THE OUTLAW'S RUSE.

I have knocked about a good deal in my time, from doubling Cape Horn as a sailor to digging gold as a miner, and fighting Indians as a scout, and yet the closest escape I ever had from death was with my eyes wide open and through my own stupidity. Early in the seventies, I was down in Indian Territory buying horses for shipment East. I had a partner, and we traveled with our own team in a covered wagon. That territory isn't any too peaceful now, but in '72-3 you not only wanted a trusty rifle with you, but you wanted the knack of dropping your man first. Traveling from ranch to ranch as we did, with everybody knowing we had money to buy horses with, our situation was one requiring constant vigilance. There never was a night that both of us slept at once, and never a day that we were not on the watch for some plan to get the better of us. In one trip of three months we had five different watch dogs poisoned, and finally gave up trying to keep one. You might imagine it would have been worth while for some of the predatory bands roaming over the country to make an open attack on us, but the fellows reasoned differently. A couple of men armed with Winchesters and revolvers, and determined to defend their own at any cost, are antagonists not to be despised. Your Western outlaw, with very few exceptions, is just as careful about getting a bullet into his body as any one else.

One day in July, while we were on the north fork of the Canadian River, and about twenty miles below Shawnestown, one of our horses in our team was bitten by a rattlesnake. I was driving, and I saw the snake as it lifted itself from the grass and bit the horse twice on the leg. It was a hot day, the horses well heated up, and the poison took effect very soon. We had no remedy for it, but were compelled to stand by and see the animal suffer and die. It wasn't quite an hour after he was struck before he was dead. In buying horses we stipulated for delivery at certain points, and thus had no spare ones with us. To make our team whole one of us must take the other horse and ride off to make a purchase. I had been over the route before, and I knew the nearest ranch was twelve miles up the river. It was now 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and we were within half a mile of the stream and in a wild and lonely district of the country. We had with us in a tin box in the wagon over $4,000 in gold, and the misfortune to our horse naturally increased our anxieties. My partner insisted that I should be the one to remain with the wagon, and he had no sooner moved away than I began to make things secure. The very first move was to take the tin box from the wagon and bury it in the ground under the vehicle, and after that I saw that every firearm was in good order, and beat around the camp to drive away any reptiles lurking about.

There was no use in expecting Patton, my partner, back before 8 o'clock or later. He would doubtless find a suitable horse at the first ranch, but the ranchman might be away, or there were a dozen other reasons to call for delay. We carried provisions with us, and at about 6 o'clock I built a fire and prepared my supper, and was about to begin eating when I caught sight of a horse and rider approaching camp from the northwest. The ground was open for three or four miles, and as I had glass with me I made out, while the horse was yet a mile and a half away, that he bore a woman on his back. Had she been a squaw the sight would not have occasioned surprise but the first look proved that she was white and that her horse was jaded and coming slowly. As I held the glass on her I saw her turn and look back, as one pursued, and long before she reached me I had become greatly interested in her case. She rode straight for the wagon, and when she finally came up her horse was very much blown, and the woman's face seemed to betray both hope and fear by turns. She was an average looking female, about forty years old and as she drew rein beside me we surveyed each other for half a minute before either spoke. During that interval I caught an expression on her face which I did not at all like. It was a sly, sinister look, but it passed swiftly away, and was replaced by one of anxiety. I was the first to speak, saying:

"Well, are you in trouble?"

"In great trouble, sir," she replied. "I have been living with my brother on a small ranch fifteen miles distant. Two hours ago a dozen drunken Kickapoo Indians visited the place, wounded my brother, and set fire to the house, and would have killed me had I not fled on this horse. They pursued me for several miles and I—I—"

Here she broke down and began to cry and sob. What could I do but to ask her to dismount, give her my promise of protection, and say that when my partner returned we would drive straight to the ranch, and sacrifice our lives, if need be, to rescue her brother and teach the Indians a lesson? She did not come down without considerable palaver, seeming very sensitive about getting me into trouble, and when she did take a seat on the blankets prepared for her, she continued to cry and lament and would not touch a mouthful of food.

