## LIFE'S LESSON.

If things do not work to suit us
In this strange world of men,
What is the use of repining about it—
It can't be done over again.

Make the best of life's troubles and failures;
The shadows are tokens of light,
And mistakes are lessons of wisdom
If only we read them aright.

The defeats that are seen by the roadside,
As we look back into the past,
May show us the way to counter
in the battle of life at last.

Out of each bitter trial
To us there cometh good,
If the heart will but heed the lessons
That God has meant it should.

Then away with all vain repinings
What is done is done for aye;
Who sighs o'er yesterday's failures
May lose the chance of to-day.

Be brave, and be not disheartened,
Through your hopes and joys may fall;
Be whose courage and faith are steadfast
Will at last, please God, prevail.

## THE DEVIL'S LANE.

BY EDGAR L. VINCENT.

PART I.

That line had always been a bone of contention between Uncle Joe Allen and his neighbor on the west. When the country was new Uncle Joe and Samson Freeholder had bought adjacent farms. In some way or other they had not agreed about the matter of building the line fence. One wanted the privilege of building it in his way and the other would not adopt that method; and so it came about that they decided to build a lane two rods wide, one-half lying on one side the line and one-half on the other side. Each man put up a fence the whole length of the line, leaving that long strip of land that neither could use.

With a considerable degree of propriety the lane came to be known as "Devil's Lane." Similar lanes may be found in certain parts of this country at the present time, although they are fast disappearing.

So the matter stood. The two men let each other severely alone after the fence was built. Each kept up the fence on his side of the Devil's Lane, never venturing to do anything toward making the land of value to himself or his neighbor.

Time brought grey hairs to these good farmers, and at length Samson Freeholder was gathered to his fathers. Then the farm was sold to Dick Lamson, a wide-awake, thorough-going young fellow, who was bound to succeed in life. Everybody said so; and what all in Springfield township agreed upon, who could question? Uncle Joe was not blind to the young man's sterling qualities, and so it happened that when in the course of time Dick came to court his handsome daughter Bess, he was very much inclined to favor his suit. It was not long before it came to be well understood that Dick was "going with" Bess, and that they were going to "get married" in a few months.

Matters were in this condition when once upon a time Dick happened to get to thinking about that Devil's Lane. Then it stretched the whole width of his farm, separating him from his prospective father-in-law.

At that time the land was well calculated to be an eyesore to any energetic farmer. It had been allowed to run to waste for many years. No one had set foot on it since the fences had been built save now and then a venturesome boy hunting rabbits, for which it furnished an excellent retreat. For it had grown up so thickly with shrubs, briers and weeds that it was next thing to impossible for any one to force his way through it. In such a condition it was of no use to the men who owned the land. It looked to Dick like a sheer waste of property. There was a strip of land one hundred and sixty rods long and a rod wide that belonged to him, and a piece of the same size which Uncle Joe ought to have under cultivation.

Was it not poor policy to allow that land to run wild in that way? So it seemed to him. He knew nothing about the circumstances under which the lane had been built and possibly thought it was only by chance.

"I'll speak to Uncle Joe about it the next time I'm over that way," was Dick's resolution; and it was not long before he had a chance to carry it into effect. The old gentleman seemed to be in a very good humor the day Dick called on him and the two men sat on the fence half an hour chatting about the crops and matters in general. Finally the young man said:

"By the way, Uncle Joe, what do you say to clearing up that lane between you and me and putting a good fence on the line? That's where it belongs. The use of that land is worth something to both of us."

Uncle Joe's lips closed for a moment very tightly then he replied:

"It's good enough for me as it is!"

Now, that meant a great deal from Uncle Joe. It meant that he had not forgotten the strife of almost half a century ago with neighbor Freeholder, and that he had no inclination now to depart from the decision he had then formed never to help build a fence on the line.

Dick was not slow to see that there was something back of the farmer's remark, and he wisely said no more about the lane.

But as fate would have it, the Legislature of the State about that time happened to recognize the fact that there were a number of Devil's Lanes inside its boundaries; and appreciating the fact that they were standing monuments of man's perversity, some one introduced a bill to do away with them forever. In case the parties in interest could not or would not agree to build a joint fence, the trustees of the township were authorized to locate the line, build a fence upon it and charge the expense to the general tax.

