PATIENCE AND PRIDE.

It does look strange I'll admit. But, at the same time, I insist that nothing is wrong. Nothing can be wrong where Louis Merrivale is concerned."

The gentle, womanly tones were earnest and enthusiastic, and the round smooth cheeks grew flushed while she spoke.

"Pshaw, Millie; you are too innocent yourself to believe that guilt can exist in another. And then your partiality for Mr. Merrivale prevents an unprejudiced opinion."

"No: I am not interested in him to a sufficient extent to permit me to regard him as a master piece of perfection; but I do admit that Mr. Merrivale is too thoroughly a gentleman and Christian to do anything wrong. I, for one, utterly refuse to believe a word of this scandal.

Millie Thorn had dropped the fine work in her lap, but now took it up again, as if to end the subject under discussion. But the tall, handsome woman at the other window was not easily silenced.

"But, Millie, admitting that since you ceased to be engaged to Lu Merrivale you care nothing for him"—and here Isabel Wild's keen black eyes sparkled and flashed as she noticed a little spasm of agony flit across the sweet face bent over the work—"and according you due credit for your feelings, why, in the face of such positive evidence, do you refuse to regard him as others do?"

"Isabel, you are cruel, you are harsh to me. Still, I will speak on this subject further. You ask me to regard him as others do. What do you mean by 'others?'"

"Why, everybody, of course. You know as well as I, Millie Thorne, that Lu Merrivale's crime is on every person's lips in town. Go ask your parson's lips in town. Go ask that six year old boy yonder"—and she pointed to a little fellow dragging his toy cart after him—"and he will tell you that Mr. Merrivale stole five hundred dollars in this city, and ran off with it."

A faint rosy tinge suffused Millie's cheeks while Isabel was talking.

"I am aware of that," she returned. "But his friends firmly deny the statement. I am one of them. You ought to be."

"Why, let me ask, should I be?"

"You took him away from me, Isabel; you wear his ring; you promised to marry him."

"I took his ring off when I heard the news," was the heartless response; "he is nothing to me now, more than to you."

Her cold, bitter words seemed to stab Millie, and she tossed her work on the hassock beside her, as she sprang to her feet, and walked over to Isabel.

What have you done, then? You came between us, and I made no complaint, because, if Lu Merrivale loved you, I never was the woman to desire to be called his wife. Then, Isabel Wild, after you had taken my all from me, you wound me afresh by deserting him in the hour of need—the time when you, of all women, should stand ready to clear his name, and vindicate his honor."

Pale and fearless she stood before Isabel Wild, in all the commanding glory of her womanhood.

Miss Wild's, low metalic laugh came ringing in her ears.

"You are welcome to do it yourself, Millie. Besides, I accepted George Halliday this morning!"

A cry burst from Millie Thorne's lips.

"Heartless—cruel! Poor Lu!"

Isabel Wild arose, with freezing courtesy.

"After such unparalleled politeness, I could not presume to annoy you longer with my unwelcome presence. Good morning Miss Thorne."

Millie bowed, as in a waking dream, and Miss Wild departed.

A fortnight before the inhabitants of the quiet town of Croydon, wherein dwelt the characters mentioned, had been petrified by Louis Merrivale's sudden disappearance from the city, horrified and grief-stricken to learn that the sum of five hundred dollars had been simultaneously missed from the safe of Merand & Merand, the great mercantile firm in the city, for whom Louis Merrivale was confidential clerk and bookkeeper. He alone, besides the proprietors, possessed a key to the safe; consequently, he alone could have opened it.

Circumstances thickly combined, went far to prove his guilt, among which the two most telling were, that first, he had been alone in the counting-house from nine, the evening previous to his departure, until after midnight, which had often been the case before, and had never excited the least suspicion until it was proven as such.—Further, a note had been found in his city lodgings that read as follows:

"Tell Messrs. Merand for me that pursuit is useless. Tell them I have served them well for seven years, and they can afford to lose the paltry sum I have taken. Tell I. W. that when it has blown over she may expect to hear from me. "L. M."

