THE OWL AND THE SPIDER.

BY FRANK H. STAUFFER.

In an old belfry tower
A dry and cosy bower,
Dozed an owl by the hour.

But the bell's sly old clapper,
Was a mischievous rapper,
And soon waked the napper.

"Mr. Owl, don't you mind him;
With cobwebs I'll bind him,
And round and round wind him."

Thus spoke up the spider,
Strip'd like an outrider:
The owl sharply eyed her.

And said: "If he cheat you,
I'll not scold or beat you;
I'll just merely eat you."

The owl saw her spin
Her web, frail and thin,
Round the bell, out and in.

But, next Sunday morning,
Without a word of warning,
The bell went a storming!

With a cling and a clang,
With a boom and a bang,
The old clapper rang!

The owl didn't chide her,
Rebuke nor deride her,
But he ate up the spider!

Here is a moral, dear children, for you:
Never promise a thing you're not able to do.
—*St. Nicholas for August.*

OUT ON THE LAKE.

Wide open blue eyes, fringed with jetty lashes—a little, slender nose—a mouth fit for Queen Titania—white brow, on which clustered rings of gold, in a fascination of disorder—a cheek exquisitly fair, with a tint upon it of the sea-shell, two little, soft, helpless hands—two little, slippered feet, and you have the picture before Roydon Howard's gaze, and the inventory successively dotted down by him in his mental diary.

"Awfully pretty," was the verdict rendered, "absolutely good for nothing else. Ah, if life were all summer, such women would make perfect wives.

An audily sigh followed the latter thought of this most grave philosopher; a sigh so deep, so profound, that it started the girl from her reverie.

"A penny for your thoughts major," she said, in a low, musical tone.

The voice suited her; it was like all else about Fay Richings—in perfect attune.

"You bid too low," answered the man, "and yet too high, since you ask upon a subject of whose reply you must be conscious. You forget that, spending the last hour in your society, my thoughts could not wander far."

"But you sigh. Must I hold myself responsible for the sigh, too?"

"I fear so—in remembering that my furlough is rapidly slipping away, and that within a month I must join my regiment on the plains, leaving my charming companion of this morning. Do you still bid a penny to inquire into a thing so deep as a sigh?"

The color deepened a little on the beautiful cheek.

"His charming companion of the morning." This was how he regarded her, this man whose brave deeds had preceded him, until, before meeting, had assigned him something akin to hero worship.

A little, sharp stab of pain shot through her but she smiled bravely.

"All that was scarcely worth a sigh from you," she said. "It is never those who go amid new scenes who feel most keenly the parting, but rather those who are left behind, amid the old familiar surroundings, and say, 'Yesterday he had sat here,' or 'Yesterday he sat there,' or perchance find a glove that he has dropped, or a cigar half smoked—to them it is something felt, something tangible."

"Do you think so? Does the sand sigh for the retreating wave when already one coming claims its welcome? I should indeed be glad to feel that Miss Fay sometimes gave me a thought among the many new aspirants for the honor she has bestowed on me." A soldier's life has many charms, spite of his hardships, and there is some fascination, spite of its pain, in the long solitary musings he holds sitting at the door of his tent, when, instead of the plain stretching before him, he views the mental panorama of his past. "I'm afraid mine will confine itself to one figure. Can you guess whose, Miss Fay?"

There was an instant's pause—an instant when something stirred within Roydon Howard's heart, prompting the impulse to cry out:

"Whose but yours? Make imagination reality! Come with me! Share a soldier's life, and let our mutual love smooth the rough places."

But scarcely was it born than he strangled it. He had no reason to suppose that this girl cared for him; but even so, at best it was but a passing fancy.

And in time of real danger where would she be? How would she fit him to ride forth to meet a foe? Either with hysterical weeping or a swoon.

"No, no! Here, under the green tree, in a ballroom, at the head of a luxurious dinner table, such women were charming enough to turn a man's brain; but in moments of peril, when death, no longer clothed in poet's rhythm, stalked before them, bare and ungainly, is it a little wonder that they fled shrieking from his grim presence.

