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WINE,
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Five miles north of Somerset, the place of manu- facture. The following is a list of the kinds in stock:
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In the Building known as the.
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Parties and Picnics supplied with Candies, Cakes Nuts and Grapes on short notice. All Goods Fresh, and sold at
A LOW FIGURE.
Call and see for yourselves.
I will open out with a full line of the above goods, May 19th.

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CENTRAL HOTEL
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Opened for guests on
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This house is furnished in first-class, mod- ern style, with the modern conveniences of Heaters, Hot and Cold Water Baths, large Reading Rooms, Parlors and Chambers, and has good Stables 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 may call.
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For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for
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In the most thorough manner and guaranteed.

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Collections made in all parts of the United States. Charges moderate. Butter and other checks col- lected and cashed. Eastern and Western exchange always on hand. Remittances made with prompt- ness. Accounts solicited.
Parties desiring to purchase U. S. 4 PER CENT. FUNDED LOAN, can be accommo- dated at this Bank. The coupons are prepaid in denominations of 50, 100, 500 and 1,000.

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Persons who desire to sell, buy or exchange property, or rent will find it to their advantage to register the description thereof, as no charge is made unless sold or rented. Real estate business generally will be promptly attended to.
aug 18

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LATEST STYLES and LOWEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
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$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. Mar.16-1yr.

LET EVERY ONE SWEEP BEFORE HIS OWN DOOR.

Do we heed the homely adage, handed down
from days of yore—
Ere you sweep your neighbor's dwelling,
clear the rubbish from your door?
Let no filth, no rust there gather, leave no
traces of decay,
Pluck every weed unsightly, brush the fallen
leaves away.
If we faithfully have labored thus to sweep
without, within,
Spurning evil speaking, malice and each
dark, besetting sin
Weeds that by the sacred portals of the in-
ner temple grow,
Poisonous weeds the heart defiling, bearing
bitterness and woe;
Then perchance we may have leisure o'er
our neighbor's watch to keep;
All the work assigned us finished, we before
his door may sweep;
Show him where the moss is clinging—tok-
en ever of decay,
Where the thistles, quickly springing, daily
must be cleared away.
But, alas! our work neglected, off we mount
the judgment seat;
With his failings, his omissions, we our
weary brother greet:
In some hidden nook forgotten, searching
with a careful eye,
We the springing weeds discover—some
slight blemish there descry.
For his slothfulness, his blindness, we our
brother harshly chide,
Boasting of our strength and wisdom, we
condemn him in our pride;
Ask not why he has neglected thus before
his door to sweep,
Why grown careless, he has slumbered, fail-
ing his garden plot to keep.
On that judgment seat still sitting, we no
helping hand extend
To assist our weaker brother his short com-
ings to amend;
For his weariness, his faltering, we no
sweet compassion show—
From our store no cordial bring him, no en-
couragement bestow.
But, while busied with our neighbor, urg-
ing him to ceaseless care—
Calling to the thoughtless idlers, to their la-
bors to repair—
Lo! unseen the dust has gathered, weeds are
gathering where of yore
Flowers rare and sweet were blooming when
we swept before our door.
Ah! how easy o'er our neighbors faithful
ward and watch to keep;
But alas! before our dwellings hard indeed
to daily sweep:
Harder than to share the conflict, "by the
stuff" at home to stay—
Easier to sit in judgment, than to humbly
watch and pray.

BRIDE OF THE CARNIVAL.

"Does she really love me?" said Captain Ernest Von Steinberg, aide-de-camp to King Louis of Batavia, as he left the presence of the young and beautiful Baroness Anna von Graffenberg, the belle of Munich, "or is she the heartless coquette which common rumor makes her?"

As he passed down the staircase, he encountered the baroness' pretty French chambermaid, Lisette.

"Lisette, you are looking charming to-day—do you know it?"

"My mirror told me so this morning," said the soubrette, looking up boldly into his face.

"What lips! what eyes! and what a figure!" said the soldier. "But do you know, I think you would look infinitely prettier in a lavender colored silk robe, with cherry colored ribbons?"

"Very possible, monsieur," answered the waiting maid; but that will cost money—and how is a poor girl like me to dress like a lady?"

"I have thought of that difficulty," said Ernest, "and so I have provided a remedy. Will you allow me to present you with a slight token of my gratitude and admiration?"

As he spoke he drew forth a little net silk purse, through the interstices of which some gold pieces showed their pleasant, brilliant countenances. Lisette's eyes reflected their brightness.

