OVERWORKED.

Up with the birds in the early morning—
The dewdrop glows like a precious gem;
Beautiful tints in the skies are dawning,
But she's never a moment to look at them.
The men are wanting their breakfast early;
She must not linger, she must not wait;
For words that are sharp and looks that are surly
Are what the men give when the meals are late.

Oh, glorious colors the clouds are turning,
If she would but look over hills and trees;
But here are the dishes, and here is the churning,
These things always must yield to these.
The world is filled with the wine of beauty,
If she could but pause and drink it in;
But pleasure, she says, must wait for duty—
Neglected work is committed sin.

The day grows hot, and her hands grow weary;
Oh, for an hour to cool her head.
Out with the birds and winds so cheery!
But she must get dinner, and make her bread.
The busy men in the hay-field working,
If they saw her sitting with idle hand,
Would think her lazy, and call it shirking,
And she never could make them understand.

They do not know that her heart within her
Hungers for beauty and things sublime,
They only know that they want their dinner,
Plenty of it, and just "on time."
And after the sweeping and churning and baking,
And dinner dishes are all put by,
She sits and sews, though her head is aching,
Till time for supper and "chores" draws nigh.

Her boys at school must look like others,
She says, as she patches their frocks and hose;
For the world is quick to censure mothers
For the least neglect of their children's clothes.
Her husband comes from the field of labor,
He gives no praise to the weary wife;
She's done no more than her neighbor;
'Tis the lot of all in country life.
But after the strife and weary toside
With life is done, and she lies at rest;
The nation's brain and and heart and muscle—
Her sons and daughters—shall call her blest.
And I think the sweetest joy of heaven,
The purest bliss of eternal life,
And the fairest crown of all, will be given
Unto the way-worn farmer's wife.

—Ella Wheeler.

LOCKED IN.

Lucy Hutton turned pale. She was locking the school room door when, under the shade of the tree outside, she saw a man stand watching her.

She turned pale, but showed no other sign of emotion. Without turning to look again at this man, she drew her shawl about her, turned, came down the steps, and walked homeward.

Her home was but a temporary one. Lucy Hutton had come from a little farm in the country to take charge of a parish free school. She was staying at a boarding house where almost all were strangers to her.

She was very pretty, with long golden hair, which she wore free upon her shoulders. Few persons had ever seen more beautiful hair.

Lucy turned pale because she had learned to be afraid of this person who was watching her. She knew his appearance well. For a time he had sat opposite to her at table, an emaciated, pallid, carefully dressed man, with long black hair parted in the middle of a very high, narrow forehead, and falling long upon his coat collar. Her first uneasiness was caused by observing that he constantly watched her out of a pair of small black eyes. His observation was so close as to be annoying. She had at length avoided it by changing her seat at the table.

He never spoke to her. She did not know his name, and none of the few persons she knew were acquainted with him. Having placed herself beyond his notice at table, she congratulated herself on having escaped him, when, to her consternation and serious uneasiness, she discovered that he followed her to and from school.

She chose to ignore this. She did not even speak of it to anyone. Though a slight, golden-haired girl, Lucy Hutton was courageous, and a natural delicacy prevented her from making a fuss about the matter. For, at last, she began to be annoyed with notes, expressing this man's infatuation. He desired to make her acquaintance—to marry her.

Lucy's immediate impulse was to send his first note to her lover, Henry Grayson, and ask his assistance. Then she resisted what seemed to her to be a weakness.

"I shall avoid this strange lover of mine; he cannot do me any harm," she thought.

But she could not forget him. His eyes, his gait, the cut of his garments, became horribly familiar to her. She felt that she was constantly under his surveillance. If she walked alone, he boldly followed her at a distance. If she entered a crowd, she found him at her elbow. Once, as she stood at a shop window looking at some lace, he hissed in her ear, "I love you," and slipped instantly out of sight in the evening darkness. After this she never allowed herself to be abroad after the evening's early dusk. At the man's approach she had felt him so physically powerful as to fill her with terror.

The day previous to the evening of which I write had brought a new incident. A note had been left at the school room addressed to her, which ran as follows:

BEAUTIFUL LUCY: I must speak to you; you must hear me. Meet me to-night at the lower end of Redmond's bridge; remember, you must come.

