Fighting with Poison.

I was spending some days, not many years ago, in a beautiful little country village, and in a family that had more than common attractions to one who loves domestic life as well as myself. The little circle had in it more of real interest than I have often seen developed in the same number of persons.

The father of the family—almost too young to feel that he was entitled to that honorable appellation—was a fine frank-hearted young mechanic, with a wide world of life bounding in his veins; an energy that when fully aroused, drove everything violently before him; and a warmth of disposition that won him more friendship than it had then given him of the good of this world.

His wife, to whom he had been married for four years, was singularly beautiful. They had two children—the one a laughing, brown eyed and brown haired little fairy of three years; her romantic name was Blossom. The second was a crowing, laughing, blue eyed, plump little beauty of less than a year, promising to have all the charms of the elder at her age.

I was sitting one afternoon in a quiet little room, with my feet on two chairs, reading a pleasant little book, in a state between sleep and awake—my host away at his shop, a hundred yards off, and my pretty little hostess engaged in her household labors—when I was thrown out of my indolence by a scream that brought me to my feet like an electric shock. It was a woman's voice, and had in it an excess of agony that cannot be indicated by words; so loud that it rang over that quiet little village, and brought every one forth to ascertain the cause.

I sprang to the door that separated the sitting room from the dining apartments, and saw the whole at a glance. The young mother stood at the door, with her first born—our darling Blossom, in her arms, dying! A brief and hurried word from the servant told the sad story. The little girl had accompanied a child-uncle up stairs, and while the attention of the older child was for a moment turned away, she seized a bottle of corrosive sublimate in alcohol, and had drank enough to have taken away twenty such lives. The little thing had tottered down stairs, and the mother had met her at the landing with the empty bottle in her hand, and the poison oozing from her mouth—the child all unconscious of the fearful thing she had done. Was it any wonder that a terrible shriek rang out over the quiet village, and that already the occupants of every house near were rushing toward the spot where the mother stood?

But a few moments could possibly have elapsed since the poison was taken, and yet the effect was already fearful. After the first shriek of terror, the mother had quieted to a calm despair for the moment, and stood with the child in her arms, making no effort for its relief, any indeed, it seemed hopeless, for already the subtle poison seemed diffused through the frame; the brown eyes had lost their luster; the face was blackened as if after death; and the teeth were tight set in a convulsive spasm that evidently would not pass away. I examined the little lost darling for a moment, saw that it was hopeless, and then turned away unable to bear a mother's agony. The little door was already half filled with villagers; and sobs and moans, and lamentations over the fate of the dying child were heard in every direction, mingled with quick and hurried questions as to the manner of its occurrence, and vain attempts at answering, which added an oppressing confusion to the sadness of the scene.

The little playfellow's uncle, who had been up stairs with the child, had run instantly to call the father, and but a few moments elapsed before he sprang into the middle of the group. He had been told all and asked no questions. I had time to remark that his eye was very stern, and that his lips were very firmly compressed. Others too remarked it; and I knew afterward, that a murmur ran around the circle of how strange it was that he betrayed no feeling.

He reached out his hands and took the child from its mother. Its eyes were now closed, and a white ooze coming from between the blackened lips. Was ever death more assured? I saw him open the eyelids, and give a sigh of relief. He told me afterward that the eye was not sunken, and so death had not begun. He then attempted to open the mouth, but the teeth were tight set, and they resisted his efforts. But with a force that seemed almost brutal, he wrenched the teeth apart, and opened the mouth.

"Shame!" cried one of the bystanders. The father did not heed them, but motioned to a neighbor to take the child in his arms. He did so.

"Bring me the egg basket," he spoke very sternly, almost without opening his teeth, to the servant.

"What do you want of it?" "What can you do with it?" "He's crazy," and many such remarks followed, but the basket was there in a moment.

He seized one of the eggs, broke it, inserted his fingers again between the teeth, and wrenched them open by force, though they shut with so convulsive a motion as to tear the flesh from his fingers, and poured the albumen into the throat. There was a slight struggle, nothing more, and the spectators were horrified at the action.

"Don't, the child is dying," said one.

"Please don't hurt the little thing—it can't live!" the mother found voice to say, laying her hand upon his arm.

"Mary, be still," he answered sternly, while his teeth were unrelaxing from their clenching, and his face as hard as if he were entering a battle, "and don't any of you meddle with me, keep off!"

