The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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The Somerset Herald.

ESTABLISHED 1827.

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THE SOMERSET HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

A. C. HOLBERT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office with John H. Uhl.

FRED. W. BIESECKER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office in Printing House Row, opposite Court House.

GEORGE R. SCULL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

JOHN R. SCOTT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

F. J. KOOSER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

H. S. ENDSLEY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

S. U. TRENT,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.

M. J. PRITTS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Room in Somerset County Bank.

H. L. BAER,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.,
Will practice in Somerset and adjoining counties. All business entrusted to him will receive prompt attention.

A. H. COFFROTH. W. H. RUPPEL.
COFFROTH & RUPPEL,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to. Office on Main Cross Street, opposite Mammoth Block.

WM. H. KOONTZ,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Will give prompt attention to business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties. Office in Printing House Row, opposite the Court House.

DENNIS MEYERS,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
All legal business entrusted to his care will be attended to with promptness and fidelity. Office on Union Street, opposite the Court House.

JOHN O. KIMMEL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Will attend to all business entrusted to his care in Somerset and adjoining counties, with promptness and fidelity. Office on Main Cross Street, above Fisher's Book Store.

JAMES L. PUGH,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Office in Mammoth Block, up stairs. Entrance on Main Cross Street. Collections made, estates settled, titles examined, and all legal business attended to with promptness and fidelity.

J. J. COLBORN. L. C. COLBORN.
COLBORN & COLBORN,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
All business entrusted to our care will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Collections made in Somerset, Bedford and adjoining counties. Surveying and conveyancing done on reasonable terms.

HENRY F. SCHELL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Bounty and Pension Agent. Office in Mammoth Block.

VALENTINE HAY,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Also Dealer in Real Estate. Will attend to all business entrusted to his care with promptness and fidelity.

JOHN H. UHL,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
Somerset, Pa.
Will promptly attend to all business entrusted to him. Money advanced on collections, &c. Office in Mammoth Block.

DR. J. E. BIESECKER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Somerset, Pa.
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in Biesecker & Snyder's Drug Store.

DR. H. S. KIMMELL
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Unless professionally engaged he can be found at his office on Main St. East of Diamond.

DR. H. BRUBAKER,
Tenders his professional services to the citizens of Somerset and vicinity. Office in residence on Main street west of Diamond.

DR. J. M. LOUTHER,
(Formerly of Stoystown,)
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has located permanently in Somerset for the practice of his profession. Office on Main street, in rear of Drug Store.

DR. J. S. McMILLEN,
(Graduate in Dentistry,)
Gives special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth. Artificial sets inserted. All operations guaranteed satisfactory. Office in the rooms over H. M. Tredwell & Co.'s store, corner Main Cross and Patriot streets.

DR. JOHN BILLS,
DENTIST,
Office up-stairs in Cook & Beerits Block.

DR. WM. COLLINS,
DENTIST.
Office in Knepper's Block up-stairs, where he can be found at all times prepared to do all kinds of work, such as filling, regulating, extracting, &c. Artificial teeth of all kinds and of the best material inserted. All work guaranteed.

DR. J. K. MILLER
Has permanently located in Berlin for the practice of his profession. Office opposite Charles Krissinger's store.

Somerset County Bank.
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
C. J. HARRISON, President. M. J. PRITTS, Cashier.
Collections made in all parts of the United States.
CHARGES MODERATE.
Parties wishing to send money West can be accommodated by draft on New York in any sum. Collections made with promptness. U. S. Bonds bought and sold. Money and valuables secured by one of Diebold's celebrated safes, with a Sargent & Yale 3,600 time lock.
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED.
All Legal Holidays Observed.

CURTIS K. GROVE.
SOMERSET, PA.
BUGGIES, SLEIGHS, CARRIAGES, SPRING WAGONS, BUCK WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.
Employ Only First Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on short Notice. Prices REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Selves for Wind Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
(East of Court House)
SOMERSET, PA.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Heffley's Store.)
Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
—OF—
BIESECKER & SNYDER.
SUCCESSORS TO C. N. BOYD.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.

You can depend on having your
PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money.

Do not forget that we make a specialty of
FITTING TRUSSES.
We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.

Respectfully,
BIESECKER & SNYDER.

FALL 1888 WINTER,

Black and Colored Silks. Velvets and Plushes.

Fine imported Woolen Dress Goods in Colors and Black.

Broad Cloths, 50 inches wide, at $1 00 to $2 75 a yard.

Wool Henriettas, at 50 cents to $1 50 per yard.

Plaid Stripes, Mixtures and fancies, all wool 50 inch Suiting cloth, 60 cents per yard.

Complete assortment of Winter Hosiery, Underwear, Gloves, Laces, Embroideries, Millinery and Ribbons, Zephyrs and Yarns, Embroidery Silks; Dress Trimmings, Braids and Buttons, Corsets, Muslin Underwear, Lace Curtains, Portieres, Blankets, Flannels, Table Linens, Sheetings and Muslins.

JOS. HORNE & CO'S
PENN AVENUE STORES,
613, 615, 617, 619, 621 Penn Ave.,
Pittsburgh. - Pa.

B. & B.
GREATEST
MARK-DOWN SALE
ON RECORD.

We find stocks in every department in our stores too large for this season of the year, and have determined to reduce them before our Annual Inventory February 1.

We shall depend entirely upon prices to do this. We contemplate no profit from this month's business other than the converting of part of these stocks into cash.

There is a rare opportunity for buyers of Dry Goods to secure bargains—real live bargains.

Some of the sacrifices made are:

5000 yards best makes Tycoon Repps, 8c. yard.

50-inch Dress Goods and Suitings, 50c. yd.—were sold this season at $1.25.

100 pcs. All-Wool Colored Cashmeres, 46 inches wide, 50c.—sold regularly at 75c.

36-inch American Suitings, double fold, 15c.—regular price, 25c.

