THE STEP-MOTHER.

There was a children's party at Mr. Stanley's. They were grouped on the piazza. The blinds of the library windows which opened upon it were closed, but the sashes were raised, and the merry musical tones of the young voices filtered through and stole upon the ear of its occupant, a fine, noble-looking man in the prime of life.

But suddenly the smile died and clouded his face, furrow of care and anxious care work back wrinkles to his brows and saddened his eyes. A summons from the lips of his oldest child, a girl of fourteen, had caused the change.

"I should like to see my father bring a step-mother into the house," said Mary Stanley, vehemently stamping her little foot as she spoke. "A step-mother, why I would rather die the world. I could never see another woman taking my own mother's place in my father's heart and his children's home! O, it would kill me, it would," and she burst into tears and ran away and hid herself in the summer house.

The group dispersed one way and another—and when the echo of their voices and tones had quite died away Mr. Stanley left his seat and walked rapidly up and down the room, now pressing his forehead with quick, wild motions, and then holding his heart as though he would hush its almost audible moans.

He was, indeed, sorely troubled in mind. He had lost his wife about three years before. She was indeed, one of God's noble women, and he had loved her with the intensity of a first passion. For a long time, not even the endearments of the two older children, nor the walks of the babe, left motherless as it had known an hour's life, could call him back from the grave to her he had loved so well.

Faith finally lifted up his soul—here is from earth to heaven, and he became resigned that his wife had gone, because he felt that she had not lost in the exchange of worlds, but gained in an infinite degree.

But now he realized more intensely than ever the suddenness character of his bereavement. When plunged in the first bitterness of grief he had not thought one cared how matters were managed in his home, he had entrusted everything to his domestic without caring how or what they did. He awakened to find everything changed—disorder where had reigned order, extravagance curbed economy out of doors, children growing up like weeds instead of being trained like flowers; in short, his house exhibiting that state of affairs which a widower's ever does when at the mercy of those who work for money and not love.

Yet two years smiled, sighed and snowed upon the grave of his buried love ere he thought seriously of taking to his heart another. The thought at first seemed blasphemy to a holy memory. But he came in time to feel that he could be faithful to the dead and yet give affection to the living. Still, after the widowed father had resolved to marry, had come to feel that he had a right to, that it was his duty to do so, he hesitated. There would come times when, in spite of reason, the act would seem like giving up the dear departed—when the thought of clasping another to his heart was unfeeling agony.

A year passed on and came and left his mind in the same unquiet state. But then a change passed over him and he again resolved to be a husband—to bring to his children a second mother. This thought was present when the words of Mary stole upon his ear and awakened a new and keen anxiety.

One evening, about three months after this, Mr. Stanley called his children into the library where he sat directing and sealing letters. When the last was folded and finished, he pushed them aside, and wheeling his chair from the table bade them come and take their seats, which meant that Mary should nestle on his knees, and Eddie on a cushin at his feet.

He did not speak for some minutes, and when at length he broke the silence, it was with a coarse, husky voice.

"I am going on a journey next week, my children. To the far West—and I shall be absent at least three months, and perhaps six, and the business that calls me is of such a nature it would be impossible for you to accompany me. But I am not going to leave you alone. I have engaged——"

"Another housekeeper?" exclaimed both, with a passionateness that told how unpleasant would be the tiding.

"No, my children but a governess."

"Worse and worse, father," said Mary. "I had rather be buried at once than be under the rule of a governess."

"The lady I have engaged," continued the father, very calmly, "is no ordinary woman. She is a distant relative of your mother—and nothing but the love she cherished toward her has induced her to respond to the affirmative to my urgent solicitation, and become your governess during my absence. You will find her beautiful in person, amiable in disposition, dignified in manners, highly cultivated in mind—and I feel assured that you will soon learn to love her, and that you will be happy while I am gone."

And then the father dropped the subject. But he had managed it well. True the idea of having a governess in the house, of being compelled to submit to any rules or restraints, though never so reasonable, was very irksome to both the children. But then she was a lady, and a blood relative of their mother, and pride and affection constrained them both to agree to receive her in the most polite way possible.

