THE BOUQUET OF MARGUERITES.

CHAPTER I.

In 1872, during a bright day in May, the porte cochere of the Chateau de Breine was thrown open in order to allow a traveling carriage to pass. Before entering the vehicle, Ernest de Merieux accompanied his aunt, the Countess de Breuil, in a short walk in the park. The conversation between them seemed animated, particularly on the part of the dowager. The young man listened respectfully, but as one who, although silent, was none the less determined to follow the dictates of his own will.

"Yes, nephew," said the Countess, "you are foolish, to say the least, and, humiliating as it may be to make the admission, I can not retract my words."

"But, dear aunt——"

"You are twenty-eight years of age," she continued, "are good looking, well mannered, and nobly born; moreover, possess a fortune, and have excellent expectations through me. What, pray, are you doing with your advantages?"

"What would you have me do?" inquired Ernest. "Obtain a position at court, or become sous Prefect?"

"Sarcasm is no reply," responded the Countess, in a tone of annoyance. "What I mean is this; you must cease to be useless to others and to yourself also. You must marry and have heirs."

"I ask nothing better, my dear aunt," replied de Merieux; "but I am as you know, romantic, and I freely acknowledge that I should be loth to enter into any union where only the cold formality of convenience existed, and where sentiment was ignored."

"Ah! indeed," interrupted his listener, "You are one of those who desire sympathy, and believe in the existence of elective affinities. Two souls who, although divided, are yet so ardently united that they meet at last. Believe me, Ernest, experience has taught me the folly of cherishing such thoughts. Renounce, my boy, the scheme of seeking this woman of your dreams, this sweet love of your fancy. I admit she has but one fault; but that fault lies in the fact that she never existed."

"But suppose she does exist, and that the being you depict as a mere chimera is to me a reality?"

"Can it be possible that you have given your heart? Why did you not sooner tell me your secret? Where is the lady?"

"I do not know."

"Is she a young girl?"

"I can not answer."

"A widow, perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

"Where did you meet her?" urged the Countess. "How will you recognize her?"

"I can not say, for I have never seen her face," responded Ernest.

"This is abs lutely absurd," was the impatient rejoinder. "You are jesting with me."

"Listen, and be lenient and indulgent," responded the young man.

"Do you remember," he continued, "the visit I paid you some three years ago?"

"Yes; it was during the close of summer, and you were unusually thoughtful and melancholy."

"I came in the diligence, as I had lost several games of whist at Baden, and was condemned to the inconvenience of practicing economy."

"Very true."

"Well, it is of that journey I propose to speak. At first I was entirely alone in the coupe. Night approached. It was just such a one as Shakspeare would have chosen for one of his fantastic dreams. Towards nine o'clock, when we stopped at Dreux for relays, the door of the ponderous stage-coach was thrown open, and some travelers entered. I was greatly inclined to resent the intrusion, and heartily, although silently, wished them to the devil, for I had much enjoyed the undisturbed quiet and my own thoughts. The first individual who appeared was an old man; he was stoutly built, and wore several decorations. He grumbled lustily as he seated himself in the corner. Accompanying the individual was a woman who, by her vivacity and supple movements, I imagined must be very young. Her throat and shoulders were enveloped in a black silk scarf, and she wore a Leghorn hat trimmed with blonde, a fall of which would have hidden her face, even if it had not been too dark for me to catch a glimpse of her features. From some observations made I learned that they were going to visit a relative who resided at a chateau a few miles from Alencon. Their post-chaise had met with an accident, and they were, consequently, compelled to use the diligence. I can not express to you, dear aunt, the peculiar charm exercised over me by the lady. Her grace was irresistible, and her conversation expressed her intelligence. As she conversed with her companion and myself, she was gay, witty, sentimental, or melancholy. I realized that I was in the society of those belonging to, or who claimed aristocracy of birth.

"Towards morning we reached their destination, and I knew we would part company."

