THE LOST ONE RESTORED.

The wind blew furiously, and the rain fell in torrents, when a traveler one July night was traversing a thickly wooded portion of the country in Missouri. He had ridden all day, and night overtook him and found him lost in what appeared an impenetrable forest. The vines and underbrush grew so thickly that he was compelled to halt, and dismounting from his beast sheltered himself as best he could from the storm.

His servant a young man some 18 years old, accompanied him and was very much terrified at the situation in which he found himself, never having been outside the limits of a city until Mr. Randolph had employed him to accompany him on his journey. Journeys in those days were generally made on horseback or stage, for railroads had not then intersected all parts of our great country, as at the present day.

"John," said Mr. Randolph, "we shall have to remain here until daylight—there is no possibility of finding our way in this darkness."

"If we are not on the right road," replied John, "we must surely be near the cabin we were told about at the blacksmith's shop."

"I fear," returned Mr. Randolph, "that we have lost the road entirely. In fact, I am very positive of it. We can do nothing, I think, but wait until it shall become light enough for us to again resume our journey."

While Mr Randolph was speaking, the wind lulled for a few moments, and there came a cry that caused John Glover to start with terror. Mr. Randolph who was crouched beneath a tree, started to his feet and laid his hand on his pistol. Again the cry broke forth, and Mr. Randolph commanded John to search in the saddle-bags for a box of matches.

"It's some wild animal, I suppose," said Glover, his teeth chattering with fear.

"No," said Mr. Randolph, whose practiced ear knew the cry of beasts too well to be deceived, "'tis a human voice, and the cry is one of distress."

In a few moments Mr. Randolph had lighted a pocket lantern and was peering about him with John Glover cautiously standing in the rear.

"Follow me, John," said Mr. Randolph, and immediately he pushed his way among the bushes, while he listened for a repetition of the cry.

Once again it came, and it seemed so near to him that he started back and stood perplexed. Just then a vivid flash of lightning lit up the forest, and he saw something white lying upon the ground, about a dozen yards in advance.

Mr. Randolph darted forward and seized the object, which proved to be a female child of some eighteen months old, who was badly bitten on the shoulder by some wild animal. He took the little creature in his arms and carried her back to where the horses were tied.

"What are you going to do with it, sir?" inquired John.

"That thought was crossing my mind of that moment," replied Mr. Randolph, "I can scarcely imagine. First, I must try and discover who has lost a child in this part of the country, and by that means endeavor to find out the parents of this poor creature."

"And suppose you can't find them?" suggested John.

"Then I suppose I shall have to adopt her as my daughter," replied Mr. Randolph.

"But you are not married sir," said John.

"And never am likely to be," responded Mr. Randolph, upon whose mind came the memory of one he loved who had passed away from earth, and left a lonely man.

"We must not anticipate," he continued. "To-morrow may bring the parents of this poor little child to light."

When daylight came Mr. Randolph found that he had wandered a good way off the road, and the sun was well up ere he gained the cabin at the edge of the forest. It was inhabited by an old hunter by the name of Stubbs. He gave Mr Randolph a hearty welcome, and was not long in preparing a hot breakfast.

"Well, I never heard of such a thing before," said Stubbs, looking at the child with curiosity. "There's no one living within twenty miles of this place, and I can't imagine how she came to be in the wood. Old Bill Smoot's cabin is a good twenty miles from here, and Dan Neal is ten miles from him, and that's all the people there are this side of the State line. Neither Bill nor Dan are married, and it's passing strange where the young one came from."

"I wish you would take a ride through the forest," said Mr. Randolph to Stubbs. "Take the whole day to search for some person claiming this child. I will remain here until you return," and he placed a piece of gold in the hunter's palm.

"I'm afraid you'll have to father that young one," he exclaimed, addressing Mr. Randolph. "I've ridden nearly forty miles to-day, and hear nothing from anybody who has lost a child. Perhaps she has been lost purposely."

Mr. Randolph looked serious. Such an idea had not occurred to him, but from the moment he heard the words of the old hunter he mentally vowed that he would adopt the child if her parents were not discovered.

Seventeen years later, Madge Randolph, as the foundling was denominated, had become the reigning belle of the town of L——.

