A LEGHORN HAT.

Nine o'clock of a cloudless summer morning. The basket phaeton stood at the door in the narrow noisy street below but Mr. White had already gone to his office. Annie pleaded headache, and the children had their allotted tasks with the German governess to accomplish. I must either remain within doors during the hot hours of the day or go out alone. I decided on the latter.

"I am too old to require any chaperon," I said with a laugh, and glanced in the mirror.

There I beheld a not unpleasing image of a little woman attired in gray, with a silvery veil over her plain face, in the act of fitting on a pair of quaint infinitesimal gray gloves. I kissed my good Annie and the children, as if bound on a long, perilous voyage, and departed in the basket phaeton.

What a new world was that all about me! It was the city of Leghorn, with its tall houses, rendered dingy by sea damp, and wide white squares, the atmosphere redolent of tar, the quays thronged with shipping, the clumsy funnels of oriental steamships relieved by the lighter tracery of interlacing masts against the sky. I like ships; in their boundless suggestiveness they resemble wishes, hopes, ever coming and going on some fresh errand.

The phaeton rattled through the main thoroughfare, once Via Grande, and now rebaptized, after the manner of all Italian cities, in the name of Victor Emmanuel. I noticed with the interest of a stranger groups of bronzed sailors; the untidy Leghorn woman with trailing gown, and flapping handkerchief tied over her frowzy head; the brilliant uniform of an occasional officer strolling languidly to his cafe.

Then the Sea Gate was reached, and beyond stretched the white road which threads its way beside the Mediterranean to the beautiful suburb of the Ardenza. The sea breezes wafted to me delicious coolness; the hedges of evergreens and oleanders in masses of rose bloom mingled rich odors; the stunted trees drooped their feathery foliageladened with gray dust. I gazed out over the sea, which sparkled like a sapphire, with the light-houses so bright at night, now pallid in the morning which no longer had need of them, and the sails glistening with exquisite silvery whiteness on the horizon. I glanced down the white road as it curved along the strand, bordered by its feathery trees and oleanders, its gardens, hotels and villas stretching to the Maremma, and the coast I might never explore.

"This is the most beautiful shore in the world, and the Romans knew it," I soliloquized; and just then the phaeton paused.

My destination was the bath. Again the charm of novelty delighted me, for it was my first summer with Annie's household. Bathing at Livorno is made a pastime, a recreation, instead of a serious business. I walked out on a pier which terminated in a round space shielded by a tent from the sun's rays, and thence the smiling old bath woman, in a flapping straw hat, conducted me down a passage, bordered on either side by little tents with green doors, to my destination. Once consigned to the *baracca*, I was free to remain in the tiny house, with its roof of matting and walls of striped canvass, where the water rippled in a transparently green hue, or to part the curtains and issue forth boldly as a swimmer. I decided to remain secluded in my crystal bath, as I was alone, like a mermaid in a cave.

I was startled by the curtains being separated from without, and the appearance of a man's head, with a long sandy beard. The head advanced with such evident intention of a tall body's following that I uttered a faint scream of alarm, when the intruder retreated hastily with a muttered "beg pardon."

I received the apology with such dignity as is possible to a very small lady in a flannel bathing suit, hanging to a rope to avoid drowning in deep water, and with her head done up in an oil-skin cap.

"Some stupid Englishman!" I said, pettishly.

The hour was too early for many occupants of the large tent, and when I emerged from my bath I drew a chair near the railing to again gaze over the beautiful Mediterranean. An American man-of-war had entered the port the previous day. I endeavored to decry her, with the old pain at my heart. My brother Harry, young, brave, good, destined to become a great man, as I believed, had died of fever on board ship off Callao five years ago, smitten down without power to send me a message, although, thus stricken, I was left alone. Yes, all alone! I shivered in the bright Italian morning, while my eyes searched wistfully for the man-of-war. Since then every frigate had become to me Harry's ship, and every officer in uniform assuredly must be my dead brother's friend. Five years of winter and summer in the old house at home, wandering from room to room in a ghostly fashion, with the portraits of father and mother in the shadow of the best parlor, and Harry's dog following me with dumb intelligence to thrust his nose into my hand; five years of mourning, of silence, that left me a plain little old maid, my hair turned gray! Then Annie, happy wife and mother, schoolmate and friend of many years, had written me a long letter from her home at Leghorn, where her husband was engaged in business, urging me to come abroad. I saw my future clearly enough. In this genial family I should be companion, friend, old maid aunt, to the children. I sighed.

