The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED, 1827.

VOL. XXVII. NO. 45. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, APRIL 16, 1879. WHOLE NO. 1449.

Terms of Publication

The Somerset Herald

is published every Wednesday Morning at $2 00 per annum, paid in advance otherwise $2 50 will invariably be charged.

No subscription will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up. Postmasters neglecting to notify us when subscribers do not take out their papers will be held able for the subscription.

Subscribers removing from one Postoffice to another should give us the name of the former as well as the present office. Address

The Somerset Herald,
Somerset, Pa.

ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

HENRY F. SCHELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW and Bounty and Pension Agent, Somerset, Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. jan. 11-tf.

JOHN H. UHL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collection &c. Office in Mammoth Building.

ED. B. SCULL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Penna.

S. U. TRENT, *ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Somerset, Penn'a.*

LAW NOTICE.—Alexander H. Coffroth has resumed the practice of law in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Mammoth Building. feb. 26, '79.

VALENTINE HAY, ATTORNEY AT LAW and dealer in real estate, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity. aug. 12-ly.

W. J. & H. L. BAER, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to them will be promptly attended to.

JOHN O. KIMMEL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa., will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties with promptness and fidelity. Office in Mammoth Block. feb. 18 '70-ly

JAMES L. PUGH, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Office, Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance Main Cross St. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity. july14

F. J. KOOSER, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa.

WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, ATTORNEY AT Law, Somerset, Pa., will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and the adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row.

JOHN R. SCOTT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset Pa. Office in Mammoth Block. All business entrusted to his care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

H. S. ENDSLEY, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, P

COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—On Main Cross street, opposite the Mammoth Block.

J. G. OGLE, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Somerset, Pa. Professional business entrusted to my care attended to with promptness and fidelity.

COLBORN & COLBORN, ATTORNEYS AT LAW. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office—In Baer's Block. Up Stairs.

SURVEYING, Writing Deeds, &c., done on short notice. Enquire at Casebeer & Co.'s Store. C. F. WALKER. Aug16.

PHYSICIANS.

DR. J. K. MILLER has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession.—Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store. apr. 22, '70-tf.

DR. H. BRUBAKER tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence, one door west of the Barnet House.

DR. WM. COLLINS, DENTIST, Somerset, Pa. Office in Casebeer's Block, up stairs, where he can at all times be found prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds, and of the best material inserted. Operations warranted.

DR. A. G. MILLER *PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.* Has removed to South Bend, Indiana, where he can be consulted by letter or otherwise.

Dr. W. F. FUNDENBERG,
Late Resident Surgeon,
New York Eye and Ear Infirmary
Has located permanently in the City of CUMBERLAND, Maryland for the EXCLUSIVE treatment of all diseases of the Eye and Ear, including those of the Nose and Throat.
Office, No. 20 South Centre Street.
June20.

DENTISTS.

JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST.
Office in Coffroth & Neff's new building, Main Cross Street, Somerset, Pa.

WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST,
Office above Casebeer & Frease's store, Somerset, Pa. In the last fifteen years I have greatly reduced the prices of artificial teeth in this place. The constant increasing demand for teeth has induced me to so enlarge my facilities that I can make good sets of teeth at lower prices than you can get them in any other place in this country.—I am now making a good set of teeth for $8, and if there should be any person among my thousands of customers in this or the adjoining counties that I have made teeth for that is not giving good satisfaction, they can call on me at any time and get a new set free of charge. mar19

ARTIFICIAL TEETH!!
J. C. YUTZY.
DENTIST
DALE CITY, Somerset Co., Pa.,
Artificial Teeth, warranted to be of the very best quality, Life-like and Handsome, inserted in the best style. Particular attention paid to the preservation of the natural teeth. Those wishing to consult me by letter, can do so by enclosing stamp. Address as above. jn12-72

HOTELS.

DIAMOND HOTEL.
STOYSTOWN PA.
This popular and well known house has lately been thoroughly and newly refitted, with all new and best of furniture, which has made it a very desirable stopping place for the traveling public. His table and rooms can not be surpassed, all being first class, with a large public hall attached to the same. Also large and roomy stabling. First class boarding can be had at the lowest possible prices by week, day or meal.
SAMUEL CUSTER, Prop.
S. E. Cor. Diamond, Stoystown, Pa.
July 11.

SERKY'S TEA.
Guaranteed to preserve and promote the the beauty and freshness of youth to the ripest age.
DIRECTIONS FOR USE.
One teaspoonful steeped in one quart of water, strained, and to be drunk hot or cold, clear or with cream and sugar. Sliced lemon in it makes a delicious summer drink. About one quart of tea should be drunk daily.
Price 50cts. and $1.00 per Box.
Sufficient in small box for 25 days.
Orders by letter promptly attended to addressed to Serky's Tea Co.
809 Arch St. Philadelphia, Pa.
March 19

ALL SOLDIERS
Who received wounds or injuries during the late war, even if but slightly disabled, can now obtain pensions back from day of discharge under new pension law. Rejected cases also reopened. Send stamp for particulars.
W. C. BERINGER & CO.,
Box 383, Pittsburgh, Penn'a.
Oldest Claim Agency in the State.
Feb. 19 '80

BANKS, ETC.

NEW BANK.
Somerset County Bank
CHARLES J. HARRISON,
Cashier and Manager.
Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks collected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with promptness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommodated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denom

JNO. HICKS LA RUE M. HICKS
Agents for Fire and Life Insurance,
JOHN HICKS & SON,
SOMERSET, PA.,
And Real Estate Brokers.
ESTABLISHED 1850.
Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or for rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to. aug18.

