FINDING THE TRAIL.

Here in the shadow of this grim mountain is a camp of cavalry—200 men in faded and ragged blue uniforms, every face sunburned and bronzed, every sabre and carbine showing long use, every horse lifting its head from the grass at short intervals for a swift glance up and down the valley.

Here, at the foot of the mountain, the Apache trail, which has been followed for three days, has grown cold. Aye, it has been lost. It is as if the white man had followed a path which suddenly ended at a precipice. From this point the red demons took wings, and the oldest trailer is at fault.

The men on picket looked up and down the narrow valley with anxious faces. Down the valley, a mile away, a solitary wild horse paws and prances and utters shrill neighs of wonderment and alarm. Up the valley is a long stretch of green grass, the earth as level as a floor and no visible sign of life. The pines and shrubs and rocks on the mountain side might hide ten thousand Indians, but there is not the slightest movement to arouse suspicion. It is a still, hot day. Not a bird chirps, not a branch waves. The eye of a lynx could detect nothing beyond the erratic movements of the lone wild horse down the valley and the circular flight of an eagle so high in air that the proud bird seemed no larger than a sparrow.

For an hour every man and horse has looked for signs, but nothing has been discovered beyond what has been described. It is a lost trail. There is something in it to arouse suspicion as well as annoyance. Ten miles away the trail was as plain as a country highway, and the Indians had no suspicion of pursuit. Five miles back there were signs of commotion. Here, in the centre of the valley, every foot print suddenly disappears.

Look, now! A sergeant with grizzly locks and fighting jaw rides down the valley, followed by five troopers.

They are to scout for the lost trail. Every man has unslung his carbine, every saddle girth has been tightened, and every man of the six looks over the camp as he rides out as if he had been told that he was bidding a last farewell to comrades. They ride at a slow gallop. Each man casts swift glances along the mountain side to his right—along the mountain side to his left—at the green grass under his horse's feet.

What's that? Afar up the slope to the right something waves to and fro for a moment. Higher up the signal is answered. Across the valley on the other slope it is answered again. Down the valley, a full two miles beyond where the wild horse now stands like a figure of stone, and where the valley sweeps to the right like the sudden turn of a river, the signal is caught up and 200 Apaches, eager, excited and mounted, drew back into the fringe at the base of the mountain and wait.

The little band gallop straight down upon the lone horse. Now they are only half a mile away, and his breath comes quick and his nostrils quiver as he stands and stares at the strange spectacle. A little nearer and his muscles twitch and quiver and his sharp pointed ears work faster. Only eighty rods now, and with a fierce snort of alarm and defiance he rears up, whirls about like a top, and is off down the valley like an arrow sent by a strong hand. The sight may thrill, but it does not increase the pace of those who follow. The men see the wild horse fleeing before them, but the sight does not hold their eyes more than a second. To the right—to the left—above them—down the valley—they are looking for a hoof print, for a trampled spot, for a broken twig—for a sign, however insignificant, to prove that men have passed that way. They find nothing. The signals up the mountain side were visible only for seconds.

After the first wild burst of speed the lone horse looks back. He sees that he is not being pushed, and he recovers courage. He no longer runs in a straight line, but he sweeps away to the left—swerves away to the right, and changes his gait to a trot. When he hears the shouts of pursuit and the louder thump of hoof beats he will straighten away, and show the pursuers a gait which nothing but a whirl wind can equal.

Look! It is only a quarter of a mile now to the turn in the valley. The lone horse has suddenly stopped to sniff the air. His ears are pointed straight ahead, his eyes grow larger and take on a frightened look and he half wheels as if he would gallop back to those who have seemingly pursued him. Five, eight, ten seconds, and with a snort of alarm, he breaks into a terrific run, takes the extreme left of the valley, and goes tearing out of sight as if followed by lions.

"Halt!"

