OUR NEW YORK LETTER.

NEW YORK, Feb. 24, 1877.

THE FUNERAL OF O'MAHONEY.

Men go out of sight very soon. Twelve years ago, Col. John O'Mahoney filled the newspapers, which is the modern trump of fame, and his name was on the lips of men. He had been a patriot in Ireland, had bearded the British Lion in his den, had emigrated to this country, and organized the Fenian movement, and was its acknowledged head. He had gorgeous quarters, a "staff," and all the ribs of great warlike enterprise. He had everything, in fact, necessary to conquer the independence of Ireland, except men and arms, and some other trifles. But they had a good time of it. While the servant girls and laborers contributed, and when the regular Irish quarrel came, O'Mahoney subsided. As he was an honest man who actually believed in the possibility of military operations against England, he went out poor and he has lived in poverty and obscurity ever since. His death last week was the first that had been heard of him for some time. The Irish gave the dead "hero," an immense funeral. All the societies turned out in regalia, and every Irishman in the city got out his plug hat from the box where it had rested since last St. Patrick's day, and the city was alive with them. His body is to be taken to Ireland for interment. And speaking of the Irish, would anybody suppose that human credulity could go so far as to contribute money for another

RAID UPON CANADA.

O'Donovan Rossa, who was an Irish "Hero," is also receiving contributions of any sums that servant girls and simple-minded laborers choose to give, to form a "Skirmishing Fund." He proposes to organize a regiment of skirmishers to annoy the rear of the British Lion in Canada, while other "heroes" attack him in front on the old sod. All this to occur as soon as Europe gets into a general war, which will take the attention of England. The average Irishman is a queer institution. The race in America may properly be divided up into dupes and dupers. The moment a speck of war appears upon any horizon, the "leaders" immediately issue a proclamation, announcing that "Ireland's opportunity is at last here, and all that is needed to secure Birsh independence is—money. Any sum will be received, and from any source. The servant girls and laborers take a liberal share from their scanty earnings, and give it to the beats, who collect all that is possible, and then let the thing die. One would suppose that after a dozen or two such experiences the people would know better, but they don't. The innocent are always ready to be sheared, and there are always "leaders" to shear them. The contributions to O'Rossa's skirmishing fund, as absurd as it is, fills columns in the Irish newspapers.

TROUBLE IN BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

It is too bad that one can't give a dollar with any certainty that it will reach the people intended to be benefitted. The benevolent societies of the city are undergoing examination, and a vast amount of rottenness has been developed. One institution for sheltering distressed women was found to be a purely private speculation of two enterprising young men, and had no shelter or anything else, and who were collecting a great deal of money from the charitable. They had the sublime impudence to appeal to the authorities for a share of the State appropriation, and were caught. Other institutions were found to be organizations for the support of a parcel of dead beats. The officers, and there are an immense number of them, were all under heavy pay. The collectors were paid a heavy percentage upon their collections; heavy rents were paid upon which "divvies" were doubtless allowed, and altogether, it was as rotten as Tammany, and I can't say more than that. Don't suppose all the societies are of this class—there are deserving ones, but a larger percentage of them are proper subjects for close watching.

POLITICAL.

The Democracy are in the dumps. They give up all hopes of sliding Tilden in by the Electoral Commission, and are arranging for their new campaign. Their only hope now is in an appeal to the courts, which Tilden is determined to make, apparently forgetting that five members of the court will have declared their ideas of the law in the case while they are on the Commission. This fight is for a purpose. Even if Tilden is defeated they have hopes that President Hayes can be bull-dozed into being very liberal in the giving of places, for the sake of conciliating them, and healing their bruises. The action of the Commission meets with approval from the business men of the city, irrespective of party affiliations, and the attempt of the hot-heads to go back of its decision and prolong the contest, finds no backing. The point now is to have the agony over, and the question settled, and there will be acquiescence in it, no matter which way it goes.

LENT.

