

# The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896.

WHOLE NO. 2356.

## IVORY SOAP

### IT FLOATS

Keep the refrigerator clean. Use hot water, a cake of Ivory Soap (it leaves no odor) and a clean scrubbing brush; scrub the sides, corners, racks, outlet pipe and drip cup; rinse with cold water and wipe dry.

The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

## First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.  
Surplus, \$24,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:  
LARRY M. HICKS, GEO. R. SCULL,  
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## Mrs. A. E. Uhl.

NEW FALL GOODS

New Style Fall and Winter

Dress Goods

now in stock. They are pretty and cheap.

A complete line of all kinds of

Flannels,  
Flannelettes,  
and other goods now in stock.

## The Somerset County National BANK

OF SOMERSET PA.

Established 1827. Organized as a National Bank 1890.

CAPITAL, \$50,000  
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Chas. J. Harrison, President.  
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## A. H. HUSTON,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

A GOOD HEARSE,  
and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

SOMERSET - Pa.  
Jacob D. Swank,  
Watchmaker and Jeweler,  
Next Door West of Lutheran Church,  
Somerset, Pa.  
I am now prepared to supply the public with Clocks, Watches, and Jewelry of all descriptions, as cheap as the cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.  
All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

J. D. SWANK,  
ALWAYS On Hand.  
BEST IN THE MARKET.

Jarecki Phosphate,  
Raisin's Phosphate,  
Lime,  
Crushed Coke,  
Hard Coal,  
Salisbury Soft Coal,  
At the Old Stand near the Somerset & Cambria R. R. Station.

Prices Right.

## Mrs. A. E. UHL.

NASAL CATARRH

LOCAL DISEASE

is the result of colds and influenza and is cured by ELY'S CREAM BALM.

ELY'S CREAM BALM

For Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Toothache, Headache, Pain in the Back, Stiff Neck, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Itch, Eczema, and all other skin diseases.

SOLELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, N. Y.

## THE KEELY CURE

It is a special boon to those men who have suffered from the disease of alcoholism and are seeking a cure. It is a simple, safe, and effective remedy, and is the only one that has been shown to be successful in curing this disease.

SOLELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren Street, N. Y.

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### THEIR BAPTISM OF FIRE.

Sensation of Fighters in Their First Battles.

With novelists who plume themselves on their realism a favorite subject of study lately has been the feeling and conduct of soldiers under fire. Patient, psychologic discussions of the soldier in battle, at which the editorial reader catches his breath and sighs, "How true!" have made the fortune of more than one work of fiction. With such studies in mind, it may be interesting to read what a few actual soldiers, at random, have to say regarding their feelings in coming under fire.

General U. S. Grant said that the instant he heard the first hostile gun, when down in Mexico with Taylor as a sub-lieutenant, he felt sorry he ever enlisted. Shortly afterward he borrowed a horse and rode into the thick of the fight against orders. From the frank admissions of a gallant company of veterans of the civil war, who have followed the example of their great commander, and given up their inmost secrets to the interviewer, the readers of this story will find that Grant's experience in getting broken in are shared by all men who have the stuff to make staying soldiers.

Fitz John Porter was under Taylor also. He said: "In every case when also passed by I always controlled myself so as not to permit the men to see that I was disturbed. My first experience was down with Taylor, and I recall a case in point. Colonel Childs had a new regiment formed in square at Resaca de la Palma, and when the Mexicans opened fire upon it the men began to stop. Colonel Childs told them to stop it, as it was unadvisable to dodge. Taylor sat by on his horse, ducking, right left at every bullet. Said he to Childs: "Don't stop the men—don't. Let them dodge—if they want to. It's perfectly natural you know."

Lee's old warrior, Lieutenant General Longstreet, received his baptism under Taylor at the same time. He says that the first sound of distant firing caused him to leave for the open field. But there was a tall before he was brought into action, and in order to keep his thoughts from wandering, he took for his breakfast picture of the girl he had left behind. The calm, frank face looking into his disheveled all thought of danger, and he went ahead like the man he aspired to be.

Inquiries directed to the Green Mountain boys, who made a gallant record as fighters, brought forth some responses which go to the root of this whole question of battlefield courage. General Lewis A. Grant, commander of the first Vermont brigade, one of the fighting commands of the Army of the Potomac, said:

"It is somewhat difficult to give my 'first experience under fire,' as I became a little used to it before being thrown into a severe engagement. And my feelings were not the same on all occasions. I disliked very much to go into an engagement, and feared the result, not only to myself, but to my command and the cause. Generally the first experience of a battle was that of trepidation and of my natural pride and feeling of responsibility and a knowledge of its effect upon the men overcame it. But it sometimes took all the self-control of my command to appear calm and cool. But this feeling of trepidation never lasted long. It never extended through a battle."