"Monsieur is altogether too generous," she said.

But the little white fingers clasped the glittering offering, and conveyed it to one of her pockets of the coquettish silk apron that she wore.

"Now, tell me, Lisette, is your mistress going to the masked ball at the palace to-morrow night?"

"Ah, but that is a great secret, monsieur, which I promised madame not to reveal," replied the Parisienne, archly, laying her fingers on her lips.

"She is going, then?" said Ernest.

"Monsieur says so," answered the soubrette, smiling.

"And what else did your mistress charge you to keep secret?" asked the officer, smiling in his turn.

"That she was going to wear a rose-colored domino, with a bunch of sky-blue ribbons on the right shoulder," replied the waiting-maid, hurriedly, and she ran up stairs, as if to avoid further catechizing, fully satisfied that her indiscretion had been an ample offset to the aide-de-camp's present.

"Very good, Madame Anna," said the young officer to himself. "I have reconnoitered the ground, and I shall know where to open my trenches. All's fair in love and war. And now to my friend the sculptor's if his ingenuity aid me, my success will be certain."

* * * * * *

On the night of the masked ball the royal palace of Munich was a blaze of light. Every window glowed as if the interior was a mass of fire, and the brilliant rays, streaming forth upon the night, fell on the glittering helmets, breast-plates and sabers of the mounted cuirassiers, or were reflected from the bayonets of a detachment of the infantry of the line drawn up as a guard of honor in the square without.

Chamberlains stood at the entrance of the palace, and files of lackeys, with wax tapers flaring in the evening air, shed almost the light of day on the grand staircase. Carriage after carriage rolled up in succession, with their living freights of beauty and youth, and as light feet fell like snow-flakes on the carpeted marble, as graceful forms vanished within the portals, the ears of bystanders were lulled by the pleasant rustling of silks, while the breeze was perfumed by a thousand delicate odors.

But if such were the eternal manifestation of the fete, how far more brilliant was the interior of the palace of pleasure. How those lofty halls glowed with the dazzling effulgence of thousands of wax tapers! How softly beautiful were the marble statues that graced the niches, lined the corridors and looked down from their pedestals on the grand ball room! How Oriental in their magnificence were the gorgeous draperies of velvet and satin, with fringes of gold bullion! but, above all, what music streamed on the enchanted air from an orchestra composed of a hundred of the best instrumentalists in the city! And the life, the animation of the throngs that filled the brilliant saloon—who shall describe it?

Ernest von Steinberg, who looked but for one person in that brilliant multitude, was so masked and muffled that his disguise was impenetrable. Therefore, when he found the rose colored domino at last, he hesitated not to address her.

"Good evening, fair mask."

"Good evening, gallant cavalier. But how know you that I am fair?"

"Were I to pronounce you the fairest in Munich, none would dispute your title."

"Do you know me?"

"The belle of Munich hides her face in face in vain," answered Ernest. "That inimitable hand and foot are her betrayers."

"You may be mistaken, after all."

"I cannot be, and claim the hand," said Ernest, "and will find employment for that dainty foot. The music sounds; lets away to the dance."

"I believe my hand is promised already," answered the fair one, "so take it quickly, before some one disputes the prize with you."

The next minute they were whirling round the vast saloon to music that might keep dancers on their feet for a life. Anna leaned upon the shoulder of her partner, and he breathed in her ear words that she could not listen to without a thrill of pleasure.

At the conclusion of the dance Ernest led her into a side room, in which they found themselves quite alone.

"You persist, then," said the lady, "in calling me the Barroness von Graffenberg?"

If I had doubted before, your dancing would have convinced me. The leader of the sylphides is known by her step."

"Well, you have guessed right. And now in return for your confidence, may I request you to raise your mask?"

"I can refuse you nothing," said Ernest von Steinberg.

He raised his mask as he spoke and disclosed to the astonished gaze of the baroness the well-known features of King Louis of Bavaria.

"But I thought you assurred us that the cavalier was Captain Ernest von Steinberg!" exclaims the reader.

Let us explain. To give additional zest and pleasure, and complicate the mysteries of masquerade, the courtiers of Louis XIV, of France, had invented the following expedient: They procured fine wax likenesses of their friends, of eminent persons, and wore them under ther masks. When requested to declare their identity, they would raise the outer mask, and the inner wax one, seen for a moment, in most cases completely deceived the spectator. It is easy to imagine what an indefinite field for mystification this contrivance afforded.

