A Married Man's Misery.

A man of forty-five, having a wooden leg and the look of one that had suffered long with the toothache, sat down in the chair vacated by the boy, and after a smile of encouragement, began:

'If matters don't mend pretty soon, I'll either murder her or take my own life.'

'Domestic trouble, I suppose?' queried Bijah.

'That's it, sir, and I'm getting desperate. I left home thinking I'd jump from the dock, but I happened to think of you, and so I thought I'd ask advice.'

'Is the bread heavy?'

'Blast the bread! I can stand heavy bread, sloppy tea, raw meat and half-cooked potatoes, but I can't nor won't stand this infernal whining, complaining and jawing around!'

'Fellow traveler along the tow path of Time's broad-gauge canal, I think I see the pint. You have been married about two years?'

'Not quite.'

'You are fifteen years older than your wife?'

'Yes—eighteen.'

'You have a wooden leg, and she—she—?'

'She hasn't, but I wish she had two of 'em!'

She likes good clothes?'

'You bet!'

'She likes the mad whir of society—$16 bonnets, reserved seats at the opera, $8 boots, forty-button kid gloves and trains on her dresses?'

'She does—that's her to a dot!' exclaimed the husband.

'And you perfer your home—evening fire, newspapers, snow apples, game of checkers, glass of cider, cat on the hearth, and so on?'

'That's the sort o' man I am, sir, and she harrasses me to death. She's on the trot all day and on the gad all the evening, and if I remonstrate she says I want to make a slave and a prisoner of her.'

'Don't you go along with her to the theatre and parties?'

'I used to, but for the last year she's got awful particular about my wooden leg; says the public will think I was shot while stealing chickens.'

'Does, eh? and you sit at home and keep your heels warm by the cook stove while she gallivants.'

'The same, sir, and now what shall I do about it? Something has got to be did, and that right off. I'll be hanged to Davy Crockett, if I put up with it another day! You are an older man than I am and you've had three wives to my one, and I'll do just as you say about it.'

'Fellow-man, you have been wrong from the beginning,' slowly answered Bijah as he looked out of the window in a weary way. 'The man who marries a woman only half his age is a d. f. (deceived fried-cake at the start.) Youth and old age don't like their taters cooked the same way, and the man who says they do is a forger. They don't see alike, and it's a cat-and-dog life. Then again, you have a wooden leg and you should have married a woman with a glass eye or a broken nose as an offset. In that case, neither party has anything to twit the other about. If I was to marry again, bald-headed as I am, I should look for a lady wearing No. 10 gloves and No. 9 shoe as an offset. Do you love your wife?'

"Well, to be honest about it, I don't think either of us are dying of love."

"Then, my friend, you go home and have a candid talk, divide up the things and part good friends. Give her the largest half, throw in some small change, and see that she gets home safe to her mother. By and by you can quietly secure a bill of divorce, get on some store clothes, and look out for a woman of fifty who has the rheumatics so that she can't gad."

"That's honest, is it?"

"Honest Injun. If you can't live happy together don't hesitate to live happy apart. No use in any scandal or hard words, but divide up and call it a bad mistake. This killing one's self on account of domestic troubles is all bosh."

'That's so, and I'll walk straight home and begin the dividing up business. Thank you, Bijah, may your feet stop growing as a reward for this.'

When he had departed Bijah took a short cut through the alleys, and, presently gained a position from whence he could view the house where the man lived. Developments did not tarry.

The husband had not been in the house five minutes before he was suddenly rushed out again, hat and cane flying, and his share of the things, consisting of three flat-irons, a kettle and two bricks, overtook him before he could dodge.

'So young and so artless!' mused Bijah, as he turned away; 'and yet that last brick thumped him between the shoulders just as purty as if I'd throwd it myself!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

One way to Get Married.

Judge Richardson doesn't pretend to be a parson, and therefore isn't as well up in the marriage ceremony as the slimy supporters of a decaying hierarchy are. The young couple stood before him, the other evening, and the Judge inquired, in a cross-questioning tone, of the groom:

"Are you a naturalized citizen of the United States?"

