FRANZ MULLER'S WIFE.

"Franz, good morning. Whose philosophy is it now? Hegel, Spinoza, Kant, or Dugal Stewart?"

"None of them. I am reading Faust."

"Worse and worse. Better wrestle with philosophies than lose yourself in the clouds. At any rate, if the poets are to send the philosophers to the right about, stick to Shakespeare."

"He is too material. He can't get rid of men and women."

"They are little better, I should think, than Mephisto. Come, Frantz, condescend to cravats and kid gloves, and let us go and see my cousin Christine Stromberg."

"I do not know the young lady."

"Of course not. She has just returned from a Munich school. Her brother Max was at the Lyndon's great party, you remember?"

"I don't remember, Louis. In white cravats and black coats all men look alike."

"But you will go?"

"If you wish it, yes. There are some uncut reviews on the table; amuse yourself while I dress."

"Thanks, I have my cigar case. I will take a smoke, and think of Christine."

For some reason, quite beyond analysis, Franz did not like this speech. He had never seen Christine Stromberg, but yet he half resented the the careless use of her name. It fell upon some soul consciousness like a familiar and personal name, and yet he vainly recalled every phrase of his life for any clew to this familiarity.

He was a handsome fellow, with large, clearly cut features, and gray, thoughtful eyes. In a conversation that interested him his eyes lighted up with a singularly beautiful animation, but usually it was as still and passionless as if the soul was away on a dream or a visit. Even the regulation cravat and coat could not destroy his individuality, and Louis looked admiringly at him, and said: "You are still Franz Muller. No one is just like you. I should think Cousin Christine will fall in love with you."

Again Franz's heart resented this speech. It had been waiting for love for many a year, but he could not jest or speculate about it. No one but the thoughtless, favored Louis ever dared to do it before Franz, and no one ever spoke lightly of women before him, for the worst of men are sensitive to the presence of a pure and lofty nature, and are generally willing to respect it.

Franz dreamed of women, but only of noble women, and even for those who fell below his ideal he had a thousand apologies, and a world of pity. It was strange that such a man should have lived thirty years, and never have really loved any mortal woman. But his hour had come at last. As soon as he saw Christine Stromberg he loved her. A strange exultation possessed him; his face was radient; he talked and sang with a brilliancy that amazed even those familiar with his rare exhibitions of such moods. And Christine seemed fascinated by his beauty and wit. The hours passed like moments; and when the girl stood watching him down the moonlit avenue, she almost trembled to remember what questions Franz's eyes had asked her, and how strangely familiar the clasp of his hand and the sound of his voice had seemed to her.

"I wonder where I have seen him before," she murmured—"I wonder where it was?" And to this thought she slowly took off one by one her jewels, and brushed out her long black hair; nay, when she fell asleep, it was only to take it up again in dreams.

As for Franz, he was in too far an ecstatic a mood to think of sleep. "One has too few of such god-like moments to steep them in unconsciousness," he said to himself. And so he sat smoking and thinking, and watching the moon sink lower and lower, until it was no longer night, but dawning day.

"In a few hours now I can go and see Christine." At this point in his love he had no other thought. He was too happy to speculate on any probability as yet. It was sufficient a present to know that he had found his love, that she lived at a definite number on a definite avenue, and that in six or seven hours more he might see her again.

He chose the earlier number. It was just eleven o'clock when he rung Mr. Stromberg's bell. Mrs. Stromberg passed through the hall as he entered, and greeted him pleasantly. "Christine and I are just going to have breakfast," she said, in her jolly, hearty way. "Come in, Mr. Muller, and have a cup of coffee with us."

Nothing could have delighted Franz so much. Christine was pouring it out as he entered the pretty breakfast parlor. How beautiful she looked in her long loose morning dress! How bewitching were its numerous bows of pale ribbon! He had a sense of hunger immediately, and he knew that he made an excellent breakfast; but of what he ate, or what he drank, he had not the slightest conception.

A cup of coffee passing through Christine's hands necessarily suffered some change. It could not, and it did not, taste like ordinary coffee. In the same mysterious way chickens eggs and rolls became sublimated. So they ate, and chatted, and I am quite sure that Milton never imagined a meal in Eden half so delightful as that breakfast on the avenue.