CHAS. C. ORTON. CHAS H. FISHER.
ORTON & FISHER,
CIGAR MANUFACTURERS
FACTORY NO. 7.
Wholesale and Retail
DEALERS IN
CIGARS & TOBACCO.
We are now manufacturing for the wholesale trade, better cigars than have heretofore been manufactured in Somerset county. As for Havana and Common Tobacco, we claim to be manufacturing the best in the State. We call the attention of Retail Dealers to our stock and prices. In our Retail Store we carry the highest and finest, as well as the cheapest grades of Smoking and Chewing Tobacco in the market. 3000 pipes, pipe stems, and all kinds of smokers materials.
Factory and Retail Store at No. 3,
MAMMOTH BLOCK.
Jan. 15

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
REJECTED by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and engaged in Patent business exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.
INVENTORS send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations and advise as to patentability, free of charge. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.
We refer in Washington, to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. Key, Rev. F. D. Power, The German-American National Bank, to officials in the U. S. Patent Office, and to Senators and Representatives in Congress; and especially to our clients in every State in the Union and in Canada. Address
C. A. SNOW & CO
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

"DOMESTIC" SO SIMPLE IT REQUIRES NO CARE. SO PERFECT IT NEVER FAILS TO PLEASE. SO STRONG IT NEVER WEARS OUT. SO LIGHT A CHILD CAN RUN IT. "DOMESTIC"

LADIES! USE "Domestic" Paper Fashions.
1537 Ladies' Cloak. 9 Sizes. 30 to 46 inches, Bust Measure. Price, 30 cents.
They are especially designed to meet the requirements of those who desire to dress well. They are unsurpassed in Style, perfect in Fit, and so simple that they are readily understood by the most inexperienced. Send 5c. for catalogue. Address,
"Domestic" Fashion Co.,
NEW YORK.
Dec4

NELATON PAD! MONEY saved and health secured by Dr. Nelaton's LIVER-PADS cure Dyspepsia, Inflammation in the Stomach, Fever and Ague, etc. Price, $1.50. His KIDNEY-PADS cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Nervous Debility, etc. Price, $2. Pads sent by mail postpaid on receipt of price. Send or call for Circulars. A. R. LUTHER, Gen. Agent, 1 Phila. Walnut St., Phila. Pa. AGENTS WANTED.
Trade Mark (copyrighted).

BOSS LIQUID BLUEING.
The Boss Liquid Blueing is Manufactured by an entire new process, rendering it free from Acids or an distructable agents. It will not streak or spot your clothes but leave them a beautiful tint, and cannot be excelled for bleaching. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale by all grocers and dealers. Send for Price list and Circulars. Manufactured by
JERE BAUMAN, Pittsburgh P.
March 19

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Garrison N. Smith, late of Upper Turkeyfoot Twp., deceased.
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.
March 19 W. S. KUHLMAN, Administrator.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Having been appointed Auditor to pass upon the exceptions and make a distribution of the fund in the hands of E. M. Schrock, Assignee of Daniel Keim, to and among those legally entitled thereto, notice is hereby given to all parties interested, that they will be heard at my office in Somerset, Pa., on Thursday, April 10, 1879, at 1 o'clock P. M.
March 26 F. J. KOOSER, Auditor.

MISCELLANEOUS,

G. W. SPEERS,
DEALER IN
SELECT DRUGS, PURE CHEMICALS, &c.
Particular attention paid to the compounding of
PRESCRIPTIONS AND FAMILY RECEIPTS.
FISHING TACKLE A SPECIALTY
MAMMOTH BLOCK,
March 19 Somerset, Pa.

PROVERBS.	PROVERBS.
"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, rely on Hop Bitters."	"$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."
"Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy, and happy."	"Hop Bitters builds up, strengthens, and cures continually from first dose."
"Ladies do you want to be strong, healthy, and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."	"Fair skin, rosy cheeks, and the sweetest breath in hop Bitters."
"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."	"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."
"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers, and Ladies need Hop Bitters Daily."	"Sour stomach, sick headache, and dizziness, Hop Bitters cures with a few doses."
"Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health perfect wrecks from intemperance."	"Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no doctor bills to pay."

For sale by
GEORGE W. SPEERS,
Somerset, Penna.

PRIVATE SCHOOL.
I will open a Private School in the Union Building.
April 7th, 1879,
AND CONTINUE TEN WEEKS.
Tuition for 2nd and 3rd grade........$3.00 to $3.50
Fourth grade (Intermediate........$4.00
Fifth grade Common Branches and Algebra........$4.50
Sixth grade Geometry, Physiology, Rhetoric, Natural Philosophy........$5.00
Latin with any or all of above branches........$6.00
I will be assisted by Mr. M. J. Pritz, one of Somerset County's most successful teachers. We feel satisfied that we can, if sufficiently patronized, make it a
FIRST-CLASS SCHOOL
In Every Respect.
TUITION DUE MIDDLE OF TERM.
E. E. SANNER.
A liberal deduction will be made where persons send more than two from the same family.
March 12

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby give, that the undersigned has made application for the renewal of certificate No. 108,300 for 37 shares of stock of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, issued to Michael Zimmerman, now deceased, and dated the 4th day of June, 1873, the same having been lost or destroyed.
WM. ZIMMERMAN,
March 12 Adm'r. of Michael Zimmerman

LEGAL NOTICE.
To Nancy Will, Daniel W. Will, Aaron Will, Rebecca, intermarried with Jacob Stultz, Moses Will, Hiram Will, Allen S. Will, Silas Will, deceased, leaving three children, of whom George W. Fair is Guardian. Louisa, intermarried with Henry Boucher, Josephine, intermarried with John C. Schaff, Albert G. Will, Amanda C., intermarried with Christian C. Keim, Mary M. Will, Helen M., intermarried with Joseph D. Miller, S. Jane Will.
You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of John Will, deceased, in New Centerville Borough, at his late residence, on Thursday the 17th day of April, 1879, where you can attend if you think proper.
Sheriff's Office, Mar. 10, 1879 } Mar. 12 EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