Then the merchant whose wares were displayed in one corner of the tent—tortoise-shell, coral and sennawood trinkets—begged me to take a chance in his lottery. I took the box and turned the dice on the board, having paid a franc. The merchant counted up the numbers, and found the corresponding one in his stock of prizes represented by a set of coral, resembling sticks of red sealing-wax. Somebody approached and watched the drawing. I recognized the long sandy beard of the intruder of my bath, but gave a little jump when I further discovered that he wore the uniform of an American naval officer. The merchant immediately pounced on him. Almost unconsciously the stranger of the sandy beard appealed to me in English for an explanation, as he did not understand Italian. The next moment he held in his hand a very pretty shell-comb for a lady's hair as a prize.

"Madam, do you think that would please—a woman?" he inquired, scrutinizing it.

"Undoubtedly," I replied, calmly. I had taken him under my protection as one of Harry's friends.

"His face flushed, and a quizzical smile lighted up his keen eyes. "I mean a lady—home—in America. You are an American?"

"Yes," I said, at my ease; for he was not thinking of me at all. I was even half tempted to ask him if he had not known my poor Harry.

"Thank you," he said, with sudden stiffness, and raising his cap, walked away.

Another hour passed swiftly while I gazed out over the sea from the tent; then the beat of the sun warned me to return. Enroute I remembered a trifling commission at the milliner's. Entering the shop, the first object presented to my notice was the tall officer with the sandy beard, beset by two clerks and surrounded by piles of Leghorn hats. The poor man's aspect was most bewildered and helpless in that sea of straw. I executed my commission quietly, and was about to leave when he accosted me.

"Would you have the kindness to give me your advice?" he said. "I wish to make a present of a Leghorn hat to a lady in America, and it must be in the best quality."

Thus appealed to, I sifted out the finest straw for his inspection. "Leghorn hats are all made in the Florence manufactories, you know," I said.

He made no response; he was staring at my hands with a very peculiar expression. I blushed slightly, and hid them in the crown of the Leghorn hat. They were very small and well shaped; I had trouble with my gloves usually, wearing a child's size. Brother Harry used to admire their tiny proportions, and accuse me of vanity in the possession of such extremities. Here was this tall officer in a foreign city actually pausing in the midst of buying a gift for an unknown lady—probably his *fiancee*—to stare at my little hands in evident astonishment. I was more vexed than flattered. What right had he to gaze at me so fixedly, after having claimed my assistance? What would Annie think of my adventure?

I recalled him somewhat primly to a sense of duty, I suppose, for he paid for the hat, after I had warned the shop people not to charge him more than double the usual price. He thanked me in subdued accents, and even hinted that as the ship was to be in port some weeks, he hoped any residents would come on board. I relented sufficiently to inquire how he proposed sending the Leghorn hat, and learned that it was to be entrusted to the captain of a brig, bound for New York.

"Perhaps I had best address the box here," he said, again consulting me with his eyes.

"Yes," I assented, gaining firmness and decision of tone from his very irresolution.

The clerk brought him an immense inkstand with a very rusty and gritty pen attached. My companion dipped the pen into the ink and stirred it thoroughly, as if it had been soup.

"I hope she will like it," said the extraordinary man, consulting me again, with a most sheepish expression of countenance. "Perhaps she has ever so many Leghorn hats already," in sudden alarm.

"No, No," I returned, soothingly.

I pictured to myself this lady whom he was so anxious to please. How proud she would be of the beautiful Etruscan straw which she would wear to church! How envious would be her neighbors!

"There, will that answer?" he held before me the written address.

"I gasped as I read: "Miss Helen Westmore, Berryville, Vermont."

