THE TENNESSEE BLACKSMITH.

A TALE OF THE REBELLION.

Near the cross roads, not far from the Cumberland mountains, stood the village forge. The smith was a sturdy man of fifty. He was respected, wherever known, for his stern integrity. He served God, and did not fear man—and, it might be safely added, nor the devil either. His courage was proverbial in the neighborhood, and it was a common remark, when wishing to pay any one a high compliment, to say, "He is as brave as old Bradley."

One night, toward the close of September, as he stood alone by the anvil plying his labor, his countenance evinced a peculiar satisfaction as he brought his hammer down with a ponderous stroke on the heated iron. While blowing the bellows he would occasionally pause and shake his head as if communicating with himself. He was evidently meditating upon something of a serious nature. It was during one of these pauses that the door was thrown open and a pale, trembling figure staggered into the shop, and sinking at the smith's feet faintly ejaculated:

"In the name of Jesus protect me!"

As Bradley stooped down to raise the prostrate form, three men entered, the foremost one exclaiming:

"We've treed him at last! There he is! Seize him!" and as he spoke he pointed to the crouching figure.

The others advanced to obey the order, but Bradley suddenly arose, seized the sledge hammer, and brandishing it about his head as if it were a sword, exclaimed:

"Back! Touch him not, or by the grace of God I'll brain ye!"

They hesitated and stepped backward, not wishing to encounter the sturdy smith, for his countenance plainly told them that he meant what he said.

"Do you mean to give shelter to an abolitionist?" fiercely shouted the leader.

"I give shelter to a weak, defenceless man," replied the smith.

"He is an enemy," vociferated the man.

"Of the devil," ejaculated Mr. Bradley.

"He is a spy! an abolitionist hound!" exclaimed the leader, with increased vehemence, "and we must have him. So I tell you Bradley, you had better not interfere. You know you are already suspected, and if you insist upon sheltering him it will confirm it."

"Sus-pect-ed? Suspected of what?" exclaimed the smith, in a firm tone, riveting his gaze upon the speaker.

"Why, of adhering to the North," was the reply.

"Adhering to the North!" ejaculated Bradley, as he cast his defiant glances at the speaker, "I adhere to the North!" he continued. "I adhere to my country—my whole country—and will, so help me God! as long as I have breath," he added as he brought the sledge hammer to the ground with great force.

"You had better let us have him, Bradley, without further trouble. You are only risking your own neck by interference."

"Not so long as I have life to defend him," was the answer. Then pointing to the door, he continued: "Leave the shop." And as he spoke he raised the sledge hammer.

They hesitated a moment, but the firm demeanor of the smith awed them into compliance with the order.

"You will regret this before morning, Bradley," said the leader, as he retreated.

"Go!" was the reply of the smith, as he pointed toward the door.

Bradley followed them menacingly to the entrance of the shop, and watched them until they disappeared. When he turned to go into the shop he was met by the fugitive, who grasped him by the hand, exclaiming:

"Oh! how shall I ever be able to thank you, Mr. Bradley?"

"This is no time for thanks, Mr. Peters, unless it is to the Lord; you must fly the country, and that at once."

"But my wife and children?"

"Mattie and I will attend to them. But you must go to-night."

"To-night?"

"Yes. In the morning, if not before, they will return with a large force and carry you off and hang you on the first tree. You must leave to-night."

"But how?"

"Mattie will conduct you to the rendezvous of our friends. There is a party made up who intend to cross the mountains and join the Union forces in Kentucky. They have to start to-night. They have provisions for the journey, and will gladly share with you."

At this moment a young girl entered the shop and hurriedly said:

"Father, what is the trouble to-night?" Her eyes resting on the fugitive, she approached and in a sympathizing tone continued:

"Ah, Mr. Peters, has your time come so soon?"

This was Mattie. She was a fine rosy girl, just past her eighteenth birthday, and the sole daughter of Bradley's home and heart. She was his all, as his wife had been dead five years. He turned toward her, and in a mild but firm tone exclaimed:

"Mattie, you must conduct Mr. Peters to the rendezvous immediately, then return, and we will call at the parsonage to cheer his family. Quick! No time is to be lost! The blood-thirsty fiends are on the track. They have scented their prey and will not rest until they have secured him. They may return much sooner that we expect. So haste, daughter, and God bless ye!"

This was not the first time Mattie had been called upon to perform such an office. She had safely conducted several Union men, who had been hunted from their homes and sought shelter with her father, to the place designated, from whence they made their escape across the mountains into Kentucky. Turning to the fugitive, she said:

"Come Mr. Peters, do not stand upon ceremony, but follow me."