The grim sergeant sees signs in the action of the horse. Every trooper is looking ahead and to the right. The green valley runs into the fringe, the fringe into a dense thicket, the thicket into rock and pine and mountain slope. No eye could penetrate that fringe. The Indians may be ambushed there, or the horse may have scented wolf or grizzly.

'Forward!'

No man knows what danger lurks in the fringe, but the order was to scout beyond the bend. To disobey is ignominy and disgrace; to ride forward is—wait! There is no air stirring in the valley. Every limb and bow is as still as if made of iron. There is a silence which weighs like a heavy burden, and the harsh note of hawk or buzzard would be a relief.

Here is the bend. The valley continues as before—no wider—no narrower—level and unbroken. The wild horse was out of sight long ago, and the six troopers see nothing but the green grass as their eyes sweep the valley from side to side.

'Turn the bend and ride down the valley for a mile or so and keep your eyes open to discover any pass leading out.'

'Halt!'

It is more than a mile beyond the bend. No pass has been discovered. No signs of a trail has been picked up. The sergeant has raised himself up for a long and careful scrutiny, when an exclamation causes him to turn his face up the valley. Out of the fringe ride the demons who have been lurking there to drink blood. Five — ten — twenty-five — fifty—the line has no end. It stretches clear across the valley before a word has been spoken. Then it faces to the right and 200 Indians in war paint face the grim old sergeant and his five troopers.

'Into line—right dress!'

It is the sergeant who whispers the order. Six to 200, but they will face the danger. To retreat down the valley is to be overtaken one by one and shot from the saddle or reserved for torture. Down the valley there is no hope; up the valley is the camp and rescue. The two lines face each other for a moment without a movement.

'Now, men, one volley—sling carbines—draw sabres and charge!'

A sheet of flame—a roar—a cloud of smoke, and the six horses sprang forward. Then there is a grand yell, a rush by every horse and rider, and a whirlpool begins to circle. Sabres flash and clang—arrows whistle—revolvers pop—voices shout and scream, and then the whirlpool ceases. It is not three minutes since the first carbine was fired, but the tragedy has ended. Every trooper is down and scalped, half a dozen redskins are dead or dying, a dozen horses are struggling or staggering, and turning the bend at a mad gallop is the sergeant's riderless horse. He carries an arrow in his shoulder, and there is blood on the saddle. In five minutes he will be in camp, and the notes of the bugle will prove that the lost trail has been found.

"Woodman, Spare that Tree."

In the August number of *Forestry* appears an important article on the destruction of American forests by Mr. William Little, of Montreal. The constant drain made upon American forests for white pine—a wood that furnished three-fourths of the building timber in the United States and Canada—has at last, he says, occasioned a scarcity which compels economists to point to a time in the very near future when its total exhaustion may be predicted. The entire supply of white pine now growing in the United States does not exceed 80,000,000,000 feet. The annual production of this lumber is not far from 10,000,000,000 feet, and the demand is rapidly increasing.

Fatal inroads have already been made into the great pine forests of the North Atlantic region. Its wealth has been lavished with an unsparing hand; it has been wontonly and stupidly cut, as if its resources were endless; what has not been sacrificed to the ax has been allowed to perish by fire. The pine of New England and New York has already disappeared. Pennsylvania is nearly stripped of her pine, which only a few years ago appeared inexhaustible. The Great Northwestern pine states—Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota—can show only a few scattered remains of the noble forests to which they owe their greatest prosperity, and which not even self-interest has saved from needless destruction. Canada is almost in the same deplorable condition as the United States as regards its stock of valuable pine timber.

Notwithstanding the fences of wire, the use of iron in building, the terra cotta and straw lumber, the consumption of wooden lumber increased nearly 50 per cent. in the ten years from 1870 to 1880, the former being 12,755,543,000, and the latter 18,091,356,000 feet, and though it has always been claimed that iron and lumber keep together—cheap lumber accompanying cheap iron—we now find iron so low that producers claim that they are at the lowest rung of the ladder, while lumber has advanced in America in three years fully 50 per cent., with every prospect of further increase, and yet we are informed that we are within seven years of the time when the supplies of white pine and spruce (which are, in the North, the great stock of this indispensible material must cease, and this is not the statement of interested parties, which might be open to suspicion, but of those specially employed by the Government of the country to ascertain the true condition of the forests.