Governor Urban A. Woodbury, whose noble ledge of courage is so well known, recalled his first experience under fire without difficulty, for it was then he lost his right arm. Said he:

"As I emerged from the woods on the open field at the first battle of Bull Run, the enemy discovered us and commenced firing upon us with solid shot and shell. If I were to analyze my own feelings, I should say I felt a great sense of danger, but not much fright. I had no idea of doing anything else than to march straight ahead toward the enemy, which I was doing at double quick when I received the wound which caused the loss of my arm. I realized perfectly well what was going on about me, and where the enemy were posted."

General Theodore S. Peck, a Green Mountain soldier, who has a varied experience, and was one of Stannard's officers, first came under fire in a cavalry charge and skirmish.

"We were so excited and interested in chasing the enemy," he said, "that I was not much afraid about it. The next time under fire I was thoroughly frightened at the commencement, but later on fought as bravely as the supreme thought of whipping the enemy took possession. I think I never was in a battle but that I was afraid, and in most of the engagements it lasted throughout the entire time when under fire. While this physical fear was upon me I had no desire to leave the field, but otherwise to whip the other side. I am confident that I had my wits about me during all these trying times, and was cool enough to attend to business."

General W. W. Henry, colonel of the Tenth Vermont, received his baptism of fire at Bull Run, with General Woodbury. His chief thought and anxiety during the fight was to get a good shot at the enemy. As soon as his regiment gave me orders to retire from the exposed position.

The soldier is stimulated by the uniform of his calling, the sense of the power of the armament of which he is part, and his elbow touch with men he hopes are braver than himself. It is possible to be caught in a position where a show of cowardice would end unfavorably for other reasons than disgrace and shame.

A new western story teller, Walter Davis, the hero of the encounter with the savage Geronimo, was asked how he felt to be pounced upon by a band of Apaches. Davis was a United States surveyor in the southwest New Mexico when Geronimo left the Mexican sierras and ravaged the border settlements in 1886. He was armed, as were his Mexican helpers, but none of the party had been under fire. Mr. Davis told his own story.

"We had no run something more than a half mile, in our former effort to escape the fiends that were bearing down upon us, and now, dead fagged, we stopped at the crest of a little knoll to fight as we might and die as we had to. It would be silly for me to say that I was not frightened, for I was in a perfect chill of fear, which became almost rank panic when a bullet, from the first fire of the Apaches, sang its peculiar, blood-thinning song within six inches of my ear.

"Oh, God, to die like this in this far away plain! I said to myself, as the cold wave swept over my flesh and brought out the 'goose pimples.' The next instant I was as hot as a stove. The infernal, bloody beasts of hell! I shouted, and in another tone and another mood, 'We'd get a few, no matter what they do to us.' And as I pulled up my carbine and blazed away at the on-swooping line of devils, I glanced about me and saw that my little party were with me, shoulder to shoulder, and the glimpse of their dusty faces and set, hard looks showed me that they, too, had passed from fright to fury."

"General Nelson A. Miles's answer to the question was as follows:

"Concerning the effect of being under fire for the first time, I can say that that battle scene was inspiring and exhilarating, and I do not remember that it produced the least trepidation—nothing like as much as the effect afterward in some more sanguinary engagements, when we had learned to realize the serious effect of the enemy's fire."

General Sickles said: "Before the battle opened I felt shaky, but soon recovered myself so much, I do not think about danger. I was a colonel at that time. The higher the rank the more responsibility, and the man in the line with little to do except to wait for the enemy to shoot at him is in the most trying position of all."

Difference in details with agreement in essentials is true of battlefield emotions. These fresh talks of war-worn heroes bear out that statement. Some would have dodged on all occasions but for the fact that arrant cowards didn't allow occasions to repeat themselves. They went home or to Canada. All men dodged on some occasions, and in so doing saved their fighting vim for the hour when it would tell. Sherman hit the rule that obtained throughout the army, when shooting Cannon's Highlanders under the "baptism of fire"—his own, as well as Bull Run. When bullets and shells began to fly the Highlanders very naturally ducked their heads. Sherman told them to keep cool, as there was no use in dodging, for whenever the sound of a bullet or shell over. Besides, it didn't look well in soldiers. The words had largely left his lips when an immense shell came with its murderous "ka-swish! ka-swish!" a few feet above his head. Down went Tecumseh until he lay prostrate along his horse's shoulders and neck, and when he arose again it was with a very red face, as if he had been scalded. Very much amused that a preacher should be so weak in practice, the killed Highlanders led the general know it, and "Uncle Billy" let himself down easily by saying: "Well boys, you may judge the big ones."—New York Sun.

### Worse Than Indians.

"So you were a pioneer in the early days of the West?"

