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ESTABLISHED 1827.

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SOMERSET, PA.

The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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It will pay you to come to Pittsburg and do yor shopping at this store. You know how we have done business these past twenty-five years. Many women who have now homes and families of their own came to this store when little girls, with their mother to do shopping. You first knew this store under the firm name of Campbell, Williamson & Dick, then Campbell & Dick, now Campbell & Smith.
The management, however, has always been the same and so have the methods of doing business. One price to all, goods marked in plain figures; no misrepresentation of goods and satisfaction guaranteed. Buying goods here does not depend upon skill or knowledge of the goods—your ten-year old girl can buy as well and as cheap as the most experienced shopper; and when we advertise a thing, we mean just what we say. While our principles of doing business are the same, this has been a progressive store. You can get everything you want.
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Everything of the very latest and best styles, from the white Slippers to the Veil.
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Everything ready for you—not only ready made Bedding, Table Linen, Lace Curtains and Carpets, but all kinds of Furniture and everything in the way of Granite, Tin and Wooden Ware for your kitchen; also Oil and Gas Stoves and Ranges. One entire floor filled with China and Earthen Ware, embracing the useful English as well as the genuine Haviland French China.
As our Men's Clothing Department has been opened but a short time, we will give you a few extraordinary values.
Men's Black Cheviot Overcoats, $5.00
Men's Dark Cheviot and Dark Union Sack Suits, - - - $5 00
Youths' Blue and Black, Dark Gray and Mixed, single and double Breasted Suits, - - - $5 00
Boys' Dark Gray Scotch Tweed Suits, - - - - - - - - - $3.50
Between Wood and Smithfield St's.

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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.
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A SPECIALTY.
HARRY M. BENSHOFF,
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RESIGNATION.

'Tis awful hard to bow the head
And say, "Thy will be done,"
When everything looks dark and drear
And the clouds obscure the sun;
To fold the hands we loved so well
Tenderly over the breast,
While our lips do feebly whisper
How calmly she doth rest.

'Tis awful hard to still live on
When those we love prove false;
When faith is dead and hope has fled
And we are tempest tossed;
To laugh and smile and hide the wounds
That perhaps will never heal,
So the busy world will never know
The sorrow that we feel.

'Tis very hard to learn real well
The lesson of the cross;
To count the many tears we shed
To profit, not to loss;
To stand beside—yea, to enter in—
The portals of the tomb,
Then look above, beyond it,
Out from the awful gloom;

To try and see the little gleam
That's shining ever so far;
To hear the voice of the Master—
We still his children are.
To suffer much, and still hope on,
Knowing no consolation,
Yet keeping the light of faith aglow—
This, then, is resignation.

ONE THANKSGIVING.

BY EVA BEST.

I was very cross that night. All day things had gone wrong, and I had so much to do in the way of cake-baking and seeing to a thousand things beside. We were to give a supper on this Thanksgiving Day, as it was the thirtieth anniversary of our wedding.

"Deary me," I thought, peering into the oven to see how the turkey was getting on. "I can't believe it has been thirty years since Tom and I stood up before Preacher Censor to get married—it really doesn't seem that long; but Preacher Censor has been dead and gone these twenty years, Tom's hair is as white as the flour at the mill, and I—well, I don't feel so very old yet, and wouldn't realize the flight of time so much if I hadn't Jamie, here, with me," and I glanced at our child—a man now in years, but to me always a child; for he had never grown in stature since ten long years ago, when they brought him in, mangled and bleeding, his feet crippled for life, caused by a fall from a beam in the mill.

I thought it would kill me, at first, to see my once active, bonny, bright darling tramping around on crutches; but somehow I got used to it as years passed us both by—so used to it, indeed, that when Jamie asked me that Thanksgiving morning if I would take Dora for my daughter, I flared up at him and answered him more sharply than I should have thought possible for me to answer my idolized boy.

