A Strange Tale of a Johnstown Flood Victim.

TACOMA, WASH., January 28.—A half-demented hermit, who is supposed to be a victim of the Johnstown flood, has been found living in a hovel in the gulch near the Carbon Hill bunkers, not far from this place. His name is Jasper Milton, and he declares that soft coal is all that he eats.

Jasper's home, if such it can be called, is neither house nor hole, but a combination of both. It is located half way up the hillside, and is both difficult and dangerous of access. A narrow, winding, rock-strewn path, twisting in and out among the dwarf pines and over fallen logs, leads from the bottom of the gulch to Jasper's door. The visible half of the dwelling is built of boards, weather beaten and stained by time. A rank growth of grass and bright green moss grows on the roof and in the joints on the sides and end. There is no window or other means of admitting light and air except by the door—a rickety affair hung on boot-leg hinges.

In fair weather the old hermit sits with door open, but when the cold winds blow in from the South he crouches over a small fire of sticks built on the earthen floor of his wretched house. One joint of rusty pipe projecting from the roof allows some of the smoke to escape when the wind is in the right direction.

Jasper is a feeble old man of seventy or thereabouts, with snow-white hair and whiskers. "I've grown so thin since the flood," he whined, as he tightened the strap another hole, "that I can't wear suspenders any more. My shoulder blades are so sharp they cut the suspenders in two!"

The old man made this remarkable statement with an air of great sincerity, followed by a burst of maniacal laughter. Recovering himself, he frowned at his folly, cursing the while like a pirate.

"Were you with Noah?" his visitor finally asked.

"No, no," he replied. "It's the Johnstown flood I'm thinking about. The bursting of that cursed Conemaugh dam ruined me for ever. I was one of the richest men in the valley," he went on excitedly, "but now I'm a beggar. Folks say I am rich—got gold hidden away—but it's a lie. There's nothing here but coal, and I've had a hard struggle to get that, because they watch the bunkers so close.

"At the time of the disaster," continued old Jasper, after a long pause, "I had thousands of money in my house when the flood came rushing down, and before I knew what was up, me and the house went floating down on the tide. Sixteen million tons of water had broken loose from the reservoir. It went leaping and foaming down the valley, carrying death and ruin on every hand. I lost my money, family—everything; then I came West. If I can get what coal I need I'll stay here till I die."

"How much coal do you need?"

"But very little now; my teeth ain't what they used to be."

"You don't mean to say that you eat coal?"

"To be sure. Coal is what I live on. Coal for breakfast, dinner, and supper. Coal on Thanksgiving day and on the Fourth of July. Ever eat any yourself? No? Finest kind of diet when you get it fresh. I lived altogether on anthracite, Lehigh valley small egg being my favorite. Sometimes clinkers found their way to my table. But now my teeth are gone, I'm content with soft coal. South Prairie screening is what I use when I can't get at the bunkers. There's enough in that can by the door there to last me two days. Every Sunday I try to have a mess of gashouse coke for dinner, but the weather has been so bad of late that I couldn't go after it."

Coal and the Conemaugh flood are his two great hobbies, and he talks of nothing else. Several attempts have been made to draw from him his history, but without avail. It is not exactly known when he came to Tacoma, but he was first seen in the gulch late in the summer. He makes regular trips to the bunkers for "provisions," and can be seen almost any afternoon creeping stealthily about, picking up bits of coal and putting them in his pocket.

Sought for the last hundred years. A remedy for catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head found at last in Ely's Cream Balm. Safe and pleasant to use and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives relief at once, and a thorough treatment positively cures. Price 50 cents.

A Sobering Machine.

The Doylestown *Democrat* tells of a contrivance that was in use in that borough nearly half a century ago that might be of considerable value nowadays if it were revived. This contrivance was a "sobering machine," and it was used to rid the streets of drunken men.

