OCEAN REMINISCENCES.

A Remarkable Mirage and the Captain's Mad Purpose.

Let me recall a thrilling incident of my shipboard life—an experience small and brief, indeed, but vividly fresh and of clearest and keenest outline in my memory. We were on the Mozambique parallels, well to the eastward; the weather hot, the sky copperish and the sea of a sallowish blue, with a thick, slow flow of swell, as though the water was heavy and sluggish with oil; a weak breeze of wind idew off the port quarter with a sort of sting of heat in it, like the bite of the sun himself; and the ship under full studding sails on that side went rolling forward in a kind of loathing way, as though alive to the trucks with instinct; and I very well remember the slopping noise of the water as it fell from her bow like flinging bucketsful of grease overboard.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when the thickness over the starboard bow died out along the horizon there and showed the sea-line clear to the edge of the ocean, with a twisting and glancing of yellow fires in it from the sun, as though lines of molten brass were slowly sinking in it. It was then that a sail was made out some three points on the bow or thereabouts, apparently a large ship showing to her courses with the mizzen-topmast gone, and the spanker-gaff naked, with some colors flying at it. As we slowly neared her she showed like a frigate upon the water, with her band of broken ports and her big wing of standing jib; and I heard the captain tell the mate after taking a long view of her through a telescope that she was such and such a ship, naming a well known Indiaman of those days. She was in distress, it was now gathered; for it seems that she carried a brace of signal halyards at her gaff-end, on one of which was hoisted the English ensign, jack down, while on the other fluttered a row of bunting out of Marryatt's Code, signifying that there was serious sickness on board.

I can see that ship now as I saw her then; her canvass had the whiteness of frost touched by moonshine; she rose and fell very majestically; her ports bristling and fading as she leaned to the heave of the waters. By the aid of the glass, which I furtively employed on the mate turning his back, I could distinctly make out the white quarter-boats swinging at her davits, the gleams off the glass of her large windows, the hurried shadowing of her sails as they swung in and out, and the flags hovering in reds and whites and blues from the peak end. The helm of our ship was shifted for her and we got her right under our flying jibboom end. There was not enough pawn in the foot of the foresail to disclose her from the poop; and it being now four o'clock and my turn to quit the deck, I strolled forward on to the forecastle to watch the very noble picture on the sea-line that was rendered significant beyond expression by her appealing colors and by the mutilation of her abaft. A group of our Jacks stood against one of the cathead gazing, too. I had not been looking above three minutes when one of them exclaimed, in a hoarse voice:

"What the blazes! Is that there muck a-drawing up around her, or is she a-dissolvin'?"

"The Flying Dutchman, or my eyes ain't mates," said a second man, in a subdued voice of mingled awe and astonishment.

"Watch her a-dyin' out. Smite me, if mortal eyes ever see the like of that afore!"

My gaze was upon the ship as the men spoke, and, sure enough, I observed her to be slowly melting out, not as though a fog were driving down upon her, but as a rainbow dies, the tints shining and fading and perishing. In a few moments all was blank sea where she had just been.

There was an expression of dismay on every war ridden, whiskered face I glanced at. The captain, the mate, and several of the passengers were moving and moping like goblins over the brass rail at the break of the poop, in search of the amazing phantasm. It was, of course, a mirage, but it took all hands, from the skipper down to the cook's mate, some time to realize it; so marvelous had been the illusion, so substantial to the vision that rolling and stately fabric, so exquisitely had the painted mirror fitted the line of the sea. With some fancy that the real object could not be far off, the captain continued to head in the direction in which the mirage had shone until the darkness came, when the ship was brought to her course afresh. A few days before we sailed from Calcutta we got news of this phantom vessel. She had been some leagues below the horizon on which her likeness was painted, signaling for assistance to another ship six or seven miles distant from her. Had the quality of the atmosphere remained as it was—by which I mean had the mirage lingered a while longer—no doubt we should have brought the simulacrum of the other vessel into view. Thus it will be seen that ships as well as men have their guests.

