THE COUNTRY DOCTOR.

In the middle of an old field, long abandoned, the fatness of the soil having been sucked out by constant cultivation, without rest, without food—literally starved and worn out, just as a man or beast may be by like treatment—stood a dilapidated log cabin, partially inclosed by a rickety fence, the pickets of which were of unequal lengths, and here and there leaned in or out, as if about to lay themselves down on the ground, tired of being swayed back and forth by every rough wind that blew. In the little space inclosed by this fence were a few colored plants, their lean stalks—that had run up to a height of three and four feet with a tuft of green leaves at the top—having somewhat the appearance of dwarf palm trees; and several rows of dead cornstalks, around which twined thin, sickly cow-pea vines, like hopeless poverty clinging to the dead past.

It was early morning—the dew was still glistening on the green collard leaves—when Dr. Meredith rode up to this cabin, and dismounting fastened his horse to a little scrub oak that grew near the door. The doctor was a fine looking man, about 30 years of age, tall, broad shouldered, with dark complexion, black hair and beard, and full dark eyes, in which the light of intelligence shone as a beacon hope to the sick and wretched who have had the good fortune to fall under his ministrations. He was only a country doctor—one of those men who sacrifice their lives for the good of humanity, whose services are great and whose fees are small—but he was well worthy to stand as the peer of any of his brethren, whose fees, bestowed by the grateful rich for services not so great as his has been in the aggregreate, has swelled their bank accounts to a comfortable figure.

He had come now to attend a poor girl—only to see her die, he knew, and then to bury her at his own expense; but the thought that this errand was to be altocether fruitless in every way never occurred to him, as he took his medicine cases, which hung over his saddle like saddle bags, on his arm and entered the cabin.

It was a poor place—it fairly reeked with poverty. Two or three articles of the commonest kind of furniture, a pot and a frying pan that stood on the hearth in front of a wide clay fireplace, and a tin pan, a few plates and two cups on the shelf of a cupbord, the door of which was gone, and where the flies, early as it was were swarming around a bit of uncooked bacon, and the half of a cake of corn bread, were the accessories of the direct, most hopeless poverty.

On a rude bedstead, that stood near the open sashless window, lay the invalid. She lay perfectly still, with her eyes closed, her black hair scattered in tangled masses on the coarse sheet and pillow, and but for the little moan that came from her half open lips at regular intervals one would have thought her already dead.

A woman in her own rank in life—a common woman with a sorrowful face—a face marked with those lines which constant, never ceasing distress always leaves there—sat in front of the fireplace, where there was a smoldering fire. She sat there not that she was cold—the weather was warm and pleasant—but from the force of habit. It seemed to her the right place to sit, winter or summer.

The doctor, as soon as he entered the room, went to the beside and examined his patient.

Unlike the generality of her class, whose features are almost invariably coarse and irregular, seldom pretty, often repulsive, this girl was beautiful, with features as delicate and clearly cut as those of a Greek statue.

From her the doctor came to the woman with an inquiring glance. She said nothing, but pointed to a pine table that stood in the corner of the room, on which there was something covered with a coarse piece of cloth. He went to the table, and, lifting the cloth, looked under it.

"How long did it live?" he asked, turning to the woman.

"Not a minute, doctor," was the reply; "it jes' give a gulp, so, and then was gone."

"It is better so," murmured the doctor.

"I reckin it be," said the woman, who overheard the remark, though it was not intended for her ears. "Ef she was to die—and she's like to, ain't she?" looking earnestly in Dr. Meredith's face.

"Yes."

"Then thar'd be nobody to kier for it, yer, see."

The doctor said nothing. He was a thinking of the father of that lifeless atom. He hed been found dead—murdered, probably, by some jealous rival—the day before in a deep gulley not far from the cabin, the girl, almost dead herself, lying on his body and clinging to it with such tenacity that it had been difficult to remove her. The man had been a reckless scapegrace, belonging to a good family, but preferring the companionship of the low and vicious. He had run through a moderate fortune, and then gradually sunk to the level, socially, of those whom in the hours of debauchery, he had chosen for his associates.

