THE LITTLE STRANGER.

"The boy is like you," said the father,
And proudly and tenderly smiled.
"Why, no, he's like you," cried the mother
And laughed as she folded her child.

"His hair is like yours, and the sunshine,
Nought else is so bright," he replied.
"His eyes have your very expression,
The color of yours, too," she cried.

"His mouth, dear, you cannot deny it,
Each dimple, each curve is your own."
"His firm little chin and his forehead
Are due to his father alone.

"Ah, well, dear!" he said, as he kissed her,
"We'll love him the better, the elf,
That each in his face sees the other,
And each falls to recognize self!"

A DOUBLE GAME.

"Sybil! Sybil! are you asleep?"

Miss Arden was reclining luxuriously on a sofa in the second floor front of her aunt's boarding house. For Mrs. Tayler Arden kept "genteel boarders," and Sybil, with all her beauty, was not ashamed to avail herself of the advantages offered by the hard-working widow.

Mrs. Tayler Arden had a heart, overlaid though it was with the callousing experience of years, and she was fond of the pretty niece, and ambitious that she should make what the world calls a brilliant match. Nor did it seem at all unlikely, when one looked at Sybil, with her superb masses of purple-black hair, great oriental eyes, and a complexion like cream.

Mrs. Taylor Arden had come up from the kitchen, where she was making mince pies, with the big pastry apron tied about her waist and sleeves rolled high above her elbows.

Sybil lay on the sofa, dreaming over a novel, her dress fashioned of soft blue merino, her fingers glittering with rings—one of the human "lilies of the field, who toil not, neither do they spin."

Mrs. Arden never thought of asking Sybil to help about the house.

"It would spoil her beautiful white hands," said Mrs. Arden.

She sat up as the elder lady came into the room carrying a card.

"I'm not asleep, Aunt Jane. What is it?"

"He's called. I took the card from Norah just now. He is in the parlor."

"Which he?"

"Mr. Neville, to be sure."

"Oh," said Sybil elevating her pretty eyebrows. "I'll be down directly. And Aunt Jane—"

"Well, my dear?"

"If Mr. Eldon calls, let Norah say I'm not at home—at least until Neville is gone! I do not care to have them meet!"

Aunt Jane shook her head.

"Sybil, Sybil, beware!" said she. "Why don't you care for them to meet?"

Sybil's eyes sparkled with mischevious glee.

"Because I am engaged to both of them at once, Aunt Jane," answered she.

"Oh, Sybil?"

"Well, where's the harm? A girl must make up her mind which she likes best. George Neville has a brown-stone house and a pair of high-stepping horses to be sure; but Kate Dorrance has written to her cousin in Boston to know if it is true that Jameson Eldon is so rich. It would be dreadfully awkward to make a mistake in a matter so important as this."

Aunt Jane sat down on an opposite chair and shook her head.

"I'm afraid it is not right, Sybil!"

"Why isn't it right? I'm sure a poor girl is bound to do the best she can for herself, isn't she?"

"But Sybil, which do you love best?"

"Do let me take care of my own business, Aunt Jane, and you attend to yours," curtly interrupted Sybil, as she swept out of the room, clasping an emerald bracelet on her arm as she went—a bracelet that had been the gift of Mr. Neville himself. For Miss Arden was not at all too fastidious to accept costly presents from her gentlemen friends.

On this occasion luck happened to favor our heroine. Number Two kept fortunately away until Number One had left the coast clear for him. And when he did come he brought gilded tickets for the opera that night.

"I shall be delighted," said Sybil, with one of those glances, which are so telling when directed from dark orbs, fringed with long lashes. "I adore Donizetti's music."

And when, at seven o'clock, a hot-house bouquet arrived, in a filigree silver holder and a card attached, bearing the name of "Jameson Eldon," Sybil wasn't quite certain but that she would afford the preference to Number Two, after all.

"George Neville is a splendid fellow," thought she, "but he never remembers these delicate little attentions. I do like a man to have a vein of romance through his nature!"

