THE HOUR OF SHADOWS.

Upon that quiet day that lies
Where forest branches screen the skies
The spirit of the eve has laid
A deeper and a dreamier shade;
And winds that thro' the tree-tops blow
Wake not the silent gloom below.

Only the sound of far-off streams,
Faint as our dreams of childhood dreams,
Wandering in tangled pathways crost,
Like woodland truants strayed and lost,
Their faint complaining echoes roam,
Threading the forest toward their home.

O, brooks, I too, have gone astray,
And left my comrade on his way—
Guide me thro' aisles where soft you moan
To some sad spot you know alone,
Where only leaves and nestlings stir,
And I may dream and dream of Her.

FARM LIFE IN THE SOUTH.

Description of Southern Farm Residences and their Furnishings.

There is in this region a singular uniformity of architecture, writes a North Carolina correspondent of the New York *Sun*. The pattern after which the residences are built is a single story frame house of four rooms. Two large chimneys stand at the ends—huge masses of extramural masonry of brick and stone, which are monuments of the most wanton waste of space, labor and material. The roof projects over a piazza, from which doors open directly into three of the rooms, for there is no hall. The "big room"—the room of general use, where visitors are received—contains a high, rough, big bedstead, on which at all seasons there is a feather bed, covered with a scrupulously white counterpane, a rickety table with blue covering, a rough, splint bottom rocking-chair, and two or three other home-made chairs, the legs of which are painted blue, and on the back of which you may read the name of the bungling maker in big blue letters. The floor is carpetless, but it glistens from the weekly scrubbing with sand.

Above the high mantel-piece there is a religious chromo in terrifying colors, and a few religious books hold the table in place. The three other rooms also are bedrooms, and they are furnished or unfurnished in the same plain way. The kitchen, which is built of logs, stands 50 feet from the other house. It is innocent of a cook-stove, but is guilty of the most extensive fire-place that was ever constructed—big enough to roast an ox whole. There is a large yard of large oaks, and for 100 feet on either side of the front gate the fence is of boards, the rest of it of rails.

Such is the residence of a prosperous man, so at least he considers himself, who lives ten miles from Raleigh and three from the village of Cary, and the residences of most of his neighbors are built and furnished in the same way. He has three daughters and two sons, and all but one little girl are grown. The boys occupy one room which, besides the bed and the wooden pegs behind the doors on which they hang their clothes, contains little but their "chests"—plain, wooden boxes, painted blue, in which they keep their "store suits," their pistols and their fiddles. The girls have similar depositories for their Sunday "finery."

The old lady and her daughters make with their own hands nearly all the clothes the family has. There was a time when the old woman spun the thread and wove the cloth, and she maintains now that there is no other thread so good to darn with as the thread of her own spinning. So she keeps her old spinning wheel for occasional use and for spiritual comfort, and last year she gathered cotton from the field, which she followed with her own fingers on its long journey from the stalk to the stocking. The housework and the gardening are the only employments of the women, but they always seem to be busy.

Once a week they boil their clothes in a pot, suspended from the tops of three poles which are placed in the front yard near the well. The monotony of wash day often relieved by fishing for the bucket with the pot hooks. Cooking is a very simple thing, for the frying pan and the pot do their whole duty. Indeed, the frying pan is the origin of all their ailments, certainly of the old lady's dyspepsia, of the children's thin, gristly faces, and of the oldest boy's necessity for grog. Fried bacon for early breakfast will postpone the millenium anywhere; add to that fried sweet potatoes, and an active out door life and a perfect atmosphere must do their best to keep naturally robust people from groans. The frying pan is a worse enemy of man in all this country than whisky or politics. When all the ground is yellow with mellow apples, and the odor of peaches and grapes is blown over every breakfast table, nobody eats fruit except between meals, and the very chickens have the pleasure of life taken because neither broiler nor oven awaits one of them, but always the frying pan.

In the evening after supper and before early bed time, the boys sometimes play on their fiddles, their feet accompanying the three tunes they know, "The Arkansaw Traveller," "Fisher's Hornpipe," and "The Old North State," while the rest of the family hold their hands in silence. And many an evening these five intelligent adults sit the livelong hours holding their hands, saying now and then a word, as if by accident and pretending to do nothing, yet they are happy. The art of resting has not been cultivated so well anywhere else. True, the old woman does usually ply her knitting needles, stopping now and then to remark, while she rubs snuff, that her old bones feel "streaks" of rheumatism, but that it's hard to wear out an old leather string. The girls sometimes have quiltings, and there are the "parties" of country society.

