AN AUGUST DAY.

BY ALICE M. EDDY.

Over the fields by winding ways
We wandered on together,
Under the flashing azure skies,
In a hush of August weather.
Round about us, far and near,
We heard the locusts humming,
And the asters starring the lonely path
Laughed out to see us coming.

Bird songs out of the sunlit oak
Fell ripping through the shadow,
Like a spear of flame the cardinal flower
Burned out along the meadow.
Into our hearts the blithe winds blew,
Its own free gladness giving,
And all things laughed in the happy earth,
For the pure sweet joy of living.

Two roamed on with their eyes alight,
And their hearts to still for laughter,
Two in a revel of golden life,
Looked neither before nor after.
One went dreaming with downcast face
Through the hush of the woodland cover
But one praised God from a trembling heart
That the shadow of pain was over.

—*Sunday Afternoon.*

TOINETTE.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"Of course you'll make no reply to the letter, grandfather, and will never think of sending for the girl?"

"I don't know about that," replied grandfather Abney.

His granddaughter—Brenda—widened her black eyes.

"What?"

"In spite of the past, she is my own blood. Blood is thicker than water, Brenda."

Brenda's handsome face flamed crimson to the roots of her raven hair.

"I should think the past was enough," she said rapidly. "Miserable low set! It shames me to think of them!"

"The girl—my niece—may not be a St. Leon. She may be more like her mother."

Brenda's eyes then sparkled with anger.

"You seem quite in favor with the idea, grandfather," she said bitterly.

"In favor of what, Brenda?"

"Recognizing this Toinette St. Leon—allowing her to have any claims on you."

"She has claims on me, whether I recognize and allow them or not. She is the orphan child of my only sister, left unprovided for. I did not like her father—I did not approve of the life Katherine led with him. But Gaspar St. Leon is dead; Katherine, too, is dead. Her child is a young girl of sixteen, left homeless and without means; though she seems not without friends," thoughtfully regarding the letter in his hand.

"Another Frenchman! Ignace Denonville. Who may he be?"

Grandfather Abney slowly read the address at the bottom of the sheet.

"A respectable though not an aristocratic part of the city."

"You will go and see him, he will prevail on you, and we shall have an artful, intriguing French actress here!"

Brenda's feelings were too much for her, and she left the room.

Grandfather Abney sat in his armchair, looking troubled. Brenda's displeasure did not make much difference to him, even though he knew the whole family would correspondingly be in arms, for he was a man accustomed to judge and act for himself, but he was doubtful which it was best to do.

Twenty years before his young sister had romantically and foolishly run away with a traveling actor, by name Gaspar St. Leon, and ever after the brother and sister had mutually shunned each other. The former was ashamed of the latter, and doubtless poor Katherine St. Leon was more deeply ashamed of herself.

Wandering from place to place, with but scanty means of subsistence, her life was but little better than a tramp's. Her husband was still handsome, but had little stability of character, and utterly failed to provide suitably for her.

Exactly the date of her death was not known, but she lived to bear, and partly rear, a daughter. She was buried in a Catholic burying-ground, by her husband's family.

It was one of Grandsire Abney's secrets that he had found the unmarked grave, and stood over it with a sore heart.

And now, after twenty years, had come a letter, saying that this Toinette was poor, and praying her uncle's aid for her. He observed that the girl had not written the letter herself, but that proved nothing. She might be too modest; or, on the other hand, she might not know her own deeds—might not care for name or standing, and have no suitable pride and ambition. He did not want to take a person of bad tendencies under his roof.

His family consisted of three of his son's children, Brenda, Bertha and Paul, each one darker, more brilliant and more selfish than the other, and each, in the mind's eye, provided with a fortune from the grandfather's store.

Grandfather Abney was reported wealthy—very wealthy. Lakehome was certainly a lovely place; full of luxury, and surrounded by every natural beauty. A beautiful lake laved the banks of the garden; the cupola overlooked the sea's white sails.

Savants and men of genius met in the library; Brenda's literary club and Bertha's musical friends met in the drawing-room; Paul had his smoking-room and dog-kennels as he willed.

A most comfortable home, and grandfather Abney was ageing; it would be theirs only the more certainly in the future.

