WHAT A ROMP DID.

"Won't it be jolly?" and Elfie Russell went waltzing across the room, coming to a stop beside her cousin, Charlie Howard, who was sitting curled up on a wide Voltaire under the window.

"Come, Charlie, wake up!" giving his hair a vigorous jerk. "How far did you say it was to Nettie's?"

Charlie came rapidly to an upright position.

"It's about twenty-five miles, you little whirl-about. I'm glad I haven't got any more cousins like you," rubbing his head, while a comical expression passed over his face. "Here's a doctor's bill to pay, now."

"Old Father Grimes was a good old soul," sang Elfie. "I must go and tell Winnie," and with a wave of her hand, and a mocking bow, she danced out of the room.

Winnie Stuart, deep in reverie in a wide arm chair before the parlor fire, was aroused by a voice calling "Winnie! Winnie! Where are you?" and the next instant Elfie Russel fluttered in, and dropped on the footstool at her feet.

"Just think, Winnie, we'er all going to to-morrow to see Nettie Gray—Charlie's sister, you know. Only think: good sleighing, an old fashioned sleigh, a dashing team, buffalo robes *ad infinitum*, and seven as wide awake young people as you will generally see. Won't it be splendid?"

"I haven't a doubt of it, little enthusiast," and Winnie smiled down into Elfie's sparkling face a moment, then turned and gazed dreamily into the fire.

A lovely girl she was this Winnie Stuart—slender and graceful as a marsh willow, with brown hair rippling in shining waves all over her head, and eyes which always seemed to have a shadow of pain in their purple depths.

Elfie looked at her in amazement.

"Is that all you have to say to such a splendid piece of news as that?" she ejaculated. "I do believe you have been disappointed in love, Winnie Stuart! I cannot account for your indifference under any other hypothesis."

The sudden crimson flamed up over Winnie's face, but she laughed merrily.

"Nonsense, Elfie! What a chatterbox you are. What time do we start?"

"Oh, very early in the morning. I must go and take counsel with the presiding goddess. By-by!" and she was gone like a flash of light.

Left alone, Winnie sat gazing earnestly into the fire. Elfie's careless remark had awakened bitter memories of the past. She detached a small locket from around her neck, and opening it, gazed earnestly at its contents. On either side was a tiny picture; a handsome, manly face, with a dark, clustering hair and deep, earnest eyes—the other herself. Two years before Philip Leslie had presented this to her on the day of their betrothal. It was the old story—a few short weeks of unclouded happiness, then a misunderstanding had arisen, and they parted in anger. It was two long years, and in all that time she had neither seen nor heard from him. Had she forgotten? The dreary pain at her heart answered her better than any words could have done.

The sound of merry voices aroused her from her reverie, and she had barely time to replace the locket when Elfie followed by the others entered.

It was a merry party which Charlie Howard and his sister Gussie had gathered around them at Ridgewood Farm.

There was Elfie Russell, and her handsom brother Hal, who was devoted to his cousin Gussie; Winnie Stuart and Maggie Hunter, a merry, dark-eyed girl of eighteen; and Will Devereux, who was very much in love with Elfie, and very nearly at his wits ends, because she would give him no satisfaction.

New Year's morning dawned bright and frosty. Charlie was out before the first streak of day appeared, and a few stars were yet visible when he brought the prancing horses around to the door.

All was bustle and confusion in the house. Hal was making numerous pilgrimages from thence to the sleigh, loaded with robes, wraps, etc.

At last they were ready to start. The sun was growing red in the east, and the smoke was rising slowly in the still frosty air, from the farm houses as they rushed past.

"Isn't this glorious!" exclaimed Elfie, her cheeks glowing, and her eyes sparkling like stars. "See the sunrise! It's just splendid. I wish we were going as far again."

"So do I," remarked Will, who sat by her side, looking into her eyes.

Her cheeks took an added tinge, but she flashed him a defiant glance.

The sun was near its meridian when they drew up before the residence of the Greys, a large fine looking house, surrounded by evergreens.

"Such a surprise!" exclaimed Mrs. Grey, as she came forward to meet them. "I did not expect to see you to-day: I am sorry Victor isn't here," she continued, seating them in her pleasant parlor around the fire. "He has gone down to Chester on business, and won't be back for several days."

