## A BACHELOR'S REWARD.

BY GEORGE TRACE.

It was a cold January day. John Steele sat alone in his office, in the midst of a deep reverie.

It was seldom that he was idle, as he was at the present time, but this evening the memories of the past came flocking upon him like ghosts from another land.

John Steele was a bachelor of forty. He had been born and reared a poor boy, in the little town of M——, and had never felt a desire to leave it. He had studied law and plodded along year after year in the dingy, grimy office, in which we find him now, and had grown rich. He had no personal friends, and lived alone in a large, old frame house at the outskirts of the town, with a man-of-all-work.

Years and years before, when a young man of twenty, poor and aimless, Steele had loved a girl whose parents would not let him marry her because he was so worthless. In his rage he blamed her for this and would listen to no reason, and from that day had hated women and had led a solitary life. It was this scene that now held John Steele in his office chair, as the mantle of night gathered over the town.

"More than twenty years ago," he mused, "and I don't believe I have ever spoken to a woman, except on business, since that day. They say she married a no-account wretch after all, who has sunk down to poverty and want. Well, well, I must not waste time thinking about such things now. I was only a boy then, and did not know what I wanted. I must be going." Whereupon he arose, buttoned his coat about him, locked his office and trudged on his homeward journey.

Rumor has it about town that, although by her parents' influence, Katie Drew had married shortly after her refusal of Steele, that she had loved him dearly. This was most likely true, but as twenty years had passed, the matter had faded from the general mind to give way to more lively gossip.

Steele ate his supper in silence. William, his man-of-all-work had a very good meal prepared; for, though Steele was close-fisted he believed in good eating, good clothes and a comfortable living.

"Now, William," said Steele, when he had finished, "if you fix me up enough food to do me to-morrow, you may have a holiday. And here is your money and five dollars to have a time with. No holiday for me; I don't need any and don't want any."

"Thank you, Mr. Steele, for your goodness," said William. "But, Mr. Steele, don't you never take any little extra pleasure at all? You know I used to know you when you was a little fellow; and I can remember seeing your good mother holding you up at the old church so you could see the Christmas tree. And you was a wee little tad then, and you clapped your little hands in glee and your mother would kiss your baby face and talk baby talk to you. It don't seem like that was near forty years ago, Mr. Steele, but it was."

"Confound the fellow," grumbled Steele, as he sat down in his room that night to read. "If I should listen to him he would upset me. I don't know what is the matter with me this evening anyhow. I never felt so queer in my life. I guess I am using too much tobacco of late."

He read until bedtime, and was in the act of taking off his boots when he heard a knock at the front door.

"Wonder who that is," he thought. "Something unusual at this place."

He listened a moment and there came another knock.

"What the deuce can that William be doing that he don't go to the door?" said Steele. "I want to go to bed, and it may be some one that wants me. To borrow money, I guess. Well, unless they have good security, not a cent do they get."

At this juncture, William opened the door. Steele heard an indistinct conversation and then William conducted the visitor to the kitchen. After some moments William came walking into the room.

"Well, what is it?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Steele, but there is a poor woman in the kitchen who needs some help badly. I'm sure she does, for she dont look as a common beggar. She says she has walked through the cold all the way from the last town, and is most dead."

"Yes, that is what they all say. Give her something to eat and send her on."

"But I wish you would come and see her."

"Bother these beggars," mumbled Mr. Steele. "But I guess I'll go down to get rid of her."

Steele saw a black figure sitting by the fire.

"Well," he said to her, when he entered, "what can I do for you?"

She turned toward him. Her face was not that of a beggar. Although a trifle pale, it was the face of a pretty woman of thirty-five.

"I only wished to get warm," she said. "I was so cold that I felt as if I should freeze, I am sorry to disturb you. I have friends in the town, and am sure I can get employment of some kind there. I used to live there years and years ago."

By means of a few questions he learned that she was a widow without any relations in the world. He was deeply touched by her story.

"What was your husband's name?" asked Steele.

"Carter," she said; "George Carter."