She left the shop and proceeded but a short distance up the road, and then turning into a by-path through a strip of woods, closely followed by the fugitive. A brisk walk of half an hour brought them to a small house that stood alone in a secluded spot. Here Mattie was received with welcome by several men, some of whom were engaged in running bullets while others were cleaning rifles and fowling pieces. The lady of the house, a hale woman of forty, was busy stuffing the wallets of the men with biscuits. She greeted Mattie very kindly. The fugitive who was known to two or three of the party was received in a bluff, frank spirit of kindness by all, saying they would make him chaplain of a Tennessee regiment when he got to Kentucky.

When Mattie was to return home, two of the party prepared to accompany her, but she protested, warning them of the danger, as the enemy were doubtless abroad in search of the minister. But, notwithstanding, they insisted, and accompanied her until they reached the road but a short distance above her father's shop. Mattie hurried on, but was somewhat surprised upon reaching the shop to find it vacant. She hastened to the house, but her father was not there. As she returned to the shop, she thought she could hear the noise of horses' hoofs clattering down the road. She listened, but the sound died away. Going to the shop she blew the fire into a blaze; then beheld that the things were in great confusion, and that spots of blood were upon the ground. She was now convinced that her father had been carried off, but not without a desperate struggle on his part.

As Mattie stood gazing at the marks of blood, a wagon containing two persons drove up, one of whom, an athletic young man of five and twenty years, got down and entered the shop.

"Good evening, Mattie! Where is your father?" he said. Then observing the strange demeanor of the girl, he continued: "Why Mattie, what ails you? What has happened to you?"

The girls heart was too full for her tongue to give utterance, and throwing herself upon the shoulder of the young man, she sobbingly exclaimed:

"They have carried him off! Don't you see the blood?"

"Have they dared to lay hands on your father? The infernal wretches!"

Mattie recovered herself sufficiently to narrate the events of the evening, when she had finished, he exclaimed:

"Oh, that I should have lived to see the day that old Tennessee was to be thus disgraced! Here, Joe!"

At this the other person in the wagon alighted and entered the shop He was a stalwart negro.

"Joe," continued the young man, "you like your freedom?"

"Well massa John, I wouldn't like very much to lebe you; but den I'd like to be a free man."

"Joe, the white race maintained their liberty by their valor. Are you willing to fight for yours? Ay, fight to death?"

"I'se fight for you any time, Massa John."

"I believe you, Joe. But I have desperate work on hand to-night, and I do not want you to engage in it without prospect of reward. If I succeed I will make you a free man. It is a matter of life and death—will you go?"

"I will, Massa."

"Then kneel down and swear before the everlasting God that, if you falter or shrink the danger, you may hereafter be consigned to everlasting fire!"

"I swear, Massa," said the negro, kneeling. "And I hope that God Almighty may strike me dead if I don't go wid you thro' fire and water and eberything!"

"I am satisfied, Joe," said the master, and turning to the young girl, who had been a mute spectator to this singular scene, continued:

"Now, Mattie, you get in the wagon, and I'll drive down to the parsonage and you remain there with Mrs. Peters and the children, until I bring you some intelligence of your father."

While the sturdy old blacksmith was waiting the return of his daughter the party that had been repulsed had returned with increased number and demanded the minister. A fierce quarrel ensued, which resulted in their seizing the smith and carrying him off. They conveyed him to a tavern half a mile distant from the shop, and there he was arraigned before what was termed a vigilance committee.

The committee met in a long room on the ground floor, dimly lighted by a lamp which stood upon a small table in front of the chairman. In about half an hour after Bradley's arrival he was placed before the chairman for examination. The man's arms were pinioned, but nevertheless, he cast a defiant look upon those around him.

"Bradley, this is a grave charge against you. What have you to say?" said the chairman.

"What authority have you to ask?" demanded the smith, fiercely eyeing his interrogator.

"The authority of the people of Tennessee," was the reply.

"I deny it."

"Your denials amount to nothing. —You are accused of harboring an abolitionist, and the penalty of that act, you know, is death. What have you to say to the charge?"

"I say it is a lie, and the man who uttered such charges against me is a scoundrel!"

"Simpson," said the chairman to the leader of the band that had captured Bradley, and who had now appeared with a large bandage around his head, to bind up a wound which was the result of a blow from the fist of Bradley. "Simpson," continued the chairman, "what have you to say?"