It was a rough box mounted on a pair of wheels, with half a dozen young men at the tongue. When a drunken man made his appearance on the streets, the machine was brought out, run to where he was, he was helped into it and laid on his back, and then run out of town. It was not a downy bed for the occupant by any means, and a ride of a mile would have a wonderful sobering effect on him. The old "hams" who came into town from the country soon got a great dread of the sobering machine, and, after one or two rides, they failed to visit the place. Its influence was likewise very salutary on the same class in the borough, and while the machine was in use they were afraid to appear on the streets when tipsy.

A New Industry.

A new industry has for a long time been successfully developed in Arkansas by a gang of horse thieves. The remarkable thing about this gang was that not only was it particularly active and daring, but the horses stolen by it were never afterward recovered. A doctor who was called in to attend one of the gang who had been shot in a quarrel, went by mistake into the wrong cabin. Before he could be trusted out he saw enough to arouse his suspicions. These he reported to the sheriff, who, with a posse, managed to surround the den of the horse thieves and capture some of the gang. When the posse entered they found a horse enveloped in a jacket made of rubber coats being treated to sulphur vapor baths. The appliances were most ingenious, and worked very well. A black or bay horse would be stolen and run into the bleachery. After its color was changed and its tail and mane trimmed the disguise became so pronounced that, without any great risk, the animal could be taken in daylight through the very district from which it had been stolen. The animals were forthwith ridden out of the country.

A "Sovereign" that Cost $!.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., is known to be a certain cure for Nervousness, Debility, and the ills peculiar to women. This sovereign remedy stimulates the stomach Kidneys and Liver to a healthy action. For all troubles of the blood and urinary organs it has no equal, and a bottle, which costs only one dollar, should be in every house.

The Bet Declared Off.

A large yellow-and-white cat started to cross Broadway nearly opposite Park row yesterday afternoon when traffic was at its greatest. Where she came from was known only to herself, but that she was making for the friendly shelter afforded by the rails of St. Paul's churchyard was apparent to all. Her chances of getting across the street safely did not seem to be good, and as she shrank back terrified from a passenger car, dodged under the wheels of an express wagon, and escaped being run over by one of Uncle Sam's mail vans by less than half the length of her tail.

Two well-dressed men from Philadelphia stopped in the middle of the thoroughfare to watch her.

"Bet you she is crushed," said one.

"Take you," replied the other.

Just then the pole of a double truck struck the fifth rib of the man who had offered the bet, knocked his hat off, and nearly threw him down.

"Hi!" roared the driver, "hain't you got no eyes?"

At the same moment the man who had taken the bet received a blow on the back of the neck from the off horse's head that nearly dislocated something spinal.

"Hi!" roared the driver. "Are you asleep?"

The men escaped to the sidewalk.

"Where's the cat?" asked one.

"How do I know?" replied the other.

And as the venturesome creature was not visible dead or alive, the bet was ordered off.

Munchausen Loose Again.

The correspondent who sends this story says it was told by a sewing machine agent.

"Gentlemen," said the sewing machine man, "one spring father and I had a sugar camp down in the edge of the grove. About a half a mile from us was a cornfield owned by a widow, and this widow never picked her corn clean. On the other side was a man who owned a blind sow. She had one pig, and they used to go over into that cornfield every day to eat corn. Right in front of our camp was a creek. At one place about 40 rods from our camp there was a tree felled across the creek.

"This was the only place that the sow and pig could cross. Of course the sow could not see to cross on the log, so the way they used to do was for the old sow to take hold of the pig's tail and the pig would lead her across. Well, one day we were sitting in front of our camp when the old sow and pig were crossing that log. I said to father, 'hand me the rifle and see me cut that pig's tail off.' I took aim and fired, cutting that little pig's tail off smack and smooth. The pig ran for the cornfield, but the old sow didn't know which way to go. So father went over and took hold of the pig's tail and led the old sow clear into camp."

It Amused the Trapper.

