HOW I FIRST MET MY WIFE

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way that Morgan had, and in which he was always joined honestly by his wife—my own cousin, May Stevens, that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity so much until the eventful evening that I was satisfied by hearing the reason why.

It was simply this: That every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my cousin May, they would both laugh heartily, but always refuse to tell at what they laughed. This was certainly very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution of the matter; if for no other reason than that it worried me. I am but a woman, and having pleaded to the possession of curiosity, I see no reason why, sometimes it should not be indulged. With this resolution, I set forth one evening, where we three, Morgan, May and myself, were drawn up before the fire and settled for a talk. There was no time for mincing matters, was my first idea, and with this thought I dashed boldly out with "Mr. Morgan." I usually call him Charley, but I was desirous of showing that I was really in earnest. "Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May, when the subject of your first meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure, was a simple question, and yet instead of answering it in a simple way, they went back, both of them, on the plan, and laughed as if the words I had just spoken were the very best joke in the world. I could do nothing of course but look grave and solemn, which, in a few moments, brought them both to looking in the same way; and then May spoke to me seriously, and said, "cousin Jane, you take our laughing much more seriously than I thought you would. It is only a little memory between Charley and I that brings the laugh. To us it is a droll remembrance, but perhaps, in telling it, there would be nothing to amuse any one."

The explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and, with a smile, I said, "now May, this is really unkind of you, for so long you have excited my curiosity, that even were the story not worth telling, you should tell it." "Well, cousin Jane shall have that story, May. I will tell it myself to her."

At this declaration, I was surprised to see May flush up to a bright red, and break out rather vehemently with, "No, Charley, that is really too bad. You shall not do it, sir. If cousin Jane is to have that story I will tell her myself." And then after a pause she said, "when we are alone."

"You shall do no such thing Madam May," was Charley's laughing response. "You shall do no such thing. This time I shall have my own way, and cousin shall not have her curiosity excited any more without being satisfied."

I saw there was to be a discussion on that point and I knew, in some way Charley was to come off victor, so I, merely saying that I "would be back in a few minutes," stepped out of the room, and walked about the garden until I was sure the point was settled, when I went back and found Charley and May as happy as birds and laughing, as usual. As I entered, Charley drew up the rocking chair and, after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said, cousin Jane I shall tell you the story of how I first met my wife.

It was just five years ago this summer that I was granted exemption for a month from my desk, and went down with my old chum, Horace Hyatt, to his father's in old Monmouth, the garden of that unjustly abused State of New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even if I had not there met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole of my future life. I should remember it for its real true hospitality, the solid, old time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which, within a few days after my arrival, I was put in possession of it and made to feel that it all belonged to me to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of fish and we fished; plenty of wood cock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken of with a proviso. I say we—by which, let it be understood, I do not mean Horace's town sisters Carrie and Nettie as having participated in all these sports. They rode, to be sure, and charmingly they did it; they fished and I am obliged to confess they were much luckier than their guest. But they did not shoot, though I will not exult over the lack of this accomplishment—they were really charming enough without it. I am sure that I shall not excite jealousy by declaring that with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the most charming girls that I had ever seen and was justly hesitating, as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident—for so I suppose I must call it, though really seeming like a special providence. What this was, I shall tell in the best way I know how.

For some days after my arrival on the farm my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyrics lavished, by the young ladies, upon one schoolmate of their own, May Stevens by name, who was according to their highly colored account the most perfect thing in the shape of a woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Nettie and Carrie, but still the reputation of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my new born passion. I found at last, an imaginary May Stevens, and do what I would the figure was with me. At last I was worked into an agony of curiosity and trembled with some great purpose, which should bring before me the object of my thoughts and the two sister's conversation. In what this would have ended it is impossible for me at this time to say, had I not one morning, as I entered the breakfast-room heard the startling words from Nettie:

"And so she is coming at last! I am so glad."

Whether it was that the train of my thoughts was upon that point at that moment I cannot say; but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and coupling it with Nettie's words, I knew that the hitherto only heard of May Stevens—the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment, though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week—it was an age, a century, and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long standing passion of nearly two weeks duration, for Carrie was forgotten in an instant and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen. With this idea I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including of course, Carrie and Nettie; but this new goodness was certainly worthy of a new rig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after hearing the announcement of her coming and before two hours had gone by, I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out this resolve. My choicest articles of wardrobe should be offered at the shrine of May Stevens.