There was no signature, but there could be no doubt from whence it came. Lucy's cheeks flushed with indignation; but a thrill of fear went through her heart. Her pursuer's audacity seemed to have approached a crisis.

She crushed the note in her hand, for the observant eyes of her little pupils were upon her, and she forced herself to go on with her lessons; but her cheeks burned redly—her mind wandered in spite of herself.

Of course she didn't mean to meet this man; and what would be the consequences if she did not? She began to feel desperately the need of aid in this strange matter. She wished that Henry Grayson were there; she wished most of all that she were at home.

When she locked the school room door that night she saw, as I have said, this gaunt, black-haired man watching her under the trees. With a quick, firm step she walked down the street. At least he should not see that she was afraid of him. But she heard a step behind her; it was his. He came to her side; his detestable voice said over her shoulder, "To-night at 8 o'clock; I forgot to tell you the time."

She never turned her head or made the slightest response, as if she had heard him. He made an effort to look into her eyes—and then he fell back and disappeared.

Lucy reached her room, locked the door and sat down, trembling and crying. This last encounter had been too much for her nerves. She was full of excitement and dread. Unconsciously to herself this constant pursuit had worn upon her. Her strength seemed suddenly to give way. She sat, sobbing, almost unable to stir, when there was a knock at the door.

She started at the sound as if some new summons of evil were at hand; but the person who appeared was only a young lady boarding in the house, with whom Lucy had a slight acquaintance.

A note had been left at the house while Lucy was at school. It was her mother's handwriting:

Come home immediately. Your father is very ill.

Miss Burton delivered the note, but lingered, drawn to a pitying solicitude by the sight of Lucy's swollen face. As Lucy dropped the paper and sobbed more bitterly than before, Miss Burton gently approached her, saying:

"My dear Miss Hutton, you have bad news."

"My father is very ill—dying, perhaps! But how can I leave my school."

"I will be your substitute while you are absent; I think I can. I have taught school before. And I will go with you to-night and see the rector.

This kindness reanimated Lucy's mind. In a few moments she had settled her plans, and the two sought the Rev. John Archer, and had the matter satisfactorily settled. Lucy was to start in the 9 o'clock train, and Miss Burton was to enter the school in the morning.

Hurriedly making other arrangements Lucy bade her new friend a grateful good-by, took a fly and was driven to the station. The train was ready; she entered. It was only an hour's ride to her home.

Suddenly, while the train was rushing through thick darkness, lighted only by a cloud of sparks, Lucy remembered her obtrusive admirer.

"I have escaped him!" she thought, with a moment's delight.

Anticipating her arrival she found her father's chaise cart awaiting her, the horse driven by her little brother Will.

"How is father, Will?"

"He is very ill, Lucy."

That night was a long and hard one for the friends of the sick man. But at dawn, to the relief of all, the physicians pronounced him out of danger.

The morning sunshine found Lucy pallid and exhausted. She was greatly unnerved. They begged her to go to sleep, but she could not rest. Her eyes were heavy, lips pale, her hands hot. She carried some spring water, cool and sparkling, to her room, wet her throbbing temples and her thick, rich hair, the weight of which oppressed her aching head.

While engaged in this she heard a knock at the door. Hurriedly coiling her hair, she went down. The door was open. She did not approach it for, standing full in the sunshine, upon the threshold of her home, was the tall, gaunt, detested figure that had haunted her, like a nightmare, for weeks. Covered with dust, his lank hair straggling upon his shoulders, his sallow hands extended, and his bloodshot eyes fixed upon her face, his appearance was repulsive, his presence frightful. She shrieked, and ran away.

Forgetting the invalid, she had slammed the sitting-room door behind her, when she heard her name gently pronounced, and Henry Grayson caught her in his arms.

"My dear Lucy, what is the matter?"

What an inexpressible relief was his protecting embrace, and the rain of tears that followed. She told him what had happened.

Search was made, but there was no appearance of any one near the house, and gradually Lucy became assured and composed.

