SOMEBODY'S MOTHER.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of a winter's day;
The street was wet with a recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.
She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng
Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.
Down the street with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"
Came the boys like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.
Past the woman so old and gray,
Hasted the children on their way,
Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir
Lest the carriage wheels or the horse's feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.
At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;
He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."
Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,
He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong:
Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.
"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged and poor and slow;
And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,
If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."
And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head
In her home that night, and the prayer she said
Was: "God be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy."

—*Harper's Weekly.*

BOTH LOST AND FOUND.

"Joshua," said farmer Easton's wife, looking up from her knitting, hadn't you better fix up the fire a little? It's getting cold, and we ought to keep it warm for Nellie; she'll be well nigh frozen agin she gets home."

"I tell you, mother," said the old man, laying aside his weekly paper, over which he had been nodding for some time, and beginning to rake out the bed of red-hot coals, preparatory to putting on a log; "I don't much like the idea of our Nell a galavanting around the country with that young city chap. It must be nigh on to ten o'clock and they not come from singing-school yet."

"Hark Joshua, I believe I hear 'em a coming now," said the wife, inclining her head forward, and listening intently while the silvery chime of the sleigh-bells, ringing out upon the still night air, came nearer and nearer and stopped at last in front of the house.

"Yes, that's them; go unbar the door, father, and let 'em in."

Nellie Easton was the only child of these plain but well-to-do people. They had given her every advantage, and she was now an accomplished, fascinating girl. She was of medium height, inclined to be petite in form, had an alluring face, with a low, broad brow, from which were pushed back clustering masses of nut brown hair. Her eyes were grey, as possessed the power of showing to a wonderful extent the feelings of the owner.

The "city chap" was Lloyd Whitlow, who was a model of masculine beauty, was thoroughly educated, and passed among those who knew him as "a very good sort of a fellow." He had come in the early summer-time to fish and hunt in that wild and quiet country place; he had met sweet Nellie Easton, won her heart, and had given her the keeping of his own. His home was in a distant city, with an aged, eccentric uncle, who had made him heir to his vast estates; threatening, however, to change the will if he heard of Lloyd's attempting to marry before he, the uncle died.

Nellie was one of those kind of women who would be true to the death to the man she loved; so, for fear of ruining Lloyd's prospects, she would not even let her parents know how affairs stood between them. The moon was shining brightly, and Mr. Easton opened the door in time to see Nellie's lover kiss her goodnight, jump in his sleigh and drive off. The girl stood and watched him down the lane, out into the high-road, up the little hill and out of sight.

"My goodness! Nellie, do come in," called the father, impatiently. "You 'll freeze to death out there."

The girl turned and walked slowly down the narrow, snowy path to the house, went in, sat down before the blazing fire in a listless sort of a way so unnatural to her that the mother asked:

"What's the matter, Nellie."

"Nothing, mother," with an attempt to smile, and added, in the next breath:

"Mr. Whitlow is going home tomorrow."

"Hope he'll stay there," growled the old farmer. "This thing of having a beau," he went on, viciously poking the fire, "that can't never marry yer till he steps in a dead man's shoes don't suit me. You'd enough sight better take Hez Sambatch. He'll do a good part by yer."

"Father," said Nellie, going behind the old man's chair, and putting her arms about his neck, "I'll never marry Hez. Why need I marry any one? Can't I stay here with mother and you?"

"You needn't talk that way, little girl," said the father, kissing the face so close to his; you'll never end yer days on the farm. But go to bed now; it's getting on toward midnight."

So Nellie went; went and dreamed of the letter which she was going to get from Lloyd next mail-day; of the letter which did not come. The lonely hours of many long and bitter days slowly faded away, and the shadows of many evenings gathered about Nellie, until the days and evenings formed weeks, and the weeks changed into months; and still waiting was poor Nellie Easton to hear from her absent lover. Time after time had she written to him, and only ceased to write when she learned by inquiry that he had crossed the ocean with his uncle.

In the little world around the Eastons affairs went on about the same as ever; a heart was breaking in their midst, but so quietly did the operation proceed that very few took note of it. There were the usual amount of quilting-bees, wool-pickings and apple-cuttings.