Black Brocade Silk Velvets, 35c.—were $1.00.

Black brocade Silk Velvets, 50c.—were $1.25.

Black Brocade Silk Velvets, $1.00—were $1.75.

Entire Stock 18-inch Colored Brocade and Fancy Silk Velvets, 50c. yd.—were $1.50 to $2.00.

Fancy Striped, Checked and Plaid Silk Velvets, 25c, 50c, $1.00, $1.50—were $1.00 to $5.00 yd.

Never has 10,000 yards of Velvets been placed on any retail counters in America at such prices.

Above but outline of the great bargains on sale this month.

WRITE FOR SAMPLES.

Thoroughly organized MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT, where your wants and requests will have proper attention.

Boggs & Buhl,
115, to 121,
FEDERAL STREET
ALLEGHENY, Pa.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!

BY VIRTUE of an order of the Judges of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, I will sell at public sale at the hotel of Wellington Knepper, in Berlin Borough, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1889,
AT 1 o'clock P. M.

The real estate of Barbara Meyers, deceased, consisting of a tract of land containing 29 acres and fifty perches, more or less, with dwelling house, stable and other outbuildings thereon erected, 25 acres of which are clear, 4 acres in meadow, situate in Brothersvalley Township, adjoining lands of William Foust, Jacob Pritts, Elizabeth Brant and William Landis.

TERMS.

Cash on confirmation of sale, 10 per cent. to be paid on the day of sale.

WILLIAM FOUST,
Administrator.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Joseph Musgrave, dec'd., late of Stonycreek Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment and those having claims or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 19th day of January, 1889, at the office of J. O. Kimmel, in Somerset Borough.

JONATHAN GUMBERT,
dec12. Administrator.

ANNUAL
Financial Statement
—OF THE—
FARMER'S UNION ASSOCIATION
—AND—
Fire Insurance Co.
—OF—
Somerset County, Penn'a.,

For the year ending December 31, 1888.

Number of members	1831	
Am't of insurance subject to assessment		1,[illegible] 00
Pro rata of assessment during year	1½ mills.	
Resources of Co. Dec. 31, '87	$ [illegible]	
" " during the year '88	[illegible]	
		[illegible]

LIABILITIES.

Am't due Dec. 31, '87	$ [illegible] 00	
" of loss by fire and lightning during the year '88	1007 00	
Am't due for all other expenses for the yr., including officers' pay, commissions and certificates	[illegible]	
		$ [illegible]
Resources in excess		$ [illegible]

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR 1888.

Received on assessments	$[illegible]	
" for membership	[illegible]	
Balance in Treasury of 1887	[illegible]	
		$[illegible]

DISBURSEMENTS DURING THE YEAR 1888.

Paid Jos. Manet bal of Ins.	$ [illegible]	
" Dan'l Altfather full	[illegible]	
" Frank Hedges " "	[illegible]	
" John J. Fowlerbaugh full dam.	100 00	
" Benjamin Walker " "	15 00	
" Wm J Gleessner " "	7 00	
" Howard Cook " "	[illegible]	
" Dan'l J. Brubaker Sec salary	[illegible]	
" E. J. Walker, Treas.	[illegible]	
" Philip Hay, President's pay	6 00	
" Alex Minser, V. "	[illegible]	
" six directors for services	[illegible]	
" for postage and stationary	[illegible]	
" for publications	[illegible]	
" House rent for holding elect'n	[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Balance in Treasury		$ [illegible]

RESOURCES DECEMBER 31, 1888.

Amount in Treasury	$ [illegible]	
Outstanding on duplicate	[illegible]	
Total resources Dec. 31, 1888		$[illegible]

REMARKS.—The insurance of $[illegible] on the barn destroyed by fire for Joseph Trexler, of Larimer Township, in the year 1887, is still in litigation, and is therefore again not reported in above statement.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT OF INSURANCE ON CONTENTS.

Number of members		[illegible]
Am't of insurance subject to assessment		[illegible] 00

RECEIPTS DURING THE YEAR 1888.

Received for membership	$ [illegible]	$[illegible]

DISBURSEMENTS DURING THE YEAR 1888.

Paid Secretary for services	$ [illegible]	
" President "	[illegible]	
" Treasurer "	[illegible]	
" Com on Amendments to Charter	[illegible]	
" Val Hay for procuring amend't	[illegible]	
" Lou A. Smith, printing 1,000 policies	[illegible]	
" Committee on draft. policies	[illegible]	
" for bank printing &	[illegible]	$ [illegible]
Balance due Treasurer		$[illegible]

PHILIP HAY, Pres. D. J. BRUBAKER, Sec.
EPH J. WALKER, Treas.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The Honorable WILLIAM J. BAER, President Judge of the several Courts of Common Pleas of the several counties composing the 16th Judicial District, and Justice of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, for the trial of all capital and other offenders in the said District, and GEORGE W. PILE and OLIVER P. SHAVER, Esq's, Judges of the Courts of Common Pleas and Justices of the Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery for the trial of all capital and all other offenders in the County of Somerset, have issued their precepts, and to me directed, for holding a Court of Common Pleas and General Quarter Sessions of the Peace and General Jail Delivery, and Courts of Oyer and Terminer at Somerset, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, '89.

NOTICE is hereby given to all the Justices of the Peace, the Coroner and Constables within the said County of Somerset, that they be then and there in their proper persons with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices and in that behalf appertain to be done, and also they who will prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Somerset County, to be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Sheriff's Office, Jan'y 30, 1889. R. S. McMILLEN, Sheriff.

List of Causes.

The following is the list of Causes set for trial at the February Term of Court, commencing Monday, the 25th day.

FIRST WEEK.

Hannah C. Gaul vs Solomon Ishly.
Annie M. Bell vs Joseph Sucks.
Noah Scott's exr vs M. A. Sanner.
Henry Kelsey vs Henry Fisher, et al.
J. W. Hull's heirs vs John A. Fetry.
Dr. D. P. Walter's Admr vs W. H. Gardner.

