THE PROFESSOR.

Professor Charmondie—that was his name—he was a chiropodist; he traveled with articles, and he knew a little about three-card monte.

He came to the small New England town which we will call Swanborough—that is not its proper name, mind you. He put up at the old fashioned hotel, the 'Victor House,' kept by the Widow Hockins. He was a foreigner, and, like all other foreigners, had seen better times. In his own beloved land he was grand—a noble with a retinue. Now, I had only a vague and indistinct idea of a retinue. I never saw one, but, by the way the professor spoke, it must be something nice. I wish I had one, and was a noble in my own country. I guess I would stay there, and not come to a cold climate like this where retinues don't grow.

I hinted this mildly to the professor, but he frowned darkly, and muttered something about political conspiracies, and I got frightened and did not say more.

The professor was a Pole—I don't mean a clothes-pole, or a barber's pole—nothing of the sort—a Pole from Poland; he was a prince. Most Poles are princes. He was tall and slender, with a fierce head of black ringlets, a snowy complexion and large black eyes. He was dressed in the extreme of New York style, and he began to cast sweet looks at the landlady of the 'Victor House.'

Mrs. Hockings was well worth looking at. She was one of those round, plump, black-eyed red-cheeked little women, who look as if they were made to be widows and nothing else.

She had been in that state ever since the war, when Si Hockings died on the field of Gettysburg. She was a picture to please in her neat tidy kitchen, where everything shown again with rubbing and soap. The floor was white; the big stove was as shiny as the professor's boots, and that was saying a great deal. She had her little rocking chair and her work-table in the corner by the window, where here pot of flowers stood, and the Madura vine peeped in from outside to admire the widow. And on washing and baking days what a pleasure it was to see her, with the sleeves of her dress rolled up above her dimpled elbows, plunging into the snowy dough or frothing suds, as the case might be.

There was no looking-glasses or pictures in that kitchen; the widow did not approve of them. She had no time to look at herself, and she guessed the girls had enough to do without looking at themselves. On the big stove sat a big tea-kettle, so black, so buxom and so merry, that it might have been another widow.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays the 'Victor' was full to overflowing with farmers, for nowhere else could they get dinner or supper to please them.

Then the widows was up to her eyes in business—yes, and liked it, too. She had to hear all about 'Marier's rumatis' and 'Sarah Ellen's inflamasion,' and look at the hats and bonnets purchased for the coming Sunday at that bureau of French fashion—'Miss Smith's down-street.'

The widow went through the whole of it with flying colors. She never seemed busy, was always ready for a chat, and yet everything was in apple-pie order and just as it ought to be.

No wonder many burly farmers sighed when they gazed upon the widow, but sighed in vain. Only only one adorer had for a time seemed likely to please the widow—Sam Nelson. He was a warm friend of her late husband; after his death he had often dropped in to talk about Si, and it had grown customary for Sam to look in and escort the widow to church Sunday evenings. Sam was a church member and led the singing.

Now soon after the advent of the professor Sam gave up his habit. Sam did not like the professor. It was no use to denying it; he hated him with as strong a hatred as it was consistent for a church member to indulge in—maybe a little stronger.

It was no consolation for Sam, after a visit to the widow, to go home and declare that the professor must be an ass to wear such tight, thin-soled boots The professor was not an ass, and Sam knew it very well. Sam's feet were of the box-iron pattern, and looked coarse and plowtaily beside the professor's. Then his hair was a warm ginger color, and grew on the whiskbroom principle. Sam was disgusted with it. He made up his mind he would not go near the widow till that fellow was gone, and that fellow showed no signs of going. What was the good of washing and combing himself evening, 'washing and combing being Swanborough for the toilet performed by eligibles at the close f the day.

No! it was useless; there was the stumbling block with the snowy forehead, the diamond studs and the clustering locks. Then the professor had a nasty way of doing all the talking, and if anyone else said anything, looking at them as if he thought they must be a little crazy to take such a liberty.

Sunday evening passed several times in this way. Sam began to pine; he opened his store with the calm of despair, but his heart was in it no longer. He did not care whether his new and fashionable prints, at twenty cents a yard, took the fashionable eye of Swanborough or not; nether did he try to dispose of his prime Porto Rico sugar, at seven cents a pound, as of yore. Sam was a disappointed and gloomy man.

