AN ELIGIBLE BOARDING-PLACE.

"No hotel?" said Mr. Percival Payne.

"Nothing in the shape of one," answered his friend, Lucius Warden, with the subdued triumph of one who announces a startling fact.

"I never heard of a such a thing in my life!" said Payne.

"Nor I either," serenely remarked Warden.

"But how do you account for it?" demanded the would-be tourist, smiting his forehead in despair.

"I don't account for it at all," said Mr. Warden, surveying the nails which he had just been carefully trimming with a pen-knife, "except that nobody knows anything about the place as yet. There's a factory—wall paper I believe, or something of that sort—and a cigar shop, and a beer shop, and two thread and needle stores, and a post office where the mails come twice a week; and there's the Malloway River, all carpeted with water lilies, and half a dozen little trout streams running into it, and a bit of the finest scenery you ever saw. But—there's no hotel."

"But where's a fellow to stay?" helplessly demanded Payne.

"Get an outfit and camp out, as I did," said Warden, cheerfully. "A blanket, a canvas tent with pegs and hoops, a little smudge of bran or pine needles, to keep the mosquitoes off at night, and—"

"But I don't enjoy camping out," vehemently remonstrated Payne. "I like good walls, a feather pillow, and regular meals served three times a day."

"Well, then, look here," said Warden, "Go to the Widow Buck's. She takes boarders now and then."

"Who is the Widow Buck?" asked Payne.

"That I don't know," replied his friend.

"And where does she live?"

"There you have me again."

"Man alive! are you crazy!" despairingly questioned Payne. "How am I to find her?"

"Inquire," calmly responded Mr. Warden, as he shut up his knife and replaced it in his vest pocket.

"Go to Mailzie Ford—eleven a. m. train—stage coach—through in one day. Ask for the Widow Buck's! Bless my heart! nothing in the world could be easier. I always heard that people got good fare there and comfortable beds. And Mailzie Ford is a perfect little Paradise, when once you get there!"

"Well," said Payne, dejectedly "it seems a wild goose chase, but I've a mind to try it. A man can but come back again."

It was rather early in the season for the conventional operation known to the American public as "summering," but Percival Payne, being a bachelor of independent fortune and cultivated tastes, felt that he could do as he pleased. And it was rather a luxury to anticipate the first mad rush of travel, when all the seats are engaged, the cozy corners taken, and the most desirable points of observation usurped.

So he packed his valise, did up his fishing tackle, laid in a great store of crayons and sketching paper, and started for the far northern wilderness of Mailzie Ford.

Of course, the train was late—trains alwrys are late—and it was four o'clock in the afternoon when Mr. Payne found himself perched up in an open box wagon behind two trunks, package of salt codfish, a mail bag, and a pretty girl, with eyes as soft as black pools of water, and one of those odd, fringy hats of black straw, all covered with loops and ribbon that make people look so picturesque.

"Where do we meet the stage?" said Mr. Payne, as he settled himself so as to inconvenience his pretty neighbor as little as possible.

The driver stared at him.

"This 'ere's the stage!" said he "Git up Sorrel!"

Mr. Payne stared.

"But stages have tops," said he.

"This 'ere stage don't," said the driver.

It was rather a trying situation—steep uphill part of the way, and steep down hill the rest, with the codfish and the mail bag alternately tumbling into Mr. Payne's lap, and the pretty girl laughing in her sleeve at his embarrassment.

"I'm rude I know," said she, "but if you'd just tie that codfish to the back of the wagon, with your fishing line, it would not trouble you so much."

"A good idea!" said Payne, briskly. "Thanks, very much for suggesting it!"

"I've traveled over this road before," said the pretty girl, laughing.

"Are you going to Mailzie Ford?" said Mr. Payne, with a sudden gleam of animation.

"No," said the pretty girl, "to Catley's Dam."

"Perhaps you know something about Mailzie Ford?" hazarded our hero.

"Oh, yes!" said the nymph with the dark eyes. "It's a lovely place! I used to live there before I went into the factory at Catley's."

"Do you know the Widow Buck?" asked Payne, with interest.

"Very well," nodded the pretty girl.

And then they began to talk about the tall, blue crested mountains, which were beginning to close in around them.

