"ONE IN A THOUSAND."

"She's one in a thousand,"
Said old farmer Grey,
As he waded knee deep
In the sweet scented hay.
"You won't find her like, marm,
From here to the town—
That woman out there
In the calico gown.

"You thought 'twas a servant
A yoking the steers!
And the old farmer laughed
Till he started the tears.
"An' you was half right, marm,
For, 'twixt you and me,
She has worked like a slave
Since the year forty-three.

"If you could have seen her
That morning in May,
When I stopped at her father's
And took her away—
A likely young bride, marm,
So blooming and fair,
And 'chipper' as that little lamb
Frisking there?

"You wouldn't a thought it,
Now would you, friend, say?
As you look at her wrinkled
And brown face to-day?
Her hard, bony hands, marm,
Her back like a bow?
Ah, she's one in a thousand
To labor, that's so!

"When first we were married,
All for my sake
And here the old farmer
Leaned hard on his rake,
"She gave up her music
And gave up her books—
No nonsense about her,
You know by her looks!"

"And if you should lose her?"
I ventured to say!
The old farmer sighed
And looked down at his hay!
"'Twould nigh break my heart,"
He replied with a tear,
"And then help's uncommonly
High about here!"

RUTH THORNTON'S TEMPTATION.

"Five years in the penitentiary!" The wretched wife of the prisoner heard these words like one in a dream, from which she vainly prayed she might wake and find that it was a dream. She saw, with tearless eyes, the prisoner remanded to his dreary cell, the last closing act of the tragedy that had made a wreck of her whole life, and then leaving her seat within the bar she mingled with the curious and excited throng that was surging to the door.

"She don't seem to mind it much," she heard some say back of her; heard it with a bitter consciousness that she was set apart from all human sympathy and companionship.

If she were like other women! If tears would come to the relief of the strained nerves and tortured brain! If unconsciousness would give her a brief respite from the hand that seemed tugging at her heart strings!

There were some present who had known Ruth in her bright and prosperous days, and who would fain have spoken some words of hope or comfort; but there was something in the compressed lips and stony gaze that chilled them; and so she passed on her way alone, asking no sympathy and receiving none.

As she married in defiance of her father's wishes, there were not wanting those who considered it as a judgment, though no one had the temerity to say this to her. As deeply incensed as Mr. Conway was at his daughters marriage, as soon as he heard of her trouble he stepped forward with the offer of his home and protection; but as it was only on condition that she would leave the author of it to his fate, whatever it might be, it was promptly rejected.

This completed the estrangement between Ruth and her family, and her husband being an orphan and an only child, there were none of his to stand by her in this her time of deepest need and his.

Ruth never felt how utterly desolate her life was until passing through the dirty narrow lane she ascended the rickety stairs to the place she called home—one bare, dingy room, whose worm and scanty furniture gave it a most cheerless aspect.

As she opened the door a lovely little girl sprang forward.

"Oh, mamma, is papa free? You said you would bring him back with you."

These words were more than the wretched wife and mother could bear.

"You have no father, child!" she said, harshly, "and I no husband; he is dead to you—to us both."

The wail that broke from the child's lips, so unchildlike in its grief and despair, smote upon the mother's heart. A strong revulsion came over her, and snatching the sobbing little creature to her boson, she strove to calm the tempest she had raised, and which finally spent itself in broken sobs and half drawn sighs.

A knock upon the half open door aroused Ruth from her gloomy reflections. Putting the child down, she arose, a look of annoyance mingling with the surprise so clearly visible in her eyes as she turned them upon the intruder, for such he evidently was.

He was a stout elegantly dressed man about forty, whose keen, restless eyes belied the smooth, oily tone in which he said:

"I know how distasteful my presence is, and must be to you, Ruth. I beg pardon, Mrs. Thornton," added the speaker, as Ruth raised her hand with the old imperious gesture that he so well remembered. "I thought that your old name would sound more pleasantly to you than the one so blackened and dishonored."

The man's eyes drooped beneath the steady, unflinching gaze that was turned upon him.

"It is still my name nevertheless, Mr. Broughton. I am the wife of Richard Thornton; you, of all men, must never forget that."

