AN ARTIST'S MODEL.

On a broad, white sheet of paper, of unexceptionable quality Theo Mabyn had just traced in a delicate, distinguished hand, the following lines:

"Please consider me an applicant for the above position. I enclose my photograph. If acceptable, you may address

MISS BLANCHE BAINS, Brooklyn."

"The above position, was embodied in a trim advertisement, clipped from a newspaper, and posted on the upper left-hand corner of the sheet she had written on. It read:

WANTED.—A REFINED YOUNG LADY.—Must be good looking, to pose in costume a few hours each week. Address B, 922, this office.

Theo looked at it a long time, and then sighed.

"I never thought I should come to that!" she said, bitterly. "Oh, what would papa and mamma think if they were alive? And dear old brother Jack, lost in the Bolivian forests! There is at least one comfort in being utterly alone in the world. My friends cannot know my necessities. But, oh, I wish—I wish there was some other way!"

She folded up the letter with a sense of shame, slipped in the photograph which showed her standing by a rustic gate—a slender, graceful figure, with a fair and lovely face, holding a basketful of field daisies in her delicate hands. In half an hour it was on its way to "B. 122"—that is, to the studio of Louis de Vere, the young artist of French extraction, who was working for the academy prize.

A friend, coming by the newspaper office, brought him this mail.

"There you are, Louis!" he said, laughingly, as he dumped the matter down on the floor. "There's a whole army of Dianas and Venuses—a job lot." I'll sell them cheap—two for a cent.

De Vere pushed back the dark curls that dropped over his handsome forehead, and gave a prolonged whistle of dismay, ending in something between a sigh and a groan.

"I had no idea there would be such a fine crop," he said, laying aside his palette and brushes, while he began the onerous task of opening the letters addressed to him. "Come on, captain! Make yourself useful."

The two men were intimate friends, and there was no formality between them.

The captain fell to, and they kept up a running fire of comment—complimentary and otherwise—as they passed the various applicants in review.

"Here's an aesthetic young damsel!" cried the captain, reading a perfumed note which he held in his hand. "She adores art—always wanted to pose—and would be so glad if you engaged her. Her waist is only 17 inches.

"Here's one who claims to have 'Titianesque hair,' said De Vere, laughing. "I'll bet it's red as brick dust. My complexion is so fine that I am constantly accused of using enamel. What injustice! Oh, see here, captain!—'I love Art (art with a capital A), and should be willing to pose just for the love of it.'"

"'I have often appeared in tableaux,' read the captain, "'and I have been told that I have a figure like Phryne—whoever she was. I am quite strong and could stand a long while, if you don't mind my having a novel and a box of caramels.'"

De Vere laughed long and heartily.

"Fancy such an inspiration for my Psyche!" he exclaimed, opening an envelope that contained a photograph. "Hello, captain! here's something like the thing. By Jove! that's a nice face, and a nice note, too—short terse, business like. Miss Blanche Bains, why, see here, old fellow, she looks like you."

"Indeed!" said the captain, smiling. "You honor me. Let me see!"

But De Vere still kept the pretty photograph.

"That is just what I want" he said, with a pleased light in his eyes. "Tall, slender, graceful, fair, but not so pretty as to be insipid:—a face full of soul—"

"Hold on, old fellow!" cried the captain, reaching for the picture; don't fall in love with the girl. She looks like me, does she? Good heavens, Louis, what a resemblance!"

His face had suddenly paled and his hand shook as he took Theo's photograph.

Over his eyes there came a film of tears through which he saw far away to the South, on the shore of the Mississippi a large white house covered with vines, and a young girl swinging in the hammock on the broad piazza.

"She is the very image of my sister, Louis," he said, huskily—"the one that died in New Orleans."

De Vere took the picture from him and looked at it again.

"You lost all your family there, didn't you captain?" he asked gently.

"Yes, his friend replied. "My father and mother, two sisters and a brother. They all died of yellow fever within six days."

