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ENTS

1. КОНЕ ИХ. РА. Мау 29, 1885.-1ут

Ion Gream Dealer

PIDLING

maiden I know of. Can you guess who?" and the elder sister bent and kissed the fair young check whose wild-rose pink spoke.

"I thought it was you he came to see, Claire; and I'm sorry if it is anyone else virtues peculiar to Ayer's Hair VIGOR it is a tollet luxery. The Hair is by far the cleanliest hair-dressing may Claire," with a sudden wonder in he causes the hair to grow thick and long. tones, "tell me why it is that some girls have to hurt people's feelings by saying Ayer's Hair Vigor 'No,' when some other real nice girl would be awful glad to say 'Yes?""

It is a curious study how near some people come to death, and yet do not die till their time comes" as the saying is. their place in the massive doorway, and An old Englishman who had passed unnarmed through the horrors of the Indian intiny came home from India and went upon an expedition to the heart of Africa. After passing through many dangers both on sea and hand, and getting safely home fter a tempestuous voyage, he was drown d the day after his arrival in simply step sing over a gaug plank from his ship to mother, and wasdrowned in sight of his ome. But there are many cases very tre a Firebrand, Dodge City the Cowboy, Garden City the Prairie Dog and a Bundle dmilar, and they are so frequent as to hardly occasion comment. "In the midst of life we are in death," free thought paper. might sometimes be aptly made to read. In the midst of death we are in life. In one of the large printing-offices of London a few years since an elevator carrying an office boy and several "forms" of type was precipitated the entire length of the well, 0 feet deep, and while the forms were pied and the elevator splintered, the boy escaped with a few bruises. Not a week afterward. while passing down a flight of two or three steps, he tripped and fell, and broke his

Ga., has a Light for Thinkers, and Sparta an Ishmaelite. Illinois has the Barry Unfeorn-Greenback, Blue Mound Cyclone, Casey Acorn (a weekly at 50 cents a year), and Chicago Alarm, the last the organ of the Socialists. Indianapolis has the Ironclad Age, an anti-religious paper, and the Scissors. Terre Haute has What Next?an advertising sheet. Iowa has at Angus the Black Diamond, and at Fayette the Postal Card. In Kansas, Atchison has

erary style, is told by the Youth's Com-

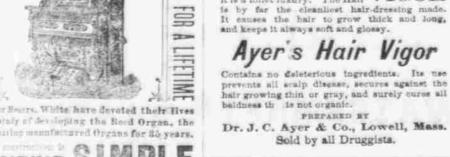
While a mere lad he read with such power and expression that the passing teamsters, who stopped to water their horses, used to get "Webster's hoy" to come out beneath the shade of the trees and read the Bible to them.

water, soap and brush. With natural gas Those who heard Mr. Webster, in later that hard isbor will be done away with. life, recite passages from the Hebrew · 1695 whote and Panlma any that he held them spellbound, while each passage, even the most familiar, came home to them in a new meaning. One gentleman says that he never received such ideas of the majesty batural gas has, also, its little vices as there is no rose without a thorn. Someof God and the dignity of man as he did one clear night when Mr. Webster, stand ing in the open air, recited the eighth

had deepened into a richer tint as Claire

But she conquered the momentary timility and lifted the heavy bolts from

in another instant stood framed in like a picture with a background of light which left her face in comparative shadow, -really and truly sorry-for I don't care | which was well for her presence of mind, for him at all, excepting as a friend .- for she stood face to face with Robert



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Then as Claire looked puzzled at her somewhat involved sentence, she said. with a laugh that sounded like a chime of sweet bells in her sister's ear: "I mean Claire, that it isn't fair that I should have

had three offers, and-and-" A thought that perhaps if she said any more she might wound Claire, stopped her, and she blushed and remained silent. For good and even pretty as was the elder sister, it was Madge alone who had

proved the attractive one since she had grown to woman's estate, and-as Claire's past was a closed leaf to her-she had condered at it.

"Tell me, dear, why are you so difficult to suit " said Claire. "Is there some one else whom you like ?"

Madge's head drooped, and her cheeks rivalled the red carnation she held in her hand. She hesitated; then with a sudden inpulse she went to her sister and hid her face upon her shoulder, as she murmured:

"Oh, Chaire, I do love some one else, and he does not even think of me. He is too noble and grand to stoop to such a silly little thing. But I would willingly lie for him."

