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MARYLAND FARMS.—Book and Map free. By C. E. SHANAHAN, Att'y. Easton, Md. Feb 1. 62.

A MAN WITHOUT A PLAN.

BY MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

He had no fixed plan;
He ever was shifting,
And walking and talking,
And turning and drifting,
He talked of his trials,
And dwelt on his woes,
Quite out at the elbows,
And out at the toes.

"Ah! Fate was so hard!
It favored his neighbor,
Though toiling each day,
Att the commonest labor,
He always had plenty,
With something to spare,
While he, Paul Augustus,
Had nothing but care."

He had no fixed plan,
No solid foundation,
No place to take root in
In God's great creation.
He'd sailed and he'd floated,
A zephyr, a bubble,
With no sense of comfort,
Gnd no end of trouble.

"A jack at all trades,"
A bit of a lawyer,
A sort of a scribe,
With the pay of a sawyer;
A half-way apprentice
To every new scheme,
He lived and he died
In an uncertain dream.

He had no fixed plan,
No "will" to assist him;
And so when he vanished,
Why, nobody missed him,
Oh! by this true story
Take warning, young man;
Start out with a will,
And some definite plan.

A FEARFUL NIGHT.

I was invited to a lunch party in one of the inland cities of Pennsylvania not long ago, and was much impressed by the appearance of one of the younger ladies present. She was not beautiful, but united the striking characteristics of a brilliant, fresh complexion, and a profusion of hair, white as snow, which was wound on the top of her head after the fashion of Madrozo's "Marquise," belonging to Mrs. A. T. Stewart. She was very merry, a good talker, and, I must confess, I contrived to accupy the larger part of her attention with the tendency toward monopolizing the best which the moment affords that I am told is often observed by my familiars.

After bidding adieu to the ladies, I turned to the obliging friend who had been my sponser at these incidental gayities of ——, and casually remarked, after talking somewhat of my new acquaintance:

"By Jove what hair! It accents her whole appearance. Wasn't she lucky to achieve it young?"

My friend removed his cigar.

"That depends upon how you look at it. I am inclined to think, taking things by and large, that she was. I doubt, however, if she wouldn't say to-day that the price was rather large. And it was a pretty big price. Do you like stories? I'm minded to tell one, if you like, about the white hair you admire so much."

We went over to the hotel and something like this my friend told me:

"You have no idea, you city people, the interest we country people take in the courtships of young folks. From the time Harry Wells began to sadle up to Mamie Clausen at church socials until their marriage in the First Presbyterian church the entire community gave minute consideration to their affairs. Mamie's father, John Clausen, was and is now a prominent commission merchant, generally considered wealthy, and has always lived at least like a man of means. Mamie was pretty and dashing, a local belle and a great favorite. Harry's people lived a few miles from town, and they, too, were people of reputation in the county. Old Jack Wells represented us a few times in the Legislature and has accumulated in one way and another a handsome property.

"The marriage was in every way a suitable one. Harry was educated at Princeton, and although he had at one time the reputation of being wild, he has sobered down, and was at any rate such a frank, manly young fellow that he was generally forgiven any discretion.

As I say, the marriage was the occasion of general rejoicing. Mamie's father gave her an unusually good send off, and the details were sent far and wide through the State. Harry had studied law, although he didn't have much natural inclination for it, the old man thinking his political experience might serve Harry in that way, and had settled down into a country notary, drawing up deeds and doing up hack-work of that sort. They lived about four miles out of town, and two miles from old Jack's. He had built them a pretty modern cottage on a detached portion of his farm. Harry had his office, an ornamental little structure, a few rods from the house, and there they lived as happy as two birds.

