Ullman's Educated Dog.

There are few travelers on the Harlem Railroad who have not heard of the educated dog at Scarsdale depot. His name is Knapp. He is the property of Mr. George Ullman, the station master. Knappis a shepherd dog, about two feet high, and is covered with a dark-brown shaggy coat of fine hair. He was born in the Scotch Highlands nearly four years ago. In his infancy Knapp was imported with considerable trouble by a gentleman of Scarsdale, who, being suddenly called to Europe shortly afterward, gave him to Mr. Ullman. Noticing genius and intelligence in Knapp, Mr. Ullman began to train him. Now Knapp can perform many wonderful feats. He has been taught to assist his master in the performance of his duty around the depot. Knapp has learned to tell by the clock when a train is due, and at night when the hands point to the proper hour Knapp takes a lantern in his mouth and stands on the platform with the light guiding the engineer to the stopping place. Knapp knows an express train from a mail train, and a mail train from a way train. In the day time when an express train approaches the station and the track is clear Knapp shows a white flag, which signifies all is well.

Not many days ago Knapp appeared with the white flag as an express train hove in sight, but seeing two small children going down the wagon road ignorant of the approach of any train, he saw that the children would reach the crossing simultaneously with the train. Knapp dropped the white flag and seizing the red flag in his mouth, he darted toward the crossing. The engineer saw the red flag and shut off steam before the animal reached the children. Arrived at the crossing he stood there and prevented the train from passing until the children were safely over the track; then he laid the flag down and the train went on.

On another occasion Knapp snatched a child from in front of a way train just as it was stopping at the depot. The child's clothing was torn by the wheels of the locomotive, so narrowly had it escaped death.

Knapp consults the clock every day for the arrival of the mail trains. A few moments before the mail is due Knapp stations himself at the mail rack, and when the bag is thrown from the car he carries it to the post-office, andif it contains any letters for his master he takes them back to him.

When freight trains begin to switch cars at the depot Knapp always takes a red flag and trots up or down the track as the case may be, and flags any train that heaves in sight.—Knapp always keeps his position faithfully until called in by signals, just as any other flagman is. Engineers all know Knapp, and faithfully act upon his signals. After the departure of freight trains Knapp often walks down the track and carefully examines the switches to see that the brakemen have left them all right. Satisfied that no blunders have been made, he walks back to the depot, and if the clock shows him that he has a few leisure moments he signifies to his master a desire for a pipe. Mr. Ullman has taught him to smoke and he always keeps Knapp's pipe ready for lighting when he calls for it. The pipe being lighted, the animal sits on a chair and smokes with as much apparent ease as his master.

Mr. Ullman is a good musician. He has a piano in the ladies' room of the depot, and often performs on it. Knapp has been taught to sing or whine the tunes which Mr. Ullman plays. The dog often perches himself on a chair besides his master with his fore feet on the piano frame, and accurately turns the sheets of music with his tongue. Knapp can waltz, dance a schottische or polka as well as any one can on four legs.

Of late some of the mischievous brakemen have thrown snow-balls at Knapp just as the trains started, or have made ugly faces or stamped their feet at him. He seemingly took no notice of these insults, but on Monday one of the brakemen went into the depot to get a drink of water. When he started out Knapp stood in the door and would not allow him to move. He made a movement as though about to deliver a kick, and Knapp opened his mouth and uttered a growl, which convinced the brakeman that such a proceeding would be dangerous. Knapp kept his prisoner in the room until the train had gone so far that the brakeman couldn't catch it, and then releasing him, Knapp walked away as unconcernedly as though nothing unusual had occurred.

Since that time the brakemen have been exceedingly civil to Knapp, but he treats them with lofty indifference.

Planting Flower Beds.

There are two distinct modes of furnishing beds with flowering plants. One is, to plant in each bed only one kind of plant; an other may, for distinction, be called the mixed style. The former ensures a bold and decided piece of coloring, for a short period of the year, rarely exceeding three months, the latter style secures to the amature a constantly changing source of pleasure for at least seven months out of twelve. It consists in the judicious distribution of plants of all kinds over your beds and borders in such a way that as month after month calls fresh sorts into bloom a pleasing effect is maintained. This effect may be obtained either entirely from hardy perrennials, which, for those who cannot spare much time for gardening, afford the greatest pleasure and variety for the smallest amount of care and attention; or from a mixture of spring flowering and autumn flowering perennials with summer flowering annuals and half-hardy plants. In very small gardens, it will be advisable to keep only one plant of each kind; but where space permits, a better effect is often produced by planting three of a kind in a group, so that when grown they may look like one good-sized plant.—*Gardener's Chronicle.*

General Grant on Cruelty to Animals.

