ABBIE'S OLD FURNITURE.

"The impudence of it!" said old Mrs. Dennison, fanning herself vigorously. "Abigail! I am surprised at you! How can you sit there as calm as if that man had only asked for a glass of milk!"

"But, grandma," said Abigail, in the low musical voice habitual to her, "I do not think he meant to offend you."

"What did he mean then, I should like to know? You are city bred; pray tell an ignorant old country woman if it is customary for gentlemen to walk into strangers' houses and offer to buy their tables and chairs?"

"Not exactly that, grandma; but just now everybody is crazy about old furniture, and it is bought at a fabulous price wherever it can be found. I suppose this gentleman—"

"He is a puppy, not a gentleman!"

"This puppy, then," said Abbie, with the faintest gleam of fun in her brown eyes, "has heard of your having furniture here more than a century old, may have heard, too, that we are not wealthy—"

"Say it out! That we are wretchedly poor!"

"Yes—and he might think the prices now paid for such furniture as is here, would give you many comforts."

"There! there! say no more. I am a miserable old idiot! But, Abigail, child, every stick of this furniture was brought by my grandfather from England. It is as dear to me as the old house itself. That old cabinet that the young monkey especially desired to purchace was brought from India by my uncle when I was a little child. He had been years in India, and we supposed him a wealthy man, but he came home old, feeble, almost childish, lived less than a year, and left nothing but his wardrobe and that old cabinet, which he gave to me.

Having heard the same story many times before, Abbie may be forgiven if her attention wandered a little, and she thought wistfully of the good that might be done with the money offered for the cabinet, a 'gem of Indian work. She was a gentle, dark-eyed girl of twenty-two, a teacher in a school in New York, and spending her summer vacation with her grandmother in the ancestral home on the Hudson.

The house was very large, very old, yet very comfortable, being substantially built and well furnished. For many long years all the upper rooms had been closed, and Mrs. Dennison, her daughter and one servant occupied the first and second floors, living upon a very narrow income, that would be still smaller. For the daughter, a widow, drew an annuity from her husband's estate, that ceased when she died, the winter before the opening of this story.

It seemed to Abigail Dennison that her duty called her to remain with her aged grandmother, her only one, too, and yet, if she gave up her teacher's position and salary, what were they to live on? It was a hard problem to solve. Mrs. Dennison was nearly ninety years of age, and in those upper rooms Abbie thought there was what would bring money enough to make her last years comfortable. Yet, when she gently hinted as much large tears rolled down the old lady's cheeks.

Let the things stay till I'm dead, Abigail," she said. "You will have the house and all is in it. It will be yours to sell or keep, and I will not make any condition with you, but let it stay now as it has been all my life."

"I will never speak of it again," Abbie said quietly. "I am sorry I was not here this morning to spare you the annoyance of seeing your would-be-customer. What did he look like?"

"He looked well enough, tall and with a frank, pleasant face. His card is somewhere about here—there on the centre table."

What made Abbie's face flush rosy-red, her eyes soften to tenderness, her lips quiver in the sweetness of smiles, as she looked at the slip of pasteboard?

"Do you know him?" Mrs. Dennison asked.

"I have met him at Aunt Josie's."

Mrs. Dennison sniffed. Aunt Josie was her favorite aversion, a sis of Abigail's mother and a fashionable woman of society.

"Your Aunt Josie had better let you alone filling your head with frivolity. I suppose this is some dandy then"

"Oh, no, grandma. Dr. Barclay is any thing but a dandy. He is young and likes society, but he is devoted to his profession and everybody speaks well of him."

"H'm—yes! Perhaps, Abigail, you had better go down to the village with the tidies you knit for Mrs. Keats. You look warm in this close room, and I dare not have the windows open, my rheumatism is so bad."

So Abigail accepted her dismissal, wondering how much her face had betrayed. It had been a surprise to read Dr. Stephen Barclay's name upon the card her grandmother's visitor had left, and she was conscious of some change in her face. And yet she had no confession to make. Dr. Barclay loved her and had won her love, but their united incomes were insufficient to keep the wolf from the door, and Aunt Josie had positively forbidden an engagement.

Yet as Abbie walked slowly in the July sun down to the village it did seems a little hard that she could not have seen Stephen, even for a moment. There was a suspicious dew in her eyes, when she heard a firm quick step behind her, and a moment later a well-known, well-loved voice said:

"I hoped you would come out, darling!"

Oh, Steve," she said, reproachfully, "why did you come?"

"For various and sundry reasons. But will you not say you are glad to see me?"

"Yes," she answered, cordially, and frankly, "I must be glad to see you."

"And will you try to make my peace with the old lady? I shall be at N——— for a month's vacation, and I must see you. Let me explain. Your Aunt Josie told my my sister—you know Harriette?"

"I have met her."

