The Terrier Girl.

Chicago is probably the very last place to which a young man in search of a wife would think of going. Not that Chicago is destitute of marriageable girls, but it has gained so much notoriety as a city of refuge for men desiring to rid themselves of wives, that it is associated in the public mind with divorce rather than with marriage. Nevertheless, a new kind of girl has just been brought out in Chicago with a view of meeting a great and increasing want in the matrimonial market. Her peculiar qualities render her precisely the sort of wife for those numerous and intelligent men who are constantly insisting that woman should keep within her own sphere; and there is no doubt that an enormous quantity of girls of the same pattern could be disposed of to young men contemplating marriage, were the fact that a specimen of the new kind of girl is now on exhibition in Chicago to be generally known.

Outwardly this novel young woman resembles the ordinary girl of commerce. She has the features, the hair-pins, the skirts, and presumably the limbs with which nature has endowed her sex. With these however, are combined the mental and moral characteristics of the terrier dog. In fact, she is known in Chicago as the "terrier girl." Her habits are purely canine. She converses exclusively in the terrier dialect, and her accent is conceded to be perfect. In the day-time she curls herself up on the rug or on a convenient chair, and sleeps soundly, unless awakened by a strange footstep. At night she is particularly wide awake, and takes pains to apprise the entire neighborhood of the fact. Night after night she will go into the back yard and there sit on end and bark at the moon until even middle-aged deacons get out of bed and make mysterious allusions to ancient Gaul, and to the modern process of repairing woolen stockings, while they hunt for bootjacks and old slippers. So powerful and effective is the young woman's expression of her canine views in regard to the moon that a Chicago scientific person has calculated that the average monthly fall of miscellaneous missiles in his back yard is fully three inches. She is wonderfully quick in her movements, and has been repeatedly known to overtake the fleetest and most experienced of the local cats. In regard to rats her habits are precisely those of the accomplished Skye terrier. If a rat-hole is pointed out to her, she will scratch at it with tremendous vigor, barking meanwhile, with the full force of her lungs, and apparently filled with astonishment because the resident rats do not promptly come out to be killed. Of course, she has a passion for bones, and will stand on her hind—that is to say will stand up and beg for bones with all the solemnity, and rather more than the grace of a well-trained dog. To all these accomplishments she adds an affectionate, confiding, and gentle spirit. Though she detests tramps, she will permit any person whom she considers respectable to pat her on the head, and will fetch and carry for him with tireless energy. When moderately well-fed and treated with kindness and firmness, she has no superior in gentleness and fidelity.

There may possibly be faults in this girl which have hitherto escaped notice. She may, for example, have the indelicate canine habit of sitting with her mouth open and panting in hot weather, and she may perhaps bury her spare bones in the flower-bed. Still, her merits are incontestable, and could not fail to render her a model wife. She has youth and beauty;—qualities which every man desires his wife to have. She does not play the piano, and cares nothing for dress. She is capable of loving her master with unswerving affection, and the more he might snub her, or box her ears, the more she would love him. The unwomanly idea of improving her mind, and of possessing independent views, would never occur to her. She would always come when called, and would never express a desire to leave her home or to mingle in any society. If her master would desire to hear her voice, he could always make her speak for a bone, or bark at a passing stranger; while, on the other hand, she would never annoy him by silly feminine conversation, and in case she persisted in barking at the moon at inappropriate hours, she could be readily reduced to silence by being shut up in the cellar. She would never be guilty of reproving her master for coming home at late hours under the influence of salmon and oysters, and would never shock him by impertinently entertaining private religious views. She would totally forget the existence of her own relations, and would even fly at her mother's ankles and rend her umbrella, were that misguided old lady to venture to enter her son-in-law's house. In short, she would be beautiful, affectionate, submissive, and absolutely devoid of any suspicion that she had either intellect or soul, and that she had a right to regard those imaginary articles as her personal property. This is the ideal wife for which thousands of men have vainly sighed. Such men believe that a wife has no right to have any opinions or convictions whatever, and that she should model herself as closely as possible upon a good and affectionate dog. Chicago has at last produced a girl who cannot fail to make a perfect wife, and it would be the height of folly for any man to marry without first inspecting and testing this beneficent production.

