OLD CAP'S YARNS.

BY A. C. HOLBERT.

"I know that you do not believe in ghosts, goblins, spooks and all the array of horrid inventions which terrify our infancy, frighten our childhood, puzzle our manhood, and follow all of us through life," said my friend, the Captain, to me, one evening, as we sat by our fire quietly enjoying our cigars. 'You sneer at all such ideas. Who can refute a sneer?' some one said of Voltaire, wasn't it? Yes, I know it must have been Voltaire, for he was an inveterate sneerer—his sneers were directed at *everything*—and the most exalted ideas, the holiest aspirations, the most sacred hopes of humanity could not, and did not, escape the sarcasm of his pen, the touchstone of his wit, and yet the mocking spectre rests in the tomb, and men believe as they would have done had Voltaire never lived. I tell you, ghosts are to me a *real presence*; they fill a blank that is filled by nothing else. I've sat many a night, when a boy—and shall I say in riper years?—and poured over some tale, some 'Book of Murders,' until I could feel 'nerve, flesh, and fiber thrill and creep' with, I will not say the expectation of 'an appearance,' but the *consciousness* that a certain *something* was in the very air, that, as my 'blood ran cold,' I could feel the touch of the icy hand of death passing o'er my body; and you, too, have those feelings—and you cannot and will not deny the fact—and yet I've heard you sneer at the idea that 'ghosts of disembodied creatures' re-visit earth, and yet 'tis true.'

'Yes, Cap,' I replied to this harangue, which was of unusual length for him, 'I do sneer at the idea of ghosts, spooks, &c. I do deny the fact of their revisiting earth to frighten, and I do admit the fact that, spite of all my philosophy, I have those qualmish feelings to which you refer. I have poured over those books of murder until I could feel the cold thrills of horror creep over my every fiber, but I never attributed those thrills to the 'chammy hand of death' passed across my person. I have sat by the camp-fire and heard the hunters and trappers relate the stories to which I presume you, too, have listened many a time and oft, and have gone to my couch, 'neath the starry heaven,' and pillowed my head on my saddle and sunk into fitful dreams of murder and of blood, but no departed spirit of the mighty dead has ever appeared before my actual gaze. I have picketed my horse—when solitary and alone, save my guide—upon more than one spot made sacred, if such a thing be possible, by the shedding of innocent human blood, but no wail of the departed came to startle me from my needed slumbers. My qualms in those things, Cap, are the result of an early education, or rather, I should say, miseducation. As people train their children into the *knowledge*—mind, I don't say belief—that darkness is merely the absence of light, depend not solely upon physical causes, and that there are no supernatural occurrences more likely to happen, no unnatural events more likely to occur at the one time than at the other; as they teach them that the *condition of death* is merely the *absence of life*; that a body dead is the same body over which they may have hung in the transports of love and affection; that it is as perfectly harmless as is any other lump of clay; that the very fact of life implies the fact of death, and that when that event does occur it is not to be regarded as an evil, but as a *fortunate* release from many evils; when, I say, all this *infernal nonsense*, the reminder or rather the out-cropping of Paganism, is banished forever; when children hear no more of these 'old wives' fables' of ghosts, witches, spooks, devils, &c., &c.; when a proper philosophy is taught them, when they can look upon the Grand Architect of the Universe as a *beneficent* Father, and not as a grim-faced Juggernaut, who drives his chariot over a way paved with all the best instincts of his creatures, placed before him through their terrors, then and not till then we may hope to see a generation of *sensible* people arise, free from all such groveling superstitions as a belief in ghosts. But I fear the time is far distant.'

'I have interrupted you, Cap, in your story, and I am in a listening mood to-night—continue on, will you?'

'Yes,' replied the Captain, 'I'm in the mood for a talk to-night, and knowing, as I do, your ideas on such subjects, I expected you to say something in regard to this matter of ghosts, that I have brought up to-night. I agree with you entirely in your saying that the whole matter is a result of mis-education, but that education *exists*, and I may say will exist, so long as the race exists. You and I both believe in the divine origin of the Christain religion, and the very ground-work of that religion is *supernatural appearances*. But I am not about to enter upon a sermon, 'I will a plain, unvarnished tale deliver,' and when done you may file your objections. Pass me the cigars, will you?'