My own name was Helen Westmore, and Berryville had been my home! The Leghorn hat which I had selected with so much care was evidently intended for myself.

"You cannot be Dr. Easton, who took care of my poor Harry, and wrote me the letter about him?" I cried, between sobbing and laughter. "I am his sister."

"He told me his sister had the smallest hands in the world," he replied with excitement,

After that there were dinners at Annie's, moonlight drives along the shore, entertainments on the man-of-war, with ample leisure for explanations and confidences. The surgeon who had taken care of Harry had been his intimate friend during long voyages, and had retained the image of his sister at home all these years. In retiring on half pay he had been tempted to seek her out.

Had I not assisted at the purchase of my own hat, he would never have found me when he returned to America. The little woman in gray was not to be the old-maid of Annie's household, after all, but to return to her own country as a happy wife, even if in a sober, sedate fashion. Verily human destinies hang by a straw!

A box stands in the high shelf in the old home. It contains an untrimmed Leghorn hat. — *Harper's Weekly.*

Holding the Breath Under Water.

It is probable that the entrance of water into the lungs has a great deal to do with the painlessness of drowning. It is certain that unconsciousness comes on more quickly when the person is deprived of air because the lungs are filled with water, than when the air-passages are closed while the lungs remain intact. Most persons can hold their breath for a minute, very many for a minute and a-half, some for two minutes. In one of the variety theatres in New York appeared recently "The Brilliant Pearl of the Enchanted Grotto, christenen Undine, who performs while under water; incased in a mammoth crystal illuminated glass tank, feats of astonishing suppleness and almost unbelievable endurance." This performer can probably remain under water, holding her breath voluntarily, two minutes, and perhaps more. I have seen Johnson, the celebrated ocean-swimmer, remain under water, in a tank before an audience, for the astonishing space of three minutes and twenty seconds, and before he rose, the involuntary contractions of his respiratory muscles were uncomfortable to witness. In such cases, although extreme distress may be felt, there is no approach to unconsciousness. But if a person's head is under water, and he does not hold his breath, unconsciousness usually comes on in one or two minutes at the farthest.

"Yes," said a man, as he bent his elbow to raise the twentieth glass of beer, "it is overwork that kills."

There is no man fool enough to undertake to do sparking by machinery. Everybody is agreed that the facilities offered in the old way are all that is necessary.

When a young man in Patagonia wants a wife he rides out and lassoes one. Our bilious contributor suggests that in this country the other party does the snaring.

An Affecting Anecdote.

On one of the many bridges in Ghent stand two large brazen images of father and son, who obtained this distinguished mark of their fellow citizens by the following incidents:

Both the father and the son were, for some offense against the State, condemned to die. Some favorable circumstances appearing on the side of the son, he was granted a remission of his sentence, under certain provisions; in short he was offered pardon on a most cruel and barbarous condition—namely, that he would become the executioner of the father! He at first resolutely refused to preserve his life by means so fatal and detestable. This is not to be wondered at; for let us hope, for the honor of our nature, there are very few sons who would not have spurned with abhorrence life sustained on a condition so horrid and unnatural. The son, though long inflexible, was at length overcome by the tears and entreaties of a fond father, who represents to him that, at all events, his (the father's) life was forfeited, and that it would be the greatest possible consolation for him that in his death he was an instrument of his son's preservation. The youth consented to adopt the horrible means of recovering his life and liberty, he lifted the axe—but, as it was about to fall his arm sunk nerveless, and the axe dropped from his hand! Had he as many lives as hairs, he could have yielded them all, one after another rather than again conceive, much less perpetrate, such an act. Life, liberty, everything vanished, before the dearer interests of filial affection; he fell upon his father's neck, and embracing him, triumphantly exclaimed:

"My father! we die together!" and then called for another executioner to fulfill the sentence of the law.

Hard must their hearts indeed be—bereft of every sentiment of virtue, every sensation of humanity—who could stand insensible spectators of such a scene. A sudden peal of involuntary applause, mixed with moans and sighs, rent the air. The execution was suspended, and, on a simple report of the transaction to the authorities, both were pardoned. High rewards and honors were conferred on the son; and finally these two admirable brazen images were raised to commemorate a trasaction so honorable to human nature, and transmit it to the instruction and emulation of posterity. The statue represents the son in the very act of letting fall the axe.