"Wait here a moment," he said, and went up to his room.

He went to his desk and took out some money. "I so seldom give," said he, "and can afford to be liberal to this poor woman." He took two ten-dollar bills and started back to the kitchen.

"She said her name was Carter. Carter—Carter? Where have I heard—what! Carter! My God! That was the name of her husband. She said she used to live here years ago. It must be she. It is Kate Drew! It must be!"

Steele shook like a leaf. He seemed young again. He remembered her once more as the sweet-faced girl, and the heart which had been slumbering so long seemed to spring into new life. He sat down on the stairs to compose himself, and then started again for the kitchen.

"William" said, Steele, when he entered, "here is the key to my office. I wish you would go there and bring me a packet you will find on my desk."

William fell in the trap without suspicion, and was off.

Steele seated himself in a dark corner and looked at the woman. He could see his old love in every feature of the face. He was strangely excited and knew not what to say.

"You say you lived here once?" he began.

"Yes, when I was a girl," she said.

"And had fortune has overtaken you since. Perhaps you knew my cousin, then, John Steele?"

"Yes," she said, "I knew him. Is he not here now?"

"No, poor fellow," said Steele, feeling guilty as he spoke the words, "he is dead."

"Dead!" and she leaned her head on her hand and wept.

"Yes," said Steele, feeling like a murderer as he spoke, "but none who knew him were sorry for it. He had no good in him, and lived a selfish life."

"Poor man!" said the sweet, sympathizing tones. "At heart he was good."

Something seemed to move Steele. He got up and stood by her chair. His hand by accident, touched her. It sent a thrill through him that seemed to make a new being of him.

"Katie," he said, "don't you know me?"

She looked, up, started, stood erect and got a good look into his face.

"John!" she said in a scared way, and hid her face in her hands.

"Yes, Katie," he said, "it is John. I was thinking of you to-day, and it seems as though heaven has sent you."

"This is such a shock to me," and she sat down again.

Steele's heart was throbbing wildly, and he quivered with excitement.

"I am old, now Katie, and perhaps awkward in my speech, but—I—I can't help what I am saying. You have no home, I am rich, and you are the only woman I ever loved. You are welcome to all I have. My life has been very lonely. With you I would be happy. You can't love me, I know, after all this time, but I do not ask that."

She arose as if to go. Poor Steele's heart seemed to be bursting. He unconsciously put forth his arms and touched her. With a sob she fell into them and rested her head on his shoulder.

"Katie!" he cried in joy.

"Oh, John, how can I speak?"

"Say something, Katie."

"I feel so guilty. I thought you would never forgive me But—but—but I have—"

"But what, Katie?"

"Oh, John, you know I loved you then, and it was not my fault. I have loved you all these long years. I am so happy, if you will but forgive me."

"Forgive you! Don't speak of that again. You are homeless no longer, Katie. I know what love is at least. You are in my house now, and you shall never go out of it except as my wife."

"No, John, not—"

"Yes, don't object. I know it don't sound well, but I don't care for that. A preacher lives close. Won't you consent?"

"But—"

"Please don't refuse, Katie."

"Well, I guess—"

Just then William came in. Steele nearly ran over him. "Hang the papers!" he said, as William offered them to him.

"Here, William, he said, as he came down stairs putting on his overcoat, "fix the front room and light a fire. Don't you hear, you idiot? Don't stand looking, move about."

William did not know what was the matter, He had just got the fire lighted when Steele came stumbling in with the preacher.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

## The Ministerial Candidate.

I was traveling up the Ohio river one day last fall on the packet Fairy. The day was very cold. A party of us were sitting around the stove in the lower cabin whilst the boat landed at some little wayside landing place to take on freight and passengers.

Presently a tall gaunt old man, evidently a new arrival, came up, with his carpet-bag in hand, which he deposited between his knees as he sat down and spread out his long knotty fingers before the door of the stove to warm them.

Casting his keen gray eyes around him as he did so, he suddenly espied the thin cadaverous looking young fellow, dressed all in black broadcloth, who was sitting next to me in the circle around the stove.

