THE CANDIDATE'S SOLILOQUY.

Let's see, I'm fifty years of age to-day,
My hair is slowly turning gray,
And now's the time my friends all say
To make the nomination.

Of course they cannot think me rash,
If in politics I cut a dash—
For they know I have but little cash,
But I'll have the nomination.

So I'll go to work with all my might;
I'll doff my coat, prepare to fight,
For I'm convinced that I'm all right
On, I'll get the nomination.

I'll write my friends I'm in the field,
To Smith or Jones I will not yield;
For, cheer I must, to the strongest shield
To it I have confidence.

Let's see, I think my friends to me
Will all join in to speed my flow
And now for new result and how
To hunt for information.

He swings; I'll drive them east to west,
English and Dutch, I'll talk my best;
The ladies, too, must be caressed.
If I want the nomination.

My motto I'll hand to one and all;
Tickets I'll buy to every ball,
And on my hands and knees I'll crawl
To get the nomination.

And if a scurvy trouble I meet
In passing up and down the street,
To soda water I will treat,
To get the nomination.

To Sunday schools of every tribe,
To bands and churches I'll subscribe,
Their scores of names I will tribe
To help me get the nomination.

Orwill arise! My hopes run high!
Big Five, Seventh Street must first pass by
Before the day and hour draws nigh
To make the nomination.

Then if even awful I should be,
I'll step out clever, and shout with glee—
Turn undertaker and close those three,
When I get the nomination.

But if I "get left," O my! To me
To think of anything so bad!
Then, by gosh! I'll keep the lid
Tight, over the handsaw.

THE LIFE PRISONER

We sat shivering over a scanty fire one Sunday afternoon in the large, bare salon of a Parisian *pension de famille*. Nellie dreaded a certain church where, for the benefit of hearing pure French, as well as for the good of her soul, she vowed to devote the unoccupied hours of the Sabbath.

"Who will go with me to a sacred concert?" I said, turning to a scrupulous American lady, whose chaperonage I knew to be essential to propriety, and for whose wide benefit I actually used the word "sacred."

I knew well that the classic morceaux with which Pasdeloup and his orchestra would delight my music-loving soul might not be, strictly speaking, conducive to a religious exaltation of sentiment.

Nellie, of course, cavorily assented, and our grim chaperon, Mrs. Jonathan Howell by name, was soon won over to our cause.

So it was duly settled, and we set forth.

Finding ourselves a little behind time as we neared the Théâtre du Châtelet, where our spirits were to be elevated on the wings of harmony, we entered hastily, not even glancing once at the program.

The gentlemanly young man who made room for us in the box looked impassive, while horror, amusement and disgust were depicted on our faces. For what horror of horrors was presented to our eyes—a ballet? in all the gorgeous undress of Parisian taste!

"We will go out at once!" exclaimed Mrs. Howell, while Nellie begged for a moment's rest after the long walk.

It was easy to see how the mistake happened. In our haste we had failed to notice the postponement of the concert and Pasdeloup and his army of musicians were at that moment bewitching provincial ears.

"Now, my dears, let us go at once, and we will take a voiture if you are so tired."

"Oh, Mrs. Howell, my purse is gone," said Nellie, looking sharply at the young man at her side. "I am sure," she added, in a much lower tone, "this fellow has taken it."

"But he looks too respectable for a thief," said I.

"I am certain of it," she continued, "for I felt his hand close to my pocket. And see how guilty he looks."

The poor accused youth was, it is true, looking wonderingly at the pretty, flushed face near him, but I failed to detect in it the soft brown eye and mild expression.

"My dear, be quite sure you had your purse with you before you make such a harsh statement," said Mrs. Howell.

"Oh, I am quite sure. I remember running back at the last moment and searching well before I found it. What could be more convincing?"

"Then, my dear, if there was a sum of any consequence in it, we will have this person examined before an officer of the police," said Mrs. Howell, in a decided tone.

Forthwith I dispatched to bring *sergent de ville*, the fussy little old woman with streaming pink carnelibons, who, for a discreet, shows theatre-goers their places, tucks a pen over under their feet and presides over their wellare generally.

