DOWN THE STREAM.

A maiden stood upon a shore,
And heard a lightly-dipping oar.

The morning light was flushing clear,
A thrush was loudly warbling near.

A boat came gliding down the stream,
With ripple soft and splash and gleam.

She ne'er had seen the youth before,
He ne'er had touched upon that shore;

But when she saw him up the stream,
Fresh from the mountain's early gleam,

The old, old wonder-working spell
Around them both like magic fell.

And ere his boat had drifted by
A change came over wood and sky;

The old, familiar scenes and shore
Took on a hue unknown before.

He lightly drew his boat to land,
He lightly reached to her his hand.

And, leaving all that they had known,
The two went down the stream alone.

The boatman's arm was good and strong
The boatman's oar was tough and long.

The maiden's face was sweet and fair;
She felt no faintest fear or care.

She smiled upon her boatman true,
And said, "I trust my life to you."

The thrush sang on the bank alone;
The maiden down the stream had gone.

A LOVE TIFF.

They had a love-quarrel. Ethan Nash and Tilly Fogg had been the most earnest of lovers, especially Tilly. Ethan did not betray half the warmth about it that she did, because it was never in him; but if ever man wanted more devotion, and affection, and all that sort of thing than Tilly Fogg generously lavished on Ethan Nash, he must have been an unnatural and exacting fellow.

For some days they had been very careful not to speak to one another. No two people ever tried so hard to be entirely different each to the other.

At last it got to be so bad that Ethan had stayed away from Tilly for two or three weeks. How he managed to do it was a mystery, and always will be; it can be explained only on principles of contraries, and sulks, and oddities.

It was getting to be rather unpleasant, considered in all points of view. There was poor Tilly almost dying from the treatment, though she never would have entered a complaint of any sort in the ear of any living soul; her eyes were beginning to lose a little of its usual brightness—I could see it plainly enough—and the red roses on her cheeks were fading rather fast.

There happened to be another young miss in the village, who had been teaching the district school during the summer, and had finally concluded that it would be the pleasantest thing she could do to stay through the winter, too, and visit around. Just at this particular time she was staying at Squire Judkin's house. Her name was Lucy Doane.

Lucy Doane was just the smartest girl, in her own estimation, I think I ever knew. Having been selected to instruct the younger portion of the children the past summer in needlework and a-b, a-b, and being competent to keep the smallest ones from rolling off the benches, while asleep upon the floor, she somehow reasoned herself into the complacent idea that there was no lady in the place who could beat her in conversation correct grammar, or, indeed, any of the accomplishments that were going.

She wore glasses with silver bows, mitts on her hands, and always kept her work-bag on her left arm. A perfect picture of a "school-marm" in all the person's parts and qualities.

At this particular time there was a deep fall of snow on the ground, and the sleighing was glorious. Bells belles made the old country roads merry, far and near. There were parties without number to the neighboring towns, making up merry dances in every old tavern-hall, where the screech of the fiddle had ever resounded.

Well, to make the story as short as possible, Ethan received a very neatly written note one afternoon from Lucy Doane, written in her characteristic style of precision and firmness, all correctly phrased and spelled, saying that she would be very happy to accept his polite invitation to go to the next ball over at Upfield, and would hold herself in readiness accordingly.

"What's all this!" exclaimed Ethan when he had fairly read the note through.

He was puzzled and confounded.

"I never invited Lucy Doane to go to the Upfield ball in my life! Why, what does she mean? I'm sure I don't know how to proceed in such a case!"

Which was all perfectly true. Ethan Nash was in a regular quandary.

So he came right over to consult with me about it. Why he selected me out of all the rest of his numerous acquaintance in the village, I never knew, and probably never shall, but he came and laid the matter plainly before me, and says he:

"Now, John, I want your advice."

"You shall have it, with all my heart," says I.

