The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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Sores are All Healed Up

with the exception of one spot on my limb. I thank God for having directed my husband's attention to Hood's Sarsaparilla, otherwise I should have been in my grave. I can now move about with the aid of crutches, and will always need their assistance, but anyone who had seen my condition when I commenced to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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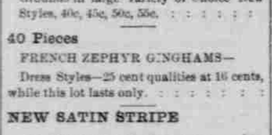

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THE BOY THAT LAUGHS.

I know a funny little boy—
The happiest ever born;
His face is like a beam of joy,
Although his clothes are torn.

I saw him tumble on his nose,
And waited for a groan—
But how he laughed! Do you suppose
He struck his funny bone?

There's sunshine in each word he speaks,
His laugh is something grand;
Its ripples overrun his cheeks
Like waves on snowy sand.

He laughs the moment he awakes,
And till the day is done;
The school-room for a joke he takes—
His lessons are but fun.

No matter how the day may go,
You cannot make him cry;
He's worth a dozen boys I know,
Who pout and mope and sigh.

A TRUE STORY OF A DREAM.

The account of the dream and the events I am about to describe is absolutely true in every particular.

My friend, Phil Casy, was talking about dreams one day in my office. He is a muscular "limb of the law," about 35 years of age, with no nonsense about him. "I know you don't believe in dreams," he said, "and neither do I. But now that we're on the subject I'll tell you something which you can perhaps account for—I can't. And then he told me a story.

"A few years ago I was living in the village of Saybrook, you know. One evening after I had been working very hard all day over a complicated case, I reached home with that peculiar, don't care-a-cent, done-out kind of a feeling which excessive brain work is apt to produce.

"After supper I picked out the hardest chair in the room and sat down to read the daily papers, for I was so tired that I feared to fall asleep should I seat myself in an easy one.

"My wife sat near me quietly sewing—we had no youngsters then, nor servants—and the house being on the very outskirts of the village, was still as an empty church. Absorbed, rather selfishly, perhaps, as I was reading up arrears of news, I was not a particularly entertaining companion, I presume, and about nine o'clock my wife rolled up her work and said: 'I think I'll go to bed, Phil. Don't sit up too late,' and with a dainty good-night kiss she disappeared.

"Instead of following my better half as I should have done, I continued to read; but, by and bye, with the idea of brushing the cobwebs from my brain before going to rest, I strolled across the road and called upon my friend, Frank Stayner, who proposed a short walk, the night being warm and moonlit.

"This suited me exactly, and we set out by way of an old bridle path which led across the fields into the country. After a little chatting and laughing, as old cronies will, we came to a small brook, which we passed over dry shod, on stepping stones, Frank being at the moment some yards in advance of me.

"He was leisurely ascending the opposite bank and had just reached the middle of a clumb of alder bushes when he was violently felled to the earth and knocked senseless by a violent blow on the head from a masked man, who sprang out of the dense thicket.

"Frank had fallen face downward and lay motionless as a log. In an instant the ruffian was upon him, turned him quickly over and began rifling his pockets with a skill and celerity evidently born of long practice.

"'What was I doing all this time?' Well, I simply stood there, looking on; not in the least terrified, but by some strange influence, absolutely incapable not only of motion, but even of uttering a sound. Stranger still, although standing in the broad moonlight, at less than thirty feet from him, the highwayman seemed totally unaware of my presence and went on with his victim were the only human being within a hundred miles.

"He had emptied my friend's trousers and coat pockets and was now feeling about his breast for his watch, a very valuable one; as I knew, which Frank always carried in the inside pocket of his vest secured by a strong silk cord passing around the neck.

"The robber always working in grim silence, soon found the watch and not bothering to cut the string, jerked his prize violently away. The shock seemed to restore Frank to partial consciousness and he drowsily murmered; 'Hello: what's up?'

"At the sound of his voice all my benumbed faculties awoke to instant life, and, rushing forward, still unseen by the footpad, I dealt him a terrible blow on the back of his neck, and he fell insensible across the body of his prostrate prey. Quickly rolling him aside I pulled off his crape mask, revealing a most villainous face.