The bystanders involuntarily obeyed, with many harsh remarks upon his cruelty, but he did not heed them and went on. Another and another egg was broken, and still there was no sign of life. Then the whole body of bystanders broke out into a loud murmur, and cries of "the brute!" "let the child die in peace!" "he is crazy—take the child away from him!" were heard around him.

He desisted for a moment from his efforts, and turned with a fierceness which had before been foreign to his nature, but no one who saw him afterward forgot it. "Fools," he hissed, "mind your own business and leave me to mine! Take her away, will you? Try it!" and he went on emptying egg after egg down the apparently lifeless throat.

The mother could stand this no longer. Her first-born was being tortured to death before her eyes, and she imploringly flung herself on her knees before her husbands's father, who had that moment arrived.

"Oh, father, do stop him!" she grasped; "he will obey *you*; do stop him. He is torturing that poor dying child."

The grandfather started forward a step to interfere, for he, too, thought the proceeding an outrageous one; but he stopped and said:

"Mary, let him alone. The child will die if he does not go on. It cannot do more if he does. I would not say a word to him for the world. The child is his—let him use it at his pleasure."

There was silence then. In a moment more there was a quiver of the eyelids, a convulsive movement of the chest, and his teeth lost their tension. The father seized his child, turned her face downward, and the poison began to flow from her mouth. Again, and again as the retching ceased, he repeated the experiment—the life returning still more, and the face losing its black color every instant. More than twenty times albumen had been administered, and more than half those times followed by the expulsion of the poison; when the eyes opened, the father desisted, and the little sufferer lay just alive in his arms, exhausted, its little life terribly shattered, but *saved!*

Then, when the necessity for exertion and determination was over—when the physician had been summoned, and they knew that darling little Blossom might live, after many weeks of struggle between life and death—when the relieved friends had acknowledged that they had wronged him first; when the beautiful and sorrowful wife had blessed him through her kisses and tears, and all knew that, under God, only such an almost fierce determination could have saved the child—then the father sat down, unnerved, and wept like a child.

Blossom is alive to-day, and her brown eyes are opening upon womanhood. But there is no hour in my life that brings so thrilling a recollection as that of the young father's struggle for the life of his child—that Fight With Poison which I have only faintly indicated because beyond description.—*From Stutton's Leisure Hour Miscellany, No. 12.*

A Dairy House.

There are certain conditions necessary for complete success in dairying—the temperature and freedom from all impurities being the most prominent. As this branch of farming is daily becoming more prominent, and must continue to increase, the following suggestions from a correspondent of a cotemporary, will be found of advantage to those who may contemplate making improvements in their dairy quarters, or who intend erecting a new dairy house:

The dairy house should be built about four feet below ground; it is airy, high, light, dry, cool and detached from any other building. It is smoothly plastered inside, and well ventilated. No impure air of any kind reaches it from without, and everything within is the perfection of cleanliness and neatness. It is furnished with open racks of lath all around it, a bench beneath a northern window, and a table in the centre. The pans, which are shallow ones of tin, holding about ten quarts each, are filled to three inches in depth, and are placed on the shelves of the racks. The shelves are made of lath, so that the cool, fresh air of the milk room reaches all parts of the pan, and speedily reduces the milk to the desired temperature. This is kept at about 55° all the year round by means of a current of cold air, which is brought into the room through pipes from the adjoining ice house in summer, and by a stove in winter.

The cream is skimmed, after the milk has stood thirty-six hours, into oaken casks of forty gallons each. The churning room adjoins the milk room. The churns are casks similar in every respect to those in which the cream is stored. The churning is done by a small horse power run by a small pony, which, by means of a rocking shaft, operates a common upright dash. The churning is made to occupy at least half an hour. It is held here that first class butter cannot be made in five minutes, by any of the rapidly working churns. The butter is worked by a lever fixed to an inclined table, and the butter milk, as it is worked out, is absorbed by a sponge enveloped in a clean linen cloth, and dipped in pure ice cold water.

Eggs as Diet.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one third of the weight of the egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones or tough pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains 86 per cent. of water, and the yolk 52 per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically, an egg is animal food; and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years old, and have been remarkably free from illness. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste, that is offensive to some, but it does not so harden the yolk as to make it hard to digest. An egg, if cooked very hard, is difficult of digestion, except by those with stout stomachs, and such should be eaten with bread and masticated very finely. An egg spread on toast is food for a king, if kings deserve any better food than anybody else, which is very doubtful.

Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is clean and handsome and a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. Eggs contain much phosphorus which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much.

An old-fashioned couple who were waiting at the Central Depot lately to continue their journey westward, were strolling up Third street and gazing around when the woman espied one of the street cars of the city railway, which happened to be empty at that moment.

"That's a horse car," replied her husband to her query.

"So that's a horse car, eh!" she mused, mounting the steps and looking in, "well, now, who'd ever think that they'd go and fix up cars as nice as that for horses to ride in.—*Detroit Free Press.*

A gigantic swimming bath, composed of iron and roofed in with plated glass, has been moored in the Thames, at London. The water that is admitted flows through a thick bank of Charcoal, and is so effectually filtered that it sparkles and glistens as if drawn from an artesian well. Young Britons rejoice thereat.

St. Lawrence Dairymen.

The March meeting of this association was held at Madrid, March 2d. Prof. L. B. Arnold, of Rochester, addressed the meeting on "Butter-Making." He claimed that all the cows of a dairy should be of one breed. To support this, he said the globule in the milk of the Jersey are large; in Ayrshire milk some are large and some small, and in Holstein they are more even, mostly small; large globules rise to the surface first. Now, if we mix two kinds of milk, the globules of one kind will likely be larger than those of the other, and we will have to keep the milk too long in order to let the small globules rise. In Ayrshire milk, the globules being uneven in size, the larger rise first, and we must wait for the smaller. You cannot get the cream from Ayrshire milk as closely as from other kinds. The large globules of Jersey milk will rise in about four hours, while it takes ten for the Holstein. Mr Arnold recommended the dash churn as the best. A dash churn not properly constructed is no better than any other. The dash should be round, and about three-forths as large as the bottom of the churn. The bottom of the dash should be convex, so as to present no sharp edges to the cream; or concave, so that a cushion of air will be under the dash.

Cream comes to the surface on account of the difference in weight between the globule and the liquid. This difference is very small, and the cream rises slowly, especially when the temperature is the same as that of the liquid. When you heat milk, the fatty matter expands faster than the water, and therefore becomes lighter. If you cool the whole of the milk, the tendency is to make the cream sink. You will say that if you cool milk the cream will rise faster. This is so. You generally cool your milk from the bottom; water is a conductor of heat; the fatty globules are non-conductors. Now as you cool the milk, the water becomes denser, while the density of the globules remains the same; and as the liquid becomes heavier, the globules rise. If you heat milk at the bottom, you check the rising until the milk becomes heated through.

Milk is a powerful absorbent. The small spores you see in the air, when the sun shines through the window fall into the milk. They feed on the milk and elongate, and then divide into two parts. These parts continue to grow and divide, until the milk is full. If they fall into water they simply swell up, for there is nothing in the water for them to feed on. Most of us err in preparing our packages. My way is to soak the tub and cover in brine. Then just before I pack my butter, I seal the tub with brine, and sprinkle what salt will stick to the tub. White oak makes the best wooden packages. Metalic packages are much better than wooden ones. Tin makes a good package; but in soldering the tin muriatic acid must not be used as a flux. Earthen ware is good when well glazed but not otherwise.

Milk composed of large globules is as good for cheese as for butter. At a factory in Maine, supplied with Jersey milk, the average for the months of June, July and August, was 8.89 lbs of milk to a pound of cheese. These were of good quality, consumed at home, and command a good price. For native cows, the average for all seasons of the year is 23 lbs of milk for one of butter. For Jerseys, the average is from 19 to 20 lbs. The average for Ayrshires and Short-Horns is about the same as for natives. In winter the average is about 2 lbs less.

The amount of cream is no test of the value of milk. Ten per cent. of Ayrshire cream is probably worth as much as 12½ per cent. of Jersey. I am in favor of large pans and shallow setting, varying from three to six inches. I would not churn faster than forty strokes per minute; it requires more strokes to churn farrow cows' milk than new milk. In an experiment I found the proportion to be 69 to 44. I use Onondaga salt when I can get that which is pure; it is cheaper and just as good as Ashton salt.

Spelling.

