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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLI. NO. 48 — SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 17, 1893. — WHOLE NO. 2181.

— THE —
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— OF —
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Green is the color this season and you save just 35 cents on every yard of this Cashmere—it is the dollar quality.
Very large sale of fine
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It may seem early for lawns, but this quality never sells less than 25 cents.
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CLEAR THE WAY.

There's a song about to come,
Clear the way!
In the world of Fashion-dom,
So they say.
Skirts have been worn close and flat;
But we'll have no more of that;
Oh, it's crinoline they're at.
Clear the way.

Build the street cars good and wide,
Clear the way!
Even then the men outside
Have to stay;
And they'll make a dreadful foss,
Just because within a 'bus
There is only room for us,
Clear the way!

Married men with wives to dress
(Bills to pay)
Are the picture of distress—
For they say
That it certainly will take
Just as much again to make
Dresses of the proper shape.
Clear the way!

Ruffles go from hem to waist,
Clear the way!
Just to suit the wearer's taste
For display.
Merchants wear a fiendish grin
Over the custom they will win
When the crinoline comes in.
Clear the way!

—Chicago Journal.

HELPING A BASHFUL LOVER.

"Letty, what's the matter with you and Tom Powell that you don't seem to get along very well together?"

A swift flush passed over Letty Harper's sweet face, and she tried to conceal it by stooping for another handful of peas from the basket beside her.

"What do you mean, Aunt Martha?"

"Why, I mean that when I was here last summer I knew that you and Tom liked each other and ever since then I've been expecting to be sent for to help with a wedding."

And Aunt Martha looked at her niece and gave concern in her kindly eyes.

"There isn't going to be any wedding," Letty answered, sharply, with a suspicious little choke in her voice.

"And whose fault is that, Letty? I'd be sorry to think that you mean to throw Tom over, for I can see that he likes you still, though you don't treat him very kindly, I must say."

"If he likes me, why don't he say so?" the girl answered passionately, and with tears starting in her eyes.

"Oh!" said Aunt Martha, softly, to herself, "so that's the trouble, is it?"

And then, after a moment's silence she resumed:

"I reckon it's mostly your fault, Letty; you don't encourage him enough."

"Encourage him? You don't think, Aunt Martha, that I would try to make a man ask me to marry him when he hasn't the will or courage to do it himself? I would die first."

"Nonsense, child! As to courage, Tom Powell showed he was no coward when he saved old Peter Stiles from that mad bull, when all the rest were afraid to go nigh it, but he's bashful about women. As my husband used to say after we were married: 'It's a trying thing for a shy man to tell a woman that he loves her and ask her to marry him.' And Tom's just putting it off because he kon't know how."

"Well, he need not worry about it, so far as I am concerned," said Letty, with a toss of her head. "Here he has been coming to the house for a whole year and keeping other young men away, and—and next Thursday I'll be twenty-one years old. If he expects me to wait for him till I'm an old maid he's mistaken, and I mean to let him know it. There's Will Somers and—"

"Hush!" interrupted Aunt Martha as her quick ear caught the sound of a man' footsteps upon the porch.

And the next moment a tall gook-looking young man, with a driving whip in his hand, presented himself at the door of the cool, open hall in which the two women were seated.

"May I come in?" he said pleasantly looking from Letty to Aunt Martha, and back again at Letty.

"Ye-, if you've a mind to," the latter answered, moving the basket out of the way and scarcely glancing at him.

"I was going by and thought I'd stop and see how you all were," he said, half apologetically, "and ask if I could do anything for you down at Sharpsville. Or maybe some of you would like to ride down there for a bit of shopping? I've got my new spring wagon along, and not much to bring in it."

"Thank you!" said Letty. "But mother's busy, and I've no time to be driving about in the morning. Maybe Aunt Martha would like to go."

"Well, I don't know but what I might," replied the old lady, thoughtfully. "I would like to see my old schoolmate, Betsy Leadbetter, now that she's a cripple, and I know that your mother wants one or two little things that I can bring from town. So if you can wait just five minutes, Thomas, I'll be ready by that time."

"Oh, don't be in a hurry, Mrs. Bradley! I don't mind waiting an hour to accommodate you, and I never knew a woman yet who could get ready to go away in five minutes," said Tom laughingly.

