A MAN THAT SUCCEEDED.

"My only daughter, sir," said Col. Monteagle. "And, as I venture to hope, accomplished in her way. We are not much in the way of the schools and academies here, but I have been her instructor myself, and she is a thorough mathematician, an excellent musician and a linguist of no mean capacity. We are studying Hebrew now every day, she and I, and she devotes her evenings to comprehensive reviews of her Latin and Greek. She will be a scholar, sir, if I live to complete her education."

Mr. Crofton looked curiously at the oddly assorted pair—the silver-haired, shabby-attired old gentleman, with his bald forehead, eagle eye and delicately white hands; and the dark browed, sullen looking girl, with a gypsy skin, untidy frock and patched boots.

Pretty? Yes, she might be pretty under such circumstances. The diamond itself is not an attractive stone before the lapidary's art has polished its rude angles into glittering facets of white fire. But she certainly possessed no sweet, feminine graces now.

"How old are you, Miss Monteagle?" he asked, finding it imperatively necessary to say something.

And Mary Monteagle answered in words, "seventeen," while her looks replied plainly, "none of your business."

"Go, my child, and gather some flowers to deck our humble board," said the old gentleman, magniloquently, while he conducted the son of his oldest friend into the tumble-down old stone house, where the carpet was moth eaten, the furniture mildewed, and every trace of decayed gentility told the sad story of better days.

Mrs. Monteagle, who had been a beauty once, and had her portrait engraved in a "Gallery of American Rose Buds," was sitting up in state in a battered boudoir, in a black silk dress that must have been quite a quarter of a century old, with a flower in her silver-sprinkled hair, and still preserving the girlish attitude in which the engraver's pencil had immortalized her, oddly contrasting with the sharpened outlines and haggard abruptness of her sixty odd years.

And this was the way in which the old couple lived, in the dead past that it were, Col. Monteagle starving contentedly on the recollection of his past grandeur, and his wife fondly fancying that time had stood still since the days in which was counted worthy to be one one of the "American Rosebuds.

Mrs. Monteagle sweetly welcomed her guest and touched the little hand bell at her side.

"We will dine, Sarepta," she said to the maid.

"Please, ma'am," breathlessly uttered that young person," there ain't nothing for dinner. We eat the last of the cold beef yesterday, and the dog he tipped over the pan of oysters, and—"

"That will do, Sarepta," said Mrs. Monteagle, with a red spot mounting to each of her cheek bones. "I said—we will dine!"

And Sarepta withdrew with a jerk.

The dinner was served presently—an instance of the magnetic power of will—but there was no cold beef, neither were there any oysters. Fruit, a thin watery soup of herbs and parsley, tastefully garnished salad of lettuce and mayonnaise, and a dish of peaches and cream, formed the meal.

"Quite Arcadian!" said Mrs. Monteagle, with a giggle.

"And very badly served," secretly commented Mr. Crofton to himself. "But the salad was nice."

"Where is Mary?" the Colonel asked.

"Drinking in the beauties of sunset, I presume," the lady answered airily. "The dear child has an artist's soul, and we do not tie her down to any hours or rules.,'

The Colonel fell asleep in his chair after dinner, Mrs. Monteagle and her painted fan withdrew themselves into the boudoir—and Mr. Crofton, inwardly bewailing himself that he had promised to stay a week at Monteagle Manor, sauntered out upon the heights which overlooked the valley below.

As he stood there, a rustling sounded in the bushes, and there the dark browed gypsy sprang up the hillside.

"You have a fine place here, Miss Monteagle," he said, by way of making himself agreeable.

"I hate it!" said Mary, darkly.

"I—beg your pardon," exclaimed Mr. Crofton, in amazement.

"I do," sang out the girl—"I hate it all. The learning, the purity, and the grand pretenses, and the miserable makeshifts."

"But—"

"Ah!" said Mary Monteagle, "you don't know it all. You never heard the tradesmen howling at the back doors like a pack of howling wolves; you don't know that the house is advertised for sale for tax arrears. How should you? How should you be aware that the very clothes we wear are not paid for, nor the coal that cooks our dinner? Papa smokes his segars and talks about the Mexican war; and mama poses in the great chair and dreams of embroidery work and tapestry stitch; and I—I am expected to learn Arabic and Sanscrit, and nobody knows what else, and to ignore our wretched poverty. But I can't. Who could.

