THE DEATH OF BLUCHER.

After the events through which the map of Europe was completely altered in 1815, the Prussian Field Marshal Blucher, the savior of Wellington at Waterloo, and whom nobody liked because of his rudeness and brutality, was put on the retired lists. Disheartened by his removal and reduced to inaction and obscurity, he left Berlin and went to reside in his castle situated in Pomerania. Soon he fell into a deep melancholy, rendered more intense by dropsy and inflammation of the chest. A strange change in his character took place. That rough soldier became timid, even poltroon. He would not remain alone in the darkness; solitude threw him into singular anguishes. His state of health was reported to the king, who esteemed and loved him a great deal. The monarch having heard that at several times the Marshal had expressed the wish of seeing him once more before he died, resolved to visit him.

Leaving Berlin in the morning, the King of Prussia arrived in Krieblowitz early in the evening. Immediately he was conducted to Blucher's room. The sick man, aged 74 years, was reclining on a sofa placed before a large chimney, in which enormous logs of wood were burning. Their flames illuminated the room and cast mobile and red reflections on the features of the old man wrapped up in bearskin. At the entrance of his sovereign in his apartment, Blucher tried to rise out of respect for his august visitor, who prevented him from doing so. The king took a chair and sat by the side of the Marshal.

Blucher ordered to be left alone with his master. When every one had left the room he said:

"Sire, I have humbly requested your majesty to come here, in this castle of Krieblowitz; rather than not see you I would have gone to Berlin myself, although I am dying. I have a secret to confide to your majesty, a terrible one. Will my king allow me to speak?"

"Certainly, my dear Marshal."

"Before listening to my narrative, sire, look at me well. Assure yourself that I am in the full possession of my senses and that I am not a lunatic. Sometimes I believe to be on the verge of insanity; and I doubt if I am not taking yesterday's vision for a remembrance of days gone by. But no!" he added, drawing a gold bracelet from his pocket, "no, all is true, all is real, and I am sure of what I am saying.

"Listen to me, your majesty:

"When, in 1756, the Seven Years' War began, my father, who inhabited his castle of Gross Renzow, sent me to the manor of our relatives, situated in Rugen Island. After a while the Russian government offered me the grade of cornet in the Black Hussars regiment. I accepted of a furlough to afford me the opportunity of paying a visit to my family, that I had not seen for months. A leave of absence was granted to me.

"On my way to Gross Renzow I found all that part of the Mecklenburg horribly devastated. Arriving about four miles from home I became aware that my carriage could not ascend the new steepy road conducting to the house of my ancestors. I abandoned it, and pursued my journey on horseback, followed by one of my servants.

"It was fifty-nine years ago this very day, the 12th of August, and at the hour indicated now by this antique clock—half past eleven. A dreadful tempest shook the trees, the flashes of lightning blinded me and the reports of thunder deafened me; the rain was pouring. After galloping quite awhile in the forest I arrived before the castle alone; my servant had lost his way through the inclemency of the weather.

"Without dismounting I knocked at the door with my whip. Nobody answered my call that I repeated three times without being answered. Out of patience I alighted from my horse, ascended the stoop and entered the castle. No light, no noise anywhere. I avow that my heart went to my throat and a chill crept through my body.

"What foolishness! thought I; the castle is deserted; my family has gone to the city. No matter, as I am here, I must arrange myself as well as possible.

"And I crossed a hall and went to my father's room. A fire half extinguished was smoking in the chimney; by its faint light I saw my father, my mother and my four sisters, seated around the fireplace; they rose when they perceived me. I ran to kiss my father; he stopped me with a gesture; I extended my arms to my mother; she fell back with a sad motion of the head. I called my sisters, each separately; they took each other by the hand without answering me. Then the whole of them returned to their seats.

"'Do not you know me any more?' exclaimed I. 'Is it like this a family ought to receive a son and a brother? Have you already heard of my entrance in the Russian service? I could not refuse. Remember that the first thing I do is to come and inform you of my action. What! my father, you do not speak? My mother, you keep silent? Have you forgotten, my sisters, our mutual tenderness and the plays of our childhood—those plays that this place has witnessed so often?