In 1864, at City Point, Va., the General of the Army strolled along the Wharf. One day, seeing a big, rawboned teamster belaboring one of his wheel mules with a billet of wood, and cursing him roundly, he quietly said: "My man, stop beating that mule." Rawny, looking around to the little unostentatious-appearing person in a plain blouse—"Say, be you driving these here mules, or be I?" and bat, crack, again went the cudgel, the mule dodging, and jumping the tongue. "Well," said the general, "I think I have sufficient authority here to stop your cruelty to that animal;" and turning to the officer in charge of the train, he ordered him to have the teamster "tied up" for twenty-four hours, when he returned to camp, and to report the act to his headquarters when done. The news spread rapidly from camp to camp, and there was much less mule-mauling after that.

The Mistakes of a Night.

The Kansas City *News* says:

"There was a big excitement near Hovelman's store, on East Eighteenth street, a few nights ago. An aged couple and a bull-dog reside there, and on the evening in question the peace and quiet of the trio were disturbed by the aggressions of a vagrant cow that "hooked" open the gate and entered the enclosure. The old gentelman heard the noise made by the cow, jumped out of bed, grabbed his cane, loosed "Tiger," and attacked the cow. Now, this cow had had a varied experience with all sorts of dogs throughout the city, and was especially proficient in the art of managing a bull-dog. So, just as the old man caught the bovine by the tail, the said bovine lifted "Tiger" high in the air with her horns, and whisked out the gate, with the old man hanging to her caudel appendage, and beating her to his hearts content with his heavy cane. The old man and the cow went flying down the street, and "Tiger," after turning a somersault or two in the air, came down kersouse into the cistern in the yard, the top of which was open.

Now, the old lady, noticing that the noise in the yard had ceased, and wondering at the prolonged absence of her husband, stepped out into the yard to see what was the matter. She heard a splashing of water in the cistern, and, horror of horrors, (she thought) it was the old man!

Yell! Well, her shrieks would have drowned out the sound of Gabriel's trumpet had that angel entered into competition with her. The neighbors, alarmed at the cries, gathered around her at once and in quite a crowd. "My husband's in the cistern!" she cried. "He can't swim! Oh, he'll be drowned! he'll be drowned!" and away went two or three for a ladder. The ladder was brought, placed in the cistern, and a man descended just as the old gentlemen rushed in at the gate. He had heard a block or two away, as he was returning from his chase after the cow, that some one had fallen into the cistern at his house, and he believed it was his wife, for who else could be about there? Seeing the crowd of sparsely-dressed neighbors around the cistern (the old lady had swooned away by this time and been carried into the house) he ran into the house crying in the greatest agony: "Save her! for God's sake! Oh, my poor wife!" "Save the d—l!" exclaimed three or four in a breath; "your wife says you are in the cistern."

By this time the old lady had recovered sufficiently to renew her hysterical screaming again, and commenced yelling at a greater rate than ever, just as the man in the cistern crawled out and exclaimed, "It's nothing but that d—d dog!"

The night was cold, the neighbors had not taken time to dress, and their bodies were as cold as their indignation was warm when they learned what had disturbed their rest and dragged them from their beds at such an untimely hour of the night. They had one consolation however—there was as dead a dog as ever breathless lay.

A Justice Who Knew Justice but No Law.

In Hamilton County, Ohio, there lives an old man named Sedam, who for forty-six years was a Justice of the Peace, and who administered justice with such a thorough disregard for law that he is known as the "Chief Justice of Storrs," that being the township in which he resides.

The squire solemnized marriages, and, when occasion required, granted divorces. A German and his wife, whom he had married about five months before, applied jointly one day for a divorce. The "Chief Justice" heard their complaints, after which he told the German to state the amount of money he had, and the value of the goods he owned in a small store. This done, the Squire told the German to give his wife the money and to keep the store. To this he objected. Then he told the German to keep the money and give his wife the store. To this proposition he also objected. "Well," said the 'Squire, "you are not inclined to act justly toward your wife, and I'll be blamed if I don't compel you to live with her now for the balance of your life, and if you don't treat her right I'll banish you and give her everything." This had the desired effect, and the unhappy couple settled their differences, and departed apparently happy.

