From White to Black.

One of the most remarkable cases ever known to the medical profession is that of S. H. Robison, of Greenville, Ohio, who, since November last has changed in color until he is as dark as a native of Africa. The peculiar and very rare disease known as melanosis, with which Robins is afflicted, has brought him into prominence, as that physicians are going from all parts of the country to see him. Bunnell, the New York museum man, has made him an offer, which his declining health will not permit him to accept. Among the numerous physicians of prominence to give attention to the case is Dr. W. H. Falls, of this city, who returned from Greenville yesterday, and was seen in the evening by an *Enquirer* reporter. "It is certainly one of the most singular and remarkable cases on record," said the doctor when first approached. Dr. Falls, after showing the reporter a number of photographs of the patient taken recently, proceeded to describe the case from the beginning. S. H. Robison was born in Greenville, August 31, 1854, of white parents, being the eldest son of R. Luther and Lavina Robison. He is, as was his father, a carpenter by trade. He is married and has one young child. Last November the sight of his eye became impaired, and about the first of March his right eye became entirely blind. On the 10th of March he came to Cincinnati to be treated by Drs. Williams and Ayres. About that time small lumps about the size of a millet seed began to develop on various parts of his body, and he mentioned his condition to the physicians. In April, while in this city, he commenced to change in color, assuming an ashen hue. The lumps on his body grew larger and more numerous. He was then attended by Dr. Falls, who, after a careful examination, pronounced his disease to be melanosis. This disease is very rare, especially in this country, and Dr. Falls can recall but one other case, which was in New York in 1875, and attended by Dr. L. D. Bulkley. Melanosis consists of small tumors or cancers of a black substance all over the body. It is a fatal disease, but generally does not affect the appearance of the body like the case in question. Several cases are reported from abroad similar to that of Robison. One worthy of special mention came under the attention of the famous Dr. Lawrence, of St. Bartholomow's hospital, London, in 1864. One of the lumps on Robison was removed by Drs. Falls and Mussey and examined by Prof. Echherz, of the Miami Medical college, who found it to be positively melanosis, or black cancer. Robison, who was a fine-looking fellow, with skin and complexion as light as the whitest man, continued to change in color, and now he is as black as coal. Drs. Williams and Ayres said he suffered from detachment of the rectina, due to the deposit of the black cancers or nodules in smaller form within the coats of the eye. After the case had been thoroughly studied the physicians pronounced Robison hopelessly blind. Doctors Carson, Clendenin and others have spent much time with Robison, and, like all others, they pronounce it a most remarkable case.

Returning to his home, Robison continued to grow worse. The nodules on his body now number about seven hundred, are about the size of a bean. The sight of his right eye is entirely gone. Just recently every portion of the man's body that was red has turned black. The inside of his lips and tounge are black. What he spits from his mouth is of the sawe color.—*Cincinnati Enguirer.*

Opera-glass Whiskey Flask.

The latest thing out, and certainly a thing that will fill a want long felt, is an opera glass that will hold a half pint of whiskey. It is, in fact, a whiskey glass, with lenses and things like an opera glass, and a person can take a drink without going out between acts. It can be used as an opera glass with or without taking a drink. If you want to take a drink there is a spring that you touch with the little finger, when a silver tube drops into your mouth and the whiskey flows as easily as possible. It works best when you point the opera glass up in the gallery because that act gives it the natural incline. Quite a number of these opera-glasses are said to be in use, and they give excellent satisfaction. A party of four gentlemen had one between them at the theater one night, and thought they have been regular corn-jammers heretofore, going out between the acts with unfailing regularity, on this occasion they did not go out until the third act, when the opera glass ran dry. It was amusing to see them take turns with that opera glass, looking up in the gallery at some imaginary acquaintance. One would take the glass and look up and take a drink, and bow to somebody up stairs, and hand the glass to another and he would look up. The last one to drink out of it came near giving the whole scheme away by shaking it when it refused to give down. After the last drink the gentlemen sat down in solemn silence for ten minutes, and then they could stand it no longer, so they got up and filed out for a drink. It was evident that they got it filled while out, because they again began looking at the fellows in the gallery. If this opera-whisky glass-flask comes into general use it will save visitors to places of amusements a great deal of annoyance, as there is no greater nuisance at a theatre than a gang of fellows getting up and plowing through an audience to get a drink. Quite a number of ladies have been noticed looking up in the gallery with opera glasses, but we cannot think they have secured these new flasks. However, if they have not, they had better be careful about looking up high for a time, for fear people will misconstrue their motives.

