CONTRARY-MINDED.

"I wonder he didn't take the parson," mused the deacon's housekeeper as the deacon drove off alone to the Annual Conference. "He's commonly master-thoughtful about lookin' out for folks. What a husband he was!"

Yes, Asa Phœnix had been a good husband. All the neighbors had agreed with Mrs. Dubbs in that particular. He had waited upon his fussy invalid wife by inches for thirty years, making her as happy as she would let him; and when her summons came, he had closed her dying eyes tenderly, saying, even with tears, "Poor sufferer, she is better off!"

That he was better off he never hinted by word or look. He wore his widower's weeds with sad decorum; he reared in memory of the departed Lucinda a monument which the most fastidious deceased might have envied; he grieved faithfully for the full allotted year of mourning. If now from the ashes of the funeral pyre, like his feathered name sake of fable, he was springing up with renewed youth and freshness, was it not well?

In truth, though he had not seen fit to confide this fact to Mrs. Dubbs, Deacon Phœnix had slighted the minister deliberately and with malice aforethought. Nor was it of the conference he was thinking that fragrant June morning as he was whirled away, tucking laprobe well about his glossy new broadcloth. For once in his hitherto blameless life he was essaying to hide the secular underneath the spiritual.

He did not mean to go straight to meeting; it was his wily intention to make a wide circuit, and call on Miss Olive Wayne in the town of Chester. He had a question to ask her, and did not want the parson with him; but he hoped that he might want him later.

Pretty, cheerful Olive! How fond he had been of her, years ago, when she attended his school! If he had not then been in love with Lucinda, he was sure he should have fallen in love with her, mere child though she was. He had never lost sight of her, and he thanked Providence that he had been enabled by money and influence to help her family over some hard places. Please God, the dear girl should henceforth have an easy life. Girl! Why, little Olive must be fifty! The good deacon laughed at the recollection. Well, she would always be young to him. And as for himself, at sixty odd, he was a hale man yet; he could jump a five-rail fence as well as he ever could—give him time. His thoughts continually reverted to Olive, so patiently devoted to her invalid father. She should bring the old gentleman to his house if she wished, or he would provide for his maintenance at her brother Reuben's. He was inclined to consider that the better plan. The money would be an object to Reuben.

In these cogitations the morning passed, and noon found Deacon Phœnix at a little hotel in Chester. Impatiently of delay, after a hasty dinner he set out almost immediately for the Wayne homestead. Arrived at the gate, he spied Miss Olive at the window, and alighted with a youthful agility not altogether prudent in a man who had twinges of sciatica, and yet—strange inconsistency of human nature!—he dallied at the hitching post, and afterward, with his hand on the very knocker, he paused to scan the distant horizon, as though he had come mainly for a view of the mountains. Miss Olive opened the door, her cheek flushed like late October peaches. She would not have been a woman had she not divined the Deacon's tender mission, proclaimed by every detail of his immaculate toilet, by the grasp of his hand, by his nervous, expectant air. And moreover, Miss Olive was an attractive woman, not unversed in lovers' ways.

"Happy to see you, Mr. Phœnix. Walk in," said she, flurriedly, ushering him into the sitting-room, where her aged father dozed in his arm chair.

"Who is it, Olive?" said the old gentleman, waking with a bewildered stare.

"Mr. Phœnix, father. You remember Mr. Phœnix, I'm sure.

"I don't know as I do," said he querulously, fumbling with the guest's outstretched hand.

"What's he come for, Olive?"

The deacon looked as if he was suddenly feeling the hot water; Miss Olive was positively feverish, but she deftly evaded the troublesome question by diverting her father's attention. His peppermint tea was ready—would he not drink it? As she hovered about the invalid, straightening his foot stool, arranging his pillows, steadying the cup while he drank, Mr. Phœnix regarded he admiringly. How young she seemed still! Not a grey thread in her golden hair; scarcely a wrinkle in her face. This was because of her excellent disposition. He waited till she had soothed the old man into slumber, then to a direct, manly way introduced the subject that lay next to his heart.

Miss Olive interrupted him by an eloquent glance toward her dear father.

"He is very childish and dependent. He cannot do without me."

"Let me help you care for him, Olive; my house is large, and my means are ample.'.