Sunday evening came once more; Sam went alone to church, went early, in time to see the lamp lighted and smell the kerosene; he cared not, but took his seat. The church filled rapidly; the girls with new hats to be admired, and the girls with old hats on whispered and laughed, as much as to say they despised new hats, and would not have one of them if you asked them to. Sam looked on; then the widow came in with professor, and in the buttonhole of his long-tailed New York coat was a blossom off the widow's double white pink, which had been the apple of her eye all winter.

Oh, dear; Sam's swelling heart threatened to burst the buttons of his vest. He heard the hymn given out, and saw the widow find the place, and give the Pole half the book, and look up at him and smile. Sam saw no more; the service closed at last; he went home, drew of his boots, sat up at the window and thought. He would leave Swanborough!—go for a missionary to the Pacific islands. Yes, go forever!—perhaps to be eaten by the heathen after a very indifferent process of cooking.

Sam thought of the news being brought back to his native place, of the shock to the widow—would she shed one tear for him, whose smile she never more would see?—for his eyes, of which the light was quenched, alas! forever?—for his fond and faithful heart made into an uncultivated pie, to produce indiscribable agonies of indigestion in the stomach of the heathen?

Sam thought of the widow as she heard the news and realized that his voice was still forever—his fond voice. At last she would know his worth. Alas! too late; but then it struck him that if it was too late for the widow it would be rather to late for him also, and after he went into the stomach of that painted chieftain he would find it the 'bourne from whence no traveler returns.'

Alas! there was little consolation in the thought even of the widow's grief, wild as Sam pictured it. What use for that form, so beautifully rounded, to be torn by emotion and agitated by sobs, when he would not be there to soothe her anguish? Why shoud those eyes, where lurking imps of mischief dwelt, be overflowed by tears when Sam would not be present in 'the body' to dry them up.

* * * * * *

The widow and the professor sat alone in the dinning room of the Victor; they sat by the open window after evening service, just like Sam, only their boots were on, and they were not gloomly contemplating extirpation from their beloved home. Not at all; they sat by the window, and convenient to the elbow of each sat a glass of some cooling beverage, mixed by the cunning hand of the widow herself.

"Emma, my love—cara mio!" said the professor—from which remark my reader may conclude he had made considerable progress in the widow's good graces, and was ahead of Sam a good many laps.

"Emma, my queen! Art thou not my queen?" The widow smiled and twisted the corner of her neck ribbon round her finger. "Emma, wilt thou always be content to dwell in this rude spot, admired only by rustics and boors, who gain a mean livelihood by selling dark sugar and a very inferior brand of tea? Art thou content?"

The widow had never viewed things in this way before. She was content. She began to feel a little ashamed of herself for it. She coughed and did not answer.

"Come with me my dark eyed bride, I will bear thee away to my native land, where thy sweet smile shall gladden the hearts of princes and nobles—where thou shalt reign a very queen."

This was splendid; the widow liked it very much.

"Sell, my darling—chere amie—this low tavern, and go with me to thy proper sphere, where thou shalt mix with nobles, and princes, and shine before courts."

It was nice to think of shining before courts, and also reigning a "very queen;" but selling the "Victor" was another thing. Emma did not relish the thought—the "Victor," that poor Si had worked so hard for, they had toiled for together for many years, and all the old fashioned beds, with patchwork quilts that 'mother' made, with dear old sewing about in these days. "Sell the 'Victor'—no!"

The widow was mad. If keeping a public house was low—well, she always kept a public house. Selling corn-plasters wasn't high, neither babies' patent feeding bottles and things for keeping their food warm, nutmeg graters and washes for the complexion. What did he mean? The widow bade him good-night somewhat abruptly, and went to bed, not to sleep, but to think things over.

The next day the professor left early in a top buggy, packed with corn plasters, patent mouse-traps and feeding-bottles, and other articles to numerous to mention; he knew somehow that Emma would prefer his room to his company.

It was washing day, and maybe the widow's temper might have been a little longer than it was in the morning. Stanislas left early. He had begged the widow to call him so, and she did it with a gulp—at the high-sounding title.

She worked hard all day, and in the afternoon, when the fruit of her labor hung in the sunshine, she sat down and made up her mind.

"I'll send round for Sam—yes, I will—and hear what he has got to say about it. Yes, indeed, Sam's a good fellow—such a good friend of poor Si's—and I know he'll give me good advice. He's a church member, and what a deal poor mother thought of him, to be sure."

Sam came round and heard the story. What a position for a man to be in—asked his advice on such a subject. When the widow paused in her story Sam sat for some time in profund silence, and then burst out:

"Well, Mrs. Hockings, I can't say a word. Maybe I'm right and maybe I'm wrong; but don't sell the 'Victor' that poor Si Hockings worked so hard for—don't sell the 'Victor' and marry that fellow, for I—believe—he's—a swindler!"