The groom took hold of the waistband of his trousers, and tugged, saying:

"I voted for Tilden, Judge"

"Why James!" faintly exclaimed the blushing creature at his side.

'It's fact, Emmer,' protested James, rather indignantly, and glaring at the Judge. His Honor coughed and demanded, severely:

'Do you, sir, as a citizen of Nevada and a lawful voter of Reno, solemnly declare that you will forsake all other evils and cleave to this one?'

'I've money to bet on it!' responded the groom, growing pale, but placing his arm around the waist of the shrinking bride.

'Then,' cried the Judge, bringing his fist down on his desk, 'God has joined you together, and —— the man that puts you asunder! The fee is just what you want to give, young fellow.'

It was pretty liberal, and the court set them up and kissed the new wife several times besides.—*Detroit Free Press.*

How it Feels to be Struck by Lightning.

Rev. Dr. Bartol, of Boston, who came near being killed by lightning, has written an account of his sensation. He says its suddenness beyond conception is the marked property. It gives no time for fear or even surprise, and the self loss does not appreciably last. If the blow be not fatal the restoration may be so quick that in less than a minute's time horses and cows and pigs and men, escaping or delivered, swarm together, under the flash and tempest on the greensward. A resistless, heavy weight, steaming and running through the frame, is the consciousness I chiefly remember, with the idea that I had been chosen as part of the lightning-rod for a huge and incomputable discharge. The experience was, moreover, a single moment in wonderland. All customs and institutions were abolished for a time. In such a passage as I was allowed to stand in for a moment, death becomes nothing and life is all, but a wakeful night and a week's headache was the result.

The "What-is-It."

One of our prominent lawyers went home the other day to dinner and found that his little boy had had his head clipped, in accordance with the prevailing style. Affecting not to notice it, he began to speak of the wonderful curiosity on exhibition in Washington City, in the shape of a living creature with a form something like that of a human being. Its head was round as a pumpkin, its ears stuck out like clam shells on a cocoanut, its nose projected like a figure four from what seemed to be its face, it walked upright, and its head was covered with a growth of bristles, about one-sixteenth of an inch in length, and for want of a better name, the creature had been called the "What-is-it." And, placing his hand on his boy's head, the father said: "Why, here it is now. Here's the very thing I've been talking about."

The boy replied, as he buttered a piece of biscuit: "They've got a blamed sight worse looking thing right here in Peoria."

"What kind of a thing is it?" said the lawyer.

"It is the father of the 'What-is-it,' retorted the lad.

The subject then dropped.—*Peoria Transcript.*

A Family Afloat.

During the late rain storm in Northwestern Pennsylvania, Mr. George Randall, whose house was upon the bank of the creek at North Springfield, Erie county, suffered the loss of all his earthly possessions, which, though not large, yet like the "widows mite," constituted all his living, and narrowly and almost miraculously escaped with his life. Mr. Randall's family consists of a wife and child about two years of age. At about 3 o'clock Mr. Randall was awakened by the rushing of the waters, and on arising and drawing on a pair of overalls lying near, he commenced picking up things from the floor, and placing them on the table, to protect them from the water which had commenced to enter the house. Supposing the worst was past he made no attempt to escape. In an instant the tidal wave caused by the breaking of the dams above, struck his dwelling, and it floated away and was dashed with such violence against the railroad embankment that it was crushed like a paper house and the inmates hurled into the seething flood. The current caused by the waters rushing through the aqueduct, which was now nearly or quite full, drew in the shattered fragments of the house. The struggling family were swept through the aqueduct a distance of some fifteen rods, and on emerging at the lower side the husband descried the wife holding the child clasped in her arms floating near him. Fortunately at that instant a log came sweeping by, and seizing it with one hand and his wife with the other, they drifted down with the current until they struck a cluster of willow trees and effected a landing where they remained till rescued the next morning. The wreck occurred about half-past three, and the rescue about half-past five in the morning. At early dawn it was discovered that the house was gone and search was immediately instituted for the inmates. They were soon discovered and no time was lost in providing means for the rescue. The telegraph operator, fastening a rope about his body, one end of which was held by the spectators on the shore, plunged into the flood and reached in safety the trees where Mr. Randall and family were. The rope was then fastened at both ends, and Mr. Randall, tying his child upon his back, started for the shore, which he reached with his precious freight in safety. Returning in a similar manner he brought his wife to the shore, and thus the whole family were rescued, but nearly in as destitute circumstances as when they made their advent upon this mundane sphere.