De Vere laid the photograph on the table.

"I think I shall write for her to come" he said, rising. "There is no use of our going over anymore, captain."

So it happened that on the following day Theo presented herself at the studio.

"I hope you came prepared to pose today," said De Vere, when he had made a business-like bargain with her.

"What am I to do?" Theo asked, with the blushes deepening on her sweet and pretty face.

She had an overpowering sense of shame, and it didn't increase her comfort to know that she had come there under an assumed name.

"Oh, it is very simple" said De Vere, pulling out a couch and arranging some dark-green drapery over it. "I am going to paint Pysche, reclining by a brook with one hand dabbling in the water. Would you please put on this dress, Miss Bains?"

He handed her a simple Grecian robe of white serge, edged with a gold and black border, and clasped on the shoulders with gold fastenings.

Theo looked at it helplessly.

"There is the dressing room," said De Vere, pointing to a curtained doorway. "I don't think you will have any trouble in getting into the gown. It just slips over the head, and is confined to the waist with a girdle. I should like to arrange your hair in a loose knot. It is almost right now, only a little too neat. Couldn't you pull out a lock or so? Allow me! There—that is charming. You have beautiful hair."

Theo came out of the dressing room robed to his satisfaction.

"You must be an artist yourself," he said with a thrill of pleasure when he saw how gracefully she had arranged the folds of her gown.

It fell away from her white arms and shoulders, leaving them quite bare, and her lovely neck rose above the confines of her dress, like a fair, slender column.

"You are Pysche herself" cried the artist enthusiastically.

And there was in his eyes so much admiration, so much respectful deference, that Theo caught the inspiration of the character she impersonated.

"Try to think you are Pysche!" said De Vere, leading her to the couch. "You know the story? Yes? Very well. Try to think and feel as you would think Pysch would think and feel. This is a brook here—this rug. These are water lillies and rushes. You are lying on a cool, green embankment. Now arrange yourself comfortably, ben ling over a little to dip your fingers in the water. We shall use this jar to-day. There! Good—excellent! No, don't move! That is quite perfect."

She looked lovely lying there. The painful flush had died away, leaving on her cheeks only a exact rose color. She had forgotten all the embarrassments of her position; she had forgotten everything. For the time being she was Pysche in reality, and she lay there like a fair day dream.

De Vere went to work with a will. Not a word was spoken. His brush moved rapidly over the canvas, and he was so absorbed that he did not hear the light foot that came springing up the stairway, three steps at a bound.

"Hello, Louis!" cried the captain, sweeping aside the portiere without ceremony; but when he saw Theo, he retreated in embarrassment.

"I—I beg your pardon!" he stammered "I did not know—"

"Come in, captain," said De Vere, rising. "This is my first sitting. Don't disturb yourself, Miss Bains.

Theo had sprung up like a startled fawn, ready to protest indignantly against the admission of any outsiders.

But at the sight of the captain's face, she sank back with a look of eager inquiry, a half-frightened expression in her soft, dark eyes.

"I forgot to mention it to you," said De Vere addressing her. "I generally have some one to read to me while I work, and this gentleman often does it. You won't mind him. He is quite harmless, Miss Bains. Allow me to introduce you to Captain Jack Mabyn, a returned Brazilian—one of the richest, idlest men about town!"

Theo sprang up with every nerve tingling.

"His name?" she cried. "What did you call him, Mabyn,—Captain Mabyn? Oh, can it be my brother Jack?"

The captain started.

"Good heavens!" he cried. "Who are you?"

"I am Theo!" she said, holding out her hands. "Oh, Jack, Jack! It is you! I am not Miss Bains, I merely assumed that name because—because I was ashamed to use my own."

"But—but, stammered the captain, "they told me you had died in New Orleans!"

"I was the only one who escaped. They all died before me, and I was sent to the hospital. There were so many dead—oh, it was horrible and there was such confusion, that I was reported dead with the rest of the family. When I got well, I wrote to you again and again, but got no answer.

