A HAIR-BREADTH ESCAPE.

The St. Louis *Globe Democrat* says: In the year 1841, the now flourishing city of Steubenville, Ohio, was a very small place. Its population was noted for its quiet and orderly character, and there was not a single liquor saloon in the place. Crime was very rare, and the Circuit Judges often had occasion to congratulate the people upon not having a single criminal case upon their calendar.

In consequence there was an intense excitement in Steubenville when at an early hour in the morning of the 17th of November, in the above mentioned year, the report reached the place that the corpse of a man had been found in the woods within a hundred yards of the last house of the town, and close to the Pittsburgh turnpike with every evidence that an attrocious murder had been committed. The Sheriff, accompanied by some fifty citizens, immediately hastened to the spot indicated to him by the person that had discovered the remains of the murdered man.

This person was a decreped old woman, who had gone out to gather brush wood. No one would have suspected her, under any circumstances, of having had anything to do with the bloody deed, and, besides, she manifested such unfeigned horror in describing what she had seen at the dismal spot in the woods that she was unhesitatingly allowed to go about her business.

Upon arriving at the scene of the supposed murder, the Sheriff and his companions saw at a glance that a terrible crime had been committed. The dead man was covered all over with frozen gore, and several wounds apparently inflicted with a sharp knife were found upon his body His head was still covered with a nice felt hat. His face presented a most ghastly aspect. A terrible gash extended from the left temple to the right jaw. Another gash was in the forehead. The victim was dressed in a substantial fur coat. He was apparently forty-two years old. When his pockets were examined they were found to be entirely empty. But close to his body was an old fashioned wallet. It was still open as if its contents had been taken from it, and as if he who had emptied it had afterward thrown it away.

At a distance of about ten yards from the corpse, near an old log, lay a peculiar shaped fur cap. It could not have belonged to the murdered man, for, as we have said before, his hat was on his head.

The ground was covered with snow, and there were a number of light footprints visible in it. These were the only indications of the perpetrators of the horrible crime.

The Coroner was sent for, and until his arrival, the Sheriff and his companions went to the Ohio tavern, which was situated at no great distance from the scene of the murder.

When the Sheriff told the landlord about the murder, and described to him the appearance of the corpse, the landlord exclaimed at once:

"Great God! that fellow cannot be anybody else but Mr. Sammis, the Pittsburgh cattle dealer. He was here last night and took supper with another man from Pittsburgh whose name, I believe, was Belson or Wilson, and who rode on towards Pittsburgh immediately after they had left the stable. Sammis sat in the front room with me and Jack Capon for an hour yet, when the two went out together."

Jack Capon was a dissolute, but very good natured fellow, about thirty years old who had a decided aversion to work, and a still more decided predilection for strong drink.

He could not get any whiskey at Steubenville, and hence he often walked miles and miles in order to obtain a "wee drop" of whisky.

When he was successful he returned with his hat full of bricks to Steubeville where he had frequently been punished by the "Squire" for intoxication with fine and imprisonment. Still everybody liked him because he had an excellent, most unselfish heart, and never forgot a favor done him.

"What sort of a hat did Capon wear last night?" asked the Sheriff.

"Why, no hat, but a fur cap—made of beaver skin—with two ear covers."

"Was this the cap?" said the Sheriff, producing the fur cap which had been found near the corpse of the murdered man, and which he had thus far been holding under his cloak.

"Yes," said the landlord, "that is Capon's cap, and no mistake. Where did you find it?"

The Sheriff told him. Everybody seemed horror struck at the idea that Jack Capon should have committed so atrocious a crime. Men were immediately dispatched to hunt up Jack Capon. They did not find him in his wonted haunts in Steubenville; but a man who was well acquainted with his habits said if he could be found anywhere it would be at the cabin of old Sim Brooks.

Brooks lived in the woods on the Pittsburgh side of Steubenville, about one mile from the spot where the corpse of Mr. Sammis had been found. Like Jack Capon, old Brooks was found of whisky, and the two would frequently drink together until utterly oblivious to the cares and sorrows of this world, which, as they thought, had not treated either of them too well.

So to Brooks' went the men. They knocked at the front door, which was locked. For several minutes there was no response, at last old Brooks himself opened the door. They saw at a glance that he was in an alarming state of intoxication.

"Is Jack Capon here?" they asked.

"Ye—ye—yes," hiccupped Brooks; "he is lying asleep yonder behind the stove."

Then the drunken old fellow went back to his lounge, and a minute later he was sound asleep again The men stepped up to Capon. He was drunk also. His coat and shirt were covered with blood. They exchanged significant glances and aroused him, not without considerable difficulty.