Having supplied the Cap's, wants, he began as follows:

'You are doubtless aware that the 'late unpleasantness,' to use a hackneyed phrase originating with, I forget whom, led in the border States to the severing of many tender ties, and to the formation of many deadly hostilities. Persons who had been playmates in childhood, and friends in boyhood, and *some* who by marriage had become related in manhood, found themselves separated, through the war, by a gulf deep and wide as that which separated Dives in hell from Lazarus in Abraham's bosom, and which equally precluded any return from one to the other. It is of such a feud and its consequences that I propose to tell you tonight.

'In a certain county of Missouri, in which I once resided, there were two boys, Jim Stott and Jack Grisson, playmates, friends. Years passed away. The war came. Missouri came very near being enrolled, through the efforts of Caleb Jackson, the Governor, John B. Clarke, a politician, (and afterwards a member of the Confederate Congress) and others, among the seceding States, but their machinations failed and they are 'off.' However, Jim Stott and Jack Grisson took opposite sides. Stott was a Federalist from the start, and Grisson was a Confederate. Both men were persons of influence, and each did what he could for the side toward which he leaned. Neither man was a coward, and therefore each joined that side which he believed right. Stott went into the Union army—Grisson into that of the 'Boys in Grey.' Neither failed to achieve distinction. Stott became a terror as a scout—Grisson was feared as a guerilla chief. But the years stole away, and events, with many of which you are familiar with reading, and I by experience, passed. The surrender at Appomattox came, and the swords were supposed to be sheathed. But here in the border States the fire still smouldered, and I may say it smoulders yet. There are too many unforgotten wrongs; there is too much unwritten history; there are too many sighs, and too many tears, and too much blood scattered over those prairies, and too much *once living fruit* has hung from those trees to allow the fire to sink in ashes at the mere magic of a name. Oh! there are bitter, burning wrongs unavenged; there are days of watching, nights of waking' to come into the account—and years, generations, ages must pass ere those terrible days can be buried in oblivion. But I am off my story.

'After the war was over, Jim Stott and Jack Grisson both returned to their homes. 'Success,' you know, 'is always successful.' Stott was greeted as a hero, while Grisson sunk, and was content to sink into obscurity. But a guerilla chieftain, who had worn the 'Grey' could not long remain unnoticed in the same county with Jim Stott, the scout, who had worn the 'Blue.' And perhaps the enmity was mutual; be that as it may, not many months elapsed ere it was known that the two former friends were now sworn enemies—that each had sworn to kill the other wherever he should meet him.

'Friends endeavored to persuade them from such rash and murderous ideas, in vain. The answer of each was:

'We cannot breathe the same air.'

'Time passed, and they did not meet. Each seemed guarded by a good angel, but each was as nearly a perfect specimen of physical manhood as is seen in these degenerate days.' But there comes a time when the Powers above, tire—if you will permit the expression—of guarding us, and leave us to our fate. This time came to those two young men.

A dance had been announced to take place near the town of S——, and by some oversight both the men were invited.

'Jack Grisson was there—lively, humorous, unsuspecting—but prepared for any emergency, for he had belted around him a trusty Colt's army revolver that had been with him in a hundred fights, and a bright Bowie knife, full fourteen inches clear of the guard, that had more than once drunk blood.

'All was merriment and good humor. Jack was on the floor dancing with the belle of the evening, when a party rode up—Jim Stott was of their number. He too was armed, and in a similar manner to Jack Grisson. The newcomers dismounted and walked into the room. The former friends glowered at each other for a moment, when Stott walked to within four feet of Grisson and remarked:

'Jack Grisson, leave here. You and I can't breathe the same air, much less live in the same house.'

