The Battle of Ardmor.

The sunshine never kissed a lovlier day nor blessed a fairer scene. All the land, and the sky and the clouds were clad in the beauty of June. The lanes were fringed with emerald; the round eyed daisies peeped out from the billowy fields of grass, and dantier wild flowers of the woods nestled like gems in the velvet moss. Down in the meadows of buttercups gleamed like buttons of gold. Over the low hills the soft winds whispered to the leaves about other summers, and down through the shadowy woods the little brook laughed and babbled like a child playing by itself. Here and there a cottage nestled among the trees. The distant calls of children came rippling across the fields. The long road wound away, yellow and quiet, until it turned out of sight beyond the little church with its snowy walls and splender spire.

How quit and peaceful all the world lay before the window of my prison that day in June! Far away the note of a meadow-lark came, and was heard no more. Now and then the whistle of a robin; at times the twitter of a blue-bird. It was such an afternoon as you would wish to endure forever. White-winged peace smiled it the sunshine, and sang with the zephrys and the brook, and the far-away calls and acarcely heard laughter of the children playing somewhere unseen. Its music is the crown of the law's beauty and tranquility.

Clear mellow, distant, four of five notes of a bugle ring out over the low hills, and come echoing down the forest aisles. How my heart leaped at the sound of the bugle call! How my blood went surging through my veins like a tide of lava! Out of my prison window I look with straining eyes. In the fluttering leaves I can see no glitter of bayonets. I listen, but down the road or across the meadow I can hear not the rumble of a battery hurrying into position. How silent it all this! And yet not silent enough. I want the wind to hush, and the leaves to keep still, and the brook to stifle its babble and laughter. I am listening for a foot-fall, the crackling of a twig, the muffled tramp of a column of men stealing through clover. I am listening for the neigh of a horse, a clatter of rythmic hoof beats, a ringing carbine shot. Peering out of the window of my lonely cell, I am listening—ever since that first bugle-call came winding over the hill I have been listening—for sterner music than the robin's note and the wood brook's murmur.

March!

There it is at last? I can see nothing from this window. The voice comes like a far-away echo of the bugle—a boyish voice, softened into music by the day and the distance. I picture to myself the fair haired lieutenant who cammands the skirmishers. All those days made men of boys; the school-boy fought beside the veteran, and the adjutant of twenty messed with the colonel of forty. Will the line never come in my sight.

"Halt!"

Silence again, and once more the bugle calls down the unseen line. Now I can hear the tramp of feet amid all the terrible hush of preparation. All about me the tide of battle will sweep, save only where I can see it; and I—penned in this prison like a caged rat, with ringing bugle and clanking saber calling me out, shouting my name in words that burn and ring and ring and ring again—and I am here.

"March!"

Away off the tap of a drum, the flam, flam, flam, cadencing the step of the marching column. Neares it comes, and further away it sweeps, faints into quiet at last.

Tramp, tramp, tramp. Muffled, yet distinct, and stepping nearer with every foot fall. "There they come?" shouted some one. I hold my breath; I press my hand to my heart and wait for the first shot from the skirmishers.

"Ready!"

The click of a musket, so close it seems in the room where I am. Gods! I listen for the sound of the boyish voice again. It seems to me, in my excited condition, there is a childish trebble to it. I wonder if——

"Fire!"

How the cheers, pealing up in waves of sound, drowned the crash I was listening for! Again the boyish voice calls, "Fire!" and again the shrill cheers follow. They hush as the bugle-notes come pealing down the line again. I hear the wheels as a battery is hurrying forward. I hear a drum beat. I hear the tramp of hurrying feet. Some one is calling for "the flag." Once I hear——so close the tide of battle swept in my prison——a saber swrig from its scabbard with an angry sweep. And all this time I could only see the golden sunshine——only the fluttering leaves and the playing shadows lengthening into the waning day; and floating in at my window came the mellow whistling of the robin.

The cheers are fainter now, as the shadows grow longer. The robin's note has ceased. Mellow, clear, and beautifully imperious as ever, the bugle calls again. A pall of silence falls upon the clamor and din of the battle. I try the door of my prison. It yields to my touch. Down a stairway, with a noiseless tread, I hasten. I step through a curtained door. I stand on the field where the waves of contention have thundered and dashed. The level rays of the setting sun drift over the helpless figures stretched about me like a blessing upon the dead.

