'A STYLISH NEW SPRING BONNET.'

BY NAUD MILLER.

A girl may be both young and fair,
A sweet and winning creature,
She may have hair of golden hue
And loveliness of feature;
She may be dressed in silk attire
Of such I write my sonnet—
But to be perfect she must wear
A stylish new spring bonnet.

Satin its strings, modest its plume.
A poke to broad dimensions,
Thus should the bonnet fairly match
Its wearer's sweet pretensions;
And when she shines with all her charms
Casting their glow upon it,
Our hearts and heads are all bewitched
By this new spring bonnet.

Although a lady may be plain—
Yes, ugly as to feature—
Her hair bright red, her eyes light green—
In fact, a homely creature;
Yet if her bonnet is in styles,
The ladies, dear, they're human!
Will all exclaim as with one breath!
Oh! what a charming woman!

We see bright bonnets here and there
Peep out like sweet spring flowers;
Well they combine the lace and gold,
These dainty hats of ours!
And husbands, would you have on earth
The happiest women on it?
Take home some pleasant Magnight,
A stylish new spring bonnet.

LOVE AND WAR.

"All is fair in love or war," is an old saying, and thought I doubt the truth of the assertion, it still is many times brought to bear on even's with great fitness. So at least thought the dramatist persone of my little sketch.

One night, as the moon was looking with serene and unclouded face upon her beloved companion, the earth, in one corner of that sphere she beheld a peculiar scene. This scene, divided into its component parts, consisted of a low, rambling stone house surrounded by an old fashioned garden which contained, among many other things, an arbor, a loving couple seated therein, and a large, corpulent and very angry old man crouched behind the arbor, and glaring upon the two seated so cosily together.

"I really cannot see," said Rose Campbell, the angry old man's daughter, "why papa dislikes you so much, and so cruelly forbids our marriage. I am very sure that he knows no evil about you."

"Nor any good for that matter," thought the angry old man, Esquire Campbell.

"No darling," said the young man of handsome face and empty head. "He knows no evil of me except my poverty; but then, that itself is, in his eyes, a crime; but, you, Rosie, my loved one, you will not let your father's harsh commands separate us. Let us fly together, be united in the bonds of holy wedlock and be happy ever more in each other's society!"

"I do love you dear Howard," replied Rose; "but my father, suppose he should refuse to forgive me, I should be indeed very wretched."

"Oh, never fear," replied Howard, "all is fair in love or war, you know, and when the governor finds the thing is done, he'll be all right in no time."

"Will I!" thought the 'Squire, shaking his fist irefully at the couple, "we'll see, you good for nothing, lazy, fortune-hunting rascal."

"And if I consent to elope with you will you always love me?" sniffled Rose, applying a morsel of lace and linen to her eyes.

"Always!" exclaimed Howard, with all the fervor at his command; "you shall be the idol of my soul, the star of my existence, now and forever!" He likewise added mentally, "and the payer of all my bills."

"Then I will consent to leave the parental roof and follow."

The lovers finally arranged to elope on the following night, at the hour of midnight. Howard was to be there with a horse and buggy; to hoist a ladder to the fair one's chamber window, assist her down, and then on the wings of love, to go to the nearest parson's and be married.

After these arrangements the couple parted, Howard clambering over the garden wall and Rose hurried towards to house.

"All is fair in love or war, is it?" growled the 'Squire, as he toasted his feet at a warm fire, and drank with relish a huge glass of home brewed ale, for it was autumn, just the time a fire seemed cheeriest, and a mild stimulant most pleasant.

"Well," continued the 'squire, "I'll let you attend to the love, while I manage the war department, and we will see who comes out ahead," and chuckling to himself the 'squire went to bed.

The next day Mr. Campbell took into his confidence Jonas, the hired man; a good natured old soul, totally devoted and deeply attached to his master. They both laughed as they laid their plan and separated with a mutual wink.