What right had he to leave me for Dora? Not that I disliked the girl, though she *was* a strange sort of body—living first at one house, then at another. Our neighbors were all working people and managed to get along without hired help, except field hands and some such man-labor; it was only at house-cleaning times that Dora was needed steadily, or when sewing was going to be done, at marriages or funerals. It was a hap-hazard way of getting one's bread, but Dora was always busy; for she was as handy at boy's work as any lad in the village and had the advantage of being more intelligent. Dora would be just the wife for my son; she was energetic, robust, strong, and smart, while he was the crippled son of a hard-working miller, who could leave him no money or estate when he died; and me, his mother, who could leave him only to the mercy of the world when life was ended.

But I steeled my heart against his pleading voice and eyes, and gave him short, angry replies, until he could stand it no longer and hobbled away, slowly and tremblingly, toward the mill.

My heart cried out for him; but I stifled its reproaches, and gave vent to my ugly feelings by spitefully dashing all manner of kitchen utensils out upon the porch. After the turkeys were tanned to russet and gold in the big oven, and the cakes were done, the excitement that had kept me in a flurry all day suddenly left me, and I sat down in the disordered kitchen and had a good, long, hard cry over my poor boy. Still I felt that all this trouble was Dora's fault, and I tried to hush my accusing conscience by blaming her.

By sundown all was ready to receive the expected guests. Dora had come so as to help me about the tables, and I had treated her so coldly that her usually bright, sweet, sunshiny look fled from her face, and there seemed, oddly enough, a gloomy cloud spreading, shadow-like, all over the house.

Tom and Jamie came in late from the mill, for it was being repaired and the "master's eye" was required incessantly. Jamie stopped on the porch, and before my very eyes—with never a hint that he saw the anger flashing out of them—he drew Dora's face down to his and kissed her.

Then I was mad and said things that made me tremble at my unjust bitterness and hate. Jamie never answered me, but limped up-stairs to his own room and stayed there several hours; as for Dora, she disappeared.

By ones and twos and threes the guests began to congregate in my little best room until it was crowded, and they were forced, for want of space, to move on into the other rooms or scatter about the garden. The young folks chose the latter place, as the night was mild as summer itself, and the big full moon, that seemed too heavy ever to rise above our heads, was floating slowly up over the eastern hills. The lovers looked so blissful and happy that it made me almost sorry that I had driven Dora and Jamie apart by my fearful tongue-lashing, but my bark was worse than my bite—and it was Jamie's own fault if he hadn't found that out long ago.

For the next hour or so I forgot Jamie; but when supper time came, I crept up-stairs to his little room and peeped in. He lay stretched on the bed by the window in the white moonlight, which was as bright as day, showing me plainly his poor, dwarfed foot, his useless limb, and his grand, wide forehead. He was still dressed, but his overdrawn breath assured me he was sleeping. I felt that I had no right to call him back from that mysterious realm of sweet unrealities—I, who had spoiled the possible beauty of the real—so I quietly descended the stairs and invited my merry guests to partake of the supper I had prepared for them. My face I wreathed in smiles and none knew that the miller's wife did not join in the gayety of the hour.

After supper the lovers went out again, in pairs, into the moonlight, the older folks returned to the parlor, and I, being left to myself, went up-stairs laden with good things—a peace offering to my Jamie.

I opened the door, I could never make you comprehend the terrible loneliness and emptiness of that little room—Jamie was gone.

I alone knew of the dangerous somnambulistic habits of my son—a habit that began in infancy, and that, in boyhood, made him a cripple for life—and now in heartrending tones I called to my friends to aid me in my frantic search from garret to cellar—but to no avail.

Suddenly the belle of the village—a miss full of nerves and fancies—came rushing into the house exclaiming: "A ghost! A ghost!"

"Where?" I cried, feeling sure it was Jamie she had seen.

"Moving in short, slow steps along the scaffolding of the mill—oh, I am sick with fright."

"Save him, oh, my God, save him!" I cried, rushing out to the mill, followed by a crowd of awe stricken men and women.