Gradually Harry picked up business, and finally through his father he became trustee for the minor heirs. They were an odd lot of children, with a half-crazy mother and no end to coal mines and mining investments. It was a good thing for Harry, although it gave a naturally lazy man some additional work. The worst thing was that it obliged him to go to Scranton now and then and leave Mamie. You may imagine that there was a good deal of visiting at the house of two such popular young people, and that four-mile stretch of road was generally kept pretty warm. When Harry had to go away Mamie would get in her phayeton and drive to town, and there was always some of the young people to go out and keep her company. Harry always insisted that she mustn't stay alone. For a law-abiding State we have a pretty rough element in it, and, although we haven't had much to complain of here, there is a general sense of uneasiness.

One August afternoon Harry had an unexpected summons to go to Scranton about a suit connected with the minor heirs. He had recently sold some of their property and had been making various collections, which left in his hands about $4,500. When he found he had to go off at a few moments' notice he wrapped up a bundle of papers and his money and took them into the house. Mamie was making preparation for a picnic they were to go to the next day, and begged him to wait until the day after.

"But, my dear child, I haven't time even to go to town and put these in the bank, so you'll have to take care of them. I'll try and get back in two days at the furthest, meanwhile nobody will know that the money is here."

Then he explained to her the value of the papers and handed her a canvass bag, in which was the $4,500 belonging to the minor heirs.

"Where will I keep it, Harry? Between the mattresses?"

"Just like a woman! No. But I declare I don't know where to tell you. The most insecure place apparently is often the most secure. Any place, dear, but between the mattresses. I leave that to you. But you must guard it, if necessary, with your life, for remember the money is not ours, and at all hazards I am responsible. I don't really suppose there is the least danger, for no one knows I have it. But one ought to take proper precautions, and I beg of you not to admit any tramps while I am gone. Tell Sarah not even to allow them to stop long enought to eat a biscuit."

"All right, dear; we won't let the tramps have a drink even, and I'll take care of the money you may be sure."

Harry bade his wife good-bye and Mamie gave up the picnic. At the end of two days she received a telegram from him, saying he had been detained, and telling her to get some one to stay with her for two days, when he would be at home. She drove into town and one of her old friends went out with her. At the end of two days she had another telegram, saying he had been detained until the next day. Her friend went home, and in place of Harry came a third telegram, and so every day for ten days he was expected home, and every day came a disappointing telegram. By this time she had become accustomed to her charge, which she had set like a bag of seed beans in a corner of a dark closet opening from her room.

The afternoon of the tenth day was a hot, murkey afternoon. Mamie had gone up stairs to take a nap and refresh before dressing to meet Harry, who was expected home after the longest absence he had ever made from her.

After a time Sarah came up and told her there was a tramp down stairs who wanted something to eat, and who would not be driven off.

"You oughtn't to leave him a minute alone, Sarah. Go down and watch him, and I will come down and send him off."

She dressed herself quickly and went down stairs, surprised to find how late it had grown. When she reached the kitchen she found also a messenger with another telegram which announced another disappointment, but the next day, without fail, Harry wrote, he would be home. As Mamie turned into the kitchen she heard the tramp and Sarah in evident dispute.

"Yes," said the fellow, when that time comes your mistress will have another ironing table, helping you, instead of wearing her Sunday clothes every day."

"An' spoilin' everything for me to do over. I think I see her. I've work enough to do," answered honest Sarah, not indisposed to have a chat over her work.

Mamie found a graceless-looking fellow, unshaven and ill-dressed who, with a certain gentlemanly instinct, rose up as she came in.

"I suppose my girl told you we had nothing for you, and that it will be a great kindness if you will leave as soon as possible."

"Yes, she did just that, madame, but I took it upon myself to believe it wasn't so urgent. The truth is, I'm very hungry and dead tired, and I didn't believe but that you would give me something to eat; at least I've waited to ask you in person."

Women are soft-hearted creatures. Mamie went and got him something to eat, herself. The darkness that had been increasing for some time came down rapidly and there burst one of those terriffic thunder-storms that gather so suddenly and with such force in this country. After its strength was spent—and I remember that it was the most violent of the season—there fell steady sheets of rain that brought Rock Creek over the bridges before morning.

"Madam, it's no use in talking. You can't mean to send a fellow out in such a storm," said the tramp, as the three stood on the porch watching the storm.