"Who is it, little sister? Don't be afraid to tell me. Your secret will be safe." But the calm face grew troubled as

Madge whispered a name in her car. It was one which had once sounded like sweetest music to her. But a cloud had come between her and her handsome young lover-for Robert Fane was the one whom Madge had confessed to loving.

and his had been the only voice which had ever whispered to Claire of love .--And, ah, what a pang it gave her now to think that Madge had taken a fancy to the same one, whose faithlessness had nearly broken her own heart. She schooled herself to answer calmly, but with an intense earnestness that startled

Madge: "Do not think of that man, little sister! He is not one who would make you happy.

S. W. Corner Pean Ave, and Sixth St., He is false and fickle." "Prove it," said Madge impulsively. "If you cannot, I will not believe it." Claire grew very pale, She hesitated. Then, with a determination to uproot all

fancy for Robert Fane from her sister's heart, she commenced the story of her own past: "Ten years ago I was just the age that you are now, Madge. I was as lighthearted and as merry a girl as ever sang about the house while performing her daily duties. The world was all sunshine

to me, and it did not seem as though a shudow could come across my path. But one did come in the guise of what seemed at first a great happiness, almost too great for a mortal to experience and ever be willing to exchange earth for heaven.

You think, little sister, I have been always the quiet, staid creature I am now. But I am as changed since the time of which I am about to speak as yon sky is from the glowing tints which colored it at sunset. Robert and I were engaged to be married, when one day I received a short cold note from him saying that all was at an end between us. The next day I heard that he had sailed for Europe .--

Do you wonder that the light went out from my life, and that all seemed like a blank for a time? Then our mother died, and in my grief at her loss, and in my endeavor to make up her place to you, I gradually found forgetfolness of my pain."

"Did he give no reason for acting so?" asked Madge, with a ring of indignation in her clear young voice.

"Nothing definite. He hinted at some discovery he had made; but as I had not the slightest clue as to what he meant, I

Fanal A cold hand seemed grasping her heart with its kcy fingers, and she felt herself grow faint, but with a superhuman effort she regained command of her senses, and

said, putting out her hand: "How do you do, Robert? Is anything wrong at the Hall?" "Something that has been wrong is to

be righted," he said There was a tremble in his deep voice as he spoke. "A woman is dying," he said. "and she

calls for you in such pitcous tones that I could not refuse to come for you. It is Millicent Waters-or rather the wreck of that once beautiful creature. She came to my door in this dreadful storm, and insisted on seeing me, saying she had important news to communicate ; and, Claire, it concerned you. There is much to forgive. Will you come with me? My carriage is waiting at the gate."

Millicent Waters had been a schoolmate of Claire's. A wild, headstrong, but very beautiful girl, she had disappeared suddenly from Woodville a short time after Claire's great trouble had come into her life, and since then nothing had been known of her whereabouts. Claire's heart was ever responsive to a

call from any one in trouble; and in a brief space of time she had made her preparations to accompany Mr. Fane .--She had not the slightest idea of what Millicent had to say to her, as in a kind of dream she seated horself beside her former lover.

There was utter silence between them during the ride. Too great a gulf lay between their past and their present to be bridged over by the commonplace nothings of society conversation. The housekeeper met them at the door

with a white, shocked face, saying that shortly after Mr. Fane's departure the poor woman he had left in her care to be refreshed by rest and nourishment, had fallen into a swoon which seemed so like death that she thought it would surely end that way,

"Tell Joseph to go for Dr. Gaston," was Mr. Fane's brief answer. Then he led Claire into the library where he had left Millicent.

She was lying upon a sofa, upon which a pillow had been placed to support her head. In the wasted, sharply-outlined features little remained of the beauty which had made her remarkable. Whatever harm had been done to her

by this poor, dying creature, she forgave her fully. Her only feeling was one of intense pity. As though her touch had aroused the waning embers of life within the wasted frame, Millicent opened her eyes, and fixed them upon the tender. apathetic face bending over her. "So you have come," she said faintly.-

"It is good, for now I can die in peace." Then she turned her eyes upon Robert. "It was I who wrote that letter, and it was I who met James Grant. He was my lover, and he hated you and wished to wreck your happiness. I borrowed some of Claire's clothes under a pretence of taking a pattern of them, and in the moonlight you could not tell the difference, as I was of an equal height with her. I do not expect to be forgiven, but I must do even this tarily justice before I

go to meet my offended Maker." Her words were a complete enigma to Claire, as Robert had made no explanation of his conduct, thinking, in his hot anger, that Claire had been making a fool of him, and, of course, being guilty, would know that he had discovered the truth. "What does she mean?" she asked wonderingly, turning to Robert, who

stood pale and stern beside her. "What letter does she speak of, and what has James Grant to do with my life? I do not understand."

