THE BATTLE OF BALLOTS.

General Beaver Opens the Campaign at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Sept. 25.

An imposing and enthusiastic demonstration by the American Republican Club here to-night was made, by arrangement with the State Executive Committee, the occasion for General James A. Beaver's first speech in the Gubernatorial canvass.

Gen. Beaver began by congratulating the young men upon the interest they were taking in behalf of the Republican party, and stated that for the first time in his life he had committed to writing an address upon political subjects. He did this because he deemed it his duty to record deliberately the stand which has been taken by the Republican party in the utterances of its platform. In the course of his reading Gen. Beaver said, referring to Congress:

It is a matter of the very first importance to us in Pennsylvania whether the head of the Committee of Ways and Means shall be Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, the present Chairman of that committee, or some other gentleman of like views, or our own "Pig-iron Kelly," or McKinley, of Ohio, or some other man of equally pronounced and sound economic views. * * * Every intelligent man knows that the business interests of the community hang, in a large measure, dependent upon the appointment of that committee, and the very announcement that a gentleman like Mr. Morrison has been appointed Chairman of the Committee comes like a death-knell to the industrial interests of the country, causes capital to shrink and labor to despond, and brings upon the country an era of uncertainty and dread. * * * I beg Republicans everywhere in Pennsylvania to see to it that, whatever their course on other questions in this campaign may be, they fail not for any reason to vote for the nominees of the Republican party for Congress in our several Congressional districts, lest by a solitary vote in any one district of the State a man should be returned to Congress who, by his casting vote, perhaps, might settle the policy of legislation in a manner hostile to our best interests, and thereby paralyze the industries of the entire country. This, in my judgment, is the great practical question of this campaign. * * * As bearing upon this subject, and second only to our Congressional delegation in importance is our State Legislature. * * * There is every reason to expect that our next Legislature will be even more largely Republican than the last, and yet so important is this question that no single legislative district should fail to poll every Republican vote for its Republican candidate for Representative, lest, by a failure to cast that vote, we should fail to secure what in my judgement is the second consideration of this campaign—the election of a United States Senator.

During the last twenty-five years of our existence as a nation many changes have taken place in our industrial and economic interests and relations. The business interests of the country have become and are becoming, still more consolidated and controlled by great corporations. The fostering hand of protection has built up vast industrial interests which are alike the pride of our country and the wonder of the world. These changes and the new relations into which they bring as demand advanced thought and careful expression on the part of political parties. You will, therefore, find in the Republican platform of to-day questions broached and principles declared which have never found a place heretofore in any declaration made by Pennsylvania Republicans, and which, because of their newness and of their breadth and practical character, demand considerate and careful attention at our hands.

One of the great industrial questions of the day, indeed, I may say, the question of this generation, so far as the material interests of the country are concerned, is outlined in what is called the tariff plank of the Republican platform. * * * I cannot enter at this time into a discussion of the tariff question (as it is commonly called) so far as its general features are concerned. Such discussion in this community is scarcely necessary. The great masses of your manufacturers and laborers are fully convinced not only as to the propriety but also as to the necessity of maintaining our tariff system in general in its integrity, as demanded by our platform. The system under the operation of which the country has trebled the wealth which it had acquired in more than two centuries of progress and growth in less than a generation needs no defense and requires no argument to prove to practical men its value and the desirableness of its continuance.

The general interests of labor are involved in the question of the protection of our industries, but the labor question as spoken of in popular parlance is confined in a great measure to the relations which exist between capital and labor, or between the employed class and the employing class. The great changes which have taken place within the last quarter of a century in the organization and mode of conducting our great manufacturing establishments and lines of transportation have necessarily caused corresponding changes in the surroundings and relations of the employed class. These changed surroundings and relations have not always been recognized as quickly as they might have been by those to whom was committed the direction of legislation of the State and the nation. It will be found, however, upon examination, I am sure, that almost every important law beneficially affecting the interests of labor has been conceived, passed and enforced by and through the agency of the Republican party. * * * The Republican party stands pledged to legislate in such a direction as shall provide proper facilities for conference and arbitration, so that the rights of the workers, the employers and the people at large shall be, as they ought to be, carefully and intelligently guarded.