Yes, there he was, high up on the outside scaffolding of the mill, walking with wide, unseeing eyes along the moonlit plank. My very life-blood seemed clogged about my heart; I could not stir or beseech the men to go after him—my tongue cleaved to the roof of my mouth. On he came toward a plank that was laid far out over the deep, sluggish waters of the race—the noise of his crutches ringing out in the awful silence as each step brought him nearer to death.

Tramp—tramp—he was almost to the end now; yet we dared not move lest we should wake him and make death a certainty. Nearer, nearer—every wrong I had done him, every sharp word I had unwittingly given him, came crowding now upon my heart and soul like so many accusing devils, torturing me to agony as I stood there watching him draw slowly toward the end of the scaffolding.

One more step will bring him to his death—oh, my darling! my darling! I clutched Tom's sleeve—Tom, who stood there, numb and almost paralyzed. Suddenly over the roof, with catlike steps, crept the lithesome figure of a woman, who came to the edge, swung herself down to the scaffolding, and was close upon him as he stood upon the verge of eternity. With wonderful presence of mind she wrapped her strong right arm firmly around a projecting beam, then quickly seized him with the other. I knew from his sudden tremor that he had awakened—I saw him turn confusedly and look about him, then down, far down into the black line of the deep sluggish race.

With a cry he reeled like a drunken man, his crutches fell from his uplifted hands, his poor crippled limbs tottered beneath the unaccustomed weight of his body, and, though she strained desperately to support him, the one single left arm was too weak for so great a burden, and down they fell—he and the woman—down, down into the deep, black water.

When I opened my eyes again the men were carrying Jamie and Dora, dripping and water-soaked, but still living, thank God, into the house. I fell on my knees before them as they lay glistening with water drops on the little horsehair sofas, and kissed the dear ones who were saved for me and cried like a baby for their forgiveness.

Dora drew my face to hers and whispered softly in my ear: "Our mother!" and then I knew I was the happiest old woman on this fair earth. By and by her pretty color all came back and she slipped away from us to change her drenched clothes for dry ones.

And Jamie? When he was warm and dry he lay upon the sofa, his face lit up with a smile that glorified the little room; it spoke voicelessly of his sudden blissful happiness and the eyes that he turned upon his foolish old mother were brim full of tender love and thankfulness.

Thus ended one Thanksgiving Day; and when the next one came my daughter Dora was the sweetest, most sensible little bride that ever gained her mother's love by her unselfish heroism.

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This widely celebrated institution, located at Buffalo, N. Y., is organized with a full staff of experienced and skillful Physicians and Surgeons, constituting the most complete organization of medical and surgical skill in America, for the treatment of all chronic diseases, whether requiring medical or surgical means for their cure. Marvelous success has been achieved in the cure of all nasal, throat and lung diseases, liver and kidney diseases, diseases peculiar to women, blood-taints and skin diseases, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervous debility, paralysis, epilepsy (fits), and kindred affections. Thousands are cured at their homes through correspondence. The cure of the worst ruptures, pile tumors, varicocele, hydrocele and strictures is guaranteed, with only a short residence at the institution. Send 10 cents in stamps for the Invalids' Guide-Book (168 pages), which gives all particulars. Address, Worlds' Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

When the Rain is Heaviest.

A wind from the southwest gives the steadiest and most continuous rain; the west to northwest the heaviest, but the latter is an intermittent downpour. More rain has been known to fall in fifteen minutes with the wind veering from west to northwest than has fallen in a day during a similar storm with the wind in the southwest.

"AMERICA."

The Monument of Samuel F. Smith, Who Died Last Saturday.

I.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

II.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

III.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

IV.

Our fathers' God! To thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our king.

STEVENS' GREAT SPEECH

IT WAS MADE IN THE INTEREST OF FREE SCHOOLS.

How the Great Commoner Saved the Public School System in the Legislature on April 11, 1835, Just Sixty Years Ago.

From the Lancaster Inquirer.

In 1834 the Legislature of Pennsylvania, impressed by the fact that out of 400,000 children in the State only 150,000 attended school, instituted the present beneficent system of free education, wiping out forever that stigma of pauperism which had up to that time rendered ineffective legislation on this subject. There were but three votes against the bill in the House and one in the Senate. But throughout the State sentiment was very different. The result was unforeseen. A tidal wave of rage and indignation swept over the Commonwealth.