American Dexterity.

Not long ago one of the largest and most successful shoe manufacturers in Europe stated that, though his factory was stacked with the best American machinery, and manned by as good a class of workmen as he could get, he was under-sold at his own door by American makers. His observations in American factories supplied the explanation: the average workman in our factories, he said, could turn out much more work in a day than the most skillful in Europe, owing to their superior dexterity and quickness. The Swiss watch manufacturer, Dubied, said that the American workman could turn out day by day three or four times the average product of the European of the same class.

This seems like gross exaggeration, but it is not out of harmony with the testimony of many competent foreign observers. A correspondent of the British *Ironmonger* tells a story which furnishes an apt illustration of this feature of American workmanship.

He says that during the Centennial year an English manufacturer of stamped tinware saw some presses in use in this country which pleased him greatly. He was particularly struck with their rapidity of operation, and ordered three. They were made in due time, and the maker, hoping for other orders, took them abroad himself. They were set up, and men experienced with presses were given charge of them; but under the most favorable conditions they could not be made to turn out within forty per cent. as much work as they averaged daily in American works. The operators were not quick enough. Here one man operated a machine unaided, and had a blank in position every time the die descended. In the English shop the operator had two boys to help him, one to handle the blanks, and the other to carry away the stamped articles; but even with this assistance he could not supply the blanks fast enough, and forty out of every hundred times the die descended it had nothing to do.

The same writer observes that this is no uncommon experience with the makers of American machinery. Our most successful machines are often failures abroad simply because they are too fast for the workmen of other countries. Their operations are gauged by the average capacity of American artisans, and foreign operatives fail to keep up with them.

This is but another instance of the educative effect of machinery; and every year, with the increasing perfection of mechanical devices, the need of intelligence, precision, and rapid manipulation is increased. The intellectual development of skilled workers cannot but be advanced in consequence. Already the mechanic needs, and many of our mechanics possess, a higher grade of culture and vastly more knowledge than sufficed for the learned professions so called a few years ago.—*Scientific American.*

Caste in India.

The Calcutta correspondent of the London *Times* speaks of a discussion which recently took place in the Bengal Social Science Association, upon the benefits and evils of caste.

The discussion was significant as showing the vital change which is being rapidly produced in Indian thought and Hindoo customs by the powerful influence of western thought and science; also for the astounding fact that among a large gathering of learned high caste native gentlemen, only one speaker ventured to defend what has always been deemed by Europeans to constitute the most cherished fabric of the Hindoo social system.

The speaker who introduced the topic spoke in favor of some redeeming features of caste. He admitted that caste imposed undue restrictions on intermarriage and social intercourse between different castes; that it restricted certain sections of society to certain occupations; that it hindered the adaptation of people to altered social conditions; but contended that these drawbacks were fully compensated for by many substantial advantages.

Among these he enumerated the feeling of self-respect and ambition induced by descent from a noble ancestry and inclusion in a venerated caste; the moral restraint caused by fear of transgressing caste rules and disgracing caste character; greater proficiency and skill in a handicraft resulting from the hereditary practice of particular industries; the absence of all sense of degradation and humiliation associated with the pursuit of manual labor; the cheerfulness and content with which different castes performed their allotted occupations; the protection afforded to members of each particular caste, and assistance in times of necessity.

The speakers who followed were all opposed to caste restrictions. One of them stated that he was a Koolin, a Brahmin, that is, of the highest class, but that he was perfectly prepared to surrender all his hereditary privileges in consideration of the evil which the system of class was now producing.

It had its uses when first established, but now, an anachronism, it stood in the way of national improvement. At one time it did exercise a sort of social check upon native society, but now it was merely a means of extortion.

A man might violate any rule of society, but all it was necessary to do to be received back into his caste was to spend a few rupees. A man might commit any offence and actually be sent to goal, but he would still be received back again into his caste, and fathers would actually marry their daughters to him.

