Artificial Freaks.

HOW AND WHERE MUMMIES AND MERMAIDS ARE MADE.

AN OLD SHOWMAN GIVES THE SNAP AWAY AND TELLS ABOUT THE FAKES—THE FINEST ARTIST IN THE WORLD IN THE MANUFACTURE OF CURIOSITIES.

It was our old friend, the showman—the only survivor of A. Ward, Esq., truthful as the needle to the pole, writes a New York *Graphic* man. He is a queer duck, is this friend of ours, the old showman, with a rare eye for seeing the curious and the unique, with a strong fancy, with a cosmopolitan instinct and with a sense of the charm of successful humbuggery. He believes with the idol of the show world—the venerable sage of Bridgeport—that the public likes to be humbugged. A good square, snap side-show attracts him as a drop of sugar attracts flies. He is never so happy as when with his shiny tall hat on the back of his head, and with his keen eyes dancing in the excitement of the hour, he is aloft on the box of the side show in front of the circle of pictures of the Circassian woman, and the fat woman and the line of freaks, orating to a crowd of believers on the wonders of his show inside the canvas.

"The show man," quoth he, "rises early and retires late. I know him. I know all about him. He puts all his nerve, strength, vigor and brains into the business. The show man is usually a show man because he couldn't be any thing else if he had every opportunity in the world. He'd rather be a showman and have to go to bed while his only shirt was being washed than be a bank cashier rolling in somebody else's millions.

"Well, sir, since I'm talking on the fake, did you know that the finest artist in the world in the manufacture of freaks and curiosities is an Alaskan? It's a fact. I was surprised myself, for I always supposed that he would be a Yankee. He was away when we called, but his assistant was there. They were making Egyptian mummies that day, a full line of the *i* for a museum in Paris. They are made of plaster of Paris and boiled in tobacco juice, and they are stunners when they are done. It is a curious yarn how the reporters got on to his place. He occupies a place under the roof and dries his curiosities on the flat roof in the sun. The elevated railroad pushes along over the city here, and some travelers by the morning train saw a curious sight on one of the roofs. It looked like a collection of dead bodies drying in the sun, and a conglomeration of hideous monstrosities and blood-curdling freaks of nature. Of course somebody investigated it, and as a result the birth place of the freak was found.

"I wish I could give you that Alaskan's name, but I can't. It's a stunner in length, and he is an artist of as distinguished talents as his name is long. He made the man-ox that struck the professors of anatomy everywhere. He drew the skin over the ribs so adroitly that there seemed to be absolutely no fault in it, and it puzzled the scientists as well as the common people. There are two or three other freak makers in the Bowery that we called on, but there are no others that approach this fellow. He is a jim-dandy, and no mistake. A mermaid is nothing at all for him. He can draw a chicken's skin over the skeleton as handily as you draw on your glove, and no man can swear that it is artificial."

"Are none of these freaks genuine?"

"Mighty few that I know anything about are very genuine. Most of this man-ox, man-horse, mermaid, sea serpent, Egyptian mummy, royal anatomical marine museum stuff is manfactured. Of course, there are some freaks of nature in the way of monstrosities that are genuine. The India rubber man is a freak of nature, and I was in to see the centaur of a man-horse at tht dime museum. That's genuine if you like it. It's a coon with his legs twisted out of shape. The poor cuss was marked in birth and can't walk upright—a dead give-away of a fake that don't excite any particular interest. 'Australian children' are idiots. Circassian women can be made with case and celerity. Bearded women can be found anywhere. The country is full of Albinoes, and if it were not they can be manufactured to order at any time.

"Do you remember that sea serpent that we exhibited a year or two ago? It was twenty or thirty feet long, and was the the queerest looking thing I ever saw. It had big chunks of bone on the side of it, and had a mouth big enough to take in a long boat. Well, this Alaskan made that. How did he make it? Blamed if I know. He's ahead of me on that. It was a good job. He made a sea serpent lately, and I ran across it at Exeter. One of the professors at Phillips' Acakemy went in and looked it over. He said he had doubts about its being genuine.