"Men and brethren, the world does move"—as the *Tribune* was formerly accustomed to say. The days of the wife who makes a feeble pretense of intellect and chatters about her alleged soul are numbered. The terrier girls of the Chicago pattern will speedily drive all rivals out of the matrimonial market, and husbands will become——in fact as well as in name—the lords of creation.—*N. Y. Times.*

God's Alarm Clock.

Now conscience is God's alarm clock. God has wound it up so that it may warn us whenever we are tempted to do that which is wrong. It gives the alarm. It seems to say, take care, God sees you. Stop! How important it is to have a conscience that will always warn us of danger of sin! but if we desire such a conscience, we must be willing to listen to it. If we stop when it says stop, if we do what it tells us to do, then we shall always hear it. But if we get into the habit of not heeding its warning, and not doing what it tells us to do, then, by and by, we shall cease to hear it. Our conscience will sleep, its voice of warning will be hushed, and we shall then be like a ship at sea that has no compass to point out the right way, and no rudder to keep it in the right way.

An Episode of the War.

The following is an extract from a private letter written by a Russian officer: "Coming to a place where the road somewhat widened, about two miles from Tenlis, we halted, and after driving away and cutting down in a short skirmish a party of Turks who were busy robbing our dead, we stopped to form before going on. As I rode along the front, shouting orders to my men, an agonized cry for help arrested my attention. I looked around. Nothing but heaps of dead everywhere. Of these none needed me. But hark! once more, and again, and again these piteous cries. Hastily dismounting I threw the bridle over my sound arm and ran toward some bushes from behind which the sounds proceeded, and there, in a small pool of clotted blood, lay that which I at first failed to recognize as a human being, though human it certainly was in his piteous cries, and the seemingly gloved hands that clutched the air in their agony. The rest, from the waist upward, was one mass of raw, quivering flesh—the face featureless, eyelids and eyes cut out, the man flayed alive, all but the hands, whose white skin at first gave the appearance of being gloved. This ghastly object lay a few steps from a dead horse, one of our own regiment's golden bays, Faint at heart I bent over the sufferer, evidently one of our own men but now mangled beyond recognition. He prayed for death with his poor, torn lips, and in a minute more W., our surgeon, and two more of my officers were by my side. I made room for W., who stooped for a few seconds over our comrade, and then rising sadly shook his head, murmuring 'No help.'

A sudden impulse prompted me to seize the poor helpless hand in my own, and pressing it whisper a few words of comfort. At the sound of my voice came the sudden appeal: 'Nicholia, for old friendship's sake send a bullet through my heart.' This voice sounded so strangely familiar, and yet I could not recognize it. 'Who are you?' 'Alexis S.' Alexis, my old schoolmate, who had a few hours ago shared by breakfast by our bivouac fire, and then rode away, handsome and bold, at the head of our gallant first squadron. He had fallen wounded, helpless, his horse shot under him, and the fiendish Turks were slowly torturing him to death when our approach drove them away. Clasping my hand in his, he still begged for death. My revolver was empty, discharged in a scuffle, a few minutes before. I looked at W., who silently drew out his, and shuddering in every nerve, placed the muzzle against S.'s breast, and, with averted face, fired twice in succession, while I still pressed the poor hand in mine. We wrapped him up in my cloak, and placing him in a shallow ditch, rolled a boulder over him, and then, with our hands still moist with his blood we swore never to empty the last chamber of our pistols, but always to reserve a shot for ourselves and friends, should any of us, wounded, have to be left behind. May a quick death, a soldier's death, be ours.

Indian Archery.

Indian archery is somewhat different from that practiced by the young ladies and gentlemen of more civilized society. These latter take the arrow between their fingers, place it against the bowstring, and make it assist in bending the bow. An Indian does not do this. He takes his arrow between the index finger, and pulls the bowstring with his middle finger; nor does he raise his arrow as our boys and girls do; he shoots straight out from the shoulder, and appears to take no aim whatever. He hits the mark, though, too often, as the soldiers about the garrison can tell, who have flung their hats or caps into the air, at some Indian's suggestion, only to have them pierced by the unerring arrow. The growing papooses, that is as soon as these are able to toddle, are furnished with bows and arrows, of which the points have been sharpened, and may be seen about the reservations shooting at marks, at small birds, or anything else that may happen to attract their attention. They generally become expert at the age of about ten or twelve, but are not allowed to graduate into buck-age, and all the pleasures of the chase, until they are sixteen or eighteen. Then is the time the real pleasure of the Indian is found to culminate in his first hunt after buffalo.