"I'm sorry, but I've no place for you."

"What, in a house like this. It's a pity there isn't a cranny for a stowaway. I was walking around it, waiting for the girl, and it seems to be able to hold three people."

"You are very impertinent. I have no place for you, and the storm is already breaking away."

As she spoke even the rain came down in blinding sheets, and lightning streaked the heavens.

"Well," he said carelessly, "we don't go much on manners on the road, but I know I wouldn't send a dog out such a night like this. I'm not a particular chap, leastwise not nowadays, and I'll have to insist on your giving me some sort of shelter if it's only your dog-kennel."

The man spoke with decision. Mamie felt that after all they were really in his power, and possibly it might be worth while to do civilly what she would probably have to do at last.

"I will keep you on one condition," she said. "There is a loft to the house, a sort of a garret, which is very comfortable. It is closed with a trap door, and you may sleep on the lounge there if you will allow us to lock the door on the outside."

"Bless my stars and garters!" he said, looking at her curiously. "I don,t care where you lock the door."

They took him up stairs, and he climbed up the steep attic stairs. The women shut the door as he very politely bade them good night, and they fastened the padlock, hearing him chuckle to himself as he kicked off his boots.

"I'd take the key, mum," said Sarah.

Mamie took the key with her and the two descended to shut up the house. After they had made everything secure they went back up stairs.

"You must sleep in my room to-night, Sarah," the mistress said. Sarah dragged in her bedding and made a pallet on the floor, and then, after the custom of women, they examined the closets, looked under the bed and piled the chairs against the locked door. The rain was still falling heavily and the night was black as ink. The mistress and maid went to bed and, although worried and anxious, finally went to sleep.

After midnight Mamie found herself awake and a bright light shining in the room. She started up and saw that it was the moonlight. The storm had cleared away at last. She got up unable to compose herself immediately, and went to the window. The moon was indeed shining brightly. As she stood looking at the peaceful scene before her she saw way down the road, for it was as bright as day several horsemen. It was such an unusual sight at this hour that she stood watching them as they came nearer. To her surprise they turned up the lane leading toward their house, and on reaching the gate came into the yard. Now, almost paralized with fear, she saw that they were masked. The truth almost blinded her. They knew that she was alone, that she had this money and they had come to get it. For a moment she was paralyzed. She remembered Harry's last words: "You must guard it with your life if necessary."

She ran to the sleeping Sarah and awakened her. She got down Harry's rifle, which he had loaded and taught her to use. The sleeping girl was soon thoroughly awake, and she explained to her their condition.

"It's the tramp that's done it."

"The tramp. No. Sarah, the key, to the attic."

She flew up the stairs, unlocked the padlock and opened the trap. The man sprang up at the sound.

"Come, come with me." His own senses alert, and hearing the noise of the horses below and steps about the house, he followed her without a word. At the foot of the stairs she stopped.

"I have a large sum of money in the house and those men have come to get it, thinking I am alone. If they kill me that money must be guarded."

"What, have you pistols, shotguns?" he whispered, taking in the whole situation.

Here is my husband's rifle. Is is loaded."

"Hist. Where are they going to break in?" The steps came boldly on the piazza to the front door.

"Get behind me I will fire at the first man that enters. How many barrels are there?"

"Six, all loaded."

"Very well. Keep this cane in your hand for me in case I need it."

"There was no storming of shutters. They heard the key applied to the door softly. It opened and a man followed by two others confidently entered. The first figure walked directly to the stairs. He had taken but a step when three shots came in rapid succession. There was a heavy thud; this man dropped and the other two turned and fled. Sarah ran to the window and two horses galloped down the lane.

"Don't faint, madam; there's work yet to do," said the tramp.

Mamie caught hold of the rail for support and then went into the room. "Get a candle, Sarah."

They lighted a candle and gave it to the tramp, who went down stairs, the two women following with brandy and ammonia. The man had fallen backward and lay with his face up and head toward the door.

"Raise the mask and give him air first, madam."