"What do you want," he asked yawning.

"The Sheriff wants you, Jack."

"The Sheriff! What for? I hain't done nothing."

"You are suspected of having murdered a Mr. Sammis, of Pittsburgh."

"Go away! I murdered a Mr. Sammis? You must be loony."

"Look at yourself."

Capon looked at his clothes. The sight of the bloody stains on them caused him to sober up at once.

"How did I get these stains on my coat and shirt?" he stammered out at last.

"Don't you know anything about them?" they asked.

"No, no!" you say murder was committed."

"Come, come, Jack Capon," they replied, "you can't fool anybody by pleading ignorance. What did you do with your cap?"

He looked about the room.

"Some one must have taken it away," he said at last.

"You left it near the corpse of the murdered man."

"Was it found there? Great God! great God!"

He buried his face in his hands and began to cry.

Then he followed the men who also took old Sim Brooks along, willingly, to the Ohio tavern, where the Coroner had meanwhile arrived. The Sheriff appeared soon afterward with some men who were carrying the gory, frozen corpse of the victim. Jack Capon was conducted to the corpse. As he caught sight of it he recoiled in horror.

"It's Mr. Sammis," he gasped out.

"Poor Sammis, who has murdered him?" "You were last seen in his company," said the Sheriff; "your cap was found near the corpse, your clothes are all blood stained; who but you can be the murderer?"

"I am innocent!" cried Capon, desperately, "I got tight at Brooks. I don't know how I got this blood on my clothes, and how my cap got near the corpse. I have even forgotten that I was with this poor gentleman."

The Coroner impanneled a jury, and, in the first place, took them to the spot in the woods where the murder had been committed. Jack Capon, who had been, meanwhile, heavily ironed, was also conveyed thither. The footprints near the spot where the corpse of the murdered man had laid, where not very distinct, but they seemed to correspond exactly with the soles of Capon's shoes.

Returning to the Ohio tavern, the Coroner swore Sim Brooks, who by this time had become perfectly sober and who stated that "last night, about half-past ten o'clock, Jack Capon had come to his cabin and asked him if he had any whisky. He had given him half a dozen drinks, whereupon Capon wanted still more. Capon had then showed him a ten dollar gold piece, and had asked him if he knew where any whisky could be bought. He had answered if he would go to Mike Perry's, he might get some. There Capon had gone, and returned with his shirt and front part of his coat all bloody. Brooks added that he had asked Capon how he had got that blood on him. Capon was so drunk that he could not give a very intelligible account of what had happened to him, but he said something about having had a fall and hurt himself.

Upon hearing this evidence the prisoner exclaimed:

"Yes, yes, that's true; I do remember it now. I made a short cut through the woods to Mike Perry's house, where I got the whisky, and returned by pretty near the same route, when I stumbled over something and fell."

The jury rendered a verdict against him and he was committed for trial. His pockets were then examined, and the ten dollar gold piece, which Sim Brooks had mentioned, was found.

Capon said that Sammis, who had taken an interest in him, had given it to him. This was considered a very flimsy falsehood, and everybody was convinced that Jack Capon was guilty.

A messenger, with the news of Sammis' death was dispatched to Pittsburgh, where it created a profound sensation. It turned out that the murdered man had nearly $20,000 in large bank bills on his person. Sammis' brother Mark, a wholesale grocer, and a very energetic man, accompanied the messenger back to Steubenville, and engaged special counsel to assist in the prosecution of Capon. The latter was tried and convicted, but he was not sentenced to death, but to imprisonment at hard labor for life.

The prisoner was overwhelmed with grief because of his conviction. He never tired of protesting his innocence, and his eyes were constantly red and swollen from weeping.

He was taken to the Penitentiary at Columbus, where he was at first harshly treated; but his amiable disposition was not long in making so agreeable an impression upon the keepers that many privileges were granted to him. These he never abused; on the contrary, he proved an efficient assistant to the prison authorities on more than one occasion, that they wondered how this good natured man could have been capable of committing so heinous a crime.

Five years passed by when an event occurred which proved beyond a doubt that Capon after all was an entirely innocent man. A cotton broker named Wilson, at Savannah, Ga., had long been on bad terms with his wife. Finally, he charged her with adultery and sued for a divorce. The wife thereupon accused him of murdering a man on the 16th of November, 1841, on the day after leaving Pittsburgh, Pa., and of having robbed his victim of $20,000 in $500 and $1,000 bank bills.

