THE DOOM OF THE BRAVO

It was not long ago that, being in the City of Mexico, I made an opportunity of visiting the magnificent cathedral there, which, it is well known, is superior in size, costliness and architectural splendor, to any other religious edifice upon the Western hemisphere.

After having spent several hours in wandering about the interior, under the guidance of a bare-footed friar, who was privileged as one of the exhibitors of the place, and whom I had propitiated at the outset by a *douceur* of four reals (instead of two, his usual perquisite), I was passing out into the piazza—still under his guidance, for I wished to ask him some more questions concerning the numerous statues ranged about the esplanade— when my attention was attracted by a large, flat flagging stone, seamed across by a zigzag fracture, with a rude inscription underneath the widest crack—"*El Hado del Bravo.*"

That was the purport of the inscription that I read on the stone, bending down to do so—for it was nearly effaced by the action of the weather, and perhaps the friction of thousands of feet that had passed and repassed over it since it was rudely chiseled there—and I then turned an inquiring glance upon my guide.

"*El Hado del Bravo,*" I repeated. 'That means in English, 'The Doom of the Brave. And pray, good padre, what may that refer to?"

"Ah, senor," said he, smiling, "the ominous stone lettering is so much worn now that few visitors find occasion to ask its meaning, but there is an old muleteer, accustomed to loiter hereabouts on the piazza at about this time of day, whom, perhaps it would be well for you to meet. He not only inscribed this as you see it, many, many years ago, but would be more than willing, for a real or two, to give you its history, which is a terrible one in its way. There he is, now," he added, indicating an old, decrepit, and miserably ragged man, who was lounging with an austere but purposless air, at the shady side of a public fountain not far away, in company with a large group of muleteers, water carriers, fruit venders, and others, apparently as lazy and contented as himself. "Shall I call him hither, senor? Oh," he added, again smiling as he noticed my hesitation, "I will only leave you with old Gasco half an hour, and then return to finish the task for which the senor has already paid me so liberally."

I then signified my assent, and the padre straightway summoned the old Mexican, who came with a great deal of alacrity, when he had been given to understand that it would be worth his while.

"Si, senor; it was my own hand that cut those words in the stone there," said he, when we were left alone. But the sun fairly blisters here; pray come into the shadow of those aloes yonder, whence we can see the front of the cathedral just as well, and I will tell you story. *Caramba!* but it burns even here," he added, when I had followed him to the shelter indicated. "Ah, if I only had the wherewithal for some cigarettes, how it would refresh my memory now! But we muleteers are so poor."

I hastened to supply him with some tobacco and paper for smoking, and then tendered him with a real, together with the intimation that he should have another if he gave me this story in detail, and without exaggeration.

Nothing else was needed to set him going with the regulation of a music-box, and between the twisting and the lighting of his everlasting cigarettes, there was scarcely an interruption to the old fellow's narrative, which was as follows:

"My name is Raphael Gasco, senor. You'd hardly suspect it to look at me now, in my rags and tatters, and with this skin of mine, which more resembles smoked parchment than real human skin, but it is nevertheless true that on the 12th of April, just forty-six years ago, I was as handsome, hearty and devil-may-care a young caballero as would be likely to meet in a day's ride. *Por Dios!* I was all that; and in spite of having passed three of the best years of my life in the convict silver mines of Chihuahua.

"I got sent up there, together with a fellow convict, an ancient comrade of mine, named Pedro Valdemar, for having engaged in a sort of individually revolutionary movement, which the authorities were stupid enough to misconstrue into a highway robbery. But, *caramba!* we dont split hairs about it at this late day. Pedro and I were rivals as well as friends. That is, we were both in love with Carmen Cores, a beautiful Mexicana, whose father used to keep a pretty posada on the Vera Cruz road. I was the more fortunate, and Carmen and I were one day married.

"I was arrested so soon after my marriage as at first to make me suspect that Pedro had given information against me out of jealousy and pique, for he had been my only comrade in the revolutionary affair that was proving so troublesome.

But when he was also arrested, and we were both subsequently convicted and sent to the mines together, I thought that I wronged him in my thoughts, and we shook hands cordially over our shackles, and became chums as of old—hoping, despairing, groaning and suffering together, through thick and thin, as miserable convicts will.