It was 11 o'clock when, full of happy thoughts, Lucy Hutton went up to her chamber.

The room was large; a window was open; a gust of air rushed in and extinguished her candle. She paused; a faint thrill of her old timidity came over her. But she summoned her natural courage, and saying, "I will not go down stairs for matches; I will go to bed in the dark," she closed and also locked a closet door which yawned behind her, drew back a curtain to let in the starlight and began to undress.

Nothing unpleasant now mingled with the girl's happy thoughts, as she softly unrobed herself. She had quite forgotten the present in thinking of a delightful future, when a strange noise startled her. It seemed like something struggling against the wall. Her heart leaped into her throat.

"Pshaw! It's only a rat!" she said, the next moment.

As she lay down she thought she heard the sound again. But after that all was still. She lay awake, occupied with her busy thoughts for awhile, but soon fell asleep.

It was late when she awoke; the room was full of sunshine. Remembering her father's state, Lucy overcame a feeling of languor, rose and quickly dressed. In doing so, she remembered the experience of the previous evening. A sudden thought came to her.

"I must have locked the cat in the closet last night. Poor old Puss!"

She unlocked the door. The key turned with some difficulty. Flinging open the door a stiff, dead human figure fell upon her, crushing her to the floor.

Those who heard the noise came rushing up. Lucy was in convulsions. The frightful, distorted corpse had rolled aside and lay upon its face. The room was full of the scent of chloroform.

Lucy was finally restored, but her nervous condition was deplorable. For weeks they watched over her feverish, delirious slumber, fearing insanity, and not without reason.

The dead man was given over to the care of the town authorities, and buried by them. It was never known who he was. On learning the story, many thought him insane. Others believed him to be a lawless and unscrupulous adventurer. In his pockets were found a pistol, a broken vial of chloroform, and a sponge. It was thought he intended to render Lucy insensible, and carry her away in the night. But he was dead, and incapable of more harm. Probably when Lucy locked the closet door he was crowded in and the vial broken. He was smothered to death.

It took years to overcome this dreadful experience; but now Lucy Grayson tells of it, without excitement, to her children.

$500 Reward.

If you suffer from dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharges falling from the head into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; if the eyes are weak, watery and inflamed; and there is ringing in the ears, deafness, hacking or coughing to clear the throat expectoration of offensive matter, together with offensive scabs from ulcers; the voice being changed and having a nasal twang; the breath offensive; smell and taste impaired; experience a sensation of dizziness with mental depression, a hacking cough, and general debility, then you are suffering from nasal catarrh. Only a few of the above named symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time, or in one stage of the disease. Thousands, without manifesting half the above symptoms, result in consumption, and end in the grave. No disease is so common, more deceptive and plangerous, less understood or more unsuccessfully treated by physicians. The manufacturers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy offer, in good faith, $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. The remedy is sold by druggists at only fifty cents.

Crematories are to be opened in Turin, San Remo, Bologna and other Italian cities.

THE QUEEN OF THE COAST.

The Old Fascination and the New Attractions Offered by Cape May.

From Phila. Daily Times, April 14th, 1888.

There is a perennial youthfulness about old Cape May which is continually taking shape in some new enterprise designed to add additional attractiveness to the famous resort. In the days of old, when the fame of Cape May stood out boldly against all the world as the pleasure resort of the American people, popular demand was not so exacting. The wide-reaching beach, the grand surf, good hotels, and fine company gave abundant pleasure to the hosts of visitors who journeyed thither by boat or stage or cumbrous family coach. They demanded no meretricious feature to heighten the natural loveliness of ocean and sky or to add to the fascination of atmosphere. It was enough if they lived well and reveled in the beauty that surrounded them.

Later on the world seemed to revolve more rapidly, the visiting hosts were whirled over the Jersey sands in hours instead of days. They found the same old Cape May which their fathers and grandfathers had known, but the tastes of the children had changed. They lived more in a day than their ancestors did in a week. They longed for newness and freshness, and pined for excitement. Great hotels were built to conform to their notions. Society held a summer court on the sands; glittering equippages rolled along on the glistening beach; festivals of music and song mingled their harmony with never ceasing music of the waves; a great pier was projected out into the deep, where mirth and festivity chased away care. It was a new Cape May evolved from the substance of the old.