"Why, howdy, Lemmel?" the old man said, in the heartiest way. "I hardly knowed yer. How's the folks?"

"P-pr-pr-pretty w-w-well, M-M-Mr. J-J-Johnson," replied the young man, stuttering miserably, as he submitted to the hearty hand-shaking which the old man had reached across several of us to effect. "Finished yer schoolin' yet?" inquired he.

"Y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir," replied the young man with difficulty.

"Waal, what bizness air ye in now?" asked the old fellow, eyeing the dress of his young friend rather curiously.

"I-I-I-I'm st-st-st-studying for the m-m-ministry."

"Phew—ee!" exclaimed the old man, in a long whistle of intense surprise.

"Waal, now, Lemmel," he said, after a while, "that's about the last line uv bizness I'd 'a ever thought uv attemptin' to tackle of I'd a been in yore place. What ever put it into yore head?"

"I-I-I had a v-v-very st-st-strong call, M-Mr. Jo-Jo-Jo-Johnson," explained the young man, with a slight flush on his pale weak face.

"You might a had a dozen calls," returned the old man, dryly; "but ef I'd a been you I'd be switched ef I'd 'a-come."

An "audible smile" ran around the circle at the old man's wit, which he, however, never noticed. His young friend made no response to his last suggestion, whilst he continued in a dry, anxious tone:

"It beats me, Lemmel, to know how you 'low, even concedin' the call, to git through with the rest of the bizness."

"Th-th-the L-L-Lord w-will p-p-p-put the w-w-w-words into m-my m-m-mouth" gasped the poor young fellow, stuttering worse than ever under the keen gray eyes of the old man.

"He'll have to do more 'an that, sonny," said the old man pityingly. "After He puts em thar, blamed ef He won't hev to send somebody else along to pull 'em out."

The young ministerial candidate retired to his state room, and was seen no more.

## Astonishing Success.

It is the duty of every person who has used *Boschee's German Syrup* to let its wonderful qualities be known to their friends in curing Consumption, severe Coughs, Croup, Asthma, Pneumonia, and in fact all throat and lung diseases. No person can use it without immediate relief. Three doses will relieve any case, and we consider it the duty of all Druggists to recommend it to the poor, dying consumptive, at least to try one bottle, as 80,000 dozen bottles were sold last year, and no one case where it failed was reported. Such a medicine as the *German Syrup* cannot be too widely known. Ask your druggist about it. Sample bottles to try, sold at 10 cents. Regular size sold at 75 cents. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers, in the United States and Canada.

In Germany, householders are allowed to treat trespassing cats and dogs as beasts of prey; that is, they can kill them in any way they choose.

## Don't Get Caught

This spring with your blood full of impurities, your digestion impaired, your appetite poor, kidneys and liver torpid, and whole system liable to be prostrated by disease—but get yourself into good condition, and ready for the changing and warmer weather by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. It stands unequalled for a general Spring medicine.

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

## Little Dandy.

"Little Dandy" the boys called him. He joined our company in Vicksburg just before the siege, and none of us felt enough interest in him to make any inquiries. His extreme youth (he was agont 16) would have excited our sympathy under other circumstances, but the war-worn veterans in the trenches had no use for the curled darlings of the parlor, and Little Dandy's appearance was against him. The lad wore the gray uniform of a private, but it was of the very finest material—finer than anything worn by the Generals. His buttons had an unsoldierly glitter. He sported white handkerchiefs, carried a pocket mirror, and every morning he combed and curled his golden locks until they looked like a girl's tresses.

"Hello, Little Dandy!" yelled the soldiers, whenever the young fellow passed them. To this rough salutation he always responded with a bow and a smile, but his soft ways did not win favor. When we met in town we passed him by without notice, and in camp we let him alone. Little Dandy was proud after a fashion—too proud to notice the slights heaped upon him. He went through the routine duties without complaint, but nothing could induce him to abandon his pocket mirror and his fancy toilets.