"Well you probably found out that all the new manias have her for a votary. So just now she is crazy for old furniture. Your aunt told her of the treasures in your grandmother's house, and Harriette let me have no peace until I promised to secure her a few bits. When I heard it was your grandmother who was the fortunate possessor, knowing you were here, I did not require much further urging. But,"—this rather ruefully—"I made a mess of t the first thing."

"I am afraid you offended grandma," said Abbie frankly; "but I will tell her how it all happened and," with a smile full of mischief, "she is always ready to make Aunt Josie a scapegoat."

Then they chatted together of themselves, of that future together that seemed so remote, but which they still hoped might open its gates for them. They were happy in spite of the clouded prospect, and Abbie's tidies being left at the store, they returned slowly toward the house, where Mrs. Dennison was wondering what could detain Abigail so long.

It was not a difficult matter to win forgiveness for Stephen's involuntary offense,, and his frank, unaffected manners, his gentle courtesy and deference for age and sex, made a pleasant impression upon her. He returned to the "Spread Eagle," the village hotel, quite sure of his welcome, during his sojourn there, at Mrs. Dennison's.

Day was dawning the next morning when a messenger awakened him and handed in a note.

"DEAR STEPHEN: Grandma has been taken suddenly ill. Can you come to her?

ABBIE."

Hurrying to obey the summons, he found Mrs. Dennison dangerously ill. Every day for more than a week, he gave his professional skill, careful attention, constant watchfullness, but was powerless to stay the advance of death in the aged frame. One morning she asked to see him alone. Abbie went into another room.

"Dr. Barclay," the old lady said, "I am dying. Will you answer me a few questions frankly?"

"I will," he said gently and gravely.

"You love Abigail!"

"With all my heart!"

"And you are a poor man!"

"I have a small income and my profession."

"If you had a house added could you live?"

"With economy."

"My death will leave Abigail her own mistress, and this house, with all it contains—with also the land adjoining—will be hers. There is a chance of a medical man here, as there is no resident physician in the village. Will you take the risk and marry Abigail to-day?"

"Gladly!"

"If, after I am dead, you need ready money, they tell me the furniture will sell well. It is all Abigail's, remember, to keep or sell, as she will!"

It caused an effort when she was dying to say this; and Dr. Barclay appreciating this said.

"We will try to keep it!"

"Now, call Abigail."

It was necessarily a very quiet, solemn, wedding, and three days later, Mrs Dennison died blessing her children for their tender care of her. But after the funeral was over, and some thought must be given to the future, Dr. and Mrs. Barclay, counted up their available funds, found they amounted to a most miserable sum.

"Until I get into practice, Abbie," Stephen said, "it looks like slow starvation."

"We will sell some of the furniture. And by the way, grandma said you were anxious to have the old Indian cabinet?"

"Harriette would give two hundred dollars for it!"

"Why that would be wealth!" cried Abbie.

"Suppose we send it off? But first we must empty it."

And as they pulled out the drawers, Abbie told Stephen the old story of the old Indian merchant who had so disappointed his heirs.

"His mind was enfeebled," she said, "and he was probably robbed, for there was proof that he made a vast sum of money."

In the drawers of the cabinet they found shells, quaint little articles of bygone day, some of Mrs. Dennison's treasures, and when it was finally empty, Abbie holding a narrow drawer in her hand, said:

"I hate to part with it! I cannot imagine how that corner will look without. See Steve, what a funny drawer this is, as shallow as a tray, and yet so deep in the space for it."

"It has a false bottom!" cried Stephen in some excitement. "There must be a spring in some of that mother-of-pearl work."

But if there was, it was too securely hidden for them to find it.

"Let me take out the back," cried Stephen, "It will not hurt the drawer, and there is certainly a false bottom."

He pried the back off with his knife, and as he expected found a second drawer under the first, which, to his surprise drew out easily. Abbie gave one cry, a gasp, and closed her dazzling eyes.

For there, in small nests of black velvet, lay great drops of luminous beauty, rainbow tinted, brilliant beauties.

"Diamonds!" cried Stephen. "Cut but not set. Abbie, we are rich! My darling these are a fortune worth thousands of dollars. Your ancestor brought home his great wealth for us."

And Stephen was right. The diamonds were of great value, and their price, judiciously invested, made Abbie a rich woman, for Stephen had every dollar settled upon her. There was a splendid house bought in New York, and Aunt Josie's heart was appeased for Abbie's foolish marriage; but in the summer the Barclays go to the house on the Hudson, where fashionable visitors declare their envy of the glory and beauty of Abbie's old furniture.

Green Food and Grass.

