A TERRIBLE MOMENT.

Yes, terrible—that is just what it was. I shall never forget it, even should I live to one of those wonderous ages at times recorded in the papers. Moreover, it was not a thing for a man to forget. Many events may slip from our mind, but never that moment when we stand on the brink of the grave, brought thither by the probability of an awful death.

It happened in this way. I had been in Australia for about five years, during which time I had amassed a tolerable fortune, when I began to long to see the old country again—a desire considerably strengthened by the fact that the girl I loved, and who had consented to be my wife, was going to England, and I could not bear the thought of such an extent of ocean between us; so I determined to go too, and let our marriage take place there.

May Brodstone was the only daughter of a well-to-do squatter, and the prettiest, nicest girl for miles round the station, though, until I had become acquainted with her, rather fond of a bit of girlish flirtation. This was the worst for me, as it turned out.

Among her many admirers was one Jacob Kiel. Dark-haired, dark-eyed, dark-complexioned, he was of that class of men who feel strongly, and who never forget an injury—like wild cats they are nasty customers to offend. Well, May, I fear, had flirted somewhat with Jacob Kiel, who I really belive, loved the very ground she walked on, though she declared—and I knew it was true—that she had never given him the slightest hope.

It was about this time that I appeared upon the scene; and she discovered that she had found the right man, as I had found the right girl. May Brodstone instantly gave up all her admirers, was as steady and quiet as a gum tree when no wind blows, and finally said the "Yes" upon which my happiness depended.

Old Mr. Brodstone knew that the match would be a good one, and readily gave his consent, so that our engagement was soon made public. I was present when the news reached Jacob Kiel. I shall never forget his face. His lips were compressed, his dark eyes contracted; he looked from May to me, and I felt that, if ever he could, he would do me mischief. Without a syllable he quitted the place. A strange sensation run through me as he departed; and May told me that a cold shudder had run through her veins.

We did not see much of Kiel after this, though we knew he was often about the station upon business; but the man somehow threw a kind of shadow over May's and my happiness, and we were not at all sorry when we got on board the steamer and steamed off towards Old England. We had not, however, got clear out of sight of land when May, giving a little cry, put her hand on my arm, and, slightly nodding her head towards the lower deck, said:

"Oh, Edward, look—he is there too!"

And so he was. Leaning quietly over the side, watching the land apparently, was Jacob Kiel—a passenger for England, like ourselves. I will own that I was considerably annoyed, though when May, drawing nearer, exclaimed, in a low startled voice, "Edward, dear, I don't know how it is, but I dread that man—I cannot divest my mind of the thought that he means us harm." I laughed and tried to banish so absurd an idea. And certainly it appeared I had every right to do so. Save by a casual interchange of a few words, Kiel never troubled us, and we were making a capital journey, when, just as we were within twenty degrees of the line, we were struck by a hurricane which the captain declared was almost a cyclone in violence.

The vessel could not weather it. The masts crashed overboard, taking several of the crew with them, and, before the wreck could be cut adrift, a portion of the broken spars, dashing against the ship, had caused a leak below the water-line, and the cry was, "We are sinking! Lower the boats—the pumps are useless!"

The captain was marvelously firm and cool, and by his example made us all the same.

The boats were rapidly lowered and filled, while, thank heaven the storm seemed to abate. The women went first, of course, and all was proceeding well, when, just as the last boat was being filled, I remembered that in my hurry I had left my mothers miniature in my chest. There was plenty of time to fetch it, and in a second I was down in the cabin. Flinging the lid open, my hand was already upon the likeness, when I heard a foot upon the stairs. I turned, and by the dim light yet swinging from the roof, perceived Jacob Kiel.

Good heavens! The diabolical expression on his face, the fiendish malice in his dark snake-like eyes, revealed his intention in a moment. He had come to do me some deadly harm. Leaping up, I seized my revolver, to be on my guard; but an attack was not his purpose. Before I could prevent him, he had quickly closed the cabin door, and locked it on the outside.

Like a flash of lightning all the horrors of my position instantly flashed before me. I was a prisoner in the sinking ship! Uttering a loud shout of fury I sprang forward; the cry was echoed by a laugh from Jacob Kiel. I heard him say, "Who will marry May Brodstone now?" and then his feet went rapidly up the stairs.

