THE RED HEADED GIRL.

She had a red head.

Aurora tip toed on the mountain top, the rosy finger of dawn, the tomato hue that a brick dust artist strews through his richest and warmest sunsets, the vermillio rhinal paint that a joy distributor scatters over an innocent and unconscious town—none of these could begin to compare with the conflagratory plume that waved above the brain box of Miss Nannie Navarre. It was an oriflamme that could not be mistaken. Ordinary red heads were pale and insignificant alongside of it. And when the sun allowed its recreant rays to play among the tossed and tangled fiery threads the picture that fiddling Nero beheld when he feasted his eye and soul on burning Rome was a mere ten cent panorama in comparison.

Nannie's head was redder than a fire alarm box. It shone above a blue silk dress like an auction flag waving gayly over a job lot of marine views in a chilly picture gallery. It was so red that it kept her brain in a constant fever, and she had to sprinkle it three times a day to keep it from scorching her summer millinery.

Otherwise, however, it never troubled her, and having worn it and carried it around in the same way from her earliest infancy, she had grown accustomed to it, ad would have been amazed, if not horrified, had she awakened any morning and discovered that the color had changed to a snowy white or a deep raven winged black. During her childhood she had heard it frequently referred to in an irritating way by companions of her own age. She had heard the piping voice of the virulent small boy ringing through the welkin with the penetrating information that "her hair was on fire," and the same gentle, but galling, tones, had reached her ears in semi-musical chunks which had a sound like this:

Red head,
Lie abed,
That is what your mammy said.

And many more efforts at twining red hair into scorching jokes had come to her knowledge; but as the years ripened, and her freckles grew apace as the color of her hirsute covering deepened—as the luscious juiciness of round and glorious womanhood became more and more apparent to the naked eye, Nannie Navarre had learned to ignore all red headed jokes, and to take greater and deeper pride in the roseate splendor of her hair.

Once red hair came very near to being the fashion. That was when the Titianesque brand was in large demand among cigarette package decorators. Nannie was ecstatic. The world was on the brink of a revolution. If the revolution came her way, then she could snap her fingers at the blondes and brunes and brunettes, and shake her gory locks in their direction until they were heartsick and desperate with envy. You can paint the front walk red, and you can throw a wild Indian hue around a show case or a store front, but you cannot dye hair red, and there Nannie had her towheaded and jet locked sisters to the back of the neck, metaphorically. But the revolution did not come Nannie's way. It cut across a lot and shot up an alley, and the brown nutted girls became the rage.

Fate is hard upon the red headed brigade. Statistics show that there is something in the fragrant tint of their capillary crops which keeps 90 per cent. of them in constant hard luck. Men with wide eyebrows and prominent sites on their skulltops for the erection of large warehouses of common sense refuse absolutely to have anything to do with red headed girls, and will not marry them because they look upon their flaming topknots as unmistakable beacons warning the voyager from the dangerous shores of a red hot temper. Fiery hair has come to be accepted the world over as an indication of a fiery temper. And some authorities say that a red headed woman can get mad enough in a minute to crush her teeth through cold pig iron.

I mention these things just to show how much hard luck a red haired person has to buck against. And Nannie Navarre was no exception.

She was engaged to Redmund Rose. He had pale hair, but was a nice young man, who knew enough to refrain from wearing red neckties or partaking of any beverage that might induce a red nose, and he did this purely out of respect for the color of Nannie's hair. Redmund was as handsome and desirable a blonde as any woman could wish to win, and he would give the last cent of his salary to glorify his Nannie's fiery coiffure. He was perfectly gone on it. That flaming bunch of berry red hang filled his eye with joy and his heart with delight. He would give a grand of that notorious red hair for the same thickness of bank bills. And as Nannie held him in quite as high esteem as he held her and her red hair, what wonder was there that they have agreed to float down the stream of time together and to begin floating on September 23 of the present year?

With this perfect understanding between the two persons most concerned in this matter, my story begins. It begins on September 14, nine days before the date of the wedding. And here, too, begins Nannie Navarre's toughest streak of hard luck. On the 14th she went down town to buy some presents which she wanted to make to herself on her wedding day—presents to which she would attach cards indicating that her brother, her mother and her father had sent the offerings—and as she passed a conspicuous corner she saw some men rush from a barber shop and exclaim, as they pointed to her:

"There goes one, now! Where's your white horse?"