It had grown dark by the time I had eaten my supper, and it was now time to look for Patton. I sought as any man would have done under the circumstances, to cheer the woman up, and by and by she gave over crying and seemed a bit more hopeful. She explained that she had removed to the Territory from Clarksville, Ark., three years before, being a widow with one son. The son had died within the year, and the brother, who was an old bachelor, and not in good health, had come to remain until the place could be sold out. A Kickapoo buck had taken a great fancy to the woman and wanted to marry her, and her indignant refusal had called down the raid made that day. Her story filled me with indignation, and as the night came on I was terribly impatient for Patton to return. About half past 9 o'clock I heard the gallop of horses, and was ready to welcome my partner, but before they had come in sight the widow sprang up in great terror and cried out:

"Oh, sir, they are the Indians who have been on my trail! Don't let them take me away! Let me hide in the wagon!"

"In with you quick, and they will have to kill me before they lay hands on you," I replied as she disappeared beneath the cover with astonishing celerity.

The gallop came nearer and nearer, and presently a voice hailed me:

"The camp thar—hello!"

"Who is it?"

"Friends."

"Come in."

With that a half-breed and a Kickapoo came riding into camp on horses which had neither saddle nor blanket. Both men looked savage and sullen, and were well armed. The half-breed could speak very good English, and when he had come to a halt and looked around he said:

"We are after the woman who came into your camp a couple of hours ago. I see her horse over there."

"By what authority do you demand her?"

"None of your business. We have come for her, and we mean to have her too."

"Do you mean that you will take her by force?"

"I do; and let me give you a piece of advice. I see you are a tenderfoot. Don't put on too many airs in this country. It is a great place to have one's wings clipped off in a hurry. Don't attempt any foolishness with us, or you'll never know what hurt you."

I had my Winchester in hand and two revolvers in my belt. Had I been a hot-tempered man, there would have been some shooting before he had concluded his bombastic speech. I am slow to anger, especially when human life may pay the forfeit, and I heard him through without being riled. The woman was hidden in the wagon, and had not revealed her presence to them by word or by move.

"If the woman chooses to go with you, well and good," I answered, as I looked at the fellow by the light of the camp fire. "If she does not you cannot have her."

"Oh, we can't, eh? You crow pretty loud for a spring chicken. Well, ask the woman to make a choice."

The wagon was about ten paces from the fire, and in the shadow, although not so much that I could not see it pretty plainly. I had made a step toward it, when I saw a dark object under the wheels, and, supposing it to be a wolf, I raised my gun and took a snap shot, carrying only to send a bullet near enough to drive it away. The object disappeared with the echoes of the report and as I walked along to the wagon the two men who had dismounted, accompanied me. Standing within five feet of the wagon I called to the woman and asked if she desired to go with the men, and she replied:

"Oh! sir, save me from them, even if you have to shoot me."

"But you have got to come!" shouted the half-breed.

"She shall not go!" I shouted at him. "I give you two villains sixty seconds in which to leave the camp. Now go!"

They were both together and my rifle covered both. They looked straight at me for fifteen or twenty seconds, and then turned and rode away in the darkness. I followed them for a hundred yards, when they urged their horses to a gallop, and rode to the north without looking back. I stood and looked after them until I could no longer hear the beat of their horses' hoofs, and I felt rather proud of my nerve in driving them away. It did not occur to me until the next day that either or both of them could have got the drop on me up to the time I raised my rifle, and that while making their threats of what they would do they left their rifles lying across their saddles. They simply permitted me to force them out of camp at the muzzle of my Winchester, and that was a part of their plan. When I returned to the fire the woman was beside it, her face betraying fear and success, and as soon as I came up she clasped her hands and tearfully exclaimed:

"Oh, you will not let them take me—away you will not!"

I assured her that they had been driven off, and that she was safe, and her gratitude was unbounded. It was now 10 o'clock and after, and Patton had not yet returned. It was useless to expect him till morning, and I set about to prepare the camp for the night. As there was a strong probability that the two men driven off would secure reinforcements and return during the night, I tied the horse to the wagon, told the woman that she should occupy the vehicle, and prepared to spend the night on guard. She seemed to oppose this latter arrangement, doubting if the men would return, and declaring it was a sacrifice on my part she could not accept. I bundled her into the wagon, however, promising that I might catch a nap after 1 or 2 o'clock if all was quiet and by and by I let the fire go down and took my circle around the camp with cat-like step. A few covotes and wolves came about, but nothing seemed to disturb me, and the hours passed away until 2 o'clock. By that time I was tired and sleepy. I dared not stretch out for a regular sleep, knowing that the danger was not yet passed, but I sat down on a knoll about forty feet north of the wagon to nap a little, knowing that any noise of account would instantly arouse me. It was perhaps a quarter of an hour before I actually fell asleep, and almost instantly I began to dream. I dreamed that I wastied up to a tree on the plains, and that a rattlesnake was crawling toward me. The snake was coming to bite me and I was helpless. Every movement of the reptile was as vivid as if the dream had been a reality, and my mind was as clear as a bell. The serpent came very slowly, halting every two or three feet to rear its head and look about, and when it was within ten feet it changed. It was yet a serpent but it had a small brown hand, and the hand clutched a bulldog pistol. The pistol was pointed full at me and I saw that the hammer was up.

