The Man-Eating Tree.

"Many years ago I turned my restless steps toward Central Africa and made the journey from where the Senegal empties itself into the Atlantic to the Nile, skirting the Great Desert, and reaching Nubia on my way to the eastern coast. I had with me three native attendants—two of them brothers, the third, Otona, a young savage from the gaboon uplands, a mere lad in his teens—and one day, leaving my mule with the two men, who were pitching my tent for the night, I went on with my gun, the boy accompanying me, toward a fern forest which I saw in the near distance. As I approached it I found that the forest was cut in two by a wide glade, and seeing a small herd of the common antelope, an excellent beast in the pot, browsing their way along the shaded side, I crept after them. Though ignorant of their real danger, the herd was suspicious, and slowly trotting before me enticed me for a mile or more along the verge of the fern growths. Turning a corner I suddenly became aware of a solitary tree growing in the middle of the glade—one tree alone. It struck me at once that I had never seen a tree just like it before; but, being intent on venison for my supper, I looked at it only long enough to satisfy my surprise at seeing a single plant of such rich growth flourishing luxuriantly in a spot where only the harsh fern cares seemed to thrive. The deer, meanwhile, were midway between me and the tree, but suddenly, instead of passing it, swerved in their career and swept around it at some yards distance. Was I mad, or did the plant really try to catch the deer? Once a sudden I saw, or thought I saw, the tree violently agitated, and while the ferns all around were standing motionless in the dead evening air, its boughs were swayed by some sudden gust toward the herd, and swept in the force of their impulse almost to the ground. I drew my hand across my eyes, closed them for a moment, and looked again. The tree was as motionless as myself!

Toward it, and now close to it, the boy was running in excited pursuit of the fawn. He stretched out his hands to catch it. It bounced from his eager grasp. Again he reached forward, and again it escaped him. There was another rush forward, and the next instant boy and deer were beneath the tree. And now there was no mistaking what I saw. The tree was convulsed with motion, leaned forward, swept its thick foliaged bougas to the ground, and enveloped from my sight the pursuer and the pursued. I was within a hundred yards, and the cry of Otona from the midst of the tree came to me in all the clearness of its agony. There was then one stifled, strangling scream, and except for the agitation of the leaves where they were closed upon the boy there was not a sign of life.

I called out, "Otona!" No answer came, I tried to call out again, but my utterance was like that of some wild beast smitten at once with sudden terror at its death wound. I stood there, changed from all semblance of a human being. Not all the terrors of earth together could have made me take my eye off that terrible plant, or my foot off the ground. I must have stood thus for at least half an hour, for the shadows had crept out from the forest half across the glade before that hideous paroxism of fear left me. My first impulse then was to creep stealthily away, lest the tree should perceive me, but my returning reason bade me approach it. The boy might have fallen into the lair of some beast of prey.

"The vegetable first discovered my presence at about fifty yards distant. I then became aware of a stealthy motion among the thick lipped leaves, reminding me of some wild beast slowly gathering itself up from long sleep, a vast coil of snakes in restless motion. Have you ever seen bees hanging from a bough—a great cluster of bodies, bee clinging to bee—and by striking the bough or agitating the air, caused that massed life to begin sulkily to disintegrate, each insect asserting its individual right to move? And do you remember how, without one bee leaving the pensile cluster, the whole became gradually instinct with sullen life and horrid with a multitudinous motion? Each separate leaf was agitated and hungry.

"Was I bewildered by terror? Had my senses abandoned me in my need? I know not—but the tree seemed to me to be alive. Leaning over toward me, it seemed to be pulling up its roots from the softened ground and to be moving toward me. A mountaneous monster, with myriad lips mumbling together for my life, was upon me! Like one who desperately defend himself from imminent death, I made an effort for life and fired my gun at the approaching horror. To my dizzied senses the sound seemed far off, but the shock of the recoil partially recalled me to myself, and starting back, I reloaded. The shot had torn their way into the soft body of the great thing. The trunk, as it received the wound, shuddered, and the whole tree was struck with a sudden quiver. A fruit fell down, slipping from the leaves, now rigid with swollen veins, as from cavern foliage. Then I saw a large arm slowly droop, and without a sound it was severed from the juice-fattened bole, and sank down softly, noiselessly, through the glistening leaves. I fired again, and another vile fragment was powerless—dead. At each discharge the terrible vegetable yielded a life. Piecemeal I attacked it, killing here a leaf and there a branch. My fury increased with the slaughter till, when ammunition was exhausted the splendid giant was left a wreck—as if some hurricane had torn through it. On the ground lay heaped together the fragments, struggling, rising and falling, gasping. Over them dropped in dying languor a few stricken boughs, while upright in the midst stood, dripping at every joint, the glistening trunk.

