A DETECTIVE'S STORY.

During the first three years of my career as a detective I had some singular jobs given to me to work on, and the manner in which one of them was worked, and the developments of the case may be interesting to the reader.

About three miles outside the limits of a large city in Pennsylvania stood a large farmhouse. There had been a murder committed there, and whisky had played havoc with an heir, and the house had stood vacant for three years before I saw it. The farm had passed into the hands of a New Yorker on a mortgage, and he seemed to have forgotten all about it. Naturally enough the cry of "haunted house" was raised, and presently you could not have hired a neighbor to enter the house in the day time. There were people living within a quarter of a mile of the place, and by and by they began to tell some queer stories. On two occasions parties of three or four went out from the city to stop in the house all night, but in each instance they were driven away by strange noises before midnight. I lived in a town forty miles from the haunted house, and consequently heard nothing of it.

I had a case against an absconding treasurer. He had the funds of a large and prosperous lodge in his hands, and got away with $3,000 belonging to it. He furthermore borrowed about $2,000 of his friends, and got $800 more on a forged draft. This occurred in a town about thirty miles from the haunted house. The defaulter had bought a railroad ticket for Chicago, and had left behind him, as if by accident, a parcel addressed to a party in the Garden city. It ought to have been reasoned that this party was be under another name, and that he had gone to Chicago as fast as steam could carry him, but I reasoned just the opposite. He had gone without his trunk or clothing, but when I came to overhaul his things, his landlady figured out that two clean shirts, several collars, a stout pair of boots, and an old suit of clothes were missing from the house. The boots and old suit had belonged to a boarder who had died months before.

There were three highways leading out of town. I worked two of them without success. On the third I soon found a farmer who had seen a foot traveler resembling my man pass on the evening he absconded. Five miles further on I became positive of his identity. He walked all that night with only two brief halts before midnight to inquire about roads, but once on his trail I soon picked up plenty of pointers. The absconder's name was Kelly, and he was a keen, shrewd fellow. He had planned the embezzlement and escape weeks before, and he followed out a regular programme. He had left town dressed as a laborer, and carrying a valise. He had a light felt hat, a black felt hat and a cap, and about once in ten miles he exchanged his headgear. He was a smooth faced man, but he had provided himself with a goatee and side whiskers. I thus heard of him once as a smooth faced young man wearing a cap and having one arm in a sling; next as a youngish man with a goatee and a black hat; again as a full-whiskered man with a light hat. I confess that I was badly puzzled and about ready to despair when I came to a farmhouse where he had stopped for dinner. He was then smoothed-faced and wore a cap, and claimed to be an agent for a windmill company whose rights had been infringed on, and who were taking steps to collect royalty.

When Kelly entered the kitchen for dinner a hired boy of color, who was not permitted to eat with the family, was left in the sitting room. His curiosity regarding the contents of the valise was aroused, and he picked the lock and overhauled them. He was careful not to say anything of this to the family, but when I came along on my errand I soon discovered that he had a secret. The sight of a silver piece loosed his tongue, and he told me of the hats and false whiskers.

After that I had no trouble in following Kelly, no matter which disguise he assumed. There was a direct highway from the town he left to the city with the haunted house, but he did not keep it. He would branch off here and there and make a half circle to come back again. One or two nights he slept in barns, and so I lost track of him for a few hours. On another occasion his feet became sore and he lay by at a tavern for two days, and then I actually got ahead of him.

While the towns were only thirty miles apart, Kelly traveled all of 100 miles in making the distance, and was twelve days about it. I followed him mile by mile, and owing to a severe storm was thirteen days. I traced him into the suburbs of the city and there lost him, and, though I had the help of three or four local officers, we could get no further trace of him. At length we heard of a person a hundred miles away who bore Kelly's description, and I was about to start after him when I overheard the following conversation in a restaurant:

"So the boys who went to the haunted house got a scare?"

"As awful scare. I guess a new ghost has taken possession."

"Saw doors open and heard groans and various other noises."

"Well, it's funny."

