RETIRING FROM BUSINESS.

BY BRET HARTE.

What the colonel's business was nobody knew, nor did anybody care particularly. He purchased for cash only, and never grumbled at the price of anything he wanted; who could do more than that?

Curious people occasionally wondered how, when it had been fully two years since the colonel, with every one else, abandoned Dutch creek to the Chinese, he managed to spend money freely and to lose considerable at cards and horse races. In fact the keeper of that one of the Challenge hill saloons which the colonel did not patronize was once heard to wonder absent-mindedly whether the colonel hadn't a money mill somewhere, where he turned out eagles and "slugs"—the coast name for $50 gold pieces.

When so important a person as a bartender indulged publicly in the idea, the inhabitants of Challenge hill, like all good Californians everywhere, considered themselves in duty bound to give it grave consideration; so, for a few days, certain industrious professional gentlemen who won money of the colonel carefully weighed some of the brightest pieces and tested them with acids, and sawed them in two, and retired them, and melted them up, and had the lumps assayed.

The result was a complete vindication of the colonel and a loss of considerable custom by the indiscreet barkeeper.

The colonel was as good-natured a man as had ever been known on Challenge hill, but being mortal the colonel had his occasional times of despondency, and one of them occurred after a series of races in which he had staked his all on his bay mare Tipsie and had lost.

Looking reproachfully at his beloved animal, he failed to heed the aching void of his pockets, and drinking deeply, swearing eloquently and glaring defiantly said that all mankind were equally unproductive of coin.

The boys at the saloon sympathized most feelingly with the colonel. They were unceasing in their invitations to drink, and they exhibited considerable christian forbearance when the colonel savagely dissented with everyone who advanced any proposition, no matter how incontrovertible. But unappreciated sympathy grows decidedly tiresome to the giver, and it was with a feeling of relief that the boys saw the colonel stride out of the saloon, mount Tipsie and gallop furiously away.

Riding on horseback has always been considered an excellent sort of exercise, and riding is universally admitted to be one of the most healthful means of exhileration in the world. When a man is so absorbed in his exercise that he will not stop to speak to a friend, and when his exhileration is so complete that he turns his eyes from well meaning thumbs pointing significantly into doorways through which a man has often passed while seeking bracing influences, it is but natural that people should express some wonder.

The colonel was well known at Toddy Flat, Come Hand, Blazar's, Murderer's Bar and several other villages through which he passed. As no one had been seen to precede him, betting men were soon offering odds that the colonel was running away from somebody.

Strictly speaking they were wrong, but they won all the money that had been staked against them, for within half an hour there passed over the same road an anxious-looking individual who reined up in front of the principal saloon of each place and asked if the colonel had passed.

Had the gallant colonel known that he was followed, and by whom, there would have been an extra election held at the latter place very shortly after, for the pursuer was the constable, and for all officers of the law the colonel possessed hatred.

On galloped the colonel, following the stage road, which threaded the old mining camps on Dutch creek, but suddenly he turned out of the road and urged his horse through the young pines and bushes, which grew thickly by the road, while the constable galloped on to the next camp.

There seemed to be no path into the thicket into which the colonel had turned, but Tipsie walked between the trees and shrubs as if they were familiar objects of her stable yard.

Suddenly a voice from the bushes shouted:

"What's up?"

"Business—that's what."

"It's time," replied the voice, and its owner—a bearded six-footer—emerged from the bushes and stroked Tipsie's nose with the freedom of an old acquaintance. "We ain't had a nip since last night, and there ain't a cracker or a handful of flour in the shanty. The old gal go back on yer?"

"Yes," replied the colonel, ruefully; "lost every blasted race. 'Twasn't her fault—bless her—she done her level best. Ev'rybody to home?"

"You bet," said the man. "All been a prayin' for yer to turn up with the rocks an' somethin' with more color than spring water. Come on."

The man led the way and Tipsie and the colonel followed, and the trio suddenly found themselves before a log hut, in front of which sat three solemn, disconsolate looking individuals, who looked appealingly at the colonel.

"Mack 'll tell yer how 'twas, fellers," said the colonel, meekly, "while I pocket the mare."

The colonel was absent but a very few moments, but when he returned each of the four was attired in pistol and knife, while Mack was distributing some dominoes made from a rather dirty flour sack.

"'Taint so late as all that, is it?" inquired the colonel.

"Better be an hour ahead than miss in this 'ere night," said one of the four. "I ain't been so thirsty since we came around the horn in '50, an' we run short of water. Somebody 'll get hurt if there ain't any bitters in the old concern—they will, or my name ain't Perkins!"

"Don't count your chickens 'fore they're hatched, Perky," said one of the crowd, as he adjusted the domino under the rim of his hat. "S'posin' there should be too many for us?"

"Stiddy, stiddy, Cranks!" remonstrated the colonel. "Nobody ever gets along if them 'low themselves to be skeered."

