### THE DRYAD.

I have seen her limpid eyes,
Large with gradual laughter rise
Through wild roses' nettles,
Like twin blossoms grow and stare.
Then the hateful, envious air
Whisked them into petals.

I have seen her hardy cheek,
Like a molten coral, leak
Through the leafage shaded,
Of thick Chickasaws, and then,
When I made more sure, again
To a red plum faded.

I have found her racy lips,
And her graceful finger tips,
But a haw or berry:
Glimmers of her there and here,
Just, forsooth, enough to cheer
And to make me merry.

Often on the ferry rocks
Dazzling dimples of loose locks
At me she hath shaken,
And I've followed—all in vain!
They had trickled into rain,
Sunlit, on the braken.

Once her full limbs flashed on me,
Naked, where some royal tree
Powdered all the spaces
With wan sunlight and quaint shade—
Such a haunt romance hath made
For haunched satyr races.

There, I know, bid amorous Pan;
For a sudden pleading ran
Through the maze of myrtle,
And a rapid violence tossed
All its flowerage—'twas the lost
Coolings of a turtle.

—Madison Caweln.

## A SHARK IN THE SURF

### A PEARL BUYER IS TOSSED INTO THE SEA AS FOOD FOR IT.

**A Traveler Tells a Story of What He Saw One Day in the Harbor of Madras—The Dapper Young Buyer and the Rascally Parsee Merchant.**

A wild sea was running high in the open harbor of Madras. The sea always runs high there, and in the last two miles must always be made in surfboats. The morning when the steamship Tigress dropped anchor and ran up her signal for the boats, great angry waves were bowling along before a fresh monsoon, and even the surfboats found it hard to keep dry.

Among our passengers from Ceylon for Madras we had a dapper young fellow, who was as good a judge of pearls as I ever saw. He had been to Ceylon buying for an English house, and was now on his way to the Persian gulf to complete his stock. He was to leave us at Madras to go overland to Bombay.

He knew how to buy pearls, but he did not know how to take care of them. Before he had been on board a day he had told me all about his luck in Ceylon and had shown me his entire assortment. One of the pearls was simply gorgeous. Had it not been for a faint dot of blue upon one side it would have been worth a small fortune. He was delighted with my appreciation and enjoyment of the stones, and he showed me his treasures several times during the short voyage. Twice he left me alone with them. It was not, however, through any particular confidence in me, for I suspect he made quite as free with his treasures among several of the passengers. One was a Parsee, who was forever going between Ceylon and Madras, for what purpose I could never discover, though I had met him several times.

Whatever else he was I was sure that the Parsee was a great rascal, and was surprised and sorry for the young pearl man to find him making a most intimate friend of the fellow.

Together they stepped down the ladder to enter a surfboat as we neared Madras. The young man went down first with his case of precious pearls in his hand. The Parsee was stepping into the boat when he paused and spoke to its black captain.

"I have forgotten something," he said, turning to the younger man. "I must come by another boat; I will meet you at the hotel."

He gave the surfboat a push with his foot and began to climb the ladder.

A sailor who was standing by me muttered:

"There's a shark in the surf yonder." But instead of looking away over the water he looked directly down upon the Parsee and then at the young pearl man.

Of course there was a shark in the surf. There are always sharks in that surf, but to me the sailor's sentence meant something more than that.

The Parsee simply walked behind the saloon house, stood there two or three minutes, then left the steamer by another boat. My curiosity was thoroughly aroused. Glass in hand I watched the two boats, a quarter of a mile apart, still wondering what the sailor meant by "a shark in the surf."

Presently one of the great waves lifted the first surfboat, but instead of taking the usual advantage of it to dip their oars and pull I distinctly noticed the boatmen sitting like statues. The almost naked fellow standing in the stern, with a long oar to guide the craft, suddenly leaned upon the oar, and the boat turned, was caught broadside on the wave and the next instant was capsized. I saw the passenger, with the pearl case still in hand, plunge head first into the water.

Like so many eels the black boatmen wriggled about in the water till they righted their boat, then clambered over the side and began to bail it out.