The Sable Mother's Warning

"Ephrahem, come to your mudder, boy. Whar you bin?"

"Playin' wid de white folks' chillun."

"You is, eh? See hyar, chile, you'll broke your old mudder's heart, an' bring her grey hairs in sorrow to the grave with your recklumness an' carryins on wid evil assosyashuns. Habn't I raised you up in de way you should oughter go?"

"Yethum."

"Habn't I bin kine an' tender wid you, treated you like my own chile, which you is?"

"Yethum."

"Hadn't I reezened wid you and prayed wid, an' deplored de good Lord to wrap you up in his buzzum?"

"Yethum."

"An' isn't I yor nater'l detector an' gardeen fo' de law?"

"Yethum."

"Well, den, do you s'pose I'se gwine to hab yer morals ruptured by de white trash? No, sah! Get in de house this instep; and if I eber cotch you 'municatin' wid de white trash any mo', fo' de Lord, nigger, I'll break your brack head wid a brick!"

A Geneva watchmaker has just completed a full-sized hunter,' which is said to be the most complex and wonderful piece of mechanism of the kind ever produced in that city. On one side is a dial with the ordinary marking—hour, minute, and second hands—together with a large independent chronographic hand in the centre, making the one-fifth of a second and flying back to XII; and to this dial corresponds a repeating mechanicism, striking hours, quarters, and minutes. If the watch is turned over, a second dial is perceived, having, besides the ordinary marking, a perpetual calendar—months, days of the week, date and places of the moon—and also a little regulator for the timing. This watch can keep two different times, for instance, Paris on one side and London on the other, while there is only one knob on the stem for setting both dials to time without the addition of a pusher on the rim of the case. The mechanicism for setting the hands to time actuates only the finger of the dial that is uppermost at the moment.

It is said that Abraham was the first auctioneer when he put Isaac up for a sacrifice; but the first bidders probably came from the land of Nod.

Perfumes.

Many persons have a fixed belief that it is the most vulgar of vulgar things to have scent on the handkerchief; others, again, appear to think they cannot use too much. A French author, a man of evident taste and culture, declares that he distrusts the people who denounce the use of perfumes. The opposite to a bad odor is a good odor, he says, and those who have no predilection for agreeable odors will not at all object to bad odors. A child, a student, an austere and grave scientific flignitary, an old man may be excused if they use no perfume; but a woman, young and beautiful, imaginative, gay and happy, cannot forego the luxury, the elegance, the poetry of perfume. Fashion has varied greatly in this matter. In Paul de Kock's day peppermint was the rage, sweetmeats were flavored with it, and aromatic dilutions were made of it. Ladies carried it in their scent bottles and in their bonbon boxes, in one form or the other. Then came the turn of what is called aromatic vinegar, speedily followed by lavender water, eau de Cologne, rose water, and patchouly. And since the extreme popularity of patchouly, the fashion of using perfumes has somewhat subsided. In these days few ladies positively drop scent upon their handkerchiefs; they prefer to keep their wardrobes well stocked with lavender, or orris root, or sandal wood, so that their clothes emit a pleasant fragrance rather than a distinct odor. A young American lady I knew in Paris had the cupboards and drawers in which her clothes were disposed, strewn with satchets of strong smelling violet powder, that gave a nameless, delicate, fresh perfume to everything she wore, from her hat and veil to her handkerchief. For this mode of using perfume, nothing can be much better than lavender, which is exquisitely fresh and wholesome, and has a sweet natural scent that art can never outdo. A young Englishman, whose bachelor home in Paris, I saw only a week or two ago, has sturdy bunches of lavender hung to each of the pegs for his coats in his dressing room. And yet people declaim about the extravagant coquetry of women, as if the hanging up of those masculine coats over fragrant lavender, did not equal any of our harmless little devices.

Unsympathetic Souls.

They stood up before the window, looking out upon the wintry day. The cheerful fire on the hearth sent its ruddy glow into the room. They were man and wife. She said with enthusiasm:

"Is it not a grand sight?"

"What?" answered he.

"Why, this glorious time of the year."

"P'shaw! I thought you referred to that old gentleman who fell on the sidewalk just now. Let's get near the fire; I'm chilly."

"Dear," said she.

"Well?" abruptly returned he, poking the glowing embers vigorously.

"Don't you think that winter is monarch of the seasons?"