The widow stared at Sam in open-mouthed amazement; but it was put, and, wish as he might, Sam could not get it in again. In fact, on the whole he did not care; it was better to tell his real opinion if he died for it.

When the professor came home the door was opened by the help, who told him that Mrs. Hockings had retired for the night. He was in a good humor, having sold a great many bottles of his mixture for killing the potato bug and making the mustache grow; but he had to retire without seeing his Emma, which was very hard.

Next morning the widow rose early and dressed herself rapidly. Her cheeks were flushed and eyes were brighter than usual, while her movements were quick, not to say snappish.

She was in the dining room when the professor came down from his room, humming an air, and looked up from the breakfast-tray, with a short nod.

"Good morning, ma chere"—that was French, and he got it out of the back of a small red dictionary, with little engravings.

"Good morning!" said the widow, throwing into her voice the chilling influence of two or three good-sized icebergs.

The professor drew near and tried to steal a kiss, but Emma dodged him.

"What is the matter, my angel?" inquired the Pole.

"Oh, nothing — nothing much. Eat your breakfast, and when you get through I'll have a little talk with you."

The professor obeyed, but a dark scowl sat on his lofty brow. He did not look so amiable by many degrees as before.

Breakfast progressed slowly, and just as it was drawing to a close Nellie, the hired girl, rushed into the room with open mouth, and face ashy pale with terror.

"Oh, Mrs. Hockings! Oh, my! Two policemen are coming up the yard. Oh!"

The professor looked wildly round and tried to rush past the widow to get up stairs, but he was too late; the officers were in the room.

"Ha! ha! my boy!" said the oldest of the two. "Ha! ha! and he caught the Polish prince by the arm.

"What's the matter?" gasped the widow.

"Nothing's the matter now we've got this bird, ma'am; don't be the least bit frightened; he can't get away. Ned, the bracelets! Don't frighten the lady, Jerry; that escape of yours was smart—but you always are such a highflyer we can trace you so easy."

"He said he was a pro-fess-or," said the widow.

"So he is, bless you, ma'am," returned the officer, with a chuckle. "He is a professor of bank-notes; he is a mighty smart fellow, too—just got away from State prison three weeks ago. Why didn't you run to Canada, Jerry? Why were you so stupid, man?"

* * * * * *

They removed the professor, and the widow felt about as mean as it is possible for a clever and pretty widow to feel.

"How I shall be laughed at! Oh, dear, what a fool I have made of myself!"

At length it struck her the only person in Swanborough who knew anything about it was Sam Nelson. She would send for Sam, and beg him to be silent. She knew Sam would never betray her confidence.

She sent for Sam.

He came and promised to be silent on certain conditions.

Sam, junior, is now old enough to walk about and knock his ginger-colored head against all the tables and chairs.

Mrs. Hocking's name is Nelson. She is as plump and merry as ever, and if she ever gets a little cross, the new landlord of the "Victor" has only to inquire: "Em, do you remember the professor?"

The Sorrowful Man.

At the Union depot the other morning, officer Button observed a tall, long-legged stranger, who seemed to be clothed mostly in a linen duster, wipe his eyes and blow his nose like one suffering mental distress, and he approached and asked the cause.

"Oh, lots of things,' replied the man, as he took out his handkerchief. "Is there a camp-meeting any where around here?"

"Not that I know of."

"And they don't have any prayer-meetings around here in the daytime?

"No."

"There isn't anyone around the depot that makes a specialty of singing Gospel hymns, is there?"

"Don't know anybody. Has your wife run away?"

"No; never had one."

"Lost your wallet?"

"No; I never carry a wallet."

"Anybody abused you?

"No; everybody is kind to me."

"Then why these tears? Strong men do not weep without a strong cause."

"I weep—I weep because the world is cold—because it it wicked—because human nature has become suspicious. I weep because another sun has arisen on the evil passions of men."

"Are you naturally sorrowful?"

"I am. I sometimes wish I wasn't that way. How long before the Lake Shore train goes?"

"Twelve minutes."

"Then I will spend eleven minutes in further weeping. Have you a private room in which I can sit and cry?"

"Say, old man, what's your lay?" asked the officer, looking him over.

"My lay is weeping. I am the sorrowful man from Columbus,"

"That's too thin. What's the particular racket this morning?"