Therefore the pause lasted an instant only, then Roydon answered his own question with a laugh:

"I declare, I am almost growing sentimental. If in anybody's presence but yours, Miss Fay, I should apologize for so unwonted a mood. But you are wholly responsible for it, and it must be with you so old a story to inspire it that I will not waste words. By the way there is my horse. I had no idea it was so late. *Au revoir.* Remember I have the first and last waltzes this evening."

The girl stood motionless, watching him as he strode away—watching him vault upon his horse, his tall, superb figure, showing to such splendid advantage, watching horse and rider as they cantered out of sight, the latter turning first to give her a farewell salute with his whip.

"So, in scarce a month, will he ride out of my life," she murmured to herself with white lips. "Oh, Roydon, is it that you are to proud to ask me to share the peril and privations of a soldier's life, or that it will give you no pleasure to have me share it?"

* * * * * * *

"Will you go out on the lake with me this afternoon, Miss Fay?" asked Major Howard a week latter. "It looks a little squally, but we will keep close into shore, so as to run home if the cloud thickens."

"Of course I will," assented Miss Fay, "and as to the clouds, don't watch them too closely. I rather like storms."

"What a perfect picture she makes!" thought Roydon, as he promptly at the appointed time, assisted her into the sail-boat he had named in her honor, the yachting dress of dark blue, fitting closely to the exquisitely outlined figure, and on the golden braids nestled a coquettish sailor hat.

Fifteen minutes later a splendid breeze had carried them far out into the lake.

"The storm has concluded to postpone itself in our special favor," said Rodney glancing up at the blue sky, "or perhaps they don't think soldiers should be too severely tried as sailors. Which is it Miss Fay?"

"Do you appeal to me as the spirit of the storm cloud? If so, I shall call on it to avenge me."

He answered her simply by a look, but it caused her eyes to droop.

She stretched the little white hand down to the water's edge, watching the current resist it as the boat sped onward.

"So," he mused, "am I resisting the voice of my heart—so must I resist to the end."

They spoke but little. They were alone and together—around them, water, above them the sky, beneath them a grave. And both were young, and in each heart the same voice was speaking, yet their lips were sealed.

Thus an hour passed, when suddenly Roydon tacked.

"What are you doing?" cried Miss Fay, in a tone of disappointment. "Surely we're not going home?"

"I wish we were already there," answered her companion with a blanched cheek, just as a little breath of wind fresher than any they had felt, blew upon them. "Don't be frightened Miss Fay," continued Roydon, assuringly. "It's one of these treacherous squalls. We're in for it, but I'll do the best I can."

"Can't I help you?"

The man glanced up amazed. She neither cried nor groaned. There was no tremor in her tone. His cheek was whiter than was hers.

"Pshaw! she did not realize the danger," he said, mentally. "Can you hold this!" handing her a rope as he spoke.

The next moment the squall struck them. The little yacht lay full on its side, then righted itself.

Fay's lips were a little pale now, but no sound escaped them, only she had held so tightly to the rope, spite of its resistance, that it had already cut into the tender flesh.

The storm was now fully upon them. It was fierce as it was sudden. They were drenched with water. They could no longer see each other for the spray.

"Fay," cried Roydon you are frightened?"

"With you?" she answered. "No," and her tone was firmer than his own.

The next nioment the boat, struck by a sharper blast than at first, went over. Both found themselves, clinging to its sides.

"Fay, tell me," he said, "that you forgive me for this. Oh, child, must we die when life holds so much sweetness?"

"The storm won't last long. We might yet be saved," she answered, in her sweet young voice, "but, Roydon, if I slip, don't try to save me. It will only lose two, and mine is not worth as much as yours."

"My God! without you, what would mine be?"

The words escaped him ere he realized their meaning.