"Fact," chimed in the smallest and thinnest man in the party. "The Bible says something 'might hot 'bout that. I disremember zactly how it goes, but I've hern Parson Buzzy, down in Maine, preach a rippin' old sermon many a time. The old man never thort what a comfort them sermons wuz agoin' to be to a road agent, though. The time we stopped Slim Mike's stage and he didn't have no more manners than to draw on me, them sermons was a perfect blessin' to me—the thorts of 'em cleaned my head as quick as a cocktail. An'—"

"I don't want to dispute Logroller's pius strain," interrupted the colonel; "but ez it's Old Black that's arrivin to-day instead of Slim Mike, and ez it's Old Black allers makes his time, hadn't we better vamose?"

The door of the shanty was hastily closed and the men filed through the thicket until near the road, when they marched rapidly on in parellel lines with it. After about half an hour Perkins, who was leading, halted and wiped his perspiring brow with his shirt sleeve.

"Fur enough from home, now," said he. "'Taint no use bein' a gentleman if yer have to work too hard."

"Safe enough, I reckon," replied the colonel. "We'll do the usual; I'll halt 'em, Logroller tend to the driver, Cranks take the boot, and Mack and Perk takes right and left. An' I know it's tough—but considerin' how everlastin eternal hard up we are, I reckon we'll have to ask contributions from the ladies, too, if there's eny aboard—eh, boys?"

"Reckon so," replied Logroller, with a chuckle that seemed to inspire his black domino with a wrinkle or two. "What's the use of women's rights ef they don't ever have have a chance to exercise 'em! Hevin' their purses borrowed 'll shown 'em the full doctrine in a bran new light."

"Come, come boys," interrupted the colonel, "that's the crack of old Black's whip; pick yer bush—quick! All jump when I whistle."

Each man secreted himself near the roadside. The stage came swinging along handsomely; those inside were laughing heartily at something, and Old Black was just giving a delicate touch to the flank of the off leader when the colonel gave a shrill, quick whistle and five men sprang into the road.

The horses stopped as suddenly as if it were a matter of common occurrence. Old Black dropped the reins, crossed his legs and stared into the sky, and the passengers all put out their heads with a rapidity equaled only by that with which they withdrew them as they saw the dominoes and revolvers of the road agents.

"Seems to be something the matter, gentlemen," said the colonel, blandly, as he opened the door. "Won't you please get out? Don't trouble yourself to draw, 'cos my friend here's got his weapon cocked an' his finger's rather nervous. Ain't got a handkerchief, hev yer?" asked he of the first passenger who descended from the stage. "Hev? Well, now, that's lucky. Just put yer hands behind yer, please—so—that's it." And the unfortunate man's arms were securely tied behind him in an instent.

The remaining passengers were treated with similar courtesy, and the colonel and his friends examined the pockets of the captives. Old Black remained unmolested, for whoever heard of a stage driver having money?

"Boys," said the colonel, calling his brother agents aside and comparing receipts, "'taint much of a haul; but there's only one woman, and she's old enough to be a fellow's grandmother."

"Like enough she'll pan out more than all the rest of the stage put together," growled Cranks, carefully testing the thickness of the case of the gold watch. "Just like the low-lived deceitfulness of some folks to hire an old women to carry their money, so it'd go safer. Mebbe what she's got ain't nothin' to some folks that got hosses that can win money at races, but—"

The colonel abrubtly ended the conversation, and approached the stage. He was very chivalrous, but Cranks' sarcastic reference to Tipsie needed avenging, and as he could not consistently with business arrangements put an end to Cranks, the only lady would have to suffer.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the colonel, raising his hat politely with one hand while he drew open the coach door with the other, "but we are taking up a collection for some deservin' object. We was goin' to make the gentleman fork over the hull amount, but ez they ain't got enough, we will have to bother you."

The old lady trembled, felt for her pocketbook and raised her veil. The colonel looked into her face, slammed the stage door, and sitting on the hub of one of the wheels, stared vacantly into space.

"Nothin'?" queried Perkins in a whisper, and with a face full of genuine sympathy.

"No—yes," said the colonel, dreamily. "That is, untie 'em and let the stage go ahead," he continued, sprinking to his feet. "I'll hurry back to the cabin." And the colonel dashed into the bushes and left his followers so paralyzed with astonishment that Old Black afterward remarked that if there'd been anybody to attend to the horses he could have cleaned out the hull crowd with his whip.

The passengers, relieved of their weapons, were unbound, allowed to enter the stage, and the door was slammed, upon which Old Black picked up his reins as if he had laid them down at the station while the horses were being changed, then cracked his whip and the stage rolled off, when the colonel's party hastened back to their hut, fondly inspecting as they went certain flasks they had obtained while transacting their business with the occupants of the stage.

Great was the surprise of the road agents as they entered their hut, for there stood the colonel in a clean white shirt and a suit of clothes made from the limited spare wardrobes of the other members of the band.

But the suspicious Cranks speedily subordinated his wonder to his prudence, as laying a hevy purse on the table, he exclaimed:

"Come, colonel, business before pleasure, let's divide and scatter. Ef anybody should hear about it, an' ketch the traps in our possession they might—"

"Divide yourselves," answered the colonel with a white abruptness and a great oath, "I don't want none of it."

"Colonel," said Perkins, removing his own domino and looking anxiously into the leader's face, "be you sick? Here's some bully brandy which I found in the passengers' pockets."