In referring to another question in which the speaker said the people were deeply interested—that of temperance—he remarked:

The object of the Republican party, as I understand it, is to divorce this question from politics; to submit through the Legislature to the vote of the people, irrespective of their partisan affiliations, an amendment to the Constitution which shall cover the entire question. If the majority of the people are in favor of such an amendment to the Constitution they undoubtedly have the right and should have the privilege of saying so. If the majority of the people should be opposed to such an amendment they have the same right and the same privilege, and the minority would be compelled to bow to their decision. * * *—While the Republican party may be divided in sentiment as to the desirableness or practicability of Prohibition, it is nevertheless in favor of allowing the people to vote their sentiments upon this question. It is equally true that the Democratic party is not a unit upon the question of the advisability of Prohibition, and that many of its members would vote if opportunity occurred in favor of such an amendment. While the present political contest in this State is undoubtedly between these two great parties which have opposed each other on questions of policy, there is a third element which enters into the contest and which is undoubtedly a factor in it, whose attitude upon this question ought to be fairly and frankly considered and discussed. It is what is known as the Prohibition party, and if its members be what its name implies each and every one of them would if opportunity offered vote in favor of a constitutional amendment prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating drinks. * * * When however, it is known that the party does not hope for success, and that the logical effect of its action is to defeat the only party which does offer anything practical upon this question, it is difficult to see how men of good judgment and sound discretion can consistently lend in their support. The submission plank, as it is called in the Republican platform, was inserted at the instance and request of some of the best temperance men in Pennsylvania. It was advocated in the Convention of that party, and its passage secured by those who have ever been obedient to the will of the people. The declaration is as honest and as binding upon the party as any declaration ever inserted in any party platform. What consistent and judicious temperance men expects to gain by throwing away the practical solution of the question in which they are interested, and voting for a mere abstraction, the logical tendency of which is to secure the success of a party whose declared purpose is against all that they labor for, I confess I am at a loss to comprehend.

Much has been said of late years in regard to what is known as the anti-Discrimination question. It relates to a subject which to a greater or less extent affects every citizen of the commonwealth and the country. And in so far as the rights of the people are injuriously affected by a discrimination on the part of our railroads in favor of any industry, or class or locality, a fair and full remedy should be provided * * The power to regulate commerce with foreign nations and among the several States is delegated to the Congress of the United States by the Constitution, and, therefore, we must be careful lest in our legislation we discriminate against our own people. The Republican party has therefore wisely declared in favor of what is known as the "Cullom bill," which has lately passed the Senate of the United States with but a single dissenting voice. Its provisions are, of course, general in nature, and bear upon all the railroads in the country. It is the most comprehensiv and judicious measure that has probably ever been devised covering this question * * It can scarcely be doubted that the House of Representatives at Washington will finally pass, although it has been temporarily defeated, this wise and judicious measure which has been carefully framed after an investigation and consultation with practical men from all parts of the country by a special committee of the Senate. When this is done and the pledge of the Republican party to pass similar legislation for the State is redeemed, it is difficult to see what more can be done in the present condition of our carrying companies to meet the just demand of the public.

Let me say, in conclusion, that my personal stake in this campaign is very small. I have no desire for place except as it may afford opportunity for the discharge of duty. I make no appeal to the voters of the Commonwealth upon personal grounds. If the principles of the party which I represent are not those which are likely to produce the best results in practice; if they do not meet and satisfy the views of thoughtful men; if they are not the honest expression of the honest sentiments of the masses of our people, then let the party go down, and let me go down with it.

General John A. Logan then briefly reviewed the great political parties, claiming that the record of the Democratic party since it had been in control of the National Government did not convince any one of the wisdom of continuing it in power, and closed a glowing tribute to Gen. Beaver's war record with an expression of the hope and belief that the people of Pennsylvania would at the November election select him as their Governor.

Speeches were also made by Gen. Osborne, Congressman-at-Large; Hons. T. M. Bayne and John Dalzell, candidates for Congress, and Maj. Montooth.

A Put Up Job.

"Well, mother, what are you thinking about so earnestly?"

Mrs. Lathrop stood looking out into the hazy glow of the distance, when her husband's voice called her back into the world of the real and the present.

"Thinking about, George! I was thinking of the old story books I used to read when I was a child, of the good fairies who granted a wish to mortals. I wish I could have one."

"And what would it be?"

