AT THE BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is baby's bedtime:
My little one comes to me
In her snowy little nightgown
And kneels down at my knee,
And I fancy a sweet child angel
Is for a time my guest
As she says her little prayers over
With her hands upon her breast.

"Now I lay me," she whispers
In low voice, "down to sleep.
I pray the Lord"—and the blue eyes
Half close—"my soul to keep.
If I should die"—oh, the shiver
At my heart!—"before I wake,
I pray the Lord"—and the eyelids
Droop low—"my soul to take."

Then I lift up the little one, clasping
Her close to my loving heart,
And give her warm, good night kisses
Till the closed lids break apart
As the leaves do, folding a flower,
And the violets of her eyes
Look up in their drowsy fashion
And smile at me angelwise.

"Good night," she whispers me softly
And sleepily, with a kiss
That lingers with me in slumber,
And stirs my heart with bliss.
As I think of the little one dreaming
With her head against my breast,
Till my sleep is as full of rapture
As her dreaming is of rest.

—Eben E. Rexford.

CALIFORNIA HERMITS.

Men Passing Their Lives in Idle Solitude on the Mountain Tops.

Is man essentially a social animal? The scientists say so. But in the mountains of California there are almost enough men who for years have led a life of utter solitude to disprove the generalization. These mountain hermits can be found scattered through the Sierras and the coast range from one end of the state to the other. They are particularly numerous through this region, centering about the Yosemite valley and extending far back into the high Sierras. Some of them were once guides in the valley, others have been miners, and some again seem to have taken up the life of solitude simply because they like it.

To this class belongs old P. R. Gibson—"Old Gib," as he is generally called—who lives on a mountain ranch. He is seventy-five years old, but is possessed of as much physical strength and endurance as the average man of half his age. He came thirty years ago from Tennessee, where he left a wife and a large family of children. One of his sons came to see him recently and tried to induce him to visit his former home, but "Old Gib" steadfastly refused to leave his little ranch and solitary cabin. He has never seen a railroad, and the stage drivers from the nearest station try their utmost to persuade him to go to town and at least look at a train of cars. But his invariable answer is: "Do you think I'm going down there to be blowed up by one of them there blamed engines? Not much!"

Nearly all the men who live this life of solitude very long get a bit queer in the head, and "Old Gib" is no exception to the rule. He has a rigmarole description of himself which declares that he is "the best man in the United States or adjoining territories, either directly or indirectly, financially, commercially, ecclesiastically or unchurchified." The old man is a hard worker, and when he is not busy on his ranch he is working energetically making "shakes"—that is, clapboards split and sawed by hand from big pine trees.

Old man Lambert, who has a cabin in the high Sierras some thirty miles back of the Yosemite, is another of the mountain hermits. He has neither ranch nor mining claim, but lives by what he shoots and by an occasional few dollars earned from camping parties. He has lived alone in that same spot for years and years, and will in all likelihood stay there until he dies. There are months at a time that he does not see another human being. A party of campers one summer found him making a huge stone wall that seemed to have no purpose whatever. In surprise they asked him what he was piling up those stones for.

"Why," he said, "a man's got to do something, up here alone, or he'll go wrong, sure."—Cor. Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Schooling at Twenty Dollars a Year.

However moderate the expenses of a student of the present time may be they can hardly reach the extremely modest sum which sufficed for Jean Marmontel, a French poet, during the reign of Louis XV, for a year's schooling. In his "Memoirs" he speaks of his school life as follows:

I was lodged, as was the custom of the school, with five other scholars at the house of an honest mechanic.

My provisions for a week consisted of a large loaf of rye bread, a little cheese, a piece of bacon and two or three pounds of beef. My mother had added to them a dozen apples.

This was the weekly provision of the best fed scholar of the school. The mistress of the house cooked for us, and for her trouble, her fire, her lamp, her beds, her houseroom, including even the vegetables of her little garden which she used for our soup, each of us gave her twelve pence halfpenny a month.

Reckoning everything except my clothes, I cost my father between four and five pounds a year. This was much to him and an expense of which I was very anxious to see him relieved.

How It Feels to Be in a Railway Wreck.

"A man who has never been in a wreck wouldn't believe how long it takes for the cars to get through piling up," said another. "After the first crash there is a rebound clear to the back of the train, and then the whole thing takes another lunge, something gives way, and maybe three or four more cars telescope. Then there's another jerk backward and another lunge, and it seems as if the cracking and groaning and tumbling keep on for five minutes. When a man is mixed up with the trucks under the whole stack it seems like an hour."

"Make it an hour and a half," said an ex-brakeman as he scratched his nose with the only clawlike finger remaining at the end of a twisted and shriveled stump of a hand. The crowd knew how he had been dug out with a derrick and laughed at the joke.—Chicago News-Record.

A Strange Death.

Thomas Odell, a young man of twenty-two years, living seven miles back of Greenup, Ky., has met death in a strange manner. He had been a puzzle to physicians for several years. He was affected by what he ate to such an extent that when he indulged in beef eating about an hour afterward he would become restless and wander out in search of cattle and bellow as an ox, and would get down on his hands and knees and eat grass like a cow. When he partook of mutton his actions were those of a sheep, and he would plaintively bleat like a lamb. When he ate chicken he would go out and scratch for worms, which he would devour with apparent relish.