So Aunt Martha went upstairs and through the open door of the room she could hear what was going on in the hall below.

"I wonder if you can afford to waste an hour's time, Tom?" said Letty, gravely.

"Well, I'll put it to some account if you'll let me."

And he seated himself in Aunt Martha's vacant chair, with the big basket between himself and Letty, though rather awkwardly.

"If we depend upon you," said Miss Harper, laughing, "we should have no peas ready for dinner to-day."

"Oh, this is woman's work! I guess I could beat you at corn husking."

Then came a silence, broken only by the rattling of the shiny green balls in the bright tin pan.

"Do you know, Tom," Letty said slowly, "that Thursday will be my birthday; I shall be twenty-one that day."

"You don't look it," he said, glancing admiringly at the pretty face and slender girlish figure.

"But I feel it. Good gracious! I'm almost an old maid, and I believe that I'm going to be one."

"Then it will be your own fault. You have had more beaux than any other girl in the neighborhood," said Tom, evidently intending to get gallant.

Letty flushed up.

"I know it," she said, with a spirit, "and I've been a great goose to wait so long."

He looked up sharply, and in his turn changed color.

"I don't know what you mean by that, Letty."

"I mean what I say," she answered, lightly. "If I had any sense I would have been married long ago, like Susie and Cousin Rosa. And I don't mean to wait until I grow old and gray-haired. When my birthday comes around again I won't be Letty Harper."

"Who will you be?" inquired Tom, gloomily.

"I don't know yet. I'm only waiting for the right man to come."

"Well, I hope you'll get one to suit you," he replied, tearing open a pea pod with such violence that all the little green balls went racing about the floor.

Aunt Martha shock her head as she tied her bonnet strings before the glass.

"Dear, dear! those poor children will never come to an understanding. It's wonderful how stupid some otherwise smart men can be when it comes to courting. Somebody'll have to help 'em, or it will be off soon, and that would be a pity."

When she came down stairs it was evident that the cloud had by no means cleared away.

Tom assisted her gravely into the wagon, and for some moments they rode in silence.

Then he remarked with a tinge of bitterness.

"Letty don't seem to be in a very good humor to-day."

"Oh, you mustn't take her at what she says. It's often the way with girls to say and do what they don't mean," said Aunt Martha, soothingly.

"That is just what puzzles me. I never know how to take any of them—particularly Letty. Sometimes I could almost think she hates me from the way she goes on."

"You mustn't talk that way, Tom; I know she likes you, only she don't show it."

"Well, I'll wait till she does show it," he returned, doggedly.

Aunt Martha shook her head again with a sigh.

How could this faint-hearted lover ever be made to understand?

"I ought to tell you," she said, as they drove up the principal street of the little town, "why I particularly wanted to come to-day. Thursday—that's the day after to-morrow—will be Letty's birthday. I wanted to choose her a little birthday gift."

"That's a good idea. I'd like to do the same myself if I thought she'd take a present from me."

"Oh, I am sure she'd be mightily pleased at your remembering her."

And encouraged by the assurance he accompanied the good lady into the chief emporium, where she explained their errand to the sleek-haired clerk in a gorgeous necktie, who presided behind the counter.

"How would a pretty dress do, mamma?" he said, insinuatingly. "And for the gentleman, a handsome album or a piece of jewelry? We've got 'em of all kind-earrings, bracelets and finger rings with genuine sets, and at very low prices—from a dollar up."

"Bother the price!" Tom exclaimed, as the young man set before him a velvet lined tray, glittering with sets of every hue of the rainbow. "Give me the best and prettiest ring of the lot."

And then they fell to examining rings and Tom admired an emerald one, while Aunt Martha looked curiously at another the design of which was two clasped hands, set with a heart-shaped ruby.

"Which would Letty like best, Mrs. Bradley?" he inquired, holding the rings side by side.

"Well, I think this one, Thomas. I know that ruby is her favorite color; and I've heard that green's unlucky."

And Aunt Martha's eyes shone with a curious light, which Tom did not perceive.

So the ruby ring was chosen, and the sleek-haired young man grinned to himself as he turned away to do it up in a neat little parcel.

