

Still Hunting for Deer. The visitor to-day of our city markets at the present season, seeing a row of deer carcasses hanging before him, would be apt to assume that it must be very easy to kill large game. But if he should venture into the woods with a rifle, intent on shooting deer, he would find it a very difficult undertaking.

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Letters from the above persons, giving full details will be sent on application.

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DR. SINE'S SYRUP CURES COUGHS AND COLDS.

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"Rough on Corns." Quick complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

"Rough on Bladder." Complete cure. All kidney, bladder and urinary diseases, including, irritation, stone, gravel, catarrh of the bladder, etc.

"Rough on Piles." Piles, hemorrhoids, anal, rectal, etc.

"Rough on Stomach." Stomach ailments, indigestion, heartburn, etc.

"Rough on Coughs." Coughs, colds, croup, whooping cough, etc.

"Rough on Children." Children's ailments, teething, etc.

"Rough on Wounds." Wounds, cuts, burns, etc.

"Rough on Itch." Itch, skin diseases, etc.

"Rough on Water Bugs." Water bugs, mosquitoes, etc.

Having discovered his quarry the still hunter now exercised the utmost care and caution in his stock of patience. Crouching and watchful, the hunter always waits until the deer lowers his head to feed before he endeavors to creep a foot or two nearer.

Not being yet within far shooting distance, for the still hunter takes no rash chances, the deer is kept in sight and allowed to feed at his leisure; the distance being gradually and carefully reduced at every opportunity. A young buck is a gentleman of elegant leisure, and aristocratic in his bearing and manner. Having satisfied his appetite, and ignorant of the presence of danger, he stands for a few minutes and surveys the scene, then he may put down his head and scratch an ear with his hind foot, giving the hunter an opportunity to steal forward. Fawns will skip and play after feeding, and yearlings are apt to be frisky at this time, while even an old buck or doe will sometimes condescend to romp with the young ones.

This over, the deer takes to wandering, nibbling as he goes. At length the animal takes a stand and remains almost motionless for five to ten to twenty minutes. The hunter now steps forward inch by inch until within range, then up goes the trusty rifle, a careful sight is taken at the glancing coat, and the next instant the echoes ring with the report of the weapon, the peculiar dull sound of the bullet striking the deer, telling the trained ear of the hunter that his aim was a true one. Then the brush seems alive as the deer goes crashing through the bushes; but the eye of the hunter is fixed upon the one he has just covered, and as he rushes forward he sees the traces of blood on the track and follows it. If the bullet has struck a vital spot, he has seldom to go far before he either overtakes the dying animal or finds it stretched in the last agonies, its large eyes full of tears at the cruelty that has caused its pain.

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Ebenburg & Cresson R. R. Schedule.		
Station	No. 1	No. 2
Cresson	7:00	11:00
Lebanon	7:15	11:15
Lebanon	7:30	11:30
Lebanon	7:45	11:45
Lebanon	8:00	12:00
Lebanon	8:15	12:15
Lebanon	8:30	12:30
Lebanon	8:45	12:45
Lebanon	9:00	1:00
Lebanon	9:15	1:15
Lebanon	9:30	1:30
Lebanon	9:45	1:45
Lebanon	10:00	2:00
Lebanon	10:15	2:15
Lebanon	10:30	2:30
Lebanon	10:45	2:45
Lebanon	11:00	3:00
Lebanon	11:15	3:15
Lebanon	11:30	3:30
Lebanon	11:45	3:45
Lebanon	12:00	4:00

Cresson and Coalport R. R. Schedule.		
Station	No. 1	No. 2
Cresson	7:00	11:00
Coalport	7:15	11:15
Coalport	7:30	11:30
Coalport	7:45	11:45
Coalport	8:00	12:00
Coalport	8:15	12:15
Coalport	8:30	12:30
Coalport	8:45	12:45
Coalport	9:00	1:00
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Coalport	10:15	2:15
Coalport	10:30	2:30
Coalport	10:45	2:45
Coalport	11:00	3:00
Coalport	11:15	3:15
Coalport	11:30	3:30
Coalport	11:45	3:45
Coalport	12:00	4:00

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### Sagacity of the Coyote.

It is during the weeks going just before and following immediately after the birth of the puppies that the old dog-coyotes work their hardest and most systematically. In hunting at this time, our wolf adds to his ordinary pertinacity and zeal, the sagacity and endurance necessary to turn his victims and drive them back to his home, knowing that otherwise his mate and her weaklings will be unable to partake of the feast.

A remarkable picture of this was given some years ago, by a writer in an English magazine, who, in one of the best "animal chapters" it has ever been my fortune to read, detailed such a chase as witnessed by him in the grand forests near Lake Nicaragua. "Certainly," he exclaims at the conclusion of his account, "certainly no training could have bettered the dog's run. To drive a grown buck back to his starting-place, to send on a portion of the pack to that point where he would strive to break cover, to head him again and again, and to follow him where his speed could not be exerted to the full, were feats which might well puzzle all the best dogs in England, and the human intelligence which directs them."