"I couldn't, Mr. Phœnix—it is like you to propose such a thing; but I couldn't have him a burden upon you."

"Why bless your soul, Olive, do you suppose I should consider a friend of your's a burden?"

"You don't know how trying poor father would be to anybody but his own daughter, and I think he is likely to live to a great age, as grandfather did."

"For that very reason, then—"

"Besides, it would make me wretched to take him from the old homestead."

"But, Olive——"

"So you see I'm engaged, Mr Phœnix," said Miss Olive, playfully, while she whisked away a tear. "I'm engaged. You must marry some lady who isn't. And I hope you'll be as happy as you deserve to be," she added, with a little tremor, springing up to adjust the curtain.

In vain he tried to bend her to his wishes; she remained outwardly as firm as the hearth-stone at her feet, till at length he arrived at the unwelcome conviction that she had no liking for him, or she would have listened to his pleadings. She had interposed the old gentleman merely as a sort of cushion to soften the blow of her rejection.

If he took a smiling leave, it was because pride tugged at his facial muscles, for, to tell the truth, he had never been more disappointed or chagrined in his life. Of what avail the stylish equipage upon which he had plumed himself? Was it not bearing him on a tomb? And why should he wish to prolong this earthly pilgrimage? What further attraction had life for him, a lonely old man nearing seventy?

Hardly conscious of the reins, he had driven some miles at an unsanctified pace, when he almost ran over Mr. Torrey, brother of the deceased Lucinda, who was walking behind his carriage up a long ascent.

"Going to Conference?" asked the gentleman, after an exchange of greetings; "Didn't you come a roundabout way?"

"I'm inclined to think I did," assented the deacon, with a prodigious show of candor. "A roundabout way and a hard way. Is your wife with you?"

"Yes, and the widow Vance. I have to foot it up hill, you see. The horse stepped on a rolling stone back a piece and lamed himself."

"Your load is too heavy, let sister Torrey ride with me."

But sister Torrey being nervous, like Lucinda before her, and mortally afraid of the deacon's spirited steed, it was in the end Mrs. Vance who nestled into the vacant seat. She was a gushing young widow whose mitigated grief manifested itself in certain coquettish bows of pale lavender.

She protested that she felt already acquainted with Mr Phœnix through her late husband, to whom he had been so kind. She was so glad of this opportunity to think of him. She should never cease to be grateful for the many favors he had conferred upon dear Charles.

In the morning the worthy deacon would have smiled inwardly at this effusive panegyric. This afternoon he hugged it like a poultice to his aching heart. It smothered his wounded self love and inclined him toward his fair eulogist, to whom he recounted pleasant anecdotes of her husband's boyhood.

Indeed, he made himself so agreeable that she was rather sorry to reach Churchville, where the whole party was cordially welcomed at the house of Mr Zenas Torrey.

A proud man was Mr. Phœnix. He would not for the world have his recent disappointment suspected by his wife's relatives, and during those three days of Conference he carried himself with a resolute cheerfulness that somet mes—out of meeting, of course—verged upon frisksess. Mrs. Vance told Mrs Torrey that he was "just splendid," which compliment Mrs. Torrey repeated to him with a significant smile, hinting that if he thought about marrying again, he need not search for a wife.

He looked confused, and hotly disclaimed any matrimonial intention.

As to the young widow, was he not double her age? Would June join hands with December?

Alas! what an insignificant trifle can turn the scale of human destiny! But for a horse's right forefoot Deacon Phœnix might have returned to his home on the morrow as he left it—a free man.

It was the same horse that kicked the beam and decided his fate. On Friday morning, that meddling quadruped having been found lamer than ever, the Deacon could do no less than offer to escort Mrs. Vance home. She could do no less than accept the offer gladly.

By some mysterious law of consequences, this led to the second offer and a second acceptance, and almost before he knew it Deacon Phœnix had pledged himself to escort the widow for life.

When, after gallantly depositing his promising bride at her own door, and he was alone with his thoughts, he felt a little surprised at his own precipitancy; but he told himself over and over again what a fortunate man he was, how happy he ought to be.

