you out after the service."

"It was as I thought. Her nerve was good for all the funeral. The manner in which she uttered the monosyllables showed that."

"Well, do you see that?" exclaimed the girl with the blue hair to the girl in the pink waist. "Old Doctor Ambers taking her out before the procession. He's a perfect old nuisance. He always was. I would have given anything to see her; now we can't, because if we go to the cemetery we'll miss our trains."

"It is fearfully exasperating, isn't it?"

"Yes, and I heard old Doctor Ambers used to be in love with her, too. And I half believe he is yet. Wasn't her voice beautiful? And it was all so odd."

"Lovely. I would not have missed it for the world. Do you expect to catch the 12 o'clock train?"

"If I live through the heat. Isn't it killing?"

"Perfectly frightful!"

Just before the services were over she had turned to me and said: "Please take me out." I knew what she meant. She wanted to escape the crowd.

When we reached the street I called one of the few carriages, and, placing her in it, got in myself and closed the carriage door. She had been living for a time, but presently speaking very gently: "Thank you, my good friend, thank you! God made me do it! God did it! Blessed be His name!"

"Blessed be His name!" I repeated, not knowing what else to say, it being no time or place for compliments on her singing.

Nothing more was ever said on this subject by either of us. There were very few persons at the grave, and the heat was almost intolerable. We drove back without many words. When we reached her boarding-house she asked that the young preacher come to see her as soon as possible.

Late in the afternoon he was in my office. "Doctor," he said, "this is extraordinary that I seem to be moving in a dream. The incident at the church was strange enough, but stranger things have come, and I want your advice. She says she expects to die soon, and she wants to be buried near him, and I don't know what to do. How could I explain the two graves in the lot?"

"No explanation necessary," I replied. "What does the living world care for worn-out preachers, or worn-out doctors? We save their souls and save their lives, and then they forget us. A doctor may spend a lifetime in doing good to others, but let him stop a year, and he had just as well die, and be buried with his relatives to place flowers upon his grave, will not be disturbed by the memories of the world. Tell her yes."

It was a very comfortable day when we next visited the lot—the young preacher and I—and we lingered there until the men who filled the grave had followed the bear and the attendants around the bend of the road. Then, with uncovered head, the young preacher stood by the graves, and with closed eyes repeated something to himself.

"We were saying the marriage service," I said as we started to go.

"She asked me to do it," he replied, "but why, I do not know, for are they not together in Heaven?"

And as we walked on I heard him saying, "God is Love, and Love is God. How wonderful is Love!"

"At least," I said, thinking of the graves, "I was best man."—Saturday Evening Post.

Drying Preparations simply develop dry catarrh; they dry up the secretions which adhere to the membrane and decompose, causing a far more serious trouble than the ordinary form of catarrh. Avoid all drying inhalants and use that which cleans, soothes and heals. Ely's Cream Balm is such a remedy and will cure catarrh or cold in the head easily and pleasantly. All druggists sell it at 50 cents, or it will be mailed by Ely Brothers, 57 Warren St., N. Y.

Is it a burn? Use Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. A cut? Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. At your druggist.

High Speed, Great Strain.

"I read a piece the other day," said an old locomotive engineer to a New Orleans Times Democrat writer, "in which a New Orleans railroad man said that 150 miles an hour was one of the possibilities of future travel. I venture to disagree with him, and I'll tell you why—he doesn't take into account the human machine in the cab. I don't doubt but they will build engines that can stand a 150 mile gait, but they can't build the engineers. On a fairly good road one notices very little difference between 25 and 50 miles an hour. I mean the strain on the nerves isn't materially increased; but anything above that limit is the pace that kills. The sensation is simply indescribable in words. It seems to jar every separate fibre in the body, and the tension is so terrible that one is apt to feel the effect for days."

"The average man can't stand many spurts at even 45 miles an hour, let alone 150. He comes out of such an ordeal all broke up, and jumps when he hears unexpected noises, like a hysterical woman. My own theory is that the effect is produced mainly through the sight. You have to look straight ahead, but at the same time you see the things whizzing past on both sides of the track as big as a locomotive. That's a pretty curious explanation, but it's as near as I can come to it. Many's the time I've staggered when I got up in my seat in the cab."

"That thing of staring straight ahead," continued the engineer, "is bound to get on any man's nerves in the course of time, particularly during night runs. One sees queer things, and I've had some scares in my life that would have turned my hair white if hair really turned white that way. The worst trouble is with shadows. It's no uncommon thing for a bird to flit across the headlight and throw a shadow down the track as big as a locomotive. Of course, it's gone in an instant, but in just that heart-beat the nerves have been given a shock that they never recover from for a week. I've had that happen to me several times. I would be tearing along at 45 or 60 miles an hour, when all of a sudden something big and black would loom out of the dark right between the rails and not far telegraph poles ahead. Next moment I would know it to be the shadow of a bird, but as far as I was concerned the mischief was already done. I have had a vision of sudden death and a sledge-blower blow on every nerve centre in my system."

