And Summer comes but once again to vanish, For all the seasons last so short a while. But whither do they take us in their passing? Hands full to do the work that seems so pressing The Winter time, ere we have welco We cannot stay them, passing—ever passing— E'en though our lives wax shorter as they go. Although we tremble at the gathering shadows, That wait round, and hide what none may know

Oh, life, sad life. I did not ask thy dower, I did not take on me thy weary pain ; Thy pleasures never were by me demanded, And having lived, I would not live again. Still would I from he given wider knowledge See clear and fulr, not darkly through a glass. Made darker yet by sight dimmed off, by crying,

There is no sunshine here without a shadow, No smile that hasn't it's swift following tear, No blies that is not paid for by a sorrow That casts before it a shade of mortal fear. Is there no land, oh, life, where we are happy Safe in the knowledge that our blessings are That love is real. His a best joys oncoding

None answer, for the shadows grim and dreary Are slient with the silence of the dead-The dead, that are so quiet, safe, untroubled, Knowing aught, within their churchyard bed Oh can it be that all our lives but lead us. To share the ellence where pust area sleep That life himself doth yield our only harvest.

MRS. FITZJOHNSON'S ELOPE- hoped to be anything, he must cultivate MENT.

And what we sow, we here alone may reap ;

The wedding went off beautifully There were triumphal arches, rejoicing tenantry, and school children scattered flowers. There was a choral service, a Bishop, (colonial-on sick leave-stepgreat-uncle of the bridegroom,) a rural Dean, (first cousin once removed from the bride and a ritualistic curate. An epithalamium, composed by the schoolmaster, was sing, commencing-

Oh, this festive occusion With toses and rice.

To the bride of his choice. Pronounced "chice," from exigency clean smock frock, dispensed blessings and imbibed beer with praiseworthy prodigality. Everything that human ingenuity could devise, or custom countenance, was done to render the "happy day" memorable for its discomfort to the contracting parties. In spite of this, the bride looked as charming as sweet seventeen can look when it tries its best, and considering that she, so to speak, stepped out of the school-room into the church, carried herself with commendable selfpossession. As for the bridegroom, he went through the ordeal like a soldier and a man, and looked, according to the doctor's daughter, "heavenly." Not the least satisfied of the wedding party was the bride's brothe, Joey. "The girls must look slippy after husbands in these hard times," had been that young man's remark a year before. Spurred on by parental murmurings of county farms and no rents, Joey had suggested a reduction in the home establishment instead of his substantial but inadequate allowance. The establishment did not quite see it,

but Joey was tirm. The girls must murry, and one of them, though all could not, must marry Geoffrey Fitz Johnson. He the school-room window, on the evening rise in the domestic barometer. The rise ey's chum." It was rather a blow to Jo- the slave ought to have been in close atey, his "chum" walking off with his fa- tendance on her master, cutting the end vorite sister, but he bore it philosophical- off of his cigar, filling his match box and ly. He had always intended to exercise meekly receiving the orders for the day, a particular care over Florie's interests she was playing a polka on the piano and when she came out, and he was not pre- actually forgot to wish the great man pared for the young lady going off so good-bye. On and off during the day Geprematurely. However, the Fitz John- offrey found himself pondering on the alson's would live in London, and as Joey teration of his wife. It was, of course, a was at the Foreign Office and in rooms in bore to have her following him about Bury-street, he could still keep an eye on looking like a whipped dog; but, after his sister, and see that she still held her all, that was a fault on the right side, and own in the "smart set" of which her hus- showed that she appreciated her position band was so popular a member. Joey as his wife. It was a sign of proper, if was ten years older than Florie, and had excessive, subjection; but to sit playing a the majestic carriage and law-giving pro- polka when the hat brush was mislaid clivities of a man about town. He was was an unheard of dereliction of duty. what is known as "a great institution," Geoffrey returned home exactly half an which means that he was invaluable in a | hour earlier to administer a carefully presnow-bound country house. He could pared lecture to the culprit, only to find tell first-rate and first-hand ghost stories, that she had gone to the Gaiety with and could pass the severest examination | Joey. The solitary dinner with no one in Debrett. He was a pillar of strength to scold was a dismal experience, and Gethe divine Sarah to the life. He knew all day things were no better. Florie was in the gossip, and could tell it without seem- tearing spirits, received the deferred lecing ill-natured. In short, Joey was the ture with ribald laughter, dismissed his