This recalls to me another incident belonging, however, to no experience of my own. It was the chief mate of this same ship from whose deck we sighted the mirage who told me the story. He was third mate of a very handsome clipper barque, bound to a New Zealand port. The captain of her was a tall, austere man, with a grizzly beard and an eye of the dead blackness of unpolished jet. Instead of speaking of him as the "old man," his sailors called him "the monk." He was exceedingly reserved, said little or nothing at table or on deck outside of such instructions as he had to give; yet, spite of his monastic or collegiate looks, which might have qualified him to adorn a pulpit rather than a merchantman's quarterdeck, he was an excellent sailor, possessed of a thorough knowledge of every walk of his vocation, and a man of considerable refinement of speech.

Nothing particular occurred until the little barque was drawing on to the equator, when it was observed that the captain grew restless. He seemed unable to sleep; throughout the night watches he was incessantly arriving on deck, and for a whole half-hour at a time he would stand right in front of the binnacle, obscuring it to the sight of the man at the wheel, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the card with the lifeless air of a person acting in his sleep. At noon one day the latitude was found to be about six miles north. There was a pleasant breeze blowing off the port beam, and the clipper keel was made by the log to be sliding through at some seven miles the hour. The captain, putting down his sextant, walked aft to the binnacle, and stood before it, holding his watch in his hand. There was a light as of fever in the gaze he rooted upon the dial plate. Suddenly he called to the second mate, who had charge:

"[illegible] the port braces. Get the [illegible] course. Down helm."

The little ship came round with the men rounding in upon the braces, too astonished to sing out. The captain walked the deck, chafing his hands and chuckling.

"Now, sir, we have it," he cried to the second mate.

"Have what, sir?" asked the astounded officer.

"The equator," roared the captain.

"The equator," cried the mate, looking round him.

"Yes, sir, true as a hair by the magnetic bearings, a fore and aft line, sir. Keep to that course, d'ye hear? Not an inch off to port or starboard, or quicker than you can say Jack Robinson I'll blow your brains out!"

The second mate, glancing through the skylight, observed the chief officer in the cabin, and with a slight motion of his head summoned him on deck. The man arrived, with a face of wonder, gazing aloft and around, and not a little amazed to find the ship bound to the Eastern American seaboard instead of New Zealand.

"This is to be an achievement, sir," shouted the captain to him, "that'll rank me foremost among the most famous men this century has produced."

The mate viewed him with a stupid look of interrogation.

"Sir," cried the captain, with an expression of ecstacy on his singular countenance, "the keel of this barque will be the first that ever plowed the line of the equator without a hair breadth of deviation for one thousand miles at least; and mark you this," he cried, drawing himself erect and extending his clenched first at the mate, "if I catch the vessel's head off her course by the smallest fraction of a point, I will blow out the brains of the man who has charge of the deck at the time." He slapped his breast that the two men might guess what he concealed there, and picking up his sextant, stalked below.

The unfortunate creature went entirely out of his mind that night, and they had to pinion him to prevent him from destroying himself, or dealing death to the ship by firing her. He died within the week, raving mad, not a little to the relief of the mates, who could do nothing for him beyond having him carefully watched.—*N. Y. Independent.*

Don't Feel Well,

And yet you are not sick enough to consult a doctor, or you refrain from doing so for fear you will alarm yourself and friends—we will tell you just what you need. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which will lift you out of that uncertain, uncomfortable, dangerous condition, into a state of good health, confidence, and cheerfulness. You've no idea how potent this peculiar medicine is in cases like yours.

Relics of Tecumseh.