So to the opera Miss Arden went in a lovely white lace hat, with a water lily pinned on its side, and a white lace shawl, borrowed from old Miss Pettigrew, who occupied Aunt Jane's best room. Of course there was a crowd—there always is a crowd on grand field nights at the opera—and in coming out Mr. Eldon's coat button caught the tiny gold chain of the bracelet and snapped it in two.

"I am so sorry!" cried Mr. Eldon.

"Pray don't mind it. It's of no consequence at all," said Sybil. "Only a bracelet that I value from it's having been a gift from dear mamma."

"Allow me to take it," said Mr. Eldon, politely persistent. "I will leave it at Moss & Agate's to-morrow, and have it mended."

And to this proposal Sybil acceded with the sweetest of smiles.

Mr. Eldon was as good as his word. Before noon the next day he was in the plate glass fronted emporium of Messrs. Moss & Agate.

Old Mr. Agate viewed the bracelet critically through his eye-glasses.

"Ah, yes," said he, "I remember it very well. It was only last week that Mr. Neville got it here."

Mr. Eldon drew himself up a little haughtily.

"You are mistaken in the article, Agate," said he. "This bracelet is an heirloom—a gift from the lady's mother."

Old Agate's mouth expanded into a grin.

"Ex-actly," said he. "It's Miss Arden's, isn't it? Neville brought her here to look at it before he decided upon buying it. Wasn't quite certain whether he liked this best, or a link bracelet with pearls on the clasp. But the young lady had an eye to the main chance—she knew the value of emeralds like these, and—but here comes Neville himself. Ask him."

"You may ask whom you like," said Eldon, still rather coldly, "but I am quite certain you are laboring under misapprehension of some nature."

And Neville and Eldon bowed to each other with something of the available sort of recognition one sees in two dogs who have both an eye to the same bone.

"Perhaps you would not object to corroborate my statement, Mr. Neville," said Mr. Agate. "Didn't you buy this bracelet here last Monday week for Miss Sybil Arden."

"Certainly I did," said Mr. Neville, with a belligerent glance toward Eldon.

"Why should I not? I have the honor of being engaged to marry the young lady."

"Sir, you are mistaken," hotly interposed Eldon, "I am engaged to marry her."

"Sir, it is impossible."

"Sir, I assure you it is a fact."

George Neville drew from his pocket a scented note which he had received from Sybil that very morning, beginning "My Own Dearest," and Jameson Eldon matched it with a pink billet in the same pretty, spider-webby writing, signed, "Your own, own Sybil."

The two gentlemen looked at each other a minute. Jameson Eldon tossed his note into the fire, Neville tore his up and dropped it into the waste-basket under the counter.

"She is a heartless coquette," said the former.

"She's playing a double game," furiously asserted the latter.

"She shall never be my wife," said Neville.

"I would die sooner than marry a woman without principle," said Eldon with energy.

* * * * * *

"Sybil," cried Aunt Jane, all in a flutter, "who do you suppose is below?"

"Who, auntie?"

"Both of 'em!"

"Both, Aunt Jane?"

"And asking for you," said Aunt Jane. "Make haste down. I'm sure something has happened."

Sybil, however, was not so easily daunted. She went valiantly down stairs.

"Its a little awkward, their coming at the same time," said she; but I've straightened out more tangles than this before."

But Jameson Eldon greeted her with a sarcastic bow.

"Miss Arden, said he, "I understand that you are engaged to both of us at one and the same time. As I do not care to go half shares in a lady with any gentleman, you will allow me, if you please, to cancel my engagement."

"And," added Mr. Neville, "as I entirely share Mr. Eldon's sentiments, I have the honor to return your troth."

And out they both walked, leaving Miss Arden standing in the middle of the parlor like a petrified damsel.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" whimpered Aunt Jane, who had been listening at the door, and now rushed in, smelling bottle in hand. "I told you so!"

Sybil Arden had not a word to say.

Interesting Story of a Dog.

It was in the days of stage coaches and before the advent of railroads in the western country. A large New Foundland dog entered the village tavern one cold morning in December, and placing himself comfortably before the fire in the public room made himself at home. The landlord made several attempts to drive him away, but Carlo wagged such strange appeals that he was permitted to remain. As no owner ever appeared to claim him, the dog was soon established as one of the household.