Lent is on us, and fashionable New York mortifies the flesh for forty days. During that time the fashionable woman is expected to get down into the valley and shadow of humility, and this she does by eating no meat, and abstaining from worldliness altogether. This is accomplished by dropping all high colors in dress, by resolutely refusing to dance, and letting parties severely alone. They humiliate themselves in dark velvet at $15 a yard, and black lace to match, and in that humble garb—dark-colored, mind you—dance in the afternoons. In eating they distinguish themselves. The good natured bishop generally gives all who can tell a white lie a dispensation to eat meat, but those too conscientious to ask it manage to drag out a hungry and mortifying existence on soups, eggs, fish, and a thousand other preparations. Potted and spiced meats not coming inside the restriction, they manage very well. Nursing mothers are allowed meat, to give them strength, and so every mother whose child is nourished by a wet nurse escapes the prohibition, and indulges in steaks and roasts as usual. She probably eats meat to give the nurse strength. Lent is a good thing for the fashionable woman. After a season's hard dancing and theatre-going it is well to have forty days of quiet, in which to meditate on her sins, and decide what she shall get for her Spring clothes, and see that they are properly made up. Then there are the art galleries to go to, and the shops, with quiet card parties in the evening. The services in the swell churches make a very good substitute for the opera, especially as only opera singers are employed in the choirs. Fashionable religion is a very satisfactory thing. The yoke is made very easy.

LABOR.

There are fifty thousand men in the City of New York out of work, with every prospect of remaining so till Spring opens. There was but little building last summer, there has been none doing this winter, and in all the mechanical pursuits stagnation has been the rule. Everybody wears their boots and clothes a month or two longer than they did, nobody buys anything in the way of furniture or furnishing who can possibly avoid it, and consequently a heavy per cent. of those formerly employed in these pursuits are sitting still, and many of them starving. You can get men by the hundred for 80 cents a day, and strong men are willing to take office boys' places at $4 a week. The wages that are paid are fearfully small. A car-driver, exposed to rain and frost, standing on his feet from five in the morning till ten or eleven at night, gets $1.80 a day. "It's hard times," said one to me; "but what are we going to do? If I should quit, there would be a thousand applyin' for the place in an hour. I'm glad to get even this." And women! why an advertisement for a woman to do anything, at any price will bring a thousand answers by noon of the day it appears. The charities are overburdened, and private individuals are beset. The professional mendicant, with a thousand different dodges, takes away a large part of what the really honest poor ought to have, and so, half-fed, and not clothed at all, they exist somehow, waiting till the Spring opens, and some kind of business commences.

BUSINESS

Begins to show a slight improvement. There are a great many merchants in the city from the South and West, and they are buying more liberally than for some time. The resumption of business by the manufacturers of New England is doing something to make a better feeling, and the indications are that there will be a good business for these times in the Spring.

PRAYER IN WALL STREET.

The most curious phase of the religious feeling now prevailing, is the series of prayer-meetings held daily for the gamblers. The bulls and bears have been finally touched, and the place of meeting is daily thronged with them. And they show a great deal of feeling. Let us hope that it will stop some of the gambling that has made that street a by-word and a reproach. If they should all get decently converted it would make a wilderness of it. The spirit is among them, though, and they appear to be affected as other sinners are when under influence. If anything is accomplished among these men it will be a triumph of Christianity that will outweigh the talk of all the infidels in the world.

PIETRO.

Sponging for a Living.

A correspondent of the New Haven (Conn.) *Register* tells how they fish for sponges in the Bahamas. He says:

When a vessel arrives at the fishing ground it is anchored, and the men in small boats proceed to look for sponges in the waters below. The water is a beautiful light blue in color, and so clear that a sixpence can easily be seen on the white sand bottom in thirty-five and forty feet of water. Of course, when there is no wind, the surface of the water still, sponges are easily seen, but when a gentle breeze is blowing a "sea-glass" is used. A sea-glass consists of a square pine box about twenty inches in length, with a pane of glass about ten or twelve inches placed in one end water-tight. To use it the glass end is thrust into the water, and the face of the operator is placed close to the other. By this means the wave motions of the water are overcome, and the bottom readily seen. Sponges, when seen on the bottom attached to the coral rocks, look like a big black bunch. They are pulled off their natural beds by forked hooks which are run down under the sponge, which is formed like the head of a cabbage, and the roots pulled from the rocks.