There were thirty of us in camp on a spur of the Black Hills mining for gold, when one afternoon we looked down on the level plain and saw four mounted red skins chasing a white man on a mule, says a writer in the New York *Sun*. He was making for us, but they were rapidly overhauling him, and it was plain enough that we could render no assistance. The foremost Indian fired a shot, and man and mule fell in a heap. The Indians pressed forward, yelling and exulting, but the faint reports of a revolver reached our ears, and we saw redskins and ponies tumbling over at every report. Some of our men slid down the steep mountain side to take a hand in it, but it was not needed. When they reached the man he sat on the ground laughing as if he would split.

"To think!" he shouted, as soon as he could control his voice, "that these 'ere Sioux, who are rated sharp as razors, could be fooled by that old trick—ha! ha! ha!"

And he laughed until he wiped away the tears. On the ground near were three dead Indians and another about to die, while two of the ponies were dead and the other two badly wounded. It had all been done with an old-fashioned Colt's revolver, loaded with powder and ball and carrying a percussion cap, but the work had been rapid and sure. The Indians had closed in upon him, supposing him to be dead or badly wounded but neither man nor mule had been touched. After a bit the man, who was an old trapper, went over to the wounded warrior, and said to him in Sioux dialect, and chuckling between his words:

"Say! Did any of you fellers ever see a white man before?"

"Many of them," gasped the warrior.

Did you ever hear of that old trick before?"

"Isn't the white man wounded?"

"Not by a dozen Nancy Janes! That bullet didn't come within a dozen rods of me. I gave my old mule the signal to squat, and we tumbled down to draw you on. The other three are dead and you are about to go! Say, I don't want to hurt a dying Injun's feelings, but—ha! ha! ha!—but it was 'nuff to kill a fellow to see how you four opened your—ha! ha! ha!—eyes when I began to pop! Funniest thing I have seen in a year. Durn it, I won't need any qui'nen for a month. I'm just sweating the chills off with laughing!"

The Indian gazed at him in a troubled way for a moment, seemed to realize that he had been duped, and he closed his eyes and died without ever raising the lids again.

Remarkable Copper Rolling.

Some interesting trials of skill have recently taken place among the workmen employed in the rolling mills of Birmingham and Ansonia, Conn. One operative rolled an old-fashioned copper cent into a strip 18 inches long and .2,2000-inch thick. In a spirit of emulation other workmen essayed cent rolling, and the record was broken by an Ansonia roller, who, commencing with a modern alloy cent, finished with a strip of metal 38 inches long, and .1.500 inches in thickness. Afterward, with an 1888 cent, the same man obtained a ribbon of bronze 50 inches long, 3-4 inches wide and .1,-inch thick. Trying again with a cent of this year's coinage, the Ansonia man succeeded in producing a strip 59 inches in length and less than .2.1000 inch thick—so thin that there was no instrument delicate enough to measure it, while it had to be glued to a strip of ribbon to prevent its breaking. Considering that the rolls used were those employed for forming great bars of copper, it will be seen what extraordinary skill and delicacy of touch were required.

Embellished.

Here is a good specimen of that exaggeration which enters into our American humor so largely. It is from our local paper, *The Californian:* "Water in the Snake river has been so low this season that settlers have bitterly complained of the dust raised by the salmon going up stream. They threaten to ask for an appropriation to sprinkle the river next year if the nuisance is repeated.—*Christian Union.*

A Dream that Came True.

Twenty-three years ago, just after the close of the war, an old settler of Butler county, Ezekiel Pickens, of Mount Olive, died after amassing a fair-sized fortune as a planter, which the four years' struggle of the Confederacy reduced but little. Mr. Pickens had two sons, James and Alexander, the former being the eldest and favorite son up to the commencement of the war.