Seven Wise Men Baffled.

The New York *Morning Journal* says that Mrs. F. G. Kellogg, 50 E. 86th St., was partially paralyzed and lay for seven days in convulsions. Physicians were engaged and discharged, until seven had failed to help or cure her. She was unable to leave her bed, and was as helpless as a child. After using all sorts of salves, ointments, lotions and plasters, her case was given up as hopeless. She was induced to try St. Jacobs Oil as a last chance. She began to improve from the time the first application was made, and by its continued use, she has completely recovered.

Homeless Families.

YUMA, March 12.—The Gila river has overflowed its banks and inundated half of this town. Fully 100 families have been rendered homeless and destitute by the flood.

Cheap Shelters for Stock.

At the East, as a rule, farmers are supplied with stables, sheds, etc., in sufficient numbers to properly house their stock; but in the far West, over the great cattle ranges of Kansas, Nebraska and Wyoming, where cattle are kept in large numbers, stables and snug sheds are, for the most part, unknown, and stock raisers are content to make the winter as comfortable as possible for their animals with the means and materials at hand. A popular form of shelter in the newer portions of the West are sheds of poles roofed over with straw. Whenever it is practicable these shelters are located on the east or south sides of a a forest or hill, in order that the force of the winds may be broken as much as possible. In the Western grazing regions, where natural protections, such as ravines or groves of timber, are not available, shelters are constructed which afford not only protection from storms, but feed for the protected animals. Sometimes these shelters are of great length, and made to curve so as to protect from northwest and east winds. The frame-work is made of poles set in the ground in rows, about sixteen feet apart, in rows. Cross-beams or poles spiked to these to hold a frame of lighter poles, and others placed sloping are placed upon the north side. Piles of hay are spread over these frames.

An inexpensive device for stock protection is what is termed by stockmen the "arch-way shelter." This usually consists of two rail pens of the ordinary kind for the bottom of small stacks, placed near enough together so that an arch-way of poles can be made between them. The lower end of each pole is set a short distance in the ground, resting near the middle on the top rail of the pen, crossing its neighbor pole from the other pen and fastened to it with wire at the top and also to the rider. Over this structure the straw stack is built. When the stack is a long one a double arch-way may be made. In constructing cattle sheds, especially in localities where high winds prevail, it should be remembered that low buildings are the safest ones; let them be as near the ground as possible. Low buildings are also cheaper than high ones, because two and three-story barns must have a correspondingly strong and heavy frame to support its own weight, as well as the side thrust and weight of its contents. For low buildings timber large and strong enough to hold up the roof will suffice.

Boys Who Succeed.

The head of a large business firm in Boston, who was noted for his keenness in discerning character, was seated at his desk one day when a young Irish lad came up, took off his hat, and smiling, said:

"Don't you want a boy, sir?"

"I did not a minute ago. But I do now, and you are the boy," said Mr. J——.

He said afterwards that he was completely captured by the honest, frank, all-alive face before him. The boy entered his service, rose to be confidential clerk, and is now a successful merchant.

Thirty years ago, Mr. H——, a nurseryman in New York State, left home for a day or two. It was rainy weather, and not the season for sales, but a customer arrived from a distance, tied up his horse and went into the kitchen of the farm house, where two lads were cracking nuts.

"Is Mr. H— at home?"

"No, sir," said the eldest, Joe, hammering at a nut.

"When will he be back?"

"Dunno, sir. Mebbe not for a week."

The other boy, Jem, jumped up and followed the man out.

"The men are not here, but I can show you the stock," he said, with such a bright, courteous manner that the stranger, who was a little irritated, stopped and followed him through the nursery, examined the trees and left his order.

"You have sold the largest bill that I have had this season, Jem," said his father greatly pleased, on his return.

"I'm sure," said Joe, "I'm as willing to help as Jem, if I'd thought in time."

A few years afterwards these two boys were left by their father's failure with but $200 and $200. Joe bought an acre or two near home. He has worked hard and is still a poor, discontented man. Jem bought an emigrant's ticket to Colorado, hired as a cattle driver for a couple of years, with his wages bought land at forty cents an acre, built himself a house, and married. His herds of cattle are numbered by the thousand, his land has been cut up for town lots, and he is ranked as one of the wealthiest men in that State.