Mary was pretty good at giving orders, and she issued so many this time, that the poor cook and housemaid were almost distracted. The best chamber was to be put in order, the parlor cleaned, the dining room carpet taken up, the nursery thoroughly renovated—in short so much was to be done that everything was only half done. Instead of finding all in perfect order, the new governess, on her arrival, found all in sad disorder.

It was a sweet fair face which met their gaze as the traveler drew aside her veil, and very modest was her voice, as she said:

"Have you waited long, little cousins?" I hope you are not so tired as I am."

Then she pushed back the curls from Mary's brow and pressing a kiss upon it, said half to herself and half to them: "The same dark eyes—I should have know them anywhere."

Then she turned and shook hands with the brother, and blushed like an overpowerd by his manner, that so old a lady should place a seat for when the little girl came back. With was caught in her window embraced her heart moved to overflow with love and pity.

That night Willie went to sleep in her arms, and was tucked up in the cell as the poor motherless child had never been before. And when a happy evening had they in the parlor, Mary Stanley touched the keys of the piano with a sweeter than she ever had Mary and made her long for the morning that she might become her friend.

Very pleasant did it seem to Mary to have such a gentle lady to go with her to her own room instead of the chambermaid, who was too tired at that hour to be even natured. Even very shame she was careful not to leave aby of her clothes scattered about in an untidy way, and did her best to conceal the ragged sleeve of her tight gown and the torn lace that hung about her cap. How sweet too, it seemed to have some one to fold the quilt so snugly about her, and then to feel kisses on her lips, and to hear a loving good night as the door closed on her.

Then Eddie's room was visited. Poor boy, how ashamed he felt when he saw her stoop down here and there and gather his clothes in order. He determined she should never be obliged to do it again. And when mother-like, she drew the clothes closer about him, kissed him, and said good-night in so sweet a tone, he declared that down in the bottom of his heart something stirred which had not moved since his mother died.

Ere she retired to her own chamber, half in order, she visited the servants in their domain. Like the children they had resented the idea of having any but themselves to regulate the household, having governed it pretty well since the last housekeeper left—but, when they saw how gently yet firmly she managed that evening with her young charges, they half determined they would stay awhile yet and see how matters went. But when she entered the kitchen and in so quiet and lady-like a way asked them how they had got along since Mr. Stanley left, and if they were not tired with so much cleaning and scrubbing, she won their hearts completely.

Mr. Stanley had been absent about five months, and a letter indicating the day of his return was daily watched for. They saw at its one creaking and Cousin Frances had just remarked that the man would soon be in, when the door bell rang. "That is the postboy," said she and the children in the same breath—but instead of jumping from their seats, half upsetting the table, running pell mell to the door, as they'd done six months before, neither stirred, though their countenances betrayed impatience.

"Two letters, ma'am," said Jane, handing them to the lady.

One was directed to herself, hurriedly glanced at the superscription and placed it very quietly in her pocket, handing Mary the other. She tore it open with her nervous eagerness, gave the envelope to Eddie so much his disappointment at there being none for him, and with very rapid motions of her eyes dispatched the contents. A beautiful smile dimpled her cheeks as she read the contents of the first page, and she was claimed in a joyous tone:

"He is coming—is on the road home now—will be here next Tuesday—just a week from to-night. O, I am so glad!"

But what she saw on the second page was more than Eddie could guess—such a wild change passed over her face. She seemed to serve herself to know all, and read on, though her hands trembled like leaves in a whirlwind, and her lips were white, and bitten till the marks of her teeth were plain. But with the last word she threw it on the floor, stamped on it, and then flung herself on the sofa and burst into a paroxysm of tears.

"What is the matter?" said Cousin Frances, anxiously. "Do tell me my dear child?"

"Matter enough," said Mary sorrowfully. "Odear, O dear, my heart will break! Father—father—is going—to—get—married."

"I know I can never abide her," exclaimed Mary passionately.

"Nor I," joined in Eddie. "And then our nice plan, Mary—"

"Hush," whispered she, and mentioned him to forbear.

Rapidly flew the week, and with the last day of its flight Mr. Stanley returned. Then, indeed there was a happy family. In the joy of seeing him again so well, so strong, the children forgot for the moment the dreaded step-mother, who in a month's time was to be introduced to them.