"Live it, then, for my sake, dear," Fay replied, "and remember, always, had I my choice, I would have chosen to die thus with you than to have lived on without you. My love, good-bye."

The next instant the waters had caught her torn and bleeding hands, all cut by the rope, from their slight hold but Major Howard had spoken words with no idle meaning when he had asked her what his life would be without her.

Quick as the current, in its hungry greed for its beautiful prey, he threw about her his protecting arm.

Then, as though heaven smiled, the winds ceased as suddenly as they had risen, and the sun burst forth from its hiding place, showing the rescue which was bearing down upon them. "May I see you, if but for five minutes?" were the words scrawled on the card Fay held a few hours later, in her bandaged hands, as she lay upon her couch, very pale and exhausted, but with a heart full of gratitude for her wonderful escape, awaiting him who had penned the words.

How well she knew the quick, impatient step, which heralded his coming.

Her cheek flushed as he strode impetuously into the room.

"I could not sleep before seeing you," he said "My brave girl! how little I knew you! I thought because you were beautiful there could be no courage in yoursoul; that because your hands were small and soft and white, they could have no strength. Dear little hands," taking them tenderly in his own. They helped to save our lives to-day. Fay, will you give them to me, darling? Will you be a soldier's wife, and teach him, my own sweet love, some of the bravery that only such women as you can teach to men?"

A great light shone in the beautiful eyes upraised to his.

"I owe you my life," she whispered. If a debt so rich will receive payment so poor, take it, Roydon; it is yours."

Exercises in Articulation.

Let your elocution class practice on the following sentences:

The bitter, blustering blast blew o'er the bounding billow.

The cautious cat contrived to catch the crippled crow.

Deep in the depth of the dark, dank dells, he drew it deftly down.

Full-fledged, from fancy's fearful flight, he fluttersng fell.

Grim gaunt and gray, he grasped the grizzly groom.

The Jews for justice join, and judge and jury jeer.

Low in the level lands the long lank leopards lay.

A Woman's Experience.

Mothers and Daughters should feel alarmed when the feeling of weariness and languor too constantly oppresses them. "If I am cross and fretful from the exhaustion of vital powers and the color is fading from my face, I always find immediate relief in that excellent remedy, Parker's Ginger Tonic, which seems to build up my system and drive away pain and melancholy with wonderful certainty. Several of my friends have experienced the same benefit from its use."—A Buffalo lady.

SENATOR BECK'S RIDE.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, told the following story to a Washington correspondent:

"I don't remember just what year it was," Mr. Beck said, "but it was before I came to Congress and when I was quite a young man, that I was in New York city. It was in the days when the old Bloomingdale road was a favorite drive for New Yorkers with fast horses. Now I like a fast horse myself, and I thought I had ridden behind some. One afternoon I was up town, or what was at that time up town in New York, and a gentleman came along whom I knew. His name was Captain Norris. He was driving a dreadfully bony and angular mare, and when he asked me if I would like to take a seat beside him I was almost ashamed to get in behind such a specimen of horseflesh. Still I knew Captain Norris was something of a lover of horses, and besides I couldn't in courtesy refuse him; so I got in. The sleepy old mare jogged along in the most tiresome way. Her head hung down, and it seemed as though it was all she could do to drag her legs along.

"We'll go out on the Bloomingdale road if you don't mind, the captain said, and see some of the steppers."

"Well, that would be pleasant enough, for I thought I would have a chance to see a brush or two between some of the noted horses of New York of that day. I said to the captain that I almost wondered why he wasn't out with a stepper himself, knowing how fond he was of fast horses. He said that he sometimes did take a fast horse out and I remember looking at the dingy, bony mare, and feeling for the captain some of the shame which I thought he ought to have for himself. I noticed too, that the people whom we passed, who recognized him, were staring at the mare, and I thought that they were wondering how it was that Captain Norris was out with such a plug.

"By-and-by a noble animal passed us. The gentleman who was driving looked as he passed, around at the captain. I noticed the captain nodded, and that he took a little firmer grip of the reins. The gentleman slowed up a little, sufficiently to let us pass.