"I might have done like Jem," his brother said, lately, "if I'd thought in time. There's as good stuff in me as in him."

"There's as good stuff in that loaf of bread as in any I ever made," said his wife, "but nobody can eat it; there's not enough yeast in it."

The retort, though disagreeable, was true. The quick, wide-awake energy which acts as leaven in a character, is partly natural. But it can be inculcated by parents, and acquired by a boy if he chooses to keep his eyes open, and to act promptly and boldly in every emergency.

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.

A Baltimore pawnbroker, noter for his red hair, and the high rates of interest charged on small loans, attempted to dye his hair black. It came out blue, but he thought that better than red. By repeating the application frequently he got a black color with a blue shade, like the feathers on a duck's head. In a short time his health began to fail and the doctors were unable to make out what was the matter with him until he told them what quantities of hair dye he had used. Then it was too late, and he died in the most terrible agony.

Stole a Flower.

An old woman, with long gray hair, stepped forward when her name was called, and confronted the Police Judge.

"You are a very old woman to be in a place of this kind," said the Judge. "What is the charge against her?" turning to an officer.

"Stealing a pot of flowers, your honor."

"Who made the complaint?"

"I did" replied a man stepping forward. "I know that it looks hard to have such an old woman, arrested but I am a law-abiding citizen, Judge, and I don't intend to be imposed on. This is the way the whole thing came about: I keep a large flower depot. Day before yesterday this woman came into the store and when I asked her if she wanted to buy anything, she shook her head. Just then a customer came in and I paid no attention to her, but after she was gone I discovered that a pot containing a fine geranium was missing. I know she took it, and what she wanted with it is more than I can tell. If she had stolen something to eat it would have been a different thing."

The old woman looked up and said:

"Judge, I stole the flower."

"Didn't you know it was wrong?"

"Yes."

"Was the temptation so great that you could not withstand it?"

"There was no temptation. It required more struggle to take it than it would have required not to have taken it."

"This is a very singular occurrence madam. Tell us all about it. Don't think that you are among those who desire to see you punished, and rest assured that I will stand by you. Law or no law, it makes no difference. There is a court in the human heart, old woman, whose decrees go farther and are nearer to justice than the writen declarations of any tribunal."

The old woman again looked up. Tears were in her eyes, but with a corner, of the old black shawl, drawn around her shoulders, she wiped them away.

"Oh, sir," she said, "to make you understand why I took the flower might be a story too long to tell in a court, and it might be out of place to tell it any where to strangers, but as you have spoken so kindly I will tell you. Years ago I lived in this city. My parents were well situated and I was carefully reared. I married a man whom everyone recognized as an elegant gentleman, but to me he proved to be a drunken brute. At last he took our little boy and went away, I know not where, leaving me with a baby just two months old. My parents had died, and I went out into the country and changed my name. I worked for a living, heart broken as I was. One day my little darling was taken ill. I took her in my arms and started toward town, where she might have the proper medical attendance, but she seemed to grow worse. At last I knew she was dying and I sat down under a tree. I held her to my bosom a long time, for she shivered, and when I looked into her face again she was dead. A man who lived near by made a coffin, and I buried the little girl under the tree where she had died. Then I went away, I know not how, and began a long search for my husband; not that I wanted him, but that I wanted my son. I must have gone crazy, for I was seized one day and taken to a mad-house. How long I remained there I don't know, but I could see that i was much older looking than when I went in. From time to time I implored the keeper to let me out, but he refused. About a month ago I saw an opportunity and escaped. I was not mad, for when again under the clear sky the memory of my troubles were as though but a day had passed. I turned after much inquiry toward my native place, and a few days ago I arrived here, but I did not stop until I had found my way to the little grave under the tree. I had carried stone and built a little wall around it, but briars and bushes had grown up so thickly that I could hardly find the place. I cleared the briars away and came to town. While passing along the street I saw this man's flowers. I stole a geranium pot, and it now sits on the little child's grave."

The flower dealer had sunk upon a bench, "Great God, Judge!" he exclaimed, springing up, "the woman is my mother."

Packing Butter in Crocks.