"That our Robert would marry Kitty Bruce instead of that book-writing girl up in Boston!"

"Perhaps he will!"

"There's no hope of that, I'm afraid!"

Mr. Lathrop laughed very good-humoredly.

"Never mind wife," he said; "love is like the wind—you can't tell how or when it comes, and you can't bind it with chains, whether of steel or of gold. Leonora Wylie may make him a very good wife for all we know."

Mrs. Lathrop shook her head despondingly. "I have written to him and told him just how we feel about it," she said; "but Bob was always willful and set in his way. Our only son, too, George; that's what makes me feel so bad."

And Mrs. Lathrop wiped away a big drop that dimmed the crystal lenses of her spectacles.

"I had somehow set my heart on Kitty Bruce," she added; "I liked her so much when she came down to her uncle's visiting. She is just the bright, sparkling sort of a girl Bob ought to have for a wife. Oh, dear! Why can't he see things as he should?"

"But you'll go to the wedding?"

"No, I shall do nothing of the sort I don't want to expose myself to be criticised by those stuck-up Wylies. I am not obliged to marry Leonora because Robert Lathrop does!"

It was seven weeks after this memorable conversation that Mr. Lathrop came back from the postoffice with a twinkle in his eyes and a curious smile upon his face.

"Deborah," said he, "get the best bedroom ready for the company, and let's have the nicest cheese for tea."

"Why, who's coming?"

"Bob's wife."

Mrs. Lathrop's face became suddenly elongated.

"Then he's married, after all, and never let us know."

"Well, you can't blame the poor fellow can you?" said her husband," "after all the cold water you flung over him and his ideas!"

"I won't have her in the house," said Mrs. Lathrop resolutely.

"Yes, you will, Debbie, when you hear who it is coming. It's Kitty!"

Mrs. Lathrop's clouded brow cleared up as radiently as May a morning.

"Then it's Kitty Bruce he has married after all. Dear me! why didn't he let us know? But it's just like one of Bob's roguish tricks."

"She'll be here on the evening train—she and a friend," said Mr. Lathrop.

"Bob is unexpectedly detained by business that may take him down to Alabama before it is settled, and he thought his mother's house would be the best place for his bride during his absence."

"And he was right," cried Mrs. Lathron. "Bob's wife! Why, it seems only yesterday he was toddling about the door stone in a pink calico frock. Dear, dear, how time does fly!"

She was ready on the porch in her best silk dress when the whistle of the coming train echoed among the mountains, while through the half opened doors gleamed an inviting perspective of shining damask, bright silver, and sparkling glass, with a freshly baked sponge cake in the center of the table, and preserves and pickles enough to give half a dozen brides the dyspepsia.

"My darling daughter," she cried enthusiastically, throwing her arms around the waist of a pretty young lady in an elegant traveling dress as she alighted from the carriage.

Kitty Bruce returned the kiss and embrace with a merry gayety that was very fascinating.

"Then I am to call you mother?"

"What else should you call me? Oh, I am so glad that Bob married you after all instead of——".

But the vivacious stranger interrupted her rather hurriedly.

"Allow me to introluce my friend Miss Leonora Wylie?"

And Mrs. Lathrop found herself looking into the depths of a pair of hazel eyes that seemed to say: "Please be kind to me!"

"She's dark, and little, and elf-like," said Mrs. Lathrop to herself, "but she's nice looking enough too, and has a very winning way with her."

For now that Mrs. Lathrop felt her son to be safe from the toils of the siren, she was disposed to view Leonora Wylie with very different eyes.

A week went by, and the barometer of Mrs. Lrthrop's mind was varying perceptibly. Her husband quietly watched her, but made no allusion to their guest, until one evening Mrs. Lathrop broke out:

"A silly empty-headed child—that's what she is, after all, with no more brains than my kitchen slave!"

"Who? Leonora Wylie?"

"No; Kitty Bruce!"

"Oh, you mean Bob's wife?"

"Yes, I mean Bob's wife. How I ever could have been so deceived in her before—"

"Perhaps he was deceived just in the same manner. But how has she contrived to change your favorable opinion of her?"