"I was," answered the graybeard. "You lived among the hostile Indians?"

"Yes."

"Lived with a rifle in your hands and in hourly expectation of being the mark for a hidden enemy's bullet?"

"It was something like that."

"Do you know, I often think that a life like that must be terrible. I should think the mere strain on the nerves would kill a man in a short time—holding your life in your hand all the time, always conscious that a moment's relaxation of vigilance may mean death."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the graybeard. "When I came back from the West I was 70 years old and did not have a gray hair. I got off the railroad train and started to walk across the street. Half way over I heard the dingiest clanging and yelling in all my ears I ever heard and somebody gave me a push that sent me clear to the curb. Then, when I looked around, I saw I'd come within an inch of being run over by a trolley. Never had so narrow escape from Indians."

"I went into a saloon close by to get a drink and settle my nerves. While I was standing at the bar a couple of fellows got into a scrap and one of them threw a heavy beer mug. Didn't hit the other fellow, but it came within a sixteenth of an inch of my right temple."

"I started to walk up town and the first crossing I came to a policeman grabbed me by the shoulder and jerked me across so quick it made my head swim. I looked to see what was the matter, for there were no car tracks on the street, and I saw I had just escaped being run down by a hackman hurrying to catch a train."

"I posted a little farther, somebody yelled: 'Look out!' at me, and when I jumped, a big icicle fell and struck where I had been standing."

"I got to my hotel and was heading for the door when somebody grabbed me and asked me if I wanted to be killed. They were holding a side into a second-story window over where I'd been trying to go and I hadn't more than got out of the way before a rope broke and it dropped."

"I went to bed and about midnight I was called up by a bell ringing over my head and found the place was on fire, and I had to slide down a rope to escape. Being a sound sleeper, they'd had hard work to wake me, and I had barely touched the ground when the roof fell in."

"When I looked in the glass I saw the first streaks of gray that had ever showed themselves in my hair. Oh, their dangers in civilized life as well as out on the plains!"—Buffalo Express.

### Exent Cheering.

It is reported that when the German man-of-war *Itz* went down in a typhoon off the Chinese coast the other day, the captain and the crew gathered on the deck and cheered for the Emperor as they were swept down into eternity. One likes to believe in such stories of brave deeds, but, alas! one can not help remembering the number of exactly similar stories which have so frequently been discarded when history undertook to revise her first account.

There was the French *Vanguard*—a notable example. She was part of the French fleet defeated by the British under Lord Howe on June 1, 1794. According to the legend invented by Bore and being by French poets and swept by the French public ever since, the *Vanguard* refused to surrender, the crew sunk the ship, and all went alive into the deep shouting, "Vive la Republique!"

This was the first version of history. And now for the amended one. It shall be given in the words of Carlyle: "The *Vanguard*, after fighting bravely, did sink altogether, as other ships do, her captain and above two hundred of her crew escaping gladly in British boats; and this same enormous, inspiring feat, and rumor of sound most piercing, turned out to be an enormous, inspiring feat, extinct now, save as falsehood, in the legend of Boreau." Carlyle, however, thinks that the story should be somewhat more memorable as "the largest, most inspiring piece of blague manufactured for some centuries by any man or nation."—New York Herald.

### He Meant Well.

The story of the Irishman who wrote his friend, saying, "Telegraph me if you don't get this letter," was quoted in a local newspaper. One of the office men came down and found that he had left his keys behind. He sent his wife for them, and the messenger returned with the information that the keys were not there. At this juncture George—a fellow-clerk, said, "Why, I found your keys."

"Where are they?" said the first clerk.

"I have them in my pocket," said George. "I pushed a note through the slit of your desk telling you that I had them."

"Well, you idiot," said the first, "how was it to get the note when the desk was locked?"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### A Good Thing.

The summer resort hotel proprietor chuckled softly to himself.

"They tell me," he said, "that the weather for the last week has been simply glorious."

Then he rubbed his hands together after the manner of a man who thinks he knows a good thing when he sees it.

"No," chuckled the old man.—New York Mail and Express.

### The Power of Slavery.

Two unemployed Thespians met on Sixth avenue the other morning. Neither had breakfasted, and neither had any idea where "the price of a breakfast was to come. The two men entered a restaurant however, and took seats opposite the cashier's desk. The cashier was a tall, sawny, ordinary sort of a young woman.

"By Jove!" suddenly exclaimed one of the impetuous Thespians, "what a striking resemblance that young lady cashier bears to Mary Anderson."

"Yes," his friend replied, doubtfully.

The meal finished, the man who had flattered the cashier picked up the check and approached the cashier's desk. Putting his hand in his pocket, he withdrew it with an expression of horror on his face.

"I've left my purse at home. What shall I do?" he said.