"Ha! Ha! Well I don't blame him. I had my doubts, too, but they were based on a different foundation, the difference between theory and fact, you see. The owner of the show had a mighty good lecture to go with his museum. He had one or two mermaids, and one of them he considered a particularly valuable specimen. He never failed in the course of his address to relate that this was positively the only mermaid ever captured alive. He said that she seemed to mourn for her home at the bottom of the sea, and to continually utter plaintive cries and sing in a mournful, heart-breaking key. They fed her every thing in the line of fresh fish, but she pined away and died and thus ended the existence of the only mermaid ever captured alive.

"The doctor had a bang-up show on the outside. His pictures were very gorgeous and true to fact. In front of his mermaid he had a large patch of green grass and the green waves curling up.

"One day an old chap, with his town meeting hat on the crown of his head clear to his ears, came up and looked at the mermaid as she fluttered in canvas true to the picture of her home beneath the wave.

"As he gazed at her in rapt suspense and noticed that she was the only specimen ever captured alive, he looked up to the orator at the door, and said: 'Say, mister, what do you feed her on?'

"There may have been truth as well as poetry in the reply of the doctor as he looked down, and said: "My dear sir, we feed her entirely on suckers. She has to have something very fresh.

"By the way, you may quote mermaids this season as very cheap—anywhere from $5 to $35."

Burned bones are useful in the poultry-yard, but do not equal those that are procured in the ground condition. Bones from the butcher, pounded into pieces, are preferred by the hens, as they contain more or less meat.

Farm Notes.

Think how much you are dependent upon your horse and farm animals now and use them well.

The general aspect of the dairy animal is thinner, sharper and more angular than the feeding animal.

It is surprising to see what a great change a little paint will make in the appearance of farm buildings.

The Farmers' Alliance was introduced into Mississippi in March, 1887, and now has 1,200 lodges and 40,000 members.

Many of the ready-mixed paints are valuable and cheap, and the painting can be done by one of the boys or hired man at odd times.

A hundred rods of fence on a farm above actual need become a tax on labor and material that may better be out of by removing the fence.

A new vegetable fiber, called "gamootic," is imported from Celibes into Holland, and is made to take the place of moss and hair in upholstery.

It is estimated that to collect a pound of honey from clover 62,000 heads of clover must be deprived of nectar and 3,700,000, visits from bees must be made.

Watering troughs by the roadside at convenient distances are highly appreciated by travelers and are pretty sure indications of kind and hospitable farmers.

A good coat of paint will preserve the buildings, add to the beauty and attractiveness of the premises, and transform old run-down farmhouses into neat and tasty homes.

Going to law is expensive, whether it be for the purpose of securing justice or revenge, and is almost certain to end in disappointment and loss of money to both parties.

It is a queer idea some farmers have that grass will grow after soil is exhausted by grain cropping and that grass will restore fertility after it is so far gone that seeding must fail.

One way to make your boys dislike farming is to be continually finding fault, complaining of the hard lot and slavish life of farmers and telling them of the ease and comforts of city life.

With all the talk about the value of Jerusalem artichokes for hogs fewer are planted every year. While large crops of them are sometimes raised, the average yield appears to be very small and dependent on the season.

Experiments in raising alfalfa are being made at the Iowa Agricultural college. It is likely that this forage plant will grow in Iowa and do fairly well, but there is no prospect that it will be as valuable for stock food as clover and grass.

Dr. Salmon says there are two contagious diseases known as hog cholera, one affecting the bowels, the other the lungs. The one is the genuine hog cholera, the other the swine plague. It is possible for an animal to have both diseases at the same time.

Sheep are one of the best-paying things that can be had for north Dakota. One farmer got three sheep two years ago, and from them he now has eleven. Another farmer had in 1883 with addition to other stock, 100 sheep and he has now 350 besides 120 young lambs.

The pig that brings the farmer the most money is not one that yields him the greatest profit. Fall pigs wintered over and fattened the next fall are almost invariably expensive animals. Where corn is fed to cattle whole, a few pigs may be kept to follow them without much outlay, but only a few.