The afternoon sped rapidly and it was late before they dispersed for the night.

Shortly after the nine o'clock breakfast next morning, Elfie came into the parlor, her bright face wearing a shadow.

"Isn't it a shame girls? It has clouded up, and looks so gray and dark it fairly makes me have the blues."

She yawned sleepily, but a mischievous light shone in her eyes as Will Devereux and Charlie sauntered in.

"Are there any nice young fellows around here, Nettie?" she asked suddenly.

Mrs. Grey waited a moment before she answered.

"No—yes, there is too! One, a bachelor, who lives six miles from here. You passed his house when you were coming down."

"Yes," said Charlie who was stretched out on a sofa near by. "I have the honor of his acquaintance."

"Is he old?" asked Elfie.

"Oh, superanuated!" answered Mrs. Grey, laughing.

"Mr. Speaker, ladies and gentlemen!" interrupted Hal, putting his head in at the door, "it has begun to snow, and it's my humble opinion we'd better be going."

"My dear boy," responded Charlie, grvely, the saggestion does honor to your judgement. We must start immediately." And half an hour saw them on their way.

For some distant after leaving Mr. Grey's their road wound through cleared fields, then entered a dark strip of hemlock woods threaded here and there with a tiny ice-bound brook.

"There, girls," said Charlie as they emerged from the woods, "is the residence of the ghastly, grim and ancient bachelor whom you got a discription of this morning. Nice place, isn't it?"

"Very," replied Winnie, looking at the place as they approached.

"Oh, girls?" exclaimed Elfie suddenly. "Do hold on a minute, Charlie—I have an idea. You know," she added, as he drew rein, "this is the second of January, in the second day of January, in the year of grace eighteen hundred and seventy-two, and therefore leap-year. Now, I suggest that we wait on him in a body, and severally propose to him. I can pop the question splendidly. Oh, don't be silly, girls," as a clamor of opposition arose from the company; "who cares, anyway? He's an antediluvian fossil, whom we never saw before, and never shall see again, and it will be *such* fun! Charlie is acquainted with him, and we'll appoint him a committee of the whole to go and introduce the subject and bring him out. It's so snowy we can't think of going in. Run along Charlie, there's a dear fellow!" at which endearing epithet Charlie laughed, as he dropped the reins and sprang out.

"Let me propose first," said Maggie, laughingly, holding the buffalo-robe in such a position that she could subside behind it at a moment's notice; "I don't want to be kept in suspense. There they come!" she added, in a stage voice, as the door opened, and Charlie with a gentleman behind him, emerged from the house, "What will we do if he takes the affair in earnest, and sues us for breach of promise?"

"Oh, goodness!" exslaimed Elfie, in a dismayed whisper, as the old bachelor stepped out beside Charlie, and she caught a full view of him. "He isn't old at all—he's young and awful handsome. What *shall* I do?"

She looked as though she meditated a dive under the buffalo robe, but Will confiscated that article, with the exultant remark that she "would have to take the responsibility."

He was handsome, this tall, "superannuated" bachelor of twenty-seven, and there was a gleam of amusement in his eyes as he stepped beside the sleigh, and gravely surveyed the dismayed faces before him.

"Here he is, girls!" said Charlie. "Now don't keep in suspense. Miss. Elfie Russel, as director on this important question, it is only proper that you should have the first hearing. Proceed!" There was a tremble of merriment in Charlie's voice, while Will and Hal were quaking with suppressed laughter.

"Poor Elfie? An entire change had come over the spirit of her dream, and she sat speechless.

The stranger glanced in amusement from one to the other of the girlish faces.

"Ladies," he said, in a rich musical voice that was full of merriment, "your intention is to do me honor, but I fear, from your hesitation, that you have not been in the habit of exerting your leap year privilege. Since you are at a loss for words, permit me to speak."

He stepped up to Winnie Stuart, who at the first sound of his voice had started and flushed painfully, and bending down looked into her eyes.

"Winnie," he said, and his voice was full of unutterable tenderness, "time has not changed me. I love you to-day as when we parted two years ago. Shall we not let the past go; and once more be all in all to each other as we were in those old days?"

"Oh, Philip!"