"Never mind," replied the cashier, sweetly. "You can pay just as well tomorrow morning."

"Diplomacy," his friend ejaculated, as the two men left the restaurant.—New York Times.

### A Million Gold Dollars.

Would not suffering happiness to the person suffering with dyspepsia, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has cured many thousands of cases of this disease. It tones the stomach, regulates the bowels and puts all the machinery of the system in good working order. It creates a good appetite and gives health, strength and happiness.

Hood's Pills set harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills 25 cents.

### Why He Disliked the Farmer.

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"Yes," replied Meandering Mike, "an' wot ever de farmer wants, I'm agin."

"Wot fur?"

"Wot fur? Ah! ye got no spirit at all! I don't bid in 'barstee' no morement, but I never kin forgit dat de farmer is de man dat goes round de country roads lookin' fur harvest hands."—Washington Star.

### Better Than \$100 Reward.

On receipt of ten cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c.

ELY BROTHERS,  
56 Warren St., New York City.

I suffered from Catarrh of the worst kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Ely's Cream Balm seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Oscar A. Struam, 45 Warren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Fitted For His Place.

"This is the saddest case of all, and yet he achieved his ambition."

The keeper passed, and with pitying eyes the visitors gazed on the hopeless, expressionless face of the patient from which traces of intelligence had vanished.

"How did he come to this sad state?"

"He was out of work and endeavored to make himself eligible to serve as a pet juror."—Truth.

A Boy's Chances Spoiled.

Farmer's Boy—"Father, why can't I rise in the world the same as other men? For instance, why can't I some day become Secretary of Agriculture?"

Old Farmer—"Too late, too late, my son. You know too much about farming!"—New York Weekly.

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own State, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking me if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her, as she did not like to be without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, Chamberlain's Stomach and Bowel Remedy, Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Cough, Croup and Whooping Cough Syrup. These remedies have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequalled by any other. They are for sale here by Benford's Pharmacy.

### A Dreadful Contingency.

"Your money, and quick, too!" said the tall burglar.

"For goodness' sake, don't make so much noise," hissed the unhappy householder as he sat up in bed.

"Why not?"

"You'll wake the baby."

The short burglar laughed brutally. He had heard the old pug when he was a child at his mother's knee.

"Wot if we do wake the baby?" said the tall burglar.

"If the baby cries," groaned the unhappy victim, "it will sour the temper of my wife's pet dog, and then there'll be hades to pay."

With a glance of deep commiseration the burglar softly stole away.—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

### The True Remedy.

W. M. Reppine, editor Takikwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, etc." It is the expert most with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

Too Strong for the Sheriff.

"Why, Remm? How is it you are at large? I heard you were to be arrested. Did you escape the Sheriff?"

"Yassir! De Sheriff couldn't hold 'em!"

"De Sheriff couldn't hold you?"

"Yo see, sah, I'd been e-con'ntin' de day before an' somehow or udder I done got too familiar with a polecat, an' de Sheriff 'nain' no' mo' dan took a hol' er me dan he realize I wuz too strong for 'im, sah, an' he wifdraw from de argymen' like he ben shot from a gun."—Boston Courier.

### Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of Constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

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"Wot fur? Ah! ye got no spirit at all! I don't bid in 'barstee' no morement, but I never kin forgit dat de farmer is de man dat goes round de country roads lookin' fur harvest hands."—Washington Star.

### A Delicate Compliment.

"Mabel," said the man who favors free silver, "that young man who calls to see you remains altogether too late. It was after half-past 12 when he started for home last night."

"I can't help it, father."

"Can't you give him some kind of a hint?"

"I did; but he said he had too much respect for your sentiments to think of leaving until 16 minutes to 12."—Washington Star.

### Tabby.

Many people suppose that tabby is a name applied to cats in general. It really means cats whose fur is marked in a certain way, and so there are both male and female tabbies.

The tabbies are divided into banded and spotted furred cats. The name is derived from Atab, a street in Bagdad celebrated for the manufacture of watered silks, which when sold in England, were called atabi, or tafety, and from their resemblance to watered silks the banded and brindled cats were called tabbies. It is one of the commonest of colors, or markings rather, and is found in many breeds of cats, but a uniformly marked tabby is comparatively rare and valuable.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### A Big Difference.

Servant—"Johnny 'trew his ball 'tough th' windy, mum, an' broke a pane of glass."

Johnny's Mother—"Well, that's nothing to make such a fuss about. Accidents will happen; and, besides, we don't own the house, and intend to move next week."

Servant—"But th' ball struck that chiny tea cup you got with a half-pint of tea and smashed it all to splinters."

Johnny's Mother (angrily)—"What! Send that boy right in to me! I'll teach him to be more careful the next time!"—Puck.

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