A Trip Through the South and Over Battle Fields.

Below we publish an account of a trip through the Southern States in a letter from our old friend and former resident of Somerset Co., S. P. Sweitzer, Proprietor of the American Hotel, Cumberland, Md. Mr. Sweitzer left Somerset in Jan., 1862, and served in Co. G., 19th Pa. Infantry, 14th Army Corps, Army of the Cumberland, and commanded by General Rosencrans. In his trip through the South he revisited the old battle fields, an account of which he gives below.

CUMBERLAND, MD., May 21, 1892.

MR. EDITOR:

We left Cumberland on the 8th of May at 1:30 o'clock A. M., and proceeded by way of Pittsburgh to Cincinnati, and thence to Chattanooga, Tenn. From here we visited the battlefields of Chicamauga and Lookout Mountain, the former of which is situated about ten and the latter two miles from Chattanooga. We could readily see the evidences of the fearful strife that took place there during the three days of Sept. 19th, 20th and 21st, 1863. The marks of the shell and cannon shot are still visible upon the forest trees, whose scarred visage will bear testimony of that contest for ages to come. It was here our friend Sweise of Somerset lost an arm and our regiment was reduced to about forty effective men. The landscape still bears a familiar resemblance, although much improvement has been made in the surroundings. Some of the old breastworks that I had helped to build still remain, monuments of scenes we hope never to be repeated. We picked up a number of relics, such as bullets, pieces of shell, parts of canteens and cartridge boxes, and recognized in a dilapidated building standing on the field, a house we had used as a hospital after the battle.

We next visited Lookout Mountain, which we ascended by means of an inclined plain which is 3300 feet long and attains an elevation of 1450 feet, the most extensive it is claimed of any in the United States. On the summit of the mountain there is quite a large summer resort, where several hotels of the most approved order are run at their full capacity during the summer. Our accompanying artist took a number of photographs from this summit. The view being exceedingly fine, looking out from this lofty perch upon the great expanse of territory can be seen one of the most beautiful landscapes ever witnessed. The dark green foliage of the forest interspersed by cultivated fields and beautiful villas, with the Tennesee river flowing through the center, its bosom glistening in the sunlight and mist like a sheen of silver.

I have almost forgotten to mention that the city of Chattanooga, which was almost entirely destroyed during the war, has become a handsome city of 50,000 or more inhabitants and the center of great manufacturing industries. The old forts that we had built have all been torn down and houses and streets occupy their places.

We next went to Atlanta, Georgia, passing a number of battle fields on the route, on all of which I was able to recognize some familiar object. Among the more prominent were Resacca, New Hope Church Station, Kenesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, Decatur and Jonesborough, Ga. The latter place is a town of about 1000 inhabitants situated 20 miles from Atlanta, and is the point on which Sherman made his great flank movement, engaging and defeating Gen. Hood on Aug. 31st, 1864, and causing the capitulation of Atlanta. We were enabled to obtain many relics of the battle here. We also discovered a number of trees with cannon balls and pieces of shell embedded in their trunks On our route and within about four miles of Atlanta we arrived at another battle field where Gen. McPherson lost his life and also a Confederate, Gen. Walker. One and one-half miles from this point is Fort Walker, which still stands as a monument of the bloody days. There are four pieces of cannon still left there ranging from 12 to 20 pounders. The carriages have about rotted away but the guns and caissons still remain. We next proceeded to Atlanta, where we remained three days enjoying the hospitality of the most hospitable people. We were shown every courtesy and attention that one could desire. We met a great number of ex-Confederates and fought our battles over again, but in a friendly and brotherly manner. Atlanta is as great a city as her people are hospitable. It contains 60,000 inhabitants, fine public buildings and a great surrounding park, beautifully located and containing a grand collection of animals and birds of almost every kind. It is said to contain the largest elephant and lion in the world. There are two street railways running into the park and the cars are constantly crowded to their full capacity. We left Atlanta with regret, deploring the fact that business claimed our time. We next proceeded to Savannah, Ga., over the same route taken by Sherman in the grand walk around, and I was agreeably entertained throughout the line by being continually confronted with familiar objects, and not the least agreeable I assure you was the old Confederates who had opposed us in the "March to the Sea." My most pleasant time was spent with them in talking of "Auld Lang Syne." Savannah is a very nice city, rather hot, and with very swampy surroundings. Here are the great rice fields which it is necessary to overflow, populated chiefly by colored people, and where they say no white man can live after sundown.