Mr. Randolph had occasion to make a trip to the State of Durango, in Mexico, and for the purpose joined a party of traders who were starting from Independence. All the men went armed, and had much experience in Indian fighting; so they felt pretty much at ease on that score.

After two weeks' travel beyond Smoky Hill Fork, they came upon a camp of Sioux Indians who had a white woman in bondage. Several of the traders offered to purchase her freedom, but she was the wife of a chief who refused her any proposition involving her leaving him. The poor creature seemed particularly desirous of entering into conversation with her countrymen, but the Indians rudely thrust her back when she implored to be taken back to civilized life.

That afternoon the Indians broke up their camp and went away westward. The traders had doubled their offers to the Indians, but they would not release their captive. The same night, when the traders were in camp they were suddenly aroused by the sound of approaching horse-hoofs coming at a rapid gallop. A few moments later and the woman whose freedom they had been trying to obtain, sprang from a pony, exclaiming:

"For heaven's sake, my countrymen do not give me up. I have escaped but they will soon be after me."

The traders instantly held a council. The savages outnumbered them twenty to one; there was no hope of making a successful resistance.

"Some one must fly with the woman back to Independence—and there's not a moment to be lost," cried several voices. "Who'll do it?" inquired the leader.

No one spoke; the men all had goods upon the train and could not desert them.

"I have no property to risk," said Mr. Randolph, after a few moments' reflection, "my business is urgent 'tis true, but I'll take her back or perish in the attempt."

A few minutes later and Randolph and the woman were flying as fast as the horses could carry them back to Missouri.

Just before the break of day the Indians appeared at the trader's camp and demanded the woman. They were assured she was not present, neither did they know where she was. It was not until the savages made a strict search of the wagons that they were convinced that they were on the wrong trail; but their disappointment was so great that they made an attack upon the traders. A smart fight revealed to them that they would have to obtain reinforcements if they desired to capture the train, so they withdrew and left the traders in peace.

After two days' hard riding, Mr Randolph and the woman reached a post of dragoon soldiers and were given escort who saw them safe to Leavenworth. The following is the story the poor woman told Mr. Randolph:

"I was born of respectable parents, my father being a farmer in western Missouri. I was married at an early age, and after the birth of a daughter, my husband started to go to Independence for the purpose of entering into business, taking the child and myself with him. After traveling some days we entered a great forest, and before we were aware of it, we found ourselves surrounded by a dozen Indians, who had crossed the line on a stealing expedition. They shot my husband before my eyes, and were going to kill my baby, when I begged for its life. One of the savages, who seemed to have some authority, prevented my child from being murdered, but refused to let me have it, and it was left upon the ground to die, while they hurried away, bearing me off a captive. The sufferings I have endured I would not relate if I could. I was often tempted to destroy myself, but the thought of regaining my freedom, and hope that my child might have been providentially found, stayed my hand when I would have taken my own life."

Such, in brief, was the history given by the poor woman, whose name was Baker.

Mr. Randolph listened with breathless interest to her narrative, and when she had concluded he asked her if she remembered on what day of the month and the year her misfortune occurred. Her reply was prompt. She named the year and stated that it was on the 16th of July, the day being Sunday.

"I shall never forget it while I live," she continued. "Life has only been a burden to me since."

Mr. Randolph was satisfied that the mother of his adopted daughter was before him.

With some little circumlocution he gave an account of his adventure in the forest, and stated the manner in which the infant he found was dressed. When the poor woman heard this she threw herself at Mr. Randolph's feet and wept tears of gratitude and joy, while she kissed his hands.

Madge Randolph married well, and continued through life to love her adopted father, while she became a comfort and solace to her unfortunate mother.

Proposed to His Grandmother.

Colonel Thornton, of the East India service, tells thus the romance of his youth:

"One clear starlight evening in June, Helen and I were walking on the terrace among flower beds that were cut in the soft green turf. Inspired by the stillness and odorous influence of the air, I told her my heart's secret with all its hopes and fears.

"She looked up at me wonderingly, and tears glistened in her beautiful eyes as she said:

"Ah, Captain Thornton, are you sure? Do you—do you love me? It cannot be. No never."

"Why," I cried, impetuously pressing my suit and her, 'you love another?"

"Sir," she said, almost sharply, "do you know who I am?"

"The loviest girl in England."