Fowls cannot get along well on grain food alone, and must, in both winter and summer—the latter especially—be supplied with some green succulent food, or they will, ere long, become diseased or sickly, when the matter of profit will be very problematic indeed. Many a time have we seen persons pay snug little sums for a small flock of fine flowls, put them into neat houses and yards, give them plenty of corn, wheat, oats, etc., watering them regularly, but never allowing them a bite of grass or other green food. The place must be small, indeed, which cannot afford enough grass for a flock of fowls. If sods cannot be obtained, cut a bunch of fine young grass every morning for them, and they will show you how badly they need it by eating it up with evident relish. The labor necessary to supply them with this is not very great, and should be a pleasure rather than a task, while the benefits which the fowls derive therefrom are very great indeed. If you do not care to give your fowls their green food in the shape of grass, supply them with a head of cabbage each day. Tie it up by the roots to some convenient place, and the fowls will soon pick every piece off clean. This is also the way to supply them with their green winter food.

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"MORLEY'S" LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

By Our Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, August 17, 1879.

"FIRE! FIRE!!"

No longer is this cry heard in our midst, and rarely has your correspondent found a more interesting subject than the management of our Fire Brigades, by which the boisterous alarms of other days are made unnecessary. So fascinating was the story to me that I cannot refrain from showing my three hundred thousand readers through one of the engine houses near my city home, and asking their verdict upon the virtues of our brave fire-laddies.

"Come in and look through the house," courteously said one of the lithe, supple fellows who work Steamer No. ——. A right manly looking crew they were; finely built men, all muscle, and having that elastic tread which delights a lover of masculine *physique*. In front of the broad open doors stands the steamer, the water hot in her boiler by connection with a boiler in the cellar, and her own fires ready for the match. The hot water connection is instantly severed and the match applied the moment she leaves the house. In the rear corner stands the single-horse hose cart, with its shafts in the air high enough for its horse to run under. Back of the house is a little paved court-yard, and then the stable, containing three noble horses, each of whom knows his name and his place vastly better than some bipeds.

"Shall we let the horses out?" asked the fireman; and then disposing my boys so they should not get run over, he closed all the doors, and stepping to the alarm-gong, gave one pull at the chain. Open flew every door, and through them

DASHED THREE HORSES

at a tearing gait. One rushed to one side of the Steamer, his mate to the other; both swung themselves in against the pole and stood impatiently shaking their eager heads while the men "snapped" a trace fast here, a hook there, and the Steamer was ready for action. The other horse darted quickly under the shafts of the hose-cart, which dropped, and with two or three "snaps" he was ready. Every fireman has his own special part to play whenever the gong strikes, and by this minute subdivision of labor they accomplish the wonderful feat of dropping their ordinary avocations about the house, reading, smoking, napping, etc., hitching up their horses, cutting off the hot water connection with the boiler down stairs, starting the fire and landing a steam fire engine, a hose-cart and twelve equipped firemen on the street, ready for a run,

IN NINE SECONDS

from the first tap of the bell! They harness and prepare for work every time the alarm commences to strike, ready, if it proves to be in their district, to apply the match and dash away at a gallop to the scene of conflagration. If the alarm strikes some number not in their district they unhitch and take the horses back. Minutes,and even seconds, are of so much value in fighting fire that every time an alarm is struck in any part of this Island, thirteen* miles long, every company prepares for action; over three hundred horses dash alone and undirected out of their stalls and are hitched up, and nearly eight hundred men stand on the alert for the final taps of the alarm which tell in whose district the fire is located. In such a city every man and horse is thus called to his post many times every day and night. The horses are trained so that at the tap of the gong in the stable (the striking of which loosens every halter-chain), the horse nearest the door backs out of his stall first, the next follows, and the inmost horse after his next neighbor. Neither of the latter horses will, under any circumstances, pass his leader, and if he gets fast from any cause, his followers

CIRCLE ROUND AND ROUND

till the obstruction is removed. The horses are great noble creatures, the very best, most valuable and most intelligent of their kind, who quite make you hope there is a heaven where good horses may go.

The gong arrangements are a curiosity. All alarms are telegraphed by the policemen in whose district the fire breaks out to Police Headquarters, and thence are instantly repeated over all the "circuits" in the city. With the first tap of the gong a little brass weight hanging on the hammer is detached and falls the length of its chain. The smart jerk caused by its reaching the end of its chain, starts a lever which throws open every door of stable and engine house, strikes the horses' gong, and loosens their halters. It also stops a clock on the instant, so that when the company return after the fire they can note the exact moment the alarm was received, and make an entry thereof in the records. In this house one of the firemen has a little dog to whom he says:

"Let out the horses!" and he runs to the gong, seizes with his teeth a rubber ring attached to the above weight, pulls it down and then rushing to the stable barks at the horses' heels to hurry them up.

The entire company sleep on the second floor, on neat iron bedsteads. The room is airy and comfortable and it is kept with scrupulous neatness. When a fireman retires he takes off.

