OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Washington, Sept. 21th, 1880.

Well, I couldn't help it. They all went, so I had to go to. It's one of my weak points, so my wife says, and I half believe she's about right. Say soldier, decoration or monument and I am with you every time. How I got to Sharpsburg, it would be of no interest to relate, but I got there all the same, after declaring it was impossible to go. When the "old vets" got in ranks and started for the depot to the tap of the drums, I thought I would help to give them a good send off. But, pshaw! when I got to the train it was no use. "I couldn't stay away," so I went along. We had a most delightful ride from the capital city. Hardly had we gone beyond the district limits ere some of the boys commenced pointing out spots of interest, having a war history and where some of them had done picket duty. From the Monocraty to the Point of Rocks war life was the subject of conversation, refreshed in the mind by the scenes through which they were passing. In the midst of this agreeable conversation the road brought us parallel with the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and within a few feet of its bank. At this juncture a boat came along flying the American flag. That was the signal for loud hurrahs, and after honors had been paid the national colors, Garfield and Arthur came in next for cheers. The canal-boat being doubtless the suggesting medium to awaken enthusiasm for the hero of the tow-path. From the Point of Rocks to the end of our journey, tongues were not idle. Many a soldier recognized some place he had visited once before, but under different circumstances. Then devastations of war showed the destruction of a country. Now, Pleasant Valley, with its green fields, waving corn, herding cattle and grazing sheep, give evidence of the change, is full and complete. The farmer is turning his soil preparatory to seeding, and the stacks studding the fields demonstrate that the harvest was good and the husbandman will receive remuneration for his toil. Nearly all the vestiges of the war have departed and prosperity seems to have returned on all sides. As the train rolled along over the ground, contiguous to the battlefield of Antietam, the band played "Rally Round the Flag, Boys," and the grand army boys chimed in with their voices.

We got safely into the little one-horse town in good time. Everything was bustle and confusion. The fact that it was the occasion of the unveiling of the "Private Soldiers'" Monument at Antietam Cemetery, will explain why the town suddenly aroused from its sleepy state and assumed one of life and activity. The streets were blocked with vehicles of all characters and it was with great difficulty that one could move about, for the streets were a perfect swaying mass of humanity. I should not say streets, but it it is down, so let it go, for Sharpesburg can be said to have but one street, and that is the turnpike passing through it. There was nothing attractive about the village unless it be the connection it bears to Sept. 17th, 1862, when this locality was the scene of several hotly contested and bloody battles. Friday was ad extremely hot day and dust was abundant. It was a kind, too, that proved most annoying. The powdered limestone mixed with the yellow Maryland clay, was sufficiently light to scatter without force and it was most searching in working through the clothing and had a stinging effect upon the eyes. Fully 20,000 people were present. The event was signalized by the presence also of a large number of distinguished men, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Fifth Maryland Regiment, a battery of United States Artillery and several companies of soldiers from Virginia and Pennsylvania. It was a holiday very generally observed by the inhabitants of all that section of Maryland within easy access of Sharpsburg, and those present appeared to be fully in sympathy with the occasion which had called them together. The blue uniforms of the Grand Army of the Republic, the gray of the Fifth Maryland regiment mingling with the sombre attire of the civilian, and the delicate finery of the women, brought no recollections of "grim visaged war," and while groups of veterans stood together and pointed out to each other such old, familiar points as the old Dunker church, the stone mill, the bridge and the plowed lot, the face of the country was so changed that there were few but what were at fault in locating the different corps on the day of the battle. Everybody fraternized with everybody else, and those who had not been at Antietam listened eagerly to the reminiscences of those that had.

The cemetery is situated on the south side of the turnpike about one mile east from Sharpsburg, stands on a high hill, and it is said to be about the spot where Gen. Robert E. Lee stood watching the battle of Antietam eighteen years ago.