SECOND WEEK.

Henry Bergot vs. Thomas Newman.
James H. Gopitl vs Fairview Coal Co.
Gideon Rhoads vs Isaiah Conley et al.
Mary Showman's use vs. C. Bott & Bro.
Laura N. Smith vs Peter S. Hay.
Barney Bowman vs Casper and S. C. Loechel.
H. Gardner vs. Emanuel Statler.
A. W. Brandon's use vs E. Hostetler.
W. L. Shaulis vs John A. Phillippi.
John Good's Exr vs Jacob A. Miller.
Paul Hoffman vs Conrad Keidle.
John Lane vs Solomon Seibert.
Sarah Blair vs John Winters Sheriff.
Daniel Weyand's heirs vs Noah Berkebile.
Joseph Trexler vs Farmers Union Ass'n. Ins. Co.
John O. Hay vs James M. Cover.
William L. Fetter vs Isaac Hugus et al.
Same vs Same et al.
J. H. Barnhart's Admr. vs Adam Barnhart.
J. H. Critchfield & Co. vs Samuel Rampangle.

Prot'ry's Office, Somerset, Jan. 30, 1889. D. J. HORNER, Prothonotary.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all persons concerned as legatees, creditors or otherwise, that the following accounts have passed register, and that the same will be presented for confirmation and allowance at an Orphans' Court to be held at Somerset on Wednesday, Feb. 27, 1889:

Second account of Ephraim J. McKenzie, acting and surviving Executor of Joseph McKenzie.

Fourth and final account of Wm. G. Schrock and John S. Meyers, Executors of Jacob B. Meyers, deceased.

First and final account of Jonas Lichty and Samuel J. Miller, Executors of Mary Lichty, dec.

First and final account of Lavenia C. Reel, Administratrix of John Reel, dec'd.

First and final account of George Holtzhour, Administrator of John Holtzhour, dec'd.

Second and final account of Wm. S. Morgan and Josiah Keller, Executors of Phoebe Marshall, dec'd.

First and final account of Jonas Sturtz, Administrator of Margaret Hamlin, dec'd.

First and second accounts of Josiah Koeher, Administrator of George Koeher, dec'd.

First and second account of John N. Snyder, Administrator of N. B. Snyder, dec'd.

First and final account of S. J. McKenzie, Admr. of Hiram Pritts, dec'd.

Register's Office, Somerset, Jan. 30. JACOB D. SWANK, Register.

THE OLDEST
DRUG HOUSE IN PITTSBURG.
JOSEPH FLEMING,
No. 84 Market St.

Having had for a number of years a fair share of the patronage of the good people of Pittsburgh and vicinity, I take this opportunity to say, with increased facilities and stock I am better prepared than ever to solicit their orders, either wholesale or retail, in any way relating to the drug trade, and by accuracy, neatness and promptness, and prices lower than ever, I hope to merit their continued favors. I have constantly in stock a full line of Drugs, Trusses, Shoulder Braces for ladies and gents, Bandages, Family Syringes, Hair, Nail and Tooth Brushes. All the leading Proprietary Medicines of the day. Cod Liver Oil Preparations, Malt Extracts. For medical purposes there is no better, purer, older whiskey sold to-day anywhere than the pure eight-year old Guckenheimer Whiskey I am now selling at $1 for full quart bottles, or six for $5. The only Wines that should be used for medical purposes are the pure California Port, Sherry, Muscatel, Angelica and Sweet and Dry Catawba that I am now selling.

Send for price list of Wines and Liquors, mailed free to any address. The money must accompany all orders for wines or Liquors, as we do not send any goods C. O. D.

JOSEPH FLEMING & SON,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
—DRUGGISTS,—
PITTSBURGH, PA.
412 Market St., Cor. of the Diamond.

ST. JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT REMEDY FOR PAIN
INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM.
UTTERLY HELPLESS AND CURED.

PROMPTLY. The "St. Louis Post-Dispatch" says: "Mrs. Phoebe Rice, 1209 Madison Street, states that for the past seven years she had been a sufferer from acute inflammatory rheumatism, which had affected the muscles of the hands, contracting them so badly she could not comb her hair, hold a needle or pick up a pin, and rendered the lower limbs so helpless she required crutches to move about. During ten months she was obliged to carry the right hand in a sling."

PERMANENTLY. "A single application of St. Jacobs Oil, she said, made her a firm believer in its virtues, as the effect was instantaneous and she was greatly benefited. The continued use of it brought her to the happy condition in which the reporter saw her, with the free use of her limbs and in perfect health—cured. She can now run up and down stairs, she said, and her hands were as useful in every respect as they had been before she began to suffer, seven years ago."

THE PRICE.—The best always first and cheapest. The best is the promptest, safest, surest, most permanent. The benefits are beyond price. St. Jacobs Oil is the best.

Sold by Druggists and Dealers Everywhere.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

Dress the Hair

With Ayer's Hair Vigor. Its cleanliness, beneficial effects on the scalp, and lasting perfume commend it for universal toilet use. It keeps the hair soft and silken, preserves its color, prevents it from falling, and, if the hair has become weak or thin, promotes a new growth.

"To restore the original color of my hair, which had turned prematurely gray, I used Ayer's Hair Vigor with entire success. I cheerfully testify to the

Efficacy

of this preparation."—Mrs. P. H. Davidson, Alexandria, La.

"I was afflicted some three years with scalp disease. My hair was falling out and what remained turned gray. I was induced to try Ayer's Hair Vigor, and in a few weeks the disease in my scalp disappeared and my hair resumed its original color."—(Rev.) S. S. Sims, Pastor U. B. Church, St. Bernice, Ind.