"I'm in a regular fix," said he. "You see, the way of it is this: Here I've got a letter from Lucy Doane," producing it from his pocket, and holding it out at arm's-length, "and she says in that letter that she is very happy to accept my kind invitation to go to the sleighing party up to Upfield, when the fact is I never asked her to go with me in my life."

I could not help smiling.

"Rather awkward," I suggested.

"Isn't it? Now I wish you would tell me what I'd better do about it."

"Do?"

"Yes, what would you do? You see, I must do something."

"Oh, certainly; that letter must be answered somehow.

"Then what would you say to it. How would you try to get out of it, John."

"I'd up and thank her for accepting," said I, "and then I'd secure a nice sleigh against the time came around and carry her."

"You would! The Old Harry must be in you!"

"On the contrary, I assure you it's just the best thing you can possibly do. Just take my advice for once and see what will come of it."

He hung down his head, put the note in his pocket, and suffered himself to think of it.

There was no chance of escape. He saw for himself, thanks to his native common-sense, that the best way to silence that battery was to walk straight up to it.

Which he did, and sent back his message of thanks to Lucy for deigning to comply with his request.

The afternoon of the sleigh-ride was cold and bitter as you would care to read about. Even at noon the sun had not set a single icicle to running at the eaves, and the snow in the road-track was as smooth and polished as marble.

"I've got my sleigh," said Ethan to me in a rather confidential manner. "It's Ben Ball's cutter. He didn't want to use it himself. Joke's going with a two-horse establishment. But mind you—I had to pay for it!"

When the twilight advanced—what little there was of it at that time of the year—I saw Ethan Nash drive up pell-mell with Tom Nickinson's fiery little mare, the cutter digging her heels like a sledge after a reindeer. Ethan had as much as he could do to manage her.

Subsequently to that slight glimpse of Ethan, buzzing by my window as he did I caught no other until I stood in the little hall-room, having ushered in (as I thought) a very handsome young lady in a fancy dress with "fixings" to correspond, and taking a modest, if not decidedly timid survey of the floor.

There was Ethan in full feather. He was dressed "with all his might," and couldn't have spared a single item of his inventory without damaging his effectiveness decidedly. In fact he meant to be killing.

Near where he stood sat Lucy Doane, simpering and whimpering behind her half-spread fan, her round face as red as a westing winter-apple, her eyes upturned to him in an exceedingly languishing style, and lots of young girls surveying them with feelings so mixed that I shall be excused from describing them.

By the bye in same Tilly Fogg with Edward Marks.

How Ethan did stare straight at her, and how she did stare straight back at him; I sat where I could see it all; and there were others that saw it as well. For a few minutes the friends and acquaintances of each party were instantly engaged in regarding their conduct.

Ethan instantly threw his eyes up at the opposite wall, just as if there were no such person as Tilly Fogg in the room. On her part, to exhibit a proper degree of resentment, she pursed her pretty mouth, gave her head a contemptuous toss, and acted as independently as if she was to lead off in the dance herself that night, and knew it.

Well, and what was a little strange, too she did lead off, standing with her partner, who was a young student at law in the office of 'Squire Docket, at the head of the figure.

How elegant she looked in her tasteful dress, and with her beautiful color!

What an air of queenly pride she portrayed as she smoothed down the glossy hair on her temples and looked over the rustic crowd as if she knew well enough that she was the belle of the evening.

Ethan stood a good way down the floor and it was noticeable what an everlasting chat his fair partner—Lucy Doane—kept up for him behind her well-spread fan. Only once or twice Ethan's eyes wandered up to where the little figure of Tilly Gogg was standing, but Lucy Doane watched every movement and brought him back to his senses again.

As for Tilly, she was perfectly wretched, though she did laugh and chatter so much with her partner, the young law student. There was excess in her actions, and that was enough to betray her.

Anyone with even half an eye could see that at once. But no doubt it assisted to heighten her beauty; for but for this unhappy pressure on her pride and her self-will, there would have been no such suffusion about her cheeks, nor no such imperious expression about her beautiful eyes.

"I don't see but what we are really making out a nice time of it," said Ethan to Lucy.

