Facts About Methuselah.

What a tremendous boyhood old Methusela had! He died at the rather advanced age of 969 years, about 900 years more than man's span. At that rate, when he was 200 years old he about equaled an ordinary lad of sixteen.

He was thirty or forty before his parents bought him a rattle to play with, and didn't have the measles and other infantile diseases until he was over 100.

He was in no sort of hurry about these things as he had so far to go. We imagine he was rather a delicate child to begin with, as most people were who live to a great age. We can imagine his mother's anxiety with regard to his delicate constitution, telling Mrs. Brown, across the way, on his 19th birth day, that she was afraid she "never would be able to raise that child."

Generations of men lived and passed away while he was going around in petticoats, and he was almost a centenarian before he got his first boots. His father used to lick him when he was 150 for robbing a neighbor's watermelon patch.

Young Methuselah was probably in the vicinity of a hundred years old when he was first sent to school.

We can imagine him sitting on the low bench learning his a-b-abs among the great-great-grandchildren of people who began life when he did.

He was mischievous, of course—all boys are, no matter what their age (we experience a mild friskiness ourself occasionally) and had to be punished for it.

"William Henry Methuselah, stand up!" says the teacher, catching him in the very act of placing a bent pin in a seat where a schoolmate was about to sit down. "What do you mean by such conduct as this?"

Young Methuselah begins to sniffle and wipe his eyes with the corner of his jacket.

"One would think," continues the teacher, sternly, "that you wasn't over seventy-five or eighty years old by the way you behave. Instead of that you have already celebrated your first centennial—almost a young man, it fact, you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

Whenever a circus came to town, with "children halt price" on its bills, young Methuselah must have experienced difficulty in making the ticket-seller understand that be was entitled to go in on a half-price ticket, particularly when he got along towards his 200th year.

But he probably did it. Boys are enterprising and persistent where a circus is concerned. And we will bet that Methuselah, in his youthful days, could accumulate as much old iron as the next boy, and lay it by for the coming show.

When this youngster got into his teens, say from 200 to 300 years old, he probably did as other young gentlemen of tender age do—went round with the girls.

It must have been a little embarrassing to him, after beauing a young lady a while, taking her to concerts, parties, balls, etc., to discover that she was a great-great-great-great-great-grandchild of some old friend of his father's, but these thinge were inevitabl under the peculiar and exceptional character of the circumstances. They could hardly be otherwise.

There is no record to show that any woman lived in his time to an age that will begin to compare with his. And if there had the world would have never known it—at least not from her. That is the kind of a hair-pin a woman is.

Employing a proportion of 21 to 70 to Methuselah's years, we find that he was a minor until he was 270 years old. If the laws regarding minors were enforced in his day, young Methuselah must have been run out of billiard saloons and shut out from bars for over two centuries. And what a sensation must have been created when he stepped out to deposit his first vote.

Of course he voted for all the Presidents, from Washington (whom he remembers shaking hands with) down. All old men did that. And when he got to be along in years, say 900 or such a matter, he could sit and tell the boys about the hard winter of '32 and the panic of '37, and the flood of '39, and the hard cider campaign of '40 and all that sort of thing.

Temper of the Horse.

It is recommended that in purchasing a horse it should be borne in mind that there is a direct relation between the horse's forehead and its disposition and qualities. The face must be very broad between the eyes, but it should taper a little as it approaches the ears. If the breadth is carried all the way upwards, the top of the head will be too wide, the ears ill set, and the horse probably sulky. As in the human being, so is the horse, a great deal of the expression of the countenance depends on the eye. It is a most marvelous index to the working of the mind within. A glance at it will often reveal the benevolent feeling, the sulky disposition, or the vicious propensity that is about to manifest itself. The reason of all this must be most obvious, when we remember that it is in direct communication with the brain—the material instrument through which the mind operates. The eye of the horse should be kindly, strong, bold and fiery, yet gentle-looking. It should not show much white, as that often indicates a vicious disposition. A horse looking back so far as to expose the white of his eye is generally on the alert for mischief, and is not to be trusted with his heels. The eye gives a strong indication both of the temper and temperament of the animal; and it is easy to judge from it whether activity or sluggishness prevails most.

Cloves.

Cloves are unopened flowers of a small evergreen tree, that resembles in appearance the laurel of the bay. It is a native of the Molucca or Spice Islands, but has been carried to all the warmer parts of the world, and is largely cultivated in the tropical regions of America. The flowers are small in size and grow in large numbers in clusters at the very end of the branches. The cloves weuse are the flowers gathered before they are opened and whilst they are still green. After being gathered they are smoked by a wood fire and then dried in the sun. Each consists of two parts; a round head, which is the four petals or leaves of the flowers rolled up, inclosing a number of stocks and filaments. The other part of the clove is terminated with four points, and is, in fact, the flower cup and the unripe seed vessel. All these parts may be distinctly shown if a few leaves are soaked a short time in hot water, when the leaves soften and readily unroll.

