Red Hair.

The name of the lady who a few weeks since dropped her back hair on the sidewalk of a street in Clinton, Illinois, has now been ascertained. The hair in question was a bright red color, and few persons would have imagined that it was dangerous when unconnected with its owner. Nevertheless, that seemingly innocent back hair led to a tragedy that nearly ruined the peace of two happy and respectable families.

Messrs Smith and Brown are the leading citizens engaged in the grocery business in Clinton. They are men of great worth of character, and have reached middle age without incurring the breath of slander. One evening Mr. Smith returned from the store and sitting down at the tea-table, produced a Chicago paper from his pocket and remarked with much indignation, that revolting Beecher scandal has been revived, and its loathsome details are again poluting the press and corrupting the minds of the public.

Mrs. Smith replied that it was a shameful outrage that the papers were allowed to publish such disgusting things, and asked her husband which paper had the fullest account of the matter. The excellent man said that he believed that the Gazette contained more about it than any other paper, and that after tea he would send one of the boys to get a copy of it. His wife thanked him, and was in the act of remarking that he was always thoughtful and considerate, when the oldest boy exclaimed, Pa, you've got a long red hair on your collar!

A prompt investigation made by Mrs. Smith confirmed the boy's accusation. There was an unmistakable female hair on the collar of Mr Smith's coat, and it was obtrusively red. Mr. Smith said that it was a very extraordinary thing, and Mrs. Smith, also remarking, very extraordinary, indeed, in a dry, sarcastic voice, expressed deep disgust at a red hair, and a profound contempt for the nasty creature who wore it.

About the same hour Mr. Brown was also seated at his tea-table, and when endeavoring to excuse himself to Mrs. Brown for having forgot to bring home a paper. The lady, after having expressed the utmost indignation at the revival of the Beecher scandal, had asked for the paper in order to see who was dead and married, and was, of course, indignant, because her husband had not brought it home. In the heat of the discussion she noticed a long red hair on Mr. Brown's coat-collar, and, holding it up before him, she demanded an explanation. In vain did Mr. Brown allege that he had not the least idea how the hair became attached to his collar. His wife replied that what he said was simply ridiculous. Red hair don't blow around like thistle down, and at your time of life, Mr. Brown, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. The less you say the better, but I can tell you that you can't deceive me. I'm not a member of Plymouth Church, and you can't make me believe that black is white.

Now, both Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith are perfectly innocent. Of course, they were annoyed by the remarks of their respective wives, but, like sensible men, they avoided any unnecessary discussion of the painful topic. The next day they brought home all the Chicago papers that contained any reference to the Beecher matter, and, as the papers were received by Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Smith with many protestations of the disgust which they felt at hearing even the name of Beecher mentioned, they naturally supposed that they had made their peace. But marital suspicion once awakened is not easily put to sleep. While Mr. Brown was handing his wife the bundle of newspapers, she was closely scrutinizing his coat-collar, and, after she had laid the papers on her plate and told the children not to touch them, she quietly took two long red hairs from her unfortunate husband's coat, and held them solemnly before his face.

Mary, I give you my solemn word, began the alarmed Mr. Brown; but he was not permitted to finish his sentence. Don't say one word, exclaimed Mrs. Brown. Falsehoods won't help you; I am a faithful and loving wife, and I'll have you exposed and punished if there is any law in Illinois. Thus saying she gathered up her newspapers and rushing to her room, locked herself in. It was not till later in the evening that Mrs. Smith, as she was about to turn down her husband's lamp, which was smoking, perceived that two red hairs were attached to his shoulder. She said nothing, but after laying them on the table before him, burst into tears and refused to be comforted until Mr. Smith solemnly swore that he had not seen a red-haired woman for months and years, and offered to buy her a new parlor carpet the very next day.

Of the two ladies, Mrs. Brown was much the stronger of the two and more determined. The next evening when Mr. Brown brought back from the store no less than five or six red hairs on his coat collar, she broke a pie-plate over his head, and leaving him weltering in dried apples, put on her bonnet and left the house. Mrs. Smith, on the same evening, found four of the mysterious red-hairs on her husband's coat, but she refrained from violence, and merely telling him that she would not believe in his innocence if he were to swear till he was black in the face, called loudly for her sainted mother and was about to faint when Mrs. Brown burst into the room. Mr. Smith, like a wise man, fled from the scene, and the two ladie soon confided their wrongs to one another.