Not one of them seemed to give a thought to their passenger.

The next moment a piercing shriek sounded even as far as our steamer, and to my horror I saw the young fellow's body lifted out of the water not ten feet from the surfboat. It made one whirl in the air, disclosing the head of a shark holding it across the back, then sank again.

As the next boat passed the place I saw the Parsee throw something overboard that left a white spot on the water, which remained as long as I watched it, convincing me that it was a buoy of some sort set for some purpose.

A few days later we were anchored in the Hoogly river, off Calcutta.

I was walking down the principal English thoroughfare when I saw the Parsee emerge from the door of a lapidary. He evidently recognized me, but he turned quickly in the opposite direction and walked away.

"A shark in the surf," I muttered, and with only a vague idea half formed in my mind I entered the shop and inquired of the dealer if he had an assortment of pearls on hand.

"How for unate?" he exclaimed. "I was never so low as this morning. Pearls are in very great demand. But I have just purchased a large lot of the finest pearls I ever saw. I purchased them very low for cash, and I cannot only give you the first choice of this magnificent collection, but a great bargain besides. They are beauties! Yes!"

"Yes," I replied, "they are beauties—especially this one with a dot of blue upon one side. Too bad that it has the flaw."

I knew then why the Parsee went down to the surfboat and spoke to the captain, but went ashore by another boat. I knew why he left the white buoy in the water. I knew why he continually journeyed between Ceylon and Madras, and I knew what the sailor meant when he watched him and muttered, "There's a shark in the surf."—Atlanta Constitution.

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Henry IV of France was stabbed in his carriage by Ravaillac just as he was preparing to carry out a scheme of conquest.

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**Didn't Like Worry.**

Mrs. Minks—Don't you wish you could get money by simply drawing a check, the way your husband does?

Mrs. Winks—Indeed I don't. If I drew the checks myself, I'd have to worry over the balances. I'd rather he'd draw them.—New York Weekly.

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**Good in Theory, but—**

Mrs. Newage—Why don't girls learn their father's business and be independent?

One Girl—Please, ma'am, my father is a telegraph lineman.—New York Weekly.

## OFF THE BATTERY.

**Tugs and Ferryboats in a Tangle, and a Girl in Red Who Liked Gum.**

A few minutes before noon the other day a tow of twenty-two loaded canalboats swung briskly around the Battery from the North river. The column was formed of four fours and two threes, and was headed by two big tugs. On one of the canalboats a girl in a vivid red calico dress and with bare legs swung in a hammock and chewed gum.

There was a strong ebb tide, so when the big tugs with their unusually long tow lines had puffed up the East river almost to the foot of Wall street and had slowed up, the twenty-two canalboats bounded back like balls at the end of rubber cords, lifting the two lines dripping from the water.

The line of boats wrapped itself snugly across the openings of five ferry slips. Five ferryboats wanted to get out and could not. Five ferryboats—the Bay Ridge, Staten Island, South Brooklyn, Hamilton avenue and Atlantic street—wanted to get in and could not. They all whistled hoarsely, and the passengers crowded to the sides of the boats to see what was the matter.

Thousands of people on the ten locked in and locked out ferryboats saw the red girl in the hammock, but she swung and chewed unconcernedly.

The river became dotted with tugboats which wanted to get in other slips, or which just puffed up along to see the row. The biggest of the big tugs at the head of the tow whistled for assistance, and six tugs glided up alongside of the canalboats and made fast. Then nobody seemed to know just what was wanted and a deafening lot of whistle signals were sounded.

The captains of the ten ferryboats began making impolite remarks to the captains of the eight tugs; the deckhands on the ferryboats became purple in the face with suppressed emotions; the deckhands of the canalboats drowned the screaming whistles with strange oaths such as are used to exhort towpath mules, and thousands of delayed passengers were bathed in sympathetic perspiration, but that bare legged girl swung on.

The wharves became lined with idlers, who gave advice. Policemen appeared. Other ferryboats, lighters, tenders, annexes, transports and more tugs came up. They all whistled. The delayed passengers lost their sympathy; the captains ceased to swear for the want of breath; the deckhands howled hoarsely, and when everybody was on the verge of dissolution the canalboats were pushed up against the wharves where they belonged.