DAVIS BROS.
House, Sign and Fresco
PAINTERS.
SOMERSET, PA.
March 12

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla
For Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Erysipelas, Rose, or St. Anthony's Fire, Eruptions and Eruptive diseases of the skin, Ulcerations of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, Lungs, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Blotches, Tumors, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, Ulcers, Sores, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Pain in the Bones, Side and Head, Female Weakness, Sterility, Leucorrhoea, arising from internal ulceration, and Uterine disease, Syphilitic and Mercurial diseases, Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Emaciation, General Debility, and for Purifying the Blood.
This Sarsaparilla is a combination of vegetable alteratives — Stillingia, Mandrake, Yellow Dock — with the Iodides of Potassium and Iron, and is the most efficacious medicine yet known for the diseases it is intended to cure.
Its ingredients are so skilfully combined, that the full alterative effect of each is assured, and while it is so mild as to be harmless even to children, it is still so effectual as to purge out from the system those impurities and corruptions which develop into loathsome disease.
The reputation it enjoys is derived from its cures, and the confidence which prominent physicians all over the country repose in it, prove their experience of its usefulness.
Certificates attesting its virtues have accumulated, and are constantly being received, and as many of these cases are publicly known, they furnish convincing evidence of the superiority of this Sarsaparilla over every other alterative medicine. So generally is its superiority to any other medicine known that we need do no more than to assure the public that the best qualities it has ever possessed are strictly maintained.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.
Kiernan & Earl } No. 92, January Term 1879.
vs. } (E. D.)
John Maurer. }
12th of February, 1879, on petition of Sheriff Kyle, J. G. Ogle appointed Auditor to distribute the fund in his hands to and among those legally entitled thereto.
Extracts from the records, certified March 24, 1879.
H. F. SCHELL, Pro.
Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of above recited commission, I will sit at my office in Somerset Pa., Thursday, April 17, 1879 to discharge the duties of said commission, when and where all persons interested can attend.
March 26 J. G. OGLE, Auditor.