theories of wifely duty as bosh, and had A happier couple than the Fitz John- the audacity to refer him to Lady Angelsons when they first came to Cruzon street ica, who, " no doubt was authority on could not be imagined. It was only when that subject as well as every other." Ge-Captain Fitz Johnson settled down in offrey was very moody all that day. The his new house and his old set that he men at the club voted him slow, and made the gratifying discovery that he Ludy Angelica called him a bore to his had won his wife's heart, as well as her face. It was very annoying, but he was hand. During the courtship and honey- obliged to admit to himself that his trimoon the disposition of that important | umph over the subjection of his wife had been doubtful. Florie teased, chafed and must be continued, and one great eleannualded her husband in a way that ment in its final success was, he told to such a conquering hero was both novel himself with secret glee, the fact that, and provoking. Captain Fitz Johnson unless she had suddenly and unaccountthan at Woolwich. The morning after As that evening he walked up Curzonthe arrival in London the wily young street, it was this thought that made him. man left his wife in her bondoir-the la- prepared to be very gracious and as lenitest thing in boudoirs, executed under ent as he consistently could be toward Joey's supervision-wondering dismally any little excess of youthful spirits. A o'clock in the evening, when she was short by the buttler opening the door to told she might look forward to seeing her let a visitor out. The occurrence so late lord and master again. It was some- in the afternoon was strange, and the apthing more than to fetch a forgotten ci- pearance of the visitor so singular that garette case that made Captain Fitz Geoffrey stared at the apparition in un-Johnson retrace his steps on arriving at feigned surprise. His (for the visitor was the foot of the stairs. His instinct had a man) face was partially concealed by a Geoffrey steadied himself by the bunisnot deceived him. The fortness had cap-slouch hat. What there was to be seen ter and waited. Then, shown up by the

"I leave you so, Geoffrey," sobbed the cd with a sweeping black mustache, there appeard on the landing his wife, poor little wife, with her head on her linky locks hung in profusion down all hooded and cloaked, looking feerfully out of my youth?" husband's shoulder; and Geoffrey, as most to his shoulders, and the rest of the into the dark abyss before her and clinghe strolled down the street, having body was concealed in a cloak that would ing convulsively to the arm of the Italian promised to be back by luncheon time, have made the fortune of any melostrama. -Count Sparlatti. There was a yell, a hummed "Rule, Britannia," in triumph- On the stage Mrs. Fitz Johnson's visitor shrick, and an oath as Geoffrey bounded ant solto rocc. The victory won, the vic- would have been in his element. In up the stairs and seized the intruder by tor, as he had a perfect right to do, rested | Curzon-street he apparently was not; for, | the cloak, just as he endeavored to retreat upon his laurels; but he need not have with an oath-or at least some foreign into the drawing room. The yell was a given up the reverential worship of the exclamation that sounded to Geoffrey broken English rendering of "Here's a lover and assumed so instantly the con- rather like "pickeled onions"—he gave a go." The shrick found expression in descending tolerance of the husband. It swift glance at the astonished Captain, "Luigi! Luigi!" and the oath was—well, was unkind of him when he came home ran down the steps, and disappeared in never mind what. The chase and strugjust in time to dress for dinner, after hav- the gloom. ing been at the club all the afternoon, "Who the dickens is that Squares?" to plunge into that horrid French novel "The gentleman did not give his name, cleared ottomans and chairs with as with a satisfied grunt, and barely vouch-sir. He said as how Mrs. Fitz Johnson tounding agility. Mrs. Fitz Johnson's safe his wife a word. It was downright would know who he was, and I need not heroics had degenerated into hysterics, to rude of him when she leaned over his announce him."

