MY SISTER'S LOVER.

The month was May, and through my half open window came stealing a soft wind, filled with summer warmth and summer fragrance. The trees in the garden were full of blossoms. The early roses were in bloom, but of all this I saw nothing. My gaze was fixed upon two figures slowly walking down the garden path—a man and a woman.

The man was tall, and strong, and masterful, yet tender as a mother with her first born, gentle as a girl in all the little acts and courtesies of life. The woman was young and very beautiful, with a figure slender and swaying like a reed as she walked, and dark, lustrous eyes, which brought to many a man his heart's undoing.

I fancied the light in them now, as she lifted them to Geoffry Branscombe's face. He was her guardian, and he loved her. She was but my half sister, five years my senior, and so I was not entitled to her confidence. Indeed, only a little month ago I had returned from school, with my education completed, in the fashionable sense of the term, and since then I had been very ill. Over study, the doctor had said, but I knew better. To my own soul I could whisper the humiliating truth, could pour out the cruel confession, with a sort of savage pleasure at the self-inflicted torture.

It was my heart, not the body, that suffered—the heart that had for ever passed into Geoffry Branscombe's unconscious keeping. I loved him—he who was to be my sister's husband. If I had never suspected it before, I should have known it by the new light in her eyes, the new radiance of her beauty, as it burst upon me on the day of my return.

And what could be more natural than that things should be as they were? Did not guardians always love their wards, and wards their guardians?

I had never read a book which treated of such a relationship in which such was not the sequel of the tale. And yet—and yet, did it make it easier for me to bear?

I turned my gaze away from that other picture, and lifted myself up from the depths of the great chair in which I lay, until I could catch a glimpse of my own face in the mirror opposite.

What a contrast! My eyes, the only beauty I possessed, looked many times too large for the thin, dark face; and my hair, which had been the rival beauty to my eyes, was close cropped to my head.

They had cut it off as I lay delirious with fever, and crying that its weight hurt me.

I sank back with a groan. At that instant my sister, returning, entered the room.

"Mabel," she cried—"Mabel, darling, I am so happy!"

And rapidly crossing the floor, she sank down on her knees beside my chair.

The contrast was too great. Never had I seen her half so beautiful.

"Don't tell me—don't!" I hastily exclaimed, and lifted up my hand, as if to ward off a blow. "I know," I continued. "I congratulate you; but dont say any more.

"You know, dear?" she answered, a look of surprise sweeping over her face. "How is that possible?"

"Don't ask me. Only, I know. I ——"

But I could say no more. My weakness conquered my strength, and I burst into bitter weeping.

"Poor child! Dear little Mabel!" she whispered, tenderly. "Do you love me so well that you hate to lose me? But you will not really lose me, dear. When I am married ——"

"Hush!" I interrupted. "I won't hear any more," and sobbing bitterly, buried my face in my hands.

Of course no heroine would have done such a thing; but I was no heroine. I was only a foolish child, who had lived but eighteen years, and who could only look forward to a long, long life of lonely misery—for I loved Geoffry.

He had not meant to make me love him—I know that; but when I had come home for my Christmas holidays, Alice had been away on a visit, and so I had seen him every day. We had ridden, and driven, and walked together, and, as I have said, his manner held that unconscious and inherent tenderness toward things weaker than himself which had charmed my heart into recklessly pouring forth its unheeded treasures at his feet.

My excitement in repressing all this, and seeing the seal set upon my misery, brought its own punishment. For a week my life was again despaired of.

Then, because I did not wish the boon, strength came slowly back. Every day he came; every day he sent me flowers, or fruit, or some sweet message; but it was all an added torture.

At last, when I grew better, the physicians said I must have change, and so they sent me to the seaside, to visit an aunt who had a house at Worthing.

I was glad to go. Had I stayed at home, I should have gone mad. Alice and Mr. Branscombe went with me to the train. I had bade her good-by, and the train was just about to start, when he put his head in through the window.

"You will let me come and see you," he said, and I had only time to answer.

"No, no; you must not come!"

Only time for this, and to note the swift look, so like pain, which swept over his face, ere he moved away, and my last glimpse was of them both standing side by side, as they should henceforth stand through life.

Notwithstanding my injunction to the contrary, he came. I had been in my new home a fortnight, and some of the color was stealing back into my cheeks, when one afternoon, as I sat alone, dreaming, as I dreamed all my idle hours away, I saw the face which a moment before had floated in my fancy.