It was all she said, but Philip Leslie read aright the language of her eyes, and clasped her to his breast with a murmuring thanksgiving. And, close in the shelter of his arms, Winnie knew that at last the shadow had lifted and the sunshine appeaared.

"Hurrah!" shouted Charlie taking in the aspect of affairs at a glance. "Here's romance in real life,and the happy sequel brought about by a leap-year frolic. Hereafter I shall believe in mischief."

"Elfie," whispered Will, as, half an hour afterward, with Philip Leslie added to the party, they were again speeding away toward Ridgwood, "you made an entire failure in 'poping the question spiendidly,' and I suggest you try it on me. We're acquainted, you know, and it will be easier," and for once in her life saucy Elfie was at a loss for a reply.

Will took advantage of her subdued mood to press his suit, and with such good success that, when Winnie Stuart became Mrs. Leslie, Elfie became Mrs Will Devereux.

Dust for Your Stock.

As this is the time of the season when animals are looking their worst, and in many cases suffering from vermin, please inform your readers that no remedy for parasites of all sorts is equal to perfectly dry road dust or freshly burned coal ashes. A quantity should always be kept on hand, which should be liberally sprinkled over and on all kinds of stock, from horses to poultry, which last will always help themselves, if given a chance.

Nothing is so refreshing to an animal as a good dry dust bath. In summer horses will roll and wallow in it, in the middle of dusty roads, and cattle will stand and throw it all over their backs with their feet, and feel much the better, looking sleek and shining when the dust is taken out of their hair. This can only be partially imitated in summer and spring, but the little we can do in this way for domestic animals that have not had access to the earth for many months, will do a great deal towards promoting their thrift and health.

A peck of dry dust scattered over a dozen full grown animals is worth all the coal oil, mercurial ointment and other similar nostrums that ever were bought. The only possible objection to it is that it is so cheap, simple and easily obtained and used, that we can afford to despise it. Those who have lousy calves or colts can relieve them in a very few days without any cost at all, and with so little trouble that it is scarcely worth consideration. Good farmers never neglect to scatter and shake plenty of dust over their livestock in winter and spring. One application is worth half a dozen extra good feeds, and the more frequent you apply it the better.—*Cor. Prairie Farmer.*

"How are you to-day?" "Not very well. Go for a bottle of Peruna and be well.

Interesting Farm and Garden Notes.

Professor Goessman gives the following as a cure for yellows in peach trees. Apply potash salts to the surface under the tree and rake it in; then mulch with old hay, leaves or straw. The German crude murlate of potash will be the least expensive. Use one or two pounds, according to size of tree. Apply one pound in the late fall and same quantity in the spring.

A grindstone should be secured to the shaft by nuts and washers, and the washers fixed so that they cannot turn with the nuts as they are screwed up or unscrewed. In hanging the stone, great care should be taken to hang it true sidewise, not only for convenience in using it, but because a stone that is not true sidewise can never be kept true edgewise.

A good way to plant some flower-seeds which you wish to take particular good care of is to take a turnip, cut it in halves, scrape out the shell, then fill with earth and plant the seeds; and when the time comes to put the winter plants out doors, dig a hole in the flower-bed large enough to set the turnip in—it will rot in a short time—and your plants will thrive by not having the tender roots disturbed.

Gas lime contains some sulphides of lime, some sulphates and a little sulphate of ammonia, but not enough to give it much value as a fertilizer. If used in any large quantity it would destroy vegetation. The best use to which we ever saw it applied was upon the gravel walks to prevent growth of grass and weeds, which it did most effectually, at the same time making a very firm, dry, and durable walk.—*Cultivator.*

Grubs in the head of sheep are believed to be caused by the Gadfly, which deposits eggs in the nostrils of the sheep during the summer and autumn; although they cause much pain they are not usually fatal. To prevent them, apply tar to the noses of the sheep, occasionally, during July and August, or smear the feeding troughs with tar. To cure the sheep when the grubs are once hatched, blow tobacco smoke up the nostrils or syringe the nose with a decoction of tobacco.

June, July and August are the best months for layering roses. If the soil dries quickly water these layers twice a day, as they must be kept moist. By October they will be ready to be taken from the parent plant. Cut them off within two inches from the tongue. Dig deeply with a trowel to take them up and transplant where they will remain. The following spring they should be pruned down to three or four buds. Some of them will flower in the summer.

