TRUST.

I cried to my soul's believes!
As he lay on my breast to die,
To send me one word from heaven—
But he answered not, save with a sigh,
A sigh that passed over my spirit
As the death-bell's solemn tone,
Then I knew that my love was in heaven,
And I, on the earth, *alone!*

Alone in the gloom and silence,
I watched through the dreary night,
But no voice came to soothe my sorrow
Till the dawn of morning light.
I saw the chill mist ascending,
And the blue smoke curling high,
Ah, as incense, went up to heaven,
Light only came down from the sky.

The noon-day flooded my anguish
With its glare and its life and noise,
But there came to my weary spirit
No sound of my loved one's voice.
No sound, but of sin and of sorrow,
Of earth with its strife and care:
Ah! how could a breath from heaven
Come down through that troubled air?

I stole to the glen at even,
As the dew fell soft on the ground,
And I lay where we sat so often
With the wooded hills all round.
Then I cried, "O believed! send me
One word in my sore distress!"
And a voice, like a low sweet echo,
Came from heaven and said to me—
"*Trust!*"

NONA'S OBEDIENCE.

A lovely afternoon in the spring, when the balmy air and the fresh, bright toilets of the ladies made a gala day even on Broadway.

Philip Hays stood at his office door, thoughtfully pulling on his neatly fitting gloves. I say "thoughtfully," because that word just describes his state of mind, which was that of halting between two opinions—whether to go for his usual uptown stroll, have a comfortable dinner at the Westminster, and a little flirtation with Jessie Mabin, afterward, or to cross the river and take a train for his brother's lovely place in Jersey. He told himself, as he was carefully buttoning his right hand glove, that the cherries were ripe, and that he really needed a little fresh air and country milk.

But he knew of a far better reason yet, if he would have acknowledged it; and what is more, other people knew it too. Brother Will was wise enough to credit his pretty sister-in-law with Philip's remarkable access of fraternal affection, and little Nona Zabriska herself had a shrewd guess as to what kind of cherries Mr. Philip Hays came to the country to taste.

Well, on this particular afternoon the country proved to be finally the more powerful attraction, and in an hour and a half after the gloves had been fitted to a nicety they were taken off again, but the wearer might clasp the hands of the dearest, sweetest, brightest little country maiden that any man with the right kind of heart or eyes could desire to see.

What Philip said to Nona and what Nona said to Philip, the cherry-trees and the evening star probably know; but it was very delightful and so satisfying that the young people came back to the house without any cherries at all, and presently there was a great deal of hand-shaking and kissing, which ended in a bottle of champagne and mutual good wishes.

Well, after this, for a couple of weeks, there was no hesitating at the office door. Philip said "strawberries" now when his friends rallied him about his sudden passion for the country, and the strawberry excuse did just as well as the cherries.

But as the weather grew hotter, the subject of summer resorts became uppermost. Philip's mother and sister were going to some fashionable Virginia springs and he greatly desired that his little Nona should go with them.

To tell the truth, we did wish she was a little more stylish, and would put up her curls, abandon aprons, and dress as Jessie Mabin did. That would perfectly satisfy him he thought. Yes, Nona Zabriski dressed like Jessie Mabin would leave him nothing to desire.

He went about his plans with that tact which young men who have sisters easily acquire. A little present from Tiffany's, and a modest check "just for spending money," made his sister Cecelia sufficiently interested in his project.

"Nona is a dear little girl, Cecelia," he said. "All she wants is a more stately manner and stylish dress."

"If that is what you desire, Philip, why did you not marry Jessie Mabin? I thought you liked her well enough."

"Because Cecelia, I want a heart inside the dress—a pure, fresh loving heart."

"It seems to me—," But here Cecelia stopped. She was wise enough to know she would be "throwing words away."

The next difficulty was to make Nona delicately understand his wishes, and induce her to accept the invitation sent her by his mother and sister. He approached her under the most favorable circumstances; the moonlight did not betray his confusion, and his encircling arm held her so close to his heart that he had no fear of not securing attention if argument or explanation became necessary.

