MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL.

A Christmas Story that Tells of Polly Sylvesters Hard Lot, and How Her Beautiful Dream Was Realized.

Little Polly Sylver lay fast asleep on her cot bed in Mrs. Tarbox's garret. It was a cold, dreary place where the rats scampered about, and the mice scuffled and squeaked in every corner. She lay very still; the tangled mass of deep chestnut nut curls was brushed away from her pale, delicate face, the great eyes were shut tight, and their heavy fringe of dark lashes never quivered but there was a smile on her parted lips sweet as summer's own sunshine and so wistful it would have made anybody with a heart ache to see it.

But Mrs. Tarbox hadn't any heart.

She came lumbering up the stairs this morning with Fish in her arms in a great passion.

"Get up, you little carrot head! get up, I say! You're lazier than a snail. Ef I git at ye I guess you'll move pretty consider'able spry!"

"Dit up, tallot-hed, else I'll bang oo!" echoed Fish who was almost three years old, but a baby still, and a horrid one.

The smile on Polly's tender mouth changed to a piteous quiver as she flung aside the bedclothes, and with a shiver jumped out of bed. "I was dreamin'," she said in such a sad voice.

"Dreamin'! I'll be bound youre allus dreamin', day in and day out but you've got to dream out o' bed earlier 'n this, mornin's, now I tell ye. Hurry up 'nd come down! There, he's most ready for his break fast, 'nd I've had to lug this feller all around, and Vi-oh-ly she wants her shoes tied 'nd her things hooked up."

"Tum along tick, 'for me kick oo! shouted Fish; and Polly having huddled on her thin and ragged clothes, slipped into her shoes.—an old pair of Mrs. Tarbox's,—and scuttled down stairs as fast as she could. She didn't stop to comb her hair or to wash her face, but took Fish in her arms and went into the bedroom to dress Viohly, (whose name was Viola!) a scrawny girl some eight years old, with thin light hair, weak blue eyes, and a sallow complexion, fretful and sickly, but, after all, kinder to Polly than anybody else in the house, and loved accordingly.

Master Fishy was set down on the floor while his sister's boots were laced, her hair brushed, her clothes fastened, and the rent in her pink calico frock basted up; and he amused himself by overturning his mother's mending-basket, which Polly must set to rights; then she spread up the bed, and shouldering Fish, went into the kitchen. There at the breakfast-table sat the rest of the family,—Jehiel Tarbox, the father, a rough, stingy, coarse farmer, whose loose lips, red eyes, and stupid expression told the road he had taken at once; Viohly, her mother, and two big boys, Jackson and Everett, the terror and torment of Polly's life,—two young brutes who thought a poor trembling child fair game, and took pleasure in her shrieks and supplications. Now Mrs. Tarbox took Fishy on her lap and fed him with fried pork, cold cabbage, and hot biscuit yellow with soda, while Polly fried cakes over the hissing stove,—not fast enough by any means to suit the boys or their father.

"Hurry up your cakes, Silly Poll!" shouted one, "or I'll let the old bull out into the barn-yard 'nd set you to catchin' chickens there."

"Come on, Polly Syl!" chimed the other; "fetch along your slapjacks, or I'll come 'nd stir you up,"—a process Polly had experienced before and stood in mortal fear of.

When breakfast was scrambled through, Polly was allowed to eat her scraps of food standing at one end of the table, and, because she had slept too late, denied the one thing that could have made her scanty meal tolerable to her,—a cup of the hot drink they called coffee.

It is time now to introduce our little girl. Her father had been a flourishing young carpenter in a Vermont village, that hid itself among vast and verdant hills like a nest in the crotches of a fir tree. Sam Sylvester loved his little wife so much, that, when one day she died and left him, he wanted to die too; and nobody could comfort him—not even the tiny baby that lay and wailed in an old cradle as if it felt, what it could not yet know,—the sorrows of a motherless child. There was no one in Hillvale in any way related to Sam; he was an orphan, like his wife, and any relatives he might have in the seaboard New England town where his father had lived he had never seen or heard from; so that when he made up his mind to try his fortune in California he put his little Pauline, who was named for her mother, under the care of his next door neighbor, a Mrs. Moore, leaving money enough to pay her for a year, and promising to send more. He went away with a sad heart; but when he got to California the voyage had taken his thoughts off his own trouble, and hard work at the mines did so still more. In the mean while Polly grew up under kind and motherly Mrs. Moore's care into a fat and happy baby.