At my feet the overturned cannon lies. There are shattered wheels. Lying across the brazen muzzle, "his back to the field and his feet to the foe," is stretched an artillery sergeant, still grasping the broken saber in his nerveless hand. Here is a group of infantry soldiers; they will never stand upon their feet again. Here is a trooper; headless he lies under the horse that, with two legs torn away, has fallen upon him.

A little drummer-boy—how came such a child here where the fierce maelstrom of war circled and eddied in fire and carnage and fury?—lies by his drum. I bend above him, and in face and form there is nothing human left. Red are the stains about it, and the broken little hand hangs stiff and rigid on the edge of the shattered drum. It is terrible. Here, ghastly and horrible, lies a head, the blue cap with its scarlet and white pompon still resting jauntily over the brow; but nowhere can I see the soldier's body. Here is a saber bent and twisted in the fury of hand-to-hand combat. I walk among the headless trunks, arms and legs without bodies, crippled horses lie prone on their side or stand wearily, and with dumb patience, upon three legs. I tread carefully over and around the broken shattered bodies of the fallen men. Here is the flag, tattered and unfurled, just as it dropped from the hands of a sergeant; here an epaulet, glittering in crimson and gold; here is the gilded belt of a general; here, marred, bent and dented, lies the bugle whose silver voice called into play this wreck and carnage. And here, away off on the edge of the field, away where just the spray of this angry sea of strife could have reached, my foot almost falls on a child lying prostrate, half turned on her face. The dainty feet peep out of a cloud of silk and lace; the tangled hair of gold, a skein of sunshine, half hides the brow and cheek. There is no sign of life in the beautiful face. Killed by the terror and fear born of the battle? I bend to lift the little form, and the arm upon which I thought the child was lying is gone; a horrible gash reached from the temple to the base of the brain, and the left eye is crushed in its socket. The child—the dear, sweet little girl; somebody's darling, fair sacrifice to the hideous Moloch of war how cold—

"Robbie!" I hear the voice of her little serene highness. "Robbie! come, now, and pick up your toys, dear. You've left your dolly and all your soldiers scattered about over the floor, so that papa can scarcely walk across the room. And somebody has stepped on poor little Bessie's head. I'm afraid she'll have to go to the surgical institute.

A patter of flying feet, and the blue-eyed commander of the troops, aged six, comes charging into the room, and, resolving himself into an ambulance corps, collects the dead and wounded with both hands, scoops them into a big box, examines the fracture in dolly's head filled with saw-dust, and appears surprised to find the skull lined with a hole.

"Papa!" he cries 'did you hear'e battle zis appernoon?"

"Yes, Major, I heard it."

"We fighted awful," the Major says, "an' I fell down on my drum and broken my cannon, but grampa will get me anuzzer one."

Hay for Hogs.

A Nebraska man says hay is good for hogs. Cut the hay short and mix with bran shorts or middlings, and feed as other feed. Hogs soon learn to like it, and if soaked in swill, or slop food, it is highly relished by them. In winter, use for hogs the same hay that you feed to your horses, and you will find that it will save bran shorts or other food; it puts on flesh as rapidly as anything that can be given them.

Every farmer knows that hogs are fond of grass in the summer season and that they always do more or less grazing in as regular a way as do cattle or sheep, but it is not so commonly known that hogs are just about as fond of good hay in the winter season as they are of grass in the summer. We have known instance here at the Union Stock Yards where large pens filled with hogs had a liberal amount of good prairie hay furnished them for bedding in severely cold weather, where such hay would be nearly all eaten up by the hogs in the course of a single night. There can be no doubt but what hay of the right kind can be fed to hogs to really good advantage during any winter season. This is especially the case with young growing hogs; but even hogs that are being fattened will eat a very considerable amount of hay and be benefited by it, especially in cold weather.

It has been sufficiently demonstrated that hogs will eat hay in its dry state, just as other kinds of stock eat it; at the same time, with a certain kind of preperation the hay can be put in a condition in which hogs will eat it with a good deal more relish and get a good deal more benefit from it than when it is fed dry.

Good clover hay is no doubt the best kind that can be fed to hogs, and this should be cut fine, the finer the better, after which it should be either soaked or steamed, and have a moderate amount of rye or corn meal mixed with it. If prepared in this way it will be found that this kind of feed will count handsomely in carrying any kind of hogs through the winter season.

We now discuss this matter here, for the reason that we are disposed to point the way for the production of hogs to the best possible advantage in every part of the country, and to do this there is no doubt what a good deal more mixed feeding is necessary than has been usually common in the country.