The charming characteristics of the old queen remained intact. She was only dressed in the costume of a modern day. Year by year the old queen has appeared to renew her youth and in the same proportion has she grown in popular favor. Thousands of rivals have sprung into being and developed into prominence, but Cape May, like the brook, goes on forever, holding the old friends and gaining new ones.

A striking fact in this connection is that everyone who visits Cape May always returns. It may be for a day only or two days, yet they go back. There is a singular charm in sea and air and surf, which tempts the one-time visitor to renew acquaintance with the pleasureful surroundings.

The prospects for the coming season are bright. There is more activity in real estate than ever known before, and the demand for cottages and accommodations foreshadow that not only are a large number of old admirers returning to their first love, but hosts of new suitors are joining the procession. The moneyed men, who have proven their faith by large investments of capital in various Cape May enterprises, are contributing liberally to the new features which this season will see inaugurated. They recognize the fact that in order to hold her high place amid the keen rivalry of her neighbors, Cape May must offer other attractions than those which nature has so generously lavished upon her.

Last summer, after hasty organization and rapid preparation, the grounds of the Cape May Athletic Club were opened. The success of the undertaking was conspicuous. Its organizers and patrons embraced all the prominent residents and property owners, and the spectators of the sports included everybody. This season the handsome grounds will be improved and a series of athletic exhibitions and sports of every character extending through the summer will be arranged. The club is a regularly-accredited member of the Amateur Athletic Association, and its membership in this band gives it many privileges and advantages that it would not otherwise enjoy. The lovers of good sport will undoubtedly witness some fine exhibitions on these grounds. The glittering gem of this year's acquired attractions is the race track. A very eligible piece of ground just outside the city limits on the turnpike leading to the Point has been purchased by the Cape May Driving Park Association. A mile and a half-mile track have been laid out and built, and work on the grand stand, club house and stables is to be commenced at an early day and pushed forward to completion against the opening of the season. The grand stand will accommodate 5000 people and the stable is to furnish stalls for 75 to 100 horses. In the arrangement and construction of tracks and buildings some novel improvements will be added. There is hardly room for doubt that the race-course will be a most successful one, as it will be an excellent track, both for running and trotting, and the easy means of access from all the sporting centres of the land assures the poessence of the best horses.

The old Cape has long born the palm for the beauty of its women, and it may now win new laurels from the physical strength of its men and the records made on its turf.

Try, Try, Again.

After trying many advertised remedies for catarrh during the past twelve years, I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and with complete success. It is over one year since I stopped using it, and have had no return of the catarrh. I recommend it to all my friends in this vicinity.—Milton T. Palm, Reading, Pa.

My daughter and myself, great sufferers from catarrh, were cured by Ely's Cream Balm. My sense of smell is restored.—C. M. Stanley, Shoe Dealer, Ithica, N. Y.

An author in New York is going to give a reading to consist entirely of poems on animals, the proceeds of which are to be applied to the fund for a monument to the late Henry Bergh.

The guards about the Bank of England have been increased.

Care for the Children

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

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

Purify the Blood

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.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla tones up my system, purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and seems to make me over." J. P. THOMPSON, Register of Deeds, Lowell, Mass.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla beats all others, and is worth its weight in gold." I. BARRINGTON, 120 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.

DON'T SCOLD

a man for groaning when he has Rheumatism or Neuralgia. The pain is simply awful. No torture in the ancient times was more painful than these twin diseases. But—ought't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he wont use Ath-lo-pho-ros, when it has cured thousands who have suffered in the same way? It has cured hundreds after physicians have pronounced them incurable.

"The skill of five physicians could not cure me of Rheumatism which had settled in the hips, neck and shoulders. So intense was the pain that sleep was almost impossible. The first dose of Ath-lo-phoros gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued to use and am now well." REV. S. H. TROYER, New Albany, Ind.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture, "Moorish Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall St. N.Y.

Horsemen, Attention!

BRONCHOS! BROCHOS!

BRONCHOS FOR SALE.