The family of Sir Edward Thornton, who for the past year has been in England, will shortly sail for this country.

Marquis of Lorne.

LIVERPOOL, November 14.—The Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Prince Leopold and suites, arrived at six o'clock this morning. At ten o'clock the royal party went to the Town Hall, attended by a military escort. A detachment of volunteers was stationed at the prominent points along the route, and the streets were crowded with people, who gave the visitors a hearty reception.

The Town Hall was filled with ladies and gentlemen. Mayor Rayden received the Royal party. The Recoder read an address from the Liverpool Town Council, and the President of the Chamber of Commerce read an address from that body to the Marquis, who replied to both.

The royal party afterwards presented themselves on the balcony overlooking the Exchange, which was filled with an enthusiastic crowd. They then proceeded to the landing stage and embarked on the tender for the steamship Sarmatian.

After a warm leave taking the royal princess returned to the shore and the steamer proceeded to sea.

The weather was fine and the whole proceeding passed off with great eclat.

The saloon of the Sarmatian is artistically decorated with ferns and flowers. The state room of the Princess is upholstered in blue silk, while that of Lady MacNamara is crimson silk. The Marquis' room is quite plain.

The apartments are capacious, each consisting of two of the ordinary sized state rooms converted into one, with bath rooms and boudoirs attached, beautifully fitted up.

Each of the beds has a chair arrangement, enabling the occupant to sit upright. The berths are ornamented with silver shields, bearing the royal arms, the Argyle arms, and the arms of the Dominion of Canada, quartered.

A lady's boudoir and smoking room are arranged upon the upper deck.

His Excellency's party and suite consists of 14 persons, with 25 servants.

Sidney Hall, who was commissioned to make a sketch of the interesting scenes in the vice-regal journey, accompanies the party.

Mr. Hall accompanied the Prince of Wales to India. Col. McNeil, the Queen's equerry, accompanies the Princess Louise. He will return to England after the accomplishment of the journey.

From Moville will be forwarded to the Queen the plan of the ship and the details of the trip.

HALIFAX, November 14.—It is understood that the landing day of the new Governor General and Princess Louise will be proclaimed a public holiday.

The erection of arches and preparations for the illumination of buildings are in progress.

A Scotch Effort with the Long-Bow.

Concerning the long bow, no American effort can surpass one that comes to us from Scotland:

"It was told that Col. Andrew M'Dowall, when he returned from the war, was one day walking along by the Myroch, when he came on an old man sitting weeping on a muckle stone by the roadside. When he came up, the old man rose and took off his bonnet, saying:

"Yer'e welcome home again, me laird."

"Thank you," said the colonel, adding, after a pause, "I should surely know your face. Aren't you Nathan McCulloch?"

"Ye're right, indeed," says Nathan; "it's just me, laird."

"You must be a good age, now, Nathan."

"I'm not very old yet, laird," was the reply; "I'm just turnt a hunner."

"A hundred! says the colonel, musing; "well, you must be all that. But the idea of a man of a hundred sitting blubbering that way! What ever could you get to cry about?"

"It was my father lashed me," said Nathan, blubbering again; "and he put me out, so he did."

"Your father!" said the colonel; is your father alive yet?"

"Leevin! ay," replied Nathan; "I ken that the day tae my sorrow."

"Where is he?" says the colonel. "What an age he must be! I would like to see him."

"Oh, he's up in the barn there," says Nathan; "and no in a horrid gude humor the noo, aither."

"They went up to the barn together, and found the father busy threshing the barley with the big flail and tearing on fearful. Seeing Nathan and the laird coming in, he stopped and saluted the colonel, who, after inquiring how he was, asked him what he had struck Nathan for.

"The young rascal!" says the father, "There's nae doin' wi' him; he's never oot o' a mischief. I had tae lick him this morning for throwing stones at his grandfather.—*Harper's Magazine.*

Happy Answers.

A pretty long list might be made of men who have owed their advancement in life to a smart answer given at the right moment.