"It hain't nothin'," replied the colonel with averted eyes. "I'm goin' and I'm retirin' from business forever."

"Ain't a goin' to turn evidence?" cried Cranks, grasping a pistol on the table.

"I'm going to make a lead mine of you ef you don't take that back!" roared the colonel, with a bound that caused Cranks to drop the pistol and retire precipitately, apologizing as he went. "I'm agoin' to attend to my own business, and that's enough to keep anybody bizzy. Somebody lend me $50 till I see him agin."

Perkins pressed the money into the colonel's hand, and within two minutes the colonel was on Tipsie's back and galloped off in the direction the stage had taken.

He overtook it, passed it, and still he galloped on.

The people of Mud Gulch knew the colonel well and made it a rule never to be astonished at anything he did; but they made exception to the rule when the colonel canvassed the principle barrooms for men who wished to buy a horse, and when a gambler who was flush obtained Tipsie for twenty slugs—only $1,000, when the colonel had always said there wasn't gold enough on top of ground to buy her—Mud Gulch experienced a decided sensation.

But when the colonel, after remaining in the barbor shop for half an hour, emerged with his face clean shaved and his hair nicely trimmed and parted, betting was so wild that a cool-headed sporting man speedily made a fortune by betting against every theory that had been advanced.

Then the colonel made a tour of the stores and fitted himself with a new suit of clothes, carefully eschewing all of the gorgeous patterns and pronounced colors so dear to the heart of the average miner. He bought a new hat and put on a pair of boots, and pruned his finger nails, and, stranger than all, he mildly declined all invitations to drink.

As the colonel stood in the door of the principal saloon, where the stage always stopped the Challenge hill constable was seen to approach the colonel and tap him on the shoulder, upon which all men who bet that the colonel was dodging somebody claimed the stakes. But those who stood near the colonel heard the constable say:

"Colonel, I take it all back. When I seed you go out of Challenge hill it come to me that you might be in the road agent business, so I followed you—duty, you know. But when I seed you sell Tipsie I knew I was on the wrong trail. I wouldn't suspect you now if all the stages in the country was robbed, and I'll give you satisfaction anyway you want it."

"It's all right," said the colonel, with a smile. The constable afterward said that nobody had any idea of how curiously the colonel smiled when his beard was off.

Suddenly the stage pulled up to the door with a crash, and the male passengers hurried into the saloon in a state of utter indignation and impetuosity. The story of the robbery attracted everybody, and during the excitement the colonel slipped out quietly and opened the door of the stage. The old lady started and exclaimed:

"George!"

And the colonel jumped into the stage and putting his arm tenderly around the trembling form of the old lady, cried:

"Mother!"

Loafing.

Does the young man who persists in being a loafer, ever reflect how much less it would cost to be a decent respectable man? Does he imagine that loaferism is more economical than gentility? Anybody can be a gentleman, if he choses to be, without much cost, but it is mighty expensive being a loafer. It costs time, in the first place, days, weeks and months of it: in fact, about all the time he has, for no man can be a first class loafer without devoting his whole time to it. The occupation, well followed, hardly affords time for eating, sleeping, dri——we almost said drinking, but on reflection, we will except that. The loafer finds time to drink. Whenever invited, at the cost of friends. Once fully embarked on the sea of loaferdom, and you bid farewell to every friendly sail of sails under an honest and legitimate flag. Your consorts will only be the buccaneers of society. It costs money, for though the loafer may not earn a cent or have one for months, the time lost might have procured him much money, if devoted to industry instead of sloth. It costs health, vigor, comfort, all the true pleasures of living, honor, dignity, self-respect, and the respect of the world when living, and finally, all right consideration when dead. Be a gentleman, then; it is far cheaper.,—*Valley Farmer.*

Farmer Ben's Sayings.

Little roosters crows loud.

Every cloud does'nt bring rain.

Gnarly apples don't pay for their fodder.

Light head of wheat stands straight.

Oats in the meader goes in with the hay.

Cornstalks in the weeds li'ble to git eat up.

A lying tongue puts a patch on its neighbors.

Robin in the tree top's better'n a fifty cent barometer.

Weeds in the corners be as bad as holes in the pockets.

You can't guess by the size of the calf what butter's worth a pound.

You can't tell by the blossoms which of the apples will be wormy.

Chicken hawks never say nothin', when its going for the chicken coop.

A Cure for a Kicking Cow.

A correspondent gives the following simple directions: Take a piece of wire long enough to pass around the under jaw, and fasten together at the ends, so that it can be easily slipped off and on the jaw. To prevent her throwing it out, pass a strap with a buckle through the wire and over the neck and buckle it. Tie into the were a rope long enough to reach to reach to the milker's knee, and when the cow gives signs of an infection to kick, give the cow a sudden jerk, which will at once turn her attention from her udder to her jaw, and she will actually forget to kick. I have found it to work like a charm after repeated failures with appliances used at the rear of the cow.

Lady Beautifiers.

Ladies, you cannot make fair skin, rosy cheeks, sparkling eyes with all the cosmetics of France, or beautifiers of the world, while in poor health and nothing will give you such rich blood, good health, strength and beauty as Hop Bitters. A trial is certain proof.