When brought to the surface it is a mass of soft glutinous stuff, which to the touch feels like soft soap or thick jelly. When a small boat load is obtained they are taken upon the shore where a crawl is built in which they are placed to die, so that the jelly substance will readily separate from the firm fibre of the sponge. These crawls are built by sticking pieces of brush into the sand out of the water, large enough to contain the catch. It takes from five to six days for the insect to die, when the sponges are beaten with small sticks, and the black, glutinous substance falls off, leaving the sponge, after a thorough washing, ready for market. To the fishermen generally the business is not a lucrative one. I am told that the wages will hardly average three dollars per week, besides board. There is but little diving for sponges, except for a particularly fine bunch, which cannot easily be gotten with the hook. The sponge is formed by small insects and is the hive in which they live. Different qualities are found side by side, although in certain regions the finer and more valuable sponges are found.

The Shadow of an Ass.

The Greeks had a proverb that ran thus: "To dispute on the shadow of an ass." This took rise from an anecdote which Demosthenes is said to have related to the Athenians to excite their attention during his defense of a criminal which was being but inattentively listened to. "A traveler, once went from Athens to Megara on a hired ass. It happened to be at the time of the dog days, and at noon. He was much opposed to the unmitigated heat of the sun, and not finding so much as a bush under which to take shelter he bethought himself to descend from the ass and seat himself under its shadow. The owner of the donkey, who accompanied him, objected to this, declaring that when he let the animal the use of its shadow was not in the bargain. The dispute at last became so warm that it came to blows, and finally gave rise to an act of law." After having said so much, Demosthenes continued the defense of his client; but his auditors, whose curiosity he had piqued, were anxious to know how the judges decided on so singular a cause. Upon this the orator commented severely on the childish injustice in devouring with attention a paltry story about an asse's shadow while they turned a deaf ear to a cause in which the life of a human being was involved. From that day when a man showed a preference for discussing small and contemptible subjects to great ones he was said "to dispute on the shadow of an ass."

Texas has 2,500,000 sheep and only two woolen mills to work up their immense yield of wool.

NOBODY BUT SAM WELDON.

BY AVE NIX.

That was the answer given to the new teacher's interrogation in regard to a boy who stood leaning against a tree on the outer edge of the playground.

"Nobody but Sam Weldon," and pretty Dell Casey tossed back her bright curls with a scornful smile on her lips.

"Why do you speak in that way, Della?" queried the teacher; "I don't understand."

"Why, that's what everybody says," answered Dell; "his father makes gardens for people, and his mother acts queer. Sam's good enough, I s'pose, but he ain't nobody."

The teacher sighed, but did not reprimand her pupil for her manner of speaking, rightly guessing that she had heard the expression from older lips.

The despised Sam Weldon was a boy of perhaps thirteen years of age, rather tall of his age and dressed somewhat shabbily. He had a bright, good-natured face, honest blue eyes, very light hair combed back from a high, intellectual forehead, and a tender, sensitive mouth. Just now he was watching a game of ball with a look of keen, boyish interest, and thus lighted was anything but disagreeable.

By and by he became wearied, however, with watching a game from which he was excluded, so turning away he entered the school room and sought to while away the time of intermission by a little extra study.

While he sat there puzzling over a knotty example, little brown-eyed Maggie Bright, the youngest scholar in school, came up to him shyly and laid a tiny bunch of white flowers on his desk, then laying one hand on his arm and looking lovingly into his face, she whispered, "I like you, Sam Weldon, if the rest don't. I think you are the best boy in the school."

For a moment the sensitive mouth quivered, the big blue eyes were full of tears, and then giving her a genuine, enthusiastic boy hug, he answered, "I think you are the best little girl in the world, and I'm going to wear these flowers in my buttonhole."

Then they fell to talking about flowers. Sam said he would like to get some wild violets for his mother, and Maggie knew just where lots of them grew, so off they started together to gather some.

After that Sam Weldon, the nobody, and little Maggie Bright, the child of the widow who lived in the little white cottage near the school house, became great friends.

They laughed and chatted at recess and at noon-times, and when it was rainy or muddy, Sam often times brought Maggie to school on his shoulders. In the Winter season Sam sawed wood for the widow and shoveled snow from her door-steps, and as she was poor he always refused to take any pay, so it came to pass after a while that Mrs. Bright and little Maggie were Sam's best friends.