For a moment I was happy—supremely, ecstatically happy, and, springing up, I held out both hands with a rapturous cry of welcome, then I sank back cold and stern again.

But that cry had brought him close beside me, and my hands were so tightly held in his strong clasp, while his great brown eyes looked into the very depths of mine, that I trembled and was still.

Merciful Heaven! what was it that I read there? Could it be that he loved me, and that he had wooed and won Alice for her gold?

I should have said before that my sister was an heiress. I had no dower—not even that of beauty; but Geoffry Branscombe, I would have sworn, was not a man to be bought or sold, to buy and sell; and yet, if not, his eyes had lied, for they had told me that it was me he loved.

I don't know just what came to me in that hour, that moment, but though I realized, or thought I realized, his baseness, yet I could not snatch from my lips the cup whose sweetness slaked their thirst. I held it there and drank.

We spoke no word of love, but every day found him by my side. I was no longer listless; I was brilliant, even merry. I laughed and sang, as one might laugh and sing at the feast of death.

And so a fortnight passed, and still he lingered; but his return was fixed for the morrow. On that last evening we wondered down upon the beach, silvered by the moonlight. Standing in its rays, he turned and faced me, clasping his hand over mine as it lay upon his arm.

"Mabel," he said, "I love you, child. You are but a child, and I am a man who has outstripped you in the race of life by twenty years. But will you give yourself to me, dear? Has it been my own blind fancy which has given birth to the sweet hope that I alone might make your happiness?"

He paused then, waiting for my answer. Only a minute passed, but I had wakened from my dream. I had not thought his baseness ever could find words; had not thought my sister would know his perjury.

Only a minute, but I had torn out my heart and trampled it beneath my feet. I turned upon the man with hot, fierce passion; I forgot that I had led him on; I forgot my own baseness, my own love. What burning, scathing words I used I know not, but when I had finished he offered me again his arm, from which I had withdrawn my clasp, and we walked back in silence to the house. Yet, as he left me, still without a word, I felt, strange to say, only my own guilt. He had not borne himself like one convicted of a wrong.

The next week I went home. Alice was the first to meet me, and that night she crept into my room, and knelt down beside me as she had done once before.

"Darling," she whispered, "next month I am to be married, and you are to be my only bridesmaid."

"I cannot," I answered. "Don't ask me, Alice. It would kill me."

"Do you really love me so well, dear? But you will not refuse me this? It would mar all my happiness, Mabel, and I am so happy. When you have seen Harry—when you learn to know and love him for himself—you will understand."

"Harry!" I gasped. "Who is he?"

"Harry—Harry Stretton; the man I am to marry. Why, Mabel, you told me you knew it all. Is it possible you did not know?"

And then she told me of the engagement which had been entered into during her Christmas visit—an engagement finally ratified and approved by her guardian whilst I was so ill.

It had been this she had been about to tell me—this I had refused to hear.

Oh, the burning shame with which I listened at last. And then a wild impulse seized me to tell her all the truth. She should know how mean, how pitiable I had been, even though I bought her hate and contempt, as doubtless I had bought Geoffry's.

I did not spare myself as I told the story. In silence she heard it through, and then she sealed my lips with the kiss of love and pardon.

All night I battled with my misery and remorse. Alice expected her lover the next day. I felt I dare not meet him.

In the afternoon she came into my room.

"Someone wishes to see you in the library, dear," she said. "Will you go down?"

She spoke so quietly that I suspected nothing, and asking no questions went down stairs, and crossed the hall to the room designated.

I thought it empty for a moment as I closed the door behind me, but at the sound some one stepped from the window recess—someone who advanced one step and then stood with wide open arms waiting to close about me.

No need for me to tell the story, as I hid my face upon his breast, and felt his kisses rain upon my hair. Alice, my noble, darling sister, had told it all.

Did I deserve my happiness? Perhaps not, but it was mine—mine at last, as was the great, noble heart of my sister's guardian.

Alice had her wish—I was her only bridesmaid; but after the ceremony was ended which made her Harry Stretton's beloved wife, I took her place beside the altar, no longer bridesmaid, but bride. Henceforth my sister's guardian was mine.

Didn't Intend to be Impertinent.

The agent of a minstrel show who was travelling over the Pan Handle route the other day happened to sit opposite a Boston drummer. Each wore a pin with six diamonds in it and displayed two watch chains. The coincidence happened to strike a solid old fashioned farmer as rather curious, and hitching along up to the pair, he asked:

"Gentlemen, will you give me honest answers to a question or two?"

