THE DAWN WILL COME.

The night may be dreary and somber and sad,
And swiftly may speed the wild rack in the sky;
The ocean may soar on the wave-beaten shore
But the dawn of the bright golden morning is nigh!
The tempest may gather and thunder may roll,
And the frighted birds hide from the lightning's sheen;
But far in the East, from its slumbers released,
The dawn of the bright golden morning is seen!
The bitterest sorrow may gather around,
And banish the smile to give place to a tear;
But time will relieve all who tremble and grieve,
For the dawn of the [illegible] morning is near!
Then do not despair, O ye weary and sad,
For joy will disperse e'en the shade of a sigh:
Bright days will come back, and the night and the rack
Will flee when the dawn of the morning is nigh!

BEHIND THE SCENES.

"Four o'clock and no Ellen yet? What can detain her so? She is usually more punctual than the clock itself."

It was scarcely a room in which Laura Avery was sitting—rather a magnificent bay window, with draperies of embroidered lace.

"Poor Ellen," she murmured, how different our lots have been ordered in this world. Her parents dead—their wealth irretrievably lost, and she is too proud to accept a cent that she has not laboriously earned. Oh dear!" and Laura sighed again, just as the clock's liquid voice chimed the half hour.

"She doesn't come," soliloquized the puzzled little damsel. Perhaps she's sick. I'll send James to inquire—no, I'll go myself."

Before the words were out of her lips she was up in her room adjusting a soft shawl over her black silk dress, and tying the strings of a quiet little brown velvet bonnet, whose own crimson rose among its trimmings of enameled moss was not unlike the bloom on her own cheek.

"I don't think it's going to snow," she pondered, looking out at the gray threatening sky, as she drew on her perfectly fitting gloves. "At any rate I shall walk very fast."

As she came through the softly-carpeted vestibule, a servant approached her.

"A note, Miss Laura; it came five minutes ago."

Ah! the rose was several shades in the back ground now, as she broke the scented seal, and glanced over the delicate cream colored sheet, with a bright suppressed smile dimpling the corners of her mouth. Yet the note was a very simple one after all:

My Dear Miss Avery: May I promise myself the pleasure of accompanying you to hear the new opera to-night? Unless I receive a message to forbid me, I will call for you at half-past seven.

Your most devoted slave,
Florian Richley.

Laura instinctively slipped the note into her bosom, as if fearful lest the very picture on the wall should catch a glimpse of the elegant chirography, and pursued her way down the gloomy street, with eyes that saw the murky atmosphere through the radiant glow of *couleur de rose*. Meantime the gray light of October was fast fading away from the dreary room on the third story of a house situated on one of those streets where decent respectability strives hand to hand with a grim assailant, want.

Singularly out of keeping with the shabby and poverty stricken aspect of the apartment, was a newly finished dress of lustrous purple silk; bright as the dyes of Tyre, they lay folded on the table beside the window in such a manner that you could see the costly trimming—a wide border of purple velvet, edged on either side with a fluting of white point lace. For poor Ellen Waynall was nothing more important than a hard-working, poorly paid dressmaker.

She lay on the little white bed in the corner with her flushed face pressed close against the pillow, and her slender figure partially covered by a coarse plaided scarlet shawl, while the involuntary contraction of her forehead bore witness to the pain she was meekly suffering.

As one or two silent tears escaped from her closed eyelids, and crept softly down her cheek, a light step sounded on the landing outside, and a knock came gently to the panels of the door.

"Come in," said Ellen, hurriedly dashing away the tears. "Laura, is it possible that this is you, dear?"

"Yes, it is myself and none other. Nell, I could not imagine why you did not come and fit that dress as you appointed; but I know the reason now. Nelly, you are sick. Why did you not send for me?"

Ellen tried to smile, faintly.

"I am not very sick, Laura; at least, I have not suffered much pain until to-night, and the doctor says that if I had only a little wine—no, Laura, do not draw your purse," she added, with a slight perceptible sparkle in her eyes and a proud quiver on her lips; "I am not so low yet as to accept charity. Don't look so hurt and grieved, dearest. You know how sensitive I cannot help being on some points. It is only for a little while. When I am well enough to take that dress home, and receive the money for it, I shall then be enabled to purchase whatever I may require.

Laura Avery knelt down at her friend's bedside with soft, pleading eyes.

"Dear Ellen, you will not refuse to accept a small temporary loan from me?"

Ellen shook her head with a grave smile.

