WILD TIGER LILY.

Isolate in her consuming grandeur, creature of a royal blood,
She doth rule, the one unrivaled Cleopatra of the wood.
Something in her regal stature,
In her fierce and fervid nature,
Brings to mind a vivid vision of the Lady of the Nile.
How the splendor of her presence, how her sudden flashing smile
Glorifies the slumbrous spaces of the dusky forest aisle!
And a face of Orient oval, olive browed and midnight eyed,
Looks from flowing, dame-lined draperies in its dark, imperial pride;
While a figure fancy fashions, faultless in its mould and mien,
Supple, sinuous, seductive as some tawny jungle queen.
Then, as though a gathering tempest smote athwart Æolian wires,
All athrill with pride and passion, sad as death, a voice inquires:
"Do you wonder at my Roman? Do you wonder how I died?"

Julia Boynton in Lines and Interlines.

DEFEATING DEATH.

"Good-by, Johnny; take good care of yourself, and come back as soon as you can."

"Good-by, Nellie, dear; don't forget me while I am away."

Their hands warmly pressed each other as their lips would have done had not others been near. Then they separated. Nellie Browning watched the tall straight form of John King until it was lost in the high grass of the prairie, and with a sigh returned to duty.

Never before had the little isolated way station seemed so dull, the click of the telegraph instrument so monotonous. There was literally nothing for her to do after the customary "putting to rights." No train would pass for hours, messages seldom troubled her, she had exhausted her little stock of reading. What could she do to make the hours pass less wearily?

She rested her head upon the keyboard and gave herself to pleasant waking dreams, to mentally following her lover and murmuring aloud of the pictures thought photographed upon her heart.

"It will take John all day to inspect the line to the little wooden Island in the middle of the prairie, and will have to sleep there alone in a log cabin. I wonder if he will think of me all the time as I will of him? How I do wish that I could be with him!"

She blushed crimson as the Indian pinks that splashed the prairie as with blood at the unmaidenly thought and endeavored to fix her attention upon other things. But do what she would her thoughts wandered to her lover, the lack of comfort he would experience, and the happy day when she would have the right to be ever at his side and lie with her head pillowed upon his broad breast at night.

As if the hours had become leaden-footed they crept along. At noon she listlessly ate the lunch she had brought from her farm home; then wished night would hurry along that she might be with her lover, at least in dreams.

Darkness did come after long and weary waiting; her hours of duty had ended and she was preparing to leave when the station was called and she was told in clicking whispers that on account of an extra that was wildcating she would have to remain until midnight.

With the reverse of a pleasant expression on her face and an almost defiant tossing back of her auburn curls she sat down again. The workmen about the station went home and left her alone; the frogs croaked mournfully from a neighboring slough and the wires made weird music as the brisk night wind played upon them. But the experience was new to her, there was nothing to fear and her father would come when the night was done.

Eight, nine, ten passed, and the silence was becoming painful. Something must be done. She failed to remember, being so much oppressed by the lack of society and wondered how Robinson Crusoe could have existed before his man Friday. Then she thought of a female friend who was operator at the next westward station, and nearly dying for some one to talk to, summoned "Sterling."

There was no reply. Try as she would directly she could get none, but utilizing a circuit she was answered and asked:

"What is the matter with the main line?

"Matter enough," was answered, and her trained ear instantly told her the touch was not of a delicate fingered girl, but a heavy-handed man. "The prairie is all on fire between here and Buffalo Heart grove; that is beginning to burn, and when the flames sweep round on your side you'll have to look sharp if they don't catch you napping, my pretty daisy."

At another time she would have closed the key with an angry snap at the impudent familiarity. Now there was room in her brain for only one maddening thought.

John King was sleeping in the cabin in the grove, would be surrounded by fire, be stifled by smoke, be burned to death.

"Prairie round Buffalo Heart grove a sea of flame, line down, bridges over culverts burned probably. Stop all trains at 'X,' she managed to flash back over the wire.