Another good story is told of the 'Squire which will illustrate his idea of justice. A German living in his neighborhood kept a vicious dog, which had served as a nuisance to all passers. One Sunday morning an old gentleman called on the 'Squire in a sad plight. The dog had made an assault on him and succeeded in tearing out a goodly portion of his "pantaloons." The 'Squire was at breakfast, and at once ordered the complainant to sit down to the table and eat his breakfast while his constable went after the owner of the dog. The German was attired in his best clothes, ready for church, when he was brought before the 'Squire. After confronting the parties the 'Squire ordered the constable to "bastile them both until they exchanged pants. The latter occupation did not occupy much time, when the prison was thrown open and they were allowed to depart. The 'Squire still laughs over the case, but he says he never heard any further complaint about that dog.

To Keep Hams in Summer.

There are a number of modes given to keep hams during the warm season free from the attacks of insects. Some bag them and whitewash the bags, which is troublesome and somewhat expensive; some cover them with dry wood-ashes and pack in barrels and cover thoroughly with pine shavings; but we think the best plan of all, and certainly the least expensive with all who have a smoke-house, and every farmer should have a good one, is to keep the hams hung up in the smoke house, which should be kept perfectly dark at all times. We have some hams so kept two years old, and they were among the very best we ever tasted. Uniform darkness is a complete protection against the attack of insects.

THE Supreme Court of the State of Illinois has just rendered an important decision in the case of Michael Lavin, convicted in Cook County for selling intoxicating liquors to a person who was in the habit of getting intoxicated. When selecting a jury in the lower court defendant asked each juryman whether he was a member of a temperance society or had contributed any funds to secure the punishment of offenders against the Temperance law. The State's Attorney objected and the Court sustained the objection. The Supreme Court declared: "That the refusal of the Court to permit the questions asked to be answered was error, for which the judgment should be reversed.

Slept with his Spurs on.

"Yes;" said the old man with a smile. "I remember one time in particular while out prospecting with an old friend, about twenty years ago. We wer etraveling on horsback, and came across a tavern one night about ten o'clock. Being very tired and hungry, as soon as we got some supper and something warm to keep the cold out, we asked to be shown to our room.

On looking around we found the room had two beds in it, one of which was already occupied by two strangers, who were both snoring lustily. The fact of there being two beds in the room, did not surprise us, as in back woods taverns there were frequently three beds in a room. We undressed and just as I was going to blow out the light, my friend, who had got into the bed, espied the foot of one of the strangers sticking through the bed clothes at the foot of the bed.

With suppressed chuckle he motioned me to hold on a moment; he got quietly out of bed, and going to where the stranger's boots were, he took off a huge, sharp Mexican spur and carefully adjusted it to the bare heel of the unconcious stranger.

With another audible chuckle as he thought of the consequences that would follow when the stranger drew in his foot, he got back into bed, and I blew out the light and followed him. He managed to get a long straw from the bed, and reached over and tickled the stranger's foot. He instantly drew his foot under the bedclothes, and then drew his legs up until his knees almost touched his chin. In doing this he drew the spur the whole length of his bed fellow's leg, making a bad scratch,

The victim uttered a yell and and sprang out of bed with a muttered exclamation that I did not make out, and then he commenced a wild dance around the room, with his nether garment under his arm and making frantic efforts either to dislocate his neck, or see how badly he was hurt all the while making exclamations that would have made a baggage man with a Saratoga trunk on his shoulder turn green with envy.

The innocent cause of the trouble had been awakened at the first yell of the victim, and in the straightening his legs out, scratched himself most unmercifully. He did not yell, nor say bad words, but jumped out of bed and made for his friend with the purpoae of taking vengenance, I supposed; but he had not taken two steps before he jabbed the spur into his leg again.

The landlord then appeared with a light, followed by half the boarders in the house, and inquired what the matter was.

An examination brought to light the spur, which explained the matter. The stranger looked sheepishly at the spur then at his scratch, and finally examined his boots and with a sickly smile said:

"Well, boys I have lived all my life among people who were spurs but I never before saw a man who couldp ull off his boot and leave his spur on his foot! I'll treat in the morning.