The view is a grand one. Off to the left lies the bridge near the old mill that Burnside attempted to capture and cross, but did not succeed. A short distance to the north could be seen the lane where the dead and wounded were piled deep one upon the other, and the life-fluid ran down the road so freely as to cause the spot to be dubbed 'Bloody Run.' Anteitam Creek, that then proved such an important dividing line between the contending armies, creeps sleepily and lazily along, unmindful of the importance it once had in that battle. Back from this a short distance is the red brick house that McClellan used as his quarters, while still further back on the mountain, at the highest and most conspicuous point, a vacant space can be noticed in the foliage, and it was there that the "lookout" was established.

It would be difficult to tell on what portion of the grounds between Keedysville and Sharpsburg there was not a contest, skirmish or battle. Almost every foot of ground thereabouts was fiercely and stubbornly contested, eventuating in the great battles of South Mountain and Anteitam.

About two o'clock the military from Sharpesburg arrived. There was no regular line of march observed as there was an unavoidable delay in one of the trains and it caused a change of programme. Upon entering the cemetery the procession passed to the right of the speakers' stand and marching around the veiled statue, halted and formed in a semi-circle.

When everything was ready, Miss Helen Wright, daughter of Gen. Geo. B. Wright, of Ohio, was driven in an open barouche to the statue, which was guarded by the Warren Light Infantry, and at a given signal cut the cords that held the national colors around the monument. Simultaneous with the sound of the bugle blast, the colors fell from the statue and the artillery fired a national salute. The echoes of the artillery reverberating among the surrounding hills, awakened memories of nearly a score of years ago, when upon the anniversary of this same day, similar sounds had awakened similar echoes.

No cheer was heard, and a silence fell upon all present as they gazed with upturned faces, upon the "private soldier," upon the magnificent work of art which had just been unveiled, and which was to commemorate the bravery of those in five thousand graves scattered all around them.

The statue is of granite, quarried in Rhode Island, and represents the private in his winter uniform, standing with his musket at parade rest. The "dough-boy" is of heroic size, twenty-two feet high, placed on a pedestal twenty feet high. It cost $30,000 and weighs 320 tons.

The monument bears this simple inscription:

NOT FOR THEMSELVES
BUT
FOR THEIR COUNTRY.
SEPT. 17, 1862.

After the statue had been unveiled, the immense throng gathered around the speakers' stand while the bands of music rendered suitable airs for the occasion. The stand was decorated with flags and crowded with ladies and gentlemen. At the conclusion of the opening music, the last piece being "Nearer my God to Thee," Gen. Ross stepped forward and introduced Rev. Henry Edwards, who made a fervent prayer. Mr. M. Brosius, of Lancaster, Pa, was then introduced and delivered an oration of over an hour's length on the result and the lessons of the war. Mr. Brosius, when only 18 years of age, enlisted in 1861, and was severely wounded at Bermuda Hundred, in 1864, and since the war has practiced law, being a leading member of the Lancaster bar. Mr. Brosius spoke of the battle of Anteitam and the results of the battle. He also spoke of our country, its moral greatness and magnanimity. But he said, to the safety of our institutions, a stuffed ballot box is more dangerous than an army of foreign invaders. To the honor of the American name, a corrupt ballot is fraught with greater peril than the steel point of a traitor's bayonet. To the perpetuities of our liberties, the hand tainted with a bribe is more fatal than the one that grasps a traitor's sword. These are our eminent dangers, and if they be but "air drawn daggers" to-day they may become "real poniards" in the heart of the nation, unless our national standard of political ethics is elevated until the fraudulent count, the shot-gun policy, the tissue ballot and the cipher dispatch became to American politics what the rack of the thumb-screw are to the judicial system of modern times.