VITAL QUESTIONS!!—Ask the most eminent physicion, of any school, what is the best thing in the world for quieting and allaying all irritation of the nerves and curing all forms of nervous complaints, giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep always? And they will tell you unhesitatingly, "Some form of Hops!"

CHAPTER I.

Ask any or all of the most eminent physicians:

"What is the best and only remedy that can be relied on to cure all diseases of the kidneys and urinary organs; such as Bright's disease, diabetes, retention or inability to retain urine and all the diseases and ailments peculiar to Women"—

"And they will tell you explicitly and emphatically "Buchu."

Ask the same physicians

"What is the most reliable and surest cure for all liver diseases or dyspepsia, constipation, indigestion, biliousness, malarial fever, ague, &c. and they will tell you:

Mandrake! or Dandelion!"

Hence, when these remedies are combined with others equally valuable

And compounded into Hop Bitters, such a

au8:1m. [Concluded next week.]

Barnum on Clowns.

Barnum is a good temperance reformer, but one of his greatest reforms he has said very little about. Perhaps it speaks, or rather keeps silent, for itself. He said to a Philadelphia reporter:

"People go to the circus to see, not to hear; none of our clowns attempt to talk. We allowed them to talk for a day or two, but the tent is so large that not one-half of those present heard what they said, and I guess they didn't lose much. I haven't a great opinion of talking clowns, and to prove that their acts are not so effective as pantomines we dressed up a man as a dude in New York the other night and sent him in to idle about the ring. He did not have a word to say, but his appearance and pantomine took the audience by storm, and he made the hit of the week."

"I'm going to draw this beau into a knot," as the lady said when standing before the hymeneal alter.

LONDON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

LONDON, June 20, 1883.

You will hear with interest that there is some probability of once more beholding the famous leviathan steamship, the Great Eastern, making regular passages to and from the river Thames. Years have elapsed since the huge fabric was nearer to the City of London than the Medway. Her bulk is not likely to allow her to come very high, for there are bends in the river this side of Gravesend which would prove rather dangerous navigation to a vessel that is more than an eighth of a mile long. It is stated that a company has been formed to purchase the vessel, and that she will be employed in the coal trade between the the Firth of Forth and the Thames. As much as twenty thousand tons of coal, it is calculated, can be stowed away in her vast interior in sacks. No one need doubt the Great Eastern's carrying capacity, though the use to which she is to be put at last seems strange, and not without pathos to those who can recall the dreams of her designers and builders, and the enthusiasm and excitement which her collossal form awakened as she lay broadside to the river at the shipyard 30 years ago.

It would be strange if she would prove a success in this, her latest undertaking. So hopeless did she seem as a commercial venture, even before she was launched, that Mr. Lindsay, the shipowner, relates that when Mr. Brunel asked him, "How will she pay?" he answered that she would never pay as a ship, and that the best thing to do would be to send her to Brighton, dig out a hole in the beach and bed her there, and make a promenade of her, with a grand hotel in her 'tween decks, where room could be found for salt water baths and dancing saloons. If she would "pay" now, the triumph will come late, but it will be a triumph for the great old ship, for all that.

It is thirty years ago since she was built, and during that time shipbuilding has made gigantic strides as respects dimensions of craft; therefore, if we in this age cannot reflect without wonder upon the mass of material which entered into the Great Eastern's composition, what must have been the amazement and the enthusiasm excited by her in the public of the age to which she fairly belonged! She was furnished with engines for her paddles and screws whose combined power was equal to eleven thousand horses. Her interior was designed to afford accomodations for four thousand passengers. As even with a speaking trumpet at his mouth her captain was unable to make his orders heard she was fitted with semaphores for day use and colored lamps at night, and also an electric telegraph, by which the commander made his orders known. Her saloons in their original form were truly magnificent, furnished with massive-looking glasses, ornamented panels, nobly decorated columns, sofas covered with Utrecht velvet, portiers of rich crimson silk to all the doorways, and so forth. She carried twenty large boats, and two small steamers, each one hundred feet long. Under full sail she spread six thousand five hundred yards of canvass. There were ten anchors and eight hundred fathoms of chain cable, whilst her five funnels were each one hundred feet high, with ten furnaces to every paddle boiler, of which there were ten.