"A few years ago I suffered the entire loss of my hair from the effects of tetter. I hoped that after a time nature would repair the loss, but I waited in vain. Many remedies were suggested, none, however, with such proof of merit as Ayer's Hair Vigor, and I began to use it. The result was all I could have desired. A growth of hair soon came out all over my head, and grew to be as soft and heavy as I ever had, and of a natural color, and firmly set."—J. H. Pratt, Spofford, Texas.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

DR. SADLER FRAUDULENTLY IMPERSONATED.

SEVEN COMPLAINTS FROM SIX COUNTIES IN SEVEN DAYS.

Mrs. Emanuel Reel, Stewarton, Fayette Co.; Miss Katie L. Brown, Kent, Indiana Co.; a lady from Westmoreland county; J. T. Cole, Whitsburg, Armstrong county; George W. Minninger, Washington county; Jos. M. Timmons, McConnells Mills, and Miss Emma Barr, Rochester, Pa., report men in those sections at different times personating Dr. Sadler, the noted oculist and aurist, of 804 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, or claiming to be his agent or partner, selling glasses and treating Diseases of the eye. All such are impostors, taking advantage of Dr. Sadler's wide reputation for the greatest skill in all that pertains to the eye and ear, and can be prosecuted by any person defrauded by them. Go to Dr. Sadler's office, where you will find him every day and look out for traveling impostors.

ORPHANS' COURT SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate!

BY virtue of an order of sale issuing out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to us directed, we will expose to public sale on the premises, on

Thursday, Feb. 21, '89

at 1 o'clock P. M., the following real estate, late the property of Abraham Baker, dec'd:

No. 1. A certain tract of land, situate in Somerset township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of sol C. Baker, Geo. Fritz, Solomon Shaulis, Henry Bittner, William E. Baker, William Sorrman, George Bittner and Sam'l Faidley, containing 80 acres, about 40 acres clear. There is a one-story plank house, a good bank barn, a

Blacksmith Shop,

and spring house, an orchard of good fruit and a sugar camp of 300 or 500 trees on the premises.

No. 2. A certain tract of land situate in the same township, adjoining lands of George Fritz, Lydia Friedline, Ansonbrook, William Gross and Solomon Shaulis, containing fifteen acres more or less; five acres are clear, the balance well timbered. There is a good dam, and much of the iron of a saw mill on the premises.

TERMS.

One-third in hand, the balance in three equal annual payments, with interest to be secured on the premises. Ten per cent. of the hand money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down. Possession given on the 1st of April.

SOLOMON J. BAKER,
W. K. BAKER,
jan30. Admrs. of Abram. Baker, dec'd.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
Valuable Real Estate.

PURSUANT to an order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., there will be sold at public sale on the premises, in New Baltimore Borough, in said County, on

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1889,

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, late the property of Anna M. Kruse, dec'd., to wit:

No. 1. A certain lot of ground situate in New Baltimore Borough, Somerset County, Pa., fronting on Washington street 82 feet, and extending back 200 feet to Harmon alley, adjoining lot of Adam Imgrund on the northwest, and lot No. 2 on the southeast, having a large two-story frame

Dwelling House,

Store-room, Stable, and other outbuildings thereon.

No. 2 A certain lot of ground situate as aforesaid fronting 50 feet on Washington street and extending back 200 feet to Harmon alley, adjoining No. 1 on the northwest, and lot of Miss Elizabeth Bridges on the Southwest.

TERMS:

Ten per cent on day of sale, one-third of balance on confirmation of sale, one third in six months, and one-third in one year, with interest on deferred payments.

JOHN M. TOPPER,
jan30. Admr. of Anna M. Kruse, dec'd.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that Henry N. Coleman and wife of deed of voluntary assignment have assigned all the real estate and personal property of Henry N. Coleman to Reuben S. Walker in trust for the benefit of the creditors of the said Henry N. Coleman. All persons therefore indebted to said Henry N. Coleman will make immediate payment to the assignee and those having claims or demands will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday the 23d day of Feb. 1889, at the house of Henry N. Coleman in Brothersvalley Township, Somerset County, Pa.

REUBEN S. WALKER,
Jan. 9, 1889. Assignee.

WRIT OF PARTITION,

To Jno. B. C. Miller or Foshan, LaGrange County, Indiana; Mary Harber, intermarried with William Bingle, of Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa.:

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a Writ of Partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., and to me directed I will hold an inquest on the premises on the real estate of Benjamin Miller, deceased, situate in Paint Township, Somerset County, Penn'a, on Thursday, the 21st day of February next, when and where you can attend if you think proper.

Sheriff's Office, Jan. 9, 1889. R. S. McMILLEN, Sheriff.

HIS SON'S WIFE.

"I'm afraid she's a poor, feeble cretur'," said old Mr. Bayliff, shaking his head. "Ten o'clock Monday morning, and the washing ain't out yet. It ain't the way your mother used to keep house, Hector. Eh? how? Where ye goin' now?"

Hector Bayliff had left the ox-yoke he was mending, and crossed the green dooryard with a rapid step, to take the heaped-up clothes-basket from the hands of a pretty, slender young woman who had just emerged from the kitchen door.

The old man uttered an audible snort of disgust.

"Well, I never!" said he. "If Hector hain't left his work to wait on that wife o' his'n! It ain't a man's work to carry clothes out, no way you can fix it. If you do it once, you'll be expected to do it twice. And Hector's wife is clean spoiled a'ready. It ain't the way I managed matters when I was first married to Hector's mother. What ye been doin'?" sharply, as the young man once more returned to his work.

"That basket was too heavy for Cynthia to carry," said Hector, curtly. "I wish I could afford to keep a girl for her."

"A girl!" Mr. Bayliff's voice betrayed mingled astonishment and contempt. "A girl! Your mother—"

"Yes, I know, father," interrupted Hector. "But things have changed since then, and perhaps mother would have been alive now, if the housework hadn't worn her out before her time."