Meanwhile, Rose, desperately nervous over her coming flight, and dying to tell some one of her devotions to her Howard, finally determined to take her nurse and foster mother into her confidence.

Hagar Whitefield had been a bound girl, brought up by the 'squire's wife, and when Rose's mother was called away, leaving her tender infant to Hagar's charge, no one thought of depriving her of her trust. So she had been at the hall ever since, as housekeeper, nurse, and companion all in one.

She was a tall, stoutly built and a very energetic woman; a thrifty and withal a sensible person.

"Hagar," said Rose, glancing at her from the corner of her eye. "I have a secret to tell you, if you will promise not to tell father, or meddle in any way."

She made the required promise, with a large mental reservation, in case it should be her duty to interfere. So Rose confided to her the wonderful secret. Then Hagar attempted to scold, talk and reason the girl out of her resolve, but Rose in spite of all persisted in her determination, she therefore concluded to try strategy instead.

"I'll not tell the 'squire," she soliloquised, as she set the table for tea, "for it would only set him storming, but I'll study a plan to keep Rose home, and the 'squire will be none the wiser."

Rose packed up her most valuable belongings in a portmateau, with a wildly beating heart, was impatiently watching the slow march of the hours toward twelve.

About ten o'clock a knock was heard at the door of Rose's room, and she tremulously demanded who was there.

"It is I," came from outside. "Open the door, I have brought you a glass of my elderberry wine, to brace you up."

Rose hastily unlocked the door Hagar gave her the wine and told her to drink every drop. Rose feeling much in need of a "bracer," as Hagar termed it, obediently drained the glass, making a very wry face after the operation.

"I think it must be spoiling, it tastes bitter," said Rose.

"You're nervous, commented Hagar. "Lay down, and take a rest."

Hagar bustled around the room watching Rose as she did so.

Soon the girl began to nod, and her body began to sway to and fro, and finally after half a dozen efforts to straighten up and keep awake Rose fell into a sound sleep.

Hagar gave a sigh of satisfaction at this, and deftly removing the girls wraps, laid her in her bed. Then, clothing herself in the hat, cloak and thick veil, she sat down to patiently await the coming of the ladder and the lover.

Promptly at twelve o'clock, Howard drove up beside the garden gate which fastened upon the inside, causing the painful necessity of scaling the wall. This he did and dropped—into the arms of two men, who stuffing a piece of wood and a handkerchief into his mouth, so as to totally obstruct his vocal organs, bore him silently to the smoke house, and turned the key upon him.

"All is fair in love or war," whispered the 'squire, through the key hole. Pretty good motto, eh?" and the he left him to muse alone.

The 'squire then wrapped himself in a large cloak, and slouching a soft felt hat over his eyes, bore a ladder to the window of his daughter, and climbing up, he gently tapped upon the pane.

Hagar, drawing her veil closely around her face, seized Rose's well packed portmanteau, and raising the window said as softly as possible:

"Is it you Howard?"

"Yes, are you ready?" responded the 'squire in a husky voice.

Without reply, Hagar handed him the portmanteau, and fitting herself over the window sill, gave her hand to the 'squire and together they descended the ladder.

"I never knew Rose had such a hand on her before," thought the 'squire, as he grasped Hagar's broad paim.

Howard has a hand almost as big as the 'squire's, thought Hagar at the same time.

Noiselessly the two entered the carriage, and as Hagar expressed it, "set sail," for the village.

The journey was performed in silence, and without any love-like demonstration, because each one was afraid of betraying himself or herself to the other.

When they had arrived at the town, the 'squire drove directly to Parson Stedman's, this being also a part of the plan of the betrayed lovers, and Howard had bespoken the services of the parson; so there was a light burning in the window as they arrived.

Now was the time for the denouement, and the 'squire laughed to himself over the consternation and dismay Rose would feel when she found out how she had been tricked; while Hagar experienced the same satisfaction over the thought of Howard's defeat.