The mother of the boys died in 1860, and during the latter part of the year, James, at the age of twenty-one, cut loose from the old homestead and started north, settling ultimately at Paris, Ill., where he in due time married and took up the profession of school teaching as a means of livelihood. When the war broke out, James, who had become warmly attached to the north during his brief residence there, and firmly believing that the doctrine of secession was wrong, took sides with the Union and obtained a lieutenant's commission in the first regiment of infantry that left that portion of Illinois. In the meantime the other son, Alexander, had joined the Confederate army as a private, while the old gentleman, who was unfitted by ill health for military duty, remained at home. As the war advanced he became more zealous in his adherence to the Confederate cause, and the emancipation proclamation of Lincoln stimulated still more his loyalty to the south.

It was not until some time after his son Alexander had fallen a prisoner into the hands of a brigade of Illinois troops, to which James was attached, that he learned the fact that his oldest boy was fighting on the Union side. The information was carried to him by Alck, who had been sent home on parole, mainly through his brother's influence, and the news was sufficient to arouse the frenzy of the old man, who declared that James, his once favorite child, should never have a penny of his property, and that he would not own him as a son from that time forward.

Immediately after the partial settlement of affairs in the south, James, who had heard nothing of his family since his brother's parole, set out the first opportunity for his old home in this county, but on arriving here the door was shut against him, and neither his father or his brother would hold any intercourse with him whatever. He was ignored also by his former friends and acquaintances; and with a heavy heart he returned to the north and engaged actively in business. In 1886, as above stated, the elder Pickens died, leaving a will in which Alexander, his youngest son, was made sole legatee. The property left consisted of a 300-acre plantation, with fine residence, outbuildings, etc., valued at $20,000, and cash and other securities amounting to $30,000.

Alexander took the property under the will, and has since resided an old bachelor on the homestead, adding considerably to his fortune by judicious investments. Two weeks ago the eldest brother, James, dreamed that a will was made by his father at a later date than the one under which his brother had acquired the inheritance, and that the document was in a tin box of papers belonging to the old gentleman, which had been placed on deposit by him some time before his death in the record vault of the Butler county court house. On the following night, and for three nights in succession, he dreamed the same thing over again, each time more vividly than the other.

Maj. Pickens, for such was the title he earned during the war, had not up to this time been a believer in dreams, but the one referred to made such an impression upon him that, without relating the story to any one but his wife, he took the train for this city, and arriving here lost no time in getting to the court house, where a search was at once made in the recorder's vault for the box which he had so plainly seen in his slumbers at his Illinois home.

Within an hour's time the Major was rewarded by its discovery behind a pile of ancient records, and an opening it almost the first document to make its appearance was a will signed, sealed and properly witnessed, in which his father divided the property left by him equally between James and Alexander, and in the envelope inclosing it was likewise a letter addressed to his oldest son, assuring him of his love and begging pardon for the manner in which he had treated him because of his loyalty to the Union. The genuineness of the document being beyond question, Alexander promptly made over securities to his brother James amounting in the aggregate to $40,000, that being regarded as a fair share of the estate and its accumulations.—St. *Louis Globe Democrat.*

Bees Sting a Fox to Death.

A party of fox hunters who returned from a fox chase tell of a very singular experience. They started Reynard just outside of the town, and soon the hounds were in full cry. The fox being hard pressed took to a hollow tree in the woods. Axes were procured and the tree soon felled. The surprise of the hunters can better be imagined than described when they discovered that they had captured a dead fox.

Further investigation showed that bees which were in possession of the tree had stung the fox to death in the time it took to fell the tree. When the dead fox was withdrawn from the hollow, the bees began to come after, and made it warm for the hunters and their horses. They decamped as speedily as possible.

JENKS' DREAM.