"It was only after we had tried to escape together that I became convinced of his treachery—convinced that he had even shared my penalty for the fiendish pleasure of seeing me suffer at his side.

"We had been filing at our fetters secretly for many days, so that at last a sturdy wrench would break the links, and had fixed upon the evening of a certain feast day, when our guards would be apt to have their attention diverted by a solemn procession that was to pass near where we were at work, as the time we would vamose.

"Everything worked like a charm. The church bell was tolling, the priests were chanting, and a vast crowd attended the holy procession that was sweeping along the mountain road, near the sluices in which we were working the ore, when Pedro and I shed our irons like a flash, leaped into a neighboring ravine, and made a rush into the wilderness, without being at once observed. The alarm of our flight was quickly sounded, however, and we had the prison guards and soldiers after us pell-mell.

"*Caracco!* how we ran! But as we were turning a sharp turn in the hollow, with Pedro a little in the advance, we suddenly came upon a small guard house, of which we had been wholly unaware, and a trio of sentries waiting to receive us. They were within a few yards of us; to retreat was impossible. They presented their guns and called for us to surrender.

"While I was hesitating what course to pursue, the companion of my flight turned upon me like a wolf at bay.

"'*Maldetto!*' he roared, 'stay where you are, and be taken! I have always hated you!"

"And with that he struck me a tremendous blow on the face.

"Down I went, as if struck by a sledge-hammer. As I fell I saw him dash one soldier to the ground, dart past the remaining two, heard a shot, and then all grew dark, and I knew no more for many hours, when I came back to my senses in my dungeon cell, bruised and bloody, and loaded down with triple irons.

"I couldn't discover from the prison officials whether Valdemar had effected his escape or been killed. They are profoundly secret about such things in the mines—I suppose for the purpose of adding mental distress and suspense to the bodily punishment that one endures. However, it was enough for me that I had been recaptured, and that I should in all probability have to serve out my term—which I did.

"Finally, I was discharged. I returned to the capital, ruined in fortune as in reputation, and only to meet a more bitter blow. Poor Carmen, my beloved bride, had pined away of grief during my captivity, and had been dead and buried several months before my release. Her father drove me from his inn with curses and reproaches, when I presented myself there. My own relatives and former friends shunned me. I was a miserable, ruined man—and a beggar in the streets!

"The second day following my return was Easter Sunday, which was to be the occasion of an immense festival—a holy day and civic celebration combined, whose crowning feature in the evening was was to be the illumination of the catherdal, which had just been completed in every part, and was to receive a sort of rededication.

"I cared nothing for these things as I wandered, on the preceding Saturday, ragged and hungry, through the gay and crowded streets. But chance led me here to the front of the cathedral, where I read a placard concerning the illumination, that gave me new hope.

"It announced that one hundred workmen were required for the lighting of the dome and cupola, three hundred for the cornices, pillar, colonnades, and the like; and stated in conclusion, that every workman employed on the outside of the dome and cupola should, on account of the extreme danger attending the employment, receive in payment a hearty meal and the sum of twenty pesos—the wages of the rest being less than one half that sum.

"There were few applicants for the dangerous posts; but desperate work at fair pay was just in my line. I went at once to the major-domo having charge of the illumination, was entered upon his list, received two pesos as an earnest of the contract, and engaged to present myself punctually at noon of the following day. That evening I supped well at a street stall, and bought leave to sleep on some straw in a stable at the back of the Calle del Theatre.

"I was at the office on time next day, and together with a rabble of poor fellows, doubtless as miserable and desperate as myself, was ushered into a hall where two tables had been laid for our accommodation. We were in by a file of sentries, and as we stood around the table, grace was read by an old padre, whom I had known and loved in better days, but who had quite forgotten me.

"As he began to read a magnetic thrill shot through me. It impelled me to look across to the opposite table, and there—yes by all the saints!—there I saw Valdemar.

"He was looking full at me, but, his eyes dropped on meeting mine; and I saw him turn perfectly livid. *Caramba!* what a sea of revengeful recollections surged upon me. Oh, that I might live to meet him yet, under the free sky, where no priests was praying and no guards were by!

