PAPA'S LITTLE GIRL.

BY K. H. J.

A child all motion, fire and grace,
From fairy foot to floating curl,
With winsome smile and sunniest face,
Was "Papa's little girl."

All summer, where the glowing flowers
Their dainty banners wide unfurl,
With laugh and song, through joyous hours,
Went "Papa's little girl."

But when the snows lay drear and cold,
And all the trees were frosted pearl,
Far out toward sunset's land of gold
Went "Papa's little girl."

Alas, the few bright fleeting days,
Ere awful darkness wrapped the world,
Azrael, shadowy angel, came
For "Papa's little girl."

But even when his icy breath
Touched lip, and cheek, and sunny curl,
The sweet, pathetic voice still said,
"I'm Papa's little girl."

A fearful hush, a cold despair,
Fell through the world's gay restless whirl;
It seemed the very birds and flowers
Missed "Papa's little girl."

And though she walk the golden streets
And stand within the gates of pearl,
O, will not God remember she
Was "Papa's little girl?"

Aye, when his perfect, heavenly peace
Shall follow all the earthly whirl,
Faith whispers glad, she will again
Be "Papa's little girl."

—*Selected.*

THE HAUNTED COACH.

A MARVELOUS STORY.

Once upon a time, having a bit of money left me by my uncle, I found myself better off than I had ever been before, and a thought came to me to make myself better off still.

"Peggy," says I to my wife, "what do you think of buying a coach and a pair of horses, and setting up on my own account? There's a lot of money to be made by a smart man, with people going home from balls and theatres, and rainy Sundays at fashionable churches, when the ladies come without umbrellas. If you say so, Peggy, I'll spend my windfall on a coach and horses."

Says Peggy:

"Do, Simon; it's a grand idea."

So I did.

I went out the next day and began to look for what I wanted. I'd been examining a fine pair of horses, and was nearly ready to make a bargain, when a tall gentleman, with the hollowest cheeks and most miserable countenance I ever saw touched me on the arm.

"My man," said he, "are you looking for a coach and horses?"

"Yes, sir, I am," I said.

"I can show you what you want, if you'll come with me," he said.

I looked at him a moment. His face was such a face as I'd never seen before. I couldn't help it. But he was splendidly dressed, and had a diamond on his finger; a rich man, I should have judged.

"I'm looking for a coach and horses, such as a poor man can afford to drive for a living," said I. It's for myself, sir."

"Yes, yes," said he, walking on in a hurry, "yes, yes; but you don't object to a handsome carriage and horses that are something to be proud of."

"I might object to the price, sir," I said.

"Look here, my man," said he, not looking at me, but away at nothing as it seemed, "now and then a man of means—a man considered rich by his friends—wants ready money. In that case he'd rather have it at once than wait for more. Haggling with dealers don't suit me. I'd rather make a private, quiet sort of a sale and if you don't make a talk about it, why, you shall have the horses at your own price—the carriage, too. You know I don't want my selling them talked over."

"I see sir," said I.

And I thought I did.

"All is not gold that glitters," said I to myself. "Here's a swell in difficulties."

And by that time we were at the door of a handsome house, and he opened it with a latch key, and took me through a hall to his garden out of which opened a stable and carriage house.

Well, he had a pair of the best steppers I ever saw, and the carriage, that was a beauty, I can tell you.

"There's a stain on one of the cushions," said he. "We broke a bottle of port wine there the other day. You won't mind that much, I dare say; and now name your price and take your bargain."

It was a bargain for I named much less than they were worth; and I paid my money, and he gave me a receipt and I drove away as proud as a peacock.

That night I went to a railway to wait for passengers, and picked up a young clergyman with a lot of baggage, who wanted to go to H——. He got in, and I drove away, and nothing happened on the road; but when he allighted at the place he was going to, he said, very gravely:

"I made no objection, on account of its being a lady, coachman, but persons do not usually expect other passengers if they pay full price."

"Other passengers, sir?" said I, "I do not understand you."

"The young woman," said he, "who is asleep in the coach."

"She's got in unbeknown to me," says I. "I'll see about it."

"No disturbance on my account," said he.

And the house door opened, and his friends came out.

"I beg you'll not consider that I objected," he said.

And the house door closed.

It was quite dark, and I could not see any one in the carriage when I put my head in. Then I struck a match. There was no one inside.

"Is this his joke," said I to myself, "or is he a lunatic?"

Then I banged the door to, mounted and drove off. All next day I drove my coach and made a good thing by it, and at night I went to the station again.

This time I took up two ladies with bags and bundles, who were in a hurry. So I drove fast. We'd gone a good way, when I felt a signal to stop, and I pulled up.