Captain Ernest had a friend, a sculptor, who had modeled a bust of the king, and from him he had procured a wax mask, beautifully colored, and so well executed as to deceive the eyes of the baroness for the moment they rested on it. Ernest, satisfied with his success, replaced his black velvet visor, and continued the interview.

"Yes, baroness," whispered the distinguished aide-de-camp, "It is Louis who stands before you—not as your king, but as your subject, your slave—the thrall of your beauty."

"Ah, sire," replied the belle of Munich, "you are sporting with the sensibilities of a weak woman."

"No, by heaven!" replied the false king. "I am incapable of that. Behold me at your feet, and hear me swear eternal allegiance to your charms."

"Rise, sire, rise!" said the baroness, very much irritated. "We may be seen or overheard."

"Long have I thought," continued the false king, "that beauty such as yours should grace a throne."

"A throne!" echoed the baroness.

"But you are are right," he continued, hurriedly: "this is no time or place for confidence like ours. Hark, the clock is striking twelve. Will you trust to my honor, and meet me to-morrow night?"

Where, sire?"

"In the Chinese pavillion in the garden of the palace. The wicket of the postern gate that leads to the door of the pavillion shall be left open for you."

The baroness gave him her hand.

"To-morrow night at twelve!" said she, and glided from the room.

"Oh, woman! woman! woman!" said Ernest, when alone—"false as fair! Is it for this we rank you with the angels? But tremble, faithful one—your punishment shall be as bitter as the agony I suffer."

And he followed the baroness into the dancing saloon. He had no sooner left the room then a masked figure stole forth from beneath a mass of crimson drapery.

"The Chinese pavilion to-morrow night at twelve!" said the stranger. "Bravo! bravo! Captain von Steinberg!"

And he, too, vanished.

A few minutes before 12 o'clock on the following night, Captain von Steinberg, wearing his wax mask, unlocked and entered the Chinese pavilion in the royal garden. The inside shutters of the windows were closed, so that he ventured to produce a match to light a wax taper, taking care to place a shade over it, so that the room should be dimly lighted. After completing the arrangements, he glanced round, and started on seeing the figure of a man near the table. The stranger was dressed in the uniform of an aide-de-camp, and wore a mask upon his face.

"Who are you?" demanded Ernest advancing to the intruder.

"You have anticipated a similar question," replied the mask.

"But I have a right to know," said Ernest.

"So have I," was the quiet answer.

"Sir," said Ernest, placing his hand on the hilt of his saber, "I wear a sword."

"So do I," replied the mask; "but I reserve it for the enemies of my country."

"Who are you? I implore you to tell me," said Ernest.

"Ah, now you speak in a different manner. I, sir, am Captain von Steinberg, at your service, aide-de-camp to his majesty King Louis of Bavaria."

"The deuce you are!" thought Ernest.

"But, confidence for confidence," said the impositor. "Now, you must tell me who you are, and by what right I find you in the royal pavilion at this hour."

"By the very best right in the world," replied Ernest, boldly. "I, sir, am King Louis of Bavaria," and he lifted his outward mask, displaying the features of the king.

"Pardon me, sire," said the stranger, falling on his knees; "but, making my rounds in the garden, I found the postern gate unlocked, and fearing treachery to your royal person, deemed it my duty to keep watch in the pavilion, of which, as your majesty is aware, I have a duplicate key."

"Zounds, man! you haven't locked the postern, have you?" asked the pretended king."

"No, sire; it remains as I found it."

"Then, my good fellow, there is no harm done," said Ernest. "And I'll tell you a secret; I expect a lady here every instant, who has accorded me a private interview. The best service you can render me—is to leave me to myself."

"A hint from your royal lips is a command," said the intended Ernest. "That you majesty's suit may prosper is the warmest wish of your most devoted subject."

The stranger vanished.

Before Ernest had an opportunity to frame any hypothesis with regard to this mysterious being the door opened cautiously and admitted the baroness. She threw herself at once at the feet of Ernest.

"Rise, lady!" said the pretended monarch. "I would rather be at your feet—rise."

"Not," said the baroness, "till your majesty pledges me in advance for whatever I may confess."

"I freely pledge you that," said Ernest, aiding the lady to rise.