"Whizz!" went the shadow before my face, and then I looked behind me. The snake was no longer in front, but creeping up in my rear, and yet I noticed him as plainly as before. He came on slowly—cautiously—always a little nearer. When within three feet of my heels the pistol was raised to the back of my head and I said to myself:

"So I am to be shot. It is a large bullet, and it will go clear through my head. I wonder why he didn't bite me? If I were loose I would make a fierce fight for my life.

"Clng!" It was the sound of pistol hammer striking on the centre of a cartridge—a cartridge which had failed to explode. In the same second I was on my feet. A figure stood before me. I gave my heavy rifle a half sweep, and the figure sank down with a stifled shriek. Then I was fully awake, and I bent over the stranger to find it was the woman who should have been asleep in the wagon. She was unconscious, but clutched firmly in her hand was a bulldog pistol. I wrenched it from her hand and carried her to the ember of the fire when I had secured a blaze. I saw that I had struck her on the head and given her a bad hurt. I examined the pistol, and when I found that the cartridge had been tried by the hammer, it did not take me long to unravel the plot against my life. I bound the woman hand and foot and then kept viligant watch until daybreak. She recovered consciousness long enough before this, but the only aid I extended was to loosen her hands and place a dish of water beside her. She did not address me, and I had no word for her.

When day broke there was another surprise for me. A Kickapoo Indian lay dead under a wagon, shot through the heart. It was a great mystery to me, but the woman was ready to clear it up. I untied her, washing the blood off her face and head, and then she gave the whole plot away. Patton had been made a prisoner by a gang of outlaws in order that I might be robbed. These men knew of the tin box in the wagon. The woman had been sent into camp with the story she told, knowing that she would get into the wagon. The two men came to distract my attention, and the Kickapoo crept up to receive the box. The woman could not find it, and I mistook the Indian for a wolf and killed him. Then the woman concluded that I had the money on me, and while I napped she crept up to shoot me and secure it. She told the particulars askcooly as I relate to you, and when she had finished, she asked me what I was going to do about it. Patton had by this time returned, having raised such a row that his captors feared to detain him longer, and he answered the question by picking up a rope and starting for the nearest tree.

This broke the woman down so abjectly that we let her free to where she would when we drove on. To have taken her to Ockmulgee, Kickapoo, or any other town as a prisoner would have been to cause us great delay and annoyance, and it was some consolation to know that the blow I gave her caused a wound from which she would not recover for many days. She was pentient enough when we drove away, but six weeks later was killed with her husband while stealing stock from the Creek Indians.

Trained Sheep Dogs.

Of the animals adapted to usefulness to the farmer by their labor and skill we do not make as much use of the dog as would be profitable. In some countries of Europe he is a beast of burden, and the streets of cities are crowded with heavily laden carts drawn by dogs. But his great usefulness is found in his care of sheep, and in this service he displays great intelligence. Of various breeds employed for this purpose the Scotch Collie stands prominent. The well-authenticated accounts of his intelligence and skill and devotion to duty excite our wonder, as the displays of these qualities excite the admiration of every beholder. The writer has seen flocks of wild Herdwicks upon the mountains of Westmoreland and Cumberland in England, and of Black-faces in the Highlands of Scotland handled by one dog more effectively than could be done by many men, while his faithful service continued through both day and night. Scotch writers love to record his praises. One has said. He drives out the sheep to pasture, confines them to their alloted territory (where there are no fences,) keeps the flocks separate, picks out from another band and brings back to its own a straying sheep; at command collects into one place the sheep that may be scattered for miles around; watches his charge faithfully through night and storm; is unyielding with the headstrong rams, and considerate of the tender lambs; displays courage, caution, patience, and tact in handling the flock; and will move the sheep or force them into the fold quicker more surely, and with less demonstration than a dozen men." It has been said by high authority that without him it would require so many men to manage the flocks upon the mountain lands of England and Scotland as to make keeping sheep upon them unprofitable. But he is not confined to the mountains. He is found everywhere throughout England, upon large farms and small. He can do as much for us in America if we will but regularly put him into our service. In neglecting to use him, our flock-masters have missed a great benefit they might have gained.