"We'll, ma'am?" said I, looking into the coach.

"Oh!" said one of the ladies in a faint voice, "Oh, I'm so glad you've heard at last. We've been pulling and calling ever so long. We're frightened to death. What is the matter with this lady?"

"What lady?" said I.

"Why, this one," said she. "How do we know but its something catching—she's so ill."

"If she's ill you'd better get her home to her friends," said I. "She looked well enough when you got in."

"Maybe it's a faint," she said. "Oh, do come and help us, we're so frightened."

I got down off my box, and opened the door of the carriage. Out flew both of my passengers, pale as ghosts.

"Well, ladies, which of you is ill?" I asked.

"Neither of us," said one. "The lady who was in the carriage when we got in."

"I think she's dead," said the other.

"There's nobody in the carriage, but you two ladies," said I.

"Maybe some one has put her in while your back was turned," said the eldest lady.

I looked into the coach.

"Just prove it to yourselves," said I lighting a match. "No one here."

"There isn't," said the eldest lady, "but there was."

"Pshaw!" said I. "Either of you ladies near-sighted?"

"No," said the youngest, "neither of us; and I saw a woman plainly; and I for one won't go into that carriage again."

"I can't be fooled in that way," I said.

But the eldest lady stopped me by paying full fair down, and telling me to set her trunks on the pavement.

"I'd rather sit on them all night than ride in that thing again," said she.

"The lunatics are all coming to these parts," thought I.

But after all I lost nothing by these two—still somehow I didn't speak of them to Peggy.

The next day all was right, and at night I took some people to a ball—a carriage full of them, and back the same way. The next night a gentleman and lady engaged the carriage, and when we had gone some distance, the gentleman stopped me.

"Driver," said he, getting out, "I want to speak to you. Why did you admit a lady to our carriage?"

"Sir," said I, "I had no right without your permission, and I did not."

"We found one there," said he; "and naturally my wife don't like it. We've spoken to her and she doesn't answer, perhaps she's ill."

Meanwhile the lady alighted. I looked in.

"There's no one there," said I; "no one at all."

"I see there is not," said the gentleman, "but—"

"Oh, James, don't get in again," said the lady. "We're only a little way to walk now."

And they paid their fare and walked away.

"This is getting queer," said I to myself.

And again I did not tell Peggy, though I wished to.

But what should happen next evening, but, that, coming home, I saw my own wife walking on the pavement. She'd been out to spend the evening at her mother's.

"Take me home, Simon," says she.

"Jump in," says I, and away we drove when suddenly Peggy called to me:

"Simon, Simon!"

"Well?" says I.

"Let me out, Simon," says she.

"Why?" says I.

"I'll tell you," says she.

Then I lighted down and opened the door for her.

"I ain't going to ride with such characters as that," says she. Besides, her looks scare me; she's white as a corpse."

"Characters?" said I.

"Why didn't you tell me you had a passenger?" said she.

"Cause I hadn't," said I.

"There's a woman there," said she, "such a strange-looking woman. No good is her, I'm sure. And when I said 'Excuse me ma'am, I didn't know there was a passenger in my husband's coach when I asked him to take me home,' she didn't say anything."

"I tell you there ain't anybody there," said I. "What ails you all?"

"What ails me is I'll go home in the 'bus'," said Peggy.

And she did.

That night she stuck to it there was a woman in the coach. I stuck to it there wasn't, and we had our first tiff.

Well, nothing happened for a while, but one rainy night I was waiting for passengers at a theatre door, and I bethought me to get into the coach for shelter. I got in and sat close up in the corner, and in a minute fell fast asleep. It couldn't have been a long one, but when I awoke there was some one sitting opposite me. I saw by the light of a street lamp that it was a woman. She was wrapped up in a great white shawl, or something, and was as pale as death.

"Excuse me, ma'am" says I. "We drivers have a hard life of it, and get pretty well tired out. I fell asleep without meaning to. Where shall I take you?"

She did not answer. I saw now that her eyes were shut, and I thought by her looks she had fainted. Then I leaned forward and touched her—or tried to, for I felt nothing, but all of a sudden it was as if my blood was made of prickles and my arms were jerked backwards, and I turned so numb I couldn't move. By the time that I felt like myself again, there was no one in my carriage but myself, and I knew that whatever my passengers had seen there, I had at least seen it with my own eyes.

I sold coach and horses next day and in selling them I had to show the bill of sale, so to speak, I had from their old owner.

"Mr. Greenbaugh?" says the dealer, "Mr. Oliver Greenbaugh? well, well, you know what happened to him, don't you?"