A Woman Marries a Woman.

SEQUEL TO WHAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE A SENSATIONAL STORY—THE FACTS.

Some four years ago quiet a sensational article appeared in the San Francisco *Chronicle*, copied from a Tuscarora paper, to the effect that a certain nice young man, Mr. G. M. Potter, who had been a happy man for about a year, was not a gentleman, in fact, but a lady in disguise, and that his, or her young wife was immediately to be married by a young clergyman of the town to a *bona fide* man of her choice, and with the full consent of her husband, the lady man.

Here the story was abruptly left, incomplete, and though we readers of the *Chronicle* anxiously awaited the sequel we waited in vain; it never came, and the story was regarded as a *Chronicle* canard, with no truth to its foundation.

This same little story appeared in many eastern papers, copied from the enterprising *Chronicle*.

Some weeks since I chanced to meet a real genial couple, Mr. and Mrs. William Potter, at the Franklin House, one of Harrisburg's most home-like hotels. I, one day, related this story, when Mr. Potter told me S. M. was his sister, Sarah Melissa Potter, and gave me her history, which I now give to the public, that, what was considered a reckless thing, may be properly understood.

She is a lady of about thirty-five years, and has always been eccentric, having from her childhood something of the boy nature, preferring tops, kites and horses and out-of-door pursuits to doll babies and dish washing; was always lover-like in her manner to girls, treating men and boys more as if she was one of them. Some years ago she had gone to the far West. In some way her trunk was lost—a big Saratoga—with all her womanly attire. She was too independent to send home for money, as her friends disapproved of her leaving the home nest. She tried for many days to find employment, but failed and became dispirited and discouraged, her money all gone and no hope for employment.

Early one morning, seeing a kindly-faced woman in a store, she went in, told her story, and then and there made a trade, gave her womanly garments in exchange for a suit of boy's clothes and a little money.—With the money she had her hair cut man fashion, got a good breakfast, and paid her fare to a neighboring town, where she immediately found employment, such as driving a baggage wagon. After this she had no difficulty in getting work, for which she was well paid.

She met with various young ladies, to whom she paid more or less attention, and finally made the acquaintance of Miss Emma Blank. The two were mutually pleased with each other, and were much together.—The father of the young girl was not favorable to the intimacy, and forbade the young lady to receive his attentions. Whereupon she the daughter, told S. M. of her unhappiness at home, having no mother, nor sisters, she was quite alone with her father, who was dissipated and often unkind to her.

S. M. told the secret of her womanhood and offered to take her under her protection, until she should find the right one, the man of her choice and worthy of her affections. This could not be done without a marriage, so the two were married and kept house as Mr. and Mrs. Potter. S. M. succeeded well in business, well supported his wife and frequently bringing gentlemen home with him to dine or pass the evening, the young lady had ample opportunity to make the acquaintance of a number of gentlemen, of whom S. M. seeing them daily in their ordinary business pursuits, could judge as to character and their worthiness of the love of a good girl. Among the number one seemed particularly pleased with Emma, and as a gentleman and an honorable man, he told S. M. he must discontinue its visits. Then came disclosures and explanations and avowals among the three, which ended in the marriage and gave away the bride.

So the story became known, and quickly found its way into the papers.

Mr. Potter says S. M., has used the chest tones, until now she talks quite as mannish as any man; but in form she is a perfect woman.

She is at present with her mother near Binghamton, and has again donned woman's attire, but she does not seem satisfied or at ease in it, and there is no telling how soon she will again burst out upon us, as a man of business, a "Richard III." a "King Lear," or "Othello," for I predict her boy's nature will not long submit to the restraint of petticoats and trained dresses.—*Nellie*

Died at the Age of 125 Years.

Mrs. Nancy Tims, of whom mention was made in these colums three weeks ago, and who is perhaps the oldest living being, is daily growing more feeble, and it now seems quite evident that she cannot survive much longer. Many of our citizens have called to see this venerable woman since her arrival here a month ago, and have listened with eagerness to her recitals of the long ago. For one and a quarter centuries Mrs Tims has been a living witness to passing events. She was present at the battle of Brandywine, fought 104 years ago the 11th of last month, and assisted her mother to mold bullets for the use of the Americans in that contest. Her sixth and only living child, a son, is now ninety years old, and is a resident of Texas. Her youngest child, also a son, was accidently killed in Weakly county, in 1843, at the age of twenty-five years. This wonderful lady, of such unusual longevity, is of small stature, perhaps never weighing over 100 pound, and until the past fifteen years, since which time she has been helpless, she exercised freely, doing what her hands found to do. A prominent gentleman of this country, himself well advanced in years, states that fifty years ago Mrs. Tims was a very old woman.

Since the above was written Mrs. Tims died.—*West Tennessee Whig.*

Kahoka, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.—I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co. last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she had taken for years.

The poultry keeper who succeeds the best is the one who takes the best care of his flock. There is no more luck about it than there is about boiling water.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell? When it is wrung for dinner.

Thought There was an Accident.

The Milwaukee *Sun* relates the following.