One day, about a year after he left home, a couple of his mining mates, who had been down to San Francisco for stores, stepped into his tent, and after standing about uneasily for a moment, one of them spoke:

"Say, Sylvester! you didn't come from Hillvale, Vermont, did you?"

"Yes I did, to be sure."

The two men exchanged a glance, and the one who had not spoken sauntered out. Bill Decker went on,—

"Anybody there related to ye any ways?"

"Nobody but my little girl."

"Name's Mary, ain't it?"

"No, Pauline."

"Great Jupiter?"

"What are you asking for, Bill Decker?"

"O nothin', nothin', only suthin' er other turned up queer down in Frisco."

"Tell me what it was, quick!" said Sam, rising to his feet with pale face and angry eyes.

"Well, my mate and I went into a saloon like to get a drink, 'nd ther' was a paper a lyin' round loose on the bar, 'nd I chanced ter see Sylvester on't. I kinder thought it might be some o' your folks had kicked the bucket, and so I'd tell ye about it; and I read it, an' it sed Pauline Sylvester was dead, up to Hillvale."

Sam sat down on a box and put up his hands as if to wipe some mist before his eyes. Baby was dead then; the little creature he had hoped would grow into as sweet a woman as her dead mother, while she waited for him to come back and claim her.

"Well!" said he, slowly, "that's the last on't; but I may as well go to work," and he did. Nothing more was heard of him in Hillvale, and he never knew that the paper Bill Decker had seen was an old one,—so old that it was his wife's death in the register, not his child's.

In the mean time good Mrs. Moore, not receiving any money, or hearing any news of Sam Sylvester, still took care of the lovely little child as if it had been her own. The child was six years old when Mrs. Moore died suddenly, and being a childless widow, with no property to leave behind her, Polly Sylvester was sent to the selectmen of the town and by them bound out to Mrs. Tarbox. Two long years ago, and six months beside, had Polly taken her place in this new family. When she came there she was a plump and rosy child, but now she was what we have seen her; the long drudgery, unkindness, improper food, and no care had made little Polly a forlorn sight.

She had now gone to drive the cows with Viohly.

"O, Viohly, I had such a splendid dream! Don't you know we had that picture paper Miss Slater let us take one time and it had about Christmas in it, and how children somewhere hanged up their stockings, and you said it was real splendid, 'nd you wisk your folks had a Christmas; 'nd I said I guessed if my father and mother wa'n't dead I should have one, because Mother Moore always told me what clever folks they was? And then don't you rek'lect that queer picture of—let's see, what's his name?—oh! Santa Claus fillin' the stockin's? Whey, Rainbow!"—shouting to a cow that had left the line of march, tempted by a turnip field with the bars down. "Well, I dreamed that Santa Claus came down the chimney right there in the garret somehow, and hung the dreadfulest great big stockin' you ever did see clost to the foot of my bed; 'nd when I looked at him he kinder laughed an' said, 'Get up, Polly, an' look in your stockin'; it's Christmas day.' So I looked in, and the stockin' grew bigger'n and bigger, anp there was the most splendid kind of a wagon or sumthin' drawed by two white horses, and in it—O' Viohly, what do you think?—my own really and truly father and mother, holdin' out their arms to me—O, dear!"

The tears streamed down those little pale, hollow cheeks, and Polly sat down on a stone, sobbing bitterly; for she had driven the cows into the lot and put up the bars while she told her story.