"By golly, there he comes!" and the crowd looked up the street, laughed, seemed satisfied and retired again into the shop.

At another point she was gliding by a drug store when three men left the soda fountain in response to a shout from a cane twirler on the pavement.

"Hello, boys, here's a red-headed girl! but I don't see any white horse."

"There comes a white mule," said one of the soda sipping trio, as his delicate bamboo stick was turned toward a horse car team that just then jogged into sight from the shade of a corner building.

Everywhere down town Nannie heard nothing but similar expressions. Everybody seemed to be on the lookout, first for the red headed girl and then for a white horse. "Here she comes" and "There she goes" rang in her ears until her tympanum was sore from the vibrations. Mortified and miserable she started for home. Stopping an open car she climbed into an end seat. But no sooner was she seated than she heard a gaudy young gentleman behind her remark:

"By George, Joe, if we haven't got a red headed girl aboard and a team of white horses pulling the car."

You may be sure that Nannie narrated her adventures to Redmond when he called that night. But Redmond was a sensible sort of a young fellow, and he merely advised her to go ahead making preparations for the wedding and to pay no attention to the white horse and the simpletons who were having fun with it. He explained to her that it was the revival of an old superstition prevalent among the Greeks that every time a person saw a red headed woman he would be certain to find a white horse in the immediate vicinity. Redmund laughed as he kissed her good night he also pressed his limpid moustache against the high temperature of her red hot bang and said he wouldn't have her with any other hair than that which she now wore.

Of course this comforted Nannie, but she couldn't forget the white horse—or the white mule either. When she was alone she sat at her little ebony desk in the southeast corner of her boudoir, and let the occurrences of the day float in upon her dreaming senses for a while, and then, in a paroxysm of petulancy and anger, she allowed a few tears to ebullish and course down the freckled currents of her cheek.

She wiped her eyes, walked up and down the room once and then took a seat in the lambent moonlight at a front window. Again the incidents of the day crowded in upon her. An interminable procession of white horses and snowy mules dodged in and out among the thousand thoughts that blossomed in her brain. The pendulous swing of some giant voice seemed to keep up an incessant "Here she comes" and "There he goes" within her hearing. Then a field of red hair lit the horizon of her vision; then came a dashing cavalcade of white horses hundreds of prancing mules, and between and upon and around and beneath them were tossing red heads and the painful vibration of that voluminous voice that never changed its monotone and only said, "Here she comes" and "There she goes." After this came vacancy and a delicious sense of complete rest.

Nannie Navarre slept.

The morning bloomed and brought her new cares and thoughts. She had her cards of invitation to send out and her trousseau to put in shape, with a hundred other things that kept her fingers and brains busy until that eventful day of the wedding. Redmund had called around each night and offered suggestions as he thought proper and within the lines of his duty. Nothing occurred to call a halt in the arrangements and on the evening of September 23 the happy couple stood hand in hand on the door sill, as full of the rich content of rapt hearts as any two human beings ever were since the world began.

There were four bridesmaids and groomsmen and the church was in gala dress for the nuptials. It is not necessary to describe Nannie's toilet, which was up to the latest demands of fashion. Nor is it worth the time or space to devote a paragraph to Redmund to say how handsome and manly he was as he led his beautiful bride to the altar. Friends who crowded the church were heard to say that Nannie was lovely and the gentlemen audibly remarked that Redmund didn't seem to be a bit frightened.

The clergyman tied the knot in the orthodox style. Redmund placed the band of gold on Nannie's finger and the priest gave them both his blessing. Then the organ sent forth its sonorous notes in a joyful march and the sound of wedding bells stole through the music. The bridal party turned to go. Nannie took her Redmund's arm—now her old Redmund forever—and they started down the aisle.

Suddenly there was a violent clang, as if somebody had rudely jangled the wedding bells. Then there was an awful voice:

"Here she comes!" it said at one moment, and "There he goes!" at the next.