The convention of doctors from all over the State, which had been in session here this week, was composed of the best practitioners and ablest men of their profession to be found anywhere. There were no charlatans, no frauds or quacks among them that we know of, and their meeting must have been one of profit to themselves and of ultimate value to the people under their care. There was one laughable thing occurred at one of their meetings. The yard masters of the United States were having a convention here at the same time, and a railroader got in a little too much bug juice by some unaccountable mistake, and on inquiring where the convention was held, he was directed to the hall occupied by the doctors. He went in pretty full, and took a seat between two doctors and fell asleep. As he awoke he saw a lot of counterfeit pieces of human frame on the table, a sort of manakin taken apart. There were liver and lungs and arms and legs, bones and everything, and a doctor was illustrating some operation he had performed. The railroader epened his eyes as big as headlights. Turning to the doctor on the left he punched his ribs and said:

"Been a nac (hic) cident?"

The doctor saw the man was full, and supposing he was some country doctor chloroformed by designing persons, and filed up against his will, he said:

"Yes been a terrible accident."

The intoxicated railroader asked as he sat straight and tried to look wise:

"Wuzzit a clish'n, or engine blowed up?"

The doctor said it was a train wrecked, and he took another seat, while the railroader turned to another doctor and said:

"I saw a switch (hic) 'gine run over a tramp once and cutemallup. Less go and take a drink."

A Touching Story.

One rarely meets a bit of more touching romance than is found in the following story, that comes from Wales:

"Years ago some Welsh miners in exploring an old pit that had long been closed, found the body of a young man dressed in a fashion long out of date. The peculiar action of the air of the mine had been such as to preserve the body as perfectly that it appeared asleep rather than dead. The miners were puzzled at the circumstance; no one in the district had been missed within their remembrance, and at last it was resolved to bring the oldest inhabitant, an old lady long past her eightieth year, who had lived single in the village the whole of her life. On being brought into the presence of the body a strange scene occurred; the otd lady fell on the corpse, kissed and addressed it by every term of loving endearment, couched in the language of a bygone generation. He was her only love; she waited for him during her long life; she knew that he had not forsaken her. The old woman and the young man had been betrothed sixty years before. The lover had disappeared mysteriously, and she had kept faithful during that long interval. Time had stood still with the dead man but had left its mark with the living woman. The miners who were present were a rough set, but very gentle and with tearful eyes they removed the old lady to her house, and the same night her faithful spirit rejoined that of her long-lost lover."—*Church Union.*

About Shoe Heels.

It is said that a man can always tell a sensible woman by the heel of her shoe. There is the high heel hooked in under the instep, which indicates giddiness, bad taste and a want of culture; then there is the medium heel, which indicates a desire for fashion, and yet an objection to excess; then there is the lady-like, small heel, slightly curved, not quite so low as the heel of a man's boot, but yet low enough, and placed in the proper position for comfort; that indicates good breeding, good sense and delicacy. Young men shhould know this and judge accordingly.

A Counterfeiter Captured.

Reading, Pa., September 21.—While out hunting near Indiantown Gap, to-day, Constables Ranger and Gotes discovered a counterfeiting shop and arrested the man who was busily engaged mouiding trade dollars. He gave his name as George Hummel, brother of Josiah Hummel, one of the Raber murderers. Several moulds and a number of spurious trade dollars were found.

Two Murderers Lynched.

Little Rock, Ark., September 13.—On Saturday about midnight, armed men surprised the jail at Dardanelle, took out John Taylor and J. T. Bruce, charged with murder, dragged them through the street and hanged them to the limb of a tree. The prisoners made a desperate struggle, and died cursing the leaders of the mob. The event has created intense excitement in Yell and adjacent counties.

Sale of a Valuable Stallion.

Louisville, Ky., September 28.—The California stallion Nutwood, half brother of Maud S., was sold to-day at J. C. McFerran & Co., of Louisville, for $15,000.

Women that have been pronounced incurable by the best physicians in the country, have been completely cured of female weakness by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Send to Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Nothing in this world yields larger and quicker returns on the amount invested than poking a wasp with your finger to see if he feels well.

A corn on the toe is said to have caused the death of a Louisville lady. Another sad case of shoeicide caused by getting tight.

When you give, take to yourself no credit for generosity unless you deny yourself someting in order that you may give.

Tumors, erysipelas, mercurial diseases, scrofula, and general debility cured by Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher.

The purest, best and cheapest remedy is that simple compound Peruna.

Even if a man has two lawns he generally wants a lawn mower.

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☞It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.

As it has been proved by thousands that

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SPRING MEDICINE.

Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.

Is put up in Dry Vegetable Form, in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine. Also in Liquid Form, very Concentrated for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*

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THEY CURE

All Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleeplessness and especially Female Complaints.

$1000 IN GOLD.

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

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BURLINGTON ROUTE.

☞No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.

The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.

The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.

Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.

Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.

Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.

All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given, and will send *Free* to any address an elegant *County Map* of United States, in colors, by applying to

J. Q. A. BEAN, Gen'l Eastern Agent.

PE-RU-NA

$1000

Will be paid if any impurities or mineral substances are found in PERUNA, or for any case it will not cure or help.