She said she had to wash on the next day, when he had unexpectedly returned to Pittsburgh, her husband's shirt, which had been blood stained, and she charged him with having killed somebody. He had confessed to her what he had done, and they had left Pittsburgh, a few days later, and gone South.

Wilson was arrested, and the authorities at Steubenville were communicated with. The Sheriff who had arrested Capon, and was still in office, came personally to Savannah with a requisition from the Governor of Ohio. When he had his first interview with Wilson, the latter, who was terrified beyond measure, by the prospect of the scaffold, asked him whether a full confession would save him.

"If you are guilty, it may be the only thing that will save your life," replied the Sheriff.

Thereupon he made a clean breast of it. He said he had waylaid Sammis, who had left his horse at a house three miles from Steubenville, and had attacked him with a knife. Sammis had offered the most desperate resistance, and had compelled him to stab him so often before he succumbed.

When the Sheriff arrived with his prisoner at Steubenville, the exasperated people there could be barely prevented from lynching Wilson.

The Governor of the State, upon receiving a certificate copy of Wilson's confession, immediately granted a full pardon to Capon, to whom the Legislature, which happened to be in session at Columbus at the time, voted the sum of $1,000 to indemnify him for the sufferings he had innocently undergone.

It is needless to try to describe Capon's joy at this unexpected change in his fortunes. He returned to Steubenville, where the people received him amid manifestations of unfeigned joy.

At the next term of the Court, Wilson was sentenced to be hung, the Court saying that the enormity of the crime had been augmented by his cruelly suffering an innocent man to be punished for it.

Capon gave proof of genuine magnanimity by going to Columbus and asking the Governer to spare Wilson's life; but the Governor refused to interfere. So Wilson was hung at Steubenville, on the 4th of January, 1847.

A Puzzle for the Doctors.

A most extraordinary natural accident, and one for the discussion of physicians, came to light a few days ago, in which a needle taken into the foot of a lady nine years ago worked out of the thigh of her third child, a baby of one year. The lady in question is the wife of Mr. Harry Isaacs, the cigarmaker who lives on Market street, near Wenzel. At the time of the accident Mrs. Isaacs was unmarried and was then Miss Pauline Coblens. The needle was encountered in a carpet and penetrated her foot the full length. A physician was called in immediately, but the needle could not be found, although it was known to be in the foot. She suffered great pain, and for four months was unable to leave her bed. During that period three physicians made frequent attempts to extract the needle, and the knife was used extensively, however, without success. Miss Coblens was quite fleshy before the accident, but fell off greatly from her long confinement. At length she was able to get about with the aid of crutches, but she continued to suffer from the needle. The pain decreased gradually from the time she was able to get about, and she regained her former fleshness. Finally she felt the needle only at periods, when there was a change in the weather. The movement of the needle seemed to be upward, and the point was not stationary, but moved with the needle. About five years ago she was married to Mr. Harry Isaacs. Three children are the fruit of that union, the youngest of which is a boy named Arthur, who is about a year old. The pain which troubled the mother left her even before the birth of her child, and the total disappearance of the pain she was wont to feel was a subject of remark and pleasure to her. On Monday a week ago her baby, who had since its birth manifested a kindly disposition, was very restless and cried unceasingly all night. The cause of the child's ailment was not discovered until the following morning when in giving it a bath the mother discovered something black protruding through the skin of the child's thigh. She caught hold of it, and was frightened when she found the thing of a resisting substance. She, however, used a little force, and soon extracted the dark object. Imagine her surprise when she found it was a needle black and corroded. The eye broke off in her hand while examining it. The recollection of the needle, which had caused her much pain, came vividly before the mother, and the connection of the two served as a clew as to how the needle came to be in the child's thigh. The mother says it would be almost impossible for the child to have taken up the needle without her finding it out, as the child would have made it known in piteous cries as it did when the needle worked out.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

A Goose Story.

A farmer of London township, Ont., noticed one morning that a wild goose had joined his flock. Somewhat surprised at this sudden change to domestic life, he carefully observed the behavior of the visitor. He soon learned that it had not yet actually joined its barn-yard relatives, but only appeared at meal time. Further investigation showed that after the goose had thoroughly satisfied her own appetite she would pick up an ear of corn and fly away. Greatly interested by the strange conduct of the bird, the farmer one morning watched the direction of its flight. It was but a short distance to the river. Going down the bank, he found his visitor standing by a companion who was lying on the ground and feeding on the ear of corn. In order to understand this restaurant project he walked up to the feeder and found that it had been so disabled that it could neither walk or fly. Without disturbing it he morning after morning watched the generous goose carry away an ear of corn. Finally the visits ceased, but shortly afterwards the sick gander waddled into the camp and gobbled up the corn himself. He has remained all winter, and the indications are that he has made up his mind to settle down and go to housekeeping.