PUBLIC SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.
By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, to the undersigned directed, there will be exposed to sale, by public outcry, at the Court House, in the borough of Somerset, Pa., on
Friday, April 25, 1879,
at 10 o'clock, a. m., the following described valuable real estate, late the property of Daniel Weyand, Esq., late of Somerset Bor., dec'd.:
No. 1. A two story brick house, with mansard roof, situate in Somerset borough, lot fronting 132 feet on Union St., adjoining Presbyterian church on the west and lot of S. Johnson on the east. This house contains stationary wash-basins, with hot and cold water; also, bath-room, with hot and cold water, range in kitchen; stationary washtubs in kitchen, with hot and cold water. The whole house is heated by steam. It is, in fact, the best and most complete house in Somerset. The above property has gas pipes throughout the whole house.
No. 2. On lot of ground situate in Somerset borough, containing 4½ acres, more or less, beginning at a post on continuation of East street, and running by said street, south 4½ perches to a post, thence by lot of Charles Miller east 16 perches to a post, thence by lots of Val. Hay and others, north 4½ perches to a post, thence west 16 perches to beginning.
No. 3. A parcel of land, situate in Somerset township, about a half-mile southeast of the borough of Somerset, containing 21 acres, more or less. This land is underlaid with coal.
No. 4. A farm and tract of land, situate in Upper Turkeyfoot township, adjoining lands now, or late, of Thos Henry, J. G. Phillippi, Wm. King, and others, heretofore known as the M. Trimble farm; containing 400 acres, more or less, about 100 acres clear, about 15 acres in meadow, with fruit trees, and a two story dwelling house, barn, and other outbuildings; balance of land is well timbered.
No. 5. 150 acres of land, more or less, well timbered, and partly underlaid with stone, coal, and other minerals, situate in Brothersvalley Twp., adjoining lands now, or formerly, of Frederick Altfather, Henry Gessner, Ludwig Koop, and others.
No. 6. 433½ acres, more or less, warranted in the name of George Lambert, situate on Shade creek, in Shade township, adjoining lands of Thomas Ganagen, David Manges, and others, about 200 acres cleared, 15 in meadow, with fruit trees, having several dwelling houses and a large bank barn thereon erected, together with other improvements; known as the "Shade Furnace" tract.
Also, adjoining the above, another tract containing 110 acres, more or less, of valuable timber land, on Shade creek, warranted in the name of Norton Pryor; known as the "Shade Forge" tract.
Also, one other tract, adjoining the Furnace tract, Thos. Ganagen, and others, containing 101 acres, more or less, containing valuable minerals, 40 acres clear; known as the "Ore Bank" tract.
The above are the "Shade Furnace" lands and will be offered separately and as a whole.
No. 7. The undivided three-fourths of a farm and tract of land containing 400 acres, more or less, with improvements, situate in Milford Twp., adjoining lands now, or late, of August Kimmel, Joseph Dittinger, Samuel Fritts, and others, known as the "Fritts farm."
No. 8. 125 acres of land, more or less, situate in Allegheny township, adjoining lands of Samuel Walker, George Gardner, and others, with a small house thereon erected, 5 or 6 acres cleared, balance well timbered, known as the "Thomas Improvement."
No. 9. 151 acres, more or less, adjoining No. 8, Francis Simbaugh, A. Werner, and others, very heavily timbered; and good for farming.
No. 10. 433½ acres of land, very heavily timbered, situate in Paint township, between Shade Furnace and Scalp Level, on the road to Johnstown, warranted in the name of Thomas Barrow
No. 11. 433½ acres, adjoining No. 10, warranted in the name of Thomas Tunkin, also heavily timbered. This tract, together with No. 10, are valuable tracts; they lie near D. J. Berkey's.
No. 12. 125 acres of land, more or less, about 30 acres clear, with dwelling house, stable, &c., thereon erected, situate in Allegheny township, adjoining lands now, or formerly, of George Lowery, William Dively, Samuel Decker, Joseph Crissner, and others.
No. 13. 24 acres, more or less, of land in Brothersvalley township, adjoining lands now, or late of Hugo Schrock, Samuel Cover, John Foust and others, partly cleared, with improvements.
No. 14. 51 acres of land, more or less, with improvements, situate in Northampton township, adjoining lands now, or late, of H. T. Wehl, and others, bought from Frederick Altenberger, deed dated Oct. 17, 185 .
No. 15. 435 acres timber land, situate in Paint township, near Bedford county line, warranted in the name of Stephen Clark, adjoining lands warranted in the name of Hugh Barclay and others.
No. 16. 415 acres of land, situate in Paint township, all timber land, warranted in the name of Matthias West, adjoining lands warranted in the name of Benjamin Shaw and others.
No. 17. 404 acres, well timbered, situate in Shade township, warranted in the name of Michael Keppie, adjoining lands warranted to Benj. Tomlinson and others.
No. 18. 440 acres timber land, situate in Shade township, warranted in the name of Israel Williams, adjoining lands warranted in the name of Benj. Williams and others.
No. 19. 40 acres of land, more or less, situate in Upper Turkeyfoot township, with improvements, adjoining lands now, or late, of John Whipkey, Eliza Crossin, and others.
No. 20. A tract of land in Allegheny township, adjoining Dr. A. G. Miller, Rudolphe Kelley, and others, containing 309 acres, more or less, warranted in the name of Nathan Hammond. This tract lies in Deeter's Gap, on line of proposed Railroad, and contains limestone of good quality and in large quantities.
No. 21. 445 acres, more or less, partly cleared, in Allegheny township, adjoining Henry Subrie, Henry Wagnman and others, good water, etc., warranted in the name of Peter Long.
No. 22. The undivided one-half of 411½ acres, about 12 acres clear, situate in Allegheny township warranted in the name of Wm. S. Kinner, 1 mile south of Pittsburgh pike, adjoining lands of B. Benler, Flower's heirs, and others.
No. 23. 186 acres, more or less, situate in Allegheny township, timber land, warranted in the name Samuel Tom, south of Albert Hillegas', adjoining Charles Hubbard and others.
No. 24. 200 acres, more or less, of timber land, situate in Allegheny township, warranted in the name of Peter Vorris, adjoining F. Emeert, Samuel Walker's land, and others.
No. 25. 200 acres, more or less, of timber land, situate in Allegheny township, warranted in the name of John Young, adjoining land now, or late of George Burkhart, and lands warranted in the name of Robert Hemphill and others.
No. 26. 30 acres, more or less, situate in Stonycreek township, adjoining land now, or formerly, owned by J. D. Lasmon—being part of a large tract, warranted in the name of Benjamin Lodger.
No. 27. The undivided one-half of 438½ acres, warranted in the name of Thomas Brown, situate in Southampton township, one and a-half or two miles from P. W. & B. R. R., adjoining a tract of land owned by Geo. Martz, warranted in the name of Elizabeth McBride.
Also, the following tracts of unseated timber lands:
ALLEGHENY—Mary Wells, 422; Wm. Woods. ADDISON—Alexander W. Chew, 147½; Jane Moore, 401. CONEMAUGH—George Harrington, 330; Allen Brown, 398¼; John Elliott, 400; Morris Lane, '39; Abraham Moore, 4 8½; Jonas Musser, 319; Richard Paisley, 402; Robert Shaw, 441½; John Slick, 440; Jacob Statler, Sen., 416; Robert Stugeon, 409. JENNER—Tobias Mishler, 400. MILFORD—George Baker, 317½; David Brook, 400½; Jacob Brook, 400; John McArthur, 300; James Wilson, 208; ——— Wolfersberger, 50. MIDDLE REEK—Lewis Ferner, 198½; SHADE—Thos. Caradine, 392½; Daniel Clark, 288. PAINT—John Faith, 200; Haines, John or Adam, 417; Christ Hugh, 200; Wm. Martin, 199; James May, 275; Samuel Richards, 400; John Lears, 62. SOUTHAMPTON—John Brant, 200; Edward Copp, 400; John Haines, 200; Jas. Wells, 400; Thomas Cary, 416. TURKEYFOOT—Humphrey Ashton, 109; Simon Gebhart, 400; Henry Hillegas, 400; John Lyng, 419¼; John Weller, 400; John Wells, 400; John Wells and R. Brown, 156.
TERMS.—One-fifth of the purchase money payable on confirmation of sale; the remainder in five equal annual payments thereafter, with interest from confirmation of sale. Ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid on day of sale.
JOHN F. BLYMYER,
Apr 2 Trustee.

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL,
ESTABLISHED 1812.
Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. H. Barnhart as my Agent in Somerset county, for the coming wool season, I wish to thank my numerous customers for past favors, and bespeak for Mr. Barnhart the liberal patronage enjoyed by my former agents.
I have a very large stock of
WOOLEN GOODS!
of my own manufacture, consisting of
BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,
which I wish to
TRADE FOR WOOL.
Our Goods are MADE FOR SERVICE, under my own supervision, and we strive now, as in the past, to give satisfaction and full value to all. We will, as usual, visit all our customers during the Summer.
WM. S. MORGAN,
Apr 9 Stanton's Mills.

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that the undersigned will not be held responsible for any debts contracted by his wife Hattie Ream after the 1st of April, 1879.
April 9 3t JACOB B. REAM.

NOTICE.
The public are hereby cautioned not to harbor or trust my daughter Susanah, as I will not pay any debts of her contracting.
March 26 GEORGE MARTZ.

TIME TURNS THE TABLES.

Ten years ago, when she was ten,
I used to tease and scold her;
I liked her, and she loved me then,
A boy some five years older.