"Then I assisted Frank to rise. He seemed quite recovered and none the worse for the assault. After securing the stolen property we took our pocket handkerchiefs and tied the fellows hands firmly behind his back. He was still entirely helpless and unconscious; so, one of us at the head and the other at the feet, we carried him off to the village unresisting.

"On arriving at the little police station the officer on night watch asked: 'What have you got there, gentlemen?'

"'Nothing very nice, I guess,' replied Stayner; 'he knocked me down, however, and picked my pockets in good style.'

"The officer flashed his light upon our prisoner's face. 'Why, sure as you live,' he exclaimed, 'its Ike Berry (a notorious crook of whom I'd often heard) that we've been after the last three months. Dump him down anywhere.' 'All right,' said I Let go, Frank,' and we dropped our burden with a crash to the floor. At that moment a woman's voice screamed out: 'Why Phil, what's the matter?' and I awoke to find myself sprawling over the carpet and the whole affair a dream."

"A rather lively one certainly Phil," said I, "but I have heard lots as curious."

"Why, man alive! I'm only beginning my story. You don't suppose I'd bore you with such stuff if that were all? As I said before I'm no believer in dreams—never in my life knew one to come literally true—but somehow this particular dream so impressed me that I couldn't get it out out of my mind.

"Having a dread of my wife's good humored raillery I did not tell her the dream. But the next night I really did go to Stayner's. I took him into my confidence and asked him to go with me over the ground which I had in my imagination traversed the night before.

"Frank laughed, but readily agreed, as a mere lark to take the proposed walk Before starting out each of us armed himself with a heavy blackthorn shillalah, two of which I had brought from the 'auld sod' the year before and presented to my chum.

"On coming to the little creek, with its clear sparkling water in the moonlight Frank banteringly said: "Well everything looks quiet enough here, old fellow. I guess your dream robber won't materialize.'

"Even as he spoke I thought I saw an especially dense spot in the clump of alders ahead; and although I really had no serious misgiving, I rather impressively said: Wait for me, Frank. Don't go up the bank alone.'

"Oh, nonsense!" he replied as he passed lightly on.

"He had now gained fully sixty feet on me and was walking carelessly past the grove, when the black spot, upon which my eyes were fixed, moving swiftly toward him, and I yelled. 'Look out, Frank!'

The warning came well nigh too late, as the words had barely passed my lips when a masked man, corresponding in all respects with the one seen in my dream, darted from the shade, and, without a word, struck at my friend's head with a murderous looking bludgeon, which, if the blow had alighted as intended, would have crushed his skull like an egg shell.

"Frank, however, had partially turned at my cry and instinctively raised his own heavy cane, which, meeting and descending weapon, so far deflected its aim that the stroke fell upon his left shoulder, but still with such force that he was dashed, for the moment senseless to the ground.

"In the twinkling of an eye the assailant was upon him, and, going through his pockets with wonderful speed, intending, doubtless, either to get away before I could come up, or, if need be, overpower me also, or, perhaps, if driven to it, to use his revolver.

"So far my vision had been realized with remarkable fidelity, but now happily, there was a break. I was not struck dumb and motionless as in the dream, but, on the contrary, stimulated to exceptional activity; and while the absorbed villain was in the act of groping for Frank's watch. I reached his side, and with one blow of my blackthorn I sent him stunned to the ground.

"Turning him on his face, I was busily engaged tying his hands behind him when Frank recovered from his temporary daze. We then somewhat improved upon the dream programme by taking off our cravats and securely binding the scoundrel's ankles together.

"On examining Stayner's hurts I found that his left collar bone was broken and the arm on that side quite helpless, but otherwise he was all right. His assailant had not fared so well—he remained apparently lifeless.

"Sayner made light of his wounds, but he was unwontedly serious. 'Old man,' said he, 'this is a most astounding realization of an apparently wild and causeless dream. How to account for it I do not. But suppose we now carry it out as closely as possible by taking this vagabond to the police station. Probably the parallel will fail us there. If it holds good I shall be dumfounded, indeed, and ready to believe in anything.'