Horses With Heaves.

If the disease is not of long standing as when brought on by the overfeeding of hay, during the past winter, especially clover or dusty hay, and the hay is taken away there is a possibility that the horse may be useful for some years. But if the horse is well advanced in years, and has had the heaves for a long time, there is positively no prospect for cure. Partial relief may be obtained by feeding very light on hay, giving sweet grain as the principal feed, and being careful not to let the animal have all the water it will drink. Horses with heaves are usually fed wet food, but if it is perfectly free from dust, wetting is not essential. From seven to ten pounds of hay is sufficient for a heavy horse per day, and that should be given at night.—*New England Farmer.*

Gloves are no longer fashionable.

A Battle With Sharks.

Captain Francis Ganello, of the Italian bark Magdalena, who arrived on the 3d inst., related the following circumstance, which occurred to him while with his vessel at Greytown, where he arrived on the 8th of June. He ordered his launch to be rigged with a mast and four oars and sailors to use them. Taking his ship's papers with him he entered the launch and was about to push off when a French passenger, Leon Birrard, asked the captain to be allowed to go in the launch, which request was granted. They pulled to wit'in three or four hundred yards from shore, when they say the high breakers and saw it was almost impossible to land, as a high sea was running over the bar. The captain then made signals to those on shore to come off to his assistance, but no attention was paid to his movements. The captain then determined to try to land, and, pointing the bow of his boat to the shore, told his men to pull, which they did with a will. The launch safely crossed the first and second reefs, but when they neared the third reef a very heavy breaker struck the boat, which capsized and filled. Three of the sailors each got an oar and tried to make shore which they succeeded in reaching in an exhausted condition. The captain with one sailor and the French passenger laid hold of the launch, righted her, and thought it was full of water, got in and waited for assistance.

While thus anxiously waiting a large school of sharks encircled the frail craft and continually drew nearer. They fought them with desperation, though the captain came so near their merciless jaws as to have his breeches torn in several places. From three o'clock to nightfall they kept up the fight for life, when the captain made up his mind to attempt to swim ashore and told the sailor and passenger to follow him. The mast of the launch was near by, entangled in the cordage, and the captain succeeded in loosening it and, with the sailor at one end took the other. They asked the passengers to come on and take hold of the middle of the mast, but he refused saying he feared the sharks. He told the captain that he would wait in the boat and begged him to send speedy assistance. The venturesome pair were thrown on the beach by a heavy sea in an exhausted condition. As soon as they partly recovered they told the citizens of the passenger yet adrift and a boat with six oars was immediately rigged and went out in search of the unfortunate man and the launch.

The captain, having recovered from his buffeting with the waves, procured another boat and pushed from shore with one of his own sailors to find the launch. They searched until the night was far gone, and finding no trace of either launch or man sadly returned to shore. The next morning at daybreak the Governor went out in a boat with a picked crew and examined the whole coast and found neither boat or passenger, and concluded that the launch had been beaten on the reefs and that the unfortunate passenger had been devoured by the voracious sharks. Captain Ganello brought a certified deposition from the Governor of Greytown relating the above facts, which deposition is now in the possession of. Mr. Geo. Alte, Vice Consul of Italy at this port.—*Mobile Register.*

Ten Cents a Shot.

Thirty five miles out of Charleston we side-tracked to let the express go by and the train had scarcely come to a stand-still when some one raised the cry of "alligator!" There he was, sure enough. Just over the fence was a pond of stagnant water at the edge of a corn-field, and a reptile about six feet long was resting on a log and taking things powerful easy. A score of passengers jumped down and a dozen revolvers came into view, but before a hammer was raised a fat and puffy man who hailed from Wisconsin and who was making a trip for his asthma cried out: "Hold on! Hold on, everybody! Give me a shot at that 'gator and I'll buy the drinks for half the State of South Carolina! We fell back to give him a show. He had a revolver about as long as your thumb, and he crept to the fence, rested it on a rail and after a great deal of wriggling and twisting and coughing and wheezing he blazed away. The alligator flopped off the log and disappeared and the fat man threw down his pistol jumped up and down and yelled out:

"Plumb-centre, or I'm a goat! Hooray! Hooray!"