"I am so glad, Nona, that you are going with Cecile. I am sure it will do you good." And then he stopped and kissed her for emphasis.

"I go to please you Philip. I am quite well, thank you."

"Oh! But I don't mean about your health, Nona. You little witch! Who could have such bright eyes and red lips and not be quite well! I mean about dress and deportment, and those kind of things"

There was a little ominous silence, and then a low grieved voice: "I don't think I understand you, Philip."

"No dear; and upon the whole I am glad you have never understood so far. You see, when we are married we shall live in the city, and we must behave and dress as the city people do. Cecile will show you all about it, darling, so don't trouble your pretty little head."

"I thought you liked me just as I am, Philip. What is wrong in the city that is proper and pretty in the country, will you tell me?"

"Certainly, Nona. Your loose flowing hair and short dresses, and your frank, familiar ways, all so perfectly charming just here, would occasion remarks and unpleasant criticisms in the city. I want my little girl to be as fashionable and as stylish as—as—well, as Jessie Mabin."

"Ah! she is your ideal, is she?"

Much more to the same purpose, mingled with kisses and compliments, was said, but nothing in it deceived the wounded woman's heart. For Nona, though not a fashionable woman, was a true woman, nevertheless, and understood not only what had been said, but also, all that had been left to be inferred. It was not possible for him to leave his business entirely, but it had been arranged that once a month he was to pay a few days visit to the springs, and in the intervals be refreshed and comforted by regular and plentiful supplies of letters.

The supply was pretty fair the first week, but fell off gradually afterward, until several days passed without any token of Nona's faith and memory. Still he did not feel much troubled. He thought he quite understood Nona's reasons, and at any rate he relied with implicit confidence on the effect which Philip Hays in his own proper person could not fail to make.

This confidence did not agree with events. He arrived at the springs and found Nona out driving with Jack Christie—a young man whom he particularly disliked for his pretentious manners. He was on the piazza when they returned, and he was certain Nona saw him, though she kept her eyes on Jack's face, and pretended the greatest interest in his foolish conversation; for of two things Philip was certain—first, that her interest was pretended, and, second, that Jack's conversation was foolish.

Then he felt unaccountably, and as he knew, unreasonably chilled by the greeting of the splendidly dressed Nona, who calmly and nonchalantly extended the tips of her gloved fingers to him, drawling out the while a pretty little assurance of being "so glad to see Mr. Hays," with the information that "Cecil had been expecting him since the early morning train."

"Cecile!" he said, reproachfully. "And you too, Nona?"

"Oh dear, no, Mr. Hays. It is quite too exhausting to expect anything. One at a time is quite sufficient."

Philip was shocked and silenced for the time. For one distressing half-hour he tried to assume his rights as her betrothed, but she kept Jack Christie persistently between them; and so, angry and hurt he sought his sister Cecile.

"Cecile," he said, "what a change there is in Nona! What is the cause?"

"A wonderful change! I never saw a girl improve so rapidly. I suppose *you* are the cause. Do you know that she is really *the belle?* Jack Christie and Ed. Forsythe and half a dozen others are raving about her. Positively they are Phil."

"Very kind of them, but—"

"Well, so it is, you know. Very first families, and all that kind of thing you know. Upon my word, brother, I believe Nona will make a sensation next winter. Mamma is quite satisfied now."

But Philip was not. No, not at all. Very far from it. That night at the hop Nona looked lovely and grand enough for a queen, her golden hair arranged in some picturesque style, which Jack Christie audibly declared to be "just the thing," yards of satin and lace making a track of glory behind her, and gold and jewels flashing from her head, her throat and her wrists.

All in vain, however, Philip pleaded for a dance. Nona had been engaged for every set since breakfast, and she reminded him rather maliciously of the necessity of conforming to the usages of society. So he had the satisfaction of watching the social triumph of the future Mrs. Hays.

Three miserable days of continual disappointment and then Philip determined to go back to New York, and see Nona no more until she returned to her country home.

He bade his mother and Cecil good bye, and gave the regulation kiss to Nona, who received it with perfect placidity and many kind wishes for his pleasant journey; for, as he was to leave very early in the morning, the ladies did not expect to see him again before his departure.