The dewy-eyed damsel had read Longfellow; she knew all about Thoreau; she was even "up" in Ruskin, and she expressed herself with grace and spirit, which set Mr. Payne to wondering if all the Maine girls were equally cultivated and beautiful.

And then the codfish tumbled down again and had to be tightened anew, and by that time they had come to a house in the midst of a lonely belt of woods, which the driver said was "Catley's Dam," upon which the pretty girl disappeared in the purple twilight, Mr. Payne and the codfish went on, sorrowful, much jolted and alone.

A glimpse of the beautiful Magalloway river by moonlight; the cry of the wild bird in the woods; the noise of hidden cascades; a blur of lighted windows, which the driver said was the factory, down a blind lane, and checking the tired horses, at a one-storied stone house behind a wall of cedar trees, and then the Jehu cried out:

"Now then, here we be. Widow Buck's!"

Mr. Payne got stiffly out, and helped to unload the various paraphernalia to travel which belonged to him—all of them by this time considerably flavored with salt codfish.

"Perhaps you had better wait," said he, as the driver turned around and chirrupped to his horses.

"What for?" asked the man.

"In case Mrs. Buck should not be able to accommodate me, or—"

"Oh, it's all right!" said the driver. "She'll take you in. Naomi would have told you else."

And away he drove, leaving our hero alone in the spectral moonlight, with a pile of luggage at his feet and a gaunt dog smelling at the skirts of his coat.

"Who's Naomi?" said Mr. Payne, addressing the moon. "And what would she have told me?"

He raised an old-fashioned brass knocker hung at the door, and rattled it briskly. The gaunt dog left off smelling and began to bark. Presently, a tall, thin woman, with a red pocket handkerchief tied on her head, with a kerosene lamp in her hand, opened the door.

"Oh," she said, peering sharply at him, "you're the young man from the city are you?"

With the initiative thus taken out of his hands, Mr. Payne could only incline his head.

"All them traps your'n?" demanded the widow, abruptly.

"Yes madam," Mr. Payne admitted.

"Peers to me it's purty cheeky of you, mister, to take it for granted you'd be asked to stay," said she.

"I thought, madam—"

"I'm a talking now," said the widow sharply. "To begin right straight at the beginning, we don't know anything about you. You may be a bank-burglar, or a counterfeiter for all we know.

"My references."

"Yes, I know, and them very references is most likely forged. But I am willing to be reasonable. How old are you?"

And Mr. Payne secretly wondering if this was the way they managed things in Maine, answered meekly:

"Two-and-thirty!"

"Ever been married before?" sharply questioned the widow.

"Certainly not, madam!" "I am a single man!" answered Mr. Payne, with a justifiable spark of indignation in his manner.

"Any business?" went on his catechist.

"None, madam."

"Well, I like that!" said the widow, with a scornful sniff. "Take your impudence, to come here and own to such a disgrace as that! Expect to live on me, hey?"

"Madam!" gasped Payne.

"How d'ye suppose you are going to keep my Naomi, even if I allowed you to marry her? which I shan't do, and don't you think it! She don't care for you anyway. When she heard you was coming she made up her mind to stop off at Catley's Dam to get rid of the sight of you. There. So just pick up your traps and go back agin in the way you come! You won't never be a son-in-law of mine!"

But while Widow Buck was volubly uttering these last glib sentences, a faint light began to dawn on Mr. Payne's semi-obscured brain.

"I think, Mrs. Buck," said he, "that you must be laboring under a misapprehension. My name is Percival Payne. I am from Boston. I was recommended here as an eligible boarding place, by Mr. Warden, of 15 Peppermint Place."

Mrs. Buck nearly dropped her lamp in her consternation.

"Well, I never!" said she, instantly flinging the door wide open. "Please to walk in, sir. I'll send the boy out after your trunks and things in half a minute. I beg your pardon, I'm sure, for mistaking you for Peleg Driggs, from Lowell, as was coming here after my daughter Naomi! She works in the Lowell mill, Naomi does. To think how ever I could have made such a blunder. Do walk in, sir!"

And Mr. Payne was promptly introduced to a delightful little "interior" of reed carpet, round table spread for tea, shaded lamplight, and a fire of logs, burning on an open hearth, to keep out the damp of the summer evening.