Mr. Crofton looked pityingly a. the girl's sparkling eyes, and pale, excited face.

"I am very sorry to hear this," he said. "Can nothing be done?"

"Yes," said Miss Monteagle, brusquely. "Something can be done—and I am doing it, in so far as I can. But papa and mamma must not be allowed to suspect it. I am—learning a trade."

"You!" he echoed. "A trade!"

"There's a factory near-by here," she said, calmly. The country girls earn a little pocket money there sewing on shirts. I am to have a machine as soon as I have learned to manage it. I go every evening, while papa fancies I am at the Greek and Latin, to farmer Pelham's, whose wife teaches me the use of the machine. I am learning housework, too. I made the mayonnaise for your salad to-day, and I baked the bread. Our servant can't do nothing of that sort. But it would kill mamma to think that I stooped, as she would call it, to menial labor."

"You are quite right," said Mr. Crofton.

"That is what I wanted to know," said Mary, hastily. "Because, living here all by myself, in such a strange, unnatural atmosphere, I sometimes get confused, and scarcely know right from wrong."

"But they will have to know it when—"

"When I really go into the factory," said Mary. "Yes, I know that. But until then, I would fain spare them the pang. I am to have a dollar a day, Mrs. Pelham says, if I operate the machine skillfully. And a dollar a day will buy mamma many a little luxury and go far toward paying the grocer and the baker."

"You are a noble girl," said Mr. Crofton, warmly; and in his eye, at that moment, Mary Monteagle was glorified with rare beauty, as she stood there, the fresh wind blowing her jetty curls about the reflection of orange sunset, deepening the color on her cheek, and the grave, faraway sparkle of her eyes half-veiled beneath the long lashes. "And if I could be of any assistance to you in this task—"

"You can," said the girl, abruptly. "You can stay here and amuse papa, so that he shall not suspect what occupies my time. You can divert his attention from Sanscrit and Arabic and all these mysteries."

And, for the first time in his experience of her, Mary Monteagle then laughed—a mellow, bird-like laugh.

"I will," said Mr. Crofton, heartily.

And so the contract was sealed between them.

Instead of the week he had promised his father to spend with old Colonel Monteagle, the sojourn was extended to three.

At the end of that period, he gravely addressed himself to the dark-eyed daughter of the house.

"How is the trade?" said he.

"I am to have a machine next week," said Mary, with the conscious pride of one who has conquered fate; "and then—only think of it, Mr. Crofton—I shall earn a dollar a day!"

"Mary," said Mr. Crofton, seriously, "I have been thinking of another plan for you. You tell me that this farmer's wife has made a first-class house-keeper of you."

"I baked mince-pie yesterday!" said Mary, exultantly; "and I have quilted a quilt and made soft soap, within the week."

"I don't like the idea of your going into a factory," said Mr. Crofton. "Suppose now, by way of variety, you were to—marry me?"

"But you're not in love with me?" said Mary, opening her bright black eyes.

"But I am," said Mr. Crofton, with great gravity. "I have deliberately made up my mind that I can't be happy without you. And, although I don't profess to be a rich man, I believe I can make you a better allowance than six dollars a week, while at the same time you will not be compelled to work ten hours a day for it. This is the business like view of the question. Now on the more personal one. Don't you think, Mary, that you could love me? Because I love you very much indeed!"

"I might try!"

And then she blushed charmingly.

So Colonel Monteagle's daughter went to the fair Florida plantation on the shores of the river St. John, and astonished every one there with her thorough knowledge of housekeeping in all its details. And the two old people, with their burden of insolvency and care lifted off their lives, dwell quietly on, and talk to everybody who crosses their path of "the excellent marriage which my daughter Mary has contracted."

"A thorough scholar," says Col. Monteagle, with dignity. "A musician, a linguist, a thorough Hebrew student, and proficient in Latin and Greek. I myself was her instructor. It is not singular that a girl of such intellectual power should marry well."

But Colonel Monteagle, honest man, never dreamed that it was the sewing machine and soft soap, the mayannoise dressing, and the vehement struggle to get free from debt, which conquered Mr. Crofton's heart. There are plenty of scholars and poetesses in the world—but a real womanly woman—is not her price far above rubies?

Microscopical Discovery.