When it was over, it came into Franz's heart to offer Christine a ride. They were standing together in the bay-window, and the trees outside were in their first tender green, and the spring skies and the airs were full of happiness and hope. Christine was arranging and watering her lilies and pansies, and somehow in helping her Franz's hands and hers had lingered happily together. So now love gave to this mortal an immortal's confidence. He never though of sighing, and fearing, and trembling. His soul had claimed Christine, and he firmly believed that sooner or later she would hear and understand what he had to say to her.

"Shall we ride?" he said, just touching her fingers, and looking at her with eyes and face glowing with a wonderful happiness.

Alas, Christine could think of mama, and of morning calls, and of what people would say. But Franz overruled every scruple; he conquered mama, and laughed at society; and before Christine had decided which of her costume's was most becoming, Franz was waiting at the door.

How they rattled up the avenue and through the park! How the green branches waved in triumph, and how the birds sang and gossiped about them! By the time they had arrived at Mount St. Vincent they had forgotton they were mortal. Then the rest in the shade gallery, and the subsidence of love's exaltation into love's silent, tender melancholy, were just as blissful.

They came slowly home, speaking only in glances and monosyllables, but just before they parted, Franz said: "I have been waiting thirty years for you, Christine; to-day my life has blossomed."

And though Christine did not make any audible answer, he thought her blush sufficient; besides she took the lilies from her throat and gave them to him.

Such a dream of true love is given only to the few whom the gods favor. Franz must have stood high in their grace, for it lasted through many weeks and months for him. He followed the Strombergs to Newport, and laid his whole life down at Christine's feet. There was no definite engagement between them, but every one understood that would come as surely as the end of the season.

Money matters and housekeeping must eventually intrude themselves, but the romance and charm of this one summer of life should be untouched. And Franz wat not anxious on this score. His father, a shrewd business man, had early seen that his son was a poet and a dreamer. "It is not the boy's fault," he said to his partner; "he gets it from his grandfather, who was always more out of this world than in it."

So he wisely allowed Franz to follow his own tastes, and contented himself with carefully investing his fortune in such real estate and securities as he believed would insure a safe, if a slow increase. He had bought wisely, and Franz's income was a certain and handsome one, with a tendency rather to increase than decrease, and quite sufficient to maintain Christine in all the luxury to which she had been accustomed.

So when he returned to the city he intended to speak to Mr. Stromberg. All he had should be Christine's, and her father should settle the matter just as he thought best for his daughter. In a general way this was understood by all parties, and every one seemed inclined to sympathize with the happy feeling which led the lovers to depreciate during these enchanted days any allusion which tended to dispel the exquisite charm of their young lives' idyl.

Perhaps it would have been better if they had remembered the ancient superstition, and themselves done something to mar their perfect happiness. Polycrates offered his ring to avert the calamity sure to follow unmitigated pleasure or success, and Franz ought perhaps to have also made an effort to propitiate his envious fate.

But he did not, and toward the very end of the season, when the October days had thrown a kind of still melancholy over the world that had been so green and gray, Franz's dream was rudly broken—broken by a Mr. James Barker Clark, a blustering vulgar man of fifty, worth three millons. In some way or other he seemed to have a great deal of influence over Mr. Stromberg, who paid him unqualified respect, and over Mrs. Stromberg, who seemed to fear him.

Mr. Stromberg's "private ledger" alone knew the whole secret; for of course money was at the foundation. Indeed, in these days, in all public and private troubles, it is proper to ask, not "Who is she?" but "How much is it?" Franz Muller and James Barker Clarke hated each other on sight. Still Franz had no idea at first that this ugly, uncouth man could ever be a rival to his own handsome person and passionate affection.

In a few days, however, he was compelled to actually consider the possibility of such thing. Mr. Stomberg had assumed an attitude of such extreme politeness, and Mrs. Stromberg avoided him if possible, was constrained and unhappy in the familiar relations that she had accepted so happily all summer. As for Christine, she had constant headaches, and her eyes were often swollen and red with weeping.

At length, without notice, the family left Newport, and went to stay a month with some relative near Boston. A pitiful little note from Christine informed him of this fact; but as he received no information as to the locality of her relative's house, and no invitation to call, he was compelled for the present to do as Christine asked him—wait patiently for their return.