Almost as Wise as a Serpent.

"A great structure, my friend, a great structure," observed a clerical looking gentleman to a stranger who stood in rapt contemplation of the bridge. "It is a wonderful evidence of man's skill and enterprise."

"No you don't!" exclaimed the stranger, edging away, and eying the clerical gentleman from head to foot with every symptom of distrust. "I know your game! In a minute you will want me to go with you to get a lottery ticket cashed, and before I know which side of the street I want to take to get home, you and your pals will bunko me out of my last hard-earned cent! No, you don't. I've been there before.

"But, my friend, you mistake me entirely," replied the clergyman mildly; "I am a minister of the gospel!"

"A genuine minister?" demanded the other, looking more reassured. "Are you giving it to me straight? No taffy in this?"

"I assure you, sir, I am a clergyman," said the clerical gentleman, with dignity. "You may believe me, sir. What I tell you is true."

"Put it here!" exclaimed the stranger, offering his hand. "Put it right here! I thought you might be one of these bunko-steerers, and I was on to you. I'm glad you are a minister, for I have been on the lay for a long time. You steer the plant and I'll set up the drinks, and if we don't work that congregation of yours out of every cent there is in the joint, you may take me anywhere and just job me out of the last rattle without a squeal out of me, if I have to mortgage my farm. Come on, what do you say?"

"It would be interesting to know what the clerical gentleman wanted to say to that proposition.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

What It Did for an Old Lady.

COSHOCTON, N. Y., Dec. 28, 1878.

Gents—A number of people had been using your Bitters here, and with marked effect. In one case a lady of over seventy years had been sick for years, and for the past ten years has not been able to be around half the time. About six months ago she got so feeble she was helpless. Her old remedies, or physicians, being of no avail, I sent to Deposit, forty-five miles away, and got a bottle of Hop Bitters. It improved her so she was able to dress herself and walk about the house. When she had taken the second bottle she was able to take care of her own room and walk out to her neighbors, and has improved all the time since. My wife and children also have derived great benefit from their use.

W. B. HATHAWAY,
Agt. U. S. Ex. Co.

In olden times a Roman Senator used to shut himself up for three days after eating onions. The great men of to-day walks out of the house and begins to argue with the first man he meets.

A man who invests money in the glue business is very apt to get stuck.

Eli Perkins on Uncle Hank.

Uncle Hank Allen was perhaps the smoothest and most accomplished liar in Central New York. There were other ordinary postoffice liars in the beautiful village of Eaton, N. Y., where I was born, but Uncle Hank could lie like a gifted metropolitan.

Every night Uncle Hank's grocery was lined with listening citizens, all paying the strictest attention whenever the good old man spoke. When Charlie Campbell or John Whitney lied, nobody paid any attention to them, because they were clumsy workmen. Their lies would not hold water like Uncle Hank's. Why, the old man's lies were so smooth, so artistic, that while listening to them you imagined you were listening to Elder Cleveland's Bible stories.

One day they were all talking about potatoe bugs in Uncle Hank's grocery, which was a sort of village farmer's club. Finally Charlie Miles remarked casually that he thought it was going to be a potato bug year.

'Talk about it's going to be a potato bug year!' exclaimed Mr. Purdy. 'Going to be? Why, they were so thick in my garden this morning that I could not see the stalks. I counted 962 strong, healthy bugs on one hill. Twenty-eight bugs on one stalk!' and the doctor struck the air with his fist.

'Twenty-eight bugs on one stalk, only twenty-eight?' said Charley Campbell, contemptuously. 'Why, they ate up my first crop of potatoes two weeks ago, and they are now sitting around the garden on trees and fences waiting for me to plant them over again.'