Contrary to his usual custom, he had acted from impulse, and the result was highly satisfactory. "Highly satisfactory," he repeated to himself as he passed the entrance of the cross-road which led to Miss Olive's. Somehow his reflections were less cheerful after that. Perhaps the chilly rain storm just setting in depressed him, or perhaps it was the empty hearse that he met face to face—for the best of us have our superstitions.

Certain it is, that as he alighted from his buggy that evening with weariness of limb and limpness of linen, his countenance led Mrs. Dubbs to fear the meeting had not been profitable.

Next morning, thanks to the ungracious weather, he was aroused by sciatic tortures. To an elderly gentleman, newly betrothed to a blooming lady greatly his junior, such an awakening was peculiarly trying. He thought ruefully of the early visit he had promised Mrs. Vance. Should these pains increase, he must defer it indefinitely, or limp into her presence on crutches—an alternative too suggestive of advancing age. Flattered as he was by the widow's acceptance, he could not deny that it placed him in a position in some respects irksome. It admonished him that he had no further right to infirmities; that henceforth it was his bounden duty to be as young as he could. The reflection wearied him; the clutching pain wearied him. Mrs. Dubbs afterwards said she had never seen him so near out of sorts as on that evening when she took in his mail.

Among the letters was one that caught his eye at once:

"DEAR FRIEND" (it ran).—"My poor tired father is at rest. He was seized with paralysis the morning after you left us, and passed away painlessly in a few hours. How little I anticipated this event when we talked together. My hands were full then; now they are empty. My work here is done. If you still believe I could make happy the kind friend who has always been our benefactor, I should be glad to see you.

Yours, sincerely,
OLIVE WAYNE."

Mr. Phœnix read this missive, reread it, shut it into the Book of Job safe from prying Mrs. Dubbs, and drummed uneasily on the Bible. What a predicament! Must he thrust back upon Olive this gift for which he so lately sued? Must he thus humble her? He writhed at the thought. Must he thus humble himself? Better than all, must he relinquish this tried friend for a lifetime? Having reached life's autumn, must he reject its mature and appropriate fruits for the rhubarb and greens of spring time? Alas! yes; he must fulfill his engagement, for was he not an "honorable man?" he would write at once to Olive a candid statement of the case.

But while he idled at his desk on the morrow Mr. Torrey came to ask the loan of a horse till his should be in running order, and the deacon laid down his pen with a sigh of relief.

Feeling that he ought to tell his brother-in-law of his contemplated marriage, he led the conversation back to the Conference and Mrs. Vance.

"By-the-way, I met the widow this morning riding with John Vance" remarked Mr. Torrey, casually. "You remember him—the brother next to Charles? He has just come home from California, with his pockets full."

"Ah?"

"Yes. Shouldn't wonder if he took the widow. Some say they're engaged already."

Of course the deacon knew better than that; nevertheless, he delayed his tender confession. And he did not write the letter. Time enough for that after he had paid Mrs. Vance the promised visit. The latter lady had certainly the first claim upon his attentions.

Unfortunately several days of tormenting pain ensued, during which the deacon's patience was put to a pretty severe test; but he was at last able to seek the object of his hasty choice. He found her in her dooryard, playing croquet with a well dressed gentleman.

"So happy to see you, Deacon Phœnix!" cried she, with voluble embarrassment, "and so glad to introduce Mr. Vance, dear Charles's brother. Do come in!"

"I hope my tardy coming does not seem discourteous, Mrs Vance," said he, with affable formality, while the stranger hastened to a suddenly recalled engagement. "I have not——"

"No—oh no," broke in the widow nervous).

"I have not been well, otherwise, under our present interesting relations——"

"Oh, Mr Phœnix!" interrupted she, throwing herself upon a cricket at his feet "Do you know, I am so afraid I am not the one to make you happy! And my friends say the discrepancy in our ages is too great. Ought I to marry against their wishes?"

"You must decide that question, dear madam," responded the deacon, with suppressed eagerness. The finger of Providence was in this. He held his breath to make sure which way it pointed.

"Then, if you don't mind very much, Deacon Phœnix, perhaps it would be better for us to part as friends. Oh! I hope you'll forgive me if I've done wrong"

The deacon hardly heard the closing sentence for the glad beating of his heart.

"My dear child, you have done right. I do not reproach you," said he with a smile of infinite benevolence "It is natural that youth should choose to wed with youth."

