

The Commercial Appeal

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 2529.

Consumption

is robbed of its terrors by the fact that the best medical authorities state that it is a curable disease; and one of the happy things about it, that its victims rarely ever lose hope.

You know there are all sorts of secret nostrums advertised to cure consumption. Some make absurd claims. We only say that if it is in time and the laws of health are properly observed.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

will heal the inflammation of the throat and lungs and nourish and strengthen the body so that it can throw off the disease.

We have thousands of testimonials where people claim they have been permanently cured of this malady.

Scott's Emulsion, N. York, N. Y. SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn.

Capital, \$50,000.

Surplus, \$44,000.

UNDIVIDED PROFITS \$5,000.

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

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Watchmaker and Jeweler,

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Lock Haven, Pa.

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Admission open in September, 1900.

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BANQUET WAX CANDLES

Sold in all colors and shades to harmonize with any interior decoration.

Manufactured by STANDARD OIL CO. For sale everywhere.

Just a Little Boy.

There is a little boy (And he is a wonder) who, when the rain comes pouring down, And clouds envelop the sky, Says, "I'll just see the last of it. No matter how it pours, I'll see it all." And he goes out into the house if it does rain out.

When naughty words come through his lips, And when he is scolding his mother, He says, "I'll just see the last of it. No matter how it pours, I'll see it all." And he goes out into the house if it does rain out.

He thinks when he's a grown up man, With wife and children, He'll do some wonderful deed to make His name a brighter name than his. But he is not a boy any more, And he is not a man any more, And he is not a grown up man, And he is not a boy any more.

—Mary M. Parks in Philadelphia Times.

BECAUSE OF IDEALS.

"May I walk home with you?" he asked.

It was past eight o'clock on a wet winter night, and they had just come out of church, where the vicar had been discoursing eloquently on the social equality of man.

The girl looked up at the sky, opened her umbrella, and said: "Yes."

"You think he was right?" The man nodded his head in the direction of the building they had just left.

"Not at all," said she, with a little toss of her head. "I think he was all wrong in general."

"But in particular?"

"Oh, yes, in particular," she remarked, kicking away a stone that lay in her path.

"We are particular?"—briefly.

"No, we are not," retorted the girl. "We are decidedly general. My father is General Carwithen; my grandfather is General Carwithen; my great-grandfather is General Carwithen. This is a general family."

The man did not contradict her; he merely asked her if it made any difference to herself.

"I think we are, and always shall be, as far apart as those two stars," she said, sadly.

The rain had ceased, and two watery stars twinkled feebly in the gloomy sky.

"I am nearly home now," she said, after a little silence. "You had better not come any farther. Good-night."

The man apparently did not see the hand she held out to him. He said "good-night" laconically, but he turned and watched her until she was out of sight.

She, on her part, flung herself on the bed in a agony of despair. The man found his friend waiting him on his doorstep.

"Hullo! You look a bit down in the mouth, Nedham. I knew this business wouldn't work satisfactorily," he said.

"It's working splendidly," answered the other.

"Then what is it?" asked his friend. Randal Nedham gave a little laugh and shrugged his shoulders. "The tale is as old as the hills, Arthur," he said. "I am in love."

"Pshaw!" ejaculated his friend.

"Oh, it's all right," said Nedham. "She's a perfect lady."

Arthur glanced over his friend's study. "Violins and bows galore littered the room; music was the dominating passion of the man's life."

"She doesn't know?" he asked.

"Not she!" answered Nedham. "She thinks my father is a general dealer in—only heaven knows what! But I'll make her own she loves me before she does know it. One here, one there, and my story. I am a poor violin teacher, pure and simple."

"Not so simple, either," Grosvenor laughed.

The two men had brought out their pipes and sat puffing away at them to their hearts' content.

"Look here, I met an old woman I know on the street to-day. I went on to see her. I told her I was staying with you, and she asked me to dine there; she turned up her rosy nose with scorn at the bare idea of my joining her select party at table. No one is good enough for Mrs. Ranter; she has her precious girls to think of, and you are not an eligible."