"This is fine—very fine!" said Edward Marks to Tilly at about the same moment.

It was something of a coincidence, and deserving of a chronicler, as here it finds one.

When we went down to supper the confusion was excessive.

They all rushed into the supper-room in a state bordering on despair, acting as if there was but one chance in a thousand of their ever getting another mouthful to eat in the world.

The tables groaned, and so did those who sat down to them before they got up. There was a smart business done for some time in the way of eating, and hungry folks might have looked with a hearty relish and envied them.

The party broke up toward early morning, dancers, fiddlers, and all. By the dull light of the stars that winked and twinkled so steadily far off in the sky, they sallied forth from before the door in their sleighs for home again.

Ethan and Lucy Doane felt considerably sleepy on their way back, and, as a consequence, very little was said by either during their brisk ride. As for Tilly and the young student, she was entirely unhappy, and he was—shall I confess it?—a very little "mashed!"

It was easy enough to see now that Ethan Nash and Tilly loved one another, and this show of indifference on their part was the greatest piece of mere acting—heartless and hollow—that could be imagined.

The rest of us who knew all this and more, too, from the beginning, determined to put an end to it. They had been living on "stuff" a great while longer than they ought to have done.

So the next day there was a concerted arrangement made among ourselves to bring them all together.

First came in Ethan. He was going round to dissipate the day through, and we knew at about what time he would be there. Then followed Lucy Doane. She was all smiles and syllables, for she felt confident as she ever wanted to be that she had at last won the heart of Ethan Nash.

In her presence, however, he was rather quiet than otherwise. The moment she came in, he stopped talking. She saw it, and half stopped, too.

By-and-by, who should run up to the door, all muffled up to her pretty eyes, but Tilly Fogg! She had been sent for, for that was at the bottom of the arrangement. It could never have succeeded without her.

She came clear into the room before she knew who was there, and the moment the startling intelligence revealed itself through her eyes, she made a movement as if to have retreated with precipitation, had not Susan stood close at her back, and crowded her along so as to shut the door. There they were, then, all together; not one of the three unhappy parties had previously thought of such a thing.

"Now," said I to all hands, "what's the trouble?"

"Yes," said Susie Wilde, who was a real good little girl, what is the matter, sure enough?"

"Why?" said Tilly, reining herself in proudly, and looking everywhere but at Ethan.

"Who said anything was the matter?" blurted out Ethan, who couldn't have held his tongue to save his life.

"See here," said I. "You, Tilly, are very unhappy. You needn't tell me you are not, for I know well enough you are; I could see it last night."

She tried to be indignant, but made only a poor feint of it.

"Now, Lucy," I continued, "what made you go so readily to the dance with Ethan, if he never invited you?"

Lucy was instantly as mad as a March hare.

"He did invite me, I'd have you to know!" she exclaimed, fixing her spectacles anew upon her nose.

"He didn't!" broke in one of the girls who was in the secret. "We did it; we got up that invitation ourselves!"

"And I——" she hesitated in her confusion.

"Then you didn't——" chimed in the relieved Tilly, for the first time speaking to Ethan.

"No, never!" he answered with ready emphasis.

"Then I forgive you!" said Tilly, much lightened in her mind. And she cordially extended her hand.

Ethan not only took it, but he knew his duty well enough to throw his arms about her, and kiss her besides.

Lucy Doane flounced out of her chair, and started for the door.

"I don't care," said she; "I've been engaged this ever so long to the minister's son over in Fifield, and now I'll marry him!"

"I would!" amiably answered Ethan, not letting Tilly quite go out of his arms.

And the party was made smaller by the sudden withdrawal of the brisk little "school-marm."

The rest of us sat down to a supper—a real hearty country supper—and a grand good time we made of it, too. There was no more trouble for Tilly and Ethan; their differences were all healed.

Etiquette.