"Why they always fancy that I don't know," he thought.

When Thursday came Tom Powell rode over to congratulate Letty upon her birthday and wish her many happy returns.

She received him very sweetly, and the young man's heart grew cheery and hopeful, until he perceived there was no ruby ring upon her hand.

To spare himself the embarrassment he had begged Mrs. Bradley to present his gift to Letty in his name, and she had promised to do so.

Could she have forgotten?

But Letty relieved him by saying immediately as she produced the little box containing the ring: "Oh, Tom, I was so much obliged to you for your beautiful present—the prettiest ring I ever saw."

"Then why don't you wear it?" he inquired.

She looked embarrassed.

"Why, you see," casting down her eyes, "there was some mistake about it: it isn't exactly what I ought to wear."

"I don't see why," he answered, "if you like the ring.

"Yes, I think it's lovely; but you see"—still more embarrassed—"you didn't mean, Tom, to give me an engagement ring?"

"An engagement ring!"

"Yes, the design is intended expressly for an engagement. And you know it wouldn,t be proper for me to wear such a ring when I'm not engaged."

He made no reply.

"You'l have to change it Tom, I guess; but it's so pretty that I hate to give it up."

A sudden light came into Tom's eyes and his face flushed almost as deep a red as the ruby upon which Letty was gazing.

"What necessity is there for changing it, Letty? Can't you keep it and wear it as it is?"

"But, Tom, everybody would be asking me if I'm engaged, and what could I tell them?"

"Tell them yes; tell them you are engaged, and to me, won't you, Letty?"

His voice trembled a little, and he sat breathlessly awaiting her answer. It came softly.

"Yes, Tom."

And when Aunt Martha saw them together, half an hour afterward, she smilled with an expression of relief.

"I was mightily afraid that Letty wouldn't carry it out as I told her, but I feel it's all right now. Somebody had to help 'em or they'd never come to an underst anding."

The Independent Style.

A newspaper man from the west visited New York on one occasion and called on a great editor there, with whom he had some correspondence. He called to pay his respects mostly, but he was after a job if he could get one. He sent in his card after the custom in New York, and in a minute or two the boy returned.

"What is your business?" asked the boy.

"No business; pleasure; he wrote on the card, and the boy took it in and came back.

"He wants to know your business or pleasure," said the boy.

"To pay my respects," the visitor wrote and sent it in.

"Call at the counting room to pay anything," came back the answer.

"Thanks," he wrote. "The amount is so small that it will not justify me in stopping."

The boy took it in, and the visitor started off in no very pleasant frame of mind.

"Here," said the great editor appearing at the door of his den, "come here."

The visitor changed his course.

"I'll meet you half way," he said, stopping at about that distance.

The great editor came forward and took him by the hand.

"Come in," he said grimly. "Come in and sit down. I like your style."

"I don't like yours," responded the visitor frankly, as he sat down.

"Some do," said the great editor, with a smile.

"Perhaps they do, but it is an acquired taste.

The great editor seemed to enjoy it.,

"Some of the acquired things of life are very excellent," he ventured.

"Yes, my services on this paper, for instance," said the visitor, plumply, and after half an hour's further talk we went away with a commission to do some work preparatory to a regular sit on the staff.

—Detroit Free Press.

Kindness is Catching.

A newsboy took the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad car at Park Place, New York, at noon on Thanksgiving day, and sliding into one of the cross seats fell asleep. At Grand Street two young women got on, and took seats opposite to the lad. His feet were bare and his hat had fallen off. Presently the young girl leaned over and placed her muff under the little fellow's dirty cheek. An old gentleman in the next seat smiled at the act, and without saying anything, held out a quarter with a nod toward the boy. The girl hesitated a moment, and then reached for it.

The next man just as silently offered a dime, a woman across the aisle held out some pennies, and, before she knew it, the girl with flaming cheeks had taken money from every passenger in that end of the car. She quietly slid the amount into the sleeping lad's pocket, removed her muff gently from under his head without rousing him, and got off at Twenty-third street, nodding to all the passengers in a pretty little inclination of the head that seemed full of thanks and common secret. This rebukes Ingersoll's sneer that if he had been God he would have good things catching. They are catching, and God made them so.