Such was the story of the man. Of the antecedents of the girl little was known. She was not a native of that part of the country, but had come there about a year before, accompanied by her brother, a little, dried up specimen of humanity about 15 years of age, but who looked as though he might be 50, so wrinkled was his sallow, weazen face, so dull his light blue eyes. The two had taken up their abode in the old cabin, that had been tenantless for some time, and three months later Tom Standard, the murdered man, had likewise made it his domicile.

The doctor, leaving directions with the woman to prepare the infant for burial, rode away, saying he would be back before nightfall. In the meantime she could continue to give the mother the medicine prepared during his former visit; it would ease her pain, and that was all that he could hope to do for her.

When he returned just before sunset the woman met him at the door.

"Well, Mrs. Turner," he said, "what of your patient?"

"She 'pear to be mendin' a leetle, doctor," was the reply and there was a hopeful look in the poor woman's eyes.

"What makes you think so?"

"She seems to have more sense, and I 'lows she mus' be some better."

The doctor went to the bedside and took the girl's wrist in his hand. It was very thin, and he held it gently while he gazed in the pale face of his patient, who was talking as if in her sleep. Then he shook his head. Soon, very soon, mother and babe would be together. The two, so near akin, had never known each other in this life—what beyond?

The girl opened her eyes—large, dark, melancholy eyes they were—while Dr. Meredith was bending over her, and looked in his face.

"Be it you, doctor?" she said, with voice scarcely audible, "and did yer want to see Tom? Well, he ain't here now, but I reckon he will be here tere'ly."

"Never mind Tom," said the doctor. "You had never been sick, Maggie, and you must think about yourself a little."

"But I hev to mind Tom," she replied irrelevantly. "Don't yer know he's my husband? And the preacher said I must love, honor and erbey, and so I hev to mind him—don't yer see?"

This revelation rather startled the doctor. It had never occurred to him that Standard, who had a mother and sisters moving in the best circles of society—in which society he himself had mingled—could have united himself by marriage to this girl; and yet the knowledge of the fact rather raised than lowered the man in his estimation, and at the same time he felt that the girl, poor, friendless, almost outcast as she was, had thrown herself away in marrying him.

"When were you and Tom married?" he asked.

"Nigh on to a year ago," replied Maggie. "But, oh my! I wasn't to tell, and now I've gone and done it," and then she began to cry.

"Never mind," said the doctor soothingly, stroking her hair back from her forehead with a gentle hand. "Never mind; you have only told me, and I'll not tell anybody else."

"Wont yer now? Well, I know yer wont ef you say so. You see, his folks mighn't like it, and we didn't want no fuss. But whar's my brother, doctor?" her eyes glancing slowly around the room.

"He is at my house. I thought he would better stay there while you are sick."

"Yes, I rickin he had—ef you'll let him. The po'chile wouldn't git nothing to eat here."

"Very well, he shall stay there, and have plenty to eat. But you had better not talk any more now, so I will leave you to rest awhile."

He went to the door, and stood there looking across the field at a group of pine that had sprung up and grown apace where nothing else would flourish. There was a mocking bird singing among the dark, green plumes, its various notes ringing out loud and joyous.

"Were there nothing beyond this life for us as some would have us believe," he thought, "it were better to be yonder bird, which knows not a pang and whose existence seems to be a never ending merry-go-round, than the poor creature lying in there. If life end for man with the death of the body, then surely he is the most miserable of all living things. He alone knows that longing for a higher, nobler state and to him alone comes heartache, comes woes, however fortunate he may be, he cannot escape care, and disappointment and sorrow await him at every turn. The beast that serves him knows none of these; its hunger and thirst appeased, it is content; it suffers from naught but actual physical pain and even that does not make it howl and writhe as it does many men."

When he returned to his patient he found her lying with her eyes fixed wistfully on the western sky, where the sun was just going down, flooding the earth and lighting up the pale, sad face on the pillow with a glorious light. He took her hand in his and bent over her.

"How do you feel now, Maggie?" he asked. "Oh my, doctor!" she sighed, "I feel mighty weak, and my foot is kinder dead like."