Then she dashed out where all should have been darkness, but was not. For miles earth and sky were illuminated, the roaring of flames could be distinctly heard, their furious leaping distinctly traced, their speed swifter than the greyhound, and their force resistless as a cyclone. Nothing to her now was duty, nothing that it wanted two hours of midnight, nothing that many lives might hang upon her remaining at her post. One life she knew was in danger, and that was to her more than all others in the world.

With flying feet, with a desperate resolve forming in her brain, she hastened homeward, but did not enter the house—dared not for fear of the thwarting of her purpose. As she passed the window she saw her old father nodding in an easy chair, and a satisfied smile parted her lips. For the hidden wealth of the mountain and canyon she would not have him waken.

Well she knew the swiftest and most untiring horse in the stable. That it was one she had never ridden, a young, fiery valuable blue-blooded stallion, she never gave a thought. Speed and courage were the things now to be desired, and all other considerations, even her own safety, were dwarfed into nothingness by them.

With soothing voice and gentle hands the girl led the horse out, bridled, saddled and then mounted. Astonished by her daring, he quietly submitted. The charm of womanhood had easily accomplished what had ever been a difficult task for men. Then, startled by the unusual burden and flapping of skirts about his flank, reared, plunged, pawed the air kicked vigorously and made a desperate effort to unseat the rider. It was unsuccessful. The hands that held the reins, little as they were, had a grip of iron, and the whip left a welt upon the glossy skin.

Madly shaking his head, dashing out with his heels, with the breath whistling through the nostrils, he made a second attempt; shivered as he received a still more stinging blow, then dashed furiously down the road.

The clatter of hoofs disturbed the dreams of the old farmer. He sprang to the window, but only to catch an indistinct vision of something, glanced at the clock, murmured contentedly of having an hour before going for Nellie, and settled himself for another nap.

Little idea had he that his only child and costly steed were indulging in the wildest of races under a sky lighted as by the flames of hell and surrounded by its fire.

The switchman saw the girl as she flew past; saw the swift galloping horse, the rider with her long hair streaming in the wind, the horse as if breathing smoke—saw without recognition, and superstitiously imagined that the ghost of some red child of the wilderness, whose bones had been disturbed in building of the iron track of the pale face, was out for a midnight revel.

For a considerable distance the road was over the undulating prairie, and both horse and rider enjoyed the race; then they were forced upon the ties, and the heavily shod hoofs clattered along the bridges, then they left it and plunged upon a narrow thread of beaten earth, with fire swiftly rushing toward it from either side.

The horse brave and blooded as he was hesitated, as well he might; but the hand of the rider was firm and the whip merciless. A brief hour had transformed the gentle girl into a woman maddened by love and superior danger. The one idea that had taken possession of brain and pulsed heart remained permanent. John King was in danger of being consumed. She must save him or——

And very soon the horse became mad as well. With long and seemingly tireless strides he stretched himself. His dark skin was flecked with foam, his sides were heaving like bellows, like escaping steam his breath was blown, his eyes were red with exertion and his frame troubled with excitement.

On, on they pressed, on thus far in little danger, for the fire was yet at a distance. But every moment it came nearer, nearer closed upon them and blazing sparks fell like rain.

On, on, and the flames leaped upward, and at times closed over their heads; they were rushing as through a tunnel of hissing, roaring fire; it was crowding in upon them, was beneath their feet, was playing in fantastic shapes around and above them.

Mad as the girl was with desire to see her lover, the horrors of the situation were forced upon her brain. She bowed her head to the fiery storm, shielded her face and often extinguished her blazing dress; spoke encouragingly to the horse, patted his quivering neck, used the deep cutting lash, cutting a hundred times more cruelly, for her sides were cracking with the heat and the blood was oozing from the blistered wounds.

On, still on, but more slowly at every stride, with steps less firm and secure, breath more scant, courage less high and pace less swift. Never yet steed that could long bear such fearful strain; never flesh that could resist a prairie fire with hundreds of acres of dry, tall grass and reeds for fuel, fanned by a strong gale.

On! The girl shielded her eyes with her trembling hands, and above the smoke saw the waving of trees. As yet the furious fire had not reached at least, not penetrated them. There was life, safety, and more than all, love. Could she reach them? A scanty half mile yet to be traveled. Instinct, often as clear to discover as mind, told the horse of the situation as clearly as her eyes. She called upon him, and he answered; she bowed to the saddle, she shut her eyes and then!