"Yes."

It may seem strange to you that I at once decided that I had located Kelly again. It was quite probable that he had known of the haunted house for years, as its name was wide-spread, and the fact of a new ghost showing up just at this time made me suspicious. That night at ten o'clock, accompanied by a local detective, I visited the place. It was a rambling big farmhouse, situated twenty rods from the highway, and the ground around was grown up to weeds and bushes. All the windows were broken, and some of the doors stood open, and a more gloomy place I never saw. We entered by a rear door and found the floors rotting away and the plastering crumbling off. We pushed on to the sitting room, where the young men had stationed themselves the night before, and here found some blocks of wood to sit down on. There was a door-way leading into the front hall, but the door was gone. There was a doorway to the parlor, and the door was partly opened. As we looked into the parlor I swung the door to and fro, and knew from the movement that the hinges had been freshly oiled.

When we came to inspect the cellar we found little but cobwebs and dust. Each of us had a lantern, and each inspected for himself. At one corner of the cellar I found an old oyster can in a queer position. It seemed to be sticking to the floor above, but after a close examination, without, however, touching it with my hands, I made up my mind that it was held up there by a cord. I said nothing to my companion about this, nor about another discovery made in the front hall. At one spot, where the plastering was off from base to ceiling, I caught sight of a wire behind the laths. This led up and down, and the lower end was probably attached to some object. We did not go up stairs. The front stairs had never been finished, and the back ones were so dilapidated that we hesitated to trust them with our weight. By eleven o'clock we had taken our seats in the sitting room, eyes and ears alert, and ready for any emergency. There was no lock or catch on the door opening into the parlor, but it was shut. The two windows looking out of the room had been boarded up. We placed our lanterns in a corner, and as we watched and waited the room was in semi-darkness and the house as still as death.

It must have been near midnight when the performance opened. We suddenly caught the faint notes of music, and the sounds lasted for two or three minutes. I was satisfied the sounds came from a jewsharp. My companion whispered that two female voices were singing, while a guitar played an accompaniment. The music had scarcely died away when the parlor door opened as noiselessly as the swing of a coffin lid. I was perfectly satisfied that it was the work of human hands, but I was startled. I had not told the detective that I had expected to find Kelly in the house. I had simply said that I expected to make an important discovery. When the door swung open the man started up in alarm and whispered

"Great heavens! Let us be gone!"

I put my hand on his arm and waited for the next move. In about a minute we heard a tunk! tunk! tunk! on the cellar stairs. I knew that the sound was made by the oyster can being lowered a few inches from the floor and drawn up again by the string, but my companion rose to his feet, wheeled half around and whispered:

"Look out for yourself! The cussed thing is coming out of the cellar!"

"Keep still—listen!" I replied, and when the can had "tunked" one for each step the sound ceased. Then the parlor door slowly and silently swung to. As I have told you, I was dead sure that all these things were caused by human agency, and yet I felt a creeping of my flesh, and my forehead was damp with perspiration. The detective with me was as brave a man as ever took up a trail, but such was the effect upon him that his face was as white as snow, his teeth chattered, and he clutched me and pleadingly exclaimed:

"If we stay here another minute we are both dead men!"

I sat down and drew him beside me, and as I did so the parlor door opened again, and from the front hall came groans and sighs and dull sounds of a struggle. I knew that the wire I had seen was being worked behind the laths, but my companion could stand no more. He seized both lanterns and started out, and I had to go along or be left in the dark. When clear of the house he made a run for the highway, and I found him on the farther side of it when I came up.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Good God, man, but my nerves are all gone!" he gasped. "I wouldn't stop in that house another five minutes for all the money in the state!"

I was satisfied that all the noise had been made by human agency. Some one had taken possession of the house, and I had a feeling that it was Kelly. It was just in line with his other sharp tricks. I did not tell my companion what I suspected nor what I intended to do, but I had all my plans laid before morning. The old house was two and a half stories, and whoever was hiding there was likely to be in the garret. It was also likely that this garret was reached from the second story by a ladder. If the person was Kelly or any other sharp fellow, the ladder would be drawn up or any one showing his head above the scuttle would receive a rap. If I got a squad of men and surrounded the house the occupant might get off by some unknown way, or find a hiding place unknown to us. If we failed to find any one the whole city would hold us for the ridicule.