The leader then stated that he had tracked the preacher to the smith's shop and that Bradley had resisted his arrest, and that upon their return he could not be found and that the prisoner refused to give any information concerning him.

"Do you hear that, Bradley?" said the chairman.

"I do. What of it?" was the reply.

"Is it true?"

"Yes."

"Where is the preacher?"

"That is none of your business?"

"Mr. Bradley, this tribunal is not to be insulted with impunity. I again demand to know where is Mr. Peters. Will you tell?"

"No."

"Mr. Bradley, it is well known that you are not only a member but an exhorter in Mr. Peters' church, and, therefore, some little excuse is to be made for your zeal in defending him. He is from the North, and has long been suspected, and is now accused of being an abolitionist and a dangerous man. You do not deny sheltering him, and refusing to give him up. If you persist in this, you must take the consequences. I ask you for the last time if you will inform us of his whereabouts?"

"And again I answer, No."

"Mr. Bradley, there is also another serious charge against you, and your conduct in this instance confirms it. You are accused of giving comfort to the enemies of your country. What have you to say to that?"

"I say it is false, and that he who makes it is a villain!"

"I accuse him of being a traitor, aiding in the cause of the Union," said Simpson.

"If my adherence to the Union merits for me the name of a traitor, then I am proud of it. I have been for the Union, and will be for the Union as long as life lasts."

At these words the chairman clutched a pistol that lay on the table before him and the bright blade of Simpson's bowie knife glittered near Bradley's breast; but before it could make the fatal plunge a swift winged messenger of death, laid him at the feet of the intended victim, while at the same instant, another plunged into the heart of the chairman, and he fell forward over the table, extinguishing the light and leaving all in the darkness.

Confusion reigned. The inmates of the room were panic stricken.

In the midst of the consternation a firm hand rested upon Bradley's shoulder; his bonds were severed, and he was hurried out of an open window. He was again a free man, but was hastened forward into the woods at the back of the tavern, and through them to a road a quarter of a mile distant, then into a wagon, and then driven rapidly off. In half an hour the smith met one of the party at the rendezvous that was to start at midnight across the mountains.

"John," said the smith, as he grasped the hand of his rescuer, while his eyes glistened and a tear coursed down his furrowed cheek, "I should like to see Mattie before I go."

"You shall," was the reply.

In another hour the blacksmith had clasped his daughter to his bosom.

It was an affecting scene—there in that lone house in the wilderness, surrounded by men who have been driven from their homes for their attachment to the principles for which their patriotic fathers fought and bled—the sturdy old smith, type of the heroes of other days, pressing his daughter to his breast, while the tears coursed down his furrowed cheek.

He felt that perhaps it was to be his last embrace; for his resolute heart had resolved to sacrifice his all upon the altar of his country, and he could no longer watch over the safety of his own child. She was to be left to the mercy of the parricidal wretches who were attempting to destroy the country that had given them birth, nursed their infancy, and opened a wide field for them to display the abilities with which nature had endowed them.

"Mr. Bradley," said his rescuer, after a short pause, "as you have to leave the State, it will be necessary, and I have thought that our marriage would better take place to-night."

"Well, John," he said, as he relinquished his embrace and gazed with a fond look at her who was so dear to him, "I shall not object if Mattie is willing."

"Oh, we arranged all that as we went along," replied the young man.

Mattie blushed, but said nothing.

In a short time the hunted down minister was called upon to perform a marriage service in that lone house. It was an impressive scene. Yet no diamonds glittered upon the neck of the bride; no pearls looped up the tresses; but a pure love glowed within her heart as she gave utterance to a vow which was registered in heaven.

Bradley, soon after the ceremony, bade his daughter and her husband an affectionate farewell, and set out with his friends to join others who had been driven from their homes, and were now rallying under the old flag to fight for the Union, and as they had said, "Redeem old Tennessee."

Telegraph Two Hundred Years Ago

Famiano Strada, the celebrated Jesuit, who was born in 1572, in a series of interesting Latin essays, which he published under the title of "Prolusiones," gives a detailed account of a telegraphic means of communication, which, though probably entirely fictitious, is curious from its close resemblance to some methods now in use. It is thus described by Addison in No. 119 of *The Guardian*:

"Strada, in the person of Lucretius, gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain loadstone, which had such a virtue in it that, if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at at the same time and in the same manner. He tells us that two friends, being in each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with four and twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial plate. Then they fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four and twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly, when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed and immediately cast his eye upon his dial plate. If he had a mind to write anything to his friends, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence to avoid confusion. The friend, in the meanwhile, saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at; by this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts."