There seems to be a growing tendency on the part of the average American toward what I may be pardoned for calling the anonymous or incog. introduction. This introduction generally starts off in a fortissimo strain that, if kept up throughout the recital, would herald the names of both parties to the uttermost parts of the earth. Then the piano and diminuendo strain comes in.

That is the reason we are acquainted with so many people whose names we do not know. A man steps up to you in a crowd somewhere in one of those quiet little town meetings where it is a mark of great conversational genius to talk steadily onward without using the mind, and says: "Pardon me, I want to make you two people acquainted. You ought to know each other. You are both friends of mine. Mr.——, Mr.——. There, now you are acquainted!"

Why a man should write a long letter and write it plainly, signing it at the end with a name that would have bothered Daniel to decipher, is more than I can understand. It is the same style of peculiarity as the anonymous introduction exactly. I may be a little careless about my penmanship while writing in a great hurry, trying to keep up with my surging thoughts, but I must always sign my name so that it can be deciphered. I have written letters where the signature was the only thing that was absolutely beyond the possibility of doubt. But if a man signs his name so that you can write to him and ask him what the balance of his letter was about, it is better than a long beautiful letter from an unknown and unknowable person. In the latter case, you are left to kick the empty air. Some day when I get more time, I am going to prepare a long treatise upon etiquette, and deliver it to the American people, illustrated by one of those stereopticons. Etiquette has been a life-long study for me. It is a thing that has engrossed my attention from my earliest boy-hood, and it shows itself at once in my polished manners and easy running carriage.

At table especially our American people need a great deal of training. Wherever I go, I am struck with our sad need of careful training. As a country we need careful instructions in our manners, more especially at hotels. Only the other day, at the table d'hote I heard a man ask for half a dozen buckwheat cakes, and when they came to him he moistened the tips of his fingers in a finger bowl, and ran over the cakes as he would currency, for he was the assistant cashier in a national bank. Another man at the same table was asked to pass the pepper box and he took it with his thumb on the bottom and his two first fingers on the top, just as he had been in the habit of moving a stack of chips from the ace to the duce, no doubt, for years.

So we as people crowd our vocations to the front, and are not able to banish our trades and professions even at table. We should try to overcome this, and there are many other features of our national etiquette which we need to change.

Only last week I saw a fine looking young man sit at the hotel table combing his moustache with his fork, and while in a brown study the fork slipped pel out of the moustache and plunged with a sickening jab into his eye. We cannot be too careful in our intercourse with men to avoid all appearance of evil.

Etiquette always marks the true gentleman and makes him an object of curiosity, especially at a hotel. When you see a gentleman with whom you are not acquainted you should look upon him with genteel horor and shudder two times in rapid succession. This will convince a stranger that your parents have taken special pains not to allow you to associate with vulgar people.

I started out to say a few words about the folly of indistinct introductions and wappy-jawed signatures, but I have wandered away, as I am apt to do.—*Bill Nye.*

Safe Advice to Young Women.

In marying make your own match; do not marry any man to get rid of him, or to oblige him, or to love him. The man who would go to destruction without you will quite as likely go with you, and drag you along; Do not marry in haste, lest you repent at leisure. Do not marry for a home and a living, when by taking care of your health you can be strong enough to earn your own living. Do not let aunts, fathers or mothers sell you for money or a position into bondage, tears and life-long misery, which you alone must endure. Do not place yourself habitually in the company of any suitor, unless you have decided the question of marriage; human wills are weak, and people often become bewildered, and do not know their error until it is too late. Get away from their influence, settle your head, make up your mind alone. A promise may be made in a moment of sympathy, or even half delirious ecstacy, which must be redeemed through years of sorrow, toil and pain. Do not trust your happiness in the keeping of one, who has no heart, no head, no health. Beware of insane blood. Do not rush thoughtlessly, hastily into wedded life, contrary to the counsel of your best friends. Love can wait; that which cannot wait is something of a very different character.

Patrick's Certificate of Honesty

Patrick applied for a situation as porter for a wholesale store.

"Patrick, I'm afraid you're not strictly honest."