Grison reached behind him for his 'Army,' when Stott threw his own (which he had held cocked in his hand behind him) on a level with Grisson's face, and fired. The ball struck Grisson in the centre of the forehead—the practiced hand of Jim Stott was too true to fail there and at that distance—and Jack sunk up on the floor. Stott turned and walked from the room uninterrupted, but with the consciousness of having committed one of the most cowardly murders that ever blackened the annals of crime.

"The dance of course was broken up. Most of the assembled guests departed; few remained, and while some of Grisson,s friends were gazing mournfully upon his lifeless body, a man who had been *case-hardened* by the war, came up and remarked, as a matter of commonplace:

"'Well, nobody can deny that the fellow had some *brains*, for I see about two table-spoonfuls of 'em lying here on the floor.'

"Fore the credit of humanity, remember, the war had not long been ended; that this man had been with Sherman on his memorable "march to the sea;" that he had pursued and been pursued by Jack Grisson and his troop on more than one occasion, and lastly that he was intoxicated.

"But Jack Grisson was deposited—I mean his mortal part—in the earth. Jim Stott escaped without any pursuit being made, and in a few days all things were, so far as man could tell, moving in their wonted channels. The murder of Grisson was not mentioned. Those who witnessed the occurrence seemed loth to acknowledge the fact, and the name, and fate of the once feared and hated guerilla cheif seemed destined to pass into oblivion.

"But the family who occupied the house, in which the murder had occurred, began to tell strange stories. Strange sounds were heard. Strange sights were seen, and soon they abandoned the house. Another tenant took possession; but the result was the same. Another came *and went*. At length a man came from Illinois into the neighborhood with his family. He was a bold and reckless man; had been one of the 'old 49 ers' in California, (though a mere boy then), had seen the world, boasted that he feared no devil nor devil's imps.

"To him the house was offered, rent free, on the condition that he would take it for 1 year. He agreed, and counted on his gain by the bargain he had made. But not long elapsed ere the Californian, too, departed. Scared out by *something*—he could never be prevailed on to say what.

"So matters stood; the house was going to rack; children would not play near it. The person who had been at the village of S——quickened his pace as he passed it. If in the evening, and even in broad daylight, he fancied that grim and blood-stained faces grinned at him from the windows, peered at him from the doors, or leered at him from the corners of the house. It had become an *accursed* spot. Every neighborhood has some such spot near it. In some it is the site where some poor, miserable suicide has grown tired of life, and gone to meet—let us hope— an indulgent God. In others it is the place where some horrid murder has been perpetrated. Again where some poor devil has been interred, whose only epitaph is—'Found Dead!' and, sometimes, 'tis merely the "Village graveyard!" As you say: "Why do people clothe death with such terrors?" Why do they not rather teach children to regard it as a *sleep*—a result of material causes—and from which it is possible, by virtue, by morality, by the practice of what *elevates* and *ennobles* man, and the *shunning* of what lowers and *degrades* him, to awake at last into the enjoyment of a better life? Just as *here*, by the observing of physical laws, we arise in the morning refreshed by sleep, and prepared to encounter new difficulties during the day. Oh! 'tis a glorious thought that the soul is merely to be *recuperated*: our energies merely revived in order that from that long *sleep* we may arise prepared to grasp the ideas that another sphere may present to us. But I've got off again. This house had become *the* haunted house of the neighborhood.

"One evening I was returning from the village of S——, and met the owner of the house of which I have been speaking.

"'Smiley,' said he, 'how'd *you* like to take up your headquarters in the haunted house?'

"'O I have but one objection,' said I; 'I fear no ghost; but you see that house has become a sort of standing joke. Any man who goes into it is regarded with curiosity, and if he is driven out he would better leave this neighborhood, for the very boys hoot at him for his want of nerve: and *men* who, for their lives, dare not go into it even in *day time*, call him a coward for being scared out by—they know not what—at night. I shall have to decline your offer, I guess."

He laughed, and we parted.