At those last words my sisters appeared to be moved. They spoke low, rose and signaled me to approach. One of them knelt before my mother as if she wanted to play a game in which the players strike each other. Surprised with this strange fancy in a moment so solemn, I touched the hand of my sister with the end of my whip. A mysterious force attracted me.

"When my time came to kneel before my mother and to put my head on her lap—oh, horror! I felt a form angular and cold under her silk dress. I heard a sharp noise like the rattling of bones, and then a hand met mine; that hand rested in it. It was a skeleton's hand. I uttered a cry of terror. They were human remains that I shook convulsively.

"Out of myself, and with a disturbed mind, I ran away from this awful castle; in the yard I found my horse; I mounted and departed at a furious pace. At the break of the day my steed fell dead, and my servant found me, senseless, lying under the animal. I was at the point of death for over three weeks. When I recovered my health I learned that my family had perished, victims of this pitiless Seven Years' War, and that our manor had been pillaged and ransacked many times.

"I returned to Gross Renzow. I wanted to pay the last duties to my family and to give a decent burial to those I loved so dearly. Notwithstanding the most minute researches, I was unable to find their sacred remains. Alone, a hand, a woman's hand holding a gold bracelet, was picked up on the floor in my father's room, the same room where the fatal vision appeared to me. I took that bracelet, this very one, and the hand was buried in the chapel of the castle.

"Many years passed. Two months ago I was asleep on this sofa when I was awakened by a slight noise. I opened my eyes, and saw distinctly my father, my mother and my four sisters standing before me; my sisters took each other by the hand and motioned me to join them.

"'No, no! never!' cried I.

"Then the ghosts, clasping their hands, began to turn slowly around me.

"'Justice,' said my father passing before me.

"'Penance, murmured my mother, inclining her sad face towards me.

"'Prayer,' said the younger sister.

"'Sword,' sighed another.

"'Twelfth of August,' said the third.

"And the last one repeated:

"'Twelfth of August at midnight.'

"And again they turned around me, uttering the same words, then they vanished repeating:

"'Good-by! Good-by! The Twelfth of August at midnight!'

"I comprehended that my life work was to be accomplished soon, and nothing more was to be done by me but to recommend my soul to God and my family to your majesty.

"'My dear Marshal,' replied the king, 'what you have related to me is certainly very extraordinary. Perhaps fever and delirium have something to do with those visions. Courage; take courage; fight against those hallucinations and have good hope. You shall regain your health and you will live many long years. Do you not believe me? Yes, is it not? Give me your hand.'

And as Blucher did not answer, the king of Prussia seized his hand.

It was already cold and rigid!

Midnight struck by the antique clock in the parlor.

Field Marshal Blucher, the savior of Wellington at Waterloo, was dead.

How The United States Won and Lost an Island Group.

The King of Denmark . . . consented on 24th of October, 1867, to a solemn treaty for the sale of his West Indian islands to the United States. Ratification was made by stipulation to be contingent on the favorable vote of the West Indian subjects. . . . The 9th of January was appointed for casting the vote. The inhabitants recall it now as the brightest holiday the quaint town has ever witnessed. Rejoicings with guns and ringing bells, accompanied the ceremony, which was furthermore cheered and enlivened by processions and serenades. Star-spangled banners floated from every roof and tower, while in the decorations American blue was substituted for Danish scarlet. The stars and stripes waved over the cross of Denmark, and "Hail Columbia" became by repetition, echoed from the surrounding hills, as familiar as "King Christain," the Danish national hymn.

The ballot cast was declared unanimous in favor of annexation to the United States, there being but twenty-two votes cast against it in St. Thomas, and not one dissenting voice at St. John.