"Ranter?" echoed Nedham. "Why, that's the name of my best pupil's mother. Are you going?"

"Is thy servant a dog?" returned Grosvenor.

Mrs. Ranter is one of the most ardent humbugs on the face of this earth. Nothing short of a title is worth anything to her," said Nedham.

"Oh, I know her," returned the other. "I think she would sell her soul for position."

"If she had me," added Nedham, and they both laughed.

"How did that 'general dealer' idea get about?" asked Grosvenor. He had stopped smoking to refill his pipe.

"Oh, I don't know," answered the other. "I expect Mrs. Ranter is at the bottom of it, and I haven't contradicted it because it served my purpose well."

"You were always a ram chap, you know," said his friend. "I can't think how it is that people don't see through you."

Nedham paused on the side of putting some coal on the fire. "I've been always had my ideal," he said. "One of these was to be loved and married for myself alone. My father being out in Canada made it easy for me to sink my identity. And I've had an ideal existence," too, he added. "It's rather fun to be snubbed when you know it is unnecessary."

Grosvenor looked thoughtfully into the fire. "I had ideals, too, once upon a time," he said. "I would have died for any of them, any day. The difficult part was to live up to them."

"Don't outlive them, old fellow," said Nedham. "It's a mistake. When the real shames in the reflected glory of the ideal, it is always the better for it."

"Do you really think so?" asked Grosvenor, as he got up. "I am off to bed now. If I stay up any longer you will be persuading me to follow your example, and I don't think I should find it as amusing as you did."

The next morning Randal Nedham was coming back from giving a lesson, when he saw Cecil Carwithen in front of him. She was carrying her violin case, and looked white and tired.

The Bolters' Assault on the Senate.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The Senators of the United States are now getting a taste of the methods that have been employed in Pennsylvania to overthrow a progressive campaign. The somewhat remarkable speech of Senator Hoar on Thursday unquestionably voiced the sentiments of many of his colleagues. Letters attacking the character and political standing of Senator Quay have been dumped by the cartload upon the desks of the Senators until the thing has got to be a corruption. Senator Hoar stood it as long as he could, and then he very wisely and in a public manner informed those who are assailing Quay that they are no better than ballot-box stuffers. They are asking him to vote against the seating of Quay because they do not like him and because they want some one else, some one who is a progressive and a reformer.

The girl looked at him, and he read the answer in her brown eyes. Then she seized her violin out of its hand and fled, leaving him staring stupidly after her with a whole world of joy on his face.

For the next week neither saw the other. Randal Nedham went away suddenly the day after, and stayed away to the surprise of his pupils (if it was true). The contest against Quay is one of money, hypocrisy and inordinate ambition, an ambition that could not exist in a man like that. He has been fought because he would not put his faith in political hypocrisy and because he preferred to stand by friends and to face corrupt political assassins and deface them. The fight against Quay has brought into Pennsylvania the most stupendous corruption that could be imagined. It has been fought in the name of reform, but it has been a purchase of men in office. Penrose was obliged to contend against tens and even hundreds of thousands of dollars thrown into the field and handled by unscrupulous men. Debauchery on the part of the anti-Quay and anti-Penrose reformers ran riot.

Never in all history was there so much corruption as there was brought to bear against him, and it is to the undying credit of Pennsylvania legislators that they were proof against the corrupt methods of Quay later.

Corruption has been the stock in trade of the Quay opposition from its very beginning, and has dared all to win its way. It has pursued Quay as no man ever was pursued. It has urged him with every crime. It has called him an embezzler and a thief, and when he faced his enemies in open court and twelve men gave a verdict declaring his opponents to be defamers and triumphantly acquitting him, they repeated their villainous charges and hired men to scatter them broadcast. Men who have grown rich in politics have taken command of certain support and when millionaires with plenty of money to throw away, politics they can always find plenty of converts, who will take their money and shout for anything under the sun as long as the money holds out. It is not singular, therefore, that a handful of men and a few letters directed against Quay. Some of these letters are undoubtedly honest, for there are genuine eyes where who can be played up in. There are men who honestly believe that wealthy but shady political bosses are leaders to be looked up to, and that any man who may teach a Sunday-school one day in the week must of necessity be a perfect model of political virtue for the other six days. But the thing has been overdone. When a man like Senator Hoar rebels, the methods adopted must have become exceedingly obnoxious indeed. We trust that out of the billingsgate that has been poured upon the unoffending Pennsylvania must of something the Senators the suffering Senators will be able to gain for themselves some faint idea of the kind of a campaign that has been waged against Quay in Pennsylvania.