I had noticed that some time before a dark cloud had begun to loom up to the West. The wind now began to moan and sigh, the lurid lightning to flash, and I saw that a tempest was about to overtake me ere I could reach my boarding place. I gave my horse, Bill, the reins, and sped on at a sweeping gallop. A mile ahead was the haunted house, and just as I came to it the heavy drops of rain began to fall. I rode up to the fence, and Bill cleared it at a bound. I rode to the stable and found some hay in it. Leading Bill into a stall, I supplied his manger with hay, stripped off his rig, and, after tying him by means of a halter which he wore, I carried the saddle, blanket and bridle into the house. Here I drew from my pocket a small lantern and lighted it. I then proceeded to take a look at the surroundings. A back-log, about a quarter burnt through in front, lay in the capacious fireplace. A pair of heavy and-irons stood on the hearth. In one corner was quite a pile of wood, that had evidently lain there since the last occupant had been in the house. On the floor were the dark stains made by the vital fluid of Jack Grisson. I gazed on them for a moment, muttered to myself 'poor devil!' and then turning I strode into the next room. Here I met with nothing of a suspicious nature, and took my way thence to the cellar. Nothing there to alarm any one. The wind was blowing in fitful gusts, and the rain falling in torrents, while occasionally a flash of blue lightning would illume earth and sky with its ghastly glare. I knew that I was in for a night at the haunted house, and I prepared to pass it as best I might. I returned to the room in which Jack Grisson had met his fate, and noticed one thing the moment that I stepped into it, which was different from the manner in which I had left it; *The door between the two rooms was closed.* I HAD LEFT IT OPEN.

I am free to confess that I was startled by this. I will not say alarmed, but startled. I went to the door and opened it, but there was nothing to be seen.

I now returned to the fireplace and set about kindling a fire. This did not occupy much of my time. I soon had a very cheerful fire blazing on the hearth. I had found an old chair in the room, left there doubtless by some one, and I drew it into the corner, lighted my pipe and was soon puffing the blue smoke from my mouth as contentedly as though I were not occupying a seat in a haunted house. I must have fallen asleep; at any rate I was nearly caused to spring from my chair by a long, deep, hollow groan; just such a groan as a person makes when he 'yields up the ghost.' I rubbed my eyes and stared around the room. The fire was pretty well burned out. I once more replenished it, and now noticed that the door which I had before found closed after leaving it open, was *open*, when I knew I had closed it. I walked to the door and drew it shut, and to make assurance doubly sure, I took a stout hickory splinter and inserted it into the handle a semi-circular piece of iron, in such a manner that it would resist any ordinary effort made to open the door without first removing the splinter. I now arranged my saddle and saddle-blanket, and having filled the cup of my pocket flask with whisky, drank it and lay down in front of the fire, soon afterward falling asleep.

How long I slept I knew not, but I was awakened by something, I knew not what. I was wide awake when I opened my eyes, and the fire cast but an uncertain and fitful glow upon objects in the room; but still there was enough light to render objects distinctly visible. There, not six feet from me, stood the form of Jack Grisson. I gazed upon the appearance for a moment. I noted particularly the fact that objects which I knew were behind the apparition were not visible through it. I closed first one eye and then the other; the object remained as before. I moved my hand before my eyes; it was shut out; but when I removed my hand there it stood as before. I gazed, I was now satisfied, upon the apparition of the guerilla chief, Jack Grisson. I spoke to the form, but it returned no reply. I drew a revolver, and aiming it at the breast of the figure, pulled the trigger.

The sharp report followed, and a loud ringing 'ha! ha! ha!' echoed through the room. I gazed again; the apparition was still there. A peculiarly sorrowful expression spread across its countenance. For a full minute it maintained its position, when it moved suddenly across the floor, and as suddenly sunk out of sight. I arose to a sitting posture, rubbed my eyes, but could see nothing. I arose, took my lantern, and searched the whole house from garret to cellar. I found nothing to reward my pains. When morning dawned I saddled my horse and made my way to my boarding house. Lest you think that I *dreamed* the whole affair, I will add that when I examined my revolver I found that one chamber *had been* discharged.