The girl in the red calico gown swung peacefully and chewed her gum in placid meditation.—New York Sun.

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**Blossoming Fruit Trees.**

The peach is always beautiful in flower, but occasionally some individual tree is almost startling in its attractiveness. The rule seems to be that the finer sorts of peaches have less conspicuous bloom. The handsomest trees in flower are the wild ones along the wayside in Kentucky, Missouri and Arkansas. Some of these ought to be selected and treated purely as flowering trees.

Cherries, so far as I know, do not have blossoms which sport into colors, but a morello is sufficiently attractive in white. It is a complete globe of flowers, and small enough to occupy a place in an ordinary shrubbery. Then, too, it has a capacity for blooming when very young, and a tree three years old will burst into a miniature flower garden three or four feet in diameter.

There are few shrubs which can rival the beauty of a quince tree in full bloom. I had a small orchard of forty of these trees covered with flowers and it was a superb spectacle. I grew a few of them in my shrubbery for the sake of the flowers alone, although the pale flower is a delight to the eye. There are few finer shrubs than the dwarf apples, and both the apples and cherries can be managed very readily in this way.—Cor. Garden and Forest.

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**Bathing at the Southern Beaches.**

Something has been said heretofore in regard to the inconvenience caused by sea blubbers to the surf bathers on the island. This nuisance, instead of abating, is on the increase, and if any one wishes to bathe in the sea water now with impunity it becomes necessary to completely swathe himself in clothing from head to foot for fear of being stung.

The effects of these stings vary according to the constitution of the sufferer. Usually, in persons of good health and active circulation, an angry red blotch appears in the skin proportionate in size to the animal by which it is inflicted, rarely exceeding eight or ten inches in diameter. An intolerable smarting sensation is produced which remains ordinarily about half an hour, and it is easy to imagine the condition of a nervous or sensitive person when stung in three or four places at once. The feeling must be nearly akin to that of being on fire.

In some cases the effects are more serious. A young man recently showed the writer his arm, which was severely stung. A broad band of what looked like highly inflamed mosquito bites formed an almost perfect spiral around the forearm. He complained that the pain was at first intense, and that although under a physician's treatment it was rapidly becoming less, still it was far from pleasant.

An old sea islander who took a surf bath the other night said that he had seen sea blubbers before and in considerable quantities, "but never like this. At certain seasons of the year," said he, "it is nothing unusual to get stung. Here the exception seems to be to get stung less than five times in half an hour."

Complaints of sea blubbers come also from Tybee and other watering places in the south.—Charleston News and Courier.

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**Ararat and the Ark.**

The story that the ark has been found in a tolerable state of preservation in a chasm high up on the sides of Ararat is no doubt the old "fake" in a new dress, the aforesaid old fake having made something like semiannual rounds of the press for the last dozen years. But, be it truth or fiction (it ought to be the truth, a bishop of Jerusalem being among the eyewitnesses of the recent "wonderful discoveries"), the story revives interest in the historic and semi-sacred old peak, Ararat, "the first named summit in human history," and the peak which "emerged from the flood and lifted its head over the waters in order that it might look down on all coming generations to the end of time," is the genesis of Headley's thirteen sacred mountains, Moriah, Sinai, Hor, Pisgah, Horeb, Carmel, Lebanon, Zion, Tabor, Olive, Calvary and the "Mount of God" being the other twelve.

Ararat, or more properly the two Ararats, "great" and "little" Ararats, are peaks occupying the center of a mountainous region in Armenia belonging jointly to Turkey and Russia. The former is 14,320 feet high and the latter an exact 10,000 feet from base to summit.—St. Louis Republic.

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**It Was Fatal.**

"I'm afraid of restaurants and soda fountains," she had said in the first of their acquaintance, and it led him to offer himself at once, for he felt that he could afford to wed such a girl.

But he was disappointed. She steered aim right into the light refreshment parlor, and the corner drug store absorbed all his nickels and the small-payment-down cottage home vanished into thin air.