In the absence of the landlord he watched the bar and the office, and gave warning when any one entered. Carlo had several peculiarities. When he first came to the village he was a regular attendant at the Baptist Church. When the bell rang for service he would march with stately tread to the church and place himself before the pulpit and there remain quietly an attentive worshipper until the benediction was pronounced. He went as regularly to prayer meeting as to preaching, never failing to know the call of the church bell.

Carlo's other peculiarity was that he was a Republican. He was always present at the primaries, the mass meetings and the conventions of the party. He was among the loudest in his demonstrations of applause when applause was proper. He was among the most enthusiastic of the audience.

But a change came over the spirit of Carlo's dream. He ceased his attendance at the Baptist and became a devoted and constant worshipper at the Methodist church. Nothing could induce him to go to the Baptist church. He changed his politics also, and forsaking the Republicans he became an ardent Democrat. He was never missed from Democratic gatherings.

This strange conduct of Carlo was the talk of the village, and many a traveler was entertained with the story of this wonderfully intelligent dog. But suddenly Carlo quit his accustomed haunts. He was seldom seen on the hearth of the great fireplace in the public room, and he was missed from the church. It was evident to the minds of the pious people that he had become a backslider. One day, however, Carlo appeared at the village drug store. Here his actions were as unaccountable as had been his former church going propensities. He put his paws upon the counter and barked at the druggist vociferously. The druggist remembered that Carlo's master had been reported sick with a severe attack of catarrh, and knowing the intelligence of the dog concluded that he had either been sent or had come of his own notion to get something to relieve his master, the druggist tied about Carlo's neck a package of medicine, then the dog started home in great glee. In a day or two Carlo and his master were on the streets as usual. The medicine had entirely cured the master, and Carlo returned to his old habits and remained a good church-going Methodist and a Democrat until his dying day.

Peculiar

In the combination, proportion and preparation of its ingredients, Hood's Sarsaparilla accomplishes cures where other preparations entirely fail. Peculiar in its good name at home, which is a "tower of strength abroad," peculiar in the phenomenal sales it has attained, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most successful medicine for purifying the blood, giving strength, and creating an appetite.

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A Wonderful Discovery.

W. M. Lee, the well-known fruit grower of Tacoma, gives the particulars of a wonderful discovery of bones of extinct animals in Washington territory which attract the attention of students of natural history and archaeology all over the world. In a letter to the *Ledger* from Spokane Falls he says:

"The face of the whole territory shows unmistakable evidence of great volcanic upheavals. On my trip through Spokane county I stopped at Latah, and in conversation with Mr. Copelen of that place regarding the volcanic formation of that section he informed me that he had examined some large bones of great antiquity. Accompanied by Mr. Copelen I went to the spring where the relics were dug out. It is located on a low strip of springy prairie. The excavation around the spring is twelve or fifteen feet deep and thirty or forty across. The bones were covered by several distinct layers.

"The first layer was ancient peat; then gravel, then volcanic ashes, then a layer of coarse peat. From this spring were taken no less than nine elephants, of different sizes, the remains of a cave bear, hyena's, extinct birds, and a sea-turtle. The dimensions of some of the bones of the larger mammoths were wonderful to look at. The horns were a sort of tusk and protruded from the head just below the eyes, extending downward below the jaws partially resting on the ground, giving support to the head, which is estimated to have weighed a ton.

"The horns were worn away several inches deep at the bottom of the turn, or half circle, indicating constant use by rubbing on the ground or rocks. One of these horns was ten feet and one inch long, and twenty-four inches in circumference. It weighed 145 pounds. One of the tusks measured twelve feet and nine inches in length and twenty-seven inches around. It weighed 295 pounds. The jaw weighed sixty-three pounds. The molar teeth weighed eighteen pounds each. Some of the ribs were eight feet long. The pelvic arch was six feet across, and an ordinary man could walk erect through this opening. This huge and antique monster was eighteen feet and six inches high, and was estimated to weigh twenty tons."—*Tacoma Ledger.*

The Brides of the White House.