On this account we think the New York State Agricultural Society has taken a step in the right direction by offering liberal premiums for trained Collies, to awarded by actual trials upon the fair grounds at Rochester. It will encourage the training of dogs and will make them acquainted with their abilities. We hope there will be many entries and a most interesting trial. If any who have trained dogs have not entered them they should do so at one.

At some of the agricultural shows in England and Scotland, the sheep-dog trials are among their most attractive features, and thousands gather to witness them.—J. W., *in Country Gentleman.*

He Wanted to Read.

It was a warm summer day when Uncle Ephraim Jackson, a worthy colored man, entered an optician's shop, and removing his tall, white hat and wiping the prespiration from his forehead with a big, red bandana handkerchief, sat down warily on a revolving stool, as if he feared it was about to run away with him, and asked for a pair of glasses "fer to read wif."

"What number do you wear?" asked the optician.

Uncle Ephraim grinned. "I guess I wears two," said he.

"Number two!" exclaimed the optician, in astonishmet.

"Jis' two glasses, sah; one fo de one eye an' one fer de odder."

The optician looked at him with a frown for an instant, but, seeing that the old man was innocent of any attempt to make a joke out of it, went on with the business before him.

"Try on these," he said picking out a pair, "and see if you can read the letters on that card over there."

Uncle Ephriam carefully put on the spectacles, and looked eagerly at the card.

"Carn't read it, shuah, boss." he said, looking disappointed.

"Well, try these," said the optician, trying a still stronger pair.

"No go, boss," said Uncle Ephriam.

The dealer gave him another pair, and then another. Not one of them all enabled Uncle Ephraim to read, though he struggled ever so hard, and wiped his forehead again and again in considerable excitement.

"Look here," said the optician finally "can you read at all?"

"Nebber could read, boss," said Uncle Ephraim. "Dey nebber larned me how no-how; but I done hearn tell ob people dat could read wif glasses dat couldn't read without'em, no-how, an I made up my min' I'd see ef 'twas dat way wif me!"

Fen Inchings.

When we were boys and used to play marbles there were boys who did not play fair and who would keep reaching over the line in order to get nearer the marbles in the ring and have a better chance to knock them out. This was called "inching," and "fen inchings" was the warning against unfair play. Since the enactment of the interstate commerce law some railroad companies have evidently determined not to play fair with the public, and are 'inching' in various ways. When prohibited from giving rebates and drawbacks to large shippers, the trunk lines made up a classification which openly discriminated against the small shipper all the way from 16 to 60 per cent., and besides made a number of intricate regulations intending to swell their revenues at the public expense. In many cases they openly advanced rates. In others they did it in other ways. We are not among those who object to railroads getting a price for service rendered, but we do want them to get it in a fair, impartial and aboveboard manner. There has been so much crookedness in railroad operations in the past that it seems very hard for some of our railroad managers to do business in this way, and such managers need to be admonished as the marble-players of our boyhood were. —*American Grocer.*

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

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SUMMONS IN PARTITION.

George W. Anderson vs. Howard Anderson, Thos. M. Anderson, Malinda, intermarried with James Hyatt, A. J. Anderson residing in Fayette Co. Pa. Noah M. Anderson, residing in Greene Co. Pa., Elizabeth, intermarried with Francis Morrison, now deceased, leaving to survive her seven heirs: Lucinda and Mary Elizabeth, residing in Fayette Co. Pa., Flora, residing in Scottdale, Westmoreland Co., Pa., Chas., Thos. and Geo. Morrison and Margaret, intermarried with —— Fleming, residing in Westmoreland Co., Pa.	No. 1 Sept. Term, 1887. Summons in Partition.

SOMERSET COUNTY, ss.