The Washington *Star* says that a singular microscopical discovery, which may prove highly important in a sanitary point of view, has been made by Thomas Taylor, M. D., of that city, microscopist of the Department of Agriculture. About one year ago, while dissecting the proboscis of a common house fly, Doctor Taylor discovered minute, snake-like animals moving quickly from the proboscis. Continuing his experiments from time to time since then, he finds that house flies are very frequently inhabited by these animals. He has found them generally in the proboscis of the fly, although sometimes they are found in the abdomen, and he thinks that house flies are carriers of these minute, snake-like animals, they may in like manner be conveyers of contagious germs. These animals measure about 8-100 to 1-10 of an inch in length, and about 2-1000 of an inch in diameter. They are classed under the *Nomatoidee*, genus *anquilliu'a*. They are much larger than trichinæ, or so called vinegar eels.

Dr. Taylor has found as many as seven of these animals in the proboscis of one fly, and three more in the abdomen, ten in all. Sometimes none are discovered, sometimes only one. But frequently four are seen. Their presence is usually indicated by a rolling movement in the interior portion of the proboscis. When this is observed, if a drop of water be placed upon it the animals will readily leave the proboscis and take to the water. They are frequently observed passing in and out of the proboscis to and from the water, as if the proboscis was their natural home. A power of twenty-five diameters is sufficient to observe their general movements, but for the examinations of their special movements and structure, from two hundred and fifty to five hundred diameters is necessary. They are perceptible to the naked eye in a certain light. Dr. Taylor proposes to make an experiment of feeding flies on trichinosed meat to test the possibility of trichinæ, or eggs of trichinæ, being taken up by flies. The experiments may lead to very useful results, in a sanitary point of view.

Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Kidney Liver or Urinary Diseases.

Have no fear of any of these diseases if you use Hop Bitters, as they will prevent and cure the worst cases, even when you have been made worse by some great puffed up pretended cure.

A Canadian widow recently achieved local notoriety by marrying her daughter's widower eleven weeks after the death of her husband.

The Burlington Hawkeye gets off this: "The Pennsylvania greenbackers say they are 'hopeful.' So is a man trying to cross the Atlantic on a plank."

BEAVER MEETS A FOE.

An Independent Who Hates the "306" Greets the Republican.

PHILADELPHIA, July 20, 1882.

General Beaver paid a social visit to the capital of Bucks county yesterday morning and spent the day among its people. He arrived from Philadelphia at 10 o'clock and was met at the station by a committee of citizens. His coming was known only an hour before he arrived, and there was no formal reception or speech making. The committee had carriages in waiting and drove him about the town, and after an hour's ride through its beautiful streets, brought up at the Purdy House. Here there were quite a number of citizens in waiting to receive him, and for nearly two hours he held an informal reception in the parlor of the hotel.

An amusing incident out of the beaten track of warm welcome and hearty hand-shaking occurred soon after his arrival. A young lawyer brought in a man past middle age, and approaching the General, said: "This is Jack Worthington, one of our Independents." The stranger took the General's out-stretched hand in a half-scared way, gave it a spasmodic shake, and turning quickly away, said: "Yes, I am an Independent. I cannot vote for you, General Beaver. I fear there is too much Cameron about you."

"Well, Mr. Worthington, I am glad to see you," said the General, good-naturedly. "You are the first Independent I have met in Bucks county. Sit down. I want to talk with you."

"No; I didn't come in town to see you. I came in on business and thought I would come in and show you one Stewart man. I am one, and will be, if I am the only one in the county."

"There is where you make your mistake, my friend. You ought not to be a Stewart man, or any man's man, but a Republican."

"Well, I am a Garfield Republican, and I don't like the 306. You voted for Grant, and I will never forgive you for it."

"I don't want to be forgiven. If it is a crime to have been friendly to a man who did so much for this country as General Grant, I want to be tried, condemned and punished for it now."

"Well, I don't vote for any of the 306 any way, and if Don Cameron owns Pennsylvania we better give him a deed for it, and I will move to Maryland, or somewhere else."

"Yes, that's the trouble. You let one man scare you out of the party, instead of staying in it and fighting him. That is not very brave."

"Well, it makes no difference, I am an Independent and am down on the 306."

"Well, I am glad to see you; you are the first one I have seen in the county. You can be held up as a frightful example to others. Temperence lecturers have a hard drinker to illustrate the evils of strong drink. You might answer a like purpose in politics. I would like to have you go with me. I think you would help the cause very much."