"For Heaven's sake, Florie, don't paw ario. Geoffrey kept his presence of ed, hissing and scratching like an enraged me about like that. I don't like it." | mind. And it was positively brutal, after treat- "Oh, of course. I had forgotten. What

it was. The Fitz Johnson family ark, stairs.) pretty little vessel as it was, with its fresh "At half-past four, sir." paint and dainty furniture, had drifted into the current which, sooner or later, past seven. must land it upon the rocks. Geoffrey, "Did any one else call here this after- The flowing mustache came next. blinded by selfish vanity, become bored | noon?" with his wife's well-meant but ineffectual "Yes, sir, but after the gentlemen came gasped Geoffrey, faintly.

efforts to please her "much-changed lord," Mrs. Fitz Johnson told me to say "Not at Her lavish affection, varied only by iloncealed and sometimes tearful despon dency, irritated him and made him more bearish than ever. It was the old story. Things went from bad to worse. At last the first cruel rock loomed in the distance, and shipwreck seemed imminent a very old friend of Geoffrey's.

of Geoffrey's, who was blind to the pearl

was a charming woman-a most valua-

ble friend." Was it not common knowl-

in her rose-lit drawing room as at Down-

ing-street—that she had a finger in every

diplomatic pie-that her statesmanship

averted a European war? Even Joey

admitted that she was an unavoidable

necessity. Her smile or frown could make

"The silly little fool is jealous" laugh-

ed her ladyship to herself, as she sat in a

corner, aloof from the "maddening crowd"

listen to Geoffrey's carnest conversation

and watching, with interested amusement

his wife trying to keep an eye on her hus-

band and, at the same time respond co-

"I'll teach her a lesson," muttered the

siren, with an angry glitter in her dusky

eyes, as, for the twelfth time a pale, dis-

tressed face, with appealing eyes, was

turned toward the oblivious husband.

Accordingly when, for the thirteenth

time, the melancholy operation was re-

peated, the distress on the pale face gave

place to horror, and the eyes were fixed

and blank as they saw lady Angelica-

with her most entrancing smile, place her

hand, for a moment, caressingly on Geof-

frey's arm; only for a moment, because

he plunged through the crowd to his sis-

has gone. I want to talk to you," whis-

pered Florie, brokenly, as her brother de-

Next morning brother and sister had a

posited her safely at her own door.

ter's sirle

was never told their contents.

powder, and impervious to the scent

"I knew him when he was quite a boy exclaiming: "Oh, it's only you!" such a nice boy," she told Florie, the "Whom did you think it was? That about it." afternoon she paid her first call in Cur-Guy Fawkes back again? Who, may I zon street. She was a wonderful and ask, is he, and what was he here from Onida-ish personage of the Cleopatra type half-past four till now for, to the excluof beauty, little and serpentine, with a a voice that could coo like a dove, or hiss sion of everybody else?" like a serpent, at will. She used a pecul-

self up into a passion. Florie made no at- for him." "-Belgracia. iar kind of scent that hung about the tempt to calm him, but smiled faintly, room long after she had left it. She was and struck a few aggravating chords or mysteriously fascinating, and Florie de-

nome 'to any other visitors."

tested her. This was a great grievance the piano. "Angeliea" (he called her Angelica) edge that Cabinet Ministers met as often Count was my sweetheart then." had brought about a royal marriage and

"Why, you were only nine years of

or mar a man. If the Fitz Johnsons ever tive chord.) "Don't be a fool, Florie!" The passion had died out, and the lec-