Strangely conflicting feelings filled Mr. Broughton's heart as he gazed upon the speaker; with the passionate admiration that gleamed forth so stealthily from the half closed eyes, were mingled not a little surprise and disappointment. He had thought to find her crushed and humble, glad to accept his aid and sympathy, but not a trace of this could be seen in that calm, steady front and proudly lifted head. That faded dress, those mean surroundings, could not rob her of her birthright; never had she looked so regally beautiful; never had she seemed so unapproachable in her womanly purity, so far away from him, as now.

There was only one thing that gave that wily, unscrupulous man hope, and that was the fact that Ruth made no allusion to her husband's innocence, which she had, until now, persistently asserted, a fact which he was not slow to note and profit by. He knew with what crushing weight the conclusive evidence of the last day of the trial must have fallen on a heart like hers, and she was no a woman to love where she could not respect.

"I wish I could make you understand," he said, speaking in a low, sad, carefully modulated voice, "how truly I have tried to serve you in this trying emergency—trying to me as well as you. When I ascertained my loss not the faintest suspicion entered my mind that your husband had anything to do with it. Had I known all that I do now, for your sake, for all that I once hoped you would be to me, I would never have allowed it to get into the courts. If your husband had confided in me, as I implored him to do, I could have saved him; but he obstinately persisted in asserting his innocence until it was too late."

"So did I!" cried Ruth. "If an angel from heaven"—here she raised her hand upward—"had told me that my husband was guilty of such a crime, I would not have believed it."

"But you must believe it now; the evidence is too conclusive for you to doubt,"

Ruth made no reply; but as the speaker looked upon the bowed head that was now resting upon her hands, he felt that the opportunity he had sought for had come.

"You have been a good, true wife," he continued, "to a man utterly unworthy of the wealth of love you have lavished upon him. You have alienated every friend, and beggared yourself for his sake, and what has it availed you or him? Think of your child, and do not make a wreck of her life as well as your own. The law gives the right of divorce to the wife whose husband has been convicted of an offense like this, and you can be free if you will avail yourself of it—free to become the honored wife of a man who will surround you and your child with every comfort and luxury. It cuts me to the heart to see you, who would grace any position, in such a wretched place as this. For the sake of your child, Ruth."

Light as was the touch of the hand that was laid upon her arm, Ruth shrank from it as from a blow.

Perceiving this, Mr. Broughton drew back, resuming his place by the door.

"Don't decide now; weigh the matter carefully. I will come for your answer to-morrow night."

"I'm so glad he's gone."

Ruth looked down upon the little curly head that was resting upon her shoulder.

"Why are you glad, Maud? Don't you like him?"

"No. I want papa."

There was something in this allusion that stung Ruth, she hardly knew why.

"You can't have your father, Maud, and I wish you wouldn't talk about him."

"Why?"

Maud strongly resembled her father, and as Ruth gazed into the violet eyes which were fixed upon hers with such a look of innocent wonder it almost seemed as if he was pleading through the child with her.

Crushing down the tender and subduing memories that rushed over her, she said in a husky whisper:

"Your father is gone, Maud, a long way from us both."

Unclasping her arms from her mother's neck, Maud stood up, her clear, childish voice ringing cut with a note of defiance;

"He can't go so far away but what I shall find him some day?"

It was late when Ruth slept that night; and then her slumbers were broken and her dreams strange and terrible. She remembered only one with any degree of clearness. She thought she was standing, with her husband, beside a little coffin, when her wedding ring slipped from her finger and lay in the dust at her feet. Picking it up, her husband put it back upon her hand, saying as he pointed to the coffin, whose occupant she could not see for the flowers that covered it.

"For the sake of our child Ruth!"

With a shiver of terror at her heart Ruth awoke. Springing to her feet, she bent over the pillow where Maud lay tossing and moaning in her sleep.

"Maud, darling?"

"Oh! mamma, my head! my head!"

At the close of the following day, Ruth held a lump of clay in her arms, all that was left of the child she so idolized.