"Now, can you tell me of any plausible manner of accounting for this matter?

"I freely confessed my inability to do so; and, after smoking a cigar apiece, we sought our repose."

Girls, will you listen to a few words of advice? Do not marry if you cannot find a suitable husband, for a bad husband is infinitely worse than none. Never marry a fellow who is ashamed to carry a small bundle, who lies in bed till breakfast, and until his father has opened his shop or office, and swept it out; who frequents taverns, bowling alleys, prize fights, etc; who owes his tailor, shoemaker, jeweler, barber, printer and landlady, and never pays his debts; who is always talking about his acquaintances, and condemning them; whose tongue is always running about nonsense; who thinks he is the greatest man in the neighborhood, and yet whom every one despises and shuns. We say never marry a fellow with all or any of these qualifications, no matter how handsome he is, or how agreeable he can make himself on occasions. He will make a bad husband.

Some Sample Democrats.

It is a little unfortunate for the Democrats that they have so few honest men in their party. So long as they are kept out of office, they may bellow for reform in the most vociferous manner. So soon as they get into office, they are found to be corrupt and profligate. The last Democratic Administration, that of James Buchanan, in a time of peace, and when the public expenditures were confined to reasonable limits, was extravagant, thieving, and corrupt. During the civil war, when the national expenses reached an unprecedented figure, there were many peculations, and many infamous conspiracies to defraud the Government. Yet, considering the vastness of the amounts legitimately expended, the actual losses were undoubtedly much smaller in proportion than those which resulted to the Government from Democratic mismanagement. And, just as soon as the Democrats come into power again, the thieves come to the front.

Heretofore, they have been confined to the limited field of State and municipal politics. Only give them a chance at the National strong box, and they will show themselves as expert as Floyd or Thompson ever were. The scamps who have disgraced their party in Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky, and Tennessee will make haste to maintain their bad character wherever they have a broader field.

The House of Representatives first gave the Democrats an opportunity to show what manner of men they had on hand as types of their party. Mr Fitzhugh was the first prominent Democratic office-holder under the new regime. As Doorkeeper of the House, Mr. Fitzhugh distinguished himself and his party. It was very soon found that he was vulgar, illiterate, and altogether contemptible. The poor wretch was speedily involved in all sorts of scrapes, and was finally kicked out by his own party. If his peccadilloes and vulgarity could have been hushed up, he might have been kept in office; but his gross unfitness was advertised too widely. Poor Polk came next, and when it was proved that he, as House Doorkeeper, had put men on the pay-roll after the pay-roll was full, and had been guilty of all sorts of disreputable practices, he was sent to the rear in the midst of great confusion and mortification in the Democratic camp. It was facetiously observed, after a few scandals of this sort, that "the Democrats had a mighty bad lot of office-holders, or else mighty bad luck."

The force of this saying is again exemplified in the exposures which have immediately followed the election of the new Democratic officers of the Senate. Indeed, if it were not that the country is disgraced by the appointment of such men as Burch and Bright, there would be something comical in the "bad luck" of the party responsible for them. But there is no good reason why a party which formally approved a vile fraud like the so-called election of Hull, of Florida, to the House of Representatives, should not put such fellows as Burch or Bright into power whenever the opportunity is given. Senator Bayard may preach morality and virtue in the caucus, and in the debate which goes into the official record. But his vote will invariably be cast for any rascal put up by his party. There may be Democrats fit for these conspicuous offices above reproach, and filling all the lofty conditions prescribed by men of the Bayard stamp, but the Democratic party has not yet found them. Naturally, the managers of State politics are taken when the party has National offices to fill.

Burch, just elected Secretary of the Senate, is an expert in Democratic politics in Tennessee. An outrageous and disgraceful scandal follows him into his new and exalted office. If his party had been in power earlier, he would have made a National exhibition of himself before now. He has done his best in his circumscribed field, heretofore. If he is kept in the office to which a flushed Democratic majority in the Senate has just elected him, with the disbursements of the Senate in his power, we shall hear from him again before long.