Everybody in Crayton had learned the contents of that note, for it had been published in the papers; everybody, save a few friends, had made up their minds that Mr. Merrivale was a rogue. One of the former class was Isabel Wilds, who, her pride quickly up in arms, loudly declared she would not marry a man upon whose name even a shadow of a doubt had ever rested.

Two hours later a gentleman called to see her.

He was a fine looking man, this George Halliday, with black eyes, beard, and hair, with a complexion as fair as Isabel's own. And yet, after one had pronounced him handsome, they, would steal a second look, and decide that there was something hidden under this manly exterior that was evil, unprincipled.

He seemed to be well off; and although comparitively a stranger, was known to, and acquainted with, every family of importance in town.

Isabel Wild had attracted his attentions months before, and when she had noticed his admiration had sneered.

"I marry George Halliday? Never, while such a man as Louis Merrivale lives."

But now after Mr. Halliday had come into the fortune left him, and the decorations of his new mansion were being completed: now, when her lover had clouded his reputation forever, Isabel listened to Halliday's overtures; and when he went from her house that morning, and she fastened to Millie Thorne's, she wore a glittering diamond ring that had been placed there as a seal of their betrothal.

Incensed and inflamed by Millie's enthusiasm, Isabel returned to her own home thoroughly satisfied that Millie Thorne still loved Louis Merrivale, despite her faithlessness, despite his mysterious conduct.

"And I! Millie spoke truly when she said he needed a friend in this dark hour."

A pale, haggard finge was on her face as she ascended the steps of her residence, telling of the struggle within.

"But the blur—the stain! Can I ever bear a name that has been sung through the country, and published in no honorable way in the papers? Can I bear it, and the cold taunts it will bring me, for love's sake? Can I endure it for his sake?"

She paced the floor in restless indecision.

"George Halliday is rich; I shall be mistress of his splendid house, envied by half the women in town, and above all, I shall bear a name pure and unsullied."

The gleaming of the diamonds in their shining splendor caught her eye, and on the trifling delight they occasioned she based her decision—a choice she learned to bitterly regret.

"From henceforth I shall give to Louis Merrivale no thought, if I can help it. I shall regard myself as belonging to my affianced husband, and let Mildred Thorne scorn or reprove as she will. Perhaps she will turn comforter in chief to her faithless lover."

A bitter, bitter heart pang—one yearning longing for her loved one, then it died; or rather, in a moment, Isabel Wild burned alive the love of her life.

Day after day passed by, bringing their share of joys and heart-aches, and still Louis Merrivale never came; the affair had ceased to be a seven days' wonder, and people had forgotten about it, save when they saw his aged mother, bowed and infirm, leaning on Millie Thorne's strong young arm, as they walked throught the streets of Croydon.

Millie had grown more beautiful during these weeks of trial; and the aged mother of the missing young man had many occasion to bless the loving, trusting girl.

The days wore on bringing to Millie, in her patient waiting and hoping against hope, to Isabel, in her overwhelming pride, the glad autumnal days. To one it brought a bridal, and George Halliday took his wife to their handsome home.

The setting October sun was flinging its rosy banner over the brown woodland, when Millie Thorne entered the house where her tender ministrations had made her an angel of sympathy.

Mrs. Merrivale met her half-way to the door, her eyes streaming with tears, her face all alight with an overpowering joy.

"Millie—oh, Millie, my prayers are answered! God has been so merciful to me, and to you, my Millie see, it's from him!"

She handed a letter from her bosom to Millie, who, in a tremor of agitation, had gained the door, and was leaning against the wall, unable for a moment to speak.

"Come in, child, and let us thank God together! Come, Millie, while I tell you my boy is alive, is well, and —oh, Millie, didn't we say it?—is innocent!"