At all these Nellie had before been the reigning belle. Good Mrs. Easton was at loss to know why her neighbors of late so often forgot to include her daughter's name in their invitations to her.

"It's sheer envy I believe," she would say to Nellie, "because that young Whitlow picked you above 'em all to wait on."

"I wish to mercy," she would add to herself, "that she'd never set eyes on him, though; for I never did see such a change in a girl. She's a mourning herself in the grave after him."

Mrs. Easton decided to go a quilting and log-rolling one day, to which her daughter had not been invited, in order that she might tell her friends what she thought of their conduct. She could not get the chance she wanted until they sat down to supper.

"Have a piece of cake, Miss Simpkins!" she said, passing a leaf to her neighbor. "It looks enough like the kind Nellie bakes to be good. Taint many that can beat my girl, if I do say it myself, about doing most anything."

The mother looked up and down the table, expecting to see shame depicted on her friends' faces for having slighted her daughter; instead she only read looks of pity from some, and of confusion from the rest. Their looks provoked the mother still more.

"And I tell you, one and all," she continued, wrathfully, "if I do say it myself agin, that Nellie Easton is jest as good as any of yer girls, if yer did forgit to invite her to-day."

"There, there, mother Easton," said Mrs. Simpkins in a soothing tone, "I wouldn't say more about it. We all liked Nellie, and used to think well of her."

"And why don't yer now?" she asked, shoving back from the table. "Is it because yer all envy her so?"

"Come here a minute Mrs. Easton," called the hostess, getting up and going into the next room.

The woman whispered a few words in the mother's ear, which sent her staggering across the room like one drunken. Not one word did she utter, but went to the door, beckoned out her husband, and hurried on out of the house ahead of him. When he caught up to her and asked what was wrong, he scarcely recognized the voice that answered:

"Our Nellie has gone astray!"

"It's a lie!" thundered the old man.

The mother was silent. Incident after incident came thronging back to her, which, put together, made an unbroken chain of evidence against her daughter.

Farmer Easton went up alone to his child; she was lying on the lounge asleep. A picture of Lloyd Whitlow was on the floor, where it had fallen out of her hand.

"Nellie!" called the father, shaking her, "Nellie, wake up!"

She opened her eyes and looked around bewildered.

"Say, Nellie," said the old man, in a high, harsh voice, "Do you know what people are saying about you?"

An ashy pallor crept over her face, but she made no answer.

"They say, Nell, that you are to become a mother to Lloyd Whitlow's child. It's not so, is it, Nell?"

There was a chord of grief in the old man's voice that did not escape Nellie's notice. It added to her unutterable anguish. With a moan of pain, like a wounded animal at bay, she threw herself upon the floor, hiding her face over the picture of the man that had brought all this upon her.

"Why don't you speak, girl? Is this thing true?"

Still no answer.

"You needn't lie groveling there, if it is. This house can't shelter such as that," said the old man, white with rage.

The words reached the poor half-stunned creature, who rose and passed from her father's presence out into the raging storm and piercing cold, alone and unprotected.

Mrs. Easton heard the loud tones of her husband, and, determined to shield her daughter, hurried to her room. The father was alone.

"Where's Nellie?"

Mr. Easton pointed out of the open door.

"Oh, father how could you turn our child out on such a night as this? You and I could scarcely make it home, and we came such a little way. And she will seek no shelter. Oh, my child! my child!"

"Nellie!" she shrieked, running out of the house, down the lane to the highway: "Nellie, come back!"

In vain the mother called and called. Hurrying back to the house, she grasped her husband by the arm and said, in a voice that he felt compelled to obey:

"We must go back to the house we just came from and get the men to search for her. She can't get very far away in this storm."

And so, within two hours, she was found; found on the road-side, insensible, and not many minutes too soon, either. Most of those who saw her when she was brought to the house where the gathering had been that day—it being the nearest shelter—thought her dead. There was not one in all that crowd whose heart did not ache over the sufferings of the poor girl and the agony of the parents.

Nellie's eyelids pressed down so heavily upon the white cheeks that Death himself might have laid his eternal seal on, were raised at last, and the gray eyes, with their untold depths of sorrow, rested upon the crowd of faces about her. She turned her head away, and reaching toward her mother, sobbed: "I have suffered so much, Oh, mother, mother, why didn't you let me die?"