I have for sale from 150 to 175 head of Mexican Broncheos, sired by a son of Ethan Allen, from full-blood Spanish mares. They are blocky in size, with heavy manes and tails, of good action and mostly bays in color. From forty to fifty of the lot are mares in foal, from three to six years old and weighing from 700 to 900 pounds. These horses can be seen at the farm of Wm. Hays, one mile north of Rockwood, on and after May 1, '88. Come and select a good rider, or a fine team of drivers. Terms very reasonable.

M. H. HARTZELL, Rockwood, Pa.

mar21.tf.

Fences FOR Farmers.

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.

may19-tf. J. M. MARSHALL & SON.

Established 1850.

JOS. HORNE & CO.,

PITTSBUGH, PA.

We are now opening spring importations of dress goods, black silks, colored silks, India silks, velvets, black dress goods, shawls, ladies' wraps, french satines and scotch ginghams, hodery, gloves, embroideries, laces, table linens, housekeeping goods, lace curtains, and draperies, ribbons, millinery, ladies' merino underwear, muslin underwear, dress trimmings, buttons, &c. &c.

Also men's underwear, neckwear, fine white shirts, half hose, handkerchiefs, umbrellas &c.

Our foreign goods are imported directly from the manufacturers in Europe, and all American goods are purchased from the manufacturers direct. We are thus enabled to compete with any house in the country in the matter of prices.

We carry the largest assortment of goods in all departments to be found in any establishment in Western Pennsylvania.

When you come to the city, take a look through our stores, whether you want to buy or not.

All departments are now well stocked for the spring trade.

Orders by mail receive careful and prompt attention.

JOS. HORNE & CO'S

Penn Avenue Stores.

Pittsburgh. - Pa.

oct5-1y

PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT

FOR Malaria AND Indigestion.

A leading druggist in North Carolina writes: "Send 99 cases of Perrine's Barley Malt at once. The constant demand for your valuable preparation necessitates this early duplicate of my last order. Those using Perrine's Pure Barley Malt pronounce it the best known remedy for Malaria and Indigestion."

WATCH THE LABEL.

It will eradicate from the system all the forms of Malaria.

DIRECTIONS.—Take Part of a Wineglassful Three Times a Day.

For sale by all Druggists throughout the United States and Canada. None genuine unless bearing signature of

M. & J. S. PERRINE { Sole Proprietors, 37 N. FRONT ST. Philadelphia, Pa.

CATARRH.—Prof. C. B. Cook, Principal High School, Gt. Bend, Pa., formally of Somerset county, Pa., says of NATURE'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH: "It is the best palliator for Catarrh I ever tried. It is the best catarrh cure I ever tried. It is the simplest and easiest to use of anything I ever tried. If any friend of mine should read this, I wish him to understand that I say with all sincerity that I am acquainted with Mr. I. M. Gray, one of the proprietors of **Nature's Remedy for Catarrh.** He is an upright, honorable gentleman, and his medicine is the best catarrh remedy that can be found. It has cured me, and, I believe it will cure any person suffering from catarrh."

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.

CENTRAL State Normal School.

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.

JAMES ELDON, A. M., Principal. jan27-'88-1yr. Lock Haven, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED.

Pushing reliable men to canvass for NURSERY STOCK. Permanent employment guaranteed. Salary and expenses paid. Apply at once, stating age. (Refer to this paper.)

GLEN BROTHERS. Rochester, N. Y.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Samuel P. Miller, late of Summit Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., deceased.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement at the late residence of the deceased in Summit Township on Saturday, April 21, 1888.

JOSEPH S. MILLER, SAMUEL S. MILLER, Executors.

mar7.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who will find honorable employment that will not take them from their homes and families. The profits are large and sure for every industrious person; many have made and are now making several hundred dollars a month. It's easy for any one to make $5 and upwards per day who is willing to work. Either sex, young or old; capital not needed; we start you, everything new; no special ability required young or old; can do it as well as any on. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. jan 11.'88-1yr.

Tricks of the Engines.