At first he got a few short tender notes, but they were evidently written in such sorrow that he was almost beside himself with grief and anger. When these ceased he went to Boston and without difficulty found the house were Christine was staying. He was received at first very shyly by Mrs. Stromberg, but when Franz poured out his love and misery, the poor old lady wept bitterly and moaned out that she could not help it, and Christine could not help it and they were all very miserable.

Finally she was persuaded to let him see Christine, "just for five minutes." The poor girl came to him, a shadow of her gay self, and weeping in his arms, told him he must bid her good-bye forever. The five minutes were lengthened into a long terrible hour, and Franz went back to New York with the knowledge that in that hour his life had been broken in two for this life.

One night toward the close of November his friend Louis called. "Franz," he said, "have you heard that Christine Stromberg is to marry old Clark?"

"Yes."

"No one can trust a woman. It is a shame of Christine."

"Lous, speak of what you know. Christine is an angel. If a woman appears to do do wrong, there is probably some brute of a man behind her forcing her to do it."

"I thought she was to be your wife."

"She is my wife in soul and feeling. No one, thank God, can help that. If I was Clark I would as soon marry a corpse as Christine Stromberg. Do not speak of her again, Louis. The poor innocent child! God bless her!" and he burst into a passion of weeping that alarm his friend for his reason, but which was probably its salvation.

In a week Franz had left for Europe, and the next Christmas Christine and James Barker Clarke were married, and began housekeeping in a style of extravagant splender. People wondered and exclaimed at Christine's reckless expenditure, her parents advised, her husband scolded; but though she never disputed them, she quietly ignored all their suggestions. She went to Paris, and lived like a princess: Rome, Vienna, and London wondered over her beauty and splendor; and wherever she went, Franz followed her quietly, haunting her magnificent salons like a wretched scepter.

They rarely or never spoke. Beyond a grave inclination of the head, or a look whose profound misery he understood, she gave him no recognition. The world held her name above reproach, and considered that she had done very well to herself.

Ten years passed away, but the changes they brought were such as the world regards as natural and inevitable. Christine's mother died, and her father married again; and Christine had a son and daughter. Franz watched anxiously to see if this new love would break up the icy coldness of her manners. Sometimes he was conscious of feeling angrily jealous of the children, but he always crushed down the wretched passion. "If Christine loved a flower would I not love it also?" he asked himself; "and these little ones, what have they done?" So at last he got to separate them entirely from every one but Christine, and to regard them as part and portion of his love.

But at the end of ten years a change came, neither natural or expected. Franz was walking moodily about his library one night, when Louis came to tell him of it. Louis was no longer young, and was married now, for he had found out that the beaten track is safest.

"Franz," he said, "have you heard about Clarke? His affairs are frightfully wrong, and he shot himself an hour ago."

"And Christine? Does she know? Who has gone to her?"

"My wife is with her. Clarke shot himself in his own room. Christine was the first to reach him. He left a letter saying he was absolutely ruined."

"Where will Christine and the children go?"

"I suppose to her father's. Not a pleasant place for her now. Christine's step-mother dislikes both her and the children."

Franz said no more, and Louis went away with a feeling of disappointment.

"I thought he would have done something for her," he said to his wife. "Poor Christine will be very poor and dependent."

Ten days after he came home with a different story.

"There never was a woman as lucky about money as Cousin Christine," he said. "Hardy & Ball sent her notice to-day that the property at Ryebeach settled on her before her marriage by Mr. Clarke was now at her disposal. It seems the old gentleman anticipated the result of his wild speculations, and in order to provide for his wife, quietly bought and placed in Hardy's charge two beautifully furnished cottages. There is something like an accumulation of sixteen thousand dollars of rentage; and as one is luckily empty, Christine and the children are going there at once. I always thought the property was Hardy's own before. Very thoughtful in Clarke."

"It is not like Clarke one bit. I don't believe he ever did it. It is some arrangement of Franz Muller's."

"For goodness' sake don't hint such a thing, Lizzie! Christine would not go, and we should have her here very soon. Besides I don't believe it. Franz took the news very coolly, and he has kept out of my way since."

The next day Louis was more than ever of his wife's opinion.

"What do you think, Lizzie?" he said. "Franz came to me to-day and asked if Clarke did not once loan me two thousand dollars about the time we were married."

"'Say loaned, Louis,' he answered, 'to oblige me. Here is two thousand, and the interest for six years. Go and pay it to Christine; she must need money.' So I went."

"Is she settled comfortably?"

