CLICK CLACK.

Tick, tack! click clack!
Merrily flows the rill;
Tick, tack! click clack!
Merrily goes the mill.
The farmer's wain
With sacks of grain
Is rolling along the road;
So run away, rill,
And turn away, mill,
To grind down the golden load.

Tick, tack! click clack!
Merrily runs the stream;
Tick, tack! click, clack!
Merrily goes the team.
The corn and wheat,
So ripe and sweet,
Come down to be ground to-day;
So flow away, stream,
And pull away, team,
Don't linger on the way.

MY FIRST LAWSUIT.

"How is trade, Aunt Lucy?" I inquired, with the air of one perpetrating a pleasantry.

The person addressed was slow to take my remark in the spirit in which it was offered. Trade with her was a solemn reality.

"Things is a-goin' off," she replied, seriously. "Slow. But they goes."

Two or three other colored persons present chuckled, however. To them, as to me, there existed an incongruity between the notions of Aunt Lucy and commerce.

Aunt Lucy was unusually old and unusually black. Her blackness was set off by her white turban and white kerchief she wore about her neck. She was heavily made, with a delightful chubby face, and a delightful, cordial, chuckling way of speaking. Only a severe attack of rheumatism would dampen her chronic cheerfulness, and imbue the tones of her voice with a touch of melancholy.

It had been my own idea to set her up in trade, with the expenditure of a dollar or so, in the first place, on needles and thread, and tapes and pins, and so on; afterward, as these wares found a ready market, she and I determined to go into the confectionery line also, on a small scale—penny cakes, penny sticks of candy; but the latter we found to be more useful in advertising her place of business than lucrative. I had been unable to buy them for less than a penny apiece, and they sold the world over for a penny, it appeared.

"I can make ginger cakes an' sugar cakes fust rate," suggests the old woman presently.

"That will be the way, then," I said, clutching at the bright idea—"the very thing. I'll give you money to buy some flour and sugar and molasses, and you'll make the cakes and then we'll see what the profit will be."

Aunt Lucy chuckled delightfully. She had an active soul, despite her ninety-eight years. Yes ninety-eight? She insists that this is her age.

"Have you had your roof mended?" I inquired, having already left the money with her for that purpose.

"Can't get de man ter come. I has bin a-tryin' an' a-botherin' ob my Isaiah ter git the man ter come—hain't I Isaiah?" as at that juncture, a tall sloutchy young man entered, who did not seem likely to be terrified by feeble old Aant Lucy.

He pulled a front lock in courtesy to me, and grinned. "I has went, an went, 'he averred; "an' he promises ter come. Seems like he don't care."

I myself entertain doubts of Isaiah's zeal as a Mureury. I said, persuasively, "I wish you would see to it Isaiah." Then I make my adieu.

The room contained half a dozen persons beside Lucy. She had always a number of quests, and is especially popular since she has kept shop, and thus established a kind of neighborhood rendezvous. Her shop is in the window, accross which slats have been nailed, against which articles of merchandise have beem placed, including various penny toys, which have been found a profitable investment, as their value is a fictitious one.

Aunt Lucy lives in an alley within another alley, it being a circuitous route, Milly, one of the old woman's daughters—Lucy's family is numerous, and universally down on their luck—escorts me back to the highway, conversing.

"Mother was well brought up," she responded to some words of praise of mine. "De white ladies as raised her treated her well, an' she shows it. Mother can't behave no odder way. De good manners will come out. An' she's dat spry!"

"It's a pity that between you all you are not able to make your mother thoroughly comfortable in her old age," I say, slowly. In fact this view of the subject has frequently presented itself to my mind before.

"We are all so poor," was Milly's excuse. "An' I has, what's more, such bad feelin's inside. Sometimes I don't hardly expec' to see one day cotch anodder."

In truth, now that I took a good look at her, she was little more than skin and bones.

