MY GIRL—A MEMORY.

She met me at the parlor door—
The darling whom I hoped to win—
I cried, "My sweet, ethereal love!"
She answered, smiling, "That's too thin!"

A lovely Venus statuette
Was standing on a corner bracket;
I said, "What are such charms to thine;"
She blushed and answered, "Cheese the racket!"

"O dearest maid! to win thy love
My body in the dust I'd humble;
Canst understand such love as mine?"
She whispered beautifully, "I tumble!"

A yielding glance from her dark eyes
Gave to my passion full excuse;
I snatched her to my heart, and heard,
"You're just too cute for any use!"

I pressed upon her willing lips
A kiss that nearly drove me crazy;
And, as the osculation ceased,
She murmured, gently, "That's just a daisy!"

But "O," she cried, "I hear my pa!
I fear he's bent on bouncing you,
Just one more kiss, my dear, and then
You'd better skip the tra-la-loo!"

—*Elmira Advertiser.*

WEARY OF LIFE.

Midnight was past, and the lights of the vessels lying at anchor in the stream were beginning to be extinguished, when two men hurried from different directions towards the shore.

The older of the two had already reached the strand, and was preparing to make a leap, the designs of which was not to be mistaken; but at that instant the younger one seized him by the arm exclaiming, "Sir, I believe you want to drown yourself!"

"You have guessed it. What is that to you?"

This was the answer spoken in an angry tone:

"Nothing I know. I would simply request you to wait a few minutes—when, if you like, we will make the journey together, arm in arm—the best way of dying."

With these words, the younger extended his hand to the elder, whose was not witheld.

The younger continued in a seeming tone of enthusiasm: "So be it! Arm in arm! Truly, I did not think a human heart would beat with mine in this last hour. I will not seek to know who you are—an honest man or a villain. Come?—let us begin the journey together!"

The elder man held the younger back, and fixing his dim, half extinguished eyes upon the countenance of his companion, exclaimed:

"Hold! You seem to me to be too young to end your life by suicide. A man of your years has still a brilliant, alluring future in his grasp."

"What have I to hope for in the midst of a world that is full of wickedness, falsehood, treachery and unhappiness? Come! quick!"

"You are still young. You must have had very sorrowful experiences to make life already thus insupportable to you."

"I despise mankind."

"Without exception?"

"Without exception."

"Well, then, you have now, perhaps, found a man whom you will necessarily despise. I have, believe me during my whole life, lived an honorable man."

"Really! that is highly interesting. It is a pity I had not earlier made your acquaintance."

"Leave me to die alone, young man. Live on. Believe me, time heals all wounds, and there are men of honor yet to be found."

"Now, if you take this view, why are you hurrying so fast from the world!" said the young man.

"Oh, I'm an old sickly man, unable to make a livelihood; a man who cannot, will not see his only child, his daughter, blighting her youth and laboring night and day to support him."

Now, sir, have you a daughter who does this for you?" asked the young man, surprised.

"And with what endurance, with what love, does she sacrifice herself for me."

"And you want to commit suicide? are you mad!"

"Shall I murder my daughter? The life which she is now leading is certain death," answered the old man, in a despairing voice.

"Good sir, come with me to the nearest inn that is yet open, and let us drink a bottle of wine together. You will relate to me your history, and, if you like, I will let you hear mine. So much, however, will I say to you beforehand; chase all thoughts of self-murder out of your mind, I am rich, and, if things be as you say, from henceforth you and your daughter shall lead a pleasant life."

The old man followed the younger without opposition. A few minutes later, over full glasses, the elder began:

"My history is soon told. I was a merchant's clerk, but always unlucky. As I had nothing by inheritance, and the young girl I married was poor, I was never able to commence business on my own account, and remained to an old age in a dependent subordinate position. Finally, I was discharged on account of my years, and then began a struggle for subsistence. My wife died of trouble, and now my poor child is wearied to gain my support. I cannot bear to see her work herself to death for me—therefore it is better I go. Now you know all."