Mr. Brosins was loudly applauded. After the band had again played, Mr. W. H. Lambert, of Philadelphia, was introduced and pointed out in forcible terms "to whom victory was due." He said that fortunately for the welfare of the Republic the war produced no one central figure in whose presence all others sink into insignificance; no one name whose history is the history of the war: Cesar or Napoleon whose towering preeminence overshadows the country whose armies he led. Not Meade at Gettysburg, staying the highest wave of rebellion; not Sheridan in the valley, wresting victory from defeat, or at Five Forks, dealing the death blow to the army of Virginia; not Sherman in the wonderful campaign at Atlanta on that "march to the sea," which severed the confederacy; not Thomas at Nashville, in that completest victory of the war; not Grant at Vicksburg, securing the passage of the Mississippi unvexed to the sea, or at Appomattox, receiving the surrender of Lee's shattered legions, was the savior of the country. The hero, the deliverer of our nation was none other (pointing to the "high private") than the people. Their names may indeed be forgotten, but the work which they wrought abides, and when yonder granite shall have crumbled into dust, and when amid the accumulating glories of our later history, even our battle's names shall have faded into dim memories, so long as the starry flag continues the emblem of a free and great republic, the results occasioned by their devotion, shall remain monuments of the gallantry and patriotism of the American Soldier. [Loud and continuous applause.]

After the benediction the throng dispersed, the military marching to the railroads at Keedysville and Sharpsburg. Everybody expressed themselves delighted with the monument.

The cemetery grounds are nicely laid out, well and neatly sodded and adorned with flowers. Over 4,000 soldier have their resting place in these grounds, and the improvements cost over $100,000. A United States Superintendent has charge of it.

Picket.

Boasting of a Rebel Record.

Washington, Sept. 19.—John S. Barbour is another Virginia statesman who is recommending himself politically to the voters of that State because he stood well with Lee and Johnson. He has just been nominated for Congress in the Alexandria district, and yesterday at a Democratic rally at Winchester he thus referred to his service to his State—meaning his treason—and the approval his course met with Lee and Johnson:

"Although a delicate matter, it may be necessary for me to speak something of myself and my past life. It has been asked where I was during the war. I answer. I was at my post of duty, and if it were necessary for me to hunt up testimonials, I have something which I could show from General Lee, General Johnson and others, assuring me of their full and complete confidence in my endeavors to assist my State."

Wade Hampton wrote a letter of regret to this meeting, and he, too, thought it a good thing to stir up those who invited him with memories of the Lost Cause, and so he wrote of the grateful recollections he had of the citizens of Winchester during the war.

The following is a copy of the record of General Grant's marriage in the Recorders office: "State of Missouri, County of St. Louis. I certify that I have this day joined in the holy bonds of matrimony Lieutenant Ulysses Grant, of the United States Army, and Julia Dent, of St. Louis. Certified by me this 10th day of September, A. D., 1848. H. Linn, minister. Filed October 20, 1848."

The New Preacher.

It had been announced that a new preacher would address the congregation, and that a new method of presenting gospel facts would be adopted. The colored people were anxious to hear the new preacher. A new way of presenting the gospel excited curiosity. On Sunday night the house was well filled. The preacher was rather late. Finally he came. All eyes were turned towards him. He was Jerry, the ex-politician. Ascending the pulpit, the old man wiped the perspiration from his brow, and said: "Let us pray." The congregation bowed low, and the old man raised his hands and exclaimed:

"Lord, de agent of light, and destroyer of all darkness, hab mussy on de sinners ob de lan'. Take de lie outen de mouths ob de politician, an' enable your sarvant to discharge his 'sponsible duties. Amen."

The preacher wiped his face again, and, after regarding his congregation for a few seconds, said:

"We'll omit de singin'. Dar hab been too much singin' an' too little action in dis word'. De cricket sings an' de bee labors. De cricket dies when winter comes, but de bee hab laid up sweetmeats of pentance. Afore I enters into de tex', it may not be outen place to tell you my 'perience. I kin do it in a very few words. I was and I was on de wrong road, an' a man of my 'fluence cood do much. I quit politics, took out license an' am now a preacher. Now for de tex': 'He dat libs by de sword, shall perish by de sword.' De nalagous ob dis is, he what libs by de ballot-box mus perish by de ballot-box. De salvashun of a man's soul is wuth mor'n all de votes he kin git, but the garden of 'ligion hab growed up in de weeds I 'poses to make a reform. I was a politician, an' den turned preacher. De Bible says furder, preach de Gospel ter every livin' creecher. What's de usen preachen ter de creecher of de creecher won't heah? None. De Bible means dat yer shall make 'em ter harken. I sees a good many old tuffs in dis house, an' I wants 'em ter come up ter de mourners' bench right now. Da's got ter come. De Lord doan say I wish you would do anything, but says you's got ter do it. Firmness is religion. De rock of ages is made outen flint. Mr. Johnson come up an' put your head on dis bench, I's played kyards wid yer, but you's got to reform. Come on, I tells yer; is yer comin'?"