Jenks had a queer dream the other night. He thought he saw a prize-fighters' ring, and in the middle of it stood a doughty little champion who met and deliberately knocked over, one by one, a score or more of big, burly-looking fellows, as they advanced to the attack. Giants as they were in size, the valiant pigmy proved more than a match for them. It was all so funny that Jenks woke up laughing. He accounts for the dream by the fact that he had just come to the conclusion, after trying nearly every big, drastic pill on the market, that Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, or Little Sugar-coated Granules, easily "knock out" and beat all the big pills hollow! They are the original and only genuine Little Liver Pills.

Beware of Imitations, which contain Poisonous Minerals. Always ask for Dr. Pierce's Pellets, which are Little Sugar-coated Pills, or Anti-bilious Granules. **One a Dose.**

SICK HEADACHE,

Bilious Headache, Dizziness, Constipation, Indigestion, Bilious Attacks, and all derangements of the stomach and bowels, are promptly relieved and permanently cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets. They are gently laxative, or strongly cathartic, according to size of dose. Smallest, Cheapest, Easiest to take. 25 cents a vial, by druggists.

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CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

PILES SYMPTOMS—Moisture; Intense Itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form and protrude, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the Itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT is sold by druggists, or mailed to any address on receipt of price, 50 cts. a box; 3 boxes, $1.25. Address letters, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

PITCHING PILES.

SKIN DISEASES SWAYNE'S OINTMENT

ABSOLUTELY CURES. The simple application of "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT" without any internal medicine, will cure any case of Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ringworm, Pimples, Itch, Scald Heads, Blotches, Ulcers, Blisters, &c., no matter how obstinate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 3 Boxes, $1.25. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

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NONE GENUINE WITHOUT THE 5/A LABEL. Manufd by Wm. Avery & Sons, Philadel., who make the famous Horse Brand Baker Blankets.

NO MORE OF THIS!

Rubber Shoes unless worn uncomfortably tight, will often slip off the feet. To remedy this evil the

"COLCHESTER" RUBBER CO.

offer a shoe with the inside of the heel lined with rubber. This clings to the shoe and prevents the Rubber from slipping off.

Call for the "Colchester"

"ADHESIVE COUNTERS"

and you can walk, run or jump in them.

I CURE FITS!

When I say CURE I do not mean merely to stop them for a time, and then have them return again. I MEAN A RADICAL CURE. I have made the disease of

FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS,

a life-long study. I WARRANT my remedy to CURE the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a FREE BOTTLE of my INFALLIBLE REMEDY. Give Express and Post Office. It costs you nothing for a trial, and it will cure you. Address

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The only book ever offered for sale, that the purchaser can return and get his money back if not satisfied.

The book that every farmer should have. Contains 144 pages, 7x9 inches, 33 illustrations showing pond bottoms, dams, riverflows, under-drains, varieties of the fish, enemies of the fish, etc. It includes every necessary instruct on for any person to succeed fully, and at nominal expense, produce their own fish. Endorsed by Fish Commissioners and producers everywhere. Persons ordering the book and not satisfied with it, may return it, and we will refund their money. Address

L. B. LOGAN, Alliance, Ohio.

BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

A Ten-Year-Old Child Saved After the Failure of Four Physicians.

My little girl, ten years of age, was taken sick in March, 1888, with scarlet fever. When recovering she took a severe cold, which developed Bright's Disease of the Kidneys. Her ankles feet were terribly swollen; she had a burning fever, ask all the symptoms of an aggravated case of Bright's Disease. The best physicians attended her, and

Her Life was Dispaired Of.

But a mother's love and prayers surmount all difficulties, and I determined to try Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, made at Rondout, N. Y. This was a last resort, and I hoped, although the case was a very severe one, that the Favorite Remedy would do for her what it had done for others. How happy I am that I determined upon this course. The fever left her—her appetite improved—and one by one the well known symptoms of the disease left her. Words fail to express my gratitude, and I cannot too earnestly recommend the Favorite Remedy. It was

A MARVELOUS RECOVERY,

and is due entirely to the Favorite Remedy, which was the only medicine taken after her case was abandoned by the physicians.