My continued firing had brought up one of my men on my mule. He dared not (so he told me) come near me, thinking me mad. I had now drawn my hunting knife, and with this was fighting—with the leaves. Yes, but each leaf was instinct with a horrid life; and more than once I felt my hand entangled for a moment, and seized as if by sharp lips. Ignorant of the presence of my companion, I made a rush forward over the fallen foliage, and with a last paroxism of frenzy, drove my knife up to the handle into the soft bole and slipping on the fast congealing sap, fell exhausted and unconscious among the still panting leaves.

My companions carried me back to the camp, and after vainly searching for Otona, awaited my return to consciousness. Two or three hours elapsed before I could speak, and several days before I could approach the terrible thing. My men would not go near it. It was quite dead; for as we came up, a great billed bird, with gaudy plumage, that had been securely feasting on the decaying fruit, flew up from among the wreck. We removed the rotting foliage, and there among the dead leaves, still limp with juices, and piled around the roots, we found the ghastly relics of many former meals, and—its last nourishment—the corpse of little Otona. To have removed the leaves would have taken too long, so we buried the body as it was, with a hundred vampire leaves still clinging to it."
—*From Robinson's under the Sea.*

Clothing on Fire.

In the rare case of witnessing an individual whose clothing is on fire it is well to know just how to act, that by promptitude and presence of mind the sufferer may be saved from a terrible death. Make no outcry, if you can avoid it, but seize a blanket or any woolen fabric, if none is at hand take any woolen material, hold the corners as far apart as you can, and stretch them out higher than your head, and running boldly to the person, make a motion of clasping in the arms, mostly about the shoulders. This instantly smothers the fire and saves the face. The next instant throw the person on the floor. This is an additional safety to the face and breath, and any remnant of flame can be put out more leisurely. The next instant immerse the burnt part in cold water, and all pain will cease at once with the rapidity of lightning. Next get some flour, remove from the water, and cover the burnt parts with an inch in thickness of flour, if possible, put the patient in bed, and do all that is possible to soothe until the physician arrives. Let the flour remain until it falls off itself, when a beautiful new skin can be found. Unless the burns are deep no other applications are needed. The dry flour for burns is the most reliable remedy ever proposed, and the information ought to be imparted to all.

Olive Logan's Advice

Olive Logan got real mad one day and got off the following:

"A woman's safeguard is to keep a man's hands off her. If you need his assistance in walking, take his arm instead of him taking yours. Just tell him in plain english 'hands off.' He may not like it at first, but he will respect you in the future ten fold more. Men will be and do just what the women allow them to do. Men will not do to trust. Give a man your arm and you will find him very confidential, and he will take a great many privileges he would not take if he were not permitted to do so. He will give your arm many a loving squeeze and sly twists that he could have no opportunity of doing, and the opportunity is just what he is after. A few more words of advice and I close: Keep your girls off the street, except when they have business. Teach them it is unnecessary to go to the postoffice every time they go out. Your girls can walk alone just as well as your boys. Don't allow your girls, if they must have a beau, to go with boys much older than themselves. If possible, instill into their very nature that they are safer in their own hands than they are in the hands of any man—preacher not excepted."

Have a Plan in Farming.

The great fault with American farmers is a constant desire for change. The farm is rarely thought of as the home which the children are to occupy during a life time, and then leave to their heirs. There is too much changing with the crops—first one thing and then another, the result of which is a shifting that is profitless. For a few years it may be that sheep raising is the leading feature of the farm, soon to be followed by rearing a breed of cattle, or cultivating hops, tobacco, or even rhubarb. The general management of a farm should be planned once for all, only being subject to those changes that an improvement in agricultural methods suggest. The work of a farm should go on regularly from year to year, so that even in mid winter the farmer may make his arrangements, and complete his scheme of work for the whole season. The man who is trying to sell his farm, has his heart in some other locality or business, and he who is ready to devote his energies to some new crop or method, is seldom on the highway to success. It is well to try that which is new, but not by giving up the old and well tried methods.