"I can wait, Laura."

Laura looked from the dress to Ellen with a face painted with perplexity. Suddenly a bright inspiration seemed to strike her.

"Let me take the dress home, Ellen!" she exclaimed. "The walk will be just what I need, and I can stop at Doubour's on the way back and order the wine for you. You will not be strong unless you cosset yourself up a little. You will let me, Nell?"

Ellen hesitated a moment.

"But Laura—"

"No buts in the matter, if you please, Nell," laughed Laura, gleefully, beginning to fold the rich dress into a little basket that stood on the table beside it.

"Where is it to go?"

"To Mrs. Richley's, in River street. Why, Laura, what is the matter?"

"Nothing, only I am folding the dress wrong," returned Laura, in a low voice.

It was well that Ellen did not see the scarlet blush that rose to her friend's lovely cheek as she stood with her back to the bed, smoothing the lustrous breadths of purple silk. Mrs. Richley's! Laura was almost sorry she had volunteered to go, but it was too late to retract her offer, now.

"What a foolish little creature I am," she mused. "Poor Nelly needs the money so much, and cannot go for it herself, and it isn't at all likely that I shall see Florian. I will go—there's an end of it."

"Thank you, dear Laura, it is so kind of you," said Ellen fervently, as Miss Avery came to the bedside with the basket on her arm, and a black veil drawn closely over the brown velvet bonnet. "She owes me three dollars for this dress, and there are seven dollars on the old account that she has never paid me."

"Ten dollars! I'll collect it, never fear," said Laura, gayly, as she disappeared, while to poor Ellen it seemed as if the sunshine all died out with the presence of her beautiful friend.

It was nearly dusk when Miss Avery summoned all her resolution, ascended the brown stone steps of the Richley mansion and rang the bell.

"What's your business with Mrs. Richley?" asked the servant suspiciously scrutinizing the little basket that she carried. Laura bit her lips. This manner from servants was an entirely new experience to her. Yet how often poor Ellen had endured it.

"I have called to bring home a dress that was finished for her," she said in a tone of quiet dignity.

"O—ah—yes; well, I s'pose you'd best walk in."

The servant conducted her upstairs to a sort of sitting-room or boudoir, where Mrs. Richley, a portly dame of about fifty, gorgeously dressed in crimson silk, was sitting in her easy chair in front of a glowing fire.

Laura was grateful that the gas had not been lighted, particularly when she observed Mr. Florian Richley was lounging on a velvet sofa in one of the window recesses.

Mrs. Richley looked up as the servant ushered the newcomer in.

"Well, my young woman, what do you want?"

Laura's cheeks tinged at the tone of coarse insolence in which she was addressed, but she commanded herself to reply:

"I have brought your dress home, Mrs. Richley."

"Where is Miss Waynall?"

"She is ill."

"Very well; lay down the dress; it is all right."

But Laura stood her ground valiantly.

"Miss Waynall would like the money to-night, madam—seven dollars on the old account and three for this dress."

"It is not convenient to-night."

"But, Mrs. Richley, Miss Waynall is ill and needs the money," replied Laura.

"There, Florian," said Mrs. Richley, petulantly addressing the young man in the Turkish dressing-gown and elaborately arranged hair, "I told you how it would be."

"What the deuce is the matter, now?" snappishly asked Florian, for the first time condescending to evince any interest in what was going on.

"Why, these dress-making people are clamoring for money; just when you have drained me of my very last cent."

"Let 'em clamor, then, that's my advice," said Florian, without taking the trouble to move.

"Just give me back that ten-dollar bill, Florian," urged his mother; "you can't want it to-night."

"But I do want it," said Florian, coolly.

"You are going to fritter it away in some of those gambling house, to drink yourself stupid again," fretted Mrs. Richley. "It's too bad getting my money away from me just to indulge in those horrible habits. Why don't you earn some money for yourself?"

"Easy, ma, easy," said the dutiful son, lazily dragging himself to a sitting posture. "Don't lose your temper, for it isn't worth while. This ten-dollar bill is going to help make my fortune. It shall take the lovely Laura to the opera to-night."

"Nonsense; this fine scheme will flash in the pan just like all the rest of your air castles. She won't have you."

"Oh, yes she will, my incredulous mamma, wait and see. I shall bring her to the point pretty soon. Then I'll pay you back the money, with interest, out of my lady's bag of shiners."

"And will you leave off your gambling habits? Oh, Florian, they will be the ruin of you yet."