"It means that you and I have been the victims of a designing villain, and that yonder poor creature was made the

neck instantly, Here is another instance not less remark. able : A slater working upon the roof of a building 70 feet high lost his balance and went rolling down the side of the roof. Fortunately, just in the middle of the roof. was a skylight of heavy glass opening inward. Directly the man struck R, he carried it with him through the roof to the floor befow, falling upon the head of a workman standing at a bench. The falling glass injured the workman so severely about the head that he died instantly, while the slater lived to tell of his miraculous escape to his grandchildren.

63

Artificial Teeth a Prehistoric Product

Dr. Van Marter, of Rome, has published an interesting account of the evidences discovered by him of prehistoric dentistry in Italy. In the museum of Cornelo Tarquinius, a city on the Mediterranean coast, he found two specimens of ancient dentistry, which the Mayor of that city certifies were found upon the first opening of the buried Etruscan tombs, and Professor Heilbig gives assurance that these were virgin tombs, dating back four or five centuries before the Christian era. In one of the specimens the two superior central incisors are bound by a band of very soft gold to teeth on either side ; the artificial teeth are well carved, evidently from the tooth of some large animal. One other artificial tooth was held by the same band, but it is lost. Dr. Van Marter has in his own possession a skull in which the first upper molar on the right side is missing, and which shows plain marks of an alveolar abscess, proving conclusively toothache among the Etruscans.

Base Ball.

The manufacture of base balls in this country has become an important indus try, and an ingenious one, too, according to the description given of the process First, there is a little hard rubber ball. around which there is wound a strong blue coarse yarn, and, when this reaches a presoribed size, it is firmly wrapped with white Venetian yarn. The balls are now placed in an oven and baked until the moisture is taken out of them and reduced in size, this making them solid. They are then coated with cement, which causes the balls to retain their shape, and they cannot be knocked crocked. After this comes some blue yarn, and around the whole is placed fine white gilling twine. The balls are weighed, each to have a certain weight, and the covers are put on, these being made out of the best horse hide. It consists of two pieces, each cut in the shape of a figure S. By bending one section one way and another in an opposite direction, a complete cover is obtained. This is a simple and effectual substitute for the former method of covering with four pieces of leather

He Didn't Walt,

ord like to see the mistress of the house," said the peddler, as the servant opened the door. "Ain't to home." ·Muster?" "Ain't here nuther." "Perhaps I can see one of the young

"All gone out."

"Any of the little children here?" "Non."

"Where's the cook!" "Gone to her mother's funeral." 'Hired man?''

"Discharged yesterday." "Is that so? All gone, hey? Is the

The gas is said to cost then coal, but, as we are new in the busi-ness yet, that remains to be seen. every week a Sunday Morning Sermon Independent-Democratic; Carbondale has the Astonisher and Paralyzer, Clay Cen-While passessing all the virtues and good qualities that we have tried to show,