On the seventeenth of June 1860, she started on her first voyage across the Atlantic, with only thirty-six passengers aboard. Her second passage to America was made in the May of the following year, the distance being made in ten days, her greatest speed never exceeding fourteen-and-a-half knots. She was next employed in transporting about two thousand troops to Quebec, and then followed another Trans-atlantic voyage with four hundred passengers on board. On this occasion a most melancholy account of her behavior in a storm was given by the passengers who stated that, tall as she was, she rolled her quarter boats under water, and that the angle her decks presented was upwards of forty-five degrees. She is mainly memorable as a triumph of engineering and constructive skill. At this moment she is reported to be in as good condition as she was at the time of her launch, and in her iron finds one of the most signally successful illustrations of its serviceableness in shipbuilding, when of good quality and put together by the hands of a master.

He'll Get Adopted.

"Why don't you get somebody to adopt you?" asked one elegantly attired young man of another, as the two lolled in graceful attiudes on a sofa at the Grand Pacific. "Several of the nicest boys in town who are in hard luck have told me they were going to try it."

"Good idea, by George," exclaimed the other young man, brightening up as the thought hit him.

"It's much more genteel, you know," the first young man said, "then to make your own living, as you just now said you were afraid you would have to do. A young fellow of good form ought to have little trouble in becoming a rich man's son by adoption, if nature hasn't done the propper thing and supplied him with a real father who has plenty of money."

"Very true," murmured the other young man.

"Think of the rich merchants," resumed the first young man, "who have Heaven knows how many thousands to spend and who haven't any gentlemanly sons to spend them. Think of them, dear boy. There's a promising field for you. Why shouldn't every one of them have a handsome fellow like you in the family to give it social standing?"

"Very true," said the other young man, hesitatingly. "But aren't those dreadfully rich people inclined to be vulgar?"

"Well, slowly answered the first young man, "there's no denying that one must run across vulgar people everywhere. Old folks never have elegant manners. If you don't associate too much with the ones that you allow to adopt you, a little vulgarity on their part may be overlooked. Vulgarity, my dear boy, can be more easily endured than hard work."

"Work!" gasped the other young man. "Yes, to be sure, I'll get adopted right away. Work is disgusting."—*Chicago News.*

A VOICE FROM THE NORTHWEST.—The Milwaukee, Wisconsin, *Daily Sentinel*, which is the leading morning paper of that State, writes: "St. Jacobs Oil, the wonderful remedy for rheumatism, has been used by a large number of people in this city, and with effect truly marvelous.

The Assassination of Lincoln.

While in Maine recently I fell in with Gov. Hamlin, as the ex-Vice President and Senator is generally called there. One of his sons is in partnership with Eugene Hale, the youngest Senator from Maine, at the town of Ellsworth, about fifty miles south of Bangor. From what I could understand the Governor's sons are much respected, though they take but little part in managing politics. The elder son entered the war and, after serving awhile in the field, became assistant to the Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Potomac, and he gave me an interesting description of being present in Ford's Theatre the night Mr. Lincoln was murdered.

"I had never been able to see the play called 'The American Cousin,' said General Hamlin, "though I had several times made engagements to go and see it, and I had never seen it fully performed, so that I have a sort of superstition about the piece. The night Mr. Lincoln was murdered I observed that "The American Cousin" was to be played, and I took my sister and another lady to the theatre. We had seats far down to the front, only a few steps from the stage. Mr. Lincoln came in and proceeded to his box, which was the upper one on the right, but he was not visible to the audience where he sat, having a back place in the box, from which he could the better see the stage. Indeed, from where I sat below, I could see no person in the boxes. Not long before Mr. Lincoln was shot there was a change of scenes during an act, and it seemed to me that it was the longest time required to change scenes that I had ever observed in a theatre. It was so noticeably long that I afterwards wondered in connection with the murder if there might not have been some irresolution or perplexity on that stage. Not long afterward there was a sound somewhat like the slapping of your hands together sharp, yet not very loud, but loud enough to make me turn my head and wonder what could have made it, and whether it could have been a pistol.

"The next thing I saw was Booth getting out of the box. I had seen Booth play on two occasions, and knew his face perfectly well. There never was a more deliberate thing than his stepping out on the sill of that box, and leaping from it. He made as pretty a jump as I ever saw. If he had practiced that leap, it could hardly have been more elegant. He alighted in a crouching position, like one who has brought his body down to break the shock of the fall. While it was a good one in height, it was not a dangerous one at all; perhaps from where he leaped to the stage, was nine to twelve feet. His spur tore a flag, and that seemed to bring him around somehow, so that he alighted with his face turned more to the audience than would have been the case had he merely hopped directly downward. His face was marble pale. In his right hand he held a knife, and in a theatrical way he stretched it upward and distinctly said the words: "Sic semper tyrannis." Then in a very stagey stride, still pale, serious and intense, he went right across the stage and out. Many people at this stood up, and near me was a naval officer whose name I don't remember who, hearing some one exclaim, 'The President has been shot!' lifted himself, sailor fashion, up to the wood-work and decorations of the private box below and climbed into the box above, and he came down the same way in the audience.