BOOTS AND TROUSERS TOGETHER,

folding each trouser's-leg outside its own boot. These he stands at the bedside. A man remains on watch below all night, and on receiving an alarm strikes a gong in the dormitory. Instantly eleven men sit on the edge of their respective beds, plunge feet into boots (which operation it will be seen puts him inside his pants also), and then pulling up his unmentionables and fastening them about his waist as he runs, he goes down the stairs in two jumps, seizes hat and coat from a peg by the door, and does all that in but three seconds longer than is required for a day alarm.

Who shall say that such an exacting life and such qualifications, physical and mental, should not be well remunerated? And they are, comparatively speaking. True, scarcely a month passed during the whole winter but that some fireman, bravely fighting his smoky foe, was killed or maimed.

They handle fires with marvelous skill and a bravery that amounts often to recklessness, and when a man puts his life and limb, and his wife and children's whole earthly hope against property, property can afford to pay and ought to pay for it. The men get about $100 a month, officers a slight advance, and this is little enough for the character of service they render and the risks they encounter. A movement was made last winter towards the reduction of their salaries. It was shameless demagoguery, which was fortunately fruitless.

The city pays thousands of dissipated, worthless fellows who can handle primaries and are incapable of doing a courageous and manly deed, larger salaries by far than these men get who brave the fiery element and the tottering wall by night and by day; who plunge every month into some burning death trap to rescue human beings from the flames; who do hard, honest, manly, dangerous work the year round.

"Economy" is good, "Retrenchment" is first-rate; but he who would not advertise himself a demagogue will, before cutting down the well earned salaries of our Fire Brigades, make a crusade at the half-earned and unearned emoluments of the political pets and the ward bummers. Till that is done the insincerity of his "retrenchment" cry is plainly known and read of all men, and will but pull down upon himself the contempt of all decent men. But I didn't mean to philosophize with the thermometer trying its best to count a hundred in the shade!

MORLEY.

Women as Blacksmiths.

I came here to inquire for myself how much it would cost to deliver one hundred tons of coal a month by the Rowley Colliery Company at two or three given localities within a distance of ten miles; and having satisfied myself on that point, much to my pleasure, I continued my walk from the coal pit up through the fields to Rowley Old Church. I came to a place called Bell End, which is apparently a new part of the old village. Through a small window I observed a female head bobbing up and down; soon I heard the sond of a hammer, and never having seen any rivet-making done by human hands, I threaded my way through some brick passages until I came to the little smithy where "Alice" was at work. This was the name by which her father called her, whom I met on my way, and to whom I am indebted for the following remarkable piece of knowledge. Alice, I must say, was a young wife engaged in blowing the bellows, heating pieces of iron in a "gleed" forge, and producing rivets from an anvil at the rate of 3,000 a day.

For this manual labor Alice—her father proceeded to tell me in her presence—gets from the warehouse 1s. ½d.: out of which she has to pay for wear and tear of tools, 1d.; carriage, 1d., and a like sum for gleeds, a kind of small coke made expressly for nail and rivet forges. On Monday she does her washing; on Saturday her cleaning up; so that she only works at rivets four days in the week, and her gross earnings, therefore, amount to 4s. 3d. for forging 12,000 rivets.

I have said nothing of rent which Alice would pay, and which might amount to 1s. a week. She was a sedate young woman, well spoken, with very fair hair, and a low, sweet voice. John Price (Alice's father) then, at my request, took me to see his neighbors, Edward and Phyllis Tromans, who lived and worked at making nails close by. Phyllis is a handsome woman, with beautiful white teeth and abundance of flesh, which Rubens might have painted, it is so plentiful and rosy. This woman was forging large nails, and the manner in which she made nails with a point and a head an inch and a half in circumference, fly off a piece of hot iron was marvellous to behold. She worked from eight o'clock in the morning until nine at night, and in four days will forge fifty-four pounds weight of stout nails, for which she will receive the wondrous price of 3s. 8d., out of which she has to pay 5d. for gleeds and 2d. for tools.

Her husband works as hard as he can drive from six o'clock in the morning until 11 at night, and his week's wages amount to 12s., from which 10d. for gleeds and 4d. for tools will have to be deducted, to say nothing of rent. Edward Tromans was only forty-three years old, but looked nearer seventy. Two other young women were hammering away at rivets in company with Phyllis; and never as long as I live shall I forget that little blacksmithy. I once travelled many miles to see "Vulcan's Forge," by Velasquez; but there was in that famous picture no figure equal to that of Phyllis Tromans, and I shall remember Phyllis to the day of my death. That such a woman should be slaving in soot—blowing bellows, now with her left, and then welding a hammer with her right hand—forging clout nails for twelve hours a day, in order to earn less than 40d. in a week is a phenomenon that I would never have believed as being possible in England, if I had not seen it.