WARNER'S LOG CABIN REMEDIES.—"Sarsaparilla," — "Cough and Consumption Remedy," — "Hops and Buchu," — "Extract," — "Hair Tonic," — "Liver Pills," — "Plasters," (Porous-Electrical),— "Rose Cream," for catarrh. They are the simple, effective remedies of the old Log Cabin days. Everybody uses Warner's "Tippecanoe."

Modest Nell and Dr. Johnson.

After Goldsmith had written the *Vicar of Wakefield* he rose considerably in the estimation of blunt old Dr. Johnson, who extolled the book to the skies. Goldsmith's natural modesty made the enthusiastic praise of his work exceedingly painful to him, and he invariably did his best in self-depreciation when his friend began sounding his praises.

Upon one occasion Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith were lunching together in a Fleet Street chop house, when an acquaintance of Johnson's entered, and approaching the group, grasped the Doctor's hand, and asked him how he did.

"Sir," said the Doctor, with his accustomed courtesy, "I don't." Then turning toward Goldsmith who was trying to hide behind a bottle of Worcestershire sauce, he roared out: "Mr. Robison, permit me to introduce my friend Goldsmith. Goldsmith is the author of the *Vicar of Wakefield*, you know."

"Indeed!" cried Robison, with a pleased smile. "Are you the author of that delightful work?"

"N-no, sir, p-please, sir," replied Goldsmith, overcome with shame.

The effect of this reply upon Dr. Johnson may be better imagined than described.—EDITOR'S DRAWER, in *Harper's Magazine for September.*

Pond's Extract *is never sold by measure nor bulk nor in any druggist bottles.* Anyone who tells you he buys it by the gallon or barrel or in any way except in our bottles, is falsifying and deceiving you. Prepared and bottled only by Pond's Extract Co., New York and London. See our name on every wrapper and label. Pond's Extract has been used by physicians and the people over forty years *for Hemorrhages Pain and Inflammations.*

A New Theory of Sleep.

THERE IS A CURE FOR ALL SUFFERERS FROM INSOMNIA.

From the London Spectator.

It is now, I believe, generally accepted that our conscious, daylight thinking processes are carried on in the sinister half of our brain—i. e., in the lobe which controls the action of the right arm and leg. Pondering on the use of the dexter half of the brain—possibly in all unconscious celebration, and whatsoever may be genuine of the mysteries of planchette and spirit rapping, I came to the conclusion (shared, no doubt, by many other better qualified inquirers) that we dream with this lobe, and that the fantastic, unmoral, sprite-like character of dreams is in some way traceable to that fact.

The practical inference then struck me. To bring back sleep when lost we must quiet the conscious, thinking, sinister side of our brains, and bring into activity only the dream side, the dexter lobe. To do this the only plan I could devise was to compel myself to put aside every waking thought, even soothing and pleasant ones, and every effort of daylight memory, such as counting numbers or the repetition of easy-flowing verses, the latter having been my not wholly unsuccessful practice for many years. Instead of all this I saw I must think of a dream, the more recent the better, and go over and over the scene it presented. Armed with this idea, the next time I found myself awakening at 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning, instead of merely trying to banish painful thoughts and repeating, as was my habit, that recommendable soporific, "Paradise and the Peri," I reverted at once to the dream from which I had awakened and tried to go on with it. In a moment I was asleep! And from that time the experiment, often repeated, has scarcely ever failed. Not seldom the result is sudden as the fall of a curtain and seems like a charm.

A friend to whom I have confided my little discovery tells me that, without any preliminary theorizing about the lobes of the brain, she had hit upon the same plan to produce sleep and had found it wonderfully efficacious.

A Good Apetite

Is essential to good health; but at this season it is often lost, owing to the poverty of impurity of the blood, derangement of the digestive organs, and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a wonderful medicine for creating an appetite, toning the digestion, and giving strength to the whole system. Now is the time to take it. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Justifiable Homicide.

"Did you kill that man?" asked the prosecuting officer of a man who was on trial for murder.

"Yes, sir. But it was in self-defense."

"I presume so. Such affairs usually are. What necessity was there for you to defend yourself from him?"