The sudden development of the old-fashioned spelling-school, in our midst, marks an era in the tendency of the time, in the matter of amusements. The design of their establishment is to promote recreation, in an innocent and possibly profitably manner. While the direct exercise of skill in spelling, at any particular contest, may not be of any great disciplinary value, the interest it creates in the art of spelling, and the incidental study that may be promoted, will prove very beneficial to all concerned. Correctness in orthography is a very important and desirable accomplishment, and one which involves a considerable amount of severe study. So peculiarly is our language constructed, that it is difficult to apply general rules that will guide in the spelling of all classes of words. Hence correctness in spelling is rather the result of observation, care and experience than reliance upon set rules. Hence the spelling contests are beneficial, if they are wisely conducted, in that they promote the care and effort necessary to the acquisition of correct taste in orthography. As amusement is blended with instruction, they comprise an innocent diversion, with very beneficial tendencies.

Col. Lee Jordan, the great farmer of Georgia owns and cultivates 20,000 acres, the original cost of which was $450,000. He has eighty laborers, but is gradually adopting the tenant system. He raises twice as much corn as he needs. Six overseers superintend the plantation, and raise from 1,400 to 2,000 bales of coton. No fertilizers are used, as Col. Jordan believes them to be productive of caterpillers. Formerly he spent $12,000 per annum in guanos and phosphates, but now makes his own manure. Dr. H. H. Coleman does the practice of the plantations on the following plan: He assesses each head of a family $3 a year, whether sick or not, and thus by taxing each man lightly, it is made burdensome on none. He is a good physician and says that it is the healthiest country he ever saw. Only two died last year out of over a thousand souls. The preaching is done on the same plan. There is a negro preacher on a $3,000 salary, who rides about the country in his two horse buggy, as fat as a bishop and as happy as a prince. He charges $3 a head for preaching the year around, and with a membership of 1,600 never gets less than $3,000 per annum out of the place.

"Is that your offspring madam?" asked a Missouri judge of a woman who had hold of a stub-nosed boy's hand. "No sir," she replied "this is my oldest boy."

Lost for a Lifetime.

Some thirty years ago John Quincy Adams attracted considerable attention in Congress by a strong speech in favor of a bill introduced by A. Bidlack, of Pennsylvania, which provided that one square mile of the land then occupied by the Miami Indians, embracing the house and improvements of Frances Slocum, should be granted in fee to her and her heirs forever. The bill became a law, and she occupied this special reserve until her death in the spring of 1847.

The history of this woman was remarkable. She was the daughter of a Quaker who lived in the Wyoming valley during the revolution. Several months after the massacre of 1778 she was caught up by a party of marauding Delaware Indians, who got off before any attempt could be made to rescue her. She was five years old at the time. About a month later her father was shot dead by the Indians while at work in a field near his house. Knowing that he was gone to eternal rest the widow became reconciled, but she could never forget her child, the last sight of which was when she was in the arms of a brawny Indian, struggling and calling piteously upon her parent to come to her help.

The sons of Mrs. Slocum became prosperous business men, and after the close of the Revolution they used every effort to recover their lost sister. In 1784 two of them visited Niagara, where a large number of Indians were gathered, made diligent inquiries and offered liberal rewards for any information of her. They prosecuted the search for several weeks and returned home with the impression that she was dead.

The mother, however, could not be persuaded that such was the case, and four years later the Slocums spent several months in the west among the indian agents and traders, publicly offering $500 to any one who would give any authentic information of the fate of their sister, but their success was no better than before. A similar expidition was taken in 1797 by four of the brothers, with the same result. As in the Ross case, the search brought numbers of stolen children to light, but none was the one particularly wanted.

Mrs. Slocum never lost faith in her daughter's existence. She believed she was somewhere waiting to be clasped in her arms, and she continued the search without any intermission until 1801, when she died, her children promising her to use every effort to learn what had become of the little one abducted nearly thirty years before. They faithfully carried out this pledge, and in 1826 made a long and expensive journey to Upper Sandusky, to see a woman who, there was no reason to hope, was the one for whom they were searching. Disappointed again, they finally came to the conclusion that Frances was dead and the search was ended.

In the month of July, 1835, Col. George W. Ewing, a gentleman connected with the public service among the Indians, and able to speak several of their languages, was benighted near an Indian village known as "the Deaf Man's Village," on a branch of the Wabash. He applied for lodging and was hospitably received at a respectable dwelling. He was fatigued and unwell, and after eating lay down upon some skins in the corner. The household consisted of a venerable woman and a number of children, all of whom treated her with the greatest deference, and who departed to their own rooms.