"No, sir; I am not; great heavens, Captain Thornton, I am your grandmother."

"My grandmother!" Talk of sudden shocks after that, won't you? I tried to speak, but my voice failed me. I reached out my hand and touched her. Yes, she was there, real enough, and I was not dreaming."

Rebuking a Juryman.

I once heard this anecdote of Judge Parsons, said the Rev. James Freeman Clark, the great Massachusetts advocate and lawyer. It is said that being about to try a mercantile case, he ordered a jury to be summoned, and among the names was that of Thomas H. Perkins, the leading merchant of Boston, and a personal friend of Judge Parsons. When the officer made his return, he laid down a fifty dollar bill before the Judge.

"What is that?" said Parsons.

"Mr. Perkins says he is very busy indeed, to-day, and prefers to pay his fine,"

"Take that back to Mr. Perkins," said the Judge, "and tell him to come here at once; and if he refuses, bring him by force."

When Mr Perkins appeared, the Judge looked sternly at him and said:

What do you mean, sir by sending money when you were summoned to sit on this jury?"

Mr. Perkins replied:

"I meant no disrespect to the court, your Honor; but I was extremely busy fitting out a ship for the East Indies, and I thought if I paid my fine I might be excused."

"Fitting out a ship for the East Indies, sir?" shouted the Judge; "and how happens it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?"

"Your Honor, I do not understand you."

"I repeat then, my question, how is it that you are able to fit out a ship for the East Indies?" If you do not know I will tell you. It is because the laws of your country are properly administered. If they were not, you would have no ships. Take your seat, sir, with the jury."

The Universal Boy.

CHAPTER I.—"It's a Boy."

His advent his heralded in the brief but strong sentence just quoted. No matter what hopes have been indulged concerning girl babies, what list of names sounded over to catch the most musical and euphonious ones, there is something in the pithy announcement, 'It's a boy,' which dispels all fanciful dreams and sets everybody on a prose basis. His very voice, as it utters a defiant war-whoop to the grand army of humanity, tells the story to experienced years. The visions of a dainty girl darling very soon vanish before this positive piece of prose, who kicks his sturdy heels through the delicate pink socks intended for his sister, and who grows red as a turkey cock's head at Thanksgiving time when he is expected to show off to good advantage before callers. He persists in an abnormal development of nose and a puffness about the eyes, along with several other little tricks known only to interested parties. Parents and nurses become reconciled and accept him on trust, seeing no other alternative. He emerges from his puffy and rosy obstinacy to a roly poly, wide-awake thing of beauty, which is a joy fully one-half of the time. There is a process from infancy to little boyhood, a sweet time, when the man-child is half baby, half angel. In the clear depths of his innocent eyes is a world of trust and hope and love. His white brow is fair as a freshly opened lilly, and his lips as sweet as hermosa roses. He is most witching at this age, for the peculiarities which mark the *enfant terrible* are yet undeveloped. He is an armful of love and beauty and promise and dream and hope. Love him while yet there is no guile on his tender lips; no sin in the unwritten soul, no touch of the world's breath upon God's finished work.

CHAPTER II.—"Git up Old Horsey."

"Mercy, what a noise! Look at that chair, with a string tied on the arms and made fast to the writing-desk and flower-stand, all to be driven tandem by that young imp in kilted skirt and fancy hat and shoes! Who upset that work-basket? and, gracious! what work has been made with my wool and thread! There's the last *Graphic* torn to scraps and stuffed in the cupadore with my new screw-driver, that I lost a week ago. What is he doing with the cat? and, dear me! if he hasn't thrown grandma's spectacles into the grate!"

"Where's Harry? Run to the kitchen and see. All the eggs are broken in the basket of folded clothes, and the milk for pudding has been fed to the cat and dog. Bridget Lannigan is in a towering rage and says:

'That's the use of shlayin to kape clean wid such a young divil forninst ye?' Miss Frigidity Fussbunch calls, and is horrified by being requested to be a horse and let Harry ride straddle to Boston.' She is questioned, also, on many delicate points, and asked how many little boys she has, and whether she has seen his blue monkey that performs on a yellow stick, and his 'rooster that crows if you blow in behind.' He gets very close to her and asks what that white stuff on her face is, and what makes her wear such a funny little hat.