Here a magnet is used as in the magnetic telegraph of our day, and the dial with its moving needle is precisely like a form of instrument which, though unknown in practical use in this country, is very common in England, and may be found described and illustrated in all books on modern telegraphy and in many school manuals. The writer probably had no more idea that his fancy would ever become a reality than Hood did when he suggested the possibility of such a contrivance as the phonograph.—*Journal of Chemistry.*

Hat Flirtations.

For the past two years there has been a pleasant rivalry among literary people to devise a mode of expressing their thoughts by certain signs and acts, so as to be understood by parties distant. To this end they first conceived the handkerchief flirtation, then the fan, and now the glove each in turn becoming the more popular as they were invented. Among a certain class, however, there was still a vague, uncertain sort of deficiency: a kind of undescribable sort of lacking that failed to cover the ground. A few of our young men had no gloves, and others were without fans, and still a greater number were frequently unprepared to give a creditable handkerchief entertainment by reason of the great washerwoman monopoly which is carried on to such an extent in cities. To meet this long felt want the Champion has designed a flirtation with the hat, which will be duly entered according to Congress as soon as a feasible entrance to Congress can be effected.

In introducing a flirtation with the hat, it has become the experience of many of our most proficient flirters that it is better to raise the hat perpendicularly from the head a few inches that the object of your flirtation may be satisfied of the absence of bricks or other cutaneous substances which are sometimes fatal to the success of your advances. The following are the different interpretations:

To wear the hat on the right eyebrow—Please step to one side—I'm bad.

To wear the hat on the left eyebrow—Are you there, Moriarty?

To wear the hat on the bridge of the nose—We are watched—by the police.

To wear the hat on the right ear—I love you, but livery teams and ice cream are up so that it will be impossible for me to carry on the acquaintance.

To carry the hat in your hand—Your father's financial condition is such that it will not justify me. You need not hope.

To place the hat on the back of the head—I am yours; ask mother.

Horrors of Siberia.

A Russian convict never knows until he reaches Siberia what sort of life is in store for him; for, in pronouncing sentence of hard labor, the judge makes no mention of mines. If the convict has money or influential friends he had better use the time between his sentence and transportation in buying a warrant which consigns him to the lighter kinds of labor above ground; otherwise, he will inevitably be sent under earth, and never again see the sky until he is hauled up to die in an infirmary. The convicts are forwarded to Siberia in convoys, which start at the commencement of spring, just after the snows have melted and left the ground dry. They perform the whole journey on foot, escorted by mounted Cossacks, who are armed with pistols, lances and long whips; and behind them jolts a long string of springless tumbrils, to carry those who fall lame or ill on the way. The start is always made in the night, and care is taken that the convoys shall pass through the towns on their road only after dark. Each man is dressed in a gray kalatan, having a brass number plate fastened to the breast, knee-boots and sheepskin bonnet.

He carries a rug strapped to his back, a mess tin and a wooden spoon at his girdle. The women have black cloaks with hoods, and march in gangs by themselves, with an escort of soldiers, like the men, and two or three female warders, who travel in carts.

In leaving large cities like St. Petersburg, all the prisoners are chained with their hands behind their backs, but their fetters are removed outside the city, except in the case of men who are marked dangerous. These have to wear leg chains of four pounds weight all the way, and some of the most desperate ones are yoked three to a beam of wood which rests on their shoulders, and is fastened to their necks by iron collars. Nobody may approach the men to inspect them. The Cossacks crack their whips loudly to warn persons off, and scamper up and down the line with lanterns tied to their lance-points, which they lower to the ground at every moment to see it letters have been dropped.

Murderers, thieves, Nihilist conspirators, felon clergymen, mutinous soldiers and patriotic Poles, all tramp together, as fast as they can go; and perfectly silent. Then come the women, shivering, sobbing, but not daring to cry out, because of those awful whips.

The Puzzled Miner.