Something Better.

"Here comes Old Simon," cried Ben Davis, as he and his schoolmates met an aged grocer, who having no horse was obliged to deliver his groceries himself.

'The old fellow is carrying a bag of beans somewhere,' cried Fred Brown. 'Look! look! he has spilled half of them, and they are all getting a good wetting in the snow. Ha! ha! What fun! Do see the old man try to pick them up. He's about as blind as a mole, too.'

'Let us give the bag another shake,' laughed Bob Maggs, 'and set the rest of the beans a flying.'

'Oh, no,' cried Sammie Beers, 'let's do something better than that. Let's run and help him pick up the beans. He isn't to blame for being old and blind.'

'Course he isn't,' cried Ben. 'Who said he was?

'Nobody,' answered Fred; 'but I say, let's help him load up that bag again.'

Then the boys told the grocer what they meant to do. They began their task at once, and in a few moments had returned the greater part of the beans to the bag.

A True Article.

An exchange says: None are satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice, some other is flying from it. One man is saving to build a home, another is trying to sell his building for less than it cost, to get rid of it. One man is spending all the money he earns in taking a girl to the the theatre, in hopes of eventually making her his wife, while his neighbor is spending all the gold he has to get a divorce. The eastern man wants to go west and the western man wants to go east. The farmer wants to go into the city and the city man wants to go into the country. The man in trade wants to get out and everybody not in trade wants to be. The old want to be young and the young want to be old, and so it goes.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a cough, cold, or any lung, throat or chest trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store; large size 50c. and $1.

Paris looks like the capital of a world-wide empire. London looks like a shapeless, neglected suburb, allowed to grow up by accident, anyhow. And that's just the plain truth of it. 'Tis a fortuitous concourse of haphazard houses.—*Westminster Review.*

Industries of the States.

Alabama ranks fourth in cotton.
Arizona ranks second in silver.
California ranks first in barley, grape culture, gold and quicksilver.
Colorado ranks first in silver.
Connecticut ranks first in clocks.
Deleware is away up in peaches.
Dakota is the finest wheat growing State.
Florida ranks third in sugar and molasses.
Georgia ranks second in rice and potatoes.
Indiana ranks second in wheat.
Illinois ranks first in oats, meat packing, lumber traffic, malt and distilled liquors, and miles of railroad.
Iowa ranks first in average intelligence of population, first in production of corn, and first in number of swine.
Idaho ranks sixth in gold and silver.
Kansas ranks fifth in cattle, corn and rye.
Kentucky ranks first in tobacco and has a world wide reputation for thoroughbred horses and cattle.
Louisiana ranks first in sugar and molasses.
Maine ranks first in ship building, slate and granite quarries, lumbering and fishing.
Maryland ranks fourth in coal.
Massachusetts ranks first in cotton, woolen and worsted goods, and in cod and mackerel fisheries.
Michigan ranks first in copper, lumber and salt.
Minnesota ranks fourth in wheat and barley.
Mississippi ranks second in cotton.
Missouri ranks first in mules.
Montana ranks fifth in silver and gold.
New Mexico's grazing facilities can't be beat.
Nebraska has abundant crops of rye, buckwheat, barley, flax and hemp.
Nevada ranks second in gold.
New Hampshire ranks third in the manufacture of cotton goods.
New Jersey ranks first in fertilizing marl, zinc and silk goods.
New York ranks first in the value of manufactures, soap, printing, publishing, hops, hay, potatoes, buckwheat and milch cows.
North Carolina ranks first in tar and turpentine.
Ohio ranks first in agricultural implements and wool.
Oregon takes the palm for cattle raising.
Pennsylvania ranks first in rye, iron, steel, petroleum and coal.
Rhode Island excels proportionately in manufactures.
South Carolina ranks first in phosphates
Tennessee ranks second in peanuts.
Texas ranks first in cattle and cotton.
Utah ranks third in silver.
Vermont ranks fourth in copper.
Virginia ranks first in peanuts.
West Virginia ranks fifth in salt and coal.
Wisconsin ranks second in hops.

Queer Things People Believe.

Here are some of the superstitions which are still believed by thousands in one part of the country or another.