"It's de misery in my head," she explained. It generally is this particular form of misery with colored people, I have found. Poor soul! poor souls!—weak in body, mind and spirit, Milly and such as she are hardly able to take care of themselves, let alone each other.

I was in a hurry—who of us is at all times free from the clutches of this familiar fiend of our overcrowded age?—still, something in Milly's expression made me say, "I am sorry you are so bad off. Is your husband out of work?"

"Bless you sir, he don't do nuffin for me now. I had him goin' on nine years, but he done lef' me now. I has nuffin but de chillun, an' nubbody wants dem dese days." And there was actually in her tones an apparent regret that boys and girls had ceased to be valuable as chattels.

Under these circumstances I abandoned all hope that Milly might be able to contribute to her mother's necessities. I even inscribed her name on my own mental tablets as an "object." I parted from her with feelings of depression all the more lively because her own inherited cheerfulness had not succumed to the pressure of adverse circumstances. She was apparently on good terms with fate, and disposed to make the best of things.

On Isaiah, however, I looked with sterner eyes. There seemed to be a natural repulsion between himself and steady work. Odds and ends of work he would occasionally find to do; but he never secured a month's or even a week's employment. He came and went to my house on errands for his mother, always exasperatingly self-satisfied and good-natured. Perhaps a little wholesome discontent or discomfort would have spurred him to exertion. I employed him to cut the grass in our garden, and he really did it well, with such self-complacency, too, that one felt that grass-cutting was perhaps his congenial sphere. However, work must come to Isaiah; he would never go to look it up. He also did little odds and ends of gardening for me on the same occasion, conversing politely in the meanwhile. As, for instance, in making the hay.

"In de country dey calls dis yar winnowin'. I worked at harvestin' onst in Prince George's. Harvestin' is good fur de nerves. It eider increases 'em or decreases 'em. Mine decreased—no, I mean ter say dey increased."

"Then harvesting didn't agree with you?"

"Oh, yes it did. It suited me fust rate. De nerves increase. I was as hearty as a buck."

"You look strong and well now," I stated. This occured to me as a good opening for my favorite text. "Isaiah, I wish you would contrive to do more for your old mother."

"I does try, miss," he declares; "I does my best," tossing the grass picturesquely. "I tries hard."

Lucy had given me to understand that Isaiah was the rakish and roving member of her family, addicted to singing about the streets at night, never going to church. I referred to these facts in his personal history. Isaiah did not deny them. But he made promises of amendment. I, for my part, presented him with an old coat, on the understanding that he was only to wear it to church. He had pleaded his deficient toilet as an excuse for his neglect of religious observances.

Not longer than a week after that our town was startled by a murder committed on the street at night, the victim, an overbearing, quarrelsome youth of the white race, who yet elicited in his death the sympathies of the whole community, so unprovoked and dastardly was the way of his end. His murderers were traced immediately, and identified beyond reasonable doubt. Alas, one of these arrested on suspicion was the same Isaiah Carroll—of whom I have written above!

I went to see Aunt Lucy directly, and found her plunged in grief. But she was confident of her boy's innocence. She bewailed the way of life which had caused him to be identified with the class of men by whom the murder had doubtless been committed. "I always told him so," she kept repeating. "I told him his company wud be de ruin ob him. It war de singin', miss," she reiterated. "I allus knowed no good would come ob it."

I followed the evidence carefully. The feeling of the public was against the suspected murders from the start. I, who had my misgivings as to Isaiah, at least was glad that the universal charity of the law gave the wretched prisoners the chance to defend themselves. I was glad to know also that Isaiah would have an able counsellor, but all that I could hear or read was against him.

The line of defense chosen by all the prisoners was to prove for themselves an alibi. Observe that no one had seen the murder committed. The fact that the three men accused of the crime had been traced from point to point through the neighborhood, and on the night of the murder, furnished the original grounds of arrest. Isaiah, it was shown by the prosecution, had always been hand in glove with the two other prisoners, Smith and Quinby. It struck me, on reading the evidence, that it implicated the others far more conclusively than Isaiah. But it was shown that he had been standing about the street corners on the morning of the murder with the two others accused; and it was also shown that for the last six months they had been an inseparable trio. Isaiah had, beyond dispute, been a companion of thieves—if not worse.