One of Napoleon's veterans, who survived his master many years, was wont to recount with great glee how he had once picked up the Emperor's cocked hat at review, when the latter not noticing that he was a private, said carelessly, "Thank you Captain. In what regiment, Sire?" instantly asked the ready witted soldier. Napoleon, perceiving his mistake, answered with a smile, "In my Guard, for I see you know how to be prompt." The newly made officer received his commission next morning. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Marshal Suveroff, who, when receiving a dispatch from the hands of a Russian Sergeant who had greatly distinguished himself on the Danube, attempted to confuse the messenger by a series of whimsical questions, but found him fully equal to the occasion. "How many fish are there in the sea?" asked Suveroff. "All that are not caught yet," was the answer. "How far is it to the moon?" "Two of your Excellency's forced marches." "What would you do if you saw your men giving way in battle?" "I'd tell them there was a wagon load of whisky just beyond the enemy's line." Baffled at all points the Marshal ended with, "What's the difference between your Colonel and myself?" "My Colonel cannot make me a Lieutenant, but your Excellency has only to say the word." "I say it now, then," answered Suveroff, "and a right good officer you'll be."—*N. Y. Times.*

An old lady in Middlebury, Wis., crossed over a bridge marked "Dangerous," without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side, she instantly turned in great alarm and recrossed it.

A Useful Joke.

A young man of eighteen or twenty, a student in a university, took a walk one day with a professor who was commonly called the student's friend, such was his kindness to the young men whom it was his office to instruct.

While they were now walking together, and the professor was seeking to lead the conversation to grave subjects, they saw a pair of old shoes lying in the path, which they supposed to belong to a poor man who had nearly finished his day's work.

The young student turned to the professor, saying, 'Let us play the man a trick. We will hide his shoes and conceal ourselves behind these bushes, and watch to see his perplexity when he cannot find them.'

'My dear friend,' answered the professor, 'we must never amuse ourselves at the expense of the poor. But you are rich, and may give yourself a much greater pleasure by means of this poor man. Put a crown piece, if you have them, in each shoe and then we will hide behind these bushes.'

The student, luckily having two crown pieces, did so, and then placed himself, with the professor, behind the bushes hard by, through which they could easily watch the laborer, and see whatever wonder or joy he might express.

The poor man soon finished his work and came across the field to the path where he left his coat and shoes. While he put on his coat he slipped one foot into one of the shoes. Feeling something hard, he stooped down and found the crown. Astonishment and wonder were upon his countenance. He gazed upon the crown, turned it round, and looked again and again; then he looked round on all sides, but could see no one. Now he put the money in his pocket and proceeded to put on the other shoe; but what was his astonishment when he found the other crown? His feelings overcame him. He fell upon his knees, looked up to heaven, and uttered a loud and fervent thanksgiving, in which he spoke of his wife, sick and helpless, and his children who by some unknown hand would be saved from perishing.

The young man stood there, deeply affected, and with tears in his eyes.

'Now,' said the professor, 'are you not better pleased than if you had played your intended trick?'

'Oh! dear sir,' answered the youth, 'you have taught me a lesson that I will never forget. I feel now the truth of the words which I never before understood: 'It is more blessed to give than receive.'

Postal Card Troubles.

Postal cards give rise to peculiar troubles. A Rochester lumber dealer mailed a card to a discharged clerk, accusing him of swindling, and the clerk has obtained a verdict of $450 damages, based on the publicity of the charge while passing through the mails. A similar case is on trial in Pittsburg, the plaintiff being a sewing machine agent, to whom his employer addressed an accusation of improperly retaining money. An Omaha clergyman publishes a card, complaining that he frequently receives advertisements of wine printed on postal cards, and, as he is a total abstainer from strong drink, the impression might be wrongfully created that he is a buyer of the wine. A Boston landlady sends bills on postal cards to former boarders, accompanied by urgent requests for payment. One of the recipients began a suit against her for libel, but withdrew it, his lawyers advising him that as the communication was a simple request to pay a just debt, he had no legal grievance. A Kansas city girl jilted her lover, and he retaliated by writing her amorous letters on postal cards. She did not invoke the law, but put a rawhide in her pocket, lay in wait for her annoyer, and whipped him.

Jefferson's Ten Rules.

We seldom repent of having eaten too much.

Never spend your money before you have it.

Take things always by the smooth handle.

Pride costs more than hunger, thirst and cold.

Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.

Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself.

Never buy what you don't want because it is cheap.

How much pain the evils have cost us that never have happened.

When angry, count ten before you speak; if very angry count a hundred.

Consumption.

Dr. Dio Lewis says:

A quarter of the adults in New England die of this one malady. There are several hundred diseases, but this one kills a quarter of us. Very little is really known of consumption, and many singular errors have been obtained.

1st error. It is generally supposed to be a disease of the lungs.