We next visited Tybee Island, on the Atlantic Ocean, where there is an extensive summer resort, and one can here enjoy the cool and invigorating breeze of the Gulf Stream. We had the pleasure here of viewing one of Uncle Sam's men-of-war, monstrous, huge and formidable, but clean and tidy as a new pin, bristling with guns and apparently invulnerable. With a sigh we now turn our face homeward, in our course visiting Rome, Ga.; Knoxville, Tenn.; Bristol and Roanoke bay and Luray Caves. We arrived home after an absence of about ten days, slightly fatigued but well satisfied with the time spent.

S. P. S.

An Actor's Unknown Friend.

"Joe Jefferson," said an old theatre goer, "had taken a lady to a restaurant and when he put his hand in his pocket to pay his bill he didn't feel a penny He explained his position to the cashier. but the cashier 'didn't know him.' The perspiration began to ooze when a gentleman stepped up, laid a twenty dollar bill on the desk and said:

"'I know you sir; allow me to settle.

"Jefferson was profuse in his thanks, and when near the door, said:

"'You must give me your name and address, sir, in order that I may call around to-morrow and settle.'

"Never mind that," said the stranger with a smile. 'That bill was a counterfeit and I got seventeen dollars in change.'"—*St. Louis Chronicle.*

Religion in Virginia City.

When Bishop Whittaker came to Virginia City he wanted to establish a church. It was nothing to get trustees for a mining company, but in a church enterprise a man has to die to fill his shorts. Yet the Bishop did pretty well. He finally got all his trustees save one, and he selected Abe —— for the honor, though Abe was a sinner, and a profane one at that. Abe attended the first meeting of the trustees.

"I would be glad to help you, Bishop," he said, "but —— it ——, I don't know. I can run a mine or a quartz mill, but I don't know any more than a Chinaman about running a church."

But the Bishop prevailed. He informed the trustees that he had plans and specifications for a church that would cost $9,000, lot included. He said he believed $1,500 might be raised by subscription, leaving the church but $7,500 in debt, which amount would run at low interest and might be paid up in four or five years. Everybody expressed approval except Abe, who kept silent. His opinion was asked by the clergyman.

"Why —— it, Bishop," cried Abe, "I told you that I knew nothing about church business, but I don't like the plan. If you were to get money at 15 per cent. per annum, which is only half the banking rate, your interest would amount to nearly $1,200 a year, or almost as much as you expect to raise for a commencement. If you want a church, —— it, why don't you work the business as though you believed it would pay?"

Abe sat down and the Bishop's heart sank.

"Well, have you got a better scheme?" asked one of the trustees.

"You bet," said Abe. "I move that an assessment of $1,000 be levied on each of the trustees, the same to be payable immediately."

The Bishop had just come from the East and he was bewildered. The good man faltered:

"I fear I cannot at present raise $1,000."

"Never mind, Bishop," said Abe, "we will take yours out in preaching."

The checks were forthcoming, and Abe went through the camp on a collecting tour, striking everybody—merchants, saloon keepers, gamblers, all alike. In an hour he had the whole $9,000, and carried a certificate for it to the clergyman.

"Take that for a starter, Bishop," said Abe. "It won't be enough, for I guess a church is like an old quartz mill—the cost always exceeds the estimates a good deal; but go ahead, and when you need more money we will levy another assessment on the infernal sinners."