I had absented myself on a sudden plea of business neglected and faithfully promised Nettie and Carrie that the next day should see me down at Hyatt's again, and stay out the month that May Stevens the wonderful was about to pass with them. The racking of brain that day, to create a grand *assemble* of costume—something beyond all criticism, that should at the first strike the beholder with admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing Paradise Lost was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and re-dressed, compared and rejected and selected; and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted seven hours until sunset. Having got through the first object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train and return to Hyatt's, instead of remaining over till morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my habiliments and away I went, whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road in provacation of sleep. So I found it, when the shades of evening fell, for to the best of my recollection, I was in the midst of a dream, in which May Stevens, attired in purple muslin and pale blue satin, appeared on a purple cloud and admiringly inquired who my tailor was. Just as I was about to inform her there came a crash, and for a moment I was not certain whether it was the cloud that had exploded or myself that had torn some portion of my garments that were overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both my presumptions were strong. It was our train—5:26—that ran off the track, smashing things generally and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a-hundred passengers into a condition bordering on lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make it worse I eight was miles from my destination, though, as it afterwards appeared, not a mile from the next village, where I heard it canvassed, a tavern, supper and beds could be had.

I was disposed to be agreeable, and accordingly rendered all the assistance in my power to the unprotected females for which I got my reward, on arriving at the haven of refuge—the promised tavern—by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and that with some twenty more of the male gender, I must be content with a chair, while the beds were appropriated by the gentle sex. Slightly disgusted I swallowed my supper and looked out upon the night. It was a beautiful moonlight night and verging on to ten o'clock. By Jove! I would to walk to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. Giving my carpet-bag into the landlord's hands for punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning, I set forth. Eight miles is trifle, a and just as my watch marked a quarter after midnight I went up the lane that led to the house. They were early to bed and early up. I walked around the house trying the doors; every one was fastened. It was of no consequence; my bed-room window opened on the piazza; I would not disturb the house; a bit of my climbing would do the business and should it be fastened I would tap and waken Horace, who was my room-mate and bed-fellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and my hand laid on the window, which yielded and I was in my room. By the moonlight that streamed in I saw that the bed was occupied, and from the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was asleep. I would not therfore, awake him, but save the story of my mishap for the next day. With this reflection I slipped quietly into bed and in three minutes was oblivious. What ought I have dreamed that night? But I shall not anticipate. I lay facing the window as the sun peeped up above the distant hills scattering the gray mists of the morning. My bed-fellow was breathing heavily but it was broad daylight and there was no more sleep in me, so I determined that Horace should wake up and hear the story of the railroad breakdown. I turned quickly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion, my bed-fellow who had lain with his back toward me, sprang to a sitting position.

There are such surprises as are without terror, which deprives us until the brain has time to reason, to act and think. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They were expressed by open mouthed and silent wonder. This was the case of myself and bed-fellow as we sat upward and stared. Right by my side with her face not more than two feet from me, sat a young woman, not more than seventeen, with great, dark hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls tucked under the neatest night-cap that ever was. She had gathered the bed clothes, with a spasmodic jerk up about her throat, and with the most rigid astonishment, looked as though she doubted whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily at my eyes. Memory serves a man but little in such cases, but if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke. I blurted out with, 'how came you here?'

The figure stared still in a speechless astonishemnt, but in a moment, as though awakened from its stupefaction spoke—'Are you Charles Morgan?'

I answered yes.

'Well then Mr, Morgan,' said the figure, by this time calm, and with quite as much dignity as in a drawing room, 'I am May Stevens and I was put in this room after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's, a few miles off, before I got here and was not to return till to-day. That is how I was put in this room.

So here I was sitting, *vis a vis*, to this May Stevens, the mythical lady, for the first meeting of whom I intended to get up such a superlative toilet. A nice style of toilet. And she—she by this time was as cool as the thirty-first of December, and I made some rambling explanation, of my being in that extraordinary position. It was a lame explanation, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered, and sputtered through in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be pondering during the recital and at its end, looking at me as though asking the most simple question in the world said, 'what's to be done?'