"Won't you give me away?" asked the man, after a fresh dig at his eyes."

"No."

"I am dead broke and want to go to Toledo. The conductor who goes out stands over there, and I'm weeping for his benefit. He has already marked my grief, and he wonders what ails me. When he asks me for my ticket I'll either be a missionary who weeps over the avarice of railroad corporations and appeal to his charity, or a country parson who lost his money on the confidence game. Now let me weep some more.

He wept some more and then said:

"It's the best lay in the world. Its a hundreds times ahead of check or riding on the springs, and it costs me nothing, and is always ready. I cried myself from Columbus to Indianapolis, wept from there to Chicago, and then sobbed myself along to Detroit. I now weep that I may see Toledo, and I shall depend upon emotion to scoot me thro' to Columbus in good style. I will now edge along toward the conductor and give way to another burst of mingled grief and contrition. Ta ta, old blue-coat—don't give away a man who could not raise a nickel if his eyes should give out to-morrow."

A Horrible Tragedy.

SAN FRANCISCO, October 21.—Last night George A. Wheeler went to the police station and confessed that he had murdered his sister-in-law, Della J. Tillson, in a lodging house at No. 23 Kearney street and packed her body in a trunk. His statement was at once verified. The circumstances of the case are remarkable. The deceased had been living with her sister and Wheeler, and the latter had subjected her to his desires, his wife being cognizant of the fact, but concealing the affair to avoid a scandal. Latterly a man by the name of George W. Peckham, who became acquainted with the family some time ago at Cisco, Placer county, sought to marry Della. This created jealousy on the part of Wheeler, who yesterday while Della was sitting on his lap, choked her to death. Wheeler and his family formerly lived in New York.

What everybody wants is a pleasant, reliable medicine that does no harm, and prevents and cures disease by keeping the stomach in perfect order, the bowels regular, and the kidneys and liver active. Such a medicine is Parker's Ginger Tonic. It relieves every case, and we have seen stacks of letter from thousands who have been saved and cured by it. See other column.—*Tribune.*

A Father Who Melted.

The other evening a citizen of Detroit beckoned to his 12 year old son to follow him to the woodshed, and when they had arrived there he began:

"Now, young man you have been fighting again! How many times have I told you it was disgraceful to fight?"

"Oh, father this wasn't about marbles or anything of that kind," replied the boy.

"I can't help it. As a Christian man it is my duty to bring up my children to fear the Lord. Take off your coat!"

"But, father, the boy I was fighting with called me names."

"Can't help it. Calling names don't hurt any one. Off with that coat!"

"He said I was the son of a wire-puller."

"What! what's that?

"And he said you was an office hunter."

What! what loafer dared make that assertion?"

"It made me awful mad, but I didn't say anything. Then he called you a hireling."

"Called me hireling! Why I'd like to get my hands on him!" puffed the old gent.

"Yes, and he said you was a political lick-spittle."

"Land o' gracious! but wouldn't I like to have the training of that boy for about five minutes!" wheezed the old man as he hopped around.

"I put up with that," continued the boy, "and then he said you laid your pipes for office and got left by a large majority. I couldn't stand that father, and so I sailed over the fence and licked him bald headed in less'n two minutes! Thrash me if you must, father, but I couldn't stand it to hear you abused by the malignant opposition!"

"My son," said the father as he felt for half a dollar with one hand and wiped his eyes with the other, "you may go out and buy you two pounds of candy. The Bible says it is wrong to fight, but the Bible must make allowance for political campaigns and the vile slander of the other party. I only brought you out here to talk to you, and now you can put on your coat and run along.

What to Say.

Say "I would rather walk," and not "I had rather walk."

Say "I doubt not I shall," and not "but I shall."

Say "for you and me," and not "for you and I."

Say "whether I be present or not," and not "present or no."

Say "not that I know," and not "that I know of."

Say "return it to me" and not "return it back to me."

Say "I seldom see him, and not "seldom or ever see him."

Say "fewer friends," and not "less friends."

Say "if I mistake not," and not "if I am not mistaken."

Say "game is plentiful," and not "is plenty."

Say "I am weak in comparison with you," and not "to you."

Say "it rains very fast," and not "very hard."

Say "its primitive sense," and not "its primary sense."

Say "he was noted for his violence," and not "he was a man notorious for his violence."

Say "thus much is true," and not "this much is true."

Say "I lifted it," and not "I lifted it up."

And last, but the least, say "I take my paper, and pay for it in advance."

Not the Guilty Party.