This Dick knew; but his steady going neighbor did not. So that when some one happened to remark to Dick that it was about time the lane was closed up, it set the young man to thinking very earnestly.

Why should Uncle Joe persist so foolishly in maintaining that crop of bushes and briers? His farm was everywhere else a model of thrift. After a while he ventured to approach Uncle Joe again on the subject, and told him as the law then was he didn't see but the lane would have to be done away with. But the old man was immovable. It passes all comprehension what an amount of litigation and neighborhood difficulty have grown out of so simple a matter as the construction of a line fence. Men sensible in most matters have been made enemies for life by just such a thing as that. It is my duty to chronicle the fact that the more Dick thought about it the more it aroused him. It was downright meanness on the old man's part to stand out in that way, according to Dick's opinion. Of course he was an old man now and full of whims, but he ought to listen to common sense.

He finally talked it over with Bess; and like the sensible girl she was, she sought to act as a mediator between the two men. It was not the first time a woman's heart has been crushed by the obstinacy of two men, like wheat by millstones. Uncle Joe finally told Bess never to mention the thing again. The fence was all right as it was, and should not be disturbed. But he had thought Dick Lamson "a pretty square kind of a fellow," but if that was the way he was going to act he didn't want anything more to do with him; and as for Bess, she needn't think she would ever get his consent to marry such an out and out scoundrel as he was!

Of course that put the climax on the trouble. Bess, with her lovely eyes full of tears, told her lover the old man's decision, and Dick's teeth came together hard as he listened.

So it was war, was it? Well, if that was so he would see what the law could do.

PART II.

In about ten days after that the trustees went out to the farms and very gravely struggled through the tangled lane and staked out the line. Then they served a notice on the two men that they must build a good legal fence there inside of thirty days. Uncle Joe grimly looked on and remarked that he guessed he knew what the law was and he'd try to live up to it.

Dick went at once to work and cut rails and drew them to the lane for the purpose of building his part of the fence, but Uncle Joe made no move in that direction. He spent much of his time in the neighborhood of the lane. He carried his gun most of the time. Now and then he brought home a rabbit for dinner. He had been, so he was fond of saying, something of a hunter in his time, and even now was counted a good shot for a man of his age.

After Dick had finished splitting rails for the fence he had sharpened his axe and taking a good scythe went down to clear the ground of brushes and briars.

He knew this would be no small task, but his arms were strong and his will good. Hardly an hour had he worked when a rifle shot rang out on the air and his strong right arm dropped to his side painfully wounded.

So severe was his injury that he could do nothing toward discovering who fired the murderous shot, and he was alone. After he had made his way to the house the alarm was given and a crowd of men and boys turned out and hunted the lane from end to end, but in vain, no one could be found hiding there and the deed remained a mystery.

In this way things stood for some time. Dick's arm healed slowly, somehow. The bone had been injured a little, the doctor said. Dick saw Bess now and then. He could not help noticing that the poor girl's cheeks were growing paler day by day and she seemed ready to break down whenever he came to see her. Her father was home but little now. Night and day he stood guard at the lane a sturdy veteran on some self-imposed post of duty. He had even slept out in the bushes several times all night, coming to his meals in the morning stiff and sore from the damp, but with a determined look on his face. He was a man who never yielded what he thought was his right.

The thirty days given by law had passed and the township had "allowed" to build the fence in a few days. They had watched matters from a distance and knew how desperate the old man was.

About this time Dick and Bess happened to be sitting out on the porch in the harvest moonlight. Uncle Joe was out at the fence probably. Neither of the young people referred to him.

As they sat thus Dick turned his eyes towards the Devil's Lane.

What was it he saw.

He sprung to his feet. Away down at the farther end of the lane a cloud of smoke curled lazily up.

As he watched the breeze freshened a little and the lurid glare leaped angrily skyward, sweeping the fire directly down the lane.

Someone had fired the undergrowth which crowded the lane.

It was a time of the year when everything was as dry as tinder. There had been no rain for weeks, and a fire like that was a thing to be dreaded.

"Where is your father, Bess?"

The girl now rose quickly and with startled gaze looked toward the lane.

"He must be down yonder, Dick. I'm afraid—you don't suppose——"

"The bush is on fire. If your father is there he is in danger. I will go and see if I can find him."