The father did seem to be gratified quite as much as they had expected by the change in themselves and in his household. He praised Cousin Frances quite as much as they had desired, and owned that nothing would give him greater pleasure than to have her to continue in the family. He held several consultations, both public and private, with her upon the subject, but he could not influence her. She would go at the specified time.

Had she been their mother, the children could hardly have manifested more grief when she left. "We shall come, we shall and will come, you see if we don't," were their last passionate exclamations to her as the carriage rolled away.

Their father then told them that he should leave that day week for the purpose of being married—that he and his bride would spend a few days in travelling, and then he should bring her home.

"It is a delicate subject," said he, "and the less said the better. I only ask you to give the new mother that kindly welcome which yourselves would crave were your relative positions changed," he added calmly.

The day came for the father's departure, the week glided and the day of his return had dawned. The hours passed on and evening came. There is a sound of carriage wheels. Nearer they come, they stop, the gate swings to and the front door swings open, for Jane had stood there a half hour watching. Leaning on the arm of her husband, the step-mother, closely veiled, enters the parlor. The children strive to meet her, to speak, but the effort is too much, the effort is too severe, and falling on each other's neck they sobbed aloud.

Very gracefully does the lady disengage herself from Mr. Stanley, and very affectionately does she clasp them in her arms, and very low and sweetly does she say:

"If you really think, when you come to see her why——"

But ere she could finish the sentence they tore the veil from her face and exclaiming, half-wildly, half joyfully, "Cousin Frances, Cousin Frances," almost smothered her with kisses.

After awhile the father, who had seemed just to recovering little Willie, joined them, and releasing her from their grasp, said, very coolly, "Allow me, my children, to introduce to you my wife, Mrs. Stanley, the dreaded step-mother. It is a delicate subject, and the least said the better; so, if you please, we will don our traveling habiliments and have some supper."

There may be as happy households in the world as Mr. Stanley's, but there are none happier—and of nothing are the children so proud as that dreaded step-mother.

Scientists and Their Theories.

The Country Gentleman says: A correspondent asks, "Why is it that farmers are so frequently the victims of dishonest itinerants?" If it and such people, instead of farmers, the question would have been more satisfactory, as farmers are no more easily gulled than others. I suspect that too many people wish to make money faster and more easily than they can do at their legitimate business; they hope to get a dollar without squarely earning it. This causes them to become easy victims to those travelling humbugs that infest the community. A person with common sense ought to know that any one having a legitimate, profitable business, has no need to go among strangers to find agents. When, therefore, we are offered "a rare chance to make money," it is well to consider the reason. We are offered this rare opportunity. It is wise to be suspicious of any one who is over anxious to do us a favor. Of course we are sorry for those people who get duped, but when we consider that this is the only way in which many persons will learn, our sympathy is not very deep or lasting. "Experience is a dear school, but fools will learn in no other." No matter what paper I read I am almost sure to find some allusion to some sort of swindling by cheeky knaves and almost invariably the victim is a farmer! In many cases the swindled is accounted above the average for shrewdness among his neighbors; often, he can be found among our keenest business farmers; men of unquestionable capacity. How is this? Who is to blame? Of course the unprincipled scoundrel who make the proposition is much to blame; still it requires two to make a bargain, and the moment any man, be he farmer or anything else, attempts to deal with those men, because they offer seemingly unconscionable bargains, he shows the weak point very plainly, and is not worth the consideration of good, sound business men. Just as long as farmers or anybody else, prefer to deal with these tramping rascaloons, just so long will they flourish and continue. Just as soon as a sensible person gives them the cold shoulder, and refuses to deal with them under any all coaxing and temptation, no matter what astounding offers they make them, and not till then, will they belong to the past, and farmers where others will save their money, and who save themselves from being robbed to the pain of wide-awake men of business.

The Man Who Knew.

James Pine, a veteran fox hunter, in Parkhead, New York, offerers that one day while he was out hunting he shot a fine fox and as he supposed the animal dropped dead. He went to him and taking off his vest-knife commenced to take off the pelt, as he wouldn't have to carry the carcass home with him. He skinned it down and then pulled it over and gave it a twist in order to free it from the body, when the skin came off and to the great and inexpressible astonishment of the hunter, the fox, jumped up and ran at full speed, the hunter being unable in his surprise to raise his gun to shoot him. The dogs however were after him in a jiffy, and the remarkable sight of a fox without its pelt, scooting along over the drear, with three hounds yelping on his track, was then seen. The fox being in light marching order, soon distanced the dogs and in ten minutes was out of sight. A few days after, the man was out hunting again for foxes. The hounds run one pretty lively and he passed through a ravine, and it being a peculiarity of the fox that when he goes through a ravine he will come back to it again no matter how wide the circuit may be, the hunter posted himself at this place and waited until he heard the bay of the hounds following the track up to near where he stood. He was on the qui vive and got a glimpse of an animal running at a great speed that had all the resemblance to a fox, only its coat seemed a glossy white. The hunter never thought of the skinned fox, that ran away the day before, but supposed the white fur would be a great rarity in the market, so he fired, killing the animal and with great expectations hurried up to where he lay, and there, lo! and behold, found instead a white furred fox the one that he had skinned the day before, the white flesh looked like white fur in the sunlight. Seemingly the fox had not minded the loss of skin very much, and the flesh had become by exposure to the air almost to the consistency of leather.

Hints on Etiquette.

A lady who goes into society with the simple wish to please and be pleased, generally succeeds in both objects. She who wishes to be welcome to society, must extinguish in herself the desire of "showing off." To dress in a more costly style than the majority can afford, is not in keeping with the canons of good taste or breeding; but to be indifferent to dress is usually a mark of excessive vanity—as though one would say, "I am charming enough without the aid of outward adornments."

The usual forms of etiquette are the safe guards against impertinence, and it is therefore best, in a miscellaneous company to observe them punctiliously. To be perfectly polite it is only necessary to be perfectly considerate and just—to conform to the golden rule—to render all their due respect, courtesy, and attention.

To acquire elegance of manner, observe those who possess it, and divine their secret; self-possession is all the battle—a good heart and a little practice will do the rest. The most graceful thing a person can do in company, is to pay attention to those who are least likely to have attention—that is, those whose friendship does not confer honor, nor their conversation pleasure. Affectation is the bane of social intercourse; all who would really please, must avoid it entirely.

There is no person so little but that the greatest may sometimes need his assistance; hence we should all exercise clemency, where there is an opportunity.

Spring Work in the Apiary.

Those beautiful sunshiny mornings the twitter of an occasional bird and the sun of the prairie chicken in the distance all inform us that it is time that we are looking after the interests of our little pets. I mean our honey bees, for there is no industry more of success if properly managed than bee-culture, and none that combines so much pleasure with profit; and another important merit it possesses, and that is, that it is a business that a lady can manage with success and profit. Ten years of experience assures us of this. But success with bees, as with stock or grain, requires care at the proper time. Bees that have been kept in Winter repositories should be taken out as soon as the weather will warrant. Two or three days in succession warm enough for them to fly. The evening is the best time to put them out as they will not then leave the hive until the next morning and there will be little or no confusion, when if put out in daytime they will rush out in great confusion, many forgetting to make their location, some strange hives and are destroyed. The next day or soon after they have taken a fly, protect your face with a close veil made of cheap bobbinet, with a rubber in one end, so that it can easily slip over a common hat, the other end can easily be tucked down inside the clothing at the neck, and your hands protected with woolen mittens with one finger, or gloves of some kind. If you are a beginner (after a while you will probably throw aside your gloves). Clean out the hives of those that are not strong enough to through out the Winter's accumulation of dead bees, as it is sometimes quite large. Hives that have been winnered on their Summer stands should be examined and treated the same way. Should there be any queenless colonies, unite them towards evening with some week colony that needs bees. You can easily determine if a colony is queenless, as there will be an absence of young brood and eggs. Even up the honey by exchanging frames; all hives should be provided with nice, warm protection, above the frames, pieces of old quilts or carpet will do it cheap. I prefer cotton goods, however; there is less danger of carpet moths. I have always been more successful when I fed a little warm honey or syrup. In the upper part of the hive I make a little hole in the quilt near the bees, and they will soon find the food. When I use syrup I use A sugar. You can feed in secret or any convenient flat dish, with a few clean sticks or straws for the bees to rest on, otherwise there is danger of their drowning. I frequently use an oyster can, well cleaned, with slits in the sides, and a few small strips of wood or branches of a tree, for the bees to rest on. This can be set next to the frames, and the syrup poured through the opening in the quilt. This feeding encourages brood rearing. And what we must have, if successful, is our hives full of bees in the approach of the first large yield of honey, which usually May, so far south as St. Louis and not until June in the latitude of Chicago and further north. When making the first examination of your bees in the best time to help the queenless, as she can be found very easily at the time. It will help you very much in controlling swarming. By all means I would swarm my bees artificially. This gives you an opportunity to secure the nicest honey for your own use and for market. If you have not movable frames you can transfer, with but little trouble later in the season. Movable frames are infinitely superior to the box hive; all great honey yields are obtained from the frame hive.

