## OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, Sept. 6, 1879.

A week ago the streets of Washington wore the weary hot look of summer, but to-day the number of coupes, and occasionally a four-in-hand drag, indicates that the crowd of summer loungers are returning, and fashionable women, milliners and shop-keepers begin to look lively. The first autumn leaf that falls is the signal for this renewal of life.

There have been more people travelling this summer than during any season since '73, and the hotel keepers and theatre managers whose opinions are the barometer of prosperity, all agree that a good time is coming. There will be more marrying this fall than has been since '69, and the newly made mothers-in-law will congratulate themselves that they are riding up on the flood of the fast making tide of prosperity. This is phenomenal, for the average bachelor of the capital is becoming every year less and less a marrying man. He can live alone much happier, and there are clubs and other social evils, as good marrying people would call them, that militate against the old-time spirit of domestic happiness.

President Hayes and his family have moved from their cottage at the Soldiers' Home, and taken up their abode again at the White House. People here can hardly wait until Mrs. Hayes gets fairly seated before they commence to make calls on her. Her receptions the coming winter are looked forward to with a great deal of anxiety by the public.

On examination of the Roll of Honor, which contained the names of soldiers who in defense of the American Union suffered martyrdom in the prison pens throughout the South, I found the name of one of our Somerset county boys—Edward Fleegle, Co. "B," 54th Pennsylvania Volunteers. He was on duty as Colonel Campbell's orderly at the battle of New Market, was captured, and carried to some of the Southern prisons. After becoming a perfect wreck from starvation and chronic diarrhœa, he was exchanged and sent to Camp Parole, Annapolis, Md. On the way to this point, Dec. 4th, 1864, on board the U. S. transport "Baltic," he died. His grave is number 731, in the Annapolis National Cemetery.

Since the recent order of Secretary Sherman requiring payments in silver to be made to all employees of the United States in an amount equal to ten per cent of the monthly salary of each, it is noticeable that the "dollar of our dads" is fast coming into general circulation, and is a good deal of a nuisance to business men. The order is executed with strict impartiality, affecting not only clerks, but the President, his cabinet and members of Congress, who all receive their ten per cent allowance of the silver coin.

Several ladies have already applied to General Francis Walker, of the census bureau to be appointed as canvassers in taking the new census in the various cities of the Union. The General who is not, adverse to their proposition, deeming the work in many places suitable to women, has referred them to the supervisors when appointed.

Quite a number of cadet midshipmen and cadet engineers who have been on a practice cruise from the Naval Academy during the summer are in the city, their class having been granted a month's leave of absence. They are a fine and healthy looking set of young men and their uniform is certainly a genteel one. Our two Somerset boys who are training for the Academy will no doubt make their mark with the young middies. Good Republican stuff is needed. I would like to ask my big Democratic brother why it is that when their is a nice appointment to be made from our (Democratic) district some Republican's son gets it in place of a Democrat?

A successful raid by revenue officials and the police upon an illicit distillery in a most aristocratic neighborhood of this city within a few squares of the Executive Mansion and the Treasury building was the sensation in this city yesterday.

The revenue officers got wind of some crooked business going on some days ago, and have been watching the place day and night since, just waiting until they could get a good chance to scoop in the whole business. The whole outfit, still, four large tubs filled with 'mash,' a mixture of rye and corn, with water and yeast, and numerous articles necessary to carry on a first-class distillery, were captured. The crooked distillery was located near the Arlington Hotel, on "I" street, No. 153, and last spring the down stairs or first floor was opened by F. J. Brooke & Co., as a meat and provision store. On the awning are painted the words: "Farmers Market" and "F. J. Brooke & Co." Up stairs the crooked business was done.

There is nothing unusual in the appearance of the store, it being fitted up the usual way with meat-hooks, blocks, racks, and refrigerators. The rooms on the second floor used by the distillers were most conveniently arranged for the purpose, as a person, to gain admission to the front room, had to walk through a passage and another back room. The house was bare of furniture, but the front room was filled with the tubs, furnace, still, and other paraphernalia of the distillery. When the officers raided the place the front windows were found tightly covered with blankets, papers, &c., so as to exclude the light and prevent any discovery of the contents of the room from the street. There was a sink in the room with pipe leading to the sewer pipe, so that all slops and waste could be disposed of without leaving the room. The still which is of copper has a capacity of 176 gallons. It is estimated that fifteen barrels of forty-five gallons each could have been turned out of this place weekly. The proprietor F. I. Brooke and five others were put under arrest and the "Farmers' Market" is now in charge of Internal Revenue officers. The carrying on of this distillery under the very nose of Government officials is considered the boldest piece of fraud ever carried on by the moonshiners.