"I was transferred from San Marcial," the captain hastened to say. "They sent me to Bolivia. Your letters must have gone astray. Oh, my little sister! Theo, thank God!"

Clasped in each other's arms they told their stories over again, and Louis De Vere shared in the joy of their meeting.

Captain Mabyn had made a vast fortune in Bolivia.

"You shall never be obliged to do anything again," he said, with emotion, when Theo told him of her struggle with poverty and degredation. "Poor little girl!"

"But you cannot break your contract with me," said De Vere, who was afraid of losing his "Pysche."

Theo smiled, and put her hand in his.

"You are my brother's friend," she said warmly. "I shall be glad to pose for you whenever you wish it."

De Vere was enchanted, and he went to work at his picture, wild with enthusiasm.

It showed that his soul was in it, for when finished, it secured him the famous academy prize.

Moreover when the sittings were done, he had found out that his model's beauty had taken root in his heart.

"I cannot live without, Theo," he said.

And she answered, with a soft light in her eyes: "It is not required of you."

The Idle Lawyer.

It was a capital hit and well delivered, fall between the eyes. It sent the recipient, a gaudily-dressed fop, spinning into the gutter, much to the detriment of his fine apparel; and served him right for insulting an unprotected girl, whose hurried steps and timid manner betrayed her uneasiness at being alone on the streets at such an hour.

Having done his duty in the premises and waiting to see the bespattered coxcombs pick himself up gracefully and slink away abashed and cowed Ned Armour turned to see what had become of his protege.

She stood trembling, as though fright had arrested her steps. Her pale face, on which the light of a neighboring lamp chanced to fall, was of surpassing beauty; and Ned, being a knight as gallant as brave, begged permission to see her safe home.

In a sweet, gentle voice, with a slightly foreign tinge, she accepted the offer and the two walked off together, for the most part silently.

"Will you not come in, sir?" said the girl, stopping at the door of a plain looking house. "My father, I am sure, will wish to thank you for the kind service you have rendered. He is an invalid, and it was an errand to procure him some necessaries that took me out to-night."

Ned accepted the invitation, and that was the beginning of his acquaintance with M. Bertrand and his charming daughter Marie.

Ned Armour was the junior of a law firm which his uncle, Mr. Banting was the head. He had little love for the profession, but had entered into it to please his uncle, to whom he owed everything, his rearing included. It is safe to say that after the adventure just related he spent two evenings in the society of Marie and her father, to one passed with Coke & Blackstone.

M. Bertrand was an old soldier of the first Empire, who, with the fall of his chief, had lost all; and driven into exile with his infant child, he had wandered from country to country in hope to mend his fortune. Now, his daughter and himself had no other dependance the earnings of the former, who turned to the best account she could her proficiency in music by giving private lessons.

Ned wold gladly have assisted his friends from his own purse, had he known how to do so without giving offense to the proud old soldier.

"I've been thinking of a wife for you," said Ned's uncle one morning, as the two sat together in the senior's private office.

"So have I," replied Ned.

"Ahem!" returned the uncle.

"I've picked one out for you," he continued.

"I've picked one out for myself," said Ned, "that is provided I can obtain her consent."

"The deuce you have!" exclaimed the head of the firm, who had always regarded the question as one within his own exclusive jurisdiction.

There is no knowing to what a pitch the discussion would have reached but for the entrance of two gentlemen, who came to consult Mr. Banting.

A Frenchman, a stranger, it seems, had died suddenly while on a visit to the city some years before, leaving a large sum of money. One of the two gentlemen present had been appointed trustee of the fund, and the other claimed to be next kin to the deceased, whose cousin he asserted himself to be.

"The deceased spoke of having a brother," said the trustee "in search of whom he is traveling."

"Yes, his brother Antoine," said the other, "who absconded from his country years ago, and of whose death I have ample proofs."

The papers were submitted to Mr. Banting, who promised to examine them and give his opinion next day, at which time if everything was regular, the money was to be turned over to the claimant.