We were patting him on the back and telling him that Wisconsin was the greatest State in the Union, when a colored man came down through the corn to the edge of the pond and called across:

"Which of you all am doin' dat shootin'?"

"Me! Me! I killed him!" answered fatty.

"Who was you shootin' at—me or de 'gator?"

"At the 'gator."

"Oh, you was, eh! Well, dat's only ten cents a shot, but I can't have you boderin' me fur less dan fifteen! If you want to put in de odder five bullets I'll call it fifty cents!"

And as he started to come around the pond the old reptile crawled out to the first row of corn and pillowed his head on a sod, as if weary of life's tribulations. The fat man looked from the darkey to the alligator and then back at the crowd, and all he said was:

"Boys, fall in by fours, and we'll march up and swaller barrel and all!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Horrible Murder in Tennessee.

MEMPHIS, August 4.—A Grenada, Miss., special says: "Six miles north of Grenada, on the Kirkman plantation, Captain Thomas Kirkman last night went to the quarters of a colored woman, with whom he has lived for several years, and killed her and her children. Each was killed by a single blow from an axe. Kirkman, after the murder, took an eighth of an ounce of morphine, wholly undressed, and went to bed in the same room with the dead. Upon discovered this morning he was till alive, though no hopes are entertained for his recovery."

"Heart disease," said Jemmie, as he assisted Patrick to up-end a barrel of cement, "heart disease is one of the worst of diseases. Some people never know they have it until they drop dead." "Thrue for you, Jemmie," replied Patrick; and those people who know they have it have to be moighty careful wid themselves. I knew a man wonst that had it, and he was always obliged to dhrop work about five minutes before he felt it coming on."

About Death.

Humorists do not always write to excite the risibles, and when they do write in a solemn strain something is said that reaches the tenderest spot of the human susceptibility. Bill Nye, one of the greatest humorists that ever lived, wrote the following eloquent lines:

"A late editorial paragraph states that the father of Zoe Watkins, the girl suicide, "could not muster enough courage to look upon the bloated corpse."

Is it courage alone that a man needs in order to look upon the distorted and discolored features of his dead child? Is it cowardice that makes a man deny himself a horrifying glance at the unnatural face of his drowned daughter? We think not. The false idea that we must shock our memory of the beloved dead, by taking what is called a "last look," is one that will not always have the hold it now has upon humanity.

"The father wished to remember his child, not as a purple corpse, but as the little girl who in years gone by climbed upon his knee and told him with childish earnestness of the illness of her doll, or nestled in his strong arms and merged her own little sorrows into oblivious sleep.

"Blessed is the memory that is unscarred by the horrible nightmare of disfigured and unnatural features of the cherished dead. Dream on, thou stricken heart, of the June days, when years ago, your child was blessed with her joyous life; when in the glorious morning of existence, evil days had not come nigh her. Let the healing balm of hastening years close up the bleeding wound in your heart, and leave the ghouls who feed upon horrifying visions the demoniac joy of looking upon these sad, sad sights.

"It is not necessary that the loving parent's heart should curse itself with this falsely imposed duty. Let the pure vision of an unclouded childhood hide the bitter memory of loss, so that the chilling details, and the shocking realities of a cruel death may fade into the thought of a glorious transition.

"The day will come when the mawkish show that crowns death with false and foolish tribute will be omitted, and the merciful bosom of earth will hide the ghastly remnants of loved ones from our eyes. When that time shall come the morbid idiot whose chief joy is to peer with glittering eyes and dissembled sorrow into the casket wherein his neighbor's dear ones lie, will glide noiselessly into the Egyptian night of God's curse and eternity's oblivion."

Where a House-Fly Breeds.

As "fly time" approaches every housekeeper wonders where and how the increasing swarms of pests multiply so rapidly.