After a few uncomfortable moments, during which the object of all our interest complacently watched the progress of an entr'acte, the little woman came back, followed by a civil-looking man, who tapped our victim on the shoulder and requested his presence at the nearest gendarmerie.

We followed. Nellie looking nervous but determined, evidently convinced that her resolution on this occasion would be rewarded.

We crossed the street and entered the forbidding doors of that terror of gamins, the police station, and the now enlightened young man, after a few questions from the officer, permitted, without the least reluctance, an examination of his pockets.

"I noticed a crest on the delicate, fine-silk handkerchief, and the Russian-leather pocketbook which the officer pathetically drew to light, but no purse was found.

With more than ordinary French politeness, the accused expressed his regret that mademoiselle had been deranged by the occurrence, and with only a very mildly reproachful glance and bow, left the room.

We also started on our homeward way, not a little mystified by the affair.

A solution awaited us on entering our salon, for there lay the purse where, just for an instant, it had been laid by mademoiselle while she gave a highly important pat to the little curls around her face, and a farewell tilt to her hat.

The next morning an apologetic note that Nellie had written with downcast air was conveyed to its destination by means of the address that the officer had taken down, and the unpleasantness was dismissed from our conversation, if not entirely from our minds.

* * * * * *

Nearly two years later, at the close of a long summer day, we found ourselves in a little cultivated bit of ground that seemed to cling to the rugged side of a swiss mountain. A succession of scenes and impressions, ever new to a mind attuned to nature, had so beguiled us that before we commenced the descent to our hotel the deep shadows of night were closing fast about us.

We ran down as quickly as the loosely scattered stones would permit, dreading a place midway down the mountain side, where a late torrent had washed trees, rocks and earth across our path for many yards.

Nellie suddenly gave a sharp cry and fell, a confused mass of dark clothing and sliding stones, at my feet.

"I have sprained my ankle!" she cried and before I could reply, a manly voice was heard speaking, with a slight foreign accent.

"Pray allow me to assist you, madame. I was a little in advance of you," he added, "and am glad to be able to offer you my arm, for the path is really perilous at this hour."

He gently raised Nellie from a heap on the ground to her own graceful, slender height.

An attempt to step, however, was so painful that he rather carried than assisted her. At the door of our hotel the opportune young man was revealed by the light to be dark-eyed and pleasing of feature.

Something in the trick of his voice as, Nellie having been deposited on the sofa, he bowed and left us, seemed familiar, but the impression was gone in a moment.

The next morning the card of Ernest de la Perriere was handed to me and I found the kindly face of our cavalier of the previous night before me, anxious to know if madame had rested well, and if he, who was so drole at the mishap, might be allowed to shorten her hours of confinement by sending some new books and flowers.

What could I do but smile on so pleasant an offer for my young sister, and permit any one disposed to be sympathetic to make an occasional visit.

The tedium of our stay and Nellie's slow recovery was lightened to an extent that soon alarmed me, for I detected a brightness in Nellie's fair face when Monsieur de la Perriere's step was heard, and a soft, almost caressing tone in his voice, when saying only the commonplace greetings of the day.

What was best to do? I had not been wise in allowing a stranger thus to ingratiate himself into our favor.

I sat one day worrying my poor, racked brain once more in contriving a way to diminish the intimacy I now felt to have been rashly encouraged.

Suddenly Monsieur de la Perriere stood before me, begging to be allowed to sit by my side. He told me, in plain, earnest words of his love for Nellie, and his desire to make her his wife. He gave me indubitable proof of his wealth, good position, and high moral character.

What a weight was lifted from my heart! I need not tell of warm assent and sisterly congratulations.

We returned to the hotel, and I judiciously left the enamored swain to tell the old, old story.

When next I entered the room Nellie was looking quietly content and Ernest, radiant, but with an amused light in his eyes, as he drew an ordinary little slip of paper from a well-worn Russia leather pocketbook.

"Would you like to hear my betrothed's first love letter to me?" he said. And he coolly read aloud the contrite note Nellie had written to her pickpocket.