A few years of this juvenile terror and then appears another stage of the boy. He gets a fever only appeased by marbles. It is useless to head off this phase; if it is shut off in one direction it breaks out more violently in some other. It goes through a period of six or seven years and costs much in anxiety, broken window panes, and mortified pride. He is afflicted with rats, pigeons, and other boyish complaints, which are harmless, but annoying. He brings in six dirty steel traps to amuse his sick sister, who grows worse under it, and in his solicitude he straps his legs fast to six feet of stilts and stoops to enter the door of her room, to the horror and dismay of his mother. He brings little notes home from school, which he tries to explain in a favorable light, but fails to convince his parents that it was 'only because Bill Wilson dropped his slate on Abe Hennegan's toes and made me laugh.' He carves his awkward initials on old Mrs. William's cellar door, and she threatens his arrest. He goes to see 'Humpty Dumpty,' and comes home and throws real brickbats at his aunt, and Bridget is met with a battering blow from his head in the region of the diaphragm when she is bringing in the coal. He makes life like a burden, and home a snare and delusion. He tears the comforters in more ways than one, and slits the pillow cases to match them. Gradually he leaves off the hurly-burly life and imperceptibly gildes into

CHAPTER III.—'Where is my blue tie?'

'Where is the blacking brush? I am going to a little surprise, and won't be home till eleven. Is my percale shirt done up nice? I wish you'd make my collar stiffer. I don't think some one for throwing my coat down and getting it wrinkled all up How do you like this hat? Think it looks better than my soft one?' You will find the pigeon boxes all deserted about this period, and not a rat-trap cumbers the back yard. The woodshed theatricals are all ended, the stilts are put away, the kites forgotten; window glass is in perfect safety. The dust has filled up the rude initials in Mrs. William's cellar door, and there is an uninvited quiet all around the house. Chairs stay in their places, and pantaloons will no longer bear cutting over for the boy. He gets them now out of new stuff, and mother's 'cut' will not satisfy him. He is not in the way now, and there's a heavy pain at mother's heart as she thinks that he will never need her much any more. The innocent eyes have a deeper meaning in them now. They have taken into their depths the reflection of a face younger than mother's, and life begins to look real to them.

The world is full of homes where these pictures will be recognized and hung up as family portraits—homes where there are no sounds of young voices now. They grow away into the world so soon, and we put away the nameless feeling of desolation as we do the cast-off toys of their childhood, and when the evening of life approaches the heart goes back along the track of time and is once more with the children in the dear long ago.

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

A courtly negro recently sent a reply to an invitation, in which he "regretted that circumstances repugnant to the requiescence would prevent his acceptance of the invite."

When a man sees his wife shedding a cataract of tears it well-Niagravates him beyond endurance.

HARRY.

CONFEDERIT X ROAD,
(Which is in the State uv Ky.,)
Dec., 26, 1878.

I don't want no Senatorial Committee down here. I don't want nobody pryin around bringing niggers up to testify ez to what they know about eleckshuns, votin and sich. Niggers is prejudist, and their mental vishuns is distorted. They don't understand polytix, and hev very dim and confoused notions of religun. Ther ain't a nigger neer the Corners which don't firmly bleeve that the Fifteenth Amendment means that they shel hev the rite to vote, unfettered and unhampered, and that they hev the rite to vote ez they please. They can't be made to understand that the sooperior intelligence that lays mostly around Barcom's, wuz designed by Providence to guide and direct em, and that they ought to be thankful that is is here to keer for 'em.

To put niggers onto the stand for examinashen is to convict ourselves. Ther ain't ez many uv us to swear ez ther wuz the mornin uv the eleckshun, but there is enuff.