I called loudly for help; the uproar of the storm drowned my voice. I paused. Just then the wind lulled, and I heard the order to push off; the speaker was Jacob Kiel. I again shouted in my agony: but my voice and the wind rose together—I was unheard. I continued to shout like a madman, though I knew all hope was gone—that I was alone like a trapped rat, in the sinking ship.

Furiously I beat the door, all the while painfully conscious that rescue was impossible and death certain, for it was night, and as no doubt the storm would separate the boats, my absence would not be discovered until the vessel was foundered.

Could I expect aught else, when in the occasional lull of the hurricane I heard the rush of the deadly waters in the hold, and felt the ship lurch more heavily each moment as she plunged into the trough of the sea? Suddenly she gave a terrific keel over and a wave came rattling down the companion ladder like thunder, rushed under the door and inundated the cabin.

I shrieked in agony, believing that all was over—that I was to die thus, not even with the chance of battling for life.

I felt that I could meet death calmly if I were on deck, with the heavens above me; but my very hair stirred at the horrible thought of being burried in the sea as it were in a box. Was there really no way of escape? I looked around and gave a great cry of joy, then leaped forward, careless now that the water mounted higher and higher.

"Fool! Idiot!" I exclaimed "why did you not think of it before? You are your own murderer!"

My eyes had rested upon my revolver. In a second I had fired two of its barrels into the lock of the door, shivering it to atoms, and the next minute I was upon the deck—only just in time, for the vessel was settling fast. It would have settled long before, but the storm had abated.

With a wild hope I looked for the boats. Near or far, all was alike—darkness hid the waters. But, having succeeded so far, I resolved not to despair. One by one I discharged the remaining barrels of my revolver, and then plunged into the sea, to swim as far as I could from the ship before it sank, hoping that I should find some pieces of wreck. I did so, before I had proceeded far—a mast, with cordage attached. This helped me; for after lashing myself to the mast as well as I could, the waves bore me away. Suddenly, however, a fearful rush of water seized me. I was drawn rapidly back, and then down as in a whirlpool—flung, it seemed, here, there and everywhere—after which I remembered no more. When I came to, I was in one of the boats with May Brodstone leaning over me.

It appeared that directly mourning dawned, the boats were called together, and the captain went over the names, when mine was found missing; upon which he resolved to row back, and see if he could not find me, urged thereto by many of his companions, who wondered—as did not Jacob Kiel—what could have prevented my getting into one of the boats.

The sea was nearly calm, the sun shining, and their search was not difficult. They soon perceived a dark object. Approaching it they found it to be myself, clinging like grim death to the mast, but laughing and pelling like a maniac. In fact I was mad, and for some time after they had managed to get me into the boat I remained so; then I became calmer, though I was delirious for a whole day and night.

Directly sensibility returned, I told my story, filling every one with horror, especially May Brodstone.

"I see it all!" exclaimed the captain. "The villian! Last night our boats separated in the darkness; this morning the one bearing Jacob Kiel and the worst of the crew was missing. He has either steered the boat into a different track, or paid the fellows to desert us, fearful of the punishment that might have awaited him when he touched land."

Whether this was so I do not know, for we never heard of Jacob Kiel again.

That day we were picked up by one of Green's ships, homeward bound, and in due time were landed in England, where May and I were married, and where we now reside; for my wife will not hear of crossing the ocean again, as she cannot forget—as indeed I cannot—that most terrible moment of my life.

Impatient for the Funeral.

The singular heartlessness of some of the Chinese residents of San Francisco is forcibly illustrated by a recent incident, which the *Chronicle* thus describes; Two Chinamen visited a prominent undertaking establishment, and the spokesman, who talked very fair pigeon English, said: "One Chinawoman, she muchee die; we want bury her twelve o'clock." A man was dispatched for the city physician to make an inspection and give a certificate, and also to take the measure of the deceased woman. The pair weaded their way to Brenham place, and in a small room on the third floor, laid out on a mat, was the supposed corps. The undertaker, thinking only of his business, pulled out his tape line and asked the doctor to hold one end of it while the size of the coffin required was ascertained. They were a little surprised as they stretched the line over the body to see the woman open her eyes. The Chinamen expressed no surprise, but simply said; "Oh, she be dead by twelve o'clock." The doctor after making a careful examination, concluded that the woman was beyond help, and was on the eve of dissolution, but the undertaker decided that it would be as well to postpone the funeral. Except in the cases of prominent and wealthy Chinamen, whose estate will bear the expenses of a lavish spread of varnished hog and other funeral meats, the Chinese almost invariably hurry off their dead to the cemetery before they are fairly cold. Almost any undertaker can furnish experiences like this, and there can be little doubt that many a poor Chinaman is put under the sod before life is extinct.