Some may have wondered that their hearts did not incline them to this other homeless girl. Had they known Paul and Brenda and Bertha, they would have realized that that was quite out of the question. Would they not be obliged, probably, to share grandfather Abney's wealth? Was it not enough that they were already casting sharp glances at each other?

Well, grandfather Abney pondered several hours in his arm-chair. At last he rose, took his hat and his ebony cane, and sallied forth.

At length he found the street he was in search of, and then began to look for the number. It was upon a public building, full of offices and studios.

He entered and read the names upon the door. At last he came to one bearing a card, "Ignace Denonville, Artist."

He knocked, and was bade "Come in!"

Softened lights, simple studies of drapery, an easel, and a young man, palette in hand, a profusion of golden curls under the soft velvet cap.

"I wish to see Mr. Ignace Denonville."

"I am he, monsieur."

"So young! Are you a friend of the girl?"

"I thought, monsieur, the uncle should know."

A mere boy, the face all refinement and brightness, grandfather Abney's eyes told him.

"Your niece is young, monsieur; she is lovely and talented. She lives like a nun in her apartment, cutting cameos. She carves also in wood. Both she performs exquisitely. But she cannot sell readily, she is so very young and unknown. She needs influence, patronage, to make her appreciated and sought for. In short, she is very poor, and those who love her are as poor as herself. I see all this; it sinks deep into my heart. So I wrote to the uncle. I have no more to say. For the rest, behold!"

The young man softly unclosed a panel. Grandfather Abney looked across the passage in at the open door, where a young girl sat, her head bowed over a stand where she was at work—a beauteous head.

"She looks like Katherine," murmured the old man, aloud.

He was trembling.

"Shall we go to her?" asked the young man, softly.

Grandfather Abney nodded.

They unclosed the door, and entered the opposite room.

"Grant me wisdom," prayed the old man, catching at caution.

But when they had crossed the apartment, and Toinette had lifted her sweet eyes to his face, he then said:

"My dear, I am you uncle. Come home with me."

So he took pretty Toinette to Lakehome.

The others dared not show much anger. Of course they hated her. Grandfather Abney gave up his dressing-room for her studio. He walked and rode with her, introducing her to many influential and wealthy people, visited private picture galleries, and obtained for her chances to converse with leading artists.

The latter praised her cameos and wood carvings. They said that her natural talent was exceedingly great. They asked for leave, too, to model her head and paint her face; for she was strangely lovely.

It gratified her uncle that she favored only the Abneys. The silken braids were raven black, the features perfect as those she cut on her cameos, the eyes dark, but not like Brenda's and Bertha's. They were soft as a dove's, and had something pathetic in their mute glance.

The girl was very quiet and undemonstrative, except in reference to her art. You could see that she loved that, and was very faithful to it.

In the household she was utterly harmless, yet her mere presence no less exasperated her uncongenial cousins. She saw as little of them as possible, remaining as busy as a bee in her studio, except when she was walking and riding with grandfather Abney.

It had occurred to the latter that young Ignace Denonville might be a lover of Toinette's, but he never came to Lakehome, and month after month went by with but little change, except that Toinette had almost daily orders now for her beautiful cuttings and carvings.

But suddenly, one day, Toinette was gone.

The cousins were delighted. They thought they had driven her away. Their grandfather would have been inconsolable—indignant and angry at the desertion, perhaps—but for a letter arriving by mail, almost before the girl was missed:

"MY GOOD UNCLE:—You are a beautiful and kind old man, and you have been kind, most kind, and helpful to me; but I could no longer remain away from Ignace. Oh, those long days and weeks! My heart so cried out for him, I thought it would break. You look upon us only as children, dear uncle, yet we had been married a month when you came to find me. It was not my plan, begging your assistance—it was Ignace's. He praised my carvings, and grieved that I could not sell them. If the world but knew me to be your niece, they would buy, he said. So he prevailed on me.

"We kept our secret, for he feared you would not like him. I apprehended, sometimes, that he would never come to me again; and, oh, uncle, I had rather starve with Ignace than live without him! But do not fear; I have money now, and can sell my cameos, thanks to you. You will not blame me that I wished to share with Ignace. He paints pretty pictures, but so few come to buy. Yet he would take nothing. He is not selfish; he thinks not of himself, but me.

"Farewell, uncle! I love you, but I love Ignace better. He was my friend when I had no other. If you should be sad or ill, send for Toinette; otherwise, I remain in my little room, with Ignace, happy."