When Mr. Brown and Mr. Smith met the next day, the former confessed to the latter that he was in a terrible scrape. Confidence begot confidence, and they soon became convinced that they were the victims of a frightful conspiracy to which some unknown wearer of red back-hair was a party. Their distress was increased early in the afternoon by the appearance of their respective wives, who walked up and down the opposite side of the street for hours, each carrying a conspicuous rawhide, and evidently lying in wait for the imaginary red haired woman. Messrs. Smith and Brown felt that they were ruined men, and that a tremendous scandal was about to overwhelm them. They even wished that they were dead.

About 4 o'clock P. M., Mrs. Smith clutched her companion's arms and bade her listen to a small boy who was relating one of his recent crimes to a youthful companion. I just picked that there hair, remarked the wicked youth, and put some of it on old Smith,s and Brown's coats; I kep' a puttin' of it on every day, and you just bet they ketched it from their old women when they went home. Smith, he is solemnasanowl, and old Brown looks as if he was a going to be hung.

The remains of the boy were removed by the constable, and the Smith and the Brown families are once more united and happy.

Transparency of Metals.

That gold may be beaten to such a state of thinness as to readily transmit a greenish light is a fact that has been long known: and this property has been used by the gold beater as a practical test of the purity of the precious metal, inasmuch as the smallest admixture of silver with the latter causes a perceptible change of tint in the transmitted light. At a recent meeting of the New York Academy of Sciences, there was exhibited a film of gold (mounted between two plates of glass for protection against injury) which was stated to be the thinnest "leaf" of this metal that has as yet ever been produced. The method by which this remarkable result was obtained is very simple, yet one that requires considerable delicacy of manipulation. An exceedingly tenuous film of gold having been, by means of a galvanic battery, deposited on the surface of an ordinary daguerreotype plate of copper, the latter metal was afterwards dissolved away by the action of nitric acid, and the gold film caught on a plate of glass.

The property of translucency, when in films, has, until a comparatively short time ago, been regarded as one peculiar to gold alone; the reason being, perhaps, that but few metals besides gold can be successfully hammered to the necessary degree of tenuity. In this respect, indeed, no metals but silver and platinum have been found to approach to gold. The interesting discovery has been made, however, that by means of electricity thin films, not only of gold but of the other metals, can be obtained which transmit light very readily. The method of obtaining these tenuous sheets of metal is by causing electric sparks to pass from wires of the required metals passing into tubes of rarefied air or other gases, when the particles of metal, detached from the wires by the sparks, become deposited on the sides of the glass, forming an excessively thin film, quite continuous under the microscope. Of the metallic films thus produced gold transmits a fine green light; silver gives a fine blue color; copper, a dull green; platinum, a bluish gray; zinc, a deep bluish gray; iron, a tint nearly neutral, but inclining to brownish; and cadmium, like zinc, a bluish gray.

How a Horse Kept Warm.

One morning last March, a well known physician in Meriden, Conn, drove up to a house on Crown street, left his horse standing in front of the door, and went in to visit a patient.

The horse was one of those that could be trusted to stand without tying; but the weather being cold, he soon began to feel chilly. He stamped and pawed the ground, he moved this way and that hoping every moment that his master would be ready to drive on.

At last, feeling that he could not wait any longer without exercise, the horse started off at a brisk pace, toward Olive street. When he had gone several rods he turned the buggy round as neatly as though guided by a skillful driver, and trotted back to the standing-place.

Here he stopped, and waited again full five minutes. Then he trotted on several rods towards Main Street, turned round as skillful as before, and in spite of a boy who tried to stop him, (fancying that he was a runaway), pranced back to his old station in front of the house, and waited patiently for his master.

When the doctor came out, there was the horse standing at the hitching post, as demurely as though he had never thought of leaving it. This is a true story.

A Butter Joke.