Breakfast of a Londoner

Among the most wonderful exhibitions of human energy and ingenuity the breakfast of a Londoner may well claim an important place. The tea he drinks comes from the far-off land of Cathay, or it may be from India or Assam; his coffee is the product of the strange Eastern port which, with its glittering white houses and straggling plants, is known as Mocha, on the shores of the Red Sea; for his sardines ships from the Mediterranean have been chartered; his bacon has probably been reared in Canada or the Western States of the great transatlantic republic; sugar such as he delights in has not long before waved in the tardy breezes of the Indias; his preserves are made perchance from the mango of Bombay or the pine of Ceylon, the banana of Jamaica or the fig of Smyrna; the currants that fill the cake he eats have been gathered on the shores of Greece; the beef which adorns the table has in all probability grazed in Holland or in the further pastures on the banks of Lake Ontario.

To make up the trifling ensemble which he carelessly and thoughtlessly enjoys as a very minor meal almost every race, certainly each of the four continents, has been laid under tribute. Ships, trains and caravans have been set in motion, the soil-tillers of the remotest earth corners have been invited to industry, numberless companies have been formed, countless people have been employed, and all in order that he may have set before him as the days revolve, a pleasant and satisfactory morning repast.—*London Telegraph.*

Three girls of the Methodist persuasion having met together, concluded to pray for the welfare of their lovers; but the first one had not got very far along in her petition when it was discovered that they were all engaged to the same man. The religious exercises were at once terminated.

"A love-sick swain courts the yawning chasm of the revolver," is a Southern heading.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

PARIS LETTER.

PARIS, July 27, 1879.

M. deLesseps, it is well known, is resolved to strive his utmost to crown the edifice of his long and splendidly useful life by carrying out that Panama canal scheme which, to all practical intents and purposes, he has made his own. He candidly told his hearers that, as in the construction of the Suez canal, he himself would be solely responsible to the public. He asks for a capital of one hundred millions of francs or four millions sterling, to begin with; just the sum asked for thirty years ago by the Imperial Pretender temporarily residing in King street, St. James. The cantion money of two millions required by the Government of Venezuela—for to the territory of that Republic has the venue of the projected canal been shifted—has already been paid; and M. de Lesseps thinks that the total cost of making the canal will not exceed seven hundred and fifty millions of francs and that it can be completed in eight years. M. de Lesseps mentioned incidentally in a recent address to the French Geographical Society that Prince Louis Napoleon, during his imprisonment in the Fortress of Ham, had thought much of a Panama canal, and had sent an officer devoted to the Bonapartist cause to explore the isthmus. The officer's report being favorable he (the Prince) wrote the French Ministry asking to be set at liberty in order that he might devote himself to the realization of his scheme, and promising never to meddle with politics again. No reply was given to his petition, and he afterwards escaped and went to London with a view to carrying out his project.

He was just preparing to start for America, when the Revolution of 1848 caused him to alter his intentions. Two years later the prisoner of Ham was Emperor of France, and the "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua" was relegated to the limbo of the things that might have been. Yes, that might have been. The history of the Bonaparte family has been a chain of such unexpected, such astonishing and such incongruous events, that speculation may be permissible in what might have been, historically, had the prisoner of 1845-6, had the exile in London in 1847, been able to carry out his project of a Nicaraguan Canal. Anything and all things may be expected from a family which, from the small beginnings of a petty advocate and a wine-grower's daughter in Corsica, has, in the course of 75 years, allied itself with almost every Imperial house in Europe, which has counted among its members two actual and two potential Emperors, Kings and Queens by the half dozen, and Princes and Princesses by the score, who, in three generations, have undergone the most extraordinary vicissitudes—this Princess keeping a boarding-school in the United States; that Prince marrying a milliner; such a side branch as the Bonaparte-Patterons becoming American citizens, wealthy country gentlemen, or prosperous lawyers in Pennsylvania; this grand nephew of Napoleon I. wearing the uniform of a cadet at Woolwich; that donning the purple of a Prince of the Church. What things might have been had Napoleon III. become managing director of the Nicaraguan canal! The magic of his name might have raised him to the Presidency of a vast federation of Spanish-speaking Republics; or, quite as feasibly, he might have met with Walker's and Lopez's fate—the *garote vil*. The ex-Emperor might have read at Chislehurst, in the columns of a morning paper, that according to the latest intelligence from the Isthmus of Panama, new hopes are entertained of making a ship canal across that obstruction. After failing to discover a promising line for excavation in the narrower portion of the neck U. S. surveyors, under the direction of Admiral Ammen, have gone back to Nicaragua, and now report a feasible place towards the north of the Isthmus.

