A BAD CASE OF DISCIPLINE.

BY ELIZABETH CUMMINGS.

"We are all poor specks of the dust," admitted Elder Walmsley, rubbing his thin nose to make it less frosty. "I don't believe in forever finding fault, but a city set on a hill, as a preacher is, can be seen, as you may say, by surrounding parts; and he had better remain single, as I have—though I allow a married man is more sought after—than to join himself to a person like Mrs. McKinley, who will cast a slur upon his profession."

And Mr. Walmsely, presiding elder of the Three Mile district, nimbly pushed back into his corner of the Sodus stage, thinking that if it must tip over, as seemed imminent, he would keep out of the mud as much as possible, Sunday clothes being properties difficult to replace out of a minute salary, yet as necessary to his condition as exemplary behavior.

Elijah Cory, D. D., leaned back in his corner, and closed his large black eyes. He had the name of being one of the strictest bishops in his denomination and was supposed to have the nerves of a cucumber. Nevertheless his flesh was fall of dull discomfort, caused by the driving storm of rain and sleet that had hidden all the world between Little York and Sodus for ten hours, and he shrank from the presiding elder's words as from a hot iron. At Little York he had been told that John Puckett was not liked at Goose Creek because he was not sociable enough for that locality, and at Goose Creek he had heard that Thomas Cutter, whom he knew to be a good preacher and rising young man, was not acceptable to Dexter's Four Corners because he could not play the reed organ and so lead the praises, as well as the prayers. But the gossip about Mark McKinley's wife was the worst. He had been told everywhere that she danced—an incredible story about a minister's wife. Bishop Cory had never seen any one dance, but he believed it a horrible performance, and his soul shivered.

"I am afraid if all I have been told is true, it will be a bad case of discipline," he said, gloomily, and feeling that he was suffering from a sort of intellectual neuralgia. "However, there may be a mistake."

"I don't believe that can be," said Mr. Walmsley, with a vindictive snap of his lean jaws. "I have heard the story from a person who saw her, and I hope you will not flinch."

A pious man and faithful in the fifteenth century, Elder Walmsley would have given himself to the fire for conscience' sake, with almost the satisfaction he would have felt in burning or sawing asunder a sinner whose faith he did not approve of. "We must cut to the line, brother, every time. Because a person is in a prominent position is no plea for mercy; neither is youth and mere fleshly attractions."

"Mrs. McKinley is young, then?"

"Yes, I should say she is too young for the position."

The Bishop's lips twitched under his thick beard. It was an old-fashioned stage, and swung over the rivers of mud and slush that gulled the road in a way that gave him deadly qualms—a good deal to endure patiently in brother Walmsley's company.

"The young people of the Three Mile district do not need to be egged on to worldliness, went on Mr. Walmsley. "Suppose all our preachers' wives dance?"

The bishop shook his head as if he gave up that conundrum. "Do you mean to tell me," he said, after a little, "that Mrs. McKinley has attended a public ball?"

"I—I can't say exactly as to that," and Mr. Walmsley pulled at the carroty stubble on his sharp chin; "but I understand something to that effect from Mrs. Stevens, who told me she saw her; she said, 'Brother Walmsley, she danced as if she had done it for a living.'"

"Mrs. Stevens was then at the ball?"

"Why, I suppose not, for she's an old church member. Of course the matter must be sifted."

Again the Bishop closed his eyes, and to relieve his impatience for Mrs. McKinley's condemnation, Mr. Walmsley hummed. Good camp-meeting tunes they were, like "I'm going home to die no more," and "I'm bound for the kingdom"; but the Bishop disliked humming with all buzzing noises, and he took the only way to stop it by asking why Mr. Walmsley had not attended to Mrs. McKinley's case himself.

Elder Walmsley turned a dusky red. "McKinley is a peculiar man, with a most unsanctified temper at times," he said. "He is capable of telling me to mind my own business, and I know it." The presiding elder felt he had stated a damaging fact. "I did speak a word to her about her apparel when I saw her in a scarlet dress fit for the woman of Babylon. I told her that such a dress, and curled hair, and gold ornaments are contrary to scripture, and, sir, she told me she thought I was mistaken, and so long as the maples put on red leaves in the fall, she should continue to have a red gown."