An interesting bit of Indian war history of this vicinity is brought out by the presentation to Huff Post, G. A. R., at Lawrenceburg, of a powder horn, once the property of the Indian Chieftain Tecumseh. This horn was carried slung across Tecumseh's shoulder in the famous battle of the Thames in 1813. It was presented to the Post by Henry Morris, of Lawrenceburg. He is a son of Wm. Morris, better known to Ohio Valley pioneers as "Indian Bill," who figured in many savage and bloody encounters. After the great fight, seventy-six years ago, "Indian Bill" found the body of the slain warrior. The powder horn still attached to the string around Tecumseh's neck, lay on his breast. The scout removed it, and preserved it as the most sacred of his relics. At his death, a few years ago, he presented it to his son Henry. The horn was cut from the head of the first buffalo Tecumseh shot. He carefully scraped and polished it, and displayed a great deal of skill and ingenuity in fitting a bottom to it and shaping the mouth. The entire surface of the receptacle is covered with Indian characters and legends. Mr. Morris has another and a more gory and ghastly trophy of that famous battle. It is a strip of skin cut from the middle of Tecumseh's back. The old settlers felt about the same savage satisfaction in cutting up and mutilating the bodies of their slain red foes, as the Indians did in scalping. After taking the horn off Tecumseh's body, old "Indian Bill" turned the chieftain on his face, and with his scalping-knife cut a strip of skin several inches wide off the back down the entire length. This strip was cured, and for the remainder of Bill's life did service as a razor strop. Indian Bill Morris, at the time of his death, in Switzerland county, Ind., a few years ago, was 104 years old. When only seven years old, living with his parents near what became the sight of Lexington, Ky. he was stolen and carried into captivity by the Indians. Two white men were taken prisoner with him. When the party reached what is now Chillicothe, Ohio, then a great Indian encampment, the two white men were skinned alive by the squaws of the village, and then slowly roasted to death. The boy was made a slave by an old squaw, and suffered incredible hardships. When she died Bill fell to the lot of another old woman, who devised even more fiendish treatment for him than his first mistress. Bill was washing hominy at the river one day when he was about fifteen years old, when the old woman struck him with a club. The infuriated lad wrenched the weapon from her and dealt her a blow that knocked her senseless into the river and she was drowned. The boy was followed for three days and nights by the savages, and finally escaped by hiding himself in a hollow log that was floating down the Ohio river with other driftwood. When he finally reached the settlement of Cincinnati, he narrowly escaped being shot for an Indian, so closely did he resemble one. He finally got back to his parents, who had long mourned him as dead. From that long captivity among the Indians he got that implacable hatred of the red man which distinguished him in after life. For many years, in company with Daniel Boone and other noted pioneers, Bill followed little else than Indian trails, and no less game than a savage redskin satisfied his hatred. He was one of the bravest soldiers under Colonel Dick Johnson, and killed nine Indians himself in the battle of the Thames. When he saw Tecumseh fall under the unerring aim of a comrade he rushed forward and secured the powder horn, and the strip of skin off the dead chief's back.—Cincinnati (Ohio) Letter.

Not So Quick to Hear.

Little Girl—"Papa, did mamma say "yes" to you right off when you asked her to marry you?"

Papa—"Certainly she did."

Little Girl—"Why don't she say "yes" now just as quick when you ask her to do things?"

Papa—Mamma's hearing is not so good now, darling—that's all."—*The Ledger.*

Human-minded persons may take comfort in the knowledge that it does not hurt the oyster to be torn from his shell and scrunched between the teeth. Science which is making great strides in cynology, has discovered this by sticking pins into the oysters stomach and listening for groan with a microphone.

Jersey Cow as a Cheesemaker.

The Jersey cow is considered pre-eminently as a butter cow, with her most profitable use in that direction, on account of the large proportion of cream contained in her milk. Consumers of cheese need not be told that its excellence depends almost wholly on the quality of the milk from which it is prepared, as is further well indicated by the commercial terms of cream cheese, skim cheese, etc., according as the milk from which it was made may have been whole milk or skimmed and robbed of its cream. If the milk be poor in butter, the cheese must be equally so, and will grade according to its richness or deficiency in cream. Many persons are of the opinion that cream which has once been seperated can never be so well mixed again with the milk that a portion of the fatty matter will not flow out with the whey, thus making the cheese less rich. This has given rise to some discussion as to whether rich Jersey milk can be profitably made into cheese without skimming.

According to the late Professor Arnold, while the Jersey is emphatically a butter cow, her milk is rich in cheese matter and can, without the waste of its buttery matter, be converted into cheese as rich as English Stilton. Commenting on the above, Hoard's Dairyman says: "Professor Arnold was speaking of new, warm milk, almost immediately from the cows, when the solids are in the most perfect emulsion, hence more of the globules of fat will be held by the rennet. With mixed milk brought to the factory once a day the case would be different." Practical home cheese makers universally agree that the sooner the milk is set for cheese making after it has been drawn from the cow, the more of butter fat the cheese will contain.