The parson met them at the door, and handing Hagar to the parlor, to gain composure, he led the squire into the sitting room where a warm fire blazed.

Here the man doffed his coat and hat, and to the horror of the parson disclosed the gloomy visage of 'squire Campbell, who hastily explained the situation, and then turning his back to the door, sent the parson to summon Rose.

He softly announced to Hagar that they were waiting, and Hagar divested of her borrowed apparel, walked into the room.

As she neared the fireside, the squire turned, and—well, the scene that followed is better imagined than described.

The parson realized the situation at once, and sinking into a chair, laughed till the tears ran down his face; while Hagar, in spite of her surprise and dismay, was so amused at the expression of the 'squire's face, that she shook her sides with laughter.

"Thunder and Mars!" roared the 'squire. "What does this mean? How in the name of satan came you here?"

Hagar's only reply was a fresh burst of laughter.

At length, after much talking, gesticulation and explaining, the mystery cleared up, and the 'squire cooled down.

"And am I, then, to be deprived of the pleasure of marrying somebody?" said the parson as they were preparing to leave. I think it is a great pity to waste so much fuel and time for nothing.

"Egad," replied the 'squire, "it's a pity to end an elopement so tamely. What do you say, Hagar? Do you think we can pull in harness together?"

"Just as you say, 'squire?" replied Hagar, briskly. "I am willing if you are."

So the parson tied the knot, and the 'squire and Hagar departed, man and wife. When they reached home it was just breaking day, and the 'squire going to the smoke house, released the discomfited Howard, while Hagar found Rose still sleeping quite soundly.

Of course the whole affair leaked out, and the 'squire had to stand many a joke on the subject.

Finding that Rose still pined for her Howard, he left them marry. "For," quoth the 'squire, "if Rose is determined to marry a blockhead, a blockhead is all that is fit for her."

Improvement for Mind and Body.

For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50ct bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and a kidney corrector, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and phisical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See other columns.—*Commercial.*

Type said to date from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has just been fished out of the bed of the Saone, and exhibited in the Cercle de la Librarie of Paris. This singular find proves that in the infant days of printing the making of type was quite optional; letters were cast of all height and had no "nick." In place of the latter there was an oblique incision, which showed the compositor where was the top of the letter. The letters are moreover, perforated, probably for the purpose of stringing a number of them together and then tying them.

Kind words are bald-headed. They can never dye.

Lady Physicians.

Peck's Sun says: A St. Louis doctor factory recently turned out a dozen female doctors. As long as the female doctors were confined to one or two in the whole country, and those were only experimental, we held our peace, and did not complain; but now as the colleges are engaged in producing female doctors as a business, we must protest, and in so doing will give a few reasons why female doctors will not prove a paying branch of industry.

In the first place, if they doctor anybody it must be women, and three-fourths of the women would rather have a male doctor. Suppose these colleges turn out female doctors until there are as many of them as male doctors, what have they got to practice on? A man, if there was nothing the matter with him, might call in a female doctor, but if he was sick as a horse (if a man is sick he is sick as a horse), the last thing he would have around him would be a female doctor. And why? Because, when a man has a female fumbling around him he wants to feel well. He don't want to be bilious or feverish, with his mouth tasting like cheese, and his eyes bloodshot, when the female is looking him over and taking account of stock.