A Quaint Legend of the Rainbow.

According to popular belief in Germany, extremities of a rainbow always touch streams, whence it draws water by means of two large golden dishes. That is why it rains for three days after the appearance of a rainbow, because the water must fall again on the earth. Whoever arrives at the right moment on the spot where the rainbow is drinking can take possession of the golden dish, which reflects all the colors of the rainbow; but if nobody is there the dishes are drawn up into the clouds. Some say that the rainbow always lets a dish fall. This once happened at Reutlingen, in Suabia. It broke in several pieces, but the finder received one hundred guilden for it. At Tubingen, people used to run to the end of the rainbow, which appeared to be resting over the Necker, or the Steinach, to secure the golden dish. Usually it is considered wrong to sell the dish, which ought to be kept as an heirloom in the family, for it brings good luck. A shepherd in the Sardoian Alps once found such a dish, and he never afterwards lost a sheep. An unfortunate native of Henback, who sold the treasure at a high price, was struck dumb on the spot. Small, round gold coins, marked with a cross or star, are frequently found in Suabia, and the peasants declare that these were manufactured from rainbow dishes by the Romans when they invaded Germany. In the Black Forest the rainbow used a golden goblet, which it afterwards dropped. A shoe thrown into a rainbow comes back filled with gold. The Servians have a theory that passing beneath a rainbow changes the sex.

When a double rainbow is seen, Suabian peasants say the devil would like to imitate a rainbow, but he cannot succeed. The Esthonians called the rainbow "the thunder of God's sickle." A theory excited in the Middle Ages that the rainbow would cease to appear a certain number of years before the Last Judgment, and Hugo von Trimbar, in an old German poem, mentions forty years as the prescribed time.

Power of Imagination.

In the year 1768, Elijah Barnes, of Bucks county, assisted by his people working in harvest, killed a rattlesnake, and soon after, had occasion to go home, took by mistake his son's jacket and put it on. The son was a stripling, and both jackets were made of the same cloth; the old man being warm, did not button the jacket until he got to the house, when he found it much too little for him. He instantly conceived the idea that he had been bitten by the rattlesnake and swelled from the effect of the poison. He grew very suddenly ill, and was put to bed. The people about him were very much alarmed, and sent for two or three physicians; and one of them poured down his throat a pint of melted lard; another gave him a dose of wild plantain; the third made him drink hoarhound tea, made very strong. Notwithstanding all, he grew worse, and to all appearances was on the verge of dissolution, when the son came home with the old man's jacket hanging like a bag about him. The whole mystery was at once unraveled, and poor Elijah Barnes, notwithstanding his drenches of hog's fat, plantain and hoarhound was well in an instant.

Above the Clouds.

Probably the highest and largest rock in the known world is the South Dome of the Yosemite. Standing at the fork of the upper valley, it rears itself, a solid rocky loaf, 6,000 feet above the ground. A more powerful hand than that of a Titan has cut away the eastern half, leaving a sheer precipice over a mile in height. No man ever trod the top of this dome until last year. Former visitors gazed in wonder, at the spikes driven into the rock by hardy spirits, who had repeatedly endeavored to scale it. The shreds of ropes dangling in the wind told the story of their failure. Last year, however, after thousands of dollars were spent, several persons found their way to the top of the dome, and this summer two sheep were discovered browsing on the hitherto inaccessible peak.

How to get along in the world. Walk.

How to Live Two Hundred Years.