The conduct of some of the drivers of the street cars in Galveston, Texas, is certainly very reprehensible. Recently an old lady got on the street car, and as soon as she set her eyes on the driver, she called out, "You are the very driver that refused to stop the car, and made fun of me."

"Yesterday afternoon?" he asked.

"Yes; yesterday afternoon."

"On the corner of Twenty-seventh street and avenue I.?"

"Yes, on the northwest corner?"

"Just about that corner."

"At three o'clock?"

"Yes, sir; at three o'clock!"

"Was it a blue car, with a bay mule?"

"Certainly; blue car and bay mule, and a feller with a red pimple on his nose and mouth like a catfish, just like yours, driving it."

"And you craned out your neck this way, and opened your mouth until one could read the maker's name on your false teeth, and bawled out, "Stop—that—car! stop—that car?"

"Yes; you scoundrel," she replied, drawing back to hit him with an umbrella.

"Then it wasn't me, for I am always polite to ladies, even if they are ninety-five years old, sport porcelain teeth, and sass car-drivers. Ta! ta!" and he jumped over the dash board to swap cars with the driver coming the other way.

To Tell the Age of Cows.

The age of horned cattle may generally be knows by rings on the horns till their teeth year; after that time they give no indication of age farther than the animal has passed its tenth year. The first ring appears on the horn after the animal is two years old—soon after, as a general rule, though sometimes before that age. During the third year the ring gradually increases and at three years of age is completely formed. The second ring appears during the fourth year, and at the fifth year it is complete. After that period an additional ring is formed each year. This rule is sufficiently plain, and even a young farmer needs but little practice to enable him to read a cow's age on her horns. A cow with three rings is six years old; with four rings is seven years old. No new rings are formed after the tenth year: the deeper rings, however, and the worn appearance of the horns are pretty sure indications of old age.

Severe Storms.

CHICAGO, October 17.—Severe snow storms are reported from the northwestern states. Along the Northern-Pacific railroad the snow is reported as being deeper than at any time last winter. A dispatch from Des Moines says the ground there is frozen several inches deep. About two thirds of the potato crop is not dug, and it will probably be a total loss.

"Is your cough easier?" said one of poor Hood's acquaintances, on calling to see how he was. "It should be," said the wit, from his pillow; "I've been practicing all night."

Explosion in a Distillery.

CINCINNATI, October 20.—A dispatch from Terre Haute, Ind., to the *Commercial* says: "At 3 o'clock this afternoon the boilers in Cox & Fairbank's distiller, one of the largest in the country, exploded and set the building on fire. The wildest excitement prevailed. The fire department, with the aid of the police and citizens, soon subdued the flames, and extricated the workmen who had been buried in the debris caused by the explosion. Five men were instantly killed. They were: Joseph Denny, fireman; John Brooks, bricklayer; Harvey Day, (colored,) laborer; William Bergman and M. K. Reilley. The last named was an employe of John V. Nicolai & Co., of Cincinnati, and was superintending work in the distillery.

The injured are Frank Stanley, fireman, both legs and arms broken, fatally injured; Henry Wilson, wounded about the head, in a critical condition; Eugene Mehring, head bruised, will probably recover; William Kirtley, 15 years old, arms broken and badly scalded, a fatal case; Henry Dinky, scalded and bruised; Frank Brown, arm broken; Washburn Simpson, John Young, and George Trout, skulls fractured. Charles G. Foote, the head engineer, had just left the distillery before the explosion occurred, and says the boilers were carrying 90 pounds of steam. One entire battery of three boilers exploded. The loss to the distillery is about $6,000.

The Pittsburgh Disaster.

PITTSBURGH, Oct. 18.—The coroner's investigation as to the cause of the collision on the Pennsylvania Railroad on Saturday, the 19th inst., was concluded to-night. The jury returned a verdict, "That by reason of negligence on the part of William J. Penrod, flagman, and John Rauth, conductor of the first section, and Julian Hugley, engineer of the second section, a collision resulted, and the death of William H. Love was caused thereby, and the jury do further say that the Pennsylvania Railroad Company was guilty of criminal negligence in their failure to take due precaution against the occurrence of such a terrible catastrophe; they were negligent in failing to provide rules whereby the second section could have been notified of the whereabouts of the first section, and in not guarding against the overloading of trains, and finally in not employing a sufficient number of men to properly manage their trains."

Big Fire.