That the country shel hev the troo inwerdnis uv wat did realy happen eleckshun day, I hev already held an examinashun, and here it is:

Issaker Gavitt sworn:—Wuz present at the poles last eleckshun day, and hed voted. Come without my double-barreled shot gun, for did not an insipate trouble uv any kind. He understood that the niggers hed all agreed to vote the strate Dimekratic ticket, in which case wood ez soon they wood vote ez not. Rather encouraged em. Remember accepin an invitashun to take suthin with one uv em, and wood hev accepiq invitasbuns with all uv em. Am fast loosin the prejudis which every white man hez agin color. Hev got so that I kin tolerate a nigger, with money, if he is libral. Two uv em hed voted (them wuz the two Republikin tikkits which wuz found in the box) when we diskivered that every one uv em hed Republikin tikits, instid uv Dimekratic, and that they perposed to vote em. Felt naturally enraged. Dashed the ni gers away from the winder and hed the poles closed. Rushed home and got my shot gun, ez did Deekin Poram, Capt. M'Peter, and the rest uv us. Immejitly notified the niggers that this kind uv a thing woodn't do, and that while we desired em to exercise ther rites, they must exercise em in accordance with the ijees uv the dominant race, and nuthin else. Otherwise they woodent exercise em. There wuz some trouble which resulted in the killin uv perhaps seventy uv em. Can't state exactly how many wuz killed, ez he didn't count em.

Believes in President Hayes, espreshelly sence the appointment uv Mosby ez Consul to Hong Kong. Thinks it wood be a grate measure uv pasiificashen if he (Gavitt) cood be appointed to suthin.

Deekin Pogram testified to about the same thing that Issaker did. Wuz willin that the niggers shood vote if they would only vote the Demekratic ticket. Hed overcome the prejudis every Cawcasian wuz bound to hev agin the inferior race, but shood insist, alluz, that the inferior race shood be guided and directed by the sooperior. If the sooperior race wants to vote the Dimekratic ticket, the inferior must do likewise, and so on. Otherwise we can't let em vote. We shel insist on hevin em countid in when we make up our Congressional representashun, but we must control their voice. Otherwise the bloated North wood hev the bulge on us. Approves the President's policy, espeshelly his appintment uv Mosby ez Minister, or whatever it is, to Hong Kong. Nothin so consolidates the Southern mind ez an appintment. Wood like to hev it tried on himself.

Col McPeter testified to shootin, perhaps, sevin or eight uv em. Believed he wuz justified, and appealed to the Northern sense uv rite. Hed the niggers voted the Republikin ticket it wood hev bothered us to elect the Dimekratic tickit, suthin that the Corners alluz hed done, and alluz expected to do. Coodent and woodent stand innovashuns. If the niggers want to vote let em vote rite, and there will be no objeckshuns to it. Otherwise we can't permit it.

I didn't consider it nessary to take any more testimony. But this I hed sworn to, before Bascom, who sealed it offishelly with a whisky glass, and I shell forred it to Blaine. I hope it will hev proper effeck. I hope the North will see that we desire to recognize the amendment, and that we are willin to go just ez far ez possible. We must, however, preserve the integrity uv the old Dimekratic party, and must retane our majorities. When this is undestood there will be no more trouble. When the nigger gits into the proper frame uv mind uv votin ez we want him to, all the bother will end, and there will be that espeshel kind uv peese that we desire. Otherwise there will be more worry and more trouble.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY, Statesman.
[Shot Gun]

Bayard Taylor.

The career of Bayard Taylor is one of the most striking illustrations in recent American history of the substantial reward which our republican society offers to purely literary ambition. A generation or two ago the man of letters was so rare a character among us that his very singularity was a claim to public distinction. But Mr. Taylor made his celebrity long after Dana, and Irving and Prescott, and Bryant, and a score of others had taught mankind to respect the taste and scholarship of the New Western World, and he won his highest honors in the very thick of the struggle for literary success which distinguishes these latter years of the Nineteenth century. He owed nothing to the accident of time or of fortune. The prizes which enriched the close of his life were the well-earned fruit of the hard and persevering labors of more than thirty years. From the day when he set out, poor and unknown, to make the tour of Europe with knapsack and staff, until he arrived only a few months ago at one of the greatest of the European courts, bearing the highest diplomatic rank it is in the power of the United States to confer, cheered by the farewell plaudits of his countrymen, and greeted with marked honors by the people and princes of Germany, it can be said that Bayard Taylor was the maker of all his own good fortune, and that he made them by the most conscientious and faithful of literary work. He was simply and always a man of letters.