It wasn't often that Ned paid much attention to the business of the office; but the mention of certain names during the colloquy caused him to prick up his ears while seemingly busy with the morning paper, and five minutes later he was running at full speed to the house of his friends, the Bertrands.

At the appointed hour next morning the same two gentlemen came to hear Mr. Banting's decision. Ned as before had the morning paper before him, but kept a sharp ear turned.

"These papers appear to be all right," observed Mr. Banting. I have scrutinized them carefully, and find nothing wanting."

"Then it only remains to pay over the money, I suppose," said the heir expectant, rubbing his hands.

"Nothing more," replied Mr. Banting.

The trustee produced his accounts, showing the sum on hand, which had been largely enhanced by accuring interest, and was begining to draw a check for the amount, when Ned Armour threw aside his paper and strode forward.

"Don't be too fast?" he exclaimed.

It was the first time Ned ever interfered in a business consulation, and his uncle looked up surprised.

"Why, what do you know about it?" asked the latter.

"I've a witness in my private room I think you'd better examine before proceeding further," answered Ned. "Wait a moment and I'll bring him." Ned stepped out and returned immediately, escorting an infirm old man, whose eye flashed as it fell on the cowering countenance of the would-be-heir.

"Tell these gentlemen who you are," said Ned, though one of them doesn't seem to need the information.

"I am Antoine Bertrand," replied the old man proudly, "the brother and heir of him on whose fortune this base wretch sacks to lay his lawless grasp. It was this villain, when the star of my illustrious chief went down at Waterloo, who through perjury and falsehood, drove me into exile, and received as the reward of his perjury, my entire wealth. The proofs be now presents are as false as those he manufactured then, but I have the documents here which will leave no doubt as to my right."

The false heir did not remain to see inspected the packet of papers which the old man presented. Suffice it to say, they were found in all respects correct. Marie Bertrand was now a match for the wealthiest man in the land, and when Ned told his uncle that it was she whom he had picked out for a wife, the old gentleman didn't object; neither did Marie nor her father; and Ned Armour lived for many years, happiest of husbands.

In Brief, and to the Point.

Dyspepsia is dreadful. Disordered liver is misery. Indigestion is a foe to good nature.

The human digestive apparatus is one of the most complicated and wonderful things in existence. It is easily put out of order.

Greasy food, tough food, sloppy food, bad cookery, mental worry, late hours, irregular habits, and many other things which ought not to be, have made the American people a nation of dyspeptics.

But Green's August Flower has done a wonderful work in reforming this sad business and making the American people so healthy that they can enjoy their meals and be happy.

Remember:—No happiness without health. But Green's August Flower brings health and happiness to the dyspeptic. Ask your druggist for a bottle. Seventy-five cents.

Jars of Stored Electricity.

The time is not far distant when we will have wagons driving around with casks and jars of stored electricity, just as we have milk and bread wagons at present. The house of the future will be constructed with the view of containing electric apparatus for lighting, power and cooking purposes. The arrangements will be of such a character that houses can be supplied with enough stored electricity to last twenty-four hours. All that the man with the cask will have to do will be to drive up to the back door, detach the cask left the day before, replace it with a new one, and then go to the next house and do likewise.

The Leaders in Oregon.

J. K. Bolton, Druggist, Ashland, Oregon, writes as follows in regard to the Gilmore Remedies:—"I am very much pleased with your medicines. They give fine satisfaction. The Magnetic Elixir is one of my leaders; the Aromatic Wine is a very excellent article; and the Pile Specific and Neuralgia Cure are all you claim for them. Among the hundreds of remedies for affections of the throat and lungs there is none that equals Gilmores Magnetic Elixir. In all cases of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis, asthma, etc., it affords instant and gratifying relief.

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.

"Do you know the nature of an oath, ma'am?" inquired the judge. "Well, I reckon I orter," was the reply; "My husbad drives a canal boat."