When Senators are told that Quay has appealed to them on the ground of poverty, they know better. When they are told that he has begged them to vote for him on the ground of friendship, they know that he has not asked a single one of them to support him. When they are told that his only hope of success is to bribe them outright, they naturally resent the reflection upon their own honor, and they just as naturally begin to think that if such stuff is made of to control votes in the Senate, the falsehoods of a campaign in Pennsylvania must of something alarming. Naturally, too, they ask: What does this Quay opposition amount to, anyway? And then they look at the figures. When they do they find that Quay carried the Legislature in a contest before the people, and that after he had carried it political treachery organized a bolt against him and kept him from reaping the reward of his victory. Then, too, they find that in the late November election Quay was made the storm centre, and that Pennsylvania gave not only a tremendous plurality, but a great majority, and that she actually, on the Quay issue, increased her Republican strength. This being the case, it is but natural that the cartoonists of letters, the result of organization backed by unlimited cash, should be swept into the wastebaskets and that Senator Hoar, a man who can not be bribed nor browbeaten, should take the fire in angry protest.

Said Senator Hoar, referring to the letters he has received from Pennsylvania:

"Now, what these gentlemen ask me to do, in substance, this: The Senate is the court or judge of the elections of a House are taking. I am one of the sworn judges, and these worthy gentlemen are asking me to stuff the ballot-box and make a false return in my capacity as a sworn judge of elections, because they think the Governor of the State ought to have appointed somebody else. That is the attitude which these worthy gentlemen are taking."

Senator Hoar strikes the key-note of the opposition when he says that Quay's opponents think that the Governor

PROGRESS IN FARMING.

What the Tillers of the Soil Have Accomplished.

With the opening of the new year and the approach of spring the farmer will find himself busier than at any other time before the ground is ready, and among the most important matters to be considered is the improvement of the live stock and the varieties of crops. It has been demonstrated in the past that as many improvements have taken place on the farms as in the workshops, though differing in forms and methods, and the farmer stands as high in the line of progress as do those in other vocations. The horse is made to do duty in several capacities, and breeding has produced several varieties, each adapted for speed or draft, as occasion requires.

The cow now select what she desires as a farm animal. Breeding has separated each from the other, and given one and all peculiar characteristics which have been secured by patient and careful selection from the best. But for the work of the breeders and farmers, who have made such wonderful progress with the breeds of live stock, the wealth of this country would be much less than at present, for it may be truly said that the advancement of a nation can be noticed in the success of its farmers with live stock. The live stock of to-day shows that our farmers have kept pace with the progress of the age. The cattle, horse, sheep and swine of the present differ widely from those existing in the year 1800, and the condition of the farms has improved with the stock.

Since the year 1800 there have also been many wonderful changes in the varieties of fruits and vegetables. The tomato, cauliflower, celery, saffron and other well-known vegetables were not in existence as articles of food. The cabbage was a soft-headed plant, known as "collard"; the carrot was but a small root, and the beet and turnip were almost insignificant. The list of fruits and vegetables has been so extended to give almost an unlimited variety. The fox grapes were king in this country in 1800, and the Concord, Catawba, Delaware, Niagara and other varieties were produced from the root. The blackberry, which grows along the roadsides and ditches, has been brought into the garden and fields, while the wild strawberry has been converted from an insignificant berry into a variety which bears a little resemblance to the original. Apples, peaches, pears, quinces, plums, cherries, gooseberries, currants and raspberries have also been greatly improved and modified, so much so that if one living 100 years ago could be brought back to life he would be unable to recognize some of the fruits presented for his inspection. There has been no "chance" in the improvements made. Not a single breed of animals or variety of fruits or vegetables has been brought forward that was not the result of skill and industry, and only a comparison with those existing in the past (which is impossible) will demonstrate what the farmer has accomplished. Others have invented labor-saving implements for his use, but he has been forced to dispense with the spinning wheel, the loom and other appliances now unknown on the farm, but in his lines the farmer has walked side by side with the inventor, and with each new discovery on the part he can give corresponding improvement on the farm as the result of his skill.