The Profits from a Stony Farm.

Some years ago a friend of ours took a farm that, in the language of his neighbors, was but a stone-heap. He had much sympathy. He would have to work an extra horse; his gears would soon wear out his implements would be torn to pieces. Others before him had tried this farm and they were ruined.

The place was by no means solid rock. Down several feet below the surface it was thick heavy enough; but the upper portion was rather shaly, and broke up into pieces from a few ounces to perhaps a pound or two. Crops seemed to grow pretty well in the ground, if once the plow could be brought to go deep enough; but as it has been worked it seldom had more than a couple of inches of loosening before the crops were put in to dry out, of course, when the summer nights set in. The roads round about the farm and up to the farm buildings were like most roads of the kind. Through soft clay they were nothing but seas of mud at those time of the year, when of all others we need a good bottom to drive on. Every spring there were the usual cursings of horses, breaking of carts and gears, and all other miseries of hauling through mud, which so many have experienced on country farms, that we need not particularly describe. This farm was no exception to this, and all the neighboring farms were of a similar character. Our friend of the stone heap took the situation. In the fall after corn-cutting time was over, his two hired men at odd times were set to work with garden rakes to rake stones. It seemed like a big task to go over a score of acres in this way. The loose surface stones were raked together in windrows and then shoveled into a cart and from time to time spread in the "lane." In his own language it did not cost half as much to rake this stone, already broken by nature than it would have done to quarry rock and break it. His roads are among the best about. They cost him little; and his land gradually cleared of the stone, can be plowed deeply and easily, quite as much as those who so much pitied him; while in the comfortable travel in bad weather, he now feels a pity for those farmers whose lands are not the stone-heaps his was.

There is a valuable lesson in a little fact of this kind. There is rarely anything on one's farm that may not be turned to good account; while even land, which is cursed by some who do not know better, may be turned to an Eden when one knows how to do it—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Swindle in Thread.

The New York *Commercial Advertiser* says: A number of men are going around town selling thread by the single spool or in the quantity, and reaping a rich harvest. The men who have the thread for sale tell a pitiful and plausible story to the effect that they were workmen in the thread mills at Paterson, New Jersey and that when the mills were forced to suspend, in consequence of the panic, they had to take their wages out in thread. For this reason they say they can sell thread at about one-half the retail price. No thread mills in New Jersey have suspended and no hands in any of the mills have been paid in thread. The spools that are sold bear on their top, apparently the well known legend, "warented 200 yards." The buyer in using the article, finds that after thirty or forty yards have been rolled off, he has nothing left but solid wood. If the purchaser examines the top of the spool, he will find an infinite small ¼ printed between the "warranted" and "200 yards," so that the spool really claims to hold fifty yards though it is intended that the eye shall be deceived by the figures. The rogues think that they can not be arrested for fraud.

Thinking Farmers.

If farmers do not make their calling honorable, they have only themselves to blame. They are always called by politicians the "bone and sinue of the land," and if they neglect the cultivation of their minds they will never be anything but bone and sinue. Bone is good, but brain, is better. Muscle is necessary but mind must direct.

The poor and ignorant may be just as good as the rich and wise, because moral worth is one thing and intellectual worth another; but it is a fact that those men ever will be most respected who, with equal morals, make the best use of their hands. Lawyers and merchants only succeed in the world by diligent study, and farmers can only readily succeed in like manner.

A man may, in rare cases be an excellent farmer, and yet be unable to read, but he is always a thinker. His neighbors read and he hears them talk. They gather ideas from books and apply them, and watches the result. In his own operations every good farmer watches carefully to discover the reason for success and the causes for failure.

Vast good has resulted in our own country from farmer's clubs, where the experience of a neighborhood is talked over. To be useful they must be practical. It is not a lyceum for rhetorical culture—although confidence and ability in public speaking are among the important incidental results—but the object should be to compare facts and experience. If a man has raised a good crop let him tell his neighbors, in a little gathering what kind was used and when and what manner planted. If a failure has occured, state fully the circumstances, and your neighbors may tell you wherein you failed. Even if no valuable information is directly elicited at a meeting hints are often given and trains of thought are started that result in greater good.