Officially the Bishop held that pastors' wives should do all in their power to assist their husbands in their peculiar work; but this dreary day was the anniversary of the death of Mary, 'little Mary' he called her in his thoughts, his first wife. Only a year had she stayed with him on earth, but after thirty years, she was still in the centre of his heart. Mary had worn flowers on her bonnet, to the astonishment of the church and presiding elder. Somehow it was difficult for him to think of Mrs. McKinley with sufficient severity, so he temporized. "I think," he said, "that she was probably brought up in the world, or in a church with laxer views. We must not forget charity."

"There's such a thing as too much charity," began Mr. Walmsley, but just then the stage lurched forward at an angle of forty-five degrees, and a deluge of mud covered the windows. Then it lurched backward, and as it rose out of this new slough a dinner bell clanged somewhere, the driver shouted "whoa!" in a tremendous voice, and some one opened the door with all the clatter possible, while he shouted "Mi-neeto!" with the vim of a brakeman who knows there is a deaf old lady in his car.

Mr. Walmsley drew up his cramped legs. Minetto was his appointment. "It will be a bad case," he whispered, in adieu; "but my prayers will be with you, brother."

During the dreary ten miles that followed, Bishop Cory's thoughts were busy with the past. He might never have been a bishop had Mary lived, he told himself, with great yearning to the radiant figure glowing in his memory. Mary had not pleased Marathon, his first parish. He had resented the sympathy shown him by certain of his members when she lay in her coffin with her baby on her breast. To be made a bishop was a great honor, but it was also a great responsibility, and when he climbed out of the stage at Sodus, he wished himself safe at home in the city of Garland.

A little woman in a rubber cloak, and carrying an umbrella so vast it seemed as if she must be blown away if she clung long to its expansive protection, hurried up to him, crying:

"Is this Bishop Cory? Mark is at a funeral," she continued, when the Bishop had introduced himself and taken possession of the umbrella. "Stop at this old hotel? Oh, I cannot let you. I brought the chaise and horse on purpose."

Mr. Riggs, the senior trustee of the Sodus church, and one of the most important men in the district, had come also to the station to offer the Bishop hospitality, a most unusual condescension for him; but the Doctor allowed himself to be led away by little Mrs. McKinley and put all the powers of his mind to studying the wind, that he might so hold the umbrella that the sleet would not drive in upon her. He recollected that at his last visit to Sodus he had been permitted to sleep in "the old hotel," and had passed the nights in combats with nameless sleep disturbers. It warmed his heart to be so kindly welcomed after his long ride, and for the moment he forgot that he was that instant making 'discipline' more difficult to administer, if this bright little woman deserved it. How much she made him think of his own Mary! She, too, would have taken trouble for an elderly guest, and would have gone forth to meet him, and she would not have been solemn, or said a word about his being a bishop.

"Do you begin to feel at home?" he asked, after a long five minutes, during which he noticed that the little woman literally hung upon his arm, trying to take long steps to keep up with him, and that her large brown eyes were very lovely.

"Oh, it is home wherever Mark is, but this village is not New York. Don't tell—but I don't like it. It is poky without girls. I miss the girls dreadfully," and she gave a little sigh.

"But are there no girls in Sodus?"

"Not the sort I have known. They seem to think a great deal of fashion here and are always talking about fixing over their dresses, and they take it for granted that I know all about dressmaking, because I came from New York. It is tiresome; but I have done nothing but grumble, and you will think I am not happy, but I am."

"I am glad of that. I suppose you make a good many visits?"

"Yes. The country people have no idea of the value of time, and they come for us at nine o'clock. The rides are fearful in the winter, and in the farmhouses they have wood stoves. You know how hot your face gets, and how cold your toes and back are, trying to warm yourself at them. They do not have lunch, and dinner is at three, just about the time you have a headache well established. When it grows dark they get out the Bible and Mark reads a psalm, and we sing the doxology. Oh, it is very droll, and Mrs. McKinley chuckled.

"It seems to me it may be wearisome," said the Bishop, slackening his pace. He had detected his companion was skipping to keep up with him. "It must waste a great deal of time for your husband."

"Oh, it is in the way of business for him," said Mrs. McKinley, blithely. "It is my time that is wasted. I take my sketching things along and get some delightful bits sometimes. Country children are as sweet as apple blossoms, generally."