Before the words were fairly spoken Dick had cleared the fence surrounding the farm house, and was running swiftly toward the fire, Bess followed as fast as she could.

How the flames did sweep through that thicket! It seemed to lick the crackling bushes up like leaves. If her father was there—no; she couldn't bear to think what might be his fate. The old man was tired with his watching. He might have fallen asleep down there as he had so often before.

Dick soon reached the lane and plunged into the bushes as near the fire as he dared. If uncle Joe was behind him then nothing short of a miracle could save him. If in front, then he possibly might be rescued from death in the flames.

"Don't come in here Bess," shouted Dick, as he saw the girl about to leap into the thick growth of bushes near him. "Go further down and look along the fence!"

Poor Bess obeyed silently. How like a very giant he seemed to her as he trumped through the briars, mud and bushes, tearing his face and hands terribly, hunting for the willful old man who had wronged him so; how there his right arm was powerless. Did Bess know who had fired the shot that had made it so? If she did, she dutifully kept the secret.

On and on swept the flames chasing Dick like mad demons. The lower end of the lane was in sight. That would end the search. Where was the old man? Had he missed him? Could it be he had indeed perished? Dick's heart had two weeks ago softened toward the old man. It was a useless quarrel. He was ashamed of his part in it. If he had known how Uncle Joe felt about it he never would have said a word about the miserable lane.

Suddenly a low cry fell on Dick's ear. It came from the rear, where the fire was raging fiercely. Dick knew Uncle Joe had been found.

Could he reach him before it would be too late? God helping him he would try.

Nerving himself for the ordeal he rushed back through the smoke toward the spot whence the cry proceeded. Again the call came, this time full of horror.

Plunging on, his feet hot, his breath choked and his clothing on fire in places, the young man heroically made his way.

When almost ready to drop, he found Uncle Joe staggering blindly toward the place. He was fearfully burned and almost exhausted.

Seizing him with his left arm, Dick bore him out into the meadow, and, placing him on the ground, rolled him over and over till the flames, which were eating into his flesh, were put out. Then he fell to the earth himself, unconscious.

By this time Bess had reached them. Quickly she wrapped Joe in her own garments, deadening the fire and he was saved!"

Two months after that Dick and Uncle Joe scarred and still weak, staggered toward each other and clasped hands.

"I've been a fool, or crazy, Dick!" said Uncle Joe in a choked voice. "I'm ashamed of myself. Can you forgive me?"

"Don't take all the blame, Uncle Joe," was the young man's reply. "I've done wrong myself, I'm sorry, let's forget it, and build a fence worthy the name."

That was all that was said about the Devil's Lane. The joint fence was built and Uncle Joe kept his part up faithfully as long as he lived. After that the two farms were thrown into one, and Dick and Bess are the happy man and wife who live on the Allan homestead.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.*

## An Army Joke.

When the war broke out, Connecticut had for Quartermaster-General on Governor Buckingham's staff a plain, respectable citizen of Hartford county—a "likely man in moving a barn, straightening out a road or raising a tolerable crop of tobacco. He had discharged the responsibilities of the constable's office in a manner that justified his political allies in pointing with pride to his official record. But when it came to directing the preparation of regiments for the seat of war, and making purchases that rapidly used up the two millions that Connecticut first appropriated—why, General W. was not cut out for that kind of Quartermaster-General. Moreover, he had seen active service as a private in the Mexican war, and knowing the needs of the real soldier, was excessively angry when the volunteer colonels made out their "requisitions" for articles that he assured them would never be seen after the regiment had marched ten miles. But Governor Buckingham was inclined to be most liberal, and wanted Connecticut's troops to be as well furnished as possible, so that it frequently happened that the regimental colonels would return to Gen. W——'s headquarters with their requisitions marked: "Approved. W. A. B. The Quartermaster-General will furnish." One hot August morning General W——, with a violent demonstration of profane utterance and threatening gesture, refused to honor one of these "cussed requisitions"—it was for an extra regimental wagon to carry the instruments of the band.