Sod Fences.

With the increasing cost of fencing material, it becomes a more interesting question to the farmer. How can I economically build new and repair old fences? A western man suggests the use of sods, and writes:

"In England and Ireland they have the 'sod fence.' I have seen it in this country occasionally, but I think if our farmers knew its practical merits we should see it oftener. Only dig two ditches two feet apart, three feet wide, and two feet deep; throw the dirt from the ditches on the space between, beat it down till it has some hardness and give it enough slant to prevent 'caving,' and you have a fence for a lifetime. In most cases here we need no turf or 'whin bushes' as they do, for in a year the bank will be covered by a luxuriant growth of blackberry bushes, answering every purpose. Even where timber is plenty, we can make this fence cheaper than almost any other.

Raising Clover Seed.

Having had some experience, says a correspondent of the *Country Gentleman*, in clover raising, I will say for the benefit of any who may be interested in the subject, that I believe it produces more milk than either timothy or corn fodder, and at the same time I find that land improves by frequently being seeded to clover. As to whether plaster is indispensable, I have always used it, and with varied results. The present season I had twenty acres of clover, which I had intended for seed, and to which I applied, about May 20th, 100 pounds of plaster per acre. On examining the heads this fall, I found that very few of them had seed—in fact, I do not think the twenty acres would have produced five bushels, and I abandoned the idea of cutting it for seed, and put a part in for feeding, and pastured the remainder. On an adjoining farm I saw some clover well filled with seed where no plaster was used.

A Mouse Catching Baby.

A singular phenomenon is just now creating a sensation a few miles south of Erie, in the shape of a mouse catching infant, surpassing in expertness the agility of the best canine or feline mouser in the country. The report of this singular freak of nature reached me so well authenticated that I concluded to gratify my curiosity, and possibly be sold, as I had often been, but, to my surprise, the facts turned out more remarkable than the most astonishing natural wonder I ever witnessed. The little girl in question is a trifle over a year old, and can but just begin to run about the house and yard. The moment she wakes and gets out of her crib she goes to the old kitchen fire place, which is infested with a species of small house mice, and sits down in a hold in the corner very much like a cat, with her eyes intently fixed on the burrow. She sometimes occupies this position for an hour without moving, till a mouse makes its appearance, when, by a sudden start, apparently without any effort, she seizes her victim by the neck. As soon as her prize is secured she seems to be electrified with joy and trembles from head to foot, uttering a kind of wild murmur or growl, resembling the half suppressed snarl of a wild cat. On arriving at the house, and making known the object of my visit, the mother expressed the willingness to give me an exhibition of the strange peculiarity of the baby providing I would promise not to make their names public, as she seemed to dread the notoriety already given to the affair. I, of course, made the required promise, and had the privilege of witnessing with my own eyes a performance so wonderful and novel that I can never forget the impression it made. The babe was asleep when I arrived, and on awakening she started at once on her strange mission. She is a beautiful little blonde, of delicate features and bright, blue eyes, and her hair lies all over her her head in exquisitely formed golden curls, about the circle of a dime. There is nothing unusual about the countenance of the child, or different from that of any pretty featured baby, except while stalking her game. Then her eyes become glistening and fixed, sparkling like gems, and her face and hands turn pale as wax, while she appears to hear or notice nothing going on around her, but keeps her eyes steadily centered on the burrow whence she expects her game to sally forth. The mother and only sister of the child and myself sat in a semi circle around her, silent as if in a spiritual seance waiting for the signal of departed spirits. Had no mouse made its appearance, the sight was one never to be forgotten—the deathly pale face of that motionless child, and the rivited, sparkling eyes concentrated for thirty minutes on that mouse hole in the brick hearth. During that half hour we neither moved or spoke above a whisper, when suddenly, like the springing of a trap, the little thing's hand went down on the hearth, followed by the fine squeak of a mouse, and that strange, low growl singular tremor of the body of the child. As usual, she held the mouse by the neck in her right hand, while it squirmed desperately to get away. She then pressed it up against her bosom, and felt of it gently and softly with her other hand; then would dexterously change hands, carefully keeping her grip upon the neck to avoid its bite, though her mother told me she had been frequently bitten; and while sensitive to pain and crying at the least ordinary hurt, she never was seen to wince or show the least pain from the bite of a mouse. I examined her fingers and found them scarred in many places where she had been bitten. I tried to realize how the feat had been accomplished, but it was done so suddenly there was no time to analyze it. Yet I was assured by the family who had taken frequent observation, that the mouse when once out of its hole seems to become charmed or magnetized and has no power, or at least shows no disposition to escape till caught, when it is too late. If any one approaches the child to take the mouse away from her, she will utter a shrill scream and then try to conceal her prize by putting it into her mouth.