I liked her, she would fetch my book,
Bring lunch to stream or thicket;
Would oil my gun or bait my hook,
And field for hours at cricket.

She'd mend my cap and find my whip,
Ah! boy's hearts are stony!
I liked her rather less than "Gyp,"
And far less than my pony.

She loved me then, though heaven knows why,
Small wonder had she hated,
For scores of dolls she'd had to cry,
Which I decapitated.

I tore her frocks, I pulled her hair,
Called "red" the sheen upon it;
Out fishing I would even dare
Catch tadpoles in her bonnet.

Well, now I explate my crime;
The Nemesis of fables
Came after years—To-day Old Time
On me has turned the tables.

I'm twenty-five, she's twenty now,
Dark-eyed, pink-cheeked and bonny,
The curls are golden round her brow;
She smiles and calls me "Johnny."

Of yore I used her Christian name,
But now through fate or malice,
When she is by my lips can't frame
Five letters to make "Alice."

I, who would joke with her and tease,
Stand silent now before her;
Dumb, through the very wish to please,
A speechless, shy adorer.

Or, if she turns to me to speak,
I'm dazzled by her graces;
The hot blood rushes to my cheek,
I babble commonplaces.

She's kind and cool—ah! Heavens knows how
I wish she blushed and faltered;
She likes me and I love her now
Dear, dear! how things have altered!

THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

In the early days of a certain Western State a crime was committed, which has gained a place among the annals of dark deeds. It was murder; but the circumstances surrounding it are so noteworthy that we shall here transcribe them. They present the most remarkable instance of a young man sealing his lips when his own life was in jeopardy, in order to conceal a petty vice—the most remarkable instance of the kind on record.

One night in March, 1831, a farmer named Buskirk left a thriving town, where, during the day, he had disposed of a lot of hogs. He rode a sorrel horse, and carried the proceeds of his sales in heavy leathern saddle bags. The money was mostly in silver coin of the dollar denomination, and the amount, therefore, was quite weighty. Buskirk, a fearless man, did not go armed, but rode unconcernedly from town a little under the influence of liquor, but not drunk enough to call attention to the fact.

As he lived but twenty miles from the market, he expected to reach home about midnight. But when the morning dawned Zimri Buskirk was still absent from his farm. His horse stood at the stable door neighing for admittance. The well known saddle bags were missing, which fact immediately gave rise to suspicion of foul play, and search for the farmer was at once instituted.

At a distance of five miles from home the body of Buskirk was found lying by the roadside, and not far away lay the saddle bags, rifled of their contents. The villain in his haste to get at the money had cut his way to it, instead of unbuckling the heavy straps. The farmer was found to be quite dead; one side of his skull had been crushed as if by a blow from a bludgeon, or some murderous weapon of that sort, and his pockets, like the saddle bags, had been clearly despoiled of their contents.

The excitement from the moment of the discovery became intense. Zimri Buskirk was one of the most influential farmers of the neighborhood, and a man universally liked. He was not known to possess one enemy, and no one ever dreamed that the murder had been committed for the sake of anything but that of subsequent murder.

Though the country was scoured for the perpetrator of the deed, no traces were discovered; but a clew was suddenly furnished in a startling robbery.

The body of the farmer had been discovered not far from a farm house occupied by a family named Milligen, which consisted of the parents and two children, son and daughter, who had passed their minority. While the excitement still raged, Ellen Milligen came forward and desired to make a statement which she said had tortured her ever since the night of the murder. She said she was the possessor of a guilty secret which she could no longer keep: she could not sleep for it, and it was the spectre of her waking hours.

The girl then proceeded to state that she was up at the hour of half past eleven or thereabouts, on the night of the—th, and that she heard a horse coming down the frosty road from the direction of B——. Not regarding the sound of any moment, she was about to re-enter the house, when she heard an oath, followed by a dull thud and a groan. Then she heard a name uttered twice in a tone of mingled agony and supplication.

A moment later the sound of hoofs came again to her ears, and the horse seemed to be galloping toward the Buskirk farm.

The excitement that followed Miss Milligen's narration may be imagined, for a pen cannot describe it.

It was believed that the name which she had heard was that of the murderer, which had fallen from the lips of the victim before insensibility or death followed the blow. The young girl visibly hesitated when asked by the magistrate to pronounce the name. She covered her face with her hands, and in all probability would have fallen if she had not been supported by her brother Hiram. She did not like to utter the name that might doom one of the young men of her acquaintance to the gallows, for she could not believe him guilty, yet she had heard Zimri Buskirk call on him to spare his life on that awful night.

Ellen Milligen was pressed to mention the name, and further the ends of justice, in which the whole country was interested, and at last her lips parted.

'God help him and pity me!' she said. 'The name I heard was Abner Tenney's'.

If a thunderbolt had fallen into the crowd, astonishment would not have been more complete. Men started at the name, and the women uttered cries that added greatly to the confusion.

Standing near the witness was a young man of five and twenty, the only son of a minister who watched over the little flock of believers that worshipped in the church hard by, and a youth of exemplary habits to the outer world. His face was as pale as death, and at the mention of his name he started back with a cry and found the eyes of all fixed upon him.

His name was Abner Tenney.

He made no effort to fly, and when strong hands were laid upon him, he smiled and told the people he would face the accusation.

The young man was formally arrested on Ellen Milligen's statement, and brought to the bar of justice. He denied the crime, but astonished everybody with his answer to the inquiry concerning his whereabouts on the night of the crime.

'I admit that I was not at home, but where I was that night I will not tell!'

This answer was twisted, as it could easily be by the excited community, into broad strands of guilt, and the young man was remanded by the magistrate for a regular trial at the next term of court.

There were a few who believed that he might be innocent. When it became generally known that he had been a suitor for Eva Buskirk's hand without the sanction of her father, revenge was added to the motive of the murder. Ellen Milligen's word was believed; she was a girl of violent passions, but her veracity in this case was not dragged into question. She acknowledged that she loved Abner Tenney—hence her reluctance to testify; and after the preliminary examination, she said that she regretted having told the secret.