"Take this," he said, bringing a cup from the cupboard and holding it to her lips, while he raised her head a little on his arm.

"Did you ever go to church" he asked, when he laid her head gently back on the pillow and put the cup away.

"Yes, onct in a while—when I could."

"And what did the preacher tell you?"

"He telled us ef we didn't repent—that means bein' sorry—he said, for all the bad we'd did, we'd go to hell. But I never done nothin' so awful bad that I knows on, 'less'n 'twas marrying Tom when I knowed his folks wouldn't like it. But he'd have it so, doctor, and I couldn't help it. I bed to do like he said."

"Well never mind that; you and Tom had a right to get married if you wanted to, and you might have done very much worse. But didn't the preacher tell you about anything else?"

"Oh, yes; he told us about the Lord, and how, ef we done w'at was right and repented of our sins, he'd forgive us and take us inter a place whar ev'rything's purty, and the street is made of gole, and thar's plenty far all. That's when we's dead, yer know."

"Yes, I understand."

"And is it all true?"

"Yes, something like it."

"And is it as purty thar es that?" lifting her head feebly and pointing to the western sky all ablaze with glory.

"Much prettier; and there is no trouble, no sorrow there, and everybody is happy."

"I'm glad—to hear that," said the girl, her eyes brightening with a look of joy, "and that's whar I'd like to go—fur this be a wearisome world—and one don't hev much here—to make 'em happy."

"I believe you have been a good girl, Maggie," said the doctor.

"I hes allers—done the best—I could," she said, "but—I don't—know much—and—mebbe I didn't allers know—w'at—was—jis'—right."

Her voice had been growing weaker for some time, and these last words were uttered between short, quick gasps for breath. Now she closed her eyes and lay quite still, and the doctor thought she was falling asleep, and so might come the end; but suddenly she started up, and, half lifting herself on her arm, that trembled under the weight of her body, looked eagerly toward the door.

"Oh, Tom! Tom!" she cried, her voice all at once sweet, and clear, and singularly strong, "I know'd yer'd come when they told yer I was sick. Don't go away agian and don't yer drink no mo'—now don't yer do it, Tom."

One moment she kept her strained position, gazing at the open door, and then fell back on the pillow. She was dead.

The doctor closed her eyes and covered her face, and then went out of the room. Mrs. Turner was just returning from her home, whither she had gone when he first came.

"Maggie is dead," he said to her.

"My gracious!" she exclaimed; "how sudden it came—and I thunk she was amendin'—and what's to become of her brother now? He ain't fit to take kear of hisself."

"I will look after him."

"Wih yer, though? Well, now, that be mighty good on yer."

"You will see that the poor girl is decently laid out. Send to me for anything you need and I will attend to the burial."

"Yes; I'll do w'at I kin," said the woman, and when the doctor mounted his horse and rode away, she stood looking after him. "Ef thar was more like you in this world," she said, "we poor folks wouldn't have such a hard time on it."—*Times-Democrat.*

A Wonderful Operation

Is nature's effort in growing teeth. Why then be so careless as to lose them by absolute neglect? Minot's Dentifrice is the sure means of keeping a handsome, serviceable set of teeth and healthy gums—25 cents will procure a bottle. Sold everywhere.

Salt For Animals.

There is considerable discussion going on regarding the necessity for the use of salt for animals. It is believed by many to be a necessity, a belief that has existed from the earlier times. Even Virgil attributed an increased flow of milk to a use of salt, and Plenius, that salt produced more milk and finer cheese. Among the recent writers, Professor James M. Johnson believes that salt assists digestion and the restoring of bodily waste; Professor Voit, that it quickens circulation; Dr. Lehman, that it aids indigestion and circulation; Dr. Plever, that it provokes an increase of muscular strength and to some extent counter-balances the want of sufficient nutrition; Dr. Locelles, that it is as indispensable to man and animals as the air they breathe, because it assists indigestion, aids in the oxidation of blood and the assimilation of food, and is, in reality, an auxiliary to digestion.