"Know then," said the baroness, "that I am an ungrateful woman. Your majesty distinguished me last night, and held out hopes so brilliant that a subject might well be dazzled by your promise. I was dazzled, and I heard you with pleasure. But it was only a momentary weakness. In the delirium of the dance you told me that you loved me—my consent to meet you here seemed a confession of reciprocal affection; but, in truth, my heart is given to another. I love—I love with all the fervor of my being—not a monarch, but a subject."

"A rival" said the pretended king sternly: "his name?"

"Promise that you will not harm him, sire."

"I mark no promise in any such case as this."

"Then I shall keep my secret," said the baroness, firmly.

"And you will love this man—even if I command you to tear his image from your heart?"

"I love him and him only," replied the baroness. "In good report and evil report—in sorrow and in sickness—in shame and honor. Truly I pledged him my hand—my heart went with it. I am his forever."

"And he is thine, dear Anna!" said Ernest, tearing off his disguise. "Will you forgive me the trial I have subjected you to?"

"Will you forgive me the weakness of a moment that made me listen to temptation?"

"Freely and fully," said Ernest, folding the baroness in his arms. "And now, when shall we be married?"

"To-night!" said a voice beside them. And there stood the King of Bavaria, but still in the form of an aide-de-camp in which he had entered the pavillion that evening and first encountered Ernest. He it was who had overheard the appointment at the masquerade. "To-night," he replied, smiling on his astonished auditors. "The chapel is lighted up—the priests are in waiting—the wedding guests are there, and the wedding feast prepared. Louis of Bavaria awaits to conduct you to the altar, and to give away the bride And may the pleasures of thier carnival be but the precursors of a life of joy!"

The delight of the lovers—the joy of Lisette—the surprise and pleasure of all their family, must be left to their imagination.

LOPPERED milk is considered better for calves in hot water than skim-milk, being more easily digested. If they are being reared for dairy purpose they should not be fed on new milk, which is too fattening. Oil-meal mixed with their milk prevent scouring. Begin with a tablespoonful daily and increase it to a pint as the calf grows older.

When certain powers are claimed for an article, and everybody testifies that it does more than is claimed for it, to gainsay its worth is useless. This is the substance of St. Jacobs Oil record.—*South Bend Evening Register.*

There are 20,000 seeds of oats in a pound and 686,400 seeds of white clover.

REV. J. Z. TAYLOR'S SERMON.

"Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace," Psalms xxxvii: 37.

DEAR FRIENDS: We meet this sad day to pay our last tribute of respect to the memory of our beloved President, who has passed from the scenes of this earth away. Fifty millions of people join in these solemn services over our broad land to-day—and far away on foreign shores multitudes unite in expressions of deepest sympathy for us in this our greatest bereavement. We mourn the loss of the grandest man of the ages—of the highest product of our Christian civilization. And what is so sad is that this grand life in its very prime should be torn from us by the bullet of the assassin. We exclaim with the afflicted wife of our fallen chieftain, "why must we suffer this cruel wrong?" In our finite capacity it throws a shadow over the ways of Providence, and we ask how justice and judgment be the habitation of His throne? Why was not the arm of the assassin paralyzed? Why was not the bullet stopped in its mission of death? "But the Lord reigneth," nevertheless, and, though "clouds and darkness are around and about Him, still justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne." In this majestic universe, where law reigns over all, from the atom to the globe, from the infusoria to the archangel, and all things move forward in accordance with this uniform force—in a universe where the human will plays its parts in the events of life—where evil exists so abundantly and triumphs over the good so often, the soul sometimes sinks under the terror of the dreadful thought that there may be no Divine Providence over the affairs of men. But our vision is too limited, our field of observation too narrow to pronounce upon the ways of Providence, or solve the mysteries of the universe. Of this vast subject, how little is known. He who has built the universe and created the intelligences that people it; who guides the pleiades in their course and watches over the falling sparrow, surely forgets not him whom He has made in His divine image. This is the true thought,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps on the sea,
And rides upon the storm."

We must remember that the power and influence of a great life does not depend upon its duration. One single act may stamp itself on all coming ages; one short life may generate a force that will perpetuate itself in noble deeds through all time—, yes, in good results, extending through all eternity. How short was the life of Jesus of Nazareth, how tragical His death; and yet, from that life and that death a force has been developed that, in its mighty results, is increasing rapidly as the ages move onward. What, then, has given our beloved dead his great power over the people. Evidently into that problem his sufferings enter largely. For eighty days a nation has stood by his bedside watching intently the ebb and flow of life. Up from the hearts of millions ascended the prayer daily and hourly, "If it be possible let this cup pass from us, yet not our will but Thine be done." "This is a noble people to die for," he said. As he passed through those long weary days of suffering, he drew all hearts to himself, and cemented by his death our nation into peace and harmony, and, Sampson-like, achieving more in his last awful struggle than in all his previous life.