Day after day went by, and Polly grew yet more pale and pinched. Autumn had brought its still harder work than summer, and when winter came, with drifts of pitiless snow over mountains and valleys, and the fierce winds blew more and more keenly upon Polly's half clothed body and poor pretence of a bed, the child seemed to shrink away daily; there was no place for her by the fire at night, no warm and nourishing food by day, and when she was worn out by hard work she crouched and shivered under her scanty bedclothes at night, falling asleep from fatigue, without being warm.

One morning—it was the day before Christmas, but Polly did not know it, for no record of any holiday but Thanksgiving was ever kept in the Tarbox family—she was found in her garret so drowsy and stiff with cold that Mrs. Tarbox took alarm lest some day her bound girl might be unbound, and leave her for the house of that Father whom the poor child thought had forgotten her.

So they told her she might bring her bed down at night and spread it in a corner of the kitchen, if it was done only after the family had gone to bed, and removed before they got up. That night the moon shone full and clear over the sheeted snow, silvered the crests of the great mountains that bore up its drifted piles, and streamed into the darkest depths of the valleys. By its light Polly crept up to the garret and loaded her trembling shoulders with the husk mattress and cotton comfortable. Everybody in the house was warm in bed, and just us she flung her burden down upon the kitchen floor there came a loud rap at the door. Polly was frightened, and Mrs. Tarbox called from her bedroom:

"Open that are door, Poll, pretty quick; don't stand gawpin 'round as ef you wuz city folks!"

The startled little creature did as she was bid; and there on the doorsteps stood a man, while beyond him in a sleigh heaped with furs, the moon, now shining like day, showed to Polly a lady muffled to her throat and just holding aside a silvery veil to look out; and the lady saw a slender, pallid child, with large, soft eyes, and a head of tangled curls shivering on the doorstep before the strange gentleman. This took but one instant's glance, and the stranger asked if Mrs. Tarbox lived there.

"Yes, sir," said Polly.

The man seemed choked with his next question, it came so painfully and so low:

"What is your name, child?"

"Polly Sylvester, sir!"

"My own beby!" was the deep, low answer; and Polly rested right in her father's arms, sobbing so herself she could not hear the answering throbs of his heart, though her poor tired head lay upon it.

"Polly, shut the door!" screamed Mrs. Tarbox; but there was no answer. Out she hopped from her bed, fully intending to give Polly a trouncing, and came upon the sight we have seen.

"Well! I should like to know—"

"You shall," interrupted the stranger. "Mrs. Tarbox. I am Polly Sylvester's father; you have treated my little darling, whom I believed dead long ago, worse than a dog, and she shall not stay another minute in your house!"

"I guess there's two folks to settle that bargain. Fustly, how do I know you be her father?"

"Look at me!" said he, lifting his cap.

"Why, Sam Sylvester!"

"Now you have committed your own self, Mrs. Tarbox. I haven't changed too much in nine years to be known again."

"Anyhow, there's the s'lectmen, and the bond, 'nd I'll have you persecuted sure's my name's Tarbox, and the law on ye ef you tetch to take her away!"

Sam Sylvester laughed.

"Do it if you dare!" said he, and taking the great traveling shawl off his shoulders, he wrapped Polly all over in it and carried her off bodily to the sleigh.

"Darling," he said, as he put her in the lady's arms, "I have brought you a new mother as sweet and good as your first one was."

Polly did not doubt that the lovely face bending over her with kisses and fond words was all her father said; and when he sprang into the sleigh and the driver let his impatient horses bound away and shake their silvery bells along the smooth road, Polly only whispered, "This is better than my dream!"

It seems that Sam Sylvester, now a rich man, and married to a young English girl he had met and loved in San Francisco, had, about three months before, met a Hillvale man fresh from home, who, after he had got over his surprise at beholding Sam alive and well, told him all about Polly; and of course the father set out at once to find his child.

They drove over to Drayton, the nearest very large village to Hillvale, and there, after a warm bath and a good supper, happy Polly fell sound asleep, holding her new mama's hand; but when they woke up next morning her first words, in answer to the loving smile of those blue eyes were, "Mother, is it Christmas day?"

