

Terms of Publication. Published every Wednesday morning at \$2.00 per annum, in advance; otherwise \$2.50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until arrears are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take their paper will be held responsible for the subscription.

Subscribers residing from one office to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address The Somerset Herald, Somerset, Pa.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1884.

WHOLE NO. 1740.

GREAT BARGAINS IN BRASS AND COPPER KETTLES! Largest Stock at Lowest Prices Ever Offered at Wholesale and Retail. FRANK W. HAY, MANUFACTURER AND JOBBER IN Plain, Stamped, and Japanned Tinware.

THE SOMERSET COUNTY BANK (ESTABLISHED 1877.) CHARLES J. HARRISON, M. J. PRITTS, President, Cashier. Collections made in all parts of the United States. CHARGES MODERATE.

Genuine MONOGRAM Boots AND Shoes Can Be Had Only At STARGARDT'S, Sole Agent for them in Johnstown.

STARGARDT'S As STARGARDT'S is Sole Agent for them in Johnstown. Stargardt does not misrepresent his Goods to his Customers.

Stargardt will sell you a Boys' good Cali Boot, Size 1 and 2, at \$1.50. Stargardt will sell you Rub-Boots and Overshoes, Cheaper than any other Shoe Store in Johnstown.

Stargardt will sell you a Men's Good Course Boot at \$1.85. IF YOU WANT TO REDUCE YOUR Shoe Bills, GO TO L. STARGARDT'S ONE-PRICE OPERA HOUSE SHOE STORE

OPERA HOUSE SHOE STORE No. 212 Main St., Johnstown, Pa. A NEW ENTERPRISE. E. M. Lambert & Bro., Manufacturers of and Dealers in White Pine and Hemlock Shingles.

E. M. Lambert & Bro., Manufacturers of and Dealers in White Pine and Hemlock Shingles. NEW MILL. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. SOMERSET PA. \$66 a week at home.

BIRCHBROOK MILL. A notable stream the Birchbrook runs beneath its leaning tower. It flows, soft ripple in its own, That dull roar is the sea's.

THE LUMP OF CLAY. My husband was a sculptor in New Orleans. He was not a poor artist, but wealthy, and spent his money lavishly, so that our house was crowded with costly trivets, and our plate the finest in the city.

THE REWARD OF COFFITNESS. "Will you be kind enough, sir, to hold this ram for me while I open this gate?" It is fastened on the inside and I must climb over.

THE MODEL HUSBAND AT WORK. The Doodlebugs are going out of town. They are hastening to the train. Mr. Doodlebug is getting dressed for the office.

FEEDING THEIR DEAD. Recently backs and express wagons loaded with Chinamen, roast pigs, etc., commenced to pour across the Stark street ferry from Portland, Oregon, on their way to Lone Fir Cemetery to observe the religious ceremony commonly called feeding the dead.

ANOTHER MURDER IN OLD FAYETTE. LANCASTER, Nov. 6.—Information of a very mysterious affair has just reached this city. On Saturday night Calvin Davis, a well-known citizen of East Earl township, this county, went with two companions to Red Well to serenade a friend.

STARGARDT'S FURNISHING GOODS, &c., &c. EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES. TOTT'S PILLS. THE OLD RELIABLE. 25 YEARS IN USE. Indorsed all over the World.

been stripped of valuables and money. It was the boldest robbery accomplished for years—said the police. But despite all efforts—all offered rewards—the culprit was not found.

There's a queer bit of clay on a board under your bed, ma'am. Shall I throw it away? "The last thing his hand ever touched," I cried. "Oh, no. I will take it with me."

"You are coming to your senses," she said. "I made no answer. After awhile I asked again: 'Do you love him?'"

"It is a cold night," said I. "Bitter," said he, shuddering. "But then, I came from a warm climate."

"I thank you very much," he said when he got to the other side. You will be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram before to-day.

"I should like to see you," said I. "I have accepted—so there's an end. Come, I know you've had too much trouble, but don't go out of your head."

He's a mystery, too," said Grace. "No one knows anything about him, except that he's enormously rich. He has bought the Elms—the finest place here, you know—and they are making a great bit of money."

ed to see the man myself; three days after I had the opportunity. Grace had been to church in the evening; my boy was ill and I had to stay away. When it was time for service to be over, I sat by the window watching for her.

There had been the slightest doubt in my mind that this companion of mine had been at the bottom of that terrible night. There was no doubt now that this was the man; yet my common sense told me that to accuse a wealthy gentleman on such slight grounds as the memory of a face seen by moonlight, would be regarded as a delusion.

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had sworn to make my discovery. I worked now with two ends. My old one, and that of saving Grace from becoming the wife of a monster.

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A servant said the President would be down as soon as she finished trying on her dress. The attorney general took out her knitting and said: "Well, I might as well be working. No telling how long we'll have to wait." Eager attention on the servant's announcement.

"Her Excellency, the President of the United States." "Good morning, ladies." "Good morning, Mrs. President." "All in chorus." "Oh! what a lovely dress."

"Yes," said the President. "I thought I would just wear it down and let you all see it. It is pretty, isn't it? Just look at the hang of the train."

"It's perfectly magnificent," said the secretary of War. "Those fine pleatings of crepe de chine give it such a lovely finish. But isn't it just a little short in front?"

"Why, of course," said the President, with some asperity. "I have to change when I ride the trolley. It is hope it's all silk," said the Attorney General, sticking her knitting under a rough hair back hair, while she rubbed her hands on the dress between her thumb and finger. "Did you save me a piece for my carry quilt?"

"Oh, yes," answered the President affably. "And now let us get to business, ladies. I haven't much to do this morning. But first let me see your picture at 1 o'clock."

"The most important business I know of," said the Secretary of State "is to decide on a minister to the Court of St. James. You know Lowell has asked to be recalled."

"It will be hard to get any one to go," observed the Secretary of War. "I am told the climate is so damp that your hair never stays in curl at all."

"Is that so?" said the President, apprehensively. "Well, we must send some one. And then, the President went on, "there's Germany to provide for."

"Oh, what's the use of sending any one to Germany, Mrs. President asked the Secretary of War. "The Secretary of State," there's Her Most and pork and Lasker and Bismarck and all those things to talk about?"

"I know there was a color called Bismarck some years ago," said the Secretary of the Treasury, meditatively, as she sorted her beads, "but it was a little unbecoming."

"But there's a new red brown this fall," said the Postmaster General eagerly, "that's just perfectly lovely for a dark complexion, though I think myself nothing wears as well as old seal brown." Said the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, "but it is a little unbecoming."

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