Grandfather Abney learned this artless letter by heart, but the others of the household never knew that he received it.

It was not many months after that, without one word or warning, he died in his chair. Probably his disease was of the heart. But he passed away painlessly and silently.

The lawyer told Brenda that Toinette must be summoned to hear the will read.

"Then he has remembered her!" snapped Brenda.

She came unwillingly, tearfully, clinging to the arm of her boy-husband.

"A pair of Babes in the Wood!" sneered the cousins.

The will was read:

"All bank stock bearing my name I leave to my grandson Paul.

"All real estate found unincumbered I leave to my granddaughter Bertha, except—

"The old homestead, Lakehome, which I bequeath to my granddaughter Brenda, when its mortgages shall have been paid.

"To my niece, Toinette Denonville, I leave my ebony cane and my blessing."

Only the old ebony cane for Toinette! She received it with pleasure. It had accompanied her uncle in the long walks they had taken so often together.

But Ignace was saddened. He had hoped grandfather Abney would have left his pretty niece some money, so that they two could go to Rome and study. He told Toinette so.

A tear stole down her cheek.

"I suppose I did not win his heart," she said.

Yet she had loved her uncle, and when, before another year a cherubic little boy was born to these young people, Toinette gave him the family name of Abney, and bade him grow wise and good like his great uncle.

Meanwhile, a strange thing had happened. The cousins found their golden fortunes but Dead Sea fruit. There was no bank stock bearing grandfather Abney's name for Paul; neither was there any real estate remaining for Bertha; and the mortgage on Lakehome more than covered the worth of it, and could not be paid by Brenda.

Like other wealthy men, grandfather Abney seemed to have died poor. After all, the three had not as much as Toinette, with the stout old ebony cane.

But one day, by and by, little Abney was riding the ebony cane, and the top came off and showered the floor with gold. It had been made hollow, and filled from end to end with gold-pieces.

Toinette burst out weeping.

"Ah, he did love me after all," she cried.

It was not a great fortune, but enough to take the pair to Rome, where they are studying to-day.

Fate willed that the cousins should find out the secret of the ebony cane, and because they could not snap and snarl at Toinette, they snapped and snarled at each other, and are poor to this day.

A Hawkeye Town.

Burdette happened to miss connections at Burlington (his home), and having nothing better to do wrote up the city for the readers of the *Hawk Eye*. The following is the concluding portion of his letter:

There is a great deal of wealth in this city, especially in the more aristocratic circles. A man was pointed out to me yesterday, who, I was told, came to Burlington 23 years ago, and was so poor that he ate pie with a knife and wiped his brow with his cuff. He drove an express wagon and would break all the furniture you had in the house for 50 cents a load. Now he has two dogs and five children, and his wife has all her dresses made over here in Sage town. And the man himself has grown to be so nice that he eats soup with a two tined fork. There is one family in the city whose ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. It is said in the family traditions that they were even attached to the royal person. At least, it is generally believed that William rode one of them ashore and nearly clubbed the ears off him because, instead of galloping directly into the battle, he made a rush for the blooming thistle.

There are as many as seven reading clubs in the city, the members of which are learning to read with commendable rapidity, and some of them have already got as far as 'Is it a big dog? It is a big dog. It is Ann's dog. Will Ann bite the dog? No, Ann will not bite the dog. Ann loves her pets.'

The Government of Burlington is an unlimited despotism. The Mayor never goes abroad unless attended by a body-guard of armed retainers, and, if a citizen calls the Mayor 'Mr,' he dies at sunrise. The Mayor is assisted in the city government by a Council, the powers of which are as despotic and unlimited as his own.

The Mayor can do anything he pleases with anybody but the Council, and Council can do anything it pleases with anybody except the Mayor.

It is death for a boy to 'sass' a Councilman.

The Chief of Police rides around in a carriage drawn by four white horses, and a brass band accompanies him everywhere. When he arrests a burglar, it is some time before the burglar can exactly understand whether he is just being taken to the calaboose or has been elected President. He soon finds out, however, when he gets into the city prison. The gloomy dungeon used to be a cistern, but it got to leaking badly, and they just nailed down the top, put a trap door in it, and turned it into a prison.