And then, after a little pause, she added:

"I will tell you now. It seemed such a shallow story that I could not tell you before, not even to-night, when father was so angry. And I knew that you would all say such hard things about Lloyd; and I felt as though I could not bear it; so I have kept putting it off until now. Early last fall Lloyd took me to the city, and we were married by a friend of his, whose name I do not remember. We both decided to keep our marriage a secret as long as we could. When we found it must be told Lloyd said he would go first and confess to his Uncle, hoping thus to be forgiven, and he would return for me. If his uncle cast him off we were to tell you and then ask for a home on the farm. He has never come back; never answered one of my letters. On inquiry I learned that he was traveling in Europe. Where he is now I cannot tell."

"Lloyd! Oh, Lloyd!" the poor thing sobbed, "you have forsaken me, but I cannot hate you. You have made my name a by-word among my friends, but I love you still; and, father and mother, forgive me, but I would leave you both to-night and follow him to the uttermost part of the earth to hear him say once more, as he used to, Nellie, little wife, I love you.' But I shall never see him again. I gave that up long ago. If I could only give up this terrible heartache. But it will stay with me till I die. And oh! father, mother, how I wish I were dead now."

Several months afterwards, at Nellie's urgent appeals, Farmer Easton decided to sell out and take his daughter and her child from the place where she had been so unhappy. So they found a home in the West. There the old man met loss after loss until Nellie began to realize that she would have to support the family with her own earnings. She tried sewing, and failed at it; gave music lessons and failed at that.

"Try the stage," a friend advised one day.

"Don't laugh at me," said Nellie.

"I am in earnest," urged the friend. "I discovered long ago that you possessed rare natural gifts as an impersonator; your voice is of remarkable compass and flexibility; your play of features is something wonderful. You are young, have a fine figure, and a bewilderingly pretty face."

"Anything more?"

"Yes, plenty; but that is enough for this time. I know a friend that can get you in. You'll be apt to be at the bottom round, but 'you'll climb.'"

She got an engagement, and—she climbed. A year after she burst upon the theatrical world in a distant city as a star, and a brilliant one, it was, too. She was praised and petted; received offers for her heart and hand, and offers for heart without her hand. Through all of which she remained a good daughter, a devoted mother and a pure woman; and—still loved Lloyd Whitlow. One night there was a crowded house to see her play a part in which she was perfect. She was to personify a "Forsaken Wife."

Before it was time for her to appear in her part, she recognized in one of the boxes the face of Lloyd Whitlow—the husband whom she had not seen for nearly three years. She did not shriek or faint; she was to good an adept at controlling her feelings to do either. Her first sensation was unutterable joy. Not once did she think of the years of suffering he had meted out to her. She only thought: "Will he know me in my new position and name? Will he love me and come back to me?" And then she remembered what a penchant he had for actresses in the old times, and then she thought, with a thrill of pleasure, "I believe he will be proud of me."

A friend at her elbow looked to see who it was that had attracted Nellie to such an unusual degree. Seeing who it was, she put up her hands playfully before her face, saying:

"No use in looking that way; he's bound fast. That is Mr. Whitlow, and the lady with him is his wife. Is she not a beauty?"

Nellie looked, and saw now what she had not seen before, a woman, ravishingly beautiful and magnificently dressed, sitting by his side. She turned fiercely to her informant, and asked:

"How do you know she is that man's wife?"

"Because I was introduced to Mrs. Whitlow to-day at a friend's house. She was married to him abroad, after the death of his uncle, who left him a large fortune. I did not see her husband, but I take it for granted the gentleman with her is Mr. Whitlow."

"Yes," hissed Nellie, "it is Mr. Whitlow."

"Look," said the friend, he is leaving her already; not very devoted, is he?"

"Thank God," whispered the poor woman. "Oh, if he could only stay away. How can I act before him? And fail? Heavens! I would rather die than fail to-night!"

The curtain fell on the first act; she had made herself *en rapport* with the audience.

The curtain fell on the second. She had made in this such a finished piece of acting that she had completely won the hearts of her audience, who were enthusiastic over her.