His game and its getting are not always so noble as this, however, and the coyote knows well the pinch of famine, especially in winter. "The main object of his life seems to be the satisfying of a hunger which is always craving; and to this aim all his cunning, impudence, and audacity are mainly directed." Nothing comes amiss. Though he may tread the swiftest footed quadruped upon the plain, he runs down the deer, the prong-horn, and other, firing them out by trickery and then overpowering them by force of numbers. The buffaloes formerly afforded him an unending supply, in the shape of carrion or chance fragments left him by his Brahams—the white wolves—who steadily followed the herds, and seized upon decrepit or aged stragglers, or upon any calves they were able to surround and pull down. In such piracy the coyotes themselves often engaged, though it tried their highest powers; and success followed a system of tireless worrying. The poor bison or elk, upon which they concentrated, might trample and gore half the pack, but the rest would "stay by him," and finally nag him to death. I remember once reading an account of the strategy by which a large stag was forced to succumb to a pack that had driven it upon the ice of a frozen lake. Part of the wolves formed a circle about the pond, within which the exhausted and slipping deer was chased round and round, by patrols frequently relieved, until, fainting with fatigue and loss of blood, the noble animal fell, to be torn to pieces in an instant.

Broke the Cat's Heart.

"Stories have often been told," said Emil Paul last night, "about fidelity and intelligence of dogs, but I don't think cats have ever been given enough credit," and he stroked a big black one that lay dozing on his knees.

"I was lying sick with malaria, about two years ago," he said, becoming reminiscent, "and my little boy was dying with pneumonia at the same time. The baby lay with his mother on a bed and I was on a cot near them. I hadn't slept at night for a great many years. All the rest I had was in daytime. The doctor told me that I must sleep nights and I would not get well, and one night he gave me a lot of hard placed lamp on a chair beside the cot and I lay reading. We had a black cat that was a great playmate for my boy. He was a sick fellow, and while the baby was sick he sat by the bed constantly eyeing the boy, as if to say, 'Oh hurry up and get well; things are awfully dull without you.'"

"Presently my wife and the baby fell asleep. I began to feel the drug, too, and I dropped asleep. It was awfully bad when the boy woke up and the burning fever had broken out, and he was burning feverily. I jumped up and put the lamp on. I was holding a book when I fell asleep, and I suppose as my arm dropped I knocked the lamp over and the clothing caught fire. If it hadn't been for that I am sure we'd have been burned to death."

"Well," continued Mr. Paul, "my boy died. It was on Tuesday and we kept the remains until Sunday. The cat took up a position under the coffin and never left it to eat or drink. An old Irish woman came in and saw him there."

"Oh take him a way," she said; "sure he's had luck, and my wife locked him up in the closet, so I told them to let him out. He ran back in his old place under the coffin. He was thin and looked half starved, just as he was. We put milk alongside him, but he would not touch it. I sent for a negro doctor, and he tried to force some medicine down the cat's throat. The monster wouldn't swallow it. We buried the boy on Sunday. Monday morning when I went into the room I found our pet tabby stretched out where he had mourned. He died of grief, I tell you, and nothing else."

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# DEMOCRACY & VICTORY 1888. 1888. A Twelve-Page Weekly.

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### CONSUMPTION.

CONSUMPTION.

### SELWYN HALL READING.

SELWYN HALL READING.

### TUTT'S PILLS.

TUTT'S PILLS.

### TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

### A Truthful Story.

The young man who does just as little as possible for an employer sometimes wonders why he is not given a position in the business house in which he is employed when a less brilliant companion, who works for another establishment, is advanced very rapidly. The reason probably is that the less brilliant companion is more faithful, and works conscientiously, always seeking to do more than enough barely to secure his salary. Somebody sees and appreciates his work and when the opportunity comes a better place is given him, which he fills with equal faithfulness. An illustration of this may be found in the following true incident:

A boy about 16 years of age had been seeking employment in one of our large cities. He had looked vainly for two weeks, and was well nigh hopeless of getting work to do when one afternoon he entered a store kept by a gentleman whom we will call Mr. Stone.

The lad asked the usual question: "Can you give me anything to do?"

Mr. Stone to whom he appealed, answered: "No; full now." Then happening to notice an expression of despondency in the youth's face he said: "If you want to work half an hour or so, go down stairs and pile up that kindling wood. Do it well and I will give you 25 cents."

"All right, and thank you, sir," answered the young man and went below. As the store was about closing for the afternoon, he came up stairs and went to Mr. Stone.

"Ah, yes," said the gentleman somewhat heartily. "Piled the wood? Well, here's your money."

"No, sir; I'm not through, and I should like to come and finish in the morning," said the young fellow, refusing the silver piece.

"All right," said Mr. Stone, and he thought no more of the affair till the next morning, when he chanced to be in the basement, and recollecting the wood pile, glanced into the coal and wood room. The wood was arranged in orderly tiers, the room was cleanly swept, and the young man was at the moment engaged in repairing the coal bin.

"Hello!" said Mr. Stone. "I didn't engage you to do any thing but pile up that wood."

"Yes, sir, I know it," answered the lad; "but I saw this needed to be done, and I had rather work than not. I don't expect any pay but my quarter."