It is located right under the city offices, and this market is very pleasant for the officials. When the prisoners have nothing else to do, they wail and howl and call the Auditor names just when he is half way down a column of figures. And, one day, the Treasurer was counting out some money to a citizen with a hat full of script, and the prisoners suddenly pounded on the floor right under the Treasurer's feet and he jumped clear over the railing.

This is the most terrifying thing the prisoners can do, and there isn't a particle of exaggeration in that statement. Why, not many hundred years ago, an Auditor was sitting in that very office, when all of a sudden there came a fearful pounding, and it scared him so that he jumped clear over the Mississippi river, and landed so far in Illinois that he didn't get back for six weeks. In conclusion, from what I have seen of the town and its people, I rather like it. I have concluded to cancel all outstanding engagements and stay here a while, at any rate. There is no place in the city equal to South Hill for comfort, and I have found a place on Eighth street where the people tell me that my personal beauty and the instinctive grace of my conversation will be considered an equivalent for my board. It is the cheapest terms I have ever had offered me in free America. I have already accepted the position and shall stay. I have acquired such easy, familiar relations with the people of the house that the baby has already emptied the ink into my boot, and the mucilage into the other, and is drawing a map of Hawkeye creek on the back of my coat with a piece of beef gristle and a glass of milk. His mother tells me I should not let him do it, and perhaps she is right, but what am I to do? He seems to enjoy it, and I know I do, and what was this world made for if it wasn't for pleasure? I shall stay in town.

Advice to Students.

A medical journal, advising students how to take care of themselves, says:

"Sit up to the table when you read; easy-chairs abolish memory. Do not read the same book too long at one sitting. If you are really weary of one subject change it for another.

"Read steadily for three hours a day for five days in the week. The use of wet towels and strong coffee betrays ignorance of how to read.

"Test the accuracy of your work as soon as you have finished it. Put your facts in order and soon as you have learned them.

"Never read after midnight. Do not go to bed straight from your books. Never let your reading interfere with exercises or digestion. Keep a clear head, a good appetite, and a cheerful heart."

An Infantile View.

This is the view taken by an infant of St. Joseph, Missouri.

Little Freddie, was undergoing the disagreeable operation of having his hair combed by his mother, and he grumbled at the manœuver.

"Why, Freddie" said mamma, "you ought not to make such a fuss. I don't fuss and cry when my hair is combed."

"Yes," replied the youthful party, "but *your* hair ain't hitched to your head."

LONDON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

LONDON, July 29, 1879.

The town is emptying rapidly; the season is almost at an end. There has been, again, in the course of the now practically moribund season, a much larger average than usual of court mourning. One sinister event after another has thrown royalty into sables; the fashionable and middle-class society being both highly imitative bodies, mourning as prescribed by the court circular, has meant more or less modified black garments in many grades of the social scale. The energetic proprietors of "magasins de deuil" may well have profited from the circumstance of there having been what physicians and undertakers used to call "a nice sickly season;" but their feelings of complacency may not have been shared by the mercers and milliners who purvey "the newest spring fashions" and "the latest summer novelties." The coal merchants again may rejoice when they remember that the keeping up of roaring fires in May and June this year has been, under stress of weather, by no means uncommon; and the umbrella manufacturers may congratulate themselves on the long series of sloppy victories achieved by Jupiter Pluvius over the "Lord of the Silver Bow." Still tailors and dressmakers have had little reason to be pleased with a summer at the height of which gentlemen were fain to walk abroad in last winter's ulsters, and ladies, instead of appearing in those radiant and diaphanous costumes which Mr. Absolon and Mr. Tissot paint so deftly, have crept to and from their carriages clad in water-proofs or in fur-lined mantles when they have mustered up courage enough to go shopping. The beneficent Fates, on the other hand, rarely shut one door without opening another.

Amid all the social woes with which we have been afflicted, there has been in many directions compensation. Those spirited and skillful confectioners who minister to the comforts of residents and visitors, must have done on the whole, remarkably well, and the worthy West-end butcher might join hands with the estimable West-end fish monger in gratitude at the close of a session, during which, despite many depressing circumstances, their commodities have been in considerable demand. The position of the green-grocer has been most pitiable, for owing to the absence of sunshine and the superfluity of rain, he has scarcely anything to sell except water-saturated potatoes, insipid strawberries, puny peas, and cherries composed mainly of stalks, skins, and stones. The florists, especially those with a large command of conservatories, are less to be commiserated. Their profits this season should have been very big, indeed. The modern love for flowers in fashionable London society is attaining the proportions of a mania. A splendid profusion of the fairest gifts of Flora, is visible wherever society congregates. On the hymeneal altar and on the dinner table, on the ball-room staircase, and in the palace vestibule, in the buttonhole of the dandy, and on the shoulder of beauty, in bouquets, at operas and theatres, and on wreaths and crosses, the lid of the coffin, and the verge of the tomb, flowers are universally present. It is a very sweet, tender, and beautiful usage, and a remarkably good thing in the way of business for the fashionable florists.