Other independent states have adopted the American republican system, and by so doing have justly claimed special right to our sympathy and protection. The first case on record, however, in which a prosperous, peaceful, loyal, and contented community has freely and without the prospective of special commercial gain, voted away its natural allegiance and adopted a totally different rule, is that of the Danish West Indians voting themselves American citizens by joyous acclamation. The record of another national conquest, so proud and peaceful, does not exist in all history, and it is incomprehensible that no response should ever have been made to it by the nation to whom this matchless tribute of confidence and a lmiration was so gratuitously paid.

Denmark was now irrevocably committed to the transaction, and could show no reason for withholding the last acts of consummation.

When the news of the vote reached Copenhagen the Rigslag ratified the treaty without debate, and the king, on January 31, 1868, as promptly signed it. . .

Meantime the fierce political storm was raging at Washington, and no notice was taken of the treaty, recommended to the consideration of the Senate by a presidential message weeks before. The instrument itself lay buried in a drawer of Mr. Sumner's table, in the Foreign Relations Committee-room. . . .

It is now known that in March, 1870, Committee on Foreign Relations, Senator Sumner at its head, indorsed the one word "Adversely" on the St. Thomas treaty, and recommended "Suspension of action" in regard to it. The matter was never brought before the Senate, and may be said to have been "smothered" in committee. . . .

It has been asserted that the friendly relations between the United States and Denmark were impaired from this moment. How far this is true cannot be known without rare penetration into the silent dignity with which the sturdy Danish people have borne the bitterness of unavenged wrong, and the calm reserve which has characterized all intercourse between that small but indomitable state with America since the course of the United States in this transaction was fully known and comprehended.—*Scribner's Magazine for November.*

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.

Presidential Vetoes.

Reviewing the past, it is not easy to find instances where a veto has worked anything approaching irreparable harm, or where the President exercising it may not be regarded as acting in harmony with his convictions and political principles, certainly with his sincere prejudices. On the ot ser hand, Grant's opportune veto of the Senate Currency Bill was one of the essential steps in that splendid financial policy which saved the nation from the perils of irredeemable paper money and strengthened its credit beyond all precedent in history. Seven times did President Hayes, one of the least popular and most meritorious of the presidential line, interpose his veto when Congress, with a hostile majority, undertook to starve the executive into submission by insisting on accompanying every appropriation for the maintenance of the government with riders removing the safeguards that had been thrown around elections in the reconstructed southern States. These vetoes, like Andrew Johnson's veto of the Tenure of Civil Office Bill, which became a law notwithstanding his objections, are interesting examples of what the framers regarded as the first and most important function of the veto, to wit, resistance to the encroachments of the legislative power—a power against which they, mindful of the tyranny of majorities, especially attempted to guard, by resorting to all sorts of checks, such as two congressional branches differing in their constituencies, numbers and lengths of term; such also as the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court over cases arising under the Constitution and laws of the United States, and especially by lodging a limited veto in the President.

It is a power which is likely to be exercised more and more freely than at first. The delicacy with which the early Presidents resorted to it is a thing of the past. Even grim Jackson pales before Johnson, his brother Tennessean, in the number and obstinacy of his vetoes. The latter, and also Hayes, Grant and Arthur exercised the power freely, and all on the broadest possible grounds—often on the bald ground that there was "no necessity for" the measure proposed; again, as when there was question of the admission of Colorado or Nebraska as a State, that the time had not come when for the people of the Territory its admission was wise, not in their opinion, but the President's; or again, that the proposed bill was injurious to the banking system. As the business of the country increases, as legislation piles up its bills still higher, and as the whole social and political network grows more complicated in its demands and conflict of interests and its multiplicity of interferences, more and more will be the necessity of cutting Gordian knots with the swift, sharp edge of a single blow, and of having an executive brave enough to take the responsibility of interposing his veto in order to secure the sober second legislative thought, yet wise enough to do so only when the essential interests of the people justify the wielding of so keen a weapon, but not its dulling with too frequent use in cutting stubble.—*Ex-Governor Long, in the Forum for November.*

Wasgington Letter.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Oct. 31, 1887.