Farmers depend upon it you too much neglect your business, and do not sufficiently honor it by the active employment of your heads as well as hands. You may rise early and work late, but for the lack of forethought take many a false step and miss good crops. No merchant can succeed by such neglect as is common among farmers. It is not that farmers know less but they are not as alert and active to alll improvement and progress. If they would think more about their business, success would oftener crown their efforts and greater honor redound to their occupation.

An Editor Who is Deaf.

We thought everybody in the State knew that we were deaf, but once in a while we find one who is not aware of the fact. A female book peddler came to the office the other day. She wished to dispose of a book. She was alone in this world, and had no one to whom she could turn for sympathy or assistance; hence we should buy her book. She was unmarried and had no manly heart into which she could pour her sufferings: therefore we ought to invest in her book. She had received a liberal education and could talk French like a native: we could not in consequence, pay her less than two dollars for a book. We had listened attentively and here broke in with: "What did you say? We're deaf." She started in a loud voice and went through her rigmarole. When she had finished we went and got a role of paper, and made it into a speaking trumpet, placed one end to our ear and told her to proceed. She nearly broke a blood vessel in her effort to make herself heard. She commenced: "I am alone in this world—." "It doesn't make the slightest difference to us. We are a husband and father. Bigamy is not allowed in this State. We are not eligible to proposals." "Oh, what a fool the man is," she said in a low tone; then at the top of her voice. "I don't want to marry you; I want to sell-a-b-o-o-k." This last sentence was howled. "We don't want a cook," we remarked blandly; "our wife does the cooking, and she wouldn't allow as good-looking a woman as you to stay in the house five minutes. She is very jealous." She looked at us in despair. Gathering her robes about her, giving us a glance of contempt she exclaimed; "I do believe that if a 300 pounder were left off alongside that deaf fool's head he'd think somebody was knocking at the door." You should have heard her slam the door when she went out. We heard that.—*Santa Clara (Cal.) Echo.*

A Queer Freak of a Woman.

The Knoxville (Tenn) *Chronicle* says: "A lady living in the upper end of this county began not long since for the first time in about thirty years to speak to her relatives and strangers. Her history is a strange one. When she was a little girl, some five or six years of age she was a regular little rattle-trap, merry as a cricket and had something to say to every one strangers as well as acquaintances with whom she came in contact. Her father considered her too forward, and on one occasion, when she was about seven years old, punished her severely for speaking too much. The child took it so to heart that she never spoke again to her father or any one else for about thirty years with the exception occasionally to her mother, as long as she lived and her sisters and their children. She had not a word for her brother-in-law or any one else. To question her always proved useless, for no reply could be elicted. Thus she dragged along a weary, lonely life, until a few weeks ago, when attending a revival she became converted, and began to talk to everybody in a rapid, vehement manner, until it was found that her reason to some extent was impaired. She was taken home and received prompt attention, and at last accounts her mental condition was much improved.

The Voyage of a Toy Balloon.

One day last week a gentleman in Cincinnatti bought one of those red toy balloons that are sold at the street corners, and after attaching a card with his name and address, started it off on a voyage of discovery. There was a brisk westerly wind blowing, and it soon passed above houses and steeples, over the hills and far away. It was almost forgotten, when he received a letter inclosing his card with a fragment of balloon attached, informing him that the balloon descended about two hours after leaving the city, on the farm of Mr. Tatman, thirty miles east of Cincinnatti. It fell near a man at work on the farm, who has been the subject of great mental excitement, imagining among other things, that the end of the world is at hand. To him the advent of the balloon was a regular sensation, in fact a special messenger from another sphere confirming him in the theory of a speedy smash-up of things terrestrial.

A Mishap.

We have a gravel roof on our house, and the other day some workmen were up there fixing it. They had a block and tackle rigged on the edge of the roof, with a rope reaching to the ground, for the purpose of hoisting the tar and gravel. Our girl went out washing the yard at the time, and somehow the hook on the end of the rope caught on her hoopskirt as she walked past it. The man on the roof was discussing the Darwinian theory, or the tax on rum, or something at that moment, and seeing the rope shake he considered it was the signal to haul up, so without looking over the edge he began to wind the crank with velocity. A moment later the next-door neighbors heard fearful screams, and as they rushed to the windows they perceived an athletic exile of Erin swiftly ascending toward the blue, ethereal heaven.