(SEAL) The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, to the Sheriff of said County, Greeting:

If George W. Anderson make you secure in presenting his claim, then we command you that you summon by good and lawful summons Howard Anderson, Thomas M. Anderson, Malinda, intermarried with James Hyatt, A. J. Anderson, residing in Fayette Co., Pa., Noah M. Anderson, residing in Greene Co., Pa., Elizabeth, intermarried with Francis Morrison, now deceased, leaving to survive her seven heirs, Lucinda and Mary Elizabeth, residing in Fayette Co.; Flora, residing in Scottdale, Westmoreland Co. Pa.; Charles, Thomas and George Morrison, and Margaret, intermarried with —— Fleming, residing in Westmoreland Co., P., late of your County, so that they be and appear before our Judges at Somerset at our County Court of Common Pleas there to be held on the second Monday of September next, to answer George M. Anderson in Summons of Partition for the following described Real Estate: A certain tract of land situate in Lower Turkeyfoot Township, Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of Jacob H. Moon, Lorenzo D. McNair, Henry H Koontz, and others, containing 107 acres more or less, having thereon erected three small log dwelling houses, one stable and other outbuildings, of which fifty acres are cleared, and two acres in meadow. Also, two apple orchards on the premises, with the appurtenances. That Partition thereof be made between them (the Plaintiff and Defendants) according to the laws and customs of this Commonwealth in such cases made and provided. And have you there and then the names of those summoned, and this writ.

Witness the Hon. Wm. J. Baer, President of our said Court at Somerset, Pa., this 6th day of July, A. D. 1887.

Prot'y's Office, Aug. 3, 1887. } N. B. CRITCHFIELD, Clerk.

Taking a Mud Bath.

A well known gentleman who lives at the Fifth Avenue hotel came into the corridor from the street recently, looking as if he had been scourged for a week. He sat down, took a long breath, and lighting a long cigar began to puff vigorously. A reporter asked him if he was ill. He replied:

"Ill? No, I have just taken a dirt bath. Don't know what a dirt bath is? Then I'll tell you. I concluded that my system had run down and that I needed something to start my blood to circulating rapidly, in fact a general vitalizer. I was directed to take mud baths. These baths are very expensive. The attendant stood me up and began to cover me with what is known as Fuller's earth. I was incased in this substance with only my head sticking out. Then I was placed in a trough, a tube was inserted into the mud and an electric current turned on. The sensation was most unique and almost indescribable. The earth around my body soon became charged with electricity and snapped and coquetted with my skin in a most tantalizing way. At times there would seem to be a race of small tacks down my back, and then the sensation of a brush gently passing over me. My flesh simply acted as a conductor and enjoyed all the little pranks that a series of currents from powerful electric batteries can produce. After an hour I was stripped of the mud and 'massaged' for an hour by two stalwart attendants. A douche of water was administered, and I went home.

"But the bath cannot be finished in one day. I went back the next morning and was given a cold water bath and rubbed again very thoroughly. Then my feet were placed in water charged with electricity. The attendants then seized several large sponges, dipped them into the water and began to rub me. It was an electric bath, and the sponges fairly made me howl with the shocks I received. The next day I went back and finished the bath. I was placed in a vat of large grained salt and rolled about until my flesh glowed with irritating excitement. A rub down and warm water bath then finished my mud bath. It takes only three days. I wanted to perspire, and I succeeded. Sometimes I dream I am closed up in an armor of mud, and the perspiration comes from me in copious streams. If a man has three solid days to spare, I think nothing is more pleasant all around than to take a first class mud bath."—*New York Mail and Express.*

Give Them a Chance.

That is to say, your lungs. Also all your breathing machinery. Very wonderful machinery it is. Not only the larger air-passages, but the thousands of little tubes and cavities leading from them.

When these are clogged and choked with matter which ought not to be there, your lungs cannot half do their work. And what they do, they cannot do well.

Call it cold, cough, croup, pneumonia, catarrh, consumption or any of the family of throat and nose and head and lung obstructions, all are bad. All ought to be got rid of. There is just one sure way to get rid of them. That is to take Boschee's German Syrup, which any druggist will send you at 75 cents a bottle. Even if everything else has failed you, you may depend upon this for certain.

Wrinkled Age and Youth.

Age takes small account of the immediate flight of time. To the young a year is a mighty span. sl it a happy or an unhappy year that youth looks forward to, it is a vista that stretches far into the future. And when it is done, this interminable year, and youth, just twelve months older, looks back to the first of it, what a long way off it is. What tremendous progress we have made. How much more we know. How insufficient are the standards by which we measured the world a poor 365 days back!

But age has grown habituated to the flight of time. Years! We have seen so many of them that they make no impression upon it. What! is it ten years since young Midas first came to the counting-room, asking humbly for an entry clerk's place—he who is now the firm. Bless us! it seems like yesterday. Is it ten years since we first put on that coat? Why it must be clean out of fashin by this time.—*Scribner's.*

A Lengthy Pastorate.