"That's a downright flying in the face of Providence!" said Mr. Bayliff, reddening to the roots of his stiff, iron-gray hair. "It was the Lord's will that your mother should be took away, and there ain't no sort o' doubt but that she's better off. And Cynthia won't never stand in her shoes, no way you can look at it!"

Hector Bayliff made no reply, but took up his ox-yoke and went across the fields with it.

"Father may say what he pleases," said he to himself, "but mother died of overwork and undercare, and nothing else. And the household duties are too heavy for Cynthia, and I must see what can be done to lighten them. No woman shall be drudged to death under this roof now."

Cynthia Hough had been a pretty factory girl when Hector Bayliff had married her. She had been ignorant of all the details of housekeeping, but she had exerted herself diligently to learn.

Old Mr. Bayliff, however, was an exacting critic, and the Bayliff farm-house was a big, rambling, inconvenient place, where one might work hard all day, and have very little to show for it at the end. And the tired look in her eyes, and the weary flush on her cheek, went to Hector's heart at times.

"My darling," said he, "I wish I could make things easier for you."

"Oh, they are easy enough," said Cynthia, brightly. "It's only that I am too stupid to manage as I ought."

Hector shook his head. He knew that something was lacking, but he did not quite comprehend what.

But she drooped so that he saw some radical change was necessary.

"Cynthia," said he, "this won't do. You must go to stay with your mother for a week or two, and rest and recruit."

"But what will you do, Hector?"

"We'll keep bachelor's hall, father and I," said the young man, cheerily. "What does it signify to us, a little inconvenience, so long as you are benefitted?"

So, rather unwillingly, Cynthia went. Old Silas Bayliff shook his head forebodingly.

"If this is the way you're goin' to baby that wife of your'n, Hector," said he "You'll hev her playin' sick the whole time. I don't hold to lettin' women think themselves too important. Now we shall be obleeged to have Mary Jenkins here to do the chores an' cook, and it'll cost us a dollar and a half a week at the very least. 'Tain't what I call economical housekeepin'."

"That depends upon what one calls economy," said Hector, quietly.

But when his neighbor, Luzon Perkins drove past that afternoon, with his wife, Hector called them in, secretly rejoicing that old Silas was down in the swamp lot, capturing a refractory calf.

"You're not in a hurry, Luzon, are you?" said he. "Sit down a minute. I want to ask your wife's advice."

"A pretty thing to do," laughed Mrs. Perkins, "when you've got a wife of your own."

"It's about her that I want to consult you," said Hector. "The work here is too heavy for her. She don't seem to get along with it, and I don't know why. Now, Mrs. Perkins, look around this kitchen, and tell me what you would do to it if you lived here."

Mrs. Perkins took a leisurely view of the premises, letting her eyes rest on one portion after another, with meditative slowness.

"Well?" said Hector.

"In the first place," said Mrs. Perkins, "I wouldn't have this room for a kitchen at all, if I lived here. Its damp."

"Damp?" echoed Hector.

"As blue mould," nodded the oracle. "The cellar under it isn't properly drained, I am certain. And the windows look to the north, and I don't suppose there's sunshine in it all day. No—make a store place or something of this room, and take the sitting-room for a kitchen, where there's a bright lookout to the south, and a good cemented cellar underneath."

"I never thought of that," said Hector. "Well, what else?"

"Where do you get your water?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"From the spring, under the hill."

"Do you mean that your wife has to bring all the water that you use up that hill?"

"Except the wash-water. That she dips out from the hogshead under the eaves," explained Hector, rather discomfited.

"My goodness me!" said Mrs. Perkins, wringing her plump hands in comical dismay; "that's enough to break any woman's constitution!"

"It's what we've always done," said Hector. "I bring a couple of pails in the morning before I go to work and after I come home, but—"

"Nonsense! a mere drop in the bucket!" said Mrs. Perkins. "What you want is a sink, with water-pipes laid from the spring, and a good cistern, with a pump in the kitchen, and a washing-machine—"

"What's that?" said Hector.

"We'll show you if you'll come over to our house!" said Luzon Perkins, very cheerfully.

"And stationary tubs in the cellar," added Mrs. Perkins, "and a hot-water boiler back of the stove. That's the way to break work down instead of letting it break you down."

"I'll do it," said Hector; "I'll have all these things fixed up while Cynthia is at her mother's, if you'll just help me with your experience."

Mrs. Perkins nodded approvingly.

"It will add ten years to Cynthia's life," said she.

Old Silas shook his head more strenuously than ever, when he heard of these new plans.

"Hector," said he, "I believe you're gone crazy! The old ways was good enough for your mother; I should think they'd be plenty good enough for your wife."

But Hector was firm, and the old man lost his temper at last.

"I can't stay here and see you makin' ducks and drakes of the old place," said he. "If you're goin' to set your wife up for an idol to worship her, I shan't stand by and see it. I'll go to Ohio and visit my brother Elnathan's folks; and we'll see where these fine notions will bring you up. Anyhow, you needn't look to my money to get you out of the poorhouse."

"No, father, I will not," said Hector.

And after he was gone, the repairs and improvements commenced in real good earnest.

Silas Bayliff had intended to stay a year in Ohio; but either the climate did not agree with him, or he didn't agree with brother Elnathan's folks, for he returned home some three months before he was expected.

"There ain't no place like home," said Silas. "And, bless me, how bright and nice things do look here! And I declare, Cynthy, you're like another woman! Your cheeks are as red as roses, and you step round as spry as any cricket!"

"Yes, father," said Cynthia, "the improvements in the house have made everything so much easier for me. I get the work done in half the time, and with a quarter of the trouble."

Bayliff looked around.

"The improvements, eh?" said he. "But they cost a sight of money."

"Yes, they certainly did," owned Cynthia.

"How much, now?" said Bayliff, with an interrogative upturning of his spectacles.

"Five hundred dollars," said Cynthia.