This is not the place for a critical estimate of his writings, but there is one conspicuous quality in them which shone so brightly also in his personal character that we cannot pass it over here in silence. That quality is honesty. It is seen in the simplicity of his style the thoroughness of his workmanship, the clearness of his opinions, the fidelity with which he held through life to his chosen work, sparing no pains to produce the very best of which he was capable, however small the subject or trivial the reward. Nobody could read one of his books without feeling the influence of this virtue. Nobody could know him without perceiving that this high literary merit was a reflex of an earnest and simple nature. If there is a long remembrance for honest men, there is no less a long life for honest books. It is a golden lesson for authors and journalists that in this instance literary honesty and personal uprightness have secured a brilliant success in life, and an enduring reputation.

There is little doubt that if Mr. Taylor had lived to complete the life of Goethe, for which his foreign appointment gave him the long-coveted facilities, he would have crowned his career with a greater work than any in the long list of his books. It was a task to which he brought a manly enthusiasm and the accumulations of years of study and industrious collecting. Scholars will lament the untimely event which deprives American literature of what promised to be such an important acquisition. The craftsmen of letters and arts will mourn the loss of a companion endeared to them by a thousand amiable qualities. The general public will sorrow for the death of a public man in whose paralfame the whole country takes pride. But there are many others to whom the death of Bayard Taylor will carry a much sharper pang. We who have been for so many years in close intercourse with this kindly, tender and high-minded man, and have learned to value more and more as our intimacy increased, the nobility of his disposition, the greatness of his heart, the homely charm of his simple private life, can understand how deep a grief will be carried by the news of this morning to friends in every quarter of the globe, who honored in Mr. Taylor one of the best types of the American scholar, and loved him as one of the most delightful of American gentlemen.—*N. Y. Tribune*

Didn't Kept to Give It Away.

An old railroader relates this incident of the Union Pacific in its early days, when the running time was very slow;

A former employe of the road boarded a train, and as he knew the conductor, tried to check it through. General Manager Hoxie was on the train, and the conductor said he dare not pass the man, but referred him to Mr. Hoxie. The passenger applied to the General Manager, and his application to be passed was refused. He seated himself right in front of the manager, and refused to pay fare when the conductor came around again. The latter ordered him to get off at the next station, and when that was reached the man did get off, but it was only to run around and climb into the baggage car, where he rode past several stations before the conductor entered and discovered him. This work done said the conductor. Hoxie will be in here to smoke after a while, and the devil will be to pay when he discovers you. The man who was beating his way fixed that by hiding himself behind a lot of trunks, and from his position enjoyed a conversation Mr. Hoxie, who had entered the car, was having about him with a friend. Finally the train entered the dining station and the man behind the trunks got off to get something to eat. As he sauntered up the platform he came face to face with Mr. Hoxie. "Here," said the latter sternly. "I thought you got off at ——," naming the station.

"So I did," was the reply.

"How did you get here, then?"

Taking Mr. Hoxie to one side, the passenger whispered, confidentially. "I don't want to give your road and its slow time away before all the passengers, but I will tell you privately, I walked."

He got a pass for the journey, and to-day occupies a prominent position on the road, for which he is indebted to his cheek and wit.

The Progress of Russia.

The progress of Russia, which has evidently excited the jealous alarm of England is a reality which is palpable to all who take the trouble of reading history and examining maps. Napoleon declared, at St. Helena, that in the first year of war with the Russians they would take India from England, and declared that probably in the course of time they would overwhelm all Europe. That Russia would invade and take India, be regarded as inevitable, in order to gain riches and provide employment for the army, and thereby prevent a revolution in Russia proper. The conditions and appliances of war have so changed since Napoleon's time that to wrest India from England would probably not be so easy as was anticipated; but the progress of Russia, in territory and population, has been surprisingly large. Looking back within the present century, it will be seen that the Russian acquisitions of territory from Sweeden are greater than what remain in the ancient kingdom; that her gain from Poland is as large as the whole of Austria; that the land wrested from Turkey in Europe is equal to the dominions of Prussia, exclusive of the Rhenish provinces; that the country conquered from Persia is as large as England; and that her acquisitions in Tartary have an area equal to Turkey in Europe. Greece, Italy and Spain. Since 1814 Russia has advanced her frontier 850 miles towards Vienna, Berlin, Dresden, Munich and Paris; has approached 450 miles nearer to Constantinople; has possessed herself of the capital of Poland, and has advanced to within a few miles of the capital of Sweden, from which, when Peter the Great mounted the throne, her frontier was distant 300 miles. Since 1814, also, Russia had stretched forward very considerably toward India and the capital of Persia. Her army is the largest in the world and the easiest to support in time of war, and she is judiciously augmenting her navy by the purchase of ships, built and building on the Delaware.