Our best farmers are beginning to learn, and in fact, most of them have already learned, that the time spent in destroying weeds in the autumn is well spent, and that if they would save time in cultivating hoed crops they must keep the weeds from seeding as much as possible in all parts of the farm; a little carelessness in this respect will soon cover a farm with weed seeds. A single root of milk weed in a mowing field, if left unmolested, will spread over and take possession of a large field in a few years.

Eggs vs. Meat.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones, no tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains sixty-six per cent. water, the yelk fifty-two per cent. Practically an animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use egg freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years, and have been remarkable free from illness. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not harden the white or yelk so as to make them hard to digest. An egg cooked very hard is difficult of digestion except by those of stout stomachs; such eggs should be eaten with bread masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is fit for a king, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorous, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.—*Poultry Gazette.*

Black Ants.

It is asserted that the common black ant is largely cultivated by the leading orchardists of northern Italy and southern Germany. They believe the insect to be the fruit grower's best friend. They establish ant hills in their orchards and leave the trees to the exclusive care of the tiny colonists, whose time is devoted to climbing the stems of fruit tress and clensing their bark and leaves of all malefactors, natural as well as embryotic. The spoils thus secured are brought to the ground, and consumed or safely stored away. They never meddle with sound fruit, but invade only such apples, pears and plums as have already been penetrated by the canker, which they remorselessly pursue to its fastnesses within the very heart of the fruit. Nowhere are apple and pear trees so free from blight and destructive insects as in the immediate neighborhood of a large ant hill five or six years old. The favorite food of the ant appears to be the larvæ and pupæ of those insects most destructive to the tender shoots and young leaves of fruit trees.

A Benificient Action.

The worn look and miserable feelings of those closely confined in mills, or at desks or at work tables, are caused by weak stomach, kidneys or bowels, and show the necessity for some mild tonic to build them up. No one need suffer thus who will use Parker's Ginger Tonic; for without intoxicating it has such a beneficent action on these sluggish organs and so cleanses the poisonous matters from the system, that rosy cheeks and good health and spirits are soon brought back again.—*Express.*

Don't get in debt with a shoemaker if you would call your soul your own.

To Tell The Age of Sheep.

The books on sheep have seriously misled flock-masters on this subject. Almost any sheep owner will tell you that after a year the sheep gets a pair of broad teeth yearly, and if you show that his own three-year-olds have four pairs of broad teeth, he can only claim that they are exceptions, and protest that they do not exceed three years of age. Now, these cases are no exceptions, for all well-bred sheep have a full mouth of front teeth at three years old. Some old unimproved stocks may still be found in which the mouth is not full until near four years old, but, fortunately these are now the exceptions, and should not be made the standard, as they so constantly are.

In Cotswolds, Leicesters, Lincoln's, Southdowns, Oxforddowns, Hampshiredowns, and even in the advanced Merinos, and in the grades of all these dentition is completed from half a year to a year earlier. The milk or lamb teeth are easily distinguished from the permanent or broad teeth by their smaller size, and by the thickness of the jaw bone around their fangs where the permanent teeth are still enclosed. As the lamb approaches a year old the broad, exposed part of the tooth becomes worn away, and the narrow fangs projecting above the gums stand apart from each other, leaving wide intervals.

This is even more marked after the first pair of permanent teeth have come up, over-lapping each other at their edges, and from this time onward the number of small milk teeth and of broad permanent teeth can usually be made out with ease.

Another distinguishing feature is the yellow or dark colerations of the fangs of the milk teeth, while the exposed portions of the permanent teeth are white, clear and pearly. The successive pairs of permanent teeth make their appearance through the gums in advanced breeds at about the following dates:

The first pair at one year; the second pair at one year and a half; the third pair at two years and three months; the fourth and last pair at three years. It will be observed that between the appearance of the first two pairs there is an interval of six months, while after this each pair comes up nine months after its predecessors. For backward grades and unimproved breeds the eruption is about six months later for each pair of teeth, but even with them the mouth is full at three years and six months.

Equus vs. Felius.