"And that age should wed with age," he added, mentally, as, with an adieu almost paternal, he drove away in the direction of Miss Olive's.

He and Miss Wayne were married the following October, but Mr. and Mrs Vance waited till Christmas.—*Harper's Bazar*

"Get the Best."

"Get the best and never keep a poor cow the second year No man can afford to keep a cow that will not make from 200 to 220 pounds of butter or its equivalent in cheese every year. Lastly, make the very best article and get the top of the market. This is dairy economy according to my experience."

The above paragraph furnishes a good text for some timely hints and suggestions. "Get the best" is not only applicable to cows, but to other domestic animals and various things appertaining to the farm, including seeds, plants, shrubs, fruit trees, tools, implements, fences, building, &c. The farmer should always aim to procure and produce the best of everything in his line. He should "breed from the best" in all cases, whether cattle, horses, sheep, swine or poultry; for though the expense of the service of a superior sire may be a trifle more than that of a common one, the resultant profit will be far greater. It costs little, if any, more to raise a blooded or improved colt or calf to a given age than it does to rear an ordinary one, whereas the former will usually sell for twice or thrice the amount the latter will bring. And why more farmers do not realize this fact is past my comprehension. Whatever the cause of this neglect of an important branch of farm production and profit, we trust every reader of the *Observer* interested will examine into the matter, cipher our the difference in favor of breeding from the best, and be governed accordingly during the ensuing season.

And the same axiom, "Get the best" should also be regarded in selecting seeds, plants and trees for the farm, garden and orchard. It is astonishing how great a proportion of cultivators neglect a matter so essential, upon proper attention to which the quality, quantity, and consequent profit of a crop, frequently depend. A change of seed, and especially when a superior variety can be so easily obtained, is often of great benefit not only in increasing the yield, but producing a far more marketable article. In the selection of plants, shrubs, and ornamental trees, the aim should likewise be to procure the best obtainable from trustworthy sources. The extra cost will be more than repaid not only in dollars and cents, but enchanced pleasure and satisfaction derived from producing what is of superior quality—the best for either market or home consumption.

As a rule, it is good economy and evidence of wisdom to secure the most approved and *improved* tools, implements and machines for use in the various operations of cultivating, seeding, harvesting, &c. Poor tools make slovenly workmen and bad work, and often cause delays and damage,—in this way "costing more than they come to," or than the expense of first-class articles. No farmer can afford to lose time amid the busy work of spring or summer by the giving out or breaking of important implements and machines; hence he should guard against such contingencies by procuring the most serviceable articles and keeping them in good order, ready for use whenever wanted. The fences, gates, sheds, and other farm structures, ought always to be good, if not the best, and built with a view to durability and permanence. In brief, and finally, it is always the safest, and generally true economy, for the farmer to have the best of everything; to breed from the best stock, grow the best crops from the purest seed of the best varieties, procure the best implements, and provide the best fences and other appurtenances.

Jonathan Niles and His Fife.

In 1778, while the American army was encamped at Tappan, on the Hudson, General Lafayette had command of the advance, his particular duty being to guard the water front; and, in order that any attempt on the part of the enemy at surprise might be guarded against, Lafayette issued orders that there should be no noise of any kind by the troops between the hours of tattoo and reveille.

Jonathan Niles was one of Lafayette's musicians, and his instrument the fife. He was a son of Connecticut, and he had a maimed and disabled brother who was a cunning artificer, and who, among other quaint things, had made the fife on which Jonathan played.

It was so constructed that it could be blown to the shrill and ear-piercing notes that belong with the drum, or it could be so softly and sweetly breathed upon as to give forth notes like the gentle dulcimer.

One evening Jonathan wandered down to the water's edge, and seated upon a rock, gazed upon the darkly flowing, star-gemmed flood.

His thoughts were of his home and of the loved ones there; and anon came memories of the old songs that had been wont to gladden the fireside.

Unconsciously he drew his flute from his bosom and placed it to his lips. In his mind, at that moment, was a sweet song, adopted from Mozart, which had been his mother's favorite.

He knew not what he did. To him all things of the present were shut out, and he was again at home, sitting at his mother's feet; and the charm was not broken until a rough blow upon the back recalled him to his senses.