PERUNA is purely a vegetable compound. It is not equalled by any or all other medicines combined. This is strong language, but it is true.

PERUNA is being more extensively prescribed by honest physicians than any other half-dozen remedies known to the profession.

PERUNA positively cures consumption and all other lung and heart diseases.

For intermittent fever, chills and fever, dumb ague, the infallible remedy is PERUNA.

No matter what your disease is, where located, be you young or old, male or female, go at once for PERUNA.

Tell your neighbors and your friends that PERUNA is the only remedy, and will cure you and them. Send for a pamphlet.

S. B. HARTMAN & CO., Osborn, Ohio.

Keep your bowels and pelvic organs regular with

MAN-A-LIN

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C. N. BOYD, Druggist,
Somerset, Pa.

May 4

NOW SHOWING

CARPETS!

FOR FALL SALE!

THE LATEST AND BEST STYLES.

THE BEST QUALITIES!

DRUGGETS,

LIGNUM,

LINOLEUMS, &c.

H. M'CALLUM,

77 FIFTH AVENUE,

ABOVE WOOD ST.

sept14-3m.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

By virtue of certain writs of Vend. Ex., Fi. Fa. and Lev. Fa., issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Somerset Co., Pa., and to me directed, there will be exposed to public sale at the Court House, in Somerset, Pa., on

Saturday, October 15, 1881,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., all the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant, Wesley Finecy, of, in and to the following described real estate, situate in Shanksville, Somerset county, Pa., containing ¼ acre, more or less, with a large two story frame dwelling house and stable thereon erected, fronting on Main street on the south, and bounded on the west by lot of George Finecy, and on the north and east by an alley, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution at the suit of Charles Shank and Herman Shank.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant, Magdelena Berkley now Magdelena Uphouse, of, in and to the following real estate, situate in Milford township, Somerset county, Pa., containing 24 acres, more or less, with a two-story dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings thereon erected, adjoining lands of Joseph Walker, Freeman Enfield and Chauncey F. Boyd, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution at the suit of Andrew Hoover, Administrator of Mathias Judy, deceased.

—ALSO—

All the right, title, interest and claim of the defendant, A. Degler, of, in and to the following lot of ground, situate in Confluence borough, Somerset county, Pa., know on town plot as lot No. 16, in block B, with a two-story frame dwelling house thereon erected, fronting on Railroad street, and adjoining lots of H. Valentine on the south and Thos. Hill on the north, with the appurtenances.

Taken in execution at the suit of Thomas McEnrue.

NOTICE.—All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that a part of the purchase money—to be made known at the time of sale—will be required as soon as the property is knocked down, otherwise it will be again exposed to sale at the risk of the first purchaser. The residue of the purchase money must be paid on or before Thursday of the first week of November Court, the time fixed by the Court for the acknowledgment of deeds, and no deed will be acknowledged until the purchase money is paid in full.

EDGAR KYLE,
Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Somerset, Sept. 21, '81.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE OF

Sarah Lohr's Real Estate.

By virtue of the authority vested in me by the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., I will sell on the premises, on

Saturday, October 29, 1881,

a tract of land situated in Jenner Twp, Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Cornelius Buechly, Anthony Ash and others, containing 52 acres and 53 perches and allowance, with a small house, and barn and other outbuilding thereon erected, about 40 acres cleared; a good orchard on the same, and good water.

—TERMS OF SALE—

One-third in hand, balance in two equal annual payments with interest, the hand money to be paid 1st of April, 1882, and the payments to fall due 1st of April, 1883 and 1884, to be secured by judgment bond.

$100 to be paid or secured when the property is bid off as security for compliance with the conditions of sale.

ADAM H. MUSER,
Trustee.

Oct. 5

ORPHAN'S COURT SALE.

Of the real estate of Michael Spangler, dec'd.

By virtue of authority vested in me by the authority of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., I will expose to sale at public outcry, on the premises, on

Saturday, October 29, 1881,

a tract of land situate in Quemahoning Twp, Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob S. Miller, lands formerly owned by Valentine Miller, land of Michael Dickey and others, containing 44 acres and allowance, more or less, with a two story frame house, thereon erected, frame barn and other outbuildings, about 40 acres cleared, of which about 8 acres are in meadow, the rest well timbered, a good apple orchard is also thereon, and the whole premises well watered by springs.

—TERMS OF SALE—

Six hundred dollars ($600) in hand 1st of April, 1882, the balance in three equal annual payments, with interest falling due 1st of April, 1883, 1884 and 1885; possession given and deed delivered April 1st, 1882.

$100 must be paid or secured when property is bid off as security to Trustee.

JONATHAN MILLER,
Trustee.

Oct. 5.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE
OF
VALUABLE REAL ESTATE.

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., I will expose to public sale, on the premises, on

Saturday, October 22, 1881,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the real estate of the late George Stough, deceased, consisting of a valuable farm, situate in Upper Turkeyfoot township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of Henry Whipkey, William King, Herman Kregar and Green B. King, containing 100 acres, more or less, of which there are about 70 acres clear and balance well timbered, having thereon erected a fine two-story frame house and good log barn; having also an excellent young orchard of choice fruit-bearing trees, and a number of never failing springs. This farm is desirably situated and convenient to school, church and mill.

