

The Somerset Herald.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 1893.

WHOLE NO. 2178

THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SOMERSET, PENN.

CAPITAL \$50,000.
SURPLUS \$10,000.

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

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

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

LARRY M. HICKS, W. H. MILLER,
JAMES L. POW, CHAS. H. FISHER,
JOHN R. SCOTT, GEO. R. SCULL.

PAUL W. BIRNBAUM, President.

EDWARD SCULL, : : : PRESIDENT
VALENTINE HAY, : : : VICE PRESIDENT
HARVEY M. BERKLEY, : : : CASHIER.

The funds and securities of this bank are securely protected in a celebrated Corlies Burglar-Proof Safe.

Somerset County National Bank

OF SOMERSET, PA.

Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank 1890.

CAPITAL \$50,000.

Cha. J. Harrison, Pres't.

Wm. H. Koontz, Vice Pres't.

Milton J. Pritts, Asst. Sec'y.

DIRECTORS:

Sam'l Snyder, John Snyder, John H. Snyder, James Snyder, J. W. Koontz, Wm. H. Koontz, Milton J. Pritts, Cha. J. Harrison.

Customers of this bank will receive the most liberal treatment consistent with safe banking.

FIDELITY TITLE AND TRUST CO.

121 & 123 Fourth Ave.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Capital \$1,000,000.

Undivided Profits \$225,000.

Acts as Executor, Guardian, Assignee and Receiver.

Wills received for and held free of charge.

Business of residents and non-residents carefully attended to.

JOHN B. JACKSON, President.

JAMES J. DONNELL, Vice President.

FRANKLIN BROWN, Secretary.

JAS. C. CHAPLIN, Treasurer.

FANCY

WORK.

Some Great Bargains in

IRISH POINT LUNCH

AND TRAY CLOTHS

Bought below cost of transportation we are selling at great bargains white and colored Bedford Cord Table Covers, stamped ready for working, Single Canton Plaque Table and Chair Covers, Singed Plush Cushion Covers, Bargain Art Cloth Table and Cushion Covers, all stamped with Newest Designs; Hem-stitched Hot Disc and Roll Napkins. A new and large line of hem-stitched Tray and Carving Cloths from 35c to \$1.00.

Star-peel Hem-stitched Scarfs from 35c up; Table Covers from 50c up. A full line of Figured

INDIA SILKS,

All New Patterns and Colorings. Also,

Figured Plush,

24 and 36 inches wide, in beautiful Colors and Designs. Art Satin Squares for the Central Covers and Cushion Covers.

Waban Netting,

46 inches wide, 80 cents per yard. In Pink, Blue, White, Yellow, Tan, NEW THING for Draping Curtains and Doors, and for Draping Over Draperies. A new line of Hem-stitched Scarfs from 35c up; Napkins, Mullin, Shewing and Linen Draperies, all means.

HORNE & WARD.

41 FIFTH AVENUE E. Pittsburgh, Pa.

FACTS

That I sell the finest quality goods at these low prices.

Two years old Pure Hye \$2.00 per gallon.

Three years old Pure Hye \$2.50 per gallon.

Four years old Pure Hye \$3.00 per gallon.

Five years old Pure Hye \$3.50 per gallon.

Six years old Pure Hye \$4.00 per gallon.

Seven years old Pure Hye \$4.50 per gallon.

From Bad to Worse

A Complication of Diseases

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures Strength Just in Time.



Dr. J. H. H. H.

"I gladly testify to the following facts: I have been a very great sufferer for the last five years with troubles of the lungs and kidneys and the worst stage of

Dyspepsia.

I could scarcely eat anything because of the intense pain in my stomach. I was also at one time covered with sores, and my cough weakened me so that I could scarcely walk. I had several attacks of bleeding at the lungs. My breath became so short that I was unable to work and was obliged to give up my business. I continued till I had taken three bottles. I was now able to get up and about, and my cough and breath were much better. I had had an attack of the kidneys, and now my hammer and gravel were no more to me for three months and

Nearly Took Away My Life.

I had heard of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a good medicine, so I bought a bottle. When I had taken it I found I had done me some good, and I proceeded to get more. I had now taken six bottles, and I was able to get up and about, and my cough and breath were much better. I had had an attack of the kidneys, and now my hammer and gravel were no more to me for three months and

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

more. The physicians told me five years ago that I would live three years, and all the while I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and I have now lived six years, and I am now as well as ever. I have now taken six bottles, and I was able to get up and about, and my cough and breath were much better. I had had an attack of the kidneys, and now my hammer and gravel were no more to me for three months and

Hood's Pills cure all Liver, Bile, Indigestion, Stomach, Headache, etc.

THE OLD MAN

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THE QUIET HOME.

mother, worn and weary

With tears which never cease,

With days that pass in pain,

With nights that pass in vain,

With days that pass in pain,

With nights that pass in vain,

With days that pass in pain,

With nights that pass in vain,

With days that pass in pain,

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Mr. and Mrs. Bowser.