"Faith an' phwy does ye be thinkin' Oi'm not honest!"

"Well, I've heard some whisperings that you were a little unreliable when at your last place. I must have a perfectly honest man here."

"Faith an' Oi can show ye a certificate of honesty that'll make ye change your moind moighty quick."

He then drew out a piece of paper containing words of the greatest praise of himself.

"Who wrote this, Patrick?"

"Who wrote it? Oi did, sor."

"Oh, oh! Is a certificate of your own writing a proof of your honesty?"

"It is, sor; because, sor, Oi know more about mesilf than any other mon do; an', begorry, if Oi wasn't honest Oi wouldn't be after tellin' ye Oi writ it meself."

"Well, I'll try you, Patrick."

On a Bear Hunt.

Several days ago Hendrick, the hunter was camped on Bear river, in Colorado. With him was a young tenderfoot just from the East. Trapping was pretty good and the two men let the meat supply of the camp run down until there was nothing left but (in trappers' phrase coined for city society) "sow abdomen." So one evening the hunter and the tenderfoot started out after fresh meat.

They soon found it, for scarcely a mile from camp they ran on to a whole family of grizzlies, half a dozen in all. As the bear family showed a decided inclination for a closer acquaintance, the introduction at once took place, the rifles of the hunters serving as masters of ceremonies. Though the men fired as fast as they could and bear after bear was knocked down, the brutes rose to their feet again and the bruin family still came on. The rifles kept up their incessant crack, however, and at a distance of twenty yards the old she-bear, the leader of the family fell to rise no more. Forty shots had now been fired, and with only three cartridges left between them the hunters were glad indeed to see the remainder of the savage family party turn tail and disappear among the surrounding rocks and bushes.

On examination eight bullet holes were found in the old she-bear, five of the eight having lodged in vital parts. The next morning the hunters took the bloody trails leading in various directions and in an hour's time all the remaining bears were found dead, making six bears bagged in a bunch.

During the fight the wounded brutes indulged frequently in their singular custom, called in hunter and trapper parlance "shaking up." Whenever a bear was struck by a bullet it would at once seize one of its companions and a rough and tumble fight would ensue. The old she bear on several different occasions grabbed her cubs and tossed them high in the air, catching them as they fell, and unmercifully "chawing" them. It was to this singular custom that the hunters probably owed their lives, as it delayed the progress of the ferocious family until the deadly rifles were able to check it entirely.—*Cheyenne Leader.*

Profanity.

Laws providing for the arrest and punishment of those using profane language are very strict in Pennsylvania, and this unseemly and sinful habit has grown to such an exatnt, especially among young men, that it is well to call the attention of the public to the matter, in the hope that an effort may be made to suppress the use of profane language, and bring about a very necessary reform. The following is the law on the subject:

"If any person shall wilfully, premeditatedly and dispitefully blaspheme, or speak loosely and profanely of Almighty God, Christ Jesus, the Holy Spirit, or the Scriptures of Truth, such person on conviction thereof shall be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding one hundred dollars, and undergo an imprisonment not exceeding three months, or either, at the discretion of the court."

"If any person of the age of sixteen years or upwards shall profanely curse or swear by the name of God, Christ Jesus, or the Holy Ghost, every person so offending being thereof convicted shall forfeit and pay the sum of sixty-seven cents for every such profane curse or oath; and in case he or she shall refuse or neglect to pay the said forfeiture, or goods and chattels cannot be found whereof to levy the same by distress, he or she shall be committed to the house of correction of the proper county, not exceeding twenty-four hours, for every such offence of which such person shall be convicted; and whosoever of the age of sixteen years or upwards, shall curse or swear in any other name or thing as aforesaid, and shall be convicted thereof, shall forfeit and pay the sum of forty cents for every such curse or oath; and in case such offender shall neglect or refuse to satisfy such forfeiture, or no goods or chattels can be found whereof to levy the same by distress, he or she shall be committed to the house of correction of the proper county not exceeding twelve hours for every such offence."