Why did not this paragraph, if he read it, recall the grand scheme of the "Canal Napoleon de Nicaragua" to the exile's mind? Why did he not think of it in connection with his young son, even then studying engineering at Woolwich? had he done so, the poor Prince Imperial and his friend, Ferdinand de Lesseps, might have journeyed together to the Isthmus; the Prince might have been, to this moment, safe and sound, devoting his talents and his energies to the conduct of an undertaking which, thirty years before, his father had not deemed beneath his princely rank. It might have been; but it was not to be. Fate forbade it; and "there is no armor against fate."

A Young Clerk "Raised."

No barber knoweth whom he may shave, and the man who rushes into the shop and drops into a barber chair without seeing who occupies the chair to the right or left, may get badly left, as a case proved yesterday. A solid old citizen in the wholesale trade was taking it easy, his face covered with lather, when in came a young man who flung off his coat, bounced up into a chair and called out:

"Hurry up, now, for I must get to the store before old Black does, or he will raise thunder! Hang him! he won't even give a man time to die!"

The solid old citizen turned his face toward the other, and the barber noticed a reddening of his face.

"Going to have a vacation this Summer?" asked the barber who was preparing to shave the young man.

"Vacation! How in Tophet can I get away from old Black? And if I could he pays such a stingy, contemptible salary that I couldn't afford even a ride on a ferry boat."

"Why don't you ask for a raise?" queried the barber.

"Why don't I ask for the hand of his freckle nosed daughter? He'd discharge me in a minute, though he's making money and can afford it. If the old hyena would have a stroke of apoplexy the junior might do something, but such chaps always live to be one hundred years old."

Conversation ceased here, the solid old man got out of his chair, took a brushing and sat down, and when the clerk arose from the chair and turned around, snowballs would have looked black beside his face. He tried to bow and speak, but something wouldn't let him, and when he started to put on his coat he held it up tails up and collar down. He was still struggling with it when the solid old man rose up, looked around and walked out. saying never a word. The barbers wet the young man's head and held cologne to his nose, but he walked sideways when he went out, and there was an uncertain wobble to his knees. In applying for the vacant position, to-day, state what shop you shave at.

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A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR ALL

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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. Beeghley's use vs. S. P. Geiger.
6. Abraham McAdams vs. Reuben Woy.
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. Keim.
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 Meštoller.
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. Lydia Donges'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. Laing vs. Thomas Fox.
16. Sarah Fritz's use vs. Wm. Suder.
17. Henrietta Nedrow vs. Graft 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. McComas, 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.
August 30 Prothonotary.

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. P. M. BIKLE.
July 30, 1w Principle of Prep. Dept.

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 STUFFT 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, o tprosecute against them as shall be just.

EDGAR KYLE.
July 30 Sheriff.

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 Blubaugh, 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 B. 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 Boyer, 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, Administrator 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 D. Snyder, deceased.

WM. B. FREASE,
July 30 Register.

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. Eash, 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's Office, July 16, 1879 Sheriff.

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,
July 16 Administrators with Will annexed.

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,
Aug. 6 Administrator.

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 cheap at the price—from that quoted at 12½ cents, to my celebrated FRENCH or DELMONICO. I will, at any time, prove this by showing (if requested) the Coffee in its green state. To those who desire something very fancy, I recommend my new FRENCH COFFEE; which is, with the exception of the celebrated DELMONICO, (which has no equal,) the finest Coffee in the market. The demand which has sprung up for it in the last few weeks is sufficient proof of this. The RIO COFFEES are straight Rio's, (not Santos, which are too weak,) strong and fine flavored, fresh and carefully roasted—being roasted on Tuesday and Thursday of each week.

On this price list, I beg to call attention to the following

SEASONABLE GOODS
—FOR SUMMER DRINKS.—

Vanilla Syrup, Lemon Syrup, Orange Syrup, Strawberry Syrup, Raspberry Syrup, Lime Juice, Crosse & Blackwell's Raspberry Vinegar, Lemon Sugar, Mixed Garden Grown Tea for Iced Tea.

—FOR PIC-NICS.—

All of the above named goods—California Fruits—California Jams—Dundee Marmalade—Comb Honey—Guava Jelly—Pressed Corned Beef—Lunch Ham—Lunch Tongue—Potted Ham, Chicken, Tongue and Turkey—Sardines—Oysters—Pickled Lambs' Tongues—Condensed Milk—Fresh Lobster—Fresh and Spiced Salmon—Fresh Mackerel—Crosse & Blackwell's Pickles and Sauces—Crackers—Soups—Imported and American Cheese—Dried Beef—Queen Olives—Clam and Fish Chowder—Imported Bologna Sausage—Salad Dressing—French Mustard—BOSTON GINGER ALE—WYETH'S EXTRACT OF JAVA AND MOCHA COFFE—Can Openers.

TEA!

THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY THAT IMPORTS

THE CELEBRATED

Garden Grown Tea!

PRICE OF TEA.

Young Hyson, Gunpowder, Imperial, Japan, Oolong, English Breakfast, — 40c., 50c., 60c., 80c., $1.00 and $1.20 per pound.
Mixed Tea.........25 and 30 cents per pound.

If so desired, will pack any of the above in 5 or 10 lb. boxes without extra charge.

COFFEE!

PRICE OF ROASTED COFFEES.

Rio, 12½, 15, 17, 20, 23, 25 and 27 cents per lb.
Java Flavored, 28c. per lb. Rio and Java, 30c. "
Maracaibo, " 27c. " Java " 34 and 35c. "
Laguayra, " 25c. " Mocha, " 35c. "
Delmonico, " 35c. " French, " 28c. "

GREEN COFFEES

Rio, 12, 15, 18, 20, 21 and 23 cts. Java, 28 and 30 cts. Laguayra, 20 cts. Maracaibo, 23 cts. Mocha, 30 cents.

—THE—
CELEBRATED DELMONICO

COFFEE!

This delicious Coffee is unrivaled for its delightful Aroma. If all other Coffees have failed to please you, try

THE CELEBRATED

DELMONICO COFFEE!

I beg also to call special attention to my new

French Coffee.

This is a RARE mixture of RARE Coffees, strength and flavor being so combined as to produce a Coffee that will more than please the most ardent lover of this popular and delicious beverage. The price has been put so low, considering the quality, that already a large demand has sprung up for it. To test its merits, include a few pounds of "French" Coffee in your next order.

PRICE PER POUND - - 28 CENTS.

FISH.

Mackerel, Extra No. 1 Extra Shore Mess, (no heads or tails) per 20 lb. kit	$4 00
Mackerel, Extra No. 1, Extra Shore, Mess, (no heads no tails) per 15 lb. kit	$3 20
Mackerel, No. 1, Best Shore, per 20 lb. kit,	$2 65
Mackerel, No. 1, Bay, per 20 lb. kit	1 90
Mackerel, No. 2, Large Fat, per 20 lb. kit,	1 65
Mackerel, No. 3, Large Extra, "	1 35
Mackerel, No. 3, "	95
Mackerel, Fresh ......1 lb. cans	18
Codfish, Woman's Favorite Boneless, per 30 lb box, $2 00; per lb.	08
White Fish, ½ bbls.	2 25
White Fish, 20 lb. kits	1 40
Lake Herring, ½ bbls.	1 10
Lake Herring, 15 lb. kits	70
New Holland Herring, per keg	1 20
New Russian Sardines,	95
Codfish, Georges Bank, per lb.	05

THE FANCY FRENCH COFFEE WILL PLEASE YOU.

—SUGAR!—

10 lbs Powdered Sugar	1 00
10 lbs Crushed Sugar	1 00
9½ lbs Cut Loaf Sugar	1 00
11 lbs No. 1 Granulated Sugar	1 00
11½ lbs Standard A Sugar	1 00
12 lbs A Sugar (soft)	1 00
13 lbs B Sugar	1 00
13½ lbs. Best N. O. Sugar	1 00
14 lbs Light Yellow Sugar	1 00
14½ lbs No. 2 Yellow Sugar	1 00

THE FRENCH COFFEE WILL PLEASE YOU!

3 Cans Corned Beef (2 lb.)	$1 00
3 " Lunch Ham or Tongue	1 05
2 " Boned Turkey and Chicken	1 20
3 " Sandwich Potted Meats	1 20
3 " Huckins' Soups	1 00
6 " Fresh Salmon (1 lb.)	1 00
6 " Fresh Mackerel (1 lb.)	1 00
6 " Fresh Lobster (1 lb.)	1 00
13 " Cove Oysters	1 00
8 " French Sardines	1 00

CALIFORNIA FRUIT!

San Jose Fruit Packing Co.'s, in Full Weight 2½ lb. Cans, comprising:

Yellow Clung Peaches—Apricots—Bartlett Pears—Egg, Gage, and Jackworth Plums—German Prunes—Strawberries—Muscat Grapes—Nectarines, per can, 35 cents, 3 cans for $1 00.

MISCELLANEOUS.

18 lbs. New Currants	$1 00
12 lbs New Valencia Raisins	1 00
14 lbs. New Turkey Prunes	1 00
20 lbs. Choice Dried Peaches	1 00
10 lbs. Dried Blackberries	1 00
25 lbs. Extra Oatmeal	1 00
10 lbs. No. 1 Head Rice	1 00
12 lbs. No. 2 Carolina Rice	1 00
12 lbs. No. 3 "	1 00
12½ lbs. Cream Cheese	1 00
5 lbs. Strictly Pure Ground Pepper	1 00
30 Bags Syracuse Salt	1 00
12 Bars Johnson's Borax Soap	1 00
17 Cakes Babbitt's Best Soap	1 00
16 Cakes Proctor & Gamble's White Soap	1 00
20 Cakes White Russian Soap	1 00
16 Bars Irish Shamrock Soap	1 00
15 Bars Acme Soap	1 00
3 lbs. Weyman's Cut & Dry Tobacco	1 00
2 lbs. Good Navy Tobacco	1 00
10½ lbs. Banner Baking Powder	1 00
4 lbs. Loose Baking Powder	1 00
16 Boxes Concentrated Lye No. 2	1 00
15 Boxes Penn'a. Salt M'f'g Co.'s Lye	1 00
12 Balls " Potash	1 00

The FRENCH COFFEE is a Rare Mixture of Rare Coffees!