"Man, what are you doing? The general may be awake. If he should hear you—sh!"

It was a sentinel; and even this guardian of the night afterward confessed that he had listened, entranced, to the ravishing music for a long time before he thought it his duty to stop it.

On the following morning an orderly came to the spot where Jonathan had been eating his breakfast, and informed him that the general wanted to see him at headquarters.

Poor Jonathan turned pale and trembled. He knew that Lafayette was very strict, and that in those perilous times even slight infractions of military orders were punished severely.

As he arose to his feet, the sentinel of the previous evening came up and whispered into his ear:

"If it should be about the music, Jonathan, don't you be alarmed. Not a soul save you and me knows anything about it; I can swear to that. So do you just say it wasn't you. Stick to it, and you'll come out all right."

Jonathan looked at the man pityingly.

"What! My mother's son tell a lie like that? It would be the heaviest load I ever carried—heavier than I ever mean to carry, if I have my senses."

He then went to the general's quarters, a tent pitched in a commanding site, overlooking the whole line he had to guard.

Lafayette was pacing to and fro, sad and moody, as though his thoughts were unhappy.

"Comrade, who are you?"

"Jonathan Niles, general."

"Last evening I heard music down by the river's bank. Were you the musician?"

"It was I, general; but I knew not what I did. I meant not to disobey your order. I sat thinking of home, and of my mother, and——"

The general started at the sound of that word, and the shadow upon his face grew soft and ethereal.

"Of your mother? And I thought of mine. It was a theme of Mozart's, and was my mother's favorite. If you will be so kind, go bring your instrument, and play for me that strain here in my tent. It will do me good."

In the after years—even to his dying hour—the man loved to tell that story.

Though he would never urge the truth upon any man in consideration of so mean a thing as the benefit that might result, yet he could not put away the thought that the sweetest and most blessed memory of all his soldier's experience might have been lost had he grasped at the opportunity to tell a lie on the one occasion of his life when a lie might, to some, have seemed most opportune and profitable.

History of "Uncle Tom."

A new edition of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is just ready. It is a reproduction of the illustrated edition of the holidays, rendered necessary by the wearing out of the original plates. Some notion of the durability of book plates may be had from the statement that no fewer than 350 000 copies of "Uncle Tom" were printed from these plates.

The new edition contains, among other editions, letters addressed to the author by eminent people when the book first appeared. Charles Dickens said he had read it "with the deepest interest and sympathy," and added that he admired "more than I can express to you, both the generous feeling which inspired it, and the admirable power with which it is executed."

Lord Carlisle wrote that he returned his "deep and solemn thanks to Almighty God who has led and enabled you to write such a book." He added that he had long felt slavery to be by far the paramount "question of the world and age we live in, including all that is most thrilling in heroism and most touching in distress—in short, the real Epic of the Universe."

"Uncle Tom" was first published on March 20, 1852—twenty-seven years ago. There are 35 English editions of it in the British Museum, and 8 abridgments. It has been translated into 20 languages. In French there are 13 distinct versions; in German 9; in Russian 5. Sixty-three distinct translations have been made in all. There are three dramas in French and four abridgments in German. Thirty-one reviews of it have appeared in British periodicals.

Reverence in the Pulpit.

The pulpit is a sacred place. It is the audience chamber of Jehovah, into which the preacher and man of God enters to hear solemn messages, and make supplications for the people, and offer praise and thanksgiving. There he stands, between the living and the dead in sin.

There is no place on earth where human feet stand so burdened with fearful responsibilities to God and to man, as the pulpit of salvation. "Put off thy shoes from thy feet," said God to Moses in the presence of the burning bush, "for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." "Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God," said Solomon. Invisible angels stand around every pulpit, and the Son of God is there looking on, and sees and hears. No monarch of earth admits his subject to his throne-room so heedlessly as many enter the pulpit—the throne-room of God. Many pastors and preachers enter the pulpit and reverently bend the knee in silent prayer. Others enter the pulpit as if in haste, and without a pause, lay hold on the Bible—God's own book—and rudely turn over its sacred leaves as if it were a ledger or common-place day-book. It is not suited to inspire a holy reverence in the hearts and minds of a worshiping assembly. It is not done "decently and in order," becoming the house of God.

"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 20, 1879.