"He was my cook."—*Merchant Traveler.*

A man who don't know anything is pretty sure to tell it the first chance he gets.—*N. Y. Star.*

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. The Original LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. ALWAYS ASK FOR DR. PIERCE'S PELLETS, OR LITTLE SUGAR-COATED PILLS.

Being entirely vegetable, they operate without disturbance to the system, diet, or occupation. Put up in glass vials, hermetically sealed. Always fresh and reliable. As a laxative, alterative, or purgative, these little Pellets give the most perfect satisfaction.

SICK HEADACHE, Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. In explanation of the remedial power of these Pellets over so great a variety of disease, it may truthfully be said that their action upon the system is universal, not a gland or tissue escaping their sanative influence. Sold by druggists, 25 cents a vial. Manufactured at the Chemical Laboratory of WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

$500 REWARD is offered by the manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, for a case of Chronic Nasal Catarrh which they cannot cure.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.—Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; the eyes are weak, watery, and inflamed; there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat, expectoration of offensive matter, together with scales from ulcers; the voice is changed and has a nasal twang; the breath is offensive; smell and taste are impaired; there is a sensation of dizziness, with mental depression, a hacking cough and general debility. Only a few of the above-named symptoms are likely to be present in any one case. Thousands of cases, annually, without manifesting half of the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more dangerous and dangerous, or less understood by physicians. By its mild, soothing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy cures the worst cases of Catarrh, "Cold in the Head," Coryza, and Catarrhal Headache. Sold by druggists everywhere; 50 cents.

"Untold Agony from Catarrh."

Prof. W. HAUSNER, the famous mesmerist, of *Ithaca, N. Y.*, writes: "Some ten years ago I suffered untold agony from chronic nasal catarrh. My family physician gave me up as incurable, and said I must die. My case was such a bad one, that every day, towards sunset, my voice would become so hoarse I could hardly speak above a whisper. In the morning my coughing and clearing of my throat would almost strangle me. By the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, in three months, I was a well man, and the cure has lasted ever since."

"Constantly Hawking and Spitting."

THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *806 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

Three Bottles Cure Catarrh.

ELI ROBBINS, Remsen P. O., Columbia Co., Pa., says: "My daughter had catarrh when she was five years old, very badly. I saw Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy advertised, and procured a bottle for her, and soon saw that it helped her; a third bottle effected a permanent cure. She is now eighteen years old and sound and hearty."

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

THE CELEBRATED NERVE TONIC.

A Word to the Nervous You are painfully aware that you have nerves? Then you are sick. A healthy boy has as many as you, but he doesn't know it. That is the difference between "sick" and "well."

Why don't you cure yourself? It is easy. Don't wait. Paine's Celery Compound will do it. Pay your druggist a dollar, and enjoy life once more. Thousands have. Why not you?

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

SOME DOCTORS

honestly admit that they can't cure Rheumatism and Neuralgia. Others say they can but—don't. Athlophoros says nothing but—*cures.* That's the secret of its success. Years of trial have *proved* it to be a *quick, safe, sure cure.*

CINCINNATI, O., Sept. 3, 1888.

In my own family Athlophoros was used as a last resort, the user having suffered from rheumatism for years and having been treated for the disease by different physicians in this State and Massachusetts without even temporary relief. Upon my recommendation scores of people have used this remedy with the same results claimed for it. C. H. WEAVER.

Dubuque, Iowa, Jan. 3, 1888.

Athlophoros has completely cured me of several headaches, and I feel thankful for all the good it has done me.

Mrs. LORINE CURRIER.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N.Y.

RAILROAD TIME TABLE

DELAWARE, LACKAWANNA AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

BLOOMSBURG DIVISION.