"Yes, dear!"

"And did you come out of a red stocking?"

"Why no, my little girl!"

"O, I'm so glad! then it isn't all a dream!"

What'll You Take?

Mr. Jerry P. Thomas, Central Park Hotel, 59th street and 7th Avenue, New York, writes as follows: Last summer I suffered fearfully with neuralgia and could not get any rest, night or day. A friend who had used St. Jacob's, thought so highly of its healing qualities that he gave me some to try. I tried it and obtained the first nights rest in weeks and was cured. I have found it to be the very best remedy. I keep it constantly in my house for my family, have recommended it to others and would not be without it.

One Merchant Kills Another.

WELLSBORO, Pa., December 11.—At Blossburg, Pa., this morning George Brown, a merchant shot at C. M. Elliot, another merchant, in a dispute over the possession of a house, the right to which was claimed by both men. Elliot died this afternoon.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so muce good that I bough a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 lbs." Call at C. N. Boyd's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1.00.

The Washington Monument Celebration.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—General Sheridan has accepted the position of marshal of the day for the celebration of the completion of the Washington monument on Feb. 22. All organizations intending to participate should report to him.

A Fortunate Discovery.

A new light is thrown on the subject of Consumption by Dr. Wagner Kemp, discoverer of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. A remedy that has proved itself to be a remarkable compound. It does its work thoroughly, stopping a hacking cough instantly.

Sold by C. N. Boyd. Price 50cts. and $1.00 Trial bottle free. Get one.

In making Christmas presents always choose a useful gift. If you have a friend who is a hard drinker give has family on order on an undertaker, or els present him with a cemetery lot.

The Oldest Man in Somerset

As well as the handsomest, and others are invited to call on C. N. Boyd, and get free a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits, and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchtis, and Consumption. Price 50 cents and 1.00.

Everett's glass company has been organized, with $15,000 capital. F. H. Clement is president and Hon. John Cessna one of the directors.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box.

For sale by C. N. Boyd. june20

When Clara was asked what she would do if a nice young gentleman would ask her hand in marriage, she naively replied: "I don't think I'd do."

The prettiest lady in Somerset remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this C. N. Boyd will guarantee it to all. Price 50 cents and $1. Trial size free.

"The funds all gone?" shouted the depositors. "Every cent," replied the president. "Are you sure that he left nothing?" "He left nothing but the country."

A Sensible Man

Would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup, and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized C. N. Boyd to refund your money if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50 cts. and $1. Trial size free.

The best Christmas presents are those that will beautify a home for a life-time.

The untidy, dirty appearance of a grizzly beard should never be allowed. Buckingham's Dye for the whiskers will readily change their color to a brown or black, at discretion, and thus keep up your reputation for neatness and good looks.

COMMUNICATED.

CONFLUENCE, PA., December 11, 1884.

EDITOR HERALD:—The confusion and smoke of battle having now entirely cleared away, and the Democratic jollifications, it is to be hoped, are over, it is in order to review some of the past, and carefully study the lesson the defeat of Blaine and Logan teaches.

No party since the formation of our Government has accomplished so much in so brief a period of time, as has been accomplished by the Bepublican party during the past twenty-three years. The Democracy had left the whole country in a deplorable condition, and it became the duty of the Republican party not only to save the Union from dissolution, but to restore national confidence in the power and might of our institutions, to enforce obedience, collect revenues, etc. The Union was not only saved from dissolution, but a new era of prosperity was inaugurated such as the country never experienced before. Just why the party to which the country is indebted for its prosperity, and for the diversity of its industries, after twenty-three years of successful rule and unprecedented prosperity, should be defeated, is difficult to comprehend. The defeat of Blaine and Logan has been the work of open and unconcealed treachery. It is an indisputable fact that there are more Republicans than Democrats, and it is reasonable to presume, even now, that Blaine and Logan received more votes, and are entitled to more electors than their successful opponents, and that the boasted Democratic victory is nothing more than a deliberate steal of the presidency. Outside of intimidation and fraudulent counts, the Republicans could have won against all the combination of forces that confronted it at the late election, had it not been for internal dissensions. The revolt of two years ago did not fail to bear fruit, yet it may not have been so intended. Some of those who suffered from the revolt felt that the time had come when they could strike back, and a few of them, but only a few, embraced the opportunity. The dissenters of two years ago, though many of them tried hard, could not bring back into the party those who were once induced to play into the hands of the democracy, confessedly to purify the Republican party.