The 2d of June, the President's wedding day, recalls the fact that President Cleveland is the only President of the United States, who while in office has passed the first anniversary of his marriage. Tyler, the only other President who married while holding the position, had finished his term nearly four months when the first year of his marriage was completed. Seven children were born to this couple after that date.

Mrs. Cleveland and Mrs. Tyler had a good time going through the White House together in March. Mrs. Tyler told Mrs. Cleveland that her courtship began in the East Room, and Mrs. Cleveland told Mrs. Tyler, as they stood together in the state bed chambers up stairs, adjoining the President's library (the room in which the Prince of Wales slept), that it was in that chamber that she had dressed for her wedding, and before that mirror she had sat to have her veil put on and the last finishing touches made to her toilet before she went down stairs to be married in the Blue Parlor.

Tyler is the only President whose wife had died while he was in office, but that was his first wife. He was a widower not quite two years; and counting him there have been six widower Presidents, the others being Jefferson, Jacfison, Van Buren, Fillmore and Arthur, these five remaining unmarried while in the White House, and but one bachelor President, Buchanan, who was single throughout his term, Cleveland being the only other who began a term as a bachelor. Filmore married his second wife after his term as President expired. He and Tyler are the only two of our Presidents who have had two wives.—*Wash. Cor. New York Herald.*

Straightening Crooked Limbs.

"Is there any means of straightening legs when once they are crooked?" asked a New York *Sun* reporter of a well-known surgeon, who replied:

"Yes, and by a very simple process. The curvature in bow-legged persons is usually just below the knee. To remove it we take a piece out of the outside bone—that is, the convex side—and then break the bone on the other side. This enables us to make the leg properly straight by using stiff splints, and it isn't long before the legs are all right again and as straight as can be desired. In knock-kneed persons the curvature is above the knee, and the same process can be used. It is not so often done, however, as few people care to have the thigh bone broken merely to increase their personal beauty."

"Then you often curve bow-legged men in this way?"

"Oh, yes. Of course when the curve is so marked that it actually interferes with the walking, some such operation is necessary, but we are frequently called upon to do it simply to improve a man's appearance. Some time ago a man wrote to me from the West, begging me to suggest some means of making his legs straight. He could walk well enough, but he wasn't satisfied with his appearance. I told him what he would have to undergo, and although he hesitated at first he finally consented and went through it manfully. He is very proud of his straight legs now, although he never tells how he got them. Braces can sometimes be used to straighten the legs of young boys, but when the bone has become really hardened they are not of much use."

Lost Opportunity.

Mr. George Washington Cole of Chicago, didn't come home one evening at the usual time, nor the next day, and Mrs. Cole, becoming alarmed, began to search for him. She was not successful, and after several days, as a last resort, visited the morgue. The keeper listened to her description, and then said he thought he had a subject that answered it. The wife desired a look at the body, and she was shown into the dead-house.

After viewing the subject pointed out to her very intently for several minutes, Mrs. Cole burst into tears and declared that the body was that of her late husband. But in order to assure herself that she had made no mistake, she requested the keeper of the morgue to turn the body over, and see if there was a large scar on the back of his neck. As he proceeded to do so, a set of false teeth fell out of the mouth of the corpse upon the marble slab.

"Stop!" exclaimed Mrs. Cole, wiping away her tears; "George never wore false teeth."

"You blamed fool!" growled the keeper of the morgue, addressing the corpse as he roughly threw it back again in place and picked up the false teeth "if you had only kept your mouth shut you would have had a decent burial."

Zeal.

There is a suburban church, situated not far from a very attractive and fashionable-patronized slum, which makes a practice, generally on Sunday, of distributing the greater part of the flowers that have served in the decoration of the church among the poor children of the school. This distribution is almost as popular with the street children as is the Christmas distribution of gifts and confectionery.

One Sunday recently, after the mass of the children had been given a few flowers, the Sunday-school superintendent saw two hoodlumish small boys whom he did not recognize standing near by wistfully, caps in hand.

"Well, boys," said he, cheerfully, "what do you want?"

"S'm' flowers, mister."

"Belong to the school? I don't seem to remember you?

"O yes, sir," said the bigger of the two; "don't you remember me? I'm the fellar that run away from the school last New Year's?"

"Indeed! And what is the connection of your friend here with the school?"