Distinction of caste had closed the exercise of healthy influence over native society, and therefore the sooner all sects were fused into one harmonious whole the better, for all these distinctions only served to stay all political advancement.

Although he was a Koolin Brahmin, he would like to marry his only child, to a healthy, robust young man, irrespective of caste limits.

In all sincerity, he felt the uselessness of preserving a fabric already tottering. Another speaker in the course of a very able speech, said, "Next, let us see if as a matter of fact, the institution of caste has any redeeming features. It has been said that caste in our country exercises those salutary influences in the repression of vice and wantonness which are exercised in other countries by public opinion, and hence that so long as no strong public opinion is created to keep us in check, it is right that we should obey a canon of caste. The first, and original purpose of that institution, however, was now to discharge the functions of public opinion, nor does it exercise such influence now; but if it does, it does so for the worse, for what in the existing state of things poisons, what the moral sense of the whole enlightened world condemns as most deadly, is suffered to circulate freely.

While caste brings down all its pressure, all its rigor and terrors upon imaginary evils, the murderer, purjurer, robber, adulterer, drunkard, and other equally infamous characters go on perpetrating all kinds of injury without the fear of excommunication. Caste rages against and frowns down all those seeking the regeneration of their country by intermarriage, while it utters no single word of censure against the swindler or cheat.

If to-day I open my Zenana doors and bring forth my wife and daughter to commune with the sisters of the west, to-morrow I shall be an outcast, and my name branded with infamy forever."

An Ostrich Farm.

James Murray, who has spent the last three years at Gilbertsville N. Y., sailed last Saturday by the Britannic for Cape Colony, Africa, where he purposes to reside on an ostrich farm of 3,700 acres awaiting him there. The occupation of ostrich rearing is not new to the family. James Murray, Sr., the father, having for years been successfully engaged at the business. He is in possession of a large tract of land near Cape Town, 1,392 acres of which are enclosed by a wall five feet high and four feet thick as a roost for these magnificent birds, of which he now has 1,000. There is, besides, a second park of 1,000 acres for the young ostriches. There are 490 acres planted to turnips under irrigation for the young birds. Also, 500 acres of alfalfa, or lucern, which is used for the breeding birds. As a precaution against drought, a dam of solid stone has been constructed, 1,500 feet long, 250 feet thick and 150 feet high. The senior Murray has had extensive experience in ostrich culture, and is now reaping the reward of years of patient and costly experiment. The great difficulty has been in incubating the eggs of the ostrich. The artificial incubators were tried at an expense of $4,500. They were found utterly useless. The old tale of sand-hatching proved false. The fact at length reached was that, in the reproduction and perpetuation of their species, Providence has made the ostriches themselves masters of the situation. By carefully watching the birds and separating them from the flock, at pairing time, difficulty in procuring young birds was overcome.

Always Falling to Pieces.

She came to the station a little late, and had to make a rush for the train. When she reached her seat her hat fell off. She got it on, but it toppled over to one side, and, when she tried to straighten it up, her hair came tumbling down. She lost her ticket twice before the conductor reached her, and would have lost it again if he hadn't taken it away from her. She reached up to put a bundle in the rack above her head, and burst her collar button off her duster, and stuck her fingers on four pins in her dress before she could find one that she dared take out to repair the damage. Then just as she thought she had got comfortably settled her little hand valise, packed to bursting with enough things to load a Saratoga trunk to the muzzle, exploded, and she nearly worked herself into fragments getting it together again. Then by the time she got the valise shut up her hat tumbled off again, and by the time she got the hat straightened back into its place, her hair tumbled down again, and as soon as she got her hair twisted up, and harpooned it with a couple of hair pins, the valise went off, and when she got off at New Prague, she tucked the gasping valise under her arm, and tried to corral her topping hat and wandering hair with one hand, and as she went fluttering and straggling into the depot, one couldn't help thinking that it would be safer and more convenient to run her in sections and flag her against everything. I have seen this woman on several other trains, and she has never been able to keep herself together. There seems to be more average humanity about her neater sister. She isn't so aggravating, but she keeps you in a state of agonizing suspense, for you never know where she is going to give way next.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Age for Legal Marriages.