"The dinner lasted long, and when no one seemed able to eat more the tables were cleared. Most of the men threw themselves upon the floor and benches, and went to sleep in preparation of the hazardous night-work that was before us—Pedro among the number. I could not refrain from going over and spurning him with my foot.

"'Pedro you know me!' I hissed.

"'*Diablo!*' he growled, looking sullenly up; 'I thought you were in the mines.'

"'It is not your fault that I am not there still,' I muttered. 'But hearken! If you and I survive this night, you shall answer for your treachery.'

"He only glared at me from under his bushy eyebrows, and without replying turned over on his side again, as if to sleep.

"He had evidently gained little by his villainy, for he was dirty, ragged, and as friendless as I.

"The guards aroused us at seven in the evening. We were then marched in double file around by the back of the cathedral, and conducted by an incline plane to the roof below the dome. From this point, a series of staircases and winding passages carried us up between the double walls of the dome; and at different stages in the ascent a certain number of us were detached and posted ready for work. I was detached about half way up, and I saw Pedro going higher still.

"When we were all posted the superintendent came around and instructed us. At a given signal, every man was to pass through the loophole, or window before which he was stationed, and seat himself astride upon a narrow shelf of wood hanging to a strong rope just below. This rope came through the window, was wound around a roller, and secured from within.

"At the next signal a lighted torch would be put in his right hand, and he was to grasp the rope firmly with his left hand. At the given signal the rope was to be unwound from within by an assistant placed there for the purpose; he was to be allowed to slide rapidly down over the bulge of the dome, and while thus sliding was to apply his torch to every lamp he passed in his downward progress.

"Having received these instructions, we waited, each man at his window, until the signal should be given.

"*Por Dios!* but it was desperate work. Just run your eye up over the cathedral dome yonder, senor and you will understand the method of this thing better than I can tell it. Those windows circling it midway up look like pigeon holes from where we stand, but, heaven preserve you! they would look like church doors were you sitting just outside of them, as I was on that terrible night.

"My window must have been that one directly over the centre facade yonder. At any rate, a heavy body dropped from it would have struck plumb in the middle of that Bravo Stone there, and given it the zigzag fracture which you see upon it. I am perfectly certain of this you will presently be aware.

"Well, there we were all stationed, and it was fast growing dark. All the great ribs of the dome, as far as I could see, and all the cornices, friezes, columns and parapets surrounding the piazza, three hundred feet below, were traced out in paper lanterns which gleamed with silvery fire that had a most fairy-like and marvelous effect.

"Scattered among these paper lanterns, at different intervals, all over the roof and dome facing the plaza, were iron cups, filled with tallow and turpentine. To light these with our torches was the perilous task of the gang to which I belonged, and then the illumination would be complete.

"A moment of intense suspense elapsed. The darker the evening grew the brighter the little lanterns, while the surging hum of the thousands in the plaza and streets below rose louder and louder to our ears.

"I felt the quickening breath of the assistant at my shoulder—I could hear the beating on my own heart. Suddenly, the first signal flew from lip to lip. I got out instantly and straddled the board; there came the second signal and I seized the torch; with the third I found myself launched, and lighting every cup as I glided past, saw all the enormous dome above and below me spring into lines of gorgeous, dazzling flame. The bells began to toll, and a great, ocean-like roar arose from the multitude below, seeming to shake the very roof against which I was clinging, and feeling like the tiniest atom in the immensity of my danger.

"But, having dropped safely to the full length of the rope, and lighted my full share of iron cups, I was really at this moment sitting in secure enjoyment of the stupendous scene.

"All at once, I felt the rope vibrate! I looked up—I saw a man clinging with one hand to an iron rod, and with the other—saints of heaven! what did I see? It was my fellow convict, Pedro Valdemar, firing the rope above me with his torch!

"I acted upon instinct—I had no time for thought. Everything was done in one fearful moment. I clambered up like a cat—I dashed my torch full in his felon-face and then clutched the rope an inch or two above the spot where it was burning.

"Utterly blinded and baffled, he uttered an awful cry and dropped like a stone. Then he bounded like an India rubber ball, down the rounded roof, and over into the abyss.