It can clearly be seen that it was a mistake. Here in Pennsylvania it did not matter so much, as the man who sustained the greatest injury took the field and gave his unqualified support to the nominees of the Republican party, but in New York it did not do so well. General Beaver, in the nobleness of his generous nature, could condone an offense when his party seemed to demand it and take the field, as he did for the success of the whole party, under the leadership of its chosen standard-bearers. Conkling is a different sort of man, and don't allow himself to be treated with any less respect than he deserves, without striking back. That Conkling could have saved the Republican party from defeat in the State of New York and elected Blaine and Logan, as he did four years ago for Garfield and Arthur, is clearly evident. Had he made one speech in favor of the Republican ticket, Blaine and Logan would have been our next President and Vice President. Outside of the question of the revolt in the State two years ago, Conkling and Blaine were personal enemies and have been for a number of years, and since Blaine was the party that used the words that gave the offense it was his duty, he being the candidate, to make proposals looking towards a better understanding between them. Conkling is too strong a man to discard during a national contest.

The proper method of getting rid of any corruption that finds its way into a party organization, is to do it inside the party. An honest party will always purify itself. To elevate to power a party that is the embodiment of corruption to purify one less corrupt, is a wrong principle, and dangerous to introduce. Iniquity should not be put in high places that righteousness may be made manifest.

The Greenback and Prohibition parties, especially the latter, were also arrayed against the Republican party, and acting as a side show for the democracy. The Prohibition party distinguished itself for its opposition to the Republican party. Of all the parties that ever entered the arena of politics, the Prohibition party has given the best exhibition of the baser and meaner elements that corrupt and defile better things than ever was made manifest by any party, professing to represent a good and worthy cause, since the formation of political parties in this country. The cause of temperance has been greatly injured by it, and as a political party it will only be remembered for the injury it has done and for the iniquities in which it abounded.

With a united Republican party, every element of opposition could be overcome. It could bid defiance to intimidation, fraud and corruption, and swallow up a half dozen other little Democratic side shows like the Prohibition and Greenback parties, and still triumph at the polls.

A few years of Democratic rule may bring delinquent Republicans to their senses, and in four years them hence unite in redeeming the nation from Democratic rule.

Let Stalwarts, Independents, and all other factions return to their allegience to the party that saved the Union from dissolution and gave us such a period of success and prosperity as we have enjoyed since the Republican party came into power.

X.

An ancient maiden subscribed for an agricultural paper because she had heard its "Notes on Husbandry well spoken of."

JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.

CURES Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Swellings, Sprains, Bruises Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites. AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.

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PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT.

THE BEST TONIC.

This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.

It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.

It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.

It does not injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other Iron medicines do.

It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves.

For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal.

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No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Lung Fever if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

Foutz's Powders are used and recommended by the leading horse owners and stock raisers throughout the country.

Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream tenfold per week, and make the butter firm and sweet.

Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.

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"THE OLD RELIABLE."

25 YEARS IN USE.

The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age

Indorsed all over the World.

SYMPTOMS OF A TORPID LIVER.

Loss of appetite, Nausea, bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, Loss of memory, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering of the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache, Restlessness at night, highly colored Urine.

IF THESE WARNINGS ARE UNHEEDED, SERIOUS DISEASES WILL ENSUE.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1. Office, 44 Murray St., New York.

AGENTS wanted for the lives of all the Presidents of the U. S. The largest, handsomest, best book ever sold for less than twice our price. The fastest selling book. Agents make immense profits to agents. All intelligent people want it. Any one can become a successful agent. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine.