Abe never joined the church, and swore a little to the last. The Bishop preached his funeral sermon and did it with moist eyes and a trembling voice. Abe's part in building the church was only one of his whims, but for years he was a Providence to scores of people on the Comstock.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder.

A Story of Real Life.

I saw a woman the other day—dead. She was twenty-six years old, sleeping she didn't look seventeen. Every trace of sin was off her face, and it was because for a few months before she died she knew what it was to have a little consideration. She would clasp the sister's hand—the sister of whom she had grown so fond—and say: "It's so good to be allowed to just rest." Then when the hour came that she had to face her God, she said, "sister, you promised me He would be kind to me," and, holding her by the hand, the sister answered her: "Yes." And then just as she closed her eyes she asked, "Oh, God have mercy on me a sinner." And he will. Dead, she was gowned in a little white dress, and a white rose in her hand—she had asked for this from a women who was in the habit of going to the hospital because, she said, "If that little baby had lived, who was the child of my sin and love, I should have named it Rose." The little procession that went away from the hospital that day consisted of the "dear, dead woman," and of two women who had gotten to know her through her illness, and a priest to say a few words over her. But they believed as firmly as they believed in the existence of a God that the poor weak soul would be forgiven because it had loved much. You see, we, being women, ought not to dare to judge unfortunate sisters. Just think of the horror of it. It may be your daughter or mine. Remember what is said:

Shall no man hold his pride forewarn'd
Till in the end the day of days,
At judgment, one of his own race,
As frail and lost as you shall rise—
His daughter, with his mother's eyes.

—*New York Press.*

The children's health must not be neglected. Cold in the head causes catarrh. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied into the nostrils. The worst cases yielding to it. Price 50c.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from her nose. Two physicians prescribed, but without benefit. We tried Ely's Cream Balm, and, much to our surprise, there was a marked improvement. We continued using the Balm and in a short time the discharge was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

Aphorisms.

Self-respect is the cornerstone of all virtue.

Silence at the proper season is wisdom and better than any speech.

Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright.

To be selfish is to sacrifice the nobler for the meaner ends, and to be solidly content.

I think you will find that people who honestly mean to be true really contradict themselves much more rarely than those who try to be consistent.

No man has come to true greatness who has not felt in some degree that his life belongs to his race, and that what God gives him He gives him for mankind.

There is nothing so small but that we may honor God by asking His guidance of it, or insult him by taking it into our own hands, and what is true of the Deity is true of His revelation.

Every man's powers have relation to some kind of work; and whenever he finds that kind of work which he can do best—that to which his powers are best adapted—he finds that which will give him the best development, and that by which he can build up, or make his manhood.

Every testimonial regarding Hood's Sarsaparill is an honest, unpurchased statement of what this medicine has actually done.

Keep Young.

"Mother wants to keep me a baby until I am 25," pouted a girl of 14, whose wise mother wanted to have her retain the loosely-flowing locks and the youthful simple garments suitable to her years for a couple of seasons longer. This complaint is very frequently heard coming from lips of maidens who are to be envied owing to their adorable youth, the very thing they despise. The rosy flush, the slight figures, the clear eyes will never belong to them but once. Once only can a woman be young. She may in time be an angel, but she will never again be a girl. Do not forget this, oh, ye young ones so anxious to put behind you the one period of your existence when the sun shines as it never will again, and when the birds sing with a brighter, sweeter meaning than will be heard when the morning has passed and high noon with the greater heat and pressure of the burdens of life has rushed upon you. Isn't every young thing sweeter and purer than the world-hardened older ones of the same species? Look at the lambs at play, note the tender green leaves that shoot out in their innocent verdure from the old winter seasoned branches. Puppies and kittens are the most appealing creatures, and when one comes to babies there never can be in all this lovely world anything quite so sweet and lovable as a dear little dimpled cooing baby.

Therefore, girls, stay young. You may have to bear some snubs and submit to some indignities owing to your extreme youth, but the time will come when you will long for these allusions to a crime of which you are no longer guilty.