Summer Eating.

One of the things which the public does not concern itself about as much as it ought to, is the kind and amount of food it shall eat during the summer. The generality of the people go on the same way during the summer that they do in winter, with respect to the food they eat, varying it only as the seasons themselves vary it. The average man or woman is not apparently aware that the heat of the body may be materially increased or decreased according to the kind and amount of food that is imbibed. True, most people when the hot weather comes along, rush spontaneously to fruit, and cram themselves with berries, cherries, peaches, watermellons, cantelupes, pears, and often swallow much more than is good for them. Hence cholera morbus, diarrhœa and other similar affections of the stomach. But very little care is taken in eating heavy beef in a great quantity as during the coldest months in winter. It is no frequent sight to see a man sit down, when the thermometer is at ninety-five degrees in the shade, at a table groaning with fat-forming, heat-producing meats. On these he gorges himself, until he is filled to repletion as during the coldest days in December and January. It takes repeated warnings and a long experience to teach him that it is just as senseless to do this in the depressing days of July and August as it would be for him to wear his thick winter flannels and overcoat. True philosopy would teach us to be as careful to keep the inside of the body as cool as the outside.

A great deal of stuff has been written concerning the danger of cold drinks, and eating ices and creams. There is danger under certain circumstances, when large quantities are gulped down when the body is overheated. But when no more heat is experienced than what is inevitable in warm weather from any, even the highest exercises, draughts of water may be quaffed by mouthfuls at a time, or even the creams or ices be slowly eaten with a spoon, without any risk, save exceptional cases. Of course there are many ignorant and obstinate people, who, eating and drinking habitually like pigs, cannot be satisfied with this quiet and temperate mode of enjoyment. They pay the penalty of their disqualification. But for intelligent people, who will learn how to eat and drink reasonably, there is abundance of healthful pleasure for the palate, even during the hottest days. Eating and drinking correctly is an art, and has to be acquired.

Quarantine Against Whisky.

A temperance reformer of prominence makes the yellow fever scourge a basis for temperance argument. He finds that the total deaths from yellow fever in the United States for the past ten years is only 21,000, 14,000 of whom died last year. In the same time, according to a careful and probably reasonable computation, 650,000 men have died from intemperance, or at the rate of 65,000 annually. This gentleman proposes to quarantine against whisky as a more destructive destroyer than yellow jack.

How to get along—Pay as you go.

Keep ahead rather than behind the times.

Frauds In 1876.

STRONG PRESUMPTIVE EVIDENCE OF GIGANTIC FRAUDS IN TILDEN'S BEHALF.

It is a favorite policy, with Democratic journals, to declare that Hayes was fraudulently elected. Few of such journals but assume it as an unchallenged fact. No attempt, that we remember to have noticed, has ever been made to prove it. But the New York *Times* has been at the pains to collect *data*, which covers more than a page of that journal, to prove that there is inherent probability that the Democrats committed frauds, in the election of 1876, whereby they changed at least fifty electoral votes in the Northern, and twelve in the Southern States. In Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Louisiana, Florida and Mississippi, the increase in the vote cast was out of all proportion to the increase in population, and of this increase, the Republican party gained only in proportion to its previous vote, while the Democratic increase was out of all proportion to that of population. Care has been taken to secure the figures of population by following the census reports from decade to decade, thus getting the ratio of increase. The utmost pains are taken to use every element that will give accuracy. It is believed that the figures are right; and yet the result shows that the Democrats developed an increase of voting strength out of all proportion to surrounding facts, and the conclusion is thus reached that this increase was fraudulent. The facts given fall but little short of demonstration.

One illustration is as follows:

Through a series of years the maximum vote cast is 85 out of every 100—or, in exciting elections, 15 out of every 100 fail to vote. This is the rule.