"Friend," exclaimed the young man, "you are the most fortunate man I ever encountered in my life. It is insane to call that misfortune. Nobody is easier to help than you. To-morrow I will make my will, and you shall be—no resistance! my heir. The coming night is my last. Before this, however, I must see your daughter, out of mere curiosity. I would for once see how one looks who really deserves the name of woman."

"But, young man, what can it be that makes you so unhappy thus early?" questioned the elder, much moved.

"I believe it was the wealth my father left me. I was the only son of the richest banker in this city. My father died five years since, leaving me more than was good for me. Since that time I have been deceived and betrayed by everyone, without exception, with whom I ever had any connection. Some have pretended friendship for me—on account of my money. Others have pretended to love me—again for my money; and it went on. I often mingled in the garb of a simple workman, with the masses, and thus one day became acquainted with a charming being, a young girl, to whom my whole heart soon went out in love. I disclosed to her neither my name or my position. I longed to be loved for myself alone, and for a time it appeared as if I was going to be happy—at last! The young girl and I, whom she still regarded as a simple workman, met every afternoon in the Marcus-platz, where we walked up and down together, passing many happy hours. One day my dear girl appeared with red eyes—she had been weeping—and told me we must part; confessing that her life belonged to another! With these words she tore herself from me and disappeared in the crowd. Her faithlessness decided my destiny. Vainly did I rush into the pleasures which so called "good society" has to offer, but found my lost peace of soul never, never! I then determined to bring my joyless existence to a close."

"Unhappy young man," said the elder wiping his eyes; from my whole heart I pity you. I must acknowledge that I was more fortunate than you: for I at least was by two women—my wife and daughter—tenderly loved."

"Will you give me your address, kind sir, that I may convince myself of the truth of your story? It is not exactly mistrust, but I must see to believe. To-morrow I will arrange my affairs as I have already told you. You will remain at this inn to-night, and in the morning I will return. Give me your word of honor that you will not leave this house until I come back, and that you will not, in the meantime speak to any one of what has taken place between us."

"You have my word. Go to my dwelling, to my daughter, and you will find that I have told you but the simple truth. My name is Wilhelm Salm. Here is my full address."

With these words he handed the young man a paper, giving the address of his house. It lay in a suburb inhabited by the poorer classes, at some distance from the city proper.

"And my name is Carl Teodor," said the young man. "Take this bank note; it will serve till my return."

Carl rang for the waiter, had the landlord called, commended the old man to his care in suitable terms and left the house.

Hardly had the morning broke when Carl found himself on the way to the suburb where lived the daughter of the old man with whom he had become acquainted under such peculiar circumstances. It was a poor place. The young man knocked opened the door, and involuntarily stepped back.

What did he see!

The young girl whose inconstancy had made his life a burden unbearable stood before him!

She had grown pale—very pale; but he knew her at first glance; it was Bertha, whom he had once hoped to call his own!

At his appearance, the young girl sprang toward him, overcome with joy, holding out her little hand. The young man waved her back saying. You did not expect to see me?"

The poor girl sank into her seat, and covered her pale, beautiful countenance with her pale hands.

"Are you Wilhelm Salms' daughter?" asked the young man coldly after a pause.

"I am," answered the maiden timedly.

"And who, and where is that other, to whom, as you told me at parting, your lite belonged?"

"That other is my father," answered the young girl, looking up to the young man with a glance in which spoke the tenderest of love.

With lightning quickness the truth dawned upon him, the scales fell from his eyes.

Speechlessly he rushed to Bertha, took her in his arms, and pressed her to his breast.

"Come to your father!" he faltered.

"My father! Oh heaven! I forgot; where is he? He has been out all night. I have watched for him in tears the long night through."

"Your father is saved. He is with me," was Carl's answer, as he hurried the young girl out, and through the streets to the arms of her father.

A fortnight later, in the midst of great splendor, the marriage of the rich young banker, Carl Teodor, to Bertha Salms, took place.

Jeff. Davis's Account of His Capture.

FROM HIS BOOK.

My horse and those of my party proper were saddled preparatory to a start, when one of my staff, who had ridden into a neighboring village, returned and told me that he had heard that a marauding party intended to attack the camp that night. This decided me to wait long enough to see whether there was any truth in the rumor, which I supposed would be ascertained in a few hours. My horse remained saddled and my pistols in the holsters, and I lay down, fully dressed, to rest. Nothing occurred to arouse me until just before dawn, when my coachman, a free colored man, who faithfully clung to our fortunes, came and told me there was firing over the branch, just behind our encampment. I stepped out of my wife's tent and saw some horsemen, whom I immediately recognized as cavalry, deploying around the encampment. I turned back and told my wife these were not the expected marauders, but regular troopers. She implored me to leave her at once. I hesitated from unwillingness to do so, and lost a few precious moments before yielding to her importunity. My horse and arms were near the road on which I expected to leave, and down which the cavalry approached. It was therefore impracticable to reach them. I was compelled to start in an opposite direction.

As it was quite dark in the tent, I picked up what was supposed to be my "raglin"—a waterproof, light overcoat without sleeves. It was subsequently found to be my wife's, so very like my own as to be mistaken for it. As I started my wife thoughtfully threw over my head and shoulders a shawl. I had gone perhaps fifteen or twenty yards when a trooper galloped up and ordered me to halt and surrender, to which I gave a defiant answer, and dropping the shawl and raglan from my shoulders advanced toward him. He leveled his carbine at me, but I expected if he fired he would miss me, and my intention was in that event to put my hand under his foot, and tumble him off on the other side, spring into his saddle and attempt to escape. My wife, who had been watching, when she saw the soldier aim his carbine at me, ran forward and threw her arms around me. Success depended upon instantaneous action, and recognizing that the opportunity had been lost, I turned back, and the morning being damp and chilly, I passed on to a fire beyond the tent.

The railroad frog can't swim.

Peruna should be used in all skin diseases.

Some Pretty Suggestions.

At the recent exhibition of the New York Decorative Art Society, some of the ideas presented were very pretty, and will interest the readers of THE HERALD:

A portiere of gray blue velvet, with silver lights, has a Japanese embrodiery of gold thread, with a dodo of rich crewel work.

Mrs. Hoyt's large piece of Watteau tapestry has a piping swain, with shoulder-knots, posing for the benefit of a jaunty maiden, upon the border of a summer brook. A second Strephon, with fishing rod in hand, is in the act of receiving an envenomed dart from Cupid on the wing. In the rear is seen the facade of a chateau, with two sentinel peacocks, conventionally drawn. In a thicket of roses another love lies dreaming. The ground of this work is canvas covered with close crewel stiches, the figures partly worked in silk.

A good idea for inexpensive curtains is suggested by those made of green-brown canton flannel, with a vine of autumn leaves applique in different colored stuffs.

A contribution from "Norway," of coral and seaweed, embroidered on olive satin, is among the noticeable exhibits.

A screen of olive velvet is worked with sunflowers in silk and crewel, and is framed in mahogany.

A curtain of sage green satin, has a frieze of light blue satin over which stray long trailers of the clematis, or virgin's bower. At the base is a mossy bank, worked in chenille and silk, from which grow ferns and flowers.

Two or three panels of Mrs. Holmes' realistic embrodiery have been retained to grace the present exhibition. The peculiarities and merits of this lady's work have been too recently discussed to need especial mention.

Cases containing draw work on linen and outline work in silk, together with other dainty morsels of needle work, attract numerous visitors. Beautiful varieties of the old Italian dunto tirato, so framed during the seventeen century, are imitated on the pulled threads of fine linen, in some cases interwoven with strands of amber silk. Displays of linen cambric are bordered with a lace grounded in this substantial fashion on the threads of the stuff itself. They are then worked in outline with flowers, ferns, and grasses in silks, incredibly fine.

The cover for a baby's carriage is of ivory satin, with an outlined cherub's heads, and a border of ivory cashmere, with traceries of silk.

A tea-cloth has cups and saucers, jug and teapot of old Nankin blue outlined between the drawn-work border.

A design of maize silk, outlined on linen has conventional leaves in a continuous patttern.

Watteau figures are outlined in blue silk upon a linen tea-cloth with good effect.

Some of the designs submitted for competition are full of spirit, among them three dancing figures, suitable for the panels of a screen. Frieze curtain borders, etc., line the passage way leading to the rare and beautiful exhibition of antique embroideries of this loan collection.

Elephants Playing 'Possum.

"There are some very cunning fellows among our twenty elephants," said Mr. Durand, Barnum's agent the otherday. Not long ago Chieftain and Maudrie, top mounters of the pyramid, and the most cunning of the flock, suddenly took a chilling spell at rehersal. The keeper sent out and bought four gallons of whiskey, which the monsters devoured rapidly and with great relish. The bill came to Mr. Barnum whose strong temperance predelections you know. After paying the bill Mr. Barnum insisted that no one in his employ, not even his elephants, should drink whiskey under any circumstances. In a little while the elephants, when the effects of the liquor had died away, commenced shivering again, and apparently had another chill. They looked longingly at the keeper, and attempted to caress him with their trunks, as much as to say, 'Give us another drink.' The keeper shook his head and told them positively, 'No.' In five minutes every appearance of ague had vanished, and the animals were quietly eating hay as usual. They have evidently been 'playing 'possom.'

Lack of Air.

Some workmen think themselves "tired" when they are only poisoned. They labor in factories, breathe air without oxygen, and live in an atmosphere of death. They are, too often, allowed to smoke, and thus add fuel to the flame which is consuming them. They knock of work "tired" and listless, when they are merely weakened by foul air and made dull and heavy by an atmosphere charged with disease. They keep the windows shut and close the door on health, while they lift the grating of the tomb by breathing and rebreathing the poison from their own lungs, and the floating particles of matter about them. Open the windows—let in the sunshine and the breeze, stop smoking, and you will soon find that it is the poison of confinement, and not labor, that wearies and tires.

Mountain Mahogany.

This wood is indigenous to the Nevada. The trees do not grow large; one with a trunk a foot in diameter is much above the average. When dry the wood is about as hard as boxwood, and of a very fine grain. It is of a rich red color and very heavy. When well seasoned it would be fine material for the wood carver. In the early days it was used in making boxes for shafting, and in a few instances for shoes and dies in a quartz battery. Used as a fuel it creates intense heat, it burns with a blaze as long as ordinary wood would last, and is then found (almost unchanged in form) converted to a charcoal that lasts about twice as long as that of ordinary wood.

Haunted Me.

A Workingman says: "Debt, poverty and suffering haunted me for years, caused by a sick family and large bills for doctoring which did no good. I was completely discouraged, until one year ago, by the advice of my pastor, I procured Hop Bitters and commenced their use, and in one month we were all well, and none of us have been sick a day since; and I want to say to all poor men, you can keep your families well a year with Hop Bitters for less than one doctor's visit will cost.—*Christian Advocate.*

A Death-Bed Confession.

The people of Princess Anne, Crisfield and other parts of Somerset county, Md., are greatly excited over the reported confession of a woman who is now on her death bed of having murdered a man eighteen years ago. Two negroes were executed for the crime in 1866 The murder occurred some time during the latter part of 1862, the victim being Asariah Dougherty, who was found dead in his store. As was then supposed, his money was the incentive for the crime. Suspicion rested upon two colored men, who were arrested soon after the murder was perpetrated, but no money was found in their possession and none could be found about the premises of Dougherty. It was generally supposed that some other party or parties were accessory to the crime, but time failed to unravel the mystery and the men arrested were soon placed on trial for murder and found guilty and sentenced to be hanged.

The evidence upon which they were convicted was purely circumstantial, all efforts to show directly that they committed the crime having failed. The strongest evidence connecting them with the murder said to have been the fi[illegible] pockets of one of [illegible] knife that it was [illegible] Dougherty. [illegible] men solemn[illegible] down to t[illegible] fatal dr[illegible] a spe[illegible] him[illegible] and [illegible]

A Mistake in Feeding Poultry.