2. That the way to treat it, is to doctor the lungs themselves.

3. That a cold is generally the starting point of this malady.

4. That a warm climate favors a cure.

5. That beef, cod liver oil, and whisky are good.

6. That drugs are useful.

The facts are these. Consumption is a disease of the system and may be detected in the skin, eye, secretions and in scores of ways, long before it is located in the lungs. The taint prevading the system, generally for months or years, is at length developed in the lungs by whatever exhausts the general vitality, as, for example, fever, a corroding grief, bad diet, late hours, bad ventilation, living in the shade, or other depressing influence.

The cure is to be found in a cold, bracing climate, exercise in the open air, vigorous friction of the skin, a very plain, nutritious, unstimulating diet, with cold water for drink, plenty of sunshine, sleep, and a hopeful, brave temper.

With such treatment and an utter abandonment of drugs, whisky, cod-liver oil, and other kindred barbarisms, one-half of all who die of consumption would live on, and many with large ulcers in their lungs would recover.

The question up for debate before the Lyceum of a neighboring town is:

"Iz a bobtail kat az handsom az the egal on the noo dollar?"

One thousand dollars in gold weighs four pounds. That is why so many newspaper men are round shouldered.

Scientific Interviewing.

Mr. Leonard Swett came into the parlor and greeted the reporter warmly.

"This is a very sad affair, Mr. Swett," said the reporter, sympathetically.

"What's that?" asked Mr. Swett.

"It is very melancholy, but we must all come to it, sooner or later."

"What is it? What are you speaking of?"

"We should all be prepared, Mr. Swett. We know not when the hour may come, Mr. Moody says. In the midst of life, Mr. Swett, we are in death. How do your poor family take it, Mr. Swett?"

Take what? Talk out. Have you any bad news? Tell it right out, man."

"Yes, sir, I have bad news. In the flower of his fame, in the strength of his manhood, in the pride of his middle age, one of our most respected citizens has gone from among us, and I have called with the *Tribune's* sympathetic condolence to learn the amount of insurance."

"Who is it? Somebody dead? who is it?"

"Let me break it, gently, Mr. Swett; it is yourself, sir. There is a rumor down town that you are dead."

"There isn't a word of truth in it."

"Think well, Mr. Swett, before denying it. Some of the most wealthy and influential of our citizens say it is so."

"But I say it isn't. I ought to know. Look at me."

"Now, Mr. Swett, you understand the rule of the law that where there is a preponderance of evidence on one side it shall be assumed that the side presenting such preponderance shall be deemed to be correct. There are many who say you are deceased, and against them you offer your unsupported word. What is the intelligent public to think?"

"But I say, emphatically, I am no dead. Isn't that enough?"

The reporter reflected.

He knew Mr. Swett, and knew him to be a high-minded, honorable gentleman, and he hated to doubt his word; but he remembered numerous calls on Mr. Swett for news, which he benignly, good-naturedly, but firmly refused to give up, and what wonder that the reportorial mind should dwell on this characteristic of Mr. Swett.

"I'd like to state flatly that you are still alive, Mr. Swett, but I dislike to be 'scooped,' and I am fearful. Couldn't you write a disclaimer, or something I could show in the event of any trouble?"

"It isn't necessary. When I tell a man I am not defunct, isn't that sufficient?"

"Yes, ordinarily; but here's this story believed by so many, and what right have I, a humble reporter, to flaunt the lie in the teeth of these respectable citizens? I might say there is some doubt about the matter, and ask the public to suspend judgment until you can make a statement. But then, you might not make a statement after all, and then where am I?"

He looked calmly at the reporter, and breathed hard.

"Could you tell me any facts about your late life, Mr. Swett?"

"No, sir."

"Can't you say or do something to set this uncertainty at rest, Mr. Swett?"

"I can only say that I am alive and well. That is all."

"Very well, Mr. Swett; I'll give your statement as coming from you, and you can settle with those who started the rumor, afterwards. Good night, Mr. Swett."

Woman.

Great, indeed, is the task assigned to woman. Who can elevate its dignity? Not to make laws, not to lead armies, not to govern enterprises; but to form those by whom laws are made, armies are led, empires are governed. To guard against the slightest taint of bodily infirmity, the frail, yet spotless creature, whose moral no less physical being must be driven from her, to inspire those principles, to inculcate those doctrines, to animate those sentiments which generations yet unborn, and nations yet uncivilized, shall learn to bless. To soften firmness into mercy, and chasten honor into virtue; by a soothing care to allay the anguish of the body and the far worse anguish of the mind; by her tenderness to disarm passion; by her purity to triumph over sense; to cheer the scholar sinking under his toil: to console the statesman for the ingratitude of a mistaken people; to be compensation for friends that are perfidious, for happiness that has passed away—such is her vocation. The couch of the tortured sufferer, the prison of the deserted friend, the cross of the rejected Savior—these are the theatres on which her greatest triumphs have been achieved. Such is her destiny; to visit the forsaken, to attend to the neglected; when monarchs abandon, when counselors betray, when justice persecutes, when brethren and disciples flee, to remain unshaken and unchanged; and to exhibit in this lower a type of that love, pure, constant and ineffable, which in another world we are taught to believe the test of virtue.—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

The Wife's Victory.

