A CHRISTMAS JINGLE.

Oh! Do you hear the tinkle of the bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
As on the midnight breeze their music swells,
Swells, swells, swells,
And do you hear the tramping of the hoofs,
Hoofs, hoofs, hoofs,
As Santa Claus' steed passes o'er the roofs,
Roofs roofs, roofs,
Where the children, half awake, half asleep,
Sleep sleep, sleep,
Are waiting at his gifts to get a peep,
Peep, peep, peep,
Waiting for the coming of the dawning,
Dawning, dawning,
Waiting for the coming of the morning,
Morning, morning,
Waiting with anxious hearts and open eyes,
Eyes, eyes, eyes,
To greet Christmas presents with glad surprise,
Prize, prize, prize;
O! listen now to the merry prattle,
Prattle, prattle,
Of the many tongues that constant rattle,
Rattle, Rattle,
The joyous voices as the chil'ren look,
Look, look, look,
With eager glances at the doll or book,
Book book book,
From Santa Claus the gift; oh, 'twould be shocking
To tell them mother put them in their stocking;
And so the merry Christmas Day goes on,
On, on, on,
Of all the holidays the brightest one,
One, one, one.
Long, long may Santa Claus a myth remain,
Main, main, main,
A puzzle to the childrens' heart and brain,
Brain, brain, brain,
Bringing sunbeams of joy wherever he comes,
Comes, comes, comes,
Lighting the smiles of gladness in our homes,
Homes, homes, homes.

THE PRINCE'S RETURN.

A CHRISTMAS SKETCH.

A few small dead leaves came rustling down Happy Court; the wind had blown them off the poplar tree in the corner by the pump.

Bobbie counted them, for he stood at the window of the shabbiest house in the court with his nose flattened against the window pane.

"One, two, three. four, five!" he said, counting the dead leaves.

Presently he put his hand in his pocket, and began jingling the pennies there.

"One, two, three, four," he said. Oh, dear, but there ought to be five. For a pen-wiper costs five, and the old lady won't take any less!"

The house opposite had a tall green bush showing at the window, and the three little Smiths were dancing around it, making faces, and beckoning across to Bobbie.

"No, I won't," said Bobbie, as though they could hear him. "I ain't going to come over. I'm going to stay here till sister Mary comes."

Just then a tall girl turned the corner of the street and came merrily up the court. She had hair as yellow as Bobbie's, and the same eyes of startled brown. Bobbie rushed down the rickety stairs and opened the door for her.

"Did you see the butcher man, round the corner, and the little pigs with the holly in their mouths? And the candy store with the pink and white Kriss Kringles, and the grocery——"

"Yes, yes, Bobbie," she said, patting his eager head; "now let me sit down a while and rest myself, and then I will tell you of all the fine sights I've seen to-day."

So Bobbie pulled out the big chair by the window, and ran to hang up her hat and coat. Staying in the lonesome house all day long by himself, had made him as tidy and thoughtful as a girl.

Then Mary sat down in the chair with Bobbie at her feet, and told him of all the wonderful things in the up-town shop windows.

Bobbie's eyes grew like stars; he sighed softly to himself, and in his excitement pulled out the pennies from his pocket, and began counting them over once more.

It was a poor little room; the carpet was so patched that it looked like a coat of many colors, and the curtains were threadbare. The paper on the wall that had once been full of gay-colored boughs and blossoms, now showed only a few sickly leaves sprawling against a dingy white.

But the rosy little fire flickered and fluttered, and the sun falling in a patch upon the floor brought the poplar shadows with it; and Bobbie's yellow hair and Mary's together, made warmth and color for what would else have been a dull picture.

So Mary came to the end of the sights she had seen, and Bobbie asked:

"Is that all? It's most like the Prince, ain't it, Mary?"

"A little," said Mary, smiling to herself, for she knew what was coming next.

"Once there was a Prince," began Bobbie; "was it a very long time ago, Mary?"

He always asked this question here, and Mary always gave him the same answer, and sighed:

"A long time ago, Bobbie."