As they passed out of the parlors Nona turned a moment, and a flash of the old tenderness made her face beautiful, her lips parted and she hesitated a moment as if she would speak, but finally passed on and away.

Poor Philip! He took his cigar and sat down on the dark, silent balcony, miserable enough; but in about half an hour a timid little figure stole through the deserted room, and without warning laid her hand upon his shoulder. He turned rapidly, all the great passion, which had grown to deeper intensity in his suffering, bursting out in one imploring whisper of "Nona!"

"Philip?"

Well, you know the end. Philip did not like the fashionable Nona at all; his whole heart cried out for the sweet, natural girl that he had never prized enough till he believed her gone forever. The tangled curls, the short dresses, even the little ruffled aprons, never more looked homely in his eyes.

Ever afterward he had the most wholesome fear of Nona turning fashionable; and she to this day, when Philip is in the "opposition," reminds him of his one experiment in managing women, and assures him that in the long run he would not like his own way if he got it, and so he takes hers, which, after all, I have no doubt is the most sensible thing he can do.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Is It Instinct?

The much discussed question of the homing of the pigeon, or, as the French term it, orientation, does not seem difficult to meet to one who has had much to do with the birds, says E. S. Storr in the July *Century*. There are, however, as many theories advanced as there are scientists who have studied it. One ascribes it to a sense of which we are not cognizant—as if the senses were six, and man had knowledge of but five of them. Another finds a path for the birds in the magnetic currents of the atmosphere, another in its currents of heat and cold. Some rank the impulse with the instinct of the migratory bird, while others ascribe the performance to sight, and others again to luck and chance. The facts do not bear out any of these theories. The atmospheric currents may aid, but it is by their velocity and direction, not their temperature, and they hinder as often. The magnetic currents may affect, but it is in stimulating and intensifying, or, as they are adverse, in depressing. It is not instinct. Instinct is involuntary and unerring. Guided by instinct, the bird would not go astray, and the element of uncertainty upon which the sport depends would be lost. The homing pigeon not only errs, but shows indecision. Thus its action is voluntary, and the result of a sort of reflection, and it is as the premises of which it takes cognizance are imperfect or false that its action is in error.

The sight of the homing pigeon is only limited by the dip of the horizon and the altitude at which it can sustain itself in the air. Its memory exceeds human understanding. Thus, a bird will rise from a basket and be over a strange place only long enough to go away from it, but, if it feels itself to be lost, is injured, or is unable to proceed, it will return to the place of the start.

Childish Amusements of the Japanese.

In many respects the Japanese are a pacific people. The sports and games of the child and the youth are those of the father and grandfather. The social disparity between father and son, mother and daughter, is not so marked as in other countries; the boy is a man in every way but physically; the duties of youth are those of old age, and it is perhaps owing to this close relationship that the amusements, recreations and pastimes of the race at large are nearly coincident. Kioto is full of funny, trifling, nonsensical little shows and performances, and of innumerable toy and bauble shops, which places are quite as well patronized, and with just as much enthusiasm by the old folks as by the neophite. What would we think in America to see a middle-aged couple sauntering along the street with a large bald-headed doll, upon which they bestow as much care and attention as though it was a genuine baby. Such sights are not unfrequent in Japan, and it is quite common for the ladies to carry their dolls with them when going out for a call.

New Railroad Ties.

"That is a railroad tie." It was of the regular size and polished as smoothly as a piece of Italian marble. The grain was so fine and the whole appearance was so artistic that it might easily have been taken for a chip from a pillar of a Grecian temple instead of such a practical thing as a railroad tie. The speaker was a short, stout, sad faced man, with a large head and overhanging brows, and was the inventor of this asthetic sleeper, and in his little office in Fulton street there were many models of cars and railroad tracks scattered about.