Small-Pox.

CINCINNATI, April 13.—Glover's Gap, Marion county, West Virginia, is in a panic stricken condition on account of the ravages of small-pox. A young man belonging to the place returned recently to his home a victim to varioloid and spread the disease through the town. The doctors are all sick, and there is nobody to bury the dead. All who can do so are leaving town. The disease is spreading to Burton Village, ten miles distant. The Governor was telegraphed to send help to bury the dead, but replied that the County authorities should attend to the matter. The trains pass through the town without stopping.

Improvement for Mind and Body.

For genuine merit there is no tonic sold that begins to compare with Parker's Ginger Tonic. One 50 ct. bottle contains more life and strength restoring power than a bushel of malt or a gallon of pure milk. As an appetizer, blood purifier and kidney corrector, it meets with astonishing success, and invalids find its use promptly followed by renewed energy and vivacity, mental and physical improvement, and gradual restoration to perfect health. See other columns.—*Commercial.*

"Johnny," said his father as the boy took the primal biscuit from the plate, "don't you know that it is impolite to help yourself before your elders?" "Why, pa, mother told me to help myself before you." "What do you mean sir?" asked his father, while his mother looked up with astonishment depicted in every feature. "Why, I heard mother tell aunt she hoped I wouldn't take after you and so I thought I'd take my biscuit first."

Queer Things in War.

Men might write for a thousand years of the curious phases of war and still leave the subject fresh. War is a lottery, and the prizes are shot and shell, wounds and death Tens of thousands of men served four years in the late war and returned home. In a thousand cases recruits were killed within twenty-four hours after reaching the front. War's missels are no respectors of persons, and the soldier who fights an all day's battle without receiving a wound may be killed in his tent at night by the accidental discharge of a musket.

At the battle of Franklin, the first shell sent from the first Union field piece to open fire killed 26 Confederates. The next five shells from this same gun failed to explode or clear the advancing lines. In the same battle a horse of a confederate colonel was cut square in two by a shot and the rider escaped unhurt. Ten minutes after a Union officer behind the earthworks stumbled and fell forward to the ground and broke his neck.

In one of the assaults on Fort Wagner, in Charleston harbor, the iron clad fleet, assisted by land batteries numbering twenty-seven heavy cannon, bombarded the fort for two hours before killing a single soldier. From seventy to eighty cannon were hurling three tons of iron into the fort each minute, and yet no one was hurt until over ninety tons of "solid death" had been wasted. As an offset to this, witness the work of a single shot thrown from a federal gunboat on the lower Mississippi.

A confederate flying battery was just taking position, and one piece had already opened fire. The federal shot was directed at this piece. The big mass of iron struck the six-pounder on the muzzle and upset gun and carriage. A piece of the muzzle weighing about twenty pounds, was broken off, and this piece flew to the left and killed two men. Three men were wounded by smaller fragments of flying splinters. The big shot next struck and exploded a caisson, killing three more men and wounding two others. From the caisson it turned to the right, killing a horse, smashing a wheel for a field piece and crushing the leg of a sergeant to a bloody mass. That one shot so disorganized the battery that it limbered up and dashed away to cover.

While heavy ordnance is necessary in reducing earthworks, it is doubtful if there is any profit in the work of big guns carried by iron clads on the rivers. When McClellen fell back be had the cover of the gunboats, and some writers have claimed that their fire saved the army from capture. So far as the confederate record shows the loss by the hundreds of enormous shells thrown over the heads of our troops into the woods by these great cannon did not amount to a hundred men. They were a new thing then, and the effect of the awful crash and tremendous explosions were demoralizing on the troops in line.

A Union gunboat on the White river threw three shells into a confederate camp, killing nearly fifty men and routed a force of 800. Within a week after that event the Confederate General Shelby planted four pieces of flying artillery on the levee within 400 feet of the same gunboat at anchor, and, without the least cover for men or guns, kept up the fight for an hour, or until the gunboat backed out of it and steamed away.

The chances in a lottery can be figured down fine, and a certain per cent. of escapes is allowed in a steamboat explosion, but he who goes to war has nothing to console him. He may dodge a 200 pound shell and be killed by two buckshot. He may receive a dozen bullets and live on, or the first one may be fatal. He may ride in the wildest charges unhurt, and he may be killed by a stray bullet beside his camp fire.

A New Departure in Education.