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

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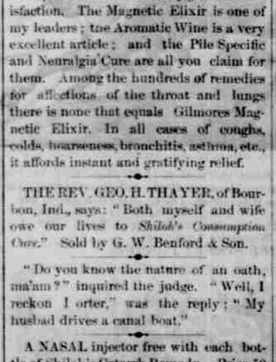

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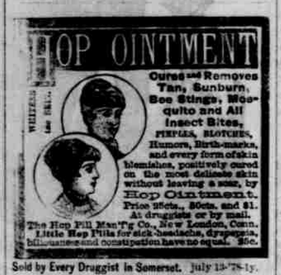

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The Gypsy Kettle Stick.

While the tent, as typical of the home shelter, has clinging to it specifically a world of lore, ballad and song, the thing among the gypsies embodying the very essence of the home belongings and the tender love and superstitions attaching to them is the kettle stick. I could fill a book with sayings and superstitions about it. Where the kettle stick is there is the gypsy hearthside, the inglenook, the very home shrine itself. Perhaps best illustrative of this was my visit to the home of a gypsy friend in Philadelphia last winter. The husband and boys were away on a winter trading tour in the south, and I found the old mother a cripple who could travel but little with her band alone. We together cooked a famous meal at the queer fireplace of the ancient ramshackle house. All the old belongings were in that fireplace, but my hostess used none of them. She had set the loved kettle stick on the quaint brickwork, and the fire and all were arranged and used precisely as upon the road. I noticed this as a most interesting little expression of the gypsy home sentiment and while eating carelessly inquired:

"Mother, why don't you use that splendid fireplace, with the andirons and crane for cooking?"

"Bless hus!" she exclaimed, as if caught in some poor weakness, "Hit's like in stardie (prison) here. Hi jess get up the stick campwise like, 'n' w'n Hi bends o'er the fire that-a-way, hit's like Hi was wi' my own people 'mong the tents. The ol' tree out yon's great comfort betimes, likeaways."—Edgar L. Wakeman.

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Homer was the son of a farmer.

Demosthenes was the son of a cutler.

Milton was the son of a money scrivener.

Oliver Cromwell was the son of a brewer.

Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher.

Shakespeare was the son of a wool-stapler.

Christopher Columbus was the son of a weaver.

Daniel DeFoe was a hosier, and the son of a butcher.

Robert Burns was the son of a plowman in Ayrshire.

Whitfield was the son of an innkeeper at Gloucester.

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.

I HAVE BEEN a great sufferer from catarrh for over ten years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep—had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the one medicine above all others made to cure catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is cur ign my deafness—B. W. Sperry, Hartford Conn.

"My little cat" is a favorite term of endearment with Frenchmen. A Frenchman, however, who applied it to his Yankee sweetheart found that he had stroked the fur the wrong way.

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

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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.

"What can be worse, said an exasperated husband in the middle of the night, "than a teething baby?" "You are, John, when you have the tooth-ache," responded the wife.

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.

A poet sent to an editor a contribution entitled, "Why do I live?" The editor answered, "Because you sent your contributions by mail instead of bringing them."

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Children feel the debility of the changing seasons, even more than adults, and they become cross, peevish, and uncontrollable. The blood should be cleansed and the system invigorated by the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Last Spring my two children were vaccinated. Soon after, they broke all out with running sores, so dreadful I thought I should lose them. Hood's Sarsaparilla cured them completely; and they have been healthy ever since. I do feel that Hood's Sarsaparilla saved my children to me." MRS. C. L. THOMPSON, West Warren, Mass.

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

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"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 159 Bank Street, New York City.

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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.

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER on file in Philadelphia at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents, REMINGTON BROS. who will contract for advertising at lowest rates.

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.

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.

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	230	6 55
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Ursina	24	80
Somerset to Confluence	28	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 80
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

The fare to Philadelphia is $9.34, and to New York, $11.60.

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	5:55 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	10:54 a m		
Somerset	11:06 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 & Cambria at Rockwood.