Bright, the newly-elected Sergeant at-Arms of the Senate, in his narrow field of home politics, has distinguished himself as an office-holder who publicly declares his intention to make money out of his place. And to this typical Democratic officer Indiana is indebted for the term "cat-skinning," which, in vulgar defiance of public decency, he used to illustrate the rapacity with which he fell upon the resources of an honorable office.

We are only just now on the threshold of a new Democratic era of corruption. The infamies which marked the last Democratic Administration have been well-nigh forgotten by the average observer. They belong to an almost pre-historic age. But wherever Democrats have secured power in the several States, there has been financial corruption. Repudiation, extravagance and criminal recklessness have characterized the management of affairs in Missouri, Louisiana, Tennessee, and other of the States in which Democratic rule has replaced Republican rule. As soon as the Democratic party secures a foothold anywhere, stealing, trading, and all manner of discreditable practices are in order. While they were out of power, with no opportunity to steal, the Democrats were clamorous for reform. As soon as they force their way to the public crib, they begin to fight over the spoils.—*N. Y. Times.*

A Thunderbolt.

DECATUR, Ill., March 31.—Friday evening Mrs. Jones Nye, who lives six miles northwest of Decatur, was riding toward home, having in a spring-wagon with herself her daughter Kate, aged sixteen, Puss, aged twelve, and a young man by the name of Robinson to drive. A heavy thunder shower prevailed at the time. When one fourth of a mile from her home a thunderbolt struck the wagon, prostrating the horses, throwing Mrs. Nye to the ground senseless, and killing the daughter Kate and young Robinson instantly. The younger daughter, who sat on the seat between the mother and Kate, escaped unharmed. The horses soon revived and ran home, and Mr. Nye, meeting them at the yard gate, immediately got into the wagon and drove to the scene of the terrible disaster, where, placing both the dead and the living in the vehicle, he took them to his sad home. Mrs. Nye, though suffering much from the shock, will probably recover.

The Man With Two Graves.

Gen. Anthony Wayne is one of the few famous men who has two graves, each equally entitled to commemoration. He died of gout at Erie, Pa., then Fort Presque Isle, in 1796, when he was on his return from the successful Indian campaign in the Northwest. He was buried at the foot of the flag-staff in the fort, and there lay undisturbed for nearly twenty years. Then there came through the woods from the other end of the state, in a sulky, his son Isaac Wayne, in search of his father's bones. He engaged Dr J. G. Wallace, who had been through the Indian wars with Gen. Wayne, to exhume his bones, and pack them in a box, that they might be strapped to the sulky and taken through the woods and over the mountains to the family residence in Chester county. When Dr. Wallace opened the grave he found to his great surprise, the body in an almost perfect state of preservation. The flesh had not decayed. But it was impossible for young Wayne to carry the coffin and contents in his sulky. So Dr. Wallace, who seems to have been as devoid of feeling as one of the Indians whom he fought, decided on his own motion, and without consulting Mr Wayne, to separate the General's bones from their enveloping flesh, and thus enable them to be removed. To accomplish this, boiling had to be resorted to, and the bones were then denuded of the flesh by the use of knives, and were packed and carried away by young Wayne, and buried near the homestead in which General Wayne was born and in which his descendants still live. This account of the ghoul-like proceedings of Dr. Wallace has an incredible sound, but it is literally and strictly true, and will be corroborated by any old citizen of Erie. Young Mr. Wayne knew nothing of Dr. Wallace's operations until many years after. He was then greatly shocked and declared that he would never have permitted such treatment of his father's remains, but would have returned them to the grave and postponed their removal to a more convenient season. Yet there is no reason to doubt that Dr. Wallace, who was a useful and prominent man in his day, thought he was doing everything for the best, and meant no disrespect to the mortal part of his old friend and patient and army comrade, General Wayne.