"Oh, he's the cully that coaxed me to run away."

The superintendent felt that such zeal should not go unrewarded, and gave the boys a handful of bright flowers.—*Boston Transcript.*

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EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Michael Brubaker, deceased, late of Stoystown Borough, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary 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 to the Executor at the late residence of the deceased, on Saturday, the 3d day of September, 1887.

WILLIAM BRUBAKER, Executor.

julyz7.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of David Wable, deceased, late of Black Twp. Somerset Co. 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 Saturday, the 10th day of September, 1887, at the late residence of deceased in said Township.

HIRAM WABLE, Administrator.
LYDIA A. MILLER, Administratrix.

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Prettiest, Cheapest, and Most Durable.

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MONEY to be made. Cut this out and send it to us and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising need not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. dec22-'86.1yr.

Tom Harshall's Fine was Remitted.

Tom Marshall was the wittiest man Kentucky ever produced, and perhaps the brainiest, and he perished intellectually, like many another child of genius, from the rapid growth of his fondness for blue-grass whisky. He was always a political rival of the Rev. Dr. Robert J. Breckenbridge, the eminent patriot, whose dignified presence as temporary president of the Baltimore Convention, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for a second term, is still remembered. Tom Marshall was fond of saying "that he and Rev. Dr. Breckenridge early in life had taken different texts." Tom's "was the bottle and Dr. Breckenridge's was the Bible," and "certainly," added Tom, "the Rev. Doctor will not deny that I have closely adhered to my text."

In the county in which the immortal Tom chiefly practised at the bar an erratic jurist named Judge Nuttle presided, and whenever Dan Rice's circus arrived the Judge always announced:

"This court will no adjourn to see the elephant swim the Ohio River."

In a case celebre, where the defendent was tried for murder, possibly the Matt Ward case, the Judge admitted some testimony which thoroughly disgusted Tom Marshall over the barrister's objections. He jumped to his feet, not fully recovered from a big game of draw poker the night before, and said, in anger:

"Judge, do you know that Pontius Pilate convicted Jesus Christ by admitting just such testimony as that?"

The Judge quickly replied: "Clerk, fine Mr. Marshall $50 for contempt of court."

Tom rose, and steadying his somewhat vibratory motions against the railing fronting the Judge's bench, with mock gravity opened:

"May it plase your Honor, it has been some months since I have seen $50 of my own money. I beg your Honor to lend me the money with which to pay the fine!"

"The court" was astounded, but catching its judicial breath replied, sotto voice:

"Mr. Clerk, upon reflection the court is inclined to remit Tom Marshall's fine as the State of Kentucky is better able to lose that $50 than the court is."—*Chicago Tribune.*

A Pistol Duel Across the Table.

A few days after the battle of Waterloo a Mr. Trevor and a certain Captain while at a dinner party, quarrelled about a lady. The Captain being a splendid shot and Trevor almost blind, the latter demanded that they fire at each other across a table. Some one secretly suggested that the pistols should be loaded without ball, and this was done. The two adversaries, who believed their last hour had come, were as pale as death; but if they were a prey to deep emotion, not a muscle trembled. "Who will give us the signal?" asked the Captain. The person who undertook to give the signal, said with a trembling voice: "Raise your pistols." The muzzles touched the breasts of the combatants. "When I count three, fire. One—two—three!" They fired and recoiled from the shock. "What's the meaning of this?" exclaimed the two combatants. "Who has dared to make fools of us? There are no balls in the pistols!" "Honor is satisfied," exclaimed the friends around them. Trevor ground his teeth. "The remedy is easy enough," said the Captain, pointing to some swords suspended from the wall. He took down two, measured them and presented one to his adversary, who seized it eagerly. "Now there shall be no trickery!" he exclaimed. "Stand off, sir." They stood face to face, and the blades glistened. The contest was short. One of them soon fell—it was the Captain. He expired without a groan. "O, my God!" exclaimed Trevor. "What have I done? Is this a reality!" And in terrible despair he flung himself upon the corpse of his rival, which he shook convulsively, as though to bring it to life again.—*Dueling Days in the Army.*

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

A Discovery.