The partial loss of a crock of our own best butter the past season, or, what was about the same, the loss of its flavor and the consequent old taste, has led to the looking into the matter, and the supposed perfect glazing of the crock was found to be pierced with a great number of most minute holes, the result in some way of the burning. This let the air into the butter, or, what was worse, the inside material of the crock simply acted as a sponge, and the finer aromatic oils of the butter were absorbed through these minute holes into the clay, and the outside layer of butter was ruined, leaving but a core of good butter in the centre of the crock. No poorer article was ever invented in which to pack butter than a poor crock, one either imperfectly glazed or a "second," that contains cracks, blisters or scalded off places. When the glazing is perfect or glass like, absorption cannot take place, but unless it is perfect there is a great liability of a loss in aroma and texture, and what was put down as yellow butter will be taken up with edges bleached out and the flavor gone. If a broken crock is examined it will be found that the glazing at best is not thicker than a film, and might be easily destroyed by the action of the oil and the acids of which butter is composed. The genuine stone crock with its glazing of glass makes a perfect package for butter, but the common clay crock with its salt wash or vitreous glaze, is often a delusion in butter keeping; but what consumer ever thought it was the crock itself that worked the damage and charged it to this cause?

The Earl of Aylesford, who at one time was the greatest spendthrift in Europe and an intimate friend of the Prince of Wales, is living near Big Spring, Texas, on a 27,000 acre farm. His brother, the Hon. Daniel Finch, is with him. Some time ago the Earl was divorced from his wife, banished from society and limited to $50,000 a year, so he buried himself in Texas. They spend their time in riding, hunting and having fun with the cow-boys, with whom they are very popular. The cow-boys call the Earl 'the Judge' and his brother 'the Kid.'

Enriching Orchards.

If there is any doubt of the fact that judicious manuring of apple orchards will repay labor and expense, or that the successful raising of the apple crop depends upon proper manuring, then we may just as well doubt the virtue of manure upon any other crop of the farm. Yet how seldom do we see this estimate given to the enrichment of the apple orchard? And if it is the object to obtain a crop of hay, this manuring of orchards performs a double service. But how seldom do we see this important part of the farm crops treated thus generally? And then when the the crop falls it is attributed to other causes that have no existence, especially the idea that apples won't bear any longer in our soil. Now, the fact is, apples are just as well suited to the soil of Pennsylvania, and, we may add, to the soil of the Middle States generally, as they are to the soil of any other State or section of country. We manure the land for wheat, corn, potatoes, etc., every year, or we should not expect a crop, nor should we expect apples in the absence of occasional fertilizing. Many farmers entertain the idea that the manure applied to orchards is so much thrown away, which ought to be used on the regular farm crops, and thus habitually neglect the orchard, and then complain that it is useless to attempt to raise apples, as if the soil for such fruit had run out. Experienced growers of fruit, and especially apples, know how fallacious such an idea is; they know that the crop responds to the effects of a dressing manure as readily and as surely as does any other crop, and they would no more dream of neglecting their orchards in this respect than any other portion of their farm. A top-dressing of almost anything applied in the fall or spring will surprise one in its effects. For spring a fine dressing should be bestowed, either of wood ashes, if it can be obtained, woodpile or road scrapings, washings from ditches, good pulverized muck or commercial fertilizers. In autumn compost well-rotted barnyard manure, with the lumps crushed, is to be preferred. Farmers who hesitate to enrich their orchards should inform themselves upon the subject from successful fruit-growers, not only as to the mode of manuring their orchards but as to the best varieties of apples for the locality, as some sorts, as pears, will do much better in one locality than in another, though the distance may be only a mile or two.

Obituaries.

There is no feature in journalism that has surprised the public more than the marvelous promptness with which elaborate biographical sketches of the distinguished dead are published. There need be no astonishment. A well regulated newspaper office have such matters cheerfully prepared. In the midst of life we are in death." The obituary library of the *Herald* is quite full. When Burton, the comedian and manager, was on his death-bed in New York, several years ago, a sketch of his life and career as an actor was prepared in that office, and was ready for publication. Indeed it came near being premrturely published. In some way the fact became known to Burton; he sent a request to the editor that he might read his own obituary notice before he died, and if there were any mistakes in the statement he would correct them! The sketch was sent to him in proof, and he carefully read it, making one or two verbal corrections, and returning it to the editor with his thanks. He died a day after this singular occurrence, evidently satisfied with his record. It has happened several times that statesmen and other distinguished men have had the pleasure of reading very flattering notices of themselves, by false reports of their death reaching newspaper offices late at night.