The First Keen Twinge.

As the season advances, the pains and aches by which rheumatism makes itself known are experienced after every exposure. It is not claimed that hood's Sarsaparilla is a specific for rheumatism—we doubt if there is, or can be, such a remedy. But the thousands benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla, warrant us in urging others who suffer from rheumatism to take it before the first keen twinge.

A Terrible (?) Prophesy.

On Monday of last week Mark Twain sent the following to a New York paper:

Sir:—As a result of the most careful observation of the aspect of the fixed stars during the past two months, as affected by the remarkable changes now going on in the great nebula in G Lassiopeia. I am able to state with absolute certainty that by far the most awful disaster that has ever befallen the globe since its creation will occur on the 3d of October at 9:42 in the evening. The agent will be a meteoric stone—a meteoric world, indeed, since its mass will be one-eighth as great as that of our own sphere. It will first come in sight about half way between the constellation of the Great Bear and the north star, and will make the circle of the southern skies, and then sweep northward with immeasurable rapidity, turning the night of this whole continent into a red glare of the most blinding intensity. As it approaches Canada it will make a majestic downward swoop in the direction of Ottowa, affording a spectacle resembling a million inverted rainbows woven together, and will take the prophet Wiggins right in the teat of his inspiration and lift him straight up into the back yard of the planet Mars, and leave him permanently there in an inconceivably mashed and unpleasant condition.—This can be depended on.

Hartford, Monday. MARK TWAIN.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE, PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Backache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc.
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ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold at competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

"STANDARD" ROTARY SHUTTLE SEWING MACHINE

Marvellous Sewing Machine Invention!

Wonderful Blessing to the Ladies!

The Continuous Rotary Motion!

MAKES WORK
Twice as rapid as on other machines.
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Genuine Improved Bent Wood Work.
Beautiful and Practical Attachments.
Send for descriptive circular.

C. C. EMMONS,
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Wholesale Dealer for Western Pennsylvania and Western Maryland.

A Street Remark.

It is rare that a pedestrian on the street does not hear passers by remark about the wonderful curative powers of Wel De Lessops' Norman Balsam, the great French remedy for consumption, coughs, colds, hoarseness, &c. By its specific action on all diseases of the throat, chest and lungs it is establishing a reputation never excelled in the history of medicine. It always cures. It never fails. Sold and guaranteed by C. N. Boyd, sole agent.

THE RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE
DOES THE BUSINESS.

Thousands have tried it and found relief. There is abundant testimony to this point, positive and unsolicited, which should convince the most skeptical. If you suffer with Rheumatism, send for a pamphlet which tells what has been done for others. It is sent free. To be cured costs only $2.50, for one box is sufficient for the worst case.

IT HAS NEVER FAILED

J. C. McALLISTER, for many years with Hood, Lonbricht & Co., now with Wood, Brown & Co., Phila., says: "I suffered from Rheumatism so terribly that I could hardly walk, was at times unable to turn my head. I tried the Russian Rheumatism Cure. Inside of two weeks I was completely cured."

Descriptive pamphlet, with testimonials, free.
Price $2.50; If mailed, 10c. additional. If registered, 10c. more.
One box (30 days' treatment) cures most cases.
None Genuine without this Trade-Mark.
RUSSIAN RHEUMATISM CURE.
As yet it is not to be found at druggists, but can only be had by enclosing the amount as above, and address the American proprietors,
PFAELZER BROS. & CO.
819-821 Market Street, Philadelphia.

SECOND TO NONE IN CROP VALUE.
VOLUNTARY TESTIMONIAL.

MESSRS. BATON & SONS, Philadelphia.
DATE GROVE, MONTGOMERY CO., Pa., May 10th, 1886.
Gentlemen: Your Phosphate has been very satisfactory to me. I have used it on my farm for two years, and have given your agent a certificate for a second year, as I think it has been profitable to me. I have some more land to put in next year, and shall use your Phosphate on it. Yours truly, JOHN CROCKETT.