The one all absorbing thought with Nellie, between acts, was: "If she will only stay away!"

At the close of the third act Lloyd re-entered the box. Nellie knew it without looking at him. She felt his presence. The curtain fell. She never knew whether she was applauded or not. If she was, she did not hear it. She had not got off the stage when she realized that she was being clasped by a pair of strong arms.

Lloyd Whitlow's face was above hers, kissing her lips, her brow, her eyes, over and over again. Unmindful of the lookers on, behind the curtain, he called her by all the endearing, pet names that she remembered in the olden times.

A shiver of exquisite joy ran through poor Nellie's frame. She was delirious with rapture. What happiness to know that the arms encircling her were Lloyd's arms; that his breath was on her cheeks, his dear eyes looking down with the old look of love into hers. But it must not last. Heavens! could she tear herself away from this man, whom she had so long idolized? From this man who was the father of her boy? And then she thought of his beautiful wife sitting within a few feet of them, but out of sight, and the thought maddened her.

"Unhand me, sir!" she hissed, "or I will scream aloud for help;" she sprang away from him like an enraged tigress, to appear the next second on the stage to go through the last act of the wife's desertion. And didn't she act it gloriously? She was not off the stage until just before the the close of the act, and then only for a minute.

The friend that she had been talking with before the play commenced came running up to her and asked:

"Why didn't you tell me, Nellie, that Mr. Whitlow was your friend? I have found out all about them now. That lady was Mrs. Whitlow, but her husband is cousin to your friend, the one accompanying her. Your friend was disinherited for some cause, and his cousin got all his fortune, but, like a good fellow, divided with him, and they are both rich and travelling together."

Nellie went back to take up her part. Her dramatic husband was to appear at a distance. She was to stretch out her arms to him, and by the silent eloquence of the act was to invite him back to her.

She could not help what she did instead. Her arms would reach out toward that private box, and her lips would murmur, "Lloyd, my husband, come back to me." There was a world of exquisite eloquence in the action. Lloyd Whitlow had the beautiful actress in his arms once more in less time than i can tell it, and that curtain never fell on a prettier tableau. Storm after storm of applause awakened every echo in the building. The denouement of the play puzzled the crowd, but they enjoyed it all the same.

Within an hour, Lloyd Whitlow had his boy in his arms, and Nellie was at his feet, holding tight one hand, listening to his explanations.

It took a couple that loved each other as well as Lloyd and Nellie did, several hours to go over it all. There were ejaculations and self-condemnations and "Oh, how I love you's," and rapturous kisses and "sich" without end.

All that we need to know is, that when Lloyd left Nellie to get absolution the crafty uncle promised him, on condition that he would go with him as travelling companion for six months. Lloyd wrote to Nellie explaining and telling her to publish their marriage, and that whenever she wanted him to return he would leave. That letter and all the letters written by these two were intercepted by a hired agent. Lloyd not being able to endure his wife's long silence, forfeited his fortune and came home. The uncle's excuse was that he had suffered on account of them; now let them suffer a while on account of him.

Lloyd found his wife gone. None could tell him where. His cousin, as we know, divided a fortune with him, and a good part of it Lloyd had spent seeking his wife. He found her by accident or Providence, and intends to keep her.

"You have been playing a sad drama," said Lloyd, "off the stage and on."

"Yes," said Nellie, "Lost and Found."

"Thank God it is over, little wife."

Nellie left the stage. The world "lost" a star, and Lloyd Whitlow "found" a wife.

The Brig Somers.

There died recently Oliver H. Perry, not a son of the famous Commodore Perry, as has been stated, but some relative, and distinguished chiefly as having been on the United States brig Somers in 1842, when young Spencer was illegally executed by Lieutenant Mackenzie and his boy subordinates.

Young Perry was Lieutenant Mackenzie's nephew and clerk. The brig was a small, crank craft, and was a sort of school ship, the subordinate officers being young midshipmen. Spencer was seventeen, a son of John C. Spencer, of New York, Secretary of the Treasury. It was said of young Spencer, as of many, that he had been a wild boy. He had crudely sketched a plan to seize the brig and turn pirate. It was like the fancies familiar to boys who read novels of bold pirates and highwaymen.