Only a Pansy Blossom.

Up Second Avenue the other night five young men softly entered a yard arranged themselves in a semi-circle on the grass, and began to sing while a guitar and a banjo added their sugary notes to the general sweetness. As the song finished a sash went up, and a masculine voice called out:

"Splendid! beautiful! gentlemen please repeat."

The band on the grass was only too happy to accommodate, and "Only a Pansy Blosson" went floating again on the night breeze.

"Entracting! entracting!" exclaimed the man at the window. "Gentlemen, I don't want to put you to any trouble but if you would only sing that over once more."

The song dragged a little this time and the alto voices seemed to have swallowed a troche down the wrong pipe, but it ended at last, and the old man called out:

"That's what I call singing, that is! Gentlemen, I am no hog, but if I could prevail upon you to render the delightful poem once more it would be a kindness I never could forget."

There was a great deal of growling in undertones, but the leader gave the key, and the fourth time the neighborhood was filled with dreadfully faded pansy blossoms. When the last note died away the old man clapped his hands and exclaimed:

"Better and better! You have my heart felt thanks. The old woman is deaf, my darter is in Pontiac, and the hired gal quit yesterday, or I'd have 'em all stick their heads out to thank you in persen. Good night, gentlemen—good night; and if you see fit to come tomorrow evening, I'll have the old woman set up with a bed quilt wrapped around her."

A correspondent of the Worcester *Spy*, in an account of a conversation he once had with Wendell Philips, says: I asked him if he had any pleasure in fighting, if contest gave him any satisfaction. He said 'not a bit,' that he hated fighting, and was the very last man who ought to have to do it, 'but,' he added, 'when I was in college one of my classmates found fault with me for always standing up for any person or thing that was denounced;' he said: "Say anything against a man, and up jumps Philips to defend him, no matter whether the man is right or wrong, or whether Phillips knows anything about him or not, it is enough for him that the man is attacked." 'Now said Mr. Philips, 'I thought that the best compliment ever paid me; and I suppose it was the bent of my character to defend anything that was attacked'"

A Wedding Ring.

The other day, when a young man had pulled off two big mittens from his hands and stuck one in each pocket and backed up to the coal stove in a Woodward avenue jewelry store, he had still sufficient strength to ask if they kept finger-rings there. The jeweler might just as well replied that he did not, but that finger-rings could be found at any boot and shoe store; yet he wanted to make a sale, and he answered:

"We do; what sort of a ring do you want?"

"It is for a wedding."

"An! Will you have a single diamond or a cluster?"

"I s'pose you'd want two or three dollars for a real diamond ring?" remarked the lover, as he advanced to the tray.

He was carefully and tenderly informed that diamonds had gone up considerably since they were used in his baby rattle-box, and then he concluded to explain:

"I'm kinder down on all such nonsense as wedding rings. When a fellow has to get a whole suit of clothes, pay the preacher, come to town, and ride on the street cars and all that, it's expensive 'nuff. I s'pose, though, I'll have to get one."

"About what price?"

"Oh, fifty cents, or six shillings, or around there. If it's kinder gilded up to last for two weeks, that'll do. It hadn't orter turn rusty under three or four days, anyhow, as she'll want to show it off on the street cars, and all the girls will be handling it. I'll look at the fifty-cent one's first."

The jeweler went into a decline. He declined to admit that he ever had such a thing in his store. He further said that he could hardly believe there was a young man on earth who would buy a fifty cent ring to put on the finger of his bride.

"Do you s'pose," replied the young man, as he reached for his mittens, "do you s'pose I'm a John Jacob Astor? Do you s'pose I'm going to sell a hull crop of 'taters to buy a ring for my wife to wear washin' dishes and turnin' the coffee-mill? She's layin' off now to hear me buy her shoes, hat, muff and perfumery, after we're married, and do you think I can rush in here and holler out 'diamonds!' and slam down wads of greenbacks to pay for 'em!"

The jeweler leaned his pensive head on his hand and looked out of the window, and as the young man opened the door, he halted, and continued:

"Fifty-cent ring! Just as if fifty cents wasn't nothin' to'rd a bridle tower!"

Cause of Failure

Want of confidence accounts for half of the business failures of to-day. C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, is not liable to fail for want of confidence in Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, for he gives away a bottle free to all who are suffering with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption, and all affections of the Throat and Lungs.