The fair bride trembled.

"Here she comes!"

"There she goes!"

The terrible words chilled her heart. She turned to clutch Redmund's hand, but no hand was there. She held a horse's hoof. By her side, in Redmund's stead, was a white horse. He stood on his hind legs. With the swiftness of fright she looked around. All about her were white horses standing on their hind legs and huge red heads floating in the air.

Summoning all the strength she had and crowding it into her two lungs she emitted a frightful shriek and sank into a swoon.

"Here, here, Nannie, what's all this hollering about?"

It was Nannie's father who stood by her side in the lambent moonlight at the front window and gave her a shaking that was violent enough to arouse the dead.

"Get up and go to bed," the parent continued; "what do you want to sit up at that window and keep people awake all night long with your nightmares?"

"But papa, where is the white horse?" the dear girl asked, opening her eyes and trying to understand the situation.

"What white horse?" Mr. Navarre asked, and then slapping his thigh with a chuckle as he remembered himself, he said: "Oh, yes, I see;" and, leaning over through toward the open window, he exclaimed: "There it is, too; Dr. Sands' old white plug standing in front of the Agnebone's door."

Nannie looked out in the moonlight and saw the white horse and shuddered.

It was the tinkling of the neighbor's door bell that had sounded in the climax of her horrible dream.

The reader will, I am sure be glad to learn that Nannie's dream did not interfere with the real wedding, which came off on the 23d. And she didn't marry a white horse, either, but became the happy red-headed bride of Mr. Redmund Rose.—*Globe-Democrat.*

A well-known citizen of Wetherdville, Md., MR. W. R. GRAVES, writes: I suffer sometimes with acute rheumatism and your Salvation Oil gives me instantaneous relief, and I recommend it as a sure cure for this terrible disease.

The Broker's Victims.

"Does anybody ever get rich dealing on a margin?" Mr. Dunn was asked.

"I have never yet seen such an individual; they all go broke."

"Then I should think the business would die out."

"Business is not as it used to be, but there are always pigeons to be plucked. Watch any prominent broker's office for a year, and you will see a complete change in the people who frequent it. One crowd gets cleaned out and another crowd takes its place."

"Who are the victims?"

"They come from every walk of life, but the broker's best customers are merchants and business men who begin by risking a little money that they can spare without hurting them. A few stop when they have lost their little surplus but most of them stick to the game until they are cleaned out and in the hands of the sheriff or assignees. Those who escape ruin are those whose first loss is their last; who stop before the passion becomes their master."—*Phila. Times.*

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50 cents and $1. *Trial size free.* At all Druggists.

Adirondack Murray in the Woods.

What do I do in the woods? Suppose I told you, you wouldn't understand. Can a boy tell you what he did the happiest day of his life in which he did nothing but play? We remember work days, death days, days of toil, pain and parting but who remembers aught of the play days, the days that were so evenly full of happy feeling that there was no one hour or moment of all the day to give it prominence in memory? People think—some do—that memory will become tiresome in eternity. They forget. Happiness has little memory, misery has a long one. Happiness relates to the present, and when you are perfectly happy the past is nothing and the future is nothing; the present itself contents, and needs to borrow nothing from past or future. Memory is a consolation for a present deprivation—a makeshift for something better. The loved face is absent; you comfort yourself with the memory of it, and so memory makes good the absence of persons and things whose presence would make the present all abundant. I doubt if we remember much in heaven; the present will be so full we shall be content.

Therefore, when you ask me what I do, what can I say but this—enjoy myself.—W. H. H. Murray's Letter.

How She Bought It.

Please, how much is that very large doll?" asked a beautifully dressed little girl, about two feet six inches high, of a salesman in a Woodward avenue establishment, standing on tiptoe to get a glimpse over the counter.

"That is $25, miss," was the amused answer.

"Isn't that a good deal for one dolly?" she asked, wistfully.

"Yes, but it is a very large one; its eyes open and shut, it cries, says 'mamma' and 'papa;' can sit in any position and has a beautiful dress."

"The frock is pretty," said the little one, dubiously, "but it's lots of money, and I'm afraid I haven't got enough. Here is my purse, sir; will you please count it?"