If anybody wants to live a couple of centuries, (1) let him never overfeed; and (2) let him never get drunk. At least, those are the rules of health laid down by Minguel Solis, a half-bred farmer in the foot-hills of the Sierra Mesila, New Grenada, who confesses to being 180 years old, but is believed by his neighbors to be really much older. Dr. Lutz Hernandez, who recently paid him a visit, found him at work in his orchard; his skin was the color of parchment; but he was robust and active; his snow white hair was twisted turban fashion round his head, and his eyes were so bright that the doctor felt quite uncomfortable when they were turned upon him. Minguel said that the secret of his living a century was very simple—simply never getting drunk and never overfeeding. "I eat only once a day, a big hearty meal, which it often takes me half an hour to get through with, but, you see it is not possible in half an hour to eat more than you can digest in twenty-four." He went on to say that he had not made up his mind about meat, but did not eat much of it. He fasted on the first and middle days of each month, eating nothing, but drinking all the water he could swallow. He always let cooked food cool before tasting it; and to this precaution he attributed the fact that his teeth are as sound now as they were 108 years ago. Dr. Hernandez was informed by some of the oldest inhabitants of the district that they well remembered Minguel as a reputed centennarian when they were boys; also that the name of Minguel Solis, colored farmer, appears in a writ, of the contributors to the building fund of a Franciscan monastery near San Sebastian, which was founded in 1713, and that the present abbot is positive it is the same man. But protracted as has been his sojourn on earth, he has not succeeded in winning the respect of his fellow-beings. The Indians in the neighborhood firmly believe that he has sold his soul to the devil.

A Peculiar River.

The Colorado river (not the Texas Colorado) is noted for swirls so called. They occur everywhere, but only at high water. A bubble rises from the bottom and bursts with a slight sound on the surface. The water at this point begins a rotary motion so small that an inverted teacup might cover it. Larger and larger grows the circle, till a surface of thirty feet in diameter is in motion, spinning around a funnel shaped hole in the centre, two or three feet across the top and coming to a point in the depths below. Often a large tree floating down the stream is caught, and its foremost end thrust up in the air twenty or thirty feet while the other passes underneath—the exposed end to be slowly drawn down again and disappear. Three soldiers—deserters from Camp Mohave—passing the ravine in a skiff, immediately below the fork, suffered their craft to run into a swirl. One of the crew, at the first intimation of danger, threw himself overboard beyond the charmed circle, and as he swam away, he saw the boat spin around until one end being down in the vortex and the other upheaved in the air, it sank as if revolved into the turbid bosom of the river, its human freight to be seen no more, for the Colorado river does not give up the dead—no corpses lodge on its shores.

Witty Girls.

"Don't put too fine a point to your wit," said Cervantes, "for fear it should get blunt." He spoke to men; if he had been addressing young women, he might have said: "Don't put too fine a point to your wit, for it should wound rather than tickle." Men don't take kindly to the sharp, clever young woman who is always hurling her shafts of wit. They not only believe, with Shakespeare, that a "soft, gentle and low voice" is "an excellent thing in woman," but that it should be accompanied by gentle manners and a tender heart. The Philadelphia *Times* utters thoughts about the too clever young woman, the good sense of which makes them worth heeding:

Occasional indulgence in repartee with a bright man or woman is entertaining, but if either insist upon carrying on the game unduly, it becomes a nuisance, and the persistent one lays himself or herself open to the gravest of all social charges, "bad style." To talk with a girl who will do nothing but cut and thrust, and whose constant attack necessitates a constant defense, is a bore. Nobody cares to live continuously upon spiced meats.—*Youth's Companion.*

Mutual Friends.

Human nature is the same the world over, as the following incident will help to show. A Danbury insurance agent called on two of his customers, whose premises adjoin, for a renewal of their policies. The first one is a grocer. The agent said to him.

"I suppose, Mr.——, that you will renew your policy which expires next week? I have called to see about it."

"Well, I suppose I'll have to," said the grocer. "As far as I am concerned there is no need whatever that I should insure. I am here all day to look after things, and there ain't a bit of danger of fire from my place. But there's no telling what the fellow next door will do, and as long as he's there I've got to keep insured."

The agent called on the customer next door, who is a baker. He could not help reasoning that if the danger in that establishment was so great there was a possibility of having the amount of its policy doubled, at least.

He told the baker why he called, and hinted that there might be a probability of a desire to increase the policy.