After ten o'clock, when the wearied traveler was in bed, in a pretty little room, where there was an eight-day clock in a cherry-wood case, and a carpet made of woven rags, he heard the opening and shutting of doors below, the clear sound of a familiar voice—the voice of his black-eyed traveling companion.

"Well, mother did he come?" she asked.

"Peleg didn't come, but a young gentleman from the city came. And don't you believe, I took him for Peleg, and I peppered away at im well!"

"Oh, mother, what will he think?" cried the softer young voice.

"I asked his pardon," said the old lady, "and he took it all as a joke."

And when Peleg Driggs himself, the next day, put in an appearance he was summarily dismissed. While Mr. Percival Payne and the fair Naomi were sitting by a trout-pool in the cool woods below; for Naomi knew all about the haunts and nooks of the neighborhood, and handled a fishing-pole most skillfully.

Mr. Payne liked Mailzie Ford, and stayed there all summer. And as there were several boarders in the old stone house, Miss Naomi concluded not to return to factory-life, but to stay and help with the housework; and when autumn came she was engaged.—to Mr. Percival Payne.

"The sweetest wild flower in the northern woods," he wrote to his friend Warden.

Warden went up to Mailzie Ford. He was introduced to Miss Naomi. He agreed with his friend.

"She's a little jewel," said he. "You're a lucky fellow, Payne. But if I didn't know when you wrote me that you were so well suited with accommodations here—"

"That I was suiting myself for life!" interrupted Payne. "But you see that such was the fact."

The doctors disagree as to the best methods and remedies, for the cure of constipation and disordered liver and kidneys. But those that have used Kidney-Wort, agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs. —*Scribner's.*

SCENE in New York. A gentleman enters a gunsmith's shop and asks to see a pistol.

"Here is a pretty family one."

"A family one, how is that?"

"Certainly. It has six chambers, you see. Two of the balls are for your wife, two for the destroyer of your domestic happiness and two for yourself. It is the latest style, sir, and all the rage. I have sold hundreds of them for wedding presents."

Useless Fright.

To worry about any Liver, Kidney or Urinary Trouble, especially Bright's Disease or Diabetes, as Hop Bitters never fails of a cure where a cure is possible. We know this.

A Detective's Ruse.

A man was wanted by the London police, and his skill in the art of "making up" and dodging his would be captors was so considerable that, for a long time, he escaped detection. At length a clever detective was put on his track, and first of all he began to inquire about his associates. One of the most intimate of them was, it appeared, a certain young woman, and about her he first of all found out everyth ng.

He had reason to suspect that she was acquainted with the fugitive's hiding place. So the first thing to be done was to follow her one Sunday afternoon, when she was free from her employment. An innocent young detective, in the guise of a carpenter, was called on to watch, and endeavored to strike up an acquaintance, in which design he was not very successful, though he ascertained that King on was her destination that afternoon.

To Kingston he went, and traced her to a house occupied by an old man, about whom the neighbors knew no more than that he was an old man. He was an elderly invalid, never went to the door, never went out, saw nobody: and how was he to be caught and examined. There was nothing known about him to justify the police in entering the house, and the detective walked around the place in company with the "carpenter," wondering what to do next. At the back of the house was a garden, in which was a kennel containing a big dog, or rather not containing him. for he was lying out in the sun at the end of his chain. No sign of life was visible in the house.

"Jump over the fence and kick the dog; then hide behind the summer-house," said the detective to the "carpenter."

In a moment the young man was over the fence, and the dog was howling from the effects of a kick in the ribs. Neighboring dogs joined in the chorus, abd at the window appeared an old gentleman. No one was about: the dog continued to howl, and incautiously the owner came down to the garden to see what was the matter. Beneath a well-made gray wig the detective's keen eye recognized the object of his search, and in a moment the arrest was made.

How to Detect Adulterated Coffee.

Ground coffe affords a field for adulteration, and for this purpose chicory, carrots, caramel, date-seeds, etc., are the substances most commonly used. Take a little of the coffee and press it between the fingers, or give it a squeeze in the paper in which it is bought; if genuine it will not form a coherent mass, as coffee grains are hard and do not readily adhere to each other; but if the grains stick to each other and form a sort of "cake," we may be pretty sure of adulteration in the shape of chicory, for the grains of chicory are softer and more open, and adhere without difficulty when squeezed. Again, if we place a few grains in a saucee and moisten them with a little cold water, chicory will very quickly become soft like breadcrumbs, while coffee will take a long time to soften. A third test; take a wineglass or a tumblerful of water and gently drop a pinch of ground coffee on the surface of the water without stirring or agitating; genuine coffee will float for some time, while chicory or any other soft root will soon sink, and chicory or caramel will cause a yellowish or brownish color to diffuse rapidly through the water, while pure coffee will give no sensible tint under such circumstances for a considerable length of time. "Coffee mixtures" or "coffee improves" should be avoided. They seldom consist of anything but chicory and and caramel.—[The Sanatarian.

He Got the Desired Information.

It was in the smoking-car on the New York Central. There was one chap who was blustering a great deal and telling of how many duels he had fought, and behind him sat a small man reading a magazine.

"Sir!" said the big man, as he wheeled around, "what would you do if challenged?"

"Refuse," was the quiet reply.

"Ah! I thought as much. Refuse and be branded a coward! What if a gentleman offered you the choice of a duel or a public horse-whipping—then what?"

"I'd take the whipping.'

"Ah! I thought so; thought from the looks of you. Suppose, sir, you had foully slandered me?"

"I never slander."

"Then, sir, suppose I had coolly and deliberately insulted you. What would you do?"

"I'd rise up this way, put down my book this way, and reach over like this and take him by the nose as I take you, and give it a three-quarter twist—just so!"

When the little man let go of the big man's nose, the man with the white hat on began to crouch down to get away from bullets, but there war no shooting. The big man turned red, then pale, then looked the little man over and remarked, "Certainly—of course—that's it exactly!"

And the conversation turned on the genaral prosperity of the country.

Messrs. Wm. Rust & Sons, Druggists, New Brunswick, N. J. Since boyhood I have been troubled with Catarrh and Hay Fever, and have been unable to obtain permanent relief until I used Ely's Cream Balm, which has cured me. After a few days' use I could sleep all night. E. L. CLICKENER, New Brunswick, N. J. Price 50 cents.

Apply into nostrils with little finger.

A person using profane language in the State of New York may be arrested, and taken directly before a magistrate, and, if convicted, sent to jail for ten days. It is a summary process, and the law will doubtless have a restraining influence on corner loafers and drivers of overloaded wagons.

Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3c. stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

A fashion writer says: "Small cuffs will be becoming this season." This will be good news to the small boy. The cuffs he has been in the habit of getting would cover both ears if they were not on the same side of the head.

Love Under Peculiar Circumstances.

When the French sought to establish a monarchy in Mexico a Mazatlan youth raised a regiment of boys and waged against such of the invaders as appeared in Sinaloa a warfare that told.

The young man's father was of Castilian blood and his mother was a Mexican. His name, Corona, soon became famous, and at the age of twenty-five he was regarded as the Moseby of Mexico. At the end of the war he was major general, the hero of the soldiers and the idol of Mazatlan society. He was six feet tall, broad shouldered, handsome and daring. While attending a ball at the American Hotel, at Mazatlan, he stumbled over a domestic, knocking a tray from her hand. Stooping to pick up the crockery, General Corona noticed that the girl was very pretty and very saucy. She told him that her name was Betty Bowman, that her mother was a San Francisco washer-woman and that he ought to know better than to rush headlong down a dark stairway. Corona made love to the American miss and before leaving for the capital he had learned of her irreproachable though humble life. Once away, Betty's face and pert ways haunted him so much that he wrote to her arranging for marriage by proxy. He remained in Mazatlan, the bride went to a convent school. They were a thousand miles apart and wrote to each other daily, the husband constantly instructing the wife in polite ways. President Juarez, fearing that Corona's popularity would lead the people to give their vote to the young soldier at an election then approaching, concluded to send him as minister to Madrid, the most enviable diplomatic position in the eyes of all Mexicans. General Corona took the washerwoman's daughter to his palace in Madrid and she is now regarded as the most brilliant and accomplished lady at the court of Spain.