Millie neither spoke nor moved; she neither laughed or cried. She only murmured a wordless prayer in her heart.

"Let me tell you, my child, all about it, and then let me tell you the message he sent to you."

"A message to me? Tell me, what is it?" said Millie, eagerly.

"He has written it to you on a slip of paper, and in his letter tells me to read it, and then give it to you. Isn't that my Louis over again?"

She handed Millie the precious treasure, who read with greedy eyes:

"To-day for the first time since my recovery—I've been near unto the stream of death, Millie—I am able to write; first to my mother, then to the only woman in the world besides that I care for—to you, Millie Thorne. To-day I have given up my Isabel Wild, because I love you, because I always have loved you; because I care nothing for her, or she for me. I know all, Millie, my precious, patient darling! I have startling news when I come back; and then, when I am reinstated in the public confidence, even though I break a proud heart, and uncover a foul one in the act, you will be mine, mine, my own Millie?"

"At last—oh, mother, at last!" exclaimed the overjoyed Millie.

"Shall I read you his letter, or shall I tell you: Or will you read, Millie?"

"Let me read it. His dear handwriting alone will be a feast."

A week after, Louis Merrivale came home, pale haggard and handsome as ever.

Then the news came out; then the innocent was righted, the guilty rewarded.

It was a thrilling story. How George Halliday had waylaid Louis Merrivale while returning from the counting-house to his city lodging; how he had stolen the money from his person—money that Merrivale had taken, perhaps imprudently, for the purpose of paying a number of bills before he went to the office the following day; how he had previously prepared the forged note; and how, after dragging his victim he had him conveyed to a sailing vessel, and registered him as a sick friend, who desired to return to his home in the West Indies. Sickness had followed the drugging; and, in a strange place, among strange s, Louis Merrivale had waited till returning strength brought back memory and the ability to act.

Steps were taken to prove Mr. Merrivale's accusation. The bank-notes were finally traced to Halliday. Thus disgraced and dishonored, he left his proud, heart-broken wife to the mercy of an indignant circle of relatives.

The elegant mansion was deserted, and was purchased by Merand & Merand, who insisted on Merrivales acceptance of it as his wedding present; and in that mansion Louis and Millie now reside as happy as mortals ever can be, while both daily bless the trusting patience that wrought their happiness.

Worth Remembering.

Now that good times are again upon us, before indulging in extravagant show, it is worth remembering that no one can enjoy the pleasantest surroundings if in bad health. There are hundreds of miserable people going about to-day with disordered stomach, lives and kidneys, or a dry, hacking cough, and one foot in the grave, when a 50 ct. bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic would do them more good than all the expensive doctors and quack medicines they have ever tried. It always makes the blood pure and rich and would build you up and give you good health at little cost. Read of it in another column.

Brothers and Sisters.

There is a tendency in modern life to make light of relationship and emphasize in their place the claims of society. Especially is this the case with regard to the ties which unite brothers and sisters. The parental and filial relations are so evidently necessary to the maintenance of the race, that they are upheld with some degree of persistence; but the needfulness of fraternal bonds is not so immediately palpable, and they are not, therefore, held so sacred.

Children grow up in this mental atmosphere and select their friends almost entirely outside of the family circle; sets, cliques and clubs absorb their attention, different interests engage their thoughts, different duties and amusements occupy their time, and imperceptibly they drift away from each other, retaining little more than the husk of a relationship which is rich in its possibilities of human happiness.

Yet the family is the very core of all society, and those who do not learn its lessons and taste its joys are but very imperfectly prepared for the life which they imagine to be so much broader and fuller.