They said they would, and he continued:

"What time is it by your four watches?"

The agent replied that he had only one watch, and that didn't tick, while the other confessed that he had none at all.

"One more question. Did you buy your pins at the dollar store?"

The two men looked at each other in a troubled way and then informed the blunt questioner that he had reached the limit.

"Oh, Well, I didn't want to be sassy, I'm sparking a widder up in Wood county, and I was thinking that if I could buckle on a dollar diamond and harness two watch chains around me, she'd either kick or cave inside of a week."

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.

Some of the Jews from Russia seek to be sent back to that country. They find that people have to work for a living here.

The proprietors of Elys' Cream Balm do not claim it to be a cure-all, but a sure remedy for Catarrh, Colds in the head and Hay Fever. Price 50 cents. Apply into nostrils with little finger.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, Dec. 30, 1882.

Those beligerent echoes which have been rumbling round Europe during the past few days, like the distant sound of thunder, seem to be dying away again. The journals of Vienna, Pesth, and Berlin, still, indeed, carry on an interchange of "wars and rumors of wars," but their tone is less alarming. The Bourses of the Continent also, which never took the disquieting reports very much to heart, have ended apparently by disregarding them altogether, and the news from each great financial centre is that "prices are steady."

When neighboring States grow stronger, frontiers will naturally be reinforced; but between works of this kind and armaments that create apprehension of war there is is great an interval as between the time when the fortresses of Posen and Konigsberg were founded, to the present day. In other words, there is in all this no more a sign of the insecurity of peace than in the fact that France and England are strengthening the armor plating of their respective battle ships. If one desired to be critical it might be remarked, no doubt, that ships of war can move about, and, being intended for locomotion, menace no particular point or foe; while the essential meaning of a fortress is that it guards a certain spot, and has reference to a special danger.

If Europe ever arrives at the stage of "peace and good will," really and visibly exemplified, it will not be, I fear, until more than one Gordian knot of Continental policy has been untied by the sabre's edge; nor will the mild and holy influence of its faith restrain Christendom from the illogicality of its practice. Yet civilization gains even by deferring wars when they cannot be prevented; for each day of peace accumulates influences which eventually will be stronger than human ambition and emnities. When somebody said to Canning, "we must fight sooner or later," he spoke like a wise man by replying, "in heaven's name, then, let it be later."

Yet, whatever the future keeps in store for Europe, and however gloomy the inner state of Continental politics may appear to close observers, the clouds have passed for the present. There has, indeed, resulted good from the war scare in so far as it has led to the publication of the general terms constituting an offensive and defensive alliance between Germany and Austria. There could exist no better insurance of peace than that union, so long as it remains conservative and not aggressive. It is a stern check to the designs of Russia, ever fretting behind the barriers of the Berlin treaty, bitterly dissatisfied with the turn of affairs in Egypt, and plagued at home by Nihilism and by impending financial bankruptcy. In Asia, however, the frontier of the monstrous Tartar Empire comes nearer and nearer to India, and rash, indeed, would that British Government be which lays all its plans for domestic reforms, forgetting the foreign necessities that may arise. The calmness of the Bourses on the continent proves that the muttering storm has passed, and that the air is clearing. An era of quiet and commercial activity would not only do Europe good all around, but help to settle more than one political problem which now appears fraught with future mischief. There is no visible reason why the state of repose now existing in the European world should not continue for a long time, and the longer it endures the better must become the chance of pacific solution to many a difficult question of international life. At all events, it is a vast advantage that the world is witnessing a Christmas tide unstained by bloodshed. No war is anywhere going on at present, and the longer that placid period continues the better it will be for all humanity.

A Police Court at Cairo.

The prefect and his deputy were arrayed in black coats and trousers, white waistcoats, and patent boots. But they sat, as their predecessors sat a thousand years ago, cross legged on the divan. Litigants came up without formality, kissing their knees or their hands, according to rank or favor, bent, with hands folded in their sleeves, to declare the grievance volubly, answer a brief, harsh question, and took the verdict helplessly. Cases lasted on an average two minutes each, as near as I could time it. And all the while men came and went in the little room, talking mostly in high, quarrelsome tones. Coffee passed about. If anyone present was struck with an observation he offered it casually, and his worship listened. After delivering judgment, always preceded by a grunt of general dissatisfaction, he clapped his hand and a soldier rushed in at full gallop, holding up his sword. Forthwith the parties retired to discuss matters warmly outside in full hearing of the court. A matrimonial difficulty referred to the authorities lasted but four minutes by the watch. A thin, peaking man looked the husband, while the wife, so far as one could judge by eyes and nose, was very pretty. The gentleman told his tale, the purport of which I could not gather. The lady turned red to the tip of her little nose and her eyes flashed. She took up her parable vehemently and sternly. The prefect asked further explanations of the husband, who turned very pale. He found nothing effective to reply; his worship pronounced in a single phrase, the galloping soldier appeared, and off went the pair. I asked of an official who spoke English if the man was going to prison. "No," he said, "he go home." It must be admitted there is something to be urged for a system which can deal with domestic troubles in this superior way.—*London Standard.*