CHARLESTON, S. C., October 18.—A fire broke out in one of the cotton sheds of the Commercial Cotton Press and Wharf Company, at two o'clock Sunday afternoon. A strong northwest wind swept the flames rapidly down the wharf, consuming two large cotton sheds and one brick warehouse partially stored with cotton. The fire soon spread to the cotton on the wharves, and thence to three British steamships, Borrowdale, Travancore and Bedford, which were lying at the pier partially loaded with cotton. The Travancore and Bedford are only slightly damaged. A derrick on the Bedford was burned, and in falling struck the third mate on the head, killing him almost instantly. Estimated loss, 2,000 bales of of cotton, valued at $120,000, exclusive of the burned and damaged cotton on steamships. Damages to buildings, sheds and wharves of the Commercial Wharf Company, estimated at about $200,000; fully insured, mostly in foreign companies.

A Collision.

CHICAGO, October 20.—An accident occurred on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad this afternoon, near Aurora, Ill., smashing up the baggage car and two passenger coaches. A switch engine backed into the N. Y. express and wrecked the baggage car and two coaches. John Sigler, of Pennsylvania, was struck by a splintered portion of the roof and seriously hurt, while C. A. Schaffter editor of the *News* at Batavia; Edward Morgan of Des Moines, and R. R. Wallace of Chicago, were severely bruised, and others received slight wounds.

Another Kentucky Vendetta.

LOUISVILLE, KY., October 21.—A special despatch from Point Lick to the *Courier-Journal* says: "On Saturday night last, about two miles from Big Hill, Jackson county, near a still house owned by James Abrams, a fight occurred between Abrams, his sons and other parties on one side, and William and James Ratcliffe on the other. James Ratcliffe was shot in the face and instantly killed. His brother William was shot in the side and mortally wounded. One of Abram's sons was struck on the head with a rock, and it is said will die from the effects of the wound. The affair resulted from an old grudge."

"Eighty-Five Dollars Lost."

"You do not tell me that your husband is up and about again, and entirely cured by so simple a medicine as Parker's Ginger Tonic?"

"Yes, indeed, I do," said Mrs. Benjamin to her enquiring neighbor, "and that too when we had foolishly paid eighty-five dollars in doctor's bills and prescriptions, and after he had been given up by his physicians to die. Now my husband feels as well as ever, entirely cured by this excellent Tonic." And many a sick man might be well in a week if they would only try it.

A Horrible Crime.

LYNDONVILLE, Vt., Oct., 19.—Byron Blake this morning murdered his mother, sister, and step-father with a knife and then hanged himself. The cause was insanity. The murder was committed in the town of Sheffield, Vt., one mile from Wheelock Hollow. The murderer was 26 years of age. He had about six years ago a spinal difficulty, which caused the loss of his reason. He was confined in an asylum two years, when he returned home he was consider safe, but was of an ugly temper, is, in fact he always has been. His mother was 63 years old and his step-father 74 years.

Fired by a Tramp.

READING, Pa., October 19.—At 9 o'clock this morning a tramp, who was refused something to eat on the farm of G. S. Moury, one mile from Tuckerton, set fire to the barn, and it was destroyed, together with its contents. Three mules and all the cattle also perished in the flames. The dwelling caught fire and was partially damaged. Loss, $10,000. The citizens are in pursuit of the incendiary.

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM.
OF LYNN, MASS.

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-nine 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 tumors 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 faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach

It cures Bloating, Headaches, 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. 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'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

HALL'S VEGETABLE SICILIAN HAIR RENEWER

Has been in constant use by the public for over twenty years, and is the best preparation ever invented for RESTORING GRAY HAIR TO ITS YOUTHFUL COLOR AND LIFE.

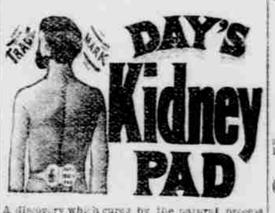
It supplies the natural food and color to the hair glands without staining the skin. It will increase and thicken the growth of the hair, prevent its blanching and falling off, and thus AVERT BALDNESS.

It cures Itching, Eruptions and Dandruff. As a HAIR DRESSING it is very desirable, giving the hair a silken softness which all admire. It keeps the head clean, sweet and healthy.

The State Assayer and Chemist of Mass. and leading Physicians endorse and recommend it as a great triumph in medicine.

BUCKINGHAM'S DYE FOR THE WHISKERS
will change the beard to a BROWN or BLACK at discretion. Being in one preparation it is easily applied, and produces a permanent color that will not wash off.

PREPARED BY
R. P. HALL & CO., NASHUA, N. H.
Sold by all Dealers in Medicine.



A discovery which cures by the natural process
ABSORPTION,
all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs and Nervous System, when nothing else can. It is comfortable to the patient, positive in its effects, and the first cure for those painful and much dreaded affections,

Diabetes and Bright's Disease,

while its cures of Gravel, Dropsy, Catarrh of the Bladder, Brickdust Deposit, Painful Urinating, High-Colored Urine, Nervous Weakness and Pain in the Back seems more like miracles than cases of natural healing.

DELICATE FEMALES,

or victims of wasted or prostrated energies, caused by irregular habits, the abuse of nature and mental or physical over-exertion, find their greatest relief in the use of DAY KIDNEY PAD, which strengthens and invigorates the invalid and restores the vigor of health.

PAIN IN THE BACK.

We say positively, and without fear of contradiction, that DAY'S KIDNEY PAD is the only certain and permanent cure for every form of this prevalent and distressing complaint.

YOUNG MEN

suffering from nervous and physical debility, loss of memory, or vitality impaired by the errors of youth or too close application to business or work, may be restored and manhood regained.

Avoid all kinds of kidney medicines which are taken into the system by way of the stomach; it is old and old treatment well tried and proven inefficient, though sometimes effecting apparent cures of one complaint they sow the seeds of more troublesome and permanent disorders. The price of our PADs brings it within the reach of all, and it will annually save many times its cost in doctor's bills, medicines and plasters, which at best give but temporary relief. It can be used without fear or shame, and will certainly effect a permanent cure. For sale by all druggists generally, or sent by mail (free of postage) on receipt of the price. Regular Pad, $2.00; children's $1.50; Special (extra size), $3.00. Our book, "How a Life was Saved," giving the history of this new discovery and a large record of most remarkable cures sent free. Write for it. Address, DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., Toledo, Ohio.

CAUTION. Owing to the many worthless pads and kidney pads now seeking sale on our reputation, we deem it due the afflicted to warn them. Ask for DAY'S KIDNEY PAD, take no other, and you will not be deceived.

"EASTERN AGENCY.
CHARLES N. CRITTENTON,
115 Fulton street, New York."

FOR SALE BY C. N. BOYD, SOMERSET PA
Oct. 27

FARM
FOR SALE!

I wish to sell my farm in
JENNER TWP.,
at private sale. Said farm contains about 50 acres, 40 acres cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The improvements are a good frame house and frame Swiss barn with a good orchard bearing all kinds of fruit. The farm is underlaid with coal and limestone.
Price, terms and payments reasonable. Apply to
JACOB DANIEL,
Oct. 6 Johnstown.

MORGAN'S
WOOLEN MILLS
ESTABLISHED 1819.

Having for the past year or two been entirely unable to supply the increasing demand for my goods I have built an addition to my mill and put in a large amount of

NEW AND IMPROVED MACHINERY

and thereby almost doubled my capacity for manufacturing.

I have now on hand a large stock consisting of
BLANKETS,
CASSIMERES, SATINETS,
JEANS, REPELLANTS, FLANNELS,
COVERLETS, CARPETS,
YARNS, &C.,
which I wish to

TRADE FOR WOOL.

Farmers, I have the kind of goods you need. I want your

WOOL!

to work up

RIGHT IN YOUR OWN COUNTY,

and in order to reach all my customers in good time, I have employed the same agents I had last year, and in addition Mr. Joseph L. Daugherty, who first introduced my goods into many part of this county.

I will strive, as in the past, to give first class goods and full value to all.

☞New customers and those we failed to find last year, will please address card to

WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, Pa.
Apr 7

PUBLIC SALE

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in Somerset, on

Friday, November 5th, 1880,

at 1 o'clock P. M. the following real estate, late the property of Samuel Will, deceased, viz:

No. 1. A tract of land situate one mile northeast of Somerset, containing 59 acres and 104 perches, joining lands of Jacob Koontz, Samuel Trent, Charles Will and others, all cleared and in a good state of cultivation. The land is of good quality and has a vein of good coal opened on it, and is well watered.

No. 2. A piece of land containing 23½ acres, adjoining lands of Charles Will and Augustus Long, about 12 acres cleared; the balance is well timbered and has several good springs on it. The land is of most excellent quality.

No. 1 will be offered in smaller lots if desired.