"Hardening the Body."

A young man was an earnest advocate of a theory that the human body can accommodate itself to any temperature in which it may be placed. One winter he determined to harden dimself by wearing no covering for his ears; they were badly frozen on a very cold day, and were tender for several years after. He grew wise and abandoned the hardening process.

A young woman heard an eloquent lecture on the importance of fresh air in chambers at night. The lecturer said there was no danger from a window slightly opened; the body would soon harden itself so as to resist the effect of the exposure.

She tried the experiment one cold night and caught a severe cold, which lasted the entire winter. She lost faith in hardening against the cold. A young mother maintained that children ought not to be brought up too tenderly. Arms and legs ought to be hardened by exposure in early years, and not be made tender by warm coverings in winter. She lost her two children by croup and pneumonia, induced, as the physician said, by insufficient clothing. She gave up the attempt to harden the other.

The best way to harden the body is to protect it well from extremes both of cold and heat, and build up a strong constitution by good food, good sleep and good exercise. The Scotch Highlandeas, with their bare legs, are victims to rheumatism.

It was the house of the bride's parents after the wedding. On the table were exposed the costly presents. Two gentlemen were examining them. Said one of them suddenly; 'These, you say, are the bride's presents, but what does the groom get?'

'Oh,' replied the other, 'he gets the woman.'

'Is that all! Poor fellow.'

Many a man too lazy to make his own living, is very industrious when making love.

A Man's Love for His Mother.

The Burlington *Hawkeye* says: 'We were at a railroad junction one day last week waiting a few hours for a train in the waiting room, in the only rocking chair trying to talk a brown eyed boy to sleep, who talks a great deal when he wants to keep awake. Presently a freight train arrived, and a beautiful little old woman came in, escorted by a great big German, and they talked in German, he giving her evidently lots of information about the route she was going, and telling her about her tickets and her baggage check, and occasionly batting her on the arm. At first our United States baby, who did not understand German, was tickled to hear them talk, and he 'snickered' at the peculiar sound of the language that was being spoken. The big man put his hand up to the good old lady's cheek and said something encouraging, and a great big tear come to her eye, and she stood as happy as a queen. The little brown eyes of the boy opened pretty big, and his face sobered down from its laugh, and he said: 'Papa, it is his mother!' We knew it was but how should a four-year old sleepy baby, that couldn't understand German, tell that the lady was the big man's mother, and we asked him how he knew, and he said: 'Oh, the big man was so kind to her.' The big man bustled out, we gave the rocking chair to the little old mother, and presently the man came in with a baggage man, and to him he spoke English; He said: 'This is my mother, and she does not speak English. She is going to Iowa. I have got to go back on the next train; but I want you to attend to her baggage, and see her on the right car, the rear car, with a good seat near the centre, and tell the conductor that she is my mother. And here is a dollar for you, and I will do as much for your mother some time.' The baggage man grasped the dollar with one hand and grasped the big man's hand with the other, and looked at the little German with an expression that showed that he had a mother, too, and we almost know the old lady was well treated. Then we put the sleeping mind-reader on a bench and got acquainted with the big German, and he talked of horse-trading, buying and selling, and everything, that showed he was a live business man, ready for any speculation, from buying a yearling colt to a crop of hops or barley, and that his life was a busy one and at times full of hard work, disappointment, hard roads, but with all of his hurry and excitement he was kind to his mother, and we loved him just a little, and when, after a few minutes' talk about business, he said: 'You must excuse me, I must go into the depot and see if my mother wants anything.' we felt like taking his fat red head and kissing it. Oh! the love of the mother is the same in any language and it is good in all language.

A Professor's Idea of Beer.

"I am no believer in our New York lager beer," exclaimed Mr. Loomis, when asked his opinion about beer.

"Under any circumstances, whether drunk to excess or in moderation, it is an unhealthy beverage, and I am very sorry to see such an increase in its consumption. People persist in looking on the stuff as wholesome, and a good substitute for alcoholic liquors, properly called. This is a very grevious mistake, for they are only exchanging one evil for another. If they want a good substitute for rum let them drink some of our American wines."

"What do you find to object to in lager beer?"

