WHY WEEP?

They stood by a bier; her sad, sweet eyes bore
not a trace of tears,
Though the silent form was one she had loved
from earliest, infant years.
"You do not weep?" he, troubled, asked, with a
stranger and nameless dread.
The answer came low: "The living have drained
my suffering eyes; I've no tears for the dead.

For the living I weep, for the living I mourn;
their pathway is strewn with strife;
They fill my soul, they flood my eyes; I weep not
for death but life.
If I lay there in that narrow bed I'd ask not a
single tear:
They are needed to water the grass of life, to
strengthen it year by year.

"We waste our tears on those who have passed
o'er a lifetime of toil and trouble;
We toss on the stormy waters of life, while their's
know's scarce a bubble.
In death there is rest, in death there is peace.
What cause find I here for sorrow,
In this dear-loved face, as pure and calm as a
child that wakes on the morrow?"

—*May Forney.*

A PARLIAMENTARY SCENE.

The House of Commons on the Last Night of the Home Rule Debate.

LONDON, June 8.

A stranger arriving yesterday at four o'clock in the House would have thought it a joke had any one told him that the occasion was one of unparalleled excitement and interest. There was the Speaker, robed and wigged as usual, in the chair, the clerks were at the table, business was proceeding, but on the benches of the House not twenty members were to be seen. He might have remarked that the strangers' gallery and Speaker's gallery were crowded, but that is not uncommon on an ordinary night. If he had known that ere this sitting was ended the House of Commons was to say Aye or No to the most momentous question of the century—to give or to deny Home Rule to Ireland—he would have said that if the English take their pleasures sadly they perform grave business in the most light-hearted way. There was, in fact, but a single indication inside the House of the gravity of the occasion, but that one though easily overlooked was decisive. In the little frame at the back of each seat was a member's card. The card signified that its owner had come down to the House before prayers, been present, actually or constructively, at that ceremony, deposited his hat and so secured the seat which the card retained for him. And not one of the little frames was empty, except behind seats reserved for Ministers or great persons. The oblong bits of white card which gave the green benches the look of a curiously-constructed chess-board signified that presently the House would be thronged to its utmost capacity.

For a moment it is private bill business that is going on, and the owners of all these cards are in the lobby, the library, the smoking room, or squiring dames on the terrace. The Speaker transacts this routine business in a business-like way, ready, decisive, unfaltering. But he will be seen at his best later in the evening, when amid interruptions that beset orator after orator, Mr. Speaker Peel enforces order and restores the dignity of debate by what can only be described as the dignity of his own presence. When he has to call an offending member or a riotous party to order, his voice rings out with military sharpness, and the Irishmen themselves are not long in paying heed to his authority. But for the present he is doing the ordinary duty of the presiding officer of what Englishmen are fond of calling the greatest Parliamentary assembly in the world. The word which best describes him is urbanity.

As question time comes on the House slowly fills. The front Opposition bench has long been crowded before Ministers begin to arrive. The Irish quarter is densely populated while yet the Liberal and Tory domains are like a Western settlement. It is a belief among the older members that the Parnellites never leave the House; certain it is that they are never absent or their ranks thin when work is to be done. The discipline is the admiration and the despair of Liberal and Tory Whips alike. If Mr. Parnell himself is not very punctual in attendance, he is the cause of punctuality in the Parnellite phalanx. The martinet colonel of a fighting regiment is not more punctual at roll call than the champion of Irish liberty. Familiar faces begin to light up both sides of the House, but they are allowed to come without much audible welcome. The Tories have no greeting for their leader, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, nor for his leader, Lord Randolph Churchill. But it was noticed that Lord Randolph was the bearer of a monster petition. It was assumed that the petition was against home Rule, and the Tories saluted the great roll of paper with the usual but not always apt cry of "Hear, hear!" Then came a laugh when Lord Randolph in his best House of Commons manner announced that his petition was from 40,000 of the Lord's Day Rest Association, who object to the opening of museums on Sundays.

The first real cheer was at a quarter to five, for Mr. Goschen, who is to resume the debate. Mr. Gladstone's arrival a minute or two later was the signal for an outbreak that started from the Parnellite benches, was caught up by the Ministerialists opposite, and presently seemed to kindle even in Tory breasts a spark of enthusiasm for their great adversary. The acoustic properties of the House are peculiar, and it is not always easy to say where the cheers come from or where they end. Time was when the matter was simple. Tories on one side, Liberals on the other, and few mistakes made by either. But the House has become a House of groups; on Mr. Speaker's left, Tories above the gangway, Parnellites below; while on the right are huddled together Ministerialists, Hartingtonians, Chamberlainites, Radicals, Waverers, in inextricable confusion.