"I wouldn't go and I won't vote for you," said the man, losing his temper. "I hate the 306."

"Hold on," replied the General laughingly, "let us part friends," and he hopped over to where the man stood and extended his hand. The man took it nervously, gave it a quick jerk and turned away, muttering something about the 306.

"Glad to have met you, and shall always be glad to grasp your hand whenever I can," said the General, as the man walked off and the crowd laughed.

"It was said that the man had boasted in the morning that he was going to discomfit the General by asking him for his medal. He was never able to get beyond the word 306.

Live Stock in Midsummer.

The latter part of summer is often very trying to live stock. Pastures are short, old grain is high, the new not yet fit to feed. Milk may be in great demand and the farmer loath to cut in upon his corn fodder, intended for curing, to feed off the aftermath; he is lucky who can turn his young stock of cattle and horses into mountain or high wooded pastures, where they will have water and may make at least half a living upon underbrush, etc. Early sowed fodder corn comes in well now for milch cows, and there is really no other good use for it. If cut for curing it is hard to dry without molding and decaying, and if left to stand until after the middle of September, when it will cure well, it will be as woody and tough as "corn stalks." When fed to milch cows, fodder corn ought to be cut short and sprinkled with two to four quarts of corn meal per cow each day. There will then be no complaint of the quality or the quantity of the milk. If these are fed without the meal, the milk will surely be thin, and the cows are exhausted by the increased flow, and soon fall off in yield.

Horses in pasture are often extremely annoyed by flies. If they can stand when not in use in dark, sweet stables, by all means turn them into the pasture only at night. Gnats and mosquitoes are of little annoyance to horses, but the larger day-flies, and the *Œstrus*, or Bot-fly, set them almost crazy.

Ewes and lambs are usually separated in August, and while none of our domestic animals is more often used as a type of maternal affection than the ewe, yet the agony of separation will be of short duration, and not especially painful if the two flocks, dams and lambs, can be pastured so far apart as not to hear each others calls. It is well to put with lambs a few wethers as flock leaders, or a ram or two if there is danger of annoyance by passing dogs. The ewes should be penned and their milk drawn enough to relieve their udders several evenings in succession after taking the lambs away. Wounds on any kind of animals are liable to be fly-blown and very annoying. The best treatment that we know of is an application of strong carbolic soap. That which is sold as sheep dip is very good; but be careful not to use the arsenical sheep dips or any thing of that kind. Soft soap or semi-solid soap, strongly impregnated with crude carbolic acid is good, and any one can make it. It will be found good for all kinds of raw sores, galls, bites, scratches and the like on man or beast.

The place for pigs at this season is in the apple orchard; the falling fruit is wormy, unless indeed a gale shakes off sound fruit, and the pigs unconsciously slay thousands of injurious insects.—*American Agriculturist for August.*

The Republican Fiscal System.

With the final confirmation by the Senate of the appointments for members of the Tariff Commission, and the passage by both Houses of Congress of the bill for the renewal and extension of the charters of existing national banks, the policy of the Republican party in a financial point of view stands forth conspicuously declared and pronounced by the action of the first Republican Congress we have had since the great revulsion of 1873 and the Democratic reaction of 1874. The importance of this fact is too marked to escape the attention of any sound business man, and it may be considered significant of what may be expected from the party in power by the masses of the people in case the hands of that party shall be strengthened by the ensuing State and Congressional elections. The action we refer to is the work of a session during the whole of which all progress in favor of a protective tariff and of the continuance of the national bank system has been desperately resisted by the main body of the Democratic party. It might have been supposed that inasmuch as the Democratic leaders of Congress appeared to be aware of the overwhelming popularity both of the protective policy and of the national banking system, the Democratic members of the two houses of Congress would have ceased an opposition that could not possibly be successful. For in three successive Democratic Congresses that party had entirely failed to pass a free-trade tariff or to mature any system of banking or finance as a substitute for the fiscal policy so brilliantly established and so successful under Republican auspices. Nevertheless, the whole session has been consumed in what has literally been a Democratic fight against time. Both parties have therefore placed tmemselves conspicuously upon the record before the whole country upon these two great topics. The Republicans have reaffirmed their tariff policy, and have accented it by securing the the appointment of a commission to revise the whole revenue system, in such a way as to maintain the established principles that operated so grandly for twenty-two years in building up internal prosperity, domestic productions and foreign commerce to unprecedented proportions, and have carried much further the remarkable financial system that seems to be inseparably blended with the dominance of the Republican party. On the other hand, the Democratic party has virtually affirmed its invincible repugnance both to the protective tariff policy and to the financial system of the Republicans, while at the sametime experience has compelled them to acknowledge their total inability to provide any practical substitute for either system, no matter how much the party might be in power at Washington. This, then, is the issue now presented to the people of the whole country for their consideration, in view of the very important elections of the pending campaign, with the possible chance of a majority of incapables being elected to the next Congress. —*Philadelphia North American.*

The Man on the Veranda.