Angelica. So Florie had to submit, but turing mood taken its place. not even the husband she adored could "You are nineteen now, and quite old make her more than decently civil to the enchantress with the cruel smile, who called Geoffrey "Geoff," and who was always sending him mysterious little notes about goodnessonly knew what, for Florie

derstand " of a Foreign office crowd, pretending to them that I knew him when he 'was employer's retirement from business, I quite a boy-such a nice boy,' I may obtained another situation in the city at soon become so 'charming' that I can a Manchester wharehouse, in Cateaton make love in public-smile in that 'nice street, managed by a London agent of boy's face, put my hand on his arm for Richard Cobden. Here I sat by myself him to clasp in his.' Only this sort of in a little room looking out on three thing requires practice, so you must not blank walls and made entries in a ledger, think it strange if I have a few private re- and seemed further than ever from my hearsals when I am 'not at home' to the desire of becoming an artist. But here, world at large."

"How dare you speak like this?"

it was instantly grasped by both of his when I am put to it." But the defiant little laugh ended in a "My dear old girl! What is the mut-

ter? Are you seedy?" exclaimed Joey, as | the room. Geoffrey gnawed his mustache, fumed about the room, resisted, as unmanly, an I remember an amusing incident of this her tears, and implore her to only be the time. The window of my room was charming on the old Mumblethorpelines, made of ground glass, and having but litand finally decided to confide his troub- tie to do, I passed my time drawing with les that very evening to Lady An- both pen and pencil flies upon its rough-

long confabulation, during which Joey very cold comfort.

was in every way eligible; young, good- tugged hard at his phantom mustache, "My dear Gooff, it serves you right, a short-distance the deception was perfect. looking, well off, in a snng berth at the and Florie blew her nose very often. The You thought because she had given you Day by day the number of flies in that sedate relations, unlikely to commit the departed, remarking that it was the" very lecting her. So like a man. Mr. Lans- er, coming in, stopped suddenly in front indiscretions, matrimonial and otherwise, dence," and Florie sat looking into the dell was just the same. Now she is conof modern old age. So Captain Fitz fire until it went out in self defence. soling herself. Quite right, I had no idea out how it is; every day I come into this Johnson was asked down to Mumble- However, at dinner that evening there she had so much sense. I admire her, room there seems to be more flies in it," thorpe, passed over five charming aspi- was a marked improvement in Mrs. Fitz Do you think she would dine with me on and he took out his handkerchief to rants to his hand and heart, and threw a Johnson's spirits; indeed, so harmonithe fifteenth? By the by, if the necessity brush them away. handkerchief to the shock-headed young ously cheerful did she become by dessert should arise, let me recommend you my Wanted a Limited Marriage. person who sent a pot of musk within an that Geoffrey, acclimatized to a dead level solicitors. They managed Mr. Lansdell's inch of his devoted head, craning out of depression, felt inclined to resent the and my affair beautifully. My husband's

no one suspected it.

lected her, he still loves her dearly,

"God bless you, Angelica." vous pas entendu des nouvelles!"

a fool, he told himself severely. It was 403 Henderson street.—N. Y. Sm. lucky things were no worse. After all, if winning his wife's heart the second time was half as pleasant a process as the first, rapid breathless conversation.

"Delay no longer-anima mia, may be back at any moment,"

"Vieni! Vieni!"

gle was desperate. The Count, who had left his cloak in his assailant's hand, chair and stroked his hair, to snarl out Squares spoke in a tone of respectful which she greeted the Count's desperate judge from the peals of laughter with indignation at this outrage on the concer-efforts to escape. At last he was corner-

"Oh, Geoffrey, be careful. His beautiing her in such a way, to scold her all time did the gentleman come?" (This as ful hair!" for the infuriated husband had dinner-time for being depressed. But so an after-thought while ascending the hold of a handful of the Italian's matted locks. The warning came too late. There was a tug, a groun, and lo and behold, not Half-past four! And it was now half- only a handful, but a whole head of raven tresses remained in the victor's grasp. "A very good joke, Joey, my boy,