About one thousand of the leading business men, with hosts of others, met on the grounds selected for the National fair to witness the breaking of the ground by the President yesterday afternoon. The site for the buildings and race course selected by the National Fair Association is located at a point on the B. & O. R. R. one mile from the city depot, towards Baltimore, called Joy City, and is well situated to make a good show. Buildings will be erected at once and a force of several hundred men will be put to work without delay to enclose and beautify the grounds. Mr. Galt, the president, informed me that the prize and premium lists will be on the most extensive scale and will be announced to the public in a few days. The fair will last ten days and round trip tickets will be issued by all the railroads leading into the capital. The date of the opening of the fair has not been settled yet, but will probably be about October 1st. This will depend to some extent on the progress with which the buildings are erected. Military companies will be offered a standard of colors for a prize. Mr. Galt says several companies along the B. & O. Railroad are anxious to come. A grand masonic prize will also be awarded for the best drilled commandery.

All the Government officers are taking a lively interest in this fair and want to see it a grand success. At the breaking of the ground by the President they turned out in large numbers and on the porch at the Stuart mansion, which is included in the grounds, were seated about the President, Commissioner Dent, Gen. Joe Blackburn, of Confederate fame, Hon. George M. Adams, clerk of the House of Representatives, Major W. M. Galt, President of the Association, W. K. Rodgers, Secretary to the President, and many others.

To the audience Mr. Galt introduced Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, the orator of the day, and his address teeming with good advice was listened to attentively. He said the objects to be achieved by this fair were not to be wrung from the people, but all should be desirous to join in honest and manly rivalry to make it successful. The effort was not only supported and sanctioned by the chief Executive of the Nation, but its affairs had been entrusted to the leading business men of the capital.

Its establishment would bar all questions of state rivalry, for it would be held on neutral and common ground. Every citizen of this great country had an interest in its success, and all bickerings and disputes should be frowned down. The country's capital should be the country's pride, and every effort tending to beautify and benefit it should be encouraged. It should not be the seat of arbitrary power, but the home of sovereign people, of independent states, and should be decorated and adorned in a more lavish manner than the finest capitals in Europe. At the conclusion of General Joe's speech a new spade was handed him to present to President Hayes. This duty was performed in a neat and happy speech in which swords, ploughshares, spears and pruning hooks were blended together pleasantly and the line of march taken up for the spot where the first spadeful of dirt should be lifted.

President Galt carried the spade and on arrival of the procession at the point selected a halt was sounded. President Hayes taking the new spade from Mr. Galt, said, that this occasion reminded him of a similar one in his own State. When a young man, the first time he listened to a public speaker was on the occasion of the dedication of a fair ground. The gentleman, who was quite famous, told his hearers that as the day was warm and the work hard, he would have to take off his coat to it. He did so, and good judges said the job was well done. For himself he would prefer to keep his coat on. The President then struck the spade into the earth and giving it two or three vigorous thrusts with his left foot, obtained a good solid spadeful; this he lifted and upset remarking that the land was not so good as the black swamp farms near his Western home.

During the performance of this ceremony the Marine Band played a lively air, and the enthusiasm was intense, after which the crowd dispersed wishing the National Fair Association success in their undertaking. A few of the officers and directors of the fair, with a slight sprinkling of Government officials, with here and there a M. C., met afterwards at the National Hotel and had a "blow out" on a grand scale, during which more speeches were made and a good time had. Who carved the turkey I don't know. But this gives me an opportunity to tell a short story that I heard about our wealthy and esteemed citizen, Isaac Kaufman, during the Centennial year of Phila. Of course you all know the man, so there is no necessity to say more. Sitting around the festive board at a "blow out" by the Penn'a. R. R. directors, of which our Isaac is one, some of the city smarties thought that they would have some fun at his expense, so they insisted on Isaac carving the turkey. Our friend knew what they were after, so he was prepared for them. He said in a quiet and dignified manner that he would perform the office, so with carving knife and fork in hand, he rose from his seat and asked the president how they would have the turkey carved—city fashion or country fashion. With a snigger they all yelled: "Let's have it country fashion." So observing that this request was unanimous our friend cut the turkey's breast off, put it on his own plate, sit down and commenced eating, leaving the rest to help themselves in regular country fashion. Score one for Isaac.

PICKET.


### "SUBSTANTIAL HEALTH."

CHERRY CREEK, N. Y. Oct. 15, 1878.