Down in the mine, underneath the ground, a red-shirted laborer, toiled the whole day long, and when evening came he ascended to the mouth of the pit to get a mouth of fresh air and a supper in his cabin. But there had been a tremendous storm during the afternoon. Many a house in Virginia City had been unroofed, and of his own cabin at the head of Carson street, not a vestige remained It had been blown bown, the boards had been scattered far and wide, and not a shingle remained to mark the spot where he had smoked his pipe, fried his potatoes, and played draw-poker, with a dummy. After the fury of the gale had come a heavy fall of snow, and the miner trudging home in the evening, found all things changed. He reached the spot where his cabin had stood when he went to work in the morning, but as he turned aside to walk towards the door he missed the house. Thinking that he had made a mistake, he went farther up the street, and not finding his house, concluded that he must have passed it, and accordingly retraced his steps. Facing about, and noticing the familiar outlines of his neighbor's cabin, he whistled, and finally exclaimed: "What in the deuce has become of my house?" Then one of his neighbors opened a window and consoled him. "I say, you'll find your house down in Seven-mile canon, as it was goin' thar when I last saw it." The dummy lost nothing "in the draw" that night.

A Case of Superstition.

Thomas Grant, a colored man was recently arrested in Baltimore for assault and battery. Before taking him to a cell he was, as is the custom, searched for weapons offensive or defensive. From the depths of his capacious pockets was brought forth a small parcel neatly wrapped in a piece of silk. When opened a finger which had belonged to a human hand was exposed to view. It had evidently been preserved by a preparation of creosote, was hard and dry, and the nail still adhered to it. He explained that it was a dead man's finger, and that he carried it for "luck;" that he paid Julia Maddox, a negress fortune-teller, $5 for it more than a year ago. At the time he purchased it, he says he was out of work, but soon after he obtained employment, and attributed his good fortune to the possession of the dead man's finger. The woman Julia Maddox, a laundress, resides on South Howard, near Lee street, and among her customers are several medical students, through whom Gant thinks, she obtains the dead men's fingers, which she sells to the credulous of her race.

A lazy man's soliloquy: "I would be quite willing to sit up at my meals if I could only lay down at my work."

Bulger Pays his Taxes and Makes a Prognostication.

Bulger went down Saturday to pay his delinquent tax, Bulger said: "I will go voluntarily and be swindled out of some money."

Then he went down to Smithfield street and up into Tom Phelps gorgeous headquarters like a man in a dream. He saw gilded walls and clerks with jewelry and books bound in gilt. He saw chandeliers and Brussels carpet and oiled walnut furniture. Bulger said to himself:

"This whole business in veneering;" then he reflected and said, "and I help to pay for it," and then he reflected again and stated, "because I can't help it."

The Bulger went down into his clothes for his pocket book. It looked as though it had been subjected to a pressure of 17,900 pounds to the square inch, it was so flat.

But it contained all the money Bulger had, and Bulger leaned over the counter and said:

"Where is that whole souled philanthropist whose big heart suffers a pang every time he is necessitated, by stern fate, to collect taxes from a poor man?

"Where is the distinguished person who has inaugurated, according to report an installment plan whereby a man may pay his taxes in fragments? Where is that gentle youth who is so kind that he would rather see a washwoman damned than see her sold out for taxes? I think his name is Tom Phelps."

Then a young man with gilt sleeve buttons arose and said to Bulger:

"What do you want?"

"I am in the delinquent list," said Bulger.

"I apprehend that before long the jail will be uncomfortably crowded, and I would rather not go there. You may regard me if you please as a willing victim. I will pay up; I have the remnant of my fortune here in this pocket-book."

The young man opened a ponderous volume, and after some cogitation said:

"Five dollars and two cents for water tax, and ten dollars for advertising; total fifteen dollars and two cents."

Bulger leaned his elbows on the counter and said: 'Two cents being about what I ought to pay, I presume the fifteen dollars goes to the poor."

"Perhaps," said the clerk, dreamily.

"Shall I make you out a receipt?"

"You shall," said Bulger, "and I would like to borrow a microscope, if you have one, in order to ascertain if there are anything left in my pocket-book."

"We have none," said the young man.

"Never mind," remarked Bulger, cheerfully, "If there's anything there, my wife will find it; but say, don't you think it would have been cheaper for you fellows to have brought a Bullock press and done your own printing?"

"It makes no difference to us what it costs," returned the young man?"

"I had not thought of that," exclaimed Bulger, smiting his brow. "Singular, I did not think of that. When I come to think of it, *see*, the people, have to pay for the printing."

"Exactly," said the young man with a sweet smile.

"Well, now," said Bulger, 'here's a funny thing. You don't have to pay for it, and it makes no difference to us what it costs. See?"

"I cant say I do," remarked the young man, with a troubled expression.