"'Come, Louise,' said the old gentleman, 'we have arrived at last; we will seek shelter at the first farmhouse we come across, and then send to inform my cousin of our misadventure. She will send the carriage and we will be driven at once to the chateau.'"

"I felt as though I was to be deprived of happiness, of everything, in fact, with her departure; and yet, until this very hour, I know not whether the woman who made so great an impression upon me is the wife or daughter of the gentleman in question. Neither the conductor nor the postillion could give me any information respecting them."

"All you know is that her baptismal name is Louise."

"I have also a bouquet of marguerites that my heroine let fall as she passed from the diligence—whether accidental or intentional I am unable to say; but at all events, I cherish them as a relic of her sweet presence."

"My dear Ernest, many women are named Louise, and many marguerites have changed hands in like manner, therefore I must say that I regret your loss of common sense."

"Well, I will not deny that I may be foolish, but I none the less desire to hug my idea! to my heart. I have her name to think of, and her bouquet to cherish. Often little more remains to many of us in life, and yet they recall happy hours. And now, adieu, dear aunt," added de Merieux. "In September I will return to you again; then you can scold me and I will listen."

"But not beed."

"Perhaps," responded Ernest.

"My boy, I fear words are idle," added the Countess. "I am too old to correct you. At all events, you may believe fully that your happiness is dearer to me than my own."

In a few moments more parting kisses were exchanged, and Monsieur de Merieux took his departure.

CHAPTER II.

A few months later found Ernest again at the chateau, and, as ever, the welcome guest of his aunt.

"I depend upon you, Ernest," said Madame de Breuil, "to aid me in doing the honors of the chateau to our distinguished visitors."

"They are here, are they?" responded de Merieux.

"Yes," resumed the Countess. "So go and make your toilet and then join me in the drawing-room. It is now eleven o'clock, and we propose to breakfast at twelve."

"Who are your guests, dear aunt?" inquired the young man; "you know I have just arrived, and am ignorant of all that has transpired."

"Well, I will first name my old and faithful friend, Monsieur de Manoal, then Le Pragy, Lucien d'Ervilliers, the poet, whose verses I admire, and the Countess de Sauvray, who is somewhat of a blue stocking, although very amiable."

"Who else?" urged Ernest.

"My god-daughter, Louise, Madame d'Aubrelles, a very lovely woman of twenty-six. I have often spoken of her to you. Take care you do not fall in love with her, my boy, for you will lose your time and trouble."

"Why so?"

"Oh, I had forgotten," continued the Countess, laughing merrily, "you are fortified against all impressions, and invulnerable to the smiles of my lovely widow."

"Then she is a widow?"

"Yes, truly, and charming."

"How long has she been such?"

"About two years. Her husband left her a large fortune. He was old enough to be her father—"

"You say her name is Louise?" interrupted Ernest.

"Oh I see," replied the Countess. "You already imagine that this lady may be your Louise; but even if she should prove the mysterious traveling companion, I should pity you greatly, for I know that my niece is cherishing a romantic attachment. She says nothing, but I have guessed her secret. She is sad and preoccupied when I speak of the probability of her marrying again. She never fails to reply, 'Never!' and then sighs bitterly."

"Since that is the case, our intercourse can be frank and agreeable. I will not be expected to fall in love with her, nor will she endeavor to impress me. I leave it to you, dear aunt, to inform the lady that my heart is not in my own keeping; thus we will understand each other at once."

At breakfast Madame de Breuil presented her nephew to the assembled guests. On being introduced to Madame d'Aubrelles, Ernest started, for he thought he recognized his incognito. The same grace in every attitude was visible—even her style of dress seemed to recall the stranger.

The first day of his return, Ernest was greatly oppressed. He tried to believe he had found the woman he had so obstinately loved at one moment. He was tempted to fall at her feet and confess his eternal tenderness; but at the next instant his mind was filled with doubts, and he knew not whether to cherish remembrance or to pray for oblivion.