and villages, have not the remotest idea

what it is like to be buried alive in dirt, with no way out but to dig out with

scrubbing brush and broom, for the soot

and smoke of this place is of a gassy,

greasy nature, that will not wash off very

readily, but has to be scrubbed with hot

of Sticks, and Valley Falls its Lucifer, a times ou a cold morning we cannot get. The Condenser operates at Leesville, enough force to get the breakfast. Then La., and Tip Top halls from Baltimore, we have to skirmish around and hunt up Md. Massachusetts has perhaps less vaan oil stove or something of that sort to riety of newspaper names than other make our morning coffee on. Then again, If we do not go about the lighting of it very carefully, it will fiash out into our faces. It will be no unusual thing to see, States, and its Traveller is one of the most unique of its names. The most common name is quite naturally that of News by which, either with or without a prefix, the wife going about one week with one side burned off of her frazes, and the some 580 papers are called. Forty-four husband the next with whiskers or mustache singed off. Then another drawof these are in Illinois, 39 in New York, 88 in Ohio, 34 in Pennsylvania, while the others are scattered through the other back, which is literally a drawback. It States and Territories. There are 489 warps and draws our furniture and cracks called the Times, 41: Journals, 406 Demopicture frames until they fall apart and are useless. We are obliged to keep crats, 297 Gazettes, 273 Republicans, 198 vessels filled with water in every room, to Enterorises, 180 Independents, 190 Tribunes, 179 Records, 177 Courlers, 178 Senabsorb in a measure the dry, hot air. tinels, 140 Presses, 187 Registers, 128 course we can have the vessels as ornamental as we desire. And last but Chronicles, 126 Reporters, 119 Stars, 117 least, it is explosive and not always in the Reviews, 108 Suns, 107 Leaders, 99 Adhouse of those who are using it, for if vertisers, 98 Arguses, 90 Standards, 89 runs past your house and the pipes leak you are just as limble to get it into your Free Presses, 88 Posts, 74 Bulletins, 72 Expresses, 71 Banners, 70 Observers, Unions, 51 Citizens, 59 Messencellar as not, and it being odorless cannot gers, 54 Eagles, 53 Dispatches, 49 Advances, 49 Indexes, 46 Transcripts, be detected until going into the cellar with a light. The moment it comes in contact 44 Mirrors, 89 Pioneers, 37 with a flame it explodes, sometimes killmercials, 37 Globes, 35 Echoes, 27 Watching the person carrying the light, shatfering the building and tearing things up at a terrible rate. We are fortmen, 27 Mercurys, and 20 Vindicators. itying ourselves with a safety hamp,

It is a little curious that some of the Independents are most rabid partisan sheets. Some of the most stalwart Republican but whether it proves any safer than a common one we will be better able to tall papers rejoice in the name of Democrats, after the catastrophe. It is certainly and others called Republicans are most emphatically hide-1 and Bourbons. There calculated to make one feel a little shaky, as if they were living above a powder is at least one Democrat in every State mine, not knowing what minute some one except two, and sturdy Republican Illi. will drop a spark or a hammer and blow nois heads the list with thirty-six of them. but then, we are willing to take all No State is without its Journal and News US UD: and every one but Delnware us a Gathese risks in order to have the natural gas. zette. As to language in which American They Found Him. newspapers are printed, almost every na-A romantic story comes from Venice. A young Englishman appeared every tionality is represented, showing the cosmopolitan character of our civilization. morning in the tobacco divan of Signor The German publications are of course the most numerous, and they are followed in Alberti, bought the most expensive cigars, gave presents to the beautiful shop girl, and, so far as his faulty command of order by the French, Scandinavian and Spanish. There are five Polish, two Fin-

the Italian tongue allowed, paid assidnous nish, one Cherokee, and one Chinese papers. The United States takes the lead in court to her. Subsequently be presented newspaper and per dical literature, if the her with his visiting card, on which was engraved Lord Rodney. He told her that he was staying at the Grand Hotel, and number in existence is to be made a test, nearly two-fifths of the world's publica-Bired the entire first stage, and was dying tions being published in her territory. for love of her. He asked her to be his

Remedial Office of Laughter.

The interaction of mind and body, in disease, is well set forth by Dr. Hnecker, of Leipsic, who states that tickling, which he styles a variable, intermitten excitement of the nerves of the skin, produces irritation of the sympathetic nerves, with the result of an expansion of the pulpil and a contraction of the blood vessels, and that the consequent diminution of pressure on the brain, permeated with blood vessels, is so considerable as not to be without danger; that powerful expiration operates against such a diminution of pressure, and therefore laughter, which is simply intermittent forced movements of expiration is a decided remedy for the effects of tickling.

Aniline Color Polsoning.

A writer in a Leipsic journal considers the aniline colors as a rule polsonous in their action upon the skin, as has been established in regard to coraline, in spite of all denials. He indorses the recommendation that woolen garments colored with aniline dies should not be worn next to the skin, and .approves, as a test for these colors, the plan of heating a portion of the wool to boiling, in a test tube, with ninety percent of nicohol, and, if the intter acquires a red, violet, or violet-blue tint, the coloring matter is suspicious.

Ought to go on Somewhere.