Over the General's bones, in Chester county, a monument was raised. But his flesh was returned to its grave at the foot of the flag staff, in Fort Presque Isle, by Dr. Wallace, and forgotten. The fort—a mere stockade—crumbled away, the flag staff decayed, and the precise location of the grave was lost.

Some four years ago, however a digger for relics on the site of the old fort unearthed a coffin cover into which brass headed nails had been so driven as to form the initials "A. W." without the figures of Wayne's age, date of his death, &c. This determined the location of the grave, and there has since been in Erie a feeling that it should be marked by a monument of some sort. It has, in fact, been surrounded by chains, supported by four pieces of superannuated artillery, and also marked by a flag-staff, but something more prominent is desired, and will doubtless be built—if not by legislative aid, then by local subscription.—*Buffalo Express.*

To Accommodate a Lady.

Writing on the rail, Mr. Burdette says that a woman with three bird cages and a little girl had just got on the train. She arranges the three bird cages on a seat, and then she and the little girl stand up in the aisle, and she glares around upon the ungallant men who remain glued to their seats and look dreamily out of the window. I bend my face down to the tablet and write furiously, for I feel her eyes fastened upon me. Somehow or other, I am always the victim in cases of this delicate nature. Just as I expected. She speaks, fastening her commanding gaze upon me:

"Sir, would it be asking too much if I begged you to let myself and my little girl have that seat? A gentleman can always find a seat more easily than a lady."

And she smiled. Not the charmingest kind of a smile. It was too triumphant to be pleasing. Of course I surrendered. I said:

"Oh, certainly; I can find another seat without any trouble."

She thanked me, and I crawled out of my comfortable seat, and gathered up my overcoat, my manuscript, my shawl-strap package, my valise and overshoes, and she and the little girl went into the vacant premises as soon as the writ of ejectment had been served, and they looked happy and comfortable.

Then I stepped across the aisle; I took up those bird cages, set them along on the coal box and sat down on the seat thus vacated. I apologetically remarked to the woman, who was gazing at me with an expression that boded trouble, that "it was much warmer for the canaries up by the stove."—She didn't say anything, but she gave me a look that made it much warmer for me, for about five minutes, than the stove can make it for the canaries. I don't believe she likes me, and I am uncomfortably confident that she disapproves of my conduct.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Keep it to Yourself.

You have trouble—your feelings are injured, your husband is unkind, your wife frets, your home is not pleasant, your friends do not treat you fairly, and things in general move unpleasantly. Well, what of it? Keep it to yourself. A smouldering fire can be found and extinguished; but when the coals are scattered, who can pick them up? Bury your sorrow. The place for sad and disgusting things is under the ground. A cut finger is not benefitted by pulling of the plaster and exposing it under somebody's eyes; tie it up and let it alone—It will get well itself sooner than you can cure it. Charity covereth a multitude of sins. Things thus covered are often cured without a scar; but, once published and confided to meddling friends, there is no end to the trouble they may cause. Keep it to yourself. Troubles are transient, and, when a sorrow is healed and past, what a comfort it is to say, "No one knew it until it was over."

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The waters very often get angry, and then you see the waters pout.

What do they weigh down upon the Swanee river.

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A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

Or Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

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7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation free. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa..

HEAD QUARTERS

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ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of a continued order of sale issued by the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., to the undersigned directed, as assignee of Peter W. Sueler, of Allegheny Twp., in the said county for the sale of his real estate, I will sell at public sale on the premises in Allegheny township, on

Saturday, April 26, 1879.

A tract of land situate in Allegheny Twp. aforesaid, adjoining lands of Samuel Walker Anna Stoner, and others containing 207 acres, about 140 acres cleared, 25 acres of which are in meadow; the balance well timbered. The improvements are two one and a half story log houses, (weatherboarded), a bank barn, spring house and other outbuildings; orchard of choice fruit trees; a spring of never failing water near the house; there are also two other springs on the premises that form the greater body of what is known as Dexter's run, in that vicinity, and sufficiently strong enough to run a grist mill. The property is located directly at the Somerset and Bedford turnpike, and has been for many years an in now a favorite drive stand. A conveniently located house has recently been surveyed through this property, and is the only route by which a railroad can be made from the Somerset county coal fields to intersect the Pennsylvania Railroad at Mann's Choice, Bedford county, as it lies directly in the head of what is favorably known as Dexter's Gap. Sale to commence at 11 o'clock A. M.