The kind-hearted neighbors with their proffered aid and sympathy had gone, and the bereaved mother was left alone with her bitter remorseful thoughts. Throwing herself upon her knees she put up an earnest prayer for aid and comfort. When she arose, the waves against which she had battled in her own strength so vainly, were still, "and there was a great calm."

"You have come for your answer, Mr. Broughton?"

"I have come for my answer, Ruth."

Mr. Broughton gazed upon the still sweet features of the dead, and then upon the face of the speaker, which looked almost as cold and white.

"Mr. Broughton, when knowing my weakness and destitution you appealed to the mother's love for her child, you placed a strong temptation in my way. But He who does not suffer his children to be tempted above what they can bear, has removed it, as you can see; and though my heart is too full of anguish to thank him for it now, I know that I shall some day. Go and never let me look upon your evil face again!"

A year later, as Ruth sat bending wearily over the coarse work in her lap, a letter was handed her from which a small key dropped as she opened it. It's contents were as follows:

"Ruth: When you read these lines, the hand that traced them will be cold in death, and my ear deaf to whatever reproaches you may heap upon my memory. The enclosed key belongs to a box, which you can have on application to my executors, and whose contents will prove your husband's entire innocence of the charge brought against him.

"I placed the money and bonds in his desk; it was my hands that concocted the array of evidence which made his guilt conclusive even to you Why I did this I need not say, or yet how vain it was. It seems as if the fiend helped me up to a certain point, and then, when I stretched out my hand for the prize I had blackened my soul to win, mocked me by letting me see how far removed it was from me. It may comfort you to know, that neither you, in your poverty and loneliness, or your husband, in his dreary cell, has been half so wretched as I.

"You will find, in my will, that I have tried to make some little atonement for all the misery I have caused you. You need have no scruples about accepting it, as there is not a court in the country but what would decree it to be rightfully yours."

"JAMES BROUGHTON."

A few weeks later the reunited husband and wife stood with clasped hands beside a little grave.

"If I could only have my lost darling," said the former brokenly, "my happiness would be complete!"

"She is not lost," said Ruth, smiling, through her tears. "Many times since they were spoken have I thought of the words that passed her lips the evening before she left me: 'That you could not go so far away but that she could find you some day!'"

Grand Rounds.

Not long since an officer of rank in the U. S. Artillery at a frontier port was named in garrison orders as the officer of the day. As the "grand rounds" it was his duty to visit the garrison guards at night. Having sat pretty late at mess and being fond of the bottle, his gait was very unsteady when he rose from the table to proceed to his quarters to dress for duty. Before dressing he threw himself on his bed, saying:

"I'll just snatch half an hour's sleep; call me at 1 o'clock.

At 1 o'clock the servant attempted to rouse him, but without effect. The servant got the officer upon his feet, shook him, applied wet cloths to his head, but all to no purpose; the gentleman had been going on short allowance of sleep for a week, and now nature had taken hold of him, and being backed by the wine he drank, held him fast. The servant was almost frantic, knowing well the consequences that would ensue if his master did not make the grand rounds. While wondering what course to pursue his eyes fell upon his master's uniform, sword, etc., and ready laid out for him to put on. The master and servant were about a size; the clothing of the one fitted the other to perfection.

"There's no other plan," said the servant to himself; "it's an awful risk, but I'll attempt it."

Hastily throwing off his clothing, he donned his master's regimentals—the splendid uniform of the artillery—buckled on the sword, drew the heavy busby over his brows, and casting an admiring look at himself in the glass, notwithstanding his anxiety, locked the door upon his master and went out. The orderly was waiting in the barrack guard room and turned out with the guard to present himself.

"Go ahead!" said the pseudo officer.

"Which guard first, sir?"

"The magazine guard."

The orderly led the way. Guard after guard was visited, and the servant began to enjoy the masquerade. It was something unusual for him to be announced as "grand rounds," and to have a guard present arms to him. There was no suspicion that the master and the man had changed places for the time being, although the subaltern officer in charge of the main guard perhaps felt a little nettled to have his friendly salutation, after the guard had been turned in, responded to so gruffly.