"No, I isn't," said Mr. Johnson.

"Den I'll fetch yer. You's been standin' off de preachers long enough."

The preacher left the pulpit, advanced to where Mr. Johnson was standing and caught him by the collar.

"Turn me loose! I doan wanter hab no truck wid you, man."

"Come up heah ter dis bench or I'll drag yer dar. De Gospel is roused. De time of salvation is at han."

"Turn me loose, I tel yer. I'se a bad man and tears matches in my hat."

"Yes, and yer' teat sulpher in de hem ob yer garments. Come on heah and I'll jerk de staffin outen you."

The two men began struggling and the wildest confusion prevailed. "Sing de old 'Tugboat of Zion,'" said the preacher, and the congregation obeyed. Finally Mr. Johnson was dragged to the bench; and, as a deacon was stationed over him with a club, he did not look up. "Go out and 'pel 'em to come in," said the preacher. "De feast ob der Lord must be 'tended, boy; put your head on de board of 'pentance. Go on, or you'll be lame fur a week. Git down dar, ole man! Young oomen, put your head down dar! When de moody an' Senkum business fails yer's got ter use de improved plan. Doan let dat man out. Hole him. Now, yer raskil, would yer run from de lam'? When de lam' won't fetch 'em, yer mus' use de ram. Da switched de lamb's tail at Jericho, and de walls stood still; but when da pushed wind through the ram's horn da tumbled. Oh, yer doesn't wanter come, does yer? Deacon hit dis man."

The deacon sprang forward, and was on the eve of braining the sinner when he announced his willingness to go. Some fifteen or twenty were thus taken up, and, frightened by so determined example, the other sinners meekly obeyed. Within an hour from the time preaching began, seventy-five mourners were on the bench. Old Jerry stood in their midst. "Dar's a bright star shinin' in de East—put your heads down," he said, as a boy looked up as if hunting for the star. "De Gospel car is rollin', Sinners is comin' ter 'pentance." A refractory jumped up and attempted to run, but was promptly knocked down by one of the deacons. The meeting lasted until near day-light, and the preacher left highly satisfied with the result.

Remedy for Foul Water.

The modern plan of getting the water-supply of cities and towns from ponds has revealed the fact that the waters of most ponds and reservoirs are liable occasionally to take on more or less unpleasant odor and taste due to the growth and decay of large numbers of aquatic plants of kinds so minute that they can only be seen with the microscope. It is uncertain whether water thus polluted is unwholesome, but it is essentially disagreeable and unpalatable; and is a still greater puzzle how to prevent, or even hinder, the accumulation of this annoying vegetation in large bodies of water. Filtration of the water at the house of each individual consumer seems to be the best palliative hitherto devised, for in this way a great deal of troublesome matter may be removed. Aeration of the water after it has passed through the pipes, or even letting the water stand for some time exposed to the air, is another device of merit. And by boiling the water before use, it is possible to dissipate some of the unpleasant flavor.

Doubtless many wells whose waters are not cold enough and dark enough to prevent the growth of such vegetation are liable to suffer in the same way as the ponds: and it is of interest to note an ingenious device for overcoming the difficulty in a body of water thus limited, which was recently put in use by a German near Hartford, Conn., as reported in a journal of that city. To cure the foul well he first cleaned it out; he then put in a peck of salt, and, after the well had been filled up with water, he again pumped it dry. The operation is manifestly of the same order as the sweetening of butter that "tastes of the firkin" by drenching it with brine. In both cases the solution of salt destroys the microscopic organisms which have caused rancidity.