$25 PHOSPHATE
FAUCHS'

FOUTZ'S
HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

NO HORSE will die of Colic, Boys or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.
Foutz's Powders will cure and prevent Hog Cholera.
Foutz's Powders will prevent Garget in Cows.
Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.
Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost EVERY Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.
FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.
Sold everywhere.
DAVID E. FOUTZ, Proprietor,
BALTIMORE, MD.
ma'28'86-1.

OVER NIAGARA FALLS.

The spectators at Niagara Falls were somewhat horrified yesterday to see a white object start down the rapids and over the falls at the very highest point, and upon being picked up some below it was found to be a large sheet of paper containing many strong testimonials from persons who had used Wel De Lessops' Norman Balsam for consumption, coughs, colds, hoarseness, and all pulmonary diseases. Sold on a positive guarantee by C. N. Boyd.

KING'S INTERCHANGEABLE
PC&X

Having purchased a full set of "TEST Lenses," I am now prepared to fit the most difficult cases. If you have had trouble to get glasses to suit you, come at once and give me a trial. *Satisfaction Guaranteed.* I am sole agent for Dr. King's Celebrated Spectacles. Try a pair of them, and you will use no other.

Respectfully,
C. N. BOYD.

The Bellows Falls Evaporators

Have proved themselves to be far superior to any apparatus for evaporating SAP, SORGHUM and CIDER. Have never been equalled for RAPIDITY OF EVAPORATION, ECONOMY OF FUEL OR QUALITY OF PRODUCT.
Many THOUSANDS in use. Send for illustrated circular with testimonials to
Vt. Farm Machine Co., Bellows Falls, Vt.
sep22-13t

Popular Superstitions.

Dream of eggs, sign of money.

Dream of snakes, sign of enemies.

If you sing before breakfast you'll cry before supper.

Dreaming of muddy or rushing water brings trouble.

Finding a horse shoe or a four leafed clover brings good luck.

If you cut your nails or sneeze on Sunday you do it "for evil."

She who takes the last stitch at a quilting will be the first to marry.

If you cannot make up a handsome bed yout husband will have a homely nose.

If you spill the salt some one will be "mad" with you unless you put some in the fire.

Stub your right toe, you are going where you are wanted; your left, where you are not wanted.

If the rooster crows on the fence, the weather will be fair; on the doorstep, he will bring company.

If the first Sunday in the month is unpleasant, there will be but one pleasant Sunday during the month.

If by chance a mourning hat or bonnet is placed upon your head you will need one of your own soon.

If your right ear burns, some one is praising you; if your left, your friends are raking you over the coals.

Returning to the house for a moment after having once started you will bring you bad luck unless you sit down.

When, in dropping a fork, it strikes the floor and stands upright, it will bring a gentleman visitor if a knife, a lady.

While at the washboard, if the suds splash and wet the clothes you are wearing, you will have a drunken husband.

If you drop your dishcloth you will have company; also if you sweep a black mark; or if two chairs stand accidentally back to back. If a baby sees its face in the glass it will be the death of him. If his nails are cut he will be a thief. If he tumbles out of bed it will save his being a fool.

Break a mirror, sign of death. Death is also foretold by a dog howling under a window, hearing a mourning dove, a strange dove hovering about or dreaming of a white horse.

If you see the new moon through the glass you will have sorrow as long as it lasts. If you see it fair in the face you'll have a fall. Over the left shoulder bad luck—over the right good luck.

The editor of the Corsicana, Tex., *Observer*, Mr. G. P. Miller, had a severe attack of rheumatism in his left knee, which became so swollen and painful that he could not walk up the stairs. He writes that after a few applications of St. Jacobs Oil, the pain entirely disappeared, and the knee assumed its normal proportions.

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.

We Caution All Against Them.