'Let me jump out of the window as I came in,' said I in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came to me to achieve the same. I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecated.

She relieved me instantly. 'No, that will not do; there are people moving about and you will be seen.'

It was now my turn to stammer out, 'What's to be done?' For I saw that the hazel-eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and would find some way out.

'You must lie still here till I get up. When I have left the room, you can arise, dress and go away at the first opportunity,' was her response, delivered in a quiet and business-like manner. And so I did.

Under May Stevens' command I buried my head under the bed clothes and kept well covered till I heard her retreating footsteps on the stairs which was but a few moments, though it seemed an age. Then with a desperate bound, I sprang from the bed, turned the key upon the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartment more stealthily than I.

That morning we met May Stevens and I at the breakfast. I in the character of the newly arrived, that morning formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we—astonished every one present—and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nellie and Carrie by bursting simultaneously into a laugh which we never fail to repeat when the memory of our first meeting comes up.

And now cousin Jane you have the whole story of how I first met my wife.

Farming that Don't Pay

Whether there are many kinds of farming that pay may be an open question, but that there are very many farm practices that don't pay is beyond a doubt. It don't pay to be caught at this time of the year without a wood pile large enough to last twelve months; or to open the gates and let your stock into the fields as soon as a few bare spots appear, or to keep it on short rations, so that when it does go to grass, it will take half the summer to get thrifty and strong

It don't pay to leave the work of mending your tools and selecting and securing your seed until the day you want to use them, thereby causing costly delay.

It don't pay to sow or plant poor seed because you happen to have it on hand.

It don't pay to plant more ground than you can manure and take good care of.

It don't pay to leave weak places in the fences in the hope that cattle won't find them; and, if you keep sheep, it don't pay to let them run at large in the spring until they become tramps and cannot be kept at home by any ordinary fence.

It don't pay to neglect cows, ewes or sows when they are dropping their young.

It don't pay to let the spring rains wash the value out of the manure that has accumulated in the barnyard last winter.

It don't pay to let the hens lay under the barn, steal their nests and be eaten up by skunks.

It don't pay to work with poor tools of any kind.

It don't pay to put off any kind of spring work until the last moment, nor does it pay to work land when it is too wet.

It don't pay to leave turnips, cabbages, beets, or even apples in the cellar to rot and breed disease; for, if you have more than you can eat or sell, the stock will be profited by them.

It don't pay to summer a poor cow simply because no one comes to buy her.

It don't pay to sell a heifer calf from your best cow to the butcher, simply because it will cost more to raise it than you can buy a scrub for next fall.

It don't pay to leave the hanking around the house until it rots the sills.

It don't pay to be stingy in sowing grass seed, or to try to live without a garden.

Finally, it don't pay to provoke the women by leaving them to cut the stove wood or to carry it in from the door-yard, or to remind you every morning in haying and hoeing that you must saw enough before you go to work to last through the day.—*Mirror and Farmer.*

A Bath in the Dead Sea.

A correspondent, after bathing in the Dead Sea, describes his experience in the following words: The water, which is quite clear, and nearly the color of the Niagara river below the falls, seemed to be a little more bitter and salty than that of Salt Lake, as the body floated more easily, and the difficulty of swimming was greater, on account of the inability to keep one's feet under water. So large a quantity of salt is held in solution that the water has what is called I believe a ropy appearance, much like that of tapioca soup. I observed, however, that when we came out of the water, there was not so large a deposit of salt crystals on the body as after a bath in Salt Lake and the feeling of the skin, instead of being dry and prickly as I expected, was rather oily and sticky. Our supper that night was seasoned with salt made from Dead Sea water by solar evaporation. It was a little lighter in color than the best article of brown sugar. Its crystals were large and hard, and, though foreign substances were evidently present in considerable quantity, it was not unpleasant to the taste. I was told that two quarts of water will produce one quart of salt, but this is probably an exaggeration. To complete the statistics of this remarkable body of water, I may add, what many of my readers may already know—that there is no living thing of any kind in it; that even the driftwood brought down by the floods in the Jordan is speedily cast upon its shores; that its length is about forty-five and its greatest width about ten miles; that it is over 1,300 feet at its deepest point; and that the immense quantity of fresh water poured into it daily is undoubtedly taken up by the evaporation, as its great depth below the basin of the Mediterranean must preclude the idea of a subterranean outlet.