Going Him One Better.

An ingenious tramp, thinking to wring tears and money assistance from the stoniest hearts with a new scheme, gave it an experimental trial in the north end. He has decided not to patent the invention. He told a north end lady of his unfortunate condition, and asked if he might eat some of the grass in the yard. The lady, not less surprised than amused, said:

"Certainly."

He went out, and getting down on all fours, commenced on the grass after the neglected and never popular fashion of Nebuchadnezzar, and apparently not enjoying the diet any more than that ancient sinner of olden time. Presently the tramp's anxious eye caught sight of the servant girl beckoning to him from the back yard. He thought a rich reward for his humility was in store, and instantly responded.

"Did you motion to me?"

"Yes."

"What did you want?"

He now wore a look of hopeful expectancy.

"You may go in the back yard if you want to. The grass is taller there."

$200.00 Reward!

Will be paid for the detection and conviction of any person selling or dealing in any bogus, counterfeit or imitation HOP BITTERS, especially Bitters or preparations with the word Hop or Hops in their name or connected therewith, that is intended to mislead and cheat the public, or for any preparation put in any form, pretending to be the same as HOP BITTERS. The genuine have a cluster of GREEN HOPS (notice this) printed on the white label, and are the purest and best medicine on earth, especially for Kidney, Liver and Nervous Diseases. Beware of all others, and of all pretended formulas or recipes of HOP BITTERS published in papers or for sale, as they are frauds and swindles. Whoever deals in any but the genuine will be prosecuted.

HOP BITTERS Co.,
Rochester, N. Y.

In Pompeii, recently, a very beautiful fountain was found among the ruins. It is said to surpass in beauty any of the fountains hitherto dug up there. Venus is represented as rising on a shell, with Cupid in her arms. Other springs of love are seen here and there in the waves, while in the back-ground appears a nereid, or water nymph, near a dolphin, with her arm thrown around the neck of a Cupid. In the foreground, on the shore, are two draped women looking at the merry group in the water.

Over Thirty Passengers Injured.

KEOKUK, Iowa, June 2.—A passenger train on the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad struck a broken rail near Fredericksville yesterday, overturning three coaches and causing a general wreck. Over thirty passengers were injured, but no lives lost. L. E. Marshick, who had started on a wedding tour with his bride, sustained severe injuries about the head and shoulders, and Mrs. Marshick was also badly hurt.

Rose Cold and Hay Fever.

Messrs. White & Burdick, Druggists, Ithica, N. Y.—I can recommend Ely's Cream Balm to relieve all persons suffering from Rose Cold and Hay Fever. I have been a great sufferer from these complaints; by using the Balm have had great relief. I have recommended it to many of my friends for Catarrh, and in all cases where they have used the Balm freely have been cured. T. KENNEY, Dry Goods Merchant, Ithica, N. Y.

A Deliberate Murder.

LITTLE ROCK, May 31.—On Saturday in Layfayette county, on the Louisiana border, a negro named Wade Reed was reprimanded by a Mrs. Reeves for passing through her yard and leaving the fence gate down. He left, but soon after returned with a gun, evidently looking for the lady; but not finding her found Mr. Reeves, into whose body he fired both barrels, riddling it with shot and producing instant death.

Some people prefer to purchase medicines in the dry state so that they can see for themselves that they are purely vegetable. Others have not the time or desire to prepare the medicine, and wish it already to use. To accommodate each class the proprietors of Kidney-Wort now offer that well-known remedy in both liquid and dry forms. Sold by all druggists.

Never ask a woman her age—that is, not that woman. Ask some other woman.

TESTED and FOUND WORTHY!

In order to bring more fully before the notice of the people the value of a true and tried remedy, we hereby give the following reliable testimonial from one of the many who have been cured, and whose reputation for veracity cannot be questioned.

WOODBURY, N. J. March 29, 1882.
SWEDISH BITTERS CO.:

GENTLEMEN:—I have suffered with dyspepsia and its horrible effects for many years. Have spent hundreds of dollars in physicians and in patent medicines, with no avail. I have been unable to eat meats of any kind, and could not retain water on my stomach, and was unable to sleep at night. I was induced to procure and try a bottle of your Swedish Bitters, and can conscientiously say its use was followed by beneficial results. I can now sit down and enjoy a hearty meal of meats and vegetables of any kind, and have gained sixteen pounds in three weeks, and can cordially recommend it to others.