For half an hour before the circus opened an anxious looking middle aged man was observed walking around nervously as if he had a free ticket and was afraid the show was on the point of bursting up.

When the ticket wagon opened he made a rush for it and bought a pasteboard, but while on his way to the tent, ticket in hand, a woman dodged into the procession, seized his collar, and for a minute the air seemed full of heels.

"Going to the circus, eh?" exclaimed the woman as she slammed him around. "Sneaked out the back way and made a bee line for here, did you?"

"Let up on me—stop—for heaven's sake stop this disgraceful conduct!" he ejaculated as he tried to keep her at arm's length.

"Gentlemen," said she to the crowd as she held up one foot and then the other, "see them shoes I've worn 'em better nor a year, and here ain't nothing left but heels and shoe strings. All the children are just as bad off, and we don't have half enough to eat. That explains why I'm bouncing him—why I'll make his good-for-nothing heels break his good-for-nothing neck!"

They fell over the rope as she grasped him, and in the confusion he broke away, leaving the ticket on the ground. A boy handed it to her, and wiping the mud off her nose with her apron she said:

"I hain't seen no giraffes, nor clowns, nor snakes, nor hyenas for twenty-five years, and being this 'ere ticket is bought, I'll walk in and view the gorgeousness, and the children shall come to-night if I have to pawn the wash tub to raise the money!

Eating too Much.

Nobody ever repented of eating too little, was the sage remark of an old gentleman on the verge of ninety, next to whom the writer had the pleasure of sitting at dinner the other day. The host was pressing him to take more, and urging him in the usual phrase:

"Why, you have eaten scarcely anything!" Now, it is to be assumed that the old gentleman's words indicated one of the by-ways to good health, on which he had traveled through his long life, and to which he owed his present remarkably healthy condition; so it was suggested to him interrogatively that he had always been a small feeder. Yes, he answered, ever since I was two and twenty; up to that time I was a weakly young fellow, and I used to make the great mistake of trying to eat and drink as much as I could, in the hope of becoming strong. All my friends and the doctors backed me in my error, but fortunately I found it out and "knocked off"—as your modern slang has it—more than half my usual amount of stimulants I gave up the idea of making myself strong, and merely strove to make myself well, and I was contented with eating just as much as I could digest, and no more. Of course it took time and experience to discover the precise limits; I could not adopt the golden role of always leaving off with an appetite, because I never began with one, but by persistently erring on the right side, I got hold of one of the greatest secrets of life—the secret of knowing when one has enough, and after a year or two I became so much better that I used to find myself ready to eat a meal at any time, and actually acquired an appetite. Then once found, I never destroyed it, but always determinedly rose with the feeling that I could eat more. Naturally temptation grows strongest, but I was firm. I did not behave ungratefully to my stomach and immediately presume upon its increased powers by overloading it. I did not live to eat, but only ate to live; and behold me! I have no need to be very particular as to what I eat, even at my time of life; I have only to be careful not to eat too much.

Here, indeed is the greatest secret of a great deal that is amiss with many of us. We are in the habit of eating too much, more than our digestive organs can tackle, and that which is not assimilated, more or less poison. The system becomes overcharged, and gives any latent tendency of disease within us, every facility for developing itself. The question is not so much what to eat as what quantity to eat, and nothing but a sharp lookout kept by ourselves can give us an answer.—*Tinsley's Magazine.*

Testing the Cider.

Yesterday afternoon a farmer, having a barrel of cider on tap in his wagon, was doing a fine retail business near the market at five cents a glass, when a man with a very thin voice and very old clothes softly advanced and said:

"Has the State Inspector of Pomological Juices inspected that cider yet?"

"I—I guess not," replied the farmer.

"I thought not," continued the thin-voiced man; well, sir, you can draw me a full glass."

The farmer drew one, scanning the man with considerable anxiety, and when the Inspector had received it he held it up between his eye and the sun, and said:

"The precipitation appears most too rapid, while these floating particles denote unusual compression. Perhaps a second glass will be clearer."

He swallowed the contents of the first at exactly four gulps, and taking a second glass, he critically examined it and said:

"Ah! the precipitation is clearing away. This cider seems to have been made from apples."