There is considerable variation in the different European States in the age at which a legal marriage can be contracted. In Austria the age of discretion for both sexes is fourteen years. In Hungary each religious sect makes its own regulations—marriages being regarded as entirely ecclesiastical affairs. Russians can contract marriages at the age of eighteen years in cases of males, and at sixteen years in that of females. The Italian law fixes the age at eighteen and fifteen years respectively. In Turkey there is no general law. The French and Belgian codes allow marriages of young men at eighteen and girls at fifteen years; but powers of dispensation in special cases are reserved. In Greece, Spain, and Portugal, parties of fourteen and twelve years can contract a binding marriage; but in the latter country the consent of the parents is necessary. According to the amended paragraph of the new German civil marriage bill, the state of wedlock cannot be entered upon under twenty and sixteen years respectively, though the existing laws of Prussia and Saxony permitted marriages at earlier periods. There is much dissimilarity in the Swiss laws, every canton having a local regulation of its own. In some of them the consent of the parents is necessary up to the age of twenty-five years. The influence of climate upon the temperament and constitution is allowed in the southern nations where maturity is reached at a much earlier period than among the northern nations.

A Lost Note Replaced.

An Indiana man had a $5 national bank-note chewed up by his dog. He sent two fragments of the note to the treasurer of the United States and wanted a good one in return. Treasurer Gilfillan refused to return a good note, there being nothing to show that the other fragments might be sent in for another new bill. The Indiana man then sent the two fragments back again, pinned to an affidavit he had made before a notary public, as follows: "Personally appeared before me, this day,——, who, being duly sworn, makes oath that the remainder of the bank-bill hereunto attached, was totally destroyed by his dog; that he detected him in the act and rescued these remnants, taking them from the dog's mouth, and that the remainder of this bill was chewed and swallowed by the aforesaid dog, and thereby totally destroyed. Subscribed and sworn before me," &c. This being sufficient evidence of the dog's voracity and the Indiana man's veracity, the treasurer sent on a new note.

Caucasian Greetings.

The etiquette of salutation in the Caucasus is extremely elaborate and ceremonious. It does not by any means satisfy all the requirements of perfect courtesy to ask a mountaineer how he is, or how his health is, or how he does. You must inquire minutely into the details of his domestic economy, manifest a lively interest in the growth of his crops and the welfare of his sheep, and even express a cordial hope that his house is in a good state of repair, and his horses and cattle properly protected from any possible inclemency of the weather. Furthermore, you must always adapt your greeting to time, place and circumstances, and be prepared to improvise a new, graceful and appropriate salutation to meet any extraordinary exigence. In the morning a mountaineer greets another with: "May your morning be bright!" to which the prompt rejoinder is! "And may a sunny day never pass you by!" A guest he welcomes with: "May your coming bring joy!" and the guest replies: "May a blessing rest upon you."

Baits for Insects.

Experiments have lately been made in France with a view to establishing the best baits for insect traps. A number of glass fly-traps, filled with different liquids, sweet and sour, were placed under some fruit trees subject to the attacks of flies and other insects. The traps were baited with honey, weak wine and water, beer and water, vinegar and water, pure beer, pure wine, crushed pears and water and other liquids; then the victims were counted, after the traps had been exposed for three weeks, and the following results: The trap containing beer and water stood at the head, and contained 850 flies and other insects; pure beer stood next, with 531; the crushed pears, weak wine and pure wine coming next, pure honey being at the bottom of the list, with only seventeen victims. The fermentation of the beer and water no doubt attracted the insects by its oder, but it would hardly be safe to assume that it would prove equally attractive in all instances. The tastes of insects may vary with seasons and localities, and experiment alone can decide what is best in a given place.

Death Warnings.

A Virginia City, Nevada reporter was talking with an old miner a few days ago who implicitly believes that no death ever occurred in the mines without a warning of some kind.

"You see," he said, "death never took place in the mines without a warning. You reporters write up accidents and tell how something fell quick and killed somebody. Now, this ain't so. There's always some warning. When I see my lantern begin to burn low down and blue, I know there is danger ahead. If it keeps on for a few days and then begins to waver and flicker, I'll watch it close to see where it points. You may set me down for a fool, but what I'm telling you is the gospel truth. When the flame leans over (as if it was being worked by a blow-pipe), and points to a man, death has marked him.