Old Uncle Hank now scratched his head thoughtfully and then remarked:

'Gentlemen, you don't any of you appear to know anything about the ravenous nature of them potater bugs. You may call me a liar, but I've had potater bugs to walk right into my kitchen and yank red hot potatoes right out of the oven. Waiting around the potater patch for the second crop!' exclaimed old Hank, with a sneer. 'Waiting! why, confound your eyes, I was up to the Townsend's store the other day, and I saw potater bugs up there looking over Townsend's books to see who had bought seed potatoes for next year. I did, by gosh!'

The whole grocery was still when Uncle Hank finished. You could have heard a pin drop. Finally a long, lean man from Woodman's Pond raised himself up near the door. He was evidently a new comer, and was not acquainted with Mr. Allen. Pointing his long finger at Uncle Hank he said:

'You are a liar!'

Uncle Hank looked over his glasses at the stranger long and earnestly. Then, holding out his hand, he inquired with a puzzled look:

'When did you get acquainted with me?'

Roots for Sheep.

It is possible for us to learn very much from the farmers of Europe. They are under the necessity of making the utmost profit that any branch of agriculture will yield. Consequently their farming operations are reduced to a science. Ours ought to be, but while we have so much land that is practically exhaustless in fertility we shall not bend our energies to make every foot of land and every animal produce to the extent of its ability. There will also be exceptions, however. There will always be farmers who will try to do the best they can, upon the very common-sense principle that when two dollars can be made just as well as one it is better to take the two. Such men, if they happen to be engaged in sheep husbandry, will make a study of European systems of breeding, feeding and management. The Englishman has made sheep raising profitable to a very high degree. He has shown us how to improve our sheep by careful breeding, and he can show us how to manage them with profit. Of course, it is not practical for us to follow European systems of feeding literally, but in these systems we can find the principle of success. In England roots are largely fed, and there is a question if they are not fed to too large an extent especially those that contain such a large amount of water as turnips. But in this country, as a rule, we do not feed enough. In the work on "Feeding Animals" by Professor Stewart, it is stated, as the result of careful experiment, that ten pounds of turnips with one and a half pounds of corn will fatten a young sheep or lamb faster than three pounds of corn alone. The feeding of roots in England, although we believe it is too extensive, is the secret of successfull sheep-feeding in winter there. It will be more mildly adopted here. Professor Stewart says that this will be the case unless the silo shall preserve better green food at a less price. Well, we do not believe the silo will ever do it. It could preserve better food if the crop to be ensilaged was carefully selected, but we cannot get rid of our doubts that the cost will more than outweigh its superiority. Roots are good enough for sheep and they are cheap.

Hard to Beat.

A farmer came into a grocery store the other day and exhibited to the eyes of an admiring crowd an enormous egg, about six inches long, which he avowed to have been laid by one of his own hens. He had it packed in cotton, and wouldn't allow anyone to handle it for fear of breaking the phenomenon. The groceryman examined it with the rest, and, intending to chaff the countryman, said:

"Pshaw! I've got something in the egg line that will beat that."

"I'll bet you $5 you haven't," said the countryman, getting excited.

"Take it up," replied the groceryman, and going behind the counter he brought out a wire egg beater. "There is something in the egg line that will beat it, I guess," said he, reaching out for the stakes.

"Hold on there," said the farmer; "let's see you beat it," and he handed it to the grocer. The latter held out his hand for it, but dropped it in surprise on the counter, where it broke two soup plates and a platter. It was of solid iron, painted white.

"Some folks think they're darnation cute," murmured the farmer as he pocketed the stakes and lit out, "but tain't no use buckin' against the solid facts."

"Mamma," said a little Austin boy, "I would like to live in Date." "What a silly child you are; where is Date?" "I do not know, but the paper says that two thousand crates of peaches have been shipped to date."

An Editorial Box.