"It was, sir, and they were nice apples, too."

"Let's see how a third glass will look. I am not quite satisfied on the point of compression."

He drained the second and received the third, and as he sipped it he inquired:

"You used a hand cider press, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ah! I thought so. Worked with a lever, didn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did the mill stand in a draught of air while you were making the cider?"

"I—I—don't know, sir."

"Well, I think it did. Be a little more careful after this. The Inspector of Pomological Juices grades this barrel A No. 2, but if you take a little more pains you can increase the grade every time in the future. All right, sir—go on with your retail selling."

The man had been gone ten minutes before any one mustered courage to remark to the farmer that he was a fraud.

"I know he's all right, persisted the farmer. "The minnit I see him draw his coat tail around to wipe the corner of his mouth I knew he was a big gun, and I was just shivering in my boots for fear he'd ask me why I didn't punch the seeds out of the apples before grinding."

Quick Conversion.

A hard old customer was Badge. He was never known to attend church, and was considered the wickedest man in the small town in which he lived.

One night his old cow was prowling about the house seeking what she might devour and stuck her head into the swill barrel.

At the time the barrel was so far in that she made a blind rush to free herself from the incumbrance. As luck would have it; she struck a bee line for the house, and directly for the front door.

The old man was sitting inside telling his family all about a murder trial, when the cow gave a frightful bellow, which was prolonged by the empty barrel into a roar.

At the same time the front door crashed from its hinges, and the cow, with her uncommon head gear, bolted into the room.

"Old Wickedness" gave one agonized look at the frightful demon which confronted him; each separate and individual hair stood on end; a shivering feeling crawled up and down his back; his eyes protruded from his head; altogether he was a picture of abject terror.

Suddenly his tongue loosened and he screamed:

"For heaven's sake take Mary! She is better prepared than I am."

Since that event the man has joined an easy going church, which is one step progressive, and he only swears now when he sees old Brindle or the swill barrel. The old cow "fetched him."

Malarial Disease.

The death of Henry Armitt Brown from typhoid fever has called the attention of Philadelphians to the working of the sewerage system of that city. It appears that months ago Dr. Gross and other eminent physicians, reported the whole system as defective, declaring that owing to the absence of traps the escape of sewer gas into the houses was incessant. It was proposed, we believe, as a first step toward reform, to send a committee to investigate the drainage of European Cities, but the City Fathers, suspecting an intended holiday at their expense, withheld the supplies. Now that a popular man has fallen a victim to the disease, they are bestirring themselves again to look into the cause. Philadelphians, however, like all other Americans, will probably be more energetic in the work of cure than of prevention.

In the early fall season, when malaria of every kind gains ground most rapidly. The decomposition of vegetable matter in the fall begets intermittent fevers, and the golden mists of September, beloved of poets and painters, are in fact but heavy fogs from the lowlands, which compress the atmosphere and make it a more solid vehicle to transmit contagion. Typhoid, as all our readers ought to know, is conveyed by animal poison. A single case, unless the closets, drains, etc., are thoroughly disinfected, is enough to poison a whole neighborhood. This fever has prevailed as an epidemic this summer in the city of Bristol, England. Search was made for the cause, and it has been discovered that a lady of Clifton, while convalescent of typhoid, was ordered to the country; she found board with a dairy farmer near Bristol; the well from which water was taken to clean the milk vessels (and, perhaps, to water the milk,) was but a few feet from the closet drain. Typhoid appeared in nearly every family to which the milk was sold. We instance this case to show how subtle are the means of contagion, yet how easy the prevention. Americans are just beginning to grasp the matter of disease in a practical way. In England, when a case of virulent fever occurs, the family, no matter how high their social position, are obliged to submit their premises to a thorough official process of disinfection; the patient is isolated, and the disease checked. In Scotland, when a case of typhoid fever is reported, the house in which it has occurred is closed peremptorily, and the owner is not permitted to occupy or rent it until the cause of the disease has been discovered and the disinfection is officially pronounced complete. But who would dare order a freeborn American out of his house, even to prevent the poisoning of a whole community.

In default of any official means of prevention, we recommend our readers before returning from the country to look well to the drainage of their houses in town. Spend enough money on traps, waste-pipes, etc., if your floors go bare and you dine on potatoes and milk for the rest of the year. And in a case of typhoid or other fever occurs, have no scruples of false pride or feeling about submitting the patient to a proper isolation and disinfection for the good of others. There was divine as well as human wisdom in the Jewish law which put the unclean person without the camp. It is misfortune enough to be ill, without becoming an instrument of death to others.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Thoughtful Thoughts.