"I"—

"Let the poets rave about spring, with her violet-sandaled feet all wet with dew. About summer in her wheaten garlands bound. Or autumn stained with juice of purple grape. Do they half compare with ice-crowned winter?" But what is your opinion of this beautiful day"—

"I think"—

"This day, when nature, draped in snowy mantle, presents a perfect portraiture of chastity. See how the sun sports among the drifts, causing them to scintillate like diamonds. Is not this the chosen period of the year?"

"I think that"—

"Oh, it is superb! No wonder Shakespere has said, 'Be thou as pure as snow.' Look how the playful wind circles the downy fleece! Come, dear, to the window."

He came reluctantly. She said rapturously:

"Now, what do you think of this day?"

"I think that it would be a splendid day to track rabbits!"

Both were mute for an hour and a half.

Joy.

Some men move through life as a band of music moves down the street, flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, that can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards in October days fill the air with perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses, like the honeysuckle over the door, yet, like it, sweeten all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. There are trees of righteousness, which are dropping precious fruit around them. There are lives that shine like star beams, or charm the heart like songs sung upon a holy day.

How great a bounty and a blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul, so that they shall be music to some and fragrance to others, and life to all! It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us to breathe of other men's joy; to scatter sunshine where only clouds and shadows reign; to fill the atmosphere where earth's weary toilers must stand, with a brightness which they cannot create for themselves, and which they long for, enjoy and appreciate.

He Had to Care for his Health.

A farmer was yesterday, walking around the market, trying to find some chap willing to go to the country and do a little work for good pay, when a colored man accosted him, asking:

"Boss, does you want some one to husk corn?"

"Yes, I've been looking all the morning for some one."

"What's de pay?"

"I'll give you $1 a day."

"And board?"

"Yes."

"An' chickens an' puddin' for dinner?"

"Y—Yes."

"An' Havana cigars to smoke?"

"I—I guess so," stammered the farmer.

"An' a cole stove right close around dar' whar de corn is?"

"No, I never heard of a stove in a cornfield."

"Well, if dar's no stove out dar, you can't coax dis child along! "I'se got to take care of my health, even if there isn't a bushel of corn raised in dis country!"—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.*

As a frightened darkey, chased by an infuriated bull, neared the boundaries of the field, he enthusiastically exclaimed, "Millions for de fence, but not one cent for de brute."

Joseph Cook.

Joseph Cook carries a railroad Shakespeare, and prepares his quotations for his unique lecture on Shakespeare and Conscience on the cars. He picks up everywhere; gathers everywhere; it seems as though he forgets nothing. But in private he bewails his treacherous memory. I never knew a student yet who did not seem to grow indignant with himself over the undue proportion of all that he ever learned that he habitually forgot. Mr. Cook is no exception to the rule. Yet he marvelously preserves and utilizes the results of his readings. His methods are peculiar. I violate no confidence, and I may give aid to students, lay and clerical, if I report here these methods, as he told them to me. This preserving machinery consists of three pieces: (1) He always carries with him a cheap memorandum book. In this he jots down, wherever he happens to be, a thought, a sentence, a figure that strikes him. The book fills up quickly. Then a new one takes it place. These books are dated and filed away. He trusts his memory to serve as an index to suggest to him the date of the reading, the incident, or the thought there noted. (2) He also carries with him a package of commercial note paper. Any extract in a book not in his own library, any fact or figure worthy of more careful preservation, he notes on a half sheet of paper. These are sorted according to a few large titles. The homogeneous ones are pinned together. As the pile increases they are sewed. "I am to lecture to-night," said he to me, on Ultimate America. I put in my bag my package of excerpts on America—a hundred or more—and look over them this afternoon as a last preparation before I go on the platform. The method gives him the full use of his resources in each subject in each lecture. (3) He has not the contempt of some would-be scholars for the newspapers; he reads and uses them. With a red crayon he marks whatever strikes him as suggestive; throws the papers in the corner. Mrs. Cook, who is a sort of private secretary to him, as many another wife of many another busy literary man, cuts out the marked across and lays them loose, in an indexed scrap book. When a large store has accumulated Mr. Cook goes over them, culls out those of prominent value, and pastes or otherwise preserves them; the rest are destroyed. Permanent journals are useless. They are a waste of time. When I was in college I bought an Index Rerum, but there are not twenty entries in it. A note book for suggestions, loose sheets of paper easily classified for extracts, a scrap book for newspaper cutting are my simple means for preserving the results of reading.—*Lyman Abbott.*

There is no Hell.