The mortified colonel of the regiment went off, and soon returned with the "W. A. B."—"wanted a backer," as General W—— used to interpret it. His rage was beyond all limit, and the air of his office was thick with his infractions of the Third Commandment. Suddenly the strains from a handorgan fell upon his ear. Looking down the stairs leading to the streets, he saw that the concert was given by a son of Italy, with a monkey as an additional attraction. With a bound down the steps he reached the sidewalk; shaking his fist in the Italian's face, with the other hand he drew the monkey back to his master. The musician turned pale; the monkey screamed; men, women, and children stopped to learn what the row was all about, and heard General W—— yelling out the to the amazed and trembling organist: "Get out of here! Take away that infernal organ! Take away that cussed monkey! I swear, if Colonel F—— hears you playing on that, it won't be an hour before he will make a requisition for a hand-organ and a monky for every man in his regiment; and hang me if 'W.A.B.' won't order me to furnish them!"—*Max Eliot, in Editor's Drawer, Magazine for March.*

## Careless Doctors.

"I have beaten the record," said a bright young man in one of the popular dispensaries of pure drugs and medicines in Chicago. "One Sunday, while alone in the store, I put up fifty-one prescriptions. Now, twenty prescriptions a day is considered an average day's work for a clerk in a drug store. It is not the actual mechanical labor involved in compounding the formula, but the close concentration of attention, the accurate measurements, the observance of apparently unimportant details, and the care necessary to see that the doctor has made no blunder. I know there is a popular belief that doctors are infallible, but if you could look over our prescription files you would speedily change your mind upon that point."

While he was speaking two prescriptions came in, one of which simply called for "Listerine," a new and comparatively unknown medicine, without a word of direction as to its use—not even the oft-repeated formula, "Use as directed." The other simply read—[and this came from one of the most prominent physicians in Chicago, whose fee for consultation is fifty dollars]—"Tr. aconite. One every two hours." One what? One dose? One teaspoonful? Now, aconite is a deadly poison, and one teaspoonful would speedily put the taker beyond human aid. Fortunately the keen-eyed druggist detected the omission, and supplied the hiatus with the missing word, "drop," thereby probably saving a life, and cheating the coroner out of a fee.

"There is another thing," said the druggist. "There are two solutions of morphia—one prepared according to the United States Pharmacopoeia of 1870 and known as the U. S. P. formula; the other known as Magendi's solution. The first contains one grain of morphia to the ounce, and a teaspoonful dose of it can be taken with safety by almost any patient. Magendi's solution contains sixteen grains to the ounce, and a teaspoonful would knock John L. Sullivan out on the first round. You would scarcely believe it, but not one doctor out of five ever specifies the particular solution desired, simply writing 'morphia,' and leaving it entirely within the discretion of the druggist whether to give the patient one grain, or sixteen grains of the deadly drug.

"I might give you instance after instance of a similar character, but these will suffice to show you that not all the mistakes which are made in the composition and administration of medicines can be laid at the doors of the druggist."—*Chicago Tribune.*

## Too Good a Preacher.

"How do you like that new minister of yours?" asked Deacon Snaggs of Elder Berry.

"I'm afraid he's too powerful. We can't stand it."

"How's that?"

"Well, you see, he preached a trial sermon on salvation, and every unrepentant sinner in the audience came up and joined the church. So we engaged him. The next Sunday he preached on the duty of marriage, and every old bachelor and widower hooked on to an old maid and was married before Saturday night. He got a $5.00 fee out of every couple. But the worst came last Sunday. He preached upon the duty of giving all to the Lord, and I hope if I may never if two deacons didn't sprain their backs carrying around the contribution basket, they were so loaded down with silver. When the congregation was dismissed it was just like leaving a faro bank—there wasn't a cent in the crowd. The house had all the money. We can't stand such eloquence."

Ida Getchell, a determined young Cincinnati belle, has recalled the invitations to her wedding to T. B. Harris, of the same city, because she discovered that her prospective husband was leading a dissolute life during their courtship. The cast-off groom is a young man of brilliant parts, and is a son of a leading Methodist minister.