Well, of course, I principally object to abuse in its consumption. Taken in large quantities, it has a tendency to reduce the resisting power of the system. A lager beer drinker, if attacked by any acute disease, is almost a hopeless case. When others rally easily, he quickly succumbs. He has no strength, no vitality to speak of. Just see what trouble he has with a miserable little cough, and how quickly pneumonia breaks him up. This over indulgence has given him a quantity of adipose matter which the uninitiated may take for a sign of health, but which is none the less abnormal and unhealthy. His stomach is dilated and he suffers from what may be called stomach catarrh. This interferes with the nutrition of the albuminoid materials and directly affects the blood. Then, again, excessive indulgence in lager beer often produces fatty degeneration of the muscles of the heart; it interferes with the liver, and thus often brings on hemorrhoids. Lastly, the lager beer drinking not only accelerates disease of the kidneys in persons disposed to have it, but actually creates the malady in persons who would otherwise be kept free from it altogether. The constant excitement of the kidneys seldom fails to bring on congestion and subsequently death."

Miss Anthony's Trunks.

That is a characteristic if not true story of Susan B. Anthony, who left St. Louis, the other day, for Leavenworth, with two medium sized trunks for baggage. At first the baggage clerk objected to check them both on a single ticket, and demanded pay for extra weight.

"But," she said, "they together weigh less than an ordinary sized 'Saratogo.' I distribute the weight in this way purposely to save the man who does the lifting."

The clerk looked at her incredulously. "And you tell me seriously that you do this simply out of consideration for the baggage man?"

"I do."

"How long have you done it?"

"All my life. I have never purchased a large trunk for fear I might add to the overburdened baggageman's afflictions."

The clerk walked off and conferred with the head of the department. Then the two returned together.

"Do I understand," said the chief, "that you, of all women, have been the first to show humanity toward railroad people?"

"That is a tenet of my creed."

"Check that baggage," said the chief, with emphasis; "and when you run for office, Miss Anthony, you shall have my vote." "Mine, too," echoed the clerk, handing her the checks, and the trio parted, happy.

Smallpox is said to be very prevalent in the eastern and southern sections of Baltimore, but confined principally to localities bordering on the river fronts. Seventy-one deaths from smallpox were reported for the week ending last Saturday.

Oil paintings, hung over the mantlepiece are liable to wrinkle with heat.

A Young Man's Peril.

They went in to see a lawyer yesterday—Mary Ann and her mother. Mary Ann was a little embarrassed, but the old woman was calm. When they spoke about a breach-of-promise case the lawyer asked:

"What evidence have you got?"

"Mary Ann, produce the letters," commanded the mother, and the girl took the cover off a willow basket and remarked that she thought 927 letters would do to begin on. The other 951 would be produced as soon as the case was fairly before the court.

"And outside of these letters?" queried the lawyer.

"Mary Ann, produce your diary," said the mother. "Now turn to the heading of 'Promises,' and tell me how mony times this marriage business was talked over."

"The footing is 214 times," answered the girl.

"Now turn to the heading of 'Darling,' and give us the number of times he has applied the term to you."

"If I have figured right, the total is 9,254 times."

"I guess you counted pretty straight, for you are good in arithmetic. Now turn to the heading of 'Woodbine Cottage,' and tell us how many times he has talked of such a home for you after marriage."

"The following is 1,395 times,"

"Very well. This lawyer wants to be sure that we've got a case. How many times has Charles Henry said he would die for you?"

"Three hundred and fifty," answered the girl as she turned over a leaf.

"How many times has he called you an angel?"

"Over 11,000, mamma."

"How about squeezing hands?"

"Over 384,000 squeezes.'

"And kisses?"

"Nearly 417,000."

"There's our case," said the mother, as she deposited basket and diary on the lawyer's table. "Look over the documents, and if you want anything further I can bring in a dozen neighbors to swear to facts. We sue for $10,000 damages, and we don't settle for less than an eighty-acre farm, with buildings in good repair. We'll call again next week—good day, sir."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Good Sheep House.