Friends of education who believe that the colleges should train young men for commercial as well as purely literary pursuits will watch with interest an experiment which is to be tried by the University of Pennsylvania. That institution has accepted from Mr. Joseph Wharton, of Philadelphia, an endowment of $100,000 in stocks and bonds yielding an annuity of more than $6,000 for the establishment of a school of Finance and Economy as a department of the University. The aim of the school is to be, according to the terms of the endowment, to teach and train young men in the arts of modern finance and economy, public and private, in offices of trust, or in private life, so that they may prudently manage their affairs and aid in maintaining sound financial morality. The course of instruction is to be three years in extent, and a strict examintion for admission will be required. There will be besides the Dean, professors of book-keeping, of money and currency, of taxation of industry, commercial and transportation, and of mercantile law. The general tendency of instruction imparted is to inculcate, among other things, the immorality of acquiring wealth by winning it from others rather than by earning it through service to others; the deep comfort of pecuniary independence, and "the fundamental fact that the United States is a Nation, with full power to enforce internal obedience." The prospectus fitly concludes with the admonition that the school "must exemplify its teachings by always keeping its expenses surely within its income."

Killed by his Wife.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., April 11.—Charles Stoke, 38 years old, residing on Kearney Avenue, this city, was found dead in the basement of his home this morning. Captain McKaig, who is engaged in investigating the case, has elicited from the neighbors that the deceased and his wife quarreled on Sunday and that Mrs. Stoke pushed her husband over a chair, when he struck his head against a bureau and fractured his skull. Mrs. Stoke, who has been arrested, refuses to say anything about the case. An inquest has been ordered.

While a Chicago girl was leaning over the railing of the veranda one night singing "I'm Waiting, My Darling, for thee," her long legged lover sneaked out of the shrubbery. "Birdie!" "Amanda?" They embraced. "Have you missed me?" she murmured. "Missed you my angel? does the lonely dove miss—" But there came a dull, hollow thud, as if some one had hit an old stump with a maul, and he shot out in the darkness, whilh a voice as deep as a bass horn said: "Birdie has gone, Amanda, and you can turn the gas out in the parlor and go to bed."

Silk Waste.

It was quite by accident that Lister conceived the idea of utilizing silk waste. Going one day into a London warehouse, he came upon a pile of rubbish which strongly attracted his attention. He had never seen anything like it before. He inquired what it was, and was told that it was silk waste. "What do you do with it?" he asked. "Sell it for rubbish, that is all," was the answer; "it is impossible to do anything else with it." Mr. Leister felt it, poked his nose into it, and pulled it about in a manner that astonished the London warehousemen. It was neither agreeable to the feel, the smell, nor the touch; but simply a mass of knotty, dirty, impure stuff, full of bits of sticks and dead mulburry leaves. In the end Mr. Lister made the offer of a halfpenny a pound for the "rubbish," and the sale was then and there concluded, the vendor being especially pleased to get rid of it on such advantageous terms. When Mr. Lister got this "rubbish" down to Manningham, he spent a good deal of time in analyzing and dissecting it, and he came to the conclusion that there was something to be done with it. He found that silk waste was treated all the world over as he had seen it treated in the London warehouse—as "rubbish." He built new machinery and imported skilled workmen, and in the end conquered his difficulty. But he spent nearly two millions of dollars in perfecting machinery for the manufacturing of silk waste before he ever made a single shilling by it. Now, thanks to his perseverance, everything that enters within the gates of the Manningham Mills is utilized in some shape or other, a surprising variety of articles being produced from silk waste. The following may be enumerated by way of example: Silk velvets, velvets with a silk pile and a cotton back, silk carpets, plush, velvet ribbons, imitation seal-skin, corded ribbons, sewing silk, Japanese silks, poplins, silk cleaning cloths for machinery, bath-towels, floor-cloths, dish-cloths, and so forth. And all these from the once despised silk waste! The consequence has been that silks have been greatly cheapened, and that a material which was regarded as worthless has come to have a value in the market.

Fighting the Snow.

The Northwestern Railway Company has spent over three hundred thousand dollars in the fight against snow, since October last. Thirty-four immense snow plows have had plenty of work, and these have been "backed up" tremendously by from two to six locomotives each. The might of these plows and the great power of a snow drift may be estimated from the fact that one plow weighing 48,000 pounds, ballasted by 80,000 pounds of railway iron and driven by six locomotives, attacked a snow choked cutting, but was defeated! The drift was fifty-two feet high. When the workmen, after the tremendous charge, caught a glimpse of the immense plow they found that it, with all its one hundred and twenty-eight thousand pounds had been repelled as if it were a feather, and that it had rolled disconsolately over the drift and had lodged against some forest trees where it proposes to remain until summer. One bridge on the road crosses a gully seventeen feet deep. The gully filled up and the snow was piled fifteen feet over bridge and stream. From one cut three hundred and twenty-four thousand cubic yards of snow were taken, but in eight hours the wind had piled it up full again. Nine separate trains of cars with an average of seventy-five workmen each, cleared the way between Chicago and Elgin, one day. Nine thousand men have been employed from time to time during the winter as shovelers.