'Some years ago when Bill Hendricks was killed in the Savage, the flame of my candle pointed right at him for over an hour, and when he moved the flame would move just as if he was load-stone and the flame a mariner's needle. I knew he was gone and told him to be careful about the blast. Well, he got out with that all right and got on the cage. As he went up, the candle kept acting strangely, and at times the flame would stretch out long and thin towards Bill. At length it gave a sudden flicker and Bill reeled to one side and was caught in the timbers. I heard his dreadful cry as he disappeared down the shaft, and when he was bounding from side to side, dashing out his brains and scattering his flesh down to the bottom, my light went out.

"I never lit that candle again. It hangs up in my cabin and always will. There's more in a candle flame than people thinks. I'd rather see a cocked revolver pointed at me than a candle flame; a revolver sometimes misses, but a candle flame is sure to kill when it darts toward a man.

"I must start for my shaft now. Don't give my name to anybody. There is some who would laugh at me."

The man here picked up his blanket and walked away. There are plenty of miners on the Comstock who have such superstitions. Some nail up a horse shoe over the entrance of a drift "for luck." Others believe that good and bad luck comes in streaks, just as quartz and porphary. For three years past there have been no accidents in the North Consolidated Virginia until a few days ago when Champion had his thigh crushed. The miner says that a "bad streak" had been struck and more accidents might be expected. Yesterday two more men were injured by falling thirty feet into the dump. This was caused by the breaking of a two-inch plank that seemed able to bear a dozen men.

No Encouragement.

A brisk fight between two boys was interrupted by a citizen, who, after releasing one of them, made the other sit down on a salt barrel and be talked to.

"Now, then,' he began, "it is a terrible thing for a boy like you to be conducting in this manner."

"I'd a licked him if you had n't come up!' wailed the boy, as he carefully wiped his scratched nose.

"Suppose you had, do you want to be considered a dog? Why don't you try and be a good boy, and get along peacefully with everybody? Suppose you had rolled off the wharf and been drowned?"

"S'pose'n I hadn't, too! It's the good boys who get drowned!

"What!"

"It's so, and I kin prove it! I'll bet a dollar agin a cent that more Sunday school boys have been drowned this year than bad un's!"

The man reflected, and did not dispute the assertion.

"And more run over by the cars," continued the boy.

No answer again.

"And more of 'em get sick and die, and I'll bet I've got more money and have more fun and have more peanuts than any good boy in Philly!"

"But the good are rewarded," quietly observed the man.

"So are the bad," replied the boy. "I'll bet I make fifty cents before dark!'

"But the good are respected!"

"So am I. I kin go to Laughlin & McManes and borrow three dollars without any security, I'll bet ten to five you can't! Come, now, put up the lucre."

"My boy," sadly observed the man, "You must think of the future. Don't you want to be looked up to and respected when you are a man?"

"That's too far ahead," was the lonesome reply "If anybody thinks I am going to be called a clothes pin and a wheel barrow and a hair-brush by all the boys and not go for 'em, just for the sake of looking like an angel when I get to be a man, they is mistaken in the boys, and you dasen't bet they aint!"

And he dasn't.

Driving Nails by Machinery.

One of the most simple, and at the same time most ingenious, implements on view at the Exhibition is the invention of a young man in this city, a Mr. F. Falkner. It is called a "nail gun," and is used for nailing down flooring boards. We have seen the implement in use, and, so far as we are able to judge, it is quicker in its work, and ensures greater cleanliness than hand nailing could do. The appearance is not unlike a gun in shape and is about the same length. It is kept in position with the foot and knee, and the nail to be placed (point down) in aperture at the top of the concern. It slides down to the bottom, and then the operator draws up a rod, and by one downward stroke of this the nail is cleanly driven into the boards beneath. A practiced hand, by this simple contrivance, could do the work of half a dozen men. We believe that Mr. Falkner is now improving upon his invention, and is making a "nail gun" which will be self-acting. We have no doubt that when the implement comes to be generally known it will be brought into general use.—*New Zealand Times.*