Mr. Atkinson is a farmer, and very fond of a joke. Recently he wrote to a business house in Boston, with whom he is on terms of intimacy, as follows:

"I will send you the finest butter next week you ever saw. The first lot will weigh about sixty pounds. Will divide the proceeds of sale with you." Encouraged by the liberal terms of the offer, the firm advertised extensively that they were prepared to fill orders for dairymen and produce merchants for the finest butter ever sent to market. At the appointed time the consignment failed to arrive, so the merchants telegraphed up to Mr. Atkinson, and received the reply that the butter would be down by the first train the next morning. The butter arrived as promised, but was in the form of a most ferocious goat of enormous size, who was no sooner liberated from the crate than he commenced a career of the most unbridled villainy ever witnessed. He knocked the senior partner into the corner, and butted three of his ribs out; the junior partner took refuge on the top of some bales of wool, but the goat jumped after and butted him off on the floor, and prodded him with his horns until he was insensible. After knocking about things generally, so that each member of the firm looked as if he had been invited to a first class massacre, he wound up by a determined assault upon a threshing machine. The "first class butter" was at last caught with a rope and sent to the city pound.

What She Asked Tommy.

He was named Thomas and she was named Jane. They sat on a hotel balcony yesterday for three long hours and giving themselves dead away as being out of towners. As they sat down Thomas took one of Jane's hands. She allowed that sort of thing to go on without a word of protest, and the flaxen haired youth finally seized the other one. They talked and talked, and looked down upon the street, and sighed, and the hours slipped away. At the end of the third hour she said:

"Tommy dearest, I want to ask you something."

"Ask me a hundred—a thousand—a million things!" he exclaimed in reply.

"Well, Tommy, I've got an awful cold in my head," she continued, "and if I drew one of my hands away and wiped my nose would you think I was mad? I've either got to do that, Tommy, or let my nose wipe itself. Just one wipe, Tommy, and then you may have it back."

Tommy released her hand, though he hated to, and her nose was softly and duly wiped.

At a wedding recently when the clergyman asked the lady, wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband? she with a modesty which lent her beauty an additional grace, replied, if you please.

Old Hickory.

A reporter of the *American* yesterday visited Hannah Jackson, colored, relict of the Rev. Aaron Jackson, who recently died at the age of ninety-two years. He found her at No. 161 South Summer street, where she resides with her daughter. The reporter told Aunt Hannah that he desired to obtain from her reminiscences of her early life in connection with the Hermitage. She said she was growing old and could not tell it all as straight as Aaron (her late husband) could. Aaron knew it all, and it was often they sat by the fire and talked over old times, when they were with Marse Jackson. They were always treated like white folks. Said she, as the tears trickled down her cheeks: Marse Jackson was a father to us servants, he was so good and kind to us. The morning he died the house was crowded, and the whole yard, two hundred and fourteen darkies were living on his place. It was very distressing. They tried to carry me out when old Marse was dying, and he told them to let me alone. You see, I had always waited on him and he wasn't going to drive me out. No, he said, let Hannah remain, if she wants to, and I did. I wasn't going to surrender my place to any one, though I was so full of grief all the time that I could hardly stay in the room. Every morning Dr. Esselman told me to get a fresh egg, and mix it with milk and brown sugar, and let old Marse eat it. I did it regularly. When I came in Friday morning with the egg and brown sugar and milk, I says to George Harris, is old Marse asleep? He say, no. George looked me in the face and said, Hannah, you will soon be done totin' this into old marster. And then, Saturday morning I carried it in again. Old Marse didn't take it for some time, and when he did it was a long swill, like it went down so heavy. I can't tell you what I felt then, and here the aged woman wept like a child. I knew death was mighty nigh, when he couldn't take that little bit of a morsel. Sunday morning I didn't see any change in him. Marse was asked if he knew them all. Yes, he said, I know you all, though I can't see you. And they brought him his specs, and he said that he recognized them all. The first thing I knew George Harris cried, Oh! and it was repeated back to the kitchen. Old Marse was not dead, but his breath had stopped. All crowded into the room, when Dr. Esselman said they must go out. The doctor gave him something and it revived him up, and he lived until eight o'clock in the evening. White and black were all standing in the room together just before he died. No distinction was shown in the eyes of old marster. Turning his eyes to where me and George were standing, he said: And here's poor George and Hannah, they've been faithful servants to me. I have left it so you will be well taken care of as long as there is a bit of property left. He then called Mrs. Adams up and told her that he had fully provided for her and that she would not suffer for anything. Just before he died he preached his great sermon. He said: My friends, Christ is no respecter of persons, and what I say to one I say to all, and I have a right to the Tree of Life; prepare to meet me in heaven, where I am going. And now all cried out, Look! look! and old Marse was dead. His soul went right straight up to heaven; I know it did; and my husband has gone to meet him, and I wont be long here. My husband always said old marster preached his own funeral. And he did too. George Harris and me were head waiters, and we could not help crying bitterly when the last spark went out and old master's spirit was taken up into heaven by the angels of God.—*Nashville American.*

An Aztec Prince's Wedding.