It was so crude, absurd and impracticable, and without support, that to any man in his senses it would appear only the indulgence of a boyish conceit.

The paper was in some way shown to Mackenzie, and he worked himself and youthful subordinates into the idea of a planned conspiracy to murder them all and convert the brig into a pirate.

Words in dog Latin were mixed with English in this paper, which made it the more fearful. In the hands of Mackenzie, these youths were not responsible for what they assented to.

He excited himself and them with the theatrical spectacle of a grand court-martial, in which they were to sit as judges of life and death, and as saviors of the ship and of their professional honor.

By the law they should have landed the accused at the first port, if not safe to bring them to the United States, and they were not far from St. Thomas, but they could not forego their dramatic performance.

So the lieutenant and his boys formed a court-martial and sentenced Spencer and a couple of young hands named Cromwell and Small, and then the crew was made to hang them by hauling them by the neck up to the yard-arm. It was a most pitiful murder, done from a mixture of fright and romantic exultation. When they got home they reported their heroic rescue of the brig in their own way, giving a frightful picture of murder and piracy, and so they prepossessed the public ear. A court of inquiry was held, but Mackenzie and the youths who had done the deed under his influence were the witnesses, and they made the situation frightful enough. So nothing came of it. The answer agreed upon by all to the question why they did not deliver Spencer at St. Thomas to be held for trial was, that it would dishonor the United States Navy to call on a foreign power.

The following is the way this mock heroic answer is related of Perry, who was then a mere boy:

"He has lived in my recollection because of his noble reply to the Court of Inquiry when asked if Spencer, Cromwell and Small could not have been kept in irons and delivered to the British naval commander at St. Thomas, a few days' sail from the place of execution. Perry answered, 'Perhaps they could.'

"Then,' said the court, 'why did you vote for their death?' 'Because,' said Perry, 'I thought if an American man-of-war couldn't protect herself there would be no use in having any!' The reply was worthy of his race."

And so Perry goes into history as a hero for this boyish, affrighted, theatrical killing of three innocent persons, and bringing this terrible calamity upon one of the most eminent families of the country.

Ranged Hair and Close Dresses.

A correspondent of the *Woman's Journal* furnishes the following, a persual of which is recommended to ladies who follow the ridiculous fashions to which the writer alludes to:

Every day I meet in the streets of Boston young ladies, who would otherwise look intelligent, reduced to the appearance of idiocy by a peculiar method of combing the hair down over the forehead. This hideous deformity is evidently copied from the patients of lunatic asylums and schools for the feeble minded.

The effect is shocking. Although not fastidious, I shrink from these ladies as children shrink from a hideous mask.

Is it a protest against being considered strong-minded that the young women thus assume the garb of idiocy? I am told that a lady thus degraded is said to have her hair "banged." But it seems to me that her sanity must be badly banged to thus deform herself.

The present hot weather is made more intolerable by the spectacle of women with dresses which cling to their forms with a closeness positively indelicate—dresses drawn back by some strange attachment behind, which fetters every movement. If the "banged" young woman has made my blood run cold, the pulled-back lady throws me into a profuse perspiration out of sympathy with her self-inflicted martyrdom. Will the ladies of the New England Woman's Club kindly inform me why women thus make guys of themselves?

Outrageous Murders.

MEMPHIS, Oct. 21.—Intelligence was received this afternoon of two murders committed in this county under the following alleged circumstances:

A party of white men on last Friday night entered a dwelling of a negro living on the farm of George H. Millington, near Glencoe, Tenn., a town 15 miles north of this city, and killed him while lying in bed with his wife and children. The verdict of the Coroner's jury was, he came to his death from gun and pistol shot wounds inflicted by one Hill and McCain. McCain was arrested, but Hill fled and was pursued by J. L. Tally, constable, and a posse of three men, who overtook Hill the following morning at Cuba, Tenn., five miles distant from the scene of the murder. They attempted to arrest the fugitive, who, drawing two pistols, defied the officers and effected his escape. Several negroes living in the neighborhood of Cuba, hearing of the murder last Saturday night, killed a white man named Baird, who was found asleep on the porch of a grocery store at Cuba. The negroes riddled his body with buckshot, thinking he was the man Hill who had resisted arrest that morning.