"Perhaps, perhaps not," returned the young man insolently. "That will be very much as I please."

Both the mother and son had entirely forgotten the presence of the young girl who was standing in the dusky shadows near the door, until this moment, when Mrs. Richley, turning suddenly around saw her.

"What are you waiting for?" she asked irritably. "I have already told you that it is not convenient to-night to pay the money—why don't you go?"

Her cheeks were flushed, even beneath their artificial bloom of rouge, and her chill gray eyes sparkled with rising anger, as Laura Avery composedly stepped forth. She took one of the wax tapers from the shelf and composedly lighted the gas with a steady hand, whose flash of rich rings filled Mrs. Richley with astonishment.

"I am sorry that you cannot pay your just debts, madam," said Laura quietly, looking the amazed mother and son in the face; "but I am not sorry for any occurrence that has had the effect of opening my eyes to the true character of Mr. Florian Richley. I will take the ten dollars, sir, to my sick friend, as you will find it entirely unnecessary to go to the opera to-night."

Florian's handsome cheek paled—his knees quivered beneath him as he mechanically took the bill from his pocket-book and placed it in the hand of the imperative beauty, while Mrs. Richley sank back aghast into her chair.

Florian made one desperate attempt to retrieve his lost fortune, even in the moment of sure defeat and discomfiture.

"I am very sorry—awkward mistake—hope you will afford me an explanation," he stammered.

"I require no explanation, sir," Laura replied coldly, as she withdrew from the apartment, haughty and unapproachable as a statue of ice.

She hurried homeward through the twilight streets, with a burning cheek and beating heart, and it was nearly dark when once more she entered Miss Wayland's room, lighted only by the faint glow of a low fire.

"Back so soon, Laura?" asked Ellen, somewhat surprised.

"Here is the money, Nelly, and the wine," she said, thankful that the dim light could not betray her telling features. "And now you must get well as fast as you can."

"Oh, Laura, I am so much obliged to you," said Ellen.

Laura stooped to kiss her friend's pale cheek, inwardly reflecting how much she had to thank Ellen's indisposition.

But she never told Ellen of the discovery she had unwittingly made, while fulfilling the gentle mission of love, and no one ever knew the precise manner in which the contemplated match between Florian Richley and Laura Avery was broken off.

There are some things that bring their own reward in this world—and this one act of kindness had saved Laura from unconsciously taking a step that would have precipitated her into a life of misery.

Remains of a Giant Race in Ohio.

A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, writing about the remains of a giant race found in Muskingum county, Ohio, says:

The mound in which these remarkable discoveries were made was about sixty-four feet long and thirty-five feet wide, top measurement, and gently sloped down to the hill where it was situated. A number of stumps of trees were found on the slope, standing in two rows, and on the top of the mound were an oak and a hickory stump, all of which bore marks of great age. All the skeletons were found on a level with the hill, and about eight feet from the top of the mound. Now to a more particular description of these antiquated remains:

In one grave there were two skeletons—one male and one female. The female face was looking downward, the male face being immediately on top, with the face looking upward. The male skeleton measured nine feet in length, and the female eight feet.

In another grave were also found two skeletons—male and female—with the female face looking upward and the male face looking downward. The male frame in this case was nine feet four inches in length and the female eight feet.

In another grave was found a female skeleton which was incased in a clay coffin, holding in her arms the skeleton of a child three feet and a half long, by the side of which was an image, which, upon being exposed to the atmosphere, crumbled rapidly.

The remaining seven were found in single graves, and were lying on their sides. The smallest of the seven was nine feet in length, and the largest ten. One single circumstance connected with this discovery was the fact that not a single tooth was found in either mouth except in the one incased in the clay coffin.

On the south end of the mound was erected a stone altar, four feet and a half wide and twelve feet long, built on an earthen foundation nearly four feet high, having in the middle two large flag-stones, upon which sacrifices were undoubtedly made, for upon them were found charred bones, cinders and ashes. This was covered by about three feet of earth. This excavation was made under the direction of the Muskingum County Historical Society, and the things alluded to in this letter, or dispatch, can be verified by a number of witnesses who were present and watched the work as it progressed.

It was pursued with great interest and diligence, there being the strongest incentive to prosecutd the investigation, for such remarkable developments in mound-opening are very rare, and are therefore fascinating in the extreme.

Their future labors were also rewarded with additional developments, which, if they do not throw additional light upon this giant race of people that once inhabited this country, will at least stimulate research.