The Chicago Anarchists have had their hearing before the Supreme Court on petition for a writ of error. Their case has been presented in its best legal aspect and is now under solemn and deliberate consideration of the Court, who doubtless will render decision by Thursday of this week. All surmises as to that decision are worthless, and all we can do is to await patiently the result. Local opinion, however is very strong that these wretched men fully deserve the severest fate.

Cleveland contributes $1000 and Lamont $250 to the campaign fund in New York. With this example at the White House, the department officials feel safe in doing likewise, and the consequence is that a good round sum goes to that State for partisan purposes. If there are any merits in the Civil Service Law, it will be hard to discover them after a little more strangling.

The President says in his Thanksgiving Proclamation, that every path of honest toil has led to comfort and contentment, but hundreds of Union soldiers and widows who have been discharged from the Government Printing Office for no reason but to give place to confederates and partisans, discover little beauty in such a heartless sentiment.

The Republican party has always favored a cheap postal system. To Republicans alone we are indebted for the present rates. Representative Cannon, of Illinois, is entitled to more credit than any other man, for this great blessing. He now proposes to reduce letter postage to one cent, and will press this winter his measure with the hope of success. If Congress had more such practical men, there would be far less ground for complaint.

I had a talk yesterday with Senator Cullom, of Illinois, who is really the father of the Inter-State Commerce Bill. He says the Commission is giving a rather rigid construction to the law, but on the whole he believes it is working well, and with some modifications which he will propose in the early part of the session, with confident expectation of approval, he thinks the law will become popular and will be thoroughly endorsed by the people. By the way, some of the Senator's friends say there is a Presidential bee buzzing around his ear. The Republican party is blessed with an abundance of good Presidential material, and Gov. Cullom is among the number who sit in the front row.

There will be a complete re-organization of Senate Committees this winter, and possibly a change in the subordinate official list. Secretary McCook does not give the best satisfaction, and Sergeant at Arms Kennedy has an admirable faculty of alienating friends. There will be some loud talk about these two gentlemen at the first caucus meeting of the Republican Senators.

From a mass of information that I have gathered from the records in the Bureau of Statistics, I summarize for this letter the following interesting items, which possess special value at this time, as each of the subjects touched upon are questions of great public discussion, and will be prominent at this winter's session.

The United States has 101,684 men, and 6,000 vessels engaged in fishing industry. The annual fish catch of the world so far as calculated by civilized governments, amounts to 1,500,000 tons. This by careful calculation, I compute to be equal to 150,000 car loads, which would make a train 910 miles long.

The annual consumption of beer in this country amounts to 609,765,346 gallons, at a cost to the consumer of $304,852,438. That of distilled spirits is 74,673,429 gallons, at a cost of 337,500,000. The use of distilled spirits is gradually decreasing while that of beer is increasing.

Nearly all the sugar produced in the United States is made in Louisiana, and amounts this year to 145,000 hogsheads, or about one twelfth of what we consume. Seven other States produce sugar, but in small quantities, and chiefly for local consumption. We are the largest consumers of sugar per capita in the world, and it takes 1,389,125 tons this year to supply us.

The total number of sheep in the United States was, in 1886, 48,322,331, and in 1887, 44,759,314, being a decrease of 3,562,018, in one year, but taking the past twelve years together there is an increase of 10,975,914. California, Ohio and Texas rank the highest, having nearly 5,000,000 each. Kansas and Colorado are increasing more rapidly than any other States in this industry. For the year ending June 30, we imported 107,000,000 pounds of wool, at a cost of $16,000,000.

A writer in the Scientific American says that in experiences in Colorado and Utah he never saw an Indian with a cold. He concluded that it is our hot rooms which give us colds.

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Leading Chemists & physicians say "no plasters have ever been made which for medicinal Value begins to equal the ATHLOPHOROS PLASTERS" For Strains, pain in back, side or chest, for Weakness, colds &c. they are worth their weight in gold. Ask your druggist for them.