"This," said he, as he patted the railroad tie lovingly, "is the result of years of labor, and I believe now that it is perfect. It is made of paper, which I believe is to enter to a large extent in all building operations at no distant day. The great enemy to the use of paper for many things is moisture, and in my invention, of course, a means had to be discovered to prevent dampness from having the slightest effect, as a railroad tie, being in the ground, is subjected constantly to it, and a rotten tie might cause the loss of many lives and much property. The process of manufacture is secret to a certain extent, but the tie is absolutely fire and water proof. There, I will throw a piece of the prepared paper into the fire. You see it will not burn. I have submerged it for weeks and months in both hot and cold water and the moisture has never been found inside the surface. Consequently it cannot rot. Though apparently as hard, as iron, an ordinary spike can be driven into it without difficulty, and when the spike is in position the material is of such a nature that it closes around the iron and holds it so firmly that it can never be shaken loose.

"There is also a certain amount of spring in the tie, and when there is a load on it is operated as a sort of cushion and takes away a certain amount of jar from running cars. Under conditions, by slightly altering the combination of materials, the paper can be made so hard that it will turn the edge of the hardest tool without being more than scratched. The ordinary wooden tie will last about five years under the most favorable conditions, while this paper tie will stand any kind of weather for at least thirty years.

The paper used is generally made of straw, though almost any kind of fibre will do as well. Straw is preferred because it can be easily obtained and the supply is unlimited. There are mills in the West where the straw is made up into boards.

Pronunciation in School.

School children are causing revolution in their homes of late, all because their teachers are getting up so many new-fangled ideas, and the parents not being "up to snuff" have quite exciting discussions with their children.

A little 7-year-old boy returned from school the other day and said to his father:

"Where's my dahg?"

"Your what?" inquired the anxious parent.

"Why, Sport—my dahg."

"You must say dog," said the father.

"No, I mustn't," replied the youngster, "my school-mawm says it's not dog; it's dahg," and then he stretched his mouth wide open so you could see his bronchial tubes, and pronounced the word over and over a dozen times, insisting that the teacher says it's dahg," at least that's the only way to spell it as he said it was pronounced.

"Did your teacher say dahg, Willie?"

"Yes, mawm."

"You must say mam, not mawm," replied the fond mother.

"Well, I don't care; my teacher said it was mawm, and she gives me a mark if I say mam."

A number of the ladies of that neighborhood met by chance the next day and the subject came up. Each was surprised to find that the other had been through the same experience, and they wondered what would be the next new scheme. This will explain an "accident" that happened to one of the Nebraska hunting party the other day. While riding through the snow and mud two feet deep, and all hands nearly frozen, one of the boys broke out with the exclamation that he'd be hanged if he wanted to hear any more talk about dog—"you must say dahgs," said he. And he was at once thrown out of the wagon, run over by one wheel and left to walk to town. But the mystery is now explained—he had learned from his children to say dahg, and only desired that his companions should be posted. So the dog must take a back seat to let the dude dahg have a chance. And "mam" that we were obliged to say to everybody under penalty of a strapping, is now "mawm." Surely this is another link in the evidence that the child is father to the man.

Baptism by Military Order.

Gen. Stevenson relates the following incident of the war. He said that in his command was a very devout and energetic chaplain, exceedingly earnest in regard to the spiritual welfare of the soldiers, especially before going into battle.

"The preacher," said Gen. Stevenson, "came down to where Billy Wilson's Zouaves were encamped and had a talk with Billy. He said that his efforts had been wonderfully blessed; that he had baptised fifty men from one regiment, one hundred from another, and so on, enumerating the fruits of his religious labor, and he suggested to Billy that as they were on the eve of a battle it would be well for him (the chaplain) to talk with Billy's men.

Billy was very proud of his command, and he turned to the chaplain and said; "That ain't necessary; I'll save you that trouble. Adjutant,' said he, calling an officer, 'you just go and make a detail of 200 men, and take 'em down to the creek and have 'em baptised. No d——d regiment in this corps shall go ahead of Billy Wilson's Zouaves.'

"And," continued the general, laughing heartily at the reminiscence, "blamed if the adjutant didn't obey Billy's order."

Woman's Rights.