The siege was well under way and we were no better acquainted with little Dandy than at first. He shared our meals of moldy corn bread and mule meat without a murmur, and it must be admitted that this raised him in our estimation. But we still had to learn what a true heart beat behind those glittering buttons. An angle of the enemy's works was dangerously close to our intrenchments and we had to keep our heads well sheltered. When we raised a hat on the muzzle of a musket it was invariably riddled with bullets. One morning we found our men being picked off by an unseen sharpshooter at the rate of five or six an hour. This astonished us, because we were all keeping under cover, and the men who were killed all occupied well protected positions.

Where was the sharpshooter? This was the question uppermost in every mind. We were not long in satisfying ourselves on this point. Just outside of the angle of the Federal works stood a giant oak, whose leafy top afforded an admirable covert for an active rifleman. A vigilant scrutiny convinced us that the man who was doing such deadly work in our ranks was concealed in this tree. To reach it he must have made his way there during the night, and he would have to remain there all day. But we could not stand it even one day. His aim was so unerring that every time his rifle cracked a Confederate bit the dust. We tried a rattling discharge of musketry, but a moment later the report of the rifle rang out, and another of our comrades fell.

It was evident that from our position, it was almost impossible to hit the Federal rifleman. If we succeeded in bringing him down it would be by some lucky random shot. Possibly a man outside the works would be able to draw a bead on our wary foeman, but he would be under the guns of the enemy and there would be a thousand chances against him.

"I'll kill hi'a or die!" cried a shrill voice.

"Good God! it's Little Dandy!" shouted a dozen men.

At the risk of our lives we peeped over our breastworks. Little Dandy had already made his way to the open space between the works and was edging around on the right of the tree. The Federals saw what he was up to and fired a broadside. When the smoke cleared away and they saw the boy with a flushed face and streaming hair aiming his gun at the top of an old oak there was a tremendous cheer. it rolled along both lines—the hoarse Federal shout mingling with the wild "Rebel yell."

Bang! A man in blue came tumbling and crashing through the branches of the tree and struck the earth with a dull thud. It was the sharpshooter. Another cheer rent the air, but this time it was from the Confederates alone. A sheet of flame blazed along the Federal works, but when the smoke lifted we saw Little Dandy coming full tilt in our direction with a smile on his face.

"Three cheers for Little Dandy!" leaped from hundreds of throats as the boy vaulted over the breastworks, and we rushed down upon him to hug him, in our frenzy of admiration and joy. But little Dandy sank down upon a heap of loose dirt, and then we saw the crimson stains upon his breast.

"I kept my promise," he panted. And then, as our Colonel took his hand, the little chap looked up into his face and said:

"I'm afraid I've made a poor soldier. Sometimes I've bothered you I know. Please remember that I was not very strong, and—and I did the best that I could."

His head fell over. Poor Little Dandy was dead.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

## A Fact Worth Knowing.

A physician in Genesee county, New York, who has used Gilmore's Aromatic Wine in his practice, for several years, recently wrote to the proprietor as follows:

"I do not think you give sufficient publicity to the value of your Aromatic Wine in all cases of Dysentery, cholera morbus and summer complaints generally. I have for three seasons past used it in many severe cases of the above, and it has never failed to afford speedy and gratifying relief." No proprietary remedy has ever received such general endorsement from regular physicians of high standing as Gilmore's Aromatic Wine.

In New York city, one evening recently, was given a dinner that cost $75 per plate. Nine guests sat down to the feast. Hand-painted menus, worthy of preservation as works of art, cost $5 each. The cigars were specially imported from Havana with a band prepared for the occasion. Many of the wines were specially ordered. The host was a wealthy manufacturer celebrating his retirement from business.

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.

To the record of great physical exploits must be added that of a man in Texas who sucked two dozen of eggs at a sitting.

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.

An unhappy New York bachelor is the one who was to have had an art reception in his rooms, but whose creditors took his collection and postponed the reception.

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.

There is a rich man in the Black Hills, says the Bismarck times, who dates the beginning of his fortune from the day when he sold his wife for $4,000.