The Two Goats of Montana.

AMUSING CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN THE CENSUS CLERKS AND AN AUDITOR.

According to the report on the wealth of Montana, there are but two goats in that Territory. The Census Office clerks thought there must be something wrong about this, so they wrote to the Auditor of the Territory to look it up. They argued and convinced themselves that there must be more than two in such a big country as Montana. But the Auditor answred that the report of the enumerators showed only two. The Auditor also reported that one of them was on a farm at one side of the Territory, and the other at the other end. He gave the names of the farms they were on and their owners. The Census Office clerks held an indignation meeting over the information, and resolved that the Auditor was lying. The discovery was made that one of the goats was valued at $10, while the other was assessed at only $5. The census clerks then made up their minds individually and collectively that they had the Auditor certain.

A letter was framed asking him to explain the wonderful difference in the valuation of the two animals. It was also suggested that possibly he may have overlooked the existence of other goats in the Territory, and that if he would be so kind as to make a special inquiry he would oblige the Census Office and "probably perfect the otherwise unusual correct enumeration of Montana." The Auditor of Montana answered in a week or so. He said he did not desire to be quarrelsome or unaccommodating, but if he was to be bothered any more about these "two d——d goats" he would know the reason why. He added in explanation that the reason why one of the goats was put down at $10 was because he was worth $10, and that the one put down at $5 was worth but five; that he had done his whole duty, and did not want to hear any more about the matter.

Strangely enough ever word in the letter of the Auditor was written plain except the word "damned." It was thought by some to be "hundred." This would make it appear that there were "two hundred goats" in that Territory, which was agreed to be something more like it. A council of war was held, and it was decided that notwithstanding it might further agitate the the Auditor to be asked again to explain his figures yet it might be done. A Virginia clerk, a man who "has a record" as a brave man, was requested to address a letter of inquiry to the Auditor again, ask him if he wanted to be understood as saying that there were two hunsired goats in Montana, and if so to state what counties they were in, and the Census Office, or at least the wealth debt and taxation division of it, would be glad to know the facts in the case.

The answer was anxiously looked for. It came yesterday, and was brief. Its words were:

"I am a Democrat with a big D, and only recognize a Union with a big U. There are but two goats in Montana. I have come to the conclusion that the whole damned crowd in the office are crazy, and I don't fight, but only pity crazy men."

What Rattlesnakes are Good For.

It may not be generally known to our readers that snake poison is used for medicinal purposes these days, and a firm in Liverpool recently imported a number of rattlesnakes, and abstracted the venom from the live animals in the following ingenious manner: The reptiles were in seperate compartments of a case fitted with a thick India rubber noose at one end, which could be loosened or tightened by the hand. This was inserted through the partially opened lid, and the opportunity quickly seized by slipping the noose over the snake's head, the loop being immediately drawn by means of a cord thereto. With a similar contrivance the tail was fastened; the snake being securely held, was lifted out of the box to the floor of the room. A pickle-bottle containing chloroform was then thrust over the snake's head, and carefully held in its place by keeping time with the animals efforts to extricate itself. As the animal became stupified, the noose was gradually relaxed to enable the lungs to have full play, and when it appeared powerless the snake was laid in a narrow box, made for this purpose, with an aperture at one end, in which its head was fixed while the after operation was performed. Its jaws were then opened and fixed, and the poison glands were pressed open with forceps and the gloved finger and thumb, while a small, graduated vial was held to receive the drops as they oozed slowly out through the poison fangs. Twenty drops was the average quantity yielded from each snake. The venon is of a straw color, thick and gummy in consistency, and decidedly acid in its reaction on litmus paper. It is readily soluable in glycerine or water. Its toxicological properties were fully tried on a variety of animals. Half a drop produced death on a linnet within three minutes after being injected under the wing. The symptoms produced in all cases are very similar.

More Silver.