THE BETTER SIDE OF NEW YORK.

While the tenement house tells the story of the Dives and Lazarus of the nineteenth century, let it not be supposed that only Dives inhabit yonder brown-stone row. Neither should you infer from our gambling dens, brutal walking matches, drinking holes, and flounting "social evil," that New York is a modern Sodom. Thank heaven, this is but the heathen side of what I called in an earlier letter the "most Christian and most heathen city west of the Atlantic Ocean."

The rich centurion, and Dorcas, and Cornelius, all live just across Fifth Avenue from Dives, but all the synagogues they have built, all the poor people clad, and all the alms bestowed by them have made less noise in the world than the blind beggar, full of sores, lying at Dives' gate! Fair play, gentlemen!

HOW THE WEALTH OF NEW YORK IS GIVEN

This city has nearly five hundred churches and chapels, costing forty million dollars to build, and five millions more per annum to keep them going. We have fifty-nine hospitals and asylums for the sick, aged, blind, deaf and dumb, lunatics, inebriates, orphans, and soldiers, which have cost twenty millions to build, and require five millions a year to sustain. The public school edifices have cost six millions, and four millions a year to operate. The amount spent in private charities no man can estimate, but it must be several millions. The beautiful city of Elizabeth, containing twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, is valued at $14 000,000—and the annual benefactions of New York, not counting private charities, amount to over $18,000,000—That's "b z"!

WHAT THE MONEY DOES

I don't know how many missionaries there may be in Japan, but I do know how many are at work in the slums, and among the Arabs of this city. Before you read further, just stop and guess how many there are. I asked a hard working Presbyterian deacon, this morning, and he guessed twenty-five. That was a miserable guess. Toiling among the tenement houses, sailors' boarding houses, ten cent lodging houses, and along wharf and street, day and night, are no less than two hundred and sixty six city missionaries!

It is doubtful if any missionary field in the world can show two hundred and sixty-six labors to a million of population. The forty three missionaries employed by the City Missions alone held three thousand seven hundred religious meetings last year in the worst sections of the city, and gave pecuniary aid to six thousand people. This regiment of untiring workers visit and care for the sick, read the Bible to those who will listen, organize prayer meetings in tenement houses, on street corners and shipboard, and every day and every night hold meetings in their 49 mission churches.

This money supports, besides, 10 churches for seamen, 7 sailors' reading rooms, 16 other free reading rooms, 3 coffee houses; and a "flower mission," through which the sweet fragrance and beauty of rose and lily, heliotrope and geranium, are brought into thousands of sick rooms, in hospitals and tenement houses. Those blessed dollars sustain a whole corps of trained missionary nurses, giving them preliminary instruction in a Nurses' Training School; they support an Infants' Day Nursery for children of working mothers, where the little one is tenderly cared for while the mother is out at work; and a cheap lodging house for women. How often this house, with its healthful moral atmosphere, has stood between a homeless girl and perdition only the last Great Day will unfold. Besides these there is a Workingmen's Club, which is about self supporting, designed as an offset to the drinking saloon, and the "Midnight Mission" for the rescue of girls from a life of shame.

TEMPERANCE WORK

The 8,000 drinking holes which the genius of Chancellor Crosby has been rapidly transforming into "hotels," are not having it all their own way either. Last Sunday's *Herald* contained advertisements of seven temperance meetings that day, and this was but a fraction. The City Missions alone conduct 220 stated temperance meetings a year; Professor Evans is speaking to crowded houses every night; Sawyer is working wonders of reformation and filling the Park Theatre to overflowing every Sunday night, and 13 lodges of Good Templars and 18 divisions of Sons of Temperance are working more quietly, but doing a precious work nevertheless.

SEVEN YEARS OF REVIVAL.

Ten years ago Jerry McAuley, prize fighter, thief, ex-convict, was picked up by a city missionary on Water street and became a changed man. He could not rest with all the wickedness about him, and after a few years patient laboring a mission was built for him in the worst part of that awful street. Here for seven years Jerry has preached and exhorted, and his wife (taken from the gutter also) has presided at the organ, while thieves, drunkards and abandoned characters by the hundred have been led to a new life. The revival has known no break all these years, and though Jerry is now sick with pneumonia, and has the seeds of consumption actively at work within him, the great work goes grandly on.