As Col. Ewing lay upon his pallet he watched the old lady moving about, and noticed particularly the color of her skin and hair. The result of the scrutiny convinced him that she was a white woman, and he opened a conversation with her. She admitted that his suspicions were correct. She said that she was stolen by the Indians when a very small child, and she had carefully concealed that fact from those of her own race whom she had met for fear that her relatives would come and take her away. She was now so that she thought she could not live much longer, and if any of her friends were living she would be glad to see them. In short, she was Frances Slocum, and she remembered distinctly the name of her father, though her own given name was forgotten.

Col. Ewing was so impressed with her narrative that he addressed a long letter, giving full particulars to the postmaster at Lancaster, Pa. He had never heard of the Slocums, but he judged from certain answers made by the old lady that her home was somewhere in that state.

The letter reached its destination, but when the postmaster came to read it he concluded it a hoax and flung it aside, among some waste papers, where it lay for two years. At the end of that time the postmaster died, and his widow in overhauling his effects came upon Col. Ewings letter. She had never heard the name of Slocum, but thinking there was something in it, she sent the missive to the Lancaster *Intelligencer*, a copy of which, containing the letter, fell into the hands of the Rev. Samuel Bowman, who was intimately acquainted with the Slocum family, and he mailed a paper to her brother, who lived at Wilkesbarre.

The reception of the letter threw the whole community into excitement, there being not a particle of doubt as to the identity of Frances. As two years had passed since the letter was written, and as it stated that the old lady at that time was under a premonition of death, an inquiry was addressed to Col. Ewing, by John Slocum a nephew of Frances. A prompt reply dated at Logansport, came to hand saying that the old lady was still alive, and would be glad to see them. The letter contained minute direction as to the course they were to take to reach her. Arrangements were at once made to do so. Mr. Isaac Slocum and Mrs. Mary Town, brother and sister of Frances, resided in Ohio, but not in the same neighborhood. Joseph Slocum another brother started in his carriage, taking his sister, while Isaac went in advance, it being agreed that they should meet at Deaf Man's Village. Isaac reached the place ahead of the others, and, accompanied by an interpreter, made a call upon the lady who received them pleasantly, but evidently with suspicion. The brother found her to all appearances a perfect Indian, but he had fixed in his mind an unerring test of her identity. Previous to being carried away, fifty-nine years before, her brother had crushed the forefinger of her left hand with a hammer. Taking hold of her hand and raising it Isaac saw the disfigurement. "What caused that?" he asked. "My brother struck it with a hammer a long time ago," was the answer.

He remained some time in conversation, but the woman did not seem at ease, and he returned to the village of Peru to await the arrival of his brother and sister. When they came the three made them another visit. She treat them with the same kindness as before, but was stoical and unmoved, and when she saw tears in their eyes and every indication of a coming "scene" she locked anything but pleased. The only time she seemed to show any signs of emotion was when she was asked her name. She replied that it was forgotten. "Is it Frances?" Her dusky features suddenly lit up and she nodded her head. "Yes, yes, Franca, Franca." The visit was prolonged for several days, and some months later was repeated, some of the nieces and nephews joining the party.

On the day when little Frances was captured, fifty-nine years before, she was carried rapidly through the woods, and a final halt was made near the Genesee river. In the following spring she was taken to Sandusky, where she stayed until autumn, when her indian friends removed to Niagara, where she lived a year. In accordance with the nomadic habits of her people her home was continually changed. Her greatest dread was of being discovered by her relatives and taken away, and there is no doubt that when the weary mother was hunting up and down the earth she more than once came within hail of her lost child, who carefully avoided her. It was fortunate they never met.

Frances had been married to a Miami, by whom she had four children. She was wealthy and held in the highest veneration by her tribe and descendants, many of the later being around her. After a time she seemed to form quite an attachment for her brothers, who, of course, were old men, and she offered them half her land if they would live near her. They in turn pressed her to join them further east, but she thanked and declined. She was an Indian in everything except birth, and such she lived and died.

Burn Your Kerosene the Right Way.