The eggs, mere whitish specks to the unaided eye, are laid in little agglutinated piles in warm manure or in decomposing vegetation, especially that about our stable and barn yards. From 80 to 100 are laid at a time, and probably at three or four different intervals by the same fly, though on this point we have no exact data. Within twenty-four hours in summer, they hatch into footless maggots, which, after rioting in filth till their tender skins seem ready to burst from repletition, become full-fed in less than a week, and descending into the earth, or sheltering under some old board, contract to brown, shining objects, rounded at both ends, and technically known as pupia. Within the darkness of this hardened skin profound changes rapidly take place, and the insect passes through the pupa to the perfect state, and finally, in about five days, the anterior end of the puparium is pushed off, and the fly quickly crawls out. At first its parts are pale and soft, and its wings are crumpled and useless, but they soon expand, and suddenly, without practice or teaching, the new fly wings its way to your table to mock your displeasure—to share your repast. The length of time required from hatching to maturity varies with the season and temperature, but will not exceed ten days in midsummer, while the life of the perfect fly lasts but three weeks at the same season. As cold weather approaches propagation ceases, and the old flies perish. A few of the more vigorous females, retreat to some nook or cranny, where in a state of torpor they survive until the ensuing season—links 'twixt the summer gone by and to come. The insect may also hibernate in the pupa state in the ground. In rooms kept continuously warm, or in more southern latitudes, the fly remains active all winter and our palace sleeping cars bring them daily to us from Florida during the coldest months of the year.

He Wanted to See the Sights.

There is a gospel tent at the corner of Michigan avenue and Fourth street, and of a Sunday evening there is a considerable passing in and out on the part of pedestrians. Last Sunday evening a boy of fourteen who had just left the tent encountered a stranger, who stopped him and inquired:

"Say, bub, what sort of a performance is going on in there?"

"Purty good thing," was the reply.

"I'd kinder-like to see the fat woman and the living skeleton and the Albino children once more, but I'm pretty near strapped. Is there any way I can work in?"

"Us boys crawl under the canvas."

"Anybody around to knock you stiff?"

"Never saw anybody." I'll show you where to go under."

"By hokey, I'll try it! It's no use to throw away a quarter when you kin beat a sideshow."

The boy took him around behind the tent and saw him safe under, and then crossed the street and sat down. He waited just exactly three minutes, and then the stranger came out of the tent by the door. He looked up and down the street, closely scanned every youngster about him, and finally said to a boot-black:

"Bub, I'm looking for a youth about two heads taller than you—peaked nose—brown straw hat—hair cut short! I want to see him so awful bad for about a minute that I'll give you half a dollar if you can find him around here!"

A colored female in Philadelphia went to a ball and was bounced from the ball room because she did not have stockings on. She put in a claim that she had on black stockings, but the manager of the ball couldn't see it—or them—and out she went. An assault and battery suit was the outcome.

Trust a Boy.

Somewhat more than fifty years ago, I was appointed a midshipman in the navy and sent to New York. I was only fourteen years old, and being of a delicate make and small stature, did not look more than eleven. My previous life had been spent in the country, and I knew nothing of city ways or business proceedings. Pay-day was the thirtieth of the month, but I wanted some money on the twentieth, and passing through Wall street I went into a broker's office and said,—

"You lend money here, do you not?"

"Yes."

"I want to borrow twenty dollars for ten days," I said.

I did not then understand the quizzical manner with which the broker looked at me for a few moments before replying,—

"You shall have it, and I won't charge you interest for it either."

He gave me the money and I signed a receipt, and I need not add, the twenty dollars were promptly returned at the expiration of ten days. I am sorry that I have forgotten the name of the broker. I mentioned the incident many years afterward to a gentleman who said it was the most extraordinary story he had ever heard of a Wall street broker, of all men.

The other case happened in Washington about fifteen years ago. I was standing in the portch of Willard's Hotel, when a little boy with a bright, honest face said to me,—

"Please, sir, lend me twenty-five cents to set up in business? I want to buy some newspapers to sell."

I replied,—

"My boy, I haven't got twenty-five cents, but here is fifty cents, and when you want to return it you will find me at this hotel."

"Thank you," said the lad. I will bring it back."

I never expected to see him or the money again, and considered it a donation; but in the evening as I was walking up and down in the entrance hall smoking, my coat was pulled by a little newsboy, and I turned and beheld the youngster who had applied for a loan in the morning, with the same bright face that attracted me then.

"Well, my man, what is it?" I said, as though I didn't know him.