"Try it, Cap," he shouted.

"The captain nodded.

"I saw she mare lift her head a little as the grip on the reins tightened and put some little animation into her body. By-and-by we heard the clatter of hoofs back of us I looked around and saw the gentleman coming at a splendid pace.

"See if he passes us," said the captain as he made one little chirrup to his mare.

"Gentlemen, I have seen transformation scenes; I have seen the old man in the opera of 'Faust' changed in an instant to a handsome young fellow. I have seen a politician change his coat, but I never saw such a transformation as then happened. The mare lifted her head. Her ears no longer hung limp. They were erect and tossed to catch the sound of the approaching hoofs. Her dingy body now seemed to gleam, and her legs looked like the spokes of a rapidly revolving wheel. She was all fire, all animation, all electricity. I could think of nothing but a locomotive rushing along at the rate of a mile a minute. Heavens how the wind cut my face.

"Look out for your hat, Beck," said the captain, and I pulled it down over my ears. I glanced quickly at the captain; he held the reins firmly and his eyes fixed ahead. We were plunging ahead on a whirlwind. I thought what a beauty that mare now is, and I thought there was only one end of it all—annihilation. I grabbed the seat firmly with both hands, and I pressed my feet against the dashboard. The wind moaned in my ears, although we made the breeze ourselves. I could hardly breathe. I could not see, except far ahead. I knew we were passing team after team, and I heard the people cheer. I shut my eyes. I thought the crash would come. I would have begged the captain to stop if the speed had not been so great that speech was impossible. I said to myself, James Beck, your day has come. Whew-w-w-w! how we were flying. There was no motion excepting speed. We were flying over the road, horse and riders, seemingly impelled by some unseen, irresistible power. I opened my eyes once and saw some men away ahead waving their hats. In an instant we had reached and passed them, and as we went by the three men seemed mingled into one. When will this end come? I wondered. The suspense was awful. I wanted whatever was going to happen to happen at once. It seemed as though we had been an hour riding when the speed slackened slower and slower and at last the mare stopped I opened my eyes and saw that we were standing at a roadside inn.

"Are you through, captain?" I tremblingly said.

"Yes," he said, laughing, "let's take a little Santa Cruz."

"The captain turned the mare over to a hostler and we went inside, and I helped myself pretty liberally."

"Captain, you gave me a great fright," I said, "I had no idea that mare could go. Why she's fit to be a racer."

"Yes, I don't know but she is," said the captain, nonchalantly.

"How long were we coming down here?" I asked.

"About 8 minutes."

"How far is it?"

"About 4 miles."

"Here a man touched me and drew me aside. "Don't you know that mare, man?" he asked.

"No."

"That's Lady Suffolk."

"The fleetest mare of her day," said Senator Butler."

"Yes," replied Senator Beck. By-and-by we started home, and as we trotted leisurely back we met the team that had first passed us, and which we subsequently passed on the lightning's wings. Then I knew why everyone stared at the mare."

Six years of constant and most excruciating pain from terrible sores all over my body, pronounced cancer, and incurable by all except Dr. Hartman. After I was reduced to the faintest ebb of existence Peruna saved my life and cured me. I am entirely well and doing my housework. I had paid the best and worst physicians over $1000.—Mrs. Milo Ingram, Allegheny City, Pa.

There are plenty of roasting ears outside of cornfields.—*Ex.*

The stomach's greatest friend is Peruna.

Jim Keene's Washerwoman.

"She is," said Jim Keene, the great New York rival of Jay Gould, as he relaxed his usual taciturnity under the genial influence of one of Sam Ward's dinners the other day, "the fact is, that no matter how clever and thorough a man's system of stock operations may be, there is always occurring some little unforseen and apparently insignificant circumstance that is forever knocking the best laid plans into a cocked hat."

"As how?"