Send 6 cents for a beautiful colored picture, size 16 by 20 inches, "Moorish Girl." ATHLOPHOROS CO. 172 Wall St. New York.

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This book contains 480 pages; is 8½ inches long, 6 inches wide and 2 inches thick. It is printed on extra heavy paper, and is handsomely bound, with embossed cover and gilt-lettered back. It is different from all other works of the kind. *EVERY FAMILY NEEDS IT.*

It teaches those who have it how to tell what the matter is when a person gets sick.

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Don't fail to avail yourself of this offer, which holds good until January 1st, 1888.

Where the book is sent by mail, 20 cents must accompany the order for postage.

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Penn Avenue Stores.

No Summer Dress Cambrics to be carried over, the entire stock to be sold out quickly, we mean this, as evidence read further.

Fine French suitings,
Plaids,
Camel-hair Mixtures,
Checks, Stripes,

Goods that were imported to sell at $1.00, $1.25 and $1.50; to-day we offer ALL of them at the two prices,

50 AND 75 CENTS

a yard. They are fine Dress Goods, remember, perfect, and this season's goods; they can't linger at these half and less than half prices. As to how many, It's neither here nor there; we want you to remember the fact that these goods are to be sold quickly, the prices insure that, and then again that these are the finest and choicest goods ever sold at these mark-down prices of 50 and 75 cents a yard.

Now, then, in the same room, near the door, we offer more August mark-downs, all-wool goods at 30 cents, all-wool goods at 25 cents; then, biggest of all; one lot of 52-inch Suitings, light mixtures and checks, at 50 cents a yards, were 75 cents and $1.00 a yard. You cannot duplicate these Dress Goods bargains.

36-inch All-wool Serges, were 60 and 65 cents, at 50 cents.

Then some Plaids and Checks, were 75 cents, now 40 cents.

Wool Nun's Veilings, 50 cts., now 26 cents.

38-inch All-wool Suitings, were 50 cents, now at 25 cents.

Some light shades in All-wool Khyber Clothes, down to 38 cents from 50 to 75.

Some Striped Khyber Suitings, light colored, now at 20 cents a yard.

Some plain Etamines, delicate shades, 15 cents, were 25 cents.

Printed Challis, 20-cent goods, down to 12½ cents.

Each lot specified here is worth while seeing, as these fabrics are new and choice and suitable for wearing now and into the early Fall. This is our "clean sweep" August Dress Goods Sale.

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Pittsburgh. - Pa.

oct5-1y

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 amendment is proposed to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in accordance with the provisions of 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 Joints Resolution.

CHARLES W. STONE, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER

on file in PITTSBURGH at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents, REMINGTON BROS., who will contract for advertising at lowest rates.

Care of a Tramp's Hands.

"One of the essential points of success in my profession," said a dilapidated old tramp who was talking to a reporter from behind the bars of one of the cells in the city jail recently, "is to keep the hands in good order. You don't understand what I mean, eh? What I mean by keeping the hands in good order is this: Of course, in tramping from town to town, a man is liable to be arrested for vagrancy at any time. He must tell a story of how he has just been thrown out of work and is looking for employment, which, as yet, he has not been able to find. In nine cases out of ten the judge will ask him to show up his hands, and when he does produce them they must be horny and toilworn. Catch on, do you?"

"So you see it is a part of my business to keep my hands looking as though they belonged to a man who was accustomed to work 365 days in the year. For the purpose I carry with me this small stick of hickory wood, which is round and very smooth. Abot twice a day I take it between my palms and rub them so that the friction will make them hard and callous. In that way, you see, I produce the 'real result' with very little trouble and annoyance. There is a bottle of brown liquid which I use occasionally for staining the back part of my hands a beautiful sunbrown color, and there you are. When I show my hands and the judge see's that I am a hard working man, thrown out of employment by the strikes, what can he do but believe me. The trick has saved me many a day in jail, and I flatter myself is a strictly original idea, though it is spreading rapidly. The profession, you see, is beginning to realize that it will never do to show up to a hardhearted police judge a pair of lily-white hands."