One day, goaded to desperation by the absorption of his last nickel, he said to her:

"I thought you told me you were afraid of summer restaurants and soda palaces?"

"I am," she said sweetly; "don't ice cream whenever I come near one?"

He will not recover.—Detroit Free Press.

## Didn't Like the Brand.

He shuffled his cow-skin boots along under himself into a jewelry store on Woodward avenue, and eaned up against the show case.

"Got any finger rings?" he inquired of the clerk.

"Plenty of them," said the clerk. "What kind?"

"Somethin' fittin' fer a gal."

"Oh, a young lady in the case, eh?" queried the clerk.

"No; she's a widder," explained the customer, "but the same sort of a ring will do, won't it?"

"I presume so; what kind do you want?"

"One of them sign rings."

"Sign rings?" asked the clerk, "Do you mean seal rings?"

"No, sign rings," insisted the man; "sign the gal's going to get spliced."

"Oh, you want an engagement ring?" exclaimed the clerk, as the light broke in on him.

"That's it. What's the tax?"

"Want something pretty nice, don't you?"

"You ain't got nothin' in your shop too nice fer that gal, mister. What's the figgers on your best?"

"One thousand dollars," said the clerk, as easily and coolly as if it had been a thousand cents.

The customer fell up against the show case.

"A thousand dollars!" he fairly yelled. "Why, the widow's farm ain't wuth that much."

"I suppose not," admitted the clerk: "diamonds cost more than dirt, you know."

"Is it a diamond?" inquired the customer, catching on.

"Certainly it is," said the clerk, "what, did you think it was?"

"Well, I didn't know but what it was a house and lot on Wood'ard avenoo."

"It isn't; it's a solitaire diamond."

"Oh, it's a solitaire diamond, is it?" biggled the man. "Well, that brand grows too big for me. I suppose the dang thing's as big as a pum'kin, and I don't want it. Say, hain't you got something as big as a gooseberry fer four dollars and a half?"

The clerk couldn't accommodate him and a half hour later he was seen making a deal with a street fakir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

## Too Eager by Far.

"Miss Isabel," began the youth nervously, "do you play the guitar?"

"No, replied the maiden. I never tried to learn it."

"Mandolin?"

"I detest the mandolin."

"Can—can you do fancy needlework."

"Not at all. Fancy needlework is a trade."

"Are you a stamp collector?"

"I have no fads, Mr. Spoonamore."

"You—pardon me—you can cook?"

"Oh, yes, almost any kind of cooking."

"Bread, for instance?"

"My bread has taken the premium at more than one fair."

"Can you—can you darn stockings?"

"I can."

"Sew on buttons?"

"To be sure."

"Keep a house clean and neat?"

"Why, I think so. I do most of our own housekeeping."

"Miss Isabel," said the young man, eagerly, "will you marry me?"

"I will not, Mr. Spoonamore I fear I would not suit you. I can't chop wood nor spade garden. Our kichen girl, Betty though, would make an admirable wife for you. Shall I go and send her in?"


## Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.


Johnnie's aunt always liked to show him off before company. On that last occasion, to prove his efficiency to arithmetic, she asked; "If I gave you three apples and your mother made you give your little sister one how many would you have?"

"Three," promptly replied Johnnie.

"Why, how could that be," inquired his aunt, "when you only had thre in the first place.

"Because," responded Johnnie. "If ma made me give her one I'd take it away again as soon as her back was turned."

A reported outbreak of cholera at Helmetta, N. J., created much excitement in that city. Investigation showed that the disease was not cholera but a violent dysentery which is almost as severe and dangerous as cholera. Mr. Walter Willard, a prominent merchant of Jamesburg, two miles from Helmetta, says Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy has given great satisfaction in the most severe cases of dysentery. It is certainly one of the best things ever made. For sale by

J. N. Snyder, Druggist.

## A Failure at the Falls.

We were within twenty miles of Niagara Falls when the man occupying the third seat ahead with his wife came back to me to ask:

"Stranger, have you ever been at the falls to look around any?"

"Yes; several times."

"Wuth the money, is it?"

"I think so."