On the Slightest Sign

Of anything wrong with the Kidneys or Bladder, recourse should at once be had to Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. Neglect may lay the foundation for painful difficulties. The Favorite Remedy has completely cured cases of Stone in the Bladder, from which relief had been vainly sought. Where there is a tendency to Rheumatic Gout speedy relief invariably follows its use.

Care of Brood Sows.

Those who are to have early litters of spring pigs must give the brood sows proper food and treatment during the winter months. The first requisite is a good shelter, and a clean, wholesome sleeping place. The next is a reasonable amount of liberty. It will not do for to keep a brood sow shut up continuously in a small pen, even if it is kept reasonably clean. She will become sluggish and inert, with none of the vigor and muscular stamina needed to produce and rear healthy pigs. A certain amount of exercise every day is necessary. If she will not take her daily "constitutional" of her own accord, it is best to drive her out. Nothing is better during mild, open weather than the run of a lot, where she may root to her heart's content. Never put a ring in the nose of a brood sow.

The food should be abundant, but not of a fattening character. Milk, bran and middlings, with a small modicum of oil meal, varied frequently by boiled turnips and carrots, beets, or other roots, clover hay, chopped short and mixed with the cooked ration, and in cold weather a small proportion of corn meal, will keep the animal in good, thristy condition. It is well to remember that swine are omnivorous, and an occasional morsel of animal food is always acceptable. The "lights," entrails, and other waste material of a slaughter house, when attainable, are desirable additions to the animal dietary. It is well to keep a mixture of salt, charcoal, and a little sulphur in a trough, where the sow can help herself at will. It is always best to keep brood sows separate from the rest of the herd. This is specially imperative as the time for farrowing approaches.

A Family Gathering.

Have you a father? Have you a mother? Have you a son or daughter, sister or brother who has not yet taken Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, the guaranteed remedy for the cure of all Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Croup, and all Throat and Lung troubles? If so, why, when a sample bottle is gladly given to you *free* by any druggist, and the large size costs only 50c and $1.

Scotch Dinners for a Cent.

They manage dinners for poor children a trifle more economically in Edinburgh than elsewhere. In Edinburgh it is found possible to suply for a half penny a wholesome meal of vegetable broth and bread. Scotch children thrive on the various savory thick soups of many ingredients for which the cuisine of the country is celebrated, and unfortunately soup of any kind, clear or thick, is rarely prepared in the home of the English poor. Solid meat, bread and potatoes, form the staple diet. In too many cases in England bones are only regarded as useful to the rag and bone man; in Scotland such waste is rare, even among the poorest.

A young lady from a boarding-school having made some progress in acquiring Italian, addressed a few words to an organ-grinder in her purest accent, but was astonished at receiving the following response: "I no speak Inglish."

"AGE CANNOT WITHER HER,"

remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would. The silly little woman, in order to appear youthful, plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, yclept 'balms,' 'creams,' 'lotions,' etc." "Yes," interrupted the little woman, "I did, until my skin became like parchment and so pimply and coarse." "Well," said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Pac," was the reply, "nothing but common sense and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, eruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is **guaranteed** to do all that it is claimed to, **or money paid for it will be promptly refunded.**

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for an incurable case of **Catarrh in the Head** by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. By its mild, soothing and healing properties it cures the worst cases, no matter of how long standing. By druggists, 50 cents.

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.

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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 bleeding, heals the tumors, and in most cases removes the tumors. [illegible] Sent by mail for 50 cts. Address, DR. SWAYNE & SON, Philad., Pa.

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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, Piles, Itch, Scres, Pimples, Eruptions, &c., no matter how inveterate or long standing. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail for 50 cts. 1 Boxes, $1.25. Address, Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia, Pa. Ask your druggist for it.

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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

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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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A Model Pig Shed.

An Egyptian stock grower has erected a pig shed which cannot easily be beaten for cheapness and practical usefulness. It is a model, not in the sense of being complete regardless of expense, but as being the best arrangement of easily available materials. In the middle of the pig paddock the shed stands, and it provides the shelter from any wind as well as the shade of a roof. A number of fencing posts are put in, and a wall plate is fixed upon them. Rafters of the local bullock sapplings support a roof of bark and in this arrangement we have a cheap roof which is within the reach of any selector. A wall three feet six inches high, made of hardwood boards, is run along and across the shed under the roof. This forms a "T" shaped walk shelter, which protects from any wind, the pigs choosing the lee side according to the way of the wind. Such "models" are wanted, instead of expensive erections which cannot be imitated by the practical farmer.