Mamie raised the mask and fell back with a wild shriek.

"Do you want to know now why her hair is white?" he asked.

"It was Harry Wells!" I answered. "It was that smiling, popular young scamp."

"It's no use to ask why he did it. I don't care. Motives don't matter in such a case. But she, Mamie—Mrs. Wells—she has gray hair, but there is no trace of that midnight tragedy in her face."

"I believe she was ill for a long time, answered my friend. "They say small pox cures one of other disseases. Well, some griefs are like small-pox: they cure you of lesser weakness—tenderness of the heart, for example. This, I think, was one of them."

"And the tramp"—

"He and Sarah were of course the witnesses at the inquest. The next day he was off on his journey, and I have never heard of him since.—*N. Y. World.*

The Lash.

ANNAPOLIS, Md., March 30.—Governor Hamilton to-day signed the bill recently passed for the punishment of persons guilty of assaulting their wives. The new law provides that any person who shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be sentenced to be whipped, not exceeding forty lashes, or imprisonment not exceeding one year, or both, in the discretion of the court. The sheriff is to do the lashing.

Mr. C. Whipple, 371 Croghan Street, presents these facts: "For six years I have suffered beyond all expression with Sciatic Rheumatism and tried every known remedy but all to no purpose. At last I saw in the *Free Press* an advertisement of St. Jacobs Oil, tried it and am well. I can walk without limping a and sleep free from any pain.—*Detroit Free Press.*

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Special Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, March 29, 1882.

Since General Grant's appearance in Washington, rumors about cabinet changes have filled the air. He may have nothing to do with the proposed changes, but every body seems to think that he has. It was thought that the father-in-law of General Grant's son, ex-Senator Chaffee, would be made Secretary of the Interior, but it seems that Senator Teller, of Colorado, is to have the place. If the Indians read the papers, they are now trembling in their boots, if they have any boots, with the announcement that Teller will be over the head of the Indian Bureau. He has no sentimental tenderness for these unlovely wards of the nation. If the truth were known, he believes with General Sheridan that the best Indian is a dead Indian, and that they have no more right to the splendid western domain than the panther an cayotes while they help to make it a howling wilderness. We see too much of the Indian here at Washington. There is nearly always a delegation from some tribe here ostensibly for the purpose of having a talk with their "Great Father," President Arthur. Their talks amount to nothing, and are good for nothing, and it is strange that the President does not stop such empty humbuggery. These talks are gotten up by the Indian agents who become tired of the dullness and nothing-to-do-ness of frontier post life, and, desirous of having a pic nic, they bring half-a-dozen filthy chiefs to Washington to talk over some imaginary grievance which if it were a real grievance could be much better adjusted on the ground, at that end of the line.

To return from the frontier to the cabinet, it is rumored that General Beale, who was Minister to Austria under Grant's first term, will be made Secretary of the Navy in place of Judge Hunt. Wm. E. Chandler is also talked of for the place, and it is quite probable that one of them will get it. Judge Hunt can well retire on his assets. During his brief incumbency, he has given his sons permanent and lucrative places in the U. S. Navy.

A bill prohibiting the immigration of Chinese has been passed by a large majority, and the President it is said will not veto it. Maybe he will though, there are just now influences in and around the White House that are friendly to the heathen Chinee. It is said that the picturesque Chinese embassador with his large and picturesque suit will leave immediately for Spain, taking with him the trade and the good will of the hailed and flowery kingdom. The embassador and his suit in their gorgeous silk drapery are no more like the Chinamen of the Pacific coast than Oscar Wilde and Dr. Mary Walker are like men. If the embassodor carries out his threat to leave, Connecticut Avenue will lose one of its chief Sunday afternoon attractions. You know that this avenue is the Sunday afternoon promenade of fashionable Washington, and, when the weather is fine not even the Boulevard des Italiens at 12 midnight presents a gayer, more vivacious, or vainer spectacle. The Chinese legation do not mingle with the promenaders, but they stand on a low balcony fronting the avenue, and, arrayed in the bright-colored, loose-flowing silks of their country, evidently enjoy being gazed at by the throng of promenaders.