Three years went by and Sam was sixteen. He worked out among the farmers in the summer and in the winter attended the academy in a neighboring village. The country people near Sam's house still sneered at him and called him a nobody, but Sam went whistling and singing on his way, bearing them no ill will, and owing too large a stock of sunshine and good nature in his own heart to allow their sneers to make him very unhappy.

The teachers of the academy spoke very encouragingly of his future, and when at twenty he graduated from this school they offered him a situation as teacher in one department, at a very good salary.

Sam accepted the situation, and still boarding at home walked his two miles every day.

The people still sneered and said among themselves, "Oh, he's nobody but Sam Weldon, he'll never amount to anything, if he does put on airs."

And Sam worked all the harder and smiled the brighter. Maggie Bright, now fourteen, was one of his best pupils, and he took a great deal of pains to help her in all her studies. She liked to hear him talk in his enthusiastic way about the beauty of mathematical problems, and when he talked about the birds and the flowers and stars, telling the name of each, she was very proud of him, for it seemed to her that he was the wisest man in the world.

She studied very hard so that he might not think her a fool, and his kind commendations were the pleasantest things in her lonely life.

One day when Sam Weldon had finished his year's teaching he went away and forgot to tell the people where he was going.

Some of them were very angry, and the gossips talked a great deal about it, but you see he was nobody but Sam Weldon, and what could anyone expect of him?

Eight years passed away, during which time Sam's father died and was buried over on the hill-side, while his mother went to a distant town to live with her sister, it was said.

Eight years and once again Sam Weldon walked about the old familiar streets of his boyhood's home. Everybody knew him the moment they saw him, for although his face was bronzed and a blonde mustache hid his sensitive mouth, his big blue eyes were just as earnest and honest as ever, and in them lurked the old mischievous smile. With hands in his pockets he sauntered about the town whistling in the old merry way, occasionally stopping to shake hands with some one who remembered him kindly, but generally giving only a careless nod to those who recognized him.

Dell Casey, a stylish young lady of twenty-four, peeped at him through the blinds and wondered if he had any money, and wasn't it funny no one knew where he had been or what he had been doing all these years?

He had certainly grown handsome, and it almost seemed as if there was a sort of distingue air about him; but then, he was nobody but Sam Weldon, and so she didn't put on her best dress and company manners when her father brought him home to tea. While Sam talked with her father, a dapper young clerk from the biggest dry good store in the village called on Miss Dell, and when Sam noticed the cordiality of her greeting and compared it with the coldness he had met with, the old smile which lurked in his big blue eyes grew brighter and more intense, until it illumined his whole face, just as the sun, coming out from behind the clouds after a summer shower, gives us at first but a feeble ray, and then grows brighter and brighter until it floods the whole landscape.

Maggie, a beautiful girl of 22, with soft brown eyes, brown hair, pure, pale complexion, and an expression of kindness and gentleness in her face, more beautiful than form or feature, was sitting in a low rocking chair near the door absorbed in the occupation of making bouquets from the basket of flowers near her. She was humming in a low tone, and did not look up as Sam approached her. Something like a tear glistened in his eyes as he paused a moment to admire the pretty picture she made. Then leaning forward, he spoke:

"Maggie, have you no welcome for the despised Sam Weldon?"

Maggie started to her feet with a half cry of joy, then catching the expression of the blue eyes bent upon her, she became suddenly embarrassed, and reaching out her hand, said politely:

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Weldon, will you walk in?"

"No, I thank you, Miss Bright, I prefer to sit on the doorstep, if you haven't any objections."

He sat down and a few remarks were made in regard to the weather, etc., when he suddenly exclaimed, in his old, enthusiastic way—

"Oh, come! What's the use? Let's just be Sam and Maggie, the way we used to be. I never can talk to you if I must call you Miss Bright."

"All right, Sam," said Maggie, now sat quite at her ease, and in a few minutes they were talking of the old times and telling each other what had happened since they had parted eight years before.