Besides this, there is a plain, dingy old Mariner's Church down near the Brooklyn Bridge, where a constant revival has been in progress over three years. A grey haired old man, with loving-kindness written all over his sweet old face, simply tells the "old, old story" to a crowd of weather-beaten sailors, street roughs in their shirt sleeves, and Chinamen not a few, and in these three years over fifteen hundred of these men have applied for church membership. What wouldn't some of your churches give for an outpouring so great as that.

Herod lives in New York, and, to save his golden crown of profits, decrees the slaughter of the tenement-house innocents. Dives fares sumptuously every day while Lazarus begs the crumbs from the rich man's table; but whoever concludes therefrom that the city is without ten righteous men has something yet to learn about New York!

MORLEY.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on Thursday, May 1, 1879.

First and final account of Aaron Spangler, Administrator of Henry Hoss, dec'd.

Account of M. A. Sanner, Guardian of James Gaumer.

Account of Daniel A Weaver, Guardian of Peter B lough.

First account of J. M. & P. J. Cover Administrators of S. J. Cover, dec'd.

First and final account of Jacob Geiger and Urias Bowman, Administrators of Jonathan Long, dec'd.

First and final account of Cyrus B. Moore, Administrator of Anne Moore, dec'd.

First and final account of John R. Scott, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Henry Claycomb, dec'd.

Account of George Reitz, Guardian Jonn Adam Spangey.

First account of John M. Olinger, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Peter Meyers, dec'd.

Account of W. A. Garman, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Amanda Heffley, dec'd.

First and final account of John Hamer, Administrator and Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Noah Kocher, dec'd.

First and final account of Bernard Miller, Administrator and Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Herman Deist, dec'd.

Account of Bernard Miller, Trustee for the sale of the real estate of John Waltz, dec'd.

First and final account of Joseph G. Lohr, Administrator of Ephraim Lohr, dec'd.

First account of Isaiah Flick, Administrator of Isaac Flick, dec'd.

The second account of J. O. Meyers, Administrator of Peter Meyers, late of Summit Township, dec'd.

First and partial account of C. M. Shaver, administrator of Daniel A. Rhoads, deceased.

First and final account of Isaac Yoder, administrator of Joseph Alwine, deceased.

First and final account of Hiram Hershberger, administrator and trustee for the sale of the real estate of Rachael Rossmon, deceased.

First and final account of Josiah Lowry, administrator of of James Cook, deceased.

WM. H. PREASE,
Register

Apr 2

THE FARMERS HORSE.

WAX WORK JR.,

The property of Alexander Countryman will stand for service the ensuing season, ending July 10th 1879. The first three days at the stable of Josiah Brant in Somerset borough, the next three at the stable of Philip Shaver in Friedens, and the Lext three days at the stable of the owner in Lavansville and so on alternately throughout the season. Sundays excepted.

DESCRIPTION.

Wax Work Jr. is a beautiful mah gany bay, 9 years old, 18 hands high, and weighs 180 pounds, perfectly clean and sound with heavy, short legs close jointed, of great strength, good action, thoroughly good temper and has proved himself a good stock getter. He was got by Wax Work, imported from England at a heavy expense by the Pennsylvania Stock Importing Company, (Geo. Johnson, agent,) was owned by the Westmoreland and Fayette Horse Company. His dam is large, well formed, Bay Chesser Lyon mare, or "Stomper." His grand sire "Glory," the property of Mr. Taylor of Sonham, England. He, by the noted horse "Glory" who won a cup at Walton and a prize at Wisebeck. The dam of Wax Work Jr., was a superior brown mare by Young Honest Tom. The Sire of whose grand Sire was the celebrated horse "Honest Tom" that was sold for $2,000. Mr. Countryman purchased Wax Work Jr. of Philip Ankerman of Lycipus, Westmoreland county, Pa., for a large sum of money. Wax Work Jr. was on exhibition at the Westmoreland county fair held at Greensburg, Pa., where he drew first premium. He was also on exhibition at the Somerset county fairs held in 1873, 1874, 1876 1877, where he drew first premium each time.

TERMS.