An amusing scene took place a day or two since when a gentleman on his way to the barn to turn his horse loose for a short time, picked up a pet cat and putting her in a fish basket hung her up on a clothes line pole about seven feet from the ground. When the horse was loosed he walked over to the pole and seeing the cat in the basket put his nose up to investigate, and the cat put out her paw and gave the intruding nose a lively scratch. The horse immediately turned around, looked back over his shoulder as though to take aim and measure the distance, kicked, and cat, basket and all shot into the air like a rocket. The horse watched the success of his shot, then gave a low whinny of delight and walked away to feed.

A Girl's Body.

LEWISTON, N. Y., July 20.—The body of a young lady, aged apparently 20 years, was found floating on the river here last night. The clothing was all gone except the waist and one sleeve of her dress, which was black cashmere trimmed with black velvet and bead trimmings. She had on high, button kid shoes. The body is about five feet five inches in height, with long brown hair, and beautiful, evenly-set teeth. It had evidently been in the water five or six days, and is supposed to have come over the falls. An inquest will be held here.

A Madman's Act.

ST. PAUL, MINN., July 19.—A Winona special says: Paul Veld, a Swiss emigrant who lately bought a farm in Magle Creek Valley, became insane through the failure of crops and homesickness. On Sunday morning he was found dead in a front room of his house. His wife and two children were dead in the next room; three children were dead in a bed upstairs, and the two oldest boys in the hayloft were mortally wounded. All were shot in the head. One boy may recover.. A revolver was found in the house.

A Tragedy.

ST PAUL, July 19,-A Winona special says: Paul Veld, a swiss emigrant who lately bought a farm in Eagle wreek Valley, became insane though the failure of crops and home sickness. On Sunday morning he was found dead in the front room of his house. His wife and two children were dead in the next room, three children dead in a bed up stairs and in a hay loft mortally wounded, all shot in the head. One boy may recover. A revolver was found in the house.

A Lake Propellor Burned.

ST. PAUL, July 19.—This morning shortly after the arrival at Duluth the propellor Winnepeg caught fire and burned, being towed into the lake and sunk. The passengers escaped, losing most of their clothing and baggage. Joseph Smith, fireman, aged thirty-five, who leaves a wife and several children at Collingwooe; James Branscom, of Owen Sound, head waiter; Wm. Howery, aged sixteen, second porter, and a pantryman, name unknown, are missing and are supposed to have been burned.

A Hotel Destroyed.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., July 19.—A few minutes before three p. m. just as the guests were finishing dinner at the Irving House, an alarm of fire was given, and great contusion and alarm ensued. By 6 o'clock the hotel was in ashes. The loss is about $11,000.

The poor old negro preacher was more than half right when he said: "Bredderin, if we could all see into our own hearts as God does, it would mos' skeer us to death."

What are the worst results of civil war?" shouted an orator. "Widows!" cried Jones who had married one.

A prime minister—a good parson.

Shot by a Woman.

George W. Coles, the bookkeeper employed in Harry Miners Theatre, in New York, who was shot by a woman on Tuesday evening, richly deserved his punishment, if the woman's story is true. Her name is Elizabeth Coleman, the wife of a sea captain in the West India trade. She charges Coles with making her intoxicated in order to ruin her, and when confronted by her husband she told him all. Her husband has, in consequence, applied for a divorce and the custody of her four children, the youngest being only eighteen months old. She admits having sent for Coles, and when he admitted that he had told her husband all, she held the pistol close to his body and fired. She expressed no sorrow for the act, and delivered herself up to the police. Mrs. Coleman was arraigned in the police court yesterday, and was committed to await the result of Coles injuries. She was cool and unconcerned-looking. Coles lies at the hospital in a dying condition. His ante-mortem statement was taken by the coroner, in which he said he visited the woman a number of times, but did not know that she was married. She represented herself to him as a single woman. Coles died yesterday.