I must pass over a long period in the life of Master M. with the mere remark that he graduated in both his military and religious classes with the highest honors, and acquitted himself to the most perfect satisfaction of both the alfalquis, or priests, and the teachcauhs, which is nearly the same as our word teachers.

Master M. had, for a long time, cherished a hope that some day he might press the throne as king of Mexico. So, like the Yorkshire lad who begged salt of a stranger eating eggs near him, so as to have the salt ready in case any one should ask him to accept an egg, he prepared himself fully for the possible emergency, and became not only a military general, but a leading alfalqui.

And then he married. I have not room to give you a detailed description of the whole ceremony,—its crowds, and fuss, and grandeur,—but here is a glimpse of the way it was done.

A lady whose position in society required her to negotiate the match, having previously made all the necessary arrangements, one evening, hoisted the happy damsel on her back, and accompanied by four young women, each in appropriate costume, bearing a torch, headed the joyous procession and marched to the house of Master M., where she dropped her cargo of precious humanity. Then the alfalqui asked them if they were mutually agreed on matrimony, and of course, they said "yes," when he proceeded to tie their clothes together. Then two old patriarchs and two good old grandmothers stepped forward in a very solemn manner, and delivered little sermons suited to the occasion. The new couple walked seven times round a blazing fire, partook of a feast with their friends, heard a final sort of a ninety-ninthly and to conclude" parting word from the four old people, and then, just as all married people do, went to housekeeping, and having their own way as much as possible. One thing they could not do. There was no law of divorce to appeal to then; death was the only judge who could entertain the question of separation.

Master M. will now disappear, to re-appear as the Emperor. In the year "ten rabbits," or A. D. 1502, the former monarch died, and the electors selected Master M. to supply his place. In the household of each monarch there was an electoral board of four nobles, whose duty it was, on the death of the ruler, to elect his successor from among the sons and nephews of the crown. Having done this, and so notified the successor, they selected four nobles to fill their own places, and vacated their electoral chairs. Master M., when waited upon to be notified of his election to fill his uncle's place, was very busy sweeping down the stairs in the great temple dedicated to the god of war —*C. C. Haskins, St. Nicholas for June.*

Silver does well enough until it gets into a man's hair. Then he dyes.

Early Peas.

In my estimation green peas are a luxury, especially when grown early—a luxury that the owner of every garden may enjoy, and yet there are but few who do so. To grow peas very early the soil must be light and sandy (not poor) and the location warm and sunny. In such soil and location I usually have green peas for the table by the first of June. In growing early peas nothing is gained by planting too early. The first of April is early enough in this latitude for planting. I do this in the following manner:

After manuring and spading up the ground, it is raked fine and smooth, elevating it a little for the rows and make a depression between them to draw off water. I then plant two drills to the row, five inches apart, leaving a space between the rows of two and a half feet. The peas are covered with two inches of fine mold. Should a change in the weather for colder take place, I cover it over the drills with three or four inches of fresh horse manure and litter; and when a change to warmer occurs in the weather I scratch off the manure from the drills, being careful not to break the young shoots of the peas, which are probably coming through the ground. The manure and litter keep the peas and ground warm and the peas soon come up. Cultivate frequently with the hoe, and draw up a little mold to the side of the drills. When the peas are about six inches tall, I give a good hoeing, and stick with brush, pushed into the ground along the outside of the drills. In about two weeks after the first planting I plant again, and continue the plantings at like intervals until done.

I sometimes grow two crops of peas in one year on the same ground. Of late years I grow celery after the peas are done growing. It is not a good plan to save the scattering pods that may be left on the vines after picking, for seed. Better buy new seed every year, or leave a portion of a row until they are fully ripe for the purpose. The rows for early or late peas should invariably sun north and south, so as to let the sun shine on both sides of the row. The space between the tall-growing kinds should be three feet. After the first and second plantings I put three drills to a row, and cultivate and stick the same as when there are but two drills. When I want to grow peas extra early, I plant as first indicated, and set long, narrow boards, about 5 inches wide, close on the outside of the drills, putting little pegs on the inside of the boards, to keep them from falling inward, and bank up a little on the outside of them with a little stable-manure, and cover the box or trough thus formed with 3x10 glass. The boards must be level on the top, so as to allow the glass to lay down closely. This trough is covered at night, and in stormy, cold weather with strips of old carpet, which are removed when the sun shines. When the peas have grown to the top of the trough the glass and boards are removed, and the peas cultivated and stuck like the others. Heavy clay land may be greatly improved for growing peas by copious applications of leached ashes. I deem it unnecessary to give the name of the early and late peas. I will say, however, that, while wrinkled varieties are in general the softest and sweetest peas when cooked, the hard smooth-skinned pea is preferrable for early planting, being less liable to rott in the ground.—*Country Gentleman.*