Boys and Mothers.

Sometimes boys think that mothers are in the way; that they would have more liberty if it were not for their mothers. Mothers have such searching eyes, eyes that seem to look right into the heart, especially if there is anything there that mothers should know about, and is troublesome. If boys would only understand that it is love that makes the mother's eye so keen, her voice so anxious, her questions so searching; love that knows all the temptations that may come to a boy, and the trouble if there is no wise confident about! It is not the anxiety of Paul Pry, but the loving guardianship of a mother. A wise man said, "God could not be everywhere, so he made mothers." God may seem far off to us sometimes, but there is mother near, who will lead us back. The wisest and best men have honored their mothers. There are few men who have accomplished a special work in the world who do not give credit to their mother for the help and inspiration that made their work possible. In giving this credit to their mothers they have honored themselves, for it proves that as boys they honored her instructions, were guided by her advice, and made a confidante of her in their hopes and desires. When the late President Garfield was inaugurated, the first person he saluted was his mother, showing plainly the place she held in his heart, in his life.

The world honors and respects the man who honors and respects his mother. The neglect of a mother stamps a man or boy as heartless, ungrateful, if not cruel. The truly great men have never forgotten those to whom they were most deeply indebted. Many letters have been written about mothers, but few that show the sorrow that comes if a full measure of a mother's love has received no return until too late to make it. The poet Gray, in 1765, wrote the following letter to a friend:

"It is long since I heard you were gone in haste into Yorkshire on account of your mother's illness, and the same letter informed me she was recovered. Otherwise I had then wrote to you only to beg you would take care of her, and inform you that I had discovered a thing very little known, which is that in one's whole life one can never have any more than a single mother. You may think this ominous and what you call a trite observation . . . You are a green gosling! I was of the same age every year as wise as you, and yet I never discovered this (with full evidence and conviction, I mean) till it was too late. It is thirteen years ago, and it seems but as yesterday, and every day I live it sinks deeper into my heart."

Newspaper Exercise Among Teachers.

Speaking of the newspaper in the school, the Hon. W. A. Cobb said: "The newspaper moulds present public opinion, while the teacher moulds for the future. The newspaper and the teacher should go hand in hand. Why not introduce the newspaper into the school-room as a sort of text-book? I know of a school where newspapers were placed on file. All the news and the editorial utterances came in for their share of reading and examinations were held once a week. The only drawback to the experiment was the discovery of so much lamentable ignorance, when better things might reasonably have been expected. An instructor has informed them of a newspaper exercise of this character among teachers in the district where he was commissioner which developed a young man 23 years of age who actually did not know whether the congressman for whom he had just voted served his constituents at Washington or Albany. A young lady teacher, to the general question as to the use of the president's cabinet, after some hesitation and reluctance to impart her superior, but in this case delicate, knowledge, finally replied that the principal use of the president's cabinet was a place for his clothes. These are statements founded on fact, and occurred in this State."—*Exchange.*

Hints on Spring Work in the Garden—Farm Notes.