The history of this grand man seems brief. He was born on the 19th day of November, 1831; was left an orphan by the death of his father when 2 years old; was reared amid poverty and hardships by his widowed mother; by great diligence he became a fine scholar; was president of a college, general in the army, congressman, senator, and finally president of the United States. He ascended from the canal boat to the White house—to the highest place of honor on this earth. It is grander to be president of these United States than to be czar of all the Russias. For it is the gift of a place of honor, of a free and noble people.

Of his character we may speak: In a magnificent physical constitution resided a massive mind, possessing a breadth of culture and a force of intellect that placed him at once in the front rank of American statesmen. He was a man of great industry. The indomitable energy displayed in early life in gaining a livelihood, and, amid poverty, securing a splendid education, did not forsake him in the halls of Congress. "He is the most laborious man in the House," said ex-Congressman Havens to your speaker once. He was also a man of pure morals—of most virtuous habits. He could, therefore, endure great labor.

Again he was true to principle, unswervingly devoted to his convictions of truth and duty. He said in a speech at Columbus, Ohio: "There is one with whom I always endeavor to be on good terms; one who is always present with me, with whom I must always eat and sleep and live; that is with myself." That was his own conscience. Like Paul he could say, "I have lived in all good conscience before God until this day." His life proved this. When preaching in Washington city I never on Lord's day missed him from the house of worship. During the sitting of the great Republican Convention at Chicago he was the only delegate known to have spent both Sundays away from the centres of intense political excitement in the house of God. On the last Lord's day he spent at his quiet home at Mentor his voice could be heard above all other singing the grand old hymn,

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall,
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all."

He was a Christian in the highest acceptation of the term; a man whose Christ-like heart embraced in its broad sympathies all men without exception. He was gentle and kind and in his presence the humblest felt at ease. He was a full-rounded man, perfect physically, intellectually, morally and spiritually—the most completely rounded out and perfect man that has ever filled the Presidential chair.

What are the lessons that the eventful life teaches us?

First—That Christian principles and a political life are not incompatible; that a man may be pure and upright amid all the strifes and conflicts of a long political career. He may be a true man—an earnest Christian actuated by a sublime faith in God, Christ and in humanity while filling posts of honor, and participating in the political contests of our country.

Second—That the American people love that which is pure, noble and good. James A. Garfield reigns as no American statesman has ever done over the hearts of all men, because he embodied in himself and in his actual life the loftiest principles that actuate the human heart. Let no man think that he must become dissipated in morals or corrupt in principles in order to carry the hearts of our people. A new era is dawning on us when virtue and true merit must fill our places of honor.

Third—This life shows, moreover, the splendid opportunities that our free institutions afford the young of our country. From the canal boat to the White House tells the story of the grand possibilities that lie before the energetic, the noble and the true.

Again, his life shows the grandeur and power of the gospel of Christ. It was Christ living in him that perfected his character and made his life so grand and good. He was an affectionate son. At the inaugural when he had closed his address, he turned and planted on his mother's cheek the kiss of affection. He was a faithful husband, a devoted father, a true friend and a grand patriot and philanthropist. And all these relations in him were ennobled and sanctified by the gospel of Christ. Again, this gospel gave consolation to our beloved President in all his trials and afflictions. How patiently he bore his sufferings through the long weary months he lay in his bed, through days and nights of intense heat. No wonder he would say at last, "I feel so tired" his poor emaciated frame was worn out, exhausted; and yet under all these sufferings he murmured not. Still his tired body wanted rest, and today it is laid away to sleep.

But lastly, the infinite value of the gospel is seen in the blissful hope with which it inspired his soul. On its rich promises our sainted President leaned, and by them, the portals of eternal glory were opened to his vision—and at last he heard the call, and responded—and is resting, to-day, in the light and glory of that celestial abode.

Shall we look again on that noble brow? Shall we press again that warm hand? Yes, if man is more than mere matter—if he has a spirit that thinks and reasons and loves—if Christ rose from the dead we shall see him. Amid the glories of that heavenly world we shall meet the loved that have passed over if actuated by the grand principles that fashions the noble life of him whose loss we mourn to-day.