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

GEORGE G. WALKER,
March 19 Assignee of Peter W. Sueler.

KIDNEY-WORT

A Purely Vegetable Remedy

The Safest, Easiest and Best ever discovered for

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, PILES, GRAVEL, CONSTIPATION, LUMBAGO, RHEUMATISM, DIABETES.

A WONDERFUL DISCOVERY

A purely vegetable compound, not doctored with poisonous liquors, being dry—a gentle cathartic and effective tonic—sure to effectually cure some of the most common and painful diseases that baffle medical skill. Those who have been cured when all other means failed, justly say "it is the greatest blessing of the age." "I believe I should not now be alive but for it." Physicians in regular practice say: "It works like a charm and effectively."

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

☞ If the KIDNEY-WORT cannot otherwise be readily obtained, we will send a package, prepaid, on receipt of the price, one dollar. WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Apr 2

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.

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE. STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Everybody—Uses It.
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Everybody—Recommends It.
Everybody's Handy Package.

Patented May 7th, 1878. Not Patented July 9th, 1878.

THE HANDY PACKAGE
ZIEGLER'S
JET
READY MIXED
STOVE POLISH

49 Can POLISH WILL HEATED 25

NO MIXING. DUST. RUST. WASTE. DANGER.

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$2500

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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

Sign of the
1835. SWINGING CLOCK. 1878.

CORNER OF WEST MAIN AND ROBANNA STS.

JOSEPH HERR,

The Veteran Watchmaker, is prepared at all times to furnish you a first-class timekeeper, either in the line of WATCHES OR CLOCKS.

Repairing a specialty. Work guaranteed.

Dec. 4

C. F. WALKER at 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 make the 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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of D. W. Buchanan, late of Shade 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 26th day of April 1879, at the late residence of dec'ased.

ELIZABETH C. BUCHANAN,
March 5 Administratrix.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Moses Young, Barbara, Esther, Elizabeth intermarried with Jacob Berkson, and Sarah children of his daughter Hannah Ayers, deceased, Daniel, Amos, Jacob, Maria, Elizabeth intermarried with Abraham Bumgard Margaret intermarried with Wm. Nickle, the children residing in Somerset county, and grand children in Fayette county Pa.,

You are hereby notified to appear at the Orphans' Court, to be held at Somerset on Monday the 28th day of April next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Henry Young, deceased, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Sheriff's Office, March 4, 1879. } EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

March 19

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To James K. Johnson, Susan intermarried with Fasnacht, Geo. W. Johnson and Sarah Catharine Anderson, of Somerset county, Pa., Saml. J. Johnson residing in Bonnettsville, Marion county West Virginia, Emeline intermarried with Jos. G. Hitner and Henry W. Johnson both of Cameron, Marshall county West Virginia.

(You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on Monday the 28th day of April next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of Sarah A. Moon, dec'd, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Sheriff's Office, March 15, 1879. } EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

March 19

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for the County of Somerset, the undersigned Assignee of Sebastian Geiser and wife of Milford Twp., county aforesaid and State of Pennsylvania, will sell at public sale, at the Court House, in the Borough of Somerset on

Saturday, April 12 1879,

at 2 o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, viz:

A certain tract of land situate in Milford Twp., Somerset county State of Pennsylvania adjoining lands of Peter Putman, Cornelius Berkey, Zachariah Walker and others, containing 192 acres more or less, and allowance, with a good two story dwelling house, barn and other buildings thereon erected; this farm is well improved and a very desirable home.

TERMS—Ten per cent of the purchase to be paid on day of sale, one-third thereof to be paid on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, one-third in six months and one-third in one year from date of order, viz: 12th of January, 1880, with interest on deferred payments