"You know," continued Phil, "that I'm somewhat of an athlete, so after we had deprived the thief of his stealings, and moreover of a loaded bulldog revolver, I shouldered his not very light weight and set off to the village, while Stayner followed with the captured bludgeon and pistol.

"We had nearly a half mile to walk through the solemn stillness of the night and thus several times I laid down my load in order to rest myself. On the last of these occasions the ruffian revived just as I was reshouldering him. Finding himself a disarmed, impotent prisoner, he poured forth upon us such a volly of curses that I dropped him again to the ground, and by the help of his own suspenders and wallet gagged him effectually.

"Then I hoisted him again as one might do a sack of wheat, and we went on rather relieved to find that we had not become involuntary executioners.

As we plodded along we indulged in many speculations as to the identity of the wretched creature. But neither of us seriously believed that the police were likely to enlighten us upon this point. 'Twould be too wonderful for my dream to come true in this particular also.

"Judge then of our feelings, perhaps more of awe than astonishment, when upon entering the station the man in charge, with a single glance at our captive, said:

"'Well, gent'lemen, you've made a good night's work, sure enough! This is the escaped convict, Ike Berry. There's a reward of $500 out for his capture, and all the police of the State have been on the lookout for him since last April.'

"Frank Stayner actually shuddered as the officer spoke. Turning to me he muttered: "This is most too much for me, Phil. It's awful. Lets go round to the doctor's and get my shoulder fixed up.' Then to the officer: 'We'll turn the reward over to you, Jim. The glory's enough for us.

"But before leaving leaving we told the whole strange story to the man, whose running commentary of almost incredulous surprise was from time to time accentuated by a smothered curse from the now iron shackled prisoner."

"Well, Phil," said I with judicial gravity, "may be it's rude to ask the question after your introductory remarks—but honor bright now, is this really an out-and-out true story you've given me?"

"'Tis as true as that you and I are sitting here, old man. Ike Berry is now serving out a fourteen years' sentence in State Prison, and Frank Stayner is still alive to testify as to the dream business. But why that dream—vision—intelligence—foreshadowing—call it what you will, was sent to me was one of those occult mysteries which neither you nor I nor any other mortal at present understands."

Clara—Why do you always call my cloak mantle?

Maud—It must be because I am used to thinking of it as being on the shelf.

Novel Wedding Tours.

A wedding tour is generally supposed to be a trip taken by the newly married couple and is usually emphasized by new clothes, decided evidences of affection, carriage rides ad libitum and sometimes a few stray particles of rice in the trimming of the bride's wrap or under the curling rim of the groom's high hat—for who ever heark of a groom who didn't wear a silk hat?

These signs are, however, not infallible, and the brides and groom of to-day have some very extraordinary ideas about introducing a little variety into the ordinary bridal tour, some notable examples of which are unusual enough enough to suit the most ardent searchers for novelty.

At a hotel in Washington, which is a well-known resort for bridal couples, is a woman spending her honeymoon alone. Everyone knows of the man who went on a trip by himself because his money only allowed of one going, and he thought that he had better be that one, but a woman is something new in that line. This one hails from Baltimore, and as her husband could not leave his business long enough to go on a honeymoon trip she compromised matters by taking up her abode in Washington for a few days, her newly-wedded lord and master arriving at midnight and leaving again before the house was stirring.

The bride appears at all the meals in the gorgeousness of her wedding finery and palpably new ring, and does not seem to mind in the least the absence of her other half so long as she can display her gowns in a fine hotel.

A very wealthy pair were wedded lately in Chicago, and they took with them on their bridal tour at least twenty young folks in a special car belonging to the groom. Another couple, this time hailing from Philadelphia, started for Florida accompanied by the groom's brother, as they two were so devotedly attached to each other that they could not let even the honeymoon separate them, and a third pair, consisting of a very little man and a tall girl, are accompanied on their travels by a very stout mother-in-law, who insists on taking the unhappy groom's arm on one side, while the tall wife grasps him firmly by the other. Poor unhappy little fellow, his troubles have commenced early!