But it was out now, and the young man lying in the county jail reiterated his innocence, but still he refused to make known his whereabouts and occupation on the night of the murder.

It was strange that Ellen Milligen's testimony should remain uncorroborated in its essential particulars; but there were several parties who had seen the accused near the scene of the crime at that late hour of the night.

He did not deny this, but persistently refused to explain his presence there.

His father visited him and begged him to unburden himself; but to him he invariably returned the same reply:

'Were I to tell you, you would feel as badly as though I had committed the murder.'

The young man was visited by many acquaintances, to whom he would not reveal his secret, and it at last became more than half suspected that he had accomplices who had concealed the money, not one dollar of which had, as yet, been recovered.

Ellen Milligen continued to reaffirm her statement. She was confident that she had heard Buskirk call on Abner Tenney in tones that left no doubt in her mind that he addressed his murderer. As the time for the trial approached, she lost her reluctance, and openly declared that she knew that the accused had committed the crime.

Her brother not having been at home on the night of the murder was not summoned as a witness. It was known that he, too, had visited the Buskirk homestead as a suitor for Eva's hand, but that of late he had turned his attention to another lady, to whom he was paying his devoirs.

The excitement consequent upon the farmer's violent death and Abner Tenney's arrest did not for one moment abate during his sojourn in jail. To a young man who visited him, he said:

'Spare me, John. You know where I was that night; you know what I was doing. If I escape this time I will be a better man. The murder of my honor would send my father to the grave as quickly as the shedding of my blood by the law. Do not come forward and try to save me by sacrificing my honor.'

'They will hang you if you do not tell all,' was the reply. 'Let us swear to the truth. Do not let Eva believe that you are the murderer of her father.'

The last sentence drove Abner Tenney to the wall in his cell with a groan. It seemed to unnerve him.

'She will never believe it!' he cried, a moment afterward. 'In her eyes I will ever remain guiltless of her father's murder, even though they hang me for the crime.'

The young man's visitor left, and joined two other men of his age in the corridor of the jail.

'What does he say now?' was asked with eagerness.

'He is still obdurate, and declares we must not expose him.'

'Can we save him without the exposure?'

'We must! We shall!'

The trio were youths of respectable parents, but considered fast young men—. They had of late been Abner Tenney's companions, much to the regret of the few pious people who had noticed the familiarity.

'Look here,' said one, addressing his companions, 'I hold myself in part responsible for Abner's present situation. We led him into the habits that have fastened themselves upon us. We must save him!'

The spokesman of the dissolute party was a young student of medicine, and it was not long afterward that a learned medical gentleman of Cincinnati came to the country. The body of Zimri Buskirk was exhumed and examined.

John French stood by and watched the professor.

'Well!' he said at last.

'You say she swears to bearing Buskirk cry out after the thud of two blows?'

'So she swore.'

'The first blow must have produced instant death. It drove pieces of skull into the brain. A stab in the heart could not prove more instantly fatal than the initial blow.'

'That is your opinion?'

'I will swear to it.'

The young man was satisfied and the body, minus the head, was returned to the grave.

'If he will not sacrifice his honor to save his neck, I will not save it for him, and his father need not know the truth.'

These words passed from John French's lips as he passed from the house with the professor.

From that day the young student and his friends were not idle. They made many trips from the county, and compared notes on their return.

The trial came at last and the accused plead 'not guilty,' in a firm voice.

Ellen Milligen repeated her testimony, so damaging to the defence, and adhered to it through a rigorous cross questioning to which she was subjected. She had heard the cries after the blows; she was positive of this.

The other evidence offered by the State was merely circumstantial. The defence introduced the professor, who explained the nature of the wounds, and swore that the first blow had produced instant death. This produced a sensation in court. It staggered Ellen Milligen's testimony, until that hour believed invulnerable. The blows that now followed from the defence were hard and telling ones.

No *alibi* was attempted. The accused had forbidden such a plan, on the ground that it would reveal the secret he was guarding so closely; but the defence became aggressive. It proved that Hiram Milligen, Ellen's brother, was not where he said he was on the night of the murder. As the young man was not under arrest, the court forbade the introduction of such testimony, when John French then arose and exclaimed:

'I do not accuse him of the murder of Zimri Buskirk; my affidavit is in the court room; the sheriff holds it at this moment. Look at the man! Guilt is written on his face. He is trying to leave the house. Catch him!'

The confusion that now ensued was intense. Ellen Milligen, with a loud shriek, fell forward on the floor where she was permitted to lie, for all eyes were turned upon her brother

Pistol in hand, the young man was clearing a path to the door. No one dared to lay hands on him, for he threatened to shoot the first one who touched him, and thus he reached the door leading to the street.

On the threshold he paused and faced the excited occupants of the court room.

'You will never put me in Abner Tenney's place!' he cried. 'If I did kill Zimri Buskirk, you shall not prove it and hang me!'

'The next moment there was a loud report, and a human body, after swaying for an instant, fell heavily upon the floor.

'Hiram Milligen had taken his own life.

This tragic occurrence, as might be supposed, put an end to Abner Tenney's trial. It established his innocence in the eyes of all, and the guilty was beyond punishment of an earthly tribunal.

Upon her recovery, Ellen Milligen unfolded one of the darkest plots on record. She confessed that her testimony was but a tissue of falsehoods; that she knew that her brother had killed the farmer for the purpose of getting his money, and accused young Tenney, in order to prevent him from winning Eva Buskirk. Ellen piqued at Tenney's refusal to court her, had entered into the plot with a revengeful spirit. But the game had failed.

Of course the minister's son was released, and Ellen Milligen left the country between two days. She died several years later in a den of infamy in the South.