What is now a profound mystery the result of the excavation may in time become the key to unlock still further mysteries that centuries ago were commonplace affairs.

I refer to a stone that was found resting against the head of the clay coffin above described. It is an irregularly shaped red sand stone, weighing about eighteen pounds, being strongly impregnated with oxide of iron, and bearing upon one side two lines of hieroglyphics.

Grave of the Author of "Home, Sweet "Home."

A letter from Tunis, Africa, says: I must tell you of our visit to the Protestant cemetery to see the grave of John Howard Payne, the immortal author of "Home, Sweet Home." This man, who never knew the joys of real home, died alone and unhappy in this far-off land. We called upon our American consul at Tunis, who told us some interesting things in connection with the last years of our unfortunate countryman, who died in the same room in which we were then sitting.

In a small enclosure, planted with cypress trees, and shut in with high walls, we found this quiet resting place of the dead, among many tombs of foreign consuls, English, German and other nationalities. Our attention was first attracted to the plain white marble slab, resting on a square foundation, and overhung by an immense pepper tree, whose long graceful branches reminded us of the weeping willow of our own land. We stood with uncovered heads as we read this simple inscription:

"John Howard Payne,
Twice Consul of the United States,
Died April 1, 1852.
Born at Boston, June 8, 1792.
'Sure, when the gentle spirit fled
To realms beyond the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's angel said,
Welcome to Heaven's *Home, Sweet Home.*'"

Family Fight.

Newark, N. J., June 20.—Samuel Scheurman was shot and dangerously wounded by his brother-in-law, James Blakesly, this morning. Scheurman went to Blakesly's house and got into an altercation. Blakesly retreated to the yard and took refuge in an outhouse. Scheurman followed, and the two men clinched. Mrs. Blakesly came out and struck her husband on the head with a poker, and soon after Blakesly shot Scheurman in the left side, above the hip, inflicting a severe and dangerous wound. Blakesly was arrested. He claims to have acted in self-defence. Blakesly's wife and daughter are held as witnesses.

A bright little-5-year old miss was taken to the barn to see some sheep, and after looking at them for a moment exclaimed, "Oh, auntie, see, the sheep all wear their hair banged."

Gulled by Gypsies.

Kokomo, Ind., May 31.—The recent apprehension in New York City of Timotheus and Matilda Whorton, Gypsies, on the affidavit of William Jessop, a wealthy farmer of Gibson county, Indiana, charging them with robbing him of $2,500 last January, is likely to develop similar "jobs" successfully worked in the Hoosier State during the past five years. The Gibson county farmer was victimized on the "fortune plan." The Gypsies pretended that a gold mine was located on his farm, and for $2,500 they would designate the spot. He bit and was fleeced. Not losing heart, however, he sent detectives on the trail of the fakirs, who traced them to their home in New Jersey, where they own vast real estate, being considered very wealthy. On a visit to New York City, the detectives had them arrested. Mr. Jessop identified them as the parties who victimized him. Following the publication of this arrest, numerous other similar confidence jobs were brought to the surface. Somehow or other, the Gypsies had been working this business in Indiana for years with unbroken success until the Gibson farmer trapped them.

This turn of affairs is likely to prove a godsend to Michael Lock, a farmer living near Kokomo, who was fleeced out of $6,000 by, it is alleged, the same parties and by the same plan some five years ago. Mr. Lock has positive evidence that the parties under arrest are one and the same, and his agent at New York has assured him that the recovery of the money is a certainty, as the Gypsies are possessed of vast land estates. From the account published of the swindle it appears that the man and woman, traveling as Gypsies, called on the victim, and after securing his confidence the woman told him that $100,000 in gold was buried on his farm; that she knew the exact spot, and would raise it for $5,000, the money not to be paid until the hidden treasure had been actually raised, but that he must bring and count to her the required amount as a condition of the charm. She said this liberal proposition was made because she knew she could not raise the hidden treasure and get and get away with it before being arrested, for the money did not rightfully belong to her. He believed the story, and was now fully ensnared in the meshes of confident superstition. In the course of three weeks he had succeeded in borrowing the money at 10 per cent., giving a mortgage on his farm for the amount. Several parties in the city knew of the loan, but none knew of the use to which it was to be applied. He took the $5,000 to the woman and she counted it before his eyes, placed it in a handkerchief, tied it up in a peculiar knot, and gave it back to him, charging him not to open it or the charm would be destroyed and ruin would overtake him. She also informed him that another deposit of $50,000 was buried on his place, and she would raise it for $2,000, the money to be counted to her as in the former instance, but not paid till the treasure was raised. He also borrowed the $2,000 necessary for the second deposit; but before he got it the woman told him he must take a pailfull of soil to Kentucky and bring back an equal amount of soil and deposit it in the hole from where he obtained the first pailful. This he did. When he returned the man and woman were gone, but as they told him they were going away, he was not uneasy. They failed to return, and when he opened the handkerchief he found nothing but slips of paper instead of the bank notes. Since the arrest of the parties in New York he is impressed with the belief that he can recover the money, and proposes to proceed east this week.—*Cincianati Enquirer.*

Light and Latitude.

Dr. Schubeler, of Christiana, Norway, has, for many years been making a series of observations on the effect, through a series of seasons of the almost unbroken sunlight of the short Scandinavian summers upon plants raised from foreign seed.

Referring to the experiments of Dr. S., one of our New York exchanges notes these facts:

Wheat from Ohio and Bessarabia underwent similar changes. Gradually the grain acquired a richer and darker hue, until finally it assumed the yellow-brown tint of the home-grown Norwegian wheat. It also increased in size. Similar effects upon the seed of peas, beans, celery, etc., were noted. As to flowers, their color is intensified and their size increased; and fruits acquire a much higher aroma, but lose in sweetness. The juniper yields a larger amount of essential oil than can be obtained from the same shrub grown further South. Onions, garlic, celery, etc., become, in some seasons, so sharp and pungent as to be uneatable. Among other curious observations it is stated that one-half the leaves of acacia lophantha were shaded during the night and they folded as they do elsewhere, but those exposed to the midnight sun never contracted or closed at all. It is reported that, in our own latitude, the electric light has a similar effect on vegetation, which does not seem to suffer from lack of the usual diurnal rest, but accomplishes more growth in proportionally less time. If this is the case, we may expect to see electric light employed by leading florists who desire to intensify color or heighten flavor or to advance the maturity of plants. Dr. Schubeler and his associates have found the same results attending the use of northern-grown seed in localities further south as we are familiarized with here. They ripen earlier, but gradually diminish in size, and have less of the hardiness which they show at first. Vica versa, seeds from a southern locality sown in the north become larger, darker and more resistant to cold.

New Cure for a Rattlesnake Bite.

The Swainsboro', (Ga.) *Herald* is informed by Mr. W. C. Phillips that a negro in Montgomery county had a dog bitten by a large rattlesnake about two weeks ago, and having nothing to administer for his relief experimented with kerosene oil, and gave the dog a teaspoonful of oil as quick as possible, which seemed to improve him, but in a few moments noticed that he was growing worse again.

The dose was repeated and the negro left the dog, as he thought, to die, but the next morning he was surprised to see him in the yard perfectly well except an ugly gash over one eye cut by the fangs of the snake. The negro says he gave the dog nothing but kerosene. Mr. Phillips vouches for the truthfulness of the negro.

A Lucky Speech.

At the Indianapolis Convention the Hon. D. P. Baldwin was a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court. Judge Woods was nominated instead, but the Convention concluded to call Mr. Baldwin out and see what he had to say for himself. He responded in a little speech given below, and left the hall. He had scarcely got out of doors when the Convention amid great enthusiasm, nominated him, by acclamation, for Attorney General. The nomination was totally unexpected, but Mr. Baldwin's speech struck the popular chord, and he went through with a whirl. The following is the speech:

I don't understand why you have so loudly called me out. A defeated candidate is usually expected to take his grievances upon his shoulder and retire to the rear and sulk. But I shall do no such thing. I am enlisted in the Republican army for the war—the whole war and nothing but the war. My term of enlistment is not contingent on my personal success. I am this moment more of a Republican than ever.

Gentlemen, our army is composed of two classes of soldiers—the regulars and the volunteers. It won't do for the volunteers to sneer at the regulars as "machine men," nor for the regulars to sneer at the volunteers as green hands. We have lately seen what the machine, the power of organization and discipline can do in the way of making good soldiers. I happened to be one of the top-seat men at Chicago week before last. As I looked down into that sea of heads and saw the serried Grant column, under fire in that battle, I thought of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava.

Cannon to the right of them,
Cannon to the left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell,
Nobly they fought and well,
Fought Grant's three hundred.