There is a small percentage of salt in the food consumed, but Professor Arnold states that it is less than in milk, and hence must be supplied. Dr. Dalton Professor Arnold and Dr. Smith, an English authority, all agree in the necessity for giving salt, which supplies the chlorine and sodium, which are not supplied by the foods consumed, and then animals are kept in a much better condition than when not fed with it.

Egg Culture.

The London Society of Arts recently listened to a special lecture on eggs and the duty of the English people to raise their own eggs, and not depend upon foreign fowls. The import of eggs into England amounts to an annual value of $15,000,000, which means, at an average of a cent apiece, 125,000,000 dozen of eggs. The import of eggs to the United States is about 17,000,000 dozen a year. The capital required in the production of eggs, and the keeping of poultry, is small, the sale is regular and constant, and as an article of food the egg is unrivalled. While there are large raisers of poultry, with considerable investments in birds and buildings, the vast majority of the eggs marketed are picked up in small quantities from the farmers and from the villagers. There is no reason why the United States should depend upon any outside people for a single egg. To produce all they consume would put money in their pockets. The boys and girls on the farm could find a source of profit in paying a little more attention to fowls, "in the rough," as it were, and if they reached out to the incubator and the brooder they would materially enlarge their profits, while they also greatly enhance their pleasure.

Improving Pastures.

R. G. Hill, in the *Rural Vermonter*, recommends as a means of improvement of the pastures of New England, many of which are very much deteriorated, the adoption of sheep raising, and illustrates by making mention of a case in his own experience in which an almost worthless pasture was brought into good condition with white clover and good feed substituted for coarse, wild grass, yellow daisies or buttercups. As a rule, the pasturage of New England has been gradually deteriorating, and from constant use without any special effort towards restoring any lost fertility. The same injudicious practice will cause the deterioration of any pasture in the course of time, where no change of plan is adopted. But New England labors under this disadvantage that the portions of surface usually devoted to pasturage are so rough and rocky as to be incapable of cultivation, and for that reason some means like sheep raising may well be adopted where in other sections it would be unnecessary. Different sections resort to different means for accomplishing similar ends, with a view to necessity and economy.

How to Grow Tomatoes.

Because the generous nature of the tomato yields bountifully with seemingly little care and attention, the general impression prevails that the plant requires but little attention. This is a sad mistake, for there is not a vegetable in the garden that is so gross a feeder, nor one that so readily pays for all the food and care given as the tomato. To grow it to its greatest perfection, the hills should be dug out to the depth of two and a half feet; in the bottom there should be a half bushel of well rotted manure; above this let the soil be an equal mixture of loam and manure thoroughly mixed. The hills should be at least six feet apart. Let the situation be open, warm and airy. When the fruit begins to set mulch with clean straw or very small brush. Under these conditions six plants will furnish sufficient tomatoes for a family of twelve persons. Whatever variety may be planted in this manner, the result will show specimens for size, smoothness and esculent properties, unknown to the variety when grown in the ordinary manner.

Not an Utter Failure.

There is always pleasure in accumulated power, but few pause to consider that it is only to be had through vigorous exertion. In one respect this sort of recompense is unique, for it may come not only with much success, but with much that is called failure. A man may find his friends disappointing him one by one; he loses a position he supposed to be secure, or his business does not succeed; perhaps his work, too, appears ineffectual, and his efforts seem lost. Yet even in all this crushing adversity, although he has failed in all he has tried to do, he may have succeeded in doing something else of which he had not thought, but which may be more important and enduring than that which he attempted to accomplish. If he has really tried hard and honestly he has gained wisdom and power and experience and caution, which will stand him in good stead in future exertions. This is a consolation seldom offered in times of trouble, yet it is a real one. There is no such thing as utter failure to one who has done his best.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT SARSAPARILLA TRADE MARK

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

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

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

100 Doses One Dollar

OH! MY HEAD.

The pain from Neuralgia and its companion disease Rheumatism is excruciating. Thousands who could be quickly cured are needlessly suffering. What it has promptly did for others what it did for the following parties:

Will, Mass., Oct. 5, 1887.
Having been afflicted with a terrible pain in the head for years and tried every remedy without avail, I was induced to try your Athlophoros. After taking one bottle I found it to be helping me, and after taking four bottles of Athlophoros and one of Pills, I found that I was entirely well. I think the medicine is positively a cure.
CHAUNCEY R. REDDICK.