All summer long the fight raged furiously, and as election time approached the contest was bitter. Families were divided. Banners inscribed with "No Free Schools" were frequently seen. Meetings were held to consider the repeal of the bill and the majority of the candidates owed their election to their avowed hostility to popular education and their promise to vote for a repeal. Candidates who had voted for this bill and who refused to withdraw their support failed of re-election.

The Legislature of 1835 assembled, animated by the ignoble purpose of making any education impossible for two-thirds of the children in the State, save by registration as paupers. The members were overwhelmed with petitions and memorials for the repeal of the bill creating the common schools, and it is hard to realize that petitions were seriously presented and defended which contained the names of men signed with a mark. The petitions against the repeal of the bill numbered but 49, containing 2,575 names, while for repeal there were 558, containing 31,988 names. The fact that universal education was more of a necessity in a republic than elsewhere was lost sight of, so alarmed were most of the remonstrants at the idea of taxation for this subject.

From the beginning of March, 1835, to mid-April the petitions poured in; at last on the eleventh the Senate had repealed the bill, and it was before the House for debate. Speech after speech was delivered, all for the repeal of the bill, picturing how "the honest hard-working man, aided by his children's labor, was ground down by taxation to educate his shiftless neighbor's children."

One argument deserves to be quoted entire: "Free schools are the hot-beds wherein idle drones, too lazy for honest labor, are reared and maintained. The free school system was originated and supported by its partisans for the purpose of making places for men too lazy to work, and the school tax is a thinly disguised tribute which the honest, hard-working farmers and mechanics have to pay out of their hard earnings to pamper idle and lazy school masters."

There was one man listening to the proceedings who was neither a demagogue nor a coward. That man was Thaddeus Stevens. His home was then in Gettysburg and he represented Adams county in the Assembly.

Stevens never forgot the poverty of his boyhood. Crippled as he was he knew how terribly handicapped he would have been had he not received free that excellent education which made fortune and fame possible. He would not only have placed education within the reach of every child, but he would have enacted if possible "that no father or guardian should be permitted to vote who had not caused one-half of his children or wards, or if he have but one, that one to attend school during eight months of the years they are entitled to attend school."

On that day of April as he listened to those speeches pleading for and threatening a repeal of the law making a general education possible in the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania we may imagine what he thought. This is, in part, what he said:

I will briefly give you the reasons why I shall oppose the repeal of the school law. This was passed at the last session of the Legislature with unexampled unanimity, but one member of this House voting against it. It has not yet come into operation, and none of its effects have been tested by experience in Pennsylvania. The passage of such a law is enjoined by the Constitution, and has been recommended by every Governor since its adoption. Much to his credit, it has been warmly urged by the present Executive in all his annual messages delivered at the opening of the Legislature. To repeal it now, before its practical effects have been discovered, would argue that it contained some glaring and pernicious defect, and that the last Legislature acted under some strong and fatal delusion which blinded every man of them to the interests of the Commonwealth.

It would seem to be humiliating to be under the necessity, in the nineteenth century, of entering into a formal argument to prove the utility, and, to free governments, the absolute necessity, of education. More than two thousand years ago, the deity who presided over intellectual endowments ranked highest for dignity, chastity and virtue, among the goddesses worshipped by cultivated pagans. And I will not insult this House or our constituents by supposing any course of reasoning necessary to convince them of its high importance. Such necessity would be degrading to a Christian age and a free republic.

If an elective republic is to endure for any great length of time, every elector must have sufficient information not only to accumulate wealth and take care of his pecuniary concerns, but to direct wisely the Legislatures, Ambassadors, and the Executive of the nation; for some part of all these things, some agency in approving or disapproving of them, falls to every freeman. If, then, the permanency of our government depends upon such knowledge, it is the duty of the government to see that the means of information be diffused to every citizen. This is a sufficient answer to those who deem education a private and not a public duty—who argue that they are willing to educate their own children, but not their neighbor's children.