A Destructive Fire.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20.—At half-past eight o'clock to-night a fire broke out in the drying room of the Pepuea cotton mills, eight in number, covering about three acres, and occupying nearly a square of territory, bounded by Twenty-second and Twenty-first streets, Hamilton and Spring Garden streets, and Pennsylvania ave. The flames spread so rapidly that the general alarm was sounded, and the entire fire department summoned to the scene. For nearly three hours the fire burned stubbornly, meanwhile destroyidg two of the mill buildings devoted to dyeing and drying purposes. The property was owned and occupied by Wm. Wood & Son, by whom the mills have been operated for twenty-two years. The loss in the burned buildings, with the stock and machinery destroyed, is estimated to be between $100,000 and $150,000, covered by insurance amounting to the latter figure. Nothing could be learned to-night on the subject of insurance further than that the policies, ranging from $250 to $20,000 each, are scattered among all the leading United States and foreign insurance companies.

Terrible Massacre.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 21.—The Fiji *Times* of April 30th says a horrible massacre was perpetrated at Tapitiwa, one of the line islands. The natives were recently proselyted by a Kanoka missionary named Kabu, who induced them to give up their weapons. Latterly the people of the southern portion of the island became dissatisfied at the constant requisitions on them for cobra, and Kabu preached crusade against them armed his followers and led them in person. Indiscriminate slaughter ensued, over 1,000 men, women and children being massacred. The bodies were collected in a pile and burnt. Kabu has been taken to Honolulu to answer for the crime.

A Sharp Detective.

ERIE, Pa., July 19.—James Black just arrived here in time to catch the United States court which opened yesterday. Black is a notorious counterfeiter and was inveighled to Erie by Detective McSweeney who, acting the rope of burglar, said he had the pals here to assist in robbing a bank. Black took the bait and walked innocenty into U. S. Commissioner Grant's office, where his companion threw off the disguise and charged Black with counterfeiting. Spurious coins were found on his person. Black has been tried for murder and arson. He will be railronded

Brutally Murdered.

ST. LOUIS, July 20.—Col. John G. Wood, an old man of seventy years, living alone near Gray's Summit, in Franklin county, this state, was mysteriously murdered last Sunday. His body was found about thirty feet from the door of his residence, with the throat cut in two places and two or three other knife wounds on his person. He had evidently been murdered in his bed and afterwards carried out of doors, but by whom or for what motive is entirely unknown. Wood was a man of some wealth and lived alone, but it was not known by his neighbors that he had any enemies.

A Damaging Hail Storm.

BROCKTON, Mass., July 21.—One of the most violent storms ever known occurred this afternoon. The storm was accompanied by a terrific shower of hailstones, varying from half an inch to one and a half inches in diameter, doing a large amount of damage. Hundreds of dollars' worth of glass was broken. Nearly all the large manufactories suffered. Reports from the surrounding agricultural towns indicate an immense amount of damage.

The Fury of a Woman.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 20.—Mrs. John Fichtner, the wife of a well-known German carpenter and builder, threw concentrated lye into the face of Dr. G. W. Priest, a prominent dentist, at his office to-day, and it is thought destroyed his eyes. The woman alleges that Dr. Priest seduced her, which he denies.

No Good Preaching.

No man can do a good job of work, preach a good sermon, try a law suit well, doctor a patient, or write a good article when he feels miserable and dull, with sluggish brain and unsteady nerves, and none should make the attempt in such a condition when it can be so easily and cheaply removed by a little Hop Bitters. See other column.—*Albany Times.*

She Got Even.

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Our city druggist reported an immense sale of St. Jacobs Oil, saying the demand is based upon the popularity of its success. Wherever it has been used, it has proved its value a thousand fold, and receives its best enconiums from those who have tried it.—*La Fayette (Ind.) Sunday Times.*

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR RHEUMATISM,
Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Soreness of the Chest, Gout, Quinsy, Sore Throat, Swellings and Sprains, Burns and Scalds, General Bodily Pains, Toothache, Ear and Headache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches.
No Preparation on earth equals St. Jacobs Oil as a safe, sure, simple and cheap External Remedy. A trial entails but the comparatively trifling outlay of 50 Cents, and every one suffering with pain can have cheap, and positive proof of its claims.
Directions in Eleven Languages.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS IN MEDICINE.
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Ayer's 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 mixtures, 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.
PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Practical and Analytical Chemists, Lowell, Mass.
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Most Fragrant & Refreshing of Perfumes Exceedingly Delicate and Lasting.
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PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
The Medicine for Every Family. NEVER INTOXICATES.
Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and other of the best vegetable remedies known. PARKER'S GINGER TONIC has remarkably varied curative powers, & is the greatest Stomach Corrector, Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator ever made & The Best Medicine You can Use for Restoring Health & Strength.
It commences to act from the first dose, searches out the weak organs, and is warranted to cure or help all diseases of the Bowels, Stomach, Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Urinary Organs, all Complaints of Women, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism and Drunkenness.
Try a bottle to-day; it may save your life. 50 cts. and $1 sizes at all druggists. Every genuine bottle has our signature on outside wrapper. Hiscox & Co., N. Y. Large saving in buying $1 size.