A lie which is part truth is ever the blackest.

Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.

Let no man call God his father who treats not man as his brother.

First God, self last—all the rest will come in the right order.

The pleasure of doing Good is the only one that never wears out.

Plotinus thanked god that he was not tied to an immortal body.

Do not force upon thy neighbor a hat that hurts thine own head.

To be dumb for the remainder of life is better than to speak falsely.

One never needs one's wits so much as when one has to do with a fool.

Receive your thoughts as guests and treat your desires like children.

For him who does everything in its proper time, one day is worth three.

Temperance is a tree which has contentment for its root and peace for its fruits.

Some prayers have a longer voyage than others, but they can come with a richer larder at last.

He needs no other rosary whose thread of life is strung with beads of love and thoughts.

He who raises himself up will be humiliated; he who humiliates himself will be lifted up.

Among those who labor for future happiness, he is greatest who lives in his household.

The true rule in business is to guard and do by the things of others as they do by their own.

The way for a man to secure himself from wickedness is to withdraw from the example of it.

Thou shalt abstain from deceiving others by word or deed. Thou shalt speak no word that is false.

Life is the time for seeking God, death the time for finding, eternity the time for possessing him

A soul which studies its spiritual interests in a quarter of an hour's daily meditation can never be lost.

We could not endure solitude were it not for the powerful companionship of hope, or of some unseen one.

In general, there is no one with whom life drags so disagreeably as with him who tries to make it shorter.

If you want to keep your hogs, horses, cattle and sheep healthy, give them salt regularly. There is no better vermifuge than salt. Much of hog cholera is due to intestinal worms. All animals desire salt, showing that it is a want of their nature, and undoubtedly for wise purposes

You Don't Know their Value.

"They cured me of Ague, Biliousness and Kidney complaint, as recommended. I had a half bottle left which I used for my two little girls, which the doctors and neighbors said could not be cured. I am confident I should have lost both of them one night if I had not had the Hop Bitters in my house to use. I found they did them so much good I continued it with them, and they are now well. That is why I say you do not know half the value of Hop Bitters, and do not recommend them high enough."—B. Rochester, N. Y.

"Judgements are prepared for scorners, stripes for the back of fools," and everlasting punishment for him who payeth not for his newspaper.

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

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Feb. 6

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

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"MY CHOICE" or DON PEDRO'S CHOICE,' to be nothing but fine selected Coffee. Coffee, imported from "**RIO**" by ourselves.

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The Great Kidney Medicine is not a new compound; it has been before the public 30 years and used by all classes. HUNT'S REMEDY has saved from lingering 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, Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, and Incontinence and Retention of Urine. HUNT'S REMEDY encourages sleep, creates an appetite, braces up the system, and renewed health is the result. HUNT'S REMEDY cures Pain in the Side, Back, or Loins, General Debility, Female 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 meets a want never before furnished 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

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HUNT'S REMEDY

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

CONDUCTED BY J. C. HOLLAND.

The Handsomest Illustrated Magazine in the World.

The American edition of this periodical is now

MORE THAN 70,000 MONTHLY.

And it has a larger circulation in England than any other American magazine. Every number contains about one hundred and fifty pages, and from fifty to seventy-five original wood-cut illustrations.

Announcements for 1878–9.

Among the attractions for the coming year are the following:

"HAWORTH'S," a serial novel, by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, author of "That Lass o' Lowrie's." The scene of Mrs. Burnett's new novel is laid in Lancashire; the hero is a young inventor of American birth. "Haworth's" is the longest story Mrs. Burnet has yet written. It will run through twelve numbers of the Monthly, beginning with November, 1878, and will be profusely illustrated.

FALCONBERG, a serial novel, by H. H. Hoyesen, author of "Gunnar," "The man who Lost his Name," &c. In this romance, the author graphically describes the peculiarities of Norse immigrant life in a Western settlement.

A STORY OF NEW ORLEANS, by Geo. W. Cable, to be begun on the conclusion of "Falconberg." This story will exhibit the state of society in Creole Louisiana about the the years 1803-4-5, the time of the Cession, and a period bearing a remarkable likeness to the present Reconstruction period.

PORTRAITS OF AMERICAN POETS. This series (begun in August with a portrait of Bryant) will be continued, that of Longfellow appearing in November. The portraits are drawn from life by Wyatt Eaton and engraved by T. Cole. They will be printed separately on tinted paper, as frontispieces of four different numbers. Illustrated sketches of the lives of poets will accompany these portraits.

STUDIES IN THE SIERRAS.—A series of papers (mostly illustrated) by John Muir, the California naturalist. The most graphic and picturesque and, at the same time, exact and trustworthy studies of "The California Alps" that have yet been made. The series will sketch the California Passes, Lakes, Winds, Storms and Forests.