STATIONS.	P M	P M	A. M.	A. M.
			NORTH.	
NORTHUMBERLAND	5 40	1 35	10 10	6 15
Cameron	5 55	....	10 25	6 30
Chulasky	6 00	....	10 29	6 34
Danville	6 08	1 58	10 36	6 40
Catawissa	6 25	2 14	10 53	6 58
Rupert	6 30	2 19	11 00	7 05
Bloomsburg	6 36	2 24	11 07	7 12
Espy	6 42	2 29	11 15	7 20
Lime Ridge	6 50	....	11 22	7 27
Willow Grove	6 54	....	11 26	7 31
Briarcreek	6 58	....	11 30	7 35
Berwick	7 05	2 45	11 37	7 42
Beach Haven	7 11	2 54	11 44	7 49
Bicks Ferry	7 18	2 59	11 48	7 55
Shickshinny	7 20	3 09	11 58	8 05
Hunlock's	7 43	3 19	12 08	8 17
Nanticoke	7 50	3 26	12 16	8 29
Avondale	7 54	....	12 20	8 33
Plymouth	7 59	3 35	12 25	8 33
Plymouth Junction	8 03	3 39	12 30	8 38
Kingston	8 08	3 43	12 37	8 45
Bennett	8 12	....	12 41	8 49
Maltby	8 17	....	12 45	8 53
Wyoming	8 22	3 52	12 50	8 58
West Pittston	8 27	3 56	12 55	9 03
Pittston	8 33	4 01	1 03	9 09
Lackawanna	8 41	....	1 11	9 17
Taylorville	8 48	....	1 19	9 25
Bellevue	8 54	....	1 25	9 30
SCRANTON	9 00	4 22	1 30	9 35
	P M	P M	P M	A M

STATIONS.	A M	A M	P M	P M
			SOUTH.	
SCRANTON	6 10	9 50	2 05	6 20
Bellevue	6 15	9 55	....	6 25
Taylorville	6 20	10 00	....	6 30
Lackawanna	6 28	10 08	2 21	6 37
Pittston	6 36	10 16	2 28	6 45
West Pittston	6 42	10 22	2 34	6 50
Wyoming	6 47	10 27	2 39	6 55
Maltby	6 51	10 30	....	6 59
Bennett	6 55	10 34	2 47	7 03
Kingston	6 58	10 38	2 50	7 07
Plymouth Junction	7 05	10 42	2 54	7 12
Plymouth	7 10	10 47	2 59	7 16
Avondale	7 14	10 51	3 03	7 21
Nanticoke	7 19	10 55	3 06	7 25
Hunlock's	7 26	11 02	3 19	7 43
Shickshinny	7 47	11 12	3 29	7 55
Hick's Ferry	7 55	11 22	3 39	8 07
Beach Haven	8 01	11 28	3 45	8 13
Berwick	8 07	11 37	3 51	8 20
Briarcreek	8 13	....	3 57	8 27
Willow Grove	8 14	11 45	4 01	8 31
Lime Ridge	8 20	11 52	4 05	8 38
Espy	8 26	11 59	4 12	8 41
Bloomsburg	8 32	12 05	4 18	8 47
Rupert	8 37	12 10	4 24	8 52
Catawissa	8 42	12 16	4 29	8 57
Danville	8 57	12 30	4 46	9 15
Chulasky	9 03	....	4 54	9 23
Cameron	9 07	12 40	5 00	9 26
NORTHUMBERLAND	9 22	12 55	5 16	9 45
	A M	P M	P M	P M

Connections at Rupert with Philadelphia & Reading Railroad for Tamaqua, Tamaqua, Williamsport, Sunbury, Pottsville, etc. At Northumberland with P. & E. Div. P. R. R. for Harrisburg, Lock Haven, Emporium, Warren, Corry and Erie.

W. F. HALSTEAD, Gen. Man.,
Scranton, Pa

Pennsylvania Railroad.

Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Division, and Northern Central Railway.

TIME TABLE.

In effect AUG. 5, 1888. Trains leave Sunbury

EASTWARD.

9.40 a. m.—Sea Shore Express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 3.15 p. m.; New York, 6.50 p. m.; Baltimore, 4.45 p. m.; Washington 5.55 p. m., connecting at Philadelphia for all Sea Shore points. Through passenger coach to Philadelphia.

1.43 p. m.—Day express (daily except Sunday), for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.50 p. m.; New York, 9.35 p. m.; Baltimore 6.45 p. m.; Washington, 8.00 p. m. Buffet Parlor car through to Philadelphia and passenger coaches through to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

7.45 p. m.—Renovo Accommodation (daily for Harrisburg and all intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4.30 a. m.; New York 7.10 a. m. Baltimore, 5.15 a. m.; Washington 6.30 a. m.; Pullman sleeping car from Williamsport to Philadelphia. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7 a. m.