Of course these female doctors are all young and good looking, and if one of them came into a sick room where a sick man was in bed, and he had chills, and as cold as a wedge and she should sit up close to the side of the bed and take hold of his hand, his pulse would run up to 150, and she would prescribe for a fever when he had chillblains. Oh, you can't fool us on female doctors. A man who has been sick and had male doctors, knows just how much he would feel to have a female doctor come tripping in and throw her fur-lined cloak over a chair, take off her hat and gloves and throw them on a lounge, and come up to the bed with a pair of marine, blue eyes, with a twinkle in the corner, and look him in the wild, changeable eyes, and ask him to run out his tongue. Suppose he knew his tongue was coated so it looked like a yellow Turkish towel, do you suppose he would want to run out over five or six inches of the lower part of it and let that female doctor put her finger on it to see how fur it was? Not much. He would put that tongue up into his cheek, and wouldn't let her see it for 25 cents admission. We have all seen doctors put their hand under the bedclothes and feel of a man's feet to see if they are cold. If a female doctor should do that it would give a man cramps in the legs. A male doctor can put his hand on a man's stomach, and liver and lungs, and ask him if he feels any pain there, but if a female doctor should do that it would make a man sick, and he would want to get up and kick himself for employing a female doctor. Oh, there is no use talking it would kill a man.

Now, suppose a man has heart disease, and a female doctor should want to listen to the beating of his heart. She would lay her left ear on his left breast, so her eyes and rosebud mouth would be looking right in his face, and her wavy hair would be scattered all around there, getting tangled in the buttons of his night dress. Don't you think his heart would get in about twenty extra beats per minute? You bet! and she would smile—we will bet ten dollars she would smile—and show her pearly teeth, and the ripe lips would be working as though she were counting the beats, and he would think she was whispering to him, and——. Well, what would he be doing all this time? If he was not dead yet, his left hand would brush the hair away from his temple and kind of stay there to keep the hair away, and his right hand would get sort of nervous and move around to the back of her head, and when she had counted the beats a few minutes and was raising her head he would draw the head up to him and kiss her once for luck, if he was as bilious as a Jersey swamp angel—and have her charge it in the bill. And then a reaction would set in, and he would be as weak as a cat, and she would have to fan him and rub his head until he got over being nervous, and then make out his prescription after he got asleep. No; all of a man's symptoms change when a female doctor is practicing on him, and she would kill him dead.

Mrs. Adam Grubb, 231 Walnut street, has been a great sufferer for a number of years from an extreme pain in the feet, something like Rheumatism. She was also very much troubled with corns and bunions. It was with great difficulty that she could walk, and sometimes when she would visit her husband's shoe store or any of her children, she could not get home without assistance, and often when she was walking along the streets she would be seized with such acute pain that she was compelled to stop in at the neighbors on the way until she got better. Some two weeks ago she heard of the wonderful cures St. Jacobs Oil was effecting and she at once commenced to use it and experienced great relief immediately. The pains have left her feet and ankles and the inflammation has left the corns and bunions. She is now tripping up to her husband's shoe store and out to see her children without experiencing any pain. —*Wilmington (Del.) Daily Republican.*

Starved to Death.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., May 5.—Mrs. Mary Stokes, seventy years old, was found dead at her residence, No. 74 Kearney avenue, this morning. An investigation disclosed that she had starved herself to death. She was a widow, owned the house she lived in and had $1,400 to her credit in a savings bank. She had no relatives in this country, consequently the surrogate will take charge of the property.

"I Don't Want that Stuff."

Is what a lady of Boston said to her husband when he brought home some medicine to cure her of sick headache and neuralgia which had made her miserable for fourteen days. At the first attack thereafter it was administered to her with such good results, that she continued its use until cured, and made her so enthusiastic in its praise, that she has induced twenty-two of the best families in her circle to adopt it as their regular family medicine. That "stuff" is Hop Bitters.—*Standard.*

A woman in North Troy, Vt., is asking a divorce after fifty years of married life.

The great secret of Peruna is that it always coincides with the *vis medicatrix natura.* (Nature.)

Sap-Holes and Vine-Bleeding

Mr. W. H. Philbrick, of Laconia, N. H., differs from Mr. Timothy Wheeler, of Vermont, as to the expediency of plugging the hole made in a sugar tree after pulling out the sap-spout. He says:

"Our experience has been that this is the surest way to cause the tree to decay. Our theory is this: If the hole is left exposed to the air, the sap, which has ceased running in visible flow, dries away and leaves the hole in a condition for healing around the entrance. On the contrary plug up the hole and the sap is kept back. In a short time the plug begins to rot, and the rot extends to the wood around; while, if the tree is thrifty and left to nature's course, the wound will be healed over in a few year."