TERMS:

One-third to remain a lien on land being the widow's dower, ten per cent. cash on day of sale, one-third of balance on confirmation of sale and the remainder in two equal annual payments, with interest, secured by judgment bond. Possession given on delivery of deed.

GEO. W. STOUGH,
Administrator.

sept28

BOARDING & LODGING.

I have opened a first-class

BOARDING HOUSE

at Hooversville, Somerset county, Pa., where I can accomodate all who may call. Meals and lodging furnished at low rates.

March 2. CHARLES A. LEWIS

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of W. S. Ferner, late of Milford township, deceased.

Letters of administation on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to the said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Friday, October 14th, 1881, at the house of the deceased.

JOHN CUMMINS,
Administrator.

aug31

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Ephriam D. Snyder, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands will present them duly authenticated for settlement, on Thursday, the 20th day of October, 1881, at his late residence.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
Administrator.

sept14

LEGAL NOTICE.

To Christena Keim, (widow) Peter Keim, who is dead, leaves heirs, viz.: John H. Clay, Nelson and Amelia Kline, all of Westmoreland county, Pa., (2) Joseph Keim, of the State of Nebraska, (3) Edmund Keim, of Nebraska, (4) Jacob Keim, of Adair county, Mo., (5) Mary, intermarried with Jonas Blough, of Cambria county, Pa., (6) David Keim, (7) Jonas Keim, (8) Elizabeth, intermarried with Samuel M. Fike, (9) Catharine, intermarried with Henry H. Blough, and (10) Christena, intermarried with Wm. M. Kretchman, all of Somerset county, Pa.:

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a writ of partition, issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset county, Pa., I will hold an inquest on the real estate of Jacob Keim, deceased, in Elklick township, at his late residence, on Monday, the 31st day of October, 1881, where you can attend if you think proper.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE,
Somerset, Sept. 21, '81.

EDGAR KYLE,
Sheriff.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of John Duckworth, late of Addison township, deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority; notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 5th day of November.

M. A. ROSS,
Executor.

sept28

The Somerset Herald!

(ESTABLISHED 1827.)

One of the leading Papers of Western Pennsylvania.

IS STALWART REPUBLICAN.

HAS DOUBLE THE CIRCULATION OF ANY OTHER NEWSPAPER IN THE COUNTY!

It Will Contain the General News of the Day.

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Speak for Themselves.

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JOB DEPARTMENT!

WE HAVE THE BEST FACILITIES WEST OF THE MOUNTAIN.

☞WE are prepared to furnish on short notice, and at a great reduction on former prices, all kinds of

JOB WORK,

such as:

LETTER HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
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LABELS,
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NOTES OF ALL KINDS,
DODGERS,
CIRCULARS, &C., &C.

Orders from a distance will receive prompt and careful attention.

Address,

The Somerset Herald,
PRINTING HOUSE ROW,
Somerset, Pa

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA RAILROAD.

SOUTHWARD.

	Johnstown. Depart.	Somerset. Arrive.	Rockwood. Arrive.
Mail	10:30 a. m.	12:2[illegible] p. m	[illegible]
Local	10:50 a. m.	2:00 p. m.	[illegible]
Express	4:05 p. m.	5:35 p. m.	[illegible]

NORTHWARD.

	Arrive.	Depart.	Depart.
Express	8:30 a. m.	6:30 a. m.	[illegible]
Mail	3:50 p. m.	2:14 p. m.	[illegible]
Local	11:35 p. m.	7:30 p. m.	[illegible]

The Mail and Express, north and south, run daily; the Local Train daily except Sunday.

On the Pittsburgh Division, B. & O. Railroad through passenger trains, east bound, will leave Rockwood at 1:41 p. m., and 11:56 p. m., arriving respectively at Washington at 9:35 p. m., same day, and 6:30 next morning, and at Baltimore at 10:30 p. m., same day, and at 7:40 next morning.

Westward-bound through trains leave Baltimore at 9:30 a. m., and 8 p. m., and Washington at 10:40 a. m., and 9:15 p. m., arriving respectively at Rockwood at 6:04 p. m., and 4:33 a. m.

PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

	Leave,	275 Miles	Arrive to Phila.
Johnstown Ex.§	5:45 a. m.	departs	[illegible]
Pacific Ex.‖	6:37 a. m.	stops	[illegible]
Chicago Day Ex ‖	10:28 a. m.	flag	[illegible]
St. Louis Day Ex ‖	10:48 a. m.		[illegible]
Mail ‖	12:12 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Huntingdon Acc.§	3:29 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Cincinnati Ex.‖	7:13 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Johnstown Acc.§	6:35 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Fast Line ‖	10:46 p. m.		[illegible]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

	Leave.	78 miles to	Arrive Pitts.
Pittsburgh Ex *	3:30 a. m.	stops	[illegible]
Cincinnati Ex ‖	6:23 a. m.		[illegible]
Johnstown Acc.§	6:32 a. m.	stops	[illegible]
Mail Ex.‖	7:14 a. m.		[illegible]
Altoona Acc.§	10:12 a. m.	arrives	[illegible]
Pacific Ex ‖	10:39 a. m.	stops	[illegible]
Way Passenger ‖	4:26 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Chicago Ex ‖	5:21 p. m.	stops	[illegible]
Fast Line ‖	9:40 p. m.		[illegible]
Mail §	10:16 p. m.	stops	[illegible]

‖ Daily. § Daily except Sunday. * Daily except Monday.