Mt. Carroll, Ill., Feb. 20, 1887.
I have used Athlophoros in my family and find it to be the greatest production for neuralgia in existence and having had to forget patent medicines for the past 20 years I mean what I speak. MRS. JULIA CHIFFINS.

Send 6 cents for the beautiful colored picture. "A Morph Maiden."

THE ATHLOPHOROS CO. 112 Wall

Horsemen, Attention!

BRONCHOS! BROCHOS!

BRONCHOS FOR SALE.

I have for sale from 150 to 175 head of Mexican Broncho, 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 750 to 900 breaks. These horses can be seen at the farm of Wm. Hess, one mile north of Rockwood, on and after May 15, '88. Come and select a good rider, or a nice team of drivers. Terms very reasonable.

M. H. HARTZELL,
marl7.tf. Rockwood, Pa.

Established 1850.

JOS. HORNE & CO.,

PITTSBUGH, PA.

We are now receiving spring importations of dress goods, black silks, colored silks, India silks, velvets, black dress goods, shawls, ladies' wraps, french satines and scotch ginghams, hosiery, 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.
oct-1-ly

PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT FOR Malaria AND Indigestion.

☞ A leading druggist in North Carolina writes: "Send 36 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.

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.

F. F. DAVIDSON,
29 OHIO STREET,
ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN'A.

Breech-Loading Guns,
Rifles, Revolvers,
FISHIG TACKLE.
BASE BALL GOODS.
$25 Piper B' L. Gun equal to any $50 Gun in the Market.
Until August First
20 Per Cent off on Guns.

DEEP SEA WONDERS exist in thousands of forms, but are surpassed by the marvels of invention. Those who are in need of profitable work that can be done while living at home should at once send their address to Hallett & Co., Portland Maine, and receive free, full information how either sex, of all ages, can earn from $5 to $25 per day and upward, wherever they live. You are started free. Capital not required. Some have made over $50 in a single day at this work. All succeed. jan11-'88-1yr.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Susan Stauffer, dec'd., late of Salisbury Borough, 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 to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, the 16th day of June, 1888, at the residence of Lyman Stoner, in said Borough.

J. C. LOWRY, Attorney. MARTIN N. STAUFFER, Executor. 5-2.

RICHLY REWARDED are those heroes of this and then act; they 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 dev 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 one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. jan 11.'88-1yr.

PENSION AGENCY.

SOL. UHL,

Duly authorized by the Government. Office in Baer's Block, up stairs, Somerset, Pa. marl7tf.

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.

Shocks of Earthquake.

COLUMBIA, S. C., June 2.—For the past week seismic disturbances have been experienced nightly in a certain part of this city. The disturbances have been sufficiently severe to awaken the inhabitants and rattle the sashes and furniture. In one of the houses in this part of the town the shocks were so continuous that the inmates left their beds and moved out. Last night a man living in the locality where the disturbance is strongest counted seventeen distinct shocks.

The Handsomest Lady

In Somerset remarked to a friend the other day that she knew Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs was a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this and convince you of its merit, any druggist will give you a sample Bottle *Free.* Large size 50c. and $1.

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.

Her Weight in Milk Every 20 Days

PARKERSBURG, W. VA., May 31.—A thoroughbred Jersey cow, which weighs less than 500 pounds and is only eighteen months old, is owned by a wine grower named Mihall on Washington Bottom. The cow gives 25 pounds of milk every day, or her weight in 20 days. She is considered an extraordinary animal by stock and dairyman.

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.

A Tender-Hearted Defaulter.

NEW ORLEANS, June 2.—The news has been received here that W. J. Sowers, Sheriff, and ex-officio Tax Collector of Winn parish, in this State, has decamped, being a defaulter to the State and parish to a considerable amount. Sowers was very popular, and seems to have been even more softhearted than Uncle Dick Tate, of Kentucky, for whenever a taxpayer pleaded poverty or hard times, he usually gave a receipt in full for taxes, becoming himself personally responsible for them; and a large part of his defalcation is attributed to this peculiar charity at the expense of the State.