A Disgusting Habit.

Boys should early be taught the helplessness of the offense of spitting, both on the basis of decency and danger to public health. It is much easier to prevent the formation of a habit of this kind in a boy than to correct it in a man, and herein lies the mother's part in the warfare against spitting.

No extension of woman's rights is necessary to make mothers a power in this neglected realm. All that is required is a return to a duty once faithfully discharged—but in the rush of modern life neglected—the vigilant maternal supervision of boys during the years in which their habits are formed.

The boy who is taught that to spit on the hearth—the steps—anywhere about the house—is an infringement upon the rights of the family that will not be tolerated, is not likely as a man to infringe upon the rights of the public by spitting upon the sidewalks, the floors or steps of public buildings, or in the cars.

In the meantime, however, there is a generation of full-grown, active spitters to be reckoned with in the interest of the public health. It is the opinion of those who have given careful attention to the matter that these can be reached more effectively by the dissemination of knowledge upon the subject than by city ordinances or State law.

The Main Point.

"Yes, my dear," said a New York man to his 18-year-old daughter, "I wish you would do your best to captivate the heart of your coachman."

"And dogs with him, papa?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Ah, I see; you dear, cute papa! You want all the papers to say I am a fascinating beauty and a reigning belle."

"Well, that would help a little; but that is not the main point."

"What is it, then, papa?"

"Why, the papers will all say you are the daughter of a millionaire, and that will enlarge my credit. So? Now you run out to the stable; that's a good girl!"—Ohio State Journal.

Experience is the best Teacher.

We must be willing to learn from the experience of other people. Every testimonial in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla is the voice of experience, and it is your duty, if your blood is impure and you health failing, to take this medicine. You have every reason to expect that you will do for you what it has done for others. It is the best medicine money can buy.

Hood's Pills are non-irritating, mild, effective.

A Remarkable Tunnel.

A new tunnel under construction in Paris, in connection with the new electric railroad, is to have quite a novel feature, in being lighted up with electric lights during the passage of trains in the day time, when there are no lights in the cars. On each side of the tunnel, on a level with the windows of the cars, is a row of electric lights, and the train on entering the tunnel turns on the current, filling the tunnel with a flood of light, and on leaving the tunnel, by a similar automatic switch, the train turns off the light.

Extraordinary Carvings.

Some very extraordinary carvings are to be seen at the Hotel de Clugny, in the town of Clugny, where they are cut out of the face of a high cliff rising directly from the river bank and are of great size. They consist of a succession of rude human figures, some of them something like the catamounts of Rome, and these are full of large and small images of Buddha, who is represented in various attitudes. The amount of the cliff is a peep of great sanctity, which is visited every year by large numbers of pilgrims.

Three Masted Schooners.

It was on the great lakes that the three masted schooner first made its appearance. The unique character of this type of sailing craft because of the fact that with this class of vessel outfit could handle the sheets from the foremast to the mainmast, and a single man could go aloft in one of those sudden storms which make the life of the lake skipper an uncertain and anxious one.—Ainslee's Magazine.

Curing a Perilous Habit.

The plan of arresting people who are drunk on the streets, and of fishing them or sending them to the workhouse is all right as far as it goes, but it does not seem as if the right punishment and the right thought. Any one guilty of the offense ought to be sent either to the Detention Hospital for the insane or to the Home for the Feeble Minded.—Chicago Post.

English Astronomy.