It is not uncommon to hear some one say that such and such a thing works with the regularity of a machine, and one is not surprised when such a comparison is made, for machines are said to work with mathematical regularity, and never to vary from speed or action to which they are set. But there is one piece of machinery which is a striking and puzzling exception to this rule. It seems decidedly opposed to a monotonously perfect performance of its work, and to rid itself of the depressing effects of sameness, it indulges in the most fanciful and inexplicable freaks, driving its whilom master into bewildering wonder. This strange mechanical creature is the locomotive, and to attempt to tell all of its curious ways would be quite as great an undertaking as to attempt to tell why a woman does thus and so.

The only parts of machinery necessary to be touched to move the engine forward, back her or bring her to a stop are the throttle, the reverse lever and the air brake. The throttle is the lever which controls the main valve of the engine, which admits the steam to the cylinder or shuts off the supply. The reverse lever runs over a semi-circular bar of iron, in which are cut several notches. When this lever is thrown forwards and the engine throttle is opened the engine will move forward, and to reverse the engine the reverse lever is thrown backwards, and therefore its name. Four pipes rise through the floor of the cab, and all of them empty into a brass cock which is controlled by the lever. Turn it suddenly to the left and the powerful air brakes will be applied so sharply and with such force that the engineer will be in luck if he does not fly through the front window.

There is the injector, which throws water in the boiler, and the lubricator, which keeps the interior of the engine well oiled, and other pieces of machinery of greater or less importance, but the three levers mentioned are the ones that govern the engine. Their use may be mastered in five minutes, and after their uses have once been explained, any one can run an engine; yet it requires a long training to fit a man for the position of an engineer, and that is simply because engines are tricky, and are not to be relied on.

One of the most common tricks that engines play is that of running away. The engineer will close the valves and get out of the cab, leaving her standing quietly and submissively, and all of a sudden she takes a notion to run away, and the next thing he knows she is shooting up the track at the top of her speed; and when she gets away she generally keeps on running until her steam gives out. That may not be until she has run into another train, but little does she care for consequences, she is on a tear, and she means to make the most of it. Just why engines do this or how is a mystery. How the throttle can open itself or how the engine can run with the throttle closed is beyond the ken of engineers, but they do it, and sometimes play havoc, too. They generally pick the time when they have been on their good behavior for a few days, and when their master's confidence in them is high, to play this particular prank, and, therefore, they are generally successful when they try it.

One of the oldest feats that an engine performs is that of jumping. It is not the intention to tell the old stories of how one engine jumped over another to avoid a collision, or of that engine in the wild west which jumped across a canyon when the bridge had fallen; but really engines do jump a little. When they are traveling at a very high rate of speed and they run over a stone or any little obstruction on the track, they will jump clear off the track ten or twelve inches, and in almost every case they will light squarely on the rails when they come down. That is probably because the engine knows that it is a dangerous thing to jump off the track, and, as she is not at all vicious in playing her pranks, she leaps up, and runs smoothly along after giving the engineer and fireman a good scare. When an engine is in a bad humor, instead of playing an innocent trick of that kind, she breaks down completely and then she makes a lame trip to the shops. The most frequent accident is the breaking of one one of the springs on which the body of the engines rests. That is liable to occur whenever she runs over a rough joint in the track. It would seem impossible to raise the body back to its position if the accident should occur any distance from the shops, but the engineers have a very simple way of doing it. Blocks of wood are placed just behind the wheels on the side on which the spring broke. The engine is run back and the wheels, running on the blocks, lift that side so high above the ground that the body is level. A beam is placed under the body and the blocks are then removed, the wheels falling back to the track. That leaves the body to its original and proper position, and blocks of wood are substituted for the broken spring. In that condition she is run to the shop for repairs.

These are a few of the ills to which a locomotive is subject, and her ailments begin at her birth and end only when she is consigned to the junk pile.

Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

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.

It looks very much as though the United States might have to tan Morocco.

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.

Silence is a sign of wisdom.

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.

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 circulars, giving full particulars.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

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In Our Popular Brand.

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 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 DONT TAKE ANY OTHER

JNO. FINZER & BROS., LOUISVILLE, KY.

ARBUCKLES'

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

ARIOSA

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.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Jacob Berkey, dec'd., late of Quemahoning Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement without delay.