Kind Words To Old Comrades.

There is to be a grand reunion of the soldiers and sailors of Licking county, Ohio, July 22d, and an invitation was sent to Gen. Grant to attend. In response Major Willder has just recieved the following characteristic latter from the hero of Appomattox:

MILAN, ITALY, April 27, 1878.

Major Charles D. Miller, Secretary S. S. S., L. Co., Newark, Ohio:

Dear Major—Your cordial invitation for me to attend a general reunion of veterans of Ohio, to be held under the auspices of the Society of the Soldiers and Sailors of Licking County, at Newark, on the 22d of July, is this day received. It always affords me pleasure to meet at the gatherings of the soldiers and sailors who patriotically risked their lives for the preservation of the country, and it would afford me special pleasure to meet with those hailing from my native State. But the Atlantic will be between us at the time of your proposed re-union. This is the first opportunity of my life to visit Europe; it will likely be my last. There is much here to see which I have not seen, and I desire to remain to partly accomplish the tour which I had marked out for myself. I trust the Veterans of Ohio may have a most auspicious re-union on the coming occasion, and that none of them will ever feel a disposition to apologize for the part they took in the late struggle for National existence nor for the cause for which they fought. With great respect your old companion, U. S. GRANT.

The President and the Goddess of Liberty.

WASHINGTON, May 16.—A wiry little woman about forty years old, and with snaky curls down her back, stepped up to the president's door keeper this morning and solemnly announced that she was the Goddess of Liberty, and that she had descended from the dome of the Capitol this morning on purpose to see the President. The doorkeeper, somewhat surprised, showed her to the ante-room, and asked her to remain there a while. He shortly afterwards let a party of ladies in to see the President who merely wished to pay their respects to him. Unseen by him the Goddess of Liberty slipped in with the party. Inside she created somewhat of a scene by rushing up to the President, repeating her assertion that she was the Goddess of Liberty just stepped down from the dome and demanded the pardon of her son, who she said was now in the New Jersey penitentiary. The President, equal to the occasion maneuvred her out into the hall again. She planted herself by the doorkeeper and refused to move until she had received the pardon of her son. The doorkeeper, after considerable trouble, got rid of her by saying that the Attorney General had all the papers in her son's case now at the Capitol, and she had better go up there immediately, as he would soon lock up his office for the day. Hearing this, she decamped, walking briskly in the direction of the Capitol.

Among the Italian peasantry the women are mentally superior to the men. They are robust and finely formed, with a complexion of rose-tinted olive, and dazzling white teeth. The best artist's models come from the Italian peasant women.

Hints to Writers.

William Cullen Bryant once gave the following sensible advice to a young man who had offered him an article for the *Evening Post*:

My young friend, I observe that you have used several French expressions in your letter. I think, if you will study the English language, that you will find it capable of expressing all the ideas that you may have. I have always found it so, and in all that I have written I do not recall an instance where I was tempted to use a foreign word, but that, on searching, I have a better one in my own language.

Be simple, unaffected; be honest in your speaking and writing. Never use a long word when a short one will do as well.

Call a spade by its name, not a well known oblong instrument of manual labor; let a home be a home and not a residence; a place not a locality, and so on of the rest. When a short word will do, you always lose by a long one. You lose in clearness; and, in the estimation of all men who are capable of judging, you lose in reputation for ability.

The only true way to shine, even in this false world, is to be modest and unassuming. Falsehood may be a thick crust, but in the course of time truth will find a place to break through. Elegance of language may not be in the power of us all, but simplicity and straight forwardness are.