The man at the crank fairly ached to look over and see what the noise was about, but he couldn't stop, he thought, until he got the bucket at the top. But he put on more vehemence, and in a moment he was amazed to see a human head, adorned with red hair, looming above the gutter spout. His first impulse was to let go the crank and run. But overcoming the earlier shock of fright he held on to the crank with one hand, while with the other he seized a handful of warm red hair and hauled the owner upon the roof.

We live in one of a row of houses which are all joined together, and they do say that the impetuosity with which that girl of ours charged upon the man who mussed her hair, and chased him over the roofs clear up to the corner, where he saved himself by crawling down the chimney-flue, was at once impressive and exhilirating. She stood over that chimney expressing her views concerning the man's present character and future prospects until she was exhausted, when she walked home to our roof, lifted the trap door, descended—and went to bed. And when the man emerged and brushed the soot of him he confided to his colleague, while distributing gravel, that he would rather dive at once into the bowels of a burning volcano than to meet that hired girl again in a place where there was no chance to run.—*Max Adler.*

How to Resuscitate old Meadows.

Almost every farmer in the country has an old worn out meadow, that it does not pay to cut the grass, the most of it being white-top and a kind of moss, which has choked the good grass. My experience to re-invigorate or regrass the meadow without plowing, is this:

In March take clover seed and sow broad cast over your meadow on the sward. Then give the pooret spots a top dressing of manure, cheap dirt, coal ashes, or any short fine compost; and every other season let your grass get ripe before you cut it, so that while you are making your hay, there will be seed enough fall out to seed your ground over again; and in the fall pasture your meadow but very little; but in the spring of the year keep your stock off entirely. By this treatment you will find that your grass crop will increase from one to two hundred per cent. The above is truly worth a trial.

Treatment for Consumption.

A highly respectable citizen of Rome, Georgia, showed the *Commercial* of that city, a private letter yesterday from a relative in Boston, from which we make the following extract, relating to a remarkable but effective treatment of a case of consumption: "Willie has been sick for more than a year past, just gone into sonsumption, but had an operation performed by having an incision made through his back into the lungs, and from which were drawn out at the first operation nine pints of matter; incredible almost, but such are the facts, as his mother told me she measured it. After this his lungs were washed out with warm water and carbolic acid. The washing has been done day after day. The lungs are now healing. He has gained in flesh from some twenty to thirty pounds, can walk a mile without getting wearied, and is improving finely."

Ducks as Egg Producers.

The number of eggs laid by a duck depends very much on the breed to which she belongs. In all poultry the non-sitters lay more than those that are concerned in the rising generation. Thus the Aylesbury will lay a greater number of eggs than other ducks. The black duck, called the Labrader, the East Indian or Buenos Ayres is a good layer.—The Rouen is an average layer: and the wild duck lays few compared to these. An old duck is as a rule better than a young one, but it is impossible to give the average of any of them. Aylesbury ducks begin to lay in Nov. and December; Rouens three months later. Both the time when they begin laying, and the number of eggs they lay are influenced by their keep and by judicious management.

Murder in Texas.

GALVESTON, March 12.—A special despatch from Indianola says that this afternoon two men, one named Taylor and the ather unknown, walked aboard the steamer Clinton, lying at the wharf there, and deliberalely shot and killed two men named Sutton and Slaughter, and then made their escape. These men were all connect ed with the bands of desperadoes that were making things so lively in De Witt county of late. The murdered men were supposed to be making an offort to get away on the steamer, having been warned that they were followed.

A PARIS physician relates the particulars of a curious case he has under his charge. It is that of a young girl, eighteen years of age, who is afflicted with what is termed hichatopir, is to say she loses the faculty of sight in daylight and recovers it in darkness. Although her eyes do not present any special morbid character, she is forced to keep her eyelids closed during the day and to cover her head with a thick veil. On the other hand, with the shutters of a room hermetically fastened she reads and writes perfectly in the deepest darkness. She feels no pain beyond a slight lassitude when the solar light strikes her visual organs.

Mr. HORNABY, of Fond du Lac attempted to go down into the cellar the other night to get pitcher of cider. His wife warned him to be careful and not break the pitcher. He slipped on the first step and fell to the bottom, skinned his elbows and knees bumped his head, broke his nose tore his coat, and landed on the cellar floor a total wreck, but saving the pitcher. Mrs. Hornaby called to him in horrified accents, "Mr. Hornaby! Mr. Hornaby! did you break the pitcher?" He growled back, "No, I didn't, but by thunder I will." and he did.