The clerk did as requested, and announced the result: "Two dollars and forty-seven cents."

"That's lots too little, isn't it?" asked the small lady.

"Yes, a good deal."

"Well, let me see. I have some money in my bank at home, and there is some more coming to me for not eating dessert, and—oh, I'll tell you," she exclaimed, brightening at the truly feminine idea, "you may send it to the house and charge it to papa."

A Close Bargainer.

Many stories are in circulation illustrating the stinginess of a certain farmer.

He one day went into a store to buy six feet of rope and the dealer, knowing his peculiar love of money, told him he might have it for ten cents.

"I'll give you five."

"I can't sell for that. Why, man, you've got plenty of money, and ought not to grumble."

"Yes, but times are powerful hard. Can't stand that price."

He went away and, after remaining about two hours, came back to ask:

"That rope fell any?"

"No."

"Good-by."

The next day he entered the store and said:

"I hear rope is falling all over the country."

"That so?"

"Yes. Hear that over at Cotton Town you can get ten feet for a nickel."

"Why don't you go over these?"

"Don't want to wear out my shoes. Say, has it fell any here?"

"Not a bit."

"Wal, good-by."

Two days later he came back,

"Say," he said, "hain't you got some old rope you can sell cheap?"

"No old rope."

The dealer, worn out by the siege, offered him the required quantity for five cents. The old man carefully measured it, and said, with a disappointed air:

"It's three inches short. Cant you knock off something?"

"Yes; give me four cents."

"Say three."

"Well, three."

The purchaser laid three somewhat dirty one-cent postage stamps upon the counter and hurried away, to leave the shopman no time for repentance.—*Youth's Companion.*

That Hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Cold Lake Superior.

How cold the dark water of Lake Superior is. One evening when we were steaming across that lake I asked the mate what was done when a man fell overboard. He cooly replied:

"Nothing."

"Why?" I asked, astonished at his heartlessness.

"The water of Lake Superior is so cold that a man cannot live in it during the time it takes to stop a rapidly moving vessel and lower a boat," he replied. Then he added: "I have sailed on this lake for twenty years. During that time I have known many men to fall off vessels. I knew of one man only who escaped death. He was saved by a scratch. The others were apparently killed by the shock produced by falling into such cold water."

He picked up an empty can to which a long string was attached, and cast it overboard. The can skipped from the crest of one wave to that of another for an instant, then dipped and filled. The hoary-headed mate drew that full can up and handed it to me, saying: "Take a drink of that, and then you can say what you think of your chances of swimming in Lake Superior for ten or fifteen minutes." I drank deeply, and it was as though liquid ice flowed down my throat.

"It is alleged," the mate sai l, "that this lake never gives up its dead; that to be drowned in Lake Superior is to be buried for all time. I do not know if this is true or not, but I do know that I have never seen a corpse floating on the lake."

I wonder if that is true? I doubted it, but I could find no sailor who had ever seen a dead body floating on the lake.

Two for a Cent

And the best ever made. Cheap enough, surely, and so good that those who have used them won't have any others. What are they? Atlophos Pills. What are they for? For disordered Stomach or Liver, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Nervous or General Debility, Headache, Lassitude, Diseases of Women. They'll take away that tired feeling, give new life and strength. Small and pleasant to take, yet wonderfully effective. Prepared from the formula of an eminent physician. Neatly put up in bottles, and sold by all druggists.

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St., New York.

HOLIDAY BARGAINS!

IN BLACK SILKS, 75 to $3 50.

Colored Silks and Satins, 50 cents up.

Colored Plushes 85 and 95 cents, worth $1 and $1 25.

All-Wool Dress, yard wide, at 25 and 37½ cents.

50-Inch, all wool, Dress Suitings, at 45c. to $1 50.

All-Wool, French Cashmeres, Best Colors, 44 cents a yard.

All-Wool, Black Cashmeres, Lapins, 50 cents.

Ladies' and Childrens' Cloth Wraps, Jackets, Mantles, Newmarkets, Raglans.

Ladies' Seal Plush Coats, $20, $25, $30 and up to $50, all sizes.