Up on Park street the other evening the boys fixed up a straw man in an old suit and placed him on a veranda in the melancholy twilight. He hadn't been in position above ten minutes when along came a specimen who had been blasted out of the lower stratum of life, and he leaned his elbows on the fence and called out:

"Good evenihg, Mister. Is this the place where they wanted the back yard cleaned out?"

The straw man made no reply.

"I think this is the place," continued the other. "I was a speaking to the lady, and she said as how I was to call this evening for ten cents, being as she pitied my misfortunes."

The straw man was silent.

"Which was very kind of her, indeed, because I am powerfully broken down. I may be wrong, but I dunno. I'll be on hand early in the morning. I allus likes to keep my word, you know!"

If the straw man knew, he didn't let on.

"Yes, she said she felt for me, and she said I must be sure to call for the ten cents. Being as you are her husband I presume you might hand me the money yourself?"

Still no response.

"In which case my gratitude would be eternal, you know? Cast thy bread upon the waters and it shall return fifty per cent., or some such thing. You couldn't make it a quarter, could you? That would be a cast worth casting, you know. The profit on that after many days would be half a dollar, you see?"

It is doubtful if the man saw.

"Being as I'm in a little hurry, and being as I haven't had anything to eat in several days, perhaps it would be well to close this transaction at once. If you wanted to make it half a dollar instead of a quarter, why I—"

Just then a potatoe ticked the wayworn travler's ear, and another raised his hat several inches. He bounded to the center of the street like a cat, wheeled around, and peering through the darkness he called out:

"Mister, three minutes ago I looked upon you as a great statesman, but a man which will heave rocks instead of arguing the question hain't fit to run a yaller dog convention! Good night, sir! If you have that ere back yard cleaned it'll be after you have apologized for this uncalled for attempted assassination!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Army Worm.

As a description of the appearance and habits of this worm, as well as the methods of destroying it, will undoubtedly be interesting to many readers, we make a few extracts from a letter written by a correspondent in Tennessee for the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*. He begins the letter by saying that the prospects for good corn and wheat crops is very fine, but that farmers are not content, saying:

"The army-worm has come, and we will be ruined. The army-worm originates in old meadow lands more particularly, and where there are no meadows in a neighborhood I hear of no worms. They travel from the meadows to the wheat, oats, rye, barley and corn. If the wheat, rye and barley are past the bloom, and making the grain when attacked by the worm, the grain is often benefitted by being stripped of the blades than injured. Oats, if attacked, are generally ruined—so is the corn; both being very tender plants, the worms go for them heavily. I will describe the worm for the benefit of those who are unacquainted with him: He is bald-headed, well formed, black, body, with two rather yellow than white stripes from head to tail. When full grown it is a fourth less in size than a common pencil, and when ready to deposit his cotton is rather yellow, and is very clumsy or slow, but in almost constant motion and very hungry, eating rapidly until he disappears, Where he goes I do not know; he simply goes out of sight. I find no holes that he goes into, and I do not find him dead on the ground. Where does he go to? I walked the ditch two hours this evening and the foregoing is the best description I can give you.

"He is, I might say, rather an innocent-looking worm, and has not the hideous look of the cut and measuring worms. The workmen upon my farm have been giving him battle for four or five days. First between my wheat field and meadows, and corn field and meadows, we ditched, throwing the earth out on the meadow side, and making the side next to the wheat or corn slanting under, so that when the worms come into the ditch, which they do by the thousands and millions, they attempt to crawl out on the corn and wheat side, and fall back, and when collected in the ditch we hitch a mule or horse to a small log of wood and draw it up and down the ditch and mash the army to death. With a little care they never pass the ditch. As I before stated, they never originate in the wheat or corn field, unless the wheat has been sown on an old meadow. But if they do get into the wheat then there is only one mode of fighting them, and that is by the old Virginia mode. The worms crawl up the stalk and strip the blades off up to the head, if you will stand idly by and let them to do so. To prevent this is almost too cheap and simple to relate. The worm is very clumsy, and the least shock precipitates him to the ground, and while there he does little or no damage.