"Well that is the whole story, senor. When Pedro was picked up from the stone flagging of the plaza, there wasn't a whole bone in his body, and his mother wouldn't have recognized him.

"Yonder broken stone marks the place where he alighted, and one of the holy fathers gave me permission to scratch upon it the inscription which it has borne ever since—'The Doom of the Bravo,' as it would read in English."

"But how were you saved yourself?" I exclaimed, almost horror stricken with his story.

"*Caramba!* I never exactly knew myself," said the muleteer, drawing a long breath, as he rolled and lighted my last cigarette. "Scarcely had the bravo's death shriek ceased ringing in my ears when I found myself being hauled up. The assistance came not a moment too soon, for I was sick and giddy with horror, and swooned dead away as soon as I was safe inside the window.

"The next day I waited on the general superintendent, and told him how it all had happened. The vacant rope by which Pedro descended, and the burnt fragment by which I had been drawn up, sufficiently corroborated my statement, which was afterward repeated to the archbishop and others high in authority.

"I not only received much sympathy but some pecuniary assistance; and for a long time they gave me lucrative menial employment about the cathedral here, which was finally lost to me, however, through my own folly, and—must I say it? my love of *aguardiente*, as well. But somehow I was never the same man after that horror of the dome.

"What! these four reals for my simple story? But you *Americanos* are always generous! *Milles gracias*, senor! See! here comes the padre to take charge of you again, and I have only bored you for half an hour. *Buenos dias*, senor!"

Down Fine.

"Get your tickets at the wagon?" screamed the doorkeeper of the circus yesterday to a young man with a girl on his arm who had a handful of small change. "This is the third time you have come here without tickets, when you know that I can't take money."

The young man and his girl fell back, and as they did not go near the ticket wagon, and yet seemed very anxious to see the circus, a curious-minded citizen edged around and inquired of the young man:

"Why don't you buy tickets if you want to go in."

"'Cause I'm short!" was the whispered reply.

"I didn't 'low enough for incidentals when I was figgering on the cost of this thing but I don't want the gal to know it!"

"How much are you short?"

"Only five cents. I figgered that ten shillings would pay all expenses, but I got left. We spent ten cents for peanuts, ten cents on the street cars, and five in candy. I had just a dollar left to pay our way in when the gal got a peanut shuck in her throat and I had to buy a glass of lemonade to wash it down. Didn't do it though till I had pounded her on the back more'n fifty times and tried to pull one of them fire hydrants up by the roots!"

"I'll lend you five cents to make up your dollar."

"You will? By gosh! but that lets me out! I'd made up my mind to tell the gal that the tigers had got loose and the hyenas had run mad, but she's long-headed and might not have believed it. Thankee, sir, and the fust time I'm in town I'll pay it back. Hang it, I orter figgered on eleven shillings, instead of ten, but you've made me happy for life. Come, Bets."

Buried Alive in a Well.

ELMIRA, N. Y., July 2.—At Wyalusing, Pa., on Monday, a well caved in, burying a man named Chambers who was working in it. A party of men were digging all night, but had not reached Chambers at last accounts. The well is thirty-six feet deep, and is situated near the railroad track. It is thought the caving was caused by the passage of a freight train. Chambers leaves a wife and three children.

"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, July 10, 1879.

SUMMER AT LAST.

I would like to quote the "oldest inhabitant," but it would be useless; nobody would believe him, and I venture to say, on my personal responsibility, that I do not remember so remarkable a season. We have worn overcoats during the past week, and three days before had perspired under Panamas at 97 in the shade. People get ready for the seashore one day, and the next put on their winter flannels. But now summer has apparently come, and Ice Company stock is buoyant once more.

WATER FARMING.