The flames swirled round, they were wrapped as in a winding sheet of them; the red, forked tongues touched them with blistering kisses, the wind roared through the gigantic furnace, the earth was hot beneath, the air burning above; deer, wolf, and every creeping thing were outfooted in the race, were beaten down by a swift death, and how could they possibly escape?

On! Between them and the sheltering trees but a few rods remained; but a few feet. Could they be overcome? Voice and lash urged the noble horse on. He struggled to obey, but his efforts were becoming feebler, his heart was beating slow, the iron-muscled limbs were fast becoming useless. A single burst of speed as at the beginning would have been enough—the racing of a few seconds all that was required.

Frantically the girl shouted, in despair she lashed the reeking sides. The horse gathered for a supreme effort, reeled, staggered, fell even as the wind roared and the fire hissed more savagely

But the impulse had been sufficient to carry him beyond the blazing death, and the bushes closed behind and the trees rose above and protected them from the scorching shower.

"God be thanked," exclaimed the suffering girl as she knelt beside the gallant horse. "God be thanked," and she flung her arms around his neck and shed bitter tears as she saw how scared and burned he was, regardless of her own sufferings.

With difficulty she urged him to his feet and led him forward. But he knew as well as she of their safety, of the necessity of moving, and lamb-like, followed deep into the wood where the cabin stood.

"John, dear John," rang out the voice of the girl.

"Nellie! Great God, is that you?" was answered and questioned, and a moment later she was locked within his protecting arms.

In a few words she told all and begged him to do all possible for the horse.

"Now and ever," he answered. "One moment." He climbed to the top of a tall tree, looked around, descended and said cheerfully: "The wind has changed; the fire is rushing away from the timber; we are safe here. But why, in the name of heaven, did you attempt such a desperate chance, Nellie?"

"Because, dear, I loved you so," and she dropped fainting upon his anxious sly throbbing breast.—*By Mucmoyne.*

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.

De sto'keeper's long pra'rs ain't no sign of a long yardstick.

The Plains Cowboy.

H. P. Levisey, Montana, who was in attendance at the Cattlemen's convention at Kansas City, and whose check is perfectly good enough to make two or three men wealthy, began life as a cowboy, and worked himself up until his herds number thousands. Levisey is an inimitable story teller, and his room at the hotel was crowded every night with a circle of acquaintances listening eagerly to reminiscences of cowboy life away back in the fifties.

Mr. Levisey can see the humorous side to an incident as quickly as anybody in the land, and nothing is more vigorous than the hearty laugh that follows. "When I was coming to Kansas City to attend this convention," sad Levisey to a crowd of listeners, "I met that little devil, Steve Stevenson, who jumped his horse off the bridge that crosses the Arkansas river at Wichita one time just for the amusement of a young lady. 'Little Steve' is a cowboy from away back, and doesn't know anything outside the craft. In language Steve's license is as broad as the Cherokee Strip, and the peculiar drawl accompanying his speech makes everythihg sound quaint and original. Coming up here on the train I found Steve enjoying himself in a parlor car. What with boots, sombrero and a big six-shooter, he was taking up room enough for four men his size. Presently the conductor came along, and, without a word, reached out and took the check from Steve's hat-band. Instantly the six-shooter was looking square into the conductor's eye. Steve had started out for a lark.

"'Put 'er back, pard; put—'er—back.'

"Without a second's hesitation the order was complied with, and Steve drawled out in his inimitable way:

"'Don't yer kem aroun' hyar, pard, rachin' fer nothin'. Don't yer do it. When yer sees smithin' ye must hev jest ask fer it. If ye can't talk, make a sign; if ye can't make a sign jest shake a bush; but don't reach fer nothin' pard, don't ye do it.'"

"By this time the conductor, who had kept his eye on Steve's gun, was nearly scared to death, and only recovered himself when Steve handed over the check himself and offered to square matters by reference to a big, black bottle.