Silas is a country character, who means well. He tries to earn a living and "tinkers around" at odd jobs and chores and whatever he can get to do, but he works a good deal as he talks—with a painful drawl which is very suggestive of that state of natural restfulness which his ilk call "born tired." Silas came to mend a fence the other day for one of his patrons in the suburban village where he belongs, with a peculiar air of festivity about him. He had on a bright, new necktie of blue Japanese silk, and his honest face was covered by an expansive grin all the time he was receiving his orders.

"You seem happy, Silas," said Mr. Blank, with some curiosity, when he had finished about the fence.

"Ya-as," drawled Silas. "I've been a-gittin married this morning."

"Married! You? Why, Silas, man alive, what on earth have you gone and done that for? You can't support yourself as it is."

"Well," said Silas, "I ken pooty nigh support myself, 'n' I think it's a darn pity if she can't help some."

An Ancient Mexican Village.

One of the most interesting places in Mexico is the old town of Zintzuntzin, only twenty miles from Morelia by the main highway. In its palmy days, four or five centuries ago, it was the seat of royalty, where was held the court of the ancient Kings of Michoacan; but now it is a poor Indian village, its palaces destroyed and its streets deserted. Its few poverty stricken inhabitants cling with remarkable pertinacity to the customs of their ancestors, and are refreshingly ignorant of the doings of the world, for to them the whole universe is bounded by the near-by circle of hills. Some extensive ruins in the outskirts of the town—consisting chiefly of curiously carved pillars and blocks of dressed stone are the remains of the favorite residence of Calzonzi, the last monarch of Michoacan. In all the fields hereabouts great blocks of porphyery may be found, having strange hieroglyphical figures wrought upon them. The Indians heap them up in the hedges, and many squalid hut has its adobe walls eked out by remarkable stones, whose queer carvings of frogs, feathered serpents or crocodiles were traced with patient art by hands that have been dust perhaps 1,000 years. In this portion of Michoacan many mounds exist which are supposed to be the debris of ancient palaces, over which the hands of time have drifted to a depth of several feet. Doubtless if excavations were made many of them would be found to contain valuable antiquities, but the dull inhabitants take no manner of interest in the relics of a forgotten past. In modern Zintzuntzig a great deal of pottery is made, as quaint in shape and device as that of ancient Egypt. According to tradition and to picture histories painted centuries ago by Tarrase Indians on the woven fibres of the maguey, much "provisions" (probably fish from the adjacent lake) were carried by regular running posts from Zintzuntzig to Montezuma's palace, in Tenochtitlan, a distance of 300 miles, with such dispatch that they were still smoking when placed on the Emperor's table!—*Fanny Ward, in Kansas City Journal.*

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 83 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 talk mule. We returned at 6 and they were still at it. We had supper, and the interrupted conversation was resumed and kept up till 9 o'clock. We went off to bed with Uncle Billy saying:

"Tell ye what I'll dew. I'll trade fur 83 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 Lim down to 82 and three bits," he replied.

"So you saved two shillings?"

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

Is Lager-Beer an Intoxicant?

A stone-cutter, whose office adjoined his stone-yard, was seated in his office when a friend called upon him, and they discussed several topics together, among them as to what extent lager beer was an intoxicant. The stone-cutter maintained that beer was not intoxicating, while his friend maintained the opposite. The stone-cutter said, there is a man at work in the yard (pointing to a brawny-chested German) who could drink a bucket (three gallons) of beer at one sitting and feel none the worse for it. The friend doubted, and a wager was made and the workman called, who when asked if he could drink that bucket (pointing to a large water bucket) full of beer at one sitting, relied, "Vell, I don'd know; I lets you know after a vile." The German went away, and after remaining about fifteen minutes, returned, and said, "Yes, I can trink dot peer." The bucket of beer was procured and placed before the German who very soon absorbed the last drop, and arose from his seat, wiping his mouth with his sleeve, and was walking away with a firm step, when his employer recalled him and said to him, "See here, my friend and I have some curiosity to know why you did not drink the beer when you were first asked." The German replied, "Vell, I don'd know dot I could trink it, so I vent out und trink a bucked, den I know I could do it."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A correspondent wants to know why a bull is called a "hop." Watch the gentlemen as they evade the ladies' trains and you will tumble.