"I am sorry," said Bulger. "It's a remarkable thing, and if you could put yourself in my place you would see it in half a minute," and Bulger put his receipt into his empty pocket-book and placed his empty pocket-book in his empty pocket and remarked to the young man, "God bless you," and went out. When he got half way down the stairs a thought struck Bulger and he came back.

"Hi", said he to the young man.

"Well, said the young man.

"We have some nice legislators now," said Bulger.

"There are some fine gentlemen in the legislature," answered the young man.

There are a good many fine onse there," said Bulger.

"Yes."

"But they'll nver go back there any more," said Bulger.

"No?" inquired the young man.

"No," returned Bulger, "never, no more in this world." And then Bulger went away from the gilt and the glitter and the veneer, to try to borrow enough money to buy a ham and a sack of flour.

Beware of Old Smoking-Pipes.

Nicotin is not the only poisonous substance in tobacco. It has been found that in old smoking pipes two other poisonous compounds are connected—namely, pyridin and picolin. The cause of the investigation was the death of a child who had been blowing soap-bubbles from an old, dirty pipe. It was first put down as a case of nicotin poisoning, but further investigation showed the correctness of the researches of Vohl and Eulenburg in regard to the poisonous effects of what they call the pyridian series, a product of the dry distillation of tobacco, which acts by paralyzing the respiratory nerves, and causes death by exhaustive convulsions, terminating in total asphyxia; so it was concluded that the child did not die from nicotin, but from pyridin. This view may be all the same to the public, but it is not the same to the physician and chemist, whose duty it is to ascertain the correct causes of disease and death, in order to profit by this knowledge for the benefit of mankind.

Why He Stopped His Paper.

Yesterday morning a heavy browed man, with the tramp of a dragoon, strode into the business office of the *Hawkeye* and ordered his paper stopped. It was stopped right on a hyphen, never waited to finish out the sentence. The man waited a moment to give the manager an opportunity to ask "why!" but the manager went on answering a letter from the Emperor of China relative to the terms of the daily and special advertising rates, and didn't seem to take much interest in anything else Finally the man broke out, "I know when I am insulted, if I am poor. Here was me, takin' this paper nigh onto eleven year, and when my daughter Sal was married last week, you must go and call her S-a-r-a-h. We don't put on so much style as some folks, but it gravels us just as bad to be called out of our honest names." And the indignat subscriber, refusing to listen to any apologies or explanations, went up to Marion Hall and joined the Democrats.

A life preserver—A doctor.

The Wild Watermelon.

"Look yer boy," said Uncle Remus yesterday, stopping near the railroad crossing on Whitehall street and gazing ferociously at a small colored youth, who does Lewis Clark's outside business. "Look yer boy, I'll lay yer out flat ef you come flingin' yo' watermelon rimes under my feet—you watch ef I don't. You k'n play yo' pranks on dese 'ere w'ite folks, but w'en you come a cuttin' up you capers roun' me yo'll lan' right in de middle uv er spel er sickness—now you mind w'at I tell you. An' I ain't gwine fer ter put up wid none er yo' sassness, nudder—let 'lone flingin' watermillion rimes whar I kin git mixt up wid um. I done had 'nuff watermillions yistidy an' de day befo'."

"How was that, Uncle Remus?" asked a gentleman who was standing near.

"Hit wuz sorter like dis boss. Las' Chuesday Mars John he fotched home two er dese yer Flurriday watermillions, an' him an' Miss Sally ain't got nuthing dat's too good fer me an' de fuss news I know'd, Miss Sally wuz a hollerin fer Remus—. I done smelt de watermillion on de a'r, an' I ain't got no better sense dan fer to go w'en I hears w'ite folks a hollerin—I learnt dat w'en I wuzzent so high.

Leastways I galloped up to de back po'ch, an' der sot de watermillions des ez natchul ez ef dey'd er bin raised on de ole Spivey place in Putmon county. Den Miss Sally she cut me off ere slishe—wun er dese yer ongodly slishes big ez yo' hat, and I sot down on de steps an' wrop myse'f roun' de whole blessid chunk, 'cepin' de rime." Uncle Remus paused and laid his hand upon his stomach as if he was feeling for something.

"Well, old man, what then?"