Very respectfully,
AUGUSTUS PREHL,
Proprietor of Woodbury City Coach Line, Prehl's Livery and Accommodation Stables.

The above statement can be relied on.
WM. D. SCOTT,
Ex-Mayor of the city of Woodbury, N. J.

Swedish Bitters is a sure cure for dyspepsia, kidney and liver complaint, biliousness, and all diseases of the stomach. Give it a trial and you will see that the test of Swedish Bitters is the proof of its merits. Manufactured by SWEDISH BITTERS CO., Woodbury, N. J. Sold by all druggists at 75 cents per bottle.
may 18.

50,000 LBS. WOOL WANTED!

My Agents are again canvassing Somerset and adjoining counties with a fine assortment of Home-Made

WOOLEN GOODS,

which we wish to exchange for WOOL. My stock is larger and more varied than ever before, and we expect to visit all our customers in season.

I want your wool, not for speculation, but to work it up in our own county.

To those who will bring their wool to the Factory I will say that I have laid in a much larger stock of General Merchandise than ever before which I will be glad to sell to you or trade for your wool or other produce. My Stock is complete in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Ready Made Clothing, Carpets, etc., at prices that will surprise you.

Highest Prices Paid for Wool in Cash or Trade.

New customers wishing us to call will please send card to

WM. S. MORGAN,
Quemahoning, P. O.,
May 10. Somerset County, Pa.

WHENCE COMES THE UNBOUNDED POPULARITY OF Allcock's Porous Plasters?

Because they have proved themselves the Best External Remedy ever invented. They will cure asthma, colds, coughs, rheumatism, neuralgia, and any local pains.

Applied to the small of the back they are infallible in Back-Ache, Nervous Debility, and all Kidney troubles; to the pit of the stomach they are a sure cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTERS are painless, fragrant, and quick to cure. Beware of imitations that blister and burn. Get ALLCOCK'S, the only Genuine Porous Plaster.
Jan25,7moEOW

Notice to Horsemen!

Just received a car load of Kentucky Saddle and Harness Horses, both single and double drivers, consisting of several pairs of

Fine-Styled Match Horses

All colors; good steppers; well broken; ranging from five to six years old. We guarantee them perfectly sound. Our single-footed rackers are

SPLENDID MOOVERS!

And all true in harness. Persons wishing this kind of Horses will do well to call on or address—

I. ARMSTRONG & SON.,
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F. W. CLARK.

WHOLESALE PRODUCE AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,

Corner Main and Market Streets,

JOHNSTOWN, PENN'A.
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THE NORMAL TERM

—OF THE—

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OPENS MARCH 22d, 1882.

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A new brick building, four stories, 125x41 feet, exclusively for lady boarders. A full course of lectures free. Superintendent Speirer and Judge Hunter are among the lecturers. Music teacher just from the Conservatory of Music in Boston. Art and French teacher just from Paris. Native German teacher. Prof. King's valuable Elocutionary training *free*.

Boarding in clubs, about $2.50; in the Institute, $3.65 to $3.25. Tuition, $10. Send for catalogue and circulars.

LEROY STEPHENS,
President.
jan25

Over 5000 Druggists AND Physicians

Have Signed or Endorsed the Following Remarkable Document:

Messrs. Scabury & Johnson, Manufacturing Chemists, 21 Platt St., New York.

Gentlemen:—For the past four years we have sold various brands of Porous Plasters. Physicians and the Public prefer Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster to all others. We consider them one of the very few reliable household remedies worthy of confidence. They are superior to all other Porous Plasters or Liniments for external use.

Benson's Capcine Plaster is a genuine Parmaceutical product, of the highest order of merit, and so recognized by physicians and druggists.

When other remedies fail get a Benson's Capcine Plaster.

You will be disappointed if you use cheap Planters, Liniments, Pads or Electrical Magnetic toys.