Ladies' and Children's Small Furs, Muffs and Boas, Black Hare Muffs at 50 cents.

Best quality, Alaska Seal, Coats and Jackets, at low prices.

Holiday Handkerchiefs—Ladies initial, at 25 and 50 cents; White Hemstitched 12½ cents up; Embroidered, 25 cents up, Plain White Handkerchiefs 8 1-3 cents up.

Men's, all linen, white, cord edge Handkerchiefs, 10 cents; Hemstitched, 20 cents; Colored Borders, 12½ cents.

White Silk Mufflers $1 and up to finest. Colored Silk Handkerchiefs, 12½ cents up.

Holiday Umbrellas, $2 to $30. Kid Gloves, $1 a pair to best made.

Men's Fur and Lined Gloves, Men's Seal Caps, Winter Hosiery and Underwear.

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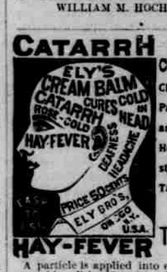

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ELY'S CREAM BALM Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

Try the Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril, and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. *ELY BROTHERS, 235 Greenwich St., New York.* marl6-'87-1yr.

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SEINES, NETS, TENTS, and Sporting Goods.

Double-Barrel Breech-Loading Shot Guns, choke bored, $10 to $100. Single Breech Loading Shot Guns, $4 to $25; every kind of Breech Loading and Repeating Rifles, $10 to $40; Muzzle-Loading Double Shot Guns, $5 to $35; Single Shot Guns, $2 50 to $12; Revolvers, $1 to $20; Double-action self-cockers, $2 50 to $10; All kinds of Cartridges, Shells, Caps, Wads, Tools, Powder Flasks, Shot Pouches, Primers. Send 2 cents for Illustrated Catalogue. Address GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS, 631 SMITHFIELD STREET, PITTSBURGH, PA. N B—This is a 20-year old, reliable firm; perfectly trustworthy; orders filled promptly and goods sent by mail or express to any part of the world; no matter what you want in the Gun line, you can get it at the Great Western by writing a letter.

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If you will mail us two two cent stamps with your P.O. address we will send you fancy cards, and a sample of the Ointment. TRY IT

SKIN Delightfully Perfumed. Easily Used. Sold by Every Druggist in Somerset. july 12-'78-1y.

PERRY'S CONCENTRATED BUTTER COLOR IS THE BEST. Trial bottle by mail FREE. Sold everywhere. STRICKLER, ROYSTON & CO., Sterling, Ill.

WRIT OF PARTITION.

To Mary, intermarried with Garrett Mysman Lee County, Ill; Hannah Leydig, of Dixon Lee County, Ill; Susan, intermarried with Charles Houpt, (said Charles Houpt now dec'd) of Peabody, Marion County Kansas; Yeon Leydig and Harry Leydig, both of Oro, Butler Co., Kansas;

You are hereby notified that in pursuance of a Writ of Partition issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset County, Penn'a., I will, hold an inquest on the premises on the real estate of Daniel Leydig dec'd., situate in Southampton Township, Somerset Co., Pa., on Wednesday, Feb. 15, 1888, when and where you can attend if you think proper.

SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Somerset, Pa., Jan. 11, '88. } R. S. McMILLEN, Sheriff.

An Original Story.