His Politics Tested in Blood.

One of the handsomest delegates at Minneapolis was S. S. Matthews, of Mississippi. He is a six-footer, finely proportioned, has curly black hair reaching to his shoulders and wears a white slouch hat. In the language of his colleagues, he is a "prince" in manner and one of the most popular Republicans in Mississippi. His Republicanism has been tested in such a remarkable manner as to leave no doubt as to its genuineness. It was not many months ago that his father, who insisted on going to the polls and voting the straight Republican ticket, was warned by the Democrats not to do so on pain of instant death. Seven of these desperadoes drew lots to see which should be executioner in case the elder Matthews persisted in his purpose.

The man who was thus chosen warned Mr. Matthews not to vote. He paid no attention to the words and started toward the polls, a Republican ticket in his hand. The desperado at once seized a double-barreled shotgun and emptied both loads into Mr. Matthew's body. Instead of bringing the man to justice, the Democrats elected him Mayor of the town.

Shortly after this one of the dead man's sons was warned in the same manner, but he paid no attention to the threat and was also murdered in cold blood. "It is only a question of time when they get me too," said Mr. Matthews, "but they can make up their minds that I will stick it out to the end and keep on voting the Republican ticket. I, too, have been warned. What little I have is here in Mississippi and I don't propose to be frightened away or to go somewhere to starve. I have one other brother who moved away from the State, and these desperadoes have sent him word that if he ever returned to Mississippi they will kill him. Down there a Republican is hated like poison, and they call them rattlesnakes. A man without nerve does not dare to assert that he is aught but a Democrat. These murderers are never brought to justice. They are not even indicted, and no inquest is ever held over the body of a murdered Republican. Lawlessness reigns supreme. We paid a lawyer one thousand dollars to prosecute the murderer of my brother, but the district attorney declared that it was his business and in consequence nothing was done."

"Naturally there are few Republican voters in Mississippi. But there are enough to elect delegates to the National Convention and votes count there. Our delegation is almost solid for Harrison; in fact, I may say there is not a Blaine delegate in the lot."

It Should be in Every House.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay street, Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with Pneumonia after an attack of "La Grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims Dr. King's New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug store. Large bottles 50c. and $1.00.

Beds Should be Kept Warm.

If trustworthy statistics could be had of the number of persons who die every year or become permanently diseased from sleeping in damp or cold beds, they would probably be astonishing and appalling. It is a peril that constantly besets traveling men, and if they are wise they will invariably insist on having their beds aired and dried, even at the risk of causing much trouble to their landlords.

But, according to Good Housekeeping, it is a peril that resides also in the home, and the cold "spare room" has slain its thousands of hapless guests, and will go on with its slaughter till people learn wisdom. Not only the guests, but the family, often suffer the penalty of sleeping in the cold rooms and chilling their bodies, at a time when they need all their bodily heat, by getting between cold sheets.

Even in warm summer weather a cold damp bed will get in its deadly work. It is a needless peril, and the neglect to provide dry rooms and beds has in it the elements of murder and suicide.

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the Liver and Kidneys, will remove Pimples, Boils, Salt Rheum, and other affections caused by impure blood.—Will drive Malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all Malarial fevers. For cure of Headache, Constipation and Indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

We learn of our kind, and the more we know the more we crave contact with living men; and he is the master who, amidst the crowd, keeps, with perfect sweetness, the independence of solitude.

Fame comes only when deserved, and then it is as inevitable as destiny.

A MAD POET

rushed into a newspaper office recently, and threatened to "clean out" the establishment, because they printed his verses wrong. Said he: "I wrote, 'To dwell forever in a grot of peace,' and you idiots put it 'a pot of grease.'" The mortified editor presented him with a vial of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, a year's subscription and an apology.