The office of the Milwaukee *Journal* is next door to an undertaker's establishment, and there is usualy a coffin or two on the sidewalk waiting to be used. It is related that a man came to the *Journal* office to have a fuss with the editor over something that had been said in the paper, and he was pretty mad when he accosted the general business manager, Mike Kraus. He spoke of desiring blood, and expressed a desire to gallop all over the manly frame of the editor, and offered to chew a few reporters. Mr. Kraus stood in the door, and pointing to the box on the sidewalk he said: "How would that fit you? It may be a little small but we have larger ones," and calling the undertaker, who was on the sidewalk, Kraus said: "Measure this man, please." The undertaker took out a tape-line and came forward, and the man with the hot box, who was being measured for a cold box, began to feel small. Just then the editor, Neiman, came down stairs, and Mike said: "See here, Neiman, here is a man in a hurry to whip somebody, and I don't know but you will let me have that coffin that was made for the South Side man who was going to come in this afternoon to whip us. He can wait." Neiman looked at the man who wanted to fight and said to Mike: "You must make one for this man. The South Side man will be here at 4 o'clock and I make it a point never to disappoint a man." "Say," said Neiman, turning to the man who had come for a fight, "couldn't you get along without a fight till Saturday? We are a little crowded now," and Neiman rested his cane on the coffin box. The man said, come to think of it, he didn't want to fight, anyhow, but he did think that article in the paper was mean. "Of course," says Kraus, and the mad man walked down street, the undertaker went in his store and the editor and manager winked at each other and went to work as though nothing had happened.—*Peck's Sun.*

Summer Treatments of Grass Lands.

We have not a just conception of the value of our grasses, nor of the posibility of procuring the full value from them. Our system is not adapted to this. We seed to grass for the purpose of destroying it very soon while a meadow should improve in value yearly for a century, if it is properly managed. Some think our climate is not suitable for grass. The magnificent blue grass pastures of Kentucky, Indiana, Ohio and West Virginnia, and the great western prairies which have borne their perennial verdure for ages, contradict this belief. If we grow the right kind of grass we may have permanent meadows and pastures; and if we treat them in a juditious manner these may be kept in good condition always. There are a great variety of grasses. The former, of course live but one year, and the roots die. Of this kind are those late summer grasses which we are apt to call weeds; the second are longer lived, but soon fail and gradually die from exhaustion of the root. Of this kind is timothy, the best grass to grow with a bennial plant like clover in tation, but a very poor one for a meadow or pasture. The long perennial grasses are orchard grass, meadow fence, tall fescue, foul meadow grass, red top, Kentucky blue grass, meadow oat grass, yellow oat grass, perennial rye grass and some others which are not less noteworthy and useful. All these grasses have fibrous roots, or running roots, stocks which spread and cover the ground with a dense mat or sod. Our object should be to procure and preserve a sod of this kind, and encourage its growth, both in pasture and meadows, by careful, skillful treatment. This should consist of occasional top dressing with fine manure, or such fertilizers as plaster super-phosphate of lime, bone dust, Peruvian guano, wood ashes, or potash salts, with a mixture of soda. Three or four dollars per acre thus spent every second or third year will be liberally repaid by the more productive condition af the meadow. Fresh seed will be required occasionally in spots where the adverse season may have caused injury, and with such nursing and feeding as this, grass may be kept in permanently good condition, for no one as yet has learned how long, but it has been so kept for hundreds of years.

The superstitious Sakhalavas of Madagascar, doom every child born on a Friday to death. They are carried to the nearest wood, laid in a shallow hole and left to die from exposure. Twins, too, are killed, and every infant whose birth has caused the death of its mother is destroyed, because, according to the law of the Sakhalavas, it is a murderer. And when a child is born at midnight it is cstomery to place it next day upon a path by which oxen go to water. If the beasts do not touch it on their way, the infant's life is saved; but if a hoof or a hair brushes it, no matter how lightly, the child is slain.

FRIGHT—SIGHT—NIGHT.