"Take a rope from 50 to 100 feet in length and weight in the middle, and put a man or boy at each end of it and let them pass the rope over the field once a day so long as the worms live, which is usually ten days, and you will save the field from injury. The fat fellows are never able to make a second trip up the stalk; one trip with the rope is sufficient with that crop. A repetition of this operation once a day for ten days will save the crop; and it is easier and cheaper than ditching. I have succeeded in keeping them so far out of my wheat; so I have no occasion to use the rope practice, but others are using it every day, including Sunday, and report success."

The Five Obedient Husbands.

There were five of them together, and it was late. They had been drinking. Finally one of them looked at the clock and said:

"What will our wives say when we get home?"

"Let them say what they want to. Mine will tell me to go to the mischief," responded No. 2.

"I'll tell you what we'll do. Let us meet here again in the morning, and tell our experiences. Let the one who has refused to do what his wife told him to do when he got home pay for the evening's entertainment.

"That's a good idea. We will all agree to that." So the party broke up and went to their respective homes.

Next morning they met at the appointed place, and began to tell their experiences.

Said No. 1:

"When I opened the door my wife was awake. She said: 'A pretty time for you to be coming home. You had better go out and sleep in the pig pen, for that's what you'll come to sooner or later, anyhow. Rather than pay for all we had drunk last night, I did what she told me to do. That lets me out."

Next!

No. 2 cleared his throat, and said:

"When I got home, I stumbled over a chair, and my wife called: 'There you are again, you old drunken brute! You had better wake up the children, and stagger about for a while, so they can see what a drunken brute of a father they are afflicted with.' I thought the best thing to do under the circumstances was to obey, so I woke up the children, and staggered around until my wife hinted for me to stop. That lets me out."

Next!

No. 3 spoke up, and said:

"I happened to stumble over a pan of dough, and my wife said: 'Drunk again! Hadn't you better sit down in that dough?' So I sat down in it, and that lets me out."

Next!

No. 4 said:

"I was humming a tune, and my wife called out: 'Hadn't you better give us a concert?' I said certainly, and began to sing as lo udas I could, but she told me to stop or she would throw something at me, so I stopped. That lets me out."

Next 1

No. 5 looked very disconsolate. He said:

"I reckon I'll have to pay. My wife told me to do something none of you would have done if you had been in my place."

"What is it?"

"She said: 'So you thought you would come home at last. Now hadn't you better go to the well and drink a couple of buckets of cold water just to astonish your stomach?' That was more than I bargained for, so it's my funeral."

The first appearance of cotton as an article of commerce was a shipment of seven bales from Charleston, S. C., in 1757.

Mississippi has 427,689 children between the ages of six and twenty years. There are 76,187 more blacks than whites.

We cannot conquer fate and necessity, but we can yield to them in such a way as to be greater than if we could.

Seventy gold mines are at work in Georgia. The belt in which the mines are said to exist is expected to produce this year $3,000,000 worth of gold.

Sir Henry Bessemer states that if all the coal taken from the British mines last year were formed into cylindrical columns fifty feet in diameter and five hundred feet in height, and these were placed in a row, their diameter apart, they would make a colonade eighty-five miles seven hundred and fifty yards long.

Arsenic poisoning is not always to be traced to green coloring. One case was due to red wall paper, and the substance is found abundantly in white, gray, blue, mauve and brown wall papers.

Geo. D. Prentice's Wife.

"Prentice came to me one day just after the beginning of the war," said Robert Baird, a prominent citizen of Louisville, to an interviewer, "and asked me to go over to Walker's to take a drink, as he had something of importance to tell me. I went over with him and he said; "A few days ago I was waited upon by a committee of Confederates who made a proposition to give me $250,000 for myself and paper. The proposition staggered me; it startled me. I told them to wait and I would consider it. I went home to my wife and told her. She listened to me in silence. 'It means much to us,' said I, 'it means rest and affluence the remainder of our days; with $250,000 we can go abroad and enjoy life.' I shall never forget her reply. She sprang into the middle of the room, clinched her hands till the finger-nails drew blood, and with the look of a Pythoses hissed out: "Stick to your paper; stick to your principles; stick to your country; don't let it go abroad that all the wealth of the Indies could move George D. Prentice a hair's breadth.' "I never before,' continued Mr. Prentice to me, felt so proud of my wife. To day I told the committee I could not agree to the bargain."—*From the Louisville Commercial.*

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or shallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

Eating Lemons.