George Brooks, who went from Happner to Montana with Sam Carmack and herded for him a long time, has returned, reports the Heppner (Ore.) *Gazette.* He says he left Sam's ranch last spring and went prospecting in the wild Big Horn mountains. He did not find much mineral, but claims that he did make a good oil strike, and that he is going to return to it after he makes a stake herding. He says that his prospect is in a pool in a hidden and wild gully of the Big Horn mountains. The pool is sunk in solid rock, is circular in form, is about one hundred feet in circumference, waters of an unfathomable depth, and is covered with a sheet of oil, unbroken and nearly pure, to a thickness of nearly six inches. The oil is rapidly generated from the pool depths, the quantity rising above the six-inch level being carried off through numerous orifices in the pool's rocky sides in constantly fed rivulets. These rivulets fall into an enormous cavity in the earth, which yawns apparently bottomless, close at hand. But this oil pool has also oil fish. These fish are in shape not unlike the eel family, and have a decided advantage over their fresh water prototypes in slippery characteristics. This singular fish is very active in movement and darts to and fro in its native oil with an almost inconceivable velocity. As the oil fish moves it leaves a luminous wave, and after nightfall the surface of the pool presents the brilliant appearance of a never-ending flame wave. The fish is easily caught with a hook and line and never tires of biting a piece of fat pork and fragments of candle. It fails to tempt the appetite to any great extent, as the frying pan reduces its flesh to a pan of oil. It is good for purposes of illumination. Placed head downward in a receptacle prepared for the purpose the tail end is ignited and the oil torch thus obtained illuminates the cabin or dugout with a glow as brilliant as it is cheap, convenient and unique. The water of the pool is rather cold immediately below the oil surface, but grows hot as greater depths are penetrated. An egg placed in a small water-tight tin vessel and lowered to a depth of one hundred and fifty feet is boiled hard in four minutes. But eggs are too scarce around there to experiment with.

Don't

Let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured by the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you don't know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you. They have been cured by it, and "know how it is, themselves." Bottle only 75 cents. Ask any druggist.

A preventive of explosions in mines has been introduced in deep mines by a mining engineer. It is in the watering of the floors to allay the inflammable coal dust. It has been demonstrated that the systematic watering of mines allays the dangerous dust effectively and purifies the atmosphere.

New Year's Greeting.

At the opening of a New Year we extend to all our readers the compliments of the season, and wish them all health, happiness and prosperity. To secure the first we know of no better service we can render than to commend Gilmore's Aromatic wine, the best tonic and vitalizer for men, women and children ever produced. For ladies who are suffering from general debility and diseases peculiar to their sex, it has no equal. For fifteen years it has been the standard remedy in many localities, and has received higher endorsement from physicians and persons who have been benefitted by its use than any other medicine ever introduced.

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

Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Minot's Dentifrice

Is used and highly valued, where people admire a handsome set of teeth. It prevents decay, spongy gums, and gives a sense of sweetness and freshness. As a reliable tooth preparation it stands without equal. Sold everywhere.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

For three weeks I was suffering from a severe cold in my head, accompanied by a pain in the temples. I tried some of the many catarrh remedies without any relief. Ely's Cream Balm was recommended to me. After only six applications of the Balm every trace of my cold was removed.—Henry C. Clark, 1st Division New York Appraisers Office.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness, and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

My boy (three years old) was recently taken with cold in the head. It seemed finally to settle in the nose, which was stopped up for days and nights so that it was hard for him to breathe and sleep. I called a physician who prescribed, but did him no good. Finally I went to the drug store and got a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. It seemed to work like magic. The boy's nose was clear in two days, and he has been all right ever since.—E. J. Hazzard, New York.

Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

It is estimated that England supports, in her charitable institutions and through private benefactions, about 800,000 paupers, while 500,000 more are begging alms and some dying in destitution.

Sleepless nights made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Through the use of explosives an artesian well over three hundred feet deep and having a capacity of sixteen hundred gallons per hour has been sunk at the Lowell hosiery at Lowell, Mass.

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son

As far back as 1599 an English writer remarked: "It is unseasonable and unwholesome in all months that have not an 'r' in their names to eat an oyster."

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

Do You Chew? Then get the BEST which is FINZER'S OLD HONESTY

Genuine has a RED H tin tag on every plug.

OLD HONESTY is acknowledged to be the purest and most lasting piece of Standard Chewing Tobacco on the market. Trying it is a better test than any talk about it. Give it a fair trial. Your dealer has it.

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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

CHERRY MALT
PHOSPHATES,

a combination of Wild Cherry, Extract of Malt, and the Hypophosphites, a delicious stimulant and nutriment.

CHERRY MALT acts on the Stomach and Liver increasing the appetite, assisting digestion, thereby making it applicable for Dyspepsia in its various forms; Loss of Appetite, Headache, Insomnia, General Debility, Want of Vitality, Nervous Prostration, Consumption, etc.