DR. M. M. FENNER, Fredonia, N. Y.,

Dear Sir:—I was a great sufferer from Indigestion, Liver Complaint, Nervousness and Constipation of the bowels. I have used your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic with the effect of restoring me to robust and substantial health.

Very truly, MRS. DORA WEINDER.

Dr. Fenner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may be called "The conquering hero" of the times. It is *the* medical triumph of the age. Whoever has "the blues" should take it, for it *regulates* and *restores* the disordered system that gives rise to them. It always cures Biliousness and Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, FEVER AND AGUE, SPLEEN ENLARGEMENTS, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and ALL SKIN ERUPTIONS and BLOOD DISORDERS; Swelled Limbs and Dropsy; Sleeplessness, Impaired Nerves and Nervous Debility; Restores flesh and strength when the system is running down or going into decline; cures Female Weakness and Chronic Rheumatism, and relieves Chronic Bronchitis, and all Lung and Throat difficulties. It does these things by striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Fenner's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour.

Dr. Fenner's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Tooth-ache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc.

Dr. Fenner's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by dealers.


Flattery is like cologne water; to be smelled of, not swallowed.

## AN INVISIBLE WOUND.

One of the most celebrated practitioners of Pesth, Dr. K., was called upon one morning to receive at an early hour a visitor in great haste, who, while waiting in the antechamber, sent in word by the footman that delay for him was danger. He must be received immediately.

The doctor threw on his dressing gown hastily and had his patient shown in.

He found himself in the presence of a man utterly unknown to him, but, who, to judge by his dress and manners, evidently belonged to the best society.

His pale face bore traces of great physical and moral suffering.

He carried his right hand in a sling, and in spite of his efforts to restrain himself from time to time a stifled sigh escaped him.

Seeing the poor man stagger the doctor invited him to sit down.

"I am tired. I have not slept for a week. There is something the matter with my right hand—I do not know what. Is it a carbuncle? Is it a cancer? At first the suffering was slight, but now it is a burning, horrible, continual pain, increasing in intensity day by day. I can bear it no longer. I jumped into my carriage and here I am. I have come to beg you to cauterize it, or to cut out the painful part, for one more hour of this dreadful torture would drive me to perdition!"

The doctor took a magnifying glass, examined, and shook his head.

"The skin is full of life. The blood circulates very regularly. Underneath there is neither inflammation nor cancer. It is as healthy as any other part of your body."

"And yet it seems to me that it is rather more red there than elsewhere."

"Where?"

The stranger took a pencil from his pocket-book and traced on his hand a circle as large as a ten cent bit, with the remark:

"Just there."

The doctor looked.

He began to think his patient was crazy.

"Remain here," he said, "in a few days I will cure you."

The doctor saw to his astonishment that his strange visitor spoke seriously.

He took off his coat, turned up his sleeves and took a bistoury in his left hand.

A second more and the steel would have made a deep incision in the flesh.

"Stop!" cried the doctor, who was afraid that his patient through unskillfulness might open some important vein.

"Since you judge the operation indispensable, so be it."

He took the bistoury, and holding in his left hand the right hand of the patient he begged him to turn away his head, some people not being able to bear the sight of their own blood.

"It is unnecessary! On the contrary, it is I who will indicate how deep down you must cut."

In fact he watched the operation to the end with the greatest possible composure, indicating how far it was to go.

The open hand did not even tremble in the doctor's hand, and when the little piece of round flesh was cut out he heaved a deep sigh, like one who experienced a feeeling of immense relief.

The stranger looked with delight at the steaming blood.

The doctor was obliged to insist upon dressing the wound.

While he was binding it up the patient's face changed completely.

The expression of pain passed away; he smiled on the doctor with a look full of good humor, and there was no longer any contradiction of the features, any look of despair.

He seemed to have taken a new lease of life.

His brow cleared; the color returned to his face; his whole person underwent a visible transformation.

When his hand was replaced in the sling he made use of the one that remained free to shake the doctor's hand warmly, saying to him with cordiality:

"Accept my most sincere thanks. You have positively cured me. The small remuneration which I offer you is in no wise proportioned to the service you have rendered me. During the rest of my life I will try by what means I can to discharge my obligation."

The doctor informed several of his colleagues of this singular case and each formed a different opinion on the subject without, however, any of them being able to give a plausible explanation.

Toward the end of a month Dr. K. received a letter dated from his patient's residence.

He opened it.

It was closely written and he saw by the signature that his patient had written it with his own hand, from which he concluded that the pain had not returned, for if it had he could hardly have held a pen.