Parker's Hair Balsam
Just What is Wanted.
Everybody whose hair is gray or faded loves for the need of a Hair Restorer and dressing that is cleanly, agreeably perfumed and luxurious. Parker's Hair Balsam satisfies the most fastidious in these respects. Sold by druggists or any dealer, 50 cts.
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD, DRUGGIST, Somerset, Pa.
September 8.

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. for a drunkard and Broken Down Opium Eater, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
All sizes—sold by druggists.
H. H. HOP BITTERS Co., Proprietors, Rochester, N. Y. & Toronto, Ont.
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD, DRUGGIST, 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 odging furnished at low rates.
March 2. CHARLES A. LEWIS

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Tobias Mengas, late of Shade township, deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Friday, August 26th, 1881, at the house of the undersigned.
HENRY PENROD, Administrator.
jy20

HORNER'S
Warranted Pure Bone
FERTILIZERS.
SEND FOR CIRCULAR.
JOSHUA HORNER JR. & CO.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
jy20

The Somerset Herald!
(ESTABLISHED 1867.)
One of the leading Papers of Western Pennsylvania.
IS STALWART REPUBLICAN.
HAS DOUBLE THE CIRCULATION OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER IN THE COUNTY!
It Will Contain the General News of the Day.
The Editorial and Local DEPARTMENTS Speak for Themselves.
$2.00! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00 A YEAR! $2.00!
—IN OUR—
JOB DEPARTMENT!
WE HAVE THE BEST FACILITIES WEST OF THE MOUNTAIN.
☞WE are prepared to furnish on short notice, and at a great reduction on former prices, all kinds of
JOB WORK,
such as:
LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, ENVELOPES, BUSINESS CARDS, 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,
Somerset Pa

WH DOES
a woman's health often break down at so early age? For a time at the washtub she is heated from the hot suds until every pore is opened; then she takes cold, and a cough that comes from scalding and boiling clothes, that are full of sweat and exhalations from the skin, and his health too would break down before long and yet the poor woman
A WOMAN
has to go through with on wash-day; and, besides, with her clothes wet from dipping in the hot suds, she has to risk her life by going out in the air to hang up the clothes; those not at work are in the unhealthy atmosphere of the small, poorly ventilated room, feeling that it finds its way through the house—the family, however, may become accustomed to the peculiar odor from its own wash or not to notice it. There is no doubt but this is the plain why so many women suffer with colds, rheumatism, weak nerves, etc.
LOOK OLD
while yet young in years, and physicians and boards of health cannot draw attention strongly to the injurious effects of the usual way of washing, with its long-continued scalding or boiling to get the clothes pure and sweet-smelling, especially as it is well known that it is often the direct cause of those dreadful diseases, diphtheria, consumption, and typhoid fever. Fortunately this trouble can be avoided; scalding, boiling, washing and rubbing all dispensed with; smell from the wash completely done away with; clothes made sweet and healthy; and a saving of one-half the money paid for washing. *from the saving in fuel the wash does at less cost than can when home-made soap is used.*
SOONER THAN
by the old way, by using FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP.—A Soap so purifying and cleansing that the dirtiest clothing can be washed in lukewarm water with very little rubbing; clothes, bedding and utensils used by the sick disinfected and cleansed without scalding or boiling, while the work is so light that a girl twelve or thirteen years of age can do a large wash without being tired; and yet so mild and healing is this Soap that for shaving it has no equal, and physicians advise its use in preference to imported Castile for wounds and sores, and to wash the youngest infants, as well as for persons with delicate skins.
Now that there is a remedy for this, *so convenient that the poorest can use it*, there is no excuse for
A MAN
who is not directly interested in having used in their homes, in spite of prejudice, the WONDERFUL WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES, which does away with the hard work, smell and fearful steam on wash-days, makes the white pieces whiter, colors more vivid, and flannels softer than they can be made by washing the old way, leaves the hands smooth, and all household work, and as it becomes generally known, most harmless economizer to do fine sewing and every article as clean, as sweet and as pure as if never used.