"And he was tall and handsome and young, and he dearly loved the Princess——"

"And he was going to marry her," said Mary, "and give her everything she wanted, and then——"

"And then he went away," interrupted Bobbie, "and never came back any more."

"Though as long as she lived, the Princess thought he would, and waited for him," said Mary.

Bobbie always looked solemn when they came to this part of the story. In some inexplicable way he thought he could remember the Princess, and that he had known her. And had not her eyes been brown like Mary's?"

"I feel sorry for the Princess," he said. Then Mary kissed him?

He jingled his pennies once more.

"Do you think pen-wipers are nice, Mary?"

"Very nice," said his sister; "and those little red and black ones around the corner are just beautiful."

"Aren't they?" cried the delighted Bobbie. "Two little black blocks and one little red one. Oh, Mary, but they are five cents, and I have only got four."

She held out the coveted penny.

"I think Katie Smith might like one for a Christmas gift."

"Oh, no, no, no!" shouted Bobbie, "but it is not for Katie Smith; it is for——"

Then he put both hands over his foolish little mouth and chuckled softly.

"You'd better go away, or you might tell me secrets," laughed Mary.

And Bobbie, chuckling harder than ever, ran out into the street.

The little old lady who kept the little old shop where he had spied the pen-wipers, was very busy that afternoon. The tiny place was full of old-fashioned people who were buying her scarlet mittens, or her dainty tasseled hoods and jackets, or, even the glass-eyed canton flannel elephants that stood in her windows and stared out at the naughty world.

Bobbie slipped into a corner, away from the crowd of bustling people and looked on.

Presently the door-bell tinkled, and another customer came in. He was a tall man with a very brown face, and he wore a very shaggy coat that fell down to his heels. He stood there at the door and scanned the faces of the buyers, one by one. Then he caught sight of Bobbie's eyes, and smiled down at him.

"I'm looking for somebody," he said, "but I can't find her after all," Now the smile died out of his face and a sad look came instead.

A queer idea was in Bobbie's head. He looked up at the shaggy man and said, wistfully:

"Are you the prince? Are you looking for the princess? Did you go away, and never come back any more, till now?"

"Who told you all that?" asked the shaggy man

"My mother," said Bobbie; "it's a story. Once there was a prince and he loved the princess; but he went away and never came back any more."

"That is a sad story," said the shaggy man.

"It's good enough for Happy Court," said Bobbie; and oh, but that was a wise thing for him to say.

"Ther's only Mary and me," he began, but just then the old lady called. "And what can I do for you, sir?" and he went forward to buy his little pen-wiper.

He looked very important as he trotted out into the street, with his precious present tied up carefully in pink blotting paper. He opened a corner of the tiny package, and let the man who had followed him take a peep at it.

"It's for my sister. Ain't it beautiful for only five cents?"

"Very," said the man gravely. "Will she use it often—does she write a great deal?"

"Well, no," said Bobbie, looking a shadow less happy, "but,"—and his face lit up again—"she used to, when we didn't live in Happy Court; letters and letters, and they went out to a big ship in the water—way off over the water."

Now they had reached the corner of Happy Court.

"Good-bye," said Bobbie blithely. But the shaggy man caught him fast by the arm.

"Little boy," he said "haven't I seen you somewhere before? Now tell me true."

"No, you haven't," said Bobbie promptly; "and I never saw you either."

"Well," said the shaggy man, "I guess I am a fool. Merry Christmas, laddie!"

Down the Court through the windy yellow light and the falling dead leaves, ran Bobbie as fast as he could. But the man followed him. He followed him up the rickety stairs and to the very door of the shabby little room.

"Oh, Mary," cried Bobbie, "it's just beautiful!"

Mary's head came out of the darkness by the cupboard door.

"Well, Bobbie," she began—but there she stopped and stood still as a stone.

"And the prince came back again," said the shaggy man from the doorway.

Then something wonderful happened. Bobbie saw it with his own two beautiful eyes. The shaggy man took Mary in his arms, and she put her head down on his shoulder and cried as Bobbie had never heard her cry before. And the shaggy man kissed her, and kept on kissing her, and he told the strangest story to Bobbie and her.

It was all about a ship, and a storm and an island all alone in the sea. It was about letters unanswered, and a long spell of sickness and weary months of seeking. It was all about the prince who came back once more to the beautiful, faithful princess. "So they married and were happy ever after."—*St. Louis Magazine.*

Believed in Fair Play.

"I was new in the business and as ambitious as Cæsar. I would tackle anything, and, like most lawyers in the early stages, I had no trouble in convincing myself that my client was right and the other fellow a rascal. An old granger in the city in which I first swung my shingle to the breeze was always in trouble with his neighbors, and was a rich mark for lawyers. He gathered in some cattle that had broken into the highway from the field of a farmer near by; stabled them, and refused to give them up unless paid an exorbitant price for damages that were never committed. A writ of replevin was issued. I took the case for the owner of the cattle, and early one morning drove out to the office of an old German squire, or justice of the peace. His temple of justice was an old rattletrap of a building with no ceiling but stringers across where the clapboards terminated and the peaked roof began. The occupants of these stringers kept all below busily dodging tobacco juice. The jury was made up of a lot of old soil-tillers whose faces were as sphynx-like as that of a professional gambler. His honor occupied a very uncertain chair that had earned an honorable retirement, and kept his owl-like wisdom in activity by constantly whittling on a hardwood broomstick. Fitted against me were two old lawyers and it was their pleasure to constantly utilize my youthfulness in imparing my standing with the jury. I was full of fight, but what almost drove me from the shanty was the fact that the squire ruled dead against me every time. I argued, pleaded, read authorities, but the whittling representative of the blind goddess never turned a hair. He would simply say: 'Don't get excited, young man. I vos der shudge. Yust go ahead mid der case. Shustice is shustice, und don't you forgedt it.'

The two old attorneys were not slow to catch on, and they took the wildest iberities, disregarding everything and and chuckling at every objection I made. I was on the verge of insanity, and my client looked like a thunder cloud rampant. Dinner time came and the squire had a spread for jurors, lawyers, and litigants. My opponents were in high feather, while my food nearly choked me.

"After eating I handed the squire a cigar, and we walked out into the orchard where I upbraided him for the course he had pursued.

"'Young man,' he said,' vot is der reason mit you? I know vot vos law and yustice, and equity. Gif efery man der same chance. In der forenoon I let dose two old lawyers have der vhay. Now it vas your durn. Go in. I believe in fair blay I don't gare how much dose fellers object, it's your durn.'

"Did I go in? I claimed everything and conceded nothing. I rode roughshod over the rules of testimony and the old lawyers. I had them wild, pawing the air and frothing at the mouth. The squire was deaf to their appeals and blind to their agony. 'I gif you half a day apiece,' was his sole justification. I won in a walk. The other side wanted to appeal, but their client was so mad that two old-timers should be so ignominiously beaten by a young lawyer that he settled then and there, hired me by the year, and gave me my first good start."—*Detroit Free Press.*

No sad face should be seen on Christmas morning. If there be those who have especial cause for sadness their neighbors should remove it by kindness. All who have health and plenty should greet the day with smiles and gladness. No moody moroseness nor sour asceticism should be followed at Christmas tide, but every one should wear a cheerful countenance reflecting the inward sunshine of a glad and grateful heart. "Be merry and make good cheer"—make joyful the hearts of all about you. A merry Christmas say we to all!

We use Alcohol

pure alcohol to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING. Alcohol is good for leather; it is good for the skin. Alcohol is the chief ingredient of Cologne, Florida Water, and Bay Rum the well known face washes. We think there is nothing too costly to use in a good leather preservative.

Acme Blacking retails at 20c.

and at that price sells readily. Many people are so accustomed to buying a dressing or blacking at 5c. and 10c. a bottle that they cannot understand that a blacking can be **cheap** at 20c. We want to meet them with cheapness if we can, and to accomplish this we offer a reward of

$10,000

for a recipe which will enable us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that a retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. We hold this offer open until Jan. 1st, 1893.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

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THE

"Bee-Hive" STORE!