JACOB THOMPSON, Executor.

mar28.

THE GREAT WABASH ROUTE

For full information of the route, where to obtain Government Lands, Maps, Etc., Address

A. M. BRACKENRIDGE, Central Passenger Agent, Corner 7th Ave. and Smithfield Streets, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Oils! Oils!

The Standard Oil Company, of Pittsburgh, Pa., makes a specialty of manufacturing for the Domestic trade the finest brands of

Illuminating & Lubricating Oils Naphtha and Gasoline,

That can be made from Petroleum. We challenge comparison with every known

PRODUCT OF PETROLEUM.

If you wish the most uniformly

Satisfactory Oils

—IN THE—

American Market,

Ask for ours. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by

COOK & BEERITS AND FREASS & KOOSER, SOMERSET, PA.

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EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.

All Purchasers can be Suited!

MANUFACTURED BY

L. A. SHEPHERD & CO. BALTO. MD.,

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SOMERSET, PA.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Lewis Knepper, dec'd, late of Brothersvalley Township, Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, May 5, 1888, at the residence of the Administrator in Berlin Bor.

D. J. BRUBAKER, mar28. Administrator.

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

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANCH.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Somerset to Stoystown	12¾	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	50
Somerset to Bethel	22½	70
Somerset to Johnstown	36	1 10
Somerset to Rockwood	9	30
Somerset to Garrett	15	50
Somerset to Meyersdale	21	70
Somerset to Cumberland	58	2 00
Somerset to Washington	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 $6.34, and to New York, $11.68.

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	5:50 a m		
Geiger	6:01 a m		
Stoystown	6:26 a m		
Hooversville	6:58 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	12:45 p m		
Bethel	1:00 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	5:50 p m
Pittsburgh	1:10 p m		
Rockwood	5:20 p m		
Milford	5:35 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	2:50 a m
Bethel	8:26 a m	Cumberland	1:30 p m
Hooversville	8:41 a m	Washington	5:45 p m
Stoystown	8:59 a m	Baltimore	6:45 p m
Geiger	9:.9 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	4:20 p m
Bethel	3:05 p m	Cumberland	7:15 p m
Hooversville	3:20 p m	Pittsburgh	8:45 p m
Stoystown	3:42 p m	Washington	7:20 a m
Geiger	3:57 p m	Baltimore	8:50 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	Town. & Cumber'd Ex.	Mail.	Express.
Pittsburgh	1:10 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	9:20 P. M.
Braddock	1:32 "	8:23 "	
McKeesport	1:46 "	8:33 "	
West Newton	2:35 "	"	10:25 "
Broad Ford	3:10 "	9:46 "	
Connellsville	3:35 "	9:50 "	11:15 "
Ohio Pyle	4:18 "	10:29 "	
Confluence	4:40 "	10:50 "	12:18 A. M.
Ursina	4:44 "	10:55 "	
Casselman	5:07 "	11:19 "	
Rockwood	5:15 "	11:28 "	12:35 "
Garrett	5:35 "	11:43 "	
Salisbury June.	5:49 "	11:52 "	
Meyersdale	5:58 "	11:55 "	1:30 "
Keystone	6:04 "	12:01 P. M.	
Sand Patch	6:09 "	12:08 "	1:30 "
Southampton	6:24 "	"	
Fairhope	6:32 "	12:29 "	
Hyndman	6:42 "	12:50 "	
Cumberland	7.15 "	1:20 "	2:45 "
Washington	.....	5:45 "	7:20 "
Baltimore (arrive)	.....	6:45 "	8.30 "

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Uniond'n & Cumber'd Ac.	Mail.	Express.
Baltimore	..... A. M.	10-00 A. M.	7-30 P. M.
Washington	"	10-55 "	8-40 "
Cumberland	8-00 "	3-10 P. M.	1-20 A. M.
Hyndman	8-35 "	3-42 "	1-59 "
Fairhope	8-46 "	3-56 "	.....
Southampton	8-55 "	"	.....
Sand Patch	9-10 "	4-22 "	2-47 "
Keyesdale	9-23 "	4-36 "	.....