This seems very reasonable, and quite consonant with experience of tree growers, who find the wood and bark of a tree rot very rapidly when continually moist from a retention or flow of fluid sap, as when pruned when the leaves are just opening. But as a tree suffers from any wound which gives the external air an opportunity of drying the wood, and so obstructing the ascent of sap, it is likely that a plug of clay would be quite useful to protect the inner parts which can never heal only as they become sealed up by the extension of lips of new growth from the living cambium immediately under the bark. This is the practice of the Arabs when they collect the sap of the date to make palm wine; and they think it necessary as a means of saving the trees.—Allied to this subject is that of vine-bleeding. Sometimes great waste occurs in this way when the grape is severely pruned late in spring. The vine has such power of root extension and collection, and the soil is generally so copiously moist at that season, that often the loss seems to be soon made up. Nevertheless it is a loss, and causes a check which might as well be avoided. A writer in the London *Journal of Horticulture* says that if shellac dissolved in alcohol (coachmakers' varnish) is applied to all wounds and rubbed in a little before the flow sets in (or "out," rather) too strongly, it is an infallible styptic, as the alcohol soon evaporates and leaves the sap safely shut in to exert its pressure in the normal direction of the swelling buds.

Celery Plants.

Many gardeners have bad luck in raising celery plants. The reason is they do not understand this semi-aquatic. Its requirements are shade, moisture, and very little if any covering for the seeds. For early sets, prepare a hot-bed in the usual way, and make the soil rich, light, and very fine. Sow the seeds evenly and thinly over the surface, and press them down with a broad smooth board, as each seed must come in contact with the soil. Cover slightly with strait straw, and water profusely. Put on the sash, and be sure to give air on all mild days. By gently lifting the covering occasionally we can ascertain the proper time to remove it, which is as soon as the young plants cause the surface to look green. Give the glass a thin coating of whitewash and admit air freely. As soon as they are about two inches in height, transplant into another frame, a short distance apart, when they will become stocky and well rooted in time for setting out in their final home. Plants should be raised in the same manner for the general crop, only substituting a thoroughly prepared bed in a damp, shady spot for the frame, with bottom heat. A good covering for the transplanted seedlings may be formed of common plastering lath nailed on a frame with narrow interstices between to admit the light. Never for an hour allow cellery plants to need moisture. It is the best stimulus to a rapid growth. In handling the sets, whether from the seedbed or from the transplanted section, always select a cloudy, damp time, so as to guard against flagging, and invariably pinch off a portion of the top.

Murdered.

NEW YORK, May 3.—A Little Rock, Ark., special says a shocking murder is just reported from the Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. A man named Arneta and a neighbor killed John Dry, a half breed, to get possession of two gallons of whisky he had.

They shot him three times in the head, stabbed him ten times and severed his head from his body. They then concealed the remains. Afterwards they got drunk and dropped hints of their bloody work and are now in jail.

An Accident.

LITTLETON, N. H., May 4.—A building connected with the Maplewood Hotel property, which had been raised twenty feet for the purpose of putting a story under it, fell this afternoon while a number of men were employed in and about it, killing Morris Cheney an Daniel Abott, of Bethlehem, and injuring seven others.

A $50,000 Presentation to the Aged.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 5.—To-day Matthew Vassar and his brother Guy Vassar formally presented a new and handsome building know as the Vassar Home for Old Men, and other property with it, all of the value of $50,000, to the trustees of the institution, and added $30,000 as an endowment fund.

A lady friend of ours called the other day and stated that her husband had seen St. Jacob's Oil advertised in our paper; he used it for rheumatism and was convinced of its merits.—*Cambridgeport (Mass.) American Protestant.*

Fatally Burned.