In spite of which I believed he could clear himself. Poor old Aunt Lucy did not see him through the trial. She could only mourn and pray for him. Poor old Lucy!

The day when I had ascertained that Isaiah would be questioned, I, against all my previous habits, went down to the court-house. It was quite a pitiful sight when Isaiah, confronted by a badgering lawyer, infinitely more anxious to win his case than that the right should prevail, was placed on the stand. He was attired in his best clothes, and he stood nervously twirling his hat in his hand, as I had seen him do on the occasion of our last meeting, when I had bethought me to advise him as to his moral and spiritual states. He had evidently been coached by his lawyer, and he was prepared to go through the examination as to his whereabouts on the day of the murder with circumstantial precision. He accomplished his lesson thoroughly. His honest air and heavy, well-meaning expression were all in his favor. My spirits revived. He appeared to me to have told a plain, unvarnished tale. I did not recognize any of the names or places he mentioned: he did not bring in those relatives of his with whom I was acquainted—Milly, Lucy—but there was an air of heavy, dull verisimilitude over his whole narration.

Then the cross-examination began. Isaiah had accounted for himself on every hour of the day of the tradgedy up to ten o'clock at night, the murder having been at seven. He stood his ground quite well at first, when he was called on to repeat his statement, but on the redirect examination he suddenly broke down. I can remember having been in such a state of mind myself, when everything about me has all at once become a blank. Isaiah looked around him helplessly. It suddenly came over him that he had been betrayed by his own carelessness in giving an account to his lawyer of the day before the murder. He had not been coached on that. His dull, dependent intellect refused to think and plan for itself on the spur of the moment. He was too bewildered and confused to remember. The prosecuting lawyer taunted him. The prisoner's lawyer tried to encourage him. But his only answer was: "I don't see what I am, sir; I's lost myself."

There was a ripple of unfeeling merriment through the court-room. Isaiah's previous statement passes for an unmitigated lie. I sat cold and stern. I catch Isaiah's eye and its look of stolid discomfiture. I believe in him.

At the same time—and this makes my fears for him all the stronger—I believe it possible that the testimony of the other prisoners may have been a tissue of falsehood. However, there is nothing more to be done. Isaiah has played the part assigned him in this day's programme. I ascertained this and left.

I went straight to his old mother's I found her occupied in patching a pair of trousers for one of her grandsons. She was very quiet and downhearted. I led the conversation gradually to the subject of Isaiah. She put down her work, and wiped away a tear or two.

"I wud nebber lib troo it 'cept fur one ting," she said. "I feels so cole, an' hungry, an' mis'rable in my heart; an' den, sez I to myself, 'dere is a God, an' I warms up, an' has enuff ter spare. It don't last, ter be sure, an' I has ter preach ter myself ober an' ober agen, but while it las' I feels so full ob de great I Am."

We talked over the trial. In fact, it had occurred to me that her memory might be called to the assistance of Isaiah's. She checked off the days of the week of the murder, recalling the incidents of each one. Tuesday Isaiah had had a job of hauling to do; Wednesday—step by step she recalled the day, just as Isaiah had done for Thursday, up to 10 P. M., as he had described it. Thursday was the day of the murder. He had made rather more than usual on Wednesday, and had gone quite early on Thursday on the loaf, which he always constitutionally believed he had earned after two day's work. Aunt Lucy took up her patching at this stage. She shook her head and her voice fell. The melancholy fact was that Isaiah had returned home early in the afternoon, so much under the influence of liquor that he had spent the rest of that day, that night and half the next day on a pallet in the corner of his old mother's room. I saw how it was directly. His brain had remained hopelessly bemuddled as to the incidents of that Thursday, and he had confessed them with those of Wednesday. Had any one else seen him? I inquired, hopefully, remembering the slender stream of custom that, nevertheless, never quite fell off. In fact, Aunt Lucy named three or four persons who had been in and out for needles and thread while Isaiah lay there. As we spoke one of these very persons happened in opportunely. I stated the position to her, and she readily recalled its having been as Lucy related.