With the advent of spring begins the work in the garden, and the supply of vegetables and luxuries depends upon the fertility of the soil and the care bestowed. Some plants are hardy and may be put out early, but nothing is gained by haste in attempting to force plants that delight in warmth unless the forcing process be attempted under favorable conditions. It must be kept in view that frosts may come at any time, even as late as June, and it is not safe to put out large crops of tender vegetables before the middle of May. Onions, lettuce, kale, radishes, spinach, peas, early cabbage and early potatoes may take the risk of injury from frost as soon as the ground shall be warm enough to germinate the seed. The onion crop is one that should always go in early, as it thrives best when the season is not too warm, and not only endures quite a severe frost, but the crop keeps well in winter also. Nothing can be gained by transplanting egg plants, tomato plants or melons before warm weather, as any check given them will be materially felt during the whole growing season. The dwarf are best for an early supply, and require no support to hold the vines off the ground; but they do not compare with the taller kinds in flavor or in quality. Early beets, carrots and parsnips can be put in as soon as the ground shall be in proper condition. Asparagus is usually the first vegetable of the season, but it cannot be secured until a well-grown and permanent bed shall have been established. Lima beans, sugar corn, beans, melons, turnips, and egg-plants may be classed as summer crops, as they are not planted until the ground is well warmed and all danger of frost is over. What is mostly required for a garden is a fine soil, not simply that which is pleased or spaded, but one which is either harrowed or raked until not a clod could be seen, and the deeper the fine soil the better. In using manure that which is thoroughly decomposed is best, but experienced gardeners make use of well-rotted compost, assisted by superphosphate one bag to a garden one-fourth of an acre in extent; and the rows are so laid off as to permit of the crops being easily worked by a one-horse cultivator; but if the hoe be used in preference the rows may be closer together. All young vegetables are smothered or starved by grass and weeds, and for that reason the garden must be kept very clean and well cultivated. Weeds must not only be kept down but kept out, destroying them as soon as they shove their tops out of the ground; the same may be said of grass. By so doing much labor will be saved later in the season.

The Massachusetts Board of Agriculture, which has made experiments in that direction, decides that whole potatoes, as seed, will produce a crop at least a week earlier than will potatoes that are cut, and that small potatoes will produce better results than will large potatoes cut into pieces. The seed end of the potato with more vigor and produces better than the stem end. Sprout potatoes are not so good for seed as those with the eyes just started.

In a recent analysis of cotton-seed and linseed meals the following was the result. Cotton-seed contained of water, 8.29 per cent; ash, 7.10; portein, 45.03; crude fibre, 8.20; carbo-hydrates, 20.20; fats, 11.08. Linseed contained of water, 8.93 per cent.; ash, 6.21; portein, 33.66; crude fibre, 10.87; carbo-hydrates, 33.11; fats, 9.85. This shows the cotton-seed to be richer in nitrogenous matter, while the linseed contains a larger amount of sugar and starch.

In a majority of cases the orchard is the last location to be given cultivation, while very often the supposition is that it should receive but little care. The best results are only obtained from the orchard when it is kept in as good condition as possible, not only by being trimmed and the suckers removed, but a liberal application of fertilizers made to the ground.

In estimating the value of manure it must not be overlooked that water is a prominent ingredient. In 15 tons of ordinary barn-yard manure there are 25,000 pounds of water, 250 pounds phosphoric acid, 200 pounds potash and 225 pounds nitrogen. This estimate, however, depends upon the kind of manure; but the proportion of plant food is small compared with the bulk.

In feeding ensilage at this season it must not be overlooked that the best results have been obtained when it is fed in connection with other food. It aids digestion and promotes health because it provides succulent material, but, being bulky, ground grain should be used also as a part ration.

Buttermilk and creamery skim milk, though excellent milk for hogs, should be fed only as a part ration, as the hogs will be compelled to drink in large quantities in order to provide themselves with a sufficiency. The better plan is to allow a ration of ground grain in connection with milk.

It is much better to sell off all the surplus stock than to attempt to feed too many on a short supply of food. The extra animals require food for the support of their bodies, without gaining, which supply of food should go to the purpose of increasing the weight of a less number.

"No use!" called the Southampton township farmer to the young man who was tramping across his farm with a gun on his shoulder.

"Hey? Speaking to me?"

"Yes, I said it was no use running around here any more. The old cat is dead."

"I didn't want your cat."

"Oh, then you know a cat from a rabbit? Some my mistake, but I took you for one of them Belgian fellers. You can go ahead, but every time you shoot at one of my calves for a hare it will cost you $5, and you'll see a sign of 'No Trust' nailed on the barn."

Omaha dame (reading)—"A Philadelphia woman went to the Zoological Garden and gazed squarely into the eyes of a tiger until he had a fit." Omaha man—"Well, well, professional animal tamer, I suppose?" "No, the paper does not say so. It merely speaks of her as a Mrs. Jones." "O! I see. She's married."—*Omaha World.*

Mrs. Jonness Miller, of dress-reform renown will confer a great favor on humanity if she will invent a pocket for a woman's skirt which can be found by the average husband when the dress is hanging in the closet. Gray hairs will turn raven again, and Mrs. Miller's monument will grow right out of the ground itself.