Old Bayliff could not repress a groan.

The interest on five hundred dollars at six per cent. is thirty dollars a year," said he. "Thirty dollars a year is a round sum; and all dug into the ground, as you may say—in pipes and drains!"

"Not quite, father," said cheerful Cynthia, opening the table drawer. "Look here—my work is done so easily and quickly, nowadays, that I have a deal of time to myself, and here is my work from the shirt factory. Buttonhole-making and putting on the finishing touches, you see. I take it up when my dishes are washed and the work is over. I haven't been at it half a year yet, and I've earned a good deal more than thirty dollars. Look, here is my savings-bank book!"

"Well, I de-clare!" said Silas.

"Hector objected to it at first," went on Cynthia, "But when I proved to him that I should still have plenty of time to read and garden and walk with him, he let me go on with it. So, you see, the improvements are really an economy."

"Well, I de-clare!" said Silas. "I dunno but what you're righty, Cynthy!"

He walked out to the village building ground in the yellow flush of the twilight that evening, where the russet leaves were drifting down on a solitary mound, and stood there silently for awhile.

Perhaps he was thinking of what might have been, if he had been more considerate in the years gone by to the poor woman who lay there!

When he went back to the house, he met Hector.

"Hector, said he, "You did right to fix up the house to suit Cynthy."

"I am glad you think so, father," said Hector Bayliff.—*Saturday Night.*

An Incident.

On a railway train the writer noticed the entrance of a mother and little son who were unexpectedly greeted by a friend of the mother's. The friend was only going from one way station to the next, while the others were on a long journey. There happened to be but one vacant double seat in the car, and into this the boy slipped, taking the seat next the window. His mother, eager to improve the ten minutes with her friend, asked her son to give up his seat and take another for that little time, so that she could sit with her friend.

"No, I won't; because I want to sit by the window, and all the other seats have people already at the windows."

"But, darling, only for ten minutes, and then you can sit by the window all day."

"No, I won't go. I want to sit by the window now."

"But, dear, not to give mamma pleasure?"

"No."

"Not for just ten little minutes, when mamma wants so much to talk to her friend, and you can sit by the window the whole day long?"

"No!"—with impatient emphasis. And in spite of humble entreaty from the mother, and good natured urging from the friend, that home-nurtured bit of selfishness kept his place, the mother never dreaming of insisting on the right and courteous thing, but murmuring gently that "Bobby did so enjoy looking out of the window." When 7-year old Bobby becomes Robert the husband, his sad little wife will wonder, "Why is it that men have so little tenderness for their wives?"—*Century.*

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A STORY ABOUT LINCOLN.

Captain G. T. Greene in Atlanta Constitution: To intimately know a great man is a rare privilege, because great men are rare, and their intimates are not often numerous, and they seldom have time or inclination to give thought or attention to those whose sphere of life is far removed from their own. The world is agreed that Abraham Lincoln was a great man, and as it was my privilege to know him quite well some years before his countrymen recognized his ability, or demanded his services, it may be taken as sufficient excuse for relating the circumstances that made us acquainted, and although I have know Mr. Lincoln to laugh and raise a laugh in relating it, yet even now, after a lapse of near forty years, it appears as a very serious matter to me. It is needless, therefore, to wait, hoping that it might assume a more pleasant aspect; but if the world can take a cheerful view of it, I am sure, considering all that has followed, that I ought not to complain.

In the summer and fall of 1850 I was second clerk on a Mississippi steamboat plying between St. Louis and New Orleans. On the down trip in October was a gentleman and his family who had been spending the summer at the North. They resided near Jackson, Tenn., where they had a large plantation. They were old friends of the Captain. They desired to engage a teacher for their children, to reside in their family until they went North the following year. It looked like a pleasant employment, and the Captain recommended me as a competent person, and I accepted the situation, agreeing to meet a member of the family at Memphis on the return of the boat from New Orleans. This I did and found everything quite as good as I had reason to expect, and was treated with all the consideration I deserved. I soon made the acquaintance of the young people of the neighborhood, and entered into the various amusements common to them, and probably added to the general fund, having seen more of the world and mingled somewhat in society. This inevitable debating society of that ancient day awoke the echoes in a neighboring school-house, and I was quite as ready then as now to argue either side of any question that needed defenders, as my bump of egotism was well developed at that early day. I well remember I was rather sought after by the advocates of questions that were weak or unpopular. The freedom of debate, as I understood it, however, did not always shield me from violence when no other answer could be made to my arguments.

THE INEVITABLE SLAVERY QUESTION

was not long in being brought to the front, and having spent some years in a free soil printing office, I probably was more familiar with the question than my opponents had dreamed of, and doubtless brought arguments against the Constitution they had never heard and were quite unable to answer. The discussion continued a number of evenings, and the old shool-house was full. Considering the time and circumstances, I doubtless was very indiscreet. I was not employed for the purpose or expected to discuss the question, but feeling sure of my premises I probably was too willing to discuss it with any opponent regardless of time or place; but looking back over all these long years to the occurrence as it now appears to me, I can not think that the threats and violence of a whole community were justified or necessary, or in any sense in answer to the arguments of a beardless boy. Repeated threats had been made, to which I gave no heed and violence attempted which I had been able to repel. An arrangement had been made to hold another meeting a few nights before Christmas, and the warnings to keep away only made me the more determined to be present. A riot ensued, as had doubtless been prearranged, and I found myself obliged to fly for safety. The road to my residence was lined with armed men, and I could not approach it to procure aid or even an overcoat. I had a small sum of money. My first thought was to reach Memphis, hoping to intercept the boat on which I had been employed, either on up or down trip. The weather was very cold and bad, but I got there only to find that the steamer was laid up in New Orleans with a broken shaft, and would not make a trip for several weeks. The only boat going up the river was an Ohio River boat, and in my anxiety to get away I took passage on it to Cairo, and arrived there to find both the Mississippi and Ohio frozen over and all navigation suspended.