AYER'S PILLS.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels, and liver. AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS act directly upon these organs, and are especially designed to cure the diseases caused by their derangement, including Constipation, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Dysentery, and a host of other ailments, for all of which they are a safe, sure, prompt, and pleasant remedy. The extensive use of these PILLS by eminent physicians in regular practice, shows unmistakably the estimation in which they are held by the medical profession.

These PILLS are compounded of vegetable substances only, and are absolutely free from calomel or any other injurious ingredient.

A Sufferer from Headache writes:

"AYER'S PILLS are invaluable to me, and are my constant companion. I have been a severe sufferer from Headache, and your PILLS are the only thing I could look to for relief. One dose will quickly restore my bowels and free my head from pain. They are the most effective and the easiest physic I have ever found. It is a pleasure to me to speak in their praise, and I always do so when occasion offers.

W. L. PAGE, of W. L. Page & Bro."

Franklin St., Richmond, Va., June 3, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S PILLS in numberless instances as recommended by you, and have never known them to fail to accomplish the desired result. We constantly keep them on hand at our home, and prize them as a pleasant, safe, and reliable family medicine. FOR DYSPEPSIA they are invaluable.

J. T. HAYES."

Mexia, Texas, June 17, 1882.

The REV. FRANCIS P. HARLOWE, writing from Atlanta, Ga., says: "For some years past I have been subject to constipation, from which, in spite of the use of medicines of various kinds, I suffered increasing inconvenience, until some months ago I began taking AYER'S PILLS. They have entirely corrected the costive habit, and have vastly improved my general health."

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS correct irregularities of the bowels, stimulate the appetite and digestion, and by their prompt and thorough action give tone and vigor to the whole physical economy.

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

YOUNG, OLD, AND MIDDLE-AGED. All experience the wonderful beneficial effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Children with Sore Eyes, Sore Ears, or any scrofulous or syphilitic taint, may be made healthy and strong by its use. Sold by all Druggists; $1, six bottles for $5.

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ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD. CATARRH ROSE COLD HAY-FEVER. ELY'S CREAM BALM. CONVENIENT. PLEASANT. PROMPT. POSITIVE. PRICE 50 CENTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

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ELY'S Cream Balm. CAUSES NO PAIN. Gives Relief at Thorough Treatment will Cure. Not a Liquid or Snuff. Apply into Nostrils. Give it a Trial at Once. Fifty cents at Druggists. Sixty cents by mail, registered. Send for Circular. Sample by mail 10 cents.

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"Rough On Coughs."

Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

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Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggist.

Heart Pains.

Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

"Rough on Corns."

Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Pain" Porous Plaster;

Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Thin People.

"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility. $1.

Whooping Cough,

and the many Throat Affections of children, promptly, pleasantly, and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Balsam, 25c.

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If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

Life Preserver.

If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

"Rough on Toothache."

Instant relief for Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache. Ask for "Rough on Toothache." 15 and 25c.

Pretty Women.

Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

Catarrhal Throat Affections,

Hacking, irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

"Rough on Itch."

"Rough on Itch" cures humors eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

The Hope of the Union.

Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Wide Awake.

three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Balsam, 25c.

"Rough On Pain" Poroused Plaster;

Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Blowing Up a Miner's House.

COLUMBUS, O., Dec. 11.—The citizens of Nelsonville are greatly excited to-night over the attempt of some unknown persons to blow up the house of Richard Barnecut and kill his family, between 9 and 10 o'clock. The house is located on the hillside at the edge of the town, and the intention seems to have been to roll the dynamite or explosive against the house and turn it over and down the hill, but by the manner in which it was rolled it missed its aim and lodged under the porch below, where the explosion occurred and tore the porch nearly to shreds. The house otherwise was not injured, and Barnecut and wife, with five children, escaped.

The explosion was heard all over that part of the country, and soon several hundred persons had gathered at the scene of intended destruction. No miner could be found on the streets immediately after the explosion occurred, and this is taken as an indication that some of the riotous element among the strikers did the work.