"Why, she lies in bed until 10 o'clock in the morning, while Leonora is down helping me about the dirty work; she comes down stairs to second breakfast, with frowsy hair and slippers down at heel, and unmended rents in her dress, to read novels and do horrid useless worsted work; she don't know a thing about housekeeping, and she don't care to learn; and, oh, George—this is the worst of all—she goes out riding every afternoon with young Carrington, just as if she wasn't a married woman at all, while Leonora stays at home with me! If it wasn't for the comfort Leonora Wylie is to me I believe I should break my heart!"

"Joe Carrington bringing Kitty back from her ride," said Mrs. Lathrop. "George, George look there! will you doubt what I said about her being wicked now? See, he is actually kissing her!"

"I see," said the old gentleman dryly; "and who is that in the back seat?"

"Our Bob!" cried Mrs. Lathrop with a little scream.

"Where's my wife?" demanded Bob, after he had given his mother a sound kiss.

"Why, there on the carriage step, to be sure," said Mrs. Lathrop, hysterically.

"No, she isn't neither," said Bob.

And little Leonora Wylie, darting into his arms liked a velvet-eyed robin solved the riddle!

"Eh!" cried Mrs. Lathrop.

"Mother, don't be angry with us!" pleaded Leonora "but it was all Kitty's plan, because she knew you didn't like me and—and she's engaged to Joe Carrington, and I am Bob's wife!"

Mrs. Lathrop stared helplessly around for a moment or two, and then she took Leonora finally into her mothers embrace.

"And father knew all about it," looking slyly up at Mr. Lathrop, "and he said it was wrong."

"So you were in the plot against me," said Mrs. Lathrop, half-laughing, half-crying; "but I don't care it is such a luxury to love Bob's wife.

A Fearless Lion Tamer.

A Paris correspondent of the New York *World* says: Bidell is, without doubt, a far more successful wild beast tamer than Van Amburgh or any of the famous tamers of by-gone times, and is an object of general sympathy on account of his frightful adventure the other night with his old lion Sultan. When this beast was brought to Paris, fourteen years ago, the first thing he did was to kill a man. Bidell has never for a moment been ignorant of the beast's temper. Two years ago I met the famous trainer at Trouville and had many opportunities of conversing with him. He is a short man, considerably below the middle height and of Herculean build. I should say he is the very strongest man I ever saw. He is dark in feature, with black curly hair, rather of the Spanish than the French type. He makes no pretense to rule his animals by kindness. He relies on sheer fear, inspired by his presence, to reduce them to submission. His eyes are the most distinguishing feature about him. It is upon the effect of these, he told me that he chiefly depends. His look when excited can hardly be described without the use of apparently absurd adjectives, so startling is it. He is a man absolutely without the sense of fear of wild animals. Armed with a short prong only, he will march straight into a cage of full-grown leopards, tigers or lions, fresh in captivity, chasing them all round for five minutes. A few days afterward he will pass his head through their smoking jaws. Sultan was the most difficult beast he ever met. Frequently the animal would make a savage rush at him if their eyes separated for an instantly only, and would be stopped by the tamer's imperious coolness and left tearing the air with his furious paws a few inches from the master's nose. The other night, when Bidell turned his back for a moment, the lion sprang upon him, rolled him over and began tearing him with his claws, when, putting forth all his strength, Bidell managed to hurl him off and to escape by the door, wounded, however, in no fewer than seventeen place. Bleeding as he was, he desired to continue the performance, but was not allowed to do so.

A young man wants to know how to bring out a moustache.—Tie a cord around it tightly, hitch the cord to a post and then run backward.

Malice and hatred are very fretting, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy.

Lost His Satchel.

An old man carrying a corpulent satchel disembarked from the steamer City of Cleveland one morning this week and started on his way up town. At the corner of Water-st a young man in glasses rushed up to him, seized him by the arm and exclaimed:

"Ah, my dear Mr. Dumpkins. What an unexpected meeting!"

"Very unexpected—very," said the old man, wearily. But my name is Sagsby, John K. Sagsby, of Bucyrus, O."

"A thousand pardons," said the stranger very much mortified. "You are the very picture of him. What a misfortune to be so nearsighted!"

"Don't mention it," replied the old man, adding to himself as the spectacled gentleman disappeared around the corner, "Same old game."

At the corner of Water and Superior streets a clerical-looking gentleman, with side-whiskers, grasped his hand warmly and exclaimed:

"Is it possible? My old friend Sagsby, of Bucyrus. It must be."