I have been annoyed at times almost beyond endurance in my endeavors to have my work done just as I direct. In no one instance is this annoyance greater than in my almost futile attempts to have my poultry cared for in a way that shall show some little regard for my wishes in the matter. I have a large flock of hens—mature birds, all of them, not fancy specimens, but just such hens as any farmer would keep, and I try to keep them well, but all my suggestions, wishes, and even positive orders avail nothing to prevent them from being fed almost exclusively upon sloppy food. The trouble is just here—people raising poultry get in the habit of feeding young chickens soft food and as they grow to maturity follow up the practice. This practice is very faulty; chickens are young, indeed, when they cannot consume some solid food such as the smaller grains. It is true that young chickens will do much better for a time upon soft food, but the proportion of solid food should be increased as the chickens attain larger growth. The mere fact that all kinds of poultry, both young and old, devour all kinds of sloppy

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 f[illegible] of the uterus. Leucorrhœa, [illegible]

The Somerset Herald!

(ESTABLISHED 1827.)

One of the leading Papers of Western Pennsylvania.

IS STALWART REPUBLICAN,

WHY DOES

a woman's health often break down at an early age? Put a stop at the washtub, heated from the hot suds until every pore is opened; then let her stand over the washtub that comes from scalding and boiling clothes, that are full of [illegible] skin, and his health too would break down before long; and yet [illegible]

A WOMAN

has to go through with on wash-day; and, besides, with her [illegible] the hot work, she has to risk her life by going out in the air to hang out the clothes; those not at work are in the unhealthy atmosphere; he smells, [illegible] ing that it finds its way through the house,—the family, however, [illegible] tomed to the peculiar odor from its own wash as not to notice it. [illegible] plain why so many women suffer with colds, rheumatism, weak [illegible]

LOOK OLD

while yet young in years, and physicians and boards of health [illegible] strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its [illegible] scalding or boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet-smelling, [illegible] often the direct cause of those dreadful diseases, diphtheria, [illegible] Fortunately this trouble can be avoided; scalding, boiling, [illegible] smell from the wash completely done away with; clothes made [illegible] *from the saving in fuel the wash does at less cost than even when [illegible]*

SOONER THAN

by the old way, by using FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. [illegible] that the dirtiest clothing can be washed in lukewarm water [illegible] clothes, bedding and utensils used by the sick disinfected [illegible] scalding or boiling, while the work is so light that a girl [illegible] large wash without being tired, and yet so mild and healing [illegible] shaving it has no equal, and physicians advise its use in preference [illegible] wounds and sores, and to wash the youngest infants, as well as for [illegible]

Now that there is a remedy for this, so *convenient that the poorest* [illegible]

A MAN

who is not directly interested in having [illegible] WONDERFUL WAY OF WASHING CL[illegible] smell and fearful steam on wash-[illegible] flannels softer than they can [illegible] to do fine sewing and e[illegible]

Found [illegible]

READING, June [illegible] the dead body of [illegible] born, of this city, [illegible] was found lying [illegible] her residence in [illegible] of decomposition. [illegible] sided alone, and as [illegible] ticed about the dwe[illegible] days two of the neig[illegible] search of the premises [illegible] the woman lying on [illegible] supposed her to be sl[illegible] gave the body a push, [illegible] horror they found the [illegible] dead. They notified [illegible] authorities. It is suppos[illegible] a natural death during [illegible] Monday, and as she occ[illegible] house alone, the fact was n[illegible] ed until last night. Coron[illegible] held an inquest. The old [illegible] said to have been well to [illegible] very miserly.

How to Save.

All men and women who [illegible] hard with mind or body are s[illegible] to periodical attacks of bilious[illegible] which may end in disordered [illegible] neys or liver and dangerous ill[illegible] A 50ct or $1.00 bottle of Pari[illegible] Ginger Tonic will keep these or[illegible] active, and by preventing the [illegible] tack save you much sickness, [illegible] of time and great expense. Ma[illegible] families are kept in perfect health [illegible] using the Tonic when Spring or Fa[illegible] sickness threatens. Delay at such [illegible] time means danger.—*Detroit Press.* See other column.

Bosom friends—Shirt studs.

Had barbar's itch for years, terribly. Doctors failed. Peruna cured me. C. Beck, Allegheny, Pa.