The letter ran as follows:

"MY DEAR DOCTOR: I do not wish that either you or medical science should be left in doubt as to the mystery of the strange disease which will soon bring me to my grave—and even elsewhere.

"I am about to describe to you the origin of this terrible malady. It broke out a week ago, and I can struggle against it no longer. At the present moment I can only manage to trace these lines by placing on the sensitive part a piece of lighted tinder, to serve as a cataplasm. As long as the tinder burns I do not feel the other pain—and it is as nothing in comparison.

"Six months ago I was still a very happy man. I lived, without care, on my income. I was on friendly terms with all the world, and I took pleasure in everything than can interest a man of thirty-five. I had married a year ago, married for love, a most beautiful young girl, of cultivated mind and with the best heart in the world, who had been companion to a certain Countess, my neighbor. My wife had no fortune, and the love she had for me was not only gratitude, but also the genuine affection of a child.

"Six months passed in such a way that the morrow always seemed to me happier than the are. If sometimes I was obliged to go to Pesth and leave my home for a day my wife had not a moment's peace. She would come two miles on the road to meet me.

"If I was belated she would stay awake all night waiting for me, and if, by dint of entreaty, she was prevailed upon to go and see her former mistress, who was still very fond of her, no power on earth could keep her there more than half a day, and even then her regrets for my absence put the others out of temper. Her fondness for me went so far as to make her give up dancing, so as to not be obliged to put her hand into a stranger's; and nothing caused her such grave displeasure as the compliments she was apt to receive. In a word I had for my wife an innocent child, who had no thought but for me, and who would confess her dreams to me as enormous crimes if she had not dreamed of me.

"One day I know not what demon whispered in my ears:

"Supposing all this were only dissimulation?"

"Men are mad enough to seek how they can torment themselves in the midst of the greatest happiness.

"My wife had a work-table, the drawer of which she kept carefully locked. I had noticed this several times. She never forgot the key, and never left the drawer open.

"The question ran in my head, 'What can she be hiding from me there?' I had taken leave of my senses.

"I no longer believed in the innocence of her face or in the purity of her eyes, in her caresses or her kisses. Suppose all that were nothing but hypocrisy?

"One morning the Countess came again to fetch her, and after much entreaty succeeded in deciding her to spend the day with her.

"Our estates were some miles apart, and I promised my wife to go and join her.

"As soon as the carriage had left the courtyard I gathered together all the keys of the house and tried them in the lock of the little drawer. One of them opened it. I felt like a man committing his first crime. I was a thief about to surprise the secrets of a feeble woman.

"My hand trembled as I drew from out the drawer, prudently, carefully, one by one, the objects contained therein, so that no confusion should betray that a strange hand had ransacked them. My breast heaved; I was well-nigh suffocated. Behold, suddenly, beneath a mass of lace, I had placed my hand on a packet of letters! I felt as if a flash of lightning had passed from my head to my heart. Alas! one glance told me what these letters were! They were love letters!

"The packet was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge.

"O! what a fearful hour that was for me! What did those letters contain? The vilest betrayal of which a man was ever yet the victim; and they were written by one of my most intimate friends! And in what a strain! what passion! How he spoke of secrecy! What counsels he lavished on the art of deceiving a husband! All of these letters were of a time when I was married and perfectly happy! Shall I tell you what I felt? Imagine the intoxication caused by a deadly poison.

"I drank deeply of that poison. I read all the letters; all. Then I refolded them, retied the ribbon, replaced the packet, and then shut the drawer.

"I knew that if I did not go for her at twelve o'clock she would come back from the Countess' in the evening. And so it happened. She got down hastily from the carriage and ran toward me as I stood waiting for her on the steps.

"She kissed me with extreme tenderness and seemed to be very glad to be with me again. I let nothing be seen on my face.

"We talked, we supped together and then we retired to our separate bedrooms. I did not close my eyes. Wide awake, I counted every hour. When the clock struck a quarter past midnight I got up and passed into her bedroom.

"There was the beautiful blonde head buried in the white pillows. It is thus that angels are depicted in the midst of white clouds. What a frightful lie was this on the part of nature; vice with a face of such innocence! My resolution was taken. I had the stubbornness of the madman haunted by a fixed idea. The poison had corroded my whole soul.

"I placed my right hand gently under her throat and hastily strangled her.

"She opened for one moment her large, dark blue eyes, looked at me with astonishment, then closed them and died.

"She died without struggling against me, as if falling asleep. She was never angry with me, not even when I killed her.