A dress-coat owned in Mobile, Ala., has been worn by seventeen bridegrooms and has been at forty-three weddings. If "the New South" works half as hard for a living as a Mobile dress-coat must do, the time is not far distant when the smoke of of manufactories will temper the heat of the sun on cotton-pickers.

A wealthy lady who has several unmarried daughters was asked why she did not marry them off. She answered "I have talked to the girls on the subject, and they think as I do—that it would be cheaper to hire a night-watchman.

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

The Boy Bobbed Up.

The good old minister wiped his glasses and began to read the notices of sewing meeting, sociables and other relaxations of an instructive and harmless nature, when he came across a note that Miss Tompkins had sent in to announce the annual election of the "Daughters of Sapphira," of which she was corresponding secretary. Now, her brother Tommy had removed the note from its envelope and slipped in an invitation that his sister had received the day before. This is what the very good, but misguided man read:

"The pleasure of your company is requested at a poker party, to be given at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Jones, on Jones Avenue, Thursday, at 8 r. m.

R. S. V. P."

The young people snickered softly, some of the older ones grinned, and in the language of the bad boy on the back seat "the parson fumbled."

"I do not know who shields himself behind the signature R. S. V. P.," said the minister as he flushed slightly and his eyes were seen to sparkle through his spectacles, "but he possibly cares more for gambling than he does for the commonest respect and propriety. We will now sing the 444th hymn, omitting the third and last stanzas."—* Old City Bizzard.*

Some Road Law.

The Supreme Court has just laid down some road law in reversing the Quarter Session Court of Elk county in the matter of a road in Benzinger township that county. Viewers laid out the road, and the township supervisors filed exceptions. The Court confirmed the opening of the road to a point convenient to a saw mill but decreed that the other part should not be opened until further order. In setting aside this decree the Supreme court says: "It is not in the province of the court condition the approval of a public road by an order to open an indefinite part convenient to a small mill and forbid the opening of the other part until further order. Such a conditional approval evidences that the Court was of opinion that there was no present necessity for the road as laid out. The Court cannot approve a part only. If this order be valid it is neither more nor less than the approval of a part. The order to open the other part may never be made. The entire road may, in the opinion of the Court, be unnecessary, and in that case it matters not that the Court should believe a portion of it necessary, for the road must be considered as a whole. The order confirmation is reversed."

It Was the Old Woman.

Every drunken man, says *Our Country Home*, thinks all the rest are drunk and he is the only sober one. Lazy men may be more intelligent, but they are just about as mean.

An eastern drummer who was in Knoxville listened to the complaints of a mountaineer about hard times for ten or fifteen minutes and then observed: "Why, man, you ought to get rich shipping green corn to the northern market." "Yes, I orter," was the reply. "You have the land and can get the seed, I suppose?" "Yes." "Then why don't you go into the speculation?" "No use, stranger," sadly replied the native; "the old woman is too darned lazy to do the plowing and planting."

Ever since Adam blamed his sin upon Eve there have been husbands enough ready to charge their wives with the result of their own shiftlessness.

Not For A Nickle.

"If I tell you who stole Charlie Ross will you give me ten cents to buy my dinner?" queried a tramp yesterday as he halted a patrolman on Gris wold street.

"No, sir;" was the decided answer.

"Very well, sir! No ten cents, no tell Let Charlie remain stolen. You may think I'll come back and offer to tell fora nickle, but I never will—never!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Wealthy merchant—"What! You here again? Why I kicked you down stairs and out into the street this morning, you impudent fellow." Peddler—"Ish dot so? Got a splendid memory I. I had forgotten all apout it. Don't you vant to pay a fodder duster pefore you kick me out some more?"

"Here's ten cents for you," waiter," said a gentleman who had just finished a dinner. "No, thank you; it's against my principles to take tips. "Here's a quarter, then." "Well, sir, if you are bound to break down my principles I suppose I shall have to give in."