Man is always in demand.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, June 6 1879

This week witnesses a renewal of caucus deliberations. The joint House and Senate caucus of the majority were in deliberation long after midnight this A. M. There was a prolonged discussion and a careful review of the political situation, and at two o'clock this morning the caucus had not adjourned. The sub-committee submitted a report recommending several important changes in the manner of providing legislative, executive and judicial appropriations, and the indications are that the report will be adopted, and become a part of the new bill. In case these indications shall be verified the new bill will provide for a joint resolution extending for one year all appropriations granted by the act of June 19th, 1878, for the legislative, judicial and executive expenses of the government for the current fiscal year. That act, it will be remembered, provided for the salaries of all United States Judges, District Attorneys, and United States Marshals, but made no appropriation for the "expenses of United States courts," such as fees of jurors and witnesses, the safe keeping of prisoners, and the enforcement of the laws protective of the right of suffrage. The "lump" appropriation of about $300,000,000 for judicial expenses, usually made in the legislative, executive, and judicial bill, but omitted from it last year, was inserted in the "sundry civil bill," which passed Congress at a subsequent period of the same session

The mere extension of the act of June 19th, 1878, would, therefore, leave the judicial expenses of the coming fiscal year unprovided for. It is therefore proposed to supplement the passage of the joint resolution above indicated by the passage of a new bill appropriating in detail for all estimated judicial expenses except the *per diems* of supervisors and deputy marshals of elections, and containing also the clause which was agreed upon last Saturday, to provide that no officer shall be appointed and no obligation incurred for any purpose not specifically appropriated for by Congress. This supplemental appropriation bill is also to embody those sections of the vetoed appropriation bill which provide for amendments of the law respecting the method of drawing juries and for the total abolition of the jurors' test oath. The committee's recommendation in regard to the army appropriation bill will according to the present outlook, be the same as has been previously stated.

Yesterday was the occasion of a memorial meeting in honor of the memory of the late Wm. Lloyd Garrison at the 15th Street Presbyterian chuch. Letters were read from President Hayes and Senators Conkling, Dawes, and Edmunds. Resolutions were submitted and adopted with an amendment by Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood "that in the death of Wm. L. Garrison the country has lost a liberal and progressive thinker and worker whose sense of justice ever recognized the equality of woman and her right to all the privileges of American citizenship." The feature of the occasion was a very eloquent and impressive address delivered by Marshal Frederick Douglass in which he introduced personal remeniscences, and spoke particularly of the time when he first met the deceased, forty years ago, and heard him speak in Liberty Hall.

An unique funeral ceremony took place yesterday at the residence of a deceased brother of Col. R. G. Ingersoll. "Among those who were present to pay their last respects to the memory of the dead were Secretary Sherman, Senators Blaine, Vorhees, David Davis, General Schenck, and many others prominent in politics and in the legal profession. No larger assemblage of distinguished personages has been seen in this city, on a funeral occasion, since the death of Vice-President Wilson. The occasion was without religious ceremony. The remains were viewed by the friends of the deceased, and Colonel Ingersoll pronounced over the body of his brother a brief, eloquent and touching oration. When Col Ingersoll ceased speaking the members of the family approached the casket and looked for the last time on the face of the deceased. His son and an adopted daughter were so affected that they fainted away, and had to be borne from the room. The pall bearers were Senators Blaine, David Davis, Allison, Verhees, Representatives Garfield, and Stevenson. The sad procession moved to Oak Hill cemetery where the mortal remains of the ex-Congressman were placed in their last resting place.

C. A. S.

Lynching in California.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 28.—A Bakersfield (Cal.) dispatch says about a quarter after twelve o'clock this morning some one called at the door of the Court House and was answered by Jailer Reed, who was requested to open the door. Mr. Reed refused, when the door was forcibly broken in and about seventy-five men entered. The jailer was ordered to throw up his hands, which he did. The keys were demanded but refused. Search was then made and the keys found. The mob then entered the cell containing Thomas and William Yoakum, and lynched them by hanging them in their cells. William was chained to the floor of his cell. As the chain could not be loosened, he was hung with the chain on his foot. He was shot several times after having been hanged. The Yoakums were in jail for the killing of Johnston and Tucker, at Long Tom, more than a year ago. William Yoakum had his trial and was convicted of murder in the first degree, but the Supreme Court ruled last week that he should have a change of venue, and his case was moved to Farenno county. The mob were all masked except five.