"No," said I, "I don't. Failed, perhaps?"

"No," said the dealer. "He's under arrest for murder. Rather a wild young man he's been, they say, and of course, there was a lady in the case—one of those hysterical bodies that give a man trouble. They say he killed her—drove her out himself to a lonely place, and killed her in the carriage, and left her body on the road. The man who drove for him says he was sent to clean a wine stain off the cushions one day; but he didn't believe it wine at the time. Now he knows it was blood, and he said—"

There he stopped.

"I say, maybe this is the carriage," he cried.

"Maybe it is," said I, "but you've bought it now. I'm rid of it."

"And it's none of my affair," said he.

He new-cushioned the trap next day and I've never heard of a lady being seen in it by the stylish family that bought it. But I'd not drive it again for a kingdom, no, not I.

Business Punctuality.

It is astonishing how many people are unpunctual. Thousands have failed in life from this cause alone. It is not only a serious vice in itself, but the fruitful parent of numerous other vices, so that he who becomes its victim is soon involved in toils from which it is almost impossible to escape. It makes the merchant wasteful of time, saps the business reputation of the lawyer, and injures the prospects of mechanics who might otherwise rise to fortune; in a word, there is not a profession nor station in life which is not liable to the canker of this destructive habit.

Many of Napoleon's great victories were won by infusing into his subordinates the necessity of punctuality to the minute. It was his plan to manœuvre over large spaces of country, to render the enemy uncertain where he was about to strike, and then suddenly concentrate his forces and fall with irresistible force upon some weak point of the extended lines of the foe. Execution of this system demanded that each division of the army should arrive at a specified spot, punctually, for if any part failed to come up, the battle was lost. It was by imitating this plan that the allies finally succeeded in overthrowing the Emperor. The whole Waterloo campaign turned upon these tactics. At Mt. St. Jean, Blucher was punctual, while Grouchy was not, and the result was, Napoleon fell and Wellington triumphed.

In mercantile affairs punctuality is quite as important as in military. Many are the instances in which neglect to renew an insurance policy, punctually, has led to serious loss. Hundreds of city merchants and manufacturers and publishers are now suffering in consequence of want of punctuality among their country customers in paying up accounts. It is sound policy which moves the banks to insist, under penalty of protest, upon the punctual payment of notes; for were they to do otherwise, commercial transactions would fall into inextricable confusion. Many a time has the failure of one man to meet obligations brought about the ruin of a score of others, just as the toppling down of the first in a line of bricks causes the fall of all the rest.

That's Business.

You should never judge from appearances, says the San Francisco *Hotel Gazette*. The other day a weazen-faced man went to one of the big hotels, registered his name as from Texas, and asked for a room and if breakfast was on the table.

The Olympian clerk gazed at him scornfully for a moment and languidly remarked:

"Any baggage?"

"No," replied the guest.

"In that case," replied the clerk, "the rules of the house compel me to insist on payment in advance."

"Very well," said the guest without hesitation or appearing offended, "take two day's board out of this;" and from a wad of greenbacks as big as his arm produced a $100 note.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the clerk, "but we are often taken in, and your face not being familiar to me, I—"

"No offence," cheerfully answered the guest, "business is business, and rules are rules. It does look a little odd to be without baggage, but as cattle dealers ain't much on style, and—"

"That's all right," said the clerk; "put up your money. We know a gentleman when we see him. "Jim, show this gentleman to 146. Call for the best in the house, general."

The old man stowed away an ample breakfast, got the clerk to give him small bills for a fifty, asked where Bill Coolbaugh, the banker, had his office, inquired when they would have dinner, desired the clerk to tell Mr. Farewell, if he called, that he would be back at two o'clock, then went, and has not been seen since. The clerk subsequently discovered that the fifty dollars was bad. The sad event cast a gloom over the hotel office.

American Girls.

This is what the *American Register* tells the Parisians, perverted by the libels of "L'Oncle Sam:" "Your true American girl is a very charming being. Like all creatures reared in freedom, she possesses an untaught grace and vigor of mind as well as of body. She is no helpless puppet, as in her European prototype, pulled about by hidden wires, and kept perpetually in a box. Bred amid the healthful atmosphere of a social system of exceptional purity, respected, honored, and guarded from babyhood by the chivalrous natures that surround her, she learns to think and act for herself, and to think and act right. It is well-nigh impossible to overestimate her influence on our social system. Reared at her side, the American youth grows up with an instinctive reverence for and desire to protect helpless innocence and maidenly purity. The salons to which she lends the charm of her winning graces and youthful sweetness are more potent for good than were the salons of Recamier or De Stael. The love that she inspires is a young man's best shield against temptation. She does not herself understand—the smiling maiden—what good she has done and is doing every day. Yet her white image has waved back many a youth from the temptation, her clear eyes lent light to the comprehension of better things."

Tiresome Pomp.

Ex-President Grant's young son, Jesse, got tired of seeing so much great company every day when with his father in London. This is what he said in a letter to a friend: "Of course you have seen in the papers the gratifying manner father has been received in England. It is rather a nice thing to read about, but when you have to go out every evening to a dinner at some Duke's or Earl's, and every afternoon at some Lord's, it gets to be what you might call a bore. When one travels he wants to see the country, and study the manners and habits of the middle classes, and not the fashionable, which is the same all the world over. * * * It is rather amusing the way I am treated here. They consider me a prince, and at all the dinner parties I sit ahead of all the noblemen; and the waiters say, "Will His Excellency have some fish?"

Cotopaxi and the Virgin Mary.

Cotopaxi, which has not been in eruption since 1851, was so violently exercised on the 25th of June last that, according to a letter received from Quito, Ecuador, for several days the air in the city was obscured by constant showers of ashes and stones. The people had to use lanterns in walking about the street; and the lower classes, who interpreted the calamity as a visitation of divine anger against the government, proceeded to rise up in arms, and to besiege the public building. The troops were called out, and the insurrection was partly suppressed. The government had offended the priests, and the priests had inflamed the passions of the fanatical masses, who assembled in the streets with flags and pictures of the Virgin, with concealed weapons, and with cries of "Viva la Religion."

An unpaid for yacht is now politely termed a floating debt.

Subsoiling.

Subsoiling land means to loosen the subsoil but not to turn it up. After turning a furrow as deep as the crop to be planted or sown requires, then another team follows with a subsoil plow, and loosens the lower soil six to eight inches deep, and thus leaves it; and the two teams continue to plow till the field is finished. What advantage is subsoiling? is the question I hear asked. Twenty-five years ago the agricultural theorists contended that farmers would have to subsoil for every crop, or soon be behind the times, but now we hear but little on the subject. The fact is, it does not pay to subsoil land, and that settles the question, as few farmers can afford to employ two teams on the same land, and plow in a day only as much as one team can do. There is, however, some advantage in some seasons by subsoiling, one of which is that crops will withstand a severe drouth better on subsoiled land, than on that which is not subsoiled. This is about all that can be said in favor of the system, and the second year the land is about as hard and compact below as it was before the subsoil plow was used. In brief, I do not advise any farmer to subsoil his land in any case. Here is what a man said who tried it: There is this about subsoiling, which I think is not usually understood, that, like surface plowing, it should be done for every crop. The loosening of the ground below, where it had laid unstirred perhaps for ages, it may be thought, will benefit it for years. Such is not my experience and observation. Made mellow, it will settle and pack, except under certain conditions, and becomes as hard, if not harder, in a year or two, as before. One of the exceptions is where manure is mixed with it, particularly vegetable or barn-yard manure, the roots of clover, or other plants, that penetrate and fill the soil well, will meet this requirement; grass and grain only to a slight extent. I claim that in all cases surface plowing can be so done, deep or shallow, as the crop may require, and the land admit to advantage, to produce all the crop that the land is susceptible of growing; yet if one can afford the expense, it would be well to try subsoiling a little as an experiment. Subsoil plows are made for subsoiling only; they turn no furrows.

Trials of Newspaper Men.

One of the greatest trials of the newspaper profession is that its members are compelled to see more of the shame of the world than any other profession. Through every newspaper office, day after day, go all the weaknesses of the world; all the vanities that want to be puffed; all the revenges that want to be reaped; all the mistakes that want to be corrected; all the dull speakers who want to be thought eloquent; all the meanness that wants to get its wares noticed gratis in the editorial columns, in order to save the tax of the advertising columns; all the men who want to be set right; all the cracked brained philosophers with stores as long as their hair, and as gloomy as their finger nails in mourning because bereft of soap—all the bores who come to stay five minutes, but talk five hours.

Through the editorial and reportorial rooms, all the follies and shams of the world are seen day after day, and the temptation is to believe in neither God, man or woman. It is no surprise to me that in this profession there are some skeptical men; I only wonder that journalists believe anything.—*DeWitt Talmage.*

Coal Oil for the Hair.

The British consul at Nicolaieff, Russia, is said to have discovered that petroleum is the greatest of all hair invigorators. In a report to his government he says that a servant formerly in his employ was prematurely bald. The servant was engaged to trim lamps, and had a habit of wiping his petroleum-besmeared hands in his scanty locks. Three months of this lamp trimming and dirty habit procured for him a much finer head of black, glossy hair than he possessed before his baldness. The consul tried the remedy on two Spaniards who had become suddenly bald, and met with the same wonderful success. He then suggested his petroleum cure to the owners of some black cattle which had become bald, and to the possessors of horses which had lost their manes and tails. The remedy not only prevented the spread of the disease from which the animal suffered, but also effected a quick and radical cure. The petroleum he says, should be of the most refined American quality. It is to be rubbed in vigorously and quickly, with the palm of the hand, and applied at intervals of three days, six or seven times in all, except in the case of horses that have lost tails and manes, when more applications may be requisite. The experiment will be wholly a new one in this country. It was remarked, however, that a majority of the people who went into the oil regions when petroleum speculations were at the highest, came out baldheaded and with a tired appearance. On the other hand, a well known and popular unguent for the hair is asserted to be one of the new petroleum products.

Tight Barns for Hay.

A few writers are advocating making barns as near air-tight as possible for preserving hay. One of them says: The general opinion among farmers is, that barns with air spaces between the boarding are better adapted to cure and preserve hay than barns with very tight boarding and a tight bottom. But this opinion is founded upon the supposed fact that free access of air will assist in carrying off surplus moisture, and prevent heating and fermentation, which supposed fact is not a fact all, when applied to a body of uncured hay. When this uncured grass is spread in thin layers on the field and exposed to the air, the moisture is carried off so rapidly as not to permit any heating or fermentation, but when placed in a thick body in a mow, the heat, with access of air, causes rapid fermentation. The oxygen of the air feeds the fermentation, and thus becomes the active cause of its destruction. This principle is familiar to a good housewife who preserves her fruit in an air-tight jar. We tried an experiment some years ago, which applied the principle to keeping green clover. We took a large linseed oil cask, unheaded one end, filled it with green leaves just in blossom, containing all the sap, rammed in solid, replaced the head, drove the hoops, and then stopped all air spaces with white lead and paint. On opening ten months after, the clover blossoms were found almost as bright as when put in. Modern built barns are generally weatherboarded quite tight, but with no regard to the better beeping of hay. Windows are placed in the gables to admit light, and als air when hay is being placed in the barns; but this new theory that day should be put into tight barns in an uncured state is mere bosh; and the above story about keeping clover green for ten months in an air-tight cask is not worthy of credence.

"De Watermelon Time."

Sergeant Fitzgerald, of the Fourth Precinct, introduced to Justice Duffy Tuesday afternoon about as ugly a negro as he could find, who responded to the name of Charles Foster. The Sergeant said he found him in Centre street drunk and shaking his fist at passers by.

"Charles," said the Court, "how many months shall I give you?"

"Ef you got any days 'bout ye, Jedge, sooner hab dem," answered Charles, with a frightful grin.

"We have run out of days Charles, I guess I'll have to give you a couple of months."

"Oh, gor, Jedge, you forgits dis is watermelon time."

"Why, no; this is peach time."

"Ise done de peaches, Jedge; dey ain't no good no mouh. Can't make nothin' ony on watemelons."

"I don't suppose you care about saying how you get them."

"Ah, Jedge, now youse gettin' on delicate ground, whar de traps lay," and Charles laughed inordinately.

"Well, how will fifteen days do?"

"Dat's bully, Jedge; de Lor bless ye."

"I'll call it ten," said the Court.

And down went Charles singing:

I'm as happy as a clam.

A Cutting Rebuke.

An old but vigorous-looking gentleman, seemingly from the rural districts, got into a car and walked its full length without receiving an invitation to sit down. Approaching one gentleman who had a whole bench to himself he asked; "Is this seat occupied?" "Yes, sir, it is," impertinently replied the other. "Well," replied the broad-shouldered agriculturist, "I will keep this seat until the gentleman comes." The principal proprietor withdrew himself haughtily to one end and looked insulted. After a while the train got in motion and still nobody came to claim the seat, whereupon the deep-chested agriculturist turned and said: "Sir, when you that this seat was occupied you told me a lie"—such was his plain language; "I never sit near a liar if I can avoid it; I would rather stand up." Then appealing to another party he said: "Sir, may I sit next to you? You don't look like a liar." We need hardly say that he got his seat and that the original proprietor thought that there was something wrong about our social system —*Baltimore Gazette.*

Remarkable Escapes of Eminent Men

Some years ago a young man, holding a subordinate position in the East India Company's service, twice attempted to deprive himself of life by snapping a loaded pistol at his head. Each time the pistol missed fire. A friend entering his room shortly afterward, he requested him to fire it out of the window; it then went off without any difficulty. Satisfied thus that the weapon had been duly primed and loaded, the young man sprang up, exclaiming:

I must be preserved for something great, and from that moment gave up the idea of suicide, which, for some time previous, had been uppermost in his thoughts. The young man some time afterward became Lord Clive.

Two brothers were on one occasion walking together, when a violent storm of thunder and lightning overtook them. One was struck dead on the spot; the other was spared, else would the name of the great reformer Martin Luther, have out been known to mankind.

Bacon, the sculptor, when a tender boy of five years old, fell into the pit of a soap-boiler, and must have perished, had not a workman, just entering the yard, observed the top of his head.

When Oliver Cromwell was an infant, a monkey snatched him from his cradle, leaped with him from a garret window, and ran along the leads of the house. The utmost alarm was excited among the inmates, and various were the devices usee to rescue the child from the guardianship of his newly-found protector. All were unavailing; his would-be rescuers had lost courage, and were in despair of ever seeing the baby alive again, when the monkey quietly retraced it steps, and deposited its burden safely on the bed. On a subsequent occasion, the waters had well-nigh quenched his insatiable ambition. He fell into a deep pond, from drowning in which a clergyman named Johnson was the sole instrument of his rescue.

At the siege af Leicester, a young soldier, about seventeen years of age, was drawn out for sentinel duty. One of his comrades was very anxious to take his place. No objection was made, and this man went. He was shot dead while on guard. The young man first drawn, afterward became the author of the Pilgrim's Progress.

Doddridge, when born, was so weakly an infant that he was believed to be dead. A nurse standing by, fancied she saw some sign of vitality. Thus the feeble spark of life was saved from being extinguished, and an eminent author preserved to the world

John Wesley when a child, was only just preserved from fire. Almost the moment after he was rescued, the roof of the house where he had been fell in. Of Philip Henry, a similar instance is recorded.

Many years have now elapsed since three subalterns might have been seen struggling in the water off St. Helena; one of them, peculiarly helpless, was fast succumbing. He was saved to live as Arthur Wellesley, Duke of Wellington.

The life of John Newton is but the history of marvelous deliverances; as a youth he had agreed to accompany some friends on board of a man-of-war. He arrived too late; the boat in which his friends had gone was capsized and all its occupant sdrowned. On another occasion, when tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, some business had detained him, to the great surprise of those who were in the habit of observing his undeviating punctuality. He went out in the boat, as heretofore, to inspect a ship, which blew up before he reached her. Had he left the shore a few moments sooner, he must have perished with the rest on board

A recent wedding near Boston gave the bride her third husband and the groom his sixth wife.

San Francisco is going to run a skating rink with artificial ice.

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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, Mulay and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of thebest quailty. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kindss

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.

TENNANT, PORTER, BOYTS & CO.

Successors to Stouffer, Porter & Co.

FOUNDRY,

Machine & Forge Works,

Water Street Opposite B. & O. R. R Depot, Connellsville, Pa

Manufacturers of Railroad and Machine Castings, R. R. Frogs, Switch Stands and Bridles, Trucks, Pit Wagons, Larries, Iron Wheel Barrows, Stone Picks, Hammers and Chisels, Bridge Trusses and Bolts, Plows, Plow Castings,

Cook, Parlor & Heating Stoves, Grates & Fire Fronts, Fenders, Hollow Ware.

Miscellaneous Castings Made to Order.

Machinery of all kinds built and repaired, at Short Notice and Reasonable Terms.

Also on hand all kinds of Material used about Steam Engines.

Gas, Steam and Water Pipe Fittings, Brass Valves, Brass Wire, Gum Hose, Gum and Fibrous Packing, Leather and Rubber Belting, Couplings, Spiral Car Springs, Rivets, BOLTS ETC.

April 11.

New Firm.

SHOE STORE,

SOLOMON UHL,

Having purchased the Shoe Store lately owned by H. C. Beerits.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of public to the fact that we have now and expect keep constantly on hand as complete an ment of

Boots, Shoes and Gaiters

BOTH OF

Eastern and Home Manufacture

as can be found anywhere. We also will have on hand constantly a full supply of

SOLE LEATHER,

MOROCCO,

CALF SKINS,

KIPS,

AND LINING SKINS

Of all kinds, with a full line of

Shoe Findings.