Denver, Col., September 15.—For some months past prospectors and some prominent capitalists have been quietly prospecting on Battle mountain, in the Eagle river mining district, thirty miles northwest of Leadville. The developments have progressed so far, and shown such an amount of mineral in that locality, that a road and telegraph line are being pushed forward from Leadville, and miners and capitalists are now going to this new camp in large numbers. The carbonate ores promise, from the regularity of their veins, to yield an immediate and handsome addition to the silver production of the State. Smelters having been already started.

Living Witnesses.

The hundreds of strong, hearty, rugged and healty looking men, women and children, that have been rescued from beds of pain, sickness and well nigh death by Parker's Ginger Tonic are the best evidences in the world of its sterling merit and worth. You will find such in almost every community. Read of it in another column.

The ladies who some time since were unable to go out, having taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, are quite recovered and have gone on their way rejoicing.

Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 223 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

A Champion Liar.

Young Gluckerson met old Judge Van Snyder on the ferry boat at San Francisco the other day, and, after shaking hands respectfully with that venerable friend of the family, said, cautiously:

"Did you hear of that terrible accident up at Boots' the other night?"

"Accident! Why, my dear young friend no. Nothing serious, I hope?" said the Judge, much interested.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was," said Gluckerson, in a mournful voice.

"You see, the old doctor was out until about 2 o'clock in the morning attending some patients, and, supposing he would be hungry when he came in, Mrs. Boots put a large pan of much and milk—the old doctor's favorite dish, you know—under the stove to keep warm for him."

"Yes, yes!" said the Judge eagerly, as Gluckerson stopped to light a cigar.

"Go on—what then?"

"Well, the doctor came in after a while, and went groping around in the dark for his mush—couldn't find a match, you know—and, as luck would have it, he picked up instead a pan containing bread, put there to raise over night. He was too tired to notice the difference—beside, he had taken two or three nips as he drove round—and so he actually ate up all the dough!"

"Gracious!" said the Judge.

It's a fact, though. Well, towards morning the doctor began to swell, and swell—the yeast was getting its work in, you know—and pretty soon the whole family was up and rushing around half distracted. The doctor kept on groaning and shrieking and swelling, until he looked like a saratoga trunk. At last they found out what he had done, and the whole family piled right on top of him, and sat there while they sent for a cooper."

"A cooper?"

"Yes; you see, they saw at once that unless something was done the doctor would burst before morning. So the cooper started in and put nine of those big half-inch beer keg hoops around his stomach. Of course that stopped his swelling, and by keeping a tin tube down his throat for the gas to escape, he just managed to pull through."

"Oh, the doctor pulled through, did he?"

"Oh, yes; he's all right now, excepting—"

"Excuse me," said the Judge, grimly, as he took out his note book, "but you will favor me with your middle name in full. They are getting up a medal for the champion liar in the state, by order of the Governor, and I think I'll send in your—"

Put the boat had landed, and the promising young candidate had melted away into the crowd.

Under the English Channel.

The preliminary excavations for this enterprise are being actively pushed forward at Sangatte, near Calais, at a spot where the cliffs have an altitude of seventy feet obove the level of the sea at high water. A point has been chosen where the rocks of gray chalk which have to be traversed by the tunnel come to show their heads at the surface of the soil. On the opposite shore similar borings have been begun, so that the works are proceeding simultaneously. The soundings that have been made during the last few years demonstrate that the base of the Channel consists of a compact mass of chalk, resting on banks of slate. This mass which is easy enough to pierce, is said at the same time to resist filtration sufficiently. It would therefore, present a substance excellently adapted for perforation. But what yet remains to be proved is whether the succession of these chalk layers will not disclose some irregularities or ruptures which would render the enterprise impossible. The shaft at Sangatte has now reached a depth of nearly 200 feet, or about 120 feet below the level of high water. It has a width of ten feet, and is lined with oak, so that the water cannot penetrate very freely, not more than seventeen gallons a minute. This water is not salt, which is thought to prove that the layers hitherto traversed have their point of contact sufficiently far from the shore to prevent the sea from ascending the shaft. It is intended to sink to a depth of 300 feet, and then a gallery will be excavated in the direction of England. Up to the present the engineers are highly satisfied with the results obtained, as no irregularities have been discovered, which is considered a good augury for the success of the enterprise. It is impossible, however, to proceed at a quicker rate than twenty inches a day. Nevertheless in eighteen months or two years enough progress will have been made to arrive at a perfect understanding about the possibility of the undertaking. It is stated the work will not fail through lack of funds.