Much more interest is taken in practical astronomy in England than in America. Astronomical observations are made in the use of the telescopes like that one on the East Head, London, which is a reflecting telescope of a 10½ inch mirror. The lectures are instructive.

Ram's Horn Blasts.

The soul fed upon husks never gets fat. Reason always walks, but love runs. The best men are mother-made men. The cause of our not being esteemed is our own nature.

God pity the man who murders his own innocence.

If there is nothing in a man, his opportunity never comes.

It is a blessing to have opinions; it is a curse to be opinionated.

The one man who fails in character has made the greatest failure.

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It would be a sorry world if God had left us out of his plans, the way we leave him out of ours.

His Sudden Relief.

"George," she said, and her brilliant eyes sought the glowing embers. "I don't believe you love me as you used to."

"Way, Fanny!" he exclaimed, slipping on his dragon embroidered slippers, "you are my idol."

"But you don't show it; you don't worship me a tiny bit."

"Fanny!" and his voice rang with all that is empyreal, "only the wicked worship idols."

And with a gasp of uncertainty she again sought the embers.—Chicago News.

One Man's View.

"What is a degenerate, anyhow?" was asked of the head of the cathedral.

"A degenerate is a fellow who has committed a crime and can't prove an alibi."

Thought he had been noticing. Willie Washington was trying to be conversational, but the young woman wore glasses and looked severe, and her mother surveyed the scene with an expression of austere toleration. Willie ought to have known better than to call on Monday, wash day, anyhow.

"Have you any more of those?" asked Willie, with the naive grin which he uses in society.

"Yes," answered the girl.

"Doesn't your mother ever read anything lately, don't you think?"

"I haven't read any recent novels," she answered.

"Come in to read some."

"I find ample entertainment in the classics," was the rejoinder, while her mother looked on with an approving smile.

"Oh, yes; Shakespeare, I suppose. He's a good old classic."

"I read Shakespeare occasionally when I read English. I also read Corneille and Moliere, Goethe and Schiller, but only for diversion. Philosophical studies are my special occupation at present."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Willie admiringly, "you are fitted to be a regular bluestocking, aren't you?"

"A what?" repeated the young woman's mother grimly as she rose to retire.

"Why, a bluestocking, you know that is—"

"No explanations are necessary, Amelia. I am going to tell the servant to take in the clothesline at once. Hereafter neither of us will be home to Mr. Washington."—Washington Star.

Where Honesty Bids.

"People in the small towns up in Connecticut," said the traveling man, "appear to be much more honest than they are in New York. Not one family up there that I know of has a burglar alarm, and half of them do not even lock their outer doors when they retire. But what impresses me most are the street laundry boxes."

"No, those aren't any more than ordinary laundry boxes and delivered. These places are generally dry goods stores or haberdasheries. Suburban merchants as a rule do not keep their stores open much later than 8 o'clock in the evening and do not open until 7 or half past 7 in the morning."

"This does not suit all their patrons, so it is no infrequent sight to see outside the store a large red box with a faded sign opening in the top. The box is locked, but the key is always kept by the traveling man. Now, just imagine a New York laundry office receiving a receptacle like that. Why, five minutes after a package was deposited in the box it would be fished out, and in an hour its contents would be in the possession of some dealer in second-hand clothing. But up in Connecticut they are careful. The boxes are locked, and all I can say is that it is a tribute to the general honesty of the community."—New York Herald.

The Legend of a Bell.

The largest bell in the world is in a Buddhist monastery near Canton, in the province of Szechuan. It is of enormous size and of solid bronze. Canton has a pretty little fable connected with it. The story is told by Mrs. J. P. Newman in one of her books. The bell founder was the founder of the greatest bell of China had been threatened by the emperor because of his unsuccessful attempts to make a bell for the emperor. Being told that should the blood of a fair maiden mingle with the bell metal the result would be secured, she, waiting beside her father until she saw her face in the molten ore, plunged in and was destroyed. To the sanctity of this maiden the Chinese attribute the beauty and sweetness of the tone of the great bell of Ta-Chung-Tai.—New York Times.

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