If you meet a man and ask him how he feels, if he doesn't stop to think, he always says "First rate." If he stops to think a minute he will always begin to unfold some tale of woe.

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily, from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle, that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c. and $1.

An usher who was going to remove an intoxicated man from the theater, was told by a lady to "let him alone. He got all he wanted before he came in, and will not be likely to annoy people by going out between the acts."—

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.

"I'm afraid," said Edith "that Harold new situation at the capitol is having a bad effect on him." "Do you mean the young man who didn't go away until after 12 last night?" "Yes: he makes so many motions to adjourn and then doesn't."

The Forger and His Pen.

I was talking with a Treasury official on the subject of forgery. "Did it ever occur to you," said the official, "that a forger has half his work done when he can get hold of the pen with which the owner of the signature habitually writes? A great many men, bank presidents and the like, use the pen for their names only for a year or two without change. A pen that has been used by a man in writing his name hundreds of times, and never used for anything else, will almost write the name itself. It gets imbued with the spirit of the signature. In the hands of a fairly good forger it will preserve the characteristics of the original. The reason for this is that the point of the pen has been ground down in a peculiar way, from being used always by the same hand and for the same combination of letters. It would splutter if held at a wrong angle or forced on lines against its will. It almost guides the sensitive hand of the forger when he attempts to write the name."—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

One Dollar Well Invested.

If you have bad breath, constipation, pain in the small of the back, discolored skin, nervousness, or dizziness, your only wise course is to take Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y. It will cleanse the blood of all impurities regulates the Kidneys and Liver, and thus restore a healthy glow to your cheek again. All druggists; one dollar a bottle.

Never say again that a newspaper writer is not a master of diplomacy. One of the fraternity was to write up the history of an old lady of ninety-eight. He was told she had never so much as learned her letters. Did he blurt it out in print? Not a bit of it. He merely stated in his finely written article that "she can read the finest print as well as she ever could."

Don't give up, there is a cure for catarrh and cold in the head. Thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It is a safe and pleasant remedy. It is applied into the nostrils. It is not a liquid or snuff. It cures by cleansing and healing. Price 50c.

Sought for the last hundred years. A remedy for catarrh, hay fever and cold 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.

The preacher who dropped into an office in Alpena, Mich., the other day where four of the biggest guns in town were playing poker for money may not have known what he was about, but then again he may. Anyhow he flashed a subscription paper for some benevolence before the blushing players and quicker'n you could say Jack Robinson took pledges for over one hundred dollars.

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 shriek came from the parlor, and the mother rushed into the room in great agitation. "What is it, my daughter?" she exclaimed. "Has this—this person from New York been rude or uncivil?" "Not intentionally, mamma," said the young Boston maid, faintly. "But it was a painful shock. He said hippopotamuses instead of hippopotami."

To-Night and To-Morrow Night,

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.

Sound, practical advice given by a misanthrope: If ever you should be attacked by night never shout "Murder!" for no one will bother about you; yell "Fire!" and every body will be out of doors in a jiffy.

Some author says that one of the uses of adversity is to bring us out. That's true—particularly at the knees and elbows.

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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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Persons in need of MONUMENT WORK will find it to their interest to call at my shop where a proper showing will be given them. Satisfaction Guaranteed in Every One, and PRICES VERY LOW. I invite special attention to the

White Bronze, Or Pure Zinc Monument

Introduced by REV. W. A. RING, as a Decided Improvement in the point of MATERIAL AND CONSTRUCTION, and which is destined to be the Popular Monument for our Changeable Climate. GIVE ME A CALL.

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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.

Henry, Johnson & Lord, Proprietors of

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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ESTABLISHED 1836.

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MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN & PIANO COMPANY

MODEL ORGAN, STYLE 2393. Contains a five octave nine Stop Action, furnished in a large and handsome case of solid black walnut. Price for cash, also sold on the Easy Hire system at $12.25 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, Rent or Rented. Catalogues free.