YORKTOWN, N. J., May 5.—John A. Seagraves, while burning brush on his farm near this place was overcome by the smoke, fell in the path of the flames and before he could be pulled out was fatally burned.

Women that have been given up by their dearest friends as beyond help, have been permanently cured by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham,

The New Orleans *Picayune* says a man should be the boss of himself. But suppose the poor fellow is married.

My daughter's Paralysis ataxis disappeared from the use of Peruna. B. C. Hicks, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.

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, Headaches, 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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Sarsaparilla

Is a compound of the virtues of sarsaparilla, stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, with the iodide of potash and iron, all powerful blood-making, blood-cleansing, and life-sustaining elements. It is the purest, safest, and most effectual alterative available to the public. The sciences of medicine and chemistry have never produced a remedy so potent to cure all diseases resulting from impure blood. It cures Scrofula and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Pimples and Face-grubs, Pustules, Blotches, Boils, Tumors, Tetter, Humors, Salt Rheum, Scald-head, Ring-worm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Mercurial Disease, Neuralgia, Female Weaknesses and Irregularities, Jaundice, Affections of the Liver, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, and General Debility.

By its searching and cleansing qualities it purges out the foul corruptions which contaminate the blood and cause derangement and decay. It stimulates the vital functions, restores and preserves health, and infuses new life and vigor throughout the whole system. No sufferer from any disease of the blood need despair who will give AYER'S SARSAPARILLA a fair trial.

It is folly to experiment with the numerous low-priced nostrums, without medicinal virtues, offered as blood-purifiers, while disease becomes more firmly seated. AYER'S SARSAPARILLA is a medicine of such concentrated curative power, that it is by far the best, cheapest, and most reliable blood-purifier known. Physicians know its composition, and prescribe it. It has been widely used for forty years, and has won the unqualified confidence of millions whom it has benefited.

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Business men and women, teachers, mechanics, farmers, ministers, mothers, and all who are tired out by the constant toil and worry of your work, don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or with Bowel, Kidney, Liver or Urinary complaints, you can be cured by using

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If you are wasting away with Consumption, female weakness or any sickness; if you have a painful cough or bad cold, you will find sure relief in

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are enfeebled by disease, old age or dissipation, and your system needs invigorating, or if you have pimples and blotches, and your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best medicines known it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and contains the best curative properties of all.

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

Buy a 50c. bottle of your druggist, and to avoid counterfeits be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. HISCOX & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

Parker's Hair Balsam. Elegantly Perfumed. Perfectly Harmless.
The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing
Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation. It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. *Sold by druggists at 50 cents.*

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C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

Sept. 6, 1882.

HOP BITTERS.
(A Medicine, not a Drink.)
CONTAINS
HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION,
AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS.
THEY CURE
All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.
$1000 IN GOLD.
Will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them.
Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try them before you sleep. Take no other.
D. I. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All above sold by druggists.
Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N. Y., & Toronto, Ont.

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C. N. BOYD,
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Somerset, Pa.

BOARDING & LODGING.

I have opened a first-class
BOARDING HOUSE
at Hooversville, Somerset county, Pa., where I can accomodate all who may call. Meals and lodging furnished at low rates.
March 2. CHARLES A. LEWIS.

The Somerset Herald!

(ESTABLISHED 1857)

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VISITING CARDS,
WEDDING CARDS,
PROGRAMMES,
HORSE BILLS,
SLIP BILLS,
POSTERS,
LABELS,
TAGS,
RECEIPTS
NOTES OF ALL KINDS,
DODGERS,
CIRCULARS, &C., &C.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt and careful attention.

Address,
The Somerset Herald,
PRINTING HOUSE ROW,
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DR. CLARK JOHNSON'S INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP

CURES DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINTS, & HEART DISEASE.

CURES ALL DISEASES OF THE STOMACH, KIDNEYS, SKIN, & BLOOD.