"One drop of blood fell from her mouth on the back of my hand. You know where; I did not perceive it until the next day, when it had dried.

"We buried her without any one suspecting the truth. I lived there in complete solitude; who was there to control my actions? She had neither relatives nor protectors to question me on the subject and I designedly put off writing to my friends, so that none of them could arrive in time for the funeral.

"On coming back from the vault I did not feel the slightest weight on my conscience. I had been cruel, but she deserved it. I did not hate her; I could forget her; I hardly thought about it.

"Never did a man commit a murder with less remorse than I.

"On my return I found in the chateau the Countess so often mentioned.

"My measures had been so well taken that she also arrived too late for the funeral.

"She seemed much agitated on seeing me. Terror, sympathy, grief—I know not what—made me speak so confusedly that I could not understand what she said to console me.

"Did I even listen to her? What need had I of consolation? I was not sorrow stricken.

"Finally she took me familiarly by the hand and said in a low voice that she was obliged to confide to me a secret, and that she counted on my honor as a nobleman not to abuse it. She had given to my wife to keep for her a package of letters that she could not keep herself, and she begged of me to give them back to her. While she was speaking, I felt several times that I shivered from head to foot.

"With apparent coldness, I questioned her on the contents of these letters.

"At this question the lady started and replied with indignation:

"'Sir, your wife was more generous than you. When she took charge of those letters she did not ask me their contents. She even gave me her word never to look at them, and I am convinced that she never even glanced at them. Her's was a noble soul, and she would have disdained to break in secret her given word.'

"'It is well,' I replied; 'how shall I recognize the package?'

"'It was tied by a pink ribbon with a silver edge.'

"'I will go and search for it.'

"I took my wife's keys and began to search the packet; although I knew where it was, I pretended to have some difficulty in finding it.

"'Is this it?' I said, handing it to the Countess.

"'Yes, yes! See, the knot I made is still there. She never touched it.'

"I did not dare to lift my eyes to her.

"I feared lest she should read in them that I had undone it, and that I had undone something else besides. I took leave of her hastily; she got into her carriage and drove off.

"Poor woman, she had her excuse. Her husband was brutal and dissipated.

"If I had been like him I should have deserved a wife like her. O! but my wife! Her heart was innocent, her soul angelic! She loved her husband, even in the moment when her husband killed her.

I do not know what I did during the first hour that followed.

"When I came back to the consciousness of the horrible reality I was in the vault, beside the coffin. I saw the lid slowly raised and the dead woman within rose noiselessly before me.

"I was stretched, stiff and stark, beside the coffin, one hand on its edge and the other beneath her head. The lips of the corpse were white; one drop of blood hung from them. She bent slowly towards me, opened her eyes as when I murdered her and kissed my right hand; the drop of blood fell again on my flesh; her eyes shut once more, she fell back on her cold pillow and the coffin closed over her dead body.

"A short time after I was awakened by a pain as sharp as that produced by a scorpion's sting. I rushed into the open air. It was early morning. No one saw me. The drop of blood had disappeared; there was no outward sign of the pain, and yet the spot where the blood had fallen burned as though being eaten away by a corroding poison.

The pain gave me no respite and increased from hour to hour. I could sleep sometimes, but even then I never lost consciousness of my suffering. There was no one to whom I could make complaint, and for that matter there was no one who would have believed my story.

You have been witness to the intensity of my suffering and you know how much your operation relieved me. But as soon as the wound heals the pain comes back. It has come now for the third time, and I have no longer the strength to struggle against it. In an hour I shall be dead. One thought consoles me—as she has avenged herself on me in this world she will, perhaps, forgive me in the next. I thank you for your good offices. May God reward you for them!"

A few days after the newspapers of Sz——recorded that one of our richest landed proprietors had blown out his brains. Some attributed the suicide to grief at his wife's death; others, who were better informed, to an incurable wound. Those who knew best said he was a monomaniac, and his wound, which could not be cured, existed only in his imagination.—*Hungarian Paper.*

### Royalty's Pleasures and Pains.

Royalty has its charms, but it also has its drawbacks even in the every day small events of life, while in the greater, a crucifixion of the dearest hopes and strongest affections is very common for "state reasons," which are often the hardest to be understood.

Take the case of King Alfonso for instance. With a heart still bleeding for the loss of his beloved Mercedes, the chosen bride of his youth, he is compelled to shut all his grief away, and for the sake of Spain and the succession to his throne take another wife for whom he has not as yet a particle of love. On the other hand the young girl selected for his Queen cares nothing for her future husband, but grieves over the inexorable fate that obliges her to leave all those whom she dearly loves, and go a stranger in a strange land, with no hope of a return, and with no expectation of any other home than that which the Spanish alliance will give to her. It is possible that the two thus brought together may find happiness in each other, so that life will hold something for them beside gratified ambition, itself a precarious enjoyment, but the uncertainty resting upon the future in this respect, will prevent any brilliant anticipations on either side.

Aside, however, from the disturbance in these vital interests of the life of human beings, royalty has other drawbacks. To travel from one place to another in safety, it must be hedged about with every precaution, guarded at every turn, lest the assassin's bullet or dagger find it out. It is not surprising to read that such guards are necessary to protect the Czar of a country like Russia, which rests upon a volcano of discontent ready to burst forth in an eruption at any time; but when it comes to England, a land which boasts of its freedom, of the loyalty of its people, of their love for their Queen and devotion to her person, it cannot but be a matter of surprise to learn that it is thought needful, beside the pilot engine which always precedes her trains, to hand-signal them throughout the whole journey, to search the tickets, hedges and cuttings along the entire line, and to watch with argus eyes every stranger that chances to draw near.

True, anonymous letters have been received, but it hardly seems that they need to have aroused such intense fear as they seem to have done. Who would want to travel in such mortal fear, or what pleasure could cluster around a journey made under such circumstances? Viewing the matter in these lights, it may be better to be plain John Smith than the Czar of Russia, or Mrs Johnson than Queen of England.

A large tract of land has lately been purchased in the western part of Pennsylvania by the Trappist order of monks, with the expectation of building a monastery for about 200 of their number who are coming, according to an Italian paper, from France, Italy and Ireland. These include persons of all trades and professions, some of them being quite noted in their own countries. The Trappists are exceedingly austere in their habits. They rise from bed at 2 o'clock in the morning, dedicate 12 hours of the day to reflection and prayer, and the rest to severe labor, especially in the fields. No conversation is permitted with one another or strangers. They salute each other with the exclamation: "Remember death." They drink only water and eat only vegetables. They sleep on a table with a pillow of straw, and never undress, even when sick. Their object seems to be to get away from the world and its struggle and prepare themselves by a life of rigid discipline for what may come hereafter.

A slim man is described by a western paper as being tall enough to go into the woods and pick a mess of squirrels.


BRIDGE SALE.

The Commissioners of Somerset county will offer at public sale to the lowest and best bidder, on

*Saturday, September 27, 1879,*

at 1 o'clock P. M., on the premises, the building of a bridge over Coss's creek on the Somerset and Johnstown turnpike, one half mile north of Somerset Borough.

Plans and specifications can be seen at the Commissioners' Office after September 10, and will be on exhibition on day of sale.

WM. M. SCHROCK, Clerk.

DENNIS COOK,
J. C. CRITCHFIELD,
JONAS McCLINTOCK,
Sept. 3 Commissioners.

Save Your Children.

For expelling worms from the system, Shoffner's Vermifuge has no equal in this or any other country. "One teaspoonful given to a child of Mr. Bradbury's, expelled 236 worms in four hours after taking the medicine.—Benj. Lytle, Union Township, Pa. Also "expelled 400 worms from my child two years old."—Wm. Server, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cts. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circulars. July 2

THOMAS FLOYD,

GUNSMITH,

South side of Main Street, OppositeIvely's Blacksmith Shop,

BERLIN, PENN'A.,

is prepared to Make or Repair

GUNS, PISTOLS, LOCKS, &C.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Sept. 3, 1mo.


ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE

By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., the undersigned administrator and trustee, for the sale of the real estate of Daniel L. Shaffer, of Shade twp., dec'd., will expose for sale at public auction, on the premises, on

*Friday, Sept. 26th, 1879,*

at one o'clock, p. m., the following describe real estate, viz:

A certain tract of land situate in Shade twp., Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Jonathan Ling, Pearson Lohr, Philip Ling and others, containing 55 acres, more or less, nearly all cleared, on which there are about 15 acres in meadow, well watered and under good state of cultivation, with a two story plank house, log barn and other improvements thereon erected, also an orchard of young fruit trees.

There will also at the same time and place be offered for sale, the personal property of said decedent, consisting of one horse, grain and hay, household furniture and other articles not mentioned.

TERMS:—Ten per cent. of the real estate on day of sale, balance on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed. Terms of personal property will be made known on day of sale.

PHILIP F. SHAFFER,
Administrator and Trustee for the sale of real estate of Daniel L. Shaffer, dec'd.
sept, 3


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.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,

*INDIANA, PA.*

**Building,** the best of the kind in the United States.
**Accomodations,** for 400 boarders.
**School,** first-class in all respects.
**Departments,** Normal, Classical, Commercial, Musical.
**The Fall Term** of 15 weeks will open on

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1879.

**Expenses** as low as those of any other school affording equal advantages and accommodations. For Catalogues, address,

JOHN H. FRENCH, LL. D., Principal.
Aug. 13, 2mo.


AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

| | |
|---|---|
| Samuel J. Lichty vs. Samuel P. Geiger and John Baker. | In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co. Pa., No. 195 Aug Term, 1879. E. D. vend. ex. |

July 23d, 1879, Deft. S. P. Geiger's real estate sold to George G. Walker, viz:

Nos. 1 & 2, for $2,700; No. 3 for $425. And now, August 29, 1879, petition of Sheriff Kyle filed and on motion of W. H. Koontz Esq., his attorney, the Court appoint Geo. R. Scull Esq., Auditor, to distribute the fund in the hands of the Sheriff to and among those entitled thereto.

SOMERSET COUNTY, ss:

Extracts from the record, certified September 1, 1879.

[SEAL.] H. F. SCHELL, Prothonotary.

The undersigned hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of the above appointment, on Thursday, October 2, 1879, at his office in Somerset, Pa., when and where all parties may attend if they think proper.

GEO. R. SCULL, Auditor.
sept 10

ASSIGNEES' SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Pa., to us directed, we will expose to public sale in New Baltimore, on

*Saturday, October 4, 1879,*

at one o'clock. The following real estate of Henry Subre.

No. 1. The undersigned one-half of a certain Grist mill property, situate in New Baltimore, Allegheny twp., Somerset County, Pa., containing one acre and fifty perches. This is a very desirable property.

No. 2. Also a certain tract of land situate in Allegheny twp., Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining the mill property above described, lands of Henry Wolfhope, Joseph Hankenson and others, containing 30 acres more or less.

No. 3. Also the interest of the said assignor in a certain tract of land situate in Stonycreek twp., Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Francis Subre, Adam Umgrund, John Greamer and others, containing 200 acres more or less.

TERMS:—One-third in hand on confirmation of sale, one-third in six months, and one-third in one year with interest on the deferred payments from the 3d day of September, 1879.

JOHN M. TOPPER,
WILLIAM F. WEBER,
sep 10 Assignees of Henry Subre.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Herman Heniemeyer 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.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

The undersigned having been appointed Auditor to make and report a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Sheriff, arising from the sale of the real and personal property of J. R. Campbell, in said township, notice is hereby given to those entitled to it, that he will attend to the duties at his office in Somerset borough, on Friday, October 3, 1879, where all persons interested can present their claims or be forever debarred from claiming any portion of the said fund.

E. H. BAER,
Sep 10 Auditor.

ORPHANS COURT SALE.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to us directed, we will expose to public sale, on the premises, on

*Saturday, Sept. 27th, 1879,*

at 1 o'clock, p. m., the following described real estate, situate in Somerset twp., late the estate of Philip Maurer, dec'd., viz:

A certain farm situate as aforesaid, containing 219 acres, and 46 perches, adjoining lands of Samuel J. Rhoads, Jonathan Pakey, John Kline and Jacob Speicher, having thereon erected a two story dwelling house, large bank barn, and other outbuildings; about 40 acres in good timber land and about 30 acres in meadow. This farm has several never failing springs, a large apple orchard, and other kinds of fruit; is situated about one-half mile from Sipesville, and is convenient to churches and schools.

The farm will be offered as a whole, and in two or three parcels, to suit purchasers.

TERMS:—One-third of the purchase money to be secured upon the land, in lieu of dower to widow; one-third of balance on confirmation of deed and balance in two equal annual payments, with out interest—10 per cent. of hand money to be paid on day of sale. Possession given on April 1st 1880.

P. P. MAUREE,
S. L. KOONS,
Sept. 3 Adm'rs. and Trustees.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., to the undersigned Executors and Trustees for the sale of the real estate of Joseph Emerick, late of Southampton Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased, will sell at public outcry, upon the premises, on

*Saturday, October 4, 1879,*

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

A certain valuable farm situate in Southampton Twp., Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Dennis Comp, Daniel Leydig, Jacob Shroyer, Chauncy Brook, Jacob Troutman and others, containing 187 acres more or less, 150 acres cleared and in a high state of cultivation, of which 30 acres are in meadow; a large sugar camp of 1,000 trees; a large quantity of elegant pine and oak timber on said tract; a numbered coal bank is open on the premises; also iron ore and fire clay in abundance on it; fruits of all kinds, consisting of two apple orchards, pears, peaches, cherries &c.; also two dwelling houses, large bank barn, blacksmith shop and other outbuildings on said farm; with good water at many points on the farm. This property is about two miles from the P. & U. R. R. and three miles from Bedford, easy access to both church and school. Possession given 1st of April, 1880.

TERMS:—One-third cash on confirmation of sale; ten per cent. to be paid on day of sale, the balance in three equal annual payments from date of sale; the unpaid purchase money to be secured on the premises by judgment note. For any further information call upon the Trustees who reside near the premises, or address them at Coaker Mills P. O., Bedford county, Pa., or their attorney, J. H. Uhl, of Somerset, Pa.

NATHAN EMERICK,
PETER EMERICK,
Executors and Trustees.
Sept. 3


H. T. HELMBOLD'S

COMPOUND

*Fluid Extract*

BUCHU,

PHARMACEUTICAL

A SPECIFIC REMEDY FOR A L

Diseases

OF THE

BLADDER & KIDNEYS.

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

If these symptoms are allowed to go on, very frequently Epileptic Fits and Consumption follow. When the constitution becomes affected it requires the aid of an invigorating medicin to strngthn and ton up th systm— which

"Helmbold's Buchu"

DOES IN EVERY CASE.

Helmbold's Buchu

IS UNEQUALED.

By any remedy known. It is prescribed by the most eminent physcians all over the world n

Rheumatism,
Spermatorrhœa,
Neuralgia,
Nervousness,
Dyspepsia,
Indigestion,
Constipation,
Aches and Pains,
General Debility,
Kidney Diseases,
Liver Complaint,
Nervous Debility,
Epilepsy,
Head Troubles,
Paralysis,
General Ill-Health,
Spinal Diseases,
Sciatica,
Deafness,
Decline,
Lumbago,
Catarrh,
Nervous Compl'ts,
Female Compl'ts, &c.

Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Cough, Dizziness, Sour Stomach, Eruptions, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Palpation of the Heart, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a thousand other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia.

Helmbold's Buchu

Invigorates the Stomach.

And stimulates the torpid Liver, Bowels, and Kidneys to healthy action, in cleansing the blood of all impurities, and imparting new life and vigor to the whole system.

A single trial will be quite sufficient to convince the most hesitating of its valuable remedial qualities.

Price $1 Per Bottle,

O Six Bottles for $5.

Delivered to any address free from observation.

"Patients" may consult by letter, receiving the same attention as by calling, by answering the following questions:

1. Give your name and post-office address, county and State, and your nearest express office?
2. Your age and sex?
3. Occupation?
4. Married or single?
5. Hight, weight, now and in health?
6. How long have you been sick?
7. Your complexion, color of hair and eyes
8. Have you a stooping or erect gait?
9. Relate without reservation all you know about your case. Enclose one dollar as consultation free. Your letter will then receive our attention, and we will give you the nature of your disease and our candid opinion concerning a cure.

Competent Physicians attend to correspondents. All letters should be addressed to Dispensatory, 1217 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Druggist and Chemist,
Philadelphia, Pa

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RARE and CHOICE

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The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea!
Guaranteed absolutely pure.

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Best in the World. Took First Medal at Paris Exposition.

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For extreme White Bread and Pastry use.

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In 3 and 6 lb. packages, ready for baking.

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This Delicious Coffee is Unrivaled for its Delightful Aroma.

The Fancy French Coffee
A RARE mixture of RARE Coffee.

Imported and American Cheese!
Every Variety Fancy Cheese.

The Oneida Community Fruits!

The Pure Vermont Maple Syrup!

The Largest Variety of Imported Table Goods!

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THE ONLY HOUSE IN THE CITY THAT KEEPS A A FULL LINE OF THE

*CELEBRATED*

Garden Grown Teas!

PRICE OF TEA.

THE NEW CROP.

YOUNG HYSON, GUNPOWDER, IMPERIAL, OOLONG, JAPAN Per pound, 50, 60, 80 cents, $1.00, $1.20, $1.40.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST, Per pound, 40, 50, 60, 80 cents, $1.00, and $1.20.

A reduction of FIVE CENTS per pound will be allowed on all orders of FIVE POUNDS OF TEA.

In sending a written order for Tea