C. A. S.

Surprised.

A good many years ago, an English clergyman traveling through this country was struck by the beauty of a church which was nearly completed in one of our larger cities. Entering an open door, he observed a group of workmen in the chancel and addressed one who seemed to be directing others:

"Bishop Blank resides here, I believe?"

"Yes."

The stranger knew this dignitary by reputation as one of most eloquent and godly in the church, and asked curiously:

"Where is his place?"

"There," pointing to a plain brick dwelling across the street. The Englishman was perplexed, being used to the pomp of the lord bishop at home, who in their aprons and lawn sleeves held an imposing place in the House of Peers.

"Ah—h! Now, this church? Very good, indeed. Pure style. Better than I hoped to see in America. Who designed this stone-work?"

"I did," modestly replied the man

"The master-mason, eh? Who was your architect?"

"I was the architect, too," smiling.

"Indeed! Why, you are Jack of all trades. You will tell me you designed the windows next."

"I did."

The Englishman was amused. He chatted with the workman awhile, finding him to be singularly modest and quiet in manner, but said at last, "I am going to pay my respects to the bishop. At what hour will I probably be admitted?"

"You will not find him at home now; I am the bishop."

Afterwards the Englishman in telling the story, said: "I learned to know and reverence him w... after that and I never knew a m... so lacking in self-esteem. Whe... er in the canticle I thank Go... the 'holy and humble men of ... I think of the American bisho..."

A good story is told of a J... of Vermont, well known a... nounced teetotaler, to illu... value of some men's p... Invited to attend some ... festival, the Judge was ... his arrival if he would h... of milk, and responding ... proffered a glass of what ... milk, but was in fact a m... milk punch. Taking a si... the Judge soon returned to ... and drained it to the bottom... he returned it to his ente... with the exclamation, "*Lord, ... cow*"

The Disposal of Dead Animals.

When a horse, cow, sheep or hog dies the question arises as to where they shall be placed. The location being selected, it is there left as a prey to carrion birds, dogs and insects. Sometimes the hide is taken off and the remainder of the carcass is thrown away. It is a serious mistake to waste the carcasses in such a manner, as the flesh is rich for fertilizing matter of the most valuable kind, and the bones are useful also. There are several methods of disposing of them without trouble, the quickest being the immediate decomposing of the animal in the manure heap, which is simply chopping it up in pieces and placing the pieces in the centre of the compost. Or, if preferred, the carcass can be taken to some selected point and covered with a thick covering of earth, there to remain until it decays, in which case the earth absorbs the gasses to a great degree, and the carcass is thus disposed of. It should be protected against dogs by a covering of rails or boards, to prevent the earth being scratched away from it. In the course of time the bones can be ground or pulverized at leisure and dissolved with sulphuric acid; which renders them available for plant food at once. Dead animals are somtimes more valuable than when living. The French buy dilapidated horses, kill them and use them for fertilizing purposes. The English are very careful to use every portion of them—entrals, meat and bones. The Dutch have large pots filled with boiling water and lye, into which they throw flesh and bones, letting it boil for a few hours and afterwards pour, when cooled, into barrels. In a few weeks they find the bones partly dissolved. The liquid is poured over the manure, the undissolved bones first pounded and mixed with manure. This is a good method of preparation, but the mass should be composed with earth, as the lye is detrimental to the manure heap on account of its propensity to liberate nitrogen. The matter of of the disposal of carcasses is not a difficult one, as any farmer can easily summon sufficient ingenuity for his purpose, but the fault is that the farmer does not preserve them for use at all, thus depriving himself of valuable enriching matter. A dead horse or cow is worth a ton of the best farmyard manure, and probably more valuable than two or three tons of unprotected manure.—*Philadelphia Record.*

An Eloquent Passage.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of Eternity to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else, why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds came over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where they pass before us like shadows, will stay forever in our presence.—*G. D. Prentice.*

Face Difficulties.