"These things make me doubt whether a man could stand the 150-mile strain."

Compliments Always Dear.

Age may bring wrinkles and snore hair, but it never burns out the love of compliments and pretty speeches in the heart of a woman. If men would only remember that women grow beautiful and sweet of character when told that they are beautiful and sweet of character the world wouldn't know half the shrews and fretters and scolds who keep things stirred up at with a soap lather. I know a woman who could be 60 years old if she's a day, but she is a pretty compliment to her husband. Not a bit of it. She had been living on them all her life, and for that reason will be young and fresh when another woman would be faded and old. She inspires sweet thoughts by her manners and charming, interesting mentality. Just the other night she was sitting in a box at a theater, sharing an evening's enjoyment with several other youngsters when a young man appeared on the stage and claimed her attention.

"I saw that man's father play with Charlotte Cushman 30 years ago," she remarked to a man who sat beside her.

"You must have been brought in on a pillow," he answered.

"Now, why in the world don't men visit their wives more like that?"

"Not one in 40 would have had the tact and quickness to have made that reply. I can't prove that statement, of course, but I'd bet a good deal on it if I could just the same."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Useful Hints.

When a hat is wet with rain it should be dried with a silk handkerchief, brushed with a soft brush, and when it is nearly dry, with a hard brush.

The best thing to clean decanters is a mixture of salt and vinegar. Put a dessert spoonful of salt in the decanter, moisten with vinegar; shake well and rinse.

When lamps are clogged with oil the burners should be boiled in a strong solution of soda and water, and allowed to get thoroughly dry before being used again.

For the turn of the stair, that ugly place in the old city houses, tall silver taper holders of Russian workmanship or the old Dutch candlestick four feet high will be found effective adjuncts.

Southerners affirm that the people of the North spoil watermelons by too much chilling, which renders them indigestible.

Before putting away linen take care that it is thoroughly dried and well aired. Nothing collects dampness so quickly as linen. Should linen show signs of turning yellow bring out in lukewarm soap and water, then dry and store again.

A Ravenswood man tells this story about a friend of his whose business takes him away from home frequently: "For the last month or so he has had a respite, and his neighbors have noticed the unusual length of his visit to his own house. One of them asked him recently if he had got pretty well acquainted with the members of his family."

"I think I am making an impression," he responded. "My little girl went to her mother the other day and said: 'That man who comes here sometimes spanked me to-day.'"—Chicago News.

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WEATHER LORE.

Superstitions and Sayings as to the Meaning of Various Signs.

Thunder on Sunday is considered by the weather-wise the sign of the death of a great man; on Monday the death of a woman; on Tuesday, if early in Summer, it foretells an abundance of grain; on Wednesday, warlike is threatened; on Thursday, an abundance of sheep and corn, the farmer may reckon upon; on Friday, some great man will be murdered; on Saturday, a general pestilence and great mortality.

Friday's weather shows what may be expected on the following Sunday—that is, if it rains on Friday noon, then it will rain on Sunday, but if Friday be clear, then Sunday will be fine as well.

The twelve days immediately following Christmas denote the weather for the coming twelve months, one day for a month. The day of the month the first snow-storm appears indicates the number of snow-storms the winter will bring. For example, the first snow-storm comes on November 29—look out for twenty-nine winters.

There is an old saying—which originated perhaps for the benefit of school children—that there is only one Saturday in the year without sun during some portion of the day.

A gale, moving at sunset, will increase before midnight, but if it moderates before midnight, the weather will improve.

No weather is ill, if the wind is still.

If the full moon shall rise red expect wind.

The sharper the blast the sooner 'tis past.

A light yellow sky at sunset presages wind.

When you see northern lights, you may expect cold weather.

Hazy weather is thought to prognosticate frost in winter; snow in spring; fair weather in summer, and rain in autumn.

Storms that clear in the night will be followed by a rain-storm.

Three foggy mornings will surely be followed by a rain-storm.

If the ice on the tree melts and runs off rain will come next, while if the wind cracks off the ice snow follows.

When the leaves of trees show their under side there will be rain.

When the perfume of flowers or the odor of fruit is unusually noticed rain may be expected.

When the sky is full of stars expect rain.

If a cat washes herself calmly and smoothly the weather will be fair. If she washes against the grain take your mackintosh.

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