One day the party concluded to explore a portion of the estate that was exceedingly wild and secluded. Ernest and Louise rode side by side, de Merieux having been chosen as her escort. As they proceeded, Ernest complained of feeling ill and weak.

"Let us dismount and walk; perhaps you may feel better by so doing," said Madame d'Aubrelles. "I am sure that, when a moment ago you caught the bridle to prevent my horse from falling, you strained your arm. Am I not right?"

"Yes," responded Ernest, tenderly; "but I wish you to accord me a promise."

"Name it," said his listener, smiling.

"That you will not ride without me."

"You wish me to dismount?"

"I do."

"Why, is there less peril when you are beside me?" she responded, in a low voice.

"Perhaps not, and yet I crave the promise," added Ernest, softly pressing her arm.

Madame d'Aubrelles realized fully the feeling that prompted both words and action. At this moment they entered a wild, beautiful glade of the wood, and through an open vista an exquisite view was afforded, and quite at their feet, spread like a white and gold carpet, grew innumerable marguerites.

"See those lovely marguerites?" exclaimed Louise; "they are my favorite flowers. Let me gather the freshest and most beautiful."

"Do you so love the modest marguerites?" inquired Ernest in a trembling voice.

"Yes, passionately," she responded; "and I never lose an opportunity of gathering a bouquet." Then, as though recalling something of a painful nature, she added tearfully. "And yet why should I do so, for there is a bouquet of these flowers somewhere, which would embarrass me much were it returned to me to-day."

"Let us each gather some of the flowers, and then consult the oracle together," replied Ernest; "but before so doing, let me question these." As he said these words he drew from his breast a bouquet of withered marguerites. A few of the flowers still retained their leaves, although yellow and dry, and a piece of faded blue ribbon fastened the strings.

"Where did you find that bouquet?" exclaimed his companion. "Can it be mine? Is it possible that it was you I saw three years ago, Ernest, and from whom I have since been separated?"

"Yes, separated then; but now reunited," replied Ernest. "And now, Louise," he continued, "there is more to say; but if the dream of my life should be but an illusion, say no more. You have read my heart, and can render me the happiest or the most miserable of men."

"Be assured, Ernest," murmured his listener, "I long to believe you were the stranger I met in the diligence."

"You are sure?"

"Yes, for I also have cherished dreams and hopes."

"Not another word, my darling," whispered Ernest, drawing her suddenly to his breast, and then as quickly releasing her; "not another word now, for here comes Madame de Breuil's cabriole. I see by her smile that my aunt has perceived us; moreover, that she fully realized that her wish is granted."

"You are here, my children, among the marguerites," said the old Countess. "What secret have the flowers whispered?"

"A love story, dear aunt," responded de Merieux.

"To which both have listened?"

"Yes, both."

"What, then, of your fair love of the diligence, your unknown ideal?"

"Simply that that fair unknown, that ideal stands before you," he whispered, pressing Madame d'Aubrelles to his heart.

"Your blushes answer for you, my dear Louise," continued the old lady, "and I will only permit my curiosity to ask one question: Were the withered marguerites that now lie nestled upon your breast dropped by accident, or were they intended as a souvenir?"

"As a souvenir," responded Louise; but so softly that only Ernest caught the sound.

Romance of a Michigander.