"The very same," replied the old man, "and you—why, you are Sam Jimson, as sure as guns," and the old man, setting down his satchel, slapped him on the back with a cordiality that loosened his back teeth.

"I—I—that is—yes, of course," stammered the side-whiskered gentleman. "And how is dear old Bucyrus getting along?"

"Bully," replied the old man, taking the other's arm with a grip that made him wince.

"And just to think that you are Sam Jimson that used to come and see my sister Maria years and years ago."

"And Maria—how is she doing?" asked the stranger eagerly. "Tell me of the companion of my boyhood days."

"Dead," replied the old man, in a choking voice. "Dead and gone."

"Dead?" cried the other, taking out his handkerchief and swabbing his eye. "No, no. It cannot be. Maria dead? How inexpressibly sad! Cut down in her blooming womanhood like a tender flower. Pardon my excessive grief. When did the sad event take place?"

"Let me see," said the old man, tightening his grip on the other's arm. "That was in the spring of '62. She was just two years and three months old when she died. Cholera infantum is what did it. Cut down, as you remarked, in her blooming womanhood like a ten—"

"I—I guess I'll have to leave you now," said the gentleman of the side whiskers, struggling to get away. "I have an appointment across the river."

"So have I," said the old man, "and on the way we'll talk about that $25 I loaned you when you came up to Cleveland. Haven't got it with you? Well, perhaps that policeman across the street yonder will lend it to you. Suppose we—"

But at this point the clerical-looking gentleman slipped out of his coat, galloped down Superior street, turned under the viaduct and disappeared.

"Cur'us," muttered the old man, going through the coat to see if there was any change in the pockets. "This is the third time, and they always leave me just when the conversation is at the most interesting point. Where's my—"

But the satchel was gone. The young man in spectacles had not been idle.

Those who will Vote for Beaver.

The soldiers will vote for their comrade, General Beaver, because he was one of them in the work of protecting the Union and in extending the rights of citizenship to all our people.

The friends of Abraham Lincoln will vote for him because he gave his services to his administration when work and not words were needed.

Those who advocated freedom for the enslaved will vote for him because he endorsed the Emancipation Proclamation, and advocated such legislation as would secure their rights under the Constitution.

Christians and moralists will vote for him because his life has been an exemplary one, and his record as a citizen is as pure as that of a soldier is famed. His honor is unsullied, his hands are clean, and he stands in our Commonwealth as a soldier-statesman.

Consistent temperance men will support him, for they feel assured that he will recognize the will of the people in this great question, beyond which no public officer has the right to go.

The Republican party will vote for him because he has been faithful to it, and to the country, and has shown the same devotion to Republican principles as a citizen, that he did as a patriot on the field.

All the well wishers for an able, pure and just executive officer should give their support to General Beaver.

The Ring was Recovered.

A rather peculiar incident occurred at White Bear Lake a few days since. A young lady from Chicago, who had been summering at the lake was boat-riding with a companion, and as is natural with all persons not rowing had her hand dragging in the water, when a ring from one of her fingers fell into the water. The question of recovery was not even thought of, and after a few days its loss was entirely forgotten. Almost a week afterward the couple were rowing in the same locality, when the gentleman, on looking over the edge of the boat, discovered the ring in about ten feet of water. Droping his penknife near the ring, in order to better locate the spot, he rowed the lady to shore. When she had conveniently hid in a secluded spot, he returned to the water, divested himself of his wearing apparel, and was soon in possession of both ring and knife. The ring, which was a valuable one, is now more highly than ever prized by the owner, on account of its strange adventure.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Though men's persons ought not to be hated, yet without all peradventure their practices justly may.

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A Kurdish Brigand at Short Range.

On my visit in 1855 an incident took place which will show how law and order went on while the Turk sits gurgling the smoke through his water pipe. On the bench I came across a fellow in a picturesque costume, and one of the most fiendish faces it has ever been my chance to gaze upon. It was Mephistophelian, but then Mephistopheles was a gentleman, and there was nothing of that kind in this case. Pure malignity could be traced in every line of the visage I had before men. Being alone, and not knowing a word of the language, I made signs to him that I wanted a sketch, and he, like most Easterners I have met, had no objections, and willingly stood for me. To be made into a picture seems to touch whatever vanity there may be, and this brute had a touch of that in him. While the sketching was going on, our interpreter came ashore with some others of our party, and at my request inquiries were begun as to who my model might be. He stated that he was a Kurd, and had come down from the mountains about some business. He cracked, picked and ate walnuts while the sketching and questioning went on. He had a small gun which rested on his arm. Talking to him about it, the interpreter chanced to ask him why he had not a sword or a danger, to which he replied that he did not require them; it was not his way of doing things.