On Sundays this train will run two hours late from Rockwood to Somerset, and five hours late from Somerset to Johnstown.

SOMERSET ACCOMMODATION—No. 95. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Baltimore	10:00 a m	SOMERSET	6:00 p m
Pittsburgh	1:10 p m		
Rockwood	5:30 p m		
Milford	5:45 p m		

Passengers for Somerset from the east and west on the Pittsburgh Division, change cars at Rockwood.

SOUTH-BOUND TRAINS.

BALTIMORE MAIL—No. 92. *

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	7:55 a m	Rockwood	9:35 a m
Bethel	8:31 a m	Cumberland	12:20 p m
Hooversville	8:46 a m	Washington	4:30 p m
Stoystown	9:06 a m	Baltimore	5:20 p m
Geiger	9:25 a m	Pittsburgh	2:00 p m
SOMERSET	9:31 a m		
Milford	9:42 a m		

Passengers for points east and west change cars at Rockwood.

On Sundays this train will run twenty minutes late from Johnstown to Rockwood.

ACCOMMODATION—No. 94. *

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	2:30 p m	Rockwood	4:10 p m
Bethel	3:05 p m	Cumberland	7:15 p m
Hooversville	3:20 p m	Pittsburgh	8:30 p m
Stoystown	3:32 p m	Washington	7:20 a m
Geiger	3:57 p m	Baltimore	8:30 a m
SOMERSET	4:05 p m		
Milford	4:16 p m		

Passengers for east and west change cars at Rockwood.

On Sundays this train will run three hours and fifteen minutes late from Johnstown to Rockwood

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96. †

Leaves		Arrives	
SOMERSET	8:15 p m	Rockwood	9:40 p m
Milford	8:27 p m		

Passengers leaving on this train can make connection at Rockwood with night Express trains east and west.

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—PITTSBURGH DIVISION.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Tough & Cumberl'd Ex.	Mail.	Express.
Pittsburgh	1:10 p. m.	7.20 a. m.	9:20 p. m.
Braddock	1:33 "	7:40 "	.....
Jacksonport	1:46 "	7:49 "	9:52 "
West Newton	2:23 "	..... "	10:25 "
Broad Ford	3:20 "	..... "	.....
Connellsville	3:35 "	9:00 "	11:15 "
Ohio Pyle	4:18 "	9:34 "	.....
Confluence	4:42 "	9:55 "	12:18 a. m.
Ursina	4:46 "	10:00 "	.....
Casselman	5:10 "	10:24 "	.....
Rockwood	5:20 "	10:33 "	12:35 "
Garrett	5:37 "	10:48 "	.....
Salisbury Junc.	5:47 "	10:56 "	.....
Meyersdale	5:53 "	10:60 "	1:20 "
Keystone	6:15 "	11:24 "	.....
Sand Patch	5:59 "	12:08 "	1:30 "
Southampton	6:29 "	"	.....
Fairhope	6:32 "	11:39 "	.....
Hyndman	6:42 "	11:50 "	.....
Cumberland	7:15 "	12:20 p. m.	2:45 "
Washington	.....	4:20 "	7.30 "
Baltimore (arrive)	.....	5:20	8.30 "

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Cumberl'd Ex.	Mail.	Express
Baltimore	..... a. m.	10:00 a. m.	7:45 p. m.
Washington	..... "	10:55 "	8:55 "
Cumberland	8:00 "	3:35 p. m.	1:20 a. m.
Hyndman	8:35 "	4:12 "	1:50 "
Fairhope	8:48 "	4:41 "	.....
Southampton	8:52 "	"	.....
Sand Patch	9:19 "	4:47 "	2:42 "
Keystone	9:23 "	4:51 "	.....
Meyersdale	9:50 "	4:27 "	2:53 "
Salisbury Junc.	9:53 "	4:30 "	.....
Garrett	9:40 "	4:40 "	3:06 "
Rockwood	9:55 "