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To be modest in demeanor.
To be helpful at home.
To be followers of Christ.
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"MY CHOICE" or DOM PEDRO'S CHOICE'

to be nothing but fine selected Coffee. 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 and Bladder cure; this new compound is the best now before the public; it has been before the public 40 years and used for all classes. HUNT'S REMEDY removed from living one disease and death hundreds who have been given up by Physicians to die. HUNT'S REMEDY cures all Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, and Urinary Organs, Brevis, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine. HUNT'S REMEDY encourages the system, creates an appetite, renews in the system, and renewed health is the result. HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Feminie Diseases, Disturbed Sleep, Loss of Appetite, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys and all Complaints of the Urino-Genital Organs. HUNT'S REMEDY is purely vegetable, and perfectly safe under any circumstances to the public, and the utmost reliance may be placed in it. HUNT'S REMEDY is prepared EXPRESSLY for the above diseases, and has never been known to fail. One trial will convince you. Send for pamphlet to WM. E. CLARKE, PROVIDENCE, R. I. **HUNT'S REMEDY**

KNOW THYSELF By reading and practicing the invaluable 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 than 50 original prescriptions, any one 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 marvel 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**

Seller's Cough Syrup!

Over 1,000,000 bottles sold. It is the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Hoarseness, and all Throat and Lung Diseases. Has been in use for half a century. Doctors prescribe it. J. E. Yocman, Long P. O., Ill., says: "It saved my two children from the grave."

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. Send to **R. E. Sellers & Co.**, Pittsburgh, Pa., for circular.

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

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Wm. Mosholder, late of Stoyerstown 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.
Executors.

Oct. 16.

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 Eli 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

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,

STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa.,

HEAD QUARTERS

FOR THE SALE OF

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

FARQUAHR'S Four Horse Threshing Machines with Shakers.

FARQUAHR'S Thresher and Separator.

FANNING MILLS,

CORN PLOWS,

SHOVEL PLOW SHARES,

Cultivator Shovels

AND

Repairs for Nearly All the Plows Sold in the County.

May 1

JUST RECEIVED

AND

NOW OPENING

AT

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S

STORE

West End, Main St., Somerset Pa.

A Large and Well Selected

LOT OF

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

AND

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

CLOTHING

Fresh and New, Ever Offered in SOMERSET.

All Kinds of Produce Taken in Exchange for GOODS.

May 1

JOHN F. BLYMYER

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints OIL &C., &

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools: Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Augers, &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 Butter, 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 comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Mules and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Buckets, 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.

Pittsburgh Female College.

AND

PITTSBURGH CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

Elegant Buildings. Eight departments. Twenty-three Teachers. Superior advantages in Music in the CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC connected with the College. Special departments also, for Drawing and Painting, Needle-work, Wax work, &c. The College owns the largest and best Grand Organ for educational purposes in America. CHARGES LESS THAN ANY SCHOOL, AFFORDING EQUAL ADVANTAGES AND ACCOMMODATIONS. Send to the President, Rev. I. C. PERSHING, D. D., Pittsburgh, Pa., for a catalogue. The fall term opens September 4.

July 24

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 Wolfe, et al.
5. Josiah Keller, Treas. vs. Augustus Medary, et al.
6. L. A. Smith vs. Independent Printing Co.
7. C. P. Leader's use vs. Edward Moredecker.
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. Lyon & Dinger' use vs. Topper & Fyan.
3. Henry Thomas Weil vs. Savage Fire Brick Co.
4. Oliver A. Parker vs. Ira C. Canfield.
5. Friedline Brothers, vs. Meyersdale Borough.
6. John D. Roddy vs. Wm. J. Baer.
7. Aaron Tressler vs. Jonas Turney.
8. Barbara Colver vs. Dr. H. Garey.
9. Elizabeth Auman vs. Abraham Barkey et al.
10. F. J. Countryman vs. Geo. McKenzie.
11. Elias Leggins 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. Coyer vs. W. J. Dinsmore, in trust.
15. J. J. Phillipi's Adm. vs. Henry Hearl.
16.