Even E. Roxford, of Wisconsin, presents in the January *American Agriculturist* the following plan for a "house" for sheep:

I have lately seen a house for sheep, so great an improvement on the shelters usually provided, that I think a description should be given for those who live in straw producing localities. This "house" is cheap, and warm, and has the great merit of affording the sheep a place where they can stay by themselves. In most barn yards in the West the sheep take their chances at the straw rack, during the winter, along with calves, colts, and often grown cattle, and sometimes at the cost of their lives. The sheep house is built of boards, nailed to ordinary fence posts, and is about as high as the usual fence. Several poles are laid across the top of these boards to form a support for the straw which is to cover them. In the centre is a ventilator, formed of four, six, or eight-inch boards, nailed together. This should be long enough to run up through the straw. No sheep house should be without an escape provided for bad air. At one corner of this enclosure is an entrance, built also of fence boards, nailed to posts about two and a half or three feet high; it is about two and a half wide, and covered over with boards to hold up the straw. This entrance runs from the outside of the stack to the house, like a tunnel, and is so low that no calf would be likely to enter it, consequently the sheep have a place secure from the intrusion of other animals. This house, and the passage leading to it, should be built before threshing, where the straw stack is to be located. The straw can be carried on to it from the machine. In this way, at little expense, a warm place of shelter can be made. When vicious calves or colts chase them, they can get out of their way. It would be better for all if cattle and horses were kept in a separate inclosure.

Washington's Strength.

Great commanders have not, as a rule, been notable for the possession of extraordinary physical power. Washington was an exception, being a man of great strength. In his youth he was once a looker on at a wrestling contest, and, growing weary of the sport threw himself at the foot of a tree to enjoy his book. By and by he was challenged to try a fall with the hero of the occasion. At first he declined, but finding his refusal attributed to fear, he entered the arena, and, without taking off his coat, grappled with his opponent, and after a brief struggle hurled him to the ground with such force that the best wrestler in Virginia was in much the same predicament as the Duke's wrestler when he tried conclusions with Orlando. Later on in life, while watching some young fellow's contending at throwing the bar, Washington asked to be allowed to try what he could do; and grasping the bar, sent it flying through the air, to land many feet beyond the limit attained by any of the competitors. And still later, when he might be said to be getting old, he showed that he had not lost his strength of arm. Taking a morning ride he saw three of his workmen vainly endeavoring to raise a large stone Jumping off his horse, he pushed the men aside, and without any apparent effort, lifted the stone to its propper place an then remounting, rode on.

A Yankee Farmer's Maxims.

1. Keep up with the improvements.
2. Think small things important.
3. Take pleasure in your work.
4. Don't ruin stock by low fencing and bad feeding.
5. Don't let fences sag and fall down.
6. Don't let fowls roost in trees.
7. Have your stock well sheltered.
8. Don't leave wagons, tools and farm implements exposed to the weather.
9. Don't hang harness in the dust, nor forget to oil axles.
10. Never go to town without business.
11. Don't be stingy and penurious, but practice old-fashioned, honest and honorable economy.
12. Take an agricultural paper.
13. Subscribe for your home paper.

If you clean your mirror with a soft paper instead of a cloth, time and trouble will both be saved, as there will be no lint, and the gloss will have a better polish.

The Bad and Worthless

are never *imitated* or *counterfeited*. This is especially true of a family medicine, and it is positive proof that the remedy *imitated* is of the highest value. As soon as it had been tested and proved by the world that Hop Bitters was the purest, best and most valuable family medicine on earth, many imitations sprung up and began to steal the notices in which the press and people of the country had expressed the merits of H. B., and in every way trying to induce suffering invalids to use their stuff instead, expecting to make money on the credit and good name of H. B. Many others started nostrums put up in similar style to H. B., with variously devised names in which the word "Hop" or "Hops" were used in a way to induce people to believe they were the same as Hop Bitters. All such pretended remedies or cures, no matter what their style or name is, and especially those with the word "Hop" or "Hops" in their name or in any way connected with them or their name, are imitations or counterfeits. Beware of them. Touch none of them. Use nothing but genuine Hop Bitters, with a bunch or cluster of green Hops on the white label. Trust nothing else. Druggists and dealers are warned against dealing in imitations or counterfeits.

A "swell" church in Brooklyn has called a pastor to whom it promises a salary of $10,000 a year, $1,000 for moving expenses and an annual vacation of two months. Quite a contrast between this promise and some that were made to pastors 50 years ago, when $100 a year, 50 pounds of bacon, the use of a garden spot and the winter's supply of fire wood, was considered a good offer by many persons.