"No," said the baker, scratching his head thoughtfully, "I don't believe I'll add any to it. I wouldn't insure at all if I wasn't where I am. You see I'm up all night baking, and can watch things, so there's no danger here, but there's no telling what the chap next door will be up to. If it wasn't for him I wouldn't insure a cent. But as it is, I've got to do it."

The Irish hate to give anything up. Some of them even try to wake the dead.

Waiting to be whipped is the most uninteresting period in boyhood.—*Josh Billings.*

"The short horse is easily curried," is paraphrased thusly by a Teutonic friend: "Der schmall leedle bonies don't took such a goot vile to brush himself all over mit der gurry gomes."

AGRICULTURAL.

Do Not Torture Your Horse.

The severe bearing-rein, as used by coachmen generally, is nothing more nor less than horrible and needless torture to the poor, suffering horse—torture while in harness, and the cause of internal maladies when he is put back into his stall for food and supposed rest. If there is one thing more opposed to natural health than another, it is the increased production and then the waste of the saliva which is so necessary to the functions of the body. Who ever saw a properly bitted hunter do so when ridden to hounds in an easy bit and obedient to a light hand? I never saw it, nor do I think any one else has seen it; therefore, to begin with, the position of the carriage horse's head, gagged with a bearing-rein out of place, and that profusion of saliva ever falling from the mouth, must show something essentially wrong. The perpetually tossing head arises from the fevered state of the poor animal, and his consequent attempts to get rid of an irritating infliction, and not from the vulgar idea of a fiery wish to be put in action. Of this I am certain, that the less artificial constraint you put into a horse's mouth the better. The less you cumber his graceful limbs with lumber in the shape of harness the better. The freer you keep his limbs and his respiratory organs the longer he will serve you, and the greater will be the labor he will perform for you.—*Hon. Grantley F. Berkeley.*

Keeping Rats From Harness

Almost every person who uses a harness has been more or less annoyed by having it injured by rats. We give a few hints as to how this may be avoided, though everybody knows, or affects to know, what is best. The recipes here given are collected from different sources: Take about a teaspoonful of Cayenne pepper, mix it thoroughly with a quart of oil, and rub the harness with the mixture. That, it is claimed, will not only prevent rats and mice from gnawing the harness, but it will also prevent horses and colts from chewing the lines or halters. Take two quarts of green leeks, pour over them one gallon of oil, and let it stand a few days before using; the longer it stands the better. A little benzoin rubbed over the harness after it has been oiled is said to be a sure preventative, but is not recommended by many, on account of the idea that it injures the leather. One ounce of aloes to one gallon of oil will prevent rats from destroying the harness. It is also claimed that by mixing a small quantity, say a tablespoonful, of pine tar to one quart of oil, harness will be most effectually protected from any injury; but if too much is put on, the leather will not absorb it. It will collect dirt, besides making the harness unpleasant to handle.—*Foreign Ex.*

Diseased Fruit Trees.

Mr. Hoopes, president of the Pennsylvania Fruit Growers' Association, boldly asserts that the diseases of fruit trees are, in nine cases out of ten, the results of causes which have their origin in carelessness or ignorance. Deep planting is one error—to plant a tree rather shallower than it formerly stood is really the right way, whilst many plant a tree as they would a post. Roots are of two kinds—the young and tender rootlets composed entirely of cells, the feeders of the tree, always found near the surface getting air and moisture, and roots of over one year old, which serve only as supporters of the tree and as conductors of its food. Hence the injury that ensues when the delicate rootlets are so deeply buried in earth. Placing fresh or green manure in contact with the young roots is, he tells us, another great error. The place to put manure is on the surface, where the elements disintegrate, dissolve and carry it downwards. Numerous forms of fungi are generated and reproduced by the application of such manures directly to the roots, and they immediately attack the tree. It is well to enrich the soil at transplanting the tree, but the manure, if it be in contact with, or very near the roots, should be thoroughly decomposed.—*Fruit Record.*

Notes.