We wish to call the attention of all consumers of kerosene oil to the pernicious and unhealthy practice of using lamps filled with that article with the wicks turned down. The gas which should be consumed by the flame is by this means left heavily in the air, while the cost of the oil thus saved at the present prices would be scarce one dollar a year for the lamps of the household. A large family of children in the country were taken ill one night, and on going to the nursery the mother found the whole room nearly suffocating, with a lamp turned nearly out, whereupon the doctor forebade the use of a lamp at night unless burned at full head. A girl was subject to fits of faintness, which if not induced were greatly increased by sleeping in the room with the lamp turned almost out. Besides the damage to health, it spoils the paper and curtains, soils the mirrors and windows and gives the whole house an untidy and unwholesome odor.

Manure of Fowls for Vegetables.

A plan that we have adopted successfully, is to place the droppings on the barn floor with five or six times its bulk of dry clay loam using one-half bushel of salt to each bushel of droppings; thoroughly thresh with a flail or grind with the back of a spade, turning and mixing the whole from time to time, until well incorporated together, in this condition it may be used as a top dressing or in the hill or drill with good effect.

A prim and stately personage of the spinster persuasion was trotting along, when a conductor plied her with the customary invitations:

"Kennington, ma'am?"

Not a look.

"Horns, ma'am?"

Not a glance.

"Brixton, ma'am?"

Not a movement of recognition.

"Deaf and Dumb Asylum, ma'am?"

Instant demonstration of offended dignity, threatening gesture, waving of umbrella and tableau.

"Well, my son," said a Detroit father to his eight-year-old son the other night; "What have you done to-day that may be set down as a good deed?"

"Gave a poor boy five cents," replied the hopeful.

"Ah, ha! that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, was he?

"I didn't stop to ask," replied the boy; "I gave him the money for licking a boy who spit in my dinner bucket!"

Ten years ago Susan Johnson of Montana, a pretty young school teacher, stood up and yelled, "John Foster you come here!" and John went shuffling up to Susan, thinking to himself if the girl hit him there would be war. She did hit, him, and had John rolling under the table two minutes afterward. But what is the difference? That fellow married that girl a few days ago, and he belongs to the Legislature.

When a lady slips on the sidewalk she gracefully sits down, and that's the end of it. A man, however, always tries to catch himself on the other foot, drops all his bundles and uses his arms for a balancing pole, struggles desperately for about ten seconds in a vain endeavor to recover his equilibrium, and finally goes sprawling like a collapsed wind-mill then he swears.

When they want to find out in the country if a girl is courting or not, an old lady steps in and remarks: "I say, there ain't no one sick in this here house or nothing, is there? I seen a light burnin' nigh on to 12 o'clock last night; but a don't smell no camphire nor nothin' around."

An economical farmer's daughter in Massachusetts put off her wedding day because eggs were up to forty cents a dozen, and it would take two dozen for the wedding cakes and pudding.

Nevada brides won't stand much foolishness at a wedding. Recently one of them while going up the aisle of the church stopped short and kicked all the skin off the shins of a groomsman who trod on her train.

Don't feed your birds on stale canary seed; more than half the birds that die are lost on account of musty, unhealthy seed.

Labor is the duty man owes to society; rest is the duty he owes to his body; recreation is the duty he owes to his mind.

Pork grinding is said by eminent medical authority to be more fatal to human life than any other industrial pursuit.

The best thing to take before singing—Breath.

The original greenbacks—frogs.

New Advertisements.

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NEW GOODS.

THE NEW FIRM OF

PATTON & HURST,

No. 4, Baer's Block,

are now in receipt of a stock of goods adapted to the present wants of the people. Purchased within the last ten days and since the decline in the prices of Staples and Domestics, they are enabled to offer special inducements to all in want of goods of every description in such variety as cannot be found anywhere else in town, comprising a general assortment. They call special attention to their large assortment of

CALICOES,

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BOOTS & SHOES,

TOBACCO AND CIGARS,

HARDWARE

The best assortment of

Carpetings and Oil Cloths

ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. febl8

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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 fine stock of Goods. We sell all the best brands o

FLOUR,

AND MEAL,

COFFEE,

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RICE, SYRUPS,

MOLASSES,

FISH, SALT,

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DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS.

ALSO,

COAL OIL, TOBACCO, CIGARS

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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.

nov. 9-13.

LIME. LIME. LIME

The undersigned having erected lime kilns at Marble Hill, three miles west of Confluence, on the Pittsburgh & Connellsville railroad, are now ready to ship to any point either burnt lime or raw limestone as may be required.