"There's a place there they call Prospect Point, I hear?"

"Yes."

"It's right down where the water boils over the falls?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wall, look here," he continued as he dropped his voice almost to a whisper, "is it true that if anyone stands there for a few minutes looking at the water he feels that he must jump over?"

"It effects some people that way I believe."

"Does it effect women folks the same as men?"

"Very likely."

"It would effect a woman of fifty wouldn't it?"

"I should think so."

"So should I. That's all, and I am much obliged."

He rejoined his wife, who appeared to be about fifty years old, and we got off together at the falls.

Late in the afternoon I met the man alone in the park, and after some general conversation I asked how the view from the point had affected his wife.

"It was a dead failure," he whispered, as he looked around to see if anyone else was within hearing.

"How do you mean?"

"She stood riget up there as stiff as a poker for more than an hour and watched that boiling and never jumped nor wanted to jump."


Take Hood's and only Hood's, because Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures. It possesses merit peculiar to itself. Try it yourself.


## An Attractive Soap Box.

An ingenious housekeeper, says the *New York World*, has fashioned what she calls the most useful thing in her sewing room out of an ordinary soap box. This is how she did it: First, she secured the cover to the box with a couple of strong hinges. Then she lined it throughout with blue cheese-cloth. The outside she covered with cretonne in blue with a pattern of apple blossoms running over it. The completed whole she uses for odds and ends of unsightly sewing, such as stockings that need mending and half-finished articles that must be kept at hand, but that give a cluttered appearance to the sewing room when left lying about. The cost of manufacturing at home this utility box is less than $2, while it is, when in working order, worth $50 to any orderly housewife.


There is no use of any one suffering with the cholera when Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy can be procured. It will give relief in a few minutes and cure in a short time. I have tried it and know.—W. H. Clinton, Helmetta, N. J. The epidemic at Helmetta was at first believed to be cholera, but subsequent investigation proved it to be a violent form of dysentery, almost as dangerous as cholera. This Remedy was used there with great success. For sale by

J. N. Snyder, Druggist.


## To Wash Heavy Articles.

At this season of the year, when many heavy articles, counterpanes, etc., are to be washed up before winter, it is well to know of an easy and perfectly safe method Into an ordinary-sized boiler half full of boiling water, put one teacup of this mixture: One pound Babbitt's potash, one ounce salts tartar, one ounce muriate of ammonia; add the clothes and boil half an hour; rinse through two waters and dry.


I have not used all of one bottle yet. I suffered from catarrh for twelve years, experiencing the nauseating dropping in the throat peculiar to that disease, and nose bleed almost daily. I tried various remedies without benefit, until last April, when I saw Ely's Cream Balm advertised in the Boston *Budget*, I procured a bottle, and since the first day's use have had no more bleeding—the soreness is entirely gone.—D. G. Davidson, with the Boston *Budget*, formerly with the Boston *Journal*.


## Fashion Notes.

Parasols are absolute masses of lace, ruffles and ribbons.

Engagement cups and saucers continue to be one of the caprices of fashion.

Long basqued bodies are worn in spite of the rival blouse and short belted waist.

A novelty in a bonbonniere is a queer knotted piece of faience, over which little harlequins play.

The leading color is Russian blue, which is an electric shade between robin's egg and cadet blue.

There are fans of all sizes and descriptions, and whether of gauze, silk or ribbon, they are literally covered with spangles or jewels.

Young ladies are wearing mannish-looking suspenders, either of ribbon, velvet or the dress material. They are more conspicuous than beco ming.


## Poisoned by Scrofula.

Is the sad story of many lives made miserable through no fault of their own. Scrofula is more especially than any other a hereditary disease, and for this simple reason: Arising from impure and insufficient blood, the disease locates itself in the lymphatics, which are composed of white tissues. There is a period of foetal life when the whole body is composed of white tissues, and therefore the unborn child is especially susceptible to this dreadful disease. But there is a remedy for scrofula, whether hereditary or acquired. It is Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by its powerful effect on the blood, expels all trace of the disease and gives to the vital fluid the quality and color of health. If you decide to take Hood's Sarsaparilla do not accept any substitute.


A Boston young lady of "culchah" has discovered a way to relieve herself from the annoyance of staring young men in the horse cars. When they begin to stare in her face, she responds by staring in a half-amused, half-deprecatory way at their boots. The recipe never fails. They quickly turn their eyes to their pedal extremities to see what is the matter. Smart girl!


## A Leader.

Since its first introduction, Electric Bitters has gained rapidly in popular favor, until now it is clearly in the lead among pure medicinal tonics and alteratives—containing nothing which permits its use as a beverage or intoxicant, it is recognized as the best and purest medicine for all ailments of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. It will cure Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, and drive Malaria from the system. Satisfaction guaranteed with each bottle or money will be refunded. Price only 50 cents per bottle. Sold by J. N. Snyder.


Uncle George—I hear you have been traveling.

Little Pet—Yeth, thir; I went in a weal wailwoad twain of cars.

"A real train of cars, was it?"

"Yeth, thir. It went wifout a stwing."


## Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised druggist to sell Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, upon this condition: If you are afflicted with a Cough, Cold, or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble, and will use this remedy as directed, giving it a fair trial, and experience no benefit, you may return the bottle and have your money refunded. We could not make this offer did we not know that Dr. King's New Discovery could be relied on. It never disappoints. Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's Drug store. Large size 50c. and $1.

A knowledge of Greek and Latin is a great thing in the cure of elaborate and high-priced diseases, but a poultice is the best thing for a blind boil.

## 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.


The man who points out our faults to us is a true friend; but we feel like kicking him just the same.


It is not unusual for colds contracted in the fall to hang on all winter. In such cases catarrh or chronic bronchitis are almost sure to result. A fifty-cent bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will cure any cold. Can you afford to risk so much for so small an amount? This remedy is intended especially for bad colds and croup and can always be depended upon. For sale by

J. N. Snyder, Druggist.



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

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The people of this county seem to know this, and have given us a large share of their patronage, and we shall still continue to give them the very best goods for their money. Do not forget that we make a specialty of

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We guarantee satisfaction, and, if you have had trouble in this direction, give us a call.

SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES

in great variety; A full set of Test Lenses. Come in and have your eyes examined. No charge for examination, and we are confident we can suit you. Come and see us.

Respectfully,

JOHN N. SNYDER.



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**Sheridan's Condition Powder!**

KEEPS YOUR CHICKENS

Strong and Healthy; Prevents all Disease.

*Good for Moulting Hens.*

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

**If you can't get it send to us.**

We mail one pack 24c. Five $1. A 14 lb. can $1.10. Six cans, $5.00, express paid. *Poultry Raising Guide*, price 25 cents, free with $1.00 orders or more. Sample copy of THE POST POULTRY PAPER sent free.

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## Seeing With One Eye.

A person may see as far with one perfect eye as with two, but he cannot see as clearly; for the advantage that binocular, or double, vision possesses over moncular, or one-eyed, vision is that the former, by allowing the observer to catch sight of the object from two different points of view, gives him at once some idea of the proportions of its different parts.

But though this is true in theory, in practice the judgment interferes, and the judgement has been educated and in some measure rendered independent of the services of binocular vision by experience and the use of other senses, such as touch, says the Washington Post.

Thus a man with only one eye is never deceived as to the nature of an object with which he is well acquainted, for the report of it that he gets from his vision is corrected and supplemented by his experienced judgment and transmitted to his centers of consciousness in as perfect a form as that which reaches those of a man with two eyes.

The advantage of binocular vision may be thus further illustrated. In rapidly dipping a pen into an inkstand or putting a stopper into a decanter the one-eyed man cannot judge so accurately as the two-eyed man. Or, again, if we shut one eye and attempt to plunge the finger rapidly into the open mouth of a bottle we are apt to overreach or fall short of it.

## An Incident of the Wilderness.

"This is the twenty-eighth anniversary of the third day's fight at the Wilderness," said the veteran the other morning.

"And were you in it?"

"Yes," answered the veteran; "my company lost its first man to-day—twenty-eight years ago."