The West-End 'Bus Company.

Mr. H. S. Childs, Manager of the West-End 'Bus Company, Aukland, New Zealand, states in the *Daily Herald* of that city, as follows: "We have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the efficacy of St. Jocob's Oil. Its success has been particularly marked in one case of lameness, that of a very valuable horse suffering from severe strain of the back sinews, so severe as to defy the usual remedies. Other remedies having failed, we were induced to try St. Jacob's Oil and after using it a few days, the lameness entirely disappeared, and the horse has since stood constant work. We have also used the Oil most successfully for bruises. It is a remedy that should be at hand in every stable."

Harvesting Gems and Gold.

CHATTANOOGA, Tenn., Dec. 9.—Great excitement yesterday in Western North Carolina over the discovery of a new gold mine near Marion, McDowell county. Scores of miners are flocking there from all sections, and some valuable pockets are said to have been discovered. Wonderful gems, rubies, amethysts have been recently picked up in that county.

Some Foolish People.

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50cts. and $1.00.

Trial size free at C. N. Boyd's.

Cutting Teeth at 80 Years.

BERNVILLE, PA., Dec. 9.—Daniel Klahr, aged 80 years, is getting his third set of teeth. Mr. Klahr was 80 years of age on March 10 last. He lost his second set of teeth about 10 years ago. He has no pain, but experienced a strange sensation in his mouth. Mr. Klahr is in the enjoyment of excellent health and performs his usual daily labors.

The Great American Chorus.

Sneezing, snuffling and coughing! This is the music all over the land just now. And will be until June. "I've got such an awful cold in my head." Cure it with Ely's Cream Balm or it may end in the toughest form of Catarrh. Maybe you have catarrh now. Nothing is more nauseous or dreadful. This remedy masters it as no other ever did. Not a snuff nor a liquid. Applied by the finger to the nostrils. Pleasant, certain, radical.

A Brakeman Arrested for Robbery.

CUMBERLAND, MD., Dec. 10.—William Elsbeck, of Connellsville, a brakeman on the Pittsburg division, and William E. Riley, of Cumberland, were arrested to-day for knocking down with a billet and robbing Levi T. Dove in an alley near the Queen City Hotel pavement, between 12 and 1 o'clock last night. The parties were committed for court.

Is in store for all who use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs, the great guaranteed remedy. Would you believe that it is sold on its merits and that each druggist is authorized to refund your money by the Proprietor of this wonderful remedy if it fails to cure you. C. N. Boyd has secured the agency for it.

Price 50 cents and $1.00. Trial size free.

Best and Cheapest.

Two Weekly Newspapers for the Price of One.

And the Best Daily at Low Rates.

The Harrisburg WEEKLY PATRIOT is a large eight-page sheet and contains a greater variety of reading matter than any other paper published. It is newsy, spicy, instructive and entertaining. The subscription price of the WEEKLY PATRIOT is $1.90 per annum, cash in advance.

CLUBBING.

The WEEKLY PATRIOT and New York *Weekly Sun* will be sent to any address, post paid, one year for $1.90; the WEEKLY PATRIOT and New York *Weekly World* to any address, post paid, for one year for $1.90; the WEEKLY PATRIOT and the Philadelphia Saturday *Record*, post paid, one year for $1.90; the WEEKLY PATRIOT and Philadelphia *Weekly Times*, post paid, one year for $1.85. In all cases the cash must accompany the order.