The Cattle Plague.

SPRINGFIELD, March 13.—Unsubstantiated advices received at the Governor's office, state that the foot and mouth disease has appeared among the cattle in Effingham county. Telegrams have been sent by the Governor's secretary and the State Board of Health asking for further particulars. The Governor notified by telegram and ordered State Veterinarians to proceed to the infected county. The district will probably be quarantined.

Convincing.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in having an opportunity to test the article direct. C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, has a free trial bottle of Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup for each and every one who is afflicted with Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Consumption or any Lung Affection.

Town Inundated.

SAN FRANCISCO, Mar. 12.—A dam at Fresno, Cal., broke away, and the town is inundated. The railroad bridge is rendered unsafe and passengers are transferred.

Have you a cough? Sleepless nights need no longer trouble you. The use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, before retiring, will soothe the cough to quiet, allay the inflammation, and allow the needed repose. It will, moreover, speedily heal the pulmonary organs, and give you renewed health.

Mr. Small Named For Congress.

CHARLESTON, March 11.—Robert Small, colored, has been nominated for Congress, to succeed the late Edmund W. M. Mackey. The nomination is equivalent to an election.

When a cold or other cause checks the operation of the secretive organs, their natural healthy action should be restored by the use of Ayer's Pills, and inflammatory material thereby removed from the system. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by thus promptly correcting those slight derangements that, otherwise, often develop into settled disease.

Thirty years ago a peddler made his appearance in Pittsburg under the name of John Foley. He was industrious, but seemingly poor. He died about a year ago at the age of eighty. Hit estate was found to be worth about $23,000, and his will developed the fact that his right name was John Johnson. He left his property to four children. The search for the heirs was for a long time unavailing, but it has at length resulted in the discovery of some of them. Why Johnson left Ireland and how he got his wealth remains a mystery.

St Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

Relieves 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.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall st N. Y.

From Now

UNTIL

APRIL 1ST.,

I will offer special Bargains in Goods named below. I expect to make extensive changes in my storeroom by that date, and have many goods that I prefer to sell at cost, than to run risk of getting damaged while repairs are being made. These are all new style goods, and not old stock that I offer. Please look at the list, and if what you want, come at once:

VASES,
TOILET SETS,
CARD CASES,
VELVET FRAMES,
CUT GLASS BOTTLES,

Ladies' Toilet and Odor Cases,

HAND MIRRORS,
WRITING DESKS,
FANCY BOX PAPERS,
PHOTOGRAPH & AUTOGRAPH ALBUMS

FAMILY BIBLES,

POCKET BIBLES,
SHAVING MUGS,
CUT GLASS INKSTANDS

AND A LOT OF BEAUTIFUL MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS OF

Poetry, and Fiction.

These goods will all be sold at Greatly Reduced Prices, and many of them at COST and below it. Come at once, for I am determined to close them out. Do not fail to see these Goods.

C. N. BOYD,
MAMMOTH BLOCK,
SOMERSET PA.

BANNER BAKING POWDER

Always the Best.

Lemon Jelly Cake.

To the yolks of six eggs, well beaten, add three quarters of a pound of white sugar, juice of one lemon, one-half pound of flour, having in it one measure "BANNER" Baking Powder; then add the whites of six eggs beaten stiff, bake in jelly-cake pans.

FOR THE JELLY.—Take the yolks of three eggs beaten, and one half pound of white sugar juice of one and grated rind of two lemons, and whites of three eggs beaten very stiff; put in a vessel and place the vessel in boiling water; boil until it thickens; when it is cold spread over each layer of the cake except the top one.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!

The undersigned heirs and legal representatives of Jacob Lenhart, deceased, late of Jefferson township, will expose to public outcry on the premises on

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1884,

at 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, the following described valuable real estate to wit: A certain tract of land situate in Jefferson township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Abraham B. Lenhart, Jeremiah Brown, George J. Flick, Jacob D. Shaulis and Peter Shaulis, containing one hundred and forty acres, more or less, of which one hundred acres are clear, and about twenty acres in meadow. There is a two-story

DWELLING HOUSE,

Large Bank Barn, good Outbuildings, and a large Apple Orchard on the premises. The farm is well watered, and under good cultivation.

TERMS made known on day of sale. Persons desiring further information can apply to

LUD. LENHART, Donegal, Pa.
A. B. LENHART,
GEO. J. FLICK, or
SARAH FLICK,
Lavansville, Pa.

mar5*

FOR SALE.