From Chicago.

Chicago, Ill., Oct. 5, 1878.

Dr. M. M. Ezner, Fredonia, N. Y.

Dear Sir:—I took your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic for a severe billious attack with perfect success. Three-fourths of a bottle of your St. Vitus Dance Specific cured my boy of that disease, after he had been doctored three months by eminent physicians without benefit. I wish also to say that I think highly of your Improved Cough Honey.

Yours truly,
J. M. PHELPS.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, Fever and Ague Spleen, Enlargement, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and all Skin Eruptions and Blood Disorders; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

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LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
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The Positive Cure
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This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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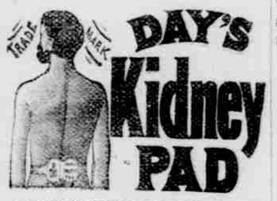
COOKING AND HEATING STOVES.

All kinds REPAIRING will be promptly done. The public is informed that all kinds of work generally done at a

FIRST-CLASS FOUNDRY
AND
MACHINE SHOP!

Can be procured at SHORT NOTICE.
Sept. 15.



A DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT,

which supplies a want men of eminent ability have devoted years of study and experiment to find—a **specific for diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs and Nervous System**—and rom the time of its discovery has rapidly increased in favor, gaining the approval and confidence of medical men and those who have used it; it has become a favorite with all classes, and wherever introduced has superseded all other treatments. In Short, such is its intrinsic merit and superiority, that it is now the only recognized reliable remedy.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS

are the most prevalent, dangerous and fatal affections that afflict mankind, and so varied and insidious in their character, that persons often suffer for a long time before knowing what ails them. The most characteristic symptoms are gradual wasting away of the whole body; exhausted feeling; loss of appetite and dread of exercise; scant and painful discharge of variously colored urine, inability to retain or expel the urine; minute shreds or casts in the urine; and, when the disease is of long duration, there is much emaciation and general nervous prostration.

THE ONLY CURE.

We say positively, and without fear of contradiction, that **DAY'S KIDNEY PAD** is the first and only infallible cure for every form Kidney disease. It is the best remedy yet discovered for this complaint, and more effectual in its operation than any other treatment. By using faithfully and persistently no case will be found so inveterate as not to yield to its powerful remedial virtues.

IS STRONGLY ENDORSED.

We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative powers from many persons of high character, intelligence and responsibility. Our book, "How a Life was Saved," giving the history of this new discovery, and a large record of most remarkable cures, sent free. Write for it.

DAY'S KIDNEY PADS are sold by druggists, or will be sent by mail (free of postage) on receipt of their price: Regular $2.00; Special for obstinate cases of long standing, $3.00; Children, $1.00. Address, **DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.**

CAUTION. Owing to the many worthless Kidney Pads now seeking sale on our reputation, we deem it due the afflicted to warn them. Ask for **DAY'S KIDNEY PAD**, take no other, and you will not be deceived. B

For Sale By C. N. BOYD, Somerset Pa

PUBLIC SALE

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., to the undersigned Executors and Trustees for the sale of the real estate of Joseph Emerick, late of Southampton township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd, will sell at public outcry, on the premises on

Saturday, October, 2, 1880,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, viz:

A certain valuable farm situate in Southampton Twp., county and state aforesaid, joining lands of Dennis Comp, Daniel Lydig, Jacob Shroyer, Chauncey Brook, Jacob Troutman and others, containing 378 acres, more or less, 160 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation; of which 30 acres are in meadow. A large sugar camp of 1,000 trees and a large quantity of elegant pine and oak timber on said premises. A No. 1 coal bank is open on the farm; also, iron ore and fire-clay in abundance on it. Fruit of all kinds, consisting of two apple orchards, pears, peaches, cherries, &c; also two dwelling houses, large bank barn and other outbuildings on said farm. Also blacksmith shop, with good water at many points on the farm. This property is about 2 miles from the P. & C. R. R. and 3 miles from Bridgeport, easy of access to both church and school. Possession 1st April, 1881.