"What is edit rial courtesy? asks a New Jersey paper. Why, it is when an editor is caught stealing chickens at midnight, and his brother kindly alluded to the matter as a strange freak of a somnambulist.

Auex bangeth ughtfully remarks: "Delinquent subscribers should not permit their daughters to wear this paper for a bustle. There is so much *due on it*, there is danger of taking a cold."

"Did he bring those chickens to your house in a secret way?" queried the defendant's attorney.

"No; he brung 'em in a bag.—*Trenton Gazette.*

PATENTS

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AN OIL POLISH When Heated

NO MIXING. DUST. RUST. WASTE. BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,
Office, 605 St. John Street, Philadelphia.
Oct 9 '78

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.

Whereas Nelson H. Walker, of Summit Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., made a voluntary assignment for the benefit of his creditors in the appropriation of all his property, real, personal and mixed, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said N. H. Walker to make immediate payment to the Assignees and those having claims against him to present them duly authenticated for settlement to the Assignees, at the office of Valentine Hay in Somerset borough.

VALENTINE HAY,
LEWIS WEIGLY,
Dec. 4 Assignees.

Saved from the Grave.

Mr. J. E. Youman, Long P. O., Ills., says: "It saved my two children from the grave." A. L. Simmons, of Baltimore, Md., also says: "It will cure the worst cough immediately." Two doses cured me of a bad cough of one week's standing." J. H. Coulter, Carlon, Pa. Over 1,000,000 bottles of Seller's Cough Syrup 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. Sold by all druggists and country dealers. Price 25c., 50c. and $1.00 per bottle. E. E. SELLERS & Co., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nov. 20

The Great Blood Cure,

For the cure of all diseases arising from impure Blood. Are you weak, nervous, debilitated, pale and emaciated? Have you lost your appetite? Have you nausea, pain in the back, &c.? If so, Dr Lindsey's Blood Searcher will drive out the disease and bring back the Bloom of Health. Pimples, Boils, Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, &c., are but surface indications of Blood Diseases; and Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher, by purifying the system, solves the skin and beautifies the complexion. [Cures performed by the Blood Searcher read like old-time miracles. Try it. Sold by druggists $1.00 per bottle. E. E. SELLERS & Co., Prop's, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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, Despondency, Headache, Sour Stomach, Constipation, Debility, Nausea, and all Bilious complaints and Blood disorders. 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 Coffee, Coffee, imported from "RIO" by ourselves.

Janney & Andrews,
WHOLESALE
Grocers & Produce Commission Merchants
Nos. 121 and 123 Market Street,
May 29 PHILADELPHIA.

REGISTER'S NOTCE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on Thursday, January 30, 1879.

1. First account of John C. Weller, adm'r. of John Weller, deceased.
2. First and final account of Henry H. Schrock adm'r. cum testamento annexo of Hugh Schrock, deceased.
3. First and final account of Samuel S. Beal, trustee for the sale of the real estate of Solomon N. Beal, deceased.
4. The account of Peter Brugh, Guardian of Mary A. Frieline.
5. First and final account of William H. Stahl, Adm'r of Nancy Stahl, dec'd.
6. First account of A. Evans, Adm'r. of John J. Philippi, dec'd.
7. Second and final account of Cyrus Rayman, Executor of Ann Maria Zerfoss, dec'd.
8. Account of John Reel, Guardian of Austin Lape.
9. First and final account of Jacob E. Geiger, Adm'r. of Richard Geiger, dec'd.

A. F. DICKEY,
Jan. 1 Register.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Jacob Kline of Somerset Twp., having assigned all his property real and personal to Franklin Miller for the benefit of creditors, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the said Assignor to make immediate payment, and those having claims to present to the said Assignee for settlement.

Dated, Dec. 16th. FRANKLIN WELLER,
Dec. 25 Assignee.

ASSIGNEES' ACCOUNTS.

The following accounts have been filed and will be presented for confirmation on

Thursday, Jan 30th, 1879.