Have the courage to face the difficulty, lest it kick you harder than you bargained for. Difficulties, like thieves, often disappear at a glance. Have the courage to leave a convivial party at the proper hour for doing so, however great the sacrifice; and to stay away from one upon the slightest grounds for objection, however great the temptation to go. Have the courage to do without that which you do not need, however much you admire it. Have the courage to speak your mind when it is necessary that you should do so, and hold your tongue when it is better that you should be silent. Have the courage to speak to a poor friend in a seedy coat, even in the street, and when a rich one is nigh. The effort is less than many people think it to be, and the act is worthy of a king. Have the courage to admit you have been in the wrong, and you will remove the fact in the mind of others, putting a desirable impression in place of an unfavorable one. Have the courage to adhere to the first resolution when you can not change it for a better, and abandon it even at the ele... upon conviction.

The Heart of a Child.

The other day a curious old woman, having a bundle in her hand and walking with a painful effort, sat down on a step to rest. She was curious because her garments were neat and clean, though threadbare, and curious because a smile crossed her wrinkled face as children passed her. It might have been this smile that attracted a group of three little ones, the oldest about nine. They all stood in a row in front of the old woman, saying never a word, but watching her face. The smile brightened, lingered, and then faded away, and a corner of the old calico apron went up to wipe away a tear. Then the eldest child stepped forward and asked:

"Are you sorry because you haven't got any children?"

"I—I had children once, but they are all dead!" whispered the woman, a sob in her throat.

"I'm awfully sorry" said the little girl, as her own chin quivered. "I'd give you one of my little brothers here, but you see I haven't got but two, and I don't believe I'd like to spare one."

"God bless you, child—bless you forever!" sobbed the old woman, and for a full minute her face was buried in her apron.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do," seriously continued the child. "You may kiss us all once, and if little Ben isn't afraid you may him four times, for he's just as sweet as candy.

Pedestrians who saw the three well dressed children put their arms around that old woman's neck and kiss her were greatly puzzled. They didn't hear the woman's words as she rose to go.

"O! children, I'm only a poor old woman, believing I'd nothing to live for, but you've give me a lighter heart than I've had for ten years."

Wolves in a Church.

While the inhabitants of the Spanish village Unarre were attending the celebration of the midnight mass in their parish church on Christmas eve last, a terrible surprise was awaiting them outside the sacred edifice. During the service a pack of hungry wolves had gathered around the church doors, and when these were thrown open to let the congregation out the ferocious brutes, stimulated by famine to an unusual display of audacity, made a desperate onslaught upon the crowd. According to an eye witness an indescribable panic ensued. Men and women alike, screaming for aid, strove to escape from their savage assailants; several, while struggling frantically to reach the doorway, fell down and found themselves at the mercy of the famished wolves. The only man who displayed any presence of mind was the sacristan, who contrived to clamber into the pulpit, and thence imitated the bark of a dog so effectively that the invaders took fright and fled, but not before they had killed three of their victims and mangled five others so horribly that they were not expected to recover at the time when this tragical affair was published in the Spanish papers. Measures have been taken—somewhat late in the day, as is generally the case in the peninsula—by the local authorities for the extirpation throughout the district at present infested by those cunning and sanguine carnivora.

Rest for the Weary.

What a strange thought! All the world is seeking rest. Those who drag their weary bodies home night after night, and fall down on their restless beds worried with the anxieties and cares of business, and yet seeking rest. It is found in poverty; perhaps it lurks under the rich man, all the while that he lies groaning upon his couch or stands with wrinkled brow perplexed with care. Where is rest? What is rest? It is the divine principle of peace that comes from God. As well seek roses on the pallid cheek of death as rest out of God. The needle rests not till it turns to the pole. If a little child is frightened at play, he comes running into the house after his mother. She takes him into her bosom, presses kisses upon his brow, and while she sings some lullaby of love, all fear fades from his face and he sleeps in peace. God wants to fill a mother's place to all the world. If it be misfortune or poverty, or gloomy foreboding that makes one unhappy, God can give him rest and breathe a lullaby of love about his tempest tossed soul will still its ringing. Rest, peace, is a principle that lies within us, not without. Some not possessing it, have a crowned head uneasy. O, that every anxious, longing heart would look to him who walketh among tne golden lamps of heaven. "Take my yoke upon you, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."