On returning to the quarters the servant found his master still sleeping. Unable to resist the temptation to admire himself once more in the glass, the servant paraded up and down the room, casting sidelong glances at the mirror. While so doing the officer awoke. He was not a little surprised to see what appeared to be himself strutting up and down the apartment. He soon discovered, however, that the apparition was his servant, and, anxious to know what the unusual masquerade was for, kept quiet. The servant after two or three turns sat down and leisurely drew off the spurred boots, divested himself of other articles of uniform in their order, and then, heaving a sigh, said:

"It's well over."

"I should think it is," cried the officer; "what d'ye mean, you rascal, by putting yourself into my uniform, eh?"

"I didn't know you were awake, sir; do you know what time it is?"

The officer had forgotten that he was on duty, but it now flashed upon him at once. Jumping from the bed he looked at his watch.

"Half past 4! My God, I'm ruined!"

Then turning to the servant, he said:

"Now then, why didn't you call me at 1 o'clock? Do you know what you have done!"

"Sir, I might as well have tried to awaken a dead man. I used every means to awaken you, and you will see by the stains on your linen that I even deluged your head with water."

"Too late to take the guards now," groaned the officer; "the night has passed away and day is breaking."

"Never mind, sir: cheer up! The 'grand rounds' visited the guards; everything is correct. Just make out your report as if you had taken the guards."

"What d'ye mean."

"I mean that I have been the 'grand rounds' to-night, and acted the part so well that not a soul suspected but that it was you. Now you know why I had on your uniform."

The officer stared at his man a moment.

"Do you mean to say that you have personated me and taken the guards?"

"Yes, sir, that's it. I personated you."

The officer grasped the servant's hand:

"Ashton," said he, "you have done me a great service to-night. I shan't forget it."

Nor did he forget it, and the servant kept his counsel so well that the incident would never have become known but for the officer himself, who blurted it out one evening while in his cups to some of his associates. The story was too good a one to keep, and it quickly spread over the garrison. The authorities, however, paid no attention to it, and the officer did not suffer from the expose.

Horace Greeley's Shoe Leather.

Mr. Greeley rolled into the shoemaker's store with that heavy, billowy sort of a gait he had. "Sit down, Mr Greeley," said the shoemaker. Greeley looked up with that broad, wondering, half childlike look, and said, "Why, do you know me?" "Everybody knows you, Mr. Greeley," was the reply. A comfortable fitting shoe was tried on. "No, that's altogether too small." Then a shoe that was really too large, but that, too, was not large enough; then a cloth shoe, so large that Mr. Greeley could put his hand in and arrange his stocking over his foot so as to fit him. He was amazed at the contrast with Broadway prices, not seeing that there was also a contrast with Broadway quality, bought several paire—all the man had, in fact—and went away greatly delighted, saying that he had a lot of shoes he would send around to be mended. Sure enough, a boy came in a few moments with a small basketful. The shoemaker pledges me his professional honor that there was not two shoes alike in the whole basket. He hurried around to Mr. Greeley's house, and suggested that, as none of the shoes mated, it was of no use to mend them. "Well," said Mr. Greeley, with that confidential half-whisper of his, "the fact is, I put 'em on just as they came along!" And it is not difficult to believe that he did.

Traits of General Shields.

There was a dash of knight-errantry in General Shields' composition. He was always ready to succor woman in distress and protect the defenseless from oppression. Here is an incident related of him, when the American army lay before the city of Mexico, that reads like a chapter from a mediæval romance:

An English boy arrested as a spy obtained a private interview of the General and told him that a Mexican desperado had sought his sister's hand, and being refused threatened vengeance and obtained from Santa Anna the control of that part of the city in which the boy's father, mother and two sisters lived, and hired a gang of villains who were to plunder the house, keep the booty and deliver the girls to this Mexican. Properly disguised the boy had entered the American ranks to beseech assistance of General Shields, whose fame was known in the enemy's ranks. There was little time for debate, and as it was certain that General Scott would refuse to sanction any plan for attempting a rescue, General Shields got together 400 volunteers and then dashed at the walls. The Americans went over them with a fierce rush, bayoneted the few sentries, took the English girls and their parents and started back for the American lines. A Mexican infantry regiment which had been turned out to stop them was scattered by a resolute charge, and the girls were brought in safety to Shield's headquarters. The most indescribable confusion reigned in both armies; the Mexicans were all under arms, apprehending a general assault, and the American commanders turned out their men anticipating a sortie. Scott was furious, as from a strictly military point of he view well might be, but the sight of the rescued captives and the story which they told him appeased him, and General Shields was not court-martialed.