GEO. N. CRAMER, Agt. 89-1yr. Somerset, Pa.

PENSION AGENCY.

SOL. UHL,

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

WHAT IS SAPOLIO?

It is a solid handsome cake of scouring soap which has no equal for all cleaning purposes except in the laundry. To use it is to value it.

What will SAPOLIO do? Why it will clean paint, make oil-cloths bright, and give the floors, tables and shelves a new appearance. It will take the grease off the dishes and off the pots and pans. You can scour the knives and forks with it, and make the tin things shine brightly. The wash-basin, the bath-tub, even the greasy kitchen sink will be as clean as a new pin if you use SAPOLIO. One cake will prove all we say. Be a clever housekeeper and try it.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. THERE IS BUT ONE SAPOLIO.

ENOCH MORGAN'S SONS CO., NEW YORK.

RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.—SOMERSET & CAMBRIA BRANCH.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles	Fare
Somerset to Stoystown	10¾	$ 40
Somerset to Hooversville	17	70
Somerset to Bethel	23¼	70
Somerset to Johnstown	31	1 10
Somerset to Rockwood	9	30
Somerset to Garrett	13	50
Somerset to Meyersdale	21	70
Somerset to Cumberland	53	2 00
Somerset to Washington	119	6 05
Somerset to Baltimore	203	7 50
Somerset to Ursina	14	60
Somerset to Confluence	26	90
Somerset to Connellsville	42	1 50
Somerset to Pittsburgh	110	3 40

The fare to Philadelphia is $6.34, and to New York, $11.69.

Winter Arrangement—In effect Nov. 19, '88.

NORTH-BOUND TRAINS.

JOHNSTOWN EXPRESS—No. 91. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Rockwood	6 46 a m	Johnstown	7:25 a m
SOMERSET	5 [illegible] "		
Stoystown	6 21 a m		
Hooversville	6 32 a m		
Bethel	6 46 a m		

MAIL—No. 93 *

SOMERSET ACCOMMODATION—No. 95. †

Leaves.		Arrives.	
Baltimore	8:00 a m	SOMERSET	5:38 a m
Pittsburgh	6:30 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	7:55 a m	Rockwood	9:40 a m
Bethel	8:18 a m	Cumberland	1:30 a m
Hooversville	8:31 a m	Washington	6:50 a m
Stoystown	8:45 a m	Baltimore	8:40 a m
SOMERSET	9:16 a m	Pittsburgh	2:10 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	4:35 p m
Bethel	3:35 p m	Cumberland	7:20 p m
Hooversville	3:46 p m	Pittsburgh	8:40 p m
Stoystown	4:00 p m	Washington	6:20 p m
SOMERSET	4:34 p m	Baltimore	8:30 p m

Passengers for east and west change cars in Rockwood.

ROCKWOOD ACCOMMODATION—No. 96. †

Leaves		Arrives	
SOMERSET	6:7p m	Rockwood	7:37 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 Bedford.	Uniontown.	Mt. Pleasant.	Leave Greensburg.
Pittsburgh 12:00 m	8:00 a. m.	9:21 a m.	10:45 a m.
Braddock 12:25 "	8:23 "	"	"
McKeesport 12:46 "	..... "	..... "	..... "
West Newton 2:[illegible] "	9:03 "	10:24 "	..... "
Broad Ford 3:00 "	..... "	..... "	..... "
Connellsville 3:30 "	9:50 "	11:10 "	..... "
Ohio Pile 4:15 "	10:39 "	11:47 "	..... "
Confluence 4:40 "	10:57 "	12:0 A. M.	..... "
Ursina 5:12 "	11:26 "	12:32 "	..... "
Rockwood 5:40 "	11:59 "	..... "	..... "
Garrett 6:15 "	12:28 P. M.	12:51 "	..... "
Salisbury Junc. 5:42 "	11:50 "	..... "	..... "
Meyersdale 6:45 "	12:54 "	1:12 "	..... "
Keystone 7:50 "	1:59 P. M.	..... "	..... "
Sand Patch 8:52 "	12:00 A. M.	1:25 "	..... "
Southampton 6:18 "	..... "	..... "	..... "