(TRADE MARK.)

CURES Dyspepsia, Liver Diseases, Fever & Ague, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Heart Disease, Biliousness, Nervous debility, etc.

The Best REMEDY KNOWN to Man!

11,000,000 Bottles
SOLD SINCE 1870.

This Syrup possesses Varied Properties.

It Stimulates the Ptyalina in the Saliva, which converts the Starch and Sugar of the food into glucose. A deficiency in Ptyaline causes Wind and fouring of the food in the stomach. If the medicine is taken immediately after eating the fermentation of food is prevented.

It acts upon the Liver.
It acts upon the Kidneys.
It Regulates the Bowels.
It Purifies the Blood.
It Quiets the Nervous System.
It Promotes Digestion.
It Nourishes, Strengthens and Invigorates.
It carries off the Old Blood and makes new.
It opens the pores of the skin and induces Healthy Perspiration.

It neutralizes the hereditary taint, or poison in the blood, which generates Scrofula, Erysipelas, and all manner of skin diseases and internal humors.

There is no opiate employed in its manufacture, and it can be taken by the most delicate babe, or by the aged and feeble, *as neither being required in attention to direction.*

DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

Laboratory, 77 West 3d St., NEW YORK CITY.

TESTIMONIALS OF CURES!

REMEDY FOR KIDNEY AND LIVER DISEASE.

EDINGTON, BUCKS CO., PA., Feb. 2, 1879.
DEAR SIR: I can, from my experience, recommend your Indian Blood Syrup as a sure cure for Liver and Kidney Disease.
ELIZABETH A. SANDS.

LIVER COMPLAINT AND CHILLS.

BENSALEM, BUCKS CO., PA., Feb. 25, 1879.
DEAR SIR: Having tried your most excellent Indian Blood Syrup, and found it a valuable medicine for Liver Complaint and Chills, I would recommend those who are afflicted to give it a trial.
MRS. C. ARMAN.

LIVER COMPLAINT

JACKSONVILLE, LEHIGH CO., PA., March 8, 1879.
DEAR SIR: Knowing, from Experience, that your Indian Blood Syrup is a sure cure for Liver Complaint, I confidently recommend it to all suffering humanity.
REBECCA NESS.

CURES CHILLS AND BILIOUSNESS.

EDINGTON, BUCKS COUNTY, PA., February 1, 1879.
DEAR SIR: I was troubled with Chills; had them every other day for six months; had two doctors attending me when your agent persuaded me to try your Indian Blood Syrup, and I can say I never had a chill after taking the first dose. I cheerfully recommend it to all.
LEWIS WEIK.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.

BYBERRY, 23d Ward, Jan. 1, 1879.
DEAR SIR: Your most excellent Indian Blood Syrup has given perfect satisfaction when used for Dyspepsia and Indigestion.
THOS. HAWS.

THE INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP THE RIGHT MEDICINE.

PITTSBURGH, ALLEGHENY CO., PA., August 28, 1878.
DEAR SIR: I was troubled with Kidney Disease and Liver Complaint. I tried everything which I thought might do me good, but I did not find the right medicine until I got a 50-cent bottle of your medicine, which entirely cured me.
MRS. RANDALL.

RECEIVED GREAT BENEFIT FROM IT

HOLMESBURG, 23d Ward, Philadelphia, February 24, 1879.
DEAR SIR: I take great pleasure in saying that I have given your valuable Indian Blood Syrup a fair trial in my family and received great benefit from it.
SAM'L N. SOLLY.

HEART DISEASE AND LIVER COMPLAINT.

MIDDLEBURG, Snyder Co., PA., March 26, 1879.
DEAR SIR: I have been troubled with Heart Disease and Liver Complaint and I had spent a great deal of money for medical aid without receiving any benefit, until I procured some of your Indian Blood Syrup from your agent, Mr. E. L. Buffington. I can now testify from my experience as to the great virtue of it in such diseases.
HENRY ZEIGHMAN.