A good deal has been said through the papers about the healthfulness of lemons. The latest advice as how to use them so they will do the most good runs as follows: Most people know the benefit of lemons for breakfast, but few know how it is more than doubled by taking another at night also. The way to get the better of a billious system without blue pills or quinine is to take the juice of one, two or three lemons as the appetite craves, an as much ice water as makes it pleasant to drink, without sugar, before going to bed. In the morning on rising, or: t least a half an hour before breakfast, take the juice of one lemon in a goblet of water. This will clear the system of humor and bile, with efficacy, without any of the weakening effects of calomel or Congress water. People should not irritate the stomach by eating lemons clear; the powerful acid of the juice, which is almost corrosive, infallibly produces inflammation after awhile, but properly diluted, so that it does not burn or draw the throat, it does its full medicinal work without harm, and when the stomach is clear of food has abundant opportunity to work the system thoroughly.

Hail Storm in Dakota.

DEADWOOD DAK., July 20.—A violent rain and wind storm visited the Belle Fourche, Big Bottom, Spring Creek, and the lower White Wood Valley last night, doing great damage to the crops. During the past week nearly half the crops in the Black Hills have been destroyed by hail.

Earthquake Shock in Mexico.

GALVESTON, July 19.—The following cable dispatch from the City of Mexico is just received: "We have had a dry severe shock of earthquake here, lasting two minutes. People were on their knees in the streets. Not much damage was done, but buildings could not have stood much more shaking. The shock was felt over nearly all the country."

Fears of Another Famine.

LONDON, July 18.—A dispatch from Dublin to the *Times* says: It is feared that another crisis is approaching. The weather threatens utter destruction to what promised to be one of the finest of harvests ever reaped in Ireland. The heavy and almost incessant rain has laid low many flourishing fields. Potatoes have suffered severely. If the weather improves there would still be hope of recovery.

A Child of Wealthy Parents Kidnapped.

MONTREAL, July 18.—Last night a two year old child of Melvin Smith, a wealthy gentleman of this city was abducted. A note was left on the child's pillow demanding £10,000 in gold as a ransom, and threatenming the murder of the child in case of refusal.

Thousands have been cured of dumb ague, bilious disorders, jaundice, dyspepsia and all diseases of liver, blood and stomach, when all other remedies have failed by using Prof. Guilmette's French Liver Pad, which is a quick and permanent cure for those disorders. Ask your druggist for the great remedy, and take no other, and if he does not keep it, send $1.50 in a letter to the French Pad Co., Toledo, O., and receive one by mail postpaid.

In 1834 all the table cutlery used in the United States was imported from England. To-day, of an annual consumption amounting to $2,500,000 worth, not more than eight per cent. comes from England.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound ranks first as a curative Agent in all complaints peculiar to women. Cures Kidney troubles of either sex.

No persons are more empty than those who are full of themselves.

All plant organs swell and contract periodically every day. This phenomenon is due to variations in the amount of water contained at different periods during the twenty-four hours.

He is a great simpleton who imagines that the chief power of wealth is to supply wants. In ninety cases out of a hundred it creates more wants than it supplies. Money and contentment do not always go hand in hand.

THE NORMAL TERM

—OF THE—

MT. PLEASANT INSTITUTE

OPENS MARCH 22d, 1882.

FACULTY.

REV. LEROY STEPHENS, A. M., PRESIDENT, Theory and Practice of Teaching.
BYRON W. KING, Elocution, Geometry, and Normal Geography.
KATE REYNOLDS, A. B., Natural Philosophy, Physical Geography and Chemistry.
M. L. PLUMMER, Normal and Commercial Arithmetic, Book-keeping and Botany.
E. C. WALTER, Normal Grammar, Literature, and United States History.
EMMA REES, Painting and Drawing.
ANNA A. PALM, Piano, Organ and Vocal Culture.
MRS. A. S. WILLIAMS, Matron.