This lime is quarried from the Marble formation many feet below the sweet coal vein, and of a very superior quality

Orders for lime or raw stone can be sent to Confluence to Hugus & Weber, or to Judge McMillen, of New Lexington, Col. John Weller, of Gebhartsburg, Phillip Wolfersperger, Jr., Mineral Point, George Weber, Meyersdale, Isaac Hugus, Somerset, and Wallace H. Walter, Connellsville, which will be promptly attended to.

HUGUS & WEBER.

oct7

SEND 25c. to G. P. ROWEL & CO., New York, for book (96th edition) containing lists of 2,000 newspapers, and estimates showing cost of advertising. jan13

JOHN A. IRWIN,

BOOK BINDER,

AND

BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURER,

New Nos. 122 and 124 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa. Paper ruled to any pattern. Music, Magazines, etc., neatly bound.

CHEAP SIDE GROCERY.

Just received at the

Cheapside Grocery

A New Stock of Goods,

NOTIONS

GROCERIES,

FLOUR,

BACON,

FISH,

SUGAR,

SYRUPS,

MOLASSES,

TEAS,

COFFEE,

DRIED and CANNED FRUITS,

&C., &C., &C.

Of the best quality, and will be sold at the very lowest cash prices. Call and see our stock,

Opposite Somerset House,

SOMERSET, PA.

F. K. Colborn & Co.

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

Having completed the alteration of our storeroom, we would respectfully announce that we have re-opened.

We have arranged our Store with a view to the convenience of customers, and to secure expedition in all branches of our business.

Our stock will be new throughout, embracing all the latest novelties in Fine Jewelry, Watches, Silver Ware and Fancy Goods.

By attention to customers, inducements in prices, and adherence to a high standard of quality, we hope to merit a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed.

JOHN STEVENSON'S SONS.

95 *Market St., Pittsburgh, Pa.*

mar24.

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!!

AT

The New Store of

G. R. PARKER,

Dealer in

Dry Goods, Fancy & Staple Notions, Ribbons, Embroidery, Laces, &c.

Would be pleased to have his Friends and Patrons call and examine his Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Store Room on Main Street, opposite the "Barnet House." Somerset Pa. april15.

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

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

MAIN CROSS STREET,

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectioneries, Notions,

Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,

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

BEST QUALITY OF

FAMILY FLOUR,

CORN-MEAL,

OATS, SHELLED CORN,

OATS & CORN CHOP,

BRAN, MIDDLINGS.

And everything pertaining to the Feed Department at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

FOR

CASH ONLY,

Also, a well selected stock of

Glassware; Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of al kinds, and

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we stay—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 2, 1872.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashsionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

april.

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,

293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.

W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor,

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

☞TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICIT ED.

sep 18

WIKE & YOUNG,

BUTCHERS

AND DEALERS,

Wholesale and Retail,

IN

FRESH MEATS,

ALL KINDS, SUCH AS

BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB,

SAUSAGE, PUDDING, BOLOGNA

AND

LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.

Market days, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. mar1075

C. & G Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear.

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,

Dress Goods,

Felt Skirts,

Hoop Skirts,

Bustles,

Gloves,

Shoes,

Gum Sandals,

And Felt over Shoes,

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &C.

Underclothing for Men and Women

A large assortment of

HARDWARE

AND

QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM,

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 30.

To the Merchants of Somerset Co.

Gent's: Your attention is called to the fact that

GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

113 & 115 Clinton St.

JOHNSTOWN PA.

are selling

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS &

MILLINERY,

at Eastern prices. We guarantee you Eastern prices on Prints, Ginghams, Delaines, Alpacas, Dress Goods, Muslins, Brown and Bleached Domestics, Ducks, Drills, Cottonades, Jeans, Cambrics, Tickings, Flannels, Cloths and Cassimeres, in fact all Dry Goods and Notions. A trip to Johnstown will not cost you the tenth part of the expense of a trip to Philadelphia, and yet we sell at Philadelphia prices and save you freight besides. We can afford to do it because we buy in large lots and pay cash, have no rent to pay and do our own work. Call and see our stock and prices and judge for yourselves.

FOSTER & QUINN,

Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.

Miscellaneous.

ANDREW PEEBLES,

ARCHITECT,

Cor. Sixth Ave. and Liberty Street,

PITTSBURGH, PA

Entrance No. 5 Sixth Avenue. 19p66

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL

PURELY CALIFORNIA

DR. WALKER'S

EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

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 unprecedented 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 S