## A Very Remarkable Fight.

"While traveling through the country with Barnum in 1881," said a veteran showman, "I witnessed one of the most remarkable fights on record. Four elephants against one man, and in the water too. In July or August, 1881, our show struck the pleasant little city of Ottawa, Ill. You are doubtless aware that elephants are extremely fond of bathing. For some little time before coming to Ottawa they had been deprived of that pleasure. No sooner were they unloaded from the train, however, than their sharp little eyes caught sight of the river and the news was trumpeted about in elephant language from one to the other. They were very restive all day and betrayed great anxiety to bathe, and as soon as the afternoon performance was over the under keepers marched them to the river bank. I assure you many seconds did not elapse before the whole herd, twenty-three in number, were splashing in the water like a lot of school boys. Such a strange sight naturally attracted the attention of the towns-people and farmers who, with their families, had driven to see the show, and I doubt very much whether the river at Ottawa ever presented such an animated appearance as on that day.

"After a while the keepers shouted 'Mile up,' which in elephant phraseology means fall in. Nineteen immediately swam to shore, but no amount of shouting could induce the other four to return. Men were sent with rocks to the bridge and the entire circus force swarmed along both river banks trying with stones to turn the huge beasts in the direction of the canvass, but all in vain. As a last resource the chief trainer, George Artingstall, was sent for. The poor fellow had been sick in bed for over a week with malaria, but on learning of the difficulty immediately dressed himself and came to the bank. Calling each elephant by name he ordered them to 'Mile up.' For a moment it looked as though his command would be obeyed, for the elephants, recognized his voice, halted and seemed to waver in their course. Albert, the oldest and biggest, however, settled the matter by uttering a loud snort of defiance, and led by him they once more started up stream. Seeing at a glance that he could do nothing on shore Mr. Artingstall made for the dressing room tent, from which he soon emerged dressed in tumbler's tights, and placing the elephant prod or fork between his teeth, boldly swam out to the elephants.

"Used as we were to strange we yet almost held our breath at this daring act. When within a few yards of them Artingstall again shouted 'Mile up,' but without effect. Then, seeming to loose his temper, he sprang upon the back of the nearest one and commenced using his fork for all he was worth. Pretty soon a cry of rage came from the animal upon which the trainer jumped from that one to another, repeating the fork performance until, after at least ten minutes of fierce fighting and jumping, the elephants cried peccavi, and swam tremblingly to the shore. Once there the keepers soon had them under subjection, but Artingstall, who had displayed such intrepidity and courage, sank into a dead faint the moment he touched the shore. Well, I can't exactly say, but certainly, the menagerie tent smelt of burnt elephant for at least two weeks afterwards."

## Free Trade.

The reduction of internal revenue and the taking off of revenue stamps from Proprietary Medicines, no doubt has largely benefitted the consumers, as well as relieving the burden of home manufacturers. Especially is this the case with *Green's August Flower* and *Boschee's German Syrup*, as the reduction of thirty-six cents per dozen has been added to increase the size of the bottles containing these remedies, thereby giving one-fifth more medicine in the 75 cent size. The *August Flower* for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, and the *German Syrup* for Cough and Lung troubles have perhaps, the largest sale of any medicines in the world. The advantage of increased size of the bottles will be greatly appreciated by the sick and afflicted, in every town and village in civilized countries. Sample bottles for 10 cents remain the same size.

## Administration Beverages.

Mr. Cleveland likes a glass of plebeian beer, but since his increased stoutness he has used it in very moderate quantities. He has no love for strong drinks, and confines himself almost exclusively to malt liquors.

Mrs. Cleveland is a strict temperance woman, and does not drink even the light wine.

Secretary Bayard likes red wines, and a glass of good old Burgundy is his delight.

Secretary Manning, like the President, is found of malt liquors, with an occasional glass of light wines.

Secretary Whitney's wine is champagne. He sips all the regular drinks on the table, but invariable saves himself for the champagne. Whitney has grown remarkably stout within the last few months. Certainly no man in the Cabinet has been so high a liver as he.

Secretary Endicott treats his aristocratic stomach with a choice selection of old and rare wines. He is a connoisseur, and his judgement is probably second only to Justice Gray of the Supreme Court and Senator Hale, both of whom are experts.

Both of these gentlemen, however paled before President Arthur, of whom a celebrated wine merchant said: "He is the finest judge of Madeiras in the country, and his opinion upon other wines is almost as good."

Secretary Lamar hasn't any particular liquor. He does not linger over the wine cup, neither does Postmaster General Vilas; but neither will shy at a glass of rare vintage.

