THE DOUBLE PLOT.

"Never, never, never!" exclaimed Georgie Abbott.

What a pretty picture she made, as she stood up in the might of her pride and anger and repeated the words! Although I was her governess and companion, and should have felt a keen pang of regret at heart at such a display of temper, I found myself instead admiring the queenly pose of her head, the full height to which she had drawn her well-rounded figure, and even the very way her little foot was set upon the graveled walk. Her straw hat had fallen back from her face, and its white satin ribbons lay loosely about her bare neck, like bands of silver; while the moonlight stole over the golden-brown braids of her luxuriant hair tinging them softly with its radiance.

Should I speak to her, as was perhaps my duty, or like a true daughter of Eve, sit by my window and watch the closing of the little farce? Alas! I was but a young governess, comparatively speaking, and the stern, practical life of two years at Somerville House had not quite rooted out the love of sentiment and romance that from early youth had known a welcome home with me. So I did the latter—watched.

"But, Georgie," spoke a voice, which I at once recognized as belonging to my young cousin, Walter Marston, "you appear like one insane. Will you listen to reason?"

"Not from you, most assuredly!" she replied. "I hate you for the words you have spoken to me! I hate you—absolutely hate you!"

There was about a moment's pause, during which Walter retired a few paces, putting on the air of a prince, while Georgie fretted out the ends of her blue sash with her slender white fingers.

"Very well," said Walter, tossing the brown hair, which the damp evening air had made into soft brown rings, from his forehead. Georgie bowed, "If I am ill," said he, "and send for you—"

"I'll never go to you, Walter Marston, never!" interrupted the young girl.

"Very well," came again from the lips of Walter, as he turned half reluctantly away.

"Take this, if you please!" cried Georgie; and I could see her draw hastily a golden circlet from her finger. "And this," snatching from her neck a golden cross; "I want nothing of yours about me!"

"Do not dare to thrust such paltry trifles in my face, Georgie Abbott, or even you may find that there is a bound to my endurance," said Walter.

All the blood of the proud Marstons in Walter's veins was at once aroused by the quivering tone in which he spoke, as he tore the baubles from the young girl's grasp and ground them into the dust with his foot, turning away from her without further word or comment.

There was something in his voice something in his firm tread as he walked away that roused into life memories that had slumbered for years within my bosom. In vain I tried to crush them back into oblivion as they came up before me; but it was a useless task, and, like a weary child, I buried my face in my hands and burst into tears.

When young, like Georgie Abbott, for a cruel temper I had allowed the sweetest years of my life to slip away from me in a moment's time of anger. How the little scene I had just witnessed called back into the present a far-past evening of my life! How the old yearning for love and tenderness sprang up anew within my heart, and went searchingly out for a dear one whom I had taught myself to look upon as dead—forever dead to me! How I recalled looks, tones and words that had been so long hushed in the chilly tomb of forgetfulness! And how I prayed to Heaven for strength to walk firmly, and without wavering, my cruel way of thorns, though my feet were torn and bleeding all the while!

As I sat trying to soothe my perturbed thoughts back to the quiet channel in which they were wont to flow, I heard the quick step of Walter Marston in the corridor that led to my room, and before I could wipe the tears from my eyes he rapped hastily at my door.

"I am come to bid you good-by," he said as I met him. "I shall start for home to-morrow."

"So soon, Walter! How is this?" I asked, placing him in a chair. "I thought your visit was to have ended in a very different manner."

"Oh, there seems little use in remaining here longer," he replied. "I am not feeling very strong yet, and a home atmosphere is better than any other for an invalid."

"In some cases, though I should hardly think so in yours," I answered. "Will Miss Abbott return to Cadlands with you?"

"I think not," said he.

"And why?" I asked.

"Because, Elsa, she hates me—because she has never loved me," he answered, with a vehemence that quite startled me.