Abner Tenney led Eva Buskirk to the altar several months after his release, and became one the solid men of the South. I believe he is still living, but his father, the minister, is dead; and the secret which he guarded so zealously at one time is no longer one.

It was simply this: Despite the holy influences under which he had been raised, he had departed from the path of recitude and become a gambler, along with John French and his companions. On the night of the murber of Mr. Buskirk, the quartette were in the midst of a carouse which the youth refused to confess for the sake of his father, who never dreamed of his wild life.

But John French had saved the man whom he had led into vice, and kept him from the gallows. Tenney's secret was told by him after he had made a man of himself; but it puzzles many people who know it not this day.

What's de Kerridge?

He was a new bootblack, but already seemed quite at home at the old stand so long a familiar object on the line of our daily peregrinations.

"Sartin, boss, shine 'em up in less than no time," said he, and he mounted the hurricane deck of his place of business.

"Wall, yes, boss, not bin here long, but I'se getin' insight inter de ways mighty fast. De ways here, sah, is different to what dey is down in ole Massissip. Bin Massissip, sah? Fine ole State, sah."

"The colored people here appear to be quite as happy as in any part of the world," we ventured to remark.

"No, sah; beg leave to diffah; you's not on de inside, sah; dare's too much elevation; dat's what's de matter. Give you an instance: Last week, you know, sah, de culled foks had a ball; quite a high-toned affair, sah. Well, I engaged a young lady for de party, sah; one dat I, at that time, looked on as de pride of de country, sah. I am not indifferent to dress, and I put on clothes, sah—clothes dat don't every day see de light ob de sun—and went to de residence ob de gal.

"I 'rived at de 'pinted time. De gal was in de bes' room an' in her bes' clothes, waitin' my arrival onde scene. De ole man was dar and de ole woman also figgered in de tableaux, wid a few juvenile supernumerary members ob de family.

"Miss Augusta smiled on me in dat meltin' way ob de eyes dat allers guv me a movement ob de heart. I was interjuced to de more influential members ob de househeld, an' de discours was agreeable. Presidently I suggested dat it would be well to be movin' for de party, an' Miss Augusta rose in all de pomp and circumstance of her high-priced attire.

"We arrived on de stoop ob de door, an', offerin' my arm, I supposed we should progress. No, sah, not a bit of it. Dat gal receded. She rose erec' to an astonishin' hight, an' as she transfixed me wid her gaze, she uttered dese memorable words:

"Whar's de transportation?"

"'De what?' says I feelin' dat suffin was agoin' wrong.

"De trans-pot-ation! Whar's de transportation?'

"'What's de transpotation? says I.

"'De wehicle—whar's de wehicle?' she says.

"'I don't know nuffin 'bout no wehicle,' says I.

"'Whar's de kerridge?' says she.

"'De kerridge?' says I. I haven't seen no kerridge!'

"'Mistah Berry, does you pretend to tell me dat you have come to take me to de ball widout a kerridge?' and she became of a still greater height.

"'Why, of ccurse, says I. 'I tho we could walk. Down in ole Massissip de gal's think nuffin of goin' miles and miles'—

"'So you expect me to hoof it Mistah Berry? You tell 'bout de gals in Massissip, Mistah Berry; do de gals in Massissip know an'thing 'bout proper attire, Mr. Berry?' An' she guv a sor of kick an' a sling of her body an' trailed out about four yards of train.

"De ole man an de ole woman an' all de rest now put in dar 'pearance, an' says de ole man, "What's all this confusion of tongues?"

"'Mistah Berry doesn't consider de bonah sufficient to warrant him in de outlay necessary for de furnishing of propah transportation,' said Miss Augusta.

"'Sah!' said the ole man; 'Sah!' said the ole woman; 'Sah!' said all de little members.

"I said nuffin'."

"'Does de niggah 'spect he's gwine to lead our darter off on de hoof like she was a cow?" said de ole woman.

"'Who you call niggah, old woman?' says I 'Why, I'se drove better lookin' heifers nor yours to de plough in ole Massissip!'

"De gal shriekt!

"'Dar you talk to me an' my darter in dat bituminious manner,' said de ole man, an' he guv me a lift wid his ole stogas dat raised me off'n de stoop, and follered it up wid numerous of de same dat was much assistance to me in gettin' out de gate.

"Dar's too much elevation, sah, creepin' into culled society. I turns my back to it, sah!"

Mark Twain.

I have pretty much made up my mind to run for President. What the people want is a man who cannot be injured by investigation of his past history, so that enemies of the party will not be able to rake up against him things that nobody ever heard of before. If you know the worst about a candidate, to begin with, every attempt to spring things on him will be checkmated. Now I am going to enter upon the field with an open record. I am going to own up in advance to all the wickedness I have done, and if any Congressional committee is disposed to prowl around my biography, in the hope of finding any daring and deadly deed which I have secreted, why let him prowl.

In the first place, I admit that I did freeze a rheumatic grandfather of mine, in the winter of 1859. He was old and inexpert at climbing trees. But with a heartless brutality that is characteristic of me, I ran him out of the front door in his night shirt, at the point of a shot gun, and caused him to bowl up a maple tree, where he remained all night, while I emptied shot in his legs. I did this because he snored. I will do it again if I have another grandfather. I am as inhuman now as I was in '59. No rheumatic person shall snore in my house.

I candidly acknowledge that I ran away at the battle of Gettysburg. My friends have tried to smooth this fact by the assertion that I merely got behind a tree, that I did so for the purpose of imitating Washington, who went into the woods at Valley Forge to say his prayers. It was a miserable subterfuge. I struck out in a straight line for the Tropic of Cancer, simply because I was scared. I wanted my country saved, but I wanted some one else to save her. I entertain that idea yet. If the bubble of reputation can be obtained only at the cannon's mouth, I am willing to go there for it, provided the cannon is empty. If it is loaded, my immortal and inflexible purpose is to get over the fence and go home. My invariable purpose in the war has been to bring two-thirds more men out than I took in. This seems to me to be Napoleonic in its grandeur.