"I's been a-studyin' dis myself, miss, I has. Sez I, how kin dis yar Isaiah hab cut dis yar white gemman ter pieces, when he is a-lyin', so ter speak, drunk, in his ole mudder's shop all de time? No sar, sez I. Cotch Isaiah Carroll doin' such a ting as dat! I seen him lyin' dar in dat ar corner arter dark, Tursday, myself. Isaiah Carroll, what's more, he wudent hur a fly. I knows de boy well. It are altogether different wid dem odder two.

Fortified with what I heard, I proceeded to communicate with the lawyer who was undertaking to defend Isaiah Carroll. It happened that the name of this gentleman was familiar to me. I had seen him once or twice at croquet parties on our lawn. In response to a message I sent him through my brother, he presented himself at our house. I gathered directly that he was defending Isaiah from a sincere persuasion of innocence. "It seems he had seen me here," Mr. Ordway let fall, "when he was walking around in the garden. I recognized him on this hint as a protege of yours, and I made up my mind to get him off if I could. Now for the facts, if you please."

I gave them to him, waxing diffuse, according to my sex's failing. But he listened thoroughly. As he left, he said, with a little laugh, "Your championship makes me fell that I shouldn't mind being this poor fellow myself."

He had odd, resolute, searching eyes, which he fixed on mine as he spoke. His intense gaze gave me the strange feeling of only having just made his acquaintance.

That is about all there is to tell of Isaiah Carroll. Mr. Ordway helped him to prove a clear alibi, although the defendent had the grace to be sincerely mortified as to the manner of it. His old mother herself was put on the stand. She gave her testimony with distinctness, albeit with agitation. The prosecution dealt gently with her, even when she repeated twice that "Isaiah war allays a punctual boy"—meaning a boy to be relied upon in the long run.

I am prond to say that Isaiah never fell into bad company after this. The two other wretched men, his fellow-prisoners, were convicted of the murder, and sentenced to death. It was supposed that a third party was implicated, but the proof of this was never made clear.

What a long sigh of relief I drew when this narrow escape of my colored friend was all over! Mr. Ordway persisted in calling it our case. I was modest about it, however and refused to divide the credit with him. I will tell as a secret, however, that this was not the last suit of Mr. Ordway's in which I have taken a warm and personal interest.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Ventilating Stables.

Many stables require no ventilation, as the cracks about the doors and windows, and the openings in the side walls, always admit an abundant supply of fresh air. But when the wainscoating, doors, and windows are as tight as in well finished dwelling houses, some provision must be made for the escape of foul air and the inflow of pure air. So long as the foul air does not escape from an apartment, pure air cannot enter. In some stables flues about a foot square extend from the ceiling to the roof. But foul air will not escape through such flues unless pure and colder air can find an entrance near the floor of the stable. Pure air will enter such holes so gradually that there will be no draft produced. Then, as the colder air enters, the foul air will escape through the flues. In order to ventilate any apartment by opening windows, the upper sash should be lowered, and the lower sash should be raised. By this arrangement the cool air will flow into the room beneath the sash. Let it be borne in mind that one can not fill his sleeping apartment or stable with pure air so long as the space is occupied by foul air. Horses like to thrust their noses out of the stable, through a small window, so as to breathe the pure air. Horses will endure very cold weather without injury, provided the apartment is kept dry and full of pure air. It is vastly more injurious to a horse to breathe over and over again the foul and warm air of a close stable, than to inhale very cold air when the mercury indicates zero. Foul air will always rise into the story above the stable, provided there are openings or flues through which it may escape into the atmosphere. A great many owners of fine and beautiful horses damage the health of their animals for want of proper ventilation.—When the coat and skin of a horse are dry, there is no danger that the animal will take cold by inhaling very cold air. But when he is warm and sweaty, the groom can not be too careful of horses until the hair and skin are quite dry.—*S. E. T.*

The Difference in Horses.