"Of course the audience was dismissed, and as I was going up the street a few minutes afterward I met a friend in the service, who said to me: "This is terrible news. Mr. Stanton and (here I forget the officer mentioned by Gen. Hamlin) Mr. Seward, we fear, have been mortally wounded. At this I went to my office and took the responsibility as Chief-of-Staff of the Artillery of ordering out the field batteries we had in the forts around Washington. I feared the next thing would be some kind of rebel rising in Washington, and summoned the artillery to come down at once, and had them put in positions to fire upon the town and clear the main avenues if there was to be any more violence."

A Horse Choked by a Snake.

Superintendent Lyon, of the Barclay Coal Mines, was in the city on Wednesday, and told an *Advertiser* reporter the following snake story, the authenticity of which, he said, could be vouched for by several reliable citizens: "On Tuesday last a boy was engaged in plowing on the farm of a man named Wilkison, between Greenwood and Monroeton in Bradford county, when he saw an enormous black snake lying stretched along on the ground near the fence. Frightened by the reptile the boy dropped the line and started on a run for the house. Reinforced here by several members of the family he went back, when one of the horses was found lying on the ground with the python tightly coiled about his neck. The snake was dispatched when it was found that, the horse was dead, his life having been choked out by the snake.

No Grease for Him.

"When Greece her knees—Greece her knees—Greece her knees," stammered an embarrassed schoolboy, forgetting the next line of his recitation. "There is no occasin to grease anybody's knees," shouted his teacher. "Go and study your piece." Neither is there occasion to grease your hair. Parker's Hair Balsam is all the dressing you want. Restores the original gloss and color to gray or faded hair. Does not soil the linnen; not a dye; good for the scalp; prevents falling out. 1m.

No man can read about all these burglaries without a determination to have his wife sleep on the front side of the bed.

St. Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Believes and cures

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.

The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. VOGELER & CO.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S

Indian Blood Syrup

Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

Guaranteed to Cure Dyspepsia.

AGENTS WANTED.

Laboratory, 77 West 3d street, New York City. Druggists sell it

POTTSTOWN, Pa., August 21st, 1880.

Dr. Clark Johnson:—I was troubled with Palpitation of the Heart, but since using your Indian Blood Syrup I have received much relief. JACOB KOLB.

T. G. STEWART & CO.,

WHOLESALE GROCERS,

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Cholera!

CHOLERA MORBUS

CHOLERA INFANTUM

ASIATIC CHOLERA

ALL CHOLERA DISEASES

YIELD TO THE INFLUENCE OF

Perry Davis's Pain Killer

The GREAT REMEDY for every kind of BOWEL DISORDER.

Captain Ira B. Fuss, of Goldsborough, Maine, says: "One of my sailors was attacked severely with cholera morbus. We administered Pain Killer, and saved him."

J. W. Simonds, Brattleboro, Vt., says: "In cases of cholera morbus and sudden attacks of summer complaints, I have never found it to fail."

ALL THE DRUGGISTS SELL IT.

$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time, or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. dec20-1y

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a larger space under the arm than any other family machine made, doing a larger variety and greater range of work than any family machine. Simplest construction, easiest managed, most thorough build and best machine in the world. Sold on the

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JOSEPH CRIST.

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MUSIC BOOKS A SPECIALTY.

Parties desiring books bound can obtain prices by dropping me a card. Arrangements have been made whereby express one way will be paid on all large orders. All needed information can be obtained at Somerset HERALD office. nov15.

(*Continued from last week.*)

How Watch Cases are Made.

In buying a silver watch case great care should be taken to secure one that is solid silver throughout. The cap of most cheap silver cases is made of a composition known as albata, which is a very poor substitute for silver, as it turns black in a short time. The backs of such cases are made much thinner than those of an all silver case, being robbed in order to make the cap thicker and get in as much as possible of the cheap metal. Another important point in a silver case is the joints or hinges, which should be made of gold. Those of most cheap cases are made of silver, which is not a suitable metal for that purpose. In a brief period it warps, bends and spreads apart, allowing the backs to become loose upon the case and admitting the dust and dirt that accummulate in the pocket. The Keystone Silver Watch Cases are only made with silver caps and gold joints.