"Humph!" muttered Mr. Stone, and went up to his office without further comment. Half an hour later the young man presented himself, clean and well brushed, for his pay.

Mr. Stone passed him his quarter.

"Thank you," said the youth, and turned away.

"Stop a minute," said Mr. Stone.

"Have you a place in view where you can find work?"

"No, sir."

"Well, I want you to work for me. Here"—writing something on a piece of paper—take this to the gentleman standing by the counter there and he will tell you what to do. I'll give you six dollars a week to begin with. Do your work as well as you did that down stairs and—that's all," and Mr. Stone turned away before the young fellow recovered from his surprise sufficiently to speak.

This happened fifteen years ago. Mr. Stone's store is more than twice as large as it was then, and its superintendent to-day is the young man who began by piling up kindling wood for twenty-five cents. Faithfulness has been his motto. By it he has advanced step by step, and has not yet reached the topmost round of success.

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### TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

### TUTT'S PILLS.

TUTT'S PILLS.

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TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

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THE NEW AND ELEGANT HIGH ARM "JENNIE JUNE" SEWING MACHINE.

### All Sorts of Paragraphs.

Jail-birds are all of the same stripe. The forger loves to write with a quill pen.

A mansard roof is an architectural bang.

A well-known field officer—a herald of corn.

The tippler's favorite book—A quarto.

Companions of the bath—soap, towels and dirt.

A sole-stirring subject—a nail in your shoe.

Eternal temperance is the price of good health.

No dentist has yet been able to put the tooth of time.

Many an old book has to be bound over to keep the piece.

Why is the world like music? Because it is full of sharps and flats.

Evidence is the only thing a strong man can give without repeating.

The person whom you can read like a book must be a man of letters.

The most interesting is the million hair.

London mobs want to act on the square, but the police won't let them.

Why do thieves lead a comfortable life? Because they take things easy.

A state numerously inhabited, but not on the map—the state of suspects.

The majority of people are most generous when they have nothing to give.

Good intentions will not help a man on his way if he takes the wrong road.

Some things are cheap. You can buy all the cologne you want for a song.

The mighty dollar is not mentioned in orthology. Yet it is a tenth of an eagle.

A pumped-out petroleum well, like a man driven out of his native country, as an exile.

There is some quiet activity, but very little bustle about the dress reform movement.

It may be somewhat illogical, but a walking match is always expected to pay running expenses.

Charles—'She's pretty, but she doesn't know anything.' Evelyn—'Oh yes, she does; she knows she's pretty.'

A strip of two ply tarred paper fastened around the trees, and extending into the ground, is one of the best modes of protecting the trees against mice and rabbits.

The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one.

A four-year old boy was amusing himself one recent evening by imitating his father and mother, who were playing ebacko. The child held a pack of cards and would lay a card on the floor every time his mother laid one on the table, and would say "I pass," etc., when she did. Bedtime came, and with it the usual child's prayer with the common ending, but this time the youngster wound up thus: "God bless papa, mamma and baby—I pass—closes trumpets. Amen!"

Making a Passenger "Gilt."

A justice of the peace in the interior of Michigan had a case before him some days ago in which the defendant, who had been arrested as a suspicious character, and pleaded guilty to vagrancy, was sent to the Detroit House of Correction for six months. A constable took him in charge to deliver him there, and as the man seemed rather pleased at the idea of securing board and lodgings for six months he was not handcuffed. As the train was about ready to go the constable moved across the aisle to talk politics with a friend, and pretty soon they were having it hot and heavy. When the conductor came in for tickets he held out his hand to the prisoner, and the latter shook his head and replied: "I don't pay fare."

"Aha! You don't, eh?" Well, now, you pay or git!"

"I won't pay it."

"Then you'll git. When we stop at the crossing you jump out if I'll give you on the train after we pass there I'll give you a bounce that you won't forget!"

In two minutes the train began to slow, and the prisoner walked to the door and picked a soft spot and dropped off. When the train had made another mile the conductor held out his hand to the constable and received two tickets.

"For no is the prisoner over there?"

"What you mean?"

"Why that fel—"

"Then there was raving and pushing of teeth and hurrying up and down, but it was no use.

"Sorry," said the conductor as he passed along, "but when a passenger gives he won't pay fare on my train I give him the drop. The only thing that surprised me was to see how willingly he obeyed orders."

Is It Memory?

It is an experience familiar enough to many persons that they find themselves at times in places where their surroundings seem to have been known to them before; and set they know that this is the first time they have ever been upon the spot.

In some instances the recognition may be due to a picture of the place, seen some where at some time, of which all recollection was lost except the impression it made. Or it may be that the place has been described under circumstances which are wholly forgotten, or an account of it has been read, so minute and so interesting as to have made the impression received more lasting than any circumstances attending it.

We are able, in some instances, to trace the impression, by suggestion and association, back to some such origin. This leads us to infer that in cases where we are unable to do this, it is because suggestion or association fails us. If we deny that memory has anything to do with these impressions, then they become hysterical, and such a sensitive series as have, and perplex a sensitive mind. It is more reasonable to admit the possible weakness and untrustworthiness of our faculties than to suppose that anything has happened contrary to the course of nature.