Read This and Be Enlightened.

This year we have made a special effort to place before the people the Choicest Goods that the best manufacturers produce, which we think will please the trade.

CLOTHING.

Mens', Youths', Boy's and Childrens' Suits and Overcoats. Our stock is very large, consisting of an immense line of New Novelties, as well as all of the leading Standard Grades.

Hats, Caps, and Furnishing Goods.

We have the Finest and the most Complete Assortment of new and popular styles you ever laid your eyes on.

CARPETINGS.

We keep in stock a line of Carpets that will justify any one to examine. Also, Floor and Table Oil Cloths, Carpet Lining, Druggets, Rugs, Hassocks, Cocoa Mats, etc.

TRUNKS AND SACHELS.

We pay special attention to Trunks and Sachels, and always strive to keep just what the people want in this Line, at the lowest possible prices. We have lately enlarged our

Dress Goods Department.

A stock of Fall and Winter Dress Goods that will be sure to please. We have carefully selected goods that accord with modern taste. Come in and learn what pleasure, satisfaction and economy there is in trading with the "BEE-HIVE" STORE.

"For ever the right comes uppermost, and ever is justice done."

Laying principles aside, it would be unwise for us to encourage unreliable methods, for we would soon lose the confidence of all. With the foregoing sentiment in mind we are,

Yours to Command,

Knepper & Ferner,

One Door North of Post Office.

SEND

Postal Card

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PITTSBURG WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,

$1 Per Year.

IT IS THE BEST AND CHEAPEST HOME PAPER PUBLISHED.

IT CONTAINS ALL THE

LATEST NEWS OF THE WORLD.

—o—

Presidential Year.

The year 1892 being Presidential year, the interest in political affairs will be general. The Chronicle-Telegraph's facilities for obtaining the most reliable information are UNEXCELLED IN AMERICA, and special care will be taken to give the most accurate and unbiased news obtainable.

The Special Features

Embrace, in addition to the very latest news, Departments for Ladies, for the Home, the Farm and Garden, Industrial, Mining and Manufacturing, and alone are worth the subscription price, ONE DOLLAR A YEAR.

Address,

WEEKLY CHRONICLE TELEGRAPH,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

—o—

By a liberal arrangement with the Pittsburg Weekly Chronicle-Telegraph we are enabled to offer a year's subscription to that paper and THE HERALD for one year, for $2.25.

It disappears

—the worst forms of catarrh, with the use of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's mild, soothing, cleansing and healing properties effect a perfect and permanent cure, no matter how bad the case, or of how long standing. It's a remedy that succeeds where everything else has failed. Thousands of such cases can be pointed out. That's the reason its proprietors back their faith in it with money. They offer $500 reward for a case of catarrh which they cannot cure. It's a medicine that allows them to take such a risk. Doesn't common sense lead you to take such a medicine?

"An advertising fake," you say.

Funny, isn't it, how some people prefer sickness to health when the remedy is positive and the guarantee *absolute.*

Wise men don't put *money* back of "fakes."

And "faking" doesn't pay.

Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Next door west of Lutheran Church.

Somerset, Pa.

Having opened up a shop in this place, I am now prepared to supply the public with clocks, watches and jewelry of all descriptions, as cheap as the cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your holiday purchases.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING

A SPECIALTY.

HARRY M. BENSHOFF,

MANUFACTURING STATIONER

—AND—

BLANK BOOK MAKER.

HANNAM BLOCK,

JOHNSTOWN. PA.

PUBLIC SALE

—OF—

Valuable Real Estate.

In pursuance of an alias order of the Orphans' Court, I will offer at Public Sale, on

SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892,

at 2 o'clock, P. M., on the premises, the following real estate, late the property of J. L. Burkholder, dec'd.

No. 1. Being a parcel of land situate in Brothersvalley township, Somerset county, Pa., containing two acres conveyed by Simon P. Fritz and wife, to deceased, having thereon erected a two story

DWELLING HOUSE

barn and other buildings, orchard of choice fruit trees on the premises.

No. 2. Containing about one hundred perches of land, adjoining No. 1., having thereon erected a Store House, and has also a fruit orchard on the premises.

Terms.

Ten per cent. of the purchase money to be paid when property is knocked down, the balance on confirmation of sale and delivery of deed.

A. J. COLEMAN,
Administrator.

PUBLIC SALE

Of valuable Real Estate, on the premises, on

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891,

at 1 o'clock, P. M., the old Asher Walker homestead. It is situated 1½ miles East of Bridgeport and the new town of Hammondville, 1½ miles South of Mt. Pleasant, containing 80 acres, more or less; 30 acres of which is in good timber, balance cleared and under fence. On which is a good log house, weather-boarded, 1½ story, with cellar. Barn and other outbuildings. Good apple orchard, numerous springs of never failing water, several stone quarries. This land is convenient to Churches, Schools, Stores, Markets, Railroads, Telegraph and Express offices. Is right at the edge of the great Connellsville Coking Coal Region. All lands in the immediate vicinity are rapidly rising in value, this tract among others. Purchasers will likely double or treble their investment in a few years.

TERMS—One-third of purchase money to be paid on day of sale, one-third in one year and balance in two years, deferred payments to be secured by judgment bond, with interest at 6 per cent.

D. H. PERSHING, Agent.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Wm. G Walker, late of Brothersvalley Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement to the Executors, at the residence of Franklin Walker, one of the Executors in Brothersvalley Twp., on Saturday, Dec. 26, 1891, between the hours of 1 and 3 p. m. of said day, when and where they will give their attention for said purposes.

FRANKLIN WALKER,
WM. M. GNAGY,
nov18. Executors.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Amy Bittner, late of Brothersvalley Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.

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 Saturday, the 2nd day of January, 1892, at the late residence of the dec'd.

ALBERT E. BRANT,
JAMES P. BRANT,
Administrators of Amy Bittner, dec'd.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Lydia Countryman, late of Somerset Township, dec'd.

Letters of Administration on this 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, Saturday, January 30 1892, at the residence of the Administrator in Somerset township.

E. L. COUNTRYMAN,
J. H. UHL, Administrator.
Attorney.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.

Estate of Herman Umberger, late of Jenner township, Somerset county, Pa., deceased.

The undersigned Auditor appointed by the Court to pass upon exceptions to the Administrators account, and to distribute the fund in the hands of Perry Umberger and Ruben Horner, Administrators of Herman Umberger, dec'd., to and among those legally entitled thereto, hereby gives notice that he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in the borough of Somerset, Pa., on Tuesday the 29th day of December, 1891, at 10 o'clock, A. M., when and where all parties interested can attend.

FRED W. BIESECKER,
Auditor.

STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Stockholders of the First National Bank of Somerset, for the election of Directors for the year A. D., 1892, will be held in the banking rooms in the First National Bank building, Somerset, Pa., on Tuesday, January 12, 1892, between the hours of one and three o'clock, P. M.

ANDREW PARKER,
Cashier.

ELECTION NOTICE.

The annual election of the Farmers' Union Association and Fire Insurance Company will be held at Berlin, Pa., on Tuesday, the 29th day of December, 1891, to elect a President, Vice President, Secretary and six Directors, to serve for the ensuing year. Business meeting from 9 a. m. to 1 p. m. Election at 2 p. m.

ALEX. MUSSER, President.
SIMON P. FRITZ, Secretary.

In Memoriam.

At a regular session of Sipesville Castle No. 378, K. G. E., held December 3, 1891, the following resolutions, relative to the death of Mrs. Melissa, wife of brother Jacob J. Pile, were unanimously adopted

WHEREAS, An all-wise Heavenly Father has called from the home of Brother Pile his beloved and faithful wife, thus for the first time casting a gloom over our Castle, therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Pile the Castle has lost a devoted friend, the community an honored and respected member, the church a faithful and consistent Christian, and the family a loving wife and mother.

Resolved, That our heartfelt sympathies be extended to Brother Pile in this, his sad bereavement, and we assure him that our prayers shall mingle with his for the support of God's grace, who never afflicts but in love.

Resolved, That in this dispensation of Providence we are again reminded that in the midst of life we are in death

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved family, that they be recorded in the minutes of the Castle, and published in the county papers.

WM. P. SIPE,
E. R. SHAFER,
ZACH. QUEER,
Committee.

He Foiled Justice.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec 11.—A clever and very simple method to escape justice was adopted here to-day by Charles Manley, charged with robbing eighteen houses in this city. While the lawyers were dickering, Manley boldly walked out of the court-room and has not been seen since.

La Grippe Again.

During the epidemic of La Grippe last season Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, proved to be the best remedy. Reports from the many who used it confirm the statement. They were not only quickly relieved, but the disease left no bad after results. We ask you to give this remedy a trial and we guarantee that you will be satisfied with results, or the purchase price will be refunded. It has no equal in La Grippe, or any Throat, Chest or Lung Trouble. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store. Large bottles, 50c. and $1 00.

Drove a Nail Into a Mule's Head.

YORK, Dec. 12—A heretofore unheard of manifestation of revenge is reported from New Salem. Some enemy of John Zerlant, living near that place, has driven a twenty penny nail into the head of one of Zerlant's team of mules, midway between the eye and the ear.

Does Protection Protect?

Certainly, in one instance, it does. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great protection against the dangers of impure blood, and it will cure or prevent all diseases of this class. It has well won its name of the best blood purifier by its many remarkable cures.

The highest praise has been won by Hood's Pills for their easy yet efficient action. Sold by all druggists. Price 25 cents per box.

May Go to the Halter.

JOHNSTOWN, Dec. 13 —At 6 o'clock last evening Richard Cobaugh finished hauling a load of household goods for George Fleck was was fitting up a new house, where he intended to take his bride after marriage next week.

There was a difference of half a dollar in the price which he wanted for the job. A few angry words passed between them, when Fleck drew a revolver and shot Cobaugh in the abdomen, inflicting a fatal injury.

I have been troubled with catarrh for ten years and have tried a number of remedies, but found no relief until I purchased a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm. I consider it the most reliable preparation for catarrh and cold in the head.—Geo. E. Crandall, P. M. Quonochawntaug, R. I.

Struck Dumb Instantly.

CHESTER, Pa, Dec. 10—It transpires that Frederick C. Leonart of Faulkland, Del, was stricken dumb in an instant with heart disease at the railroad station here on Tuesday, and was arrested by mistake as a drunkard. He was taken to the lockup, and there died without a doctor. Since an autopsy revealed no evidence of drink, the body was sent right off to relatives at Faulkland Now word comes that Leonart was never known to drink.

Confidence!

Yes, public confidence, that's the keynote of our successful advertising. The day for fooling the public is past, and we wouldn't do it if we could. Consumers are never "fooled" when they buy Klein's celebrated "Silver Age" or Duquesne Eyes." These famous brands of absolutely pure whisky are now known and sold everywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific slope. Every day swells the long list of customers. Why? Because the whiskies named stand solely on their merits. Leading physicians all over the land indorse and prescribe them—pretty conclusive evidence that the goods are just as represented—the purest and best obtainable. A poor whisky is never cheap, but always injurious. You take no chances in ordering "Silver Age" or "Duquesne," which sell respectively at $1.50 and $1.25 per full quart. Packages expressed anywhere. MAX KLEIN, No.

How Helen saw Santa Claus.

In the dining-room was a register which opened and shut like a door, and when it was open it made the best kind of a place for Santa Claus to come through.

Right beside it Helen's small stocking was hung on Chrismas Eve, and, for fear it might not hold all Santa would bring, it was put over a chair.

When the long night was at last ended, Helen's delight was unbounded, and as she found the presents, she would go to the register and say: "Tank, tank, Santa Claus!"

A few days afterward a plummer was called in to repair the pipe leading to this same register, and just as he was drawing himself out of the opening Helen come into the room.

The man was large and good natured, with a long gray beard. He smiled at sight of the little two-year-old, who looked at him doubtfully for a moment, with her hands clasped behind her. His smile re-assured her, and, going up to him she said: "Is you dot any doll babies in your pover?"

With a kind reply the man took his departure, and to this day little Helen is sure that she has seen and talked with old Santa Claus himself—*Youth's*

I have been troubled with chronic catarrh for years. Ely's Cream Balm is the only remedy among the many that I have used that affords me relief.—E. W. Willard, Druggist, Jolliett, Ill.

LET those to whom the "grim, gaunt wolf" is a stranger, see to it this blessed Christmas that every poor child has something in its stocking besides cold toes.

NEVER look a gift-horse in the teeth, It is also wrong to look a Christmas gift in the price-mark.

LOST TIME.

Newton, Ill.

From 1863 to 1885—about 22 years—I suffered with rheumatism of the hip. I was cured by the use of ST. JACOBS OIL. T. C. DODD.

"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."

LIGHTNING HOT DROPS

A HOUSEHOLD REMEDY FOR PAIN. *A Panacea for external and internal use.*

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Diphtheria, Sore Throat, Toothache, Earache, Inflammations, Sprains, Bruises, Lameness, Swellings, Burns,

CRAMPS, COLIC, *and all painful affections.*

Keep it in the house for a time of need.

If you feel no relief after using two thirds the contents of a bottle of this medicine, return the remainder and we will refund the price paid for the entire bottle.

HERB MEDICINE CO.—Your Lightning Hot Drops the best medicine for Diarrhœa, Summer Complaint, Cramps and Colic. It can't be beat; will relieve in minutes. For children it has no equal; for them the king. Yours, S. H. WEBSTER, Commercial Hotel.

A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHŒA, SUMMER COMPLAINT AND FLUX.

25c. per bottle. 5 for $1.00.

HERB MEDICINE CO., Weston, Mass.

Ely's Cream Balm For

CATARRH

THE POSITIVE CURE.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 5:30 a. m. Somerset 5:51, Stoystown 6:21, Hooversville 6:32, Johnstown, 7:25.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:50 a. m. Somerset 12:08, Stoystown 12:36, Hooversville 12:37, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

Somerset Accommodation—Rockwood 5:40 p. m., Somerset 6:03 p. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Rockwood 11:35 a. m. Somerset, 11:58.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail—Johnstown 7:45 a. m., Hooversville 8:31, Stoystown 8:45, Somerset 9:16, Rockwood 9:46.

Express—Johnstown 3:30 p. m., Hooversville 4:16, Stoystown 4:30, Somerset 5:01, Rockwood 5:25.

Rockwood Accommodation—Somerset 6:10 p. m., Rockwood 6:35.

Sunday Accommodation—Somerset 5:00 p. m., Rockwood 5:25 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Johnstown to Altoona	26¾	$1 10
" " Harrisburg	176¾	5 11
" " Philadelphia	275	8 26
" " Blairsville Int.	24¾	75
" " Greensburg	47	1 41
" " Pittsburgh	78	2 34
" " Baltimore	263¾	7 91
" " Washington	292	7 75

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTBOUND.

Oyster Express	2:42 a. m.
Western Express	3:23 a. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	7:18 a. m.
" Express	9:25 a. m.
Pacific Express	9:55 a. m.
Way Passenger	3:32 p. m.
Mail	6:16 p. m.
Johnstown Express	8:20 p. m.
Fast Line	9:24 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:35 a. m.
Sea Shore Express	5:40 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	9:24 a. m.
Day Express	10:15 a. m.
Altoona Express	12:01 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	7:00 p. m.
Philadelphia Express	7:45 p. m.
Fast Line	10:30 p. m.

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