A farmer boy from Michigan has at once created a real-life romance for "Our Boarding-House," and made a hero of himself in a small way. His experience reads very like fiction, and is all the more interesting because it is not fiction. The boy, who is nineteen years old, green as a Michigander can be, and stout as any horse on his farm, took a notion to be a New York merchant. He owned a handsome farm, but he caught the metropolitan and mercantile diseases, rented his farm, and resolved to make a total change of business. He had an uncle in business here, and the wife of that uncle chanced to be our landlady, who manages one of those colossal boarding-houses in which in this city of boarders abounds. To this uncle the young farmer wrote, stating his plans, and asking as to the prospects of a place in the uncle's estable establishment. The answer was to wait till the coming fall, when trade would set in more briskly; meanwhile leaving opportunity to gather the summer crops and get so much more ahead. Nothing further was heard from the nephew, and it was thought he had accepted the advice. On the contrary, he packed his trunk and came on, without informing his relatives of his intention. He arrived in town two months ago, with the idea of looking about for himself, to see what he could do in an independent way. The first thing that he did was to buy a morning paper. In that morning paper, seemingly destiny had ordained, his aunt had an advertisement calling for a man of all work, whose chief occupation was to wash dishes. No sooner did the Michigan boy's eye strike that head of "Wanted" than he decided to answer at once, and apply for the position. It is necessary to say here that neither uncle nor aunt had seen their nephew since his babyhood, so that the way to deceive them was open and easy. The nephew applied for the servant's place. He admitted that he knew nothing about housework, but he said that he was quick to learn. There was something about his frank, honest, country manner that impelled the landlady to try him, and he was immediately installed as chief dish-washer. He did his work well, was never tired when the 700 or 800 dishes came clashing around him, and took a strange interest in lightening his mistress' burdens. He had desired to find out in his way what sort of people his relatives were. If he did not like them, he would go back to Michigan. If he did, time would make him right. Well, he liked them largely, and himself became a favorite. His cheery ways and checkered-flannel shirt were features that grew to be noted by every boarder who took an occasional peep into the kitchen. Two months of service expired the other day. When he was paid his wages the lad astonished his mistress by saying that he wanted to tell her a story about himself. As she rather resented this familiarity, he inquired quietly as to who she thought he was; and in a minute the secret that was so well kept was out. Then there was a scene. Subsequently the landlady took the youth to her husband's tailor, fitted him out with a stylish suit of clothes, and so transformed him that when he took a seat at the dinner-table nobody recognized him. To-day the Michigander is in his uncle's store, getting a start in the desired mercantile line. This fall he will be sent to a business college, city life will rub the farmer off from his appearance, and, if his past does not belie him, he will some day rank among the large merchants of New York.

Muscle vs Brains.

Drop a stone in a stocking, and it is a dangerous weapon with which to strike a man. It is the stocking that hits the man—it is the stone that hurts him. In a lecture the language hits you, but it is the idea that interests you. Some of the relations between brain and muscle are strange and complex. There are problems difficult to solve. Given man—in the the head is the restless power of thought, and in the heart the restless fire of sin. Given society—and we have merciless wrong on the throne, and innocent truth on the scaffold. Given also sin—darkening all homes, disturbing all hearts, dislocating all hopes, blighting all characters, digging all graves. Given a soul—how to find meekness without stupidity, caution without cowardice, courage without rashness. Given man—a felt force. To find the proper balance between muscle and brain is a problem. There is a muscle man and a brain man, and there ought to be harmony, but there is not. Each is struggling for the ascendency. The muscle man on top, and he is an axe, a hoe, a spade. The brain man on top, he thinks, he plans, he guides, and governs. The muscle man is a doer; he fights force at a disadvantage; he lifts with the short end of the lever. The brain man is not a doer; he is an organizer, a combiner of forces. He stands in the centre of the work and makes others do the work. The muscle man is crude material, gross. The brain man is inponderable, intangible, invisible. He sits by our hearth, and makes our homes; the other makes our houses, and makes our roads. One is seen in forms of material things, the other in affections, souls, angels, God! The one is bread; the other is razor. The one is grass; the other is tooth. I propose to be a tooth. You may adjust yourself, and choose your place.

Monument to Andrew Johnson.

NASHVILLE, June 4.—The monument to President Andrew Johnson was unveiled to-day in the presence of 3,000 spectators. Hon. George W. Jones, an intimate politicial friend of Johnson of forty years' standing, and member of Congress before the war, delivered an elaborate oration. The monument is very handsome. It cost $5,000.