New Mexico News.

DENVER, Col., April 12.—A dispatch to the *Tribune* from Santa Fe says: On Saturday afternoon, at the railroad camp on the line of the Denver Rio Grande road, 40 miles west of Kama, N. M., a desperado from Texas, named Baker, with two companions, entered the place, rode up to each store and saloon and robbed each proprietor of his valuables. At the last store, kept by a Frenchman, the roughs collected every man in the place, numbering 40, marshaled them in a line under their six-shooters, and compelled them all to take a drink at the Frenchman's expense, Baker doing the honors. Finally Baker made them all sit on the floor, and started away, threatening to shoot anyone who moved. As he turned the Frenchman sprang upon him took away both of his revolvers and shot him dead, the other men then arose and fired a volley at the other roughs, wounding one, but both escaped.

A Santa Fe dispatch to the *Tribune* says: Gov. Terosoas, of Chihuahua, has stationed five hundred Mexican troops at El Paso, anticipating trouble between the natives and Americans when the railroads get further into the interior of New Mexico.

A Deplorable Condition.

CORINTH, April 18.—Glover's Gap, W. Va., is in a panic-stricken condition on account of small pox. A young man belonging to the place returned home a victim to varioloid and spread the disease through the town. The doctors are all sick and there is nobody to bury the dead. All who can do so are leaving the town. The disease is spreading to Burton village. The Governor was telegraphed to send help to bury the dead, but replied that the county authorities should attend to the matter. The trains pass through the town without stopping.

Bob Lindsay.

NEW YORK, April 14.—Assistant District Attorney Bell, in the general sessions court to-day called to the bar James O'Brien, alias Bob Lindsay, who during the last political campaign deposed that he knew H. L. Morey, the individual to whom it was alledged President Garfield wrote what is known as the "Morey-Chinese" letter and who subsequently confessed that he had perjured himself. He pleaded guilty to the indictment for perjury presented against him and Judge Cowing sent him to State Prison for 8 years.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for all those painful complaints and weaknesses so common to our best female population. Send to Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamplets, or C. N. Boyd, Somerset, Pa.

Brother Gardner on Good People.

"Doan' be too good," said the old man, as he crossed his hands under his coat-tails.

I advise you to be good, but not goodygood. When a man reaches a sartin line of goodness he will have de respect an' esteem of all who meet him; orfans will bless him widders will pray for him. When he crosses ober dat line he will pray fur de poo' wid one hand an' lend money at fifteen per cent. wid de udder. He will shed tears fur his naybur's woes, but leave six inches of snow on his sidewalk fur de public to wade frew. His chin will quiver when he speaks of de poo' heathen in Africa, but-his own boys will play base ball in the alley on Sunday. He will weep ober de need of more orfun asylums, but he won't put down a shillin in money. He will talk charity by the hour, and charge a boy 50 cents fur breakin' a two shillin' pane of glass. I doan' want nuffin' to do wid a too good when I know a man to be wicked, I know how to take him. When I know him to be a goody goody man my only safety am to let him alone. When you meet a man who am distressed ober de general wickedness of de world doan' you lend him any money widout good security. When you meet a man who says "ah" "um," an' rubs his hands together an rolls up his eyes, doan' challenge him to trade horses. Find me a man who weeps bekase de world hain't better, an' I will show you a man who makes his own home happy.

It am de belief of a man who has put in sixty-two y'ars of life on this planet dat it am wus to be too good dan it am be too wicked. De law will soon get hold of de too wicked, but de too good can't be cotched. My sort of a good man am one who respects de church, but am not car'd away wid it, who will give dollars to his nayburs but not a cent to the heathen, who neber sees no good of reform, borrows money in a business way an' lends it on de same plan, who speaks well of religion' but who hates de hypocrit. Gin me a man who pays his debts, speaks the truf in his dealins, lets whiskey alone, uses his family right an' takes the side of de old an' poo' and de young an' weak in de battle of life, an' I doan' keer what his religious faith am, or tie to, an' if he doan' reach Heaben, all odder sorts o' men will stan' a mighty slim show."

High Prices.