I have heard of snakes and birds charming children, but I guess this is the first mouse catching baby yet developed. I wonder how Darwin would explain this abnormal instinct by the laws of evolution and natural selection.

Some One to Love.

Perhaps one of the most positive proofs we have of the soul's independence of the body is our great need of love and of something to love. Were we mere animals—creatures doomed to perish after a few years of life in this world—that which contents the brute would also content us. To eat and sleep well, to have an easy time of it would be enough. As it is, we may have all these things and health to enjoy them and yet be utterly wretched. Neither can mental food satisfy us. "Some one to love" is our heart's cry.

When the atmosphere of tenderness is about us we rejoice; when people are harsh and unkind we suffer. We begin life wishing to love all people, and believing that they love us. Experience hardens us. Our dear ones grow fewer; but, as long as reason lasts, we must have some one—we must at least imagine that some one loves us. The parents, sisters and brothers—that dearest friend whom we promise to love and cherish until death parts us—these come into our lives and fill them up. Afterward come the little children—frail, helpless babies, who need our help so much, and friends to whom we are not kin, yet who grow dear to us.

Some have many loved ones, and some but one. Heaven help those who have none, though they are generally to blame for their empty-heartedness, for kindness wins love. They are always wretched, and they often show their craving for something to love by cherishing some dumb animal—a dog, a kitten, a parrot, perhaps, on which they lavish caresses, which, better spent, would have bound some human heart to theirs. Pride or morbid sensitiveness may have been at the bottom of their loneliness, and these pets of theirs fill the aching void a little.

Some one to love! It is the cry of the human soul, the note to which every human soul, the note to which every human heart responds; the bond which will bind us all together in that other world where mourners shall be comforted and love shall reign forever.

A Tennessee girl, riding on the cars, crossed the aisle, kicked a young man up against the window, and remarked; "I was brung up never to allow a yaller-eyed man to wink at me."

How Mary Jane was Won.

There is no foolishness about some of the fathers of Dubuque county, Iowa, who have marriageable daughters, and they know how to precipitate business when the fruit is ripe. Matters were brought to a climax with a rush at a certain farmer's residence in Ternon township, recently. A young tiller of the soil had for months been paying most assiduous attentions to one of his daughters, but he was such a bashful, modest chap, never having been much in the company of girls, except this one, that he had never been able to raise his courage sufficiently high to pop the all important question.

He had gone to the house in which his admirer lived, upon at least twenty different occasions, resolved to know his fate; but when ushered into the presence of his fair one, into whose keeping he had placed his heart, his courage would invariably "go back on him," and he would return to his lonely room in greater suspense than before. Upon the evening in question he had determined that, come what would, he would tell his Mary that he loved her. He would once for all decide the matter. But, as upon each former occasion, he could get the proposal no further than his throat. There it stuck, and he had just determined to gulp it down and give up the siege when the door opened and in stalked the girl's father, who advanced to where they were sitting and thus addressed them:

"I came in to put a stop to this infernal foolishness. It ain't the courting expenses that I'm looking at, for coal oil's cheap an' wood can be had for the haulin'; but I'm sick and tired of this billin' and cooin' like a pair of sick doves, keepin' me awake of nights, and it's got to be stopped right here. Mary Jane, look up here. Do you love John Henry well enough to marry him?"

"Why, father, I—I—you must"—

"Stop that darn foolishin'," yelled the old man. "Answer 'yes' or 'no,' and mighty quick, too. It's got to be settled now or never."

"Answer 'yes' or 'no.' Speak!" roared the old gent.

"Well, yes, then. There, now," and Mary again hid her face.