It the loving authority of the parent and the loving obedience of the child give a peculiar fitness for the exercise of needful command, and the proper submission to the powers that be, certain it is that no better groundwork could be laid for that equality, which we are so fond of proclaiming, than in the right fulfillment of those natural duties which fall to the lot of brothers and sisters under the protecting roof. Indeed brotherhood is the term in common use to imply the spirit we should cherish and the conduct we should practice towards our fellowmen, showing how strong is the sense of what the relation ought to involve. All that is noble and heroic in humanity; all that is devoted and tender in friendship; all the courtesy and grace of refined society; all the respect and chivalry due to woman; all the self-denial and generosity which make life beautiful have their root in the family, and in its soil can they be most surely and successfully cultivated. Here are gathered together the young of both sexes, not indiscriminately, or without guidance, but with similar interests, with congenial surroundings, with loving guardianship. There is every opportunity for individual talent or taste to assert itself, and an equal opportunity for mutual assistance. There are many varieties of temper, disposition and character, yet they all have a common origin, and may blend together for mutual good. It would seem that if there is any place on earth where friendship could flourish, gentle influences descend, and affectionate gratitude be shown, where the simple and pure intercourse of the sexes might bring unrestrained delight, where every inducement was offered for kindly offices, for pleasant surprises, for encouragement and sympathy for everything in fact that binds men and women together in harmony and happiness—it must be in the society of brothers and sisters, united as they are by natural ties, by common interests, and by daily association.

How is it, then, that these bonds are so often slighted and broken; that instead of confidence, sympathy, help and mutual delight in each other, we so often find in the members of the family secrecy, coldness, indifference and neglect, the brother pursuing his own engagements and amusements and the sister following hers, careless each of the other and meeting together only through the force of habit or circumstance? Possibly one cause may be that in our zeal for independence and individuality, we forget the opposite truth—that of our real dependence upon one another. The desire for ownership, for development, for power, is a good and useful one, but to make it a thoroughly wholesome force in human life it needs to be blended with a sense of dependence upon and trust in others. We are too much afraid that this will interfere with some of our fancied ideas of perfect equality, but it is not so.

Mutual trust implies no inferiority. The union of the two is necessary for the welfare of every community, and there is no better preparation than faithful fulfillment of the duties of brothers and sisters.

Perfect equality and perfect trusts are the conditions of happiness in the fraternal relation and the foundations upon which all social happiness must rest.

Too much pains cannot be taken by parents to cultivate this brotherly spirit. From their earliest years, children can be drawn to take pleasure in each other's joys, and to feel sorrow at each other's pain. They can be encouraged to confide in one another, to help and console one another, to respect each other's rights and to share in each other's interests. They can be trained to practice little acts of self denial and generosity, and to feel a keen delight in the happiness they thus confer. There is much more in habit about such things than we are accustomed to imagine. A naturally selfish disposition may, by continual and gentle influence, be brought to rejoice in another's happiness and to work for it, while a naturally generous heart may by coldness or carelessness be shut up, even from its own warm instincts. The parent's duty is not finished when he feeds and clothes, and educates his children, nor even when he has secured their filial attachment and made each one independent and self-respecting, unless he also succeed in infusing into them the sense of trust and dependence, in cultivating in them the habit of confidence with each other, and in maintaining in the home that affectionate intercourse, which, while diffusing the truest happiness through the house, also lays the surest foundation for the social duties and responsibilities that await them in the future.—*Ledger.*

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND revives the drooping spirits; invigorates and harmonizes the organic functions; giving elasticity and firmness to the step, restores the natural lustre to the eye, and plants on the pale cheek of beauty the fresh roses of life's spring and early summer time.

"I'm on the press," said John Henry as he folded his girl in one sweet embrace. "Well, that's no reason why you should try to pi the form," she replied, as she rearranged her tumbled collar and pinned up her hair which had come undone.

It is not a cure all. But for Diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder or Urinary Organs, DAY'S KIDNEY PAD is the first cure yet discovered.

His Exact Age.

When Uncle Reuben Clay, an old darkey of about seventy winters, dropped into a Griswold street tobacco store a day or two ago, and was asked his age, he promptly replied:

"Wall, sah, I reckon I'se about as nigh seventy years ole as dey can make 'em."

"If you can't read, or write, or cipher how can you tell?"

"I'se kept de dates in head, sah, an' if you'll take a pencil I kin prove my age in no time"

One of the loungers prepared himself with pencil and paper, and Uncle Reuben proceeded:

"Now, sah, in what year did Columbus discover America?"

"In 1492."

"Den sot dat down."

"Why, what has the discovery of America to do with your age?" asked several voices.

"It makes no difference, sah. I'se got to git some point to reckon from, an' I took dat one kase its de handiest. Put down 1492."

"Yes."

"Now, den, when was the revolutionary war fit."

"1776."

"Exactly; take dat from 1492, and it leaves how many?"

"Just 284 years."

"Dat's k'rect. Now, when did dey fit de next war?"

"In 1812-14. Take that out and it makes a difference of thirty-six years and reduces the figures to 248."

"Dat's all right," said Uncle Reuben as he bent over the figures. "Now, den, in what y'ar did my great-grandfather land in ole Virginny?"

"Why, how do I know? You must know if any one."

The old man scratched his head, looked over the figures and said:

"Dat's kinder curus. De ole man comes in dar sum whar?"

All the men began to laugh at him, the old man got up and tied on his comforter and said:

"You white folks needn't feel so pert kase you fink you're got an old nigger in a box. I'se gwine ober to see my son George, an' George he'll take a piece o' chalk an' de bottom of a cheer an' begin wid de day dat Cain killed Abel an' run my age down to dis werry to'nut quicker'n de smartest o' ye kin rub a sow feed!"

Where the Boulders Come From.

All have seen the immense boulders called "lost rock" in some sections, scattered over the northern part of the United States, which have little or no resemblance to any mass of rock anywhere in the vicinity, and have perhaps asked the question: Where did they come from? also the heaps of sand, gravel, and cobble stones of various sizes, which form many of our ridges, knolls and hills, and which are totally unlike any fixed rock near them. All these phenomena are attributed to a single cause, and that is the great sheet of ice which nature stored up years ago without the necessity of protecting it in an ice house. According to Agassiz, the sheet of ice extending in this country, as far south as South Carolina or Alabama, and was thick enough to coverall the mountains of the eastern part of North America, with the exception of Mount Washington. This peak projected, as alone sentined on that vast waste of ice, two or three hundred feet. In the latitude of northern Massachusetts, he conceives the ice to be two and three miles thick. The boulders were all torn off by the advancing ice sheet, from the projecting rocks over which it moved, and carried or pushed as "bottom drift," scratching and plowing the surface over which they passed, and being scratched and polished themselves in return, till they were finally brought to rest by the melting of the ice. They were not carried as far south as the ice sheet extended, seldom beyond the parallel of forty degrees north. The native copper of Lake Superior was drifted four or five hundred miles south; and the pudding stones of Roxbury, Mass., were carried as far south as the island of Penikese.

Mrs. Langtry Ahead.

Every one knows there is a great rivalry between Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Wheeler—greater between them than any other of the reigning beauties—and that whatever one can do, so as to "score" off the other, is done by each. Mrs. Langtry is known to possess very beautiful arms, while Mrs. Wheeler's are thin and scraggy. On the other hand, the reverse extremities of Mrs. Wheeler are regarded by those who have seen them as models of shape and form, while Mrs. Langtry, though possessing fairly small feet when *bien chaussé*, can only boast of upward continuation of very pipe-stem order. Well, the season before last Mrs. Langtry set the fashion of the sleeveless ball-dresses, and, of course, Mrs. Wheeler, much to her detriment, had to adopt the style. But she set to work to think how to retaliate, and this is how she did it: At the first ball she appeared at last season, she wore a dress with very short skirt. The Prince admired it, and, as a matter of course, it became the fashion. But what was Mrs. Langtry to do? She tried it once, but the effect, as may be imagined, was disastrous. Then she set to work to cudgel her brains, and—happy thought!—at the next ball, instead of adding an inch or two to her draperies, as she had first thought of doing, she had actually taken a reef in her already short skirt. But underneath appeared a pair of a certain article of ladies' lingerie, which on the present occasion shall be otherwise unmentionable, of Knickerbocker cut, and reaching to her ankles, where they were decreased in fullness by a narrow band, and hence fell over her instep in a short flounce of point lace. The effect was immense. The Prince was more than delighted with it, and not only did Mrs. Wheeler find herself completely checkmated at her own game, but as the wearing of the additional garment *a la* Langtry at once becomes the thing, she is of course obliged to adopt it, and thus conceal what it had been her motive to so subtly disclose.—*London Letter in San Francisco News-Letter.*

No More Hard Times.

If you will stop spending so much on fine clothes, rich food and giggle, buy good, healthy food, cheaper and better clothing; get more real and substantial things of life every way, and especially stop the foolish habit of employing expensive, quack doctors or using so much of the vile humbug medicine that does you only harm, but put your trust in that simple, pure remedy, Hop Bitters; that cures always at a trifling cost, and you will see good times and have good health.—*Chronicle.*

The Origin of the Plow.

The origin of the plow and wheeled carriages was a subject of a paper lately read by Mr. Taylor before the London Anthropological institute. He believed the first agricultural implement was a pointed stick, which at a late stage of development was bent at the end in the form of a hoe and the point hardened in the fire. After the lapse of ages a large implement of the same shape came into use. It was not employed like the hoe or "hack" but drawn by men or oxen. Among our own Indians, in the traditional lore of Sweden, in Egypt's pictures of a remote past, there are more or less district traces of the above transition. Greek, Egyptian, Chinese severally possessed the germ, so to speak, of the modern plow. The spur was next shod with iron, the more efficiently to fulfill the purpose of the *coulter* or share. Virgil lived at a time when the plow had reached a very high stage of perfection. It was then constructed with a wheel and an upward projecting handle like the best form of plow in use in Europe in the eigteenth century, and, it might well be added, like the plows still employed near Mantua Venice at the present day. Dr. Taylor is unwilling to concede that the plow was the progenitor of the present vehicle of to-day; he assigns that honor to the sled, as is more probably just. It would soon be found that the introduction of rollers beneath the sled would facilitate its traction. But as it was not necessary that every part of the roller should rest on the ground, the diameter of the middle was reduced with obvious advantage. Slowly in this way the wheel, solid through and rigidly attached to the axle, came into existence. The wheel and axle of the Scythians revolved together. Even now some of the picturesque carts of Italy and Portugal have drum wheels fixed on axles which revolve in bearings like forks open below. From the rude harnessing of the yoke attached to the horns or whithers of oxen at first, the advance to the present method was also gradual. But it is easy to follow this and the other improvements in the plow and wheeled vehicles up to their existing condition through the aid of recorded history.

An Even Thing.

The other day two strangers were toasting their shins on opposite sides of a big stove of a ferry wharf saloon, and it was noticed that they often looked at each other as if almost certain they had met somewhere before. Finally one of them got up and said:

"Stranger, I've seen a face almost like yours. Did you ever have a brother Bill?"

"Yes."

"Was he a sailor?"

"He was."

"Did you hear of him about ten years ago?"

"Yes, just about ten years ago."

"Stranger," continued the first, seeming greatly affected, "I've sailed with your brother Bill. We were together on the Pacific, and before help came I had to kill and eat him. I knew you must be related. I'm awful sorry it was your brother, and though I was driven to it and the law can't touch me, I am willing to pay you damages. Be kinder fair with me, for Bill was old and tough. About how much do you think is fair?"

The other wiped a tear from his eye, spat across the stove and replied:

"Stranger, where is your dad?"

"Been dead these twelve years."

"Died in Nevada, didn't he?"

"Yes, out there somewhere."

"Well, I killed him! I knew you were his son the minute I saw you. He and I were in a mine, and one day as we were going up in a bucket I saw the rope was going to break under the strain. When we were about two hundred feet I picked up your old dad and dropped him over. It was bad on him, but it saved my life. Now, you ate my brother Bill, and I murdered your dad, and I guess we'd better call it even and shake to see who pays for the drinks.

"Playing Drunk, as Papa Does."

"My early practice," said a doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was invited often to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave to its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never forsook me, never taunted me with a bitter word, never ceased to pray for my reformation. We were wretchedly poor, so that my family became pinched for daily bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church, and left me on a lounge sleeping off my previous nights debauch. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy six years of age tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him: "Now get up and fall again. That't the way papa does. Lets play we are drunk." I watched the child as he personated my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to any actor. I arose and left the house, groaning in agony and remorse. I walked off in the country—thinking over my abominable sin, and the example I was setting before my children. I solemnly resolved that with God's help, I would quit the cup, and I did. No lecture I ever heard from Mr. Gough moved my soul like the spectacle of my own sweet boys, "playing drunk as papa does."

Moody's Methods.

"Mr. Moody is a natural leader put him where you will," writes the Northfield (Mass.) correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*. "He sees what is to be done, how it can be done in the best way, and directs some one to do it. All the details of the meetings are carried out in the most admirable manner. As an illustration of the feeling among the guests, a lady from a distance said to me: "I don't understand it; my husband and I never saw Mr. Moody before, and he had never heard of us. Now, however, every time he meets us he calls us by name, and treats us exactly as if we were his personal friends and particularly invited guests. Mr. Moody's remarkable executive ability, consummate tact, and keen knowledge of human nature, mingled with his zeal for the spread of a vitalized Christianity, have contributed not a little to these meetings, which may be understood in a spiritual sense, and have held in check without doubt, any tendencies toward the introduction and discussion of isms."

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

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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, 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 blood 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 laws that govern 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'S LIVER PILLS. They cure Constipation, Biliousness, and Torpidity of the Liver. 25 cents per box.

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Cathartic Pills

Combine the three best cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure definite certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study, and practical experience, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. Ayer's Pills are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are tasteless, free from calomel or any mineral properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

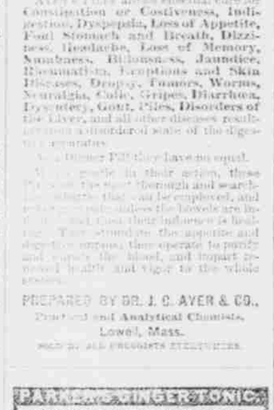
Ayer's Pills are an effectual cure for Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver, and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive organs.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal. Being sugar coated, they are pleasant to take, and are the best purgative yet offered to the public, as they operate without interfering with their action in any way the diet or habits of the patient. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, thus operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

PREPARED BY DR. J. C. AYER & CO.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL PROMINENT DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC
FACTS WORTH KNOWING.
Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia and many others of the best medicines known are 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 tonic, creating new, rich blood, and imparting 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, assist 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 for 50 years.
September 2.



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Its Agriculture, Manufactures, Mining, Banking, Insurance, etc. Agents make $25 to $100 per week. Send for *Special Terms* to
HENRY BILL PUBLISHING CO.
[SPRAGUE, GOES 1347] Norwich, Conn.
Nov. 3 4t

ESTRAY NOTICE.
The undersigned hereby gives notice that there came strayed on his premises in Lower Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., on or about the first of September, 1880, a two and half year old steer with large lump on left cheek. Owner must come forward, prove property, pay charges or the estray will be sold according to law.
NOAH SCOTT.
Dec 16 Ursina, Pa.

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 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 blood 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 laws that govern 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'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.

DAY'S Kidney PAD

A DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT,
which supplies a want long felt, and supplied many hours devoted years of study and experiment to find—a specific for diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs and Nervous System—such was the discovery of DAY'S KIDNEY PAD. This discovery has rapidly increased in every section of the country, gaining the approval and confidence of hundreds and those who have used it in this locality, where it is introduced, are willing to recommend it with all candor and say that it has never failed to accomplish all that was claimed. In short, such is its intrinsic merit and superiority, that it is now the only remedy that is prescribed by the

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS
are the most prevalent, dangerous and fatal of those that afflict mankind, and as such, should and must be dealt with by their observers, that persons who suffer for a long time before knowing what ails them. The most characteristic symptoms are constant wasting away of the whole system, with a feeling of tiredness and dread of exertion, mental and physical disability, nervousness and irritability, loss of memory, dizziness, pains in the back, shoulders or sides in the small of the back, and in case of long duration, there is much mental gloom and general nervous prostration.

THE ONLY CURE.
We say positively, in a without fear of contradiction, that DAY'S KIDNEY PAD is the first, and only, pain killing remedy from kidney disease. It is the best remedy to-day discovered for this complaint, and as we discover its reputation is also other treatment. By using faithfully as directed, it will not disappoint you. Also we are so sure to prove to the public that all we claim

IS STRONGLY ENDORSED.
We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative powers from many persons high in character, intelligence and responsibility. Our book, "How a Life was Saved," giving the history of this new discovery, and a large number of these remarkable cures, and lives, it can be had

DAY'S KIDNEY PADS are for sale by druggists, or will be sent by mail (free of postage) on receipt of price, which is $1 per set. Address all orders to DAY KIDNEY PAD CO., TOLEDO, OHIO.

CAUTION.
Owing to the great worth of DAY'S KIDNEY PAD, it has become necessary to warn the public against imposition. All the DAY'S KIDNEY PAD, take no other, and you will get the genuine.

"EASTERN AGENCY.
CHARLES N. CRITTENTON,
115 Fulton Street, New York."
FOR SALE BY C. N. BOYD, Somerset Pa. Dec 2

NEW CENTRAL HOTEL,
Main Street,
Somerset, Pa.,
Will open for guests on
January 10th, 1881.
This house is furnished in first-class, modern style, with the modern conveniences of Hot and Cold Water Baths,
Large Reading Rooms, Parlors and Chambers, and has good stabling attached. The Table and Bar will be as good as the best.
From experience in the Hotel business I flatter myself I can render satisfaction to all who call.
F. S. Kleindienst.

R. C. LANDIS,
Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKY
For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for
MEDICAL AND MECHANICAL PURPOSES.
Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa. will receive prompt attention.
March 2, 1881

A. J. CASEBEER, Pres't. WM. H. SHAFER, Secretary.
CHAS. J. HARRISON, Treas. I. S. HARTZELL, Manager.
—DIRECTORS.—
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—SOMERSET—
MECHANICAL WORKS,
(Limited.)
NEW ARRANGEMENT!
The Somerset and Friedens Foundries have been consolidated under the style of the
"SOMERSET MECHANICAL WORKS,"
[Limited.]
Located in the borough of Somerset, and prepared to furnish all kinds of
Machinery and Parting Implements.
This 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 the
FIRST-CLASS FOUNDRY
AND
MACHINE SHOP!
Can be procured at reasonable notice.
Sept. 15.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Nicholas Beal, late of Black Lick Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., deceased.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, January 8, 1881, at the office of the Somerset Borough.
Dec. 1 J. G. KIMMEL, Executor.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON
WILL PAY
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
FOR
OAK and HEMLOCK BARK,
Hides, Sheep Pelts, Calf Skins, &c.
Dec. 1 3m J. Rosenstiel.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Matthias Shaulis, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Wednesday, the 12th day