Patient: Oh, doctor, I can't get any rest at all. My eyes won't close at night and I can't sleep Doctor : I guess we'll fix you up all right. Before you retire at night put your feet

in hot water. It is very efficacious. Patient: Yes, but confound it all, it. isn't my feet that won't sleep; it's my

Let ns go somewhere clso. Doctor: Oh, well, soak your head!-Clarence-Why, what's the matter,

about it too."

Panlm Webster's mother observed another old fashion of New England in training her son. She encouraged him to memorize such Scriptural passages as impressed him. The boy's retentive memory, and his sensitiveness to Bible metaphors and to the rhythm of the English version, stored his mind with Scripture.

On one occasion the teacher of the district school offered a jack-knife to the boy who should recite the greatest number of verses from the Bible. When Webster's turn came, he arose and reeled off so many verses that the master was forced to cry, "Enough" It was the mother's training and the 'soy's delight in the dioms and music o. King Jame's version that made him the "Biblical Concordance of the Senate."

But these two factors made him more than a "concordance." The Hebrew prophets inspired him to eloquent utterances. He listened to them, until their vocabulary and idioms, as expressed in King James's transiations, became his mother-tengue. Of his lofty utterances ft may be said, as Wordsworth said of Milton's poetry, they are "Hebrow in soul " Therefore they project themselves into the

The young man who would be a writer that shall be read, or an orator whom people will hear, should study the English Bible. Its singular beauty and great power as literature, the thousand sentiments and associations which use has at-tached to it, have made it a mightler force than any other book.

The Oplum Habit.

In 1813 Coleridge's face was sallow, his eye wild, his hand and step tottering. The cause of his condition was no longer a secret. Cottle, as his oldest friend, expostulated with him. Coleridge in answer discloses his dreary history. He wishes to place himself in a private madhouse, and meludes : "You bid me rouse myself : go, bid a man paralytic in both arms to rab them briskly together and that will cure him. Alas!" he would reply, "that I can not move my arms is my complaint and misery." His sense of his degradation was keen. "Conceive," he writes, "a spirit in hell employed in tracing out the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, hopeless, and yon will form a notion of my state." The sums which he spent in opium were large. Meanwhile he left his wife and children to be mainly supported by friends, and his son Hartley was sent to college on alma collected by Southey. He "mever," wrote Southey in 1814, wwrites to his wife and children, or opens a letter from them ?" he did not even answer the letter in which Southey told him of the scheme for Hart-Signor Alberti and the lady went to the hotel to find him. They found him in a ley's education. He might have made money by his pen, but he preferred to accept the charity of a Cottle .- [The Edinburgh Review.

Short Cuts.

The intest abbreviation crank halls from Illinois. He registered at a south side hotel thus: "Y & ct." It was decliphered to indicate "Wyanet." Out in Kansas they always write Leavenworth (1) worth," and Wyandotte "Y &." All this is done in the interest of economynot through indolence. There was a man once whose name was James Hole, and who was so lazy that in registering his name he simply made a "J" and then punched a hole in the paper. John Underwood, of Andover, Mass., always signed himself : "Wood,

Mnss."

Branching Out.

Commercial Traveller (to Dakota grocer)-Anything clse you think of ! Grocer-1 guess that's all this time.

Losing a Customor.

ed into the sitting-room of his aunt's house, several blocks away. "Why, Fred," she suld, "how does it happen you are making me so much earlier a call than usuak" "Papa told me to come, and he was mad Told you to come? Angry about it? Did he send you or an errand?"

"I guess so, but I don't know what he wanted, though." "What did he say to you?"

wife, but wished that the marriage should

be performed secretly and immediately, because he feared that if his aristocratic kinsfolk in England gained any knowledge

of his intentions they would move heaven

employer, and Signor Alberti prudently enough went to the Grand Hotel, made

inquiries, and found that all the servants

spoke of the generosity and wealth of the

English nobleman. He advised her to

accept the splendid offer, and a day was

fixed for the marriage. As the young

lord did not turn up at the appointed time

white cravat cleaning his master's boots.

Modern Application of Scripture.

his father solemnly quoted to him, "Go to

the ant, thou sluggard." Breakfast was

no sooner over than the little five-year-old

disappeared. Ten minutes later he walk-

When Fred got up tate the other morning

The young lady told the story to her

and earth to hinder the union.

Why, he just said, 'Go to your nunt, you singger!

Boston Girl (looking over bill of fare)-1 gness I won't order anything, Clarence.