9.50 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily) for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 8.35 a. m. New York, 11.50 a. m.; Baltimore 8.15 a. m.; Washington, 9.30 a. m. Through Pullman sleeping cars are run on this train to Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, and through passenger coaches to Philadelphia and Baltimore.

WESTWARD.

5.10 a. m.—Erie Mail (daily), for Erie and all intermediate stations and Canandaigua and intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls, with through Pullman Palace cars and passenger coaches to Erie and Rochester.

9.55—News Express (daily except Sunday) for Lock Haven and intermediate stations.

12.52 p. m.—Niagara Express (daily except Sunday) for Kane and intermediate stations and Canandaigua and principal intermediate stations, Rochester, Buffalo and Niagara Falls with through passenger coaches to Kane and Rochester and Buffet Parlor car to Watkins.

5.30 p. m. Fast Line (daily except Sunday) for Renovo and intermediate stations, and Elmira, Watkins and intermediate stations, with through passenger coaches to Renovo and Watkins.

9.30 a. m.—Sunday mail for Renovo and intermediate stations.

THROUGH TRAINS FOR SUNBURY FROM THE EAST AND SOUTH.

Sunday mail leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m Harrisburg 7.40 arriving at Sunbury 9.30 a. m. with through sleeping car from Philadelphia to Williamsport.

News Express leaves Philadelphia 4.30 a. m. Harrisburg, 9.10 a. m. daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury 9.55 a. m.

Philadelphia, 7.40 a. m.; Baltimore 7.35 a. m. (daily except Sunday arriving at Sunbury, 12.52 p. m., with through Buffet Parlor car from Philadelphia and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Fast Line leaves New York 9.00 a. m.; Philadelphia, 11.50 a. m.; Washington, 9.50 a. m.; Baltimore, 10.45 a. m., (daily except Sunday) arriving at Sunbury, 5.30 p. m., with through passenger coaches from Philadelphia and Baltimore.

Erie Mail leaves New York 3.00 p. m.; Philadelphia, 11.25 p. m.; Washington, 10.00 p. m.; Baltimore, 11.00 p. m., (daily) arriving at Sunbury 5.10 a. m., with through Pullman Sleeping cars from Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore and through passenger coaches from Philadelphia.

SUNBURY, HAZLETON & WILKESBARRE RAILROAD AND NORTH AND WEST BRANCH RAILWAY.

(Daily except Sunday.)

Wilkesbarre Mail leaves Sunbury 9.55 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.46 a. m., Wilkes-barre 12.15 p. m.

Express East leaves Sunbury 5.35 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 6.26 p. m., Wilkes-barre 7.50 p. m

Sunbury Mail leaves Wilkesbarre 6.20 a. m. arriving at Bloom Ferry 11.46 a. m., Sunbury 12.35 p. m

Express West leaves Wilkes-barre 2.55 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 4.19 p. m., Sunbury 5.10 p. m

SUNDAY ONLY.

Sunday mail leaves Sunbury 9.25 a. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry 10.16 a. m., Wilkes-Barre 11.45 a.m.

Sunday accommodation leaves Wilkes-Barre 5.10 p. m., arriving at Bloom Ferry, 6.39 p. m., Sunbury, 7.30 p. m.

CHAS. E. PUGH, Gen. Manager. J. B. WOOD, Gen. Passenger Agent.

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nov 25 2 d&29 1y.

SUFFERING WOMEN MARRIED OR SINGLE,

Who troubled with those annoying Irregularities so frequently following a cold or exposure, or from Constitutional Weaknesses to peculiar to their sex, should Use DR. DUCHONNE'S Celebrated

FEMALE REGULATING PILLS.

They are Strengthening to the entire system, impart tone, vigor and magnetic force to all functions of body and mind. Sent by mail, securely sealed, $1. Address Dr. Harter Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

novtu.c&co1y.

Some Facts about Sheridan.

WE ARE THE TWINS."—General Sheridan was a bachelor up to the 40th year of his life. Then he married Miss Irene Rucker, daughter of General Rucker. She was a dozen years younger than her husband. The General had four little children, but two of them do not acknowledge that designation. While they were all tramping along with their father not long ago an interested passer-by stopped the two girls walking behind and asked: "Are you all General Sheridan's children?"

"No," answered one, with a show of impatient disgust.

"They are General Sheridan's children," said the other, pointing to the boy and the girl walking with their father; "we are the twins."

HE PAID ATTENTION TO HIS OWN WIFE.—"General Sheridan," says the Pittsburg *Dispatch*, was not so popular as was General Sherman with the ladies. He was fonder of staying at home than of going about in society. He took more pleasure in paying attention to his own wife than to other men's wives."

HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.—There was no better known figure about the National Capital than "Little Phil." He rarely wore his uniform, and a more unmilitary looking man never lived in citizen's dress. Sheridan was very short and each year seemed to add to the rotundity of his pudgy figure. "When I saw him in the lobby," says a Washington writer, "he wore upon the back of his round bullet head a very slim, high, old-fashioned silk hat of a style that was very popular about the time of the close of the war. It was about two sizes too small. His short, iron-gray hair stood out from under the rim of his hat at nearly right angles with it. His red, weather-beaten face did not show any new lines of advancing age, but the grizzly, iron-gray mustache and imperial were whitening very fast. He wore a short, light, yellow-gray overcoat which had only two buttons and they were nearly ready to fly off from the undue strain of Sheridan's round figure. The coat like the hat, appeared to have been long outgrown. The trousers were a gray plaid and fitted very snugly to the General's fat legs. His boots were thick-soled and un-blacked. He were no gloves."

PUGNACIOUS FROM BOYHOOD.—An Ohioan who was familiar with Sheridan's boyhood and parentage spoke to a Boston *Globe* reporter on Sunday night as follows:

"He came from as good stock as ever came over in the steerage. Phil was a little bit of a fellow, but I guess he whipped every fighting lad of Somerset. He became in early life a most daring horseback rider. His first experience as a cavalryman was on the back of an ugly beast without a strap about him. The brute started to run at a terrible pace and did not stop until he reached a tavern ten miles distant. There he ran into a stable shed. Phil hung on like an Indian and did not seem to be in the least frightened. When asked how he had managed to stick his reply was characteristic: 'I'd been told how to do it. I just hugged his neck and stuck my knees in his sides.' Nobody had ever before succeeded in riding the beast.

BATTLE-FIELD PROFANITY.—"Much of Sheridan's reputation as a profanity expert," said a writer in the Boston *Herald* of yesterday, "may be attributed to Buchanan Read's poem describing Sheridan's famous ride from Winchester to Cedar Creek. Sheridan, according to Read, rode down the line with a terrible oath, which was so soul-inspiring as to bring back the demoralized and scattered soldiers to their senses, and instill them with new courage. Sheridan was accompanied on that ride by two staff officers, Brigadier-General George A. Forsythe and Col. O'Keef. This is what Sheridan said according to General Forsythe, when he rode up and met his soldiers fleeing from the enemy: 'Boys, those of you who are not cowards follow me, for I'll sleep in camp to-night or I'll sleep in hell!' The effect of these words, General Forsythe says, was magical. The boys turned with a cheer and followed Sheridan to a man."

A *Telegram* reporter saw an amusing incident in a down-town Sixth avenue "L" car today. A prepossessing lady, becomingly attired in a spring costume and with square-toed patent leather shoes peeping from under her skirts, took a seat next to a lean old gentleman who was reading a book by the aid of a pair gold-rimmed spectacles. He had entered the train at fiftieth street and the lady at Forty-second.

At first she eyed all the other ladies in the car, saw what they wore, and then quietly sought to discover what book her neighbor was reading. This she finally accomplished by gradually edging up so close to him that her cheek was within an inch of his whiskers. Just before the guard called out Park place the climax came.

An exclamation of "Wait now, I've only two lines to finish," startled the old man almost out of his wits. He had turned the page before his fair neighbor had finished the paragraph, and so interested was she that she forgot where she was, and unconsciously gave her dear self away. Her new square-toed shoes didn't save her. But her lean neighbor was equal to emergency, and, taking in the situation at a glance, he said, smilingly; "Pardon me, madam," and turned the leaf back again.