A Railroad Sale.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Jan. 10.—The Columbus, Chicago and Indiana Central railroad was sold to-day on a foreclosure of mortgages to a committee of gentlemen representing the Pennsylvania railroad for $13,500,000. There were no other bidders. A deposit of one million dollars of the mortgage bonds required by order of the court was deposited with the commissioner as a guarantee of the good faith of the bidders.

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.*

From our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 13.

Congress has yet over forty days of life remaining. The tariff bill in all its complications, together with the appropriation bills, will demand much of this brief time, while the bill for reduction of taxation comes limping behind. It will require vigilance, tact, and parliamentary skill on the part of the Republicans to secure the passage of the last named measure; but, if Mr. Pendleton and his Democratic friends could only have been as happy on this subject as they were on their civil service reform hobby horse, there would have been a better prospect for the accomplishment of the desired result.

The Senate in its discussion on the tariff bill will probably not reach a decision before the end of next week. On the other hand, the House Ways and Means Committee will to day submit Chairman Kelley's report on this question. The latter report differs materially from that under consideration in the Senate, and in view of this early difference, it is pretty safe to say that the 4th of March will find Congress no nearer a solution of this important measure. Those who are most interested do not want any change in the tariff duties except such as will be beneficial to themselves, and they have their representatives on hand to promote and guide the action of Congress. The doorkeeper on the east side of the House of Representatives hall, in view of the Ways and Means Committee, can tell to a nicety what the committee is doing, by the class of visitors. One day the barbed wire men are on hand button holeing the members as they come and go; another day the tobacco men monopolize the time and space. Then the sugar refiners arrive, followed by the tin men and the plate glass manufacturers.

Yesterday the ship builders and the distillers joined the throng pervading tho southern portion of the building, and were on the alert to torture the poor distracted members of the Ways and Means Committee.

The whiskey men do not find their path one of unalloyed happiness. Pitfalls abound, and although the whiskey lobby is hopeful, it is not over confident. The representatives from the moonshining districts do not want to wait a minute, and the shrewdest members of the whiskey interests experience great difficulty in repressing such "school boy" exuberance.

Nothing of more importance has been considered at this session of Congress than the shipping bill, which engaged the attention of the House for the whole week. This measure should not be acted upon without profound deliberation, and such cannot be obtained in the present limited time. The fact is apparent that those subjects which are of the least public importance receive the most public attention, and this to the detriment of more deserving legislation. The merchant marine is in such a weak state that the calm judgment and best possible discretion of legislators is necessary in the treatment of this subject. It is to be hoped that the shipping bill may tend to the accomplishment of some relief from our present status on the ocean.

In face of the direct recommendation of the Secretary of War against the usual river and harbor bill for this year, the House Committee on Commerce has resolved to have daily meetings and proceed to the preparation of the customary bill. It must be that those members who will be unceremoniously relegated to their homes on the 4th of March, wish to take a parting dip into this annual grab-bag; but it is also certain that very decided opposition will be shown in both houses of Congress against opening the vaults of the treasury to appropriate money for any present further improvement of the rivers and harbors—or rather, creeks and ponds of this country.

Now that the Fitz John Porter bill has passed the Senate, it might be well to ascertain the prevailing sentiment in the House. Republicans generally oppose the bill. A prominent Democrat General gave as his opinion that if the bill could be reached it would be passed. He added in conclusion that the bill would never be reached, but would be indefinitely postponed in favor of more pressing legislation.

The idea which actuated the Senate when it passed the President Succession bill was that it would be better to have poor legislation than none at all. The bill is not perfect by any means, yet it is conceded to be a step in the right direction, and affords relief from very justifiable apprehensions on this subject

Fortune.

"Who is this well dressed man with the sealskin overcoat, hat and gloves? He carries a gold headed cane and is followed by a bull dog in a scarlet blanket? Do you know him?"