Mr. McVeagh and Presigent Arthur.

WASHINGTON, September 27—Attorney General MacVeagh stated this evening, when approached on the subject of the Cabinet, that he had no objection to speaking frankly as to his own position. He said he recognized to the fullest extent the propriety of President Arthur selecting as his canfidential advisers gentlemen who had heretofore sustained relations not only of personal good will, but also of political sympathy with him. Indeed he did not think any Administration could be strong if there was any ground for suspicion or disgust among its members. As soon, therefore, as President Arthur had taken the oath of office Mr. MacVeagh said he tendered his resignation in writing. He had also assured the President that the resignation was not a form, but fact, and that he hoped it would be convenient to designate his successor by the time the Senate met in special sesion. Mr. MacVeagh added that on public grounds he felt no difficulty in pursuing the course his feelings dictated. The only political work to which he attached any importance at this time was the work of administrative reform, including of course, the exposure and the relentless pursuit of all plunderers of the public treasury. If President Arthur engages heartily and thoroughly in that good work, as he hoped and believed he would, then he was entitled to the credit of doing it with an Attorney General of his own selection and not with one inherited from President Garfield.

The Attorney General spoke very kindly of President Arthur and said he was sure the country would judge him not only fairly but generously, and not by the selection of one person or another for his Cabinet but by the general policy of his administration.

Stephens and the Negro.

There are people who become honest only when there is nothing more to steal. That kind of forced virtue has too many examples.

Mr. Stephens has many stories to tell of negroes, and one is a famous cotton and chicken depredator, who since the war met the ex-Vice President in the road.

"Well, Thomas," was the kindly salutation, "I was sorry to hear you had been in trouble about Mrs. Tripp's chickens."

"Yes, Mars Alec; but I done quit all dat now," said the negro very penitently.

"How many did you take before you stopped?" asked Mr. Stephens.

"I tuk all she had," was the perfectly innocent reply.

Never be without a bottle of that pure, mild, compound Peruna; take it with the first symptom.

How Arthur was Nominated for Vice President.

The Philadelphia *Press* of Monday last, contains the following account of the circumstances attending the nomination of General Arthur for Vice President, which is of special interest just now:

After that tumultuous and thrilling scene when the Chicago Convention surged away from both Grant and Blaine and named General Garfield as its standard bearer, it adjourned till evening to consider the question of Vice President. All sides agreed that the candidate must come from New York and that as the President represented the anti-Grant division, the Vice President must be chosen from the Grant element. Three conspicuous names were canvassed—Levi P. Morton, now Minister to France, General Stewart L. Woodford and General Chester A. Arthur. When the New York delegation met to pass upon the subject Mr. Morton and General Woodford withdrew and General Arthur was selected as its choice by a very decided vote. But just then those who were in the inner circle discovered that a serious obstacle had been encountered, and that was the very earnest and emphatic objection of the proposed candidate himself.

General Arthur was not free from honorable ambition, but there was a special and potent reason why he did not want the nomination for Vice President. He was then expecting a different and more desirable public position. Only eight months later the Legislature of New York was to elect a United States Senator as the successor of Francis Kernan, and it had already been agreed that General Arthur should be advanced to that place. All the representative leaders of the controlling force in the party—Senator Conkling, Governor Cornell, Mr. Platt, Mr. Crowley—had fully concurred in his selection. It was reasonably certain that, however, the Presidential election might result, the Republicans would carry the Legislature of New York. General Arthur's election as Senator was thus as morally sure as any event in the future could be, and that was the position of all others that he desired. On the other hand, the issue of the Presidential election was doubtful, and even if successful the Vice President would have only the prospect of dignified retirement for a period of four years. General Arthur was thus asked to surrender a certain election to a place which he prized above all others for a dubious contest for an office which he didn't want at all.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that he shrank from the proposed nomination, and for nearly two hours resisted the appeals which were made to him. But there was a very earnest desire on the part of the friends of General Garfield rather than his own, that he should go upon the ticket. They felt the vital importance of carrying New York, and realized that no man could contribute so much to that result as General Arthur with his thorough knowledge of the organization. Governor Dennison, of Ohio, among others was very earnest in his plea. The duty of accepting was put to General Arthur as a matter of patriotic obligation; and finally, against the protest of Senator Conkling even to the last, he reluctantly yielded his own wishes and allowed the completion of the ticket of Garfield and Arthur.