Discovery of Silver in Texas.

DALLAS, TEXAS, May 28.—Great excitement prevails here over the discovery of silver at Brownwood, Texas, one hundred and twenty miles southwest of here. The assay of ore proved the vein to be a rich one. A specimen of 120 grains of ore contained 75 per cent. of Silver. A daily paper has been started. Claims are being located, and hundreds of people are rushing.

From the Bag.

There is perhaps no tonic offered to the people that possesses as much real intrinsic value as the Hop Bitters. Just at this season of the year, when the stomach needs an appetizer, or the blood needs purifying, the cheapest and best remedy is Hop Bitters. An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, don't wait until you are prostrated by a disease that may take months for you to recover in.—*Boston Globe.*

"Drowning Worms."

All things have an end, and there must come presently an end to this extra session of Congress. When it comes, the gentlemen who made it necessary, and have been trying to manage it, and the great political party in whose interest it has been engineered, will have an opportunity to overhaul their books and see whether, on the whole, they have made anything, and if anything, how much, by the venture. There is no denying the fact that the whole business began with a purpose on the part of Democratic managers to raise an issue upon which they could win votes. Votes were what they went fishing for. It was to strengthen the party and gain votes that these gentlemen defeated the appropriations in the last Congress, and made the present called session a necessity. It has not been out of any anxiety for free institutions or solicitude for freedom of elections that they have put themselves at swords' points with the Executive and raised all this pother. The real object, as everybody knows, has been to get votes. Their way to get them is to throw down all the safeguards of the ballot and the barriers to cheating, and open the way to free fraud. They have not succeeded, and they will not. They begin to see it themselves, and to cast about for a way of escape, and some source of consolation when they go home with empty baskets.

We take leave to offer them a suggestion based on the experience of a fisherman who started out, as they did, with high hopes and plenty of bait. He fished most perseveringly all day, used up his bait, and did not catch a fish. As he wended his pensive way homeward, a neighbor accosted him with:

"What luck?" "Well," said he "with deliberation, "not partiqularly "good; and still, it wasn't so darned "bad; I didn't catch any fish, but I "made out to drown a good many "worms."

Now, when one thinks of Thurman and Randall and the other Democratic leaders, in Congress and out, who are ambitious of political promotion, and who have been laid out cold by this cunning piece of policy, the extra session and the deadlock, isn't it plain that the Democratic party, returning from its fishing trip without having caught a thing it fished for, has at least the consolation of its pensive predecessor, of having "drowned a good many worms"? It is not for us, of course, to advise the Democrats in Congress. But they have shortly to go home and make answer to their constituents' inquiry. "What luck?" It's a grinding conundrum to put to a party with gamebasket and bait-box both empty, and it is out of pure sympathy with their distress that we call their attention to the consoling circumstance, which might otherwise escape their notice, concerning the worms.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mark Twain's Horse.

"Gentlemen, this horse of mine was tough bitted, and he went so fast that I had to guide him by electricity—had to have wire lines and keep a battery in the wagon all the time in order to stop him."

"Why didn't you stop him by hollering who-a?" I inquired.

"Stop him by hollering who-a? Why, I couldn't holler loud enough to make that horse hear me. He traveled so fast that no sound ever reached him from behind. He went faster than the sound, sir. Holler who-a! and he'll be in the next town before the sound of your voice will reach the dash-board. "Travel fast?" I should say he could. Why, I once started from Virginia City for Meadow Creek right in front of the most dreadful rain storm we ever had on the Pacific Coast. "Wind and rain?" Why, the wind blew eighty miles an hour, and the rain fell in sheets. I drove right before that storm for three hours—just on the edge of that hurricane and rain for forty long miles."

"Did you get drenched?"

"Drenched?" No, sir? What did I keep a fast horse for? Why, I tell you, I drove right in front of that rain storm. I could lean forward and let the sun shine on me, or lean backward and feel rain and catch hailstones. When the hurricane slackened up the horse slackened up, too, and when it blew faster I just said "Git up!" to the horse and then touched the battery, and away he went. Now, I don't want to lie about my horse, and I don't ask you to believe what I say, but when I got to Meadow Creek my linen duster was as dry as powder. Not a drop of rain on the wagon seat, either, while the wagon-box was level full of hailstones and water."