Attorney-General Garland is fond of neither wine nor malt liquors. He drinks plain whiskey with very little water in it.


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My wife was so afflicted with Rheumatism in her shoulder and arm that she could do nothing for herself, and could not sleep in bed, but had to be bolstered up in a reclining chair. Physicians prescribed, many patent medicines were used, but the pain still got worse. I sent for the Russian Rheumatism Cure, under a cloud of doubts. It was used according to directions for one week, and my wife was cured. It was one of those agreeable surprises that you meet once in a lifetime. It is now over four months since the cure was effected, and she can wash, iron, hoe in the garden, and do all kinds of work as well as ever, and has no symptoms of the old disease. We have no hesitancy in recommending the cure to all similarly afflicted, as SAFE AND SURE.

Truly yours,
H. J. FISHELL.

Thousands of others have been cured.

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### A Business Man's Opinion.

A well known business man said recently in the office of the Seventh Avenue Hotel: "I have been on the road a number of years representing a leading drug firm, and have paid particular attention to the progress of various remedies, but never saw anything on the market that seemed to give such universal satisfaction as Wei De Lesseps' Norman Balsam, the great French remedy for consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, hoarseness, &c., which is now being introduced in this country. I have never visited a town or city where it has been introduced but what the people spoke highly in its praise, and I have used it myself on several occasions and it never failed." Sold on a positive guarantee by C. N. Boyd, sole agent.



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TRUSTEE'S SALE OF

Valuable Real Estate!

THE UNDERSIGNED Administrator and Trustee of the Real Estate of Frany Keim, dec'd, late of Conemaugh Township, Somerset County, Pa., will offer for sale at public outcry on the premises in said Township on

*THURSDAY, MARCH 24, A. D. 1887,*

at 1 o'clock P. M., the undivided one-half of the following described Real Estate:

Tract No. 1 Containing 167 acres and 135 perches, situate in Conemaugh township, adjoining lands of John H. Blough, Aaron Miller, Ann Kash, Harvey J. Custer, Charles Holsopple and tract No. 2, having thereon erected a good bank barn, two log houses and other outbuildings, a good large orchard of apple trees, small sugar camp; about 25 acres well timbered, the rest clear and in a good state of cultivation.

Tract No. 2 Containing 245 acres and 134 perches situate in Quemahoning township, adjoining lands of John Thomas, John H. Blough, Charles Holsapple, Augustus Koehler and tract No. 1, there being one plank house thereon erected. Fifty acres of this tract is clear, and the rest well timbered with white oak.

TERMS.

TRACT NO. 1. Ten per cent of the purchase money to be paid when the property is knocked down, one-third on confirmation of sale, the balance in two equal annual payments, with interest from day of sale.

TRACT NO. 2. Ten per cent down when the property is knocked down, and the balance when the sale is confirmed.

JOHN LAHR,
Admr. and Trustee.

mar2.


## Negro Pages in Washington.

New York girls are hard to beat when it comes to a question of new wrinkles, but the Washington girls are fully capable of keeping up their end of the procession, says a correspondent. The bill to provide every member of Congress with a clerk seems to have imbued every girl in Washington with the idea that it would be quite the proper thing to have a young negro boy for a page to answer the door bell, run errands, and follow her on her shopping tours like a dismounted outrider. The idea has caught the popular fancy, and black pages in full livery are all the rage. Clothed in gay colors, with crests or initials on the large buttons, the little darkies are now to be seen everywhere about the city following their mistresses on their shopping tours or when they go calling and on reception days stand at the door with a silver waiter for the reception of cards. It is very hard, however, to discipline them, and on one or two occasions they have made statements to visitors which caused a great deal of trouble, especially at the house of a Brigadier General, where the visitor was told, after waiting some time: "I can't find missus, though she was here just now, but I guess she must have seen you coming, and slipped out the back way."

One druggist informs us that Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup sells better than any other cough medicine.

## A Bright Servant

Mrs. Green—"Timothy, what have you done with the letter that was lying on the bureau?"

Timothy—"I put it into the letter-box, ma'am."

Mrs. G.—"Oh! Provoking! Did'nt you see there was no address on the envelope?"