The HOME MANUFACTURE DEPARTMENT will be in charge of

N. B. Snyder, Esq.

Whose reputation for making

Good Work and Good Fits

Is second to none in the State. The public is respectfully invited to call and examine our stock, as we are determined to keep goods as good as the best and sell at prices as low as the lowest.

SOLOMON UHL.

Lands For Sale.

960,000 ACRES in Southwest Missouri.

First class Stock farms, excellent Agriculture Lands, and the best Tobacco region in the West. Short Winters, no grasshoppers, orderly society, good markets and a healthy country. Low Prices! Long Credit!

Free trasportation from St. Louis to lands furnished purchaser. For further information,

Address A. L. DEANE,

Land Commissioner St. Louis & San Francisco Ry. Co. N. W. cor. Fifth & Walnut Sts. St. Louis, Augusta, Mo.

PREMIUM QUEENSWARE.

L. S. LAYTON & CO.,

Agents for Brunt, Bloor, Martin & Co's

IRON STONE CHINA.

Factory at East Liverpool, Ohio.

Also a full line of

GLASSWARE, Rockingham and Yellow Ware.

Our Queensware took the highest premium at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia; and also first premium at the Pittsburg Exposition last fall. Orders respectfully solicited.

Office and Warehouse: 153 Wood St., Near Liberty, Opp. 1st Pres. Church. PITTSBURG, PA.

Ware shipped from Pittsburg.

June 20.

GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP.

THOROUGHLY CURES DISEASES OF THE SKIN, BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION, PREVENTS AND REMEDIES RHEUMATISM AND GOUT, HEALS SORES AND ABRASIONS OF THE CUTICLE AND CONTRACTS CONTAGION.

This Standard External Remedy for Eruptions, Sores and Injuries of the Skin, not only REMOVES FROM THE COMPLEXION ALL BLEMISHES arising from local impurities of the blood and obstruction of the pores, but also those produced by the sun and wind, such as tan and freckles. It renders the CUTICLE MARVELOUSLY CLEAR, SMOOTH and PLIANT, and being a WHOLESOME BEAUTIFIER is far preferable to any cosmetic.

ALL THE REMEDIAL ADVANTAGES OF SULPHUR BATHS are insured BY THE USE OF *Glenn's Sulphur Soap*, which in addition to its purifying effects, remedies and PREVENTS RHEUMATISM and GOUT.

It also DISINFECTS CLOTHING and LINEN and PREVENTS DISEASES COMMUNICATED BY CONTACT with the PERSON.

IT DISSOLVES DANDRUFF, prevents baldness, and retards grayness of the hair.

Physicians speak of it in high terms.

Prices—25 and 50 Cents per Cake; per Box (3 Cakes), 60c. and $1.20.

N. B.—The 50 cent cakes are triple the size of those at 25 cents.

"HILL'S HAIR AND WHISKER DYE," Black or Brown, 50 Cents.

C. A. CRITTENTON, Prop'r, 7 Sixth Av., N. Y.

JOHN H. MORRISON.

UNDERTAKER.

A full line of city made coffins always on hand. Funerals attended to without regard to distance. A first class hearse kept. Terms moderate.

Address JOHN H. MORRISON,

April 4. Bakersville, Pa.

W. P. PRICE

Has opened a choice selection of Agricultural Implements and Farm Machinery, embracing the leading implements of the day; among which will be found the Wood, Kirby, Clipper and Hubbard Mowers and Reapers; Buckeye Rock Raver; Sulky Hay Rake; Advance, Paddock, and Archer Hay Rake; round and square teeth Revolving Rakes, Pumps, Farm Bells, and all kinds of implements, large and small, of the most approved patterns, for garden and farm use, also a full and complete stock of Wood and Willow Ware, Garden and Field seeds. The famous Oliver Chilled Plow will also be found in stock knives and sections for the leading Mowing Machines; extra parts for all Machines sold by us on hand. A visit for inspection is requested. On application dealers will be furnished with a catalogue, to which their attention is especially called.

172 Federal Street, Allegheny, Pa.

may2

PATENTS!

FEE REDUCED. Entire Cost $55

Patent Office Fee $35 in advance, balance $20 within 6 months after patent allowed. Advice and examination free. Patents Sold.

J. VANCE LEWIS & CO., WASHINGTON, D.C.

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EVERY SOLDIER who was wounded or permanent disease in service, can get a pension by writing to John Kirkpatrick, Cambridge, Ohio.

April 25.

CHAMBERSBURG Academy.

Good enough for the Best.

Cheap enough for the Cheapest.

Rates reduced to $250 a Year.

Aug. 1. J.H. SHUMAKER, Ph D., Principal.