Everywhere the Same.

Wherever Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir is introduced it leads all other remedies for the cure of coughs, colds, hoarseness, bronchitis and all affections of the throat and lungs. It will relieve the worst case of asthma in one minute. Regular physicians endorse it as a first class specific for the purposes for which it is prepared. Bernard Salisbury, of Humphrey Centre, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., writes:—"I have tried it in my family and find it splendid. We keep it constantly on hand and would not keep house without it." At this season of the year all persons are liable to a cold, which one or two small doses of Gilmore's Magnetic Elixir will relieve at once.

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

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.

Sabbath Laws.

There are indications that Pennsylvania, and other States as well, are soon to be the theatre of an earnest controversy and struggle over the question whether or not our historic Sabbath laws shall be retained on our statute books. There are signs of a remarkable revival of interest and conviction on the side of a Sabbath carefully observed. The great cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Washington, besides many smaller places, have witnessed thorough and exact enforcement of the laws, especially against the saloons, within the past few months. It has been proved beyond doubt—what has often been denied—that even in these great centres of population it is possible to enforce the law against the sale of liquor on the first day of the week, and that the only question is whether or not the officials are willing and determined to enforce it. This is a lesson which the people are not likely soon to forget.

During the past year, as for a few years previous, special attention has been turned to this subject by a concert of prayer, during the first week of April, for the better observance everywhere of the Lord's Day, and by sermons at the same time, as far as possible, in the Christian pulpits. It is noteworthy also, that more books on the subject of the Sabbath have been issued by American publishers within the last five years than for twenty-five years before, and that all these volumes uphold the authority and permanent obligation of the weekly day of rest.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has made Sabbath Observance one of its more than forty distinct departments of work, with superintendents in nearly every State and Territory. The almost one thousand Unions in Pennsylvania can hardly fail to be felt as a living power in the agitation which seems to be impending upon this question.

The latest style of Dude is wildly, devotely, and intensely English in every particular except one. Having still a faint glimmering of brains left, he still cures his colds with Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

The Latest on The Dude.

A pretty specimen of this class was paying court to the daughter of a clergyman. He was invited to dine at the house, and the young lady assured him that he had better prepare himself to return thanks at the dinner table, as her father always asked his guests to do so.

"I really cawnt. I couldn't do it, ye knaw."

"But must," said his sweetheart, "or your chances are gone."

"Ah, well, I will twy, but I'll make an awful mess of it, ye knaw."

Dinner time came and the clergyman politely called upon the young man to return thanks, as the young lady had predicted. He gave a desparing glance at his sweetheart, folded his hands and said:

"Ah there! Jesus. Awfully jolly spread. Thanks, awfully?"

There was no marriage.—*Truth.*

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.

CATARRH.—For twenty years I was a sufferer from catarrh of the head and throat. By a few applications of Ely's Cream Balm I received decided benefit—was cured by one bottle.—Charlotte Parker, Waverly, N. Y.

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 brave man is an inspiration to the weak, and compels them, as it were, to follow him.

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

Every man has follies, and oftentimes they are the most interesting things he has got.

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

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

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA

The importance of purifying the blood cannot be overestimated, for without pure blood you cannot enjoy good health.

At this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize, and enrich the blood, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is worthy your confidence. It is peculiar in that it strengthens and builds up the system, creates an appetite, and tones the digestion, while it eradicates disease. Give it a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is sold by all druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

Mason & Hamlin

Organs and Pianos.

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	Miles.	Fare.
Somerset to Stoystown	12¾	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	50
Somerset to Bethel	23½	70
Somerset to Johnstown	36	1 10
Somerset to Rockwood	9	30
Somerset to Garrett	15	50
Somerset to Meyersdale	23	70
Somerset to Cumberland	58	2 00
Somerset to Washington