There was no window in the garret at the back end of the house. It was hardly daylight before I approached it from that direction, entered the place with great caution, and hid myself away beneath the kitchen stairs. I expected the occupant of the garret would come down before noon, but he did not show up. It was a dark and gloomy day in the fall, with frequent rain squals, and about two o'clock in the afternoon I crept up stairs in my stocking feet, entered a room near where the garret scuttle was located, and began playing the ghost for some one else's benefit. I had brought along a mouth organ, and I sounded and hung on to a few lonesome notes several times over. Pretty soon I heard a slight movement overhead. Then I took a fiddle string, made one end fast to a nail, and when I had hauled taut I picked the string with my thumb nail. It sent forth complaining sounds, and I had a few sighs and groans. The sounds, above me became plainer, and I knew that some one was listening at the scuttle.

I gave him a few more notes scratched on the wall and floor, and in a few minutes a ladder was thrust down from the scuttle. A few deep-drawn groans on my part brought a man down the ladder, and as he reached the foot of it I collared him. It was Kelly. He who had played the ghost on others had himself fallen into the trap. He screamed right out at the sight of me, and he did not get his nerve back until I had him out doors. He fully believed for a time that a spirit made the sounds. The case was about as I had figured. He had planned to come to the house, and he intended to remain there several weeks. He had affixed cords to the top of the parlor door to swing it, and had arranged for all the sounds we heard. If I felt elated he felt very sheepish as an offset, and when sentenced to two years in state prison for his crime, he said to me:

"It isn't that I was caught, but that I was outwitted and bamboozled. Why, man, I had the whole plan in my head for months, and I'd have bet a hundred to one that I'd have got safe off. Just think what a fool I was to take up quarters in a haunted house, and then let some one play the ghost on me!"

What the Warriors Wanted.

At the dinner given at the Hoffman House on Saturday night of last week to ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and other war governors, a number of stories relating to the raising of volunteers in the early days of the war were told. This one about Governor Curtin was forgotten:

The Governor was making one of his usual speeches to a new company composed entirely of raw Pennsylvania Dutchmen, who looked woefully green.

"Soon you will receive your uniforms," he said, "and then you will look like soldiers. Then you will receive your guns and will be soldiers indeed."

The Governor's speech seemed to arouse no enthusiasm, but when he had finished a little fellow in the rear ranks bawled:

"But, Goofner, ve don'd vant eny goons."

"What do you want, my men, asked the Governor, in surprise.

"Ve vant to go home," cried the Dutchman, his voice raising into a wail as he finished.

The Governor says this broke him all up, and from the looks of the men he did not doubt that they agreed with their spokesman.—*N. Y. Sun.*

ST. BERNARD DOGS.

They Bear the Marks of Centuries of Good Breeding.

Any one who has been lost in a snow-storm, rendered insensible by cold, and then been awakened by a noble brute licking his hands and face; one who has watched the intelligent animal plunge through the drifts, to reappear with human aid—such a person would not be wondered at for having an affection for dogs. Or, if a person were waylaid or assaulted by a tramp or robber, and a great four footed projectile should bound pest him and knock the miscreant over as effectually as a canon ball would, that person ought certainly to appreciate his dumb defender. Comparatively few people are indebted to dogs for so valuable services, though it was only the other day that the newspapers reported the timely rescue of a man whose dog had brought help to him as he lay benumbed in the snow near Long Island City. But let a man who "doesn't care for dogs," that is, dogs in general; one who owes them no good will, and place a fine specimen of the St. Bernard before him, and he cannot help admiring him.