Slightly Mixed.

It was only two days ago Jones was injudiciously full. Being painfully aware of his inebriety, he endeavored to conceal it from the public by buttoning his coat up very closely, imparting an abnormal stiffness to his knees, and tripping over his own heels. He stalked forward up to a street-car, walked briskly in just as the horses started forward—and instantly tumbled out backward, without unbending a muscle. Straightway he recovered the upright, splashed with mud, and re-entered, seated himself beside an acquaintance, making no sign of his mishap. Presently he turned to this individual and queried:

"Kliahn?"

"No."

He considered a moment, and then asked:

"Offertrack?"

"No."

More reflection—sleepy, then:

"Runoverprespice?"

"No."

Buzzerbiler?"

"No."

Somnolent cogitation.

"Izzerany ax'dent?"

"Not at all."

He took this piece of information into his intellectual maw, and digesting it he concluded that he must be very drunk indeed. As he was very anxious to cover up the disgraceful fact, and turn the matter of respectability, he shortly turned again with the bland observation:

'Well, if I'd-a-known that, I wouldn't got out."

An Indian Hanged for Murdering a Chinaman.

SAN FRANCISCO, May 29.—The Indian, Jack, was hanged at Shasta to-day for the murder of a Chinaman last September. The murder was commited out of pure deviltry without any motive. The execution was witnessed by about fifty Indians, friends of the condemned, besides a number of white spectators. Between 200 and 300 Indians congregated outside the jail yard and kept up a fearful howling and tearing of hair during the execution, but no hostile demonstrations occurred. Jack presented an Indian stolidity and died without a struggle.

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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

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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.

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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. Hight, 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 fee. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

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

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RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

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ED. B. SCULL,

Business Manager.

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THE Unparalleled Success of

The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies

at the Grand Depot, during the past season, has necessitated an entire refitting of the interior of the large room devoted exclusively to executing orders received by mail.

1 8

THE LARGEST DRY GOODS & OUTFITTING HOUSE.

Silks, Dress Goods, Shawls, Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Zephyrs, Fringes, Ribbons, Notions, Cloths,

Though you live a Thousand Miles from Philadelphia, you can purchase at the Grand Depot an entire outfit or the smallest article in Dry Goods, etc., with the greatest ease, and an absolute certainty of the same exact attention that is paid to customers who visit the establishment in person.

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Precision, Promptness and Experience, combined with the highest regard for even the slightest wishes of those who order, and a now almost faultless system, peculiar to the Grand Depot only, make this the Model Department of its kind in America.

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7 9

Send a Penny Postal Card, specifying what is desired, and by return mail you will receive, postage paid, samples of the newest styles of Goods, with the widths and lowest city prices, besides full particulars about ordering.

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THE HANDY PACKAGE ZIEGLER'S JETPASTE MIXED STOVE POLISH

NO MIXING. DUST. RUST. WASTE. BRUSH.

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Oct 9.9m

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CHICAGO, ILL.,

MANUFACTURERS

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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.

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL

ESTABLISHED 1859.

Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. Barnhart as my Agent in Somerset county, for the coming wool season, I wish to thank my former customers for past favors, and respectfully solicit for 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 and by our own supervision, and we guarantee, as in the past, to give satisfaction and sell cheap. Call and see us will, as usual, visit all our customers during the Summer.

WM. S. MORGAN,

Apr 9 Stanton's Mills.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of John Stutler, late of Paint Township, 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 or demands against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the residence of Geo. Stutler, in Paint Twp., on Thursday, June 5, 1879.

JACOB HOTTLE,

April 30 Administrator.

C. F. WALKER'S

this column has to be discontinued. He will be in his office for a few days longer to settle up his business, after which he will be found at his residence, Somerset, Pa. Any wanting work done will do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he in his rounds of waiting upon so many all who want rakes.

May 29

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for mechanical or other companies, trade marks and labels, Caveats, Reissues, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringement, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to.——Inventions that have been patented by us, being supposed to be in the 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.

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INVENTORS

make examinations and advise as to patentability free of charge. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO FEE TILL PATENT IS SECURED.