If the title sounds funny the subject is so interesting that I profoundly regret my inability to do it justice. It is a "coming issue"—this matter of "Water Farming"—and your farmer readers and city subscribers are alike interested in it. A person not acquainted with this subject would laugh in your face if you should tell him that a three acre frog pond could be made to yield more profit to a farmer than a three acre potato patch; and that a stream of water could be cultivated to his great pecuniary advantage. Yet this is all as true as any fact in life. Fish are the most prolific of living creatures. A single sturgeon contains nearly ten million eggs, cod and herring millions, shad hundreds of thousands, and even trout and bass several thousands. A pond or stream can be stocked with trout, bass, salmon and other fresh water fish, or eggs of the same at practically no cost to the owner. With good management these can all be hatched, and in some cases in a very few days. Once hatched the fish provide for themselves; they need neither food nor care, and they convert worthless insects and waste water grasses into the healthiest of human food. The trout or bass in a farmer's pond costs him nothing but the trouble of catching, and compare favorably on his table with the choicest poultry or pork that has cost him constant care and expense. Trout sell at their season here at 75 cents a pound, and often higher, and all fresh water fish finds a good market at fair prices. The only loss of time or labor is in the catching, and to reduce this it is only necessary to make the fish abundant.

For the encouragement of fish culture, the Government and many of the States have provided hatching houses from which young trout, bass and other fish are furnished in any desired quantity at only the cost of packing and freight. A dozen farmers or gentlemen owning country seats might, by the most trifling expense, combine and fill their ponds and streams with young fish that would multiply faster than they could catch them, and thus furnish luscious food for their own tables while affording profitable occupation for the "small boys" of the house, who could often earn as much with their hook and line as a full grown man would in the cornfield.

We have a fine hatching establishment and a Board of State Fish Commissioners, who are only too anxious that people should avail themselves of this important addition to the already long list of profitable farm products.

ROBBERY AS A FINE ART.

New York does nothing by halves except mind her own business. She sits on two of the most magnificent water fronts in the world and sings "Pinafore," while ten miles of wretched, rotten, rat-eaten wharves drive awey her commerce. That's *her* business! Thousands of her little children are murdered by overcrowded and illy ventilated school-rooms, and she seems satisfied. That is "her business," too! She—well, both sides of your paper would not begin to tell how gloriously she leaves undone whatever in her corporate capacity she ought to do; and if I must draw the line somewhere, it might as well be over her poor children's graves as anywhere.

But when you come to private enterprise the scene changes. Fabulous sums and boundless energies are poured like water upon the thundering, dripping wheel that drives the furious, overstimulated civilization of the hour. It matters little whether the enterprise be good or evil, it is elevated by sharp competition and the attrition of acute minds to a fine art of science. Robbery is one of these fine arts now being rescued from low mediocrity. It is indeed entitled to be classed among the exact sciences. Our thieves are skillful, trained, ambitious; and are the one body of men not to be disparaged. They know when every banker puts up his exchanges; when every merchant sends his cash to bank; when every manufacturer draws out his wages-money, and the habit of nearly every man worth robbing. They are content to wait weeks or months for the safest and fattest time for plundering their victims. Court records have proved all these a thousand times. In sober earnest I aver that whomsoever they deem it profitable and safe to rob *will* be robbed; and he who boasts he cannot be robbed simply shows how little he knows of life in great cities.

An acquaintance of mine who had frequently made that boast was robbed twice in one day last month. Men who are "awfully smart" may baffle the thieves, provided they wear valuables only in the waist-coat, button up tight, resolutely refuse to think of anything else, and are incapable of being thrown off their guard. But a man cannot go through life with no thought but of "pickpockets" in his mind. If these gentry think it worth while to have your watch or pocketbook, they are going to have it—that's all.

All these thieves are well known to the police, but the blue coats are believed to be often in alliance with them, and several recent investigations develop the fact that there are professional burglars on the police force, known to have plied their nefarious arts on their own beats, and yet neither imprisoned nor even removed from the force! There are many excellent and noble men on the force, but as a body they have sadly degenerated in the past few years; and when Gotham, sometime in the dim future, makes up its mind to attend to its own business, it will have a lively time looking after the accomplished criminals who have graduated during the present reign of police inefficiency.

MORLEY.

Sing Sing, shouted the brakeman, as a Hudson river train slowed up to the station. Five years for refreshments, yelled a passenger with short hair and bracelets, as he rose to leave the car, in charge of a deputy sheriff.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

True Marriage.

