The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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AN INTERESTING SKETCH.

Nothing appeals so strongly to a mother's affection as her daughter just budding into womanhood. Following is an instance: "Our daughter, Blanche, now 15 years of age, had been terribly afflicted with nervousness, and had lost the entire use of her right arm. She was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and she was in such a condition that we had to keep her from school and abandon her music lessons. In fact, we feared St. Vitus dance, and we had employed physicians, but she received no benefit from them. The first of last June she weighed but [illegible] pounds, and although she has taken only three bottles of Nervine she now weighs 105 pounds, her nervousness and symptoms of St. Vitus have recently gone, she attends school regularly, and studies with comfort and ease. She has recovered complete use of her arm, her appetite is splendid, and no money could procure for our daughter the health Dr. Miles' Nervine has brought her.

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FARM AND HOME.

LOST MY BOY.

Lost! I have lost him.
When did he go?
Lightly I clasped,
How could I know,
Out of my dwelling
He would depart,
Even as I hold him
Close to my heart?

Lost! I have lost him,
Somewhere between
School house and college
Lest he was seen—
Lips full of whistling,
Curl tangled hair—
Lost! I have lost him,
Would I knew where.

Lost! I have lost him,
Chester, my boy—
Picture book, story book,
Marble and toy,
Stored in the attic,
Useless they lie.
Why should I care so much?
Mothers! tell why.

Yes, he has gone from me,
Leaving no sign.
But there's another
Calls himself mine,
Handsome and strong of limb,
Brilliant is he,
Knows things that I know not,
Who can it be?

Face like the father face,
Eyes black as mine,
Step full of manly grace,
Voice masculine,
Yes, but the gold of life
Has one alloy—
Why does the mother-heart
Long for her boy?

Long for the mischievous,
Queer little chap,
Ignorant, questioning,
Held in my lap,
Freshman, so tall and wise,
Answer me this
Where is the little boy
I used to kiss?

A THRUSH'S SONG.

BY AGNES T. HOUSTON.

It was the close of a midsummer afternoon, and there were few travelers on a country road leading from the drowsy little town of Hallowell. A winding, stony road it was, but it led over picturesque bridges and clear rivers, through woods that were dark and cool, and fragrant with the breath of pines, out again past comfortable farm-houses, and suddenly up steep hills from whose tops a charming landscape was visible.

The air was clear and full of a certain bracing quality that makes Maine a delightful sojourning place in summer.

So at least it seemed to Mark Houghton, as he breathed the air of his native State for the first time in twenty-five years. He had purposely left his coming unannounced that he might enjoy the luxury of a walk over the old road, whose every scene had once been so familiar to him.

Memory plays strange pranks with the most strait-laced of us at times, and assuredly it was only her magic that made this New York lawyer enjoy a dusty country walk for auld lang syne.

A sudden turn and he came upon the little school house, just where it used to stand, and but little changed in outward look by the inevitable wear and tear of years.

"It holds its own better than I had hoped," thought the lawyer, and moved by a sudden impulse he turned from the road and went up to the door. It was not locked, and in a moment he stood inside. Here he saw numerous changes that altered the aspect of the place.

Desks and seats of a more modern style replaced the rude benches he remembered, and the walls were covered with blackboards and maps. Walking over to the teacher's chair he sat down and thoughtfully regarded the little room which had the desolate look peculiar to empty school-rooms.

Here he had learned his first lessons in days that returned to his memory only in fragments and half-remembered incidents. Here, as he grew to be a larger lad, he had wrestled with many a "knotty" example, or surreptitiously planned frolics for recess.

He recalled, too, some of his boyish day-dreams of "great things to do by and by," and smiled half bitterly as he contrasted them with the prosaic, self-centred life of his after years.

Then there were the later days when, as a young collegian, he came back to spend his vacation, and taught the little school himself to help meet expenses at college. What a humdrum life it was, to be sure, sitting there through the long summer days and hearing the rural lads and lassies stumble through their lessons! What a stupid lot of pupils they were—all but one of them.

And here Mark Houghton came chronologically to the thought that had been running with more or less self-assertion all through his musings, the thought of Leah Hastings. She was the brightest of his older pupils, and had even shared with him some of the studies he was trying to "make up" during the summer. But it was not as his pupil that he remembered Leah, it was as the gay and light-hearted yet womanly girl, with her great, serious eyes and frank smile.

"A curious mixture she was indeed," thought the lawyer. "Our love seems like some faraway dream, some bright idyl. I wonder, if we had not quarreled, how she would have changed my life, with her high ideals and happy nature?"

A slight sound at the open door startled him; he turned his head and saw a woman standing there, half hesitating, on the threshold.

"I beg your pardon," she began, "I thought"—but something familiar in the man's face stopped her.

As for him he knew from the first moment that it was Leah Hastings. With all the change that time had wrought in her—and they were not few—he could not mistake that long remembered face. In a moment, she, too, recognized him, doubted fully at first, but with a growing certainty in her face as she studied him.

He realized with some satisfaction that he had the advantage of her in self-possession, since she could have had no thought of seeing him, while the meeting was to him quite within the realm of possibilities when he arrived in Maine.

"Well, Miss Hastings," he began, "this is indeed an unexpected pleasure. Who could have thought that yours would be the first familiar face I should see on my return to the old place?"

As he spoke he advanced towards her, holding out his hand. She put hers in it, saying composedly:

"Am I indeed, the first? Your coming is unexpected, then."

"You do not say you are glad to welcome me back. But I remember that you never would be conventional," he said, taking a subtle pleasure in the confusion which he could see she was trying hard to conceal.

But those few words, half in mockery, half in challenge, put Leah at her ease. Looking him directly in the face, she responded:

"Why should we be expected to welcome people whom we have long learned to liev without, and whom we never expect to see again? It is like the sudden stopping of a train; it gives you a backward jerk that is not altogether agreeable."

"True," he answered, rather sadly, "I suppose I've lost all claim to anyone's interest down this way. I only hope my brother won't think so, too, when I walk in on him unannounced."

There was a moment's silence. Mark looked at the woman before him, noticing the changes in her. The beauty of nineteen had faded, but enough of it yet remained to make, with the added strength and character of later years, a face that was attractive.

"I said 'Miss Hastings,'" began the lawyer again. "Was I right, or have you laid aside the old name with other relics of the past?"

There was the faintest possible flush on her cheek as she answered:

"I have kept my name with my unconventionality.'

"I have fallen into quite a reverie, as I sat here, over old scenes and faces. Do you recollect the first day I taught school here, and what a peck of trouble those little towed-headed Briggs children gave me? It was a long struggle, but I subdued them before the end of the term."

He went on reflectively and in an indifferent tone, as if he werk talking to some one else:

"There was another pupil, though, who gave me more trouble than any of them and whom I never fully conquered. What a little flirt you were, anyway, Leah!"

"You know I never was that," she said, gravely.

"Well, no, to do you justice, you wern't. I believe you really thought you were in earnest for awhile. Yes, I'll do you the justice to think you deceived yourself as well as me."

His tone was more serious now and he glanced furtively at Leah to see how she was taking his words. But she remained silent, nor could he read her thoughts in her face.

"Leah," he began, abruptly, "I wish you would explain your action—there at the last I never could see why—and now, after all these years, I should just like to have it cleared up. Won't you listen to my side and tell me yours?"

For a few moments she did not reply, but stood looking off over the hills, where the sun was just sinking from sight.

"What is the use?" she said at last. "It is all over long ago, and we have come to an age where we can overlook—and forgive—without explanations. We both misunderstood and misjudged each other—of that I have long been sure. Let it rest at that."

"But I cannot be content with that. I thought I had put it all out of my life, Leah. It has been a busy life, and I have taken care that I should have but little time for thought. I schooled myself to keep all thought of you from my mind, and for the most part I have succeeded. I thought I could go on to the end—but now that I see you again the years that lie between our youth and now are as if they had never been. Leah, I can't believe but that you care yet, too. Let us rectify our mistakes and end our lives as we should have lived them—together!"

"No, no," she said, putting out her hands as if to push the thought away. "It is too late. We have been learning to live alone. We have each made our own life and found a certain happiness in it. It is too late to make a change. What have our lives in common—yours, a lawyer's busy and studious, passed in a great city, and touched on all sides by interests of whose very existence I am ignorant; mine, a quiet, country life, spent almost in solitude, with cares and pleasures that to you would seem petty? They would clash if brought together.

By some trick of fancy Mark Houghton remembered at that instant that it was at this door they had first told their loves. That was at sunset, too, and not far away a brown thrush was singing his joyous vesper song.

"You will thank me for what I have said when you get back to New York," Leah continued, her voice trembling a little, but her eyes looking steadily into his.

And in his heart he felt that she was right—right at least as to the difficulty of welding their two lives into one. But for a while he continued to urge her to reconsider. She only shook her head and said gently:

"It is too late. We must not add to our folly by making a greater mistake than that of our youth."

At last he turned to go.

"I hope I shall feel one day that you are right," he said. "Good-by."

At that moment a brown thrush on a tree top near by broke out into a flood of melody. He sang as joyously as if all the world were young and the only natural conditions were happiness.

At the sound Leah turned her head with a startled look of recollection. Her eyes met Mark's.

"It is not to late, Leah!" he cried, catching her hand. "Listen! our old friend advises us just as he did the first time—love and be happy! There is time enough yet, is there not?"

And some way she could no longer find it in her heart to say 'No.'—*New York World.*

Srength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50 cents at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

Fighting a Ground Hog.

Just about "groundhog day," which all well-informed people know to be Feb. 2, a New Jersey farmer heard a flock of crows making a big fuss in a field near the woods. The farmer investigated and found the cause of their disturbance to be a ground hog looking for something to eat. For some reason the crows resented the appearance of the little animal and assailed him on every side with sharp beaks and claws. As good luck would have it, the groundhog was near his hole, and in he went in a hurry.

His sudden disappearance caused surprise and consternation among the crows and for a time they flew around wildly. Then they held a council, with the result that two old crows flew to the top of a rail fence a few feet from the burrow as sentinels, while the others flew some distance away.

Ten minutes elapsed and then the groundhog reappeared. Instantly the sentinels cawed the signal, and the main army came flying, but the animal was too quick and dodged into his home.

The exasperated crows immediately fell to work, and in the course of 15 minutes plugged up the hole with dirt and stones. Then they indulged in a chorus of exultation and were having a joyous time when one old crow gave a terrible caw of rage.

He had discovered the groundhog sitting on a knoll 50 feet away, having emerged from the other end of his burrow.

Then there was another council of war, and the farmer expected to see another attack, but it soon became evident that the crows were disheartened, and after awhile they arose as one bird and with a few faint hearted caws flew to the woods and disappeared, thus acknowledging that the groundhog was smarter than they.—*Golden Days.*

What a Chance.

A clever teacher who has the power of calling out originality in her pupils says that she should certainly have no time for the use of text books if she attempted to answer all the startling questions asked her in the class.

One day the attraction of gravitation was under discussion and Charley Beale volunteered the opinion that he "didn't see any need of it, anyway."

"It seems to me," said Charley, "there's no particular use in having the earth attract things. Now, when the apple fell, and made Newton think out the reason—why, that apple might just as well have stayed where it was till somebody gathered it."

"You play ball, don't you?" ask the teacher.

"Yes'm."

"Suppose you hit the ball very high, what happens?"

"It falls."

"But if there were no attraction toward the earth, it wouldn't fall. Don't you think that might prove inconvenient?"

Charley did not answer immediately. His eyes were bright with the light of a new idea.

"My!" he broke forth, involuntarily. "What a chance for a home run!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Had a Good Hold.

I had stopped to smoke a pipe with a Georgia "cracker" on a log at his door, and noticing the general shiftlessness of the surroundings I finally asked:

"Why don't you fix the roof of your cabin?"

"Gwine ter some day," he replied.

"That chimney ought to be rebuilt."

"I'm a considerin' to do it."

"I should be afraid that stable would fall down and kill the mule."

"Reckon I've got to prop it."

"The weeds appear to be too much for your corn."

"Yes weeds is powerful around yere.'

He was so placid and good-natured about it that I ventured further and said:

"It seems to me that with ambition and hard work you could not only make a good living on this place, but get something ahead?"

"I could, for suah," he answered.

"Then why don't you do it?"

"Waitin'."

"Waiting for what?"

"Waitin' fur to git that ambishun you spoke of."

"And do you think you'll ever get it?"

He refilled his pipe, lighted it and slid off the log to get a brace for his back. When he had got comfortably settled he queried:

"Stranger, yo' doan' live around yere, I reckon?"

"No."

"Cause if yo' did you'd diskiver that I hev a might good thing of it as it is and would be a fool to let it go for somethin' new."

Ancient Food.

"I have eaten apples that ripened more than 1800 years ago, bread made from wheat grown before the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea, spread it with butter that was made when Elizabeth was Queen of England, and washed down the repast with wine that was old when Columbus was playing barefooted with the days of Genoa," said a gentleman at the club the other day.

The remarkable "spread" was given by an antiquary named Gorbel, in the city of Brussels, in 1871. The apples were from a jar taken from the ruins of Pompeii, that buried city, to whose people we owe our knowledge of canning fruit.

The wheat was taken from a chamber in one of the smaller pyramids, the butter from a stone shelf in an old well in Scotland, where it had lain in an earthenware crock, in icy water, and the wine came from an old vault in the city of Corinth.

There were six guests at the table, and each had a mouthful of the bread and a teaspoonful of the wine, but was permitted to help himself liberally to the butter, there being several pounds of it.

The apple jar held about two-thirds of a gallon, and the fruit was as sweet and the flavor as fine as though put up yesterday.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Rich relatives are apt to be very close relatives and distant ones too.

Political Oratory in Texas.

"I heard a political speech down in Texas last fall," said A. R. Gaines, of Gainesville, in that state, to a Washington *Post* reporter, "that would have impressed our eastern critics with the belief that all the Depews, Choates and Tom Reeds are not born east of the Mississippi. I was in the northern Rio Grande country—a wild, sparsely settled section of the state—and ran into a little town of about 200 people. There was to be a grand political rally and joint debate. The first speaker was a fair talker, a populist. He gave us an hour or so of talk on supression, monopoly, etc., and then a Democrat took the platform. He knew no statistics; he scorned figures, facts and argument. He rolled up his sleeves pulled off his hat and began hammering with his fist.

"'Gentleman of the great state of Texas, are you aware of who's been talkin' slush about the greatest party ever God created bein' in cahoots with robbers en thieves en such fur one solid hour? An outlaw from Mizzouri that dassant show his yeller hide in the town where he wuz born—a man that fur a $5 bill would swear that he wuz a bosom friend of George Washington; that the father of his kentry kept a slaughterhouse in the San Pecos valley, and then would turn right around, go to Mount Vernon and dug up his bones an' use' em for fertilizers. An' his party? Why, gentlemen of the great state of Texas, that little handful of one-gutted bellyachers called populists no more compares with the mighty hosts that fight under the nag of eternal democracy than the feeble grow of a lightning bug compares to the glorious effulgence of the midday sun!'

"That was only a starter. He kept it up for an hour. Did it take? It carried the county."

The Moorish Cure For Rheumatism.

In Fez there are fire doctors, who sit in the more frequented streets waiting for rheumatic patients. Each doctor has a little furnace, a pair of bellows and a number of curiously-shaped iron rods before him. When not operating, he solemnly and incessantly reads a book of one sentence:

"There is no God but God, and Mohommed is his prophet."

When a patient appears, the doctor lays down his book, blows up his fire with his bellows, and sticks into the coals several of the rods, which are about two feet long and have queer knobs and hooks on their heated ends. While waiting for these to get hot he constantly repeats his one sentence.

When all is ready, the patient pays his fee, lies down on his face and draws his clothing up on his back. "In the name of God," says the fire doctor, and passes a redhot iron with great deliberation over various parts of the back. It makes a "sizzling" noise, and a smell of burned flesh fills the air. Meantime a crowd of men have collected to witness the operation. They incessantly pass their fingers through their beards and praise God and Mohommed.