KAHOKA, Mo., Feb. 9, 1880.
I purchased five bottles of your Hop Bitters of Bishop & Co., last fall, for my daughter, and am well pleased with the Bitters. They did her more good than all the medicine she has taken for six years.
WM. T. MCCLURE.

The above is from a very reliable farmer, whose daughter was in poor health for seven or eight years, and could obtain no relief until she used Hop Bitters. She is now in as good health as any person in the country. We have a large sale, and they are making remarkable cures.
W. H. BISHOP & CO.

A guest at the table of a boarding house on the Catskill mountains, who was about to tackle a piece of dried apple pie, addressing the landlady said:

'Do you think you could furnish me with a bit of cheese?'

'I don't know whether there is any,' she answered, in a cast iron tone of voice, 'but if you'll have a little patience I'll send a waiter to look through the mouse traps and see.'

Time and Expences Saved.

Hard workers are subject to bilious attacks which may end in dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic keeps the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack saves sickness, time and expense.—*Detroit Press.*

An exchange says that red ants may be kept out of closets and other places by impregnating the air with camphor. It dont say what will keep white aunts, who come to spend the summer, out of the house.

Are you Exposed

To malarial influences? then protect your system by using Parker's Ginger Tonic. It strengthens the liver and kidneys to throw off malarial poisons, and is good for general debility and nervous exhaustion.

Buckwheat and Indian meal are the two blankets of the breakfast table. Either as much as griddle cakes, these have more warmth in them, as food, than wheat bread.

You can keep your hair abundant and glossy, and retain its youthful color, with Parker's Hair Balsam.

A Middletown young lady never tires of relating an amusing occurrence of the sleighing season last winter. She was enjoying a ride in company with two Hartford gentlemen and she was driving. One of the gentlemen slyly inserted a hand in her muff and lovingly pressed the disengaged hand. She blushed and withdrew it just as the other gentleman on the other side slipped his hand in the muff. She knew by the action of her adorers that the hand pressures were free.

Visited by Fire.

PARKER, PA., January 7.—Fire broke out in the second story of the Duncan House last night at eight o'clock, and spread with wonderful rapidity through the wooden buildings. The Duncan House, a three story frame on the north, Ottinger's drug store on the south, and a dwelling house on the west, were totally destroyed, only the outside walls standing. The firemen were promptly on hand and worked manfully. Five children asleep in the third story were rescued but a few moments before the building was in flames. An intoxicated man asleep in the Duncan House narrowly escaped. The fire originated from an open grate. Loss between $3,000 and $4,000; partly covered by insurance in eastern companies.

Catarrh. For fifteen years I have been greatly annoyed with this disgusting disease, which caused severe pain in my head, continual dropping into my throat and unpleasant breath. My sense of smell was much impaired. By a thorough use for six months of Elys' Cream Balm I have entirely overcome these troubles. J. B. Case, St. Denis Hotel, Broadway and 11th St., N. Y.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK
THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
FOR PAIN.
CURES
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sore Throat, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Frost Bites, AND ALL OTHER BODILY PAINS AND ACHES.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Fifty Cents a bottle. Directions in 11 Languages.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO. (Successors to A. VOGELER & Co.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

Dr CLARK JOHNSON'S
Indian Blood Syrup
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels Kidneys Skin and Blood. Millions testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to Cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED.
Laboratory, 77 West 31 street, New York City. Druggists sell it

Dr. Clark Johnson—I was troubled with Pain in the Back, Indigestion and Costiveness, but since using your Indian Blood Syrup I have received much relief. POTTSTOWN, PA., August 21st, 1881. JACOB KOLB.

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
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
Hiscox & Co.
on every bottle. Any druggist or dealer in perfumery can supply you. 25 and 75 cent sizes.
LARGE SAVING BUYING SIZE.
COLOGNE