"That's business; that's the way to talk. Now, John, look here—look up here, or I'll shake you all to pieces. Do you want that gal o' mine for a wife? Speak out like a man, now."

"Why, Mr. ——, ain't this rather a—I mean, can't you"—

"Speak it out, or out of this house you'll go head foremost. I won' wait a minute longer. There's the gal, and a likelier gal ain't in the State, and you just heard her say she wanted you. Now, John, I won't stand a fit o' foolin'; once for all, 'yes' or 'no?'"

"Well, yes, sir; I have been presumptuous enough to hope that I"—

"Oh, confound your soft talk; the thing's settled now. You two blasted fools would have been six months more at that job that I've done in five minutes. I never saw such fooling as there is among young people nowadays. Ain't like it was when I was young—an' now good night.—You can talk the thing over, an' you and me, John, 'll go to town an' get the license to-morrow. Soon be time to go to plowin'—no time for love makin' then. Good night, good night; hope I wasn't too rough, but I was determined to fix the thing up one way or 'tother; and the old man went back to bed.

Now that the ice was broken, the young people laid all their plans for the future, and John felt just a little bad at the comfort he had lost, when Mary looked up at him shyly, and said:

"This would have been all right four months ago, John, if you hadn't been so skeery. I know'd all the time that you wanted to ask me; but it was'nt my place to say anything, you know."

No cards.

Bees.

The *California Agriculturist* says there are two million beehives in the United States, each hive yielding a little over twenty-two pounds of honey in a year. The average price at which honey is sold is estimated at twenty-five cents a pound, from which it appears that bees, after paying their own board, present us with a revenue of about $3,000,000 a year. Or, it may be said, that they give a pound of pure honey to every man, woman and child in the United States. The *agriculturist* estimates the profits on the sale of surplus honey at from fifty to two hundred per cent. on the capital invested. But all bees are not as well educated as those of California. The honey that comes to us from California, when not cut up and bottled, is contained in little square wooden frames, probably six by six inches, in which the bees deposit it ready for transportation. The upper side of the otherwise flat frame is made of a thin piece of wood shaped like a V. The bees begin building on the lower point of the V, and are thus made to keep their wax structure in the middle of the frame. After the honey has been deposited the frames may be packed closely together, and each layer is kept separate from the others by the projecting sides of the frame. California honey usually reaches eastern markets in this way, but for retail sale is taken from the frames and packed in glass bottles or jars.

Combs.

The first horn combs manufactured in this country were made in West Newburry, Mass., just after the Revolutionary War. A Hessian settled there who was accustomed to the working of horns into buttons and combs, and from him the art—if the rude workmanship of that day was worthy to be called an art—was taught to the native population. West Newbury has continued to lead in the business ever since, and to-day it is one of the largest comb-making towns in Massachusetts.

Forty years ago ladies' combs, which were larger than ladies' bonnets are now, used to be made in Newburyport for the South American market. They were often two or three feet wide, encircling two thirds of the head, and from six inches to a foot high on the back, the top being wrought in open work; and to these the Spanish-American ladies attached their veils. One comb consumed three horns, or an equal quantity of shell; and as much of the work was done by hand and with the saw and the polishing was entirely manual labor, the prices were high—from twenty to fifty dollars.

An Eastern tramp, who had been over Wisconsin, says the names of the towns savor too much of pedestrianism to suit his notion of a "printer's state." There is Milwaukee, Waukesha, Oconowoc, Manitowoc, Waukegan, Pewaukee, and a dozen other "walks," but darned little work.

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

AGENTS, ATTENTION!

$1,000

In Gold Coin!

WE Challenge the World.

And will forfeit $1,000 to any person who can produce a remedy which will prove by actual test, a more speedy, certain and effectual cure for all pains and aches of whatever form, external and internal, acute or chronic, deep seated or otherwise, than

DR. RADCLIFF'S Great Remedy,

SEVEN SEALS OR GOLDEN WONDER.

We have had this challenge of $1,000 Prominently Displayed in all our Circulars and Newspaper Advertisements, for the last four years, and not taken, which shows the superior excellence of our REMEDY OVER ALL OTHERS.