Every one except the lady laughed. With her face suffused with blushes she hastened from the train, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"Wimmin will let their curiosity carry 'em clean off," said the conductor as he closed the gate with a sentimental slam.—*New York Telegram.*

Out of the Breastworks.

TATE SPRINGS, TENN., July 4, 1888.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—Seven years ago I contracted an exceedingly bad case of blood poison. I tried a physician, the best at command, but secured no benefit. My throat began to get sore, and my body covered with sores and ulcers. Going from bad to worse, I felt that my grave must be reached in the near future. I gave up the doctors' treatment, and with a despairing hope I commenced taking your medicine. I began to improve from the first bottle, and in a short time the ulcers healed, and my skin cleared off and was entirely well.

One year ago a case of catarrh developed in my system. The physician did his best, but could not cure me; but two bottles of Swift's Specific gave me permanent relief.

J. H. ROBINSON.

KAUFMAN, TEX., June 23, 1888.
The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.:

Gentlemen—I have been afflicted with a skin disease for about twelve years, and the best medical treatment failed to give me relief. I am now using Swift's Specific, and have received the greatest benefit from its use. Yours truly, WM. JONES.

For sale by all druggists.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.
New York, 756, Broadway.
London, Eng., 35 Snow Hill.

A gentleman and lady are now stopping at Bar Harbor hotel who have had a queer experience. They met on the Atlantic ocean, he proposed in Sweden, was accepted in Russia, asked her father's permission in England, the marriage settlements were drawn up in the United States, they were married in Algiers. and are now spending their honeymoon in Bar Harbor. Matches are sometimes made in other places than the proverb says.

President Garfield's Physician.

Dr. Bliss and other eminent medical men speak in the highest terms of Speer's Wines. Dr. Bliss prescribes these wines in his practice, whenever wines are necessary. The following is part of a letter received by Mr. Speer:

I have been greatly pleased with your N. J. Wines, and specially so with the Claret, Burgundy and Port. I wish you to send me two cases of Claret and one of Burgundy to my niece Miss——— New York City, and send the bill of both orders to me.

Yours truly,
D. W. BLISS, M. D.
Washington, D. C.

All the world's a stage, and most of the men and women on it merely supers.—*Puck.*

12 Pounds of Tumor

is a hideous thing to have attached to a human frame, yet Mr. Reuben Severance, of Upper Stillwater, (part of Old Town, Me.,) had one in his groin which he carried for about ten years. It began to form about fourteen years ago, being at first hardly larger than a pea. Mr. Severance, in his sworn statement before ex-Governor E. F. Davis, of Maine, says:

"At first it did not trouble me much but as it grew in size it was accompanied by severe darting pains. Food did not digest; had attacks of dizziness; roaring sounds in ears and passed sleepless nights. In 1885 tumor weighed several pounds and extended to knee. Now least exertion caused intense, tearing pain like sticking of needles in flesh. Abandoned hope and took to bed. Physicians declined to cut it out, saying I was too old and weak to survive. Am 78 years of age; some one recommended Brown's Sarsaparilla. I experienced immediate change for better. Appetite returned; food ceased to trouble me; ringing noises left my head, and best of all tumor began to shrivel up and disappear. It is now and has been for some time entirely gone. Can and do do good days work. I say God bless the man who invented this medicine. He should wear a crown. I mean always to keep by me a bottle of Brown's Sarsaparilla while I live."

With this statement we have paper signed by postmaster, druggist, as well as seven of the town officials, stating they know the above to be true, and ex Gov. Davis also adds his evidence. There is no case of blood disease which cannot be cured by

BROWN'S Sarsaparilla.

Not genuine unless made by Ara Warren & Co., Bangor, Me. may25 d 1y

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BEST IN THE WORLD.
Its wearing qualities are unsurpassed, actually outlasting two boxes of any other brand. Not affected by heat. GET THE GENUINE
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Confidential correspondence desired with reliable party in this section, who can invest, One Thousand Dollars Cash. A fortune in a