One Twenty (20) Horse Power STEAM PORTABLE SAW MILL. In complete running order and built by Griffith & Wedge. For further particulars address

KOCH & WAGUN,
feb27-2m, Box 72, FROSTBURG, MD.

1884.

The election of this year promises to be one of the most exciting of the century, every citizen should have at least one good paper to furnish him the news,

THE SOMERSET HERALD

is recommended to all earnest Republicans, all friends of protection, all interested in the news of the nation, state or county,

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

Because it has the best Washington and Harrisburg correspondents attainable.

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

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

If you have friends who live outside the county, there is no more acceptable present you can send the m 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, Penna.

FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER OR PANACEA

A a Blood Purifier—this medicine is highly recommended for all manner of chronic or old standing complaints, Eruptions of the skin, such as Pimples, Blotches and Rashes, Ring Worms, Tetter, Sal Rheum, Scald Head, Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, and all diseases arising from impurity of the blood. With this rare medicine in your house you can do without Salts, Castor Oil, Citrate of Magnesia, Senna or Manna, and soon the whole of them, and what is better, it may be taken with safety and comfort by the most delicate woman, as well as by the robust man. It is very pleasant to the taste, therefore easily administered to children. It is the only vegetable remedy existing which will answer in place of calomel, regulating the action of the liver without making you a little long victim to the use of mercury or blue pills. It will open the bowels in a proper and wholesome manner.

There is nothing like Fahrney's Blood Cleanser for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys and Bladder; for nervous diseases, Headache, Costiveness, Indigestion, Bilious Fever, and all derangements of the internal viscera. As a female regulator it has no equal in the world.

"An ounce of prevention is worth more than a pound of cure." The PANACEA will not only cure old standing and malignant complaints, but it one of the best preventatives of such disorders ever offered to the world. You can avoid severe attacks of acute diseases, such as Cholera, Small-pox, Typhoid, Bilious, Spotted and Intermittent Fevers, by keeping your blood purified. The different degrees of all such diseases depend altogether upon the condition of the blood.

Be sure to ask for FAHRNEY'S BLOOD CLEANSER OR PANACEA, as there are several other preparations in the market, the names of which are somewhat similar.

Dr. Geo. G. Shively & Co.,
Successors to Fahrney's Bros. & Co.,
MANUFACTURERS AND PROPRIETORS
mar28 WAYNESBORO, PA.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs—none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal outbreak. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

A Terrible Cough Cured.

"In 1867 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me over. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and allowed me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 52 years old, and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Buckingham, Va., July 15, 1882.

Croup—A Mother's Tribute.

"Little is the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup. Almost in an hour he would die from strangulation, and the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This we tried in small and frequent doses, and all danger was in less than half an hour the patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved the child's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
138 West 130th St., New York, May 10, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried.
A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 13, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no success, I was cured by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
JOSEPH WALDEN."
Holyoke, Mass., April 5, 1882.

"I cannot say enough in praise of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, believing as I do that but for its use I should long since have died of lung troubles.
F. BRAGDON."
Fredericksburg, Texas, April 22, 1882.

No case of an affection of the throat or lungs exists which cannot be greatly relieved by the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and it will always cure when the disease is not already beyond the control of medicine.

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

T. G. STEWART & CO.
WHOLESALE GROCERS,
NO. 174 MAIN STREET,
JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.

SOMERSET MARKET.