"Oh, Joey, water-brandy! He is not well. We carried it too far. I told you Geoffrey did not wait to hear any more, we ought not to do it. It's all your fault," out dashed into the drawing-room. He scolded Florie, with all a woman's treachhalf expected to find his wife the victim ery, and her arms round ber still dazed of an assassin's knife. On the contrary busband's neck, and calling him all the she was at that eternal piano, playing a names of the honeymoon.

dreamy sonata of Rubenstein's. On his "I think my plan was a Lady Angelica Lansdell was, so she said, entering the room she half rose, but on though," said Joey, as he wished his sisseeing who it was she resumed her seat, ter good-night under the re-lit gas. "I think it was," said Flory, with a happy laugh, but no one must ever know

And no one ever did, except one per son; but then she knew everything. "That's a very clever boy, Joyey," mused Lady Angelica over her morning Geoffrey was gradually working him- cigarette. "I must see what 'can be done

Flies on the Window Pane.

Holman Hunt, in an autobiographical "If you really care to know, that 'Guy article in the Contemporary Review, tells Fawkes, as you are pleased to call him, is the following: My father was from the Count Sparlatti, an old Dresded friend of first strongly opposed to my becoming an Joev's. He is an Italian, and when Joey artist; he had had reason to see the ill came back from Dresden the Count came effects of a loating idle life, and he bewith him to learn English. He was allieved, in accordance with the general ways at Mumblethorpe. Ah, me! (an- opinion of those days, that artists were other plaintive chord) what happy days necessarily of a reckless, frivolous characthose were. And what fun we had! The ter, and led a uscless, unstable life. So, finding that at school I scribbled more designs than exercises in my copybooks, he removed me from school when I was "That's all!" (another still more plain- 13 years old, with the intention of placing me in some city office. Owing to a fortunate accident I was placed with an auctioneer and estate agent as a sort of probationary clerk, and one day my master coming into the office hurriedly saw enough to know that it is not proper to me putting away something in my desk, have men staying three hours tete-a-tete and, insisted upon seeing it, discovered with you, and to tell the servants you are that I could draw. This led to inquiries not at home to any one else. Do you un- on his part as to whether I had painted, and it turned out that he was himself "No, I don't"; the blue eves opened fond of art, and when ever he got a their widest. "I thought it was the chance, practised painting. "One day, 'chie' thing to do. Of course at Mum- he said to me, "When there's nothing blethorpe they would be awfully shocked much to be done, you and I will shut but then they are old-fashioned. They ourselves in here and have a day's paint even have family prayers. But since 1 ing together;" and so it happened. Here have been married, I have gained experi- were the tables turned upon my father ence, "I have seen several 'charming with a vengeance! I was getting artistic of rhyme.) The object inhabitant, in a herently to the civilities of a volumble women.' Lady Angelica, for instance, encouragement from the very employer Could you wish me to take a better mod- who should have been distilling into me el? Hence if any one notices my friend- commercial principles. This lasted about ship with Count Sparlatti, you can tell a year and a half, when, owing to my

> too, curiously enough, another artistic friend turned up in the person of an oc-"Oh, you don't know how much I dare casional clerk whose business it was to design patterns for the firm's calicoes, etc. Surreptitionsly I also used to try my sob, and the dauntless novice ran out of hand at designing, and attained sufficient proficiency to enable my friend to make use of my designs on various occassions. mpulse to run after his wife, kiss away period, which gave me great delight at From that fair oracle he received but for the body and some delicate strokes with a hard pencil for the wings, and at