The next moment the Bishop found himself in a bright little room, all a twinkle with shining dishes and silver. A slim, very black serving maid was in attendance, and there were other slight indications that "Brother" McKinley enjoyed a degree of fine comfort in his home not usual to the preachers in Sodus.

The Bishop was a philosopher by temper, and never bid the possible pleasures of to-day beneath to-morrow's troubles. He allowed himself to have a delightful evening; but when the morning sun shone across his face, he remembered with a pang that before he set out for New Canaan, he must say something to his charming hostess about the duties of her sphere, and might have to proceed to severer measures.

"I'm glad you've come," said Mr. Riggs when he had reached the meeting house, and there were a few minutes which could be used for whispering. "Our minister's wife—is—wall"—

"Wall, she hain't done some things, an' she h as done others," said Mr. Riggs, in a tone which conveyed a great deal of blame. "She has her friends, but I ain't one of 'em. I don't believe in minister's wives a-shuttin' 'emselves up an' a-sendin' niggers to the doors a-sayin' they has to be excused, like they were empresses of France."

Mr. Riggs for some unknown reason scorned the French.

"An' I don't believe in their playin' jinkin' tunes, either, nor dancin'. Yes, sir. She's been a dancin'. They say she's dreadful good hearted, but I tell 'em bein' good-hearted never got nobody inter th' kingdom"; and Mr. Riggs caught at a small, withered, flat-faced woman who was passing, and loudly whispered in her ear that she must tell the Bishop how she saw the minister's wife dancing.

Mrs. Stevens' nose was broken. Her eyes were large watery, and light blue. She had a self satisfied smile and an unctuous voice that made the Bishop cringe when she bade him good morning. "I saw her," she said. "I never liked her. She ain't my kind of a woman. Something ought to be done."

There was pleasure in her monotonous tone. The Bishop turned away rather abruptly.

The communion and lovefeast of the day was long remembered by the majority of the Sodus church. The feeling of the Bishop was contagious. Every heart, even those too much of the time abandoned to small evil feelings, was uplifted upon the wings of the Bishop's prayers. He besought Heaven for an outpouring of the Divine Spirit, and it came. Each one grew tender toward all the rest of the world.

On Monday his hostess was not at the breakfast table to greet the Bishop. "She has headaches which take all of her strength," explained the young husband. "She is very nervous, and I suppose her work tells upon her at times."

"Her work?" echoed the Bishop.

"Yes, her art work. I thought you knew she designs for a publishing firm in New York," and he produced a portfolio. "Some of her work is lovely. I feel very proud sometimes. She is a most unusual wife for a poor preacher.

The Bishop turned over the water color drawings in silence. He was not wise in such matters, but he was sure the designs were good. Again the memory of Mary rose before him. How very different she was from the majestic person who now bore his name, and whose genius for organization was so wonderful that it secretly reconciled him to long absences from home. Mary would never have been a success as a pastor's wife, and she was, yes, he admitted it, very like this bright spirit whom he had been exhorted to discipline.

"She is a musician, too," went on the husband, full of his wife's perfections, and noting the Bishop's gentle look. "I think she has a beautiful touch. I hope she will be able to play for you this evening."

The Bishop spent the day going about the vicinity of Sodus to various stations at which Brother McKinley preached at stated intervals, and was told about Mrs. McKinley's dancing until he was tired. Clearly something must be done to quell the gossip.

His nephew was convalescent, and was playing when Mr. Riggs would have called a "jinkin'" tune when he returned. But it was not a commonplace measure such as the Bishop had learned to distinguish as a dance tune.

"I like that," he said, begging her to continue. "That sounds very old-fashioned, like the tunes my father whistled when he trotted me to sleep fifty-four or five years ago."

"It is from one of John Sebastian Bach's dance suites," said Mrs. McKinley, her face lighting up. "I am always pleased when people like Bach. When they do not, I think it is my playing." The Bishop had never heard of John Sebastian, and as he dropped into an easy chair, he thought: "How subtly the Devil lays his temptation nets" (he involuntarily kept time with his head.) "That music somehow affects my nerves.

"We learned to dance the minuet at school," went on Mrs. McKinley, her fingers tripping over the keys. "I wish I knew how to dance the gavote. A school mate from New Orleans taught me a very old jig. It is the prettiest thing; you ought to see it."

"I should like to," said the Bishop, his face very grave.

"I'll do it in a moment," cried his hostess, gayly.

"Papa used to like it, and you are so like him"—her voice broke. "I quite forget you are a Bishop."

"Are you sure you want to see that jig?" she asked, a moment later, and springing up.

"If you can dance it alone, and are well enough," said the Bishop, feeling that he was going to see something like the spectacle which cost the head of John the Baptist.

Mrs. McKinley pushed back the chairs. "Sit over there in the corner," she commanded. The Bishop was tempted to beg her to pull down the shades, but he restrained himself, reflecting that the act would tell her he was ashamed of himself, yet how could he reprimand this sinner of whose sin he had no notion?

She touched the piano lightly, and then singing in a soft voice, began the wicked jig. What a pretty sight she was. Her walking skirt just gave a glimpse of her little feet. She waved one hand, then the other, then she dropped them at her sides with the perfection of grace. She was like a dainty little fairy.

"I hope you like it," she said, when she had seated herself. "It is very old-fashioned, and is French. And will you believe it, that jig has gotten me into trouble. I believe I will tell you. You will not mind hearing my trials, and this is funny."

"I shall be glad to hear about it," replied the Bishop, settling himself comfortably.

"It was last Christmas. You see we cannot decline invitations like other people, and we had to go and spend the day at the Stevens farm. Mark had to go with Mr. Stevens to see a sick man, and from ten o'clock till twelve I had to sit with Mrs. Stevens who is as deaf as a post and takes piles and piles of snuff though her nose is broken, and her mother, Mrs. Harmon, who is also deaf when she wants to be, and Mrs. Betts, the judge's wife, and Mrs. Steven's sister, Oh, you cant think what it is like to have people ask you all sorts of impertinent questions, as what your fathers business was, and what he died of, and how old you are, and if your mother was married the second time." The Bishop laughed grimly, and the little woman knew she had his sympathy. "And when they did not ask me questions, they talked about people they knew. It was a hateful way to spend Christmas, and when Mark came, I slipped away to the kitchen where the children were cracking butternuts. After a little, they took me out to the hay barn to see the colts; in the house we were in the way of the dining-getting, and I sat down on a bushel basket and told them stories. Poor things they had never heard any regular ones before. When I came to the adventures of Prince Rumplestiltskin, and where he danced for his supper, they asked me how he did it, and being cold and lonesome, up I jumped and danced that jig. I was just in the midst of it when Mrs. Stevens came to call me to dinner. You should have seen her face! And when I had seated myself at the table, she said in her exasperating voice, 'I found Mrs. McKinley dancing. I hope my children will never have to see the like again.'"

"I tried to make the rest understand that I had been doing Prince Rumplestiltskin, but you know how explanations go. It was no use, I was in bad odor. And that jig has grown like Jonah's gourd, till among a certain set I suppose I am thought to be an ex-opera dancer. It was funny at the time. They glowered at me and I glowered at the oyster pie, which, let me tell you in this locality is just a lot of fishy dough."

The Bishop laughed, but the tears were not far away. In spite of his eminent practical ability, he was imaginative. He knew that was a sad and dull Christmas to this little woman, just as it would have been to his dear dead Mary.

"Of course I could not do anything about it," went on Mrs. McKinley. "The more you talk about things the worse they grow, and I had done nothing to apologize for. I hope you won't mind my saying it, but I think getting used to being a pastor's wife is going to be a severe discipline to me.

"Well, brother, I trust you have attended to that trouble at Sodus," said Elder Walmsley the next week when he joined the Bishop at New Canaan.

"I have."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing!" echoed the presiding elder with indignant surprise.

"Just nothing. There was nothing of the story. Something can come of nothing, when the basis of the nothing is gossip, and I fear, brother Walmsley, that the tongues in my diocese are a far greater danger to The Cause, than are the dancing feet."—*N. Y. Independent.*

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam, for Coughs and Colds does it is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle *Free*, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50 cents and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

A Rhode Island husband shot his first and second wives for burglars, but when he popped over his third people began to say there was something queer about it, and he was locked up on a charge of murder. Wife-killing can be overdone as well as other things.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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Estate of Lewis Keiser, dec'd, late of Quemahoning Twp., Somerset County, Pa.

Letters of Administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement on or before Tuesday, the 11th day of March, 1899, at the residence of the Administrator in Quemahoning Township.

OLIVER P. SHAVER,
Administrator.

Jan29

Gems of Thought.

Self trust is the secret of success.

Manners are the happy ways of doing things.

Go with mean people and you think life is mean.

Write it on your heart that every day is the best day.

Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy.

He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear.

Character is higher than intellect. A great soul will be strong to live, as well as to think.

Retaliation is like the storm which sweeps through the forest of destruction. Kindness is like the combined influence of the sun and the rain of the cloud, which germinates seed and upholds their leaves, flowers and colors.

To live well in the quiet routine of life, to fill a little space because God wills it, to go on cheerfully with a petty round of little duties and little avocations, to smile for the joy of others when the heart is aching—who does this his works will follow him.

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.

A Scotch Judge.

An original of the Scottish bench was George Ferguson, Lord Hermand, a personage still remembered in Edinburg. He was an able lawyer and a worthy man. Two young gentlemen, friends, went together to the theatre in Glasgow, supped at the lodgings of one them, and passed a whole summer night over their punch. In the morning a kindly wrangle broke out on their separating, when by some rashness, if not accident, one of them was stabbed, not violently, but in so vital a part that he died on the spot. The survivor was tried in Edinburg, and was convicted of culpable homicide. It was one of the sad cases where the legal guilt was greater than the moral; and very properly, he was sentenced only to a short imprisonment. Lord Hermand, who felt that discredit had been brought on the cause of drinking, had no sympathy with the tenderness of his temperate brethren, and was vehement for transportation.

"We are told," he exclaimed, "that there was no malice, and that the prisoner must have been in liquor! In liquor! Why, he was drunk! And yet he murdered the very man who had been drinking with him! They had been carousing the whole night; and yet he stabbed him! after drinking a whole bottle of rum with him! Good Gods! lards, if he will do this when he's drunk what will he do when he's sober?"

His love of children was warm-hearted and unaffected. He always treated them seriously, exactly, as if they were grown up. Few old men's speeches are more amiable than his, about his grand nephew who happened to be his partner in a match of bowls: "No wonder that the little fellow and I are such friends; there are just seventy years between us." He was eighty; the boy ten. But when a boy happened to be a sailor he was irresistible to the old judge.

A little English midshipman, being violently attacked by a much bigger lad in Greenock, defended himself with his dirk and by an unfortunate, if not accidental, thrust, killed the assailant. He was tried for this at Glasgow, and had the good luck to have Lord Hermand for his judge, for no judge ever fought a more gallant battle for a prisoner. The boy appeared at the bar in his uniform. Lord Hermand first refused "to try a child." After this was driven out of him, the indictment, which described the occurrence and said that the prisoner had slain the deceased "wickedly and feloniously" was read; and Lord Hermand then said: "Well, my young friend, this is not true, is it? Are you guilty or not guilty?" "Not guilty, my lord." "I'll be sworn you're not. In spite of all his exertions, his young friend was convicted of culpable homicide, for which he was sentenced to a few days imprisonment.

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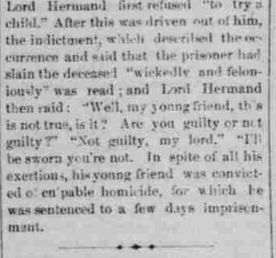
And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma, and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price 50 cents and $1. Sample bottles free.

Scotch Sense in Prayer Meeting.

An old Scotchman is said to have risen in prayer meeting one night and apropos of nothing delivered himself of the following remarks: "There are three things I never could quite understand. First, why boys will throw sticks at green apples when, if they waited, the apples would ripen and drop off. Secondly, I never could quite comprehend why men go to war to kill each other when if they remained quietly at home, they would die a natural death in good time. Thirdly, and most important of all, I do not see why the men chase around after the women since, if they sat still, the women would run around after them."



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Hard and Soft Woods,

OAK, POPLAR, SIDINGS, PICKETS, MOULDINGS, ASH, WALNUT, FLOORING, SASH, STAIR RAILS, CHERRY, YELLOW PINE, SHINGLES, DOORS, BALUSTERS, CHESTNUT, WHITE PINE, LATH, BLINDS, NEWEL POSTS

A General Line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in stock. Also, can furnish anything in the line of our business to order with reasonable promptness, such as Brackets, Odd-sized work, etc.