Mrs. Laura A. Kempton, West Rutland, Vermont. The diseases that follow Scarlet Fever, Measles, Diphtheria, and various other complaints often leave behind them sequellae of the most obstinate and dangerous character. To expel all traces of such disorders, and fill the veins with pure blood, use

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY.

PREPARED BY

Dr. David Kennedy, Rondout, N. Y.

$1 per bottle. Six for $5. By all druggists.

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	14	40
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 80
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

The fare to Philadelphia is $9.84, and to New York, $11.69.

Winter Arrangement—In effect Nov. 29, '88.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	5.35 a m	Johnstown	7.25 a m
SOMERSET	6.53 a m		
Stoystown	6.21 a m		
Hooversville	6.36 a m		
Bethel	6.45 a m		

MAIL—No. 93. *

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Pittsburgh	8.00 a m	Johnstown	1.30 p m
Rockwood	11.35 a m		
Somerset	11.56 a m		
Stoystown	12.26 p m		
Hooversville	12.37 p m		
Bethel	12.51 p m		

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

SOMERSET ACCOMMODATION—No. 95. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Baltimore	8.00 a m	SOMERSET	5.58 a m
Pittsburgh	6.50 a m		
Rockwood	5.35 p m		
Milford	5.43 a 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	7.45 a m	Rockwood	9.40 a m
Bethel	8.18 a m	Cumberland	1.20 a m
Hooversville	8.31 a m	Washington	6.50 a m
Stoystown	8.45 a m	Baltimore	9.30 a m
SOMERSET	9.16 a m	Pittsburgh	2.00 p m
Milford	9.24 a m		

Passengers for points east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ACCOMMODATION—No. 94. *

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	3.00 p m	Rockwood	4.55 p m
Bethel	3.35 p m	Cumberland	7.20 p m
Hooversville	3.46 p m	Pittsburgh	8.30 p m
Stoystown	4.00 p m	Washington	6.20 p m
SOMERSET	4.31 p m	Baltimore	8.30 p m

Passengers for east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96. †

Leaves		Arrives	
SOMERSET	6.7p m	Rockwood	6.37 p m

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

* Daily. † Daily except Sunday.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—PITTSBURGH DIVISION.

Trains Leave	Uniont'n Wash. & Balto. Ex.	Mail.	Express.
Pittsburgh	1.00 p m.	8.00 a. m.	9.20 p m.
Braddock	1.25 "	8.25 "	.....
McKeesport	1.38 "	"	.....
West Newton	2.53 "	8.53 "	10.25 "
Broad Ford	3.20 "	"	.....
Connellsville	3.25 "	9.50 "	11.10 "
Olio Pyle	4.15 "	10.33 "	11.45 .....
Confluence	4.37 "	10.52 "	12.06 a. m.
Ursina	4.52 "	10.58 "	12.12 .....
Casselman	5.06 "	11.09 "	.....
Rockwood	5.15 "	11.18 "	12.23 "
Garrett	5.32 "	11.33 "	.....
Salisbury Junc	5.42 "	11.50 "	.....
Meyersdale	5.45 "	11.53 "	1.12 "
Keystone	5.50 "	11.59 P. M.	.....
Sand Patch	5.58 "	12.05 "	1.25 "
Southampton	6.18 "	..... "	..... "
Fairhope	6.23 "	12.35 "	.....
Hyndman	6.35 "	12.47 "	2.05 "
Cumberland	7.05 "	1.30 "	2.40 "
Washington	.....	6.50 "	7.10 "
Baltimore (arrive)		8.20 "	8.20 "

WEST-BOUND TRAINS.