John Wilson and James Campbell, of Portland, Maine, are inseparable friends. Both have been prospered in business and both determined to go aboard for a vacation last summer, and so they went together, Wilson is more a man of the world than Campbell, enjoys the good things of this life and is willing to pay for them; but it is one of the cardinal principles of Campbell's life to haggle over prices and screw the last cent out of every one he deals with. His friend knowing his habit and having experienced the discomforts it caused, made an agreement with him before they started that they should share the expenses but that Campbell should not in any case grumble at a price that he, Wilson, did not complain of, the penalty being that if he did he should pay the whole bill himself.

This arrangement wo rked admirably. Campbell sometimes winced at the prices they had to pay, but simply reminded from Wilson closed his mouth.

Their journey extended as far east as the Holy Land, and they had to put up with impositions that all travelers there suffer, at length they reached the Sea of Galilee and, of course, wished to take a sail upon its waters. Half a dozen boatmen were clamorous for their patronage, but the prices charged by all were exorbitant, the most reasonable demanding a sum equal to five dollars for an hour.

Campbell held in as long as he could, and then burst out in indignant protest against the extortion. Wilson reminded him of their bargain. After a brief silence Campbell delivered this parting shot:

"Well, I understand now why the Saviour *walked* over this sea."

SHILOH'S Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Children in Hotels.

Florence Marryatt, an English writer who visited this country last summer, states that she saw a little girl of 6 take her place alone at a hotel table. On being asked by the waiter if she ought to be there without her parents, she cooly answered, "I guess I pay my way."

A writer in the Art Age supplements this story by one of a five-year-old girl whom he once saw seated alone at a crowded table of a hotel. She called first for soup, then ice-cream, then more soup.

"Isn't your mamma coming to dinner?" asked the amazed waiter, as he served her.

"No," replied the young lady, "She don't want none. She is dead."

George Augusta Sala, when in this country, said: "I object to two things in America—the pie and the hotel children. Not until the child is made into the pie will I tolerate either."—*Youth's Companion.*

SHILOH'S Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling," is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

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"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

FASHIONABLE 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.

WANTED—Men to sell all kinds of Nursery Stock. To successful salesmen I pay as high as $100 per month and expenses. Experience not necessary. Apply immediately, with stamp, giving age. R. R. KNIPPIN, Nurseryman, Patterson, N. J. May18-2m.

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.

THE SOMERSET HERALD,

Established 1827.

Is the Oldest Paper in the County.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

52 NUMBERS EACH YEAR.

IS RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

Is Read by the Best Class of People.

Is the Best Advertising Medium.

HAS A BONA FIDE CIRCULATION DOUBLE THAT OF ANY OTHER PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY.

It Contains all the County News.

HAS ALL THE COUNTY ADVERTISING.

Has all the Legal Advertising.

It has connected with it one of the

BEST JOB OFFICES

In Western Pennsylvania.

Does all Kinds of Job Work With Neatness and Despatch at PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Terms, $2. per Year in Advance.

For prices for Advertising or Job Work, call on or address,

THE HERALD, SOMERSET, PA.

SAMUEL LAMBERT'S BLOOD SEARCHER.

One of the best medicines ever discovered for the cure of

CONSUMPTION, DYSPEPSIA, COUGHS, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, PAIN IN THE BREAST, &c., &c. BRONCHITIS, HEMORRHAGE, COLDS,

It is not only a great Purifier of the Blood, but also a certain Restorer of the Appetite, as well as a Strengthener of the entire System, and a certain and speedy cure for Croup, Diphtheria, and putrid Sore Throat, and should therefore be in every family. This medicine is made entirely of Roots, and is perfectly safe. When all other remedies have failed, this one has effected a cure. Many who had given up all hope of being restored to health again, rejoice that they heard of the Compound Root Syrup, for by using one or two bottles they were restored to perfect health.

SAMUEL LAMBERT'S RHEUMATIC FLUID.

For the relief of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Diphtheria, Toothache, Cramp, and is one of the best medicines of the age for the above diseases. Address

SAMUEL LAMBERT, Lambertsville, Somerset Co., Pa. sep29-1yr.

WITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE'S ACADEMY, *FOR YOUNG MEN AND BOYS, MEDIA, PA.* 12 miles from Philadelphia. Fixed prices covers every expense, even Books, &c. No extra charges. No incidental expenses. No examination for admission. Twelve experienced teachers, all men, and all graduates. Special opportunity for apt students to advance rapidly. Special drill for dull and backward boys. Patrons or students may select any studies, or choose the regular English, Science, Studies, Classical or Civil Engineering course in Hardents fitted at Media Academy are colleges and Yale, Princeton, and ten other Coll o College Polytechnic Schools. 10 students sent in 1886, in 1885, 15 in 1884, 16 in 1883, and 16 in 1882. A graduating class every year in the commercial department. A Physical and Chemical Laboratory, Gymnasium and Ball Ground. 1500 volumes added to Library in 1885. Media has seven churches, and a temperance charter which prohibits the sale of all intoxicating drinks. For new illustrated circular address the Principal and Proprietor, *SWITHIN C. SHORTLIDGE, A. M. (Harvard Graduate) Media, Pa.* aug4-'86-1yr.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANCH.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Somerset to Stoystown	12½	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	50
Somerset to Bethel	22½	70
Somerset to Johnstown	36	1 10
Somerset to Rockwood	9	30
Somerset to Garrett	15	50
Somerset to Meyersdale	21	70
Somerset to Cumberland	58	2 00
Somerset to Washington	210	6 55
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Cairns	24	80
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 80
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

The fare to Philadelphia is $9.34, and to New York, $11.68.

Summer Arrangement In effect since May 29, '87.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91.*

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	5:30 a m	Johnstown	7:25 a m
SOMERSET	5:55 a m		
Geiger	6:01 a m		
Stoystown	6:26 a m		
Hooversville	6:38 a m		
Bethel	6:52 a m		

MAIL—No. 93.*

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Pittsburgh	7:30 a m	Johnstown	12:40 p m
Rockwood	10:40 a m		
Milford	10:51 a m		
Somerset	11:05 a m		
Stoystown	11:27 a m		
Hooversville	11:56 a m		
Bethel	12:05 p m		

Passengers from Pittsburgh change cars for points on the Somerset & Cambria at Rockwood.

On Sundays this train will run two hours late from Rockwood to Somerset, and five hours late from Somerset to Johnstown.

SOMERSET ACCOMMODATION—No. 95.†

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Baltimore	10:00 a m	SOMERSET	4:00 p m
Pittsburgh	1:20 p m		
Rockwood	3:30 p m		
Milford	3:45 p m		

Passengers for Somerset from the east and west on the Pittsburgh Division, change cars at Rockwood.

SOUTH-BOUND TRAINS.

BALTIMORE MAIL—No. 92.*

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	7:35 a m	Rockwood	9:35 a m
Bethel	8:31 a m	Cumberland	12:20 p m
Hooversville	8:46 a m	Washington	4:30 p m
Stoystown	9:00 a m	Baltimore	5:30 p m
Geiger	9:35 a m	Pittsburgh	2:00 p m
SOMERSET	9:51 a m		
Milford	9:62 a m		

Passengers for points east and west change cars at Rockwood.

On Sundays this train will run twenty minutes late from Johnstown to Rockwood.

ACCOMMODATION—No. 94.*

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	2:00 p m	Rockwood	4:30 p m
Bethel	3:05 p m	Cumberland	7:15 p m
Hooversville	3:26 p m	Pittsburgh	6:30 p m
Stoystown	3:32 p m	Washington	7:20 a m
Geiger	3:57 p m	Baltimore	8:00 a m
SOMERSET	4:05 p m		
Milford	4:16 p m		

Passengers for east and west change cars at Rockwood.

On Sundays this train will run three hours and fifteen minutes late from Johnstown to Rockwood.

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96.†

Leaves		Arrives	
SOMERSET	6:15 p m	Rockwood	6:40 p m
Milford	6:27 p m		

Passengers leaving on this train can make connection at Rockwood with night Express trains east and west.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—PITTSBURGH DIVISION.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Tonyn. & Conflu'ce Ac.	Mail.	Express.