"May I be married, ma?" said a little beauty to her mother. "Why do you want to be married?" returned the mother. "Why, ma, you know that the children have never seen anybody married, and I thought it might please them."

Chinese women are not permitted to swing on the front gates in their youth, but when they become mothers-in-law their sway is undisputed by sons-in-law, and no paragrapher pokes fun at them. Yet how many American girls would trade places with them.

He stood under a window and sang: "How Can I Leave Thee?" But he did leave so suddenly that the dog went behind the house and wept.

Twenty-five years ago there was only one Catholic church in Cincinnati, O.; now there are twenty, with forty-eight thousand members.

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

After all there is no college war-cry that thrills a student with a healthy appetite equal to a call for dinner.

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Although not talkative at all the oyster is a very pleasant companion at dinner.

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A. M. BRICKER, Central Passenger Agent, Corner 7th Ave. and Smithfield Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A Business Man's Opinion.
A well known businessman and 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 sold, perhaps, millions to the progress of various remedies, but never saw anything on the market that seemed to give such universal satisfaction as Ped-ru-na by Lesargo 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 house or city where it has been introduced but what people spoke highly of it in its praise, and I have tried it myself on several occasions and it never failed. Sold on a positive guarantee by C. L. Hood, sole agent.

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The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money.
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He Was Married.

Customer—"Have you any canned corned beef?"

Fancy grocer—"Best kind, Mr. Blank. Anything else?"

"Any canned tongue, already boiled?"

"Yes."

"Canned chicken, already cooked?"

"Yes."

"Let's see. They don't put up broiled beefsteaks, do they?"

"No, no."

"Nor roast beef?"

"No."

"By the way, what are these? Look like fried potatoes."

"That's what they are—Saratoga chips."

"Well, I'll take a bushel of them. Hello! What's that?"

"Canned corned-beef hash."

"Just the thing. Gimme a lot of it. Got any baked beans?"

"Yes. Boston baked beans; three different brands."

"Let's see what else there is here. How are these used?"

"Those are soup essences, and need nothing but thinning with hot water."

"Well, I'll try those, and throw in a lot of other things you think good, no matter what, only so they're cooked. I'm tired of starving."

"Is you're mother sick, Mr. Blank?"

"No, she's well, but I don't live with her now. I'm married."—*Omaha World.*

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.

They tell in Lewiston, Me., of an oysterman whose "saloon" used to be on Maine street, and who was the slowest man in the state. One day he died, and soon after a citizen said to Erastus, the oysterman's son: "Erastus, your father died rather sudden, didn't he?" "Well, yes," said Erastus, "sudden for him."

The Spring Months

Are undoubtedly the best in which to purify the blood and strengthen the system because at this time the body is most susceptible to the beneficial effects of a reliable medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla. The feeling of debility, languor, and lassitude, caused by the changing season is entirely overcome, and scrofula and all humors are expelled from the blood by the powerful relief and purifying influences of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Do not delay—Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now. It is made by C. I. Hood & Co., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass. Sold by all druggists. 100 Doses One Dollar.

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

A Chicago newspaper tells of a citizen of that town who, going home the other night after a very heavy dinner, stumbled up against an iron railing that encircled a statue. He carefully felt his way around the railing several times, and at last, not finding any opening, collapsed in a heap on the pavement outside, swearing. "The rascals! They've shut me in here."

In view of a threatened epidemic of coughs like that of a year ago in Philadelphia, the Health Commissioner of Maryland officially recommends Red Star Cough Cure for throat troubles, as being free from opiates, safe and sure, and having none of the harmful features of other cough mixtures. Only 25 cents.

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.

"I think I catch your drift," as the man remarked when the avalanch fell from the eaves far above him.

For the relief and cure of the inflammation and congestion called "a cold in the head" there is more potency in *Ely's Cream Balm* than in anything else it is possible to prescribe. This preparation has for years past been making a brilliant success as a remedy for cold in the head, catarrh and hay fever. Used in the initial stages of these complaints *Cream Balm* prevents any serious development of the symptoms, while almost numberless cases are on record of radical cures of chronic catarrh and hay fever after all other modes of treatment have proved of no avail.