"Oh, yes; that is Slugger, the pugilist. Fine man. Hard hitter. Very popular. Always surrounded by a crowd of admiring friends, as you see him now. He is very well off; was given a benefit the other night that netted him $500."

"Indeed; he is very fortunate."

"Oh, yes, a very fortunate fellow; ranks high in his profession, you see."

Who is that white-headed, weary-looking old man close behind the pugilist and his friends? Poor man, he seems thinly clad for this wintry weather. Do you know him?

"Oh, yes; that is old Faithful, a country clergyman. Very learned man, they say. Been a preacher of the gospel all his life, but poor as a rat.

"He had a benefit, too, the other night."

"Oh, indeed! Did it net him much?"

"I don't think it did. You see, it was a sort of surprising party. His parishioners called upon him in a body, ate up everything there was in the house and left him presents to the amount of sixty cents."

Shocking Accident in a Flour Mill

HARRISBURGH, Pa., Jan. 11.—Samuel Wurster, an employe at Hoffer's flour mills, was caught in the machinery to-day and almost torn to pieces. His right arm was torn off, his left arm was dislocated, one of his legs was fractured, his head was cut and bruised, and there is a deep hole in his side allowing the entrails to protrude. He is still alive tonight.

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

Mr. Vanderbilt in Pennsylvania.

Mr. Vanderbilt's investments in Pennsylvania are assuming huge proportions. More than a year and a half ago he began buying Reading, and he has continued it until he stands nearly where the McCalmonts did prior to 1882. Until very recently people have believed that the New York millionaire went into Reading as a speculation, and to give Mr. Gowen some needed aid at the annual election of 1881. Rich men often speculate, but they are rarely sentimental, and the truth is Mr. Vanderbilt did not invest a cent until the Reading properties had been thoroughly examined by one of the best coal and railroad experts in the country, who presumably made a favorable report. For more than a year Mr. Vanderbilt has been increasing his interest, and his very large following in New York have done likewise, and it is believed he is still willing to make further investments.

Meantime Mr. Vanderbilt has not been idle in other sections of the State. He is building a railroad which will give the Reading a Northern and Western outlet from Williamsport, and he has under way a branch from Jersey Shore to the Clearfield coal regions, where he has purchased a vast area of bituminous territory. This road may be extended to Johnstown, on the Pennsylvania Railroad, to connect with the Baltimore and Ohio extension at that place. But the most important of all Mr. Vanderbilt's schemes is the South Pennsylvania, a road which will parallel the Pennsylvania from Harrisburg to Pittsburg and Wheeling. This line will be somewhat shorter than the Pennsylvania, and it will traverse a region rich in agriculture and mining. Negotiations are now going on in the interest of Mr. Vanderbilt for the Pittsburg and Lake Erie, which line will be very valuable to him when his railroad is completed, and there are other schemes, including an extension from Williamsport East to the Bradford county coal regions.

It will be seen that Mr. Vanderbilt's plans are very comprehensive. His original idea, no doubt, was to build the Pine Creek road in order to recover enough of the Western anthracite carrying trade, which has become very important during the past ten years, to compensate him for the loss of the local business taken away by the Buffalo extension of the Delaware and Western Railroad. His other schemes strike at an advantage which the Pennsylvania's large local business has always given that line. The very valuable local traffic, of the Pennsylvania has made that road almost independent of through traffic, which the other trunk lines must depend upon. In a railway war this great road has always escaped with less loss than its rivals, because its main line traffic was so heavy and remunerative that a loss on through traffic could be borne with almost no serious inconvenience. In the contest of 1881 this made the Pennsylvania the master of the situation, and Mr. Vanderbilt does not propose to fight another such unequal battle. When the latter's new roads are completed, some two years hence, he must encroach upon the Pennsylvanian's business and the Western coal traffic of the Lehigh Valley.

It is too early to estimate the effect which Mr. Vanderbilt's invasion of Pennsylvania will have on our home roads. He has proceeded on a well defined theory, and he has no doubt, fully calculated the cost and the probable return. In any event he is too wise a financie to invest his money without a sure prospect that it will pay, and it may be taken for granted that all his roads will originate a valuable new business, though they may trespass somewhat on that of the present lines.—*Philadelphia Press.*

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.

Books are so cheap that there ought to be good ones in every home for the long winter nights.

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.

The weight of fish cannot by any means be determined by its scales.

St Jacobs Oil

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY

FOR PAIN.

Relieves and cures

RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Soreness, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.

FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. 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

POTTSTOWN, PA., August 21st, 1882.

Dr. Clark Johnson:—I was troubled with Palpitation of the Heart, but since using your Indian Blood Syrup I have received much relief. JACOB KOLB.

FARRER'S HAIR BALSAM

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 75c. SIZE.

FLORESTON 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 1,000 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. MEAD'S Medicated CORN and BUNION PLASTER.

FOR SALE BY C. N. BOYD, DRUGGIST Somerset, Pa.

Wintry Blasts

WINTRY BLASTS BRING

COUGHS
COLDS
CONSUMPTION
BRONCHITIS
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Perry Davis's Pain Killer

CURES

COUGHS
COLDS
CONSUMPTION
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Vegetable Balsamic

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CONSUMPTION

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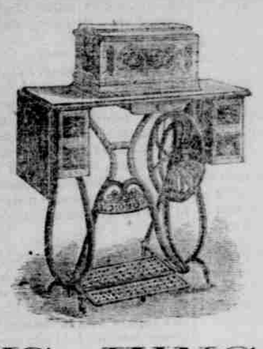

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House and Barn,

located within half a mile of Rockwood Station, and on the road leading from the latter place to New Centreville, Somerset county, Pa. This farm is located in Milford township. For particulars apply to

NOAH SCOTT.

Ursina, Pa.

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. Can be given to any age. aug30

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Because its news columns present all the latest news in an attractive style.

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Because it is the medium used by the people of the county when they wish to let their neighbors know when they have a farm or anything else for sale.

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If you have friends who live outside the county, there is no more acceptable present you can send them than a copy of their county paper.

If you have a neighbor who needs a paper recommend the HERALD,

Subscription $2.00 per year.

Address

Somerset, Penn'a.

RAILROAD SCHE

SOMERSET & CAMBRIA

On and after June 12, trains will

NORTHWARD.

Leave Somerset	Leave Meyersdale	Leave Salisbury	Leave Rockwood	STATIONS
P. M.	P. M.	A. M.		
6.15	12.50	6.00		ROCKWOOD
6.31	1.06	6.16		MILFORD
6.40	1.25	6.26		SOMERSET
.....	1.34	6.39		GARRETT
.....	1.46	6.52		FRIEDENS
.....	2.03	7.09		SCOTTDALE
.....	2.19	7.18		HOOVERSVILLE
.....	2.24	7.42		STITZER
.....	2.36	7.54		BORDER
.....	2.57	8.05		BOLLINGER
.....	2.15	8.20		JOHNSTOWN

The Mail, north and south, and Local Train daily except Sunday. On the Pittsburgh Divisions through passenger trains, east and Rockwood at 12.04 a. m., and Rockwood respectively at Washington at 2.00 p. m., and 9.41 next evening, and at 3.45 a. m., same day, and at 11.00 noon. Westward-bound through trains at 9.30 a. m., and 7 p. m., and Rockwood at 6.00 a. m., and 3.35 p. m.

BATIMORE & OHIO RA

PITTSBURGH DIVISION

On and after June 12, trains will

EASTWARD.

Leave Cumberland	Mail Train Leave Rockwood	STATIONS
P. M.	A. M.	
9.10	8.50	PITTSBURGH
11.10	1.00	CONNELLSVILLE
12.10	1.04	CONNELLSVILLE
12.16†	12.10	VENTA
12.24*	12.17*	BROOS SIDING
12.33*	12.27*	PINKERTON
12.41*	12.35	CANELTON
12.47	12.44	BOLKNOW
1.00*	12.56*	PINE GROVE
1.08*	1.01	GARRETT
1.12*	1.05*	FODER
1.15*	1.10*	SALISBURY
1.22	1.14	MEYERSDALE
1.28*	1.18*	KEYSTONE
1.34	1.28	SOMERSET
1.42*	1.34*	BOW
1.50*	1.42*	PHILSON
1.56*	1.49*	GLENCOE
2.07*	1.59*	FRIEDENS
2.18*	2.10	SYNDER
2.30	2.40	CUMBERLAND

Mountain Express leaves Pittsburgh daily except Sunday at 2 p. m.; leaves Connellsville, 3.21; Conellsville, 3.35; Dawson, 3.52; Pinkerton, 4.22; Rockwood, 4.36; Pine Grove, 4.45; Garrett, 4.54; Salisbury Junction, 5.00; Meyersdale, 5.15; Rockwood, 6.05. Leaves Rockwood, 6.15; Arrives at Somerset, 6.40.

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

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