The St. Bernard seems conscious of his noble ancestry, and he bears the marks of his centuries of good breeding and gallant deeds on his face. Dignity, affection, good nature, pride, what might be called the possession of a good dog conscience, are to be found in his countenance. Of course these may be claimed in some degree for other breeds; but this article has only to do with the traits of St. Bernards. Their genealogy dates back to 962 A. D., when Friar Bernard de Menthon, accompanied by his dog, established the hospice on the Alps which the St. Bernard dogs have since made famous by their exploits in rescuing snow bound travelers. The breed seems to be most nearly allied to the pure blood hound, resembling the latter in fine sense of smell, intelligence, strength and judicial aspect. Two varieties have been evolved, the rough and smooth coated; the former the genuine Swiss dog and the more preferred, while the latter is a result of crossing with the mastiffs or smooth coated dog at some time.

A PET AND COMPANION.

Judging from the demand in this city the St. Bernard, unlike most breeds, is always in fashion as a pet and companion. These dogs are especially liked by ladies, such ladies as do not fancy the other extreme in dogs and so fondle pugs and spaniels. A St. Bernard should measure from 28 to 32 inches in height at the shoulder, and weigh from 140 to 160 pounds. Fanciers are extremely particular about the markings, and always consider the following points: The color should be gold, orange or tawny, though brindle is admissible, at least on the head; the chest, feet and more or less at the legs should be white; the face should be blazed with white, the tail tipped with white and the collar or "shawl" white. The white shawl and collar are prized as resembling the vestments of the monks. Other points are as important as color. The head must be broad, with a high occipital bone, also long and well "dished" in profile at the eye. This should be grave and bold, with the integument drawn away from the inner corner, showing the red "haw." Large feet, strong legs with a fringe of hair, and double "dew claws" are indispensable. A dog that weighs 150 pounds should measure about twenty-five inches around the head and forty at the chest.

A veteran dog fancier and breeder told a reporter that he had abandoned breeding every kind of dog but the St. Bernards. "They are the only kind that are always in demand and always in fashion," he said. "I will not breed any but the rough coats, either. Others may like the smooth, but I do not. I don't think their temper is so reliable.

"Delicate? Well, they want good care, but I seldom lose a pup. The trouble is that people mew them up in city houses and deny the dogs air and exercise, which is against their nature. Do you know, a cross between the St. Bernard and the Labrador dog makes a wonderful watch dog? They combine the good nature and intelligence of the one with the alertness and spirit of the other. I have one of them that caught a negro with his hands full of game chickens in my hen roost one night. He knocked the man over and held him like a vice, and if I had not called 'stop' would have killed him. I made the darkey put the chickens on the roost and then I kicked him out. There was no use in putting him in prison and letting his family starve."

There are numbers of prize St. Bernards in and near New York, many of them owned by the various kennel companies, who keep them for breeding.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Didn't Toady to the Mugwump.

If it happens that the candidate who pleases the Republicans also pleases the mugwumps, well and good; if not, then it can't be helped. It is the Republican party and not the mugwump that is to make the nomination, and it is the Republican party and not the mugwump that the convention will endeavor to please. If the mugwump is reasonable he, also, will be pleased; but that must be incidental.—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

That is very sensible talk, but it stops short. The next National Convention should have the courage to pass such a resolution as Roscoe Conkling introduced in the convention of 1880, requiring the delegates to pledge themselves to abide by the decision of the majority and to loyally support the nominee. The convention of 1884 contained men who had no idea of doing this. If their particular favorite was nominated, all right, but when the majority decided in favor of another, they at once raised the flag of revolt.

A man who, as a delegate, is not willing to pledge himself to abide by the decision of the majority, should not be permitted to sit in a convention. Let the next Republican candidate, as the *Sentinel* suggests, be selected with a view of pleasing Republicans. If the mugwumps want to support him, well and good. If not, the party should try and get along without them. In the name of high heaven, why should a handful of canting political hypocrites be longer permitted to dictate candidates and politics for a party once great enough and brave enough to take by the throat all great political evils?