The little "Pellets" positively cure sick and nervous headache, biliousness, costiveness, and all derangements of the stomach, bowels and liver. It's a large contract, but the smallest things in the world do the business—Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They're the smallest, but the most effective. They go to work in the right way. They cleanse and renovate the liver, stomach and bowels thoroughly—but they do it mildly and gently. You feel the good they do—but you don't feel them doing it.

They're the *cheapest* pill you can buy, because they're *guaranteed* to give satisfaction, or your money is returned.

You only pay for *the good* you get.

That's the *peculiar* plan all Dr. Pierce's medicines are sold on, through druggists.

Words of Wisdom.

Mercy and truth are the wings of love.

It takes more courage to endure than to act.

Mercy is the touch of a mother dressing a wound.

The right kind of a man is never hurt any by prosecution.

The gold plating on a wire does not make it any stronger.

The surest way to win the love of people is to become lovable.

Whenever a wise man makes a mistake it teaches him something.

Some of the organ's sweetest notes come from pipes that cannot be seen.

Self-conceited people are very apt to think they can get along without any help.

On the day that a man thinks he is a fool he has become a near neighbor to wisdom.

The only people who are not made better by giving are those who do not give half enough.

The people who are trying the hardest to get rich in this world will be the poorest in the next.

No man can get wisdom enough to keep him from seeing to-morrow that he has been a fool to-day.

Light travels at the rate of nearly two hundred thousand miles in a second, but it is a small consolation to think of it when you fall over a wheelbarrow in the dark.

Do You Kiss at Home.

A traveling man, who was also the head of a prosperous firm, promised his newly-wedded wife that he would give her a dollar every time he kissed her and in that way she could save plenty of money. Things went on in this way for several years, and, as he made plenty of money he faithfully kept his promise. Finally reverses came, and the once prosperous traveling man found he was virtually a pauper. He went home to his wife and told her all. She, however, did not seem to feel worried, and he was somewhat surprised when she asked him to take a ride with her that afternoon, but accepted her invitation. Passing a large block on a well known street she said: "That's mine." Soon she came to a handsome flat and said: "That's mine." Well, she showed him several places with the same remark, until he began to be suspicious and inquired: "How in the deuce did you accumulate so much wealth?" "Do you remember the contract you made when we were married?" she said. "Yes," he replied, "I do." "Well, I have invested it, and it has made us rich." The traveling man hung his head and said nothing. This was kept up for thirty minutes, until his wife became alarmed, and she asked: "What is the matter, and what are you thinking about?" "I was thinking of how rich we would be if I had done all my kissing at home."

A Famous Old Argonaut Judge.

Judge Rearden described the morning appearance of the late Judge Lake when he sat upon the bench.

It seems that Judge Lake used to be a sort of Judge Jeffreys toward criminals and that his mercy was never strained. For instance he would walk up the steps of the "bench," and the poor murdering or thieving criminal below would shiver and think of cells and gallows.

"Pat," the Judge would say, sharply, "heat the stove!"

Then the faithful menial would stir the fire hurriedly, and the Judge would adjust his shining collar and faultless necktie.

After which he would rub his polished finger nails together and thrust them through a page or two of the decisions of of that famous British jurist, Lord Erskin, and as a climax he would look at his translucent hands and exclaim.

"Hurry them up—I've only a few minutes this morning."

Then the batch of prisoners would be ushered into the dock and the steely eyes of the Judge would be turned upon them in such a fashion that, like certain pictures painted by the old masters, one might imagine that the eyes looked a dozen different ways at once.

Lake seems to have been so impartial that he lacked discrimination, for on a certain occasion, when the clerk called off the first name on the docket, a gray-bearded burglar of sixty-eight years stepped forward to be sentenced.

"Prisoner at the bar," said the Judge, inspecting his elegant little finger nail, "you have been before this court on the charge of theft many times. I hesitate to be severe, but in justice to public morals I find it my duty to sentence you to confinement in State prison for the term of fifty years, and when you emerge from its walls you may be a better man!"

"Say, Judge," said the clerk, looking up to the polished jurist, "you've got the wrong man—you forgot—it was young Hays you were going to send up for fifty years. The old tramp, there, ain't going to last two years, let alone fifty."

"Ah! how is that?" demanded the Judge, inspecting the list on his desk—"Oh, I see—yes, yes! dear me!—how very odd! Just give Hayes fifty years also, and you may as well let the other matter stand. When a man of sixty odd years hasn't learned enough to avoid being found out he's much safer in jail."

And the docket would proceed.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

Katie Got the Book.

Katie was going to bed, after a day of toil, minding her sick and maimed dolls—chronic invalids all of them—and her beautiful duck, the one old quacker that traveled with the hens because he had no better company. The robin that had been watching her out of the corners of his bright eyes, as he run over the lawn and listened to her prattle, was asleep already, with his head under his wing, and Katie's hung heavily on her mother's shoulder while she was undressing her. "Now I lay me" had been said, with many yawns in between, and mamma's pet had been tucked in snugly; but just as the sleepy eyes were closing, she suddenly sat bolt upright.

"Mamma," she said, "I want Johnny's picture book—that one with the lambs."

"Hush Katie," said her mother, the least bit wearily, for the little feet and the little tongue had never ceased going one moment all day. "Now we will go to sleep."

"But mamma," and the big eyes pleaded earnestly, "can't I have Johnny's picture book this onst?"

"Not to-night, dearie; it is too late."

"Mamma," said Kat'e, sitting up very traight and looking very solemn indeed, "I heard a story of a little girl—she was a good little girl—that asked her mamma onst, when she was put to bed, for the picture book with lambs, and the mamma told her she couldn't have it, and—and," the baby voice fell to an awed whisper, and the eyes grew very big, "in just—about—two—minutes—she was dead!"

"My, Katie! And what killed her so quick?"

"Because," said Katie, with conviction, "because she didn't get the book."

She got it, and in five minutes was asleep with it in her arms.—*Harper's Weekly.*

Not in Stock.

Fair Customer—"I live in the suburbs, and I want a watchdog."

Dealer—"Yes, mum."

"But of course I don't want one that will keep us awake all night barking at nothing."

"Yes, mum."

"He must be big and strong and fierce, you know."

"As gentle as a lamb with us, you know."

"Yes, mum."

"And he must pounce on every brutal man that comes along, and drive him off."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't interfere with any poor but honest man looking for work."

"No, mum."

"If a burglar comes prowling around at night the dog should make mince meat of him in an instant."

"Yes, mum."

"But he mustn't attack a neighbor who drops in for an evening call."

"No, mum."

"And of course he mustn't molest people who come hurrying in at all hours of the night to call my husband. He is a doctor, you know."

"No, mum. I see what you want. You want a mind reader dog."

"Yes, I suppose so. Can you send me one?"

"Very sorry, mum, but I'm just out of that kind."

A Fatal Success.

The little woman was blue and looked tired, and of course the neighbors dropped in and tried to sympathize with her.

The little woman said that she was worn out with sewing and asked the neighbor if she had ever tried to do any sewing on her husband's clothes.

"Why, yes, poor, dear," replied the neighbor. "It is hard work, and then no one but a tailor can ever satisfy a man. I worked two days once trying to fix over a coat for my husband, and then he only growled and grumbled and took it to a tailor to have it all done over again."

"My experience was worse than that," said the little woman, sadly. "My husband was always growling because he had to go to a tailor for everthing, and finally in pure desperation I undertook to put new linings in the sleeves of his overcoat."

"I know, I know," broke in the neighbor. "Awfully hard to make them fit just right, and to get a color that will suit a man."

"Yes, but I consulted him about the color, and then took the old linings out and studied them to see how they were cut. I couldn't have them too loose or too tight, you know."

"Of course not. And when it was all done and you felt that you had earned his thanks, you waited for him to say something that would please you, and he didn't."

"Oh, no he didn't.

"He just growled out that a five-year-girl could do as well as that, and that it would all have to be torn out again.

"No, I wish he had. He tried it on and said that it was fairly well done, and he guessed he'd never have to go to a tailor again for repairs, and he hasn't. That's what makes me so tired to-day. Oh, if I only had it to do over again, I'd fix it so he couldn't get that coat on."—*Chicago Tribune.*

Learning to Pop.

It is queer how small an occurrence serves to attract a crowd. The other evening a popcorn kiosk at the corner of D. street and the avenue was surrounded by a gaping crowd, ranging in character from gamins to gentlemen, all breathlessly watching the proprietor as he shook a popper over the gas flames. A couple of young ladies happened to be passing, and one of them inquired:

"What are those men staring at!"

"They are learning how to pop," replied her companion.

"Oh, sighed the speaker, "how I wish Charlie would take a few lessons!"—*Washington Post.*

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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.

There is NO "SURE CURE FOR EVERY CASE OF ASTHMA" or "EVERY CASE OF HAY FEVER," but the worst cases, if uncomplicated by organic disease, can be CURED TO STAY CURED by constitutional treatment, and this at the patient's home.

ASTHMA AND HAY-FEVER

We treat no one without a thorough knowledge of the case.

Incurable Cases Declined.

Examination free by mail.

We want name and address of every sufferer from Asthma or Hay Fever.

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DRESS GOODS.

Consisting of Black and Colored Shallie Silks, Surah Silks, Velvet and Velveteens in all colors, Black and Colored Henriettas at 25, 35, 50, 75, $1 00 and $1 25 per yard. We have a full line of all the New Weaves, such as Bedford Cords, Cheveron Barrs and Cheques, etc.

Cotton Dress Goods. Foile-du-nord Outing Cloth, Canton Cloth, Chintzes and Satines.

Ladies' Spring Jackets. A full line of Domestics. We guarantee all our Kid Gloves.

Call and see us.

S. E. PHILLIPS.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT

UNLIKE ANY OTHER

For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use. GENERATION AFTER GENERATION HAVE USED AND BLESSED IT.

SOOTHING-HEALING

Dropped on Sugar, Children Love It.

Every Traveler should have a bottle of it in his satchel.

Every Sufferer from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Sore Throat, Sore Chest, Headache, Diphtheria, Croupe, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Cholera Morbus, Diarrhœa, Lameness, Soreness in Body or Limbs, Stiff Joints or Strains, will find in this old Anodyne relief and speedy cure. Pamphlet free. Sold everywhere. Price 25 cts., by mail, 6 bottles, Express paid, $1. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

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No Horse will die of Colic, Fever or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are given in time. Foutz's Powders will prevent disease in Fowls. Foutz's Powders will increase the quantity of milk and cream twenty per cent., and make the butter firm and sweet.

Foutz's Powders will cure or prevent almost every Disease to which Horses and Cattle are subject.

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Have you written yourself, your sweet, modest and intelligent mother, sister or wife to-day, to provide for her a position, where she can work and study and wait for business, and when her instruction is over, have her earn Three Thousand Dollars a Year in their own locality, where they live? If not, why not? It will also furnish you with employment, at which you can earn from one hundred to Five Hundred Dollars a Month, according to your ability, and receive cash every week. All is new, and different from anything else. Full particulars free. Address, if you know what is for your interest, and have a chance, address, E. C. ALLEN, Box 420, Augusta, Maine.

Origin of the Word Caucus.

Do you like politics? If you, do you have read much about "caucuses" and more about "bosses." About 1724, Samuel Adams, the father of Samuel Adams of revolutionary fame, and a score or so of others used to meet together in a hall at the north end of Boston, where the ship yards and rope walks were. The club was destined "to lay plans for introducing certain persons into places of trust and power." It was largely composed of men in the shipbuilding industry and hence was called "the Calker's Club." Thus arose one of the best known terms in politics—caucus.