An Old Valentine.

The *Ledger*, of Easton, Md., says that a valentine sent by a youth in Washington to a girl in Easton, recalls a story of a name of note in American history. The name of the sender of the missive is Beturn J. Meigs, and the same christain name has been in the Meigs family for several generations. Many years ago, in [anti-]revolutionary days, Jonathan Meigs court... a young lady who rejected ... dresses. Meigs continued ... the girl, though too pro... second time to win her ... ed never to marry ... to live and die ... she of her ... After a ... lent...

... of April ... the acknowledg... is full.
...SPANGLER,
Sheriff.

...RATOR'S NOTICE.
...J. Casebeer, late of Somerset borough, 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 please present them duly authenticated for settlement at the office in Casebeer's Store, on Friday, April 7, 1882.
WM. B. FREASE,
J. W. CASEBEER,
Administrators.
mar1

...MAN,
Register.

...NEES' ACCOUNTS.
... following accounts have been filed and ... be presented for confirmation, on
Thursday, April 27th, 1882,
1. G. B. King, Assignee of Godfrey Hochst...ler.
2. G. B. King, Assignee of Michael Hochstetler.
3. D. W. Will, Assignee of John King and wife.
4. George Barclay, Assignee of Solomon Baker
5. First and Final account of J. R. Scott, Committee of H. J. Rook.
Somerset, Pa., March 27th, 1882.
S. U. TRENT,
Prothonotary.

...WEIMER,
Treasurer.

...OR'S NOTICE.
...tate of ... Salisbury Bor., ...deceased.
... on the above estate ... the undersigned by the ... hereby given to those ... to make immediate ... claims or demands ... duly authenticated for ... 15th day of May, 1882.
N. GEORGE KEIM,
Administrators.

... at home. Samples ... Address STIN... Mar.15-1yr.

PUBLIC SALE
OF VALUABLE LOTS AT
LAVANSVILLE, PA.!
The undersigned Executor and Trustee for the sale of the real estate of Mary Gundle, late of Somerset township, deceased, will offer for sale, at public outcry at the Court House, at Somerset, on
Saturday, April 15, 1882,
at 1 o'clock p. m., the following real estate, viz:
No. 1. The house and two lots of ground, situated on the north side of the public road, running east and west through the town of Lavansville, adjoining Levi Knepper on the east, alley on the north, Isaac Flick's heirs on the west, and public road on the south.
No. 2. Two lots of ground on the south side of said road in said town, adjoining John Thompson on the east, alley on the south, Alex. Countryman on the west, and public road on the north.
TERMS:
One-half cash on day of sale, ¼ in six months, and ¼ in twelve months, without interest. Payments to be secured by judgment bond.
J. S. COUNTRYMAN,
Executor and Trustee of Mary Gundle, dec'd.
mar2

SWEDISH BITTERS
75 CENTS WELL INVESTED.
One bottle of Swedish Bitters will prove to you that it is the greatest remedy, for Dyspepsia, Kidney and Liver Complaint that has ever been placed before the American public.
It acts upon the Liver and Kidneys, regulates the bowels, purifies the blood, and carries off all impurities that clog up the stomach, thereby making the system proof against all malarial and contagious diseases.
Are you sleepless at night? Are you languid on arising in the morning? Are you troubled with acute or dull pains in side and back? If so, at once for Swedish Bitters—it will cure you.
If you are constipated or troubled with indigestion, want of appetite, lack of energy, take Swedish Bitters, it will renew health, strength and invigorate you.
The Test is the Proof.
For malaria, chills and fever take Anderson's Ague Specific.
MANUFACTURED BY ...
ANDERSON'S AGUE SPECIFIC