"Oh, very. Go and see her often. Franz is sure to marry her, and he is growing richer every day."

It seemed as if Louis' prediction would come true.

Franz began to drive out to Ryebeach every afternoon. At first he contented himself with just passing Christine's gate. But he soon began to stop for the children, and having taken them to a drive, to rest awhile on the lawn, or in the parlor, while Christine made him a cup of tea.

For Franz tired very easily now, and Christine saw what few others noticed; he had become pale and emaciated, and the least exertion left him weary and breathless. She knew in her heart that it was the last summer he would be with her. Alas! what a pitiful shadow of their first one! It was hard to contrast the ardent, handsome lover of ten years ago with the white, silently happy man who, when October came, had only strength to sit and hold her hand, and gaze with eager, loving eyes into her face.

One day his physician met Louis on Broadway.

"Mr. Curtin," he said, "your friend Muller is very ill. I consider his life measured by days, perhaps hours. He has long had organic disease of the heart. It is near the last."

"Does he know it?"

"Yes, he has known it long. Better see him at once."

So Louis went at once. He found Franz calmly making his last preparations for the great event. "I am glad you are come, Louis," he said; "I was going to send for you. See this cabinet full of letters. I have not strength left to destroy them; burn them for me when—when I am gone. This small packet is Christine's dear little notes; bury them with me; there are ten of them, every one ten years old."

"Is that all, dear Franz?"

"Yes; my will has long been made. Except a legacy to yourself, all goes to Christine—dear, dear Christine!"

"You love her yet, then, Franz?"

"What do you mean? I have loved her for ages. I shall love her forever. She is the other half of my soul. In some lives I have missed her altogether; let me be thankful that she has come so near to me in this one."

"Do you know what you are saying, Franz?"

"Very clearly, Louis. I have always believed with the oldest philosophers that souls were created in pairs, and that it is permitted them in their toilsome journey to purity and heaven sometimes to meet and comfort each other. Do you think I saw Christine for the first time in your uncle's parlor? Louis, I have fairer and grander memories of her than any linked to this life. I must leave her now for a little. God knows when and where we meet again; but He does know; that is my hope and consolation."

Whatever were Louis's private opinions about Franz's theology, it was impossible to dissent at that hour, and he took his friend's last instructions and farewell with such gentle, solemn feelings as had long been strange to his heart.

In the afternoon Franz was driven out to Christine's. It was the last physical effort he was capable of. No one saw the parting of those two souls. He went with Christine's arms clasped around him, and her lips whispering tender, hopeful farewells. It was noticed, however, that after Franz's death a strange change came over Christine—a beautiful nobility and calmness of character, and a gentle setting of her life to the loftiest aims.

Louis said she had been wonderfully moved by the papers Franz left. The ten letters she had written during the spring-time of their love went to the grave with him, but the rest were of such an extraordinary nature that Louis could not refrain from showing them to his cousin, and then at her request leaving them for her to dispose of. They were indeed letters written to herself under every circumstance of life, and directed to every place in which she had sojourned. In all of them she was addressed as "Beloved Wife of my Soul," and in this way the poor fellow had consoled his breaking, longing heart.

To some of them he had written imaginary answers, but as these all referred to a financial secret known only to the parties concerned in Christine's and his own sacrifice, it was proof positive that he had written only for his own comfort. But it was perhaps well they fell into Christine's hands; she could not but be a better woman for reading the simple records of a strife which set perfect unselfishness and childlike submission as the goal of its duties.

Seven years after Franz's death Christine and her daughter died together of the Roman fever, and James Barker Clarke, junior, was left sole inheritor of Franz's wealth.

"A German dreamer!"

Ah, well, there are dreamers, and dreamers. And perchance he that seeks fame, and he that seeks gold, and he that seeks power, may all alike, when this shadowy existence is over, look back upon life "as a dream when one awaketh."—*Harper's Weekly.*

A Few Hints to Parents.

Teach your children those things they will need when they become men and women. As women they should understand how to cook, how to make a bed, how to preserve cleanliness and order throughout the house, how to ornament their rooms, renovate and preserve furniture and clothing, how to sing, how to play various games, that may enliven the household. They should be taught how to swim, how to drive, how to do business, and how to preserve health. The mother should entrust money to the girl, with which to buy articles for the household, that she may learn its value. Think what a man and woman need to know in order to be healthy, happy, prosperous and successful, and teach them that.