Mr. Gladstone has under his arm a red dispatch box, which presently is found to contain the copious notes of his speech, and in his hand that jar of yellow—and no doubt "judicious"—mixture which is irreverently known in the House as his pomatum pot. A white rose in the buttonhole of his black frock coat looks hardly whiter than his face, on which falls the strange light that enters the chamber from the stained windows close to the carved oaken cornice. The chemical composition of these ghastly rays, whatever it may be, produces upon the human countenance an effect like electric illumination. Complexions streaked with sharp shadows are to be seen all over the House. By and by a soft yellow radiance streams through the glass panelling of the ceiling, puts out the deepening dusk of the afternoon, and restores to most of these faces a more cheerful look. But nothing from the outside can warm the pallor of Mr. Gladstone's countenance, though more than once you will see as the debate goes on a flush of angry carmine come into his cheeks.

He advances swiftly along the narrow lane between the clerks' table and the bench whence stretch out the innumerable legs of his colleagues, who seem to compose a centipede Cabinet. The Grand Old Man's step, if less elastic than of yore, is quick and firm, his air confident if not buoyant. The pose of the head, which has sunk deeper than it once was between the shoulders, is still a pose of beautiful dignity; the head, I almost think, more unapproachably magnificent, more august than ever. Right or wrong, never was he so great as in his loneliness of to-day, when friends have fallen off from him, when his political associates are arrayed against, when he is fighting all but single-handed, when the comrades who once stood by him have set lance in rest against their old chief, when there is only the single white plume of Navarre to which his hosts can rally. If he wins this battle he may well say, "Alone I did it,"—but he is not to win it, and so one must be content to declare that if unconquerable courage, if conduct and resource, if matchless dexterity and a power of debate to which no rival has attained, could win, Mr. Gladstone would indeed have won.

Lord Hartington slips past unnoticed from behind the Speaker's chair, but presently going out is cheered as he returns. He is perhaps the one man through all this difficult business who has earned the respect of all parties and escaped the censure of all. Anybody might do as much by concession, by compliance, by compromise. Lord Hartington has broken with his leader, divided his party, disappointed keen hopes, brought to wreck a great policy, adhered inflexibly to his principles. But he has so borne himself as to extort admiration from those who most deplore his course,—from Mr. Gladstone most of all. No man doubts his sincerity or his simplicity of aim; none ever imputed to him the least indirectness of method or selfishness of motive. He if anybody is a representative of class, and if class had no unworthier representative the spirit of class would be a reproach to no man.

Mr. Chamberlain walks in from the opposite door, gets a noisy welcome from the Tories, a quieter one from his friends among the gangway, and nothing but black looks from the Irish. He has done the Irish less harm than Lord Hartington; he takes with him a less numerous following into the lobby, but he is detested by Mr. Parnell's company of patriots as no other man is detested. Calumny rains down upon him, and not from Irish skies alone. The true Gladstonian—the idolater—who can speak with kindly regret of Lord Hartington, whitens with anger when he names Mr. Chamberlain. I think he has had hard usage, and I have absolute faith in his sincerity, but I set down the facts as they are. He faces friend and foe with unruffled serenity of mien; a smile just softens the outlines of his smooth cheek as the music of the cheers reaches him; and of the black looks he is, or seems, blissfully unconscious. He would not be Mr. Chamberlain without his orchids any more than Mr. Gladstone would be Mr. Gladstone without his rose or his shirt collars.

Stranger still is it to mark the welcome of the Tories to Mr. Bright, for whom their cheers rise high. Singular days are these upon which we have fallen when Tory applause heralds the approach of every Liberal, save one, whom Liberals have delighted to honor, and when the Liberal party in the House of Commons consists of Mr. Gladstone and a certain numbers of ciphers after his name. Mr. Bright has not spoken, will not speak; he has no longer, they say, confidence enough in his nerve to address the House in a great debate and in antagonism to the great leader he still dearly loves. He has made his contribution to the cause he believes in by letter—a letter which, as much as any one influence, sent the waverers finally into the No lobby. It is pathetic to see his snow-white head and closed lips. He takes his place next Mr. Chamberlain on the second bench below the gangway, above or below which are grouped nearly all the Liberal leaders who have declined Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Shibboleth. Mr. Trevelyan is one of them. His deepset, luminous eyes look out from a fringe of white hair that belongs not to his years. We all know what long agony and loyal service it was that gave the look of premature age to a man still in the prime of life and of his brilliant faculties.