"How was he killed?"

"He was shot by one of our own company," came the unexpectly reply.

"The fact is we were frightened by the movements of the enemy. He was playing 'Dixie' and the 'Bonnie Blue Flag' so near to us that we could distinctly hear him, when suddenly there was an alarm, and every man in my regiment shot off his gun. That created a terrible racket, and I—who had never been under fire—supposed that we were attacked by the whole confederate army.

"In the midst of my confusion I heard the voice of the Colonel of my regiment shouting, 'Cease firing, men!' Then, finally, when the firing, had ceased, I discovered that one poor fellow was dead. He had been shot through the back by a rear-rank man, and the duty devolved on me of writing to his family and giving the particlars of his death.

"And did you do it truthfully?"

"No," promptly responded the veteran, "I told them that he had been shot in the battle of the Wilderness, but I gave no particulars. It was better so."—*Utica Observer.*


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MANUFACTURING STATIONER

—AND—

BLANK BOOK MAKER.

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Having opened a new

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JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

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we have increased facilities for filling orders promptly and satisfactorily.

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Lowest Prices Guaranteed



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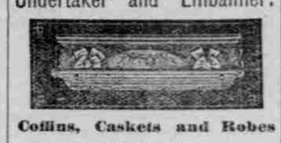

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DEC. 30, 1891.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

DISTANCE AND FARE.

| | Miles. | Fare. |
|---|---|---|
| Johnstown to Altoona | 36¾ | $1 10 |
| " " Harrisburg | 120¾ | 5 11 |
| " " Philadelphia | 276 | 8 25 |
| " " Blairsville Int. | 24¼ | 78 |
| " " Greensburg | 47 | 1 41 |
| " " Pittsburgh | 78 | 2 34 |
| " " Baltimore | 253¼ | 7 60 |
| " " Washington | 257 | 7 75 |

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Oyster Express | 3:39 a. m |
| Western Express | 5.23 a. m |
| Johnstown Accommodation | 6.45 a. m |
| " Express | 9:25 a. m |
| Pacific Express | 9.33 a. m |
| Way Passenger | 3.32 p. m |
| Mail | 5.16 p. m |
| Johnstown Express | 9:20 p. m |
| Fast Line | 9.34 p. m. |

EASTWARD.

| | |
|---|---|
| Atlantic Express | 5.55 a. m. |
| Sea-Shore Express | 8:40 a. m. |
| Harrisburg Accommodation | 8:24 a. m. |
| Day Express | 10.15 a. m. |
| Altoona Express | 12:04 p. m. |
| Mail Express | 4:11 p. m. |
| Johnstown Accommodation | 7:05 p. m. |
| Philadelphia Express | 7:16 p. m. |
| Fast Line | 10.50 p. m. |

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

*Johnstown Mail Express.*—Rockwood 2:30 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoystown 4:32, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown, 6:10.

*Johnstown Mail Express.*—Rockwood 11.25 a. m., Somerset 11:58, Stoystown 12:26, Hooversville 12:37, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation*—Rockwood 5:40 p. m., Somerset 6:03 p. m., Stoystown 6:31 p. m., Hooversville 6:42 p. m., Johnstown 7:35 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 9:40.

*Express*—Johnstown 3:30 p. m., Hooversville 4.16, Stoystown 4:30, Somerset 5:01, Rockwood 5.25.

*Sunday Only*—Johnstown 8:20 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.


FOUTZ'S

HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

No Horse will die of Colic, Bots or Lung Fever, if Foutz's Powders are used in time.

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

FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.

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Next door west of Lutheran Church.

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Livery Establishment,

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Imported Cigars.

Persons anticipating matrimony can have their troubles and cares reduced to nothing by stopping at this Hotel, where license can be procured without extra charge. Don't be taken in by colored hackmen, but come direct to the Hotel.

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SOMERSET COUNTY WHISKY, Old Rye,

Which he offers at Wholesale and in small quantities, at the following prices:

Two Year old at $2 25 per gallon.
Three " " " $2 50 " "
Four " " " $3 00 " "

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S. P. SWEITZER, Proprietor.



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