To wear old clothes, to appear indifferent and to add some one else's company to the usually complete number may be the new way of conducting one's honeymoon, but the old style with its endearments, its suspiciously new clothes, and its evident repugnance for third parties is after all the best, for the honeymoon comes but once in a lifetime and the romance should be held to as long as possible, for the realties arrive soon enough without taking them along on the very first journey.

Really Exciting.

The tramp shivered so, and looked so cold, that the woman just couldn't shut the door in his face.

"I don't want anything to eat, madam," he said with some dignity. "I only want to get warm."

"Well," she replied, "coal is rather high, but I guess you can come in by the kitchen fire awhile."

He came in and sat down in the corner by the grately warmeth and his enjoyment was evident.

"Something to eat, wouldn't hurt you, would it?" she asked, after a few moments.

"It never did yet, lady," he said with a wan smile.

She brought him something and he went at it with energy.

"You suffer almost as much as if you had to work, don't you?" she ventured.

"Not quite, madam, but very near it, I think sometimes."

"This winter weather is especially severe on you, ain't it?"

"Yes ma'am, but it has its compensations, ma'am," he said, with the conviction of a philosopher.

"In what way?" she asked, with much curiosity.

He took a big swig of hot coffee.

"Well, ma'am," he said, "you see we can starve twelve months in the year, and it becomes monotanous; but in winter we can starve and freeze, too, and the extra risk we run makes the life really exciting."

He smiled that wan smile again, and the woman brought him out half a hot mince pie.

Speech Restored.

For five years I suffered with pain and discharge of the throat, hacking cough, frontal headache, weak eyes, &c., at times; could not talk above a whisper; lost weight continually, and not able to work. I was treated by the best physicians in the county, but received no relief. After giving up all hopes I was recommended to use a bottle of Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. After using it for four weeks my speech returned. All symptoms of Catarrh have disappeared and "I feel like a different person."

MRS. ELIAS HANDWERK,
Elk Lick, Somerset Co., Pa.

The above is one of the many testimonia's we have received this week, and we will publish every two weeks additional persons having been cured by our marvelous medicine. Try a bottle and be cured at once.

MAYERS' DRUG CO.,
Oakland, Md.

For sale by G. W. BENFORD and J. M. LOUTHER, Somerset, Pa., and DAVID GILDNER, Rockwood, Pa.

Vigorous in Age.

A Portland man who was at Augusta last week says that while he was descending the state house steps he saw two old gentlemen meet and cordialy shake hands. The short, spry old man, with hair of snowy whiteness, reaching in wavy curls almost to his shoulder, was General Neal Dow. His friend was a man prominent in Washington a half century ago—Senator James W. Bradbury, of Augusta. "General," said Senator Bradbury, "we're getting to be pretty old boys now, but I guess we're as spry as those youngsters in there," (pointing to the representatives' hall), "ain't we?" The old general drew himself up to his full height and proudly retorted. "Senator, in a month I shall be 89 years old." "Is that all?" replied Senator Bradbury. "Why, I'm 91." The apostle of temperance said no more.—*Lewiston (Me.) Journal.*

Love in Pennsylvania.

When the news of the Presidential election reached here last fall, Deacon Horace Dykeman shook his fist under Fred Gilbert's nose, in John Clark's blacksmith shop, and yelled: "The country's ruined, and you helped to do it!" Deacon Dykeman is a rank Republican, and the election of the National Democratic ticket made him very wrathy. Gilbert, who is a young Democrat, smiled at the deacon, backed away from the fist, and gave three cheers for Cleveland and Stevenson.

"Cheer, you copperhead reprobate!" roared the deacon, and out of the shop he rushed. He quickly turned back, and pointing his finger at the robust young Democrat, said: "See here, Gilbert, in the future I won't have anything to do with you. You understand what I mean, don't you?" And with that he wheeled about and started for home.