Teach your children how to work; how to obtain a living by their own efforts. Teach them the nobility and dignity of labor, that they may respect and honor the producer. Explain the reason why. The child is a little walking interrogation point. To it all is new. Explain the reason. Your boy will some day repay this trouble by teaching some other child. Teach your children the evil of secret vice and the consequences of using tobacco, and spirituous liquors; teach them to be temporate orderly, punctual, neat, faithful and honest. Encourage your children to be careful of personal appearance; to return every tool to its place; to always pay debts promptly; to never shirk a duty; to do an equal share, and to always live up to an agreement.

Teach your children to confide in you by conference together. Tell them your plans and sometime ask their advice; they will thus open their hearts to you and will ask your advice. The girl who tells all her heart to her mother has a shield and a protection about her which can come only with a mother's advice and counsel

Give your children your confidence in the affairs of your business. They will thus take interest and become co-workers with you.

If you enlist their respect, then their sympathy and co-operation, they will quite likely remain to take up your work when you have done and will go ahead perfecting what you have commenced.

If you are a farmer do not overwork your children and thus by a hard and dreary life drive them off to the cities

Arise at a reasonable hour in the morning, take an hours rest after meals and quit at six o'clock in the afternoon. Let the young people in games and other amusements have a happy time during the remainder of the day. There is no reason why a farmer's family should be deprived of recreation and amusement any more than others.

Teach your child the value of the Sabbath as a day for spiritual improvement of the mind; that on the Sabbath morn the ordinary work of the week should not be resumed if it is possible to avoid it; that the day should be passed in attendance upon religious service of some kind, or exercises that will ennoble and spiritualize the nature, while rest and recreation may be a part of the days progamme true philosophy dictates that the spiritual faculties of the nature should be cultivated by setting apart a portion of the time for their improvement.

Negroes and Indians.

VINITA, INDIAN TER., August 4.—On the 26th ult. two negroes (Creeks) were hanged. The Creeks accused the Cherokees and vowed to kill the first of them they met. On Tuesday thirteen negroes crossed on the Cherokee side for vengeance. Cobb and Cowan, two Cherokee boys were encountered, and Cowan was badly wounded, and Cobb, after a determined fight, was killed. The Cherokees are greatly incensed and have demanded the thirteen negroes of the Creek chief, giving them until last night to surrender them. The Creeks are said to be willing to surrender the negroes, but it is thought they will not be able to do so, the negroes being too strong for them. It was difficult for the chiefs, Bushyhead and Adair, to restrain the Cherokees from immediate vengeance, and they will be unable to keep them off the Creek territory longer than this morning. There are three hundred armed men now on the ground and more coming. A fight is almost sure to take place today as the negroes are about two hundred strong and well armed. A large number left here last night for the battle ground.

Gen. Phil. Sheridan says, "there is no officer in the American army who can beat Hancock making a whisky cocktail." And yet we are told that he is not a statesman.

Every Cent Accounted For.

HONESTY AND EFFICIENCY IN THE INTERNAL REVENUE BUREAU—A GRATIFYING REPORT FROM COMMISSIONER RAUM.

WASHINGTON, August 4.—The following is the text of an official communication addressed to the Secretary of the Treasury to-day, by Commissioner Raum, of the Bureau of Internal Revenue:

WASHINGTON, Aug. 4, 1880.

To Hon. John Sherman, Secretary of the Treasury:

SIR: Since the close of the fiscal year which ended June 30, 1880, a careful examination has been made of the records and accounts of each Collector of Internal Revenue throughout the United States, for the purpose of ascertaining whether the public money collected had been duly accounted for. I take great pleasure in reporting the fact that during the past fiscal year $234,981,416 10 of internal revenue taxes have been collected, and the entire sum has been paid into the Treasury. During the past four fiscal years the total amount of taxes received by Collectors of Internal Revenue was $467,080,885 10, and the entire sum has been paid into the Treasury. All deficiencies which have occurred in the accounts of the Collectors during that period have been made good by payments into the Treasury.