A new brick building, four stories, 125x41 feet, exclusively for lady boarders. A full course of lectures free. Superintendent Speigel and Judge Hunter are among the lecturers. Music teacher just from the Conservatory of Music in Boston. Art and French teacher just from Paris. Native German teacher. Prof. King's valuable Elocutionary training free.

Boarding in clubs, about $2.50; in the Institute, $3.05 to $3.25. Tuition, $10. Send for catalogue and circulars.

LEROY STEPHENS, President.

jan25

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM

Effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional cold, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh, Hay Fever, &c. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package.

HAY-FEVER

Sold by Somerset druggists.

ELYS' CREAM BALM CO., Owego, N. Y.

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50,000 LBS. WOOL WANTED!

My Agents are again canvassing Somerset and adjoining counties with a fine assortment of Home-Made

WOOLEN GOODS,

which we wish to exchange for WOOL. My stock is larger and more varied than ever before, and we expect to visit all our customers in season.

I want your wool, not for speculation, but to work it up in our own county.

To those who will bring their wool to the Factory I will say that I have laid in a much larger stock of General Merchandise than ever before which I will be glad to sell to you or trade for your wool or other produce. My Stock is complete in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Ready Made Clothing, Carpets, etc., at prices that will surprise you.

Highest Prices Paid for Wool in Cash or Trade.

New customers wishing us to call will please send card to

WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, P. O.,
May 10. Somerset County, Pa.

MINNESOTA CHIEF

Wonderfully simple and perfect in its threshing and separating qualities. Saves ALL the Grain and cleans it ready for Market. Runs easily, constructed durably, finished beautifully, least expensive, and most economical and SATISFACTORY MACHINE now BEST MADE. It will handle wet grain as well as dry. It has no THRESHER equal in threshing flax and timothy; cleans IN USE both as well as wheat; requires no change except the sieve. Has more square feet of separating and cleaning surface than any other machine; can not be overloaded. It is both over and under blast. Our CLOVER HULLING ATTACHMENT (new and very desirable.) SEPARATORS of the various sizes fitted for Steam or Horse Power. The LAWARD, the PITTS and the WOODBURY Horse-Powers, as made by us, are unexcelled.

STILLWATER No. 10 ENGINE

For WOOD or COAL

SAVES FUEL

We also make the STILLWATER No. 12 and MINNESOTA GIANT FARM ENGINES, each having return flue, and fitted for burning straw, wood or coal. These Engines are made and finished in the most perfect manner. TRACTION ATTACHMENTS can be furnished with any of them. Send for Price List and Circulars, address

SEYMOUR, SABIN & CO.
Manufacturers. Stillwater, Minn.

WALTER ANDERSON,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

COR. WOOD ST. AND SIXTH AVENUE,

AND

NO. 226 LIBERTY STREET

PITTSBURGH, PA.

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Beware OF Fraud

BENSON'S CAPCINE PLASTERS

HAVE BEEN IMITATED,

And their excellent reputation injured by worthless imitations. The Public are cautioned against buying Plasters having similar sounding names. See that the word C-A-P-C-I-N-E is correctly spelled.

Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters

Are the only improvement ever made in Plasters.

One is worth more than a dozen of any other kind.

Will positively cure where other remedies will not even relieve.

Price 25 cents.

Beware of cheap Plasters made with lead poisons.

SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. NEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER. For Sale by

C. N. BOYD,
March 1. Somerset, Pa

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to similar articles, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair, and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. Hiscox & Co., N. Y.

50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic.

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves, Parker's Ginger Tonic will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease of water and require a stimulant, take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives, it may save yours.

CAUTION.—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best medicinal agents in Curacoll, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. Sold by all druggists, at 50c. and $1 per bottle.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made it a delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having PARKER'S FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Hiscox & Co.

on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BY THE BOTTLE.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

$500 REWARD!

OVER A MILLION OF Prof. Guilmette's FRENCH Kidney Pad

Have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction! And has performed cures every time when used according to directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Sides or Loins, Nervous Weakness, and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, or any other disease of the Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED!

Without swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD,

WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

JUDGE BUCHANAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all this time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money.

GEORGE VERTRIS, J. P., Toledo, Ohio, says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often said to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured by wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

Squire N. C. SCOTT, Sylvania, Ohio, writes: "I have been a great suf