"Dat's wa't I'm a gettin' at, boss," said Uncle Remus, smiling a feeble smile. "I'santered roun' 'bout half hour an' den I begin fer ter feel sorter squeemish—sorter like I done bin and swoller'd 'bout fo' poun's off'n de ruff eend uv er scantlin'. Look like ter me dat I wuz gwinter be sick, an' den hit looked like I wuzzent. Bimeby a little pain showed 'is head and sorter m'andered round like he wuz lookin' fer a good place fer ter ketch holt, an' den a great big pain jump up an' take arter de little one and chase 'im roun' an' roun', an' he mus er kotch um, case bimeby de big pain ratch down an' grab dis yer lef' leg—so—an' haul um up, an' den he retch down an' grab de udder one an' pull him up, an den de war begun sho nuff Foer mighty nigh fo' hours dey kep' up dat racket, an des ez soon ez er little pain 'ud jump up de big un 'ud light onto it an' gobble it up, an' den de big un 'ud go sailin' roun' huntin' fer mo'. Some folks is mighty cu's dough, Nex' mornin' I hear Miss Sally laughin' an' singin'an' a w'istlin' des like dey want no watermillions raised in Flurridy. But Mars Lewis better pen dis yer nigger boy up w'en I'n in de town—I kin tell you dat"—*Atlantic Constitution.*

He'd Rather Walk.

Apropos of the lately renewed and regenerated lie by Mark Twain about his father and the old Queen Ann musket comes one from the country of the same style and calibre. The old man Smith of Richfield is a self-sufficient sort of an old fellow, and prides himself upon his riding abilities. One day he spied his young hopeful leading a colt to water rather gingerly, and remarked: "Why on earth don't you ride that beast?"

"I'm 'fraid to; 'fraid he'll throw me."

"Bring that horse here," snapped the old man. The colt was urged up to a fence, and braced one on side by the boy while the old man climbed on the colt's back. Then he was let go, and the old gentleman rode proudly off. Paralyzed with fear the colt went slowly for about twenty rods without demonstration, then like lightning his four legs bounced together, his back bowed like a viaduct arch, and the old man shot up in the air, turned seven separate distinct somer-saults, and lit on the small of his back in the middle of the road with both legs twisted around his neck. Hastening to him the hopeful anxiously inquired:

"Did it hurt you, pa?" The old man rose slowly, shook out the knot in his legs, brushed the dust from his ears and hair, rubbing his bruised elbows, growled: "Well, it didn't do me a dum bit of good. You go home!"

With a Pot of Beer.

In 1850, the tide of political passion was still running very high, Bismarck went one day into a tavern at Berlin to take a glass of beer. A man near him, feeling himself supported by the presence of his friends, began to abuse a member of the royal family. Bismarck looked at him, and siad quietly, "If you have not left this room before I've finished my beer, I'll break this pot over your head." He then emptied his glass very deliberately, and as the man took no heed of the warning he did as he had threatened. He went up to the fellow and knocked him about the head with the pot till he fell, now lying on the ground. Bismarck then asked the waiter, "How much for the glass?" and, having paid for it, he walked away leisurely, without any one having dared to molest him. Even at that time he was already a man of some political standing, and the acknowledged leader of the Conservative Party; but true to his principles, he always took the offensive, attacking his adversaries wherever he met them, and with all weapons.—*Blackwood's Magazine*

Green gages—Rural love tokens.

We could all rise with the lark if we had wings.

Were brewers the first Sons of Malt—eh?

A lady friend is so strong an anti Baptist that she won't even use dipped candles.

A fair Nebraska maiden spent two hours, circus day, trying to get a bushel of feet into a peck of shoes.

He was from the country, and he came down town for the first time. As he looked at the telegraph wires he said:

"Why do yov make your iron fences so high?"

"What straits are the most perilous?" asked the Sunday school superintendent, and a little boy spoke up promptly, "Whisky straights!" And the boy was right.

There are two brothers in West Hill who are so much alike that they cannot tell each other apart; and one day last week, when John was raging like a volcano with the toothache, Henry went down to Dr. Wilson's and had six teeth pulled.

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones; for medical or other compounds, trade-marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringements, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to. Inventions that have been REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and engaged in Patent business exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington. INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations and advise as to patentability, free of charge. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

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Feb. 6

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Janney & Andrews,

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Grocers & Produce Commission Merchants

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PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Aug 7

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Address the Principal,
JONATHAN JONES, A. M.,
Dec 6. Mt. Pleasant, Pa

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Catherine Phillippi, late of Milford Tp., 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, Sep. 7, 1878, at the late residence of said deceased, when and where he will attend for the purpose.

GEORGE W. CURLEY,
July 31 Administrator.

PUBLIC SALE.