Write much as you would speak, and speak no coarser than usual; if with your superior, speak no finer. Be what you say, and within the rules of prudence. No one ever was a gainer by singularity of words or in pronunciation. The truly wise man will so speak that no one will observe how he speaks. A man may show great knowledge of chemistry by carrying bladders of strange gases to breath; but one will enjoy better health and find more time for business, who lives on the common air.

Sidney Smith once remarked: "After you have written an article, take your pen and strike out half the words, and you will be surprised to see how much stronger it is."

Chinese Veracity.

The impudence of these Chinese is actually becoming unbearable. To them there is nothing new under heaven. They lay claim to everything. They have had in ages past a man wiser than our Solomon, they boldly tell us Christians that we did not invent printing, and if we try to inculcate some elements of civilized decency into a heathen's head by relating one of our much-prized fables, he will smile in a childlike manner, and indifferently remark that that story was told by Choo-Foo-Yeze or Confucius or some other ancient Chinaman more than four thousand years ago. And now to cap the climax of their unpardonable presumption, a Nevada newspaper man has discovered a Chinese base ball club! He watched a practice game by the nine and states that they play just as we do, except that the pitcher throws over hand and the batter strikes as if he was chopping wood, rarely making a good hit. Moreover, when a hit is made the man at the bat runs to third base first; but then it is just what might be expected from a heathen. But this is the aggravating part of this man's story. Hung Lung, the captain of the nine, laughed loudly when told the game was of American origin, and with the coolest assurance imparted the fact that base ball had been played in China for over nine hundred years! It was at its fullest glory in the year 1200 under Too Luch the Bold, but since 1432 has been declining because during that year, at one of the annual games on his Majesty's birthday a lady of the royal house was struck on the neck by the ball and killed. Such an outrageous statement as this calls for a general uprising of base ballists to vindicate our national game.

A Noble Act.

A young pianist was giving concerts in the provinces of Germany for her support, and to enhance her reputation she advertised herself as a pupil of Liszt. In a little town in the interior of Germany where she had announced a concert, she was confounded the day before the concert was to take place by seeing in the list of arrivals, and at the very hotel where the concert was to take place, M. L'Abbe Liszt. Here was a dilemma, and what to do she knew not. Herfraud would be discovered; she would be exposed; she could never give another concert; she was ruined. Tremblingly she sought the presence of the great maestro, determined to make a clean breast of it, and cast herself on his mercy. Coming into His room with downcast eyes, she knelt at the old man's feet, and with many tears, told her story—how she had been left an orphan, and poor, with only her one gift of music with which to support herself; the difficulties she had encountered, until the fraudulent use of his great name had filled her, rooms and her purse. Well, well said the great man, gently raising her up, let us see, my child, what we can do. Perhaps it is not so badas you thought. There is a piano; let me hear one of the pieces you expect to play tomorrow evening. Tremblingly she obeyed, the maestro making comments and suggestions as she played, and when she had finished he added: New, my child, I have given you a lesson; you are a pupil of Liszt. Before she could find words to express her gratitude Liszt asked: Are your programmes printed? No, sir, was the answer, not yet. Then say that you will be assisted by your master, and that the last piece on the programme will be played by the Abbe Liszt. The concert, it may be believed, was a great success.—*N. Y. Evening Post*

Dying of Brain Work.

When we hear that a man has killed himself by excessive brain work, we feel that we should like to have the witnesses in court in order that we might rigidly cross-examine them. What sort of work was it? Was it brain work pure, or was it mixed up with anxiety, worry and excitement? What were the man's habits? Did he indulge overmuch in what are called stimulants? Did he deprive himself of a just allotment of sleep? If all these questions could be asked and answered, we suspect it would be found that the man who is supposed to have died of excessive mental energy died rather of want of fresh air and exercise, of too much fire-water in some form or another, of horrible financial embarrassment, of late hours, and of excitements other than those pure work breeds in the human brain.

A lost tart—The only one left in the pantry before a hungry schoolboy.

If you feel dull, drowsy, debilitated, have frequent headache mouth tastes badly, poor appetite and tongue coated, you are suffering from torpid liver, or "biliousness," and nothing will cure you so speedily and permanently as to

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

AN EFFECTUAL SPECIFIC

For all Diseases of the Liver, Stomach, and Spleen. The Cheapest, Purest and best Family Medicine in the World.