ST. LOUIS, MO., Feb. 17, 1883.

In our long and varied experience in handling watches, we cannot but acknowledge and give our testimony that the Keystone Solid Silver Watch Cases are the best made to our knowledge. Having no soldering they remain homogeneous, harder and stiffer than they would be were they heated for soldering, and have more resisting power against pressure than any other cases in the market. MERMOD & JACCARD JEWELRY CO.

Send 3 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made. 8

BONE AT $3.00 PER TON

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PURE SLAUGHTER HOUSE BONE DUST.

It is Not Boiled, Not Steamed, Not Bleached.

We will sell our Bone Dust by analysis at same price as any other Bone in the Market and will return $3.00 per ton to the buyer.

It is higher in Bone Phosphate and Ammonia than any other Bone in America.

It is richer in Ammonia than Peruvian Guano.

PURE CHEMICALS AND SUPER PHOSPHATE

OUR RAW BONE PHOSPHATE IS QUICK, AND IS INTENDED FOR SPEEDY AND LARGE YEILD.

JOSHUA HORNER, Jr. & CO.,

Bowly's Wharf and Wood St., BALTIMORE.

Happy Homes! Happy Homes!! Happy Homes!!!

THE NUMBER OF HOMES MADE HAPPY

By the use of the Celebrated Labor and Health-Saving

Day's Soap DAY'S SOAP Day's Soap

is beyond power of computation. Our facilities for the production of Soap have been taxed to the utmost to supply the orders that pour in upon us from all parts of the country. High here in your section it is being used extensively and many are testifying to its wonderful properties.

The wrappers are waxed and can be used for smoothing the surface of your hand-irons, giving them a polish and smoothness, that will greatly assist in giving your clothes a finished look. Remember this Soap is cheaper than any other in the market, and yet does all we claim for it.

READ THE EVIDENCE BELOW.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Messrs. DAY & FRICK.

Gentlemen:—Having been made acquainted with the ingredients of which your celebrated DAY'S SOAP is composed, and having fully tried the Soap, I take pleasure in giving this as my testimony, 1st. The Soap is perfectly harmless and may be used with impunity even in washing the most delicate infant, or the most fastidious beauty. 2d. It is purifying, refreshing, detergent and disinfecting. 3d. No lady, no gentleman, no housekeeper, no hotel, no asylum, no hospital should be without it. The above may seem strong language, but I have only embodied my convictions after thorough experience and trial.

Very truly yours,

B. PRICE, M. D., 307 North Ninth Street.

PHILADELPHIA, May 5th, 1881.

Messrs. DAY & FRICK.

Dear Sirs:—Your DAY'S SOAP has been used in my family. My wife has had some experience for thirty-five years as a housekeeper. She pronounces it the best of all ever used in our family. Yours respectfully,

W. L. GRAY, D. D., Pastor Central M. E. Church, Frankford.

ELIZABETH, N. J.

Messrs. DAY & FRICK.

Dear Sirs:—Having used your Soap, we can say it gives satisfaction, being much superior to others hitherto used for laundry purposes.

Yours,

A. J. MARTIN,

Steward, Elizabeth Gen. Hospital and Dispensary.

Messrs. DAY & FRICK.

Sirs:—I am using DAY'S SOAP, and could not be induced to use any other for any amount of money. I have been suffering with salt rheum for a number of years, and could not do so Soap until I met yours, and to my great surprise it healed my hands, and now I can do a day's wash without any suffering. It has not only cured me, but saves me many hours of hard work. I therefore willingly recommend it to every woman as the best Soap made.

Respectfully,

MRS. PETER BOER, GROCER,

253 Ninth Ave., New York.

Save your Health,

Save your time,

Save your patience,

By using this Soap.

No unpleasant odor,

No sickness as the result of a hard day's wash.

No hot water,

No wash boiler,

but clothes nice and white and as fragrant as new mown hay.

TRY IT.

Wash-day has no terrors for the household where DAY'S SOAP is used, no unpleasant and sickening odors to fill your houses, no boiling rubbing on the wash-board, while the washing can be done in one half the time necessary by following the old worn-out method.

MADAM—for it is to the ladies we desire to speak more especially—you are the interested person in this matter; you it is that suffers the ills arising from the wash tub and its heavy cares; you it is to whom the perplexities and responsibilities of the household rightfully belong, and you it is that should interest yourself in a trial of the qualities of this soap that has always proven itself to be a boon of salvation

TO SUFFERING HUMANITY.