Gilbert was keeping company with Miss Emily, Deacon Dykeman's eldest daughter, and understood what the deacon meant, but imagined that he would change his mind in a few days. The next time that Gilbert went to call on Miss Dykeman it was Sunday afternoon, and the deacon met him at the door and waved him back. "The country's ruined," he shouted, "and you helped to do it! So keep off my premises entirely in the future! Don't come near my house again!"

Gilbert went away, and in the evening he and Miss Dykeman met and took a stroll. They soon became engaged, the agreement being that the marriage should not take place until Miss Dykeman had overcome her father's enmity toward Gilbert and won his consent. Miss Dykeman labored hard, but the deacon was firm in his decision not to have anything to do with the young Democrat, and then Mrs. Dykeman tried to reconcile him, but in vain.

There is one farm between the Dykeman and Gilbert residences, and when the lovers couldn't meet they sent notes to one another. Miss Dykeman owned an intelligent dog named Beauty, and one day she concealed a note in his collar and told him to run down to Mr. Gilbert's and give it to Fred. Beauty trotted off and Miss Dykeman watched him till he got to the Gilbert dooryard. Young Gilbert was expecting the dog, and Beauty stayed around until he had answered the love letter and fastened it to his collar, when he cantered back to his mistress. Beauty soon got so that he barked and made a great fuss whenever Miss Dykeman failed to send him on the errand, dashing off in great haste when he found that he had a note to deliver, and waiting patiently until the note was answered and placed in his charge.

One afternoon in the early part of February Miss Dykeman saw her father coming up the road just after she had sent Beauty off to the Gilbert place with a note for Fred. The deacon told the dog to go back, but Beauty dashed past him and went on, much to the deacon's astonishment. A few days later the deacon caught Beauty while he was on his way down to Gilbert's with one of Emily's notes. The deacon read it, and this was the end of Beauty's occupation as a note-bearer between the lovers. In the note Miss Dykeman told Mr. Gilbert to meet her at the donation party at Eli Morehouse's residence. Her father refused to let her go, and his conduct brought the courtship to a sudden termination.

On February 17 Miss Dykeman received a letter from an aunt in Tompkins county, New York, telling her to come there at once if she wished to see her cousin, a young woman of her own age, alive. Mr. Dykeman urged his daughter to go at once and she did so. It was a put-up job on the deacon, for Gilbert joined Miss Dykeman on February 20 and last Thursday the deacon received a letter from Emily, in which she informed him that she had been married to Gilbert and hoped that he would be ready to forgive them both when they returned.—*N. Y. Sun.*

How to Feed for Eggs.

Hens kept for eggs should be so fed that they can produce them. Lime in some form should be provided for the production of the shell. Most grains contain some lime, but actual experiment has proved the wisdom of the practice of poultry keepers in feeding oyster shells to the fowls. Those fed with oyster shells lay better shelled eggs and more of them than those which have been denied this article of diet. The white of the egg is pure albumen, and to produce a large number of eggs the hen must assimilate a large amount of albumen. Foods, therefore, which contain albumen lean meat or scraps, a little linseed meal, oats, and the like should be fed, says *American Agriculturist*, which adds:

The yolk contains some oil and indicates the need of some carbonaceous food. Indeed carbon is needed to produce the force necessary to sustain and support the hen in manufacturing her product. Indian corn and wheat are useful to use in connection with other foods. Hens fed for eggs should be furnished with all the elements necessary for the support of life and the production of the eggs, and will lay much better than those which are fed at hap-hazard and with no systematic attempt to furnish well balanced rations for egg laying.

I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*. I procured a bottle, and since the first day's use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with Boston *Journal*.

Mamma—Ethel, dear, you wrote me that you had inflammatory rheumatism when you only had a cold.

Ethel—I know, but the other sounded more like news.

Trainmaker—I've got twice as good a line of goods as I had last year. Every year means a marked improvement in our goods.

Customer—Then I guess I'll wait until next year.

One may do without mankind, but one has need of a friend.