Many complain of the school tax, not so much on account of its amount, as because it is for the benefit of others and not themselves. This is a mistake. It is for their own benefit, inasmuch as it perpetuates the government and ensures the due administration of the laws under which they live, and by which their lives and property are protected. Why do they not urge the same objection against all other taxes? The industrious, thrifty, rich farmer pays a heavy county tax to support criminal courts, build jails, and pay sheriffs and jail keepers, and yet probably he never has had and never will have any direct personal use for either. He never gets the worth of his money by being tried for a crime before the court, allowed the privilege of the jail on conviction or receiving an equivalent from the sheriff or his hangmen officers!

But we are told that this law is unpopular, that the people desire its repeal. Has it not always been so with every new reform in the condition of man? Old habits and old prejudices are hard to be removed from the mind. Every new improvement which has been gradually leading man from the savage through the civilized up to a highly cultivated state has required the most strenuous and often perilous exertions of the wise and the good. But, sir, much of its unpopularity is chargeable upon the vile arts of unprincipled demagogues. Instead of attempting to remove the honest misapprehensions of the people, they cater to their prejudices, and take advantage of them, to gain low, dirty, temporary, local triumphs. I do not charge this on any particular party. Unfortunately, almost the only spot on which all parties meet in union, is this ground of common infamy!

I have seen the present chief magistrate of this Commonwealth violently assailed as the projector and father of this law. I am not the eulogist of that gentleman; he has been guilty of many deep political sins. But he deserves the undying gratitude of the people for the steady, untiring zeal which he has manifested in favor of common schools. I will not say his exertions in that cause have covered all, but they have atoned for many of his errors. I trust that the people of this State will never be called upon to choose between a supporter and an opposer of free schools. But if it should come to that, if that is to be made the turning point on which we are to cast our suffrages, if the opponent of education were my most intimate personal and political friend, and the free school candidate my most obnoxious enemy, I should deem it my duty, as a patriot, at this moment of our intellectual crisis, to forget all other considerations and to place myself unhesitatingly and cordially, in the ranks of him whose banners streams in light.

But will this Legislature—will the wise guardians of the dearest interests of a great Commonwealth, consent to surrender the high advantages and brilliant prospects which this law promises, because it is desired by worthy gentlemen, who, in a moment of causeless panic and popular delusion, sailed into power on a Tartarian flood?—a flood of ignorance, darker, and to the intelligent mind, more dreadful, than that accursed Stygian pool, at which mortals and immortals tremble! Sir, it seems to me that the liberal and enlightened proceedings of the last Legislature have aroused the demon of ignorance from slumber; and maddened at the threatened loss of his murky empire, his discordant howlings are heard in every part of our land.

The barbarous and disgraceful cry, which we hear abroad in some parts of our land, "that learning makes us worse—that education makes men rogues," should find no echo within these walls. Those who hold such doctrines anywhere would be the object of bitter detestation if they were not rather the pitiable subjects of commiseration. For even voluntary fools require our compassion as well as natural idiots?

Let all, therefore, who would sustain the character of the philosopher or philanthropist, sustain this law. Those who would add thereto the glory of the hero can acquire it here, for in the present state of feeling in Pennsylvania, I am willing to admit, that but little less dangerous to the public man is the warclub and battle axe of savage ignorance than to the Lion-Hearted Richard was the keen scimitar of the Saracen. He who would oppose it, either through inability to comprehend the advantages of general education, or from unwillingness to bestow them on all his fellow-citizens, even to the lowest and the poorest, or from dread of popular vengeance, seems to me to want either the head of the philosopher, the heart of the philanthropist or the nerve of the hero.

Who would not rather do one living deed than to have his ashes enshrined in ever-burnished gold? Sir, I trust that when we come to act on this question, we shall take lofty ground—look beyond the narrow space which now circumscribes our vision—beyond the passing, fleeting point of time on which we stand—and so cast our votes that the blessing of education shall be conferred on every son of Pennsylvania—shall be carried home to the poorest child of the poorest inhabitant of the meanest hut of your mountains, so that even he may be prepared to act well his part in this land of freemen, and lay on earth a broad and solid foundation for that enduring knowledge which goes on increasing through increasing eternity.