TESTIMONIALS

From H. E. BOWLES, M. D., Hammonton, N. J., Editor *South Jersey Republican.*
My attention was called to FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP from an advertisement in my own paper, and its use in my house for nearly a year, according to the directions, has proved that the representations of its properties have not been overstated. For removing printing ink it is invaluable, while for toilet and shaving it is the best soap I have ever used.

From MRS. H. L. KEYTON, Northfield, Vt.
I do my wash with FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP in half the time and with no expense for Soap, or the *saving in fuel more than pays for it.* I have no steam or scent from the wash, while the saving in health, clothes and labor can hardly be estimated.

From E. W. STANTON, 1506 N. 12th St., Philada.
We are confident, from a long experience in using and recommending FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, that one trial, according to the very easy printed directions, will overcome all prejudice against home-made soap. Our husband, who is a soap boiler, has a nice soap business, and all household work, and as it becomes generally known, most harmless economizer.

FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP has been used in my house for the last seven months, and following the printed directions, we find it to be the best article we have ever obtained for the purpose. We have scalded or boiled a boiler full of clothes, and there were no more to be washed than there were before the old way. Our husband, who is a soap boiler, has a nice soap business, and all household work, and as it becomes generally known, most harmless economizer.

From MRS. E. STOUTENBURG, Hammonton, N. J.
FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP has been used in my house for the last seven months, and following the printed directions, we find it to be the best article we have ever obtained for the purpose. We have scalded or boiled a boiler full of clothes, and there were no more to be washed than there were before the old way. Our husband, who is a soap boiler, has a nice soap business, and all household work, and as it becomes generally known, most harmless economizer.

No laundry or family can afford to be without FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP. We have used it second to no laundry in Philadelphia for years, and recommend it to our customers; the superior work we have done with it has given us a large business, and we believe it to be the best gentleman's furnishing store in Philadelphia.

The following are the Directions for Use, so simple that a child can understand them. Dont do anything so ridiculous as to buy the Soap unless you intend following them.
$2-$100 positively forfeited if it injures the clothes, or will not do everything claimed.
First, put the white clothes in a tub of water, only made warm enough to be comfortable for the hands. Then take one piece out at a time on the wash-board, rub the Soap lightly over it, roll it up and put it back into the same tub, and so on with each piece until you have the Soap rubbed on them. Then go away and let them soak at least twenty minutes without touching them, when the dirt will all be loosened, and a very little rubbing on the wash-board, out of that one suds, will make them perfectly clean. Wring perfectly, turn each piece while washing so as to get at the seams. Then wash lightly on the wash-board, through a lukewarm rinse-water (without any Soap,) so as to get the dirty suds out. Then put through blue-water, and on the line, *without scalding or boiling a single article.* Afterward put flannels and colored pieces to soak, and wash them exactly the same way. It is important not to heat the wash-water in a tin, brass or copper boiler. A small boiler will heat enough water for a large wash with this Soap.
Just Think What You will Save by this Easy Way of Washing!
No Wash-boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Suds through the House!
It has the remarkable Property of keeping the Dish-Cloth, Wash-Rag and Sponge always Sweet, and of Washing Freely in Hard Water.
SOLD BY GROCERS.
Get a Cake and Try it for Yourself next Wash-Day.
To Points where this Soap is not yet Introduced a Trial Cake will be sent by Mail, on receipt of Price, (10 Cents), in Money or Stamps.
ADDRESS ALL LETTERS TO OFFICE OF FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP,
718 CALLOWHILL ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., the undersigned will, on

Saturday, August 6th, 1881,

on the premises, in Shade township, at 1 o'clock, P. M., sell the Real Estate of Rebecca McGregor, dec'd, consisting of a farm containing 92 acres and 32 perches, more or less, of which about 25 acres are clear, with a Log House, Bank Barn and Log Stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of Samuel McGregor