The average age of the horse, when allowed to live without the risk of accident or disease, which he incurs in his usual work, is about twenty-five years. Instances of greater longevity are recorded, on good authority, and there is reason to believe that occasionally he has reached thirty-five or even forty years; but these are rare exceptions, and there are few which live beyond the twenty-eighth year, while a large proportion die before the twenty-fifth year.

As soon as we discover any symptoms of gaps among our chickens, we know that there are worms—very small red worms—in their windpipes, and we give them camphor, in their drinking vessels, strong enough to make quite a taste of the camphor. Then, if any get the disease quite badly before we discover it, we force a pill of gum camphor down the throat about the size of a small pea, and the fumes of that dose will kill the worms. No kind of worms can live in camphor. Hence, camphor must be a powerful vermifuge.

Who Named the Colleges.

Harvard College was named after John Harvard, who, in 1863, left the college seven hundred and seventy-nine pounds sterling and a library of three hundred books.

Williams College was named after Colonel Ephraim Williams, a soldier of the French war.

Dartmouth College was named after Lord Dartmouth, who subscribed a large amount, and was president of the first board of trustees.

Brown University received its name from Hon. Nicholas Brown, who was a graduate of the college; went into business, became very wealthy, and endowed the college largely.

Columbia College was called King's College till the close of the war for independence, when it received the name of Columbia.

Bowdoin College was named after Gov. Bowdoin of Maine.

Yale College was named after Elihu Yale, who made very liberal donations to the college.

Colby University, formerly Waterville College, was named after Mr. Colby of Boston, who gave five hundred thousand dollars to the college in 1866.

Dickinson College received its name from Hon. John Dickinson. He made a very liberal donation to the college, and was president of the board of trustees for a number of years.

Cornell University was named after Ezra Cornell, its founder.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Having been appointed Auditor by the Orphans' Court of Somerset county Pa., to distribute the fund in the hands of G. B. Heffley, Administrator of Adaline Knepper, dec'd., to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at my office in Somerset, on Thursday, June 5th, 1878, when and where all persons interested can attend.

ED. B. SCULL, Auditor.
May15

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Iron & Glass Dollar Savings Bank vs. M. A. Sanner. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County Pa., No. 51 April T. 1878. E. D. also No. 52 April T. 1878. E. D. No. 26 Jan. T. 1878. (Execution Docket.)

And now to wit, 4th May, 1878, on petition of George W. Pile, Esq., Sheriff, filed, the Court appoint Ed B. Scull, Esq., Auditor, to distribute the fund to and among those legally entitled thereto.

Extract from the record certified 4th of May, 1878. F. J. KOOSER, Pro.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of the above appointment at my office in Somerset, on Friday, June 7, 1878, when and where all persons interested may attend.

ED B. SCULL, Auditor.
May 22

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Widow Elizabeth Heffley, C. Wilson Heffley, N. P. Heffley, Ellen Heffley and F. Heffley, (the last a minor under 14 years,) all of Nebraska City, Nebraska.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Annias Heffley, dec'd.

No. 1, situate in Brothersvalley Twp., Somerset Co., Pa.

No. 2, situate in Berlin Bor., Somerset Co., Pa.

No. 3, situate in Larimer and Summit Twps., Somerset Co., Pa.

No 4, situate in Larimer and Summit Twps., Somerset Co., Pa., on Thursday June 27, 1878, when you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, May 18, 1878. } GEO. W. PILE, Sheriff.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Catharine McGuire by her next friend Charles Meuser vs. Patrick McGuire. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., No. 2 Nov. T. 1877, No. (Alias Subpoena in Divorce.)

24th of April 1878, on motion of Wm. H. Koontz, Esq., Attorney for Plaintiff, filed, the court appoint Ed B. Scull, Esq., Commissioner to take the testimony, find the facts, and report the same with an opinion.

Extract from the record certified 27th of April, 1878. F. J. KOOSER, Prothonotary.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of the appointment at my office in Somerset, on Thursday, June 6, 1878, when and where all persons may attend.

ED B. SCULL, Commissioner.
May 22.

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

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.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

James B. Lyons, to John H. Benford, } No. 555 Jan. term 1878 in the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa. [Voluntary Assignment.]

Having been appointed Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of the Assignee to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given that I will sit at my office in Somerset Pa., Thursday the 13th day of June, 1878, at 1 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of discharging the duties of said appointment, when and where all persons interested can attend.

J. G. OGLE, Auditor.
May 22,

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Levi Snyder, and Susan his wife, to Aaron Will. } In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset co., Pa., No. 5 8 April term 1878. Voluntary Assignment.

13th March, 1878, account filed, 25th April, 1878, account confirmed, 25th April 1878, on petition of Assignee, by his attorney, Val. Hay, Esq., filed the Court appoint L. C. Colborn, Esq., Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of the Assignee to and among those legally entitled thereto.

Extracts from the record certified April the 27th 1878.

[L. S.] F. J. KOOSER, Prothonotary.

Notice is hereby given that I will meet to attend to the duties of the above appointment at my office in Somerset, Pa., Tuesday the 11th of June 1878, when and where all parties can attend if they think proper.

L. C. COLBORN, Auditor.
May 22.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Widow Sarah Friedline, John Friedline, Mary Friedline, intermarried with John Wechtenheiser, Isaac Friedline and Jacob Friedline, all of Somerset County Penna., Lydia intermarried with Noah Good, near Des Moines, Iowa, Franklin Friedline of Des Moines, Iowa, Abraham Friedline, of Dayton, Nevada Ter.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Aaron Friedline, dec'd in Conemaugh township, at his late residence on Saturday the 29th of June, 1878, where you may attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, May 18, 1878. } GEO. W. PILE, Sheriff.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that Daniel Keim, of Conemaugh Twp., by deed of voluntary assignment has assigned all his estate real and personal for the benefit of his creditors to E. M. Schrock. All persons indebted to the said estate will please make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them to the undersigned at Somerset without delay.

E. M. SCHROCK, Assignee.
May 22

ASSIGNEE'S SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., the undersigned Assignee of F. K. Hall, will expose to sale by public outcry on

Saturday, June 15, 1878,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, the following described property, viz:

A certain lot of ground situate in Meyersdale Borough, Somerset County, Pa., bounded by Main street on the south, Eighth street on the east, land of Thomas Fax on the west, and —— alley on the north, having a 66 feet frontage and extending back 165 feet; and known on plan of said town as lot No. —, with a good two story dwelling house, a stable and other buildings erected thereon.

TERMS:—One third in hand, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year from this date, with interest on deferred payments from day of sale. JOHN M. OLINGER, Assignee.
May15

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Leydig, late of Southampton Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to 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 on Saturday, June 8, 1878, at the late residence of deceased in said township.

ISRAEL EMERICK, Administrator.
May 1

ADMISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Simon Blubaugh, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo* of John Bancord, late of Allegheny Co., Md., 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, the 15th day of June, 1878, at the office of Michael Long, Esq., in Wellersburg, Somerset Co., Pa.

SIMON BLUBAUGH, Administrator.
May8

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Tobias Mishler, late of Conemaugh Tp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.:

Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Friday, the 21st day of June, 1878, at the late residence of said deceased.

ISAAC YODER, LEVI MISHLER, Administrators.
May15

LADIES Can color Stockings, Neckties, &c., INSTANTANEOUSLY, for less than 1 ct. CARTRIDGE 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. BOX OF ANY COLOR sent for 10c.; 5 different colors for 50c. Send 3c. stamp for sample and circular. ALSO,

Our Improved Pest Poison

is a SAFE, sure and cheap destroyer of the POTATO BUG Currant Worm, and all Insects that Prey on Vegetation. Warranted to kill FIVE DOSE where Paris Green kills ONE, yet IS SAFER TO USE, and is not injurious to plants. Costs only 25c. to 50c. per acre, $1.25 box sent free by mail for 50c. 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. Address KARNEY CHEMICAL WORKS, JAMES R. DEY, Agent, P. O. Box 3129. Office, 50 Cortlandt St., New York.

OPIUM and Morphine Habit cheaply and speedily cured. Pamphlet, 20 pages, free. Dr. Cannon, 127 Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

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

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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. Looking 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 Cool