SOWN IN TEARS.

BY FANNY DOWNING.

Chill the air and hard the ground;
Not one ray of sunlight lieth
O'er the moor with hollow sound,
Moaning low the cold wind sigheth:
Sower, break the stubborn soil,
Lavish in its furrows heaping,
Cease not from thy patient toil,
Sow the seed and wait the reaping.

Summer sunshine on the hill:
Birds on every green tree singing:
Shouts of joy the soft air fill,
Home the harvest they are bringing,
And the sower on the plain,
His long buried seed now finding,
Mellow heaps of yellow grain
Into golden sheaves is binding.

In the dark and narrow tomb,
Costlier seeds we bury weeping,
And enwrapped in quiet gloom,
Leave it to the Master's keeping.
To the end we cannot see,
Faith her heavenly vision lending,
Unto God's supreme decree,
We in meek submission bending.

On our lives a constant chill,
Like on wintry landscapes lying,
Ever falls: we trust Him still,
On his faithfulness relying.
Earth shall melt with fervent heat,
Time be but an ended story,
We our buried treasures greet,
Sown in tears, but reaped in glory.

A FAMILY JAR.

Philemon Hayes and Fanny Ray had been just three weeks married.

They sat at breakfast in their cozy dining room one fine morning in summer, totally infatuated with each other.

Never such happiness as theirs before! The felicity of Adam and his lady before they made the acquaintance of the serpent was not to be mentioned in the same breath.

They kissed each other between every cup of coffee, and embraced twice—sometimes thrice—during every meal. Just now they were speaking of disagreements. Some friends of theirs had fallen out, and refused to fall in again.

"We never will disagree, will we, Phil, dear?" asked Mrs. Fanny.

"Disagree! Will the heavens fall?" returned Phil.

"I sincerely hope not. It would be decidedly disagreeable," laughed Fanny; "but, if I thought we should ever quarrel and have harsh thoughts toward each other, I should be tempted to terminate my existence."

"My precious Fanny! cried Phil, springing up and upsetting the toast plate on the carpet, of which he was perfectly oblivious in his eagerness to get his arms around Fanny—"my foolish little darling! as if we should ever be so absurd (a kiss)! may I be drawn and quartered (another kiss) if I ever speak one word that shall cause a tear to fill the divine eyes of my dearest (a third explosion) Fanny!"

"O, how happy you make me, Phil. I shall try so hard to be just the faithful, loving wife you deserve. Now finish your breakfast, deary. The toast will be growing cold. And O, Phil, did you notice Mrs. Smith's new bonnet last night? I declare it destroyed all my pleasure in the music. I do wish people who wear such distasteful bonnets would stay at home from these delightful concerts!"

"So do I, Fanny. I noticed the ugly thing the moment we entered the hall. Blue flowers and pink ribbons, and she as dark as a Creole!"

"No, my love; the flowers were green. Green and blue look so much alike by gas-light."

"I know they do, but I noticed it so particularly that I could not be deceived. Blue—especially light blue—looks fearfully on a dark-complexioned woman."

"So it does, Phil; I quite agree with you dear. But the flowers were not blue, they were green. I saw them at Mrs. Gray's shop before they were purchased."

"My dearest—Fanny, of course you think yourself right, love, but I have a very good eye for color, and noticed these flowers with great attention. Blue anemones with yellow centers."

"Green hibiscus with white centers, my dear Phil. Very pretty for a light-skinned woman, but horrid for a brunette."

"Why, Fanny, how absurd! As if I could not determine a color when I studied it half the evening!"

"But it was by gas light, my love. It would look altogether different by daylight. It was such a very pale green."

"It was such a pale blue. I remember I thought of the sky before a storm."

"And I thought of the sea. It was nearly sea-green."

"Why, Fanny—ridiculous! It was sky blue."

"How you do contradict me, my Philemon. It was a very light green."

"And I say it was blue."

"Do you mean to tell me I lie?"

"I mean to tell you you are mistaken."

"Which amounts to the very same thing."

"You make the application, Mrs. Fanny Hayes."

"Mr. Philemon Hayes!"

"Fanny!"

"I say it was green, sir!"

"I say it was blue—so there!"

"You are a wretch, Phil—a real mean, heartless wretch, Phil—a real mean, heartless wretch!" and Fanny pushed back her plate angrily.

"And you are an opinionated, self-willed woman!" and Phil, in his agitation, upset the coffee, scalding the cat's back and himself at the same time.

"The deuce!" cried he, rubbing his red fingers with his handkerchief. "I wish I had never seen a woman!"

"What's that, sir?"

"Confound the women! They're a curse to the world!"

"You brute!" cried Mrs. Hayes, now thoroughly incensed; "take that!" and, seizing the plate of muffins, she took aim at Phil's head; but, being a woman, her aim was not so accurate as it might have been, and the plate went through the window, smashing in the tile of Fitz James Jones, who was passing, and the muffins were scattered in wild confusion about the room.

Phil was indignant. He laid his hand on the poker.

"Oh, strike!" exclaimed Fanny. "It will only be in place with your other conduct. Don't let any notions of honor restrain you, because you never had any."

"Fanny, beware; you try me too far."

"I'll go home to pa, that I will. You inhuman monster you—I'll be divorced from you this very day. So there!" and the platter of ham made a journey after the muffins.

Just at that moment Phil's Uncle John, a shrewd old fellow, appeared on the scene. He surveyed the group with an anxious twinkle of the eye.

"What's the matter, Fanny? Anything gone wrong?" he inquired.

"Gone wrong! Matter enough! Oh Uncle John, he's a wretch, and set out to strike me with a poker."

And she threw a plate of muffins and ham at me.

"He's a monster, Uncle John. I'll be divorced from him this very day. He is worse than a savage."

"So he is," cried Uncle John, entering warmly into the spirit of the thing.

"So he is"—stripping off his coat—"and I'll settle the matter at once. You stand back, Fanny; I'll give him such a thrashing as he'll be likely to remember. Striking his wife with a poker, indeed! I'll rectify matters;" and Uncle John grasped the long handled feather duster, and flourished it threateningly around the head of his nephew.

"There, sir, take that, and that, and that!" exclaimed he, bringing down the feathers on the shoulders of the amazed Phil. "Fanny, my dear, I'll not leave a bone of him whole."

Fanny's round blue eyes had been growing larger and larger—and now her indignation broke.

"John Hayes!" she cried, "you're a heathen, and an old meddling vagabond! Let Phil alone! He's my dear, dear husband, and you've no right to touch him. He's an angel. He never intended to strike me. Stop striking him or you'll be sorry!" and Fanny seized the broom from behind the door, and prepared to do battle.

"Stand back!" cried Uncle John; "he's a monster, and deserves death. The man who has threatened to strike a woman ought to be hung on the spot."

Fanny's eyes blazed. She flew at Uncle John with the spite of a tigress, and the way the trio went round the room was worth witnessing. Uncle John after Phil with the duster, and Fanny after Uncle John with the broom.

Phil made a spring for the window, but there was a wat-not in the way, and getting his leg entangled in that he brought the whole concern to the floor. Ambrotypes, books, vases, rare China and a hundred cherished curiosities, all were involved in a direct ruin.

Phil went down with the other things, Uncle John stumbled over him, and Fanny only saved herself by seizing the bell rope, which brought her two servants to the spot.

Of course they took Phil and Uncle John for housebrakers, and if Fanny's explanations had not been enforced by sundry touches of her broom stick the consequences might have been serious.

The first moment of calm was seized upon by the young couple to embrace each other.

"My angel Fanny!"

"My precious Phil!"

And then followed an explosion like the bursting of beer bottles.

Uncle John left the house during this interesting performance, still firmly of the opinion that the surest way of reconciling a wife to her husband is to get a third person to help abuse him.

NASBY.

MR. NASBY AND HIS FRIENDS DISCUSS THE ARMY BILL, AND DEPLORE THE OPPRESSION THE SOUTH IS GROANING UNDER, AND THE NORTH AS WELL.

CONFEDRIT X ROADS,
(Wich is in the State uv Ky.,)
June 2, 1879.

There wuz a sad meetin at Bascom's, the nite we heerd uv the President's veto uv the Army bill. A feelin uv gloom pervadid the room, and there wuz a sadnis that wuz painfully vizable on every face. Deekin Pogram hed succeedid in borrerin two dollars uv a Northern vagabond wich wuz prospectin the Corners with a view uv startin a baggin mill, on Secesshun Crik, and but for that we shood hev sunk under the new trubble that hed come upon us. The Deekin is libral when he hez the means, and so long ez the two dollars lastid we managed to keep up, wich we did for some time, likker bein redoosed now to five cents. There wuz forty drinks in that sum, to say nuthin uv three rounds we got out uv Capt. McPelter, whose credit is not yit eggshaustid.

"We shel hev a regiment at the poles here next fall," sighed the good old man, "and every cussid nigger in Libbertyville will vote, jist the same ez tho they wuz troo Kentuckians."

"Aint they troo Kentuckians?" asked Josef Bigler wich wuz present ez he alluz is when we don't want him. "Ain't they born on the soil, and don't the most uv em hev the best blood uv Kentucky coursin thro their vanes? The heft uv em are three-quarters white, and they must hev got it from Kentuckians, ez none uv their dear mothers ever left the State."

We paid no attenshun to the ribald skoffer.

"Time wuz," sed Capt. M'Pelter, "when we hed it in our power to keep a Yankee from votin here, to say nuthin uv niggers wich never dreemed uv sich a thing."

"Ah!" sed Issaker Gavitt, his eye litin up with a momentary enthoosiasm, "I remember in 1859, uv hangin a Yankee skool teacher who insisted on votin an Ablishun tikkit. The tree is still standin, and alluz shel stand ez a momentum uv days forever fled."

"We kin stand it," I remarkt, "for we are yoosed to bein ground down under the iron heel uv oppresshun."

"Never saw any soljers at the poles here," sed Bigler.

"We are yoost to bein ground down," I continyood, not heedin the interrupshun, "but alas for our frends in the North! With soljers at the poles, and with the supervisor system continyood, what will the Irish in Noo York do? What will O'Briens and O'Shaughnessys, and the hosts uv faithful Dimocrats wich vote from morning till nite, do, when a tiranikle Guverment interferes with glissnin steel to prevent em? Methings I see the faithful patriot wich hez votid a dozen times langishin in a basteel, and for what? Oh for the days uv Tilden and Holman, when the patriotic impulses uv a Irish citizen run and wuz glorified."

"It is thunderin bad," sed Jo Bigler, "to think uv a lazy patriot like Claffin only votin wunst when Teddy O'Brien who puts in a whole day uv it, hez to be arrestid and basteeled. It is shockin."

"Wait till another Presidenshel eleeshun," sed Bascom. "Then the Dimocrisy will git its rites. There will be no ablishnist General in the Chare to interpose his veto. Then we shel hev what we want. The confedrit soljers will hev their penshuns, and our clames for property destroyed by the Linkin's feends will be paid. I see a glorious prospeck!" sed Bascom, his eye litin up very much like a prophit's. "I see Confedrit soljers comin into this bar in droves and each uv em payin for their drinks jist afore taken uv em, to prevent mistakes. I see the akkounts that yoo men hev bin runnin up doorin all these dark days balanced, and the money in the till. I see the credit system for drinks abolished and the corners come back to cash on the nale, and no tick. I see—"

"Yes," sed I, bein suddenly prophetized, "I see armies uv men employed in dredgin out Secesshun Crik, to make it navigable. I see a Custom House ez big ez that uv Noo York agoin up in the Corners, I see the Suthern Pacific Raleroade bilt, and I see a plank road from here to Secesshunville with other internal improvements, too tejus to menshun, and every one uv em at the expense uv the Nashnel Guverment, wich for the purpose only uv Suthern improvements, is a Nashun. And ez the North pays about nineteen-twentieths uv the taxis, there is where we shel hev our revenge. The North will pay and the South will reap the benefit uv it. Little did the North know what it wuz a doin when it took us back."

"And I see," sed Issaker Gavitt, "the South in full control uv the Guverment to do ez it pleases with it. I see the Northern Dimocrisy in their proper places, askin us umbly what we want. I see a Congris uv Suthern Brigadiers—I see Northern Congrismen apologisin for assistin in raisin troops to conker us, and bringin forth froots meet for repentance by givin us every thing we ask for. I see the Suthern soljer on a level with the Fedrel soljer, and a leetle ahed. I see the bloo takin orf its hat to the gray, and I see Dekorashen Day in the North abolished, tho for one, bein generus, I am willin ef they want to dekorate the graves uv their ded, they may, ef they will do it in the nite, without any moosic, or parade, wich is offensive to us. I see—"

"I am a goin into the prophit biznis," sed Joe Bigler, only I am goin to prophesy backerds, wich is the safest. I see a Dimekratic party wich got into power by aksident, and hadn't sense enuff to keep its hold. I see a set uv unconscionable asses in the South who suppose that the North, wich egregiously whaled us wunst, ain't jist ez ready to do it agin. I see a section of kentry populatid by a klass uv people wich don't know kindnis and mercy when they see it, and wich mistakes clemency for cowardice. And to take a handspring into the futur, I see an election in Ohio this Fall, wich will clene out the Dimocrisy completely and pave the way for the eleckshun uv Grant in 1880, with a Congris behind him wich will take mity good care that the South will git jist wat she deserves and no more. I see the prinsiple uv States' Rites squelched, and the old Fedrel idee more firmly established than ever. I see the Corners remaining jist ez it is, onless the citizens exchange Bascom's bar for their cornfeelds, and git to considerin a skool-house ez uv more importance than a quarter racetrack. I see the niggers gettin out uv here, and leevin the kentry without labor, becoz the white citizens hevn't got sense enuff to recognize the fact that they are men and giv em the rites that belong to em. I see—but wat's the yoose. Yoo never learn anything or forgit anything."

And after this depressin peace uv prophesy, Josef rolled off with the remark that we wood find he wuz a troo prophet. Perhaps he is. But I got all I wantid to drink for an hour or two.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Depresst.

The Question of Weeds.

Every good farmer knows that to insure satisfactory crops his land must be cultivated in the best manner, and if it is so cultivated few weeds will be found upon it. Sometimes, even upon well-managed farms, a field here and there, owing to adverse weather, a shortness of hands, or a rush of work generally, may be neglected for a few days and the weeds may get a start; but this happens rarely, and an observing man can always judge of the character of the farmer by glancing his eye over his premises. If the weeds are not to be regularly and systematically destroyed, the idea of conducting agricultural operations profitably may as well be abandoned, for the one is incompatible with the other.

And even this is more pointedly so with the garden. Weeds and a garden crop are as antagonistic as life and death. They cannot stand upon the same platform. One must be master, and it is for the owner to say which. If a garden is systematically worked—and without system no garden is worth having—the labor of keeping down the weeds is reduced one half. But let them once get ahead, and they may be fought all summer and prove victorious in the end.

Again, let no weeds go to seed; and do not throw into the public highway such as do, to be washed down upon the land of your neighbors.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Teach Your Boys.

Teach them that a true lady can be found quite as frequently in calico as in velvet.

Teach them that a common school education with common sense, is far better than a college education without it.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that, as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them by your example that the least of vices to which men are heirs, is disgusting to others and hurtful to themselves.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is no disgrace, but to wear black eyes is.

Teach them that God is no respector of sex, and when He gave the seventh commandment He meant it for them as well as for their sisters.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in their worst forms of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become the husbands of pure girls.

Teach them that it is better to be an honest man seven days in a week, than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain six.

Leadville.

Leadville is rightly called "The Poor Man's Country!" There is more "poor men" here to the square inch than you can find in any other part of the world. In fact, every nine men out of ten you meet on the street look as if a square meal was a stranger to them, and a good night's rest something they hadn't had since they left the States. Men out of employment here are thicker than sewing machine agents east, and the hotels are full of fellows glad to work at starvation wages. No one not accustomed to the climate can stand it to work in the mines, and even a residence in Leadville is almost sure to undermine a man's health unless he is acclimated before he comes here. Pneumonia is carrying off the population faster than the authorities dare admit, and no death notices are published for fear of frightening away the new comers.

"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, April 2, 1879.

THE EXHIBITION SITE.

Where the World's Fair of 1883 shall be located is a question of no mean proportions, especially when the peculiar shape of New York City is considered. It is not as though an island city, capable of expansion in any direction, were locating a fair ground. New York is the longest and narrowest city in the New World, and no vacant ground is to be had except at the upper end of the island. At best, the great bulk of visitors must ride a long distance, and every half mile added to such a trip means, for many million people, an aggregation of human discomfort which should not be thoughtlessly or needlessly inflicted. The Committee have named Port Morris, a point on the Sound, above the Harlem river, out of the way and accessible only after a long and tedious ride. If it is seriously proposed to locate there I can promise the Committee more attention from their fellow-citizens than private citizens usually obtain. The *Herald* proposes Harlem Flats, a low, illy drained, malarial region, where denizens shake with fever and ague the year round. Others urge Central Park itself, but a storm of opposition rises at the bare mention. West and northwest of the Park lies what is becoming known as the West End Plateau, a high, rocky ridge, overlooking the Park on one side and obtaining a fine view of the Hudson on the other. An elevation of 50 or 60 feet gives a view of the Sound, the whole city and the Bay.

This spot is without controversy the most eligible on the Island. The open lots begin almost opposite the lower end of Central Park, and extend two miles or more in length by almost a mile in width. There is ample space, perfect drainage, the Park in front for a foreground and additional attraction, and this spot is pre-eminently the most easy of access and nearest to the heart of the city of any open space within its limits. Two elevated roads travers it, seven lines of horse cars run almost to it, the Hudson River Railroad is within one-quarter mile and the river but little further. That this ought to be the location is clear to every impartial examiner, and as it is yet comparatively unencumbered with buildings, it seems quite certain to be finally selected, unless private interests are to be paramount to public convenience.

DECORATION DAY IN NEW YORK.

A procession over four miles long marched through our streets to decorate the soldiers' monument and scatter flowers upon the soldiers' graves. Business stood still; New York forgot her manufactures, her commerce, her politics; even Wall street ceased its wild scramble after the almighty dollar while the tramp of armed men, and the less elastic tread of unarmed veterans, went by our doors. The broad ranks, the brilliant uniforms, the glistening steel and martial music of citizen soldiery forced our admiration; the thinner ranks of the Grand Army, with here and there the empty sleeve, or halting gait, and everywhere the "age marks" of service, called out our warmest sympathies; but the sight that stirred our blood the deepest that day was the tattered battle-flags. Oh, how eloquently those riddled ensigns told of the lurid glare of battle, of manly breasts bared to the iron hail of death; of patriotic endurance on march and seige and charge, of heroic yielding up of life that the heritage of our fathers might be transmitted unimpaired to our children! We vainly try to choke back the tears that dim our eyes as those silken rags go fluttering by; their mute appeals sink deeper in our souls than all the silver-tongued oratory of the hour, for those of us who know what battle is cannot forget how the death-angels cluster about the regimental colors, and brood beneath their rustling folds! —War is an awful thing. God spare our land another like the last—but spare us first the crime of forgetting what we owe our Nation's Dead; spare us alike from sectional animosities, on the one hand, and from any degree of tolerence with a spirit of disunion on the other! These are the lessons of Decoration Day, and the growing disposition of the people to observe the day shows how these vital convictions are sinking deeper into their hearts year by year!

BETTER TIMES.

Times grow better unmistakeably. Not that men are making fortunes in a month; not that ordinary investments pay 10 or 15 per cent.; not that ordinary business profits are large enough to justify reckless luxury of living; not that every plausible fellow can raise unlimited capital to develop his latest device for making a sure thousand out of an investment of a paltry hundred. Times are no better that way than they were; chaps who live only by their wits are little further from the aforesaid wit's end than formerly. But real legitimate trade is better; the volume of general business is now steadily increasing; profits are reasonable, not large; confidence is almost wholly restored; men breathe more freely. Real estate is partially recovering and seems to be slowly rising in value.

In many localities rents have been advanced this spring and lessees have consented. Capital is plenty for any solid, safe investment; interest is lower than before in forty years, and the margin on gold has disappeared. The number of unemployed has diminished materially in the last year. Now let some grumbler make something else out of this than "better times" if he can!

MORLEY.

Frightened to Death.

POUGHKEEPSIE, June 6.—On last Thursday afternoon a tramp visited a farmhouse near Millertown, where Mrs. Winegar and an old lady over 80 years of age were alone. Mrs. Winegar fastened the front door and was about to fasten the back door when the tramp met her on the threshold and caught hold of her. Mrs. Winegar went into convulsions and died almost instantly. The old lady had used all the strength she possessed in her attempt to pull the tramp away from Mrs. Winegar, and her screams brought a small colored boy to the house. He was too frightened to call for assistance, and the tramp escaped, and has not been found. He is described as an oldish man, with long gray whiskers. Mrs. Winegar was a very estimable woman, between 60 and 70 years of age, and was very active for one of her years.

A newspaper man in Texas has married $2,000,000, and a sorrowing brother adds "please exchange."

THE LOST CAUSE.

UNVEILING OF MONUMENTS AND DECORATION OF REBEL GRAVES AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA, YESTERDAY.

The unveiling of two monuments erected to the memory of the Confederate dead and the decoration of graves took place Thursday afternoon at Stonewall Cemetery, Winchester, Va. The procession was large and marshaled by General Joseph E. Johnston, who was repeatedly cheered along the line of march. The monument erected by the ladies bears the following inscription:

"In memory of three hundred and ninety-eight Virginia soldiers lying under this ground, who fell in defense of Constitutional liberty and the sovereignty of their State, from 1861 to 1865."

The graves were decorated with flowers and evergreens, and marked by the flags of Southern States. The Confederate flag was also displayed, but in the adjoining National Cemetery, the National flag was flying. The speaker's stand was draped with the Confederate colors, white and red, with mourning stripes. Governor Holiday delivered a brief address, in which he said:

"Whatever heart-burnings, or bickerings, or enmities, or strife exist will be buried here, for this graveyard is, and will remain, a common heritage and to Southern hearts a possession forever." The dead past is buried here. These noble men who have died with or without a name have not died in vain. This tribute to them is not an empty and unmeaning show. In a little while it will be the glory of our common country. Within sight, just over yonder fence, lie the bodies of thousands who fell upon the same fields in the Federal uniform. Those were, I doubt not, as earnest as these, for they died by each other's hands. Think you that it was in vain? God does not so work. The death of the hero is the life of the State, just as the blood of the martyr is the life of the church. Those died for the rights of the Union; these for the rights of the States. From the monuments erected over either will one day spring an arch in which the hopes and memories of both shall be interwoven with golden threads of God's eternal love and truth, and on which the eyes of the people shall ever read how individual rights and local government can live in sweet harmony with the central power and glory of the great Republic.

United States Senator Morgan then delivered an oration. He said the rain had brightened the flowers and that as storm after storm passed over the Confederate States their glory will grow brighter. Theirs was a fadeless memory, founded on truth and justice. What they did will never fade from recollection so long as the people of the United States have a sincere regard for a great cause. Those who lie here died in the cause of truth and justice. If there were traitors in the South, there were eight millions of them. Every citizen of the South was his own leader and supreme judge of his duty, and whoever should point to those graves and say they cover traitors resorts to falsehood that cannot be formulated into statements of fact. The glory of the dead can never be tarnished by falsehood. The orator then recited points of the quarrel between the North and South, during which he said it was the intention of the Northern people to compel the South to emancipate their slaves, which were held by Constitutional right. The South had no option but to fight or yield to the demand. They feared the occurrence of such scenes as had been enacted in Hayti and San Domingo. He alluded in eulogistic terms of Lee, Jackson, and Johnston as the true exponents of the principles of the people of Virginia and of the South, and Hill, Breckenridge, and Price, with hundreds of others, were accorded a common glory in the Southern cause of justice and truth, and in resisting the invasion of their country. What they did was not the work of treason. He complimented the ladies for their sympathies and conduct during the war. He concluded by saying the South had no quarrel with the Constitution of the United States. They carried it with them in the conflict, and for this posterity will give them due credit. Brothers in blood, but under different banners, all would accord they died for the right. The principles represented by our flag, he said, commanded allegiance as fully as those who supported the Federal arms. No sectional strife now disturbs our country. We all believe that our form of Government is the best known of men and is founded upon truth and justice, a Government under one Constitution and one flag.

The town was lively with soldiers and other visitors, and bands in various places played "My Maryland" and "Dixie." Jeff Davis was not present, private engagements preventing his attendance.

Shot by Her Father.

HAMBURGH, N.J., June 5.—This village was thrown into a fever of excitement this evening by the shooting of a woman. Frederick Crill, an old farmer living near here, quarreled with his daughter, Mrs. William Babcock, a woman 25 years of age, and shot her,, causing almost instant death. Crill surrendered himself to the authorittes here, and was removed to the county jail at Newton. He says that he was so crazed by anger that he did not realize what he was doing. He is a man of excellent habits, but has an ungovernable temper. His daughter leaves two small children. She was highly respected.

Bloody Double Tragedy.

OTTAWA, ILL., June 7.—A bloody double tragedy resulted to-day from a long-standing feud between the White and Conner's families, of this city and vicinity. Lawrence White was shot dead by a revolver in the hands of D. T. Conner, and Conners himself was immediately thereafter killed by a bullet from some unknown hand. Revolvers were freely drawn and used among the remaing parties of the quarrel, but no further deaths resulted. The cause of the quarrel is not known.

Murder and Suicide.

CINCINNATI, June 6.—Mrs. Magdalena Boeschoff, of Dayton, Ky., opposite this city, in a fit of anger last week, badly injured the little daughter of a neighbor. Last night the little girl grew dangerously ill. Mrs. Boeschoff hearing of it and anticipating that the girl would die, committed suicide by throwing herself into a cistern. She had told her husband that if the girl died she would kill herself rather than have her children disgraced by her execution by law.

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Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
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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. 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 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.

THE

SOMERSET

HERALD,

ESTABLISHED 1827.

A GOOD FAMILY PAPER.

GENERAL, LOCAL AND POLITICAL NEWS.

RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

LARGEST CIRCULATION

—IN—

SOMERSET COUNTY.

Subscription $2 a year. Transient advertising 10 cents a line. Special rates to yearly and quarterly advertisers. 52 papers to the year; no postponement on account of Christmas, Fourth of July or other legal Holidays.

ASK YOUR NEIGHBOR

—TO—

SUBSCRIBE!

JOB

WORK

OF ALL

DESCRIPTIONS

EXECUTED WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH

A LARGE NUMBER OF

BLANK RECEIPTS

ON HAND.

ED. B. SCULL,
Business Manager.

SPRING — SUMMER

JOHN WANAMAKER.

1 8 7 9

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.

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.

Ladies' Suits, Men's Clothing, Shoes, Hats, Linens, Flannels, Muslins, Stationery, Silverware, China, etc.

GRAND DEPOT

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.

THIRTEENTH ST., CHESTNUT TO MARKET STS.

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.

PHILADELPHIA

THE HANDY PACKAGE JET PASTE. STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

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

Patented May 7th, 1878. Size Patented July 9th, 1878.

THE HANDY PACKAGE. TRADE MARK REGISTERED. ZIEGLER'S READY JET PASTE MIXED STOVE POLISH. OFFICE 609 ST JOHN STREET.

Can POLISH When Heated.

NO MIXING. DUST. RUST. WASTE. BRUSH.

HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,
Office, 609 St. John Street, Philadelphia.
Oct 9,9m

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.

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 Suder, 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,
Auditor.

May 21

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance.

Address H. HALLETT, Portland, Maine.

June 11.

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,
Administrators.

May 7

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, Nicholas Harron and tract No. 2, containing 203 acres and 79 perches, about 160 acres of which are cleared, 20 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 acres 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,
Trustee.

May 28

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 WILL 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.

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL,

ESTABLISHED 1812.

Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. R. 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,
Stanton's Mills.

Apr 9

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your name and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself.

Address GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
Portland, Maine.

June 11

C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one at once, would do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he in his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes.

May 29

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.

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

C. N. BOYD,
Somerset, Penna.

ASSIGNEES' NOTICE.

John C. Harron 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 Assignor 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,
Assignee.

May 7

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.,
Administrator.

May 6

KIDNEY COMPLAINT

Piles, Constipation,

Permanently cured by

KIDNEY-WORT

DR. R. H. CLARK, South Hero, Vt., says, "In cases of KIDNEY TROUBLES it has acted like a charm. It has done better than any remedy I have ever used. I have prescribed it for PILES with good effect having cured several very bad cases," and a year later he says "it has never failed."

Thousands who have been cured when all other means have failed, testify to the remarkable power this great remedy has in overcoming these and many other diseases.

AS A SPRING MEDICINE

ALL should USE IT. It acts mildly, but surely, on the liver and bowels, removing all morbid secretions, and by its great Tonic powers restoring the feeling of strength and vigor which is natural to every healthy person.

There is no one but what needs just such a remedy to do away with the natural torpor of the system after passing through the winter.

One package makes six quarts of Medicine, containing no spirit, being prepared in pure water.

FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Or we will mail a package, pre-paid, on receipt of the price, one dollar.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO.,
Proprietors,
Burlington, Vt.