Geo. Barclay, assignee of Solomon Baker.
Daniel Klimmel, assignee of Joseph Landis.
E. M. Schrock, assignee of Daniel Kelm.
Val. Hay, assignee of Catharine Walker.
Johnson & Spiker, assignees of Jno. Holliday.

H. F. SCHELL,
Jan. 1 Prothonotary

SURE REWARD,
5 YEARS TO PAY FOR A FARM,
$4 to $10 Per Acre,
Beech and Maple Land in Michigan
In the MILLION ACRE GRANT of
the Grand Rapids and Indiana
Railroad Company.
TITLE PERFECT.
Strong soil—sure crops—plenty of timber—no drought—no chinch bugs—no "hoppers."
Running streams—pure water—ready markets—schools—Railroad completed through centre of the grant.
Send for pamphlet, English or German.
Address W. O. HUGHART,
Land Commissioner,
GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

OPIUM Morphine and Whiskey habits cured. Address Dr. Marshall's Institute, Dayton, Ohio.

$5 GOLD PLATED WATCHES, Cheapest on the known world. Sample Watch Free to Agents. Address, J. COULTER & Co., Chicago.

THE
SOMERSET
HERALD,
ESTABLISHED 1827.
A GOOD FAMILY PAPER.
GENERAL, LOCAL AND POLITICAL NEWS.
RED HOT REPUBLICAN.
LARGEST CIRCULATION
—IN—
SOMERSET COUNTY.
Subscription $2 a year. Transient advertising 10 cents a line. Special rates to yearly and quarterly advertisers. 52 papers to the year; no postponement on account of Christmas, Fourth of July or other legal Holidays.
JOB
WORK
OF ALL
DESCRIPTIONS
EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH.
A LARGE NUMBER OF
SCHOOL ORDERS
ON HAND.
ED. B. SCULL,
Business Manager.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S,
STORE,
West End, Main st., Somerset Pa.
HEAD QUARTERS
FOR THE SALE OF
CHAMPION MOWERS AND REAPERS, OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, HAGERSTOWN GRAIN SEED DRILLS, EMPIRE THRESHER AND SEPARATOR, HORSE POWERS.
FARQUAHR'S Four Horse Threshing Machines with Shakers.
FARQ '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

FREE A VALUABLE INVENTION.
THE WORLD RENOWNED
WILSON SEWING MACHINE
is 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
AGENTS WANTED. WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.
827 & 829 Broadway, New York; New Orleans, La.; Cor. State & Madison Sts., Chicago, Ills.; and San Francisco, Cal.
FOR SALE BY ALL FIRST-CLASS DEALERS.

TO THE LADIES.
The Summer and Fall styles of E. Butterick & Co's.
PAPER PATTERNS
at Mrs. E. R. Wagner's,
809 Arch St., and 304 South 2d St., Philadelphia
Also for sale the Centennial Plaiter. Orders filled by mail on receipt of price. Catalogue furnished on application by mail.
Aug. 1

ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that an election will be held on

Monday, January 13, 1879,

at the office of the Somerset & Mineral Point Rail Road Company, at Somerset Pa., for the purpose of electing a President and Directors of said Somerset & Mineral Point Rail Road Company.

JOHN H. UHL,
Jan. Secretary.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Peter Zerfoss late of Stonycreek 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 office of James L. Pugh, in Somerset Boro., on Saturday, the 8th day of February, 1879.

JACOB P. ZERFOSS,
Jan. 1 Administrator.

Agents Wanted for the new cure of
CATARRH,
in each neighborhood to introduce our BLACK PINEOIL CATARRH REMEDY. One dollar package free to those willing to pay express charges. If you need a period by Adams or Union Ex. Co's.
Address, F. M. BOWER & CO., Gen. Agts.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Jan 2

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Lutz, late of Stonycreek 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 immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, January, 18, 1879, at the late residence of deceased.

JACOB ROSS,
Dec. 4 Administrator.

A GOLD MEDAL
has been awarded at the Paris Exposition of 1878 to
J. & P. COATS,
For their Six-Cord Spool Cotton, confirming the estimate placed upon their goods at all the World's Expositions, from that at London, 1862, to the Centennial Exposition of 1876, where they took a diploma for "SUPERIOR STRENGTH AND EXCELLENT QUALITY."