So says Dean Stanley. So says Henry Ward Beecher. So says Bob Ingersoll, and so many others, but that does not make it so. Though the Dean, the Canon and Henry are tolerably well versed in the affairs of this world, we do not believe they are any better qualified to teach us the whys and wherefores of the great hereafter than any one else. One thing is certain, that if there is a hell—a place of eternal punishment—we all ought to know it, and if those who are posted in regard to the matter—if there are any such—do not give us the bottom facts they will fall far short of their duty.

The commotion stirred up of late in relation to future punishment is likely to bring to the surface a skeptical undercurrent that has long troubled the waters of religious belief. It will also develop certain "peculiar views" long held and secretly nursed by various pulpiteers. But what will it all amount to—the Stanleys, the Farrars, the Beechers, the Ingersolls and all the rest of them will be unable to change the fact that there is a hell. They will, though, by the agitation of the vexed questions, by the expression of opinions and counteropinions, cause the heads of many dyspeptic theological students and susceptible school girls to turn themselves inside out and upside down. The discussion of this subject will in our opinion do more harm than good. Supposing the word "hell" as written in the Bible, means the "bad place," or supposing it means the grave, what possible difference can it make with good Christians? Their salvation is sure, whether or no. Then if it should be clearly demonstrated that no one knows whether there is a hell or not, how will mankind be benefited by the result? Many people are very anxious to find out the full truth of the matter, and we presume they will, but as far as we are concerned we hope we may never know anything more about hell than we now do. And to all those who are of the same opinion, we would say: follow the teachings of your Divine Master, and you will probably remain as ignorant of the place under consideration as we hope to, and stand a good chance to take a front seat over them.—*Bellefonte Watchman.*

The Dardanelles.

The Dardanelles, toward which so much attention is now directed, fairly teems with historic and poetic memories. Its navigation was first attempted by the Argonauts, under Jason, in their search for the Golden Fleece. At Abydos, Xerxes built his famous Bridge of Boats for the invasion of Greece, and it was here that the loves of Hero and Leander became world renowned. Leander, who lived at Abydos, on the Asiatic shore, was in love with Hero, the beautiful priestess of Venus, at Sestos, and regularly swam the Strait to meet his mistress. One dark and stormy night he failed to appear, and when the luckless Hero visited the shore the waves had washed the dead body of her lover upon the sands. Overcome by her loss, she plunged into the sea, and the spot became ever after sacred to their memory. On the 3d of March, 1810, Lord Byron swam the Dardanelles at the same point in seventy minutes. He was accompanied by a Lieutenant Akenhead, whose name has been handed down to posterity in the line:

Which Leander, Mr. Akenhead, and I did.

The swim from Abydos to Sestos is still repeated yearly by Byron-inspired tourists, and will probably continue to be so as long as the glamour of poetry and tradition hangs round the spot.—*Sun.*

Teacher (to small boy in grammar class)—Let me hear you compare "ride."

Small boy—Ride, rode, ridden.

Teacher (to other small boy)—Glide, to move swiftly.

Other small boy—Glide, glode, glidden.

Then the teacher glode right out to him and reached for his ear; but the youth had glidden from his place and left the door open as he went out.

Praise Your Wife.

Praise your wife, man; for pity's sake, give her a little encouragement; it won't hurt her. She made your home comfortable; your heart bright and shining; food agreeable—for pity's sake tell her you thank her, if nothing more. She don't expect it; it will make her eyes open wider than they have this ten years, but it will do her good, and you too.

There are many women to-day thirsting for words of praise, the language of encouragement. Through summer's heat, through winter's toil, they have drudged uncomplainingly, and so accustomed have their fathers, brothers and husbands become to their monotonous labors that they look for and upon them as they do the daily rising of the sun, and its daily going down. Home every day may be made beautiful by an appreciation of its holiness. You know if the floor is clean, manful labor has been performed to make it so. You know if you can take from your drawer a clean shirt whenever you want it, that somebody's fingers have ached in the toil of making it fresh and agreeable, so smooth and lustrous.

Everything that pleases the eye and the sense has been produced by constant work, much thought, great care, and untiring efforts, bodily and mentally.