Some Old Recollections Reviewed and Revived.

"I see," said Mrs. Bowser, as she read the paper the other evening,

while Mr. Bowser was trying to dig a peg out of his shoe—"I see that another

Brooklyn man has run away and left his wife."

"Has he? Well, I don't wonder at it," replied Mr. Bowser.

"Oh, but I know how it happened. He found out that he couldn't take a bit

of comfort in his home, and he left it. No one knows the misery that poor man

suffered before he took that step."

"It doesn't say he was unhappy."

"Of course not. No husband ever gets justice by saying nothing of it. I'll bet

he suffered a thousand deaths before he walked away to die in some lonely spot

by his own hand."

"Well, dear, you'll never be driven away at any set of mine," she said as she went over and kissed him.

"-W-when in thrasher are you doing?" asked Mr. Bowser, as he dropped the shoe and sprang up.

"-Why, I kissed you."

"Well, I don't want anybody blowing into my ears and putting on my chin."

"What struck you all at once?"

"-Was a time, Mr. Bowser—there was a time when—"

"When what?"

"When you said that if I would kiss you, you would be the happiest man in the world."

"-Never! Never even hinted such a thing! I wasn't that sort of a noodle."

"-Mr. Bowser! Why, there was for three months, while I was making up my mind to marry you, that you could hardly live from day to day."

"-Waiting! You waiting! Well that is cool! That tickles me—ha! ha! ha!" he shouted, as he held his sides.

"-Yes, waiting."

"-Why—ha! ha! ha!—you said 'yes so mightily quick but your tongue in doing it! The idea of me pining and wasting away because I feared you would say no!'"

"-Do you remember the pet name you used to call me?" she asked.

"-Pet name?"

"-You called me your red wild rose."

"-Red wild pigweed! Are you getting soft in the head, Mr. Bowser?"

"-Nearly all your letters to me were dated anywhere from midnight to 4 o'clock in the morning, and—"

"-Never! Never wrote you a letter except in the afternoon, when I had nothing to do and wanted to see up half an hour's time," replied Mr. Bowser.

"-And every one of them speaks of how lonely you were, and with what joyous anticipations you looked forward to your next letter."

"-Lately! Joyous anticipations! I'd be so lonely when there were a dozen or more mighty good looking girls after me, wouldn't I?"

"-But in a few brief years after marriage how the average husband does change," observed Mrs. Bowser, as if speaking to herself.

"-Yes, that's it. You hunted me down and got me to marry you, and now you are trying to make my home happy. If you are feeling badly why don't you go and make yourself some catnip tea."

"-Husbands talk about happy homes," she continued, as she looked the paper over, "but what do they do to make it happy?"

"-While they are courting they are all smiles and soft talk, but the honeymoon is no sooner over than they stand revealed in their true colors."

"-Keep pitching right in, Mr. Bowser! Nothing like a fault-finding wife to make home pleasant!"

"-Do you remember that Fourth of July evening when we sat on the veranda?" she asked. "I shall always remember what you said that night and how much the situation affected you."

"-Affected me? What on earth are you talking about?"

"-You took my hand in yours, Mr. Bowser and you asked me to please try and learn to love you."

"-Never! If I would believe it to be family Bible I wouldn't swear it."

"-You said that life was but a weary waste to you before I crossed your path, and—"

"-I never did—never! never! never!" he exclaimed, as if struggling to get up and away from her.

"-No one but you ever charged me with being an idiot or a fanatic."

"-Didn't you once show me some baking powder in a pill box and tell me it was strychnine, and that you'd take it if I married any one else?"

"-Never! Never cared two cents whether you married any one else?"

"-And you'd cry that when father came out one evening and threw you off the stoop and told you never to come back that you wrote me you—"

"-Three me of the stoop! Your father! By the great horsepower, but this is too much, Mr. Bowser! There is no like to have seen the whole catalogue of your relations throw me of a stoop!"

"-Perhaps you don't remember how you used to compare my eyes to stars and tell me that it would be the one effort of your life to make me happy?"

"-Eyes! Stars! The idea of my talking any such words! I came home expecting to spend a happy evening in the bosom of my family and you've gone and kicked it all over! That's the way with the tamed woman—always kicking and complaining about something."

"-There was a time when you used to pet me, Mr. Bowser."

"-That's all! Keep right on harping on that old story! If a husband don't tell his wife 40 times a day that she's his shining star she's really to kick and make his home miserable, I may be driven out any day now. I've seen it coming for the last two years, but I was helpless. I'm going to look up and go to bed. Good night, Mrs. Bowser."—New York World.

"-Arabella, dear, I am sorry to tell you that Freddy and Algernon didn't like the look you were last night."

"-Arabella, dearest, I don't dress to please the men, but to worry the girls."

The yellow day lily is not as common as it deserves to be. The flowers are of a clear Canary yellow and the foliage is very luxuriant.

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