The Johnstown Express, Mail, Huntingdon and Johnstown Accommodation are local trains east, and the Johnstown Accommodation, Altoona Accommodation, Way Passenger and Mail are local trains west.

The Fast Line, east and west, will stop on Sundays, and east at East Conemaugh on Saturday only.

The Cincinnati Express west will stop on Sundays.

The Chicago Express west when flagged will stop at Blairsville Intersection, Latrobe, Greensburg, and East Liberty.

The Pacific and Johnstown Express east, and Altoona Accommodation and Pacific Express west connect with the Ebensburg & Cresson Branch in the morning, and by the Cincinnati Express east and mail west in the evening.

BATIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH DIVISION.

On and after May 23, 1881, trains on this road will depart from and arrive at depot, corner Grant and Water Streets, as follows:

EAST. Leave:	MAIL.	WEST. Leave:	MAIL.
Pittsburg	10:00 a. m.	Baltimore	[illegible]
Braddock	10:30 "	Washington	[illegible]
McKeesport	10:55 "	Cumberland	[illegible]
West Newton	11:10 "	Hyndman	[illegible]
Broad Ford	11:54 "	Rockwood	[illegible]
Mt. Pleasant	1:06 "	Ohio Pyle	[illegible]
Connellsville	12:09 "	Connellsville	[illegible]
Uniontown	12:43 "	Uniontown	[illegible]
Ohio Pyle	12:57 "	Broad Ford	[illegible]
Rockwood	1:41 p. m.	Mt. Pleasant	[illegible]
Hyndman	3:06 "	West Newton	[illegible]
Cumberland	3:40 "	McKeesport	[illegible]
Washington	9:35 "	Braddock	[illegible]
Baltimore	10:50 p. m.	Pittsburg	[illegible]

The Express train leaves Pittsburgh at [illegible] M., arriving at Connellsville 10:55 P. M., Rockwood 11:40 P. M. In return the Express leaves Cumberland at 2:35 A. M., arriving at Rockwood 4:33 A. M., Connellsville 6:04 A. M., Pittsburgh 7:45 A. M.

The most direct and pleasant route to the East and South via Washington City.

Through Mail leaving at 10:21 A. M. daily, arrives at Washington at 9:25 A. M.; Baltimore [illegible] P. M.; Philapelphia 3:10 A. M.; New York [illegible] A. M.; Richmond 11:35 A. M.

Through Express, leaving 8:05 P. M. daily, arrives at Washington at 6:30 A. M.; Baltimore [illegible] A. M.; Philadelphia: 1:15 P. M.; N. Y., [illegible]

Through Mail trains daily.
Express trains daily except Sunday.
Accommodation trains and Fayette Express daily except Sunday.

Ticket offices, corner Fifth Avenue and Wood streets, and depot corner Grant and Water sts., Pittsburgh, Pa.

C. K. LORD, Gen. Passenger Agent.
L. M. COLE, General Ticket Agent.

—THE—

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN

RAILWAY,

Is the OLDEST! BEST CONSTRUCTED! BEST EQUIPPED! and hence the

Leading Railway

—OF THE—

WEST AND NORTHWEST!

It is the shortest and best route between Chicago and all points in Northern Illinois, Iowa, Dakota, Wyoming, Nebraska, California, Oregon, Arizona, Utah, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada and for

Council Bluffs, Omaha

DENVER, LEADVILLE,

SALT LAKE, SAN FRANCISCO

DEADWOOD, SIOUX CITY,

Cedar Rapids, Des Moines, Columbus, and all Points in the Territories, and the west. Also, for Milwaukee, Green Bay, Oshkosh, Sheboygan, Marquette, Fond du Lac, Watertown, Houghton, Neenah, Menasha, St. Paul, Minneapolis, Huron, Volga, Fargo, Bismarck, Winona, LaCrosse, Owatonna, and all points in Minnesota, Dakota, Wisconsin and the Northwest.

At Council Bluffs the Trains of the Chicago & North-Western and the U. P. R'ys depart from, arrive at and use the same joint Union Depot.

At Chicago, close connections are made with the Lake Shore, Michigan Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Ft. Wayne and Pennsylvania, and Chicago and Grand Trunk R'ys, and the Kankakee and Pan Handle Routes.

Close connections made at Junction Points.

It is the ONLY LINE running

Pullman Hotel Dining Cars

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CHICAGO and COUNCIL BLUFFS

Pullman Sleepers on all Night Trains.

Insist on Ticket Agents selling you Tickets via this road. Examine your Tickets, and refuse to buy if they do not read over the Chicago & North-Western Railway.

If you wish the Best Traveling Accommodations you will buy your Tickets by this route ☞AND WILL TAKE NONE OTHER.

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