Corrected by COOK & BERKITE.
DEALERS IN
CHOICE GROCERIES, FLOUR & FEED

Apples, dried, ℔ ℔	5@6c
Applebutter, ℔ gal	40@50c
Bran, ℔ 100 ℔s	$1 25
Butter, ℔ ℔ (keg)	18c
" (roll)	20c
Buckwheat ℔ bush	75c
" meal, 100 ℔s	3 60@4 00
Beeswax ℔ ℔	25c
Bacon, shoulders, ℔ ℔	10c
" sides, "	12½c
" country hams, ℔ ℔	15c
Corn, (ear) new ℔ bushel	75@80
" (shelled) old "	75@80c
" meal ℔ ℔	3c
Calf skins, ℔ ℔	6c
Eggs, ℔ doz	20c
Flour, ℔ bbl	$5 50@$7 00
Flaxseed, ℔ bu. (60 ℔)	75c
Hams, (sugar-cured) ℔ ℔	16c
Lard, ℔ ℔	12@12½
Leather, red sole, ℔ ℔	30@35c
" upper, "	45@70c
" kip, "	75@80c
Middlings, and chop 100 ℔s	$1 00
Oats, ℔ bu	45@50c
Potatoes, ℔ bu (new)	40@50
Peaches, dried, ℔ ℔	8@10c
Rye, ℔ bu	75@85
Rags, ℔ ℔	1c
Salt, No. 1, ℔ bbl, extra	$1 90@2 00
" Ground Alum, per sack	$1 40@1 50
" Ashton, per sack	$3 50
Sugar, yellow ℔ ℔	8@9c
" white "	9@10c
Tallow, ℔ ℔	3@4
Wheat, ℔ bu	$1 00
Wool, ℔ ℔	35@40c

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVES

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS

ALL PURCHASERS CAN BE SUITED

MANUFACTURED BY
Isaac A. Sheppard & Co., Baltimore, Md.
AND FOR SALE BY
R. B. Schell & Co.,
feb20.1yr. SOMERSET, PA.

A PRIZE. Send 6 cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods, which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, True & Co., Augusta, Maine. jan23.

Peery's DEAD SHOT Vermifuge, A SURE CURE FOR WORMS in the Human Body. Price 25c. All Druggists. oct24-1yr.

WHERE THE FIRE IS OUT

Magic No More a Mystery—Secrets Across the World

"Haroun of Aleppo," said Philip Derval, "had mastered every secret in nature which the most magic seeks to fathom. He discovered that the true art of healing is to assist Nature to throw off the disease—to summon, as it were, the whole system to eject the enemy that has fastened on a part. The processes all included the reinvigoration of the principle of life."

In this the Eastern sage merely anticipated the practice of the physicians of to-day. What is itself is, nobody knew then—nobody knows now. But we have learned something of the reasons why the mysterious tide rises and ebbs. Provided the great organs of the body are not irreparably destroyed, medical science can always relieve and often save. Yet no reputable physician now adheres to the barbarous and stupid processes of depletion, such as bleeding, by which it was attempted to cure disease by reducing the patient's ability to resist it.

Now-a-days we do not tear down the fort to help the garrison—we strengthen it.

In this intelligent and beneficent work it is conceded that PARKER'S TONIC leads all other medicines. As an invigorant it acts immediately and powerfully upon the circulation and the organs of digestion, thus giving Nature the assistance she calls for. It follows that all ailments of the stomach, kidneys, bowels, liver are at once relieved or cured. No other preparation embodies the same qualities or produces the same results. It is delicious to use, and the best known anti-intoxicant. Price 50c. and $1. Hiscock & Co., New York. apr1

English Farmers in America.

Mr. Burt, a member of the British parliament, spent much of his summer in this country, and in an interesting letter writes: On the prairies of Illinois and in the neighborhood of Kingston, Canada, I met many people who were formerly neighbors in England and in the northern part of Ireland, who are now owners of the farms they till. They seem to be doing well. I spent a few days in Illinois with two brothers who went from the north of England some thirty years ago. They had nothing with them but strong arms and a pair of ready, willing hearts. They have now farms of their own, in one case of one hundred acres, in the other of eighty acres. They have erected good houses, stables, barns, and the usual outbuildings connected with a well equipped farm. Surrounding their homesteads are orchards in which they grow many kinds of fruit. Their land is well cultivated, and well stocked with fine animals. Nearly everything they require is produced by themselves; in short, they are independent as far as anybody on earth can be independent. They still work hard, but work for themselves and were among the happiest people I met in my travels. There was a quiet dignity, a self-possession, an absence of haste and worry in the life of these sturdy farmers which afforded a pleasant contrast to most that I saw in other parts of America.

ALL FOR NOTHING.

Why the Doctor was Disgusted, and what Might have been done without Him.

"Well, wife," said Dr. M., as he entered his house, which was situated in a cosy village in central New York, "I have got back from a long and dreary ride away down among the mountains, and all to no purpose whatever. The messenger said the man wouldn't live till morning, when the fact is he had only an ordinary attack of colic. If the simpletons had only had sense enough to put a BENSON'S CAPCINE POROUS PLASTER on his stomach he would have been all right in an hour or two. But some folks are slow to learn," added the old physician, swallow