Trains Leave	Uniont'n & Cumber'd Ex.	Mail.	Express
Baltimore	..... A. M.	11.20 A. M.	7.30 A.M
Washington	..... "	10.55 "	8.40 "
Cumberland	7.50 "	3.50 P. M.	1.10 "
Hyndman	8.25 "	4.40 "	1.40 "
Fairhope	8.40 "	4.59 "	..... "
Southampton	8.45 "	..... "	2.23 "
Sand Patch	9.19 "	5.00 "	..... "
Keystone	9.23 "	5.04 "	..... "
Meyersdale	9.30 "	5.10 "	2.41 "
Salisbury Junc.	9.33 "	5.13 "	..... "
Garrett	9.39 "	5.19 "	..... "
Rockwood	9.55 "	5.32 "	3.04 "
Casselman	10.42 "	5.41 "	..... "
Ursina	10.59 "	6.00 "	3.30 "
Confluence	10.31 "	6.05 "	3.34 "
Olio Pyle	11.60 "	6.22 "	3.51 "
Connellsville	11.40 "	7.05 "	4.30 "
Broad Ford	11.45 "	7.10 "	..... "
West Newton	12.35 P. M.	7.51 "	5.11 "
McKeesport	1.19 "	8.22 "	5.4 "
Braddock	1.32 "	"	..... "
At. Pittsburgh	2.00 "	8.35 "	6.20 "

[The time given is Eastern Standard Time.]

Mail Trains connect at Rockwood with trains to and from Somerset and Johnstown, at Hyndman with trains to and from Bedford, at Garrett with trains to and from Berlin, at Salisbury Junction with trains to and from Salisbury.

All Trains Stop for Passengers where Time is Given.

W. M. CLEMENTS, Manager.
CHAS. O. SCULL, Gen. Pass. Ag't.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

Of Pure Cod Liver Oil and HYPOPHOSPHITES of Lime and Soda

is endorsed and prescribed by leading physicians because both the *Cod Liver Oil* and *Hypophosphites* are the recognized agents in the cure of *Consumption.* It is as palatable as milk.

Scott's Emulsion *is a perfect Emulsion. It is a wonderful Flesh Producer. It is the Best Remedy* for CONSUMPTION, Scrofula, Bronchitis, Wasting Diseases, Chronic Coughs and Colds. Ask for Scott's Emulsion and take no other.

Health Hints.

Don't contradict your wife.

Don't tell a man he is a stranger to the truth because he happens to be smaller than yourself. Errors of this kind have been known to be disastrous.

Never go to bed with cold or damp feet. Leave them beside the kitchen fire, where they will be handy to put on in the morning.

It is bad to lean your back against anything cold, particularly when it is an icy pavement upon which your vertebral arrangement has caromed with a jolt that shakes the buttons off your coat.

Always eat your breakfast before beginning a journey. If you haven't any breakfast don't journey.

After violent exercise, like putting up the stove or nailing down carpets, never ride around town in an open carriage. It is better to walk. It is also cheaper.

When hoarse, speak as little as possible. If you are not hoarse it won't do you any harm to keep your mouth shut, too.

Don't light the fire with kerosene. Let the hired girl do it. She hasn't any wife and children. You have.

Don't roam around the house in your bare feet at the dead of night trying to pick up stray tacks. Men have been known to dislocate their jaw through this bad practice.

When you see a man put the lighted end of a cigar in his mouth, don't ask him if it is hot enough. Serious injury has often resulted from this habit.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Where the Loss Occurs.

The loss in keeping poultry is mostly in the winter season, and results from keeping over until spring stock that consumes food without giving any return. Such stock consists, usually of immature pullets, overfat hens, surplus cockerels, late-hatched chicks, and moulting hens. The food is not the only consideration in the matter, as the room is also taken up and occupied. A dozen laying hens in the entire flock have the duty of convincing their owner that poultry pays, while the others eat their share of the food and refuse the impression made by the profitable members of the flock. Nearly all poultry houses contain unprofitable stock, and the only reason for permitting such is the expectancy of each beginning the work of egg production daily. There is no half-way houses in the matter of poultry keeping, and but little reliance can be placed on the future. It is the ever present that we must, and no one should attempt to wait for a profit. The best hens that are known will find it difficult to recover lost time, and this is more applicable to the surplus stock that give no promise of production until the spring rolls around. Loss of time is loss of profit, and the safest and surest mode of avoiding loss is to keep no unproductive stock.

An Item in Butter Making.

John Gould, whose opinions are worth reporting, says that it is a mistake to suppose that sour cream makes more butter from the cream than sweet. Souring adds nothing; it simply assists the churn to recover more fat from the cream. In sweet cream the emulsion is perfect. If sweet cream is dilnted about three times its bulk in water in eighty degrees, and allowed to raise a second time, the difference between the amount of sweet and sour cream butter will be inconsiderable, showing that souring the cream, is, after all, only another way of liberating butter fats from the combined sugar, cheese and fibrine emulsion. It was asserted by the late Professor Arnold that the adding of a small amount of pure cider vinegar to sweet cream just as the churn started would cause all fats to come.

Advantage of Politeness.

An elderly lady, passing down a busy street in New York, was overtaken by a sudden shower. She was some distance from any acquaintance, and had no umbrella. She was deliberating what to do, when a pleasant voice beside her said:

"Will you take my umbrella, madam?"

The speaker was a boy, perhaps ten years old.

"Thank you," said the lady, "I am afraid you will get wet."

"Never mind me, madam; I am but a boy, and you are a lady."

"But perhaps you will accompany me to a friend's, and then I shall not find it necessary to rob you."

The boy did so, and received the thanks of the lady, and departed.

Two years rolled away. The lady often related the circumstance and often wondered what had become of her friend, but little thinking ever to see him again. In the dull season of the year this boy was thrown out of employment; and the circumstances coming to the knowledge of this lady she gave him a good home until March, when she procured him a good permanent situation. Kindness seldom goes unrequited, even in this world.—*Christian Advocate.*

Consumption Surely Cured.

To THE EDITOR:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

The Care of Colts.

The care of colts is one of the stepping stones to successful horse breeding. At four months old the colt is fit to wean. If that comes in the fall, sometimes he is allowed to depend entirely upon his own resources for a living. At this time of the year the grass is frost bitten and affords little nourishment; the result is the colt gradually grows thin in flesh, and loses his shape, and no amount of good care in the winter will make up entirely the loss. The first winter with a colt is of the utmost importance. He should have a comfortable place where he can take plenty of exercise. A little good hay and four to six quarts of oats and bran mixed per day will cause him to thrive, and when spring comes you will have wintered him with but little more expense than to winter a calf. The colt then will sell at from $80 to $100. The calf will sell at $12 to $14. With land at an average price of $75 per acre we can raise colts—aside from the service fee of the stallion—at a cost not to exceed $75, at three years old. All that is fed to them goes back to enrich the farm.—Country Gentleman.

German Names Wanted.

The managers of the Berlin cafes concerts have offered a prize of 300 marks to whoever shall find purely German names for the following commonly used foreign words: "Specialitaet, programm, phantasie, equilibrist, akrobat, gymnastiker, eccentrics, knock-abouts, trick, jougleur, rgostesk eccentric." — Exchange.

Who ever heard of a cheese mine? Yet one has been discovered at Palmyra, Wis. It isn't precisely a mine; in fact being a large quantity of cheese which was buried many years ago beneath a factory and there in some manner forgotten. It has just been discovered and the valuable product is being quarried out by the present owners of the factory.

Where have you been, Brown, that you look so delighted? "Circus." 'Good show, eh?" No, poor show; but I sat in front of a couple of young women and kept my beaver on till I made their necks ache. It was immense, old man."

ANY ONE CAN DYE A Dress, or a Coat, Ribbons, Feathers, Yarns, Rags, etc. DIAMOND DYES Any Color FOR TEN CENTS and in many other ways SAVE Money, and make