"Well, for instance, about a year ago I was doing a good deal in Lake Shore, and counted on making a good clean-up. I discovered, however, that there was some hidden influence in the market that was always against me. It didn't exactly defeat my plans, but it lessened the profits. I soon saw that there was some operator who was kept informed as to my movements in time to make me pay for his knowledge."

"Broker gave you away?" said several.

"Not at all I never gave an order in advance, and, besides, I used, as now, half a dozen brokers, and also gave 'cross' and 'dummy' orders in plenty. One day, while I was standing by the window of my up-town place, cogitating over the state of affairs, an elegant private coupe drove past, and stopped just around the corner from my door. It contained a richly-dressed lady and a ragged-looking girl. The latter got out, rang my basement bell and was admitted. I sent for my man servant, and inquired who the girl might be."

"She comes for the wash, sir," he said.

"Does she generally come in a coupe?" I inquired.

"Why, no, sir," said the man, very much surprised; "her mother, the washerwoman, is very poor."

"Just then my own carriage drove round for me, and as it passed the other I could see the lady eagerly sorting the soiled clothes in the coupe on her lap. This excited my curiosity, so I had my driver follow along behind. Pretty soon the coupe stopped, and the dirty little girl got out with the bundle and went into a brown stone front on Twenty-ninth street. The coupe then kept straight on down to Wall street and stopped in front of a broker's office, where the lady alighted with my entire lot of soiled shirt cuffs in her hand."

"Shirt cuffs?" cried the entire company.

"Exactly; shirt cuffs. I saw through it all in a moment. You see, I am—or rather was—a great hand while at dinner, or at the theater in the evening, to think over my plans for the next day and to make memorandums on my cuffs to consult before starting down town in the morning. My washerwoman had found this out, and had been quietly 'coppering' my game by means of my cuffs for over a year."

"Well, by Jove!" said Sam Ward, pausing for a single instant in the sacred mysteries of salad dressing.

"It's the cold fact," continued Keene. "In less than eight months she had cleaned up over $600,000 and was washing my clothes—at least my cuffs—in an 880,000 house. She had diamonds and horses until you couldn't rest."

"You didn't make any more cuff memos, after that?" laughed several.

"Well, not many—just a few," said the great operator, holding his Burgundy up to the light. "I believe I kept it up a month longer, at the end of which time I had raked in the washerwoman's bank account and even had a mortgage on the brown stone house. It was a queer coincidence, wasn't it? But perhaps the information she found on the cuffs after that wasn't as exact as it had been, somehow, nor as reliable."

And the "king of the streets" emptied his glass with an indescribable wink that made Beach, who was short on Harlem, shiver like a cat who has just swallowed a live mouse.—*San Francisco Post.*

Paper Dishes.

A late number of the Paper World gives the following account of a new and economical form of dishes recently introduced by a landlord in Berlin:

"The latest application of paper is the adoption of paper plates by some of the great restaurants and cafes in Berlin. The innovation was first introduced during the summer of last year by the adventurous landlord of a much frequented open air restaurant. Every customer who ordered bread and butter, rolls, cakes, buns or similar articles, had them served to him upon a little paper plate, made of a light papier mache, adorned with a pretty border in relief, and having at the first glance a great similarity to porcelain. Guests, waiters and hosts were all pleased with the novelty. It saved the waiters many a deduction from their wages on account of breakages, which the deftest and cleverest can scarcely avoid when he handles hundreds of pieces of crockery during a single afternoon and evening. The paper plates were so cheap that the landlord did not care to assert his ownership over them, and his customers were allowed to carry them away, like the pretty serviettes of thin paper used in so many restaurants in Holland. There was also a considerable saving on the time lost and the chance of accident incurred in the cleansing of earthenware pottery. The success of the experiment has been so marked that the new species of plates is likely to be introduced into a great number of restaurants."

Nothing on Earth so Good.