CHICAGO, April 14.—Selections of the Bow Park herd of short-horns, raised by the Farm Stock Association, Brantford, Ont., and owned by Hon. Geo. Brown, were sold at auction here yesterday. Fifty four head of cows and bulls brought $27,915. Among the notable sales were the following: John Wentworth bought the yearling Eighth Duke of Kirk Levington for $1,760; C. A. DeGraff, of Wisconsin, bought the Forty-sixth Duke of Oxford for $2,350, and Kirk Levington Twenty-sixth Dutchess for $2,550. This was the initial sale, and prices were much better than expected.

Killed by his Brother-in-Law.

SHREVEPORT, La., April 12.—Samuel M. Thomas, of this city, shot and killed Hugh M. Dickson yesterday morning at his plantation, sixteen miles up the river, in this parish. Dickson was Thomas' brother-in-law and his confidential friend, and had chloroformed and assaulted his daughter. She married four months ago and became a mother last week, when she made an affidavit charging her uncle with the crime. All the parties concerned are members of prominent families. Thomas has surrendered himself, but his course is too strongly endorsed to give him any trouble.

Texas Pacific Railway.

PHILADELPHIA, April 12.—The directors of the Texas-Pacific railway held a meeting to-day, lasting over two hours. The resignation of Col. Thomas A. Scott, president of the road, was read. The resignation was accepted, and Jay Gould was elected president to succeed Col. Scott. The latter also retired from the board of diractors, as well as H. H. Houston, whose place was filled by General Thomas T. Eckert. Mr. H. M. Hoxie, formerly of the International and Great Northern railway company, was elected superintendent to succeed George Noble. It is stated that Mr. Gould has purchased Mr. Scotts entire interest in Texas and Pacific, amounting to about $4,000,000.

A Cloud Bursts.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 11.—A despatch from Redding, this state, says: "A passenger train on the Oregon Railroad, from Sacramento, due last night, met with an accident about five miles below there at a place called China Gulch. The whole train went over a trestle, and the engine and cars were totally wrecked. Several passengers were in the rear car, but it did not go off the embankment, and they escaped while many were killed or injured. The cause of the accident was the bursting of a cloud, which raised the creek so high that it washed out the embankment.

Scio.

SCIO, April 13.—The latest returns state that earthquake shocks of considerable violence have begun again in Scio and that 8,000 persons were killed and 10,000 injured by the recent earthquakes. The violent shock which occurred on Monday caused the surface of the ground to subside a metre. It is estimated that barely twenty houses remain habitable in the whole island. The locality which suffered the most is Nevits, where 1,200 were killed. Forty-five villages have been totally destroyed and the population in many localities has absolutely disappeared. Great numbers of the inhabitants are emigrating.

Advertising Cheats.

It has become so common to write the beginning of an elegant, interesting article and then run it into some advertisement that we avoid all such cheats and simply call attention to the merits of Hop Bitters in as plain honest terms as possible, to induce people to give them one trial, as no one who knows their value will ever use anything else.—*Providence Advertiser.*

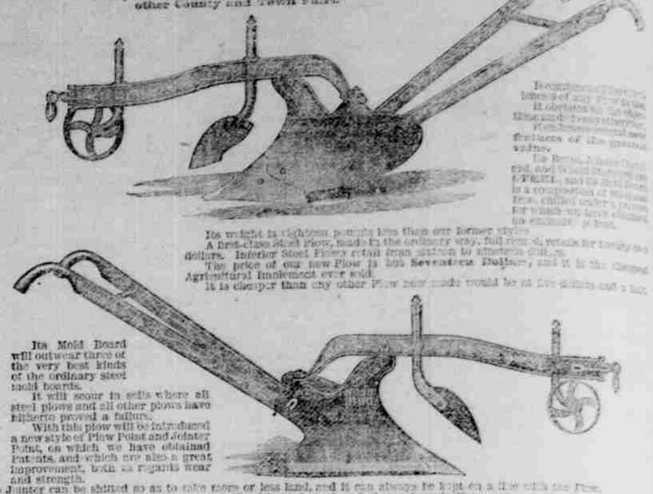
Three periods of life: Youth, mumps; middle age, bumbs; old age, dumps.

What everybody is doing at the same time—Growing old.

SYRACUSE CHILLED STEEL PLOW

OF SYRACUSE, NEW YORK.

First Premium at Pennsylvania State Fair, 1880; First Premium at New York State Fair, 1880; First Premium at National Fair, Washington, D. C., and at sixty-three other County and Town Fairs.