There has been a great change in livery horses in the last twenty years. Years ago, if a young fellow wanted to take his girl out riding, and expected to enjoy himself, he had to hire an old horse, the worst in the livery stable, that would drive itself, or he never could get his arm around his girl to save him. If he took a decent-looking team, to put on style, he had to hang on to the lines with both hands, and even if he took his eyes off the team long enough to look at the sugering girl beside him, with his mouth, the chances were that the team would jump over a ditch, or run away, at the conclusion. Riding out with girls was shorn of much of its pleasure in those days. We knew a young man that was going to put one arm around his girl if he didn't lay up a cent, and it cost him over three hundred dollars.

The team ran away, the buggy was wrecked, one horse was killed, the girl had her hind leg broken and her father kicked the young man all over the orchard and broke the mainspring of his watch. It got so that the livery rig a young man drove was an index to his thoughts. If he had a stylish team that was right up on the bit, and full of vinegar, and he braced himself and pulled for all that was out, and the girl sat back in the corner of the buggy, looking as though she should faint away if a horse got his tail over a line, then people said that couple was all right, and there was no danger that they would be on familiar terms. But if they started out with a slow old horse that looked as though all he wanted was to be let alone, however innocent the party look, people knew just as well as though they had seen it that when they got out on the road, or when night came on, that fellow's arm would steal aronnd her waist, and she would snug up to him and—O, pshaw, you have heard it before.

Well, of late years the livery men have "got onto the racket," as they say at the church sociables. They have found that horses that know their business are in demand, and so horses are trained for this purpose. They are trained on purpose for outdoor sparking. It is not an uncommon thing to see a young fellow drive up to the house where his girl lives with a team that is just tearing things. They prance and champ the bit, and the young man seems to pull on them as though his liver was coming out. The horses will hardly stand still long enough for the girl to get in, and then start off and seem to split the air wide open, and the neighbors say, "them children will get all mashed up one of these days." The girl's father and mother see the team start, and their minds experience a relief as they reflect that "as long as John drives that frisky team there can't be no huggin' a-goin' on." The girl's older sister sighs and says "that's so," and goes to her room and laughs right out loud. It would be instructive to the scientists to watch that team for a few miles. The horses fairly foam before they get out of town, but striking the country road the fiery steeds come down to a walk, and they mope along as though they had always worked on a hearse. The shady woods are reached, and the carriage scarcely moves, and the horses seem to be walking in their sleep. The lines are loose on the dash board, and the left arm of the driver is around the pretty girl and they are talking low. It is not necessary to talk loud, as they are so near each other that the faintest whisper can be heard. But a change comes over them. A carriage appears in front, coming towards them. The young man picks up the lines and the horses are in the air, and as they pass the other carriage it almost seems as though the team is running away, and the girl that was in sweet repose a moment before acts as though she wanted to jump out. After passing the intruder the walk and conversation is continued. If you meet that party on the Whitefish Bay road at ten o'clock at night, the horses are walking as quietly as oxen, and they never wake up until coming into town. If the driver seems to be asleep one of the horses will kick the singletrees and wake him up, and then he pulls up the horses and drives through town like a cyclone, and when he pulls up to the house the old man is on the steps and he thinks John must be awful tired trying to hold that team. And he is.

It is thought by some that horses have no intelligence, but a team that knows enough to take in a sporadic case of buggy-sparking has got sense. These teams come high but the boys have to have them.

A Bad Case—Cured.

Fredonia, N. Y., June 7, 1873.

DR. M. M. FENNER,

DEAR SIR:—I have been sick about eight years with an affection by physicians called Scrofula. My throat was a matterating sore. My palate had been eaten out, my nose, face and forehead had discharging sores. My body and limbs had deep eating ulcers extending nearly to the bone. I was reduced in flesh to a mere skeleton. I was in this dreadful condition when I began the use of your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic in 1869. I took it nearly a year, though to all appearances I was well within three months after beginning it. I fell as well and strong now as I ever did.

Yours truly,
MRS. ANNA ADAMS.

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 house without a newspaper is like a house without windows.

Grass Widows.

What a different meaning from the original one, many words acquire by common use. Grass widow is one of these. It is generally employed now in this country to signify a woman whose husband has left her from incompatibility, or for more tangible cause, and who though not divorced, has no intent to live with her again. Long ago a grass widow was an unmarried woman who has had a child, and sometimes the word is so applied here. In Europe it means simply a wife who is temporarily separated from her husband for any reason whatever, but without any disharmony or any idea of reproach. In England a woman whose husband is in India or Australia is spoken of, without disrespect, as a grass widow, so is a French wife whose natural protector is in Algeria or the Isle de Bourbon, although in Great Britain the expression is also understood in the American sense. Grass widow is really a corruption of grace widow (the French say *veuve par grace*), a widow by grace or favor, and was specially used in reference to the wives of the Crusaders, who were left at home while their absurdly enthusiastic liege fought against the infidels in Palestine, and often stayed away so leng that their spouses sought consolation, and found it only too readily. During the gold fever in California many men went to the Pacific coast at a venture, putting their families to board in the States while they hunted for the precious metal or pursued whatever course circumstances determined. This the gold seeker called putting his wife out to grass, in allusion to putting a horse to grass when not wanted or unfitted for work. The term grass widow steadily extends its application. It means to-day, on this side the water, any woman legally or virtually married whose actual, ostensible or nominal husband is permanently absent. A wife temporarily separated from her husband, however fond of or sympathetic with one another they may be, is also a grass widow. But wives at Long Branch, Saratoga or Newport during the season, while husbands are attending to business in Wall or William or South street, would not feel flattered at such a designation, nor would the wives who spend so much time abroad, relinquishing their marital partners with little regret on either side. Grass widow has become so associated with opprobrium that it is not likely to be employed in its European import. The grass widow is, in some sort, a product of the metropolis. She abounds here. She has hundreds of representatives, all of whom claim to have husbands somewhere—several of them, often—though they cannot for their life tell where they are, nor do they indeed care to know. —*N. Y. Times.*

He Laughed, Too.

The Chief of Police yesterday had a visit from an old farmer living out on the Centre Lime road, who had a story to tell. After two or three efforts he began:

"I vas goin' home last night ven I overtakes two men on der roadt. Dose fellers they laft und saidt would I gif 'em a ride. I laft too, und say, shump in."

"Yes, I understand."

"Pooty queek one feller laft und saidt he likes Dutchmens, 'cause his uncle vas a Dutchmans. Dot vas all right, so I laft too. I vas real tickled, und I shakes all ofer.

"Yes."

"In a leedle vile one feller vants me to change a seven-dollar bill, so as he could gif some money to der orphan asylums, und he laft, ha! ha! Dot tickled me some more und I lafs, too. Den der oder feller grabs me py der collar und pulls me down behind und says dey looks in my pockets for a steamboat dot vas stolen from Detroit. Dot makes us laff like some good shoke."

"It must have been funny."

It vas. Does fellers took out my wallet und counted oop der monish. I had shust ten dollar, und dey laft und said dot dey must go on some trips to der seashore mit dot. Dot tickled me some more, und I laft too."

"Well, what then?"

"Vell, den dey shumped out und put der fingers to der noses and says goot py, old Dutchmans, und avhay dey goes like some horse-races."

"And you didn't laugh at that."