Beauty of America.

There is no country, we think, but our own, not even the great Russia lands, where the month of April runs, as it were, the whole round of the year. For in the north of Maine and other corresponding regions winter still reigns in the desolation of snow drifts that look as if not even the midsummer sun could melt them even when April days are nearly ended; while half way down the eastern shore Virginia gives us the very April of all the poets with fruit trees blossoming with the white bougths of dogwood and the rosy boughs of the redwood in the forest, with honeysuckle and magnolia and laburnum, with wild pansies and lilies-of-the-valley; and what April is in Florida and Texas, with their lavish fertiness of evergrade and prairie—Florida, named by an old exploring Spaniard for its floral look, Texas which means a flower—only the poet and the painter can tell, only July and August of the color intitude can illustrate. Thus one can journey through the whole country and the whole year at once in these thirty days, and it will always be April; and one will find more variety, more climates, more beauty and richness, compassed in them than can be given in the magic crystal of any other of the twelve great jewels within the year strings on its rosary.—*Ex.*

A $50,000 Fire.

PITTSBURGH, April 28.—At about 4 o'clock this morning an alarm of fire was sounded from box 31, and on the arrival of the department the whole third and fourth floors of the iron-front building No. 27 Liberty street, occupied by Messrs. John Wilson & Son, grocers, was found to be in flames. The firemen quickly got to work, but notwithstanding their efforts the flames descended to the lower floors, and, together with the water, damaged the stock so badly that it will be almost a total loss. The building was the property of Messrs. Wilson & Son, and they estimate the damage to it at about $5,000. The front is but very little injured, but the entire rear of the two upper stories will have to be rebuilt. All of the stock, except syrups and fish, in the cellar, was more or less damaged, and the loss on it is estimated by Mr. Wilson to reach $45,000. The firm carried no ample insurance.

Dropped Dead.

SPARRILL, N. Y., April 28.—Isaac Spencer, the Postmaster at this place, dropped dead last evening. He was plowing some land near the Post Office, with two other men, and he not appearing in his circuit at a reasonable time the other men went to look for him, and found him lying in the furrow just made. Mr. Spencer had heart disease, with strong symptoms of Bright's disease, for several years, and the overexertion caused his death. He was first and only Postmaster this place had ever had, and was faithful to the discharge of his duties. He was about 57 years old.

You can always tell a clerk in a dry goods store from a millionaire proprietor by the good clothes the clerk wears.

A Mexican Beverage.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, writing from Mexico, says: No one can ever forget his first draught of pulque. It is administered in a little earthenware cup to the stranger. The natives take it in a quart measure. It looks like Chicago milk, wherein the lacteal fluid has been liberally diluted with the water of Lake Michigan. The appearance is natural, but the smell—it can never be described! There is a combined odor of the dried pigskin in which it is carried and the subtle and peculiar idor of plant. The taste is not so bad, and if, the traveler's nostrils are sufficiently filled with the white ashy dust of the plain, he may toss it off without much of a shudder, shutting his eyes, to the disgusting receptacle from which it comes. There is but one thing that resembles it in flavor, however slightly, and that is kouryss. The similarity is not very striking, still it may be noticed. General Grant was familiar with the taste of the beverage, from his visit to the country thirty years ago, and did not care to refresh his memory, but General Sheridan and Colonel Grant felt bound to satisfy their curiosity in the matter and a single cup holding less than a gill was enough for him.

Cold Cabbage.

George Abrahams was extravagantly fond of cold cabbage, and one day, seeing that quite a dishful was left after dinner, asked his wife to save it for his supper at night.

About midnight George came home laboring under a stress of heavy weather. Feeling hungry and thinking of his favorite cabbage he asked where it was.

His wife replied to the pantry on the second shelf."

Down he went, found the cabbage, got on the oil, mustard, and vinegar; cut up the cabbage, dressed it to the Queen's taste, and ate it all.

In the morning the wife noticed the plate of cabbage where she had placed it the day before, and turning to her "Dear George," innocently asked why he did not eat the cabbage.

"Oh," he said.

"How did you like it?"

"O! not very well. It was tough and stringy."

"But here is the cabbage now, where did you find any more?"

"In the second shelf, where you told me."

A quick look at the shelf, by the wife, then a cry of agony.

"Why, George you have eaten $50 worth of lace collars and cuffs that I had on in starch, instead of cabbage, indeed"—*Historical Observer.*

"WOULD LIKE SOME MORE."

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Oct. 5, 1879.

HIMROD & BROSIUS, Oberlin O.,

GENTLEMEN:—When I was in Ohio I bought some of Dr. Penner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic at your store. I never took anything that did me so much good in so short a time. I would like to get some more of it as I cannot find it here. Will you please let me know when I can get one half dozen bottle for, and oblige.

Yours truly,

MARY MEDBOURN.

Dr. Penner's Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic may well 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 Complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headaches, Sick and Nervous Headaches, Enlargements, Scrofula, Erysipelas, Pimples, Blotches and all Skin Eruptions and Blood disorders; Swollen 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 striking at the root of disease and removing its causes.

Dr. Bennett's Improved Cough Honey will relieve any cough in one hour. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Bennett's Golden Relief cures any pain, as Toothache, Neuralgia, Colic or Headache in 5 to 30 minutes, and readily relieves Rheumatism, Kidney Complaint, Diarrhœa, etc. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

Dr. Bennett's St. Vitus Dance Specific. One bottle always cures. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

Sleep and Waste of Life.

Sleep will do much to cure irritability of temper, peevishness, and uneasiness. It will build up and make strong a weary body. It will do much to cure dyspepsia, particularly that known as nervous dyspepsia. It will relieve the languor and prostration felt by consumptives. It will cure hypochondria. It will cure headache. It will cure neuralgia. It will cure a broken spirit. It will cure sorrow.

No man should do more work of muscle or of brain in a day than he can perfectly recover from the fatigue of in a good night's rest. Up to that point, exercise is good; beyond, are waste of life, exhaustion and decay. When hunger calls for food, and fatigue demands rest, we are in natural order, and keep the balance of life. When we take stimulants to spur our jaded nerves, or excite an appetite, we are wasting life. A man should live so as to keep himself at his best, and with a true economy. To eat more food than is needful, is worse policy than tossing money into the sea. It is a waste of labor and a waste of life.

The sunshine of life is made up of very little beams that are bright all the time.

Those who excel in strength are not the most likely to show contempt for weakness.

Innocence is a flower that withers when touched, but blooms not again, though watered with tears.

No one ought to enjoy what is too good for him; he ought to make himself worthy of it, and raise to its level.

Politeness is the imitation of mutual good-will among men; this good-will, therefore, exists somewhere, for without a model there would be no copy.

Men's happiness springs mainly from moderate troubles, which afford the mind a healthful stimulus, and are followed by a reaction which produces a cheerful flow of spirits.

An ambition to excel in petty things obstructs the progress to noble claims. The aspiring spirit, like the winged eagle, should keep its gaze steadily fixed on the sun towards which it soars.

If the show of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble or seem to be rich, which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such quality as he pretends to.

OLD TEA HOUSE.

TEAS,

A SPECIALTY.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

FANCY and STAPLE

GROCERIES,

FINE TEAS,

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RARE and CHOICE

COFFEES.

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The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea!

Guaranteed absolutely pure.

The Fancy French Flag Flour!

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

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For delicate White Bread and Pastry use.

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In 5 and 10 lb packages, ready for baking.

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This Delmonico Coffee is Unrivaled for its Delightful Aroma.

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A Wide Selection of Rare Coffee.

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Every Variety Fancy Cheese.

The Canada Community Fruits!

The Pure Vermont Maple Syrup!

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TEA!

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

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Garden Grown Teas!

PRICE OF TEA.

THE NEW CROP.

25 CENTS PER POUND.

NO REDUCTION IN ANY QUANTITY.

COFFEE!

RARE AND CHOICE.

—THE—

CELEBRATED DELMONICO

COFFEE!

This delicious Coffee is unrivaled for its delight in Aroma. If all other Coffees have failed to please you, give this a trial.

THE FANCY

FRENCH COFFEE!

PRICE PER POUND - - 25 CENTS.

Genuine Mocha Coffee, Plantation Ceylon Coffee, Maracaibo Coffee, Old Dutch Java Coffee, Laguayra Coffee, African Coffee, Costa Rica Coffee, Peru Berry Coffee, Golden Rio Coffee.

A PARTIAL LIST OF GOODS

Constantly Arriving.

T. Schumacher's Oat Meal, Oat Groats, Cracked Wheat and Graham Flour.

Mackerel: Extra No. 1 Shore Mess, No. 1 Shore No. 1 Bay, No. 2, No. 3 Large, No. 3 Medium in 10 lb. kits.

WINTER WHEAT FLOUR.

Cincinnati Ham, Breakfast Bacon and Dried Beef.

Rennet Leaf in Pails, 20 lb, 10 lb, 5 lb, and 2 lb.

Fresh Lobster, Salmon, Shrimps and Cove Oysters.

Corned Ox Tongue and Pressed Tongue.

PICKELS and TABLE SAUCE.

Sugars the best quality of each grade.

SYRUPS AND MOLASSES.

NEW YORK GOSHEN

AND

OHIO CREAM CHEESE.

THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF

LAUNDRY AND TOILET SOAPS.

PURE SPICES.

COLMAN'S ENGLISH MUSTARD.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST.

J. R. JENKINS

No. 28 Fifth Ave.,

PITTSBURGH, PA.

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of Goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Planes, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c., Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the larges stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is very large and comprises very elegant styles. Disston's Circular, Muley and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Locking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sives, Door Mats, Buckets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c.

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade, and exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place.

"No. 3, BAER'S BLOCK."

January 21, '80. JOHN F BLYMYER.

R

C. N. BOYD

DRUGGIST.

MAMMOTH BLOCK.

SOMERSET, PA.

TO THE LOVERS OF FINE HORSES

Wish to say to the breeders of fine horses, that I will stand my Kentucky bred Horse

CHIEF,

at my farm this season, beginning April 1st, at the low price of $20 to insure a mare with foal.

Also my Trail Stallion

NC,

BER in build, with bone and texture in this county; during the season, from April to June, the low rate of $15 to insure a mare with foal.

All who are fond of fine horses will not fail to see this man or I would not have the best class. For pedigree of sires,

F. REFFLEY.

SETTLEMENT.

Supervisors of Northampton Road meeting April 22, 1880.

Dr.

Cr.

Cr.

By materials ..... $ 5 00

Work on road, teams, material 470 33

Bal due Levi Boyer ..... $ 10 79

We the undersigned Auditors of Northampton Township, certify, that the above account of the supervisors have been by us examined, and we find them correct as above stated.

April 22, 1880.

Attest: J. M. Sprint, J. H. Bittner, Wm. Bittner, Jr., Clerk. P. J. Pennington, Auditor.

MENTOR.

Thereby give notice that I will stand my finest Stallion MENTOR, full three quarter blood, at the stables of Josiah Brant, in

Somerset Borough

during the day time of the season. Morning and evening of each day his services can be had on my farm one and a half miles northeast of Somerset.

MENTOR is a black horse, sired by Hoffert's Imported English Trait Horse "NIMROD." He is a horse of fine style, with immense strength of loin, and will weigh 1300 to 1400 pounds. There are a number of his colts in this neighborhood for sale, if were offered while they were still standing in nursing colts.

My other black horse

PHOENIX

will stand at Naomi Choice, Bedford county, and in that vicinity. A large number of his colts can be seen at Bedford and Everett. Don't fail to see these colts before patronizing any other horse.

March 24. HENRY KRISTER.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of George Speicht, late of Shade Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary in the above estate have been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Friday, Sat., day of May, 1880, at his late residence.

HENRY PENROD, SAMUEL GARLE, Executors.

April 7.

PATENTS

Caveats for new inventions, or for improvements on old ones, for medicines or other compounds, trade marks and labels, Copyrights, Assignments, Interferences, Reissues, Infringements, Appeals, and all cases relating under the United States, promptly by Skilful Examiners. Inventions that have been patented by us, Hand specimen, the C. S. Patent Department, and August 1st, 1877, contains 60 pages of instructions, we can send a copy free to any applicant, and Patents secured through us receive broader claims than those which are issued from Washington.

INVENTORS

Who desire to secure Patents, should write us for our Guide, or Hand Book, for 1880, 100 pages, 50 cents. Prompt attention and NO CHARGE UNLESS PATENT IS SECURED.

We refer to Hon. Postmaster General, Hon. Commissioner of Patents, The German-American Bank, Washington, D. C., and to our clients in every county in the United States.

Address, C. S. EVERT & CO., Washington, D. C.

Our Bill Low, Fees Light. April 14.

FOR SALE

GOOD SECOND HAND

ENGINES,

BOILERS AND MACHINERY.

One 25 Horse Griffith & Wedge Portable Engine and Circular Saw Mill $1,200 00

One 25 Horse Griffith & Wedge Portable Engine and Circular Saw Mill 1,400 00

One Ball & Williams Double Surface Planing and Matching Machine 500 00

One Power & Tuft Single Surface Planing and Matching Machine 400 00

One Roper's Foot Scroll Machine (new) 50 00

One Jim Frame Swing Cut off Saw (new) 40 00

One Disston's Double Geared Saw Gummer 35 00

One 25 Horse Stationary Engine with Governor 300 00

One 25 Horse Stationary Engine with Governor 350 00

One 1 Horse Stationary Engine, Boiler and Fixtures 200 00

One 60 Horse Upright Tubular Boiler and Fixtures 500 00

One 20 Horse Templet Flue Boiler and Fixtures 450 00

One 25 Horse Templet Flue Boiler and Fixtures 400 00

One pair 20 Horse Cylinder Boilers, Front and connections 500 00

One 40 Turbine Water Wheel, with Gearing and Shafting 400 00

Also a lot of Engines, Boilers, Wood working Machinery, Pulleys, Shafting, Belting, Circular Saws, &c., &c.

Address, W. W. MCKEE & SON, Cincinnati, O.

Our Bill Low Freights. April 14.

KIDNEY-WORT

The Only Remedy

THAT ACTS AT THE SAME TIME ON THE LIVER, THE BOWELS, and the KIDNEYS.

This combined action gives it wonderful power to cure all diseases.

Why Are We Sick?

Because we allow these great organs to become clogged, or torpid, and poisonous humours therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL RELIEVE

BILIOUSNESS, PILES, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY COMPLAINTS, URINARY DISEASES, FEMALE WEAKNESS, AND NERVOUS DISORDERS.

By causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off diseases.

Why Suffer Bilious attacks and aches?

Why tormented with Piles, Constipation?

Why Frightened over disordered Kidneys?

Why so nervous over nervous disorders?

Why have sleepless nights?

The KIDNEY WORT will relieve in a month. Have dry, regulable compound form; one package will make six quart families. Get it of your Druggist. Price $1.25.

DRY OR LIQUID. Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

W. H. PERRY & CO.'S

ILLUSTRATED DESCRIPTIVE

SEED ANNUAL

FOR 1880

D. M. FERRY & Co., Detroit, Mich.

The Truth is Mighty

and will prevail. Thousands who have used and been cured are living witnesses to the truth of this statement, that SELLERS' LIVER PILLS will Cure the worst cases of Liver Complaint, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness arising therefrom, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness arising therefrom, Costiveness, Constipation, Dizziness arising therefrom