Not a man faltered during the thirty-four charges; yet, when on the thirty-fifth the volunteer forces, by a majority of only one, carried the battle, every Grant man wheeled into the Garfield line, and the old corps took its position at the centre, and there, with the right and left flank of volunteers—The Blaine and Sherman corps—they will be found next November, the same old invincible Republican party.

Gentlemen, in this campaign we are all Grant men; we are all Blaine men; we are all Sherman men; we are all Garfield men. Our individual preferences are all merged in our united choice. Garfield is the youthful leader of the youthful and only progressive party of the United States. We, the Republicans, have conquered slavery; we have conquered secession; we have conquered finance. It now remains for us to conquer the Democratic party. We have met and captured each successive issue—now we propose to meet and capture the party itself. As a boy, Garfield drove mules upon the canal. He is now preparing to drive Democratic mules up Salt River. Indiana in this campaign expects every Republican to be at his post, and every man to do his whole duty. There must be no faltering. We have no time for grievences. For one I am glad I am defeated. Judge Woods must now stay at home and cork himself up. A judicial candidate can't talk. I am free, and with God's help I expect to be at my post upon the stump in Indiana this fall to make the fight for Garfield and glory.

"Gained Twenty-Five Pounds."

North Clymer, N. Y., Dec. 24, 1875.
Dr. M. M. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.:
Dear Sir:—About a year ago my health was so poor that I was hardly able to do business at all. Had no appetite, could not sleep nights, coughed a great deal and had, in fact, begun to contemplate the necessity of breaking up my business and going to a different climate for my health. I had tried most everything recommended for such cases but found no relief. I took five bottles of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic, and gained 25 pounds in weight and feel myself as well as ever.
Yours truly,
J. H. NEWELL.

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, Enlargement, 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.

A Curious Engine.

A strange nondescript has just been received for repairs at the Grant Locomotive Works, Patterson, New Jersey, and crowds of workmen are attracted to look at it. There is little likeness about it to a locomotive engine such as may be seen at the present day still it purports to be something of the sort.

It was what was once known as the "grasshopper" or "wheelbarrow" engine, and it is said that this class was once used for switching purposes on the Old Patterson & Hudson River Railroad. The front truck is placed on four wheels, and there are two drivers directly under the cab. The build is of the rudest description. The frame timbers are very heavy, looking for all the world as if merely hewn out. It must be seen to be appreciated; as for description the nearest we can come to it is to liken it to a steam road roller, which it resembles as much as anything else. The engine came here from Oil City, is named "Logan," and was built by Barnum, Richardson & Co., Chicago, in 1866.

A husband telephoned to his wife:—"What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer: "Buckwheat-cakes and measles."

THE

Herald

FOR

1880!

PREPARE FOR THE GREAT

PRESIDENTIAL STRUGGLE!

THAT OCCURS THIS YEAR, BY

SUBSCRIBING FOR SOME

GOOD PAPER

IN TIME!

KEEP YOURSELF POSTED ON THE

EVENTS OF THE COUNTY!!

GET THE COUNTY NEWS.

READ THE ADVERTISEMENS

AND LEARN WHERE TO

BUY CHEAP

KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE

EDITORIAL COLUMNS!!

AND SEE THEM BOOM

IF YOU WANT POLITICS,

The Herald

—IS—

RED-HOT REPUBLICAN!!!

—AND A—

STALWART of STALWARTS!

IF YOU WANT

GENERAL NEWS!

The Somerset Herald

CONTAINS AS MUCH NEWS AS ANY

COUNTY PAPER

—IN—

PENNSYLVANIA!

IF YOU WANT THE

LOCAL NEWS,

THE HERALD IS THE PLACE TO FIND IT

We have made arrangements by which this department will not only be EQUAL, but MUCH BETTER than in the PAST!

SUBSCRIPTION $2.00

NO CHROMOS!

ADDRESS,
THE HERALD.
SOMERSET, 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, 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 largest 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. Ditstons Circular, Muley and Cross-cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds. Shovels, Forks, Spades, Rakes, Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Snaths, Sledges, Cast Steel, Mason Hammers, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Washboards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope of 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, Cards,

DOOR-LOCKS, HINGES, SCREWS, LATCHES, DOOR-KNOBS

and everything in the builder's line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder, Safety Fuse, etc., etc.

The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal 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.