Our advanced theories of divorce and free love making the matrimonial relation merely a partnership to be dissolved at pleasure, whatever else may be said in their favor, strikes a deadly blow at an element in it which was meant perhaps to be supreme above all others. What is the sweetest charm of all true matriage, what is the greatest advantage, what is the most priceless happiness to take life through which it brings to the human heart? Not the flush and splendor of its early love; not the richer developments which it brings to the character; not even the children who are gathered around its shrine. No, but the intimacy and reliability of its companionship; the fact that it gives those who enter into it, each in the other and through all scenes and changes, a near and blessed standby. Marriage in some of its aspects is doubtless the source of an immense amount of happiness, crime, injustice, blight and down-dragging, one of the most perplexing institutions society has to deal with—only the blindest sentimentalists will deny that.

On the other hand, however, and this is not mere sentiment but sober fact, of all the evidences of God's goodness to be found in this lower world, all the proofs that he cares for us not only with the wisdom of a Creator, but with the interest and love of a father, there is none quite equal to his sending human beings into the arena of life, not to fight its battles, win its victories and endure its sorrows alone, but giving them, as they go forth out of their childhood's home, a relation in which each two of them are bound together with the closest of all ties, live together under the same roof, have their labors, their property, their interests, their parental affections all in common, and are moved to stand by each other, hand to hand, heart to heart, in every sorrow, misfortune, trial and stormy day that earth can bring. It is an ideal, if not always realized in full, which is tasted even now, amid all that is said about marriage miseries, more widely perhaps than any other happiness.

One More Weary of Breath.

LEBANON, Pa., July 2.—This quiet little borough, which of late has gained much notoriety on acccount of the many criminal acts committed therein, was yesterday afternoon the scene of another tragedy, in which a man committed suicide, the cause being the death of a woman with whom he had been criminally intimate. The facts are as follows: Wm. Williams, a laborer about 50 years of age, unmarried, and who for some time past had been out of employment, yesterday afternoon, while under the influence of liquor, called his housekeeper, Harriet Peters, up stairs, and after telling her he was tired of life and was going to kill himself, suddenly drew an old-fashioned double-barrel pistol from his pocket and pointed it at the frightened women, telling her she must also die. She, however, broke loose from him, rushing down stairs and hid in the cellar. Williams then placed the pistol to his own breast, and fired with fatal effect, the ball tearing a gaping hole near the heart, from which he died in a short time. He held his pistol so close to his breast that his woolen shirt was ignited. Some time since a woman named Mary Eckert, with whom Williams had been living, died, and since then he has been threatening to kill himself, as earth had no pleasure for him.

Suicide of a Infantry Officer in the United States Army.

ATLANTA, Ga., June 30.—Lieutenant Henry M. McCauley, Company I, Thirteenth Infantry, shot himself through the head at four o'clock this afternoon. He went into an empty freight car at the Central depot, and standing in a corner, put a pistol to his mouth and pulled the trigger, the the ball coming out through the top of his head. He is now lying insensible, and cannot live through the night. He leaves a wife here and two grown-up daughters, one at school in Philadelphia and the other with his brother, General Mc Cauley, of the Marine corps, Washington. The cause of the act was temporary aberration from financial troubles.

A Wharf Falls with 75 People on it.

MORRIS ISLAND, N. J., July 4.—An excursion resort one mile below Trenton was the scene of disaster this afternoon. As the excursion boat was approaching the wharf hundreds of people on the Island rushed toward it to get on when it landed. The wharf suddenly gave way and about seventy-fine persons were thrown into the river. Several were taken out injured. Mrs. Andrew Johnson, her little son, five years old, and a girl named Miller were drowned. Their bodies were recovered. It is feared there are others who have not been recovered. There is terrible excitement over the affair, as the wharf was a small structure.

An Excursion Train Wrecked.

ST. LOUIS, July 4.—A collision occurred to-day on the narrow gauge railroad running from this city to the village of Florisant, sixteen miles from here, between two passenger trains one of which had on board about three hundred excursionists, but the other was nearly empty. Thos. Mead, engineer of one of the trains, was badly hurt about the head and shoulders; George Bailey, a printer, was severely injured internally; Cornelius Clendenning and wife, of Calhoun county, Ill., were pretty well shaken up, and two or three others were slightly bruised. Both engines and one passenger coach were damaged to the extent of $3,000.

A Remarkable Case.

Five weeks ago Gus. Brabrandt, a Bohemian, employed in a fertilizing company mill at Chicago, caught his clothing in a horizontal shaft, and was whirled around at the rate of 300 revolutions per minute, dashed to the floor and divested of everything but his boots. His skull was fractured, a portion of the brain ozzed out and afterward removed, his nose pretty well demolished, two ribs broken and his body badly bruised. A portion of the skull was removed, as was also a part of the brain that protruded. Two days ago he resumed work and considers himself well, though not strong.

The man who dodges behind his newspaper when a lady enters a crowded car is the man who piously hates a hireling ministery and refuses to pay his pew rent on principle.

A bachelor has left a boarding-house in which were a number of old maids, on account of the miserable fair set before him at the table.

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Epilepsy,
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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.

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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 RECEIPT

ON HAND.

ED. B. SCULL,

Business Manager.

SPRING JOHN WANAMAKER SUMMER

THE Unparalleled Success of The Mail Department for Samples & Supplies

1 8

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.

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.

PHILADELPHIA

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE. STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

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

Patented May 7th, 1878. 3rd Patented July 1st, 1878.

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.

$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., June 11 Portland, Maine.

ANNUAL STATEMENT of the School Board of Somerset Township School District for the School year ending Monday, June 1, 1879.

RECEIPTS.

From State appropriation	$ 616 72
Balance on hand from last year	199 06
From Col. including taxes of all kinds	3318 79
From sales of houses, lands &c.	31 00
Total receipts	$4165 42

EXPENDITURES.

For building and furnishing house	$ 622 00
" renting and repairing &c.	149 00
" teachers wages	2600 00
" fuel and contingencies	108 37
" fees of Collector 5 per cent. & Treas.	174 66
" salary of Secretary	30 00
" other expenses	14 00
Total expenditures	$4698 03
Cash on hand	$ 27 39

Witness our hands this 14th day of June, 1879.

PHILIP F. CUPP, Secretary. D. HUSBAND, President.

We the undersigned Auditors of Somerset Township School District, Somerset county, Pa., having carefully examined the above accounts of the Treasurer, find them correct to the best of our knowledge and belief.

ADAM S. MILLER, Township Clerk. GEO. C. LICHTY, JERE S. MILLER, Auditors.

June 18

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money.

Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. June 11.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership of Killinger Brothers & Co., manufacturers and dealers in lumber, at Fair Hope, Somerset County, Pa., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. John A. Rudy retiring from the firm. All notes and accounts due to the firm are in the hands of Killinger Bro's., to whom all accounts must be paid as they come due, or they will be collected by legal process. The business will be continued by Killinger Bro's., and all orders for lumber will receive their prompt attention.

Fair Hope, Somerset Co., Pa., May 8th, 1879.

J. S. KILLINGER, C. H. KILLINGER.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Daniel Pile, late of Milford 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 against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Thursday, July 24, 1879.

SOLOMON SNYDER, Administrator.

July 18

Save Your Children.

For expelling worms from the system, **Sellers' Vermifuge** has no equal in this or any other country. "One teaspoonful given to a child of Mr. Bradbury's, expelled 224 worms in four hours after taking the medicine.—Rev. Lytle, Union Township, Pa. Also "expelled 400 worms from my child two years old."—Wm. Sarver, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cts. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circular.

July 2

THE HANDY PACKAGE JETPASTE. STOVE POLISH.

ALWAYS READY FOR USE.

Everybody—Uses It.
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HENRY S. ZIEGLER, Sole Manufacturer,

Office, 609 St. John Street, Philadelphia.

Oct 9,9m

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL,

ESTABLISHED 1812.

Have engaged 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 Mills.

Apr 9

$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.

The Truth is Mighty

and will prevail. Thousands who have suffered have been cured are living witnesses to the truth of our statement, that **SELLER'S LIVER PILLS** are the best. 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.

C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of the celebrated Hope Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one wanting one of these rakes, 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, Su