My home was in the extreme northern end of the State of Illinois, within five miles of the Wisconsin line—over 700 miles, in an air-line from Cairo at the mouth of the Ohio River. There was no railroad at that time in that portion of Illinois, or any that ran in that direction but I was determined to go home. The weather was uncommonly cold. I was scantily clad and had but a few dollars in money, and the distance was very great; but after thinking the matter over for a day or two I set out upon it, and never faltered for an hour until I sat down in my own pleasant home on the banks of the Rock River. It was a terrible experience, and I was a mere boy, unused to great physical exertion. My money gave out before half the trip was accomplished, and to many wants, hunger, too, often was added; but the long, cheerless trip was illuminated by a single incident that to my mind amply compensates me for all the suffering I endured. I made upon this trip,

THE ACQUAINTANCE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

whom I regard the greatest man it has been my fortune to know, or even look upon. I have seen thirteen Presidents of the United States, hundreds of Senators a majority of the great men of our time. I have spoken to the Prince of Wales. I have stood before kings; yet I do not for a moment doubt but that Abraham Lincoln will occupy a place in history as the greatest of all these.

Just how it occurred, may interest the reader, and, although nearly forty years have passed away I feel, in relating it, somewhat the ardor of the old soldier, who, in congenial company, loves to fight the battles o'er again.

As I approached the middle of the State, after walking an entire day through cornfields, I applied at nightfall at a large farm-house for entertainment. I soon learned that it was the residence of Jacob Strauss, at that time the largest farmer in the West, owning more than 40,000 acres of land, and raising nothing but corn and beef. Finding that my destination carried me to Springfield, the capital of the State, just thirty-five miles due north, he told me he would keep me over night if I would carry some papers to a lawyer there next day. After supper, sitting around a great fire composed entire of corncobs, he said he had some papers to send to Abe Lincoln, who attended to all his business. "Didn't know him? Well, anybody in Springfield can tell you where his office is—up by the court house. Just the smartest lawyer there was in the State, and would be Governor yet if it wasn't for his infernal politics."

The old fellow was loud in his praises of Abe Lincoln, but was clearly satisfied that his "infernal politics" would keep him from ever amounting to anything, and related a number of anecdotes to show how much smarter he was than some other lawyers whom he had employed to do his business.

I started the next morning at sunrise. The distance to Springfield was thirty-five miles, the road exactly straight, and the country so level I could see the sun reflected from the State House dome. It was very cold but clear; the snow about four inches deep, as dry as powder, and it slipped from under one's feet like sand. Since then I have walked some long distances and saw some heavy marching during the war, but no single day's journey ever exceeded the wearisome monotony of this long, level road. But I arrived in the city before nightfall, and the first man I asked, who happened to be cutting wood by the roadside, said, "You will find Abe Lincoln's office on the west side of the court house square, in the only building what ain't got any paint on it." And so I did. The entrance was in a hallway, and "A. Lincoln, Attorney," on a plain strip of black tin on a door to the left. Below this was another piece of tin with the name of Hilburn W. Hepburn, whom I presume was his partner. I knocked, and a loud, cheerful voice instantly replied, "Come in." I timidly opened the door, and entering I observed a man sitting in an old fashioned splint bottomed chair before a great wood fire, his feet against the mantel higher than his head, and reading a copy of the Louisville *Journal*. He never looked up, but as I advanced towards the fire, which at the moment attracted me more than the man, he said "Well?" I instantly replied,

"I HAVE SOME PAPERS HERE

which I brought from Mr. Jacob Strauss, near Jacksonville." Down came the feet and up went the head, and as he took the bundle he said; "Didn't think the old codger would send a horse out such a night as this." But when I told him I had walked the entire distance his interest in me became so great that he never stopped questioning me until I had told him the whole story. As he arose from his chair he seemed to undouble like a pocket rule, his legs and arms disproportionately long, his hair disheveled, his clothing seedy, and his general appearance quite unprepossessing, but he had not talked to me ten minutes in his quiet, sympathetic way before I thought him the handsomest man I had ever seen. I had just finished the hardest day's labor of my life. I entered the office feeling that I was half-frozen and half-starved. He did not even ask me to sit down, nor did he sit down himself, yet I grew warm and cheerful in his presence, forgetting my great hunger and fatigue, and the tears I unconsciously shed were but an honest tribute to his kindness and sympathy.

He manifested great interest in my adventure and discussed the slavery question from stand points that were quite new to me. He condemned it unreservedly, it was bad from every point of view, and yet he could find much better excuses for its existence, and tolerance for its advocates than I had ever heard before. He condemned the system on moral, political, and financial grounds, but it was hard for me to tell for whom he had the greatest sympathy, the slave or his master. "Slavery," he said, "exists only by the tolerance of Christian people, but its advocates were determined that Christianity should not only tolerate but approve it." It was a conflict that could not last forever, and it could have but one ending. It must cease to exist. If during the last twenty years its advocates had held an annual convention to determine upon something they would do in the following year to annoy or incense their opponents, they would have proposed about what they have done, and if it was continued in the future as it had been in the past, there were plenty of people now living who would see the end of slavery. He was quite sure it would not outlive the century. The advocates of slavery were doing much to hasten its downfall, and if persisted in as it had for the last few years, a quarter of a century would not pass away before its value would be substantially destroyed. It seemed to him that gradual emancipation and governmental compensation would bring it to an end.

Finding that I had no money, he took $5 from his pocket and gave it to me, saying he would "charge it up to that old codger for bringing the papers," as he had to send them that day, and it was worth $10 to bring them in such weather; then taking up the newspaper he had laid down, he wrote on the white margin in a fine eighteen inches long:

"Mr. Wilson,

TAKE CARE OF THIS BOY

until to-morrow, or longer if the weather is bad, and send the bill to me.