Going Courting.

One of the chief compensations of a woman's life is found in the fact that she does not have to go a-courting. It must be confessed that, in these days, the modern belle does her share of the wooing, but she does not have to dress up in a stiff collar, and a pair of boots two sizes too small for her, and walk up to the cannon's mouth of her inamorata's family, consisting of father and mother, and grandmother, and sisters, and inquire, in a trembling voice, "Is Miss Arabella at home?"

Whenever a man goes a-courting everybody seems to know all about it. His demeanor tells the observant spectator the business he is intent upon. He might just as well placard himself with the legend, "I go a-courting."

Everybody is cognizant of it, and looks knowingly, and asks him if the "northern lights were bright last night about one o'clock?" and "how the market is for cream up at Low Blanks?" and other questions equally out of place.

"We have in our family at present," says a contemporary, "a young man who is deeply, we trust successfully, engaged in going a-courting; and our warmest sympathies have been aroused for him. When Sunday afternoon arrives it is plain to see that something is about to happen. Our young man is fidgety and non-communicative, and cannot sit in one place half a minute at a time. He is continually interviewing his watch, and comparing it with the old eight-day clock in the corner. He looks in the glass frequently, and draws his forehead locks first back and then forward, and combs them up and pats them down, and is unsatisfied with the effect throughout.

"The smell of white rose is painfully apparent. When he shakes out his handerchief, musk is perceptible. His boots shine like mirrors. There is a faint odor of caraway seeds in his breath when he yawns. He smoothes his budding moustache with affectionate little pats, and feels his invisible sidewhiskers continually, to make sure they are still there, a fact which is not established to outside observers by the sense or sight. He tries on all his stock of neck ties without finding what is just the thing; and he has spasms of brushing his coat, that commence with violence, and lasts till one grows nervous for fear the broadcloth will never be able to stand it.

"If spoken to suddenly, he starts and blushes, and looks as guilty as if he had been caught stealing something; and directly one does not speak to him, he goes back to the delightful occupation of staring at nothing, and waiting for the hour-hand to creep around to seven. And at seven he sets forth, clean and tidy from top to toe, looking precisely as if he had just stepped out of a band-box." And the rest you all know.

Bridal Costume.

The New York *Times* gives the following description of the bridal costume of Miss Terry, who was married at New York a few days ago to Baron Blanc, Italian Minister to the United States:

The bridal costume was of white satin *a la princesse*, with a long, square, fan-like train. The corsage was cut low and square in front, with a Marie de Medicis collar edged with point d'Alencon lace headed by a vine of embroidered rose-leaves and orange-blossoms. The elbow sleeves were entirely of point d'Alencon, trimmed around just above the fall with twisted folds of satin. The entire front of the skirt was embroidered in rose-leaves frosted with silver, and dotted here and there with beads that glistened in the brilliant gas-light like dew-drops. Commencing at the stomacher, and continuing down the centre to the bottom, was a branch of embroidered roses, with orange-blossoms mingled, representing the famous ceinture royale of the sixteenth century. The continuation of the bodice was drawn back at the sides and draped down the rear of the skirt. This was completely covered with falls of point d'Alencon lace two feet deep. The train was edged with a wide bridal chain, made of convoluted satin folds and thick, narrow knife-plaiting, and it was edged underneath with narrow lace. A long tulle veil floated over this triumph of the modiste's art from a tiara of diamonds, a present from the bride's father, which merits special description. In the rear was a comb surmounted by a coronet, set with 27 1-16 carats of brilliants of the first water. In front of this was a pin composed, first, of a six-pointed star, with two feathers uprising from the sides, and in the centre a winged pompon, set so delicately that it quivered with every motion of the wearer. This fairly blazed in the gas-light, there being no less than thirty-one and one-half carats of diamonds in it, one of of them, a gem, weighing alone four carats. The feathers and pompon are detachable. The former may be worn as shoulder pins, and the latter in any capacity that a single pin may be needed. The star will then serve as a pendant to a necklace. The comb cost $3,000 and the pompon $4,000. Miss Terry also wore a spray of orange-blossoms on the left side of her dark hair. Solitaire diamonds sparkled in her ears. On her bosom flashed an immense brooch of large diamonds, of the style of the fifteenth century, a present from the groom. In her left hand she carried a large bridal bouquet of white flowers.

The Oregon Election.

SAN FRANCISCO, June 5.—A Portland, Oregon, dispatch says:

Additional election returns indicate that John Whittaker, Democrat, has been elected to Congress by a small majority. It is conceded that the Legislature, on a joint ballot, will have a Democratic majority variously estimated at from four to twelve. It is generally admitted that but for the efforts made to force the re-election of Senator Mitchell, the Legislature would have been Republican. The Republicans undoubtedly elect the Secretary of State (R. P. Earhart) and Treasurer (Edward Hirsch). It is believed that C. C. Beekman, Republican, is elected Governor by a small majority.

Here are a few Dutch proverbs; Vind vill prove vich vay der sthraw gows.

Efil vas der whole tree of money in der hands of some peoples

Dhere vas yoost so goot fish in der vasser as dond got pulled right avay out.

Before dot I got married I made an idol of mine frow; now she vas idol all der vhile.

Vhen you saw a pigs mit a sthraw in his mouth, dot besser you got your umbrellas mendet.

AGRICULTURAL.

Sowing Rye Among Corn.

A correspondent, writing in the *Country Gentleman*, strongly recommends the sowing of rye among corn, so that it will make a fall and spring growth for feeding or to be plowed under for green manuring. The writer asserts that he has done this on several occasions. At the last cultivating of corn he sows ahead of the cultivator about 1½ bushels of rye to the acre, which is cultivated at once, and sometimes twice by cross cultivation. The rye will only give a spindling growth until the corn ripens and is taken off, when it will spread and grow rapidly, giving a dense growth before winter. He has had it to commence to stalk up in the fall, keeping the ground so warm that he plowed it under in the winter when the adjoining lands were frozen hard. The ground was greatly benefited. In order to sow among standing corn, go back and forth between every third space. It requires skillful work when the corn is large. The idea is certainly a good one, and ought to aid every enterprising farmer in his plans in securing the best results and largest returns. To clear the ground at cutting time, although very heavy work, and then ploughing and sowing, for late fall or early spring pasturage, it might also do well. Much would depend upon the quality of the soil. If it was of poor quality, it would be benefited by ploughing the crop under. In farming, to make it profitable, there is nothing like keeping the land all the time occupied in doing its best.

How to Milk.

Some milkers seize the root of the teat between the thumb and forefinger, and then drag down until it slips out of their grasp. In this way the teat and udder both are often severely injured. The proper mode of milking is to take the teat in the entire hand, and after pressing it upward, that it may be filled from the capacious milk reservoir above, to compress it first at the base between the thumb and forefinger, then successively by each of the three succeeding fingers until completely emptied. The teat is at the same time gently drawn upon, but any severe traction is altogether unnecessary and highly injurious. The cow should always be milked regularly and the milk entirely drawn off. If the milking is properly and seasonably done there is little danger of disease of the teats or udder. More cows are ruined from faults of this kind than from all other causes, and the readers of the *Rural World* will do well to avoid them.—*Rural World.*

Marine Capture.

Early last Wednesday morning ex-Governor Romulado Pacheco, being out on his yacht Consuelo, his attention was called by the crew to an unusual troubling of the waters near the shore of Angel Island by some monster which the old shellbacks aboard concluded must be a double-barreled swordfish. Mr. Pacheco's keener eye instantly recognized what had been mistaken for swords as the antlers of a magnificent three-year old buck, which had probably just completed the voyage down from the forests of Washington Territory.