"I have brought you back your fifty cents, sir," said he, "and I am ever so much obliged to you. I have more than a dollar clear profit with your money."

Three Women in Court.

There was a jury trial in Justice alley the other day, in which nearly a dozen people, living in the western suburbs, were mixed up as plaintiffs, defendants and witnesses. It appeared that Mrs Blank borrowed a wash-tub of Mrs. Brown, and while in possession of the borrower a cow knocked the bottom out. After a neighborhood quarrel, suit was brought to recover the amount. Mrs. Blank thereupon put in as an offset that she had nursed the plaintiff for three days and received no pay.

"Nurse me!" echoed the defendant, "why she did nothing while she was there but hog down custard pie and tattle about the neighbors."

"Custard pie! and who lent you the sugar and eggs and lard to make it!" shrieked the other.

His Honor put his foot down and patched up a temporary truce and the plaintiff took the stand to testify about lending the tub and what it was worth. She established the value at seventy-five cents, and here the defendant boiled over and exclaimed:

"Seventy-five cents! Why both ears and the top hoop were off! It was the only tub she had since her marriage, and that was ten years ago!"

"And I've had to lend it to you every Thursday all that time! retorted the plaintiff.

His Honor secured silence in the court and the defendant took the stand and said that her services as nurse were worth at least two dollars.

"What ailed the plaintiff?" asked the lawyer.

"Well, I don't know as I ought to say that her husband struck her with——"

"Don't you dare say that!" interrupted the plaintiff, "you know that I fell down the cellar stairs! If my husband hit me on the head with a meat-platter, as yours did, I!"——

His Honor pounded the desk until everything rattled, and then a witness was put on the stand to testify that she saw the tub when it was lent and again when it had been damaged. She had scarcely got started when the defendant, whose witness she was, called out.

"You are not swearing as you agreed to!"

"Ah! ah! I make a note of that!" chuckled one of the lawyers.

"Your Honor, I object," added the other.

"And I wouldn't believe the witness under oath!" put in the defendant.

"Who wants you to?" squeaked the witness. "If I couldn't come to court with anything better than a calico dress and a ten cent lace collar, I wouldn't hold my nose so high!"

"This is too much, ten times too much, and I want the court room cleared right out!" said His Honor, and he turned the crowd right into the alley.

Guiteau's Death Warrant.

WASHINGTON, August 2.—The death warrant of Charles J. Guiteau was returned to the office of the Clerk of the Criminal Court to-day, indorsed as follows "I John S. Crocker, Warden of the Jail of the District of Columbia, do hereby certify that by virtue of the within writ I did proceed to carry into execution the sentence of the Court as directed, and did cause the within named Charles J. Guiteau to be hanged by the neck until he was dead, between the hours of 12 M. and 2 P. M. of the said 30th. day of June, A. D. 1882, within the walls of the jail of the said District of Columbia, as then commanded."

Highway Robbery.

BAR HARBOR, Me., August 2.—As Messrs. John and Isaac W. Howe, of Boston, were coming down Green Mountain about one o'clock this afternoon on a buck-board, with a party of ladies, the team was stopped by an armed highwayman, and the Howes were forced to give up their gold watches and money, the total value bing $1300 or $1400. The robber was armed with a brace of large pistols. A large party has started in pursuit of the miscreant, and a reward of $1000 is offered for his capture, dead or alive.

He that trusts nobody is never deceived.

Remember This.

If you are sick Hop Bitters will surely aid Nature in making you well when all else fails.

If you are costive or dyspeptic, or are suffering from any other of the numerous diseases of the stomach or bowels, it is your own fault if you remain ill, for Hop Bitters are a sovereign remedy in all such complaints.

If you are wasting away with any form of Kidney disease, stop tempting Death this moment, and turn for a cure to Hop Bitters.

If you are sick with that terrible sickness, Nervousness, you will find a "Balm in Gilead" in the use of Hop Bitters.

If you are a frequenter, or a resident of a miasmatic district, barricade your system against the scourge of all countries—malarial, epidemic, bilious, and intermittent fevers—by the use of Hop Bitters.

If you have rough, pimply, or shallow skin, bad breath, pains and aches, and feel miserable generally, Hop Bitters will give you fair skin, rich blood, and sweetest breath, health and comfort.