"Not If it was my Boy."

Some years ago the late Horace Mann, the eminent educator, delivered an address at the opening of some reformatory institution for boys, during which he remarked that if only one boy was saved from ruin it would pay for all the cost, and care, and labor of establishing such an institution as that. After the exercises had closed, in private conversation, a gentleman rallied Mr. Mann upon his statement, and said to him:

"Did you not color that a little when you said that all that expense and labor would be repaid if it only saved one boy?"

"Not if it was my boy," was the solemn and convincing reply.

Ah, there is a wonderful value about "My boy." Other boys may be rude and rough; other boys may be reckless and wild; other boys may seem to require more pains and labor than they will ever repay; other boys may be left to drift uncared for to the ruin which is so near at hand; but "My boy"—it were worth the toil of a lifetime and the lavish wealth of a world to save him from temporal and eternal ruin. We would go the world around to save him from peril, and would bless every hand that was stretched out to give help or welcome. And yet every poor, wandering, outcast, homeless man is one whom some fond mother called "My boy." Every lost woman, sunken in the depths of sin, was somebody's daughter in her childish innocence. To-day somebody's son is a hungry outcast, pressed to the verge of crime and sin. To-day somebody's daughter is a weary, helpless wanderer, driven by necessity into the paths that lead to death. Shall we shrink from labor, shall we hesitate at cost, when the work before us is the salvation of a soul? Not if it is "My boy;" not if we have the love of Him who gave His life to save the lost.

Save Mamma.

Captain Roscoe Burke, of the steamer Henry Clay, plying between Cincinnati and Wabash, relates the following:

Down on the Mississippi, near St. Louis, one of the boilers exploded or collapsed in backing away from a wood wharf, and the steamer was sinking. Many of the passengers had leaped overboard, some with life preservers and some without. Among the latter, who had been swept over by the wildly rushing mass of humanity, were a boy 12 years old and his mother. A man upon the stern of the boat, seeing the boy buffeting the troubled waves, attempted to throw him a rope, and at the same time crying out to him to catch it and save himself from drowning.

"No! no!" cried the little hero, pointing to a woman who struggled resolutely close by his side, "save my mamma and let me go! I can swim and she cannot."

Both were saved, and we can readily believe that boy was a hero in all honor while he remained on board. That his mother was fond of him, worshiping him from the depths of her heart, was evident to all.

Happy Huntingdon.

The Philadelphia *Inquirer* of to-day says: The commission appointed by Governor Hartranft, under an act of Assembly, to select a site for and supervise the erection of a penitentiary for the recently created Middle District, met at the Continental Hotel yesterday and agreed upon Huntingdon, the county seat of Huntingdon county, as the site for the projected institution. The commission visited nearly every county in the new district and heard citizens at the different points. All the counties offered the necessary grounds gratis for the purpose, and others offered to supply the necessary stone for the buildings and to keep them supplied with water. On Tuesday and yesterday the members visited the Eastern Penitentiary and county prison and inspected both institutions thoroughly.

Now, then, Williamsport, how about that banquet, and those speeches, and those assurances, and those everything else?

Chinese Sayings.

1. Dig a well before you are thirsty.
2. The ripest fruit will not fall into your mouth.
3. Great wealth comes by destiny—moderate wealth by industry.
4. The pleasure of doing good is the only one that does not wear out.
5. Water does not remain in the mountains, nor vengeance in great minds.
6. Let every one sweep the snow from his own door, and not busy himself about the frost on his neighbor's tiles.
7. Every to-morrow has two handles. We can take hold of it by the handle of anxiety or by the handle of faith.

Accidental Shooting.

WHEELING, October 25.—A sad case of death from accidental shooting occurred at Benwood, a suburban village, this afternoon, in which Azerel Patterson had the top of his head blown off by a shot discharged from a double-barreled gun on the shoulder of Thomas Sproul, who was walking a few paces in front of Patterson.

It would be well if we had less medicine and more cure; less cant and more piety; less law and more justice.

He who wants good sense is unhappy in having learning; for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly. If you would lighten labor, love it.