It was useless for me to try and conceal from Walter my knowledge of his quarrel with Georgie; so I told him as plainly and simply as I could what I knew of it, begging him to be led by a calm, cool judgment in the affair, rather than the fierce, passionate counsellings of his meaner nature, which threatened to overpower the good.

"But Georgie does not love me," said he.

"You are mistaken, Walter; she does love you," I replied. "She has been hasty, even as you have been; but can you not pardon her as you hope to be pardoned?"

"Did you ever love?" he asked, quickly, fixing his dark hazel eyes upon my face, regardless of the question I had asked him. "And if so, would it have been possible for you to allow such words to fall from your lips as fell from Georgie's this evening?"

"I *have* loved, Walter," I said, in a quivering voice. "I loved fervently, and with all the strength of a warm, passionate heart; and more, I spoke just such cruel words to the man I loved as Georgie addressed to you this evening. My words were like keen steel. They ran between his heart and mine, severing them forever. This is why my life is a sad and lonely one. Oh, let it be a lesson to you!"

Tears shone in the dark eyes of Walter, and with a rapid movement he was by my side with outstretched hands saying:

"Oh, Elsa! I have your secret at last. Elsa, dear cousin Elsa, you once loved my brother Robert! Do not shake your head—I am sure of it; and that is why you are moping your life away here, and why Robert stays away from home so long."

"Do not speak of this, Walter," I said, eagerly clasping his hands. "If you have any regard for me do not speak of it to—to—"

"Whom?"

"To *him*," I replied.

"To Robert," said he.

"I bowed my head.

"It shall be as you wish," he answered, very thoughtfully.

"And now let us talk of Georgie," I said, anxious to turn the conversation into a new channel.

"And what of her?" asked Walter, growing chilly as an iceberg at the mere mention of her name.

"She loves you," I repeated.

"That remains to be seen," was the crustily-given reply.

"And may I prove it to you?" I asked. "Will you allow yourself to be convinced?"

"If I cannot help it, most certainly," was the answer.

"And will you trust everything to me," I asked, "and do as I bid you?"

"Even as you wish, Miss Counsellor," he replied.

"Then you may be as happy as you choose, for I am certain of success," I said.

Walter shook his head moodily, but I saw that there was a new light in his eye, and that in spite of his air of unbelief, he really trusted in what I had told him. And so we parted.

* * * * * *

"I have a letter containing news from Walter Marston, written by a friend of his," I said, in a matter-of fact tone, to Georgie Abbott, as she lingered by my side one afternoon after lessons were over. "It is very sad, too—very sad. But excuse me, you wished to know something of your French lesson. How many pages did I give you to translate?"

I looked up from my book as I asked the question. Georgie was clinging hold of a chair, looking as pale as the muslin robe she wore. The pallor of her face frightened me, although I assumed an air of easy indifference, and assured her that the next day's translation was exceedingly easy.

"Will you go up to my room with me?" I asked, rising and locking my desk.

"No—no; do not go," she half gasped; "tell me what you know of Walter!"

"Oh, of Walter!" said I. "Didn't I finish telling you about him? Why, he says, or rather his friend writes for him that if any of his friends at Somerville House wish to see him, they must go to Cadlands at once. That is all."

"All! Miss Herbert," she cried. "All! Is it not enough, in heaven's name? When did you receive the letter?"

"Yesterday morning!" I answered.

"And are you not going to him?" she asked.

"I fear I shall not be able to go," I replied, coolly.

"And is this your boasted cousinly love and friendship for him?" said Georgie; "his your sisterly tenderness, that congeals into ice when he is most in need of your sympathy and kindness? May I be delivered from all such.

"You are getting excited, Miss Abbott," I remarked. "You are one of Mr. Marston's friends—why do you not go to him?"

But she did not give me an answer, as, with curling lip, and cheeks like the pale lillies of the valley that hung upon her bosom, she swept from the room.

"I wonder what will be her next step?" I said, mentally as I followed her moodily from the school-room "Will she go to Walter alone—will her pride allow her to do that!"

"A letter for you, Miss Herbert," said Mrs. Abbott at that moment, coming suddenly upon me. "I have had it in my possession since this morning. My neglect is quite inexcusable, I am well aware."

With an eagerness that I could not well account for, I took the letters from her hand, and turned unceremoniously into the room I had left. The address on it was in the familiar handwriting of Walter Marston. Why did I tremble to break the seal? With fingers that seemed loth to do my bidding, I tore it open and read

"DEAR ELSA:—Come to Cadlands at once. I have not time now to explain, only to say if you value the happiness of a human heart, or care to prolong for a few days one human life, come!

Yours truly,

"WALTER MARSTON."

What did it mean? Whose life could I prolong; whose happiness insure by going to Cadlands? Was it a little hoax of Walter's? No, it could not be; the note was too earnest and emphatic for that, besides the freak was not at all like one of his. Had Robert returned? No, that was not possible, for but a few weeks before I had been told that he was in Italy. I was in a maze of doubt and wonder, looking about me vainly for something that would throw the faintest ray of light upon the mystery. But the light did not appear, and so I set myself rapidly about preparing for my sudden departure, having first obtained leave of absence from Mrs. Howard, and explained that as most likely her daughter would wish to go I could accompany her. All this while, as I bustled hurriedly about my chamber, I was conscious that the occupant of the room above my own was preparing to leave home. I could hear the moving of trunks, the hurried orders as to the disposal of this thing and that, given to her maid and occasionally recognized the fleet step of Georgie Abbott, as she sprang nervously up and down the stairs. My suspicions that she was making ready for a visit to Cadlands were confirmed beyond a doubt, when the fly came to take me to the station, for the same carriage also started her upon her journey.

"It seems you have changed your mind, Miss Herbert," she said haughtily to me.

"I have received another letter since I saw you," I replied.

"How was he?" she faltered.

"In such a condition that my presence was demanded there at once," I replied. "I could not treat the urgent request lightly, and so have left everything for the sake of complying with it."

"Heaven grant that I may not be too late!" murmured Georgie, sinking back in the seat beside me. "Oh, Miss Herbert, I am so very, very miserable!"

I drew the trembling form of the young girl close to my side, and bade her be of good cheer.

Looking upon her pale face as she leaned her head upon my shoulder, I condemned myself bitterly for the part I had taken in the really cruel affair.

For a moment I resolved to confess it all to her, trusting to her good sense and her warm love for Walter for her forgiveness, but the thought of the strange, mystical letter I had received checked me, and I determined to let the affair terminate as originally planned.

It was very late that evening when we arrived at Lymington. The carriage was waiting for us at the station, but only servants were with it to escort us.

Every moment the mystery grew more incomprehensible to me. What could it all mean?

Why, on entering Cadlands, were Georgie and I conducted formally to our rooms as thought we were entire strangers?

Why did the servants shake their heads silently when we asked for the invalid—for Walter?

Oh, it was very strange to me! and more inexplicable still was it when a servant came up to our rooms to conduct us down to dinner—not to the dining-hall, but a quiet, luxurious little nest of a room, that led out of the library.

What could it mean?—ay, what did it mean? When we entered the room we found two gentlemen apparently waiting to receive us.

Into the arms of one Georgie rushed very unceremoniously, crying at the top of her voice:

"Dear, dear Walter, you are alive—you are alive!"

The other stood looking earnestly and anxiously at me, while a mingled tide of hope, fear and uncertainty swept over my soul. With a tottering, feeble step I went forward, led by the quick, sunshiny smile that broke gloriously over his face, while the joy and thanksgiving of our hearts went forth in these words:

"Robert!"

"Elsa!"

That evening's happiness I will pass over, because I have a horror of depicting accurately a love scene, more especially a two-fold one; as in this case it proved to be. The next morning I attempted to reprove Walter for the letter he had sent me the day before; but he only laughed merrily at the mention of it, assuring me that he was convinced beyond the possibility of a doubt before he wrote the letter, that Robert's life and happiness were both in imminent danger. And then Georgie shook her finger menacingly toward me, and bade me not to complain of other people's deception, while there was such a load of guilt upon your own shoulder.

The double plot is to end in a double wedding; and before another month is past the merry bells of Cadlands are to usher in the happy morning.

Punishment of Silence.

Mr. James Greenwood has published a frightful account of the silent system, which is in operation at the Holloway model prison in London:

It is an offense for a prisoner to speak one word, and he is never addressed except in a whisper, so that he may be in prison two years without hearing the sound of the human voice. The effect of this is so terrible on the mind that prisoners will speak out in desperation, at the risk of any punishment, rather than endure that horrible silence.

The prisoners never see one another, but remain in perpetual solitude. One poor wretch driven to desperation by nine months' solitude and silence, recklessly broke out, in Mr. Greenwood's presence:

"For God's sake, governor, put me in another cell. Put me somewhere else I have counted the bricks in the cell I am in till my eyes ache!"

The request of the tortured wretch was refused.

There is a fine hole in each cell, and as the wardens wear shoes with India rubber soles the prisoners are never sure of being alone.

Those condemned to the treadmill have to ascend twelve hundred steps every alternate twenty minutes for six hours. And this is in a place so hot and close that prisoners often lose in perspiration three stone in as many months.

Every day the prisoners are taken to the chapel, so arranged that they can see no one save the chaplain, and him only through an iron grating. And thus is the order of devotion observed.

Wardens are constantly on the watch, lest for a single instant they, through the whole of service, depart from the rigid rule of "eyes right." They must look steadily at the preacher; must raise and lower their prayer book with the elbows squared and all at once, like soldiers at drill. They may not scrape their feet without having afterward to explain the movement. They scarcely wink an eye or sigh without danger of rebuke or punishment. God help them, poor wretches!

Use of Tobacco.

I am certain that the families of those who use tobacco are more subject to the class of disease termed "nervous" than are those of non-users. I recall a great number of instances in which the continual suffering of women and children from headache and feeble circulation was attributed to tobacco smoke. Thousands of children are dwarfed intellectually, morally and physically, if not murdered out right, by father or brothers, or some friend who poisons the home air with nicotine.

When the charter of the New York Medical College was granted in 1863, a medical gentleman and senator from the rural districts, who had favored the bill and sent me his congratulations, saying also that he had a daughter, six years old, who he hoped, when old enough would become my pupil. About a year ago this daughter now a young lady, was brought to me, not as a pupil but patient, her father reporting that she was always too nervous to study and that he never could trust her from under his care. Her symptoms led me to inquire concerning his habits in regard to tobacco. He was an inveterate smoker, and because the wife found the smell unbearable when in the house, he confined his smoking to his study, where his daughter was his constant companion. The young lady's condition was critical; the action of the heart was so irregular that she could not lie down, and thus her sleep was interfered with. After I had seen her three times, and made an examination of her case, her father asked me:

"What do you think is the cause of her illness?"

"I am sure," I said, "that her condition is due to the inhalation of tobacco." After a little reflection he replied:

"I believe it! Tobacco is an arterial sedative, affecting the entire circulation of the blood." Bringing his right hand down with decision, he exclaimed: Mrs. Dr. Lozier, you have hit upon the cause, I am convinced, and if I should ever take up a temperance crusade, I would begin at tobacco."

Notwithstanding that the invalid is somewhat improving since being removed from a poisoned atmosphere, I fear the truth is, her constitution is shattered for life.—*C. M. Lozier, M. D.*

A Book to Married Men.

AN INGENIOUS INVENTION WHICH SAVES MANY CURTAIN LECTURES.

Miraculous inventions are the order of the day. Even Edison has been surpassed by a genius who has invented what is called a "Married Man's indicator." It is a wonderfully sensitive arrangement of the ordinary thermometer, in convenient pocket size, and is graded to a scale of cabalistic marks, which show the exact state of the domestic atmosphere at any hour of the night. The hard-worked and belated husband arrives home, say midnight. He takes out his "indicator" thrusts it in the keyhole, and leaves it there a few seconds. Pulling it out quickly he scans the dial by moonlight's fitful gleaming. If it marks "S A." (sound asleep) the poor husband pulls off his boots noiselessly, uses his night key with bated breath, gives the door a quick shove to keep it from creaking steals trembling to bed, and when his dear little wifey wakes up about two seconds afterward and wants to know how long he has been home, he is so sound asleep that Gabriel's trumpet couldn't wake him.

If the "indicator" scores "A. A. C B. D. K. T." (awake, awful cross, but does not know what time it is,) the husband puts a few more grains of coffee in his mouth, opens the door boldly, walks in with a slam-bang air, hits his foot intentionally against a chair, wants to know why the devil the chairs ain't kept out of the way, gets desperately mad on general principles, scares his wife clear out of her crossness and intended curtain lectures, refuses to let her get up and strike a match—never did like a light at night nohow; remarks gruffly in response to a timid query that "it's about twenty-five minutes after ten," and then turns into bed in such an apparently awful state of mind that the wife of his bosom is afraid to speak to him—at which he is very sad of course.

There are numerous other marks on the indicator, showing just where it will do to "play the dodge" or the "sick friend;" or "been standing on the corner talking with so-and-so for more than an hour;" or "general or honorable this or that from you know where, was in town, and had to go away on the two o'clock train, and he insisted so strongly that the whole party stayed up to see him off, although it was a great bore, and we only did it through courtesy."

But the most awfully, awful of all the cabalistic signs on the dial is the one at the top, about two marks above boiling point. When the weary husband comes home about four A. M., from the direction of the butcher shop with a roll of meat hung high in the air, so that every one who passes cannot fail to see it, and sticks the "indicator" in the key hole, he is almost too weak to draw it out. With hair on ends he reads it by the faint light streaming in from the eastern hills, and sweat breaks out on his noble brow in drops as large as walnuts, as he sees the bulb of the indicator jammed up against, "R. H S. H. W. F. Y. J. I. D," (red hot, and still a heating, and waiting for you just inside the door.) The inventor of the instrument says that when this terrible misfortune overtakes a man he feels that there is nothing left in this life worth living for, and appreciates the full force of those beautiful lines:

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's delusion given."

He slings the meat out into yard, and braces himself for the coming fray, but says nothing, for nothing can be said. Be he ever so gifted a liar, his accomplishment is more than valueless. No lodge, no sick friend, no talking on the corner, no sitting up to see the general off, no swearing that he will never do it again—in fact nothing will avail. It is an absolute indefensible case. He is caught in *flagrante delicto*. Even the ghastly gayety with which, two hours previous he had said to the boys that he "guessed he'd see it out now—might as well be killed for a sheep as a lamb," had all vanished. The indicator having told him the exact situation of things he knows what to do, and that is nothing but get into bed at once and wrap the drapery of the couch about him, pull the pillow over his ears, and wait for his wife's breath to give out. It's awful while it lasts, but it has its use in relieving the unfortunate husband's mind of part of its dreaded load.

The indicator is a great invention, and no family should be without one. For sale at all stores where they are kept.

HAD DOCTORED A NUMBER OF YEARS.

DES MOINES, IOWA, May 13, 1878.

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

DEAR SIR:—I had doctored a number of years for Biliousness, Rheumatism and Heart Disease, but found no relief. When in Elmira, N. Y., I used your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic with great success. I am satisfied that if more of it were used there would be less sickness. Please send me two bottles by express.

Yours truly,

ALEX. W. PATON.

Dr. Fenner'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 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. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

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. Try a sample bottle at 10 cents.

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

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

WASHINGTON LETTER.

By Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, May 17, 1880.

An extension of the Congressional Library seems to be a necessity, and we may expect, at no distant day, to see another magnificent public edifice in Washington, designed for the accommodation of the vast accumulation of books that are now crowded on the shelves and piled upon the floor of the halls of the Capitol. There are in the library 375,000 volumes, while there is only shelf room for 280,000, leaving 95,000 volumes to be piled on the floor and stuck away in nooks and corners. In addition to these volumes there are 120,000 pamphlets and over 6,000 bound volumes of newspapers, besides a large number of valuable maps and charts, all of which have to be packed away like dry goods in a crowded store. If the library was not in charge of an exceptionally able and efficient librarian its utility would be almost wholly destroyed. Such a thing as a retired corner or desk where anybody can quietly examine authorities and make notes is an impossibility. The boxes of books which are constantly being received have to be opened under the very feet of visitors to the library. One-fourth of the books are not provided with shelf room, and when they are called for whole stacks must be overhauled and dark recesses ransacked. The want of proper accommodation for books is causing the destruction of a great many, and, on the score of economy, better accommodations are demanded.

The Senate has been the more active House of Congress during the week. Mr. Allison's amendment to the bill authorizing a retired list for non-commissioned officers, by which the President is required to appoint two colored cadets annually to West Point, was debated with some animation, General Burnside favoring it even to the point of wishing the academy abolished if it could not stand the color test. Mr. Hoar objected to embodying race discriminations in legislation, and Mr. Dawes proposed five instead of two appointments, leaving the President free to make them of any color he pleased. Mr. Conkling seemed inclined to stop making any more white appointments until the black man's past exclusion from West Point had been amply compensated. The Kellogg debate was renewed, and the Indian Bill passed.

The Ways and Means Committee continued work on the tariff bill yesterday, nearly finishing it. The matter of salt is still left in *statu quo* but will probably be disposed of on Saturday, when the committee will hold a meeting to complete its consideration and finally act upon the measure. Members of the committee now state it as their positive belief that the bill will be adopted on Saturday and reported to the House early next week for consideration.

Senator Morgan introduced into the Senate yesterday a resolution providing for the method of counting the electoral vote. It is important, as it is supposed to embody the views agreed upon at the caucus held recently.

Greatly increased receipts from customs continue to be reported. We are buying foreign goods with old time extravagance, and the usual result will follow. By the end of the year we shall be shipping gold to Europe.

C. A. S.

To Young Men.

Young men, let me say a word to you about the beginning of your plans in life.

There are two ways opening up before every one of you. One lies literaly along the surface of the earth the other rests on earth but reaches toward heaven. Either of them may include worldly prosperity. One makes the whole experience earthly. The other, while it gives a man possession of earthly joys, makes the gems of higher and nobler ones.

Now, there are tens of thousands that, like the patriarch of old, have left their father's house. Some are exiled on a foreign shore. Some are on the sea. Some are in remote states. Some have come from rural districts; from old occupations to new and untried ones.

Now, what a glorious beginning of life is that by which a young man consecrates himself, in the very first step, and distinctly purpose with himself and promises his God that he will unite earthly pursuits and ambitions with heavenly ambitions and pursuits, saying: "I will never, never my connections with heaven. My ladder shall stand on the ground, but it shall never come down from the heavenly rest." That is not your planning. It were wise if it were. Oh, the wantonness and the shame of those who early essay to dispose life of its moral restraints and its influences! There be many who make use of their first liberty to escape from home and to disown the inspiration which they consider superstition; to cast off the bands that hold them back from vice. They ain't going to be tied to their father and mother by leading strings any longer. They assert their liberty, supposing that liberty and license are one and the same thing. They mean to understand more of life. As if a knowledge of life were to be found by groveling in its low and animal desires and pursuits! As if a man should seek himself, by going toward the lion the ox, the hog, the beast of the field! There are some that suppose that knowledge is increased by knowing something of the morbid conditions of life. But blest are they whose first vision is of angels when they go away from their father's and mother's house, and know that it is a vision of angels, and accept it as such.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

Women Voters.

We are indebted to a staff correspondent for the following anecdote concerning the recent registration of female voters in Boston. Its accuracy is vouched for by an eminent artist—one of the most distinguished stone-cutters of the Hub.

Enter old lady of a certain age.

"I wish to register, sir."

"Your name, please?"

"Almira Jane Simpson."

"Your age?"

"Beg pardon."

"Your age?"

"Do I understand that I must give my age?"

"Yes, miss, the law requires it."

"World, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. No, I had as liel wear it on my bonnet, as a hackman does his number: but I am a twin, and if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age; and I could not give my own, because I do not wish to offend her."—*Harper's Magazine.*

OLD TEA HOUSE.

TEAS,

A SPECIALTY.

HEADQUARTERS

—FOR—

FANCY and STAPLE

GROCERIES,

FINE TEAS,

AND

RARE and CHOICE

COFFEES.

J. R. JENKINS,

28 Fifth Avenue,

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OLD TEA HOUSE SPECIALTIES.

The Celebrated Garden Grown Tea!
Guaranteed absolutely pure.

The Fancy French Flag Flour!
Best in the World. Took First Medal at Paris Exposition.

The Celebrated Snow Bird Flour!
For extreme White Bread and Pastry use.

Jenkins' Bread Flour!
In 3 and 6 lb. packages, ready for baking.

The Celebrated Delmonico Coffee
This Delicious Coffee is Unrivaled for its Delightful Aroma.

The Fancy French Coffee!
A RARE mixture of RARE Coffee.

Imported and American!
Every Variety Fancy Cheese.

The Oneida Community Fruits!
The Pure Vermont Maple Syrup!
The Largest Variety of Imported Table Goods!

TEA!

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

CELEBRATED

Garden Grown Teas!

PRICE OF TEA.

THE NEW CROP.

YOUNG HYSON, GUNPOWDER, IMPERIAL, OOLONG, JAPAN } Per pound, 40, 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, don't fail to mention the *quality* you desire, and *price*.

☞ All the Teas quoted above at $1.00 per pound and upwards are the GARDEN GROWN TEAS. *If so desired, will pack any of the above in 5 or 10 lb. boxes without extra charge.*

HAVE JUST RECEIVED AN INVOICE OF VERY FANCY

Crop 1879. FORMOSA OOLONG TEA! $1.00 per

—GOOD TEAS AT LOW PRICES!—

GUNPOWDER—IMPERIAL—YOUNG HYSON—JAPAN—OOLONG—ENGLISH BREAKFAST,

25 CENTS PER POUND.

NO REDUCTION BY ANY QUANTITY.

COFFEE!

RARE AND CHOICE.

—THE—

CELEBRATED DELMONICO

COFFEE!

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

THE FANCY

FRENCH COFFEE!

PRICE PER POUND - - 28 CENTS.

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

A PARTIAL LIST OF GOODS

Constantly Arriving.

F. 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 20 lb kits.

WINTER WHEAT FLOUR.

Cincinnati Hams, Breakfast Bacon and Dried Beef.
Refined Lard in Pails, 20 lb. 10 lb. 5 lb. and 3 lb.
Fresh Lobsters, Salmon, Shrimps and Cove Oysters.
Cooked Corned Beef 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, Japan Dryer, 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. Ditston'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, Baskets, 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. al exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. P r sons who are building, or any one in . eed 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

I 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 $25 to insure a mare with foal.

Also my Draft Stallion

KING,

He is a second NIGGER in build, with bone and general make up second to none in this county; will be at my Farm during the season, from April 6th to July 4th, at the low rate of $8 to insure a mare with foal.

To old patrons I would say don't fail to see this Horse, as he is a good one or I would not have him. His colts are all first class. For pedigree of above Horses, see posters.

April 7 41 P. HEFFLEY.

TOWNSHIP SETTLEMENT.

Settlement with Supervisors of Northampton Township, for the year ending April 12, 1880.

Frederick Muhlenberg, Dr.

To am't of duplicate	$453 21
Bal. due twp. for 1879	134 69
	$487 21
Cr.	
By exonerations	$ 1 60
Work on road, com'lon material	479 31
	$480 91
Bal. due twp. paid to H. Bauman	$ 6 30

Levi Boyer, Dr.

To amt. of duplicate	$383 71
Cr.	
By exonerations	$ 4 77
Work on road, com'lon material	409 72
	$414 49
Bal. due Levi Boyer	$ 30 78

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

April 12, 1880.

Attest: J. H. MILLER, Tp. Clerk. J. M. STUFF, WM. BAUMAN, P. J. POORMAGOH, Auditors.

april 28

MENTOR.

I hereby give notice that I will stand my fine black Stallion MENTOR, fall three quarter blood, at the stable of Josiah Brant, in

Somerset Borough

during the day throughout 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 Heffley's Imported English Draft Horse "NIGGER." He is a horse of fine style, with immense strength of bone, and will weigh 1800 to 1900 pounds. There are a number of his colts in this neighborhood for which $75 were offered while they were still classed as sucking colts.

My other black horse

PHŒNIX

will stand at Manns' 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 KEISTER.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

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

Letters testamentary in the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will please present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Friday, 21st, day of May, 1880, at his late residence.

HENRY PENROD, SAMUEL CABLE, Executors.

April 7

PATENTS

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

REJECTED

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

INVENTORS

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

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

C. A. SNOW & CO.

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

FOR SALE

GOOD SECOND HAND

ENGINES,

BOILERS AND MACHINERY.

One 25 Horse Griffith & Wedge Portable Engine and Circular Saw Mill	$1,500 00
One 20 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 & Talmter Single Surface Planing and Matching Machine	400 00
One Roger's Foot Mortising Machine (new)	45 00
One Iron Frame Swing Cut off Saw (new)	40 00
One Disston's Double Geared Saw Grinder	15 00
One 35 Horse Stationary Engine with Governor	500 00
One 25 Horse Stationary Engine with Governor	500 00
One 5 Horse Stationary Engine, Boiler and Fixtures	250 00
One 60 Horse Upright Tubular Boiler and Fixtures	500 00
One 35 Horse Dempfel Flue Boiler and Fixtures	450 00
One 25 Horse Dempfel Flue Boiler and Fixtures	400 00
One pair 20 Horse Cylinder Boilers, Front and connections	500 00
One 48 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. McKAIG & SON, CUMBERLAND, MD.

Can Get Low Freights. April 14 41

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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 humors are therefore forced into the blood that should be expelled naturally.

KIDNEY-WORT WILL CURE

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

by causing free action of these organs and restoring their power to throw off disease.

Why Suffer Bilious pains and aches? Why tormented with Piles, Constipation? Why frightened over disordered Kidneys? Why endure nervous or sick headaches? Why have sleepless nights?

Use KIDNEY-WORT and rejoice in health. It is a dry, vegetable compound and one package will make six qts of Medicine. Get it of your Druggist, he will order it for you. Price, $1.00.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, (Will send post paid.) Burlington, Vt.

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Will be mailed free to all applicants, and to customers without ordering it. It contains four colored plates, 600 engravings, about 200 pages, and full descriptions, prices and directions for planting 1,000 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Plants, Roses, etc. Invaluable to all. Send for it. Address,

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

Jan. 28