—TERMS:—

One-third, after deducting expenses, to remain a lien on the premises, the interest to be paid annually to the widow during her life, and at her death the principal sum to be paid to the heirs; one-third of the balance to be paid on confirmation of sale, and the remainder in two equal annual payments, to be secured by judgment bonds. Ten per cent. of hand money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down.

GEORGE SPANGLER,
Oct. 13. Trustee.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.
FACTS WORTH KNOWING.

Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many other of the best medicines known are so skillfully combined in PARKER'S GINGER TONIC as to make it the greatest Blood Purifier and The Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used.

So perfect is the composition of PARKER'S GINGER TONIC that no disease can long exist where it is used. If you have Dyspepsia, Headache, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Bowel, Kidney or Liver Disorder, or if you need a mild stimulant, or appetizer, the TONIC is just the medicine for you, as it is highly curative and invigorating but never intoxicating.

If you are slowly wasting away with Consumption or any sickness, if you have a Persistent Cough or a bad Cold, PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will surely help you. It gives new life and vigor to the feeble and aged, and is a certain cure for Rheumatism and Cholera Infantum.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives; It May Save Yours.

If you are feeling miserable don't wait until you are down sick, but use the TONIC to-day. No matter what your disease or symptoms may be it will give prompt relief.

Remember! PARKER'S GINGER TONIC is not a rum drink but the Best and Purest Family Medicine ever made, compounded by a new process, and entirely different from Bitters, Ginger preparations and all other Tonics. Try a 50c. bottle. Your druggist can supply you.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
The Best and Most Economical Hair Dressing
exquisitely perfumed and perfectly harmless.
Will Always Restore Gray or Faded Hair
to its original youthful color and appearance, and is warranted to stop its falling, arrest its growth and prevent baldness.
A few applications of the BALSAM will soften the hair, cleanse all dandruff and cure itching and humors of the scalp. Sold by all druggists and fancy goods dealers.
September 8

A. J. CASEBEER, Pres'dent. WM. B. FREASE, Secretary.
CHAS. J. HARRISON, Treasurer. J. S. HARTZELL, Manager.
—DIRECTORS:—
ISAAC KAUFMAN, ED. KIERNAN.
JOS. H. ZIMMERMAN. ED. KYLE.

SOMERSET
MECHANICAL WORKS,
(Limited.)

NEW ARRANGEMENT!

The Somerset and Petersburg Foundries have been consolidated under the style of the

"SOMERSET MECHANICAL WORKS,"
(Limited.)

Located in the borough of Somerset, and is prepared to furnish all kinds of

Machinery and Farming Implements.

The celebrated

HARTZELL PLOWS!

are manufactured and kept on hand. Also a full line of

COOKING AND HEATING STOVES.

All kinds REPAIRING will be promptly done. The public is informed that all kinds of work generally done at a

FIRST-CLASS FOUNDRY
AND
MACHINE SHOP!

Can be procured at SHORT NOTICE.
Sept. 15.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of Catherine Whipkey, late of Upper Turkeyfoot Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereb given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, November 6, 1880, at the office of the Executor, in Kingwood, Pa.

JOSIAH GERHARD,
Sept. 29 Executor.

Duff's College!

The oldest and best appointed Institution for training a Business Education.
For circulars address,
P. DUFF & SONS,
Pittsburgh, Pa.,

PUBLIC SALE.

Pursuant to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, there will be sold at public sale, on the premises, on

Saturday, November 6, 1880

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following deceased real estate, late of David Lohr, dec'd, to wit:

A valuable farm situate in Shade Twp., Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lands of John Sipe, Edward Lambert, Samuel Wagner, Jonathan Snyder, David Wagner and Jesse Stick, containing about 115 acres, of which about 100 acres are cleared, and the balance well timbered, about 18 acres of the cleared land is in meadow. There are a number of good springs, sugar camp, orchard; a good two story dwelling house, large bank barn and other outbuildings on the premises.

TERMS OF SALE.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down, the balance of $500 on confirmation of sale, $500 in six months and the balance in one year. After debts are paid, one-third of balance to remain a lien on the premises, the interest thereof to be paid annually to the widow, and at her death the principal to be paid to the heirs of said David Lohr, dec'd. The widow's dower to be deducted from last payment. Deferred payments to be secured by judgment bonds.

ROBERT P. LOHR,
Oct. 13 Adm'r. of David Lohr, dec'd.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE

Estate of D. C. Meyers, late of Meyersdale Bor., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by 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 them duly authenticated for settlement, on Saturday, the 6th day of November, 1880.

ELIZABETH MEYERS,
Sept. 22. Executrix.

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.