I saw a vision in the night
Which chilled my heart almost;
And scared me into dreadful fits—
An awful, horrid ghost!

With turtle's head and lobster's claws,
Ghost made it plain to see,
I'd eaten rather late at night
More than was good for me.

There came a sound like angel's voice,
Clear as a silver bell;
It said, take "Perry Davis's
Pain Killer,—and be well."

"Would you like to live where one never drinks a drop of liquor?"

"Yes."

"Where everybody is industrious?"

"Yes."

"Where everybody goes to church on Sunday?"

"Yes."

"Where no one talks to his neighbor?"

"Yes. But there is no such place. Such a place would be heaven."

"Oh no: any well regulated penitentiary is that way."

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.

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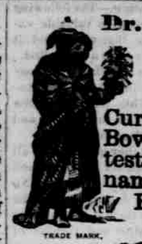

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Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.

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There is no time to be lost when those we love are taken with these terrible diseases.

The beauty of PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER is that it acts so promptly, surely and efficiently.

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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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Are unexcelled for excellence. These STOGIES and HAVANAS give the greatest value for the money of any Cigar Manufactured.

None but the purest and best TOBACCO used, and all CIGARS manufactured by me are warranted to smoke.

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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 hom-ogeneous, 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 2 cent stamp to Keystone Watch Case Factories, Philadelphia, Pa., for handsome Illustrated Pamphlet showing how James Boss' and Keystone Watch Cases are made. 3

BONE AT $3.00 PER TON

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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.

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

is beyond power of computation. Our facilities for the production of it are taxed to the utmost to supply the orders that pour in upon us from this great wide and progressive country. Right here in your section it is being used extensively and many can testify 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.

NO CONSUMPTION. NO BRONCHITIS. NO COUGHS. NO BOILING. NO SCALDING. NO LABOR.

There is no physician in the land but what will tell you that there is nothing so conducive to coughs and colds, which lead to the bane of our nation—Consumption and Bronchitis—as the standing over a hot stove boiling clothes and washing in the suds, which opens the pores of the skin it is then that one takes cold from the effects. By using Day's Soap the risk is overcome, as nothing but a cooler of cold water or just warm enough to be comfortable to the hands. At the same time there is no chance to loosen the paper or plastering, no foul odors in the house unhealthy and uncomfortable.

THINK OF IT!—Yours labor lessened and your expenses decreased because this is an economical soap as well as labor-saving, and its remarkable solvent powers, combined with its perfect harmlessness and cleanse-but-not-injure properties, render it invaluable for household purposes and laundry use. Its superiority over other Soaps is attested by many testimonials from leading Divines, Physicians, Hospitals, Asylums, etc. A wonderful discovery, but one fully designed to have a remarkable future, and one that will revolutionize a most dreaded of household duties.

A forfeit of $100 will be made if this Soap does not do all that is claimed for it, provided that it is used as the instructions read, and in that way only. Try a cake and tell your friends and neighbors of its virtues, and ask them to get a cake and try it.

The wrappers on Day's Soap are waxed paper. Use them for smoothing the wash irons; you will find them better and more cleanly than wax.

Read the directions carefully, and follow them just as they are given. No other way will do.

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 laborious 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 finest fabrics or 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 pitch out 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 jdstice 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 children want a paper, subscribe for the HERALD.

Subscription $2.00 per year.

Address

HERALD,
Somerset, Penn'a.

In the Pilot House.

"Yes, sir; this kind of work obliges a man to keep sober as a judge. Of all men in the world steamboat pilots and railroad engineers should let liquor alone. For on their coolness of sight and steadiness of head depends the safety of life and property."