Unless the Republican party makes up its mind to show some of its old-fashioned courage it matters little who is nominated. It has been fed quite long enough on the frapped slush served by mugwumps, free trade college dudes and sham civil service reformers. Let us have a candidate whose Republicanism is all wool and a yard wide, and who favors a tariff on the wool. To win with any other manner of man would be a victory not worth contending for.—*N. Y. Press.*

The Uniontown lockup caught fire one night last week and the inmates narrowly escaped cremation. The yells of the prisoners attracted passersby who broke down the door and released the frightened persons.

She Tried and Knows.

A leading chemist of New York says: "No physician of such merit as the Allen-Jones-Pioneer Pharmacy has ever been produced." They are a novelty because they are not made simply to sell cheap, they are the best that science, skill and money can produce, and will do what is claimed for them. For sprains, aches, weakness, lameness, etc., they are unequaled.

Pulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 21, '87. The Allen-Jones-Pioneer Porous Plaster is the best I have ever tried, and I have used almost all the same. I feel it is my duty to say, I regard it as a valuable remedy. Yours truly, Mrs. Jewish Baldwin.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored plate. Jewish Baldwin.

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BY VIRTUE of an order of sale issued out of the Orphans' Court of Somerset Co., Pa., to me directed, we will sell at public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Somerset, Pa., on

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at 1 o'clock p. m., all the following described real estate, late the property of Jacob C. Schrock of Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa., deceased, to wit:

No. 1. A certain tract of land situate in Somerset Township, Somerset County, Pa., adjoining lands of C. C. Musselman's estate, John H. Schrock and S. & C. Railroad lands, containing one acre more or less, with a good two-story frame

DWELLING HOUSE

good stable and other outbuildings thereon erected. This property was the homestead of the deceased.

No. 2. A certain tract of land situate as aforesaid, adjoining lands of Chauncey Lackey, Public School Grounds and S. & C. Railroad lands, containing one acre more or less.

No. 3. A certain tract of land situate further as aforesaid, adjoining lands of Wm. Platt, John F. Eckman and Israel J. Schrock, containing eight acres, more or less.

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One-third cash on the 1st day of April, 1888, when possession will be given; one-third in one year, and one-third in two years from the 1st day of April next, without interest.

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It is sold by druggists and dealers. It may be sent by mail; price $1. Every package contains a full quarter pound of medicine. Send for our book (16 mo. 32 pp.) entitled "How to cure Catarrh." Address, I. M. GRAY & CO., RUSH, SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY, PA.

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The Population of Somerset

Is about two thousand, and we would say at least one-half are troubled with some affection of the Throat and Lungs, as those complaints are, according to statistics, more numerous than others. We would advise all not to neglect the opportunity to call on their druggist and get a bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs. Price 50 cents and $1 00. *Trial size free.* For sale by all leading druggists.

The Bowl.

Can any one explain how the bowl came to be a symbol of the drinking habit? It has long been the custom of temperance lecturers to exhort their hearers to shun the bowl. It was devotion to the bowl that destoyed men and brought ruin upon their families. But who ever knew a drunkard to drink liquor out of a bowl? There is a significance in the jug for men who are enslaved by drink buy it by the jugful when they can afford it, and the glass is a fitting synonym for drink, but the bowl is one of the rarest articles employed to hold liquor. Perhaps it is the punch bowl that is meant, though bowls of punch are only brought out on rare occasions. Still, dear reader, it is advisable to shun the bowl all the same.

Oh, What a Cough.

Will you heed the warning? The signal, perhaps, of the sure approach of that most terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford, for the sake of saving 50 cents, to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than a million bottles were sold the past year. It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame Back, Side or Chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

There are some men who are like blank cartridges. They make just as much noise as the other kind but they don't have any effect.

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Is it not worth the small price of 75cts. to free yourself of every symptom of these distressing complaints? If you think so, call at our store and get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it; use accordingly, and if it does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Head-Ache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50 cents. Sold by G. W. Benford & Son.

Sullivan is only 28 years old, and yet the record would make him appear to be a knocktogenarian.

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 popular boarder tale—I will settle next week.