The late Rev. H. B. Ewell was the pastor of the Baptist Church at Pavilion, N. Y., for nearly half a century. He was a man of strict honor and integrity and the highest Christian character. His word was as good as a government bond, and he never expressed an opinion that he did not firmly believe. He wrote as follows:—"It affords me great pleasure to recommend to the public, Gilmore's Aromatic Wine. I believe it to be the most desirable remedy that can be placed in any family. I am well acquainted with the manufacturers, and have confidence in their ability to do a good thing for suffering humanity. I have used their Wine in my family for a number of years with good effect, and firmly believe it will do what is claimed for it.

The Gilmore Remedies are for sale by Biesecker & Snyder, Mammoth Block, Somerset, Pa.

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 Drummer Boy of the Cumberland.

The Chicago *Ledger* says: Some time ago we presented to our readers a short sketch of Captain Mott, who was said to be the youngest soldier in our civil war. Since that time we have received information that Avery Brown, "The Drummer Boy of the Cumberland," lays claim to being the youngest soldier and substantiates his claim with undeniable facts.

Avery Brown was born at Delphos, Allen county, Ohio, on September 28, 1852. On August 18, 1861, he was mustered into the United States service at Camp Chase, Columbus Ohio, and joined Company C, Thirty-first Ohio Volunteer Infantry, First Brigade, Second Divison, Fourteenth Army Corps. His age therefore, at muster, was eight years, eleven months and thirteen days, which certainly entitles him to the distinction of being the youngest soldier in the civil war. His claim is conceded by all other claimants. At present Mr. Brown resides at Elkhardt, Ind. He is a marble-cutter by trade and a musician of no mean ability. He is highly respected as a citizen and as a member of the Grand Army post, is generous to a fault, and is ever ready to lend his aid to all worthy objects of charity, is a genial, God fearing gentleman, and conducts himself with the dignity becoming a man of his distinction and reputation as "The Drummer Boy of the Cumberland."

I CAN cheerfully recommend Ely's Cream Balm to the suffering public for hay fever and stoppage of the air passages. I have tried it and find it gives immediate relief.—J. E. Rector, 209 Rock St., Little Rock, Ark.

Going out with the tied—a newly-married couple.

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.

Sick Headache

"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.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar.

FASHIONABLE 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,
SOMERSET, PA.

CENTRAL State Normal School.
LOCK HAVEN, PA.

Unsurpassed in its advantages. Location healthful and inspiring. Instructors experienced teachers and honored graduates of colleges. State appropriations this year $25,000. Extensive IMPROVEMENTS, Convenience and Comforts. Superior Model and Training School. State aid to professional students.

JAMES ELDON, A. M., Principal,
july7-3t-1yr. Lock Haven, Pa.

BEAVER COLLEGE

AND MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

At BEAVER, PA., twenty-six miles below Pittsburgh, on the Ohio, for YOUNG LADIES. Superior location and buildings. Pupils in family of President. Physical, Intellectual, Social, and Moral powers developed. Best teachers in every department. Director of Music a graduate of Berlin. Rates reasonable. Send for new circular.

R. T. TAYLOR, President.
july9-1m.

The Old Reliable

Schuttler Wagon.

Established in Chicago in 1842.

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

DOUBLE COLLAR AND OIL CUPS,

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

Every Wagon Fully Insured.

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

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

Agents Wanted Throughout the County.

PETER HEFFLEY.

SOMERSET, MARCH 28, 1885.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth for their approval or rejection by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution of this Commonwealth:

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the Eighteenth Article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

There shall be an additional article to said Constitution to be designated as Article XIX, as follows:

ARTICLE XIX.

The manufacture, sale, or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor, to be used as a beverage, is hereby prohibited, and any violation of this prohibition shall be a misdemeanor, punishable as shall be provided by law.

The manufacture, sale or keeping for sale of intoxicating liquor for other purposes than as a beverage may be allowed in such manner only as may be prescribed by law. The General Assembly shall, at the first session succeeding the adoption of this article of the Constitution, enact laws with adequate penalties for its enforcement.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

THE SOMERSET HERALD.

Established 1827.

Is the Oldest Paper in the County.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY MORNING.

52 NUMBERS EACH YEAR.

IS RED HOT REPUBLICAN.

Is Read by the Best Class of People.

Is the Best Advertising Medium.