That crystal is congealed ice.
That elephants have no joints.
That the sun dances on Easter day.
That a dead man weighs more than when he is alive.
That a kingfisher suspended by the beak indicates the direction of the wind.
That a diamond is softened or broken by goat's blood.
That a man has one less rib than a woman.
That the tenth wave at sea is the greatest and most dangerous.
That parsiane in a bed prevents visions.
That a coffin nail on the threshold of a chamber keeps away phantoms.
That a tread on moonwart loosens horse's shoes.
That rue prevents witchcraft.
That a bay leaf is a preservative against thunder.
That a handful of smart causes a horse to carry his rider easily if put under the saddle.
That docks boiled with toughest meat would make it tender.
That if it rains on St. Swithin's day it will rain more or less for forty succeeding days.
That when one of a family dies, the the bees will undergo some calamity if not informed of the death.
That some remedies ought to be applied three, seven or nine times.
That the seventh son of a seventh son is a genius, or that he can heal scrofulous persons by the touch.
That the head of a malefactor exposed on the highway renders the person before whom it is held unable to move if it is properly prepared.
That sheep should be shorn and pigs killed when the moon is at its full.
That peas and beans should be sown when it is on the wane.
That an artery goes from the wedding finger to the heart.
That spirits are detected by candles burning with a bluish light.
That a piece of tallow near the flame betoken's death to one of the family.
That the howling of dogs portends a death.
That to kill a spider or to kill a snake is unlucky.

The House Doctor.

Fever blisters, when they are allowed to develop, are very painful and most disfiguring, and yet they can easily be cured in the beginning by keeping a ball of saltpeter on hand, and at their first appearance moistening the ball with water and rubbing it on the spot.

Hot water is good for sprains.
Raw oysters are good for hoarseness.
Turpentine is good for lockjaw.
Raw eggs are good for a cut.
Salt water is good for falling hair.
Quicklime in water is good for poison.
Tar on sugar is good for weak lungs.
Hot lemonade is good for colds.
Sugar moistened with vinegar is good for hiccough.
Hot milk is good as a stimulant.
Milk puddings and stewed fruit are good for bilious dyspepsia.
When giving medicine to a baby, hold the point of the spoon against the roof of the mouth; it will then be almost impossible for the child to choke or eject the fluid.

Dick.

"Clear out, you little darky!"

"Home with you. We don't want you!"

Dick Thurston made no reply, but, swinging a pair of skates high in the air, he burst into a perfect roulade of melody.

His one weapon of defense was irresistible; and whether he thrilled like the birds of the forest or sang the quaint old Negro songs his father taught him, the village boys were silenced when he chose to have it so.

As soon as the skates were strapped, the river, with its sparkling icy coat, was a scene of delight to the eye.

Suddenly, when the jollification seemed at its height, little Dick, after a pirouette no other boy dared attempt, struck out for shore.

"What's the matter, Dick? Where are you going?"

"Goin' home to get a lickin', an' I must run."

"What for?" "What do you mean?" cried one and another.

"'Cause mammy said if I went on the ice before she said so, she'd whip me; an' she allus says, 'when you got a hard thing to do, Dick, do it quick and have it over;' so I'm goin' to cut and have it."

"Hurrah for Dick!" cried one of the jolliest of the crowd.

"If you've got a hateful old thing to do, why do it. I'm going home to split the kindlings."

"There'll be a splendid moon to-night and I'll be back," he called to those he left behind.

Fred Danforth looked at Tom and Tom looked at him.

"That miserable little imp!" muttered one; and then they both laughed rather faintly, but they pulled off their skates.

As soon as they reached home one went at that horrid composition, that was usually dreaded and postponed till it became a veritable nightmare; while the other, who always studied his algebra last, because 'twasn't any use anyway, and he didn't see why a person need learn it, was, as he told his mother, "hard at it, to have it over like Dick's lickin'."

Mrs. Danforth, who had often told her son to "have nothing to do with that low-lived colored boy who brought home their laundried clothes," was not only amazed at the unusual spectacle, but she herself could not but think of dreaded duties, and in a few minutes was at the door of a bedridden woman, on whom she had said she would never call except for decency's sake.