"One time the boys were moving a herd across the Arkansas river at Wichita. The bridge was too unsteady and the cattle were driven in relays through the river. Steve was left to guard the approach of the bridge, upon which a number of citizens had gathered to see the fun. It proved to be a somewhat tame affair to a young tenderfoot lady just from the east. She evidently expected to see every broncho that went past buck a little for her especial benefit, and every cowboy shoot his revolver and perform wonders with the lariat. Her disappointment. 'Oh, pshaw! what a tame affair,' appeared to nettle Steve, for he straightened up in his saddle, and with wild yells and shots from his six-shooter charged straight at the crowd on the bridge. He plunged past the young lady who had come out to see the fun, and who by this time was frightened almost into fits, and with a wild Apache war whoop, jumped the broncho off the bridge to the stream below. The distance was 20 feet, and the pony landed a complete wreck. Steve was compelled to ride in the cook wagon the rest of the trip."

One or two of the auditors were reminded of pretty good cowboy stories but shortly the burden of entertainment fell again on Levisey. "You fellows have all heard of 'Wild Jack Booth,' one of the best cow punchers that ever slept outdoors. Jack has peculiar ideas of fun. One day Jack lassoed a big loaver wolf, and started his pony on a dead run toward camp. One of the boys saw the procession approaching, and thinking something was wrong, started out with a Winchester. The reinforcement got a wrong impression of the situation, and casting his gun to the ground started toward the camp with a yell of terror. He thought the wolf was chasing Jack, having overlooked the lariat. Jack caught on to the mistake at once, and turned the pony toward the fleeing cowboy. When the pony came up along side Jack yelled:

"'Run, yer son of a gun. De wolf's a gainin'.'"

"Then the pony darted ahead, and Jack brought the dead wolk close to the scudding cow-puncher, who, by this time, had seen the lariat, and dropped to the ground in sheer exhaustion, too weak even to pull his six-shooter and get even with Jack, who was rolling over the prairie a few yards away convulsed with laughter.

"One time, down in Texas, Jim Cushing and a companion threw a lasso around a wild cat, took a turn around a wild plum tree and proceeded to make the animal a close captive. The two forced the cat into one of Jim's leggings and tied it securely fore and aft. Camp was 20 miles away, but the boys, confident of plenty of fun, lugged it clear in. After supper every man in camp, about 30 in all, took his six-shooter and formed a double line. The cat was released from the leather prison and started down the line. It struck a dog trot and showed no inclination whatever to hurry. Three minutes latter a more disgusted band of cowboys could not be found in all the Southwest, for the cat had not been hit, and, before he disappeared in the underbrush, turned around and showed his teeth to the bad marksmen in a sarcastic snarl."

I had suffered for several days with a severe cold which settled on my lungs. One bottle of Dr. Ball's Cough Syrup costing me 25 cents, completely cured me. My cold was so badly seated that I almost lost my speech, and the continued hacking and coughing caused repeated vomiting. I write you this for the benefit of others who may suffer, because I believe it to be my duty.

THOS. E. DOWLING,
Agent Dayton Hedge Co.,
Dayton, Ohio.

Smith—I say, Dumley, you have had some experience in love affairs, and I want your advice. There is a pretty little widow in Harlem whom I devotedly love. In paying my adresses, how often ought I to call upon her?

Dumley—She is a widow, you say?

Smith—Yes.

Dumley—Seven nights in a week, my boy, with a Wednesday and Saturday matinee.

I HAVE not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*. I procured a bottle, and since the first days' use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone. D. G. Davidson, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with Boston *Journal*.

'Tain't fa'r to mo'jer de dep' ob a snow by de drifts in de fence corner.

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.

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BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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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Jos. Horne & Co.'s
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 32-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.

40-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 25 cents.

28-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 75c.

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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Who have been disappointed in the results obtained from the use of COCA WINES, BEEF WINE and IRON, or the so-called EMULSION of COD LIVER OIL, should use

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If your Druggist does not keep it, send $1.00 for one bottle or $5.00 for six bottles. Express paid.

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Half Through—And What?