Before making fruit cake current expenses must be considered.

The Art of Preserving

The teeth and gums, is not by any means a lost art. Minot's Dentifrice will preserve them. For 25 cents, the price of it, any one can have beautiful white teeth, and strong healthy gums. It's within the reach of all who desire this treasure.

The Yankee Won.

Congressman Dougherty, of Florida, is a firm believer in the superior attractions of his State as the following true story, related by the Washington *Critic*, will testify: On one occasion a Massachusetts man was his guest, and the Congressman took him around showing him the charms nature had so lavishly bestowed upon the favored section.

"See," said Colonel Dougherty, rapturously, "the beautiful flowers, the luscious fruits, the soft blue sky, the birds of brilliant plumage, the gentle undulations of the land."

"Oh, yes, I see!" replied the practical Yankee, slapping his face and hands, "I see, but these infernal mosquitoes ruin the prospect."

"Why, my dear sir," expostulated Dougherty, "there are no mosquitoes here. You are totally mistaken. You only think so."

The visitor wouldn't be persuaded, however, and after an argument, emphasized by slaps, he accepted a bet of fifty dollars from his host that he (the host) would take off his clothes and lie on his face in the sand for ten minutes and not be disturbed by the mosquitoes, nor show the slightest sign of discomfort.

The Congressman peeled down to the skin, prostrated himself, and the visitor stood over him holding a watch with one hand and fighting the pests with the other.

Girls know only one quarter as much about courting as boys, because they only have one year in four in which they are allowed to practice.

Catarrh Cured

Catarrh is a very prevalent disease, with distressing and offensive symptoms. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives ready relief and speedy cure, from the fact it acts through the blood, and thus reaches every part of the system.

"I suffered with catarrh fifteen years. Took Hood's Sarsaparilla and I am not troubled any with catarrh, and my general health is much better." I. W. LILLIS, Postal Clerk Chicago & St. Louis Railroad.

"I suffered with catarrh 6 or 8 years; tried many wonderful cures, inhalers, etc., spending nearly one hundred dollars without benefit. I tried Hood's Sarsaparilla, and was greatly improved." M. A. ABBEY, Worcester, Mass.

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

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"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 139 Bank Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

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

100 Doses One Dollar.

Paine's Celery Compound

For The NERVOUS
The DEBILITATED
The AGED.

A NERVE TONIC. Celery and Coca, the prominent ingredients, are the best and safest Nerve Tonics. It strengthens and quiets the nervous system, curing Nervous Weakness, Hysteria, Sleeplessness, &c.

AN ALTERATIVE. It drives out the poisonous humors of the blood purifying and enriching it, and so overcoming those diseases resulting from impure or impoverished blood.

A LAXATIVE. Acting mildly but surely on the bowels it cures habitual constipation, and promotes a regular habit. It strengthens the stomach, and aids digestion.

A DIURETIC. In its composition the best and most active diuretics of the Materia Medica are combined scientifically with other effective remedies for diseases of the kidneys. It can be relied on to give quick relief and speedy cure.

Hundreds of testimonials have been received from persons who have used this remedy with remarkable benefit. Send for circular, giving full particulars.

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Old Honesty

Will be found a *Combination not always to be had.*

A FINE QUALITY OF PLUG TOBACCO AT A REASONABLE PRICE

FINZER'S OLD HONESTY — LOOK FOR THIS ON EACH PLUG

IF YOU ARE LOOKING FOR A FIRST CLASS ARTICLE IN

CHEWING TOBACCO

DON'T FAIL TO GIVE

Old Honesty

A FAIR TRIAL

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT
DON'T TAKE ANY OTHER
JNO. FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

IT NEVER FAILS!