Hastily improvising a lasso out of the main halyard, he ordered a boat lowered away, and had himself pulled swiftly to the game. The boat had got to within just sixty-three feet of the buck as it was about to wade out into the stone quaries on the island, when the Governor, rising in the bows, gracefully swung the coiled rope three times around his head, and then cast the deadly loop through the air and over the buck's neck.

The buck abruptly drew the boat ashore, and scattered it and its crew around among the sharp edged rocks, with no special care or regularity, and then started out for a canter with the novel appendage of an ex-Governor. But Mr. Pacheco was powerful, too, and it seemed a very even toss up whether the buck had lassoed Mr. Pacheco or Mr. Pacheco the buck.

At the end of an hour, the buck being pretty well peled, and the ragged edges of Angel Island rock fluttering with remains of Gubernatorial garments, Mr. Pacheco vanquished the brute, which was brought to this city, and presented to the post commandant at Goat Island.

Baptism.

One Sunday morning the roads and lanes leading across Chimborazo Park were filled with persons, white and black, male and female, from the gray-haired sire to the infant in arms, all hurrying in the direction of Gillie's Creek to witness the great baptizing. By ten o'clock A. M., at least 4,000 persons had assembled on the York River Railroad and the surrounding hills, and the long line of new converts, male and female, in twos, arrived on the ground and stood on either side of the stream—males on one side and females on the other. The females were dressed in white, with white turbans around their heads, and the males, with white shirts, and white handkerchiefs around their heads, awaited patiently under the burning sun the arrival of their turn. After the singing of a hymn and a short prayer, the Rev. Scott Gwathmey, accompanied by one of his deacons, stepped down into the water and the baptizing was begun. The females were served first, and they were quickly disposed of to make room for others in waiting. The men outnumbered the women. By 12:30 the ceremony was over, and 233 persons had been immersed by one man. The converts for the most part were very quiet and undemonstrative, but occasionally some manifestation of religious fervor would break out. One old woman, at least seventy years of age, walked on crutches, hobbled to the pool and was among those baptized. She was taken in the arms of a stalwart deacon and borne out to the dressing-room.

Have a Care.

Each mother who thinks on the matter at all believes her own daughter absolutely safe and trustworthy, and we may be sure that the girl does not undeceive her. Whatever others may do, thinks the matron sitting quietly at home while her child is rambling alone across the park to college, or is inspecting her male classmates' drawing in the art school, she is to be trusted to take care of herself. But men could tell strange stories if they would, and in the next generation of mothers will be many women who, taking to heart the risky lessons of their own experience, will keep a sharper watch over their girls than was kept over them, and will distrust the youthful assurance of "safety" which brings back those glowing cheeks and sparkling eyes.—*London Truth.*

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 6th, 1878, when and where all persons interested can attend.

ED. R. 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. 21 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 R. 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 R 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, GEO. W. PILE, Sheriff.
May 18, 1878.

LEGAL NOTICE.

Catharine McGuire by her next friend Charles Menser 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 R. 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 R. 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 S April term 1876. 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., file 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, Frank lin 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 Jenner township, at his late residence on Saturday the 29th of June, 1878, where you may attend if you think proper.

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

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 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 on Saturday, June 8, 1878, at the late residence of deceased in said township.

ISRAEL EMERICK, Administrator.
May 1

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Simon Blubaugh, Administrator, *cum testamento annexo* of John Bancorl, 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.
May 8

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., any beautiful color at HOME, 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 Dyes. Stick of any color sent for 15c.; 3 different colors for 30c. 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 Bugs where Paris Green kills One, yet it is safer to use, and is not injurious to plants. Costs only 20c. 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. Discounts to the Trade.

KEARNEY CHEMICAL WORKS,
P. O. Box 3139. Office, 66 Cortlandt St., New York.

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

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

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

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

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,

TORE,

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 OPENIMG

AT

J. M. HODERBA UM & 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

BIR