There is no denying it, the President since he set out has not cut the figure before the country the average American wishes to see the Chief Magistrate cut whenever he goes on an excursion of the kind similar to the present.

Consider Blaine in Cleveland's place—how he would have given expression to ideas that would live; how he would have employed the English language and how the people to-day would be reading sentences and paragraphs worthy of an American President.

Blaine could not have helped doing it. Cleveland cannot do it. To save his life he could not do it. It is as impossible for him to do it as to go through the country on his head. That is where he is inferior, not to Blaine, but to most men to whom the Presidency would be within the range of possibility.

Compare Grant and Cleveland. Grant was no speaker, and seldom made a speech. There was a naturalness in his silence, and it was satisfying. Everyone knew it was in him if he only chose to let it out, as he did sometimes. When he did speak he made an impression, and his words are quoted and long will be. They bear reproducing, which is a great test. What has Cleveland said that will bear reproducing?

This question has the greater force because Cleveland's speeches were prepared with deliberation before he set out. They were the very best, with all the aid available, he could do. And what do they contain that will cause them to be remembered? What, after a few days, would one not desire to forget and wish had not been spoken by the President of the United States.

Compare Cleveland and Garfield. It would be like comparing a tallow candle with an electric light.

The President is about half through his term. There is time yet to redeem himself. But, alas! it is not in him to do it.—*Pittsburg Times.*

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.

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.

Drinking Before Meals.

A late number of the *Medical News* says:

"In the morning the stomach contains a considerable quantity of mucus spread over and adherent to its walls. If food enters at this time the tenacious mucus will interfere, to some extent, with the direct contact between the food and the stomach necessary to provoke the secretion of gastric juice. A glass of water, taken before breakfast, passes through the stomach into the small intestines in a continuous and uninterrupted flow. It partly distends the stomach, stretching and to some extent obliterating, the rugæ; it thins and washes out most of the tenacious mucus; it increases the fulness of the capillaries of the stomach, directly if the water is warm, and indirectly in a reactionary way if it is cold; it causes peristalsis of the alimentary tract, wakes it up, so to speak, and gives it a morning exercise and washing. Care must be taken not to give cold water when the circulation, either local or general, is so feeble as to make reaction improbable. We should not risk it in advanced age, nor in the feeble, whether old or young, nor should it be given in local troubles, like chronic gastric catarrh. In these cases it is best to give warm or hot water. The addition of salt is very beneficial. Such a time-honored custom as drinking soup at the beginning of a meal could only have been so persistently adhered to because of it having been found by experience to be the most appropriate time. It does exactly what warm or hot water, with the addition of salt, does, and more, in that it is nutrative and excites the flow of gastric juice."

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.

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.

He Did Not Get Away.

"You never smoke or drink, do you, George, dear?" she said. "You know I could never marry a man who drinks and smokes."

George in a broken hearted tone of voice admitted that he drinks and smokes a little.

But a pair of white 27-year old arms were around his neck in a moment.

"Never mind, George," said the girl; "perhaps my wifely influence will induce you to give it up."

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

"What is this man charged with?" asked the judge. "With whiskey, your honor," replied the sententious policeman.

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There are more falls than hops in beer.

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

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OF

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BY VIRTUE of an alias order of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Pa., to the undersigned directed, they will expose to public sale by public outcry on

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887,

at 1 o'clock p. m., on the premises, the following described real estate, late the property of Samuel Hinebaugh, dec'd, viz:

No. 1. A certain tract of land situate in Addison Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., adjoining lands of John K. Metzler, Levi Coughenour, Pinkerton Lumber Co. and others, lands, now Noah Scott and S. U. Trent, containing 423 acres more or less, of which 250 are cleared, 60 in meadow, balance timber land, having thereon erected a two-story brick

Dwelling House,

with basement; good bank barn 40x60 feet and other outbuildings; good water and fruit; underlaid with coal, fire clay, iron ore and limestone. Convenient to school and church; this being the late homestead of deceased.

No. 2. Situate as aforesaid, adjoining tract No. 1, lands of Noah Scott, S. U. Trent and others, containing 424 acres more or less.