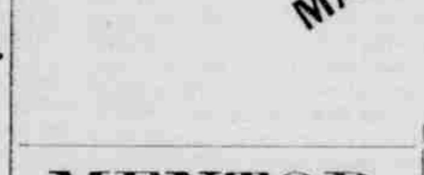
"No. 3, BAER'S BLOCK."

January 21, 1880. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

℞

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

MENTOR.



I hereby give notice that I will stand my fine black Stallion **MENTOR**, full 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.

March 24 HENRY KEISTER.

A Search Warrant.

allows an officer to go through your house from cellar to garret, and **Lindsey's Blood Searcher** is warranted to go through your system from top to toe and drive out all blood diseases. Its cures are wonderful and certified to by doctors, preachers and people. Scrofula, Mercurial Diseases, Erysipelas, Tetter, Ulcers in the Lungs or on the Skin, Boils, Pimples, &c., we warrant it to cure. It is a purely Vegetable Compound and Powerful Tonic. For sale by all Druggists. See that our name is on the bottom of the wrapper.
R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa
C. N. BOYD, Agent, Somerset, Pa.

$1500 TO $6000 A YEAR, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50cts. to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your name and we will send you full particulars and private terms free; samples worth $5 also free; you can then make up your mind for yourself.
Address GEORGE STINSON & CO.,
June 11 Portland, Maine.

$66 A WEEK in your own town, and no capital risked. You can give the business a trial without expense. The best opportunity ever offered for those willing to work. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business we offer. No room to explain here. You can devote all your time or only your spare time to the business, and make great pay for every hour that you work. Women make as much as men. Send for special private terms and particulars, which we mail free. $5 Outfit free. Don't complain of hard times while you have such a chance.
Address H. HALLETT, Portland, Maine.
June 11.

SELLERS' LIVER PILLS

Have been the *standard remedy* for the cure of **Liver Complaints, Costiveness, Fever and Ague, Sick Headache**, and *all* derangements of the stomach and liver for over *fifty years*. Read this: "*Sellers' Liver Pills cured* me of an attack of Liver complaint of eight years standing."—Wm. Evans, Joliet, Ills. Price, 25 cts. a box. R. E. Sellers & Co., propr's., Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by all druggists.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset County, Penna., No. 463 January T., 1879, in the matter of the voluntary assignment of Philip P. Maurer and Harriet his wife to B. S. Fleck and Simon L. Korns. 28 April, 1880, assignees' acct. confirmed. 30 April, 1880, on motion of Wm. H. Koontz, Esq., the Court appoint John H. Uhl, Esq., auditor to distribute the funds in the hands of the assignees to and among those legally entitled thereto.

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of the above appointment at my office in Somerset borough, on Tuesday, June 29th, 1880, when and where all persons interested can attend.
JOHN H. UHL,
june 9. Auditor.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Tobias Shaffer, late of Somerset Twp., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present the same at the office of Jas. L. Pugh, Somerset, Pa., on or before Saturday, July 17, 1880.
JAS. L. PUGH,
Executor.
CAROLINE TIBBY,
June 2 Executrix.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that George Fritz and wife, by deed of voluntary assignment, have assigned all their estate real and personal, to Solomon Baker in trust for the benefit of their creditors. All persons, therefore, indebted to them will make payment to the said Assignee, and those having claims or demands will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on June 12, at the office of John H. Uhl, Esq., in Somerset.
SOLOMON BAKER,
May 5 Assignee,

The Truth is Mighty

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

LEGAL NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that W. H. Miller, assignee of Valentine J. Miller, has made application to the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset county, for an order to re-convey the real estate unsold to the said Valentine J. Miller, and be discharged from the trust, the debts being all paid. All persons interested will therefore take notice, that the same will be presented at the Adjourned Court, to be held on July 16, 1880, at 7 o'clock P. M.
H. F. SCHELL,
May 5 Prothonotary.

NOTICE.

All persons found trespassing on the property of Wm. Will and Philip Will will receive the full penalty of the law.
PHILIP WILL,
june 9. WM. WILL.

COPIES

OF THE

Rules & Regulations

GOVERNING

REPUBLICAN

PRIMARY ELECTIONS

OF

SOMERSET COUNTY.

A copy of there rulef should be in the hands of every Republican voter in the county. They will be found particularly interesting just at this time, when the first election under the new rules is about to be held. Single copies 10cts or three copies for 25cts.