Questions which are often exciting, are so dull to-day that the murmur of talk is never stilled on the floor below us, and members come up to the galleries to chat with friends whom they have recognized. There is no such muster of spectators as on the first night of this long debate. No Royality over the Clock; the royalties are at Ascot, where the sport is more to the mind of the Royal Highness who, were he here, would be sealed over the Clock. A Peer whom none of us knows sits in his place. The Peers themselves are mostly at Ascot; their benches are pretty full, but late comers still find places. The foremost figure among them is the Red Earl, who owes his picturesque name to a faint line of flame color in his yellowish brown beard—Earl Spencer. The stamp of the patrician is on him—no man so quiet in manner, none of quite the same personal distinction; none, I fancy, who relishes less the adulation now poured on him from the lips that used to reek with calumny and curses. His successor in the Viceroyalty of Ireland, the young black-bearded, glittering-eyed Earl of Aberdeen, sits not far off. The Earl of Dalhousi sits in the row behind them; he, at any rate, a convinced or convinceable Home Ruler so long ago as when he was Lord Ramsay and Liberal member for Liverpool; not so very long ago either, as the fresh youthfulness of his sympathetic and sincere face testifies. At one time or another during the long evening the Duke of Norfolk is visible; visible also is that remarkable personage Brabourne, who accepted a peerage from Mr. Gladstone only to find his conscience compelling him to vote steadily against his creator, and to wear his coronet, as Lord Rosebery told him in the House of Lords, as a crown of thorns. He has lately taken Mr. Chamberlain under his ill-omened patronage, and Mr. Sexton, who is capable of epigram, christened this noble author of nursery tales Mr. Chamberlain's fairy godmother. If you look at his face you will not think the point of the epigram blunted by the change of sex.

All these and many more are on the left of the clock, which is exactly opposite the Speaker. On the right in the diplomatic and special galleries celebrities are select rather than numerous. The tall figure of Count Hatzfield, the German Ambassador, looks down on Count Corti, his colleague from Italy, whom he completely dwarfs. Into this front row came later, not long before Mr. Gladstone rose, a slight, gray-haired, keen-eyed, wrinkled, delightful and admirable little man, about whom whispers at once began to circulate. I suppose there were few men who did not recognize the piquant personality of Doctor Oliver Wendell Holmes, for some weeks past the person to be met with most frequently in the greatest variety of places in all London. I had noticed in the lobby the genial face of Mr. Burnand, but saw him in none of the three galleries accessible to the stranger. Nor even on so great a night as this could I discover any one else who could be named as a distinguished stranger, unless the excellent Cannon McColl or Rev. Newman Hall may be thought to attain to that statute.

I can look past Count Hatfield's broad shoulders or over Count Corti's head, and over the countless heads of honorable members below, to the gallery where the ladies present ought to be visible but are not. Between them and the House is the close grating which for some reason inappreciable to the non-Parliamentary mind the Commons, persist in maintaining. I have never heard that the open galleries in the Lords, where the Peeresses gather for a dress debate, in dazzling raiment, impaired the political virtue or business efficiency of the Upper Chamber. Perhaps the Commons are more susceptible or less confident. Behind the bars of the cage one sees dimly certain forms, or certain patches of color; the flash of a jewel or the gleam of bright eyes, but to recognize the owners of them is impossible. Nor is there much time to mourn over this deprivation. While we have been gazing the House has filled even fuller, the droning answers to tiresome questions have ceased; a hush has come over the multitude. A clear voice is heard from the far end of the chamber saying, "Government of Ireland Bill," and a moment later Mr. Goschen is up.—*George W. Smalley, London Correspondent of New York Tribune.*

The New Torpedoes.

A recent report of the House Naval Committee, to accompany its bill providing for an increase of the naval establishment, says:

"We have absolutely no auto-mobile torpedoes. Our system of submarine mines or stationary torpedoes has reached a considerable degree of perfection, but a hostile fleet, protected by its armor plates from our shore batteries, could with impunity, by means of auto-mobile torpedoes, blast its way through all such obstructions. We are, therefore, absolutely helpless against an invasion from the sea, so helpless that we should hesitate to publish the fact to the world were it not already everywhere else better known than to the people of America."

Returning to this subject further on, the same committee declared that "the United States has not now a single torpedo boat or torpedo catcher, and our Government does not own one auto-mobile torpedo."

Now at last there is promise of escape from this perilous inefficiency, so far as torpedoes are concerned. One trouble has been that the leading auto-mobile torpedoes hitherto have been of foreign invention and manufacture, and the Government has had a natural desire to supply itself with the products of American ingenuity. European and Asiatic nations use the Whitehead torpedo, which can be automatically driven beneath the water through a distance of perhaps one-third of a mile. Captain Howell, of our navy has an automatic invention, which, although still not brought to perfection, is considered by its friends to avoid some of the faults found with the Whitehead. Admiral Simpson recently spoke of it as superior to the latter. Then there are the Sims-Edison torpedoes, of which five have been ordered by the Government for experiments and two or more already delivered at Willett,s Point. In this last device the motive power is electricity. The original Sims or fish torpedo was pronounced by a Board appointed under an act of Congress to be cumbersome to stow and awkward to handle, but, above all, too slow for efficiency, while the cables were also liable to displacement. But in these devices gains are steadily made; and now it is said that the speed attained is at the rate of eleven knots an hour, while General Abbott speaks of one Sims torpedo moving at nine miles an hour against an obstruction, under which it dived and then continued its course uninjured. It was already long ago shown by the Government Board that the float of this torpedo was practically safe against injury by the fire of machine guns, althoug exposed to such fire.

The Howell torpedo went through unfortunate experiences last summer, in one case sinking out of sight. Its propellers are driven by the stored-up velocity of steam imparted to a heavy fly-wheel by the engines of the steam launch. The Government Board highly commended it for simplicity, economy of cost, lightness, ease in handling and accuracy, but asked more speed from it. The device, like the others, has been improved. The Haight-Lay torpedo was found by the Government Board to be too much exposed to the fire of machine guns as its course could be readily seen; yet it was considered to embody valuable features for harbor defense. The Berdan torpedo finds its motive power in a gas generated by the combustion of rock powder, which turns the torpedo's screw, and in addition has a device for coupling two torpedoes, so that when they first strike an obstruction, the second is let fall at an angle that allows it to dive under the obstruction and explode beyond against the vessel itself. The Device of Lieutenant M. E. Hall has been recently described in the *Sun*. At its trial the other day on Lake Erie, the breaking of a fine-coupling prevented its merits from being fully tested. Out of these and other recent devices something should be found to remove the reproach that we alone among maritime powers possess no self-moving torpedoes. Congress ought to provide at this session for the purchase both of torpedoes and torpedo vessels.—*N. Y. Sun.*

How to Get Rid of Dirt.

One of the easy ways of getting rid of dirt is not to invite it to come in. How? By not having any woolen carpets, especially those that have a cotton or lined back, like Brussels or tapestry carpets. There being no way for the dust to sift through on to the paper or floor below it is constantly flying up when disturbed. A three-ply carpet is a good thing to catch the drift, as it gets into the middle ply, and it is almost impossible to sweep or beat it out. Two-ply are easier to keep clean, but why have any? What! would you have bare floors? Not just that—I would compromise. Have less carpets and more rugs, that can be taken up weekly, put on the line out of doors and beaten. The "Art Squares," as they are called, furnish a carpet good enough for most people. They come in good quality light or heavy, small or large sizes so fitting different sized rooms, woven in quite tasteful colors with borders and fringes. What can be prettier or easier kept clean? In carpeting a floor the first thing to be considered is the floor itself. If your floor is slightly uneven anywhere, if there is nothing to prevent, whatever kind of carpet you have is sure to wear through on the uneven places first. It is "penny wise and pound foolish" to put hay or straw under a carpet, because it cannot be put down evenly; unless it is fresh it will make your room smell close and stuffy. Leave the hay in the barn. The wise woman begins at the foundation by putting down the best carpet paper she can buy; the firmer and thicker the better. The best I have found is a plain, heavy paper that is made on purpose. That with cotton stitched between soon goes to pieces when cleaner, unless very carefully handled. This paper is carefully fitted around door and window-casings to keep out moths, also cold. It covers all inequalities of the boards, keeps out cold and when cleaning day comes and the carpet is taken up you will find most of the dirt on the paper, which can be rolled up and carried out of doors, and your floor is left clean.

The trial of the Milwaukee Anarchists has begun, as has also that of the Haymarket rioters in Chicago.

Watching Eggs Hatch.

"It was Oscar Wilde, wasn't it?" remarked yesterday a gentleman who had just returned from Europe, "who said of a dead girl in ode of his poems that 'she can hear the daisies grow'? Well, you needn't call that a flight of poetic fancy any longer. I can tramp it in real life."

"How so?"

"By seeing an egg hatch."

"Oh, come off!"

"No, it's a fact. I don't mean looking at the egg as it lies in the nest and just seeing the shell, but I mean seeing the inside of it and watching the gradual development of the chick from a globule of egg yolk to a lively, downy, chirping fowl ready to go out and forage for worms. It was over at Tubingen University, Germany, that I saw it. Great fellows for research, those German professors. This one was Dr. Gerlach, who seems to have given himself up to investigating the growth of life. And now he's sitting up nights watching eggs turn into chickens. How does he do it? I'll tell you.

"He takes a fresh egg and cuts a bit of shell out of the little end. He chooses that end so as not to disturb the air bubble at the big end. The bit of shell he cuts out is as big as a nickel, and he takes it out just as a surgeon would trepan a cracked skull. Then he can see the inside of the egg as plain as can be. He takes a little of the white out, just enough to turn the yolk around so the germ is where he can see it. Then he puts the white back very gently and seals it up. He has a little glass saucer, very thin, big over as your thumb nail and curved just like the bit of shell he cut out. He puts this over the hole, being careful to let no air remain under it, and seals it on tight with collodion. And there you are, you can see everything inside the egg shell as plain as in a tea cup. Put it in an incubator with a glass side, and you can watch the whole process of the growth of the chick until he picks his way out of the shell. You can take it out of the incubator now and then and examine it as closely as you please. And I believe Dr. Gerlach is now preparing a set of photographs of the interior of the egg, one taken every hour, from the placing of the egg in the incubator to the hopping out of the hatched chick. Now, talk about hearing daisies grow!"

That Door Spring.

He slid quietly into a Jefferson avenue hardware store yesterday forenoon, unrolled a paper on the counter, and as he held up a patent door-spring he said:

"I buy him two days ago, and I would like to exchange him for a whetstone."

"What's the matter?"

"Vhell, I can't make him fit on my screen door."

"Why, that's the easiest thing in the world. See here—this end screws on the door, and that end on the casing."

"I tried him dot vhay, und he doan' vork."

"You tried the wrong way."

"I tries him eafery vhay. Sometimes der door vhas vide open, und all der flies in Michigan go in, und sometimes he vas shut oop so tight I can't get in my own house. I begin on him in der morning und I don't leave off till night, but he won't vork right."

"That's very curious. What tools did you have?"

"I use a hammer und screw drifer und cold-shisel und saw und augur und crowbar und lots more, but he doan' spring. My wife works at him too, und my hired man he lose half a day, und I vhas discouraged. I guess I trade him for a whetstone."

"Well, I'll exchange with you, but I'm sure I can show you how to adjust it."

"I guess I doan' try any more. You see, my life vas short, and I can't spare mooch time mit machinery. If I get a whetstone I doan' haf to screw him ub or turn him round. He vas all right both ends oop. Maybe he doan' keep oudt flies, but he makes no troubles for me."

The exchange was made, and the man went away light-hearted, calling back from the door:

"I can make oudt a whetstone all right, und I vhas obliged mit you. A whetstone vinds oop only one vhay all der time."

A Struggle for Principle.

A rainy day had housed us up in the cabin of a Tennessean, and about 9 o'clock in the morning a man who was addressed by our host as Uncle Billy, came riding up through the steady pour on a mule. The animal was placed in the stable, and as the two men entered the house our host observed:

"Well, Uncle Billy, how'll you trade mules?"

"Oh, 'bout three dollars tew boot," was the answer.

They returned to the stables and talked until noon. Then we had dinner, and they talked until 4 o'clock. The rain let up a bit then, and we went out to see a cave, leaving them talking mule. We returned at 6 and they were still at it. We had supper and the interrupted conversation was resumed and kept up until 9 o'clock. We went off to bed with Uncle Billy saying:

"Tell ye what I'll dew. I'll trade fur three dollars tew boot."

It thundered about midnight, and I woke up and heard that mule talk still going. At 6 o'clock I got up. Uncle Billy was just riding away.

"Well, how did you come out?" I asked of our host.

"Beat him down to two dollars and three bits," he replied.

"So you save, two shillings?"

"Exactly though I wasn't working for that. It was the principle of the thing I looked at."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Father, did the boy really stand on the burning deck?" asked Gren's hopeful progeny, the other day. "No, George, he stood on three kings, and he put the deck up his sleeve to use as occasion demands."

H. H. Swift & Co., New York sugar importers, have suspended. Liabilities $1,000,000.

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IT COMPLETELY CURES

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WILLIAM MOORE.

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Cold in Head, Catarrh, Hay Fever.
Not a Liquid, Snuff or Powder. Free from Injurious Drugs and Offensive Odors.
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A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. ELY BROS., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

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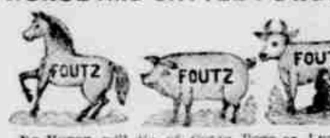

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German Asthma Cure is sold by all druggists at 50c. and $1., or sent by mail on receipt of price. Trial package free to any address for stamp. R. SCHIFFMAN, M.D., St. Paul, Minn.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Kauffman, deceased, late of Conemaugh Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of administration of the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, August 2, 1886, at the late residence of the deceased.

ISAAC L. YODER,
Administrator.
june2.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Levi Knepper, deceased, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before Friday, the 2d day of July, 1886, at the late residence of deceased, in Lavansville.

W. P. HAY,
Adm. Cum Testamento Annexo.
may 26.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Peter Walker, dec'd.

The undersigned, duly appointed by the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, to pass upon the exceptions, take the testimony and report a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Administrator, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment on Thursday, the 15th day of July, 1886, at his office in Somerset, when and where all persons interested may attend.

H. L. BAER,
Auditor.
june23.

RED STAR TRADE MARK COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

The Eruption of Etna.

Lord Bury sends to the London *Times* an extract from a private letter describing the eruption of Etna. The writer is engineer in charge of the Palermo-Corleone railway. His letter is dated Catania, May 24:—

"After about three hours' climbing we got to within a couple of miles of the crater itself. It is at the side of Etna, you know, not near the top, that this eruption has broken out, and we got on to a bit of high ground overlooking the whole scene. It was still daylight when we got up there so that we saw the whole thing by daylight. It was the most glorious and indescribable sight I ever saw in my life. It is perfectly impossible to describe it, as no one can have any conception of what it is like until they see it, and also until they see it from where we did, which was on high ground overlooking nearly the whole of it. At the top of this enormous crater, throwing out flames and throwing up stones some hundreds of yards, with a continual roar, like any number of battles going on, and just below is another mouth from which the lava comes, traveling at a tremendous pace. It divides into several streams and follows the valleys. Now imagine, from where we were that night with our backs to Catania, what we saw. On our right this enormous flame going hundreds of feet into the air, making the whole sky bright red and all down past us from our right, and extending down miles to the left streams of red hot lava moving downward in a mass for miles, and looking like an enormous sea of red hot coke. The width across the lava where we were was, perhaps, three or four miles, and it started about two miles above us and flowed some four miles or so below us, so you must imagine a sea of angry, red-hot lava five or six miles long, and three or four wide, and about thirty or forty feet deep, but all of it bright red. You can judge whether it was a sight worth seeing. I would not have missed it for worlds. The lava is not liquid, as most people suppose, but consists of many millions of large and small blocks of rocky looking stuff rolling onward. We saw one huge rock of old lava standing in the middle of the stream of lava, which was divided by it and ran around it; the rock was about the size of (say) Quidenham Church, and this rock suddenly split into two parts, the smaller half crumbled up and the other half was carried bodily down with the stream, slowly and steadily. We watched it until we left, and it moved about three-quarters of a mile in about three-quarters of an hour. We waited there until nearly midnight, as we could not venture down until the moon got up, and then we reluctantly left this magnificent sight, which, as I tell you, no description can give you any idea of."

Hay Fever and Rose Cold

Are attended by an inflamed condition of the lining membrane of the nostrils, tear ducts and throat, affecting the lungs. An acrid mucus is secreted, the discharge is accompanied with a burning sensation. There are severe spasms of sneezing, frequent attacks of headache, watery and inflamed eyes. Ely's Cream Balm is a remedy that can be depended upon. 50 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Ely Brothers, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Of course when a man is sound and well he don't care a copper for all the medicine on the face of the earth. He has no use for it. But when disease is eating his life out he wants the right prescription and he wants it right away. For that reason all who know what Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is turn to that for help, and it never disappoints them. And it is just as beneficial to new friends as it is to old ones. Pleasant to the palate, and gentle in its action.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

My liver was so fearfully disordered and I felt so feeble and languid that I scarcely took interest in anything. Tried all the so-called remedies without relief until I used Parker's Tonic, which effected a permanent cure.—David Bash, Little Rock, Ark.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Mitchell, who is preparing to fight Sullivan, is said to bathe daily in whisky. Sullivan is believed to do the same, only he doesn't waste the liquor on his outside."

Men such as U. S. Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, are loud in their praise of St. Jacobs Oil as an instantaneous cure for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica and other bodily pains.

"HACKMETACK" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth. G. W. Benford & Son.

"Why should not the time come when the name of Dr. David Kennedy shall be associated in the public mind with the purification of the blood, as the name of Harvey now is with its circulation. For certainly no other medical man has done as much to that end as he has. And it is also important that people should know that the result of his labors are within reach of all in the form of Dr. Kennedy's 'Favorite Remedy.'"—*Evening Journal.*

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cts., 50 cts., and $1. G. W. Benford & Son.

What is more disagreeable to a lady than to know that her hair has not only lost its color, but is full of dandruff? Yet such was the case with mine until I used Parker's Hair Balsam. My hair is now black and perfectly clean and glossy.—Mrs. E. Sweeny, Chicago, Ill.

ARE YOU MADE miserable by Indigestion Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

A decision in the celebrated McArthur will case is expected in the U. S. Court, Cincinnati, to-day.

Everybody's companion is nobody's friend, but Red Star Cough Cure is everybody's friend. Prof. Grothe, of the Brooklyn Board of Health, endorses it as prompt, safe, and sure. Price, twenty-five cents a bottle.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A gold mine was recently discovered near Lexington, Ind.

FOR THE BLOOD
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Combining IRON with PURE VEGETABLE TONICS, quickly and completely CLEANSES and ENRICHES THE BLOOD. Quickens the action of the Liver and Kidneys. Clears the complexion, makes the skin smooth. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—ALL OTHER IRON MEDICINES DO.
Physicians and Druggists everywhere recommend it.

DR. N. S. RUGGLES, of Marion, Mass., says: "I recommend Brown's Iron Bitters as a valuable tonic for enriching the blood, and removing all dyspeptic symptoms. It does not hurt the teeth."
DR. R. M. DELZELL, Reynolds, Ind., says: "I have prescribed Brown's Iron Bitters in cases of anaemia and blood diseases, also when a tonic was needed, and it has proved thoroughly satisfactory."
MR. WM. BYRNS, 26 St. Mary St., New Orleans, La., says: "Brown's Iron Bitters relieved me in a case of blood poisoning, and I heartily commend it to those needing a blood purifier."
MR. W. W. MONAHAN, Tuscumbia, Ala., says: "I have been troubled from childhood with Impure Blood and eruption on my face—two bottles of Brown's Iron Bitters effected a perfect cure. I cannot speak too highly of this valuable medicine."

Genuine has above Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Made only by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

The Best and Cheapest
JOB WORK
AT THIS OFFICE.

Attention, Farmers!

I want *A GOOD AGENT* in every Township to sell *Sherwood Novelty Steel Harness*, the best Plow and Farm Harness on earth. Price only fifteen dollars per double set. Use no whiffle-trees. Good pay to agents. Send for a Circular. Call on or address JOHN W. CUPP, Gen. Ag't, Somerset, Pa.
april4-6m.

CHAMPION
FANNING MILL.
MANUFACTURED BY
Frank H. Sufall.

To farmers desiring to make a good investment in the old Champion Mill, formerly known as the "Kooser Mill," they will do well by calling on me at my shop on corner of Patriot and Rosina Streets. I now offer to the public a cheap and reliable mill, as I am determined not to be undersold. I will offer unprecedented bargains too those desiring a good mill.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

F. H. SUFALL.
may18-6m. Somerset, Pa.

$1000 GUARANTEED ANIMAL BONE FERTILIZERS Increase Crops and Improves the Land. Send for Circular. Josh. Horner, Jr. & CO. BALTIMORE, MD.

Fences FOR Farmers.

Prettiest, Cheapest, and Most Durable.

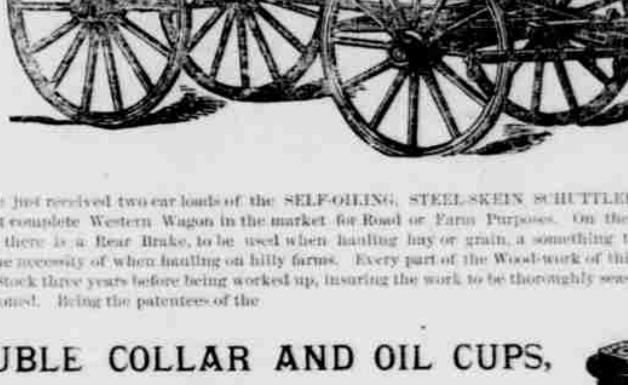
HORSE HIGH, BULL STRONG, AND PIG TIGHT.

SOMETHING NEW.

We are engaged in the manufacture of this fence at Somerset and Meyersdale. It is the most Durable, and strongest fence known. No barbs, no injury to stock. Factory in Somerset at the old Kooser carriage factory.
may19-tf. J. M. MARSHALL & SON.

The Old Reliable
Schuttler Wagon.

Established in Chicago in 1842.



I have just received two car loads of the SELF-OILING, STEEL-SKEIN SCHUTTLER WAGONS, the most complete Western Wagon in the market for Road or Farm Purposes. On the SCHUTTLER WAGON there is a Rear Brake, to be used when hauling hay or grain, a something that farmers know the necessity of when hauling on hilly farms. Every part of the Wood-work of this wagon has laid in Stock three years before being worked up, insuring the work to be thoroughly seasoned before being ironed. Being the patentees of the

DOUBLE COLLAR AND OIL CUPS,

It is the only Wagon made that has this improvement. It avoids the necessity of taking off the wheels to grease, as in the old style; by simply turning a cap the wagon can be oiled in less than five minutes. This Wagon wants to be seen to be fully appreciated, and parties wishing to buy will do well to see it before purchasing elsewhere.

Every Wagon Fully Insured.

In offering this make of Wagon to the public, will say I used the same make of Wagon for five years when freighting across the Rocky Mountains, over roads that were almost impassable, and they always stood the test. I feel warranted in saying I believe them the Best Wagon on wheels.

Call on Oliver Knepper or Henry Heffley, who will show you the Wagons.

Agents Wanted Throughout the County.

PETER HEFFLEY.

SOMERSET, MARCH 28, 1885.

Somerset Lumber Yard.

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER, WHOLESALER AND RETAILER OF

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS.

Hard and Soft Woods.

OAK, POPLAR, SIDINGS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS,
ASH, WALNUT, FLOORING, SASH, STAIR RAILS,
CHERRY, YELLOW PINE, SHINGLES, DOORS, BALUSTERS,
CHESTNUT, WHITE PINE, LATH, BLINDS, NEWEL POSTS.

A General Line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in stock. Also, can furnish anything in the line of our business to order with reasonable promptness, such as Brackets, Odd-sized work, etc.

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

Office and Yard Opposite S. & C. R. R. Station, Somerset, Pa.

A Constant care is exercised in the sewing of our clothing; Seams, Buttons, Buttonholes are all carefully examined and tested by competent workmen. In short, our stock of Clothing in all essential points is very strong and attractive.

A. C. YATES & CO.
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Best made Clothing in Philadelphia.
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The best Cough Cure you can use,
And the best preventive known for Consumption. It cures bodily pains, and all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints. The feeble and sick, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting towards the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of PARKER'S TONIC, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at $1.00.

HINDERCORNS
The safest, surest, quickest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, Warts, Moles, Callouses, &c. Hinders their further growth. Stops all pain. Gives no trouble. Makes the feet comfortable. Hindercorns cures when everything else fails. Sold by Druggists at 15c. HISCOX & CO., N. Y.

DR. SELLERS'
OVER 1,000,000
BOTTLES SOLD AND NEVER
FAILS TO CURE COUGHS, COLDS,
THROAT AND ALL LUNG TROUBLES
ALL DRUGGISTS SELL IT PRICE,
25 CTS.
COUGH SYRUP
DON'T FORGET THAT
DR. LINDSEY'S BLOOD SEARCHER
ALWAYS CURES PIMPLES, BOILS, SORE EYES, MALERIA, MECURIAL AND ALL BLOOD DISEASES
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.
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CUTTER and TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business, I guarantee satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM M. HOCHSTETLER,
Somerset, Pa.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & CO., Portland, Me. jan25-86-1yr.

FOR SALE: STEAM ENGINES, Clay and Ore Pans, Boilers and Sheet-Iron Work. Second-hand Engines and Boilers on hand. Rebuilding Engines and Machinery a Specialty. THOMAS CARLIN, Allegheny City, Pa. dec30-86-1yr.

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FIFTH AVENUE AND SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURG, PA.
THE LARGEST AMERICAN OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENT.
CLOTHING. SHOES. HATS. FURNISHINGS. TRUNKS. RETAIL AND WHOLESALE
13 Stores in one. $1,500,000 INVESTED! 400 Employees!

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Free Fare to Pittsburg!
Cut this Coupon out, bring it with you, and we will, on presentation of the same at our office, pay your Fare from SOMERSET or any neighboring Station, providing you make a purchase of not less than $30.
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Our Beautifully Illustrated New FASHION BOOK containing all about the new styles of the season, instructing you how to order goods by mail, telling you about our system of preparing all express charges and acquainting you with our enormous establishment and our methods of doing business. This book is almost indispensible to every household. It costs you nothing but will save you many a dollar. Be sure and write for it.

CAUTION! CAUTION! DON'T BE MISLED
By fraudulent houses who represent themselves as our concern. We have NO Branch Stores anywhere. Our only place of business is our Mammoth New Building known as
KAUFMANNS' GRAND DEPOT.
5th Ave. and Smithfield St., DIAGONALLY ACROSS FROM THE POST OFFICE, PITTSBURG, PA.