"Vhell, not pooty much. I vhas ready to, but I sthoped. If dem fellers vhas up to shokes it vash all right, but if dey were robbers I vants you to catch 'em und gif 'em some pieces of my mind like dunder! I doan' like somepody to laff at me ven dey doan' feel tickled all over."

Narrow Escapes.

Sometimes, when I look back over my life, says Burdette, I am amazed to see how the pages of its record are dotted with hair-breadth escapes. I escaped the dangers and hardships of the revolutionary war by waiting until the war had been over about sixty years before I got born. When the Brookiyn Theater burned I was in Burlington. When the yellow fever broke out In New Orleans I was in Minnesota and immediately skipped out for Canada. When I was a boy at school one day all the boys in school were flogged all around for robbing an apple-orchard, and the flogging did not do a bit of good, for every beggar of them had the cholera morbus that night, just the same. And I? I was attending another school twenty-three miles distant. When all my brothers and sisters were down with the scarlet fever, I was down South in the army, and when I read the letters from home, I laughed aloud to think of my great good fortune, and that I would have to be shot only once or twice a day instead of having to take medicine three times a day. When a man comes to the office with a little bill, nine times out of ten I am out. And, if by some astonishing blunder I am in, then, indeed, I am more unfortunate, but the man is in no better luck than before.

Bank Robbed.

DETROIT, July 22.—A bold robbery was committed at the private bank of Fisher, Preston & Co., in this city this afternoon. While (Frederick D. Gifford) was alone a stranger appeared at the opening of a wire screen at the counter, and expressed a desire of buying some government bonds. As Mr. Gifford was about to reply the stranger suddenly reached through the aperture and struck him on the temple with a slungshot. The blow felled him to the floor and temporarily rendered him senseless. When he recovered it was ascertained that between $4,000 and $5,000 in currency, which had been lying on the counter, had disappeared.

A Runaway Husband.

One day last week a man residing in East Toledo, Ohio, skipped from his family and brought up in Detroit. His wife got a clue to his whereabouts, and came on after him, and yesterday she had an interview with him at the Central Station, where he had been run in for the purpose. She had no tears to shed. On the contrary, her hair had a fighting bang, and as soon as she could get her breath, she began:

"So, you miserable little apology for a human being, you skipped out, did you?"

No reply.

"After I had washed and scrubbed and sewed for nearly twenty years to support you, you got tired of your family, did you? Our style of living wasn't tony enough to suit you, and you wanted a diamond pin and a cane!"

"Say, Lucy, I'm sorry," he mumbled.

"Well, I ain't," she snapped. "No, Sir! On the contrary, I'm glad of it! You chewed tobacco and drank whisky and whittled shingles and loafed on the street corners at my expense just as long as you ever will!"

"What do you want of me, then?"

"Want of you? Why, I want to clean my character! All our neighbors say that you ran away from me, and some pity me and some laugh. You run away from me? Why, you low-down corner loafer, you couldn't run away from anything but a spade or an axe. I followed you to get this matter straight. I've got to live there, and I'm not going to be either pitied or laughed at!"

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Here's what I want!" she said, as she seized his collar and twisted him around. "Now you take that—and that—and that—and I'll have these officers sign a paper that I found you and kicked you out to take care of yourself! Now you git! Don't you ever write me, don't you ever dare to come back to me! Even if I hear that you ever tell anybody that you were married to me I'll buy a shot-gun and hunt for you!"

The husband sneaked out doors and down in the street, and the wife having the "docks" in her pocket, walked the other way muttering to herself:

"Skipped out! Run away from his family! Well, his old shirts will make a mop worth twice the value of his whole body! Now, I wan't to see some one grin, in the face of this testimonial that I raised him right off his heels!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Phil. Sheridan and the Planter.