Before he finished it was evident that opposition had almost faded away. At the conclusion of his speech the vote was taken, and the bill to repeal was lost; the school law was saved.

The great courage and power of Mr. Stevens' defense of the public schools was shown in the fact that almost single handed and alone he met and vanquished a tremendous uprising of the combined powers of fear, prejudice and ignorance. In this great crisis he was fearlessly aided by Governor Wolf, who incurred the passing odium of his own party, but gained lasting honor from the firm stand he took in the cause of popular education.

Appendicitis and its Treatment.

It is many a long year since so much unscientific and unnecessary butchery has been indulged in as is recorded in the treatment of appendicitis in the last few years. Severe pain and uncertain symptoms that might be attributed to a dozen other causes are charged to appendicitis, and a continuation of them suggests experiments to the minds of the doctors, and the operating table looms up in the immediate future as the only hope for life.

There are yet many physicians who insist that operations of this sort are absolutely necessary; but it is a hopeful sign of the times that some of the more conservative and experienced doctors declare that only in exceptional cases is surgery positively necessary.

As a simple home treatment, several patients have been immediately relieved by drinking large quantities of pure salad oil. This appears to have a beneficial effect upon the entire lining membrane of the alimentary canal, the oil seeming to spread over the surface, allaying irritation, and softening whatever food products may have lodged in the appendical sac.

The nonsensical theory put forth by one member of the medical profession that no infant was properly equipped for life until by surgical means it had been deprived of the vermiform appendix, and thus fortified against future danger, is too silly to deserve a moment's consideration.

Millions of people have lived and died without even knowing there was such a thing, and the proportion of deaths that can by any possible means be attributed to this cause is extremely small.

Some day doctors and patients will realize that a thorough washing out and cleansing of the interior of the body is quite as beneficial as the same process applied to the exterior. It is asserted by those who have a sufficient experience to entitle their statements to consideration, that the thorough washing out of the digestive apparatus by means of tepid water, properly purified, would prevent at least half of the diseases from which humanity suffers.
—*New York Ledger.*

Royal Match-Making.

Interesting details are reported about the betrothal of Prince Carl, of Denmark, to Princess Maud, of Wales. The news of the betrothal was a great surprise to all outsiders, being known previously only to the most intimate attendants of the Danish Court. It seems strange that it should have been announced at a time when Princess Maud had just left Copenhagen with her mother, and the Crown-Princess of Denmark, Prince Carl's mother, was absent in Bohemia, visiting the parents of her son-in-law. It is said that the young people had been in love for some time, but the Danish Crown-Princess did not favor her son's choice, since she was not on very good terms with her sister-in-law, the Princess of Wales. The Crown-Princess would have liked very much a union of her son with Queen Wilhelmine, of the Netherlands, which project had been spoken of for a long time. The Dowager-Empress of Russia, however, was very much interested in the two young folks, and zealously worked in their interest. She sincerely loves her sister, the Princess of Wales, and has so energetically directed matters that she has persuaded the grandparents of the young people, the King and Queen of Denmark, who originally were not in favor of a marriage between so near relatives, to sanction the publication of Prince Carl's betrothal. It was the Dowager-Empress of Russia who fought all the young folks' battles, and who selected the moment when Prince Carl's mother was absent to break the news to those interested. It was she who wrote and edited the information which was given to the press.

When lovely women overworks,
And finds too late her health gives away,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What art can take the pain away?

One of the saddest cases a physician meets, is that of some sweet, modest woman, who in striving to make her home life happy, has overtaxed her delicate constitution, until her health is so completely broken down, that her every moment is misery. Natural feelings of delicacy prompt her to defer consulting a physician until the most serious results have ensued. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription removes the necessity of any embarrassing consultation with a physician. Dr. Pierce has devoted a long active life to the closest study of woman's diseases, and no specialist in the world is better fitted to prescribe than he. Complete directions are given with each bottle. For periodical pains, bearing down sensations, nervous debility and all uterine disorders, "Favorite Prescription" is a sure cure.

