Santiago.

From Spanish American Republics.

Santiago, the Chilian capital according to the fashion prevalent in the days when pirates and buccaneers flourished, is situated in the interior of the country, at the foot of the great Cordillera of the Andes, and a distance of four hours, by express train, from its port of Valparaiso. It is a pleasant and rich city, to which all Chilian fortunes, sooner or later, find their way. This fact is manifested by the number and splendor of the private houses, the great quantity of private carriages, and the animation of the elegant and leisured movements in the streets. Santiago, with its steeples and towers, and its wooded hill of Santa Lucia, lies toward one end of a broad plain hemmed in by mountains which are always visible closing the prospective of the streets and rising in grand silhouttes, even more beautiful in winter than in summer; for then the mountains are covered with a mantel of snow which reaches within a few metres of the plain. The climate is delightful.

The plaza of Santiago is of fine proportions and rendered very charming by the shade trees planted round it. The flowers are locked in at 10 o'clock every night. As I was informed by an Irish lady with a delightful brogue who has had 30 years' experience of Chili at the head of a charitable institution for orphan girls, "the vice of the country is thieving." Over an expanse of many square miles, for Santiago occupies a superficies out of reasonable proportion with its 180,000 inhabitants, these require to be carried from point to point by a railway an important network of tramways. Women are employed as conductors of the horse cars, whose uniform consists simply of a man's straw hat, a money bag and a white apron, the rest of their costume being left to individual taste. These girls have a seat at the back of the car and seem to perform their duties modestly and to the general satisfaction. The pretty ones, or, rather, the least bad looking, rarely remain long in the services; they soon find husbands or get otherwise provided for.

The genuine Chilian house is the old Spanish house built around one or more courtyards, and shut off from the street by an open work wrought iron gate and by heavy wooden doors that are closed at night. Many of them are of patriarchal proportions, covering four or five hundred feet square of ground and having accommodation for three generations of a family, and dining rooms where 50 or 60 people can sit at ease. The fine houses are not often open for entertainments. The invitation to dinner is not so freely given as in Anglo-Saxon countries; the family circle is more close; the family life of two or three generations is self sufficing.

On the plaza you see the rank and file of the army and its officers—the latter fine men of Spanish type, looking thoroughly military; the former dark-skinned, semi-Indian soldiers, who showed in the late war against Peru.

The Hudson Bay Company as It Is.

In 1871 all the colonies of Canada were confederated, and whatever presumptive rights the Hudson Bay Company got under Charles II.'s charter were vacated in consideration of a payment by Canada of $1,500,000 cash, half of all surveyed lands within the fertile belt, and 20,000 acres surrounding the company's posts. It is estimated that the land grant amounts to seven millions of acres, worth twenty millions of dollars, exclusive of all town sites.

Thus we reach the present condition of the company, 230 years old, maintaining 200 central posts and unnumbered dependent ones, and trading in Labrador on the Atlantic; at Massett, on Queen Charlotte Island, in the Pacific; and deep within the Arctic Circle in the North. The company was newly capitalised not long ago with 100,000 shares at £20 (ten millions of dollars), but, in addition to its divid ends, it has paid back seven pounds in every twenty, reducing its capital to £1,300,000. The stock, however, is quoted at its original value. The supreme control of the company is vested in a governor, deputy governor, and five directors, elected by the stockholders in London. They delegated their powers to an executive resident in this country, who was until lately called the "Governor of Rupert's Land," but now is styled the chief commissioner, and is in absolute charge of the company and all its operations. His term of office is unlimited. The present incumbent is Mr. J. Wrighley, and the president is Sir Donald A. Smith, one of the foremost spirits in Canada, who worked his way up from a clerkship in the company. The business of the company is managed on the outfit system, the most old-fogyish, yet by its officers declared to be the most perfect plan in use by any corporation. The method is to charge against each post all the supplies that are sent to it between June 1st and June 1st each year, and then to set against this the product of each post in furs and in cash received. It used to take seven years to arrive at the figures for a given year, but, owing to improved means of transportation, this is now done in two years.

Almost wherever you go in the newly settled parts of the Hudson Bay territory you find at least one free trader's shop set up in rivalry with the old company's post. These are sometimes more storehouses for the furs, and sometimes they look like, and are partly, general country stores. There can be no doubt that this rivalry is very detrimental to the fur trade from the stand-point of the future

The great company can afford to miss a dividend, and can lose at some points while gaining at others, but the free traders must profit in every district. The consequence is such a reckless destruction of game that the plan adopted by us for our seal-fisheries—the leasehold system—is envied and advocated in Canada. A greater proportion of trapping and an utter unconcern for the destruction of the game at all ages are now ravaging the wilderness. Many districts return as many furs as they ever yielded, but the quantity is kept up at a fearful cost by the extermination of the game. On the other hand, the fortified wall of posts that opposed the development of Canada, and sent the surplus population of Europe to the United States, is rid of its palisades and field-pieces, and the main strongholds of the ancient company and its rivals have become cities. The old fort on Vancouver Island is now Victoria; Fort Edmonton is the seat of law and commerce in the Peace River region; old Fort William has seen Port Arthur rise by its side; Fort Garry is Winnipeg; Calgary, the chief city of Alberta, is on the site of another fort; and Sault Ste. Marie was once a Northwest post.

But civilization is still so far off from most of the "factories," as the company's posts are called, that the day when they shall become cities is in no man's thought or ken. And the communication between the centres and outposts is, like the life of the traders, more nearly like what it was in the old, old days than most of my readers would imagine. —*Harper's Magazine.*

Backing up an opinion frequently implies getting on's back up as well.

A Workingman Downs the "Reformer."

"You see," said the Free-Trade "reform" demagogue, as he cocked his wise-looking eye upon his listeners, "The Tariff does not Protect American labor, because it can produce more cheaply than the labor of any other country, notwithstanding that it is better paid. To make my point clear, suppose that an American workingman who gets $2 a day and an English workingman who gets $1, both engaged in exactly similar work. The two-dollar man is really cheaper than the dollar man, because he produces, say, 20 of a certain manufactured article, while the slow, thick-witted Briton can only produce 9 of the same article. Hence the employer of American labor can afford to sell his goods cheaper than the English employer, since the former gets his goods made at 10 cents apiece, while the latter pays over 11 cents apiece. When, therefore, the robber baron demands Protection so that he can continue to pay the higher wages to his employes, he is deceiving the public. He wants the Protection so that he can exact higher prices for his products when he sells them; perhaps, to the very ones who make them. Protection is a fraud, a delusion and a snare, and directed chiefly against the interests of labor."

At this point an intelligent-looking workman elbowed his way through the crowd and addressed the "reformer" as follows:

"That is a very nice story to tell to one who doesn't know any more about it than you do yourself. I worked in England for years, and I have worked in this country for a long time, as a potter, and I know that that theory of your's about lower cost of production in this country is pure rot. In the old country I made just as many pieces a day as I do now, but got less than half the money that I get now. I happen to have in my pocket the list of prices I used to get at Staffordshire, and I will give side by side with them the prices I get now for making similar goods."

But the mere mention of price-lists was too much for the theory-loving Tariff "reformer," and while the speaker paused to search for the lists among a handful of papers he had drawn from his pocket, the theorist quietly slipped through the crowd and hurriedly disappeared around the nearest corner muttering something about being obliged to hurry to a Henry George meeting, where the sinfulness of private property in land was to be discussed.

"That is my usual experience with these Free-trade demagogues," resumed the workingman when he looked again, but in vain, for his opponent. "They are mighty plausible in discoursing of theories and supposed cases to the uninformed, but they run from facts and figures every time. However, as you who congregated here seem anxious to hear me to the end I shall continue as though our Tariff 'reformer' had not run away. Here is the list of prices paid for making cups, saucers, mugs and plates in England and this country, with the per cent of difference in favor of American labor given in a separate column. All other kinds of labor, skilled or unskilled, by the day or piece, and in and about the American establishment, receive wages proportionately higher than the rates paid in England."

Take Care of Yourself.

An exchange speaking of the unusual mortality just now prevalent, sensibly talks as follows:

"Men advanced in years, but of robust frame and health, have been suddenly stricken down and carried off after a short illness. In many instance the inducing cause was the prevailing epidemic, the grip. Even when they seem to have recovered from its severest attacks, they fall victims to other causes resulting from their enfeebled condition. And just here is where a word of caution may not be amiss. People who believed themselves cured exposed themselves out of doors to soon. They were not well, although they believed they were, and they fell easy victims to the first malady that came along. This is the thing to be avoided. Don't venture out of bed to soon, much less into the atmosphere out of doors. It may be irksome in bed or indoors, but that is not the worst of evils. Extreme caution should be the watchword with all who have or have not been attacked by the prevailing epidemic. If it cannot be warded off altogether, its assaults may be so guarded against as to reduce the danger to a minimum. Doubtless a good many lives have been lost by the non-observance of these practical measures."

The Ladder of Success.

Room at the top? Yes, and at the bottom, too. Do your best, catch hold wherever you can, push fairly, and go up a step at a time.

Royal roads to success are rare; slow and sure plodders are not always left behind. There are a thousand ways to do many things, and several roads to Rome.

Think of the boys with bundles on their backs, who have sold their little wares and started a corner stall, and from the stall gone to a little shop, and from the little shop to a big one, and are now merchants whose names are known in annals of commerce.

Think of Presidents of the United States who began by splitting rails, or tanning leather, or making coats. Think of the workmen you have known who have gone up head in their trades. Go through all the arts and professions, and discover for yourself that where one young man with all the advantages, and plenty of money, and plenty of influence, gets in at the top, there is another, who began poor and friendless, and who had no opportunities whatever, who has climbed from the bottom and stands abreast of him.

Avail yourself of all the chances that may offer to take the upper place at once; do not be idle because you are lucky; but if, on the contrary, you stand alone in the world, weighted with disadvantages and disabilities, don't sink down hopeless. On the average those who have to climb get there first.

A Little Girl's Experience in A Lighthouse.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich. and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with measles, followed with a dreadful Cough and turning into Fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones".—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store.

Some men expect to walk the gold paved streets of heaven because they drop a copper on the plate once a week.

The short tale may be a success in literature, but the docked horse thinks it's a mighty poor thing in fly time.

The Cost of Intoxicants.

If some of the poor men whose families are skimped in clothing, whose tables at times are short of necessary or desired food and whose houses lack many comforts that might be added by a little economy, will read the following it may possibly enlighten them as to why matters are as they are with them.

The money paid for one glass of beer would pay for one loaf of bread.

The money paid for two glasses of beer would pay for a peck of potatoes.

The money paid for four glasses of beer would pay for two dozen of eggs.

The money paid for three glasses of whiskey would pay for a dressed fowl.

The money paid for three glasses of beer would pay for a quarter of a pound of tea.

The money paid for one glass of whisky would pay for one pound of beef.

The money paid for two drinks of whiskey would pay for one pound of coffee.

The money paid for four glasses of whisky would pay for three pounds of butter.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of beer a day would pay for a ton of coal.

The money paid in one month for two glasses of whisky a day would pay for a suit of clothes.

The money paid in one year for four glasses of beer a day would pay for a carriage.

The money paid in one year for four glasses of whisky a day would pay for a horse and harness.

The money paid in one year for three glasses of whisky a day would pay for an outfit of household furniture.

Can You Eat

Heartily, with relish, and without distress afterward? If not, we recommend to you Hood's Sarsaparilla, which creates a good appetite and so invigorates the stomach and bowels that the food is properly digested and all its nutriment assimilated.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, effective, but do not cause pain or gripe. Be sure to get Hood's.

A bright, energeetic young newspaper man in a city not a thousand miles from Chicago recently was engaged in preparing articles for publication by a syndicate of newspapers. It occurred to this young man that it would make interesting reading to present the views of a number of America's leading journalists on "What the Newspapers Will Be Fifty Year Hence." The young man decided to let a few bright minds air their views and advertise themselves to the extent of 200 words each. Among the men whom he concluded to permit to contribute to the great guess-work symposium was Murat Halstead. A note was addressed to Mr. Halstead and the following answer was promptly returned by him:

"Your letter asking for 200 words on 'What the Newspapers Will Be Fifty Years Hence' is at hand. In replying I may as well confess that I do not know exactly what the newspapers will be a half-century from now, but unless things change very materially I do not believe that the self-respecting paper of that time will have anything to do with a newspaper man who will send a written request for such matter as you desire without inclosing a check for the same. *Murat Halstead's Idea.*"

He Asked No More.

A well known clergyman of Pittsburg was riding in a Fifth avenue car the other day, when a lady and a child got aboard.

The minister gallantly offered his seat, as the car was crowded, it was graciously accepted.

As the gentleman hung to a strap with one hand, he patted the child's head with the other, and the following conversation ensued:

"Fine child, madam."

"Yes, sir."

"Very fine."

"We think so. It is the only one we have."

"I am very fond of children."

The lady nodded.

"Now this boy will grow up to be a great comfort to you, perhaps a support. You ought to be very proud of him."

"Yes sir."

"What's his name?"

"Annie."

At this the whole car roared. The minister joined in the merriment, but not in a hearty manner.

He asked no more questions, however. —*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

Rob Roy Had The Best of It.

The far famed Rob Roy Mac Gregor was confessedly the best swordsman of his day. His celebrity for wielding the claymore excited MacNeill Barra, to visit him for the express purpose of trying his prowess. Barra was a gentleman, possessing the qualities that endear a chief to his clan, with the accomplishments which confer acceptability in polished circles. On arriving at Rob Roy's house the MacNeil chieftain found he was at Buchanan attending the market, and thither he repaired. He met several gentleman on horseback on their way home, and accosting the nearest, begged to know if Rob Roy was still at the fair.

"Who inquiies for Rob Roy?" inquired a voice, more remote.

"MacNeil, of Barra," said the chief.

Rob Roy aproached, announcing himself, and after exchanging salutes, Barra said:

"I've heard Rob Roy extolled as the best swordsman of our times, and have come a long journey to prove whether he or I deserve that commendation."

"Chieftain of Barra," said Rob Roy, "I never sought a quarrel with any man; and if it pleases you to think yourself the better swordsman I have no objection to your opinion."

"This is the language of fear," said Barra.

"Who dares to speak of fear to Rob Roy MacGregor?" said MacGregor, "Dismount, sir, and see if I'm afraid."

The chivalrous encounter immediately commenced, and Rob Roy found Barra nearly his match; but after much dexterous play he wounded the chieftain in the sword arm, so that he for several months and confined at Buchanan.—*Scotish American.*

Necessary Protection.

First Little Boy—I thort you said you lived in a flat.

Second Little Boy—We does—tenth story.

"Wot do you folks want wif a great big bulldog like that ef you live in a tenth-story flat?"

"We has to have him. Mamma always takes him along when she wants to talk to the janitor."—*Good News.*

Got Their Fill.

Seeker—They tell me there were burglars at your house last night.

Sageman—There were.

Seeker—Did they get anything!

Sageman—Indeed they did. They got the contents of a six-shooter and a consequent introduction to the coroner.

Singing Cattle to Sleep.

It is interesting to watch trained men deal with great beards of cattle which you notice on the plains. Perhaps there is no animal so timid as the cow. You will see numbers of them huddle themselves together by a tree or some other object whenever there is thunder and lightning. If left to themselves at night, too, they will take fright at the least sound, if it were but the flying of a sparrow, that is, when they are not asleep.

What the cowboys have to do then, every night is to collect them together and drive them into their pens. Then three of them, perhaps, will ride around the ring, each following the other, and all singing. They must sing or keep up some kind of noise, or otherwise the beard would go on a stampede, and perhaps it would take a ride of thirty miles to get them back. But while the singing goes on you will see first one and then the other lie down to sleep, all coming as close together as it is possible. The riders keep on till the last has followed the example of the others and then the cowboys are done with their day's labor.

When a stampede does take place the only remedy is for a rider to go ahead of the cattle. There would be no use in attempting to check it otherwise. Gradually, by turning this way and that, he gets the herd to make a circle, and when that is done the cattle will stand and can be led anywhere. But the singing seems to have as soporific an effect on the cattle as the speeches of certain politicians have upon an audience.—*St Louis Globe.*

The First Step.

Perhaps you are run down, can't eat, can't sleep, can't think, can't do anything to your satisfaction, and you wonder what ails you. You should heed the warning, you are taking the first step into Nervous prostration. You need a Nerve Tonic and in Electric Bitters you will find the exact remedy for restoring your nervous system to its normal, healthy condition. Surprising results follow the use of this great Nerve Tonic and Alterative. Your appetite returns, good digestion is restored, and the Liver and Kidneys resume healthy action. Try a bottle. Price 50c. at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store.

A Bad Pick Up.

Mind your own business is a good rule to follow always and everywhere, and in its strictest sense, too. Look at me, for instance. I was rushing along the street as a Christmas shopper. A woman in front of me dropped a newspaper which was done up in its wrapper. Hurried as I was, I stopped, picked it up and chased the woman.

"Pardon me, madam," said I, "you dropped this."

She turned serenely upon me. "Yes," she said, "I meant to," and passed on. This left me in an angry state of mind. I paused, exclaimed crossly, "well, I don't care what becomes of it," and dropped it. I hadn't gone three yards when a voice at my elbow said:

"Pardon me, Miss, you dropped this."

I lacked the aplomb of the first lady, and I smiled sheepishly, saying: "Oh, dear—thank you," and took it. A little further along I dropped it again and bolted into a store. While I was buying a hat, an urbane salesman tendered the paper to me, with: "A lady left this just now. She said you dropped it."

"Oh, thank you so much," said I.

Then I left it on the counter. They sent it home with the hat. A little label was on it: "You left this." I threw it in my coal box. Said John the next morning: "I found a brand new unopened paper in the coal box, Miss, and I put it on your table."

There it was, too. No one will blame me for throwing it out of the window then and there. In a moment the bell rang. Presently the maid entered.

"A gentleman just left this," she said; "it just now fell out of the second story front."

That paper is befor me now. To-night if it be moonless, I am going to bury the thing deep in the cellar.

There are two places where it requires an effort to keep one's balance—on the ice and at the bank.—*Lowel Courier.*

Washington appears to be the seat of the Chili war.

Self-conceit versus Self-confidence.

Yet while conceit may thus produce a negatively agreeable effect, it can not be called a positive charm. We do not think a person more pleasing because of his conceit, and we do not encourage it in those who are dear to us. A parent represses rather than stimulates it in his child, and a person who should plainly and laboriously cultivate it would not be in peril of canonization. It is doubtful if conceit ever accompanies real gentleness. A great man, indeed, may have the self-confidence that springs from the consciousness of power; but consciousness of power is very different from conceit of it. The one is a fact; the other, a fancy.—*Harper's Magazine.*

The Windy City Wins.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 21.—After taking 15 ballots the National Democratic Committee, to-night, selected Chicago as the place of holding the National Convention, on June 21 next. The date of the convention had been fixed earlier in the day.

Kept up for years—the offer that's made by the proprietors of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It's addressed to *you*, if you have Catarrh. It's a reward of $500, if they can't cure you, no matter how bad your case, or of how long standing—an offer that's made in good faith by responsible men.

Think what it means! Absolute confidence in their Remedy, or they couldn't afford to take the risk. A long record of perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases—or they couldn't have faith in it. It means no more catarrh—or $500. If you fail to be cured, you won't fail to be paid.

But perhaps you won't believe it. Then there's another reason for trying it. Show that you can't be cured, and you'll get $500. It's a plain business offer. The makers of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy will pay you that amount if they can't cure you. They know that they can—you think that they can't. If they're wrong, you get the cash. If you're wrong, you're rid of catarrh.

All Sorts.

There are sixty-one trees native to Nebraska.

The face of the earth has ever been marked with tear stains.

Salt added to cooked fruit especially in pies, increase the flavor.

We are all wrong as to dates. The Chinese reckon this to be year 7,910 341.

The advent of old age makes a potential vitriol thrower of many a fading belle.

Fully four times as many people speak Chinese as speak the English language.

The palm was a measure of length used by the Romans. Its length was about 8½ inches.

The police of New York city found and restored to their parents 3,128 lost children during 1891.

Careful measurement has developed the fact that the pouch of the pelican will hold six gallons.

In St. Vincent the upsetting of a calabash in a boat is equivalent to inviting the fury of the elements.

Owing to its extensive use in electric appliances the price of platinum has advanced fully 100 per cent.

Cuvier never revised what he had once written. He composed with great rapidity, correctness and decision.

The measure of what may be attempted out of the beaten rut largely depends upon the personality of the pioneer.

A fossil crab of one of the species existing at the present time was recently found in the rocks of the Hudson river tunnel.

Golden Gate Park, San Francisco, is to have an immense cocoanut tree from Honolulu. It weighs six tons, is already boxed, and awaits shipment.

The canal system of Germany has been greatly developed during the past ten years, and more than one-third of the fright is now carried by them.

I have been a great sufferer from cattar for over ten years; had it very bad, could hardly breathe. Some nights I could not sleep and had to walk the floor. I purchased Ely's Cream Balm and am using it freely, it is working a cure surely. I have advised several friends to use it, and with happy results in every case. It is the medicine above all others for catarrh, and it is worth its weight in gold. I thank God I have found a remedy I can use with safety and that does all that is claimed for it. It is curing my deafness. B. W. Sperry, Hartford, Conn,

Chili's Answer.

WASHINGTON, Jan. 25.—The Department of State this morning has received a dispatch from Minister Egan, stating that President Montt is not at Santiago, but gone to a resort. The dispatch also said that Minister Perecia had informed him that an answer to the statement of the position and demands of the United States, telegraphed by Mr Blaine on January 21st, will be made to-morrow.

$10,000

will be paid for a recipe enabling us to make WOLFF'S ACME BLACKING at such a price that the retailer can profitably sell it at 10c. a bottle. At present the retail price is 20c.

This offer is open until January 1st., 1893. For particulars address the undersigned.

ACME BLACKING is made of pure alcohol, other liquid dressings are made of water. Water costs nothing. Alcohol is dear. Who can show us how to make it without alcohol so that we can make ACME BLACKING as cheap as water dressing, or put it in fancy packages like many of the water dressings, and then charge for the outside appearance instead of charging for the contents of the bottle?

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, Philadelphia.

PIK-RON

is the name of a paint of which a 25c. bottle is enough to make six scratched and dulled cherry chairs look like newly finished mahoganies. It will do many other remarkable things which no other paint can do.

All retailers sell it.

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Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

Good for Moulting Hens.

It is absolutely pure. Highly concentrated. In quantity costs tenth of a cent a day. No other one-fourth as strong. Strictly a medicine. "One large can saved me $40; send six to prevent Roup," says one customer.

If you can't get it send to us.

We mail one pack 25c. Five $1. A 2 1-4 lb. can $1.20. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. Poultry Raising Guide, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE BEST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

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

A Panacea for external and internal use.

CRAMPS, COLIC, and all painful affections.

Keep it in the house for a time of need.

A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHŒA, SUMMER COMPLAINT AND FLUX.

If you feel no relief after using two thirds the contents of a bottle of this medicine, return the remaining contents to the dealer from whom you bought it, and he will refund the price paid for the entire bottle.

HERB MEDICINE CO.—Your Lightning Hot Drops is the best medicine for Diarrhea, Summer Complaints, Cramps and Colic. It can't be beat; will relieve in two minutes. For children it has no equal; for Flux it is the king. Yours, S. H. WILSON, Stumptown, W. Va.

Price 25c. per bottle. 5 for $1.00.

HERB MEDICINE CO., Weston, W. Va.

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Chicago, Ill.

I was confined to bed; could not walk from lame back; suffered 5 months; doctors did not help; 2 bottles of

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cured me. No return in 5 years. FRANCIS MAURER.

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Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 5:30 a. m. Somerset 5:53, Stoyestown 6:21, Hooversville 6:22, Johnstown, 7:25.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:35 a. m., Somerset 11:58, Stoyestown 12:20, Hooversville 12:27, 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, Stoyestown 8:45, Somerset 9:16, Rockwood 9:40.

Express—Johnstown 3:30 p. m., Hooversville 4.16, Stoyestown 4:30, Somerset 5:01, Rockwood 5:25.

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

Sunday Accommodation—Somerset 5:01 p. m., Rockwood 5:25 p. m.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Johnstown to Altoona	38½	$1 10
" " Harrisburg	170½	5 11
" " Philadelphia	275	8 26
" " Blairsville Int.	26¾	78
" " Greensburg	47	1 41
" " Pittsburgh	78	2 34
" " Baltimore	255½	7 65
" " Washington	297	7 75

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD.

Oyster Express	3:42 a. m.
Western Express	5:25 a. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	7:18 a. m.
" Express	9:25 a. m.
Pacific Express	9:22 a. m.
Way Passenger	3:32 p. m.
Mail	5:16 p. m.
Johnstown Express	9:20 p. m.
Fast Line	9:22 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:35 a. m.
Sea Shore Express	5:40 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	8:21 a. m.
Day Express	10:15 a. m.
Altoona Express	12:01 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	7:05 p. m.
Philadelphia Express	7:16 p. m.
Fast Line	10:30 p. m.

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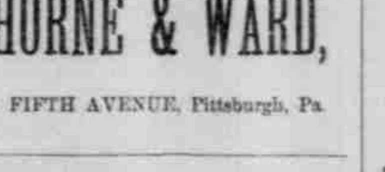

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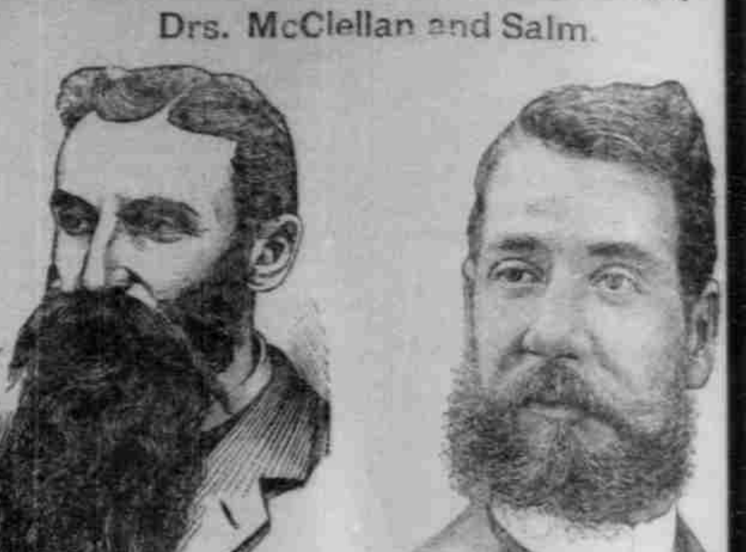

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