TERMS.—One-third cash on confirmation of sale; ten per cent. to be paid on day of sale. The balance in three equal annual payments from date of sale. The unpaid purchase money to be secured on the premises by judgment notes. For any further information call on the trustees who reside near the premises, or address them at Cook's Mills P. O., Bedford Co., Pa., or their attorney J. H. Uhl, Somerset, Pa.

NATHAN EMERICK,
PETER EMERICK,
Sept 1 Executors and Trustees.

THE BEST REMEDY
FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.

In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is such a remedy. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency, and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary **Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh,** the effects of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In **Whooping-cough** and **Consumption** there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment; and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is of acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it. The test of half a century has proven its certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.
FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Ginger, Bucha, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known are scientifically combined in Parker's Ginger Tonic, as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and The Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

So perfect is the composition of Parker's Ginger Tonic that no disease can long exist where it is used. If you have Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bowel, Kidney or Liver Disorder, or if you need a mild stimulant, or appetizer, the Tonic is just the medicine for you, as it is highly curative and invigorating but never intoxicating.

If you are slowly wasting away with Consumption or any sickness, if you have a Painful Cough or a bad Cold, Parker's Ginger Tonic will surely help you. It gives new life and vigor to the feeble and aged, and is a certain cure for Rheumatism and Cholera Infantum.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

If you are feeling miserable don't wait until you are down sick, but use the Tonic to-day. No matter what your disease or symptoms may be it will give prompt relief.

Remember! Parker's Ginger Tonic is not a rum drink but the Best and Purest Family Medicine ever made, compounded by a new process, and entirely different from Bitters, Ginger preparations and all other Tonics. Try a 50c. bottle. Your druggist can supply you.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing

exquisitely perfumed and perfectly harmless.

Will Always Restore Gray or Faded Hair

to its original youthful color and appearance, and is warranted to stop its falling, assist its growth and prevent baldness.

A few applications of the Balsam will soften the hair, cleanse all dandruff and cure itching and humors of the scalp. Sold by all druggists at only 50c.

September 8.

MORGAN'S
WOOLEN MILLS,
ESTABLISHED 1812.

Having for the past year or two, been entirely unable to supply the increasing demand for my goods I have built an addition to my mill and put in a large amount of

NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY

and thereby almost doubled my capacity for manufacturing.

I have now on hand a large stock consisting of

BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,

which I wish to

TRADE FOR WOOL.

Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I want your

WOOL!

to work up

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY,

and in order to reach all my customers in good time, I have employed the same agents I had last year, and in addition Mr. Joseph L. Daugherty, who first introduced my goods into many parts of this county.

I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all.

New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address card to

WM. S. MORGAN,
Apr 7 Quemahoning, Pa.

SCHOOL BOOKS
AND
SCHOOL SUPPLIES.

To the Trade: In connection from choice and complete stock of School Books and School Supplies, we invite a call from you. We promptly introduce every school Books used throughout Western Pennsylvania and Eastern Ohio, and our line of Slates, Crayons, Pens, Pencils (lead and slate), Inks (by the bottle, quart, gallon or barrel), Rulers, Liquid Slating, Blackboard Rubbers, Composition and Exercise Books, etc., etc., embrace everything that may be desired, at bottom prices.

If you cannot call personally, send for our illustrations before you make any purchases.

C. W. REED & CO.
General Wholesale Stationers,
72 Wood St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
[n. a. co.]

State Normal School,
INDIANA, Pa.

Building, the best of the kind in the United States.

Accommodations for 100 boarders.

School,