ened surface. Good blot of ink sufficed

messages sound almost affectionate when years," said a man who headed a party of of his arrival, to catch a glimpse of "Jo- was a steady one. Next morning, when they come to me through the senior Poles that yesterday entered the office of Clerk Robinson, of the Jersey City Police Heavens! Had it really come to this? Board, who is also a Justice of the Peace. Not married a year, and solicitors on the Leaning on the man's arm was a welltopis already? Lady Angelica gave a sly | dressed young woman, who smiled cheerglance under her evelashes at her down- fully and nodded assent to the expressed cast companion. She had a heart, though | wish. "Why, I can't do that," said the Souire : "it's against regulations," "Well, "Look here, Geoff, be a man. Go home make it five years, then," pleaded the and tell your wife that you mean to turn man. The young woman, easy to please, over a new leaf, and not take all her de. again nodded acquiescence, "Can't do votion for granted, but try and earn it. that either," said the Justice; "all mar-Clear up the mystery of our nods and riages in New Jersey are for life, unlimibecks and wreathed smiles. Explain to ted, and for better or worse." The man her that the tender little episode at the seemed greatly disappointed. There was Foreign Office was only gratitude on your a consultation in which all the party part for my having promised to speak to took part. The young woman made no the Duke about that staff appointment in objection to any of the plans proposed, your pocket. Tell her that she is better save that of abandoning the project of off than I. If her husband has neg- getting married at all. The man seemed inclined to that rather than marriage without limitation, but he finally consented to the only contract which the Jus-"Don't be silly. Now be off. Aha, tice would ratify, and the marriage cerein private theatricals, and could imitate offrey felt distinctly aggrieved. Next Counte! Enchante de vous voir. N'avez- mony was performed. The bridegroom gave his name as John Budronch, and Geoffrey walked home under the stars, the young woman said she was Kate a happy man. He had been a brute, and White. Both said they resided at No.

Both Born in Kentucky.

Jefferson Davis is in his 78th year, his the penance for past neglect was a light birthday being the 31st day of this one. It was striking twelve us he let month, and it is fair to say it will not be himself into the dark hall. The darkness | quite so vociferously remembered by the was unusual; for Squares always left the | American people as that of Washington, gas burning for his wife to put on. His or of Lincoln, who was born a year later match box was empty; but there might than Davis, 1809, February 12. Both factor in matrimonial happiness had been a little premature. The process be a stray light in the pocket of his Inveraess. To the solemn ticking of the Kentucky, one in Christian, the other in hall clock the search commenced. It Hardin county, in the bluest of bluegrass ended prematurely in the sudden open- region of the State. Davis drifted South, ing of the drawing-room door and the Lincoln North, and their political courses had, however, learned strategy elsewhere ably altered, she loved him to distraction. Hooding of the landing at the top of the diverged accordingly until culmination stairs with light. Some one was still up, as opposing chieftains of great armies and Might it not be Florie waiting for him? governments in the irrepressible conflict. Geoffrey walked quickly to the foot of the Davis was a year older than Lincoln, two stairs, but stopped with one foot on the years older than the flery Toombs, four lowest step, as if turned to stone. It was vears older than Alexander H. Stevens, how she would kill the time until eight sharp struggle with the latch key was cut Florie-and some one else-engaged in five years older than the "Little Giant" Douglas, five years older than William He L. Yaney, four years older than Judah

P. Benjamin, two years older than Yulee "Oh, Luigi! I dare not. If we should and twelve years older than that other brilliant young Kentuckian who followed him into the folly of the rebellion, John C. Breckenridge. All these are gone, and the aged ex-president of the appeared to be of an olive bue and adorne surrounding darkness as a tableau vivant. Confederacy can well lament and say with Cssian, "Where are the companions







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ISAAC L. YODER,

A DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

A Tragedy of the Far West.

A dispute arose in an Indian camp near Stockton Hill, Arizona, recently, and before it ended a buck named Pizzur with his Winchester rifle shot and killed Ah Quinthe and his squaw, a daughter of Chief Leve-Leve, mortally wounded another daughter of the chief and slightly wounded two other Indians. Then the murderer fled, pursued by mounted braves. Head Chief Surrum arrived at the camp soon after, and his first order was to kill all the relatives of the murderer. The squaws and papposes hurried to the miners' camp near by, and begged hiding places in their cabins, and this aroused the miners, who told the chief that he could not carry out his bloody plan, and that he must countermand his order. He reluctantly complied, but is sued fresh orders to bring Pizzur in at any cost. In the meantime the avengers were riding fast after the fleeing murderer and followed his trail into the Wallapai Valley until darkness put an end to the pursuit. Early next morning they took up the trail, and, after riding twelve miles they came upon the bodies of the murderer and his horse. It was apparent that after riding his horse until he gave out the Indian killed him, and then, putting the muzzle of his Winchester to his right eye pulled the trigger and cheated his pursuers of their anticipated ven geance. Wealthy Jockeys.