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

LIEBIG PHARMACAL CO., 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Sold by all Druggists. mar30-'87-1yr.

OWNS AND OPERATES OVER
6,000 Miles
OF PERFECTLY CONSTRUCTED RAILWAY.

PENETRATES THE BEST PORTIONS OF ILLINOIS, IOWA, WISCONSIN, MICHIGAN, MINNESOTA, DAKOTA, NEBRASKA, and WYOMING.

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Running Express Trains of most complete and modern equipment BETWEEN CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, COUNCIL BLUFFS, OMAHA.

THE IRON REGIONS OF MICHIGAN.
THE FREE LANDS OF DAKOTA AND NORTHERN NEBRASKA.
THE ONLY LINE TO THE BLACK HILLS.
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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.
MARVIN HUGHITT, President. H. C. WICKER, Traffic Manager. E. P. WILSON, Gen. Pass. Agt.

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name on a package of COFFEE is a guarantee of excellence.

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COFFEE is kept in all first-class stores from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

COFFEE

is never good when exposed to the air. Always buy this brand in hermetically sealed ONE POUND PACKAGES.

Fifty Cents of Tooth have been saved by one man in 2 hours. Handmets have saved $ and 6 cents daily. "Finally" what every Farmer and Wood Chopper wants. First order from your vicinity secures the Agency. Illustrated Catalogue FREE. Address FOLDING SAWING MACHINE CO., 303 S. Canal Street, Chicago, Ill.

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Prettiest, Cheapest, and Most Durable.

HORSE HIGH, BULL STRONG, AND PIG TIGHT.

SOMETHING NEW.

We are engaged in the manufacture of this fence at Somerset and Meyersdale. It is the most Durable, and strongest fence known. No barbs, no injury to stock. Factory in Somerset at the old Kooser carriage factory.

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LOCK HAVEN, PA.

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

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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER, WHOLESALER AND RETAILER OF

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS.

Hard and Soft Woods.

OAK, POPLAR, SIDINGS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS,
ASH, WALNUT, FLOORING, SASH, STAIR RAILS,
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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Office and Yard Opposite S. & C. R. R. Station, Somerset, Pa.

ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY Indestructible

Over 500 Beautiful Designs.

BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.

Send for Price List & Circulars.

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Eastern Work Furnished on Short Notice, in all Colors. Also, Agent for the WHITE BRONZE!

Persons in need of MONUMENT WORK will find it to their interest to call at my shop, where a proper showing will be given them. ☞ *Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every One, and PRICES VERY LOW.* I invite special attention to the

White Bronze, Or Pure Zinc Monuments

Introduced by REV. W. A. GRING, as a Decided Improvement in the point of MATERIAL AND CONSTRUCTION, and which is destined to be the Popular Monument for our Changeable Climate. ☞ GIVE ME A CALL.

WM. F. SHAFFER.

Louther's Drug Store,
Main Street, Somerset, Pa.

This Model Drug Store is Rapidly Becoming a Great Favorite with People in Search of

FRESH AND PURE DRUGS,

Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Sponges, Trusses Supporters, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, &c.

THE DOCTOR GIVES PERSONAL ATTENTION TO THE COMPOUNDING OF

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GREAT CARE BEING TAKEN TO USE ONLY FRESH AND PURE ARTICLES.

SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES,

And a Full Line of Optical Goods always on hand. From such a large assortment all can be suited.

THE FINEST BRANDS OF CIGARS

Always on hand. It is always a pleasure to display our goods to intending purchasers, whether they buy from us or elsewhere.

J. M. LOUTHER, M. D.
MAIN STREET, 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	23¾	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	219	6 35
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Ursina	28	80
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 80
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 60

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

Winter Arrangement in effect since Nov. 20, '87.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	5:30 a m	Johnstown	7:25 a m
SOMERSET	6:50 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	8:00 a m	Johnstown	1:35 p m
Rockwood	11:35 a m		
Milford	11:48 a m		
Somerset	12:00 m		
Stoystown	12:32 p m		
Hooversville	12:55 p m		
Bethel	1:06 p m		

Passengers from Pittsburgh change cars for points on the Somerset &