There are men whose sole pretense to wisdom consists in administering discouragements.

Although a woman's age is undeniably her own, she does not own it.

Who has deceived thee so often as thyself?

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HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

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

WRIGHT'S LIVER PILLS.

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

Feb. 6

PHILADELPHIA COFFEE.

We have recently made great improvements in the process of **Roasting Coffee**, and now offer to the trade the

FINEST ROASTED COFFEE

ever put up in Packages. We guarantee every package branded

"MY CHOICE" or DOM PEDRO'S CHOICE,

to be nothing but fine selected Mocha, Coffee, imported from "RIO" by ourselves.

Janney & Andrews,

WHOLESALE

Grocers & Produce Commission Merchants

Nos. 121 and 123 Market Street,

May 29 PHILADELPHIA.

HUNT'S REMEDY

The Great Kidney Medicine is not a new and untried thing but has been before the public 9 years and cured by all accounts, all kinds of Kidney Diseases even those pronounced incurable. Given up by Physicians and cured by Hunt's Remedy. Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Suppression of Urine, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Retention of Urine, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and all complaints of the Urinary Passages. HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and contains no narcotic or injurious drug. HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared expressly for the worst cases of Kidney Disease, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. Send for pamphlet to WM. R. CLARKE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. HUNT'S REMEDY

KNOW THYSELF

By reading and practicing the inestimable truths contained in the best medical book ever issued, entitled SELF-PRESERVATION. Price only $1. Sent by mail on receipt of price. It treats of Exhausted Vitality, Premature Decline, Nervous and Physical Debility, and the endless concomitant ills and untold miseries that result therefrom, and contains more that is original, practical, and valuable, in a shorter space than any other work of which is worth the price of the book. This book was written by the most extensive and probably the most skillful practitioner in America, to whom was awarded a gold and jewelled medal by the National Medical Association. A Pamphlet, illustrated with the very finest Steel Engravings—a mine of wealth of art and beauty—sent FREE to all. Send for it at once. Address PEABODY MEDICAL INSTITUTE, No. 4 Bulfinch St., Boston, Mass. HEAL THYSELF

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS.

Use only Sellers' Liver Pills, the best and only true Family Physic. Established over 50 years. They cure *Headache, Biliousness, Costiveness, Liver Complaint, Fever and Ague*, and all similar diseases like magic. Get the right kind, Sellers' Liver Pills. 25 cts. Sold by druggists.

R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Aug 28 G. W. SPEERS, Agent for Somerset.

THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE.

—HOLY WRIT.

LINDSEY'S BLOODSEARCHER

is the perfect cure for every symptom of corrupt Blood, from a common Pimple to the most frightful Ulcer. Cures performed by the Blood Searcher read like old-time Miracles. Lepers are cleansed, the afflicted are healed and scrofulous cripples take up their bed and walk.

Lindsey's Blood Searcher is the safest, surest and most powerful Purifier ever known. One bottle in a neighborhood sells scores more. All who try it become missionaries for the Blood Searcher. Druggists sell it. Sends to R. E. Sellers & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa., for circular.

Aug 28 G. W. SPEERS, Agent for Somerset.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Wm. Mostolder, late of Stonycreek township, deceased.

Letters testamentary 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 at the late residence of deceased on Saturday the 30th day of November, 1878.

WM. M. SCHROCK,
JOSIAH J. WALKER,
Oct. 16. Executors.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE

OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

Pursuant to an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, Pa., the undersigned Assignee of Jacob J. Smith, will sell at public sale, on

Saturday, November 2, 1878,

at 2 o'clock P. M., on the premises of No. 1, the following described real estate, viz:

No. 1. The farm of Jacob J. Smith, situate in Somerset Twp., Somerset county, Pa., containing about 66 acres, adjoining lands of Jacob Shaulis, Jacob Pile, Jonathan Rhoads and others. The improvements are a two story log dwelling house, a log barn and other buildings. Plenty of timber, limestone and coal, and a large and very fine sugar camp on the premises.