CARPENTERS & MECHANICS

Expert with tools, can make from $5 00 to $10 00 per day in their own neighborhood. No humbug. THOMPSON & CO., 84 wood street, Pittsburgh.

Sep. 12

W. B. SADDLER, M. D.,

Oculist and Aurist,

OFFICE AND INFIRMARY, No. 256 Penn Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

All diseases of EYE, EAR and THROAT, and Catarrh successfully treated. Operations for Cataract, "False Pupils," "Crooked Eyes" "Wild Hairs," Cancer and Tumors of the lids, Ear, Nose or Throat, Strigism, "Weeping Eyes," Ptosis, Conical Cornea, Foreign Bodies, Extirpation, &c., skillfully performed. Artificial Eyes inserted. Send for descriptiv and illustrated pamphlet of cases.

July 12.

PATENTS.

F. A. Lehmann, Solicitor of Patents, Washington, D.C. No patents no pay. Send for Circular.

April 18, 1 year

ORPHANS' COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county and to me directed, we will expose to sale by public outcry on the premises, on

Saturday, October 6, 1877,

at 1 o'clock p. m., of said day, the following real estate, viz:

A certain tract of land situate in Brothersvalley Twp., Somerset county, (Pa., adjoining lands of Daniel Shoemaker, John Foust and Walter Speer and lands warranted in the name of Matthias Gaabet, containing sixty-five acres and allowance more or less, having a log dwelling house and stable thereon erected—a portion of said land is cleared.

TERMS.—One-half as soon as the property is sold and one-half in a year with interest.

ANDREW HOOVER,

NELSON N. WELLER,

Sep. 12 Adm'rs and Trustees.

WESTERN PENN'A. CLASSICAL AND SCIENTIFIC INSTITUTE.

The Institute prepares Students for College, Business, Professional Schools, Home Life, and Teaching. Location elevated, healthful, easy of access, and picturesque, commanding an extensive view of Chestnut Ridge. Full corps of Instructors. Five courses of Study. Open to both sexes. Expenses moderate. New building for ladies. Open grate in each room.

Address the Principal,

JONATHAN JONES, A. M.,

Dec 6. Mt. Pleasant, Pa

DR. BANNING

is permanently located at the ST. CHARLES HOTEL, Pittsburg, Pa. Diseases and Deformities of the Spine, Uterine Displacements, Dyspepsia, Hernia and Piles successfully treated by the BANNING SYSTEM of Mechanical Supports. Call or send for descriptive pamphlet, "The House You Live In." Mailed Free. April 25.

NEW STORE.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON

Store and Warehouse

In the Excelsior Mill Building, West End of Main Street, SOMERSET, PA.

We have for sale a a full and varied stock of general Merchandise, consisting of:

Dry Goods,
Groceries,
Hardware,
Queensware,
Stoneware,
Hats and Caps,
Boots and Shoes,
Notions, and a

Large and Full Stock of

CLOTHING,
SALT, FISH,
WHITE LIME,
PLASTER, FEED
Flour, etc., etc. ALSO

a full line of farm implements, among which are the

CHAMPION

MOWING AND REAPING MACHINES, well made and warranted durable, of Light Draft, all the vital parts being made of Wrought Iron and Steel, no Pot Metal machines.

The two implements above named are our great Hobbies, and upon which we BRAG and HANTER. One of our customers told us that if he had to buy 100 mowing machines, he would buy everyone

CHAMPION

The Oliver Chilled Plow

of different numbers, for one, two or three horses. Warranted to Learn better, Run Lighter, Easier on Man and Horse, stick better to stony ground and turn a more regular and even furrow than any Plow in use.

We also have on hand and for sale the following first-class

MACHINERY,

Which we will warrant to be Well Made and of good Material, do as good work as any other Machines of the kind and will ask no man's money until he has given the machine a through trial and is satisfied with its work.

THE EMPIRE Thresher, Separator and Cleaner, 6, 8 and 10 horse power.

THE A. B. FARQUAHR, Horse thresher with shaker attachment.

"THE BEST," The Hagerstown Grain and Grass Seed Drill.

THE HOOSIER Force feed Grain and Grass Seed Drill.

"THE BEST," The Hagerstown, Spring Tooth Hay-rake.

DODD'S CENTENNIAL Self Dump Horse-rake.

MELLINGER'S Horse Hay-rakes.

Hillside Plows,
Cast Iron Long Plows,
Double Shovel Corn Plows,
Scythes, Sickles,
Grain Cradles,
Forks, Shovels and all kinds of Plow Castings,
Shears, Points &c.

In fact everything in the Agricultural Implement line that is worth