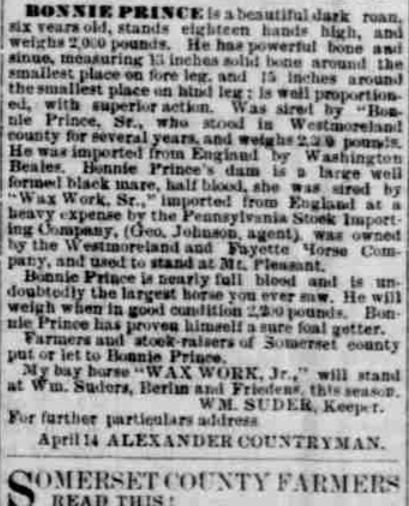
Save Your Children.

For expelling *worms* from the system, **Sellers' Vermifuge** has no equal in this or any other country. "One teaspoonful given to a child of Mr. Bradbury's, expelled 234 worms in four hours after taking the medicine.—Benj. Lytle, Union Township, Pa. Also "expelled 400 *worms* from my child two years old."—Wm. Sarver, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. Price 25 cts. R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send for circulars.
July2

LIFE INSURANCE AGENTS.
WANTED!

A first-class Life Insurance Company in New York wants **SPECIAL, GENERAL and LOCAL AGENTS**, in unoccupied territory in the State of Pennsylvania. Address **MANAGER OF AGENCIES. Box 100, New York Post Office.**

The English Draft Horse



BONNIE PRINCE!

Out of Old Bonnie Prince, Imported from England.

Will serve mares for the season of 1880, viz: The first three days of the week at the stable of Alexander Countryman, in Lavansville, Somerset county, Pa., and the next three days close to Weimer's shop, in Somerset borough, changing alternately throughout the season.

RATES: $8.00 to Insure a Foal.

Payments to be made when the mare is known to be with foal. Any person parting or not attending with an insured mare, will be held responsible for the insurance. Due care will be taken, but no accountability for accidents.

DESCRIPTION:

BONNIE PRINCE is a beautiful dark roan, six years old, stands eighteen hands high, and weighs 2,000 pounds. He has powerful bone and sinue, measuring 13 inches solid bone around the smallest place on fore leg, and 15 inches around the smallest place on hind leg; is well proportioned, with superior action. Was sired by "Bonnie Prince, Sr., who stood in Westmoreland county for several years, and weighs 2,200 pounds. He was imported from England by Washington Beales. Bonnie Prince's dam is a large well formed black mare, half blood, she was sired by "Wax Work, Sr.," imported from England at a heavy expense by the Pennsylvania Stock Importing Company, (Geo. Johnson, agent), was owned by the Westmoreland and Fayette Horse Company, and used to stand at Mt. Pleasant.

Bonnie Prince is nearly full blood and is undoubtedly the largest horse you ever saw. He will weigh when in good condition 2,200 pounds. Bonnie Prince has proven himself a sure foal getter.

Farmers and stock-raisers of Somerset county put or let to Bonnie Prince.

My bay horse "WAX WORK, Jr.," will stand at Wm. Suders, Berlin and Friedens, this season.
WM. SUDER, Keeper.
For further particulars address
April 14 ALEXANDER COUNTRYMAN.

SOMERSET COUNTY FARMERS
READ THIS!

I have purchased for the season, at a large price, the Draft Stallion Clyesdale, well known throughout Westmoreland County as "SAMSON" or the "Bott horse," and will stand him for service at the stable of David Lavan, in Lavansville, Somerset County, during the fall season. Season to commence about the 6th of July. Fifteen dollars to insure a mare with foal.

Description.—"SAMSON" is a handsome chestnut bay, about fifteen hands high, and weighs about sixteen hundred pounds, with fine limbs, heavy boned and beautiful in symmetry. He is a sure colt-getter, as can be shown. Farmers should see this horse, as he is certain to please
W. H. TAYMAN.
Lavansville, June 5, 1880—june 9.

BUILDING NOTICE.

The School Board of Somerset Township School District will sell to the lowest responsible builder the erection of an additional school room in Friedensburg, for the purpose of establishing a graded school for said district, as specified by the school law, on the 26th day of June, at the Glade House, in Somerset borough. Specifications shown on day of sale. Sale at one o'clock P. M.
D. HUSBAND,
june 16. President.

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
Pittsburgh, Pa.

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, } Per pound, 40, 50, 60, 80, cents, $1.00, $1.20, $1.40.
JAPAN Per pound 40, 50, 60, 80 cents, and $1.00.
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, Plantation 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 Mediums 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.