In the year 1765 John Adams made an entry in his diary, which shows that the change from calkers to caucus had already taken place. He wrote: "This day learned that the Caucus Club meets at certain times in the garret of Tom Daws, the adjutant of the Boston regiment. There they smoke tobacco until you cannot see from one end of the garret to the other; they drink flip, I suppose; and there they choose a moderator, who puts question to the vote regularly, and selectmen, assessors, collectors, wardens, fire ward, and representatives are regularly chosen before they are chosen in the town."

Reid Hears the News.

WHITE PLAINES, N. Y., June 10.—At 10 o'clock to-night the telephone in Hon. Whitelaw Reid's country residence, near this village, began to ring. The ex-Minister and his family received the information that he had been nominated by Vice President by acclamation.

The telephone was kept going long after midnight, until the inmates of Mr. Reid's house became weary of answering the calls. Many prominent Republicans called upon Mr. Reid and congratulated him upon his nomination. He also received many dispatches of the same import.

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Having opened a new

GROCERY STORE,

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I am prepared to furnish buyers from different points with all kinds of fresh groceries at lowest prices. Country produce, such as butter, eggs, etc., taken in exchange for goods.

JAMES D. RUTLEDGE.

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JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

Customers will find us at the same old stand with a larger supply of our own manufactered goods, such as

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than ever. As wholesale dealers in

CRACKERS, CANDIES, NUTS AND FRUIT,

we have increased facilities for filling orders promptly and satisfactorily.

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Mens' Boots from $1.65 up, and all other Footwear at the Lowest Prices. All goods Guaranteed to give Satisfaction, if not as recommended, will take them back.

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OF ALL GRADES ON HAND.

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Oct14-'91-1yr

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DEC. 13, 1891.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Johnstown to Altoona	26¾	$1 10
" " Harrisburg	176¾	3 11
" " Philadelphia	279	5 25
" " Blairsville Int.	24¾	75
" " Greensburg	47	1 41
" " Pittsburgh	79	2 41
" " Baltimore	250¾	7 65
" " Washington	297	7 75

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD.

Oyster Express	3:20 a. m
Western Express	5.35 a. m
Johnstown Accommodation	8.40 a. m
" " Express	9:25 a. m
Pacific Express	9:52 a. m
Way Passenger	9:32 p. m
Mail	4:16 p. m
Johnstown Express	5:30 p. m
Fast Line	9:04 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:25 a. m.
Sea Shore Express	9:40 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	9:24 a. m.
Day Express	10:15 a. m.
Altoona Express	12:01 p. m.
Mail Express	3:15 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	7:05 p. m.
Philadelphia Express	7:16 p. m.
Fast Line	10:30 p. m.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express—Rockwood 3:38 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoystown 4:32, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown, 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:35 a. m., Somerset 11:56, Stoystown 12:16, Hooversville 12:37, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

Johnstown Accommodation—Rockwood 5:40 p. m., Somerset 6:03 p. m., Stoystown 6:21 p. m., Hooversville 6:42 p. m., Johnstown 7:50 p. m.

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

SOUTHWARD.

Mail—Johnstown 7:15 a. m., Hooversville 8:02, Stoystown 8:21, Somerset 8:56, Rockwood 9:20.

Express—Johnstown 3:30 p. m., Hooversville 4:16, Stoystown 4:30, Somerset 5:01, Rockwood 5:20.

Sunday Only—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 9:16 a. m., Stoystown 9:30 a. m., Somerset 10:1 a. m., Rockwood 10:25 a. m.

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

* Daily.

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IT will pay you to examine the QUEEN CINDERELLA RANGE before you buy. It has all the latest improvements, and is sold guaranteed to be a good baker. It has the direct draft damper, by which you can have a fire in one-half the time required with the ordinary Range. This is a valuable feature when you want a quick fire for early breakfast. IT has an extra large high oven, thoroughly ventilated. The volume of inflowing and outflowing air can be regulated at will; this insures a perfect baker, and no burning on the top. It has the Triplex sha