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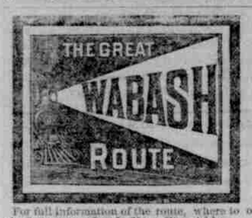


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PUBLIC SALE

—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 by public outcry on the premises, on

*SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1887,*

at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the following described Real Estate, late the estate of Joseph 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, Abraham Weaver and Samuel Pyock, containing 220 acres, more or less, having thereon erected a two-story plank

## Dwelling House,

and plank barn; a good young orchard, and never failing springs. About 40 acres cleared, and 180 acres in good timber.

—TERMS—

Five hundred dollars down on delivery of deed, and balance in two equal annual payments, with interest. Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid on day of sale.

E. J. RUMMEL, Administrator.

JUNE5.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

In Re Estate of John I. Bowser, dec.) In the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa.

And now to wit, 23d of May, 1887, on motion of J. O. Kimmel, Esq., the Court appoint F. W. Biesecker Esq., Auditor to ascertain advancements and make a distribution of the funds in the hands of the Administrators of said John P. Bowser, deceased, as well as of the amount of the undue notes in their hands, to and among those legally entitled thereto.

Somerset County, ss.

Extracts from the Record, Certified 23d May, 1887. CHAS. C. SHAFER, Clerk

Notice is hereby given that I will attend to the duties of the above appointment at my office in Somerset Borough on Wednesday, June 22, 1887, when and where all parties interested may attend if they think proper.

F. W. BIESECKER, Auditor.

JUNE5.

## Scientific Scraps.

Owing to the increased electrical intensity of the atmosphere, which is induced by the continual evulsion of steam and smoke, Dr. Andries estimates that the danger from lightning is from three to five times greater than it was fifty years ago.

Recent delicate scientific experiments, says a writer on earthquakes, have discovered the fact that the surface of the land is never absolutely at rest for more than thirty hours at a time. Thus those great earthquakes which make epochs in history are merely extreme manifestations of forces that rarely sleep.

The yellowing of paper, according to Prof. Wiesner, is due to an oxidation determined by light, especially by the more refrangible rays. It is greater in wood than in rag paper, and in moist than in dry air. The electric light, rich in the more refrangible rays, has a greater discoloring effect in libraries than gas.

The Fall river (Mass.) mills have a new device for stopping the engines in any part of the mill. An electric wire runs from the engine to each room in the mill. There is a box in each room from which, by the simple turning of a key, the engine may be immediately stopped. A convenient contrivance.

A less restricted diet in athletic training is being favored in England, and, instead of the large proportion of meat formerly rigidly insisted on, physiologists now consider a variety of food essential to the best results. The Cambridge boat crew, in training for the race with Oxford, were this year permitted to eat fish, puddings and deserts, though still forbidden sugar with pastry.

How much influence do fish exert on each other? W. A. Barter, in speaking recently on "Marine and Fresh-Water Fishes," mentions a shoal of carp following a single one acting as a leader, which conducted them a long distance to a considerable amount of food. Trout sometimes seem to follow a leader which swims along at the head of a tribe. Both fresh-water and salt-water fish appear to show the same characteristic. Herring and bass have frequently been observed following an apparently-chosen leader.

It is a fact worth noting the no comet, so far as known, has ever came in contact with the earth, or mingled its substance with the earth's atmosphere. The nearest approach ever observed was Lexell's comet of 1770, which approached to within 1,400,000 miles of the earth, and subtended an angle of 2 deg. 23 minutes, the largest apparent diameter yet observed in any comet. It has not been seen since 1770, though an orbit was computed for it of only five and a half years, and astronomers are of the opinon that perturbation by Jupiter may have changed its orbit to one of long period.

In the village of Meyrin, in the canton of Geneva, Switzerland, some disused wells, it is said, have been hermetically sealed and devoted to the novel purpose of serving as barometers to the people. In this arrangement an orifice of about one inch in diameter is made in the cover of the well, by means of which the internal air is put in communication with the external. When the air pressure outside diminishes on the approach of a storm, the air in the well escapes and blows a whistle in connection with the orifice, and in this simple way notice of a storm's approach is duly given to the inhabitants. But if, on the contrary, the pressure increases, a sound of a different and well-understood character is produced by the entry of the air into the well, and the probability of fine weather is announced.