A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. PAIN READY Relieved FOR ALL BUNION PLASTER

For Sale by

C. N. BOYD,
March 1. Somerset, Pa.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

This elegant dressing is preferred by those who have used it, to any similar article, on account of its superior cleanliness and purity. It contains materials only that are beneficial to the scalp and hair and always

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair

Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to remove dandruff and itching. HISCOX & CO., N.Y. 50c. and $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs and medicines.

PARKER'S GINGER TONIC

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

If you are a mechanic or farmer, worn out with overwork, or a mother run down by family or household duties try PARKER'S GINGER TONIC.

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man exhausted by mental strain or anxious cares, do not take intoxicating stimulants, but use Parker's Ginger Tonic

If you have Consumption, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Kidney Complaints, or any disorder of the lungs, stomach, bowels, blood or nerves PARKER'S GINGER TONIC will cure you. It is the Greatest Blood Purifier

And the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used.

If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness and require a stimulant take GINGER TONIC at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It has saved hundreds of lives; it may save yours.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best remedial agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger alone. Send for circular to Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTON COLOGNE

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There **is nothing like it.** Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

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on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING SIZE.

$500 REWARD!

OVER A MILLION OF Prof. Guilmette's FRENCH **Kidney Pad**

Have already been sold in this country and in France, every one of which has given perfect satisfaction! And has performed cures every time when used according to directions.

We now say to the afflicted and doubting ones that we will pay the above reward for a single case of

LAME BACK

That the Pad fails to cure. This Great Remedy will POSITIVELY and PERMANENTLY cure **Lumbago, Lame Back, Sciatica, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Incontinence and Retention of the Urine, Inflammation of the Kidneys, Catarrh of the Bladder, High Colored Urine, Pain in the Back, Sides or Loins, Nervous Weakness,** and in fact all disorders of the Bladder and Urinary Organs whether contracted by private disease or otherwise.

LADIES, if you are suffering from Female Weakness, Leucorrhœa, or any other disease of the Bladder, or Urinary Organs,

YOU CAN BE CURED!

With out swallowing nauseous medicines, by simply wearing

PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, WHICH CURES BY ABSORPTION.

Ask your druggist for PROF. GUILMETTE'S FRENCH KIDNEY PAD, and take no other. If he has not got it, send $2.00 and you will receive the Pad by return mail.

TESTIMONIALS FROM THE PEOPLE.

JUDGE BUCHANAN, Lawyer, Toledo, O., says: "One of Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pads cured me of Lumbago in three weeks' time. My case had been given up by the best doctors as incurable. During all the time I suffered untold agony and paid out large sums of money.

GEORGE VETTER, J. P., Toledo, Ohio, says: "I suffered for three years with Sciatica and Kidney Disease, and often had to go about on crutches. I was entirely and permanently cured after wearing Prof. Guilmette's French Kidney Pad four weeks."

SQUIRE N. C. SCOTT, Sylvania, Ohio, writes: "I have been a great sufferer for 15 years with Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. For weeks at a time was unable to get out of bed; took barrels of medicine, but they gave me only temporary relief. I wore two of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads six weeks, and I now know I am entirely cured."

MRS. HELEN JENNINGS, Toledo, Ohio, says: "For years I have been confined, a great part of the time to my bed, with Leucorrhœa and female weakness. I wore one of Guilmette's Kidney Pads and was cured in one month."

H. B. GREEN, Wholesale Grocer, Findley, Ohio, writes: "I suffered for 25 years with lame back and in three weeks was permanently cured by wearing one of Prof. Guilmette's Kidney Pads."

B. F. KEERLING, M. D., Druggist, Logansport, Ind., when sending in an order for Kidney Pads, writes: "I wore one of the first ones we had and I received more benefit from it than anything I ever used. In fact the Pads give better general satisfaction than any Kidney remedy we ever sold."

RAY & SHOEMAKER, Druggists, Hannibal, Mo., writes: "We are working up a lively trade in your Pads, and are hearing of good results from them every day."

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Will positively cure Fever and Ague, Dumb Ague, Ague Cake, Bilious Fever, Jaundice and Dyspepsia, and all disease of the Liver, Stomach and Blood. Price $1.50 by mail. Send for Prof. Guilmette's Treatise on the Kidneys and Liver, free by mail. Address,

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