THE DAILY PATRIOT

is the only morning paper published at the state capital; the only morning paper outside of Philadelphia and Pittsburgh that gets the complete Associated Press news, and that has a general system of special telegrams; and the only daily that reaches the interior towns of Pennsylvania before the Philadelphia and New York papers. The DAILY PATRIOT has been greatly improved in all its departments within the last six months and is now equal in all respects and superior in some, to the dailies of the larger cities. Price by mail $6.00 per annum in advance (or $7.00 if not paid in advance); $3.00 for six months, in advance; $1.50 for three months, in advance; 50c. for one month, in advance; to clubs of five, $5.00 per copy per annum; to clubs of ten, $4.50 per annum, payable in advance. The DAILY PATRIOT and the Philadelphia *Daily Record* (Sunday edition excepted) will be sent one year for $8.00 cash in advance. Send for specimen copies of the DAILY and WEEKLY PATRIOT. In remitting money for subscription send postoffice money order, check or draft. Address

PATRIOT PUBLISHING CO.,
320 MARKET STREET,
Parrisburg, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County Pa., there will be sold at public sale at Rockwood, Somerset county, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 27, 1884,

at 1 o'clock p m. the following described real estate, late of Jacob S. Miller, deceased, to wit:

No. 1. Two lots of ground in the village of Rockwood, aforesaid, bounded on the west by Main street, on the north by lot of Penrose Wolf, on the south by lot of Joseph D. Miller, and on the east by lot of John Heinbaugh, with a Two-story Frame Dwelling House, Stable, etc, thereon erected.

No. 2. A Valuable Farm situate in Milford Township aforesaid, about 2 miles east of Rockwood, adjoining lands of Will Brothers, Simon Hauger, Jacob Miller, Adam Baker, Peter Buechly, and others, containing

160 Acres,

More or less, having a Two-story Frame Dwelling House, Bank Barn, and other buildings thereon erected; a fine Orchard, Coal, Limestone, Iron Ore, Fire Clay, and excellent Water on the premises.

TERMS:

Ten per cent of purchase money to be paid on day of sale; the balance of one-third on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years; the deferred payments to bear interest from day of sale, and to be secured by judgment bond.

JOSEPH D. Miller,
Administrator of Jacob S. Miller

dec3

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate!

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court to the undersigned directed, they will offer at public sale on the premises, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1885,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late of Wm. H. Hoffman, dec'd, to wit:

A valuable farm situate in Jenner township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Solomon Simpson, Jacob Arisman, Jacob Hoffman and Alex Hoffman, containing about

100 Acres.

The buildings are, a Two-story Plank Dwelling House, nearly new; New Bank Barn. About 75 acres are cleared and in a good state of cultivation; balance of the tract well timbered. Coal and Limestone on the premises; Also, a Good Sugar Camp. Well watered.

TERMS:

$100 on the day of sale; $600 on the 1st of April, 1885; balance in two equal annual payments; one-third after the payment of debts, to remain a lien as dower. Deferred payments to bear interest from April 1, 1885, and to be secured by judgment bond. Possession given April 1, 1885.

AMY R. HOFFMAN,
ALEXANDER HOFFMAN,
Admrs. of W. H. Hoffman, dec'd

dec17.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,

PHYSICIAN AND DRUGGIST,

SOMERSET, PA.

CHRONIC DISEASES a SPECIALTY.

The Purest and Best

DRUGS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, PATENT MEDICINES, STATIONERY, &c., &c., &c.,

Kept constantly on hand, and sold at the

VERY LOWEST PRICES.

Store and Office on Main Street, three doors East of the Somerset House, Somerset, Pa. A share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited. Call and inspect my stock.

J. M. LOUTHER, M. D.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Eliza Heffley, late of the Borough of Somerset, Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphan's Court of Somerset County, Pa., to examine and pass upon all claims presented, and make a distribution of the funds in the hands of Henry Heffley and John M. Holderbaum, Administrators of Eliza Heffley, dec'd., to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will sit for the purpose of performing the duties of said appointment at his office in the Borough of Somerset, on Thursday, the 8th day of January, 1885, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all parties interested can attend.

J. L. PUGH,
Auditor.

dec17.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Tobias Blough, dec'd, late of Quemahoning township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, January 17, 1885, at the late residence of deceased.

SAMUEL F. BERKEY,
LARIAS BLOUGH,
Executors.

Dec10.

DR. SADLER,

OCULIST AND AURIST,

804 Penn