A NEW VIEW OF BRAZIL. Mr. Herbert H. Smith, of Cornell University, a companion of the late Prof. Hartt, is now in Brazil, with Mr. J. Well Champney (the artist who accompanied Mr. Edward King in his tour through "The Great South"), preparing for SCRIBNER a series of papers on the present condition,—the cities, rivers and resources of the great empire of South America.

THE "JOHNNY REB" PAPERS, by an "ex-Confederate" soldier, will be among the raciest contributions to SCRIBNER during the coming year. They are written and illustrated by Mr. Allen C. Redwood of Baltimore. The first of the series, "Johnny Reb at play," appears in the November number.

THE LEADING EUROPEAN UNIVERSITIES. We are now having prepared, for SCRIBNER, articles on the leading Universities of Europe. They will be written by an American College Professor, Mr. H. H. Hoyesen, of Cornell (author of "Falconberg," &c.), and will include sketches of the leading men in each of the most important Universities of Great Britain and the Continent.

Among the additional series of papers to appear may be mentioned those on **How Shall we Spell** (two papers by Prof. Lounsbury,) **The New South, Lawn-Planting for Small Places** (by Samuel Parsons, of Flushing), **Canada of To-day, American Arts and Artists, American Archæology, Modern Inventors;** also Papers of Travel, History, Physical Science, Studies in Literature, Political and Social Science, Stories, Poems: "Topics of the Time," by Dr. J. G. Holland; record of New Inventions and Mechanical Improvements; Papers on Education, Decoration, &c.; Book Reviews; fresh bits of Wit and Humor, &c., &c., &c.

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FARQUAHR'S Four Horse Threshing Machines with Shakers.

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FANNING MILLS,

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SHOVEL PLOW SHARES,

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Repairs for Nearly All the Plows Sold in the County.

May 1

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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, Adzes, &c., Black smith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprise very elegant styles. Diston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place

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in workmanship is equal to a Chronometer Watch, and as elegantly finished as a first-class Piano. It received the highest awards at the Vienna and Centennial Expositions. IT SEWS ONE-FOURTH FASTER than other machines. Its capacity is unlimited. There are more WILSON MACHINES sold in the United States than the combined sales of all the others. The WILSON MENDING ATTACHMENT, for doing all kinds of repairing, WITHOUT PATCHING, given FREE with each machine.

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July 1

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that William Cook of Somerset township, Somerset Co., Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment has assigned all his estate real and personal to George G. Walker, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said William Cook. All persons indebted to the Assignor will make immediate payment, and these having claims will present them duly authenticated for settlement to the undersigned, at the office of John H. Scott, Esq., in the borough of Somerset on Saturday, November 30, 1878.

GEORGE G. WALKER,
Assignee of William Cook.

Oct. 23

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

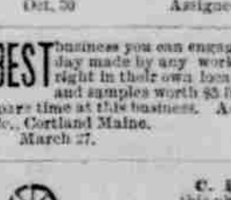
Notice is hereby given, that John Deeter of Allegheny Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., and Frances his wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all the estate, real and personal, of the said John Deeter to F. A. Werner, of New Baltimore borough, in said county, in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said John Deeter. All persons, therefore indebted to the said John Deeter, will make payment to the said Assignee, and these having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay. The Assignee desires to meet all debtors and creditors at the residence of John Deeter, on Saturday, the 7th of December, 1878. Disregard of this notice on the part of debtors may involve them in trouble and expense.

F. A. WERNER,
Assignee of John Deeter.

Oct. 30

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., Cortland Maine.

March 27.



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

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Young men prepared for active business life. Advantages unequaled. Course of study and business training the most comprehensive, thorough and practical in existence. Students received at any time. For circulars containing full particulars address

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Oct. 23.

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 [illegible] the purpose designed ever invented. It [illegible] 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 [illegible] ever offered, so apply early. For particulars address,

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Gen. Agt. West. Penna. Pittsburgh Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of William Kocker, late of [illegible] Twp. Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the [illegible] day of November 1878, at the residence of George Kocker, in said township.

JONATHAN W. [illegible]
Oct. 23 Administrator [illegible]

Man money make faster at work for us than 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

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March 27

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Address the Principal.

JONATHAN JONES, A. M.
Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

Dec 4.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of John L. Smith, late of [illegible] township, 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 it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it will present them duly authenticated for settlement to the Administrator at the late residence of the deceased, on the [illegible] day of December, 1878.

JOHN H. ZIMMERMAN,
Administrator.

Oct 16