At Cerro Gordo, his brigade was sent by a difficult route to attack the Mexican reserve and cut off the retreat of Santa Anna. So sudden and unexpected was Shield's dash, that Santa Anna barely escaped, leaving his carriage, baggage, money and plate in the hands of the victorious Americans. Just at this moment, writes a historian of the great battle:

Shields was struck down while leading his troops, a big copper grapeshot passing through his lungs. His soldiers halted to attend to their idolized commander, but he said to them:

"Men, I am of no further use to my country; you are. Lay me down and let me die. I might as well die here as to be taken off to die. You are all strong, able-bodied men—able to do your country some service. For God's sake lay me down and go to your duty!"

But he was not fated to die then. One of the captured Mexican surgeons drew a silk handkerchief through the wound—the silk went in at the breast and came out at the back—and cleansed it of clotted gore, and thanks to a splendid constitution and careful nursing General Shields recovered.

And here is another incident that illustrates the character of the man, and makes the blood race lively through the veins as we read and study it:

At Chapultepec, September 13, Shields was again wounded, this time in the arm, but he refused to retire. Scott had ordered him to make a demonstration with the Palmetto and New York regiments, the Mounted Rifles and O'Brien's battery. Shields made a dash along the aqueduct towards the city. The enemy gave way and Shields pressed them hotly to prevent them from reforming. General Scott, who had intended that Worth should deliver the serious attack by the San Cosmo route, saw that Shields was making too rapid progress and sent two aides to check him. We must let General Shields tell the story, which is a worthy pendant of Nelson's refusal to see Parker's signal of recall at Copenhagen: I didn't want any message from General Scott at that precise moment, and when the aides-de-camp got within speaking range and said: 'General Scott sends his compliments to General Shields,' I called out, 'all right, but I haven't time to talk with you now; wait a bit.' General Scott seeing that we were still pushing ahead at a break neck pace toward the city, sent General Quitman to me, and my horse having been shot under me, I was on foot explaining to General Quitman that it would be madness for us to desist from our advantage and that Generl Scott never would have ordered it if he knew how gloriously we were advancing. Oh! but he was a gallant soldier was General Quitman and a generous one, and instead of ordering me back he told me to go ahead.

So on we went, and in less than twenty minutes we entered the *garita* or city gate and unfurled the first American flag in the City of Mexico—the flag which was borne by the Palmetto regiment." The city yielded next day and the Palmetto flag, the first to be raised over its walls, was the last American ensign, too, which waved there, the regiment remaining at the request of the Mexican authorities as the rear guard. South Carolina gave General Shields, on his return after narrowly escaping death from mortification of his wounded arm, a magnificent sword with a gold scabbard and belt studded with diamonds and rubies, the whole costing $7,000. It was inscribed as follows: "From the State of South Carolina to General James Shields, in testimony of her admiration of his gallantry in the Mexican war and as a tribute of gratitude for his parental attention to the Palmetto regiment."

A friend summing up Gen. Shields' political, military and social life—for he was a great favorite among the Irish of wealth and culture in the eastern cities—says:

His career was a singular instance of the facility with which a man of original power can brave the difficulties of fortunes and rise above them. Coming here as an Irish lad, without education, working first as a school master, finding a field for his talents such as the free institutions of this country have opened to so many. He was a man of great physical endurance, and yet did not seem to take care of himself. He would eat and drink almost anything, and work as long as there was work to do. As a conversationalist he was a marvel. He seemed to remember everything he ever read. He was fond of Burns, and was born sufficiently far north in Ireland to have some of the air of Scotland wafted over him. He had no petty national feeling that would prevent his admiring a poet of another nationality. His speeches were all extemporaneous, and his resources of exact knowledge never failed him. He was quite soldiery in bearing, and a very great favorite with all who knew him intimately.

Beautifying Homes.

Now is the time that housekeepers should improve in beautifying their homes. My little article is not written for those who live in homes of luxury. But all over the hills and valleys of this land are humble homes whose inmates have just as great a love for the beautiful, and it is to these my hints are written.

Mothers whose days are spent in household cares, or patiently following after the little feet that run into so much mischief, be not discouraged.

When the little ones beg for something to do, give them work. A little cardboard, with a needle and bright yarn, or even a piece of hard soap, with a hammer and carpet tacks, is a great relief. Their little minds must be busied in some way.

Christ tells us to be faithful in little things; and for everything that we do to make our homes pleasanter or its inmates happier, we shall receive a reward in the bright faces around us.

If you have engravings that want frames, make them of stiff pasteboard or pine. Wet the front side with glue, then place a black cord in the middle, in the form of a vine, and with melon or citron seeds put on in the form of grape leaves, and peas in the shape of bunches of grapes, the remainder of the frame covered with grass seed, and then stained black or brown, you will have a good imitation of leather work. Or simply putting a glass over the picture, then paste black cambric over the edge, with a little gilt paper to relieve it, is quite pretty. Everyone is familiar with the frames of cigar lighters.

For brackets, card-receivers and fruit dishes, gather up all the old hoop-skirts, strip off the covering, then bend them in any shape you please. Tie them fast with strong thread. Tie on all the raisin stems you can find. Then melt a quantity of beeswax. Put in a little resin to harden it, and some vermillion to color it red. Then hold your work over the dish, and drip the preparations over it, and you will have handsome coral work.

If you wish bouquets for your vases, gather the different kinds of grasses when in blossom. Dry in a dark room, and with grains and the wild everlastings, you will be surprised at their beauty.

Every one admires beds draped in white, and for those who have not time for the home-made counterpanes of muslin with cotton yarn drawn in patterns, very good ones are made of bleached drilling.

And with all the rest, do not forget yourself. With your hair smooth, dress neat, a knot of bright ribbon or cluster of flowers at your throat, a bright smile on your face, what can better make your husband forget the cares and trials of the day when the thoughts of a happy home, with such a presiding angel over all.

Only A Printer's Dream.

A printer sat in his easy chair, his boots were patched and his coat threadbare, and his face looked weary and worn with care. While sadly thinking of business debt, old Morpheus slowly round him crept, and before he knew it he soundly slept, and sleeping he dreamed he was dead, from trouble and toil his spirit had fled, and that not even a cow bell tolled forth the peaceful rest of the cow hide sole. As he wandered among the shades, that smoke and scorch in lower Hades, he shortly observed an iron door that creakingly hung on hinges sjar, but this entrance was closed with a red-hot bar, and Satan himself stood peeping out, waiting for travelers thereabout, and thus to the passenger printer spoke:

"Come in dear; it shall cost you nothing, and never fear. This is the place where I cook the ones who never pay their subscription sums; for though in life they may escape, they will find when they're dead it is too late; I will show you the place where I melt them thin, with red-hot chains and scraps of tin, and also where I comb their head with broken glass and melted lead, and if of refreshments they only think, there's boiling water for them to drink, there's the red-hot grindstone to grind his nose, and the red hot rings to wear on his toes, and if they mention they don't like fire I'll sew up their mouth with red hot wire; and then, dear sir, you should see them squirm, when I roll them over to cool and turn."

With these last words the printer awoke, and thought it all a practical joke; but still at times so real did it seem, that he cannot believe it was all a dream, and often he thinks with a chuckle and grin, of the fate of those who save their tin and never pay the printer.

Watching Flat Irons.

Mrs. Rickner lives on Macomb street and she doesn't exactly agree with the family next door. It is their fault of course, for didn't they commence the trouble by throwing at her cat, and rejoicing when her grape arbor fell in? For the last two years the two families have been constantly extending such little courtesies as killing each others hens and throwing old bottles over the fence, and the climax came the other night. Mrs. Rickner purchased a can of oysters for breakfast. For fear of explosion she placed the can in a snow drift in the back yard. When daylight came the can was missing. Who could have taken it but the family next door? Mrs. Rickner at once made a formal call, kicking the door instead of ringing the bell, and she was fighting a family of seven when the officer arrived.

"They took 'em and I'll swear to it!" she exclaimed as she stood before the court.

"Nevertheless," he slowly replied, "you disturbed the peace."

"What is disturbing the peace compared to a can of oysters, sir! I smelt 'em as I opened the door, and the woman's breath smelt of oysters as I pulled her hair!"

"You should have appealed to the law."

"What do I want of the law, sir!? D'ye suppose I'm going to law when I know I'm a match for the whole family?"

"Are you a match for a five dollar fine, Mrs. Rickner?"

"I am that? I'll pay ye cash down, sir, but I won't forget the oysters!"

She paid, but as she went out she said:

"I'll leave my flat irons out doors to night, and I'll sit up with a club in one hand and a pitch fork in t'other!"

Revised and Improved.

After using a half package of Kidney-Wort, a gentleman who has been miserable with Kidney or liver disease, said: "I am revised and improved. It has cured me of constipation, and piles trouble me no more." For sale by all Druggists.

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 physicians 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. 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.

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 JOHN WANAMAKER. SUMMER

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

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.

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.

7 9

PHILADELPHIA

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE, STOVE POLISH. ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

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

Patented May 7th, 1878. 2nd Patented July 9th, 1878.

THE HANDY PACKAGE. ZIEGLER'S READY PASTE MIXED STOVE POLISH. GREAT SOS ST JOHN STS. PHILADELPHIA.

NO MIXING. NO DUST. NO RUST. NO WASTE. NO 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.

$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.

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 203 acres and 79 perches, about 150 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 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, 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.

H. E. SELLERS & CO., Proprs, 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.

H. E. SELLERS & CO., Proprs, Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. N. BOYD, Agent Somerset, Pa.

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

The undersigned Assignee of Emmanuel Hershisher will sell at public sale, on

SATURDAY, June 28, 1879,

at 2 o'clock, p. m., on the premises, in Allegheny township, Somerset county, Pa., a certain tract of land, with the appurtenances, situate in the said township of Allegheny, adjoining lands of Eliza Gardner, Henry Sarver's heirs, Jacob Wambaugh, Simon Kristinger, and others, containing 70 acres, nearly all cleared, and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements are a log dwelling house and log barn thereon erected; there are also fruit trees and good running water on the premises, convenient to the house—which lays directly on the route of the contemplated railroad through Decter's Gap.

TERMS.—One third of purchase money to be paid on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year from confirmation of sale, with interest on deferred payments; ten per cent. of purchase money to be paid on the day of sale, which is to be deducted from the hand money.

GEORGE G. WALKER, Assignee.

June 11

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL,

ESTABLISHED 1812.

Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. H. Barnhart as my Agent in Somerset county, for 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.

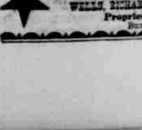
WM. S. MORGAN,
Stanton's Mills.

Apr 9

$1500 TO $3000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. Agents, Women do as well as men. Men 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, and 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 the celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than any and cheap. Any one 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 call all who want rakes.

May 29

PATENTS

obtained for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for mechanical or other composition trade marks and labels. Caveats, Assignments, Interferences, Appeals, Suits for Infringement, and all cases arising under the Patent Laws, promptly attended to.——Inventions that have been 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.

REJECTED

INVENTORS

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 to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. Key, Rev. E. B. Power, The Comptroller, 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.

"For sinking spells, fits, dizziness, palpitation and low spirits, 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, and beautiful? Then use Hop Bitters."

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

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

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

PROVERBS.

"$500 will be paid for a case that Hop Bitters will not cure or help."

"Hop Bitters build up, strengthen, and cures continually from first dose."

"Fair skin, rosy cheeks, and the sweetest breath in hop Bitters."

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

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

"Take Hop Bitters three times a day and you will have no doctor bills to pay."

For sale by

C. N. BOYD,
Somerset, Penna.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

SOMERSET COUNTY, ss:

At an adjourned Orphans' Court held at Somerset, in and