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IT WILL PAY YOU TO BUY YOUR

Memorial Work OF WM. F. SHAFFER,

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MARBLE AND GRANITE WORK

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N. H. Downs' Vegetable Balsamic Elixir

Is a positive cure for Coughs, Colds, Croup, Whooping-Cough, Catarrh, Hoarseness, Influenza, Spitting Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Lung Fever, Pleurisy, and all diseases of the Throat, Chest and Lungs. As an Expectorant it has no equal. Consumption has been cured times without number by its timely use. It heals the ulcerated surfaces, and cures when all other remedies fail. Fifty-six years of constant use has proven its virtues. Every family should keep it in the house. Sold everywhere. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

Dr. Henry Baxter's Mandrake Bitters are a sure cure for Costiveness, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Diseases of the Kidneys, Torpid Liver, Rheumatism, Dizziness, Sick Headache, Loss of Appetite, Jaundice, Apoplexy, Palpitations, Eruptions and Skin Diseases. Keep the Stomach, Bowels, and Digestive Organs in good working order, and perfect health will be the result. Ladies and others subject to Sick Headache will find relief and permanent cure by the use of these Bitters. Being tonic and mildly purgative they purify the blood. Price 25 cts. per bottle. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors, Burlington, Vt.

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Arnica and Oil Liniment for Man and Beast. The best external remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Bruises, Burns and Scalds, Sciatica, Backache, Frosted Feet and Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. It is a safe, sure, and effectual Remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on Horses. One trial will prove its merits. It effects are in most cases instantaneous. Every bottle warranted to give satisfaction. Price 25 cts. and 50 cts. per bottle. Sold everywhere.

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MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN & PIANO COMPANY

NEW MODEL ORGAN. STYLE 2233

Contains a five octave, nine Stop Action, furnished in a large and handsome case of solid black walnut. Price $60 cash, also sold on the Easy Hire system at $12.37 per quarter, for ten quarters, when organ becomes property of person hiring.

MASON & HAMLIN PIANOS

The Mason and Hamlin "Stringer," invented and patented by Mason & Hamlin in 1882, is used in the Mason & Hamlin pianos, exclusively. Remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune, characterize these instruments.

Popular Styles Organs at $22, $22.50, $60, $78 $96 and up.

Organs and Pianos sold for Cash, Easy Payments, and Rented. Catalogues free.

GEO. N. CRAMER, Ag't. Mt. Pleasant, Pa.

PENSION AGENCY.

SOL. UHL,

Duly authorized by the Government. Office in Beer's Block, Somerset, Pa. may29

"Some lives are like Horse shoes the more worn the brighter." Busy wives who use SAPOLIO never seem to grow old. Try a cake...

A complete wreck of domestic happiness has often resulted from badly washed dishes, from an unclean kitchen, or from trifles which seemed light as air. But by these things a man often judges of his wife's devotion to her family, and charges her with general neglect when he finds her careless in these particulars. Many a home owes a large part of its thrifty neatness and its consequent happiness to SAPOLIO.

Grocers often substitute cheaper goods for SAPOLIO, to make a better profit. Send back such articles, and insist on having just what you ordered.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANCH.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Somerset to Stoystown	12¼	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	55
Somerset to Bethel	22¼	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	219	6 55
Somerset to Baltimore	250	7 50
Somerset to Ursina	4	80
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	52	1 80
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

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

Winter Arrangement—in effect Nov. 29, '98.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	5:35 a m	Johnstown	7:25 a m
SOMERSET	5:51 a m		
Stoystown	6:21 a m		
Hooversville	6:42 a m		
Bethel	6:46 a m		

MAIL—No. 93. *

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	5:45 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	7:40 a m	Rockwood	9:40 a m
Bethel	8:18 a m	Cumberland	12:0 a m
Hooversville	8:31 a m	Washington	6:50 a m
Stoystown	8:45 a m	Baltimore	6:50 a m
SOMERSET	9:16 a m	Pittsburgh	2:40 p m
Milford	9:04 a m		

Passengers for points east and west change cars at Rockwood.

ACCOMMODATION—No. 94. *

Leaves		Arrives	
Johnstown	3:00 p m	Rockwood	4:35 p m
Bethel	3:51 p m	Cumberland	7:20 p m
Hooversville	3:46 p m	Pittsburgh	8:20 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 in Rockwood.

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96. †

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