PERLA PATRIA!

"My son, you talk foolishly. I do not doubt that you love Rita, that she loves you; I am sure she does; but what can come of it? You can never marry! You are in two different stations of life, and Rita is above you. Do you imagine for a moment that she can be yours? No—no my son! it can never be!" and as the old priest spoke, he glanced compassionately at the handsome young man kneeling before him.

It was a confession that was thus taking place. Antonio Merlo, a poor peasant, had come to the old priest to confess his sins. During the recital he vowed his love for Rita Montebello, the daughter of one of the richest and proudest gentlemen in the village.

The old priest endeavored to reprove the young man's audacity by saying the words which begin this narrative.

"Above me?" cried Antonio, when the priest had finished. "Padre, I thought that love levels ranks—that all people are equal."

"In the sight of God, yes. That of the world, no," answered the priest, calmly. "My son—my son, talk wisely, not foolishly. All people equal? People never were equal—they never will be. There must be the high, there must be the low. Even in the republics that we hear about there is no equality, and there never will be. The republic has no ranks, no titles; but it has gold. Gold is omnipotent. It will not acknowledge a God, because it is a God itself, whether it be a God of Good, or Evil. Then, whoever has gold in the republic is not equal with his fellow beings—he is higher. In fact, he is an aristocrat without a title. Equality!" a scornful laugh followed the word. A moment of silence passed, then the old priest continued in a low voice: "My son, we are only equal in one thing, and that is when we bow to the Most High."

"You talk thus—and you a priest?" cried the young man wildly. "Is that how you see the world? Is that how you console those in trouble?"

The old priest drew himself erect with a calm dignity. For a moment he was silent, his eyes flashed an angry glance at the young man before him. Then he was his gentle self again.

"My son," he said, "it is not for you that should teach me what to do. You ask me if it thus I see the world. I will answer you, yes. I see how it is, not how it should be. I do not dream, I look, I examine! I see the world in the light of the pure sun, not in that of the foul gas, and judge it accordingly. You reproach my consolation. You think it hard. You are right. It is hard, it is bitter, but it is the truth. For that reason you will not accept it, you do not like it. Oh, fool that has eyes and and will not see the reality, who will not see unhappiness! Fool that has ears and will not hear truth, who will only believe in dreams! My son, listen to me. Give up that hope which only haunts you, which only mocks you! Do not seek unhappiness, do not not seek trouble and sorrow. Seek only what will make you happy—what will make you good."

"Will not Rita make me happy—make me good?" passionately asked Antonio.

"Ah, she could if she were yours, my son," replied the priest. "But that cannot be; and if you cannot have what you wish, you can never be happy or good. No, my son, no, it can never be. Banish her from your thoughts, tear her image from your heart, and be a man again." Then the old priest placed his hands on the young man's head, and absolved and blessed him after the manner of the church. The young man was silent.

Waiting until the priest had finished, Antonio arose to his feet, and with bowed head, walked slowly out of the church. When the young man's footsteps were no longer heard, the priest drew a long painful sigh.

"What mockery, the divine passion," he said.

The priest had loved once.

The young man left the church, and walked along the road, seeing nothing, hearing nothing. His mind was engrossed with what he had heard. The priest's words seemed to ring in his ears, and they rang bitterly. They pierced his heart.

"Antonio! *Che via?*"

Antonio looked up. A handsome, dark peasant, with a bag of flour on his shoulder, stood before him, smiling annoyingly. Antonio made a gesture of impatience, and sought to pass the peasant by. He might have sought to pass a rocky wall, for it would have been as well.

"Are you in love?" asked the peasant, moving closer to Antonio. "If you are not, why do you act so? You sigh, you look dark as if a great melancholy had settled upon. *Allegro!* Speak! What is it?"

Antonio raised his hand as if he would strike his tormentor. In an angry voice, he asked:

"Will you let me pass?"

"*Per bacco!* And why not?" exclaimed the peasant, moving aside. "Pass, *amico mio!*" Antonio moved on, but he had not gone far when the peasant called to him:

"Have you heard the news?"