For External and Internal use. It will Effect a Speedy Cure in all Cases of

Headache, Neuralgia, Toothach, Sprains, Bruises, Flesh Wounds, Burns, Colic, Cramp, Cholera Morbus, Flux, Diarrhœa, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Coughs, Cold, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Asthma, Phthisic, Heart Burn, Indigestion, Summer Complaint, Pains in Side, Back or Loins, Piles, Ringworm, Felons, Stings of insects, Bites of Venomous Serpents, and especially Rheumatism. A Powerful Remedy which is taken Internally by Anyone.

This celebrated Medicine is beyond a doubt the greatest discovery in Medical Science known to the world. Its action is at once felt; its wonderful cures are instantaneous; in fact, it

LITERALLY DEMOLISHES PAIN.

Equally Good for Man or Beast.

Remember, we guarantee every Bottle.

NO CURE NO PAY. TRY IT AND BE CONVINCED.

Sickness comes when least expected. One bottle may save your life. If you are not satisfied, after fair trial, we will refund your money.

OUR MOTTO, NO CURE, NO PAY.

A Source of Happiness to Millions of Suffering Humanity.

During the past year the wonderful success of this Great Remedy has far exceeded our most sanguine expectations; THOUSANDS HAVE BEEN CURED, and thousands have found out from actual experience that DR. RADCLIFF'S GREAT REMEDY, SEVEN SEALS OR GOLDEN WONDER, is the MOST WONDERFUL PAIN DESTROYER IN EXISTENCE, the MOST EXPEDITIOUS, SAFE AND POWERFUL REMEDY KNOWN IN THE WORD; CURES ARE EFFECTED ALMOST INSTANTLY, AS IF BY MAGIC. Thousands of certificates have been received from all parts of our broad land, unsolicited and unasked for, speaking in heartfelt and universal praise of this Great Remedy, from personal knowledge of its almost miraculous powers in curing the most obstinate and protracted cases of Diseases.

We want a GOOD LIVE AGENT in every county in the United States and Canadas. It will pay you better than anything else you can take hold of. Send in your order. Secure your county at once, before its being taken by some one else. Exclusive territory given. Agents are doing better with our Remedy than anything else they ever took hold of. Why is this? Because the Remedy does just as we say, and our agents can warrant every bottle. No cure, no pay. Knowing that we make all losses good, should they be called on to redeem a bottle, agents run no risk of loss.

HERE IS A SAMPLE LETTER OF WHAT OUR AGENTS ARE DOING.

Nearly 2,000 Bottles Sold in Four Months.

SCOTT TOWN, Lawrence Co., Ohio.

MESSRS. KENNEDY & CO.—DEAR SIRS.—At this late hour I will inform you of the great benefit I received from the use of DR. Radcliff's Great Remedy, SEVEN SEALS OR GOLDEN WONDER. After being confined to my bed for eight years with a complication of diseases, viz: Dyspeptic Bronchitis, Palpitation of the heart, Pain in the right side, with general debility, for which I tried the skill of our home physicians, also a doctor of New York city, and two of Pittsburgh, and one in the Northern part of Ohio. Took enough patent medicine to swine—and to no purpose. At length I was induced to try Dr. Radcliff's SEVEN SEALS OR GOLDEN WONDER. I sent a I got six fifty cent bottles, and before using it all, found myself able to travel in a buggy. Took the agency for its sale last April, four months ago, and have sold thirteen gross, or 1,872 bottles up to this date. August 20, 1871, and expect from the growing demand to sell ten thousand (10,000) bottles in the next year.—Gentlemen, if you think this worth using you can do so, as I am generally known over these counties as a man of great affliction. Yours respectfully,

H. J. DARLING,

Important to all Persons out of Employment.

OFFICE OF R. KENNEDY & CO. PITTSBURGH, PA.

Dear Sir—We take pleasure in herewith handing you a copy of our Circular to Agents which we feel confident will repay a diligent perusal by one wishing to make money rapidly and certainly. We are now the SOLE PROPRIETORS AND ONLY MANUFACTURERS OF

DR. RADCLIFF'S GREAT REMEDY,

SEVEN SEALS OR GOLDEN WONDER.

FOR THIS GREAT REMEDY WE WISH YOU TO ACT AS OUR AGENT.

DEAR SIR.—The above fully explains the articles we wish to sell. This business is honorable, and by being energetic, will pay you well. It is our desire to appoint an agent in every county in all parts of the United States and Canada, granting to each the exclusive right to sell every bottle sold in the county. Should you accept the agency for one or more counties, you shall have the exclusive right to sell every bottle sold in your county, as long as you continue to act as our agent, and all orders which we may receive from your territory shall be turned over to your account.