The accounts for disbursements for the last fiscal year have not yet been closed. I am, therefore, unable to state the exact expense for that year. For the four years, however, the total expense of collecting the above amount of revenue, including the salaries and expenses of the bureau, will be about $19,920,000, or but little more than 3½ per cent. upon the amount collected. In the disbursement of said sum of money, the Government has incurred no loss. Fidelity in accounting for the public funds is one of the highest tests of the efficiency of officers intrusted with the collection of revenue and the disbursement of public money. Judged by this rule, the officers of internal revenue are entitled to a high rank in the public service, and I take pleasure in bearing testimony to the fact that, as a body of officers, it will be difficult to improve upon them in respect to integrity, intelligence, fidelity and zeal in the performance of duty. It has been my aim to cause the laws to be enforced with firmness, justice and moderation, and the officers and agents of the internal revenue service have, for the most part, administered the laws in this spirit, so that at this time the relations of the tax-payers with the Government and its officers are harmonious, and the great bulk of the taxes are paid promptly, with few penalties and without litigation. Frauds in most of the districts have been reduced to a minimum.

During the past four years a well sustained effort has been made to suppress the illicit manufacture and sale of whisky and tobacco in a number of districts in the Southern States, where for many years these practices had been rife. During that period 3,874 illicit stills have been seized, 7,708 persons arrested for illicit distilling, and 25 officers and employes have been killed and 55 wounded while enforcing the laws. It is gratifying to be able to state that the frauds upon the revenue have been greatly reduced, and that violent resistance to law has practically ceased in all of these districts except the Second District of Georgia. But it must be borne in mind that the violations of law and the spirit of resistance have not been voluntarily abandoned, but have been suppressed and subdued by the earnest and determined efforts of the officers of the Government, sustained by the courts. I am satisfied that continued efforts in this direction will in a short time establish the supremacy of the laws in all these districts, and secure the collection of the revenues of the Government and the peaceful observance and enforcement of the laws.

I append a statement of the collections made by districts during the past fiscal year, with the name of each Collector, and the amount collected and paid into the Treasury by him.

Very truly,
Your obedient servant,
GREEN B. RAUM,
Commissioner.

Two Negroes Arrested.

DANVILLE, VA., August 4.—Last Wednesday night the track of the Piedmont Railroad was obstructed by cross ties fastened upon it for the purpose of wrecking the train at an exceedingly dangerous point, known as the State Line Trestle, seven miles south of Danville. The northward bound train, crowded with passengers, had a marvelous escape from destruction. The railroad authorities employed detectives to ferret out the guilty wretches, and yesterday Detective Wren, of Richmond, arrested two negroes employed as farm laborers near the scene, but who were formerly section hands on the railroad. The evidence against them is said to be conclusive. Their motive is believed to be revenge against the section master for discharging them from employment.

Disguised Women Murder a Woman.

POPLAR BLUFFO, Mo., August 3.—On Thursday last, Samuel Kelly, who resides on Mingo river, in Wayne county, left home on business visit, for three or four days, promising his wife, who was left by herself, to send some one to stay with her in his absence. This, however, he forgot. About 9 o'clock a stranger rode up and requested a night's lodging. This was refused, but finally permission was granted him to sleep on the porch. About 2 o'clock he was aroused by cries of murder. He rushed into the room, and seeing two men standing near Mrs. Kelly's bed, he drew his revolver and commenced firing, killing both instantly. On striking a light he found the two men dead, and Mrs. Kelly with her throat cut breathing her last. Shortly after the tragedy two men came up and endeavored to obtain admittance. This was refused by the stranger. These two men from their actions were accomplices. On an examination the next day the two men killed turned out to be two women dressed in men's clothing, with their faces blacked, a widow and her daughter-in-law, neighbors of the deceased woman.

Druggists say that LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is the best remedy for female weakness that they ever heard of, for it gives universal satisfaction.

Send to Mrs. Lidia E. Pinkham, 223 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Panama Hats.