☞ HOW TO SEND MONEY. ☜

Send your Money by Registered Letter, Post Office Money Order, or Draft on Pittsburgh Bank. Do not send your Check.

☞ Send for June Catalogue and Price List giving quotations in full.

J. R. JENKINS

No. 28 Fifth Ave.,

PITTSBURG, PA.

RULE TO ACCEPT OR REFUSE.

To Nancy Will, (widow), Aaron Will, Allen S. Will, Albert G. Will, Daniel W. Will, Mary E. Will, S. Jane Will, Josephine, intermarried with John C. Schaff, Helen, intermarried with Joseph D. Miller, all residing in Somerset county, Pa., Rebecca, intermarried with Jacob Snair, residing in Colfax county, Neb., Moses Will, residing in Waterloo, Black Hawk county, Iowa, Hiram Will, residing in Dixon, Lee county, Ill., Louisa intermarried with Henry Boucher, residing in Murphysboro, Jackson county, Ill., Amanda C. intermarried with C. L. Keim, residing in Falls City, Richardson county, Neb., George W. Fair Guardian of the minor children, of Silas Will, deceased, residing in Agency City, Wappaloo Co., Iowa.

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 John Will, deceased, at the appraised valuation, or show cause why the same should not be sold.

Sheriff's Office, July 16, 1879 } July. 16 EDGAR KYLE. Sheriff

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

F. K. Hall and Sarah, his wife, to John M. Olinger. (Voluntary Assignment.) — In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co. Pa., No. 186 April Term, 1879.

And now 31st May, 1879; on motion of W. H. Koontz, Esq., attorney of Assignee, the Court appoint L. C. Colborn, Esq., Auditor to distribute the fund in the hands of the Assignee to and among those legally entitled thereto.

SOMERSET COUNTY, ss:

Extract from the record, certified 2nd June, 1879.
[SEAL.] H. F. SCHELL, Pro.

The undersigned hereby gives notice, that he will meet to attend to the duties of the above appointment, on Thursday, the 14th day of August 1879, at his office in Somerset, Pa., when and where all parties interested may attend if they think proper.

L. C. COLBORN,
July 23 Auditor.

MORGAN'S WOOLEN MILL,

ESTABLISHED 1812.

Having secured the services of Mr. Wm. B. Barnhart as my Agent in Somerset county, for the coming wool season, I wish to thank my numerous customers for past favors, and bespeak for Mr. Barnhart the liberal patronage enjoyed by my former agents.

I have a very large stock of

WOOLEN GOODS!

of my own manufacture, consisting of

BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,

which I wish to

TRADE FOR WOOL.

Our Goods are MADE FOR SERVICE, under my own supervision, and we strive now, as in the past, to give satisfaction and full value to all. We will, as usual, visit all our customers during the Summer.

WM. S. MORGAN,
Apr 9 Stanton's Mills.

$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 used and been cured are living witnesses to the truth of our statement, that SELLER'S LIVER PILLS will Cure the worst cases of Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Headache arising therefrom, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness and all disorders resulting from a diseased liver. For sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cents.
R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.
C. N. BOYD, Agent Somerset, Pa.

C. F. WALKER of this place has a lot of his celebrated Horse Rakes for sale—better than ever and cheap. Any one who wants one at once, would do well to send him a postal card or in some way let him know in order to make sure of getting one, as he is in his rounds of selling might not find all who want rakes.
May 29

PATENTS

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

REJECTED

by the Patent Office may still, in most cases, be patented by us. Being opposite the U. S. Patent Department, and engaged in Patent business exclusively, we can make closer searches, and secure Patents more promptly, and with broader claims, than those who are remote from Washington.

INVENTORS

send us a model or sketch of your device; we make examinations and advise as to patentability, free of charge. All correspondence strictly confidential. Prices low, and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refer in Washington, to Hon. Postmaster General D. M. Key, Rev. F. D. Power, The German-American National Bank, to officials in the U. S. Patent Office, and to Senators and Representatives in Congress; and especially to our clients in every State in the Union and in Canada. Address

C. A. SNOW & CO.
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

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.
July 18 Administrator.

MERIDEN BRITANNIA CO.
WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

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.

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 234 worms in four hours after taking the medicine.—Benj. 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 circulars.
July 2