This wonderful remedy, Seven Seals or Golden Wonder, sells rapidly in the hands of the right kind of men, and we want none other. Now, if you think you are the man for the work, forward your order, name your county, and go to work; you can sell a gross in a few days, without a doubt. We have one man who buys on an average three gross per week, and his orders are increasing rapidly, and he has a small county, (Berks Co., Pa.). He writes that he expects to sell one gross per day, at retail, the coming season, not counting wholesale. You have the privilege of selling wholesale or retail, or putting it on commission with druggists, or selling by sub-agents. This business is worth the attention of good men, and men of capital. Should you make but reasonable wages—say $100 per month for the first three months, (many make more)—you would nevermore be at establishing a business that would pay you largely in the end.

SEVEN SEALS or GOLDEN WONDER is put up in $1 00 and 50 cent bottles, elegantly matched in neat and appropriate wrappers, and packed in nice boxes, one dozen in each box.

To druggists our scale of prices are—Large size, $1 00 bottles, per dozen, $9 00; small size, 50 cent bottles, per dozen, $4 50.

We give special terms to our County Agents at such figures that they can sell to druggists and country stores at the above price and make a handsome profit. We also give an

EXTRA PREMIUM TO AGENTS!

In order to have live, energetic men to take hold of the business at once, we have concluded to give free gratis to each and every agent a present of a handsome, fine

COIN SILVER HUNTING CASE WATCH.

beautifully engraved, and correct time keeper, worth $20 00; and a certificate of agency giving SOLE CONTROL of such county as the agent may select, (not already taken) and, furthermore, all orders coming from such counties as the agent may select, will be sent back by us to the agent to be filled—in fact we give sole control of such counties as long as the agent continues in the business. Remember, the Premium Watch is given gratis to agents. We take this plan to have our great remedy quickly and thoroughly introduced. Let us hear from you at your earliest convenience, and secure your county at once, before being taken by some one else. Remember, this offer is open for a short time only.

We will send to parties contemplating to act as our agent, Sample, Large and Small Bottles securely packed with our different posters, bills, show cards, terms, &c.

UPON THE RECEIPT OF $1.00

and to all sending $1 00 for samples we will also send

Free of Charge, Sample of our Eight Elegant Chromos, entitled

GOO MORNING AND GOOD NIGHT, FIRST PAIR AND ONLY PAIR, FEEDING THE CHIKENS, OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE, AND TO MOTHERS GRAVE.

Which are given gratuitously to our agents for free distribution.

Should your business be such that you cannot act as our agent, please call the attention of some honest, industrious, active person who will attend to it, and secure to himself a permanent situation and a trustworthy agent to us.

If you want your county, let us know as soon as convenient, as the territory may be taken.

We would be pleased to have parties who contemplate taking an agency, to send for a sample package of this wonderful remedy before engaging largely in the business.

REMEMBER, WE GUARANTEE EVERY BOTTLE.

NO CURE, NO PAY!

With these suggestions we leave the matter with you. We do not wish you to engage unless you will follow the business as a business, and really desire to make money. We want none but honest, consistent men. To such we will guarantee success. Address all communications to

KENNEDY & CO.,

SOLE PROPRIETORS.

Cor. WOOD St. and Second Avenue,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Please state what paper you saw this in.

oct17

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.*

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. Loooking 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.

1875. **New Autumn Styles.** 1875.

LARGEST STOCK IN THE CITY JUST OPENED.

DRY GOODS AND NOTIONS.

SPECIAL ATTRACTIONS IN OUR

Dress Goods Department.

FULL LINE OF ALL THE LEADING BRANDS OF

DOMESTIC DRY GOODS.

Shawls, Skirts, Hosiery, Gloves, and Small Wear.

BOTTOM PRICES GUARANTEED.

Sole Agents for the Celebrated Fullerton's Freeport Flannels, New Lisbon Flannels, Blankets, and Yarns.

Merchants are invited to call and examine our Stock and Prices.

Wholesale Exclusively.

ARBUTHNOT, SHANNON & Co.,

sep22 No. 239 and 241 Liberty Street, Pittsburgh.

B. TIEGLE,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

No. 53 Smithfield Street, Pittsburgh.

Just received a full stock of CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, and VESTINGS, for Fall and Winter wear.