Our First County Superintendents and the Salaries Paid Them.

The first elections for County Superintendents took place in May, 1854, soon after the passage of the law creating the office. That the law was not a very popular one is a matter of history, and is shown by the very meagre salaries voted the superintendents in some of the counties. The following is the complete list of the first superintendent elected in each county of the State with the salary allowed. It will be seen that the Lancaster county directors were more liberal in fixing the superintendent's salary than were the directors of any other county in the State:

Adams, David Wills	$ 300 00
Allegheny, James M. Pryor	1,000 00
Armstrong, John A. Campbell	200 00
Beaver, Thomas Nicholson	350 00
Bedford, T. W. B. McFadden	300 00
Berks, Wm. A. Good	270 00
Blair, Hugh A. Caldwell	400 00
Bradford, Emanuel Guyer	500 00
Bucks, Joseph Fell	1,000 00
Butler, Isaac Black	300 00
Cambria, Robert L. Johnson	450 00
Carbon, Joseph H. Siewers	400 00
Centre, Wm. J. Gibson	600 00
Chester, R. Agnew Futhey	1,000 00
Clarion, Robert W. Orr	500 00
Clearfield, A. T. Schryver	200 00
Clinton, R. C. Allison	400 00
Columbia, Joel E. Bradley	300 00
Crawford, S. S. Sears	400 00
Cumberland, Daniel Shelly	500 00
Dauphin, S. D. Ingram	300 00
Delaware, George Smith	500 00
Elk, Wm. B. Gillis	75 00
Erie, Wm. H. Armstrong	600 00
Fayette, Joshua V. Gibbons	600 00
Forest, John O. Hays	250 00
Franklin, James McDowell	500 00
Fulton, Robert Ross	100 00
Greene, John A. Gordon	262 50
Huntingdon, James S. Barr	500 00
Indiana, Sam. P. Bollman	500 00
Jefferson, John C. Wagaman	350 00
Juniata, David Laughlin	200 00
Lancaster, J. P. Wickersham	1,700 00
Lawrence, Thomas Berry	500 00
Lebanon, John H. Kluge	700 00
Lehigh, Charles W. Cooper	500 00
Luzerne, John W. Lescher	500 00
Lycoming, J. W. Barrett	500 00
McKean, Fordyce A. Allen	250 00
Mercer, James C. Brown	400 00
Mifflin, Robert C. Ross	500 00
Monroe, Charles S. Detrick	300 00
Montgomery, Ephraim L. Acker	600 00
Montour, Paul Leidy	550 00
Northampton, Valentine Hilburn	625 00
Northumberland, J. J. Reimensnyder	550 00
Perry, Adam Height	300 00
Pike, Ira B. Newman	100 00
Potter, M. B. Gage	300 00
Schuylkill, J. K. Krewson	1,000 00
Somerset, Jos. J. Statzman	600 00
Sullivan, Richard Redford	50 00
Susquehanna, Willard Richardson	350 00
Tioga, J. F. Calkins	400 00
Union, J. S. Whitman	300 00
Venango, Manley C. Beebee	200 00
Warren, Thos. D. Edwards	500 00
Washington, John L. Gow	1,000 00
Wayne, John F. Stoddard	500 00
Westmoreland, Matthew McKinstry	550 00
Wyoming, Cornelius R. Lane	150 00
York, Jacob Kirk	500 00

Buried Gold in California.

Treasure-seeking parties are out in California, trying to find the gold supposed to have been buried by Spanish padres, pirates, miners, robbers and others. During the conquest of California many of the Spaniards buried alias, or jars, of silver, gold and jewels, the hiding places of which were forgotten in their flight and fright. Before the American occupation there were no banks in California, and the Spaniards kept their gold and silver in jars, which were either buried on the premises or