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"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, I rely on Hop Bitters."

"Read of, procure and use Hop Bitters, and you will be strong, healthy, and happy."

"Ladies do you want to be strong, healthy, cheerful and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."

"The greatest appetizer, stomach, blood and liver regulator—Hop Bitters."

"Clergymen, Lawyers, Editors, Bankers, and Ladies recommend Hop Bitters Daily."

"Hop Bitters has restored to sobriety and health perfect wrecks from intemperance."

PROVERBS.

"Sick will be sick, a case that Hop Bitters will not cure is rare indeed."

"Hop Bitters build up, strengthen, and cures continually, and never does harm."

"Fair skin and rosy cheeks, can be secured by the use of Hop Bitters."

"Kidney and Urinary complaints of all kinds permanently cured by Hop Bitters."

"Sour stomach, sick headache, and all diseases, Hop Bitters cure with a few doses."

"Take Hop Bitters and you will have no use for bitter pay."

For sale by

C. N. BOYD,

Somerset, Penna.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE

Having been appointed Auditor by the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., to distribute the fund in the hands of William Snider, assignee of John J. Fritz, to and among those legally entitled thereto; notice is hereby given, that I will sit at my office, in Somerset, Pa., for said purpose, on Thursday, the 12th day of June, 1879, at 10 o'clock A. M., when and where all parties in interest can attend.

J. G. OGLE,

May 21 Auditor.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed Auditor by the Court to pass on the exceptions and distribute the funds in the hands of Hiram Hershberger, administrator of Rachael Hershberger, dec'd, to and among those legally entitled thereto; hereby gives notice, that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office, in the borough of Somerset, on Tuesday, June 10th, 1879, when and where all parties in interest can attend.

JAS. L. PUGH,

May 21 Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Daniel Pile, late of Somerset Bor., Somerset Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, residing in Somerset Borough, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.

JACOB F. PILE,

AUSTIN S. KEEL,

May 7 Administrators.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale on the home place of said deceased, on

Saturday, June 28, 1878,

at 1 o'clock P. M., all the following described real estate, late the property of Henry Young, dec'd, viz:

No. 1. A certain tract of land situate in Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., being the homestead, adjoining lands of J. Countryman, Alex. Countryman, Joseph L. Miller, Nicho'as Barron and tract No. 2, containing 103 acres and 19 perches, about 120 acres of which are cleared, 37 acres in meadow and the balance well timbered; limestone and coal on the premises and is well watered; there are two dwelling houses, bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises; farm within one mile of Lavansville.

No. 2. A certain tract of land situate in Jefferson Twp, adjoining tract No. 1, lands of Joseph L. Miller, Samuel Flick, Joel Levan and others, containing 117 acre and 40 perches, about 90 acres cleared, 10 acres in meadow, having a dwelling house and a barn thereon erected; a good sugar camp and orchard thereon.

TERMS.—One-third of purchase money in hand, balance in two equal annual payments with interest. Deferred payments to be secured by judgment bond.

MOSES YOUNG,

May 28 Trust e.

A Search Warrant

allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and Lindsey's Blood Searcher is warranted to go through your system from top to toe and drive out all blood diseases. Its cures are wonderful and certified to by doctors, preachers and people. Scrofula, Mercurial Diseases, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ulcers in the Lungs or on the Skin, Boils, Pimples, &c., we warrant it to cure. It is a purely Vegetable Compound and Powerful Tonic. For sale by all Druggists. See that our name is on the bottom of the wrapper.

R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. N. BOYD, Agent, Somerset, Pa.

The Truth is Mighty

and will prevail. Thousands who have used and been cured are living witnesses to the truth of our statement, that SELLER'S LIVER PILLS of Ill. Cure the worst cases of Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Headache arising therefrom, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness and all disorders resulting from a diseased liver. For sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cents.

R. E. SELLERS & Co., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. N. BOYD, Agent Somerset, Pa.

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE

John C. Barron and wife, of Somerset township, having made a voluntary assignment for the benefit of their creditors to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to the Assignee to make immediate payment, and those having claims will please present them at the office of John H. Uhl in Somerset borough, on Thursday, June 12, 1879.

PHILIP WALKER,

May 7 Assignee.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Conrad Queer, late of Brothersvalley Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for payment.

CONRAD QUEER, JR.,