Its weight is eighteen pounds less than our former styles.
A first-class Steel Plow, made in the ordinary way, full rest of retails for twenty-two dollars. Inferior Steel Plows retail from sixteen to nineteen dollars.
The price of our new Plow is but Seventeen Dollars, and it is the cheapest Agricultural Implement ever sold.
It is cheaper than any other Plow now made would be at five dollars and a half.

Its Mold Board will outwear three of the very best kinds of the ordinary steel mold boards.
It will scour in soils where all steel plows and all other plows have hitherto proved a failure.
With this plow will be introduced a new style of Plow Point and Jointer Point, on which we have obtained Patents, and which are also a great improvement, both as regards wear and strength.

The Jointer can be shifted so as to cut more or less land, and it can always be kept on a line with the Plow.
The wheel will run under the beam on one side of it as desired, and always keep in line.
The beam is adjustable for Spring or Fall Plowing, and also for two or three horses.
The handles can be adjusted to accommodate a man or boy on the same Plow.
It is the Lightest Draft Plow ever made.
Wooden beams are going out of use because they shrink, swell, and warp, and never run two seasons alike. Iron is superior.
Malleable beams become demoralized and break, which is worse than to break.
A Steel beam is the necessity of the day. It is three times as strong, and very much lighter than any other style.
When we say a Mold Board is chilled, the Farmers know it is so.
We do not palm off on them a composition of various metals and call it chilled metal.
We want agents for this new Plow in every town in this State.
We can give but a very small discount to them, but we will pay the Railroad Freight.
We propose to place this Plow in the hands of the Farmers as near the cost of manufacture as possible.
It is the best Agricultural implement ever sold. It is the cheapest.
Persons, therefore, who are not willing to act on the principle that "a dollar saved is better than a dollar earned" need not apply for an agency.
No Plows on commission. All sales absolute.
We make Right and Left Hand Plows of all sizes. Also make Tilt Plows.
This is the only Steel Chilled Plow in the World.
Steel costs several times more than Iron. But this Plow, full sized, by sixty small discounts, can be sold for less than a cheap Iron Plow.
Compare this price with that of any Iron Plow ever made.
Where there are no agents, we will, on receipt of Seventeen Dollars, send a Plow to any Railroad Station in the state, and pay freight. Address

SYRACUSE CHILLED PLOW COMPANY, Syracuse, N. Y.

MRS. S. J. COVER & SON, Jenner X Roads, and
JOHN F. BLYMYER, Somerset, Penn., AGENTS.

Ayer's

Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and efficacious 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 positively free from calomel or any injurious 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, Nervousness, 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 apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal. While gentle in their action, these Pills are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs, they 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 DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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

Profitable Reading for Everybody

Business men and women, teachers, mechanics, farmers, ministers, mothers, and all who are tired but by the constant toil and worry of your work I don't drink intoxicating bitters, but use

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Are you suffering from Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, or with Bowel, Kidney, Liver or Urinary complaints, you can be cured by using

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are wasting away with Consumption, female weakness or any sickness; if you have a painful cough or bad cold, you will find sure relief in

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

If you are enfeebled by Gloom, old age or dissipation, and your system needs invigorating, or if you have pimples and blotches, and your blood needs purifying, you can always depend on

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

Made from Ginger, Buchu, Mandrake, Stillingia, and many other of the best medicines known it is the Best Health and Strength Restorer Ever Used, and is far superior to Bitters, Essences of Ginger and other Tonics, as it never intoxicates, and combines the best curative properties of all.

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

Buy a use bottle of your druggist, and to avoid counterfeits be sure our signature is on the outside wrapper. Hostetter & Co., Chemists, N. Y.

Parker's Hair Balsam, Elegantly Perfumed, Perfectly Harmless.
The Best & Most Economical Hair Dressing
Containing only ingredients that are beneficial to the hair and scalp, the BALSAM will be found far more satisfactory than any other preparation.
It Never Fails to Restore Gray or Faded Hair to the original youthful color and is warranted to remove dandruff, prevent baldness and stop falling of the hair. Sold by druggists at 50 cents.
FOR SALE BY
C. N. BOYD,
DRUGGIST,
Somerset, Pa.

WHY DOES

a woman's health often look down at an early day? Put a bottle of Frank Siddalls' Soap instead of any other soap in her bath, and every pore is opened; then let her sit over the steam that comes from scalding and boiling clothes, that are full of poisonous matter through the pores of the general system. In Brooklyn, Jersey City, and Philadelphia, and in a large number of other places, it is a composition of soap, made of the purest materials, and is used in the place of soap. It is a powerful disinfectant, and is in the shape of a powder