Keeping his hand on the wheel as he said this, Mr. A. Brockman, of No. 291 Silver street, Chicago, added: "Of course, some of 'em drink; but the sober ones have the best positions and the best pay. Yes, the work and exposure sometimes tells on us, but for my part, I find Parker's Tonic all the invigorant I need. I've got a bottle aboard here now; never go on a trip without it. When I haven't any appetite, or am in any way out of sorts, it sets me up in no time. If drinking men would use the Tonic, it would help 'em to break off. (No, that isn't a light-house—it's a star low down near the water.) As I was saying, the Tonic is pure life bottled up. You see that flag staff? Well, with a bottle of Parker's Tonic in the locker I can keep malaria as far from me as that, all the time. My wife has used it for three years for summer complaint and colic, and as an invigorant when she's tired out from overwork. She says the Tonic is a daisy. Good-bye! Don't break your neck going below."

This preparation, which has been known as Parker's Ginger Tonic, will hereafter be advertised and sold simply under the name of Parker's Tonic. As unprincipled dealers are constantly deceiving their customers by substituting inferior articles under the name of ginger, and as ginger is really an unimportant ingredient, we drop the misleading word.

There is 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 genuine medicine if the *facsimile* signature of Hiscock & Co., is at the bottom of the outside wrapper. sep1

A young bride on being asked how her husband turned out, replied that he turned out very late in the morning and turned in very late at night.

OF ANOTHER AGE.

Gradually Supplanted by a Better Article. Certain Old Things are Passed Away.

In the general reception room of the Western Union Telegraph building, on Broadway, New York, are exhibited the coarse, crude and clumsy instruments of the infancy of the telegraph. They are only relics now. More perfect machinery has superseded it.

Years ago what is now styled the old fashioned porous plaster did some good service. There was then nothing better of the kind. Now all that is changed. Science and study have gone deeper into the science of medicine and produced Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster, which embodies *all* the excellencies thus far possible in an external remedy. The old plasters were slow—the Capcine is rapid; they were uncertain—the Capcine is sure. Cheaper articles bear similar names. Be careful, therefore, that some thrifty druggist does not deceive you. In the centre of the genuine is *cut* the word CAPCINE. Price 25 cents. Seabury & Johnson, Chemists, New York.

She Took the Medicine.

The doctor had loved her long and well, but dare not mention it. At length she became indisposed and sent for him. He could see nothing materially wrong with her, except a little irregularity about the heart, and at length she asked:

"Well, doctor, what do you think ought to be done for me."

Replied the doctor, "I don't know of any better way than to go to the county clerk's and get a matrimonial perscription."

"What and get married—why who in the world would have me?"

"I will," replied the doctor.

"Oh, dear me, if that is the kind of medicine you are going to give me, it won't be so bad to take after all, will, it dear," replied the rapidly reviving young lady.—*Winfield (W. Va.) Irrepressable.*

[Continued.]

CHAPTER II.

wonderful and mysterious curative power is developed which is so varied in its operations that no disease or ill health can possibly exist or resist its power, and yet it is

Harmless for the most frail woman, weakest invalid, or smallest child to use.

"Patients

"Almost dead or nearly dying" For years, and given up by physicians of Bright's and other kidney diseases, liver complaints, severe coughs called consumption, have been cured.

Women have gone nearly crazy From agony of neuralgia, nervousness, wakefulness, and various diseases peculiar to women.

People drawn out of shape from the excruciating pangs of Rheumatism.

Inflammatory and chronic, or suffering from scrofula!

Erysipelas!

Salt rheum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indigestion, and in fact almost all diseases frail

Nature is heir to

Have been cured by Hop Bitters proof of which can be found in every neighborhood in the known world.

Why?

"Why," said a defeated candidate, "am I like the earth?"

"Because," said a listener, "you are covered with dirt."

"Wrong; guess again."

"Because you are always 'round."

"Wrong; try another."

"Because you are wicked."

"Try again."

"Give it up. Why are you?"

"Well, it's because I'm flattened at the polls."—*Merchant-Traveller.*

Messrs. Hiscox & Co. call special attention to the fact that after April 16, 1883, the name and style of this preparation will hereafter be simply *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 genuine medicine if the signature of HISCOX & Co. is at the bottom of the outside wrapper.