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.

Although not much talked about the postage stamp is on everybody's tongue.

A little handbook recently published treats on what to do in cases of sprains and other accidents. St. Jacobs Oil should at once be applied. It is the greatest pain cure on earth, and costs only fifty cents a bottle.

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.

Gerald—"Mamma, was everybody little once?" Mamma—"Yes, Gerald."—Gerald—"Well, who took care of them?"

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

In close quarters—A newspaper man who strives to live within his income.

Why Need You Suffer?

Gilmore's Aromatic Wine cures chronic diarrhoea, cholera morbus, dysentery and all bowel complaints; female weakness, nervous debility, dyspepsia and loss of strength. It is the best tonic known for men, women and children.

Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir cures coughs colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, and is the best remedy ever produced for all diseases of the throat and lungs. One teaspoonful will relieve the worst case of asthma in one minute.

Gilmore's Neuralgia cure is a positive remedy for sick headache and neuralgia in all its forms.

Gilmore's Pile Specific is one of the best and most reliable special remedies ever introduced. It never fails to afford relief.

The Gilmore Remedies are for sale by Biesecker & Snyder.

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.

HOOD'S
COMPOUND EXTRACT
SARSAPARILLA
TRADE MARK.
The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.
At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.
Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

The American Detective Bureau,
Main Offices, 94 and 98 Diamond Street, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Established 1865 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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Having had many years experience in the tailoring business I guarantee satisfaction to all who favor me with their patronage.
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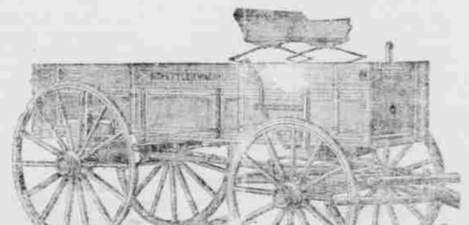
is to be made (not in thing of great value and importance to everyone will start you in business which will bring you in more money right away than anything else in the world. Any one can do the work and live at home. Either sex; all ages. Something new that just coins money for all workers. We will start you; capital not needed. This is one of the genuine, important chances of a lifetime. Those who are ambitious and energetic should write us at once. Grand outfit free. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.

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 is laid in Stock three years before being worked up, in order 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 may 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, 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 a heels.
Call on Oliver Knepper or Henry Beffle, who will show you the Wagons.
Agents Wanted Throughout the County.
PETER HEFFLEY.
SOMERSET, MARCH 28, 1888.

Somerset Lumber Yard.
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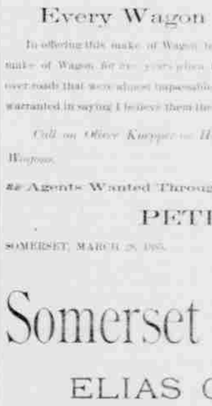
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER WHOLESALER AND RETAILER OF
LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS,
Hard and Soft Woods.
OAK, POPLAR, SIDINGS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS,
ASH, WALNUT, FLOORING, SASH, STAIR RAILS,
CHERRY, YELLOW PINE, SHINGLES, DOORS, BALUSTERS,
CHESTNUT, WHITE PINE, LATH, BLINDS, NEWEL POSTS.
A General Line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in stock. Also can furnish anything in the line of any 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.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Persons in need of MONUMENT WORK will find it to their interest to call at my shop, where a proper showing will be given them. Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every Case, and PRICES VERY LOW. I invite special attention to the
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THE WONDERFUL
LUBURG CHAIR
Combining a Parlor, Library, Smoking, Reclining or Invalid CHAIR, LOUNGE, BED, or COUCH.
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All furnished with the Automatic Couch Brake, and Retailed at our Wholesale Prices. Send stamp for Catalogue and mention carriage.
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Fences FOR Farmers.
Vertical, 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 Koontz carriage factory.
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No Horse will die of Colic, Boss or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in