LOWEST PRICES.

☞All work and Fits guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction. Sep22.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

WHOLESALE HOUSE OF

GILL & BRO

No. 253 LIBERTY STREET,

Five doors from head of Wood street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

We are daily receiving goods, and have now one of the largest Fall Stocks of

BOOTS, SHOES AND RUBBERS

in the market, which will be sold at BOTTOM PRICES.

Would call special attention of the Trade to our

Fort Pitt, Buffalo, and Erie Calf and Kip Hand-made Boots.

Also, WOMEN'S, MISSES' and CHILDREN'S CUSTOM CALF BOOTS. Men's Miner Shoes. RUBBER GOODS at Factory Rates.

N. B.—Orders promptly attended to. Eastern Bills Duplicated. sep22

CONSUMPTION CURED AT LAST!

THE TRUE REMEDY FOUND.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER'S

GREAT LUNG HEALER

IS A SURE REMEDY FOR

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, COUGHS, COLDS, CATARRH OF CHEST, AND ALL DISEASES OF THE PULMONARY ORGANS.

If your druggist does not keep it, send to

Wm. Guenther & Co., 33 Diamond Street, PITTSBURGH, PA.

ANOTHER CASE OF CONSUMPTION CURED.

PITTSBURGH, September 12, 1874.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER—DEAR SIR: It is with great pleasure that I hasten to congratulate you on your successful treatment of my daughter. After suffering for upwards of one year, you have demonstrated to me by your skill that consumption can be cured. Hoping that you may be the instrument, through Divine Providence, of restoring many more to health, I return to you our sincere and heartfelt thanks, and may God Speed you in your good work.

Yours, respectfully,

S. HODGETTS,

Proprietor of Baltimore Hotel, 156 and 158 Water Street.

PITTSBURGH, January 25, 1873.

PROF. WM. GUENTHER—SIR: During the present winter, while holding a series of meetings, I contracted a cold which caused a hoarseness to my voice, my throat being affected and was induced to try your Lung Healer, which cured me in less than two days. I recommended it to public speakers and singers suffering from hoarseness. My wife used it for a severe cough, with satisfactory results. Yours truly, J. H. HULL,

President Pittsburgh Conference, 48 Reed Street.

September 22, 1873.

$35,000 WORTH

FINE CARPETS.

STOCK OF

Henry McCallum

77 FIFTH AVENUE

Which was partially damaged by water at the late fire has been removed to the basement of the Diamond Bank, FIFTH AVENUE AND LIBERTY ST., and will be offered at a large reduction from cost FOR 30 DAYS.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

feb6th

BUTTER. BUTTER. BUTTER.

Robins & Co.

COMMISSIOM MERCHANTS,

No. 88 S. EUTAW Street,

BALTIMORE.

FOR SALE OF

BUTTER, EGGS and POULTRY.

Quick sales and prompt returns with check for produce, is our style of business.

Cards can be had at Messrs. A. J. Casebeer & Co., Express office, Somerset, and Express office, Mineral Point. Sep 22.

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. mar1675

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.

Merchant Tailors,

And Manufacturers of

Gent's, Youth's and Boys,

Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

121 Wood Street, corner Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURGH.

april.

New Advertisements.

J. W. PATTON. C. O. HURST.

NEW FIRM.

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 show 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,

Bleached and Unbleached Muslins

GINGHAMS,

SHIRTING,

TICKING,

BOYS AND MENS'

HEAVY PANT STUFFS,

in Cottonade, Double and Irish Jeans, Satinets, Cassimeres, &c.,

DRESS GOODS,

in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French Merrinoes, &c.,

STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS,

HATS & CAPS,

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. feb19

Pleasant and Profitable Employment.—"Beautiful!" "Charming!" "Oh, how lovely!" "What are they worth?" &c. Such are exclamations by those who see the large elegant New Chromos produced by the European and American Chromo Publishing Co. They are all perfect Gems of Art. No one can resist the temptation to buy when seeing the Chromos. Canvassers, Agents, and ladies and gentlemen out of employment, will find this the best opening ever offered to make money. For full particulars, send stamp for confidential circular. Address FULLASON & CO., 739 Washington St., Boston, Mass. sep22.

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY

Flour and Feed

STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to friends and the public generally, in the town vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened our NewStore 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, Brush al kinds,