Five dollars ($5) to insure a foal to be paid as soon as the mare is known to be with foal. Parting with a mare before she is known to be with foal forfeits the insurance money. Mares must be brought regularly, and if put to any other horse the insurance money will be claimed. N B.—Good care will be taken, but no responsibility for accidents and escapes.

ALEXANDER COUNTRYMAN,
April 16 Owner and Keeper.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Nancy Will, Daniel W. Will, Aaron Will, Rebecca, intermarried with Jacob Seulitz, Moses Will, Hiram Will, Allen S. Will, Silas Will, deceased, leaving three children, one of whom George W. Fair is Guardian, Louisa, intermarried with Henry Boucher, Josephine, intermarried with John C. Schadt, 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, } EDGAR KYLE,
Mar. 10, 1879. Mar. 12 Sheriff.

"CLYDESDALE & WAX WORK STALLION."

"NOBLE FRANK."

I wish to say to the farmers of the county that I will stand my horse "Noble Frank" at my house, one and a half miles west of Jennertown, and at the stable of William Horner, and at ——— from the 1st day of April until the 5th day of July, 1879, at the low price of six dollars to insure a mare.

"Noble Frank" is by Heffley's Black Horse Nigger imported from England; his dam was a five-eighths blood mare by imported Wax Works, also brought from England, making him seven-eights blood. I only wish for parties who wish to raise stock to see him, as no finer horse stands in the county to day, and at the low price of service he cannot fail to please. Payment to be made when the mare is known to be with foal. Any person parting with a mare or not attending with an insured mare regularly will be held responsible for the insurance. Good care taken but no responsibility for accidents.

DESCRIPTION.

"Noble Frank" is a very handsome dark brown, 5 years old, nearly 18 hands high; his legs have great bone and substance, a splendid mane, has a good temper, and is warranted sound. He is considered by competent judges to be the best horse in the county in strength, bone, build and action.

April 16 H. S. PICKING, Owner.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

SALESROOMS:
Union Square, New York.
—AND—
154 State Street,
CHICAGO, ILL.,
MANUFACTURERS
—OF—
SILVER PLATED WARE.

Trade Mark for Spoons, Forks, &c.
1847, Rogers Bros. A. I.

These Goods have taken the Certificates of Award wherever exhibited, both in this and the old Countries,

And the Meriden Britannia Co. are the LARGEST and Best Manufacturers in this line in the World.

Ask your Jeweler for these Goods.
April 16.

ASSIGNEES' ACCOUNTS.

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

Thursday, May 1st, 1879.

William Suder, assignee of John J. Fritz.
John M. Olinger, " " F. K. Hall and wife.
Jacob H. Miller, " " Jacob Hinebaugh and wife.
David Stuffi, committee of Tobias Blough.
John M. Olinger, Manager of Dale City Mutual Building Association.
B. S. Fleck assignee of A. C. Beam and wife.
B. S. Fleck " Joseph W. Beam.
First account of H. L. Baer and J. G. Ogle assignees of J. O. Kimmel and J. O. Kimmel & Sons.

H. F. SCHELL,
April 2. Prothonotary

H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

Fluid Extract

BUCHU,

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

Diseases

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

For Debility, Loss of Memory, Indisposition to Exertion or Business, Shortness of Breath, Troubled with Thoughts of Disease, Dimness of Vision, Pain in the Back, Chest and Head, Rush of Blood to the Head, Pale Countenance, and Dry Skin.

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicine to strengthen and tone up the system—which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

Helmbold's Buchu

IS UNEQUALED.

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physcians all over the world, in

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill-Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Compl'ts, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

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:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Higut, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
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.

H. T. HELMBOLD,
Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa.

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

J. M. HOLDERBAUM & SON'S.

STORE,

West End, Main st., Somerset Pa..

HEAD QUARTERS

FOR THE SALE OF

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

FARQUAHR'S Four Horse Threshing Machines with Shakers.

FARQ 'S Thresher and Separator.

FANNING MILLS,

CORN PLOWS,

SHOVEL PLOW SHARES,

Cultivator Shovels

AND

Repairs for Nearly All the Plows Sold in the County.

M

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., the undersigned directed, as assignee of Peter W. Sailor, 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 fine 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 Boerter'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 well known a favorite drover stand. A contemplated rail road route 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 Boerter's Gap. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

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

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

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 says "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 YEAR