We do not come to you with a plausible story calculated to have you try it, simply for the amount of money such a sale would bring us; we do not come to you as irresponsible parties, who have no reputation to suffer calumny, but we do present to you this brand of soap upon an **absolute guarantee** and **recommendation** of a well-known industrial establishment in Philadelphia, of sixteen years' existence. Do you suppose for a moment it would compensate us to make false statements to you and ruin our well-earned reputation? No, dear reader; what we say about **DAY'S SOAP** is the truth, and it is sustained by the evidences of thousands of housewives from all over the country; besides which we stand ready to endorse it all with **ready cash.** *DAY'S SOAP is the Original and only Patented.*

DAY'S SOAP { Will clean the Miners' Skin and Clothes. Will clean the Blacksmiths' Skin and Clothes. Will clean the Machinist's Skin and Clothes. Will clean Everybody's Skin and Clothes.

Is there not economy in the use of soap that will clean the skin, as well as the clothes? this Day's Soap will surely do. It will in no way injure the most delicate complexions.

No soda, no washing crystals, no lyes are to be used, but simply supply yourself for the next wash-day with a bar of DAY'S SOAP, then carefully read the directions and follow them to the exact letter, and if you don't say, which we, that old wash-boiler, for I am a wiser woman, *you* will be the first person we have yet heard of that has been disappointed.

Now remember—if you don't intend to follow the directions do not try the soap at all, for unless you do this you will be disappointed, and then you will scold us and yourself as well.

The cost of one cake will convince you that it is the best and cheapest soap ever offered you, while the smiles that will encircle your brow will do justice to a golden sunset.

Have you confidence in this newspaper? If so, do you suppose the owner would allow us to swindle his readers by offering them tempting inducements? He uses it in his own home, and can certify to its merits. Now you get a cake from your grocer in time for the next wash-day, and become acquainted with its intrinsic worth.

Ask your grocer for it, and do not allow him to put you off with anything else for a substitute, for every dealer can obtain it, and should he refuse you, send direct to

DAY & FRICK, Prop's of the Philadelphia Steam Soap Works,

1754-56-58-60-62 Howard Street, Philadelphia.

GET THE BEST!

More Somerset County people have read the HERALD during the past year than ever before, since it was first printed.

Because its news columns present all the latest news in an attractive style.

Because it always gives all the local news without burdening its columns with unmeaning and uninteresting correspondence.

Because it is always reliable politically, and says what it means and means what it says.

Because its Court reports are always full, fair and trustworthy.

Because it is the medium used by the people of the county when they wish to let their neighbors know when they have a farm or anything else for sale.

Because all legal advertising appears in its columns, and people are thus kept posted as to what transpires in the management of the affairs of the Courts and County.

Because it has the best Washngton and Harrisburgicorrespondents attainable.

Because it is active, aggressive, and always for the cause of its constituents.

If you have friends who live outside the county, there is no more acceptable present you can send them than a copy of their county paper.

If you have a neighbor who needs a paper recommend the HERALD.

If your childrenwant a paper, subscribe for the HERALD.

Subscription $2.00 per year.

Address

HERALD,

Somerset, Penn'a.

Put a Brand on Him

"Women are a necessary evil," said, bringing down his fist on the counter to emphasize heartless remark. It was in a village store at West Milton, Union county, and the speaker was the central figure of a group of local philosophers. He was honest, manly, and sixty.

"There's where I differ from you altogether," said Mr. George Dillingham, of the same place. "Women are mostly what men make them. When husbands are brutes, wives will fall into submission or make home hot for the men, and that is unnatural in either character. Pity them, and especially be good to them when they're sick, and you have no trouble. There's my wife, now. She's suffered a good deal with dyspepsia, nervous prostration and other ailments that took the bloom off her cheeks and the spring out of her steps. We saw an advertisement of Parker's Tonic, and thought it would be just the thing for her case. Gentlemen, I sent five miles after a bottle and took it. I sent again after more, several times. Trouble? Why, if you could see how much good it had done her, you would say that women are the greatest of all blessings, and Parker's Tonic the next."

This preparation which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic will hereafter be called simply Parker's Tonic. This change has been rendered necessary by extensive imposed upon their customers by unprincipled dealers under the name of Ginger; and as ginger is but an unimportant flavoring ingredient we drop the misleading word.

There is no change, however, in the preparation itself, and the bottles remaing in the hands of dealers wrapped under the name of Parker's Ginger Tonic contain the same medicine if the facsimile signature of Hiscox & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

The most bashful girl ever heard of was a young lady who blushed when she was asked if she had been courting sleep.