During the pursuit of Lee's army from Petersburg to Appomattox, Gen. Phil. Sheridan commanded the advance of Grant's army. At dawn, April 7th, all the rebels were on the north side of the Appomattox, with the Union troops close to their heels, "Little Phil," ever at the front, stopped at a farm house near Prospect station, dismounted, tied his horse and started up the walk.

Upon the piazza sat a middle-aged typical Southron—with long, straight hair combed behind his ears and covering his neck—a swallow-tailed coat, nankeen pantaloons and morocco slippers. A gorgeous shirt frill adorned his bosom, and from the embrasure of his warlike collar he shot defiant glauces. He bowed stiffly to the general who nodding carelessly, sat down on a step and pored over his maps. Soon he looked up and said:

"Have you seen any of Lee's troops about here to-day?"

"Sir," said the planter, "as I can truly say that none have been seen by me, I will say so; but, if I had seen any, I should feel it my duty to refuse to reply to your question. I cannot give you any information which might work to the disadvantage of General Lee."

The general, with a little whistle of surprise, puffed away at his cigar, and continued to study his map. In a few minutes he looked up again and asked:

"How far is it to Buffalo River?"

"Sir, I don't know."

"The devil you don't. How long have you lived here?"

"All my life."

"Very well, sir, it's time you did know. Captain, put this man in charge of a guard and walk him down to Buffalo River to show it to him."

The Virginian of the old school enjoyed the pleasure of tramping through five miles of mud to look at the river with which he was perfectly familiar.

What His Name Was.

There was a Kansas City reporter on the train that carried Grant from Galena, and one of his first exploits was to sail through the cars getting up a list of the people aboard. One of the persons he struck was a short, thick-set man with a beard, who sat gazing pensively out of the window with a cigar in his mouth.

"Are you one of the invited guests?" asked the reporter, tapping the man on the shoulder.

The man said he was and kept on smoking.

"From St. Joe or Leavenworth?" asked the reporter, note book and pencil in hand.

"Illinois," replied the man, still smoking.

"I have to trouble you for your name," persisted the reporter.

"Grant," said the man, still smoking.

"Initials, please?" replied the reporter.

"Ulysses S. Grant," replied the man quietly.

"Oh," faintly ejaculated the reporter, as a strange light came into his eyes.

And he moved on.

Six Inches of Hail.

MONROE, MICH., July 20.—This vicinity was last evening visited by the most terrible hail storm ever known here. The air was literally filled with ice from the size of a hazel nut to 1½ inches in diameter. The storm lasted only forty minutes and left hailstones from four to six inches deep. It extended one mile in width and was eight miles long, completely wrecking trees and vineyards and doing damage to the extent of $80,000.

LYDIA E. PINKAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND has rapidly made its way to favor among druggists, who have observed its effect on the health of their customers. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets. For sale by C. N. Boyd, Somerset, Pa.

An old bachelor being asked if ever he had witnessed an execution, replied: "No, but I once saw a marriage."

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
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DISCOVERER OF
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
The Positive Cure
For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Properties that are harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, as relief is immediate; and when its use is continued, in ninety-one cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its proven merits, it is to-day recommended and prescribed by the best physicians in the country.

It will cure entirely the worst form of falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the greatest and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new lifeand vigor. It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach.

It cures Bloating, Headache, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion. That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times, and under all circumstances, act in harmony with the law that governs the female system.

For Kidney Complaints of either sex, this compound is unsurpassed.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1.00. Six bottles for $5.00. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1.00, per box, for either. Mrs. PINKHAM freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. Mention this paper.

No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM' LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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SOMERSET COUNTY.

A copy of these rules 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 420 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. Sept. 24, 1879. 1 y.

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 190, 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 Beasler. 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 Cleveslale, well known throughout Westmoreland County as "SAMSON" or the "Rott 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.

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 Keffley's Imported English Draft Horse "NIGER." He is a horse of fine style, with immense strength of tone, 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 chased as sucking colts.

March 24 HENRY KEISTER.

THE

Herald

FOR

1880!

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