Back Ache
POSITIVELY CURED BY
Benson's Capcine Porous Plasters.
Reasons Why they are Preferred to All Other Porous Plasters or External Remedies:
First.
Because they possess all the merit of the strengthening porous plaster, and contain in addition thereto the newly discovered powerful and active vegetable combination which acts with increased rubefacient, stimulating, sedative and counter irritant effects.
Second.
Because they are a genuine pharmaceutical preparation, and so recognized by the profession.
Third.
Because they are the only plasters that relieve pain at once.
Fourth.
Because they will positively cure diseases which other remedies will not even relieve.
Fifth.
Because over 1000 physicians and druggists have voluntarily testified that they are superior to all other plasters or medicines for external use.
Sixth.
Because the manufacturers have received the only medals ever given for porous plasters.
Benson's Capcine Porous Plaster!
SEABURY & JOHNSON,
Manufacturing Chemists, New York.
A SURE REMEDY AT LAST. Price 25cts.
HEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.
FOR SALE BY
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DRUGGIST
Somerset, Pa

Wintry Blasts
WINTRY BLASTS BRING
COUGHS
COLDS
CONSUMPTION
BRONCHITIS
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
Perry Davis's Pain Killer
CURES
COUGHS
COLDS
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Provide against the evil effects of Wintry Blasts by procuring PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER.
EVERY GOOD DRUGGIST KEEPS IT.

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
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After constipation follows
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PURIFY THE BLOOD.
Price 25 cts. per bottle.
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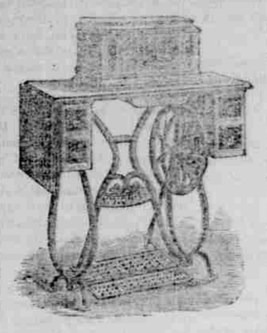
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Nov. 15

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can be effectually cured by using Dr Fahrney's Health Restorer, because it purifies the system and removes the cause. There is no danger in its use and is purely vegetable. One is be given to any age. aug30

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Subscription $2.00 per year.

Address

Somerset, Penn'a.

RAILROAD SCHE

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA

On and after June 12, trains w

NORTHWARD.

Local Leaves	Mail Leaves	Mail Leaves	STATIONS
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.	
6:15	12:10	6:00	..ROCKWOOD..
6:31	1:26	6:15	MILFORD
6:36	1:25	6:20	SOMERSET
.....	1:34	6:29	..GARRETT..
.....	1:46	6:42	..PINKNEY..
.....	2:03	7:00	STUTZMAN
.....	2:19	7:16	HOOVERSVILLE
.....	2:24	7:42	..EXTON..
.....	2:30	7:48	..BOSWELL..
.....	2:37	8:05	INGLESIDE
.....	2:15	8:20	..JOHNSTOWN..

The Mail, north and south, Local Train daily except Sunday. On the Pittsburgh Division through passenger trains, east Rockwood at 12:04 a. m., and 1:04 respectively at 6 minutes after day, and 9:41 next evening. Leaves 8:45 a. m., same day, and at 11:00 Westward-bound Express trains leave at 9:30 a. m., and 7 p. m., and Westward a. m., and 8:10 p. m. at Rockwood at 6:00 a. m., and 3:00

BALTIMORE & OHIO R

PITTSBURGH DIVI

On and after June 12, trains w

EASTWARD.

Leaves	Mail Leaves	STATIONS
P. M.	A. M.	
9:10	8:30	..PITTSBURGH..
1:10	1:30	CONNELLSVILLE
12:14	1:04	CONFLUENCE
12:16*	12:10	..URSINA..
12:24*	12:17*	BROKENSIDES
12:32*	12:27*	..PINKNEY..
12:44*	12:3	CASSELMAN
12:6	12:44	ROCKWOOD
1:00*	12:54*	PINEGROVE
1:08*	1:00	..GARRETT..
1:12*	1:08*	YODER
1:18*	1:16*	SALISBURY
1:27	1:14	MACKSBURG
1:26*	1:18*	..KEYS ON..
1:34	1:26	SANDPATCH
1:4*	1:34*	..BOW MAN..
1:50*	1:42*	PHILSON
1:58*	1:40	..GLASS..
2:07*	1:4	F. HOOVER
2:18*	2:10	GYNDS
2:50	2:40	CUMBERLAND

Mountain Express leaves Pit days only, at 2 p. m.; connections, 2:5 ; reaches Salisbury 5:46; Pinkerton, 5:52; Garrett 6:00; Pine Grove, 6:05; Meyersdale, 6:28; Salisbury Junction, 6:35. Leaves Rockwood, 6:15; arrives at Somerset, 6:30.

Through Mail trains daily. Express trains daily except Sunday. Accommodation trains and freight daily except Sun