The people of Winn express only sorrow and sympathy for the defaulter, rather than anger over the disappearance of the parish funds.

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.

We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria, Canker Mouth and Headache, in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Inj'ector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath. Price 50c. Sold by Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A Murderer Apprehended.

WILKESBARRE, PA., May 31.—George Hite a Hungarian was arrested here tonight for murdering a fellow-countryman near Cleveland, O., about a week ago. He was traced to this city by an Ohio detective and was captured in a Hungarian boarding house. The detective is sure that he has the right man. In the presence of several reporters this evening the prisoner made a confession, during the course of which he said he killed his victim in self-defense.

The Homeliest Man

In Somerset, as well as the handsomest and others, are invited to call on any druggist and get *free* a trial bottle of Kemp's Balsam for the Lungs, a remedy that is selling entirely upon its merits and is guaranteed to cure and relieve all Chronic and Acute Coughs, Asthma, Bronchitis and Consumption. Price 50 cents and $1.

A pound and a half of hard soap, fifty pounds of soft water, and ten fluid ounces of water of ammonia (strong) will bleach flannel that has become yellow if the flannel is put into the solution for some days.

From the Pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. "I was so much troubled with catarrh it seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm seriously affected my voice. One bottle of Ely's Cream Balm did the work. My voice is fully restored.—B. F. Liepsner.

A Good Investment

Is that which yields large returns from a small outlay. Reader, the way is clear! No speculation, no chance, big returns! If you are like most of mankind you have somewhere a weakness—don't feel at all times just as you'd like to—headache to-day, backache to-morrow, down sick next week—all because your blood is out of order. A small outlay and what large returns! You invest in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and soon pure, fresh blood courses through your veins, and you are another being!

At Ticino, Italy, the wife of the mayor gave birth to six children, having previously given birth to four and three respectively, at different times.

Living Witnesses!

Ask any one who has used Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets as to their merits. They will tell you that pimples, blotches and eruptions disappear; that constipation—that breeder of disorders—is relieved; that the appetite is restored; that the whole system is renovated and regulated beyond any conception by these little wonder-workers. Being purely vegetable, they are perfectly harmless; being composed of concentrated, active ingredients, they are powerful! Purge and purify the system and disease will be unknown. Of all druggists.

A Philadelphia man was married Monday, blacked his wife's eyes Tuesday, got drunk Wednesday and went to jail Thursday for three months. He must have been a rusher from the West.

Paine's Celery Compound

CURES Nervous Prostration, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Nervous Weakness, Stomach and Liver Diseases, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, and all affections of the Kidneys.

WEAK NERVES
Paine's Celery Compound is a Nerve Tonic which never fails. Combining Celery and Coca, those wonderful nerve stimulants, it speedily cures all nervous disorders.

RHEUMATISM
Paine's Celery Compound purifies the blood, and does not by its acid, which causes Rheumatism, and renews the blood, imparting vigor to a healthy condition. It is the true remedy for Rheumatism.

KIDNEY COMPLAINTS
Paine's Celery Compound quickly restores the liver and kidneys to perfect health. This curative power, combined with its nerve tonic, makes it the best remedy for all kidney complaints.

DYSPEPSIA
Paine's Celery Compound strengthens the stomach, and quiets the nerves of the digestive organs. This is why it cures even the worst cases of Dyspepsia.

CONSTIPATION
Paine's Celery Compound is not a cathartic. It is a laxative, giving easy and natural action to the bowels. Regularity surely follows its use.

Recommended by professional and business men. Send for book.

Price $1.00. Sold by Druggists.

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO. Prop's
BURLINGTON, VT.

A FINE PIECE OF CHEWING TOBACCO IS INDEED A LUXURY FINZER'S Old Honesty COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO

AND IS KNOWN AS A Standard Brand AMONG DEALERS

WE ARE SURE THAT ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU OF ITS MERITS

LOOK FOR THIS TAG ON EACH PLUG

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 Arbuckles' Ariosa hermetically sealed ONE POUND PACKAGES.