Sam learned that Maggie was supporting herself and mother by giving music lessons, and Maggie learned that Sam had spent several years in Europe as tutor to a rich man's son, and very pleasant it was to hear him tell of the far-famed mountains and cities of which she had read so much. The afternoon slipped rapidly away and it was 10 in the evening ere Sam had thought to take his leave.

Of course he came again the next day and the next; they took walks and rides together unmindful of the sneers and insinuations of the country gossips.

One day they had been taking a longer walk than usual and were tired, so they sat down to rest on a mossy bank not far from the old school-house where they had first known each other.

"Maggie," said Sam, "do you remember that day you came to my desk with those flowers, and whispered so sympathetically, "I like you, Sam Weldon."

Maggie did remember and blushed at the memory.

"Maggie," he continued gravely, "do you like Sam Welden now?"

There was no answer. Something in the tone of his voice had startled her and Maggie's blushing face was turned from him while her little hands nervously clasped and unclasped in her lap.

"Maggie, dearest," whispered Sam, taking one of the little hands tenderly in his own, "I love you. All these years your face has been a guiding star to me. I want you in my home. Maggie, will you marry nobody but Sam Weldon?"

The last sentence touched her. What right had people to speak so of him? She turned her face toward him, all beaming with the light of love and trust, as she answered, "You're the best man in all the world, and I love you," then hid her face on his shoulder.

A few days after that, as they were planning for the future, Maggie crept closer to his side and whispered, "Are you so very poor, Sam? Because I have saved a few hundred dollars, you know."

For answer Sam drew a tiny package from his vest pocket, and opening it, placed a diamond solitaire ring upon her left forefinger, while the old smile glimmered and glowed in his eyes, as he marked her look of questioning surprise.

"God has been very good to me, Maggie," he said; "I have a beautiful home to take you to, when you are ready to go."

Of course there was a quiet wedding, about which the country people gossipped a great deal, and Miss Dell Casey thanked her stars she wasn't such a fool as that Maggie Bright.

A few weeks after, the city papers brought to the little village contained a long article commencing in this way:

"Our agreeable and distinguished neighbor, Hon. Samuel Weldon, has returned from a trip to the west, bringing a beautiful bride home with him."

Then followed a lengthy description of the beautiful home of the young couple, their enthusiastic reception and the beautiful presents sent to them from Mr. Weldon's large circle of friends.

"Well, who'd a thought it!" exclaimed Dell Casey as she read the article breathlessly; Maggie, the sly witch, knew it all the time, I suppose. And after all he's nobody but Sam Weldon."

And Maggie, the happiest wife in all the world, is very proud of nobody but Sam Weldon.—*Pomeroy's Democrat.*

A Wonderful Invention.

The French papers tell us of a wonderful invention, which will enable the feeblest among us to witch the world with noble coachmanship. The horse of the future is not to be driven by ordinary reins, but by electricity combined with them. The coachman is to have under his seat an electro-magnetic apparatus, which he works by a little handle. One wire is carried through the rein to the bit, and another to the crupper, so that a current once set up goes the entire length of the animal along the spine. A sudden shock will, we are gravely assured, stop the most violent runaway or the most obstinate jibber. The creature, however strong and however vicious, is at once transformed into a sort of inoffensive horse of wood, with the feet firmly nailed to the ground. Curiously enough the opposite effect may be produced by a succession of small shocks. Under the influence of these the veriest screw can be suddenly endowed with a vigor and fire indescribable, and even the Rosinante of Don Quixote would gallop like a Derby winner.

AN old lady, observing a sailor going past her door, and supposing it to be her son Billy, cried out to him:

"Billy, where's my cow gone?"

The sailor replied in a contemptuous manner, "gone to the d——l, I suppose."

"As you are going that way," said the old lady, "I wish you would let down the bars."

WHEN is love like a battle?—When it comes to an engagement.

The biggest mouth in creation—A mammoth.

A book agent is an organ without a stop.

A Terrible Arraignment.

The Democrats talk flippantly about what they term the Republican attempt to steal by fraud the vote of Louisiana.

The Democratic lawyer and Republican sore-head, Trumbull, of Illinois, rang the changes upon that unfounded charge in his speech before the Electoral Commission, on Wednesday.