## Wasn't His Trial.

"I am compelled to throw you into the cost," said a justice of the peace, addressing an old negro who had been sued by a neighbor.

"What yer mean by de cost, sah?"

"I mean that you will have to pay the expense of the trial."

"Wan't none 'o my trial, sah, Mr. Jefferson had me fotch up heah, an' ef da't 'spense ter be paid w'y let him pay it. 'Taint nothin' ter me."

"Yes, but the cost has gone against you."

"But ain't I dun tole yer dat it wan't my case? Dar wan't nothin' in it fur me no way yer could fix it."

"Here, you will have to pay fifteen dollars or we'll sell your stock."

"Jist bercase Mr. Jefferson hed me fotch heah? I do think, sah—I do think in the name o' de Lawd dat dis is de wust po' man's country I ever seed. Er man come erlong an' 'vites yer ter er trial an' den makes pay fer it. Wush I had de power o' de ole prophet. I'd have dis curmunity so full o' she b'ars dat er hoss fly wouldin' hab room ter turn 'round."

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.

A horse in Edinburg, Scotland, dexterously catches rats that come anywhere near his manger.

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

## Mrs. Mackey's Jewels.

Mrs. Mackey's latest acquisition in the line of exquisite gems is a sapphire of brilliant hue, not quite the largest of its kind extant, but nevertheless one of the most valuable. Its former possessor, a Russian Prince whom necessity drove to a separation with the gem, looked long and lovingly at it before consenting to let it go, but the $150,000 which the bonanza king's wife offered for the bit of stone finally overcame reluctance and the gem is hers. Of this lady's matchless jewelry much has been already writen, but the fame of all her other possessions has been eclipsed for the time by the set of coral ornaments, literally incrusted with diamonds, which she has also added to her store. It is more than two years since the first of this matchless coral—whose color is the rarest and most delicate shade of rose pink—came into her hands, and it has taken her Paris jeweler all this time to complete the set desired. There is only one other set in the world that will compare with it in beauty, and that is owned by the reigning Queen of Portugal.—*Philadelphia Times.*

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

A Georgia newspaper illustrates the average Southern negro's poor business ability by telling of one who asked the price of coats in a store. The storekeeper offered him various garments cheap for cash, but the darkey would not buy, and finally the merchant picked out a coat that cost him $1.65 and offered it to the negro for $10, agreeing to take $2 in cash and trust him for the balance. The customer jumped at the offer, and, without even trying on the coat, paid the $2 and went away happy in his ability to owe $8. The storekeeper won't worry over the $8.

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

Make small-pox fashionable, and society would go a mile to get it.


DYSPEPSIA

Causes its victims to be miserable, hopeless, confused, and depressed in mind, very irritable, languid, and drowsy. It is a disease which does not get well of itself. It requires careful, persistent attention, and a remedy to throw off the causes and tone up the digestive organs till they perform their duties willingly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proven just the required remedy in hundreds of cases.

"I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla for dyspepsia, from which I have suffered two years. I tried many other medicines, but none proved so satisfactory as Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOMAS COOK, Brush Electric Light Co., New York City.

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"For the past two years I have been afflicted with severe headaches and dyspepsia. I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla, and have found great relief. I cheerfully recommend it to all." MRS. E. F. ANNABLE, New Haven, Conn.

Mrs. Mary C. Smith, Cambridgeport, Mass., was a sufferer from dyspepsia and sick headache. She took Hood's Sarsaparilla and found it the best remedy she ever used.

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

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May18-2m.

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*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.*

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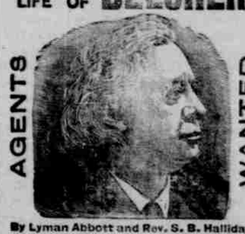

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