No. 3. Situate as aforesaid, adjoining tract No. 2, lands of Samuel Hinebaugh and others, containing 130 acres more or less.

No. 4. Situate as aforesaid, adjoining tract No. 1, lands of Samuel Hinebaugh and others, containing 130 acres more or less.

Nos. 2, 3, and 4 are heavily timbered with oak, chestnut, poplar, and hemlock, and are about two miles from Fort Hill station, on the B. & O. Railroad.

Terms:

One-third down on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed, one-third in one year and one-third in two years from day of sale, with interest of the purchase money to be paid as soon as the property is sold; deferred payments to be secured on the premises by judgment bonds; possession given at once. All correspondence addressed to the undersigned, will receive prompt attention.

JEREMIAH J. FOLK,
Elk Lick, Pa.
DAVID HINEBAUGH,
Fort Hill, Pa.

J. E. SCOTT, Att'y at Law, Somerset, Pa.

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LEGAL NOTICE.

To John Toepon, residing in Russel, Linn Co. Iowa, William Toepon, residing in Hamilton, Caldwell County, Missouri, Lizzie Toepon, residing in Kingston, Caldwell County, Missouri, and Mary Kelly, residing in Independence, Montgomery county, Kansas:

You are hereby cited to be and appear before the Judges of our Orphans' Court at Somerset, Pa., on Monday, the 12th day of December, 1887, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, then and there to show cause, if any you have, why the same due you as heirs of Daniel Toepon, deceased, should not be appropriated to pay the expenses of keeping your mother at the poor house. Hereof fail not.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, JOHN WORTHINGTON,
Nov. 16, 1887-3t. Sheriff.

Somerset Lumber Yard.

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OAK, POPLAR, SIDINGS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS,
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CHERRY, YELLOW PINE, SHINGLES, DOORS, BALUSTERS,
CHESTNUT, WHITE PINE, LATH, BLINDS, NEWEL POSTS,

A General Line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in stock. Also, can furnish anything in the line of our business to order with reasonable promptness such as Brackets, Odd-sized work, etc.

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WM. F. SHAFFER.

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I wish to call the attention of the Traveling Public to the fact

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That the SHAFFER HOUSE offers

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That the SHAFFER HOUSE Proprietor will

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than any other house in Somerset.

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That the SHAFFER HOUSE is the farmers' house.
That the SHAFFER HOUSE is the travelers' house.
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E. W. SHAFFER,
Proprietor.

April 6, '87.-3m.

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For maps, time tables, and information in the fullest detail, address (mentioning this paper)

H. A. CROSS, Traveling Agt., Lancaster, Pa.
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TRUSTEE'S SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate.

BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., to me directed, I will expose to public sale on the premises in Jefferson Township, Somerset County, on

SATURDAY, DEC. 10, 1887

at 1 o'clock p. m., the following described tracts of land, late the property of Solomon Baker, deceased, to wit:

No. 1. The homestead of the deceased, containing 153 acres more or less, adjoining lands of Susan Niersteiser, Henry Schrock, George Barclay, Wm. Mull and J. C. Barclay, having thereon erected a good two-story frame

DWELLING HOUSE

frame stable and other outbuildings. There is also on this tract a good water power saw Mill, with excellent water power for both saw and grist mill; the old "Baker Distillery" is also located on this property. The farm contains a fine young orchard of bearing fruit trees. About 50 acres of the land is cleared and the balance well timbered. The farm lies along the Mt. Pleasant and Bedford Turnpike, and the dwelling is in the town of Bakersville. This tract will be sold separately, in parcels, or as a whole, to the best advantage of the estate.

No. 2. Containing 231 acres more or less, adjoining lands of Wesley Barclay, Uriah Mason, and others. The whole of this tract is covered with timber, principally chestnut and white oak.

TERMS:

Ten per cent of purchase money to be paid as soon as the property is knocked down; one-third of the balance to be paid on the delivery of deed, and the remaining two-thirds to be paid annually and to be secured on the premises. Possession given March 31, 1888.

JON'T. G. BARCLAY,
Trustee.

For any information in regard to the above property address the Trustee at Bakersville.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

*BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANC