A SNUFF COLORED SUIT.

I scarcely know how it happened, but a timber must have fallen and struck me on the head. The first thing I realized after it was that I was straight and still on something hard, and when I tried to move myself and speak, I found it impossible to do so. I concluded that I must be in some very tight, dark place, for I could not see; in fact, I soon learned that, though perfectly conscious, I could do nothing but hear. A door opened, and footsteps approached; then I felt a cloth taken from my face, and a voice which I recognized as that of Mr. Jones, father of my wife that was to be, said:

"He hasn't changed much," and his companion, whose voice I knew to be the village undertaker, Hopkins, by name, said lightly:

"Better looking dead than alive. How does Jerusha feel about it? Does she talk as much?"

"Oh, no; she had her eye on another fellow anyhow, and a better match, too, excepting the money part. Though I had nothing against Ben, only he didn't know much, and was about the homliest man I ever knew. Such a mouth! Why it really seemed as though he was going to swallow knife, plate and all, when he opened it at dinner."

"Well," said the cheerful voice of Mr. Hopkins, "he'll never open his mouth again," and then he proceeded to measure me for my coffin, for it seemed that I was dead, or they thought so, which was all the same to the greedy pocket of the undertaker. I had heard of undertakers who always whistled joyfully when they got a measure, but I never believed it before. That man actually whistled a subdued dancing tune while he measured me, and it seemed that three or four icicles were rolling down my back to the music of his whistle.

His duty done, they covered my face again and left me to my own reflections, which were not particular comforting although I had often heard it remarked that meditation is good for the soul, and this was the best chance I ever had of trying it.

An hour must have passed, when the door again opened, and two persons came whispering along to where I lay, and the voice of my promised wife fell upon my ears, so pathetically.

"I dread to look at him, Rob. He was so mortal homely when alive, he must be frightful in death."

I ground my teeth in imagination, as I remembered how often she had gone into raptures, or pretended to, over my noble brow and expressive mouth, and how she had often declared that if I were taken away from her she would surely pine away and die.

One of them raised the cloth, and I knew they were looking at me. Bob was her second cousin, and I knew he was that "other fellow" whom her father had mentioned.

"Seems to me you don't feel very bad about his dying, 'Rusha," remarked Bob, meditatively.

"Well, to tell the truth," said my dear betrothed, "I don't care very much about it. Had he lived I should have married him, because he was rich and my father wanted me to; but I was about getting sick of my bargain, for I knew I should always be ashamed of him, he looked so much like a baboon."

"But you loved him," remarked Bob.

"No, I didn't! My affections were long ago wasted upon one who never returned my love," and my fast fading idol sighed heavily.

They had covered my face by this time and were standing a few steps from my body.

"About how long ago, 'Rusha?" asked the now interested Bob.

"A year, or such a matter," and another deep sigh followed, which ended in quite a fit of sneezing.

"About the time I went away?" interrogated Bob, coughing a little.

"Well, yes; some'res near," assented my dear affianced.

"Now, Jerusha, you don't mean to insinuate that I——"

"I don't mean to insinuate anything, Bob Smith!" and the angelic sweetness of her voice was somewhat sharpened.

"Now, see here, 'Rusha, I've loved you ever since you were knee-high to a gopher, but I thought when you came home that you was sweet on that other chap; but I swan I believe you loved me all the time."

"Oh, Bob!" said my was-to-be, in a gushing sort of way.

"Mine own Jerusha!" remarked Bob.

Then I heard a subdued rush, accompanied by violent lip explosions. I tried to kick or grate my teeth, or do something to relieve my outraged feelings, but not a kick or a grate could I raise. It was an awful fix to be in, but I had to stand it or lay it, so I laid still and let 'em alone until they got tired of it, and then went out, and I was again left to my own pleasant reflections.

Night came, and so did a lot of young fellows with their girls, to sit up with me and they had a jolly time of it, although it was against my principles to enjoy it on so solemn an occasion.

It seemed an age until morning, but it came at last and they went away. I heard them say I was to be buried that day at 2 o'clock, and I was beginning to feel decidedly shaky, when Jerusha and her mother came into the room and began to arrange for the funeral.

"'Rusha," said her mother, "here is that snuff-colored suit of poor Ben's, of course he will never have any more use for clothes, so just put them away among your carpet rags, they'll make a splendid stripe."

Now, that particular suit of clothes was just the neatest one I ever owned, armholes, collar, wristbands, buttons, all just the thing, and my blood boiled to hear them talk so coolly or using them for stripes in a rag carpet. They kept on talking as they swept, dusted and cleaned up the room.

"Bob says he will take the Martin farm to work this year," said Jerusha, cheerfully, "and as soon as we are married we shall go to housekeeping in that little cottage close to the road. Now I must get my carpet done, just as soon as possible, for I want it in that nice little front room. These duds of Ben's will make out enough rags, I guess. His folks live so far away they will never inquire about his clothes. Now, if it wasn't for the looks of it, we would ask old mother Smith about coloring yellow, she's sure to be here to-day."

I was getting very mad now, indeed. I felt that the crisis was near, and that I should either die or explode, if they did not let my snuff-colored suit alone. Jerusha picked them up—I knew it, for I heard the buckles and buttons jingle—and made for the door. I tried to shake my fist and yell at her, but all in vain. I laid there, outwardly as quiet as a lamb, inwardly boiling with wrath. It was too much; the deepest trance could not have held out against the loss of that suit.

With a powerful effort I sprang up and screamed. Jerush dropped my clothes and her mother the duster, and both fled in haste from the house, never stopping until they reached Dr. Brown's across the street. With difficulty I managed to get my clothes. I had just got them fairly on, when Mrs. Jones and her daughter, followed by a numerous company of men, women and children, came peering cautiously into the room. I sat on my board and looked at them. Such a scared looking crowd was enough to amuse an owl, so I laughed; I knew it was unbecoming, but I couldn't have helped it if they had chucked me into my coffin—which the undertaker was just then carrying past the window—and buried me the next minute. I laughed until I jarred the chair out from under one end of the board, and down I went with a crash. Then the doctor ventured into the room, saying rather dubiously:

"So you are not dead yet, Ben?"

"Well, no, not exactly," I replied; sorry to disappoint my friends about the funeral, however."

"Yes," he said, rather absently, "bad, rather—that is—ahem!"

"Fooled out of that snuff-colored stripe!" I thought, as I looked at Jerusha.

"Go and speak with him," said her father, in a strange whisper. "He's got the stamps, and you had better marry him after all."

They began to gather around me and congratulate me on my escape. I noticed that they cried a great deal more now than they did when I was dead. Jerusha came and hung around my neck, sniveling desperately. I gave her a not overgentle push and told her to wait next time until I was safely buried before she set her heart on my old clothes.

"Oh, I am so glad!" she said sweetly, without appearing to notice what I said about the clothes—"that you are not dead, Benny, dear. My heart seemed withered and broken to see you lying all cold and white. I wept bitterly over your pale face, my beloved."

"Yes," I replied, "I heard you and Bob taking on terribly. It was a lucky die for me."

"Could you hear?" she gasped.

"I rather think I could—some," I replied.

She looked toward the door, but it was crowded fall, so she made a dive for the open window and went through it like a deer. She shut herself up in the smoke house, and would not come out until I left the house.

Bob would not fulfill his promise of marriage with his cousin because she tried to make up with me again; so she is living a life of single blessedness.

While I am writing, rap wife is cutting up my snuff-colored clothes to make a stripe in a new carpet for our front room.

Kissing as a Fine Art.

It is said that kissing goes by favor. Sometimes it does—very often it does not. There are as many kinds of kisses as there are of strawberries, and like the fruit they differ in size and flavor. Some are delicious, and others are insipid as the fruit that grows by the Dead Sea. I suppose in discussing these little explosives I ought to classify them as we do plants and minerals, but instead of that I shall bunch them and select a few from the job lot.

I may say, by way of a starter, that when kissing came it came to stay, and the old records show that it came very early in mankind. I would not have the cheek to say that when Adam awoke from that sleep when he lost a rib and beheld beautiful Eve blushing by his side he kissed her, but I will assert that if he bore any resemblance to the males of the present day there is no doubt that he tasted her cherry lips. I further assert that if Mother Eve had the same anticipations that her daughters have she expected that Adam would salute her with a kiss. Under the circumstances it is reasonable to suppose that kissing commenced in the Garden of Eden. Don't you think so?

Now, my dear reader, I am not going into any sentimental disquisition on kissing. I don't believe I could if I wished to. Poets and novelists have given us a surfeit long ago, while at the same time many of them have not had as much practice as those "who kiss and don't tell." There is considerable etiquette in kissing, by which I mean there are rules or proprieties which make a kiss proper or improper. A baby furnishes a free lunch for kisses, but if that baby is a girl there comes a time when said free lunch ceases. You run no risk at 16 months, but you must be careful about it at 16 years, although in my opinion she is really more kissable at the latter age. I never had a passion for kissing babies—it seemed like plucking fruit before it is ripe, and besides that, I do not believe it is right for smokers, chewers and snuff dippers to glue their tobacco tinctured lips to a baby.

Kissing that is genuine must be done by those who want it. It takes two willing people to make one kiss, just as it takes two blades to make scissors. Any other sort is not perfect, although it may be pleasant. It requires the combined effort of both sexes to make it a success. Women kiss each other because it is the custom, but they have none of the genuine flavor, and they are as dried apples compared to the juicy fruit when it hung on the tree. Their action, their countenances, and their whole bearing show that there is no enjoyment in it, and some of them take it like distasteful medicine. In saying this I have reference to those who have no affinity either by the ties of consanguinity or love.

I like to see children kiss each other because their is no deceit or dress parade in it. They are genuine and have some meat in them, although they have not the sugary sweetness of those given by lovers. They are first class in every respect, because they are gathered when they are ripe. It makes me laugh to see two men kiss each other. I know it is the habit in some countries, and I have frequently seen it at Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, but I cannot believe it is a luxury. It is an unsexed kiss, and that is sufficient to destroy all its sweetness. I might go on and give a sermon on this sort of kissing, but as I desire to introduce the opinion of others I desist for the present. Here is what a celebrated writer says on the subject. There is both sentiment and sense in it:

"A kiss to be a success must have mutual interest; there must be a reciprocity in the operation, or somebody suffers the punishment of disgust. Kissing an unwilling pair of lips is as mean a victory as robbing a bird's nest, and kissing two willing ones is about as unfragrant a pastime as making bouquets out of dandelions.

"At the start the average man makes a botch of kissing. The beauty of a kiss lies in its impulsiveness and its impressibility, nor is it possible to make the first too brief. There is danger in the attempt to make the initial kiss complete. The girl won't have it. There is too much audacious avarice about it. The thing to do is to go at the fair creature's lips slowly, so as to not frighten her. It is to be expected that she will draw them away from the point of attack, but instead of retreat the thing for heroism to do is to kiss her on some place—on the cheek, the temple, behind the ear or on the hair.

"A woman's fancies are as branching as the trees of a forest, and however unsatisfactory to the swain the misplaced kiss may have been, it will, if left to itself, make the recipient wondrous indulgent next time. She will caress the spot where your lips have been, look at the place through a hand glass and dream of the one who placed it there. When sufficient progress has been made in the love making to warrant the ideal kiss take it methodically, with both hands and 'the gentle touch that love can teach.' Let the left arm go about—not her neck, to wrinkle a crepelisse ruche—but about her shoulders. Take her chin in your right hand, allowing three fingers to touch the pretty white throat, holding the face with the thumb and forefinger, which will form a sort of vise for love's conquest. Move her head to one side and a little backward and, approaching so as to make the quartet of lips describe the diameters of an imaginary square, kiss her twice—the second double the length of its very short predecessor. This double kiss is a clew to a man's culture.

"Only the uncouth, ill-bred lover kisses as he learned to count—by units. The gentleman who has had the good fortune to be born in an atmosphere of refinement makes a duet of his first and final salutation, whatever may be the numerical value of the intermediates. The well-bred girl wants short, sharp, snappish kisses, that pop inaudibly, but still pop. A kiss on the hair is the kiss of a poet; tenderness is implied when the lips press the eyelids; reverence is spoken when the brow is caressed, and protecting love when the cheek is empearled.

"Nothing can sanctify a kiss but love, without which the sweetest lips are unsavory and unwholesome."—*Chester (Pa.) News.*

A Prominent Merchant in Trouble.

Old moneybags mopes in his office all day,
As snappish and cross as a bear;
The clerks know enough to keep out of his way,
Lest the merchant should grumble and swear.
Even Tabby, the cat, is in fear of a cuff,
Or kick, if she ventures too near;
They all know the master is apt to be rough,
And his freaks unexpected and queer.
What makes the old fellow so surly and grim,
And behave so confoundedly mean?
There's certainly something the matter with him—
In stomach, or liver, or spleen?
We've guessed it—his liver is sluggish and bad,
His blood is disordered and foul.
It's enough to make any one hopelessly mad,
And greet his best friend with a growl.
The world-wide remedy, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, will correct a disordered liver and purify the blood, tone your system and build up your flesh and strength.

Seldom What They Seem.

This is a sort of topsy-turvey world. No one seems to be satisfied. One man is struggling to get justice and another is flying from it.

One man is ordered to eat eggs because they are nutritious, and another is cautioned to leave them alone because they produce bile.

Robinson takes a sherry to give him an appetite, while Brown, who has a wine cellar, can't take a drop on account of his apopoplectic tendencies.

The prize fighter reforms and becomes a preacher, while the theological student leaves his university to become a professional base ball pitcher.

One man keeps a pistol to protect himself against burglars, while his neighbor takes the same instrument and commits suicide.

The man who can make $20,000 a year as a general thing can't save a cent, while the man who is thrifty and wise is seldom so gifted that he can earn anything at all.

One rich man wears poor clothes because he is rich and can do anything, while a poor man wears fine clothes because he is poor and wants to create the impression that he is not.

One may escape all the diseases that flesh is heir to and is killed on the railroad; another goes through a half dozen wars without a scratch and then dies of whooping-cough.

The laborer with ten children keeps out of debt on $10 a week, while many an unmarried bank official with $100 a week can't get along without helping himself to the bank's funds.

The spooks and goblins that delight
To fill with terror all the night;
That stalk abroad in hideous dreams
With which dyspepsia's fancy teems,
Will never trouble with your ills
The man who trusts in Pierce's Pills.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets: vegetable, harmless, painless sure!

Laboring Men, Listen.

Said President Garfield: We legislate for the people of the United States, not for the whole world; and it is our glory that the American laborer is more intelligent and better paid than his foreign competitor. Our country connot be independent unless its people, with their abundant natural resources, possess the skill at any time to clothe, arm and equip themselves for war, and in time of peace to produce all necessary implements of labor.

Some Foolish People

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

A city man is credited with the idea of calling a newspaper "The Umbrella." He thinks everybody would take it.

HOOD'S COMPOUND EXTRACT OF 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

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—oughtn't a man to be blamed if, having Rheumatism or Neuralgia, he went mad? 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 Athlophoros gave me relief, and the third enabled me to sleep for four and a half hours without waking. I continued its 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.

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, gloves, embroideries, laces, table linens, housekeeping goods, lace curtains, and draperies, ribbons, millinery, ladies' merino underwear, muslin underwear, dress trimmings, hosiery, &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 rom 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.

oct8-ly

PERRINE'S PURE BARLEY MALT FOR Malaria AND Indigestion.

A leading druggist in North Carolina writes: "send six 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.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN.

The only fine calf $3 *SEAMLESS SHOE* in the world made *without tacks or nails*. As stylish and durable as those costing $5 or $6, and having no tacks or nails to wear the stocking or hurt the feet, makes them as comfortable and well fitting as a hand sewed shoe. Buy the best. None genuine unless stamped on bottom "W. L. Douglas $3 Shoe, warranted."

W. L. DOUGLAS $4 H OE, the original and only hand-sewed welt $4 shoe, which equals custom-made shoes costing from $6 to $8.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2.50 SHOE is unexpelled for heavy wear.

W. L. DOUGLAS $2 SHOE is worn by all boys, and is the best school shoe in the world.

All the above goods are made in Congress, Button and Lace, and if not sold by your dealer, write W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

A. H. FERNER & BRO. Agt's., SOMERSET, PA.

D. D. HESS & SONS

POPULAR FERTILIZERS.

Nothing will Grow Without Food.

FARMERS, look to quality as well as price in buying PHOSPHATES. Important to remember that

D. D. HESS & SONS'

HIGH GRADE FERTILIZERS

Are always found to be reliable and of the same high standard, and sell by the most enterprising farmers in Pennsylvania. They will enrich the soil and increase the crops. Composed of animal ingredients, Bone, Blood, Tankage, Etc. Mechanically prepared for drilling. 6-13-3m.

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 $50 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.

RICHLY REWARDED are those who read 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 is 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 one. Write to us at once for full particulars, which we mail free. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Me. jan 11-'88-1yr.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Samuel Erick, dec'd., late of Shade Township, Somerset Co., 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 to present them duly authenticated for settlement to the Administratrix without delay.

SARAH ERICK, Administratrix.

June20th.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Elias P. Kerr, dec'd, late of Addison Township, Somerset County.

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 to the Administrator without delay.

DANIEL AUGUSTINE, Administrator.

may2.

We Lead the World.

WASHINGTON, July 26.—Mr. David E. Day, Chief of the Division of Mining Statistics, has submitted a summary of the mineral products of the United States in 1887 in advance of the official report. The total value is $338,056,345. It shows a wonderful gain over 1886, and is $100,000,000 greater than the output of 1885.

The United States leads the world in the production of minerals. The principal gains in 1887 were in the production of metallic ores and the fuels necessary for melting them. The production of pig iron alone increased more than $26,000,000. The high price of copper caused notable expansion in that industry. The product of coal is the largest ever recorded.

Taken as a whole, the report shows great prosperity for the mining industry. The grand total value of more than half a billion dollars, the report says, resulted not only from an increase in the quantity of minerals mined, but also from a general advance in the prices of metals. It may be several years before this total is exceeded, and the year 1888 will fall considerably below it. Among many reasons for the decrease this year is the decline in railroad building.

How She Managed

To grow so old and yet have every tooth in her head, sound as a dollar, was a mystery. Minot's Dentifrice—price 25 cents—is the article that preserved her teeth, beautifully whitened the enamel, and made her gums healthy. It is sold everywhere.

More Dynamite Captured.

CHICAGO, July 26.—At the house of Hronek, chief of the would-be assassins of Grinnell, Gary and Bonfield, the police found a market basket full of half pound sticks of dynamite, about ten pounds in all, enough to have blown the whole neighborhood skyward.

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.

Poisoned by Drinking Milk.

WICHITA, KAN., July 28.—The household of Daniel McCarty, consisting of his wife, four daughters and a daughter in law, Mrs. Henshaw, were poisoned yesterday from drinking buttermilk. The old man, Mrs. Henshaw and one daughter, it is believed, will die. The milk, it is supposed, had stood in a copper kettle.

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

Lurid Sentiment in Rhyme.

I stand at the gate of a smouldering land and bask in its sulphurous glow, and I beckon the spirits with welcoming hand to the regions of torture below. The young and the old, the rich and the poor, who live in the palace of sin, I beckon and welcome them all to my door—I gather, I gather them in. The chump who deserted the town of his birth to boom up a town far away, who'd never invest in the city's own earth, for fear the move wouldn't pay; who groaned of the evils that held the town down, and never would squander his tin; as sure as I'm living he wandered down—I'll gather, I'll gather him in.—*Atchison Globe.*

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.

Lady Riders in Honduras.

In Honduras every lady has her own saddle mule. She rides with grace and ease acquired by constant practice from early childhood. She sits on right side of the mule—the Central American side saddle being constructed the opposite to those used in the United States. The right foot is placed in the stirrup and a tiny but effective silver spur is worn on the heel. The right hand holds the bridle and the left usually carries a sun umbrella. A whip is seldom needed with the spur, although a few ladies who have been in New York have adopted the whip and discarded the umbrella. A wide brimmed hat is indispensable, and the riding habit is of gray linen or some small check fancy in cotton.

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.

Why Men Whistle.

Whistling was invented to give a man a chance to add a noise to the other noises in creation. The other noises in nature are all attuned to the character of the article that produces them. The breeze makes it gentle sigh, the brook has its peculiar sound, the storm has its crash and its roar. Everything made a noise in the world except man when he was alone. A man can't talk to himself; it is idiotic, although it is astonishing how many people do it. A cough is not a very enjoyable sound and it irritates the lungs to produce it. A sneeze always goes with a cold in the head.

True, a man can sing, that is, he can try to sing, but if it is at all agreeable it seems somehow to be wasted if somebody has not paid an admission fee to hear it. That's why women have such a terrible reputation for talking. They can't whistle, and they have nothing to relieve the restraint when they are alone; so when they get hold of anybody they make up for it. But whistling was invented to conceal music. You don't need to have music in your soul to whistle. It is simply the noise of a vacant mind. The loud laugh of Oliver Goldsmith that bespeaks a vacant mind applies to a crowd. The whistle shows the vacant mind in its solitary state. When you hear a man whistle who palpably does not know a tune, he is either a very good fellow or a very bad fellow.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

What it Means.

To the man or woman who has never been ill, the word "health" is meaningless. But to one who has suffered and despaired, health appears as a priceless boon. To the thousands of unfortunate women who are suffering from so many forms of weaknesses or irregularities peculiar to their sex, Dr Pierces's Favorite Prescription holds forth the promise of a very speedy restoration of this priceless boon.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

THE CELEBRATED NERVE TONIC.

A Word to the Nervous You are painfully aware that you have nerves? Then you are sick. A healthy boy has as many as you, but he doesn't know it. That is the difference between "sick" and "well."

Why don't you cure yourself? It is easy. Don't wait. Paine's Celery Compound will do it. Pay your druggist a dollar, and enjoy life once more. Thousands have. Why not you?

WELLS, RICHARDSON & CO., Proprietors, 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 AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT

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

FINZER'S OLD HONESTY 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 this brand in hermetically sealed ONE POUND PACKAGES.

THE GREAT WABASH ROUTE

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

A. M. BECKENRIDGE, Central 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 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 FREASE & KOOSER, SOMERSET, PA.

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EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.

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

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CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

ELY'S Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

TRY THE CURE.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists; by mail registered, 60c. ELY BRO., 56 Warren Street, New York. 5-30-1yr.

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	22¾	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 $9.34, and to New York, $11.69.

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

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 21. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	5:30 a m	Johnstown	7:25 a m
SOMERSET	5:53 a m		
Geiger	5:59 a m		
Stoystown	6:21 a m		
Hooversville	6:32 a m		
Bethel	6:46 a m		

MAIL—No. 10. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Pittsburgh	8:00 a m	Johnstown	1:15 p m
Rockwood	11:11 a m		
Milford	11:32 a m		
Somerset	11:49 m		
Stoystown	12:11 p m		
Hooversville	12:22 p m		
Bethel	12:36 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	5:28 p m
Pittsburgh	8:30 p m		
Rockwood	3:15 p m		
Milford	3:37 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	8:21 a m	Cumberland	1:00 p m
Hooversville	8:36 a m	Washington	5:15 p m
Stoystown	8:53 a m	Baltimore	6:15 p m
Geiger	9:10 a m	Pittsburgh	2:00 p m
SOMERSET	9:21 a m		
Milford	9:32 a m		

Passengers for points east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ACCOMMODATION—No. 94. *

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	3:00 p m	Rockwood	4:45 p m
Bethel	3:33 p m	Cumberland	7:50 p m
Hooversville	3:46 p m	Pittsburgh	8:30 p m
Stoystown	4:00 p m	Washington	7:30 a m
Geiger	4:25 p m	Baltimore	8:30 a m
SOMERSET	4:31 p m		
Milford	4:42 p m		

Passengers for east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96. †

Leaves		Arrives	
SOMERSET	5:45 p m	Rockwood	6:08 p m
Milford	5:56 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	Pough. & Cumberl'd Ex.	Mail.	Express.
Pittsburgh	1:00 P. M.	8.00 A. M.	9:20 P. M.
Braddock	1:23 "	8:21 "	
McKeesport	1:36 "	8:31 "	
West Newton	2:23 "	"	10:25 "
Broad Ford	3:20 "	"	
Connellsville	3:35 "	9:45 "	11:30 "
Ohio Pyle	4:09 "	10:19 "	
Confluence	4:31 "	10:37 "	12:13 A. M.
Ursina	4:55 "	10:42 "	
Casselman	5:04 "	11:02 "	
Rockwood	5:10 "	11.11 "	12:30 "
Garrett	5:27 "	11:26 "	
Salisbury Junc.	5:36 "	11:35 "	
Meyersdale	5:39 "	11:35 "	1:15 "
Keystone	5:45 "	11:42 P. M.	
Sand Patch	5:50 "	11:48 "	1:25 "
Southampton	6:14 "	"	
Fairhope	6:22 "	12:17 "	
Hyndman	6:33 "	12:28 "	
Cumberland	7:05 "	1:00 "	2:45 "
Washington	—	3:15 "	7:20 "
Baltimore (arrive)		6:15 "	8.30 "

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Uniont'n & Cumberl'd Ac.	Mail.	Express.
Baltimore	— A. M.	10:00 A. M.	8:15P. M.
Washington	— "	10:55 "	9:15 "
Cumberland	8:00 "	3:05 P. M.	1:35 A. M.
Hyndman	8:35 "	3:57 "	2:10 "
Fairhope	8:46 "	4:01 "	.....
Southampton	8:55 "	4:07 "	.....
Sand Patch	9:19 "	4:27 "	3:07 "
Keystone	9:23 "	4:31 "	.....
Meyersdale	9:30 "	4:37 "	3:17 "
Salisbury Junc.	9:33 "	4:40 "	.....
Garrett	9:40 "	4:50 "	28 "
Rockwood	9:55 "	5:10 "	3:45 "
Casselman	10:05 "	5:18 "	.....
Ursina	10:12 "	5:27 "	4:13 "
Confluence	10:37 "	5:42 "	4:18 "
Ohio Pyle	10:58 "	5:57 "	4:35 "
Connellsville	11:50 "	6:30 "	5:15 "
Broad Ford	11:55 "	6:40 "	.....
West Newton	12:45 P. M.	7:22 "	6:02 "
McKeesport	1:24 "	7:55 "	6:35 "
Braddock	1:36 "	"	.....
Ar. Pittsburgh	2:00 "	8:30 "	7