In short they cure all Diseases of the Stomach, Bowels, Blood, Liver, Nerves, Kidneys, Bright's Disease. $500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help.

That poor, bedridden, invalid wife, sister mother, or daughter, can be made the picture of health, by a few bottles of Hop Bitters, costing but a trifle. Will you let them suffer?

The Test of Friendship.

Never forsake a friend. When enemies gather round, when sickness falls on the heart, when the world is dark and cheerless, is the time to try true friendship. They who turn from the scene of distress betray their hypocracy, and prove that interest only moves them. If you have a friend who loves you, be sure to sustain him in adversity. Let him feel that his former kindness is appreciated, and that his love was not thrown away. Real fidelity may be rare, but it exists—in the heart. They only deny its worth and power who have never loved a friend, or labored to make one happy. The good and kind, the affectionate and the virtuous, see and feel the grand principle.

Don't Talk Loudly.

Nothing marks a true gentleman or lady more surely than a low voice; and a man can have it as well as a woman. A loud voice arises either from extreme carelessness or from low breeding. No one likes to walk beside a person in the street who talks in a loud voice. The same rule applies to boys and girls. Play is one thing and conversation another, though the former need not be boisterous. Children may have good lungs, and use them in cheering when the right time comes; but when they talk, a low, distinct voice marks one who is accustomed to good society and possessed of innate refinement.

Skill in the Workshop.

To do good work the mechanic must have good health. If long hours of confinement in close rooms have enfeebled his hand or dimmed his sight, let him at once, and before some organic trouble appears, take plenty of Hop Bitters. His system will be rejuvenated, his nerves strengthened, his sight become clear, and the whole constitution be built to a higher working condition.

Fall of a Freight House.

ALBANY, July 3.—The Central Railroad freight house, on Water and Clumbia streets, 200 by 400 feet in dimensions, fell with a crash today, and is a total wreck. There were 15,000 barrels of flour and a large amount of other goods in the building, which are damaged to a considerable extent. Twelve freight cars were damaged.

Suing for Damages by Sparrows.

MONTREAL, Aug. 3.—Dennis Dineen, a farmer on the lower Sachine road, is about to sue the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for having imported sparrows. He declares that they have already eaten up thirty acres of barley, destroyed his potatoes, and in general made havoc with his early vegetables. He estimates the number of sparrows on his land at 5,000.

Property Purchased by Sisters of Charity.

GREENSBURG, Pa., August 4.—The Jennings farm, west of this place, has been purchased by the Sisters of Charity of Altoona. The price has not been made public, but it is understood to be between sixty and seventy-five thousand dollars. It is the intention to erect buildings on the site of the Jennings farm house, and it is probably that they will be built on a magnificent scale.

A woman bought eleven yards of cloth and paid for it with butter, giving three pounds of butter for a yard. There was a stone weighing five pounds in the center of the crock, and the dealer cheated her a yard and a half in measuring the cloth. Who was adead on that trade, and how much?

Prabably Fatal Duel in Texas.

DENISON, Tex., August 3.—K. Green and his step-son, Beverly Street, fought a duel with pistols near here to-day. Both men were fatally wounded.

It is impossible for a woman to suffer from weakness after taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"Ananias, Jr.:" How can you learn to be a first class liar? Get engaged to two girls and the faculty will sort o' come to you.

It is rather unpleasant to hear a public speaker remark, "My friends-ur, I wish to say a few words-ur, on this occasion-ur," etc.; but then we must remember that to ur is human.

In one lot there are four calves and in another two young men with their hair parted in the center. How many calves in all?

A Lancaster printer went to Landisville camp meeting and lost seven dollars. The wonder is not that he lost it, but what in the world was a printer doing with seven dollars?

The Chesapeake Nail Works, at Harrisburg, are turning out 800 kegs of nails daily.

Large numbers of foreigners are at work on the Midland railroad, in Lancaster county, receiving $1.75 per day.

VALUABLE HOME FOR SALE!

THE undersigned will sell at private sale on reasonable terms, a farm containing 23 acres, situate in Somerset township, one mile west from the Court House, 20 acres of which are clear and in a good state of cultivation, and 3 acres timber land, with a new Swiss barn, a good dwelling house, tenant house and other outbuildings thereon erected; with never-failing springs of water and plenty of fruit trees on the same; adjoining James Parson on the west.