Miscellaneous.

This space is reserved for J. F. Blymyer, who has removed his stock into the most magnificent hardware room in this place. He can be found in Room No. 3, Baer's Block.

New Firm.

SHOE STORE.

SNYDER & UHL,

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Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. may14

Miscellaneous.

Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and vital organs wasted beyond repair.

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that improvement is soon perceptible.

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

H. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists, Corn. Arch & Front Streets, California agents for Southern Oregon, Owyhee Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

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ESTABLISHED 1869 GENUINE
AMERICAN STOMACH BITTERS

One Bottle is worth more than a dozen of other Bitters.

For sale at all Drug Stores, Groceries and Dealers in Medicines; also, wholesale and retail at HARRIS & EWING'S, Wholesale Druggists, cor. Tenth and Liberty streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.
AMERICAN STOMACH BITTERS MFG. CO., 310 and 312 Liberty street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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MANUFACTURER,

SOMERSET PA.,

Is now prepared to manufacture to order every description of

CARRIAGES,
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In the latest and most approved styles, and at the

Lowest Possible Prices.

ALL IN WANT OF A

First Class Carriage,

Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine his work. None but the very best material will be used in the manufacture of his work, and none but the

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Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have had an experience of over twenty years in the business. He is, therefore enabled to turn out a first-class vehicle, both in point of material and workmanship. All work warranted to be as represented when leaving the shop, and satisfaction guaranteed. All kinds of

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Done in a neat and substantial manner, and at the shortest notice. He is determined to do all his work in such a manner, and at such prices as to make it to the interest of everybody to patronize him. Call and examine his work before purchasing elsewhere.

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Groceries and Confectioneries

This space is reserved for C. F. Rhoads & Bro., who have moved into the most magnificent grocery room in this place. They can be found in Baer's new building, second door from the corner.

W. W. DAVIS & BRO'S

CHEAP

Grocery and Confectionery,

SOMERSET, PA.

We desire to inform the people of this community that we have purchased the Grocery and Confectionery of H. F. Knepper, Esq., opposite the Barnet House, and have made valuable additions to the already large stock of Goods. We sell all the best brands o

FLOUR,
AND MEAL,
COFFEE,
TEAS,
SUGARS,
RICE, SYRUPS,
MOLASSES,
FISH, SALT,
SPICES,
APPLES,
FLAVORING EXTRACTS,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS.
ALSO,
COAL OIL, TOBACCO, CIGARS,
SNUFF, BROOMS,
BUCKETS, TUBS, &c.

All kinds French and common

CANDIES, NUTS, CRACKERS,
FANCY CAKES, PERFUMERY,
AND TOILET ARTICLES,
COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAP, &c.

Also an assortment of Toys, &c., for the little folks.

If you want anything in the Grocery and Confectionery line call at

Davis' Cheap Grocery,

OPPOSITE THE BARNET HOUSE.
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LEMON & WEISE.

The old and well known firm of Lemon & Weise, of Pittsburgh, Pa., manufacturers of

Cabinet Furniture and Chairs,

HAS REMOVED TO

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Where they continue the business in all its branches. mar4

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Carpenters' and Blacksmiths' Tools hovels, Spades, Scythes, Snathes, Hoes, Forks and Rakes, together with a large and varied stock of Hardware and Cutlery, suitable for the trade, at greatly reduced rates.

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Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

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They have a complete assortment of

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Dress Goods,
Felt Skirts,
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Bustles,
Gloves,
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And Felt Over Shoes.

MEN AND BOYS'

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Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

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QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible.

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Men's, Youths' and Boys'

CLOTHING

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Having greatly increased our facilities during the past year, we are now prepared to offer to your approval a selection unsurpassed in extent, Style, Workmanship and Material. We make a specialty of

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING

Fully equal, if not superior, in elegance, style, cut and finish, to the best ordered garments, at prices one-third less; but for all who prefer to order garments we have an extensive Custom Department, constantly supplied with the finest goods, and a large force of most Artistic Cutters.

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Which we guarantee to be of better quality, and cheaper in Price than any other house in the city.

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For Boys of All Ages.

Good and very Cheap!

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All Goods Marked at the very Lowest Price

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We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our New Store on

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And in addition to a full line of the best

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We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the

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