My financial views are of the most decided character, but they are not likely, perhaps, to increase my popularity with advocates of inflation or contraction. I do not insist upon special supremacy of rag money. The great fundamental principle of my life is to take any kind I can get.

The rumor that I buried a dead aunt under a grape vine is founded upon fact. The vine needed fertilizing, my aunt had to be buried, and I dedicated her to that purpose. Does that unfit me for the Presidency? The constitution of our country does not say so. No other citizen was considered unworthy of office because he enriched his grapevine with his relations. Why should I be selected as the first victim of an absurd prejudice?

I admit, also, that I am not the friend of the poor man. I regard the poor man, in his present condition, as so much wasted raw material. Cut up and properly canned, he might be made useful to fatten the natives of the Cannibal Islands, and improve our exports in that region. I shall recommend legislation upon the subject in my first message. My campaign cry will be to dessicate the poor workingman. Stuff him into sausages!

These are about the worst parts of my record. On them I come before the country. If my country doesn't want me, I will go back again. But I recommend myself as a safe man—a man who starts from the basis of social depravity, and proposes to be fiendish to the last.

How He Got His Pay.

On the banks of the Ohio, before the advent of railroads, when steamboats plied between Pittsburg and the West, lived a sturdy farmer, whose spare time was spent in chopping wood with which he supplied the passing boats. One winter a boat was laid up at this place on account of the ice, and during the long, cold winter, burned the old gentleman's wood. When the ice cleared away, the farmer presented his bill, which the captain refused to pay.

"You will pay it?" said the old man.

"I'll not pay it till I please!" retorted the captain, and ordering the old man off the boat—a request which he complied with.

A little later he appeared on the bank, ax in hand, and commenced chopping at a large tree hanging directly over the boat, which would not be able to move for several hours on account of the flow of the ice. The captain, with an oath, asked him what he meant by cutting that tree when he knew that it would fall on the boat.

"Will you pay me for that wood?" asked the farmer.

"No!" roared the captain.

"Then I'll fell this tree on your boat," and the sound of the ax rang out on the air.

The captain stormed and swore and threatened to lick the old man, but to no purpose; the well-directed blows of the ax were gradually eating away to the heart of the tree, and unless something was done soon, it would fall and crush everything beneath it.

Finding threats and entreaties useless, the captain finally brought out a swivel-gun, which all the boats then carried, and loading it, pointed it right at the tree. Faster flew the chips as the old man saw the preparations for war, when the captain sang out:

"Will you quit chopping at that tree?"

"Will you pay me for my wood?" said the old gentleman, never losing a stroke.

"I'll give you just one minute to get away from that tree, and if you are not gone then, I'll blow Satan out of you!" cried the captain, as he called for a light and then primed the gun.

Without a word, as though some new thought had struck him, the old man shouldered his ax, and, shaking his fist at the captain, strode toward his home, and was seen there no more. In a few hours the boat pulled out and steamed down the river, making a landing at Steubenville, twenty-two miles below. As the captain stepped on the wharf the sheriff walked up, and, tapping him on the shoulder, informed him that he had a writ for him, and would tie his boat until he would pay a little bill.

"What bill?"

"The bill for that wood burned off me, and wouldn't pay for, you wall-eyed slink!" put in the old man, who had been concealed up to this moment, and he added:

"I walked down here to ketch ye, and durned if I wouldn't a walked to Cincinnati afore I'd let ye get ahead of me!"

The captain saw it was no use to fume about it, for the old man had the law on him; and after paying the amount, with additional costs, and the old man's mileage, each way, he was allowed to depart with his boat.

The woodman took the next boat home, with his money in his pocket, saying to the sheriff as he left:

"If it hadn't been for that infernal swivel-gun I'd a mashed his eternal old boat!"

The Boy's Nest.

Several years ago a farmer in the State of New York sent his son Rollin to drag a ploughed field. He was to drive a young ox-team, and his father in quite a pompous manner said:

"Now, remember, no boy's play with this team!"

Rollin said he would do as good as he could, and started for his work. After the farmer had looked to other matters on the farm, he assured himself that all was moving along properly, he started for the field to look after Rollin and the team. Now, Rollin had done well, and everything had gone along nicely until the farmer had reached the corner of the field, when the drag caught in an old stump, tearing part of it off and bringing out an active nest of yellow-jackets. When the farmer came in sight, what was his astonishment and vexation to see the oxen kicking and jumping and plunging ahead, and Rollin apparently imitating their movements! "Here, boy! what are you doing there?" screamed the farmer in no very gentle manner. "I guess we're in a hornets' nest," answered the frantic Rollin. "In a boy's nest, I guess! Here! give me that whip," said the enraged father, "and I'll see what this hornets' nest amounts to!" So away he started after the frightened team, intent upon hastily bringing order out of confusion. He had gone but a few steps when the hornets met him, and he evidently forgot the team, and all former intentions, threw away his whip, and, to all appearances, became absorbed in the one idea of dancing a jig, at the same time slapping his unoffending trowsers, and now and then his ears, in a most frantic and shocking manner. Rollin, who had found peaceful quarters over the fence, now shouted back: "How do you like a boy's nest, father?" Rollin is now a man, and the farmer is bowed down with the weight of over four-score years, yet he laughs in a quiet but amused way whenever Rollin refers to "The boy's nest."

The man who professes to be your friend while you are prosperous, but deserts you when adversity comes, is like a nice-looking cheap cigar—fair to the sight, but bitter to the taste.

No man ever regretted that he was virtuous and honest in his youth, and kept aloof from idle companions.

An egg shell, although not uncommon affair is yet without a parallel.