FRANK R. COUNTRYMAN.
Somerset, Pa., Aug. 2, 1882-4t.

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A valuable farm containing about *One Hundred and Sixty-five Acres*, (165) fifty to fifty-five (50-55) acres of the finest Oak and Poplar timber in Licoln Valley, twenty-five acres excellent meadow, eighty acres splendid grain and pasture land, besides other timber land, all well watered, limestone on the farm, good frame house, wagon shed, grain house and log barn. Situated from Lockport, P. R. R., 4 miles, Lacoite, P. R. R., 3 miles, West Fairfield, one and one-half mile, where may always be found a cash grain and hay market.

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FALL TERM OPENS

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THIS Institute is one of the most convenient and best suited to the wants of the young people of Somerset county. There are five courses of study; seven teachers devoting all their time to the Institute, besides assistants; a new brick building exclusively for lady boarders; another is being remodeled for young men; eight institutions including Colleges, Normal and Art Schools are represented in the Faculty.

In thoroughness, health, location and breadth of training Mt. Pleasant compares with the very best.

A thorough course in Book-Keeping. Music is taught privately or in class. A new piano was added in the spring and another will be added in the fall.

Painting in oil and water colors. Decorating China, Charcoal and Crayon drawings.

German taught by a native German. A graduate of a leading New England Normal School in charge of the Normal department.

A catalogue giving particulars is just out, and will be sent on application.

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LEROY STEPHENS,
President.

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CATARRH — ELY'S CREAM BALM — HAY-FEVER

ELY'S CREAM BALM Effectually cleanses the nasal passages of Catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions, allays inflammation, protects the membrane from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications. A thorough treatment will cure Catarrh. Hay Fever, &c. Unequaled for colds in the head. Agreeable to use. Apply by the little finger into the nostrils. On receipt of 50c. will mail a package.

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Wonderfully simple and perfect in its threshing and separating qualities. Saves ALL the grain and cleans it ready for Market. Run easily, constructed durably, finished beautifully, least expensive, and most economical and SATISFACTORY MACHINE now MADE. It will handle wet grain as well as dry. It has no equal in flax and timothy; cleans both as well as wheat; requires no chaffer except the sieve. Has more square feet of separating and cleaning surface than any other machine; can not be overloaded. It is both overand underblast. Our CLOVER HULLING ATTACHMENT (new and very desirable.) SEPARATORS of the various sizes fitted for Steam or Horse Power. The CLWARD, the PITTS and the WOODBURY Horse-Powers, as made by us, are unsurpassed.

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STILLWATER No. 10 ENGINE — Cylinder 7x12 — For WOOD or COAL — SAVES FUEL — RETURN-FLUE BOILER

We also make the STILLWATER No. 12 and MINNESOTA GIANT FARM ENGINES, each having return-flue, and fitted for burning straw, wood or coal. These Engines are made and finished in the most perfect manner. TRACTION ATTACHMENTS can be furnished with any of them. *For Price-List and Circulars, address*

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Gentlemen:—For the past few 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.

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A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

For Sale by

C. N. BOYD,
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM.

Restores the Youthful Color to Gray 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 sensitiveness, 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 heal you up from the first dose but will never go drunk. 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. Sold everywhere. Hiscox & Co., N. Y. 50c. & $1 sizes, at dealers in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING DOLLAR SIZE.

FLORESTAN COLOGNE

Its rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume exceedingly popular. There is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTAN COLOGNE and look for signature of Hiscox & Co. on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes. LARGE SAVING BUYING SIZE.

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TO THE FARMERS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

I give you a cordial invitation to come now and see this "Garden of the West"—Northeast Missouri. You that are weary with farms of exhausted fertility, and you that have families of boys growing up whom you wish to establish upon farms larger and better and cheaper than are within your reach in the old States, and you that desire a change of climate, come and see this country in its prime, aglow with golden harvests, where the great rustling fields of corn innumerable melodies of peace and welcome to the visitor. "Seeing is believing." I show my farms personally, free of charge, to any one desiring to inspect them.