Yet in 1876, in Connecticut, 82.2 per cent. voted; in New York 95.2 per cent.; in New Jersey 98.7 per cent.; in North Carolina 95.6 per cent.; in Louisiana 99 per cent., and in Florida 109.4 per cent.

Now the singular fact is that this extraordinary increase all went to the Democratic party—the Republicans receiving only their normal amount. Is it possible to misjudge this? Has it any other legitimate conclusion than that the operative, successful fraud was in the interest of the Democratic party? If there is another side to it, the Democracy should look it up.

It is to their interest to do so. Their chief capital, in 1880, especially if Tilden is their candidate, will be the fraud cry; but if this can be turned on them by facts and figures that cannot be misinterpreted, it will ruin their case. These have been brought out thus early, that they may be criticised and maturely considered. If the figures are incorrect, this can be shown.

If true, as we believe them to be, they show that a wholesale system of fraud was developed to elect Tilden. That it failed, is more a matter of lucky chance than else. In the final battle, in doubtful States, Republicans were alert, and did not allow Returning Boards to be bought up or stolen away. In a struggle involving so much no small rascality prevailed.

It was a gigantic struggle, for a large prize. That Tilden lost is attributable to the faithfulness of men, some of whom are unrewarded. That all that was supposed proven by the ciper dispatches is confirmed by these figures is beyond doubt. We will refer to the figures in detail to-morrow.

A Model Confession.

The Steubenville *Gazette* says: "Several years ago, in a western town, a young lawyer, a member of a large church, got drunk. The brethren said he must confess. He demurred. He knew the members to be good people, but they had their little faults, such as driving hard bargains, screwing the laborer down to low wages, loaning money at illegal rates, misrepresenting articles they had for sale, etc. But they were good people, and pressed the lawyer to come before the meeting and own up to his sin of taking a glass too much, for they were temperance people and abhorred intemperance. The sinner went to the confession, found a large gathering of brethren and sisters, whose bowed heads rose and whose eyes glistened with pure delight as the lawyer began his confession:

'I confess,' he said, 'that I never took ten per cent. for money.'

On that confession down went a brother's head with a groan.

'I never turned a poor man away from my door who needed food and shelter.'

Down went another head.

'I confess I never sold a skim-milk cheese for a new one;' whereupon a woman shrieked for mercy.

'I confess that I have not been Pharisaical and self-righteous, and have not sought to injure or persecute those who have not happened to agree with me;' when down dropped numerous heads.

'I confess that I never played the hypocrite, and that I do not lie, and that I have not used religion as a cloak;' when down went several other heads, and among them the heads of the very ones who were so anxious that he should confess.

'But,' concluded the sinner, 'I have been drunk, and am very sorry for it.' Whereupon the meeting quietly dispersed.

Had Forgotten Himself.

An incident, a somewhat ludicrous one, of the fire at the Hagerstown hotel, has been told us by one who was there and who literally "barely" escaped with his life. He is a travelling man. Being suddenly awakened that night by a bright light shining in his face, he discovered that the window frame of his room, on the third floor, was one blaze of flame and that the apartment was rapidly filling with smoke. He at once left, how, he knows not, but finally succeeded in reaching the ground by a jump from a second-story window. When safely landed he stood watching the work of destruction, and near by him were a group of very thinly clad females, also gazing.

While thus standing he noticed a party of firemen hurrying past with a quantity of feminine apparel. He immediately, with that gallantry so in keeping with a travelling man, hailed the men with:

"Look here, you fellows, give these ladies some of those clothes."

The reply was in an instant:

"All right, stranger, we'll do so; but don't you think it would be a good idea to put on a pair of spurs yourself?"

The last remark caused him to investigate himself, when he found that his whole costume was a shirt, a vest, and a pair of gaiters, while the rest of his garments hung idly over his arm. Our friend blushed, sought a refuge and pulled on his pants.—*Norristown Herald.*

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A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

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

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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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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.

LIST OF CAUSES.

FIRST WEEK.

1. Freeman and McClellan vs. Henry Ream.
2. S. Philson & Co. vs. Dennis Meyers.
3. Jos. L. Hammer vs. A. V. Stanton, exetrs. and extrix.
4. Henry Claycomb's admr. vs. E. M. Bowman.
5. W. P. Beighley's use vs. S. P. Geiger.
6. Abraham McAdams vs. Reuben Way.
7. J. S. Zimmerman vs. Albert and David Lohr.
8. Jane Brook's use vs. Green B. King.
9. P. S. Hay vs. Ellen S. Kelm.
10. John Montgomery endorsee of W. Kimmel vs. Henry Brant.
11. William McLuckie vs. William Engle.
12. Robert McLuckie vs. William Engle et. al.
13. Weed Sewing Machine Co. vs. J. N. Fichtner.
14. Dr. C. P. Lenhart's use vs. Edward Mostoller.
15. J. W. & H. C. Van Horn vs. Jesse Liston et. al.

SECOND WEEK.

1. G. B. King's use vs. Wm. H. Brooks.
2. G. B. King's use vs. Wm. H. Brooks.
3. Leila Dongue's Trustee vs. Topper and Fyan.
4. Fayette Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. vs. J. O. Meyers.
5. Fayette Co. Mutual Fire Insurance Co. vs. J. O. Meyers, Admr. of P. Meyers, dec'd
6. Oliver A. Parker vs. Ira C. Canfield.
7. Michael Wills vs. Wallace H. Walter.
8. John J. Fritz vs. Henry M. Carver.
9. Casper Loechel vs. Keim & Livengood.
10. V. B. Wertz vs. John Hicks.
11. Edmund Kiernan vs. Wm. B. Frease.
12. Chorpenning & Fritz use, vs. Mahlon Miller.
13. George Mason vs. Geo. W. Speers.
14. John and Alex. Leslie vs. J. G. Hartman et al.
15. F. Loring vs. Thomas Fox.
16. Sarah Fritz's use vs. Wm. Sadler.
17. Henrietta Nedrow vs. Graff M. Pile.
18. John A. Young vs. Charles L. Baltzer.
19. Mary H. Geiger vs. George Hardin.
20. James Kelley vs. Christian Fisher.
21. Henry L. Young vs. Jonathan J. Miller.
22. Benjamin Lape vs. Samuel Horner.
23. McConnas, Ullman & Co.) vs. The Savage Fire Brick Co.
24. First National Bank of Connellsville, Pa., vs. Isaac Hugus.
25. Jacob Rector vs. The Township of Milford.

H. F. SCHELL,
Prothonotary.

August 30

Pennsylvania College,

GETTYSBURG, PA.

THE first Term of the next Collegiate year will begin

September 4, 1879.

The Faculty of this Institution is full. The course of instruction is liberal and thorough. The location is most pleasant and healthy, in the midst of an intelligent and moral community, and accessible by Railroad trains three times a day.

The Preparatory Department

which is under the direct supervision of the Faculty, has been reorganized, and furnishes thorough instruction for boys and young men preparing for Business or College classes. Students in this department are under the special care of officers who reside with them in the building.

For further information or Catalogues, address

M. VALENTINE, D. D.,
President of College, or
PROF. F. M. BIKLE,
Principle of Prep. Dept.

July 30, 1w

COURT PROCLAMATON.—

WHEREAS, the Honorable WILLIAM M. HALL, President of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the Counties composing the sixteenth Judicial District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and DANIEL SUPPES and C. C. MUSSELMAN Esquires, Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas, and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer, and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the County of Somerset, have issued their precepts and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas, and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace, and General Jail Delivery and Courts of Oyer and Terminer, at Somerset

On Monday, August 25, 1879.

NOTICE *is hereby given* to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done; and also, they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset County, to be then and there, to prosecute against them as shall be just.

EDGAR KYLE,
Sheriff.

July 30

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset, on Thursday, August 28, 1879.

Account of J. R. McMillen guardian of Alice Gerhart.

First and final account of Herman Christner, Administrator and trustee of Elizabeth Bittner, dec'd.

The first and final account of Simon Hubaugh, Administrator of John Bancord, dec'd.

The first and separate accounts of Frederick Durr and Christena Rembold, Executors of Henry Rembold, dec'd.

First and final account of Henry C. Miltenberger, Administrator of Christian Livingstone, dec'd.

The final account of Jacob Henry, Administrator of Jacob A. Miller, dec'd.

The account of H. C. Beerits, guardian of Minnie E. Heffley.

The second account of George and John H. Lowry, Administrators of Benjamin Lowry, deceased.

The final account of Josiah J. Walker, one of the Administrators of Jacob Fritz, dec'd.

First and final account of Sarah Friedline, Administratrix and Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Aaron Friedline, dec'd.

Account of C. A. Statler, Wm. Statler and Wm. M. Schrock, Administrators of Daniel Statler, dec'd.

The third account of John Speicher and Wm. M. Schrock, Administrators and Trustees for the sale of the real estate of Tobias Speicher, dec'd.

First account of Andrew Hoover, Administrator of Frederick Hoover, dec'd.

Account of Jacob B. Crichfield and Wm. Baker, Administrators of Wm. M. Crichfield, deceased, who was the guardian of Maggie Sweitzer.

Account of Jacob B. Crichfield and Wm. Baker, Administrators of Wm. M. Crichfield, dec'd.

First and final account of Nelson Garey and Edward Zorn, Executors of Jacob Zorn, dec'd.

Account of Samuel Beyer, Administrator of Wm. Dietz, dec'd.

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

First account of Israel Emerick, Administrator of John Leidig, dec'd.

First and final account of Robert H. Patterson, ministrator of Noah Barnet, dec'd.

Account of Henry F. Schell, guardian of George Moore.

Account of H. F. Schell, guardian of Sarah Safer, formerly Sarah Coleman.

Account of Daniel Shoemake guardian of Mary E. Yergason.

First and final account of George W. Benford, guardian of Mollie V. Benford.

First and final account of Annie Wambaugh, Administratrix of Sylvester Wambaugh, dec'd.

The account of Daniel Heffley, Executor of Sarah Heffley, deceased.

First and partial account of Aaron Will and Henry Struckoff, Executors of Henry B. Snyder, deceased.

WM. B. FREASE,
Register.

July 30

ASSIGNEE'S SALE OF VALUAALE REAL ETTATE.

By virtue of an order of Court issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County Pa., to me directed, I will expose to sale, by public auction, at the Court House, in Somerset, Pa., on

Friday, August 22, 1879,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the following described real estate, viz:

A certain tract of land situate in Somerset township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jonas Custer, Jonathan Baer, John Altmiller and others, containing 40 acres more or less, all of which is in a good state of cultivation; having a two story frame dwelling house, frame barn and other out buildings thereon erected, also a good apple orchard.

TERMS.—10 per cent. of the purchase money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down; one-third on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months and one-third in one year with interest, deferred payments to be secured by judgment on the land.

GEORGE SPANGLER,
Assignee of Wm. Rhoads.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Magdalena Thomas, widow, Jacob Thomas, Moses Thomas, Joseph Thomas, John Thomas, Levi Thomas, Emanuel Thomas, Peter Thomas, Frany intermarried with Jacob J. Easn, and Elizabeth intermarried with Joseph D. Eash, all residing in Somerset county, Pa., except Peter Thomas, (of Lowel P. O.) Kent County, Michigan, Moses Thomas (of Rensalaer P. O.) Jasper County, Indiana, and Levi Thomas, (of Scalp Level P. O.) Cambria Co., Pa.

You are hereby notified to appear at an Orphans' Court, to be held at Somerset on Monday the 25th day of August next, to accept or refuse to take the real estate of George Thomas, deceased, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

EDGAR KYLE,
Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, July 16, 1879

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jacob Thomas, late of Conemaugh Twp., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement at the late residence of deceased in said township on Saturday the 30th day of August, 1879.

ISAAC YODER,
SAMUEL THOMAS,
Administrators with Will annexed.

July 16

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.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Herman Henlemeyer late of Northampton Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, residing in said township, 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.

ANDREW WAGAMAN,
Administrator.

Aug. 6

OLD TEA HOUSE.

TEAS,

A SPECIALTY.

CLIPPINGS ROM

SUMMER CATALOGUE & PRICE LIST!

JUNE, 1879.

In issuing my JUNE CATALOGUE and PRICE LIST, I beg to inform my customers and the public generally that my facilities for supplying their wants are complete in every respect. My stock of STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES, of all kinds, and of standard qualities, is replete and carefully selected in every department. *The prices have undoubtedly touched bottom.*

I do not care to sell the lowest priced goods without regard to quality, as I know that there are many articles on the market which are altogether unprofitable to the consumer. Especially is this true of

—COFFE!—

Every grade of Coffee quoted in my Price List is c