ASK the recovered dyspeptics, bilious sufferers, victims of Fever and Ague, the mercurial diseased patients how they recovered health, cheerful spirits and good appetite—they will tell you by taking SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

PURELY VEGETABLE,

Is harmless,
Is no drastic violent medicine,
Is sure to cure if taken regularly,
Is no intoxicating beverage,
Is the cheapest medicine in the world,
Is given with safety and the happiest results to the most delicate infant,
Does not interfere with business,
Does not disarrange the system,
Takes the place of Quinine and Bitters of every kind,

AS A REMEDY In

MALARIOUS FEVERS, BOWEL COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, MENTAL DEPRESSION, RESTLESSNESS JAUNDICE, NAUSEA, SICK HEADACHE, COLIC, CONSTIPATION and BILIOUSNESS,

IT HAS NO EQUAL.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

SIMMONS' LIVER DISEASE and Indigestion prevail to a greater extent than probably any other malady, and relief is always anxiously sought after. If the Liver is Regulated in its action health is almost invariably secured. Indigestion or want of action in the Liver causes Headache, Constipation, Jaundice, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, bad taste in the mouth, bilious attacks, palpitation of the heart, depression of spirits or the blues, and a hundred other symptoms. SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR is the best remedy that has ever been discovered for these ailments. It acts mildly, effectually, and being a simple vegetable compound, can do no injury in any quantities that may be taken. It is harmless in every way; it has been used for forty years, and hundreds from all parts of the country will vouch for its virtues, viz Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, of Georgia; Bishop Pierce of Georgia; John Gill Shorter, of Alabama; Gen. John B. Gordon, R. L. Mott, of Columbus, Ga., are among the hundreds to whom we can refer. Extract of a letter from Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, dated March 8, 1872: "I occasionally use when my condition requires it, Dr. Simmons' Liver Regulator, with good effect. It is mild, and suits me better than more active medicines."

LIVER REGULATOR

It is not the quantity eaten that gives the strength, life, blood and health. It is the thorough digestion of the food taken let it be much or little. Therefore, do not stimulate up the stomach to crave food, but rather assist digestion atte eating by taking

SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR

ORIGINAL AND ONLY GENUINE.

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Price $1.00. Sold by all Druggists.

Feb. 13

DR. VAN DYKE'S SULPHUR SOAP,

Makes the SKIN Soft, Clear, Pure White and Healthy! is Cleansing, Deodorizing, Disinfecting, Soothing, Healing and purifying; removes Dandruff, Chafing, Ulcers, Sores, Eruptions, Roughness and redness of the skin; relieves itching, burning and stinging of the Skin, and irritation of biting and stinging insects; will relieve ITCHING PILES where nothing else will have any effect; is FREE FROM ALL OFFENSIVE ODOR, and prevents Contagious Diseases, and as an External Medical and Toilet Preparation it has no EQUAL. Price, 25 cts a cake; box, three Cakes, sixty cents. Sold by Geo W. Benford, Somerset, Pa., and Druggists generally. E. S. WEBSTER, Proprietor. Office, 50 N. 5th St., Philad'a, Pa. Wholesale Depot, 400 N. Third St., Phila., Pa.

July 25.

$66 a week in your own town. $5 Outfit free. No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work, write for particulars to H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Maine.

March 27

HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

Health and Happiness are priceless Wealth to their possessor, 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

Important to All Lovers of Flowers.

Having greatly enlarged my Greenhouses to upwards of 2500 square feet of glass for the raising of flowering plants, I will be prepared to furnish all our neighboring friends with choice flowers. You will save money by buying from me. I am determined to sell as low as the lowest, and my plants will arrive in much better order than from a distance. I have an immense stock of Roses Bedding, House and Basket Plants, over 70 different kinds of Verbenas, Geraniums, and every description of flowering plants; Tuberoses, Gladiolas in large quantities; also Lilies and Lilies of the Valley. My plants are in a very fine, thrifty condition.

First choice, Double Tuberoses: 75 cents per doz. or $5.00 per 100. Second choice: 50 cents per doz. or $3.50 per 100. In addition to the above, I keep as a full supply of genuine fresh Garden Seeds, which I sell at New York prices, by the packet, ounce, pound, or quart, gallon or bushel, and are best suited to our locality.

A full assortment of early Vegetables for table use. Lettuce and Rhubarb ready now, Radishes and beets in April. Vegetable Plants: (Cold Frame) Cabbage and Lettuce Plants in any quantity per dozen, or 10,000 are ready now, and can be planted out at any time as soon as the ground is dry enough to work. Tomato, Egg, Pepper, Sweet Potato, Celery Plants on the 1st of May; Cabbage Plants at any time from now till July 10. Send for Price list.