"NORTH EAST MISSOURI" comprises that part of the State bordered on the east by Illinois, and on the north by Iowa. It embraces a territory about 100 miles square, celebrated for its fertility, salubrity of climate, accessibility to markets, diversity of landscape, and its multitudinous productions. It lies in direct connection, by trunk lines of railway, with Chicago, Philadelphia and New York. Perfect order, peace and political freedom prevail. Forty thousand Pennsylvanians already reside in Missouri. In this fine district I have for sale about three hundred farms, varying in size, quality price and equipments to suit the wants of customers. I SEND FULL DESCRIPTIVE LISTS TO ANY ADDRESS FREE OF CHARGE. Prices range from $10 to $100 per acre. Let me briefly outline one sample farm of the higher priced class—that of Mr W. M. Baxter, 10 miles west of Kensiah, (in Marion County,) 240 acres in extent "*elmwoods hemp land*" all fenced, 40 acres good timber, 50 acres blue grass, 3 fine springs (never failing), large brick mansion (cost over $10,000); full of unexpended fertility, producing in perfection all standard grains, vegetables and fruits. R. R. station on the premises; six trains pass daily; within half-hour's ride of Hannibal, a thriving city of 15,000 pop. Price, $80 per acre, part cash, remainder on most reasonable terms. *The railway fare of purchaser from his home to Palmyra and return will be allowed as part of the cash payment.* Title guaranteed perfect.

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The Greatest Discovery of the Age for this Most Torturing Disease.

It is Advertised to do Only What it Has been Known to do in Hundreds of Cases.

Cures Rheumatism!

Give it a Trial and be Convinced.

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VALUABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE!

The fine farm adjoining Somerset borough, formerly owned by Isaac Hugus, Esq., is offered for sale. Also, 56 building lots on Turkeyfoot street, Somerset. Also, the tract of land known as "Marble Hill," near Confluence, on the B. & O. Railroad.

☞For full descriptions of these properties, prices and terms, apply to Wm. H. Smith, President Artisan Insurance Company, Pittsburgh, or to

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There is no excuse for suffering from CONSTIPATION and other diseases that follow a disordered state of the Stomach and Bowels, when the use of

DR. HENRY BAXTER'S MANDRAKE BITTERS

Will give immediate relief.

After constipation follows

Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, etc., all of which these Bitters will speedily cure by removing the cause. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

Price 25 cts. per bottle.

For sale by all dealers in medicine. Send address for pamphlet, free, giving full directions.

HENRY, JOHNSON & LOHR, Props., Burlington, Vt.

jun22-1y

RAILROAD SCHEDULES.

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA RAILROAD.

On and after June 12, trains will run as follows:

NORTHWARD. Local Leaves	Mail Leaves	Express Leaves	STATIONS.	SOUTHWARD. Mail Arrives	Express Arrives	Local Arrives
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
6:15	12:50	6:02	...ROCKWOOD...	11:40	5:00	7:35
6:21	1:00	6:10	...MILFORD...	11:30	4:55	7:16
6:29	1:25	6:22	...SOMERSET...	11:05	4:18	7:00
.....	1:34	6:29	...OGLE...	10:58	4:12	.....
.....	1:46	6:32	...FRIEDENS...	10:48	4:00	.....
.....	2:03	7:00	...STONYCREEK...	10:20	3:43	.....
.....	2:10	7:05	HOOVERSVILLE	10:15	3:29	.....
.....	2:24	7:42	...BETHEL...	9:29	2:16	.....
.....	2:30	7:58	...BORDER...	9:03	1:01	.....
.....	2:37	8:03	...COLLIERY...	9:00	1:00	.....
.....	2:45	8:30	...JOHNSTOWN...	9:15	3:25	.....

The Mail, north and south, runs daily; the Local Train daily except Sunday.

On the Pittsburgh Division, B. & O. Railroad, there are two passenger trains, each bound, will leave Rockwood at 12:50 a. m., and 12:44 p. m., arriving respectively at Washington at 7:35 a. m., same day, and 9:41 next evening, and at Baltimore at 8:45 a. m., same day, and at 11:00 next evening.

Westward-bound through trains leave Baltimore at 9:35 a. m., and 7 p. m., and Washington at 10:40 a. m., and 8:10 p. m., arriving respectively at Rockwood at 6:06 a. m., and 3:01 p. m.

BATIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

PITTSBURGH DIVISION.

On and after June