In pursuance of an order granted by the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, the undersigned Assignee of Valentine J. Miller, will offer for sale on the premises, on tract No. 1, in Quemahoning township, on

Saturday, August 24, 1878,

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, viz:

No. 1. Home farm containing 161 acres more or less, situate in Quemahoning Twp., adjoining lands of W. H. Miller, Samuel J. Miller, Harry Shaffer and others, with Swiss barn, dwelling house and other outbuildings thereon erected, fine orchard of fruit trees, with 60 acres in meadow, 145 acres clear and in good state of cultivation.

No. 2. Also a farm known known as the Wilt farm, containing 121 acres, adjoining Jacob S. Miller, Harry Shafer and others, in Quemahoning township, of which 100 acres are clear, 25 acres in meadow, with house and barn thereon erected.

No. 3. Also a farm known as the Spangler farm, in Quemahoning township, containing 115 acres, adjoining lands of Franklin Barnhart, Jacob S. Miller and others of which 100 acres are clear, 20 acres in meadow, with house and barn thereon erected.

No. 4. Also a farm known as the Smith farm, in Somerset township, containing 100 acres adjoining lands of Herman Shaffer, Franklin Barnhart and others, with dwelling house, stable and other buildings thereon erected; 90 acres are clear and 10 acres in meadow.

No. 5. Also a tract of land taken from the Ephraim Shaffer farm in Somerset township, containing 42 acres, adjoining lands of Josiah Good, Harry Shaffer and the Wilt farm, all of which is clear and under a good state of cultivation.

These farms are within one mile of the Cheese Factories of Sage, Burrell & Co.

TERMS.—One-third in hand, on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from day of sale, with interest on deferred payments from day of sale.

The Assignee will give additional information to persons desiring to purchase.

W. H. MILLER,
July 24 Stoystown, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., there will be sold at public sale, on the premises, in Friedensburg, in said county, on

Saturday, August 24, 1878,

the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1. A lot or piece of ground situate in the town of Friedensburg, Somerset Co., Pa., bounded on the north by land of Samuel S. Snyder, on the east, south and west by public roads, containing about 60 perches; the improvements are a one and a half story dwelling house, stable, wood-house and other buildings; late the residence of Gabriel G. Walker, dec'd.

No. 2. A lot or piece of improved land adjoining the Lutheran Church lot in said town of Friedensburg, containing about 1 acre.

No. 3. Lots Nos. 11 and 12 in the western part of said town of Friedensburg, containing about ½ acre.

No. 4. A tract of wood land situate in said town of Friedensburg, adjoining lands of Wm. A. Barnhart, Frederick Smith and others, containing 4 acres.

Sale to commence at 1 o'clock P. M. of said day.

TERMS.—Ten per cent. on day of sale; one third of balance on the 1st of April 1879, one-third on the 1st of April 1880, and one-third on the 1st of April 1881.

D. P. SHAVER,
July 31 Adm'r of Gabriel G. Walker, dec'd.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Manoah Tannehill, Sarah Lingenfeld, Elizabeth, intermarried with William Shaw, Joseph Tannehill, all of Somerset Co., Pa.; Margaret J., Harriet, Minerva, James and Clemantine, children of Alpheus Tannehill, dec'd., residing in Rossville, State of Iowa, Wm. Tannehill residing in the State of Missouri, and Catherine Beverage, residing in the State of Maryland.

You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphan's Court to be held at Somerset, on Monday the 26th day of August 1878, to accept or refuse the real estate of Josiah Tannehill, dec'd, at the appraised price, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

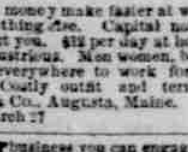
Sheriff's Office, July 15, 1878. GEO. W. PILE, Sheriff.

Do you want to make some money?

If so here is your chance. Competent Agents Male or Female want to sell the **Rotary Seive.** The most Convenient Article for Domestic use, for the purpose designed ever invented. It scoops, sifts, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Rice etc.

Over 100 Agents are now engaged in selling them in the west. Territory eagerly taken wherever offered, so apply early. For particulars address,

C. M. WHITE,
Gen. Agt. West. Penna. Pittsburgh, Pa.



C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one at once, would do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he in his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes.
May 29

You can money make faster at work for us than at anything else. Capital not required; we will start you. $12 per day at home made by the industrious. Men women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. Costly outfit and terms free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine.
March 27

BEST business you can engage in. $5 to $20 per day made by any worker of either sex right in their own localities. Particulars and samples worth $5 free. Improve your spare time at this business. Address Stinson & Co., Portland Maine.
March 27

$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

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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

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July 24

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