Seed store, No. 23 Baltimore Street. Greenhouse one mile west of Cumberland on B. & O Rail Road. Address P. O. Box 528.

H. WEBER.

Parties wishing to see me personally will find me at my store, daily from 12 to 2 P. M.

March 13

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of David Hay, late of Elklick Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, 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 on Wednesday, June 19, '1878, at the late residence of said deceased.

PETER S. HAY,
W. A. HAY,
SAMUEL M. SAYLOR,
Administrators.

May 8

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Aaron Freidline, late of Jenner Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, 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 on Saturday, May 25, 1878, at the late residence of deceased in said township.

SARAH FREIDLINE,
Administratrix.

April 17

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.,
Mt. Pleasant, Pa

Dec 6.

LADIES Can color Stockings, Neckties, &c., INSTANTANEOUSLY, for less than 1 ct. Can renew or change the color of their Dresses, SILK, WOOLEN, or COTTON, at a nominal cost, imparting new and lovely shades by the use of our MAGIC TINTS. Stick of color sent for 20c.; 5 different colors for 25c. Send 3c. stamp for sample and circular. Also,

Our Improved Pest Poison

is a safe, sure and cheap destroyer of the POTATO BUG Current Worm, and all Insects that Prey on Vegetation. Warranted to kill Five Bugs where Paris Green kills One, yet it is SAFER TO USE, and is not injurious to plants. Costs only 25c. to 50c. per acre, 1-lb box sent free by mail for 30c. Send for circular with hundreds of testimonials.

Our Cabbage Worm Destroyer

is NOT AT ALL POISONOUS, but sure death to the worm. Sample for trial sent free on receipt of 15 cents. POSTAGE STAMPS ACCEPTED. Discount to the Trade.

KEARNEY CHEMICAL WORKS,
JAMES R. DEY, Agent,
P. O. Box 3129. Office, 66 Cortlandt St., New York.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership heretofore existing between Silas C. Keim and Jacob D. Livengood, carrying on the Banking business at Salisbury, Somerset Co., under the name of Keim and Livengood, has been dissolved this 1st day of May, 1878, and all persons indebted to said firm are hereby notified to call and settle.

J. D. LIVENGOOD,
S. C. KEIM.

May 8

OPIUM and Morphine Habit absolutely and speedily cured. Painless; no publicity. Send stamp for pamphlet. DR. CANNON, 167 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

White Lead, Red Lead, Colors, Putty, Linseed Oil, Oil Meal.

SALDAM, LAWRENCE & CO. WHITE LEAD Guaranteed Strictly PURE PITTSBURGH PA.

ALL OUR productions are guaranteed PURE and of uniform quality. If not kept by your merchant, order direct.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,

STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa..

HEAD QUARTERS

FOR THE SALE OF

CHAMPION MOWERS AND REAPERS, OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, HAGERSTOWN GRAIN SEED DRILLS, EMPIRE THRESHER AND SEPARATOR, HORSE POWERS.

FARQUAHR'S Four Horse Threshing Machines with Shakers.

FARQUAHR'S Thresher and Separator.

FANNING MILLS,

CORN PLOWS,

SHOVEL PLOW SHARES,

Cultivator Shovels

AND

Repairs for Nearly All the Plows Sold in the County.

May 1

JUST RECEIVED

AND

NOW OPENING

AT

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S

STORE

West End, Main St., Somerset, Pa..

A Large and Well Selected

LOT OF

DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,

AND

The Largest, Best and Cheapest Assortment of Men's and Boys'

CLOTHING

Fresh and New, Ever Offered in SOMERSET.

All Kinds of Produce Taken in Exchange for GOODS.

May 1

JOHN F. BLYMYER

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints

OIL &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.

DEMMLER BROTHERS

126 & 128 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA.

Manufacturers of

TIN, COPPER & SHEET IRON WARE

And Dealers in

BIRD CAGES,

Ice Chests, Refrigerators, Ice Cream Freezers, Water Coolers, Cutlery, Stoves, Britannia Ware, Enamelled and Tinned Hollow Ware, Agate and Granite Iron Ware, and

House Furnishing Hardware in General.

Proprietors of the Patent Adjustable Stove Shelves.

April 24

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 WILS