It is not that many men do not appreciate these things, and feel a glow of gratitude for numberless attentions bestowed upon them in sickness and in health, but they don't come with a hearty—"Why, how pleasant you make things look, wife!" or, "I am obliged to you for taking so much pains."

They thank their tailor for their "fits!" they thank a man in a full omnibus who gives them a seat; they thank a young lady who moves along in a concert room—in short, they thank everybody out of doors, because it is a custom; and come home, tip their chairs back and their heels up, and pull out the newspaper; grumble if their wife asks them to take the baby, scold if the fire has gone down, or, if everything is just right, shut their mouths with a snap of satisfaction, but never say, "I thank you."

I tell you what men, young and old, if you do not show ordinary civility to those common articles of housekeeping, your wives, if you would give them the hundred and sixteenth part of the compliments you almost choked them with before you were married, fewer women would seek for other sources of affection. Praise your wife, then, for all the good qualities she has, and you may rest assured that her deficiencies are counterbalanced by your own

Married Experience.

I married my wife about thirty-five years ago. The ceremony was performed about 7 o'clock in the morning. Before retiring that evening we had a talk with each other, and the result has sweetened our entire lives. We agreed with each other that each should be watchful, careful, never, by act or word to hurt the feelings of the other. We were both young, both hot tempered, both positive in our likes and dislikes, and both somewhat exacting and inflexible—just the material for a life of conjugal warfare. Well, for a few years we found it hard work to always live by our agreement. Occasionally—not often—a word or a look would slip off the tongue or face before it could be caught or suppressed, but we never allowed the sun to go down upon our wrath. Before retiring at night on such occasions, there was always confession and forgiveness, and the culprit would become more careful in the future. Our tempers and dispositions became gradually more and more congenial; so that after a few years we became one in reality, as the marital ceremony had pronounced us nominally. In thinking back, we find that for twenty years our little agreement has been unbroken, and there has been no occasion for confession or forgiveness. In business we have had our adversity and prosperity and success. We have raised a family of children, and now have our grand children, about us; we are simple enough to believe that we have better children and grandchildren because of our little agreement. Under such a contract, religiously kept, no ill-natured children will be reared, no boys will find the streets and bar rooms more pleasant than home. To make a wife or husband required the co-operation of both.

A Matrimonial Diplomatist.

During the last hours of the last day of the old year a man quietly entered the office of the clerk of the court. Mr. Gerdastern was fixing matters preparatory to turning over the office on the morrow to his successor. The deputy clerk, Mr. Wakefield, sat at his customary table writing.

The evening had already set in and the gas was lighted.

"Is this the clerk's office?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you make out marriage licences here?"

"Oh, yes, sir," was the response from the deputy, who was always pleased to see other fellows get married, and who was particularly glad to have this agreeable duty numbered among his last official acts.

"Well, I guess I want one."

"All right, sir," and after the usual interrogatories the deputy began making out the document, which was soon finished, and as the official folded it up he said in a joking way, "You have waited pretty late to get married this year."

"Yes, I have, but I'll tell you my friend, I was resolved to have one year of my married life close happy."

The stranger said good night and departed. It was evident that he had figured the chances down as fine as possible.—*Vinona Republican.*

Comparative size of Countries and Waters.

Greece is about the size of Vermont.

Palestine is about one-fourth the size of New York.

Hindostan is more than a hundred times as large ar Palestine.

The Great Desert of Africa has nearly the present dimensions of the United States.

The Red Sea would reach from Washington to Colorado, and it is three times as wide as Lake Ontario.

The English Channel is nearly as large as Lake Superior.

The Mediterranean, if placed across North America, would make sea navigation from San Diego to Baltimore.

The Caspian Sea would stretch from New York to St. Augustine, and is as wide as from New York to Rochester.

Great Britain is about one twenty-fifth the size of the United States.

The Gulf of Mexico is about ten times the size of Lake Superior.

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Its immediate effect upon the digestive organs, whether impaired by disease or exhausted from any cause, is to increase their powers of assimilation and nutrition, the appetite being increased at once. To those affected with an engorged condition of the liver, as Biliousness, characterized by a dusky complexion, a coated tongue, a pasty, bad taste in the mouth, a capricious appetite and sluggish action of the bowels, with a sense of fullness in the head and of mental dullness, VIGORENE proves most valuable.