For all diseases of the SKIN use

HOP OINTMENT

Will not rot the best fabrics with which it may come in contact. Will not stain the most delicate skin. Will not injure the most tender skin. Will not blister the most sensitive skin. Will not irritate the most irritable skin. Will not poison the most poisonous skin. Will not sicken the most sickly skin. Will not offend the most offensive skin. Will not anything but what it is intended to do, viz., CURE the worst cases of PILES, COLD CRACKS, FEVER SORES and all Diseases of the SKIN. Delightfully Perfumed. Easily Used. PRICE 25¢ at all druggists or sent on receipt of price. HOP PILL MFG. CO. NEW HAVEN, CONN.

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ARIOSA

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COFFEE

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Illuminating & Lubricating Oils

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Satisfactory Oils

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SOMERSET, PA.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANCH.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Somerset to Stoystown	12¼	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	50
Somerset to Bethel	22½	70
Somerset to Johnstown	38	1 10
Somerset to Rockwood	9	30
Somerset to Garrett	15	50
Somerset to Meyersdale	21	70
Somerset to Cumberland	58	2 00
Somerset to Washington	210	6 55
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Ursina	24	80
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 80
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

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

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	5:55 a m		
Geiger	6:01 a m		
Stoystown	6:26 a m		
Hooversville	6:38 a m		
Bethel	6:52 a m		

MAIL—No. 93. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Pittsburgh	8:00 a m	Johnstown	1:35 p m
Rockwood	11:25 a m		
Milford	11:48 a m		
Somerset	12:00 p m		
Stoystown	12:32 p m		
Hooversville	12:55 p m		
Bethel	1:09 p m		

Passengers from Pittsburgh change cars for points on the Somerset & Cambria at Rockwood.

SOMERSET ACCOMMODATION—No. 95. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Baltimore	10:00 a m	SOMERSET	3:50 p m
Pittsburgh	1:10 p m		
Rockwood	3:20 p m		
Milford	3:35 p m		

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

SOUTH-BOUND TRAINS.

BALTIMORE MAIL—No. 92. †

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	7:50 a m	Rockwood	9:50 a m
Bethel	8:25 a m	Cumberland	1:20 p m
Hooversville	8:41 a m	Washington	5:45 p m
Stoystown	8:55 a m	Baltimore	6:45 p m
Geiger	9:20 a m	Pittsburgh	2:00 p m
SOMERSET	9:26 a m		
Milford	9:37 a m		

Passengers for points east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ACCOMMODATION—No. 94. *

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	2:30 p m	Rockwood	4:30 p m
Bethel	3:05 p m	Cumberland	7:15 p m
Hooversville	3:20 p m	Pittsburgh	8:45 p m
Stoystown	3:32 p m	Washington	7:29 a m
Geiger	3:57 p m	Baltimore	8:30 a m
SOMERSET	4:05 p m		
Milford	4:16 p m		

Passengers for east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96. †

Leaves		Arrives	
SOMERSET	6:00 p m	Rockwood	6:25 p m
Milford	6:12 p m		

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

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—PITTSBURGH DIVISION.

EAST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Cumberl'd Ex.	Mail.	Express.
Pittsburgh	1:10 P. M.	8:00 A. M.	9:20 P. M.
Braddock	1:24 "	8:23 "	.....
McKeesport	1:46 "	8:32 "	.....
West Newton	2:35 "	.....	10:25 "
Broad Ford	2:50 "	9:46 "	.....
Connellsville	3:15 "	9:50 "	11:15 "
Ohio Pyle	4:18 "	10:29 "	.....
Confluence	4:39 "	10:54 "	12:18 A. M.
Ursina	4:44 "	10:55 "	.....
Casselman	5:07 "	11:19 "	.....
Rockwood	5:15 "	11:28 "	12:55 "
Garrett	5:35 "	11:45 "	.....
Salisbury Junc.	5:45 "	11:52 "	.....
Meyersdale	5:48 "	11:55 "	1:20 "
Keystone	5:54 "	12:01 P. M.	.....
Sand Patch	5:59 "	12:08 "	1:30 "
Southampton	6:24 "	.....	.....
Fairhope	6:32 "	12:39 "	.....
Hyndman	6:42 "	12:50 "	.....
Cumberland	7:15 "	1:20 "	2:45 "
Washington	.....	5