Hon. Samuel Shallabarger, of Ohio, of counsel for the Republicans, squelched the Illinois recreant as follows:

I now conclude this argument by an allusion to what has been the weight and burden of the other side. It is in regard to this alleged outrage in the State of Louisiana. Why, gentlemen, can you shut your eyes to what is now, if not the saddest, certainly one of the saddest chapters in American history? By actual count through the aid of General Sheridan, it is now set down as a part of history that in this blighted and blasted State of Louisiana, 4,000 and odd citizens have been murdered; murdered by plan, murdered by system, by organization; murdered for the purpose of putting down the right of the black man to vote, and that thing has been going on through these dark and terrible years. It was my misfortune, gentlemen, to go once myself, in 1866, to this State, sent by the Congress of the United States, and I took the testimony of hundreds of men, and when I was taking it I literally sat with my feet in pools of human blood, shed in putting out the free Government of Louisiana, and they did put it out—oh, right well and effectually. Gentlemen of America, you have written in the last fifteen years a grand history for your country in its general aspect. John Bright, of England, once said to me, "Sir, I have been a part of the British Government now for thirty years. In that time we have conducted great affairs. We have extended the right of Englishmen to vote; we have abolished the rotten borough system; we have emancipated the Jews; we have extended the right of children to be educated," and so he went on in a grand catalogue and concluded by saying, "Sir, notwithstanding what I have said about my country, I say to you that you have dwarfed"—and he brought his hand down on the table with startling emphasis—"You have dwarfed all that we have done in the life of the British nation by what you have enacted in the last ten years of your life. You have saved the life of the last, the one Republic of the earth, and you have put out of your Constitution, and thereby ultimately out of the earth, the chattelization of the human soul." Was it not a grand tribute? Let me say to you now, if this career of yours as a nation, which began fifteen or twenty years ago in this direction by the selection of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, then by the putting out of the rebellion, then by the extinction of slavery, then by your amendment making all men equal before the law, then making all men vote—if this procession of yours as a nation, which is indeed like the procession of the gods, whose very foot-fall marks a constellation, and shakes from its sandals the star dust of the heavens, is to end here by your turning back and abandoning to these murderers, this land already deluged in blood for the purpose of disfranchisement, then indeed this career of yours will be like that French astronomer's described so magnificently by one of our most gifted men, who marched in search of the central sun of the universe until he found it, and then denied the existence of the God that made it, and walked back to perdition in the night of his own shadow. I then conclude this discussion by saying, gentlemen of America—that is a higher designation than gentlemen of the Commission—remember that there is on trial here tonight the question of whether those laws made in Louisiana, in pursuance of that one hundred and third article of her constitution, enjoining it on the Legislature, to make laws of protection of the right of the freedmen to vote, are to be executed. If you fail to execute these laws you will have stabbed your country in that place, where you are taught from childhood the life of the country is to be found to reside—to wit, in the freedom and purity of the ballot-box.

A Fallen Prince.

"John Prince has been sleeping in coal-sheds," said his Honor, as the next prisoner appeared.

"Yes, that's so," sighed the prisoner.

"He has no cash—no credit at the corner grocery—no street car tickets—no home to go to."

"Purty true, Judge—purty true."

"All of which, John Prince, means that you are a vagrant."

"That's what I am. Ten years ago I was worth two million dollars, and was called the biggest gun in Omaha."

"How did you lose your great wealth?" asked the court.

"Bet the hull pile on a dog fight, and my dog sold me out!" was the earnest reply.

"Well, the next dog fight you see will be six months ahead. In other words, you are to be deposited for half a year."

"With a big dinner on Fourth of July?"

"I can't say about that."

"I'm willing to go up," said the bankrupt, "but I want all the privileges accorded to any other distinguished guest. I want a stem-winding watch, boxed-toed boots, standing collars and a cane, and if they undertake to boss me around I'll leave."

"I'll fix that," said the court, and he wrote as follows and pinned to the prisoner's collar:

"Treat this man like a king, give him a front bed-room, quail on toast, rice pudding, champagne and Havana cigars, and have a waiter bring him in the daily paper on a silver salver."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Butcher Bird.