The visit was soon followed by a previous one, and was so totally unexpected that the sometimes neglected old lady was almost amiable, instead of her usual exasperating mood.

The girls who were skating—but it would be quite impossible to tell you all about it in this little space. Besides the end is not yet. But if you will follow the advice of Dick's "mammy," you may be sure you will make the world better and brighter for having lived in it.

The average woman doesn't sleep enough, and that is why she finds herself growing fretful and irritable, a prey to nervous disorders. The increase of these troubles of the nerves is positively alarming, and it is a trouble, and not an imaginary one, as some persons like to believe. The alleviation is in many cases in the sufferer's own hands, and the other women who as yet have not succumbed may prevent the disease by simply taking more sleep.

A woman will plead that she hasn't time to lie down for a few minutes in the daytime, and she will infringe upon the hours of the night, which should be given to sound, healthy, needed sleep, in order to finish some piece of work which could as well be completed on the morrow. She will rush and hurry all day long, and then, when the household is all hushed in slumber at night, she will sit up to read the daily paper, thinking she will not have to pay for the time she is stealing from the healthgiving sleep that comes before midnight.

A physician, who is a specialist in nervous disorders, says that women should sleep at least nine hours at night and one hour in the daytime. Some women insist that they cannot sleep by daylight, but if they persist every day in closing the eye at a regular time, slumber will come, and rest to the nerves will follow.

The proprietors of Ely's Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a remedy for catarrh, colds in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, is easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once. 50c.

I had catarrh of the head and throat for five years. I used Ely's Cream Balm, and from the first application I was relieved. The sense of smell, which had been lost, was restored after using one bottle. I have found the Balm the only satisfactory remedy for catarrh, and it has affected a cure in my case.—H. L. Meyer, Waverly, N. Y.

He Came Without Calling.—"Hello, little boy! What is your name?"

"Same as dad's," said the boy.

"What is your dad's name?"

"Same as mine."

"I mean, what do they call you when they call you to breakfast?"

"They don't never call me to breakfast."

"Why don't they?"

"Cause I allus git there fust."

Guard Against Cholera.

It is well to be prepared when summer comes to guard against cholera, diarrhœa and all summer complaints.

Mayer's Magnetic Drops for Cholera and diarrhœa have no equal as a quick and safe cure. A bottle should be kept in every house. Our agents will supply you.

"Dear father, we are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain your daughter Maily."

Ask your druggist for Mayer's Little White Pills for sick headache. Druggists say that Mayer's Magnetic remedies have no equal in this world. Try them and take no substitutes.

Take Mayer's Magnetic Drops for cholera, diarrhœa and all summer complaints

The direct consequence of rushing out of single blessedness is often that of rushing into double wretchedness.

Read and be Convinced that we Have the Best on the Market.

BARNUM, W. VA., April 11, 1893.
THE MAYERS DRUG CO., Oakland, Md.

Gentlemen: My wife has been troubled with catarrh for twenty years, and I have spent over three hundred dollars with doctors, without her having derived any benefit from them. I have consulted physicians and had medicine from New York, Cincinnatti, Ohio and Toronto, Canada, and finally concluded that her case was incurable, but noticing your advertisement in the Oakland papers I decided to give it a trial, and my wife has now used a half a bottle of Mayer's Magnetic Cure, and it has done her more good than all the other medicines that she has ever tried for catarrh. She thinks that the remainder of the bottle will complete a permanent cure; I can see a great change for the better in her case, and any person troubled with catarrh, I would advise them to give Mayer's Magnetic Catarrh cure a trial.

I would have written to you before, but have been waiting to give the medicine a fair trial before saying what I thought of it.

Very respectfully yours,
M. HARVEY.

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

Father—"Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for a brother?" Tommy—(inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully)—"Have we got to keep him papa, or is he only a sample?"

In almost every neighborhood throughout the west there is some one or more persons whose lives have been saved by Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy, or who have been cured of chronic diarrhœa by it. Such persons take especial pleasure in recommending the remedy to others. The praise that follows its introduction and use makes it very popular. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

Don't always be worrying about what people say of you. No matter what you say or do the action will be different in different eyes. One will pronounce it good, the other evil. You cannot please more than a certain few, while the great majority don't know what you are doing. Do what you think best and let