No," replied Antonio. "I do not care to hear it."

"Yes you do," smiled the peasant, "especially the news I bring. Senorina Rita marries our gracious Conte Alberto, to morrow. It is a sudden and hasty marringe, yet they will have grand times at the castle yonder!"

"How I wish I could be there! Don't you wish like me, Antonio? You do not answer. Oh, you must be in love, so I won't trouble you. *Adio amica. Guardo bene per bacco!*" and giving this advice the peasant moved on.

Luigi Saramani had an old score to settle with Antonio, and as he saw the effect of his words on the young man, he smiled gaily as he walked away.

"*Ecco*, Antonio!" There are others who can deal pain—who can avenge. You stole away my love, *bene!* See how it is to have some one steal yours. You gave me only pain, but I give you and yours pain—a pain you cannot avenge. See! How foolish it is to use steel when a few words avenge and kill more quickly than steel."

"And they do; is it now so?"

Antonio seemed to have been dealt his death blow. He staggered, pale and trembling, to one side of the road, and sank to the ground with this exclamation hoarsely escaping his lips:

"Oh, God! It cannot be true—it is a lie!"

Rita to be married! His eyesight dim, his brain grew dizzy, his heart seemed to be crushed by iron bands. His love revolted against what he had heard, yet—cruel doubt—how did he know but that the peasant's words were true? He lay on the ground fully an hour. At last springing to his feet, he exclaimed:

"I will prove for my self whether it be true. It cannot be, yet—"

He did not finish the sentence, for he could not bring himself to do it. He rushed wildly from the spot, rushed to know his doom. How he reached Signor Montebello's gardens he never knew.

In the garden he found her—his only love. She was sitting in a secluded arbor and appeared to be thinking. She was beautiful, very beautiful indeed, and as she sat there in the arbor, which was surrounded by flowers, she formed a pretty picture. Seeing her thus, it was no wonder that she was dangerous to a passionate man's peace of mind.

She saw him come, and with a glad cry she sprang toward him to be embraced in his arms, to be crushed to his breast. For a moment they stood locked in each other's embrace. At last he unwound his arms from about her; then holding her at arm's length, he gave one searching glance at her beautiful face.

"She's too beautiful, too angelic, to be false to me," he said, pressing her to his heart again. "Oh, no, it was false—cruelly false! She only loves me; she will be mine only."

"How strangely you talk," murmured Rita, winding her arms around his neck. "You doubt my love?"

"No—no—no!" cried Antonio.

He was silent for a moment, and they were happy. Then suddenly remembering what he had forgotten in the bliss of the moment, he said:

"Tell me, Rita, that I have heard an absurd report to-day. I hear that—that you are on the eve of hasty marriage with Conte Alberto. 'Tis not true! Oh, tell me that they lie!"

Rita looked up into her lover's passionate eyes, and when she saw the agony they contained, tears began to course down her cheeks. Antonio saw those tears with a great terror, with a breaking heart.

"Oh, God!" he cried. "It is true then?"

She bowed her head in assent, for she could not speak. Antonio shuddered and staggered back from her as if she had been a loathsome thing. He turned as pale as death. He shivered and pressed his hand to his side as if his heart was bursting. He gave one glance at the beautiful, tearful face before him, and then walked swiftly away without speaking one word. He could not do it.

Rita called to him to come back, he heard not. She saw him leave the gardens, saw him disappear from sight. Choking down a great sob, she, too, left the garden.

They were parted forever.

A mass was being said in the church that evening when Antonio passed by it. The old sexton, who was standing near the doors of the church, was surprised to hear Antonio ask:

"Why do they say mass?"

"For the repose of the dead," some one answered.

Antonio uncovered his head. Then turning on his heels he walked away, saying:

"They do well."

* * * * * * *

It was a beautiful day. The sun shown with all its splendor. The stillness of the hot, stifling air was broken by the roar of the cannon, the sound of the trumpet, the shouts of the combatants, the cries, curses and prayers of the wounded and dying.