UNANIMOUS RECOMMENDATION.

COATESVILLE, CHESTER CO., PA.
DEAR SIR: We, the undersigned, having experienced the beneficial effect of your Indian Blood Syrup, take pleasure in recommending it to be a valuable medicine.
MRS. WILLIAMS,
MR. HACKET.

DYSPEPSIA AND INDIGESTION.

SPRING MILLS, Centre Co., Pa.,
DEAR SIR: I have used your Indian Blood Syrup for Dyspepsia and Indigestion and Foul Stomach, and have received great relief therefrom.
HENRY KRUMBINE.

CURES HEADACHE.

ROLAND, Centre Co., Pa.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your Indian Blood Syrup has entirely cured me of Sick Headache.
SAMUEL STEIN.

LIVER COMPLAINT.

MAHARO, Butler Co., Pa.
DEAR SIR: This is to certify that your Indian Blood Syrup has cured me of Liver Complaint of long standing.
REV. JOHN TEMPLE.

NEVER FAILS TO CURE.

MAHARO, Butler Co., Pa.
DEAR SIR: I was afflicted with Liver Complaint for years, and was unable to find relief until I took your Indian Blood Syrup, a short trial of which did me more good than all the other medicine I ever used.
ROBERT HARRISON.

SURE CURE FOR LIVER COMPLAINT.

LIBERTY CORNERS, Bradford Co., Pa.
DEAR SIR: My son was troubled with Liver Complaint, and the use of your Indian Blood Syrup has entirely cured him. I believe it saved his life.
MRS. CHARLES BENJAMIN.

Persons desiring FURTHER REFERENCES and INFORMATION about the "INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP," will do well to CALL UPON OUR AGENT.

May 4

WHY DOES
a woman's health often break down at an early age? For a term she stands up, and bears the burden of life, until every point is opened; then let this cause, or that, or those and at work are in the unhealthy atmosphere; its smell, so offensive to others, is nothing that it finds its way through the house,—the family, however, blind to the peculiar odor from its own wash as not to notice it. This is the plain why so many women suffer with colds, rheumatism, weak stomachs, etc.
Fortunately this trouble can be avoided: scalding, boiling, soap and the smell from the wash completely done away with; clothes made sweet and wholesome from the tainting in fact the wash done at less cost than even when scrubbed and boiled.
A WOMAN
has to go through with on wash-day; and, besides, with her stomach, nerves, and the hot work, she has to risk her life by going out in the air to hang up the clothes, and at work are in the unhealthy atmosphere; its smell, so offensive to others, is nothing that it finds its way through the house,—the family, however, blind to the peculiar odor from its own wash as not to notice it. This is the plain why so many women suffer with colds, rheumatism, weak stomachs, etc.
LOOK OLD
while yet young in years, and physicians and boards of health recommend disinfectants strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its scrubbing, scalding or boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet-smelling, especially as it is the cause of the direct cause of them dreadful diseases, diphtheria, etc.
Fortunately this trouble can be avoided: scalding, boiling, soap and the smell from the wash completely done away with; clothes made sweet and wholesome from the tainting in fact the wash done at less cost than even when scrubbed and boiled.
SOONER THAN
by the old way, by using FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,—one to so simplify that the dirtiest clothing can be washed in infants under which very little scrubbing, scalding or boiling, while the work is so light that a girl twelve or fifteen years of age can do a large wash without being tired; and yet so rapid and healthy as not to injure the most delicate clothing, not even the finest lace, and yet so powerful and thorough in its action as to remove every stain, even that of iron rust, and to wash the youngest infants, as well as for persons of the most delicate constitutions.
Now that there is a remedy for this, so economical that the poorest can afford to use it, so simple that a child can understand it, so effectual that the poorest can afford to use it, so simple that a child can understand it, so effectual that the poorest can afford to use it, so simple that a child can understand it, so effectual