Timothy—"Yes, ma'am, but I thought yer didn't want nobody to know who you was writtin' to."—*Life.*

## A Seasonable Hint.

March is the most disagreeable month in the year for the reason that it is the most changeable. The transition from winter to spring is accomplished by alternate storm and sunshine.—The constant changes of weather cause everybody to take cold in March, for which speedy relief can always be obtained by taking a few doses of Gillmore's Magnetic Elixir, the best remedy ever produced for coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, etc. One teaspoonful will relieve the worst case of asthma in one minute. Put up in three sizes, at 25 cents, 50 cents and one dollar. Trial bottles 10 cents. Sold under a positive guaranty. If it fails to give perfect satisfaction, return the bottle to your druggist and he will refund the money.

ARE you made miserable by Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Singular, isn't it, that we call every big snowstorm a regular "old-fashioned one." On the whole there isn't much change in the cut and trimmings of snow-storms from year to year.

## A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to ruin health, to drag victims to the grave. A good reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore peace and bodily health for many years. Try this peculiar medicine.

WHY will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price, 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

It is said that Senator Fair, of Nevada, offered his son one million dollars if he would behave himself decently for one year, from January 1, 1887. The hopeless son held out for thirty days.

A new star in the firmament,—Red Star Cough Cure. It banishes coughs and throat troubles, contains no morphia or opium and is safe and sure. Price, twenty-five cents.

A NASAL injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

## A Horse's Foot.

The foot of a horse is one of the most ingenious and unexampled pieces of mechanism in animal structure. The hoof contains a series of vertical and thin laminae of horn, amounting to about five hundred, and forming a complete lining to it. In this are fitted as many laminae belonging to the coffin bone, while both sets are elastic and adherent. The edge of a quire of paper, inserted leaf by leaf into another, will convey a sufficient idea of the arrangement. Thus the weight of the animal is supported by as many elastic springs as there are laminae in all the feet, amounting to about 4,000, distributed in the most secure manner, since every spring is acted on in an oblique direction.

"Now it's all-right, it's all right, darling," said Mrs. Workhard, "I have tested it thoroughly. Salvation Oil will surely cure your pain in the back."

It is a fact worth thinking of that the United States Government is now spending more money every year for pensions than any other government is spending for the pay of its troops.

The Shroud is the name of a paper devoted to the interests of undertakers. Like the article from which it derives its name, it contains only "dead matter."

THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to *Shiloh's Consumption Cure.*" Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

The Main drummers at a recent dinner had on their menus the picture of a traveling man approaching a young lady in a nearly empty railroad car, and saying: "I beg your pardon, is this seat engaged?"

The merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a sure cure for rheumatism are known everywhere.

FOR dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

If a yard of tripe makes an elephant a pair of blinkers how long would it take a bologna sausage to sink to the bottom of a barrel of molasses?

"HACKMETACK," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The fire loss of the United States for January was $11,550,000.

SHILOH'S Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

The United States pays $10,000 a year for music at the West Point Military Academy.

SHILOH'S Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.


*Hood's Sarsaparilla*

Combines, in a manner peculiar to itself, the best blood-purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. You will find this wonderful remedy effective where other medicines have failed. Try it now. It will purify your blood, regulate the digestion, and give new life and vigor to the entire body.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla did me great good. I was tired out from overwork, and it toned me up." MRS. G. E. SIMMONS, Cohoes, N. Y.

"I suffered three years from blood poison. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and think I am cured." MRS. M. J. DAVIS, Brockport, N. Y.

*Purifies the Blood*

Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the *combination* of remedial agents; 2d, the *proportion*; 3d, the *process* of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 130 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Made only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.



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Main Offices, 94 and 98 Diamond Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Established 1882 by David H. Gilkinson, ex-U. S. Government Detective. Organized and conducted on the system of the U. S. Secret Service. Confidential Agents in all the Principal cities of the United States and Canada.

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Reference: James J. Brooks, Chief Secret Service Division, Washington, D. C. Send for Circular. mr23-6m



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CUTTER and TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business, I guarantee satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage.

Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM M. HOCHSTETLER.
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MONEY to be made. Cut this out and send it to us and we will send you free something of great value and importance to you that will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in this world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new, that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and enterprising will not delay. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. dec22-86-1yr.



Fences FOR Farmers.

*Practical, Cheapest, and Most Durable.*

HORSE HIGH, BULL STRONG, AND PIG TIGHT.