The unprecedented success and merit of Ely's Cream Balm—a real cure for catarrh, hay fever and cold in the head has induced many adventurers to place catarrh medicines bearing some resemblance in appearance, style or name upon the market in order to trade upon the reputation of Ely's Cream Balm. Don't be deceived. Buy only Ely's Cream Balm. Many in your immediate locality will testify in highest commendation of it. A particle is applied into each nostril; no pain; agreeable to use. Price 50 cents.

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

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

The floral bell is getting to be rather stale for marriage ceremonies. Why should not some enterprising couple be married under a pair tree.

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

Eating onions is said to insure sleep. It may be in the fellow who eats them, but, how about the other poor chap who tries to sleep with him.

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

The people in the far north eat candles when they can get them. This is one way of making a light meal.

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

Developing the Lungs.

If a person's lungs are not well developed, the health will be imperfect, but the development may be increased several inches in a few months by daily outdoor runnings with the mouth closed, beginning with twenty yards and back at a time, increasing ten yards every week, until a hundred are gone over thrice a day. A substitute for ladies and persons in cities, is running up stairs with the mouth closed, which compels very deep inspirations, in a natural way, at the end of the journey.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Summer coughs and colds generally come to stay, but the use of Red Star Cough Cure invariably drives them away. Safe, prompt, sure.

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

"Science enumerates five hundred and eighty-eight species of organic forms in the air we breathe." Just think of it! Every time you draw in your breath a whole zoological garden slips down your windpipe, and no free tickets to the press.

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

Peter Roux, of Mono Lake, took his family to Brodie, Cal., for a visit. His six-year-old daughter wanted to go home and started on foot. She ought to have gone south, but went north among the mountains and canyons. When the moon went down she crept under a sage bush and slept, but awoke at daylight and went on. In the meantime Bodie had offered one hundred dollars for her rescue, and a searching party with Indians started out. They found her next day trudging along, hungry but undismayed. She had walked twenty-six miles. She said she wasn't afraid.

They say that woman is like the ivy—the more you are ruined the closer she clings to you, but a bachelor friend says ivy is like woman—the closer it clings to you the more you are ruined.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
WILL CURE
HEADACHE
INDIGESTION
BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA
NERVOUS PROSTRATION
MALARIA
CHILLS AND FEVERS
TIRED FEELING
GENERAL DEBILITY
PAIN IN THE BACK & SIDES
IMPURE BLOOD
CONSTIPATION
FEMALE INFIRMITIES
RHEUMATISM
NEURALGIA
KIDNEY AND LIVER TROUBLES
FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS
The Genuine has Trade Mark and crossed Red Lines on wrapper.
TAKE NO OTHER.

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
(Above Heffley's Store,)
Latest Styles, and Lowest Prices.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.
Somerset, Pa.

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.

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 "Kosser Mill," they will do well by calling on me at my shop on corner of Patriot and Realtia 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,
may18-6m. SOMERSET, PA.

Fences FOR Farmers.
Prettiest, 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 battle, no injury to stock. Factory in Somerset at the old Kosser carriage factory.
may19-tf. J. M. MARSHALL & SON.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us 5 cents postage, and by mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in 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 all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. jan25-'86-1y.

The Old Reliable
Schuttler Wagon.
Established in Chicago in 1842.

I have just received two car loads of the SELF-OILING, 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 simply 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.

sep1-4m.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
This popular favorite for dressing the hair, Restoring color when gray, and preventing Dandruff. It cleanses the scalp, stops the hair falling, and is sure to please. 50c. and $1 at Druggists.

PARKER'S TONIC
The best Cough Cure you can use,
And the best preventive known for Consumption. It cures bodily pains, and all disorders of the Stomach, Bowels, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, Urinary Organs and all Female Complaints. The feeble and aged, struggling against disease, and slowly drifting towards the grave, will in most cases recover their health by the timely use of Parker's Tonic, but delay is dangerous. Take it in time. Sold by all Druggists in large bottles at $1.00.

HINDERCORNS
The safest, surest, quickest and best cure for Corns, Bunions, Warts, Moles, Callouses, &c. Hinderscorns for hair growth.