Bought a Milking Machine.

Uncle Jerry Hayseed, up in Sullivan county, New York state, had a fine dairy and a hard working wife and two daughters, who did all the milking and churning, and a worthless son Joe, who would not work enough to earn his salt, but to whom Uncle Jerry was holding up his mother and sisters for models, especially the art of milking.

Joe, though no worker, was an honest fellow, and Uncle Jerry had often sent him to the village to make purchases, and when he heard of the new milking-machine, he gave Joe a nice round sum of money and sent him to new York to buy one of those new English milking-machines, as he thought anything in the world could be found in the great city of New York. Joe came down to New York, and hunted around but could find no milking machine and as his last resort he went to an English steamer and cautiously asked if they had brought over in her cargo any English milking machines. The captain was a jolly old tar and full of fun, and told him they had about 200 of them; and taking Joe on board, showed him the machines.

"Why," said Joe, "those there are girls."

"Well" said the captain, "what kind of milking-machines have you got at home?"

"Milking-machines at home?" said Joe. "Why, mother and the girls."

"And don't these look very much like them?" said the captain. "Only they are English, you know."

"Yes," said Joe. "But what is the price of one of them?"

"I can't exactly tell you that," said the captain. "But you just pick out the machine that suits you the best, and tell her how many cows you have to milk, and then ask her the price, and I guess you can drive a bargain."

So Joe selected his machine, told her how many cows he had to milk and showed her the pile he had in ready cash to pay down, and then asked her the terms.

The machine took him up to the captain, and the bargain was soon made, and a minister was called upon to put the finishing touches upon the bargain and purchase, and then the happy Joe and the English machine for his bride started on their journey to Sullivan county, and when he got home he presented her to Uncle Jerry as the best English milking-machine that he could find in New York.

Of course, Uncle Jerry was full of wrath for a time, but honest Joe told him to keep cool and just test the machine before condemning it.

And this fall Uncle Jerry has the finest dairy of butter in Sullivan county, and though a little sore on the milking machine subject, says that his son Joe is an expert judge of milking-machines, and Joe is now full partner with the old man.

A Woman Buying Stamps.

"How many stamps do you get for a quarter?" she said to the stamp clerk at the postoffice.

"Twenty-five one cent ones or twelve two cent ones."

"Don't you give back the odd cent change?"

"Certainly."

"Are they the Columbian stamps or the old kind?"

"I can give you either."

"Don't the old style ones come a little cheaper now?"

"No ma'am."

"I thought they would; they're out of style, you know."

"The government receives them the same as the new ones in payment of postage, and a great many people prefer them."

"But, their red color doesn't match some styles of envelopes."

"I can't help that."

"Couldn't you sell me a dozen of the old two cent stamps for fifteen cents?"

"No ma'am."

"Couldn't you on Friday?"

"No ma'am."

"But that's bargain day in the stores."

"But not at the postoffie."

"When is your bargain day?"

"We don't have any."

"Not have any bargain day! and my husband told me the postoffice was run on business principles. Why you don't know the first principles of business."

Winding a Watch.

"My watch," said a gentleman to the salesman, exhibiting a costly repeater, "varies a minute in a week. It ought to keep to the second, and so you represented it to me when I purchased it. Look at it.

The salesman critically examined the works through his glass, closed the case and handed the timekeeper to its owner, says the New York *Sun*.

"There's nothing the matter with your watch. It will keep perfect time if you wind it in the morning."

"Oh," laughed the gentleman, "that's a chestnut. I wind it at a certain hour at night."

"That has nothing to do with it," responded the jeweler. "During the night your watch is quiet, that is, it hangs in your vest which is quiet. If you don't wind it at night the mainspring is then relaxed instead of being in that condition during the day. It keeps the movement steady at a time when you are handling it, running around and more or less jarring it as you hasten about the city attending to your daily affairs. A relaxed mainspring at this time accounts for the fine watches varying slightly."

Farm and Garden Notes.

There is no grain equal to oats for feeding calves.

The Crosby peach is said to exceed