Mamma—"Why don't you move out of the sun, Kitty, if it troubles you so?" Kitty—"'Cause I got here first."

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POSITIVE PROOFS.
In other advertisements we have said that the *Russian Rheumatism Cure* was a specific for Rheumatism, and all its attendant aches and pains. These are simply Plain Facts. We now present some Positive Proofs:
Could one ask anything more to the point than this from Mr. H. Kohnstamm, a prominent merchant of Brookfield, Mo., who writes Feb. 26, '86:
"When in Europe, two years ago, I tried hard to buy the recipe of that very remedy. I also told Col. Theobald to get it for me at almost any price; but neither of us succeeded. I myself suffered with Rheumatism for years and got a hundred of dollars, but never got any permanent relief until I tried this. Since then, every year now I have not suffered the least. I know it is a good thing. It will take like wildfire. Now I want the agency for five States."
Here is another from nearer home. Mr. J. D. Witte is a leading business man of Bloomsburg, Pa. His grandfather, over 80 years old, has been a great sufferer from Rheumatism. Nov. 24, 1885, Mr. Witte writes us:
"Have wait your circular. The country is so full of patent medicines. It is hard to make people believe any remedy has merit until it is tried. My grandfather is such a sufferer that he would gladly give for a *single dollar a day*, if he was your price for a cure. He will try it any way, because he don't think your house would keep on advertising without merit."
Dec. 31, he says: "My grandfather pronounces the Russian Rheumatism cure a *perfect success*. He is not relieved one day only, but *altogether*."
If you doubt either of these statements, write the parties; they'll gladly answer any inquiry. Our space does not permit further testimony. We have plenty of it, however. It makes quite a little book. We send it *free* to all who ask.
As yet it is not to be found at the stores, but can only be had by enclosing the price, and addressing the American proprietors,
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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 Jefferson Rhoads, deceased, late of Somerset Borough, 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 will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, August 19, 1886, at the office of F. W. Biesecker, Esq., in Somerset Borough.

JOHN P. RHOADS,
Administrator.
july14.

The New Zealand Earthquakes.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 12, 1886.

Further details of the earthquakes in New Zealand says that the most violent disturbances were felt in the neighborhood of Rotona. The severity of the shocks led many of the people to believe that the island would sink into the sea. The sensation experienced is said to have been fearful beyond description. Immediately after the first shock the inhabitants rushed frantically in all directions. When the second shock came the entire country for miles around was lit up by the glare from a volcano which had suddenly burst into activity. The scene was as grand as it was awful. Huge volumes of smoke illuminated with flames, simultaneously burst forth from a range of mountains over sixty miles in length, and above the smoke could be seen masses of fire resembling meteors, rushing through the sky. The natives who had escaped death gathered in groups, and, filled with abject terror, held religious services, but when another shock would cause the earth to tremble they would fall with their faces to the ground quivering with fear.

As soon as news of the fearful occurrence was received at Auckland, a Government agent made immediate preparations to go to the relief of the sufferers. Wagons were chartered and filled with provisions and clothes. Mr. Johnson, the Government agent on his arrival at Rotona sent back the following account:

"The scene among the mountains as viewed from the Wairoa road is terribly grand. Flashes of lightning, peals of thunder, and shocks of earthquake are incessant, while dust is falling in heavy showers. In addtion to these inconveniences the roads throughout the entire country are covered with several feet of blue clay mud ejected from the volcanoes. All vegetation is destroyed, and the aspect of the country is entirely changed. Blue Lake and Lake Botakakahi have been transformed into mud baths. The outlet of the latter lake is blocked up, and the bridges which cross the lower end are covered with mud. Nearly all the buildings that I have noticed are crushed in by falling mud. At this place Snow's Temperance Hall and the two principal hotels, and nearly all the other buildings in the town, are completely wrecked. The house occupied by Mrs. Hazard and her family was borne down by the weight of the debris. Mrs. Hazard was dug out alive, but four of her children were found dead. Mr. Hazard is missing. Detailed reports of the foreign residents at other points who were killed have not yet been received."