"What things?" was the natural inquiry.

"Of killing people."

"Oh, you kill people do you?"

"Yes."

"How do you kill them?"

"I stand concealed behind a rock on the road and wait rill travelers come up, and when they are close enough I shoot them."

"What for do you shoot them?"

"To get whatever they have about them."

"Then you rob all that you kill?"

"Yes."

"How many men have you killed in your time?"

"Thirteen men and three Russians."

Why he placed the Russians in a different classification was, unfortunately, not cleared up. I regretted afterwards that this point was left so, but at the time such a trifle did not seem of any importance in comparison to the astounding disclosure this piece of humanity was making. All the while there was a well-pleased simper on his face, while he nibbled away at the walnuts. The simper, I suppose, resulted from the satisfaction he felt that his picture was being made.

"Where are you going when you leave Batoum?"

"When my business is finished, I will return to the mountains again."

"What will you do there?"

"Oh, please God, I hope to shoot the first traveller I see, and take whatever he has got."

The virtues of St. Jacobs Oil, as proclaimed by millions of restored sufferers, should induce everyone to supply his household with this great specific. It conquers pain.

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Hay Fever.

For several years I have suffered greatly from periodical returns of hay fever. At the suggestion of Covert & Cheever, druggists, I obtained Ely's Cream Balm and used a portion of it during a severe attack. I can cheerfully testify as to the immediate and continued relief obtained by its use. I heartily recommend it to those suffering from this or kindred complaints. (Rev.) H. A. Smith, Clinton, Wisconsin.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Not Just Yet Awhile.

It is said by the enemies of the Republican yarty that it has outlived its usefulness—that it has accomplished its mission and should be abandoned.

That it has accomplished more than any other party is admitted, and that it has advanced the Notion in progress and prosperity must also be acknowledged. The history of our country since 1861, is its history, the success and development of the Nation has been its handiwork. In patriotism, statesmanship, finance, political economy and honesty in administering the government it shows a record extending through twenty-four years which is unimpeachable.

But its mission is not finished, nor will it be as long as we are a nation under the government which it saved from treason, and which it enlarged in its charter of human rights. As long as the element which fought to destroy the government controls the Democratic party, as long as British Free Trade endeavors to close our custom houses and consequently our manufacturing interests, and as long as a portion of our citizens are disfranchised by the threats and terrors of the mob, that long at least there is a stern necessity for the party which alone has stood firm in defense of protection to the people in every form and under all circumstances.

"It is as harmless as it is effective," is what is said of Red Star Cough Cure by Dr. S. K. Cox, D. D., Analytical Chemist, Washington, D. C. Price 25 cents.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. G. W. Benford & Son.

Isn't it paradoxical that 1:20 o'clock is past one, while 1:30 o'clock is only half past?

SHILOH'S COUGH and Consumption Cure is sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son on a guarantee. It cures Consumption.

Why is a man who can't learn by experience like a laurel?—Because he is an evergreen.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. G. W. Benford & Son.

Talk is cheap—unless you employ a stenographer.

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH, and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The great noose of the day—the marriage knot.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

Brown's Iron Bitters

The question has probably been asked thousands of times, How can Brown's Iron Bitters do so many things? Well, it does. But it does not do anything for which a reputable physician would prescribe. Physicians recognize Iron as the best tonic agent known to the profession and Brown's Iron Bitters is a well-tested form of soluble iron. Iron is acknowledged to be the most important factor in successful medicine, and Brown's Iron Bitters is, however, a remarkable fact, the first and only preparation of iron that has ever been in general use. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS is the best medicine for producing a healthy condition—all other iron medicines do. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Weakness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Tired Feeling, General Debility, Nervousness, Side, Back or Limbs, Headache and Neuralgia—for all these ailments iron is prescribed daily. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS has never been known to injure any person. Take all other through medicine is sometimes injurious. When taken by one the first symptom of benefit is unusual energy. The appetite gets keen, the digestion improves, the bowels are active, in fine, the effect is usually as rapid and marked. The system begins at once to brighten; the skin clears, a healthy color comes to the cheeks, nervous debility and functional derangements become rapidly less; a nursing mother, abundant sustenance for the child. Remember Brown's Iron Bitters is the ONLY iron medicine that is not injurious. Manufactured and Dealers recommend it. The genuine has Trade Mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. TAKE NO OTHER.