After eating fish he would wander to the creek and go in swimming. One day his father killed several squirrels, of which the son ate heartily for dinner. He left the house shortly after and was followed by the father. The father saw him enter an oak grove, and soon saw his son jumping nimbly from limb to limb, at the same time barking like a squirrel. He called for him to come down, but this only seemed to make the boy want to escape, and he attempted to jump from one tree to another, but missed and fell to the ground, a mangled, breathless mass of humanity, and expired in less than five minutes.—Atlanta Constitution.

Another Canadian Railroad.

A scheme has been prepared for the construction of another Canadian transcontinental railway, at an estimated cost of £5,000,000. The new iron road, which would be 1,045 miles long and known as the Canada Western railway, is to be built from Victoria to Seymour narrows on Vancouver island, and from Bute inlet on the mainland, through the Chilcotin, Cariboo and Peace river regions to the Yellowhead pass.

Mr. Huntington's Two Houses.

The recent purchase by Mr. C. P. Huntington of Mrs. Colton's costly mansion on Nob hill, in San Francisco, has given rise to rumors that Mr. Huntington and his family intended to make the California metropolis their permanent place of residence. A report has also been freely circulated that Mr. Huntington had offered his new house, at Fifth avenue and Fifty-seventh street, for sale. These reports, with gossipy elaborations, have been the talk of certain clubs and cafes for the past few weeks, and the names of two or three millionaires have been named as the probable purchasers of the unfinished Huntington palace in this city. When Mr. Huntington's attention was called to the manner in which Dame Rumor was dealing with his affairs, he authorized a denial of the report that he contemplated going to San Francisco to live.

He proposes to stay right here, and when his new house is completed he will move into it. There has been no intention on his part to sell the place. Mr. Huntington bought the Colton house in San Francisco because he is obliged to spend several weeks each year in California, and he is not particularly fond of hotel life. He thinks that he can afford to maintain two residences—one in New York and one in San Francisco.—New York Times.

Expense of the Peary Expedition.

The total expense of the Peary and the Peary relief expeditions was within $35,000, or, approximately, within one-tenth of the amount that was involved in the very much less successful British north pole expedition of 1875-6, and barely more than one-fortieth of the expense of the Austro-Hungarian expedition under Payer and Weyprecht of 1873-4.

The contributions of knowledge obtained in either one of the departments of geography or ethnology alone can rationally be considered to repay the moderate outlay of these two expeditions, a cost considerably below that which in modern times is sometimes paid for a painting.

It is interesting to place here by way of comparison the cost of previous explorations. One of the earliest—that of Willoughby—conducted 300 years ago, required for its expenditure £6,000; that of Moor, in 1746, £10,000; the second German north pole expedition was covered by an appropriation of 120,000 thalers, or £11,000, while the Franklin expedition and the various ones sent out to ascertain his fate to 1854 cost £833,333, or over $4,000,000.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Gas Well Beyond Control.

What is undoubtedly the strongest natural gas well ever found in the Indiana belt is a roaring monster north of Muncie, Ind., which cannot be gotten under control. A few days since Walley & Spellacy, contractors, drilled in a well on the Spilker farm. Next day it was discovered that the pressure had raised to an enormous degree, and it has since increased until it has become impossible to anchor the well or do anything with it. It is impossible to force a sledge hammer, crowbar or anything into the hole, and the gas roars until a man's voice cannot be heard within several hundred yards of the well. The earth trembles in a frightful manner. A great deal of fright is entertained as to what the result will be. The well is estimated at over 10,000,000 feet, and the apparatus used to anchor the monster Jumbo well at Fairmount is useless. Great caution is being used to prevent the gas from becoming ignited.—Cor. Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Singular Accident.

Arthur C. Moreland, who played the role of Colonel Risener, the tricky Indiana politician, in the play of "Blue Jeans," last season, was on Friday night the victim of an accident that may end his stage career. When on the road Moreland has a companion, Perry, a hybrid dog which appears in the play. After the third act of "Blue Jeans" at the National theater in Washington, Moreland picked up and fondled the mongrel. Perry's face was side by side with the actor's. The sawdust used in the mill scene was being swept up at the time. It caused the dog to sneeze, and his teeth came in contact with Moreland's left eye, destroying the sight. Yesterday morning the eye had swollen to twice its normal size, and Actor Moreland is now confined in a darkened room, with the prospect of losing the sight of the other eye.—New York Letter.

A Woman Footpad.

A mysterious female highway robber is causing much excitement around Bowling Green. Thus far she has disguised herself in such a manner as to keep her identity unknown, and has eluded capture. Some declare that she is a negro, while others claim that her skin is white. She quietly approaches a person and exchanges a few remarks with her intended victim. Suddenly she draws a large revolver and demands his valuables. She has been successful in obtaining much money and jewelry. While trying to holdup a railroad man a night or so ago she was foiled, and when making her escape was struck on the head with a stone.—Cor. Memphis Appeal-Avalanche.

A Military Handkerchief.

Permission for soldiers to carry pocket handkerchiefs will now probably be given, for I see the war office authorities have sanctioned a military handkerchief being patented by Lieutenant Colonel Fulton.

On this handkerchief is printed all sorts of useful information concerning the use and construction of the Lee-Metford rifle, the alphabet used by army signalers, general rules to be observed in any position in which a soldier may find himself on campaign, the various bugle calls and other things, many of which are so nicely illustrated that it would be a thousand pities to use it in the manner naturally prompted by a cutting "nor'easter."—Leeds Mercury.

In a Railroad Wreck.

"Say, these things are mighty funny afterward," said the baggageman, "but when they happen it's nothing to laugh about. When we bumped into that freight just out of Chicago three years ago I was sitting back in the car checking up. It threw me down and then I started to crawl for the back door. The tender telescoped and came through at me. It didn't stop till I was within four feet of the back of the car, and I sat there waiting for it to catch me. I remember it had '487' in red figures, and as it came grindin through at me every figure looked ten feet high. When it stopped I could reach out and touch it."—Chicago News-Record.

A Beautiful Toast.

On a grand day in the old chivalric times, when the lady of each knightly heart was pledged by name, when it came to St. Leon's turn he lifted the sparkling cup on high and gave them this: "I drink to one," he said, "whose image never may depart, deep carven on the human heart, till memory is dead." With that he paused as if he would not breathe her name in careless mood thus lightly to another, then bent his noble head as though to give that word the reverence due, and gently said—"my mother!"—London Tit-Bits.

English Law and Hidden Treasure.

It may be some encouragement to English treasure seekers, if any such there be in these enlightened days, to know that the laws of treasure trove only apply to such as is discovered by accident. Treasure discovered by systematic search would not come within this description, neither would finds discovered by astrological or cabalistic sciences or by the potent influence of the divining rod.—All the Year Round.

The cultivation of the pineapple in the Bahamas is a very profitable undertaking. At twopence each an acre of pineapples returns $200 to $250.

It was not Tennyson's favorite Shakespeare that was buried with him, as is being widely published, but another copy.

CYCLING FOR CHILDREN.

Great Care Should Be Taken That Injury Does Not Result from It.

Dr. E. B. Turner, in considering the question whether young children between the ages, say, of six and twelve, should be allowed to cycle, and if allowed how much they may indulge in the pastime without incurring the risk of injury, maintains that the subject is one on which no man can pronounce dogmatically or lay down strict and invariable rules concerning. What for one small boy or girl might be merely healthy and beneficial exercise, for another might mean physical ruin. But while each case must be judged on its merits, one fundamental principle must be clearly enunciated—namely, that no young child with any organic weakness, whether of heart, lungs, joints or nervous system, should be allowed to mount a machine under any circumstances whatever.

Setting aside such natural disqualifications, the exercise of cycling, properly regulated and adjusted to the capabilities of the individual, is unquestionably one of the best forms of recreation that can be partaken of by children of both sexes at an early age. It develops the body, and the self reliance and resource entailed by the management of a machine tend to strengthen and enlarge the mental and intellectual faculties. A few simple precautions, however, may insure good and avert evil results. As to the age that a child should begin, for most children six is quite early, and even for some six is too early. Great care should be taken in choosing and fitting a machine to a young rider. An old, ill fitting crock may produce deformity or disease.

Two things that must be insisted on in buying either a bicycle or a tricycle for a young rider are that the peak of the saddle should be two inches behind the crank axle, and that the handles should be so brought around and back that the child can sit perfectly upright on the machine. As to the distance the child may ride no absolute rule can be laid down. Overexertion must be carefully guarded against, and a sleepless night and a distaste for food is one of the indications that the system is poisoned by the products of its own waste. It must be remembered that excessive speed is more injurious than excessive distance, and excessive hill climbing than either.

The conclusion arrived at by Dr. Turner is that a sound child, six years old, properly fitted with a machine, and riding in proper form and position, may cycle within the limits of moderation and derive benefit and suffer no harm from the exercise.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Superstitions of Scotch Fishermen.

Some still existing superstitions among fishermen are communicated by a resident. At the beginning of the herring season the crew all try to seize the herring first on board to see if it be a male or female. If it is a male their fishing may be expected to be a poor one; if a female a good one. Sometimes, however, the skipper secures it and hides it away, salting it and laying it aside for the season. The boat must not be turned against the sun.

Certain animals considered of ill omen must not be spoken of in the boat, and ministers in this respect occupy the same place as rabbits, hares, and pigs. Fishermen do not like to lend anything to a neighboring boat lest their luck should go with it. If they lend a match they will contrive—secretly if possible—to break it and keep part, hoping thereby to retain their luck. Their dislike to have anything stolen is increased by the fear that the thief may have stolen their luck with it. To ask the question, "Where are you going?" of any one who is going on board is equivalent to destroying all his chances for that time. Persons with certain names are held to be of bad omen, the dreaded names being different in different villages.—Fraserburg Free Press.

Rough Experiences.

David Christie Murray, the novelist, writes: "Eight or ten years ago I was sitting in the Savage