An incident illustrating the ferocity of butcher birds and their tenacity of life recently occurred in Springfield, Mass. A gentleman saw one of these cruel creatures take a sparrow, impale him on the sharp twig of a tree and then peck at him, seemingly with almost fiendish delight. Seizing a gun the man fired at the butcher bird, and clipped off one of its legs. Undismayed by the report of the gun, and apparently thinking that the sparrow had wounded him, the butcher bird attacked the little fellow with redoubled fury, when the gentleman fired again and both birds fell, lifeless as he supposed, on the snow. But before he could put up his gun the butcher bird had come to life, picked up the poor little dead sparrow and flittered away.

ALL men are not homeless, but some men are home less than others.

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11.	Pocket Knife : : :	5 00	13	25		38
12.	Magic lantern, 24 views	7 00	16	34		48
13.	Spy Glass : : :	5 00	13	27		38
14.	Spy Glass : : :	10 00	22	40		58
15.	Stereoscope (Holmes)	5 00	13	25		38
16.	Stereoscope, 50 views	25 00	40	80		125
17.	Barometer, Aneroid:	15 00	24	50		80
18.	Barometer, Mercurial	10 00	22	40		58
19.	Sew'g Mach', Singer's	60 00	80	130		240
20.	Grain Cradle, : : :	6 00	15	25		40
21.	Cider Press : : :	24 00	38	76		125
22.	Cider Press : : :	45 00	70	125		190
23.	Apple parer, Light'ng	1 25	4	..		20
24.	Apple parer, turn table	1 25	4	..		20
25.	Garden seed, 50 kinds	5 00	13	25		38
26.	Rotary Farm Bell : :	5 00	13	25		38
27.	Rotary Farm Bell : :	12 00	21	48		95
28.	Seed sower, Whitmans	10 00	22	40		58
29.	Hay cutter, "	10 00	22	40		58
30.	Hay cutter, "	15 00	24	50		80
31.	Churn, 3-gal., Spain's	4 75	12	25		37
32.	Corn sheller, Witten's	10 00	22	40		58
33.	Corn sheller, "	25 00	39	80		125
34.	Plow : : : :	5 00	13	25		38
35.	Plow : : : :	10 00	22	40		58
36.	Pole Pruning Shears	5 00	13	25		38
37.	Hand Pruning Shears	3 00	8	16		30
38.	Hand Pruning Saw :	2 00	6	14		28
39.	Hedge Shears : :	3 00	8	16		30
40.	Lawn Mower : :	25 00	39	80		125
41.	Lawn Scythe : :	2 50	7	15		28
42.	Wash'g mach'e, Doty's	10 00	24	50		80
43.	Cloth's wringer, Univ'l	9 00	16	34		54
44.	Seed Sower : :	10 00	22	40		58
45.	Pruning knife saw blade	3 00	8	15		30
46.	Pruning Knife : :	1 00	3	..		10
47.	Budding Knife : :	1 50	5	..		20
48.	Double bar'l shot gun	25 00	39	80		125
49.	" "	15 75	28	58		90
50.	Breech-loading double Barrel Shot Gun:	50 00	75	125		250
51.	Single Shot Gun :	15 00	25	56		70
52.	Set of Croquet : :	6 00	15	25		45
53.	" " : :	10 00	21	40		58
54.	Marble Clock :	25 00	40	85		130
55.	Gilt Clock, French :	15 00	30	60		95
56.	" " "	15 00	24	50		85
57.	Marble Clock with Bronze Figure : :	35 00	60	120		185
58.	Leather dressing case	15 00	24	50		85
59.	Work basket, farn'd	6 00	15	25		45
60.	" " "	10 00	22	40		58
61.	Miniature str'm engine	1 50	5	12		25
62.	" " "	2 00	6	14		28
63.	" " "	7 00	16	38		48
64.	" Locomotive	6 00	15	25		45
65.	" "	8 00	17	30		50
66.	Webster's Dictionary	12 00	21	56		70
67.	Webster's "	10 00	22	40		58
68.	Waverley N'v's 27 vols	35 75	80	120		180
69.	Waverley N'v's 12 vols	18 00	29	55		90
70.	Bulwer's Works 22 vols	33 00	58	118		175
71.	Byron's Works 1 vol	4 00	10	20		35
72.	Dicken's Works 8 vols	14 00	23	48		76
73.	" " 15 vols	22 00	35	65		100
74.	" " 29 vols	58 00	80	130		225
75.	Thackeray's w'ks 12 "	24 00	38	76		125
76.	Fine edition of Bible	15 00	24	50		80
77.	Prayer Book : : :	9 00	22	38		56
78.	Prayer Book : : :	5 00	13	25		38
79.	Chambers' Miscellany 10 vols : : :	12 50	26	60		75
80.	Chambers' Encyclopedia, 10 vols : :	50 00	75	125		225
81.	Macaulay's Eng. 5 vols	7 50	16	29		49
82.	Froude's Eng. 12 vols	15 00	24	50		81
83.	*Weekly American*, 1 Y.	1 50	5	15		15
84.	*Daily American*, 1 Y.	9 00	..	..		40
86.	*Daily American*, 6 M.	4 50	..	..		25