A. LINCOLN."

Tearing this off and handing it to me, he pointed out of the window to a hotel across the square, and told me to go there and remain until I was able to renew my journey; that he was glad of the opportunity to do me a favor, and would be more than glad if in the future he should know that I was prosperous and happy. As I stepped out into the snow and turned my back on that friendly face I little thought that I had made the acquaintance of the one great figure that would illumine the page of American history in the nineteenth century. I thought he was the greatest man I had ever seen, but his was the first friendly greeting I had received, after weeks of uncommon toil and privation. I trust I would have appreciated a favor at its true value at the hands of any one, but there was something about this man so peculiar that I passed out of his sight fully impressed with the fact that I had a met a great man.

Three weeks after I met, at Rockford, Mr. Elihu Washburne, the Congressman from the Northern District of Illinois, and who afterward became the distinguished friend of both Grant and Lincoln and I related to him this occurrence, and, ending it with the assurance that I regarded him as a great man, Mr. Washburne replied: "Well, yes, Mr. Lincoln is an able man, and he possesses in a large degree the true elements of greatness, but his excessive modesty and diffidence will keep him in the background, when others, with less fitness and ability will push themselves to the front." I was well cared for at the hotel, and the next day being very pleasant, I set out to finish the rest of my tedious journey. As I was leaving the hotel a man brought me a note from Mr. Lincoln, who explained that it might be of some use to me when I reached Peoria, a town farther north, on the Illinois river. It was addressed to a business man in the town, and ran as follows:

"Mr. Wallace, Peoria: Dear Sir—This boy wants to reach the Rock River country somewhere near Beloit. If he needs any assistance so you can help him on his way, it will be appreciated and I will be responsible. Yours, A. Lincoln." I did not meet the gentleman to whom the note was addressed, as he was not at home, and it was quite as well, as I did not need any assistance, and 20 years afterward I sold the dingy note for $30.

I reached my home in due time, having walked about 800 miles in thirty days and it is but proper to add, as I take pleasure in doing, that I found a letter from the gentleman by whom I had been employed, deploring the occurrence, and assuring me of his sympathy, inclosing all and more than was really due me.

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This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cure the worst cases of Cough, Croup, and Bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of Consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.00. If your lungs are sore, Chest or Back lame, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by George W. Benford & Son.

A Reception to Lincoln.

By reason of being his birthplace, Philadelphia claims Dan Dougherty. This claim, however, is disputed by New York, which is now his home, and both cities, with equal cause, are proud of him. As an orator, Mr. Dougherty's reputation is national, and many stories are told of the readiness of his eloquence. Perhaps the most striking instance of this faculty was afforded at the time of President Lincoln's visit to the great fair of the sanitary commission in Philadelphia in 1864, as the guest of the Union league.

Morton McMichael, whose fame as a fluent speaker still lives wherever he was heard; Charles Gibbons and several other leading members of the league, were upon the committee of reception, and Mr. McMichael had prepared a brilliant address of welcome. By some mischance President Lincoln arrived ahead of time, and quietly proceeded to a hotel, after his usual unobtrusive fashion. He was immediately pounced upon by a Mr. Webster, a genial, jolly "man about town," who knew everybody, and was occasionally over officious. Taking it for granted that it was all right, Mr. Lincoln stepped into the carriage which Mr. Webster had in waiting and was driven to the fair. When the committee of reception called at the hotel to wait upon him, he was gone, as the clerk said, with "a committee from the Union league."

"Impossible," said Mr. McMichael. "We are the committee."

To follow in hot chase was all they could do, but Mr. Webster was on the watch, and as the well known group entered the fair room by one door, he took the President out of another, and drove straight to the Union league, where the members, minus the committee, were assembled to do honor to the President.

The committee, boiling over with wrath, gave chase; vainly, for by this time the streets were packed with a dense crowd, anxious for a sight of Mr. Lincoln. It was impossible to drive a carriage through the crowd, and at Twelfth and Chestnut streets they were obliged to get out and fight their way on foot, inch by inch. Meantime, at the Union league everything was upset for lack of Mr. McMichael and the eloquent address too safely stowed away in his pocket.

Mr. Dougherty was one of the members anxiously watching for the committee which did not come. At last, growing desperate, some one called him aside and said: "Dan, this won't do. McMichael isn't here, and somebody must say something. You're the only fellow who can do it, and you must."

In vain Mr. Dougherty protested he was "totally unprepared," etc., etc., and begged to be excused. "Mr. McMichael was expected to speak, and they ought to wait for him." He was pushed to the front and introduced with:

"Mr. President you will be addressed on behalf the Union league of Philadelphia, by Mr. Daniel Dougherty."

Mr. Dougherty was absolutely trembling with stage fright, and his pallor was a sight to behold, but he made the speech, and President Lincoln said afterward that he had seldom listened to such a torrent of oratory.

"I have never overcome a dread of rising to address an audience, however small," said Mr. Dougherty, a few days ago. "Even when I rise before a jury, I would feel grateful if the floor would open and swallow me. I want to get away. My lips are dry, my hands trembles and I feel myself turn pale. After I get started I lose myself in my subject. This feeling gradually wears away, and I soon forget these disagreeable symptoms in my absorption in the work before me."—*New York Star.*

Your Friend Committed Suicide.

You never suspected it, none of his friends dreamed of it, he did not know it himself, but it is exactly what he did, nevertheless. Do you remember his sallow complexion? Do you recollect how he used to complain of headaches and constipation? "I'm getting quite bilious," he said to you one day, "but I guess it'll pass off. I haven't done anything for it, because I don't believe in 'dosing.'" Soon after that you heard of his death. It was very sudden, and every one was greatly surprised. If he had taken Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets he would be alive and well to-day. Don't follow his example. The "Pellets" are easy to take, mild in their action, and always sure.

The Chinese word for "hash" is the longest and most difficult word to pronounce in the language. In the English language it is the most difficult word to define.