Certainly a strong opinion, said one of our reporters to whom the following was detailed by Mr. Henry Haschop, with Mr. George E. Miller, 418 Main street, this city: I suffered so badly with rheumatism in my leg last winter, that I was unable to attend to my work, being completely helpless. I heard of St. Jacobs Oil and bought a bottle, after using which I felt greatly relieved. With the use of the second bottle I was completely cured. In my estimation there is nothing on earth so good for rheumatism as St. Jacob's Oil. It acts like a charm.—*Worcester, (Mass.) Spy.*

Having been cured by St. Jacobs Oil, I reccommend the same to all sufferers of rheumatism, says Mr. L. Shiffman, 2894 Calumet Ave., Chicago, Ill.—*La Crosse Republican Leader.*

A Jerseyman married five wives, and they were all red-headed. He explains it by relating that the first one clawed the spirit out of him so completely that he didn't care after that if he married a porcupine.

The Two Graves in Poker Valley.

"It was the curiousest thing that ever happened in the diggins," said the old man, as he slowly filled his pipe. "Nigh onto twenty years ago was about the date, an' a hundred or so of us miners had squatted in Poker Valley. It wasn't much of a valley, an' thar' wasn't any too much poker, an' I know I put in six months o' hard work in that 'ere hole an' didn't cl'ar fifty cents a day. Howsumever, that hain't nuthin' to do with the story I sot out to tell, though it serves to explain why we were all out o' temper one arternoon, when a stranger entered Poker Valley by the west trail an' brought his skinny an' foot-sore mule to a halt in the centre o' our town. It war' airly in the fall, an' the weather was downright mean. It had been drizzlin' all day long, an' we had cussed an' sulked an' loafed around till every man was ready to answer a word with a blow.

"The minit that stranger rode up we all rushed out to see who he was an' what he wanted. He was a light weight chap, muffled up to the ears to keep dry, and we couldn' say what he could do with a pickaxe or how he'd back a friend in a fight. He didn't git down from his mule but began to inquar' arter a chap he called Sweet William. This William was a candy sort o' man. He seemed sort o' pious, had a soft voice, never cussed nor drank whiskey, an' we didn't 'zactly mate with him. Ten days afore this stranger rode up Sweet William got out o' his blankets at midnight, either asleep or in trouble, an' the poor cuss took a walk over a bit o' cliff about fifty feet high, with a lot o' jagged rocks to light on. We didn't take on very much, as he had no partner and wasn't one o' us, as I menshuned before, but we gin him a decent burial an' sold his traps on the squar to the highest bidder.

"Waal, now, that stranger was goin' on to ax about William, an' I was a sayin' to myself that he had the softest voice of any man in the diggins, when suthin' happened. Old Kentucky Bill an' Deakon' Joe had been growlin' at each other for an hour or two, kinder achin' fur a row, an' at length they went at it. Old Kentuck gin Joe a lifter on the jaw, an' Joe he out with his popper an' fired Kentuck to kingdom come. No, he didn't either. The bullet cut a lock of hair and did its bloody work beyond. The stranger on the mule got it plump thro' the heart, an' he was dead afore he fell into my arms. He? No, stranger—it was a woman! Sure's your born it was a woman not over twenty-five years old, and with a face as purty as a thousand dollar nugget. She was dressed sort o' man fashion, an' she was bravin' Injens, b'ars, storms and everything else fur an objeck. What was it? Waal I dunno. Was Sweet William her lover or her husband? Had he run away from her, or had he cum thar' to make a stake? Must have been some powerful motive to have sent that gal on sich a trip, an' we talked it over an' kinder concluded it was love, an' nuthin' else.

"'Twas a terrible deal anyhow, an' I never think of it without feelin' my heart grow big and my throat choke up. When we diskivered it was a woman we sot around thar' like pegs for half an hour. Then we riz up and kicked them two fighters out of camp an' dug a grave 'long side o' Sweet William's fur the poor dead gal, an' they sleep thar to this day. Ruff and cussed as we war in Poker Valley, we had tears in our eyes as we put the poor gal away, an' I seed more'n one old grizzly pop his chin when the Alabama elder stood at the head of the grave and said:

"The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. May they be jined together in heaven.—*Free Press.*

The Man is as the Wife is.