The Captain of the steamship, Southern Cross, which arrived at Auckland on the 10th, reports having felt at sea the effect of the disturbances. On the morning of June 10, the day following the earthquakes, he experienced a downfall of dust. From 5 to 10 A. M. there was complete darkness, and balls of fire were continually playing around the masts-heads. A terrible gale suddenly sprang up and carried all his canvas away before it could be taken in. The men were unable to stand the blinding showers of dust and the vessel was put about and stood away to the north, but it was not until 11 a. m. of the day following that the dust was left behind.

The reports show that earthquakes generally prevailed at all points in New Zealand during the same period.

Hay Fever Sufferers.

The number of people annually afflicted with this most annoying malady seems to be greatly on the increase * * * The editor of this journal is an annual victim, and, with a view to discover a specific cure, has tried numerous remedies. Of these Ely's Cream Balm is by all odds the quickest and most satisfactory, two applications greatly allaying the usual symptoms in the nose and eyes. We would recommend its use by all subject to hay fever, and we gladly bear unsolicited testimony to its efficacy in our own case * * —Media, Pa., Record.

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

"You may remember I spoke to you about having been afflicted with severe sick headaches. Well, some time ago I began taking Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" in faint hope of relief. To my delight and rather to my surprise, I have never had an attack since. How thankful I am I need hardly tell you. I heartily wish that all women tortured in this way knew how certain and pleasant a cure "Favorite Remedy" is.—Sarah J. Woodruff, Newburg, N. Y.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. G. W. Benford & Son.

Without beautiful hair no woman is beautiful. Is yours falling off or faded? The loss is vital. Parker's Hair Balsam will preserve your hair and give back its gloss and youthful color. Clean, elegant, perfect. Prevents dandruff.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. 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 cough and Consumption Cure is sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

What adds to the unpopularity of the cyclone is that, while it blows away almost everything on the farm, it has never been known to take the mortgage.

Neuralgia and kindred diseases, promptly yield to the immediate action of St. Jacobs Oil, the pain-conqueror.

Croup, Whooping Cough, and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

"I tell you husband, I want you to try it." I had suffered ered for years with a complaint the physicians called Gravel, and they had given up the attempt to help me. My wife heard of Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and spoke as above. To please her I got a bottle, Used that and two or three more, and presently the trouble vanished never to return. My wife had a sort of inspiration that time." —Washington Monroe, Catskill, N. Y. Faith like hers deserves its reward.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Food for the brain and nerves that will invigorate the body without intoxicating is what we need in these days of rush and worry. Parker's Tonic restores the vital energies, soothes the nerves, and brings good health quicker than anything you can use.

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

WOMEN
Needing renewed strength, or who suffer from infirmities peculiar to their sex, should try
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
QUALITY NOT QUANTITY
THE BEST TONIC
This medicine combines Iron with pure vegetable tonics, and is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It Enriches and Purifies the Blood, Stimulates the Appetite, Strengthens the Muscles and Nerves—in fact, thoroughly Invigorates.
Clears the complexion, and makes the skin smooth. It does not blacken the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*all other Iron medicines do.*
Mrs. Elizabeth Baird, 54 Farrell Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., says, under date of Dec. 29th, 1884:
"I have used Brown's Iron Bitters, and it has been more than a doctor to me, having cured me of the weakness ladies have in life. Also cured me of Liver Complaint, and now my complexion is clear and good. Has also been beneficial to my children."
Mrs. Louisa C. Braddon, East Lockport, N. Y., says: "I have suffered untold misery from Female Complaints, and could obtain relief from nothing except Brown's Iron Bitters."
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.
apr14-6m. Somerset, Pa.

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 cup the wagon can be oiled in less than five minutes. This Wagon waits 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 impossible, 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.

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 "Keeser 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 to those desiring a good mill.
ALL WORK WARRANTED.
F. H. SUFALL.
may18-6m. Somerset, Pa.

$1000 GUARANTEED ANIMAL BONE FERTILIZERS
Insures Crops and Improves the Land. Send for Circular.
Josh. Henner, Jr. & Co.,
BALTIMORE, MD.

Fences for Farmers.
Prettiest, Cheapest, and Most Durable.
HORSE HIGH, B