Frequently the patient after one operation lies still for awhile, perhaps waiting for another twinge of the disease. If it comes, he perceives that he is not quite cured, and demands another installment of the treatment, for which he pays another fee.—*Youth's Companion.*

How Mr. Depew Got up a Speech.

The death of the Rev. Thomas Vermilye, who for fifty years was chaplain of the New York St. Nickolas Society, recalls an incident in which a well known Brooklyn man and Chauncy M. Depew figured.

Doctor Vermilye had for many years spoken to the toast "Holland" at the annual dinner of the organization named. Some eleven years ago, and on the morning of the day set for the banquet, he was taken ill, and notified the Dinner Committee that he would be unable to make his wanted oration.

At 4 o'clock on the same day, Depew entered the office of John A. Nickols, 71 Broadway, New York, wearing a worried expression and a perspiration-bedewed forehead.

"Nickols" he said, "I'm in a fix, and want you to help me out. These St. Nickolas people have just wired me that in the absence of Dr. Vermilye they look to me to respond to 'Holland;' I don't know the first thing about the subject and it's 4 o'clock."

"Well," said Mr. Nickols.

"Now," went on Depew, "just you take me by the arm and walk me up Broadway to Twenty-third street. Don't talk to me and don't expect me to talk to you. Just steer me around the people, mind I don't get run over at the crossings and go slow. That's all I want you to do."

Mr. Nickols did as requested, and the pair did not exchange a word until Twenty-third street was reached at 5:15 p. m.

"Thankee," said Mr. Depew as he parted with his friend: "I guess I'm all right."

At 7:30 p. m. the first thing that the eye of Mr. Nickols met, as he sat down at the dinner table, was the bland, unruffled, smoothly shaven face of Depew. The speech that he made later is yet a delightful tradition in the annals of the St. Nickolas Society. It was chock full of wit, fact, figures and sentiment. Nobody but Mr. Nickols dreamed that it had been conceived, shaped and born amid the riot and roar of Broadway.—*Brooklyn Chronicle.*

Be Your Own Doctor.

For one dollar get a bottle of Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. It will last for three months, and is absolutely guaranteed by your druggist.

Doctors say the only way to cure catarrh and hay fever is by inhilation. We have worked for years to accomplish a good, simple method for inhaling medicine, and offer Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure, which is used by this new method, to the public, and guarantee it to cure any case, no matter of how long standing. One bottle is all you need to accomplish a cure. It will last for three months. Ask your druggist or address The Mayer Drug Co., Oakland, Md.

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

Bill Flicker as a Calliope.

"One of the most singular men I ever knew," said a wealthy retired circus man to a N. Y. *Sun* reporter, "was a canvasman in the first show I ever owned. His name was Bill Flicker, and his singularity lay in his voice; he was the loudest talker I ever knew. He disturbed every body when he talked, and if he talked at night he always woke up the animals. This once came very near getting us into serious trouble. The giraffe one day bit at a little child who had approached too near his cage, and he never would have done this in the world if he had not been made irritable by being kept awake nights hearing Bill talk. There were times when we thought we would have to get rid of Bill, but he was a good hearted man, and he did twice as much work as anybody else, and so we kept him, and the time came when we were very glad we did. Our steam calliope, one of the first ever used, was a great attraction. We always billed it very strong as a leading feature of the street parades and it pleased the people immensely. We were at that time in the far west. In those days there was in every far western town a considerable number of intensely emotional people who were always sure to make a great row if things didn't go to please them. While we were in one of these towns our calliope broke down and the engineer was unable to repair it in time. We dragged it in the procession, but the people were so enraged at not hearing it play that they shot the horses. At the next town the calliope was still out of repair and we expected that the people there would wreck the show, but at the last moment just as the parade was about to start, Bill Flicker stepped forward and said:

"'Colonel, I'll be the calliope.'

They took the inside out of the calliope and put Bill in. The player took his place and worked the keys and Bill talked. After that nobody ever thought of discharging Bill Flicker. He disturbed the animals, but he had saved the circus."