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LEGAL NOTICE.

District Court of the United States, for the Western District of Penna. } In Bankruptcy.

In the matter of Thomas J. Pearl, bankrupt. Western District of Pennsylvania, ss. *An ellas* warrant in bankruptcy has been issued by said Court against the estate of Thomas J. Pearl, of the County of Somerset, and State of Pennsylvania, in said District, adjudged a bankrupt upon a petition of his creditors, and that the payment of any debts and the delivery of any property by him, are forbidden by law. A meeting of the creditors of said bankrupt, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of his estate, will be held at a Court of Bankruptcy to be holden at No. 98 Diamond St., Pittsburgh, Pa., in said District, on the 21 day of March, A. D. 1877, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the office of one of the Registers in Bankruptcy of said District.

JOHN HALL,
Feb. 14. U. S. Marshal for said District.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned appointed Auditor of the estate of Jacob Hechler, deceased, by the Court to ascertain the advancement to the heirs and to distribute the fund in the hands of the administrator, and to ascertain and fix the amounts due each of the heirs in the recognizance of Jacob Hechler and others, will attend at his office for the purposes aforesaid on Friday the 9th of March, when all persons interested can attend.

HENRY F. SCHELL,
Feb. 14. Auditor.

NOTICE.

Having this day purchased from J. W. Patton, his entire stock of merchandize, I propose continuing the mercantile business by carrying on a general stock, and most respectfully solicit patronage from the people of this town and vicinity, and all others in want of goods. I intend adding from time to time, such goods as will make the stock so complete in all departments that it will be to the interest of those in want of goods to call and see me before purchasing elsewhere.

ED. E. PATTON.
SOMERSET, PA., Dec. 26, 1876.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

The undersigned assignee of Jacob Phillippi will sell at public sale at the residence of said Phillippi, in Milford Tp., on

Friday, March 2, 1877,

the following described real estate, viz:

A farm containing 200 acres, more or less, situated in said township, adjoing lands of David Youngkin, J. Shaff and others, about 100 acres cleared, about 20 acres in meadow, having thereon erected a two-story frame house, a large bank barn, and other outbuildings, known as the Peter Phillippi farm.

TERMS.—One-third in hand, and the balance in two payments, in six and twelve months with interest, to be secured by judgments waiving inquisition and exemption laws.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock p. m. of said day.

AARON WILL,
Assignee.
Feb 7 7

TRUSTEE'S SALE.

By virtue of an order of Court I will sell at public sale on

Thursday, March 1st, 1877,

the following real estate late the estate of Lydia Trent, deceased. On the premises at 2 o'clock, of said day.

A parcel of land situate in Somerset Tp., Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Daniel Rhoads, Lavinis Fox, Sarah Stutzman and Joseph Shafer containing 4 acres more or less, the improvements are a one and a half story frame house, stable and other improvements, a good spring, with spring house thereon, being situated about 3 miles from Somerset, within a few rods of a school house, also convenient to Pleasant Hill Church.

TERMS.—Cash, ten per cent. to be paid when bid off, balance when deed is delivered.

ALEXANDER HUNTER,
Feb 7 7 Trustee.

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 comprise, 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 S