HERE AT LAST.—"Well," said an Orange county physician to a complaining Irish patient years ago, "for that pain in your chest you had better go home and put on a mustard plaster." "I think this minute of anything else," And by the way," added the doctor, turning to a friend, "I wish somebody would invent a real good plaster—something actually helpful—such cases as Pat's. Maybe I will sometime, when it too much for me to use it."

When Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster was placed on the market about ten years ago the doubtful hope became a fact. Because of rare medicinal virtues inherent in its rapid action and sure results Capcine is fast displacing the old time acting plasters of former days for all affections for which a plaster is applicable. Price 25 cents. Look for the middle of the genuine article the word CAPCINE. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

No one has yet been able definitely to prove when fans were first invented. There can be no doubt however, of their existence 3,000 years ago, for representations of these fan like articles have been discovered in the tombs at Thebes. Fans, therefore, are the oldest articles in use by fashion except their tongue.

Messrs. Hiscox & Co. call special attention to the fact that after June 16, 1883, the name and style of their preparation will be Parker's Tonic. The word "Ginger" is dropped, for the reason that unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their patrons by substituting inferior preparations under the name of Ginger; and as ginger is an unimportant flavoring ingredient in our Tonic, we are sure that our friends will agree with us as to the propriety of the change. There will be no change, however, in the preparation itself; and all bottles remaining in the hands of dealers wrapped under the name of "PARKER'S GINGER TONIC," contain the same genuine medicine if the signature of Hiscox & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.

RAILROAD SCHEDULE

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA RAILROAD

On and after May 14, trains will run as follows:

NORTHWARD.

Somerset Mail Leaves	Johnstown Express Leaves	J. Junct'n Acc. Leaves	STATIONS.	Johnstown Express Arrives	Somerset Mail Arrives
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.
1:40	3:50	1:10	...CUMBERLAND...	8:15	5:45
1:55	3:30		...ELLIOTSVILLE...	8:47	5:17
2:01	4:05		...KLEGLE...	8:34	5:04
2:07	4:14		...COOK'S MILLS...	8:25	4:55
2:20	4:26	1:42	...HYNDMAN...	8:13	4:43
2:28	4:30		...WILLIAMS...	8:08	4:38
2:34	4:48		...FAIRHOPE...	8:00	4:30
2:41	4:57		SOUTHAMPTON	7:48	4:18
2:45	5:02		...GLENCOE...	7:43	4:13
3:10	5:28	2:30	...SANDY PATCH...	7:21	3:51
3:17	5:36		...KEYSTONE...	7:17	3:47
3:22	5:4	3:02	...MEYERSDALE...	7:10	3:40
3:34	6:0		SALISBURY JCT	7:00	3:30
3:54	6:18		...GARRETT...	6:40	3:10
4:00	6:35	5:15	...ROCKWOOD...	6:30	3:00
4:13	6:0	5:30	...MILFORD...	6:15	2:45
4:20	7:00	5:40	...SOMERSET...	6:10	2:40
P. M.	7:15	5:55	...CRIDER'S...	A. M.	P. M.
.....	7:29	6:10	...FRIEDENS...	5:54	12:24
.....	7:45	6:20	...STOYSTOWN...	5:44	12:14
.....	8:00	6:44	HOOVERSVILLE	5:30	12:00
.....	8:17	7:03	...BENSON...	5:13	11:43
.....	8:32	7:18	...BORDER...	5:00	11:30
.....	8:36	7:22	...INGLESIDE...	4:56	11:26
.....	9:00	7:45	...JOHNSTOWN...	4:35	11:05
P. M.	A. M.			A. M.	A. M.

Trains marked * daily. Other trains except Sunday.

Special Sunday trains leave Somerset for Johnstown at 7:05 p. m., arriving at Johnstown at 9:30. These trains stop at all stations between Hayes, Shamrock, Roberts, Cupp, Garrett, Mostoller, Rowena, Dull's Crossing, Fairhope, Kaufman Run, Kring, Fredale and Wilbur are Flag Stations for all regular trains.

BATIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH DIVISION.

On and after May 14, trains will run as follows:

EASTWARD.

Mail Train. Leaves Cum'd.	Express Trains Leave Cum'd.	Express Trains Leave Pitts'g.	STATIONS	Express Trains Arrive Pitts'g.	Express Trains Arrive Cum'd.	Mail Train Arrives Cum'd.
P. M.	A. M