The Elder's Way.

Elder Traverse, who died lately in Buffalo, old and bent and full of years, was once the most noted man in eastern New York as a camp meeting leader. He had a powerful voice and was a fluent speaker, and in the prime of life could get away with any man who ever sought to disturb his meetings. The elder was once holding a camp meet at Yonkers, and word reached him that a notorious rough, known as "Chicago Bob," intended to be on hand on Sunday for a row. He made no reply and took no precautions, but when Bob appeared on the grounds with a cigar in his mouth and a slingshot in his sleeve the elder didn't grow pale worth a cent. Bob had come out there to run things, and he took a front seat. When the crowd began to sing he began crowing, and thus created confusion.

"Robert, you had better sit down," observed the elder quietly, as he came forward.

"Chicago Bob sits down for no man!" was the reply.

"Sit down Robert," continued the elder, as he put his hand on the loafer's arm.

"Here goes to clean out this crowd!" said Bob as he pulled off his coat.

Next instant the elder hit him under the ear, and as he fell over a bench he was followed up and hit again and again, and while in a semi unconscious state he was carried off by his friends.

Next day he was the first to come forward for prayers. The elder put his hand on his head and said:

"Robert, are you in earnest."

"I am."

"Are you seeking for faith?"

"You bet I am! If faith helps a man to get in his work as quick as you did yesterday, I am bound to have it if I have to sell my hat!"

He didn't get it very strong, but he did no more crowing while the campmeeting lasted.

Roasted to Death.

NEW ORLEANS, September 16.—The *Democrat's* Little Rock despatch says: "Jane Campbell, a colored woman living near Dyke's Mill, killed two of her children, aged 10 and 12, by beating out their brains with a pine knot, for some trivial act of disobedience. After the inquest, when the cause of death became generally known, a mob of whites and blacks dragged Mrs. Campbell from her cabin, tied her to a stake, and despite her screams literally roasted her alive.

It is estimated that there are 7,000,000 jews in the world.

Chapin as a Worker.

Like Theodore Parker, Chapin undoubtedly felt his vitality to be so immense that it could not be overtaxed. Parker came of a long lived race, but he died of overwork at fifty. Chapin seemed made for infinite endurance, but he was shaken at sixty, and died at sixty-six. Some years ago, in the height of his prosperous lecturing career, the Easy Chair met him at the Albany railroad station in the early evening of a winter day. He was snatching "a bite" and a cup of coffee, and as the bell rang, they hurried to the train, Chapin carrying a lumbering bag and shawls, and laughing and joking as they crawled into the car. He had been out all the week, starting early on Monday morning, after preaching twice on Sunday. He had lectured every evening during the week, traveling hard all day. 'Up before light," he said, gayly, "eating tons of tough steaks and bushels of cold apples, whizzing on in those stifling cars, and turning out just in time to swallow a cup of tea and off to the lecture." It was tremedous work, as only the fully initiated know. But he made it all a joke, and his swift tongue flew humorously on from incident to incident, and presently began to discuss the new books and new articles in the magazines, with sharp and just discrimination. Suddenly the train stopped, evidently not at a station. The night was cold and stormy. Presently the conductor passed, and Chapin asked to know the reason of the delay. The conductor replied that there was some derangement of the locomotive; and Chapin said, quietly, "This is bad business for a man who has to preach at eleven o'clock to-morrow morning, and whose sermon is not begun." His companion remonstrated; but Chapin's eyes twinkled as he answered: "Burns sang the cottier's Saturday night, but the minister's Saturday night is yet unwritten. At least," he said, laughing, "this one is likely to be unwritten." It was past midnight when the train reached the city. "Good-night," cried the hearty voice. "Go home and go to bed; I'm going to work." The next time the Easy Chair met the preacher, it asked about that sermon. "Oh, that was all right. I went home, and there was a bright fire in my study, and a brew of hot coffee, and I finished that sermon just as the sun rose." And the next morning he was probably off again for another week of the same kind. It was at the same Albany station that, crossing in the bleak winter night over the river, Theodore Parker was fatally chilled. He and Chapin were both stalwart men, with such ample and overflowing strength that it seemed to them to be exhaustless. But they worked bravely while it was yet day, and their works do follow them.—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Speculator's Deserted Mansion.

All residents of Nevada, will recall what a famous resort Bower's Mansion used to be in the flush times some fifteen years ago.

Sandy Bowers