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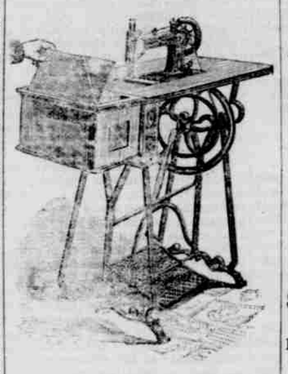
is now offered to the public, as the triumph of inventive genius in this branch of manufacture.

Its points of excellence are apparent to any one examining the machine and so readily recognized that already the "ST. JOHN" has forced itself to the **front rank** of Sewing Machines. It fulfills all the necessary requirements for a first-class Sewing Machine, which are

1st. Ability to do perfectly all kinds of work demanded of a Sewing Machine. 2d. Ease of management. 3d. Lightness of running. 4th. Freedom from noise. 5th. Simplicity of construction 6th. Durability. All these points are secured more than in any other, in the

ST. JOHN SEWING MACHINE.



No. 2 Machine.

Ornamental Machine and Stand, Black Walnut Table, two Drawers, Patent Box Cover, which attaches to side of the Table, forming a convenient work box or an extension top at will.

PRICE	$45 00
No. 1	$35 00
No. 1 1-2	$40 00
No. 3	$55 00
No. 3 1-2	$65 00

Makes the Lock Stitch.

Beautiful in Design. Perfect in Construction.

Equally good on the lightest or heaviest Goods.

Its Points of Peculiarity,

AMONGST MANY OTHERS ARE

It makes no difference whether the Machine is run **backward** or **forward**; the work will always run from you, and there is no loss or change of stitch.

It has a close shuttle in one piece, with no thread hole through, the bobbin holding from 80 to 100 yards of thread.

It winds the bobbin without running the machine; so that there is no necessity for unthreading the machine, or removing the work when the bobbin needs to be wound.

Its tensions are simple, perfect, and can be adjusted both under and upper, without removing the work.

☞ Each Machine is furnished with the ordinary attachments.

Its Furniture is novel, peculiar and desirable.

EVERY MACHINE IS WARRANTED.

It takes well and gives complete satisfaction. Twenty-five of these Machines have already been sold in this county.

I also sell the well known Family Favorite or Weed Machines at about half the old price, and also repair the various kinds of sewing machines promptly and satisfactorily—And all kinds of attachments procured to order:

Address C. F. WALKER,
Somerset, Pa.

P. S.—Sample Machines to be seen at D. Flick's or at Casteel & Co's Store.

Jan. 23

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pa., the undersigned Assignee of W. C. Hicks, will sell at public sale on the premises, on

Saturday, March 16, 1878,

at 2 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, viz:

No. 2. A certain lot of ground situate as aforesaid, located on northeast corner of Brondway and Grant streets, 55½ feet front, and extending 120 feet back to Water street, known on town plot as lot No 120, with a good two-story frame dwelling house and other buildings thereon erected.

One-third in hand on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year from this date (Oct. 2, 1877) with interest on deferred payments from day of sale.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale.

JOHN M. OLINGER,
Assignee.

Feb. 20

OPIUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless; no publicity. Send stamp for pamphlet. DR. CHANDLER, 148 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

BOOKS 31 newest and most popular songs, with writings of instruction and amusement; also a list of all the battles when and where fought, during the war, for 3c stamp. Address, **Desmond & Co.**, 915 Race St., Phila.

Feb 20

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. 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 ouffer, 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, Fonders, 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,

April 11. BOLTS ETC.

FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION.

THE WORLD RENOWNED

WILSON SEWING MACHINE

in workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT, for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

ACENTS WANTED. } **WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.**

827 & 829 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ills.; and San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

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.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Ephraim Lohr, late of Shade Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement Monday, March 25, 1878, at the late residence of deceased in said township.

JOSEPH G. LOHR,
Administrator.

Feb. 13

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessors, and yet they are within the reach of every one who will use

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

The only sure CURE for Torpid Liver, Dyspepsia, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. None genuine unless signed "Wm. Wright, Phila." If your druggist will not supply send 25 cents for one box to Barrick, Roller & Co., 70 N. 4th St. Phila.

Feb. 6

$45 PREMIUM WATCH AND CHAIN—a stem-winder. Free with every order. Outfit free. J. H. Gaylord & Co., Chicago, Ill.

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 COUNTERACTS 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