No. 2. The undivided one-fourth interest of a tract of land situate in Somerset township, aforesaid, known as the Joseph Smith farm. Adjoining lands of Ed Coleman, Daniel Brubaker, Henry Shaffer, Jonathan D. Rhoads and others, containing about 414 acres, with dwelling house, barn and other buildings thereon. This will be sold subject to the life estate of Susanna Smith therein.

TERMS made known on day of sale.

JOHN J. HOFFMAN,
Assignee of Jacob J. Smith.
Oct. 9

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Christian Livingstone, late of Conemaugh Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, November 9, 1878, at the late residence of said deceased.

H. C. MILTENBERGER,
Oct. 2 Administrator.

Do ou 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 sorts, sifts, weighs, measures and mixes. Also for straining Fruit, Washing Rice, etc.

Over 1,000 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 come in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he is his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes.

May 29

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Elizabeth Heffley, Widow, C. Wilson Heffley, N. P. Heffley, Ellen Heffley and F. Heffley, (the last a minor under 14 years,) all of Nebraska, A. Brubaker of Berlin, Pa., Guardian of F. Heffley: you are notified to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset Pa., on Monday the 11th day of November next, to accept or refuse the real estate of Amanias Heffley, dec'd, at the appraised price, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Sheriff's Office, Sep. 28, 1878. } GEO. W. PILE, Sheriff. Oct. 9

You can money make faster at work for us than a 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

$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

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.,
Dec 6. Mt. Pleasant, Pa

LIST OF CAUSES

for November Term of Court beginning November 11, 1878.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Benjamin Housel vs. Pittsburgh & Connellsville R. R. Co.
2. Weed Sewing Machine Co. vs. J. N. Fichtner et al.
3. John H. Uhl vs. Daniel Swarner, garnishee.
4. Jacob Hinebaugh vs. Levi Wolf, et al.
5. Josiah Keller, Treas. vs. Augustus Medary, et al.
6. L. A. Smith vs. Independent Printing Co.
7. C. P. Lenhart's use vs. Edward Mestoller.
8. Fred'k L. Just vs. S. H. Garey, et al.
9. J. W. & H. C. Van Horn vs. Jesse Liston et al.
10. John C. Graham vs. Sechler & McFarland.
11. G. B. King's use vs. W. H. Brooks.
12. G. B. King's use vs. W. H. Brooks.
13. Isaac Wendle vs. Lemuel Auman.
14. Ann Maria Zerfoss' Executor vs. Shafer & Fox.
15. Union National Bank vs. Somerset & Mineral Point R. R. Co.

SECOND WEEK.

1. Eli Cope et al. vs. Livengood & Olinger.
2. Lydia Donges' use vs. Topper & Fyan.
3. Henry Thomas Weld vs. Savage Fire Brick Co.
4. Oliver A. Parker vs. Ira C. Canfield.
5. Friedline Bros. vs. Meyersdale Borough.
6. John D. Roddy vs. Wm. J. Baer.
7. Aaron Tressler vs. Jonas Turney.
8. Barbara Gober vs. Dr. H. Garey.
9. Elizabeth Auman vs. Abraham Berkey et al.
10. F. J. Countryman vs. Geo. McKenzie.
11. Elias Logsdon vs. John Lentz.
12. Fayette Mut. Fire Ins. Co., vs. J. O. Meyers.
13. Fayette Mut. Fire Ins Co., vs. Peter Meyers' Adm.
14. P. J. Cover vs. W. J. Hinger, in trust.
15. J. J. Phillips's Adm. vs. Henry Beal.
16. Freeman & McClellan vs. Henry Ream.
17. Cyrus Benford's use vs. Dan'l. Swamer.
18. Michael Wilt vs. S. R. Johnston et al.
19. Howard Bokee vs. Livengood & Maust, garnishee.
20. Ann Cover's use vs. Jacob Meyers' Exrs.
21. Andrew Waggaman vs. A. Wilmoth et al.
22. Joseph Christner's use vs. Henry Kelm.
23. Henry Ream vs. Ryer & Winslow.
24. Christian Schrock vs. Philip Wolfensberger et al.
25. M. A. Sanner & Co. vs. J. O. Kimmel.

F. J. KOOSER,
Oct. 16. Prothonotary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Reuben Hoffman, late of Jenner 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 immedi