HAS A BONA FIDE CIRCULATION DOUBLE THAT OF ANY OTHER PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE COUNTY.

It Contains all the County News.

HAS ALL THE COUNTY ADVERTISING.

Has all the Legal Advertising.

It has connected with it one of the

BEST JOB OFFICES

In Western Pennsylvania.

Does all Kinds of Job Work With Neatness and Despatch at PRICES THAT DEFY COMPETITION.

Terms, $2. per Year in Advance.

For prices for Advertising or Job Work, call on or address,

THE HERALD,
SOMERSET, PA.

AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION proposed to the citizens of this Commonwealth for their approval or rejection by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. Published by order of the Secretary of the Commonwealth, in pursuance of Article XVIII of the Constitution.

Joint resolution proposing an amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth:

Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the constitution of the commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provisions of the eighteenth article thereof:

AMENDMENT.

Strike out from section one, of article eight, the four qualifications for voters which reads as follows:

"If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," so that the section which reads as follows:

"Every male citizen, twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least thirty days.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

Fourth. If twenty-two years of age or upwards, he shall have paid, within two years, a state or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two months, and paid at least one month before the election," shall be amended, so as to read as follows:

Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possessing the following qualifications, shall be entitled to vote at the polling place of the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere:

First. He shall have been a citizen of the United States at least thirty days.

Second. He shall have resided in the state one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the state, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, then six months) immediately preceding the election.

Third. He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer to vote at least thirty days immediately preceding the election. The legislature at the session thereof next after the adoption of this section, shall, and from time to time thereafter may, enact laws to properly enforce this provision.

Fourth. Every male citizen of the age of twenty-one years, who shall have been a citizen for thirty days and an inhabitant of this state one year next preceding an election, except at municipal elections, and for the last thirty days a resident of the election district in which he may offer his vote, shall be entitled to vote at such election in the election district of which he shall at the time be a resident and not elsewhere for all officers that now are or hereafter may be elected by the people: *Provided,* That in time of war no elector in the actual military service of the State or of the United States, in the army or navy thereof shall be deprived of his vote by reason of his absence from such election district and the legislature shall have power to provide the manner in which and the time and place at which such absent electors may vote, and for the return and canvass of their votes in the election district in which they respectively reside.

Fifth. For the purpose of voting, no person shall be deemed to have gained or lost a residence by reason of his presence or absence while employed in the service of the United States or the State, nor while engaged in the navigation of the waters of this State or of the high seas, nor while a student of any college or seminary of learning, nor while kept at any almshouse or public institution, except the inmates of any home for disabled and indigent soldiers and sailors, who, for the purpose of voting, shall be deemed to reside in the election district where said home is located. Laws shall be made for ascertaining, by proper proofs, the citizens who shall be entitled to the right of suffrage hereby established.

A true copy of the joint resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE,
Secretary of the Commonwealth.

MT. PLEASANT

Classical Institute.

Opens September 14, 1887.

Five Graduating Courses of Study, including Music and Art. Select Courses to suit students of various wants. German conversation taught in its purity by a German just from University of Bonn, Germany. Students from only five recent classes have entered fourteen leading Colleges and Universities. Students last term, 112. Normal and business course. Mt. Pleasant has no saloons. Send postal for new catalogue.

LEROY STEPHENS, PRESIDENT,
aug10-2m. Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANCH.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Somerset to Stoystown	12½	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	50
Somerset to Bethel	22½	70
Somerset to Johnstown	36	1 10
Somerset to Rockwood	9	30
Somerset to Garrett	15	50
Somerset to Meyersdale	21	70
Somerset to Cumberland	58	2 00
Somerset to Washington	210	6 55
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Ursina	24	80
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 80
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

The fare to Philadelphia is $9.34, and to New York, $11.69.

Summer Arrangement in effect since May 29, '87.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	5:30 a m	Johnstown	7:25 a m
SOMERSET	6:00 a m		
Geiger	6:01 a m		
Stoystown	6:26 a m		
Hooversville	6:38 a m		
Bethel	6:52 a m		

MAIL—No. 93. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Pittsburgh	7:20 a m	Johnstown	12:40 p m
Rockwood	10:40 a m		
Milford	10:53 a m		
Somerset	11:05 a m		
Stoystown	11:37 a m		
Hooversville	11:50 a m		
Bethel	12:05 p m		

Passengers from Pittsburgh change cars for points on the Somerset & C