The populay jockeys, Fred Archer, who paid us a visit last year, and Woods, have een assessed on the income tax list at se 550,000 ank \$40,000. They appealed beand Farm Harness on the best Pion
dilars per double set. Use no whiffle trees. cause they thought the amount too great.

Good pay to agents. Send for a Great. Call of a pheals were rejected, and it appears

JOHN W. CUPP. Gen. Agr., april 620. ed that these jockeys did really make that amount. Archer gave a great ball at Newmarket the other night, for which four hundred invitations were issued, and the Duchess of Montrose, who still lets the worm prey on her damask cheek, and whom rumor at one time assigned to be the bride of our brilliant journalist, Mr. W. H. Hurlburt, was present. A man must find some way to spend his money, and this is perhaps as pleasant as any. Recently a music hall singer died destitute in London who up to his illness, had earned \$300 a week. Few jockeys have anything behind them, though in a beter position than musical artists, who earn a beggarly sum of \$10,000 or \$15,000 vear. V. V. World.

Of course when a man is sound and well he don't care a copper for all the aedicine on the face of the earth. He as no use for it. But when disease is enting his life out he wants the right preeription and he wants it right away For that reason all who know what Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is turn to them. And it is just as beneficial to new riends as it is to old ones. Pleasant to he pulate, and gentle in its action

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Screeness yours, made miserable by hat terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. G. W. Benford & Son.

Then Buby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she citing to Castoria. When she had Children, she gave them Caster

CATABRE CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Caturrh Rem edy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

"Why should not the time come when the name of Dr. David Kennedy shall be associated in the public mind with the surification of the blood, as the name of Harvey now is with its circulation. For certainly no other medical man has don s much to that end as he has. And it is ilso important that people should know that the result of his labors are within reach of all in the form of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy," - Eccaing Journal,

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What is more disagreeable to a lady than to know that her hair has not only Cold in Head, Ca. lost its color, but is full of dandruff? Ye such was the case with mine until I uses Parker's Hair Balsam. My hair is now Note Liquid, Song or black and perfectly clean and glossy. Mrs. E. Sweeny, Chicago, Ili.

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home for nearly two years, and find it the best medicine we have ever used for colds HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS or catarrh .- J. C. Vasselin, Covington, Fa. Shinon's Vitalizer is what you need

for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son. Why is a newspaper like a prefty woman? Because, to be perfect, it must be

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contains no opiates, and is safe, prompt, and sure. Price, twenty-five cents a bot-Crove, Whooping Cough, and Bronchi-

tis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son. I have suffered for years from Chronic

Catarrh : I tried Ely's Cream Balm. Relief was instantaneous, and has already resulted in an almost complete cure.-8, M. Greene, Book-keeper, Catskill, N. Y.

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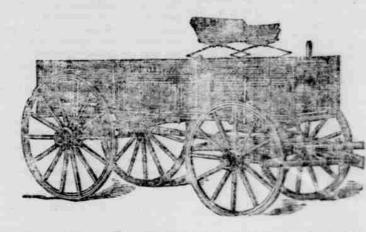
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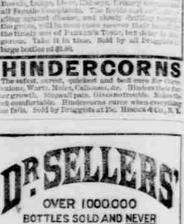
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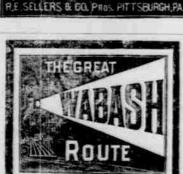
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