

For the past ten years THE AGE has been the leading and most influential of the great principles and party of the founders of the Republic...

THE DAILY AGE contains: The latest intelligence from all parts of the world; Local and general news; Reports of Public Meetings, etc.; and a full and complete list of the names of the members of the various churches, societies, and organizations...

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Agents Wanted!

TO SELL THE LIGHT RUNNING "DOMESTIC" SEWING MACHINE. ABOUT 10,000 Sold last year; ABOUT 60,000 This year.

The "Domestic" surpasses all other sewing machines in the world. It is simple in construction, noiseless, and easy to run.

THE "DOMESTIC" S. M. COMPANY, 216 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

IRON AND TIMBER LANDS FOR SALE.

10,000 ACRES. Known as the "Iron Mountain" tract, containing 10,000 acres of iron ore and timber land.

8,000 ACRES. Two valuable tracts of timber land in Houston county, one of 1,500 acres, the other of 6,500 acres.

C. BERINGER, DEALER IN REAL ESTATE, 116 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

"The FAITH, Christian, HOPE, GRACES." A new and beautiful book, containing the most beautiful and inspiring passages from the Bible.

LOCAL CENSUS AGENTS wanted everywhere. Large commissions and territory guaranteed.

Executor's Notice. The undersigned, Executor of the last will and testament of M. M. Adams, late of Carrolltown, Cambria county, deceased, has been appointed by the Register to the undersigned.

NOTICE. Having disposed of my interest in the EBENSBURG CIGAR MANUFACTORY to J. ALEX. MOORE, and having transferred to him all notes and accounts due me, all persons indebted will please make payment to him.

School Teacher Wanted. A competent teacher, male or female, to take charge of one of the Schools of Munster township for three months and seven days (unexpired term), at a salary of \$30 per month.

"To See Ourselves as Others See Us."

Bill Baker owned a fighting dog—a brindle, coarse-haired brute—whose chief delight was to engage and dominate dogs.

There was a rustle and a flutter of muslin, the sound of a light, springy step, the glimpse of a fairy form, and Mrs. Winslow stood before me.

Her invitation had only seconded my desire to remove my bonnet and mantle, and while she, prepared to enjoy the day and each other's society.

He flew into that looking-glass. Filled with chagrin and broken glass, he flew out again.

A PLEASANT STORY. It was a cottage. Don't tell me that I don't know. Haven't I been there to gather roses and feast on strawberries?

"Not that I know of," was the rejoinder. "But to tell the truth, Dolly, he is infernally ugly—his face is all scarred and encrusted. I would think by looking at you, you know it always made me nervous to look at anything of that kind."

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A CONJURER AT HOME.

THE MAGICIAN HERMANN—SOME OF HIS QUEER TRICKS. A writer in Delgratia describes a visit to the magician Hermann, at his private residence near London, and the tricks there played for the entertainment of the guests.

The dinner passed off handsomely; the winds were the best in the season; the wine was of the choicest; conversation brisk, if not brilliant; and good humor threw a radiance over the whole party.

He then turned to Skeptic, and with a good-humored smile inquired whether he would care to see a card from the pack, return it, and shuffle the cards.

"I have but little more to tell, but as I grew strong and able to walk about, I observed that all the mirrors had been removed."

"I have seen and loved me now," I said, "whereas, you didn't before—your manner has changed from scorn to loving kindness; so I have nothing to mourn for."

"The following fact, related by an eye witness, is one of the most curious circumstances connected with the great Boston fire: While the conflagration was at its height, and a merchant was busy collecting a few valuables to carry away in his arms, a rough-looking fellow came up to him, and wished to know if he didn't want to hire him for a load."

"If that should be our house," I almost shrieked. "It is much farther off," exclaimed "Nonsense; it is much farther off," I said, "I was not satisfied, and hurried on eagerly, 'ragging him with me."

"We came nearer, nearer. My fears were all too true. It was indeed our beautiful home, wrapped in one broad sheet of fire, and with forked tongues lapping the pillars and shooting from the windows, while up at one of the skylights my mother was standing in her night dress."

"That's so," said the carter, "but do you remember you were on the jury?"

"I indeed would be a trick above nature," I exclaimed. Skeptic filled his glass and winked to his neighbor, as if he would say, "I know all about it. We shall see," said Herr Hermann.

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two persons have thrown a glance for the shortest possible space of time, it must be allowed, one of the most remarkable and puzzling achievements of the conjurer's art, and may be called the crowning feat. I do not assert that it was by this device Herr Hermann ascertained the cards his two guests thought of, but if not thus I can conceive no other method by which he made them known to him, unless, indeed, it were veritable witchcraft.

"Some ten or fifteen minutes had passed, and the conversation was about to lapse into generalities, when our host rose from his seat, and, taking from the table the cards, went to the other end of the room. I went to ask your opinion of a trick which, I do not doubt, you have often seen—your opinion as to how I do it. Will you oblige me by taking a card?"

"I would be difficult, my friend; I don't," said Herr Hermann, "to tell you the card you drew?" "Rather," ejaculated Skeptic.

"What if I were to do more, and make you draw 'gain the same card?" "I should like to lay £10 to the crown on that."

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