For full information of this route, where to obtain Government Lands, Maps, Etc., address

A. M. BEACKENRIDGE,
General Passenger Agent,
Corner 5th 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 Casoline,

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 sure. Trade for distant and vicinity supplied by

COOK & SHERITZ AND FRIEASE & HOOVER, Somerset, Pa.

sept28-87-1yr.

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.

All Purchasers can be Suited!

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

AND FOR SALE BY

R. B. Schell & Co.,
SOMERSET, PA.

CATARRH 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. 50 cts. at druggists; by mail registered, 60c. ELY BROS., 235 Greenwich St., New York. 3-29-1yr.

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	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	54	2 00
Somerset to Washington	219	6 55
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Confos	24	80
Somerset to Conellsville	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, $11.80.

Summer Arrangement—In effect Apr. 29, '88.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	5.20 a m	Johnstown	7.25 a m
SOMERSET	5.55 a m		
Garrett	6.07 a m		
Meyersdale	6.21 a m		
Stoystown	6.45 a m		
Hooversville	6.57 a m		
Bethel	7.06 a m		

MAIL—No. 93. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Pittsburgh	7.00 a m	Johnstown	7.10 p m
Rockwood	11.11 a m		
Milford	12.22 p m		
Somerset	12.41 p m		
Stoystown	12.11 p m		
Hooversville	1.22 p m		
Bethel	1.36 p m		

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

SOMERSET ACCOMMODATION—No. 95. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Baltimore	10.00 a m	SOMERSET	5.38 p m
Pittsburgh	8.35 p m		
Rockwood	3.45 p m		
Milford	4.27 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	9.45 a m
Bethel	8.23 a m	Cumberland	1.00 p m
Hooversville	8.36 a m	Washington	3.10 p m
Stoystown	8.50 a m	Baltimore	6.15 p m
Garrett	9.16 a m	Pittsburgh	2.00 p m
SOMERSET	9.31 a m		
Milford	9.52 a m		

Passengers for points east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ACCOMMODATION—No. 94. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Johnstown	8.00 p m	Rockwood	4.45 p m
Bethel	8.38 p m	Cumberland	7.30 p m
Hooversville	8.56 p m	Pittsburgh	8.00 p m
Stoystown	9.09 p m	Washington	7.20 a m
Garrett	9.35 p m	Baltimore	8.30 a m
SOMERSET	9.51 p m		
Milford	10.12 p m		

Passengers for east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Somerset	9.45 p m	Rockwood	9.05 p m
Milford	9.56 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	Union'n & Cumberland Ex.	Mail.	Express.
Pittsburgh	1.30 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	10.35 P. M.
Sidebottom	2.24 "	8.23 "	
McKeesport	2.35 "	8.31 "	
West Newton	3.07 "	..... "	11.23 "
Connel Ford	3.20 "	..... "	.....
Connellsville	3.45 "	9.45 "	11.33 "
Olde Fyke	4.00 "	10.10 "	.....
Confluence	4.21 "	10.27 "	12.15 A. M.
Rockwood	4.35 "	10.41 "	.....
Garrett	5.17 "	11.26 "	.....
Salisbury Junc.	5.26 "	11.33 "	.....
Meyersdale	5.39 "	11.46 "	1.15 "
Keyser	5.45 "	11.52 P. M.	.....
Sand Patch	6.00 "	11.64 "	1.35 "
Southampton	6.14 "	.....	.....
Hattiange	6.22 "	12.17 "	.....
Hyndman	6.32 "	12.26 "	.....
Cumberland	7.05 "	1.00 "	2.45 "
Washington	.....	3.35 "	7.20 "
Baltimore (arrive)		6.15 "	8.30 "

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Union'n & Cumberland Ac.	Mail.	Express.
Baltimore	4 A. M.	10.00 A. M.	9.15 P. M.
Washington	7.40 "	10.55 "	8.15 "
Cumberland	8.00 "	2.40 P. M.	1.50 A. M.
Hyndman	8.36 "	3.37 "	2.39 "
Bittinger	8.46 "	3.51 "	.....
Southampton	8.55 "	.....	.....