A production of the Isthmus of Panama is the "Jipajapa," a palm-like plant, of whose unexpanded leaves the far famed "Panama hats" are plaited. These species of Carludovica is distinguished from all others by being terrestial, never climbing, and bearing fan shaped leaves. The leaves are from four to six feet high, and their lamina about four feet across. The spate appears toward the end of the dry season, in February and March. In the Isthmus the plant is called "Portorico," and also "Jipijapa," but the latter appellation is the more common, and is diffused all along the coast as far as Peru and Chili; while in Ecuador a whole district derives its name from it. The plant is common in Panama and Darien, especially in half shady places, but its geographical range is by no means confined to them. It is found all along the shores of New Granada and Ecuador; and has been found even at Salango, where, however, it seems to reach its most souther limit, thus extending over twelve degrees of latitude from north to south. The Jipijapa, or Panama hats, are principally manufactured in Viraquas and Western Panama. Not all, however, known in commerce by that name are plaited in the Isthmus; by far a greater proportion being made at Manta, Monte Christi, and other parts of Ecuador. The hats are worn almost in the whole American continent and the West Indies, and would probably be equally used in Europe did not their high price, varying for $2 to $150, prevent their importation. They are distinguished from all others by consisting only of a single piece, and by their lightness and flexibility. They may be rolled up and put into your pocket without injury. In the rainy season they are apt to get black, but by washing with soap and water, besmearing them with Lime juice, or any other acid and expose them to the sun, their whiteness is easily restored.

So little is known about these hats that it might not be out of place to give an account of ther manufacture. The straw (paja), previous to the plaiting, has to undergo several processes. The leaves are gathered before they unfold, all their ribs and coaser veins removed, and, the rest, without being separated from the base of the leaf is reduced to shreds. After having been exposed to the sun for a day, and tied in a knot, the straw is immersed in boiling water until it becomes white. It is then hung up in a shady place, and subsequently bleached for two or three days. The straw is now ready for use, and in this state is sent to different places, especially to Peru, where the Indians manufacture those beautiful cigar cases, which sometimes bring as high as $30 each.

The plaiting of the hats is very troublesome. It commences at the crown and finishes at the brim. The hats are made on a block, which is placed upon the knee, and requires to be constantly pressed with the breast. According to their quality, more or less time is occupied in their completion—the coarser ones may be finished in two or three days, while the finest may take that many months. The best time for plaiting are the morning hours and the rainy season, when the air is moist. In the middle of the day and in dry, clear weather the straw is apt to crack, and this, when finished, is betrayed by knots, and much diminishes the value.

From the Veteran Editor of the Fredonia Censor.

Fredonia, N. Y., June 7, 1878.

DR. M. M. FENNER,

DEAR SIR:—I have been using your Blood and Liver Remedy and Nerve Tonic during the past few weeks, and desire to say that I like it. I find it admirably adapted to the purpose for which you recommend it. It is an excellent remedy for billiousness usually incident to the change from winter to spring, sufficiently physicing and yet not debilitating as the mercurial remedies are, but strengthening, instead.

Yours truly,
N. N. WHITAKER.

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.

Burglars Shot.

BRIKBURG, N. J. August 2.—Burglars last night entered the residence of Pitman Sneden at Haddonsville. A domestic gave the alarm and Sneden, armed with a gun, met the burglars as they attempted to escape from a parlor window. Sneden fired and a yell followed the discharge of the gun. Bloodstains afterwards showed that one of the burglars had received the contents of Sneden's gun. This morning a villainous looking fellow was found in a grove nearby suffering from a load of bird shot in his back. He refused to make any statement, but it is supposed to be the burglar shot by Sneden. His wound is probably fatal.

Conductor Killed.

PHILADELPHIA, August 3.—This afternoon, between 1 and 2 o'clock, Robert Acheson, conductor of a construction train on the Pennsylvania railroad, was almost instantly killed in the company's yards, West Philadelphia. Acheson was walking on the track and his train while backing struck him on the back, knocked him down and ran over him, cutting off both his legs and mangling him so severely that he died soon afterwards. He was a native of Lancaster county.

This world may only be a pill that some time may aid the digestion of a more gigantic planet.

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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-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure is effected, and 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 life and vigor. It removes all traces of decay, 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.

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Gettysburg, Pa., July 28, 1880.
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July 2, 8t

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 "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.

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R. E. SELLERS & CO., Prop'rs, Pittsburgh, Pa.
C. N. BOYD, Agent, Somerset, Pa.
Sept. 24, 1879. 1 y.

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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., prop'rs., Pittsburg, Pa. Sold by all druggists.
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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.—Rev. 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.
Sept. 24, 1879. 1 y.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Moses W. Yoder and Theodore F. Zimmerman have filed their application for six acres of vacant land situate in Paint township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Moses W. Yoder and Henry Layman.

MOSES W. YODER,
June 30 THEODORE F. ZIMMERMAN.

THE

Herald

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