Oddities of Great Folks.

Hesiod hated women and took no pains to conceal the fact.

Robespierre was fond of reading poetry aloud to his friends.

Confucius, it is said, was passionately fond of watermelon seeds.

Themistocles was excessively fond of dancing and flute playing.

Nero was fond of music and attained great proficiency in the art.

Queen Elizabeth was very profane, and when angry would kick and cuff her maids.

Matthew Arnold's dogs, cat and canary bird are mentioned dozens of times in his poems.

Pierex, after working hours, busied himself in arranging and caring for his coins and medals.

Arius, the great heretic, delighted in religious dances and would dance till exhausted.

Vaughelm, the Hanoverian, could hunt wild boars, but could not endure the sight of roast pork, even the smell making him deathly ill.

Seneca, when tired writing his treatises on morals, found amusement in going over his accounts and calculating how much interest was due him.

Burton, when out of spirits, would go to the Thames, sit on the steps leading to the water and find pleasure in listening to the stories of the bargemen.

Mozart always kept his notebook in his pocket, and while walking or playing billiards, his favorite amusement, would often stop to jot down a melody that occurred to him.

Coleridge found solace for his troubles in the forgetfulness induced by opium, and when under its influence would sit for hours threading the dreamy mazes of his own mind.

Macaulay took his Sunday dinner alone at a coffee house. After dinner he would build a pyramid of wine glasses, which usually toppled over. He would pay for the broken glass and go.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

A Story of General Butler.

John R. Elder, who recently returned from a trip to New Orleans, while speaking of General Benjamin F. Butler the other day told the following story:

"Butler is still heartily hated there, but the hatred is not universal. I have even heard some native Louisianians speak well of him, and there are a number of local anecdotes concerning him that have not been in print that show that now and then he even went out of his way to do a gracious act.

"Among those who had reason to change their views of Butler was a wealthy creole named Masperean, a sugar merchant and banker. He did not go into the army, but his sympathies were with the south.

"When Butler took possession, Masperean was greatly alarmed about his portable property. He had a great quantity of silverware which had been in the family through several generations. His sisters also were well supplied with this metal.

"Masperean was afraid of raiders, and packing up all of his silver, together with that of his sisters, put it on board a vessel to ship it for safety to New York.

"This came to the ears of Butler. The vessel was not permitted to sail, and Masperean was sent for. He entered the presence of Butler in fear and trembling.

Butler in a stern voice asked why he was sending his plate away, and Masperean told him for safety, as he didn't think it secure in New Orleans.

"'You take that silver to the custom house,' said Butler. 'It shall never be said that property is sent out of New Orleans for safety while General Butler is in command of this place.'

"Masperean, who told me this, said that he did so, and the silver was taken care of and returned to him when quiet was restored."—*Indianapolis News.*

Knew Her Hubby.

Mosher—Is your letter to your husband ready to mail?

Married Daughter—It's all done excepting the postscript, telling him to send me some more money. I'm looking for another sheet of paper.

Write it across the lines.

No indeed. He'll pretend he could not read it.

La Grippe.

During the prevalance of the Grippe the past seasons it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all Diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store.

Spinning wheels are not altogether things of the past. Go down into Cornwall or Wales, or up to the Scotch highlands, and you will find plenty of cottages where the spinning wheel is as much a piece of useful household furniture as are the scrubbing brush and the kitchen broom.

I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for years. Ely's Cream Balm is the only remedy among the many that I have used that affords me relief.—E. H. Willard, Druggist, Joliet, Ills.

I have been troubled with catarrh for ten years and have tried a number of remedies, but found no relief until I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. I consider it the most reliable preparation for catarrh and cold in the head.—Geo. E. Crandall, P. M., Quonochawntang, R. I.

Rome Redivivus seems to be Signor Crispi's dream, for he has just declared that the Eternal City will one day carry the true conception of civilization and liberty into the whole world.

The Wonder of the Age.

Have you catarrh? No doubt you have. Most people are so afflicted. Get a bottle of Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure from your druggist. It's the only medicine of its kind on the market and absolutely guaranteed. For sale by druggists or address

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