Rapid Progress.

It is less than two years since Wel De Lessps' Norman Balsam, the great French Remedy, was first introduced in this country, and yet there is scarcely an intelligent person who has not heard of its wonderful power of curing consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, croup, hoarseness, and all pulmonary diseases. Thousands have tried it and told their friends about it; business men use it; the clergy recommend it; physicians endorse it; and the press speaks kindly in its praise, all of which accounts for its vast reputation and popularity. Buy a bottle and be convinced of its merits. Sold on a positive guarantee by C. N. Boyd.

GOLD fields are scarce, but those who write to Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, will receive free, full information about work which they can do, and live at home, that will pay them from $5 to $25 per day. Some have earned over $50 in a day. Either sex, young or old. Capital not required. You are started free. Those who start at once are absolutely sure of snug little fortunes. All is new.

The Old Reliable

Schuttler Wagon.

Established in Chicago in 1842.

I have just received two car loads of the SELF-RULING, STEEL-SKEIN SCHUTTLER WAGONS, the most complete Western Wagon in the market for Road or Farm Purposes. On the SCHUTTLER WAGON there is a Rear Brake, to be used when hauling hay or grain, a something that farmers know the necessity of when hauling on hilly farms. Every part of the Wood-work of this wagon has laid in Stock three years before being worked up, insuring the work to be thoroughly seasoned before being ironed. Being the patentees of the

DOUBLE COLLAR AND OIL CUPS,

it is the only Wagon made that has this improvement. It avoids the necessity of taking off the wheels to grease, as in the old style; by simple turning a cap the wagon can be oiled in less than five minutes. This Wagon wants to be seen to be fully appreciated, and parties wishing to buy will do well to see it before purchasing elsewhere.

Every Wagon Fully Insured.

In offering this make of Wagon to the public, will say I used the same make of Wagon for five years when freighting across the Rocky Mountains, over roads that were almost impassable, and they always stood the test. I feel warranted in saying I believe them the Best Wagon on wheels.

Call on Oliver Knepper or Henry Heffley, who will show you the Wagons.

Agents Wanted Throughout the County.

PETER HEFFLEY.

SOMERSET, MARCH 28, 1885.

Somerset Lumber Yard.

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER, WHOLESALER AND RETAILER OF

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS,

Hard and Soft Woods.

OAK, POPLAR, SIDINGS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, ASH, WALNUT, FLOORING, SASH, STAIR RAILS, CHERRY, YELLOW PINE, SHINGLES, DOORS, BALUSTERS, CHESTNUT, WHITE PINE, LATH, BLINDS, NEWEL POSTS.

A General Line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in stock. Also, can furnish anything in the line of our business to order with reasonable promptness, such as Brackets, Odd-sized work, etc.

ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,

Office and Yard Opposite S. & C. R. R. Station, Somerset, Pa.

CHAMPION FANNING MILL.

MANUFACTURED BY

Frank H. Sufall.

To farmers desiring to make a good investment in the old Champion Mill, formerly known as the "Kneser Mill," they will do well by calling on me at my shop on corner of Patton and Realna Streets. I now offer to the public a cheap and reliable mill, as I am determined not to be undersold. I will offer unprecedented bargains to those desiring a good mill.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

F. H. SUFALL.

may19-6m. SOMERSET, PA.

Fences FOR Farmers.

Portable, Cheapest, and Most Durable.

HORSE HIGH, BULL STRONG, AND PIG TIGHT.

SOMETHING NEW.

We are engaged in the manufacture of this fence at Somerset and Meyersdale. It is the most durable, and strongest fence known. No barbs to injure to stock. Factory in Somerset in the old Kooser carriage factory.

may19-tf. J. M. MARSHALL & SON.

$200,000 in presents given away annually, and we will send, free of charge, to any person who will get up a package of goods of large value, that will enable them to work and that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for