A judicious wife is always nipping off from her husband's moral nature twigs that are growing in wrong directions. She keeps him in shape by continual pruning. If you say anything silly, she will affectionately tell you so. If you declare that you will do some absurd act, she will find some means of preventing you from doing it. And by far the chief part of all the common sense there is in the world belongs unquestionably to women. The wisest things a man commonly does are those which his wife counsels him to do. A wife is a grand weilder of the moral pruning knife If Johnson's wife had lived, there would have been no hoarding up of orange peel, no touching the posts in walking along the streets, no eating and drinking with disgusting voracity. If Oliver Goldsmith had been married he never would have worn that memorable and ridiculous coat. Whenever you see a man whom you know little about, oddly dressed, or talking adsurdly, or exhibiting eccentricity of manner, you may be sure he is not a married man, for the corners are rounded off, the little shoots pared away—in married men. Wives have generally more sense than their husbands, even though they may be clever men. The wife's advice is like the ballast that keep the ship steady.—*John Ruskin.*

Pruning Tomatoes.

No one who has tried it can have any idea of how valuable the leaves are to the tomato plant. One may for experiment take off most of the leaves of a plant, and he will find the flavor incipid, and every way poor. Of course it is the peculiar acidity of the tomato that gives it so much value to all of us; but the acid from the tomato that has ripened on an insufficient amount of foliage, is disagreeable to most tastes. The same principal has been found to work in managing grapevines. The man who judiciously pinches back the branches does well; but he who strips off the foliage to let in the sun and air, generally finds that he has made a bad mess of it.

Wicked for Clergymen.

Rev. ——, Washington, D. C., writes: "I belive it to be all wrong and even wicked for clergymen and other public men to be lead into giving testimonials to quack doctors or vile stuffs called medicines, but when a really meritorious article made of valuable remedies known to all, that all physicians use and trust in daily, we should freely commend it. I therefore cheerfully and heartily commend Hop Bitters for the good they have done me and my friends, firmly believing they have no equal for family use, I will not be without them.—*New York Baptist Weekly.*

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that an application will be made under the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to provide for the Incorporation and Regulation of certain Corporations," approved April 29th, 1874, and the supplements thereto, for the Charter of an intended corporation to be called The Pennsylvania Mutual Telegraph Company, the character and object of which is the construction, maintenance, and operation of a telegraph line in the counties of Northampton, Lehigh, Berks, Lebanon, Dauphin, Montgomery, Carbon, Luzerne, Lackawanna, Schuylkill, Columbia, Montour, Northumberland, Lycoming, Union, Erie, Warren, McKean, Crawford, Venango, Clinton, Armstrong, Westmoreland, Allegheny, Washington, Fayette, Somerset, Butler, Mercer, Lawrence, Beaver and Clinton, in the State of Pennsylvania, and for these purposes to have, possess, and enjoy all the rights, benefits, franchises, and privileges conferred by the said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

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Somerset, Pa.

September 8.

PUBLIC SALE.

By virtue of an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., the undersigned will, on

Saturday, August 6th, 1881,

on the premises, in Shade township, at 1 o'clock, P. M., sell the Real Estate of Rebecca McGregor, dec'd, consisting of a farm containing 92 acres and 32 perches, more or less, of which about 20 acres are clear, with a Log Dwelling House and Log Stable thereon erected; adjoining lands of Samuel McGregor, Samuel Zimmerman and others, with many never failing springs. Bituminous Stone Coal, and a fine sugar orchard on the same.

—TERMS:—

One third in hand on the first of October, 1881, balance in two equal annual payments without interest. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale. Possession given on the first day of September, 1881.

JOHN H. SNYDER,
jy6 Trustee.

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MERCHANT TAILOR,

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