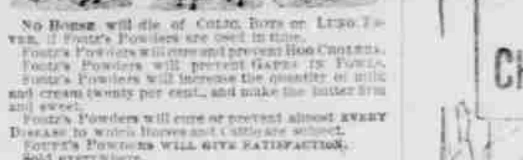
SOMETHING NEW.

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

may19-tf J. M. MARSHALL & SON.



FOUTZ'S HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS





No Horse will die of COLIC, BOTS 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 GAPES IN FOWLS. 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,
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BLOOD SEARCHER.

One of the best medicines ever discovered for the cure of

CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS, DYSPEPSIA, HEMORRHAGE, COUGHS, COLDS, INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, SHORTNESS OF BREATH, PAIN IN THE BREAST, &c. &c.

It is not only a great Purifier of the Blood, but also a certain Restorer of the Appetite, as well as a Strengthener of the entire System, and a certain and speedy cure for Croup, Diphtheria, and putrid Sore Throat, and should therefore be in every family. This medicine is made entirely of Roots, and is perfectly safe. When all other remedies have failed, this one has effected a cure. Many who had given up all hope of being restored to health again, rejoice that they heard of the Compound Root Syrup, for by using one or two bottles they were restored to perfect health.

SAMUEL LAMBERT'S RHEUMATIC FLUID.

For the relief of Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sick Headache, Diphtheria, Toothache, Cramp, and is one of the best medicines of the age for the above diseases. Address

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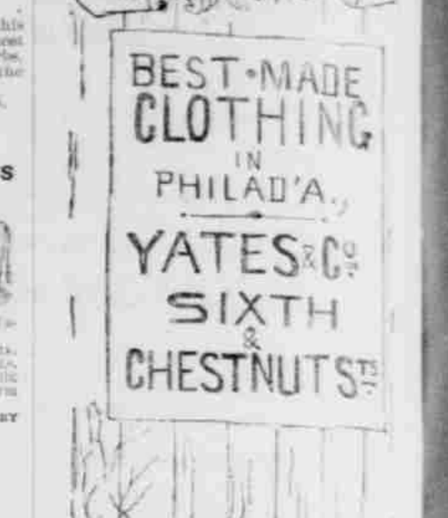





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Except the eye of the needle. … TAKE-UP WITHOUT A CHECK SPRING. A PERFECT

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By which any exact stitch can be made … without experimenting. …

AUTOMATIC BOBBIN-WINDER.

By which a bobbin can be wound … It is THE MOST DURABLE and HIGHLY BUILT MACHINE IN THE WORLD. Ladies are … and greatly admire its

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Qualities, and at the immense variety of practical and useful work that can be done on this Machine.

Ladies of taste and good judgment will … the WHITE. Persons wishing … should at once address

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OF

Valuable Real Estate!

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to me directed, I will expose to sale at public outcry on the premises, on

SATURDAY MARCH 26, '87

at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described Real Estate, late the estate of … Rummel, deceased, viz:

All that certain piece or parcel of land situate in Paint township, Somerset county, Pa., adjoining lands of M. K. Johns, Aaron Berkey, … Weaver and Samuel Fyock, containing two hundred and twenty (220) acres, more or less, having thereon erected a good two-story plank

Dwelling House,

and plank barn; a good young orchard, and never failing springs. About 40 acres … 100 acres in good timber.

Terms: Five hundred dollars … delivery of deed, and balance in two equal annual payments, without interest. Possession to be given on the 1st of April. Ten Per cent of purchase money … day of sale.

E. J. RUMMEL,
Administrator.

mar2.



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"CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH."

The Original and Only Genuine.

Safe and always Reliable. Beware of worthless Imitations. Indispensable to LADIES. Ask your Druggist for "Chichester's English" and take no other, or inclose 4c. (stamps) to us for particulars in letter by return mail. NAME PAPER. Chichester Chemical Co., 2818 Madison Square, Philada., Pa.

Sold by Druggists everywhere. Ask for "Chichester's English" Pennyroyal Pills. Take no other.



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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, 1886.



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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER, WHOLESALER AND RETAILER OF

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| OAK, | POPLAR, | SIDINGS, | PICKETS, | MOULDINGS, |
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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.

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