It was no battle, but a carnage that was being fought between the Italian and Austrian armies.

Early in the morning the Italians—fighting for freedom—had advanced against the Austrians, and tried to drive them out of their fortifications.

They succeeded; they were few in number—so when the reinforced Austrians in turn advanced upon them, they had to retreat, though they fought desperately for every inch of ground; they struggled for their liberty. Thus it continued throughout the day.

The Italians expected reinforcements, and they thought they would have them when the sun was at the meridian.

The sun approached the meridian but the reinforcements came not. Many and many times did anxious eyes turn in one direction, and despairing lips cry:

"Will they ever come?"

The carnage went on. The sun sank slowly, and with it the Italians' hopes.

Suddenly a welcome cry reverberated from lip to lip:

"They come—they come! Courage! *Italia o morte!*" and they fought like tigers.

The Austrians, now discouraged, began to give way. Still they fought desperately, though it was with despair.

It was near the end of the strife when an Italian flag-bearer became detached from his regiment. A company of Austrians surrounded the flag-bearer and endeavored to capture his flag.

The flag bearer fought desperately, but what could he do?

He was alone, his enemies were many.

He sought to defend his flag, and he was surely losing it, and with it his life, for he was wounded unto death.

The Austrians pressed closer and closer around him. He kept them at bay as long as he could, and when the Austrians made a dash towards the flag, he gave up all hopes of saving it.

Suddenly the Austrians wavered about and fled. They retreated because a large number of Italians seeing their flag in peril, had advanced to defend it. And with those Austrians retreated their whole army. The battle was an Italian victory.

The brave flag-bearer had clung to his flag until the last. His grasp on the flag was one of death. And lying there with the last sun-rays on his face, he died, died with the flag, that he had sacrificed his life for, in his grasp.

As he died, a smile passed over his features, and he murmured with his last breath:

"Rita—Rita—Perla Patria!"

The flag-bearer had been Antonio.

* * * * * * *

News of the glorious Italian victory reached the village that Antonio had lived in. It carried joy and sorrow.

Joy that one sure blow had been struck for Italy; scrrow for the dead; for there were many who had hopefully left the village, to fight for their country, and would return no more.

There were many who cursed the victory, for they had either lost husbands, sons, brothers or lovers.

The old priest went from home to home, trying to console the unfortunates, who mourned their dead.

In turn, he went to Rita's new home—she was a countess now—and found her there. Approaching her, he gently said:

"Do you mourn for anyone, my daughter?"

Rita, who was seated with bowed head, looked up suddenly, replying; "No one, *caro padre.*"

"No one?" the priest smiled incredulously.

Rita turned pale. Pressing her hand to her heart, she glanced with agony at the priest, and faltoringly asked:

"Antonio?"

"Died defending his country's flag—died a true Italian."

A great sob broke from Rita; she could not keep it back. Tears coursed down her beautiful cheeks. At last she regained her composure. She arose from her chair, seized the priest's hand, and said:

"He died for his country! Poor Antonio! Padre, say the mass for the repose of his soul!"

She left the room.

The priest looked after her until she had disappeared from the room. Memories of his younger days rushed over his mind. He remembered that he had loved before he had become a priest. He remembered that, like Antonio, he had loved too well—not wisely. He remembered his agony when he gave up his love, the world, and became a priest.

And as he remembered, he drew a long, bitter sigh. Then, as he slowly left the room, he sadly said:

"Oh, yes! *Altro!* Did he die for his country?—*perla patria?*"

Grant's Position.

A personal friend of Gen. Grant's says that that distinguished citizen is more concerned about employment than anything else. He has but a small fortune, and the General says he must now address himself to his own business. He is anxious to get to Philadelphia, where it is understood, his personal affairs will be discussed and looked after. From there he will go to Havana and Mexico, unless, he says, he should be advised of a business opening, in which case he would not go to Mexico. This points directly to the Nicaragua Canal, in which he has always taken a deep interest. Gen. Grant was educated an engineer, and to be at the head of a company, to build such a vast work, in which the Nations of Europe, as well as America, are interested, would be to erect a monument to himself. Here would be additional fame, congenial occupation and handsome salary, whereas in a Presidential candidacy there could be no additional reputation, and might be great peril. If, however, the coveted employment should not offer, then Grant would yield to the pressure of his friends, and consent to take the Presidency. This, undoubtedly, correctly represents Grant's position to-day.

A Washington special says that there is a good deal of quiet consultation among Southern men there as to the propriety of a movement on the part of the Southern members of Congress to create the office of Captain General of the Army, with a salary of $50,000 per annum, and give it to General Grant for life. The movement has not taken shape yet, but it will certainly be agitated within the next few weeks, and there are many there who believe that it will be consummated on the reassembling of Congress.

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Egg and Oats in Law.

There is a famous case on the books of a Norman hotel keeper and the customer who ordered a six-egg omelette prepared, but went away in a hurry without paying for it, and when he returned fifteen years later offered the landlord fifteen francs, being for the original cost of the eggs and the interest thereon compounded. The landlord claimed a fabulous sum, alleging that the six eggs would have produced so many chicks, from which would have issued so many hens; that with the product of these innumerable fowls he would have bought a farm, which in so many years would have yielded so much money, which being invested, etc. The court, however, non-suited the landlord because the eggs had been broken for the omelette, and so could not have been hatched.

The case has been outdone in an Indian court. A, B, C and D buy cotton in partnership and store it in a ware-house which is infested with rats. To discourage these vermin they buy a cat, of which each is to own a leg. The cat breaks that one of her legs which is owned by A, who binds it up with cotton soaked in oil. The cotton takes fire, the cat takes refuge in the midst of the cotton bales and the whole property is destroyed; whereupon B, C and D sue A, alleging that it was his leg which caused the conflagration. The court promptly decides against them with costs, and orders them to pay A for his cotton and bear their own losses, on the ground that the cat could not walk on the wooden leg, so that it was the three sound legs which carried her into the cotton.—*Paris Figaro.*

Genuine Nerve.

Nerve, as the blending of the mental and physical staying power is generally termed, is not at all a moral quality with the majority of men, but, like all other attributes, is of a comparative and resolute character. Many a man who wouldn't hesitate to follow in the lead of a forlorn hope or ride in the front ranks in a cavalry dash, shrieks with painful fear from a dentist; while a woman who would run at the sight of the meekest cow in the meadows will go through the ordeal with Spartan fortitude.

The nerve that is supplemented by speculative intellect and calculating shrewdness is the most valuable, as well as the most genuine. Probably no better specimen of this sort was ever evinced than by a young Pole, Lockinski by name, a lancer in the service of Murat.

The French Marshal was in Madrid during Napoleon's invasion of Spain, and found it necessary to communicate with Junot in Portugal. But the woods and country from Madrid to Lisbon swarmed with Castano's forces, the Spanish guerrillas. Russia at that time was not only a friend but an ally of France, and in his quandary, Murat went to Strogenoff, the Russian Embassador to Spain, told him of his situation, and waited upon diplomatic cunning to help him through.

The Russian encouraged him wonderfully. "Send me," he said, "the most intelligent of your Polish lancers. Those Poles are very thoughtful men, and valuable in an extremity. The Admiral, Shilvan, is in the port at Lisbon. We will dress your Polander in Russian uniform and send him with the dispatches for the Admiral. Even if captured he will be safe, for the Spaniards are anxious to maintain the neutrality of Russia, and will not maltreat him for fear of a rupture with the Czar."

Murat was greatly relieved, and sent for the man who, in the esteem of the commander of the Polanders won the most efficient and intelligent. A handsome young fellow, not yet twenty years of age, was returned to him. The Marshal hesitated to send so young a man on a trip so terribly dangerous, but was reassured by the quiet, determined certainty of success expressed by the youth. So they attired him as a Russian, and he struck out on his hazardous errand.

The first two days of his trip were lonesome, but on the third Leckinski, who seized by a body of Spaniards disarmed and brought before the commanding officer—Castano himself. He knew the fate if he was discovered as a Frenchman, and at once hit upon the plan not to permit a word of the Gallic to escape him, however pushed, and confine himself entirely to Russian and German; with both languages he was perfectly familiar. The horrible murder of Gen. Rene, who was but a few weeks previous captured by the Spanish and subjected to the most horrible tortures, together with the savage threats of his captors, tended to shake his nerves considerably, but it was a matter of life and death to himself, and the fate of his army as well, depended upon him, so he determined to play his part well. And he did play it well.

"Who are you?" asked Castano in French.

Leckinski looked blankly at him and answered in German:

"I not understand you."

An interpreter was called and the most difficult questions put to the courier, but he never gave himself away. Every answer was in Russian or German, and the crowd of men about him hungry for his blood and feeling assured of his identity as one of the French.

Shortly they brought a Spanish peasant, and with him confronted the courier. The peasant recognized him, and with a howl of hatred and joy declared that he had but a week ago sold forage to Leckinski in Madrid, and described the countenance and the man with genuine accuracy. Still the latter could not be phased. He stood mute, and with a face evincing a blissful ignorance of the colloquy about him. Castano was disposed to acquit the courier, but the soldiers and mob demanded his life. Then the question of Russia's anger in case the man should really be a Russian came up, and his prospective death was compromised upon by a further trial. He was taken to a wretched jail and incarcerated. For twenty-four hours he was without food or drink. Fear, physical fatigue and mental anxiety sat about him like vultures about a dying wayfarer.

Too fatigued, he fell asleep without knowing it. He had slept but two hours when a woman entered his cell, and aroused him, saying:

"Will you not have something to eat and drink?" It was a cunning trap, but the Pole was not to be entrapped.

"What do you want?" he asked drowsily in German.

"Castano gave orders to give him food and drink and to release him. He is not a Frenchman but a Russ. No man could control himself so far," he said.

But it was decided to keep him longer, and put him through another course of experiments. Racks, garrotes and corpses of murdered Frenchmen were exhibited to him, but he was the same phlegmatic German. Finally he was brought before a drum-head court. While preparations, for the final trial were being made, horrible threats in French and Spanish were uttered about him, but he continued stolid and ignorant. An interpreter was brought forward. Through him he explained why he was going to Lisbon, showing his passport and the dispatches to the Admiral of the Russian fleet. Though subjected to most searching cross-examination, he stuck to his pseudo nativity and his story without a change of feature or a flaw in his assured veracity.

As a last resort the presiding officer told the interpreter to ask Leckinski if he loved the Spaniards.

"Certainly," said Leckinski. "I am fond of the Spanish nation. I esteem it for its nobility and trust that my nation and it will be friends."

"Colonel," said the interpreter in French, "the prisoner says he hates us because we are bandits. He despises us, and would wish us destroyed, and if delivered will do his utmost against us."

It was a cunning trick. All eyes were fixed upon Leckinski to discover the least shadow of the intelligence of the words. But it failed. Unbaffled, he kept the same dead mask of ignorance upon his face; not a feature moved nor did he offer the least gesture. This ended his terrible trial. He was released, and his arms and dispatches returned; under safe transport he reached the admiral and fulfilled his mission.

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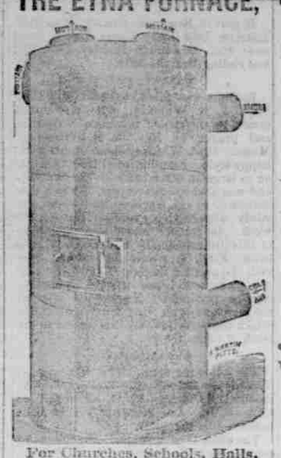

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allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and Lindsey's Blood Searcher is warranted to go through your system from top to toe and drive out all blood diseases. Its cures are wonderful and certified to by doctors, preachers and 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. H. SELLERS & CO., Props., Pittsburgh, Pa

C. N. BOYD, Agent, Somerset, Pa.

$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 not delay. Send 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 hours 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.

VOLUNTARY ASSIGNMENT.

Frank Sipe having made a voluntary assignment to me in trust for his creditors of his real estate and book accounts. I hereby give notice to all persons having claims or accounts, who are of record or otherwise, to present them to me properly authenticated, and all persons indebted to said said estate will be required to make prompt payment of the same.

JAMES L. PUGH,
Assignee of Frank Sipe.

Dec.

THE CHEAPEST HARDWARE STORE

—WEST OF THE—

ALLEGHENY MOUNTAINS.

BYERS & BARNETT,

[SUCCESSORS TO JOHN F. BYMYER.]

SOMERSET, PA.

We take pleasure in announcing to the public that we have **JUST RECEIVED** a large and complete stock of Hardware, which we intend to sell at

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES!

Our stock is complete in all respects, and comprises every article usually kept in Hardware Stores.

Blacksmiths' tools and supplies, such as Iron, Norway Nail rod Iron, Vulcan Horse-nails, Taper Taps, Horse Shoes, Fine Sleigh-shoes and Cast steel, a full line of Best Norway Iron, Carriage and Tire Bolts, and Axle Clips, a complete stock of Malleable Iron, Burrs, &c., &c.

BUILDERS' HARDWARE,

comprising a full line of Rim and Mortise Locks, Cast and corought Butts, acorned and plain, a complete stock of Nails always on hand, also a full assortment of Glass.

CARPENTERS' TOOLS.

We have always on hand a complete stock of laws both Hand and Cross-cut, Axes, Hatchets, Hammers Steel and Try Squares, Compasses, Bench and Fancy Planes etc., etc.

We always keep a full line of Revolvers, Pistols, Shot-guns Powder-flasks, Shot-pouches, Cartridges, Caps, Wads, Rifle and Shot-gun Powder, also a full line of Gun Repairs.

We have a complete line of Lamps, Lanterns, and supplies a full line of Saddlery Hardware, comprising Saddle-trees Buckles, Rings, Harness-pads, Ornaments, etc., etc.

In the Agricultural Department we have a full stock of Forks, Shovels, Rope, Chains, Mane and Curry-Combs, Horse-brushes, etc., etc.

We make a speciality of Pocket and Table Cutlery Also Silver Plated Table Ware, Plated and Britannia Spoons

We also make a speciality of Paints, Oils, and Varnishes, and also Painters' Tools, etc.

We keep constantly on hand the Celebrated Cucumber Pump, (porcelain lined) and a cheaper quality that are not lined. This Pump has taken the lead of all others wherever introduced.

All goods warranted to be as represented Our principles are Fair Dealing, Quick Sales, and Small Profits.

We challenge competition. Call and examine goods, and as certain prices before purchasing elsewhere.

BYERS & BARNETT.

R

C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST.
MAMMOTH BLOCK.
SOMERSET, PA.

To HORSEMEN

AND

Persons Interested in STOCK.

Your attention is called to the celebrated

HECKERMAN'S

Horse & Cattle Powder,

Prepared only by

M. P. HECKERMAN, BEDFORD, PA.

FOR SALE BY

G. W. Benford & C. N. Boyd, Somerset, Penn'a.

Nov. 26.

MANTEL'S FINE GRATES

BISSELL & CO

LOWEST PRICES

25 DIFFERENT STYLES

PENN AV

SHERIFF'S SALE.

By virtue of a certain writ of Levari Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., and to me directed, I will expose to sale by public outcry, at the Court House, in Somerset, Pa., on

Friday, January 2, 1880,

at 1 o'clock, p. m., all the right title, interest and claim of the defendant, James H. Gardner, of in and to the following described real estate, situate in Berlin Boro'gh, Somerset County, Pa., and being No. 5, Brre. Island of Land, with a two-story frame dwelling house and other outbuildings thereon erected, and known on the general plan of said boro'gh as No. 3, bounded on the northwest by Meyers Avenue, on the southeast by lot No. 1, on the northeast by lot No. 5, and on the southwest by an alley, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution at the suit of Philson, Illey & Co.

SHERIFF.—All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that a part of the purchase money—to be made known at the time of sale—will be required as soon as the property is knocked down, otherwise it will be again exposed to sale at the risk of the first purchaser. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before Thursday of the first week of January Court, the time fixed by the Court for securing the acknowledgment of deeds, and no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's Office, Nov. 26, 1879. EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

Sheriff's Office, Dec. 10, 1879. EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

LEGAL NOTICE.

To George Steyer the petitioner, and Margaret Steyer of Frostburg, Allegheny county, Maryland, John Steyer's heirs, viz: Susannah Rinehart of Oakland P. O. Maryland, George Steyer, of Oakland P. O. Maryland, Elizabeth Hammond in Iowa, address unknown, Catherine's heirs, intermarried with John Steyer, Jacob Steyer, Mary Jane Ismed, Sarah Steyer, Daniel B. Steyer, Elijah F. Steyer, Martin L. Steyer and Sebastian S. Steyer, all of P. O. Fayette county, Pennsylvania, Sherrick Steyer, whereabouts unknown, the heirs of Abner Steyer, deceased, leaving issue, (six,) viz: George Hammond and Sarah Rollington, Silwood, Knox county, Ohio, Lizzie Mills and Ely the Carter, all, Dublin, Knox county, Ohio, Mary Ann Lybarger, Shiloh, P. O., Richland county, Ohio, Susan Lizzie, Opelika, Lee county, Alabama.

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Jacob Steyer, deceased, No. Fifteen of the purchase money must be paid on or before Thursday of the first week of January Court, the time fixed by the Court for securing the acknowledgment of deeds, and no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

Sheriff's office, Nov. 26, 1879. EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE

Estate of John Lucas, late of Upper Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said decedent to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them duly authenticated for settlement, Saturday, January 10, 1880, at late residence of deceased.

HENRY LUCAS.

Dec. 3 Administrator cum testamento annexo.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Margaret Walter, deceased, late of New Centreville borough, Somerset county, Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said decedent to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on the 20th day of February, 1880, at the residence of said deceased.

JACOB NEFF, Sr.,
Executor.

Dec 19

NOTICE IN DIVORCE

Sarah Ann Jones, by her next friend Sabastian Miller,

vs.

Nathaniel Anderson.

To Nathaniel Anderson, the above named defendant:

You are hereby notified to appear at our next term of the Court of Common Pleas to be held at Somerset, on the 4th Monday of January, 1880 (the 26th day) to answer to the complaint of Sarah Ann Jones, and show cause why your wife should not be divorced from you, why your name should not be changed from that of Nathaniel Anderson to that of Nathaniel Jones, as prayed for in said complaint.

Sheriff's office, Dec. 18, 1879. EDGAR KYLE, Sheriff.

Dec. 17

The truth is Mighty

and will prevail. Thousands who have suffered from Kidney Complaints, Dropsy, Gravel, &c., have been cured after trying many worthless remedies, by the use of

SELLER'S LIVER PILLS

& Blood Syrup, the most powerful remedies for Liver Complaints, Blood Diseases, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Jaundice, Chills and Fever, and all diseases arising from a disordered liver. For sale by all druggists. Price 25 cents.

H. R. SELLERS & Co., Props'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa

C. N. BOYD, Agent Somerset, Pa.

Save Your Children.

For expelling worms from the system, Sellers' Vermifuge is unequaled in this or any other country. Use none until after you read a circular of Sellers' Vermifuge, explaining all worms in our climate, and how to expel them. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cents. H. R. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circulars.

July 2

1880.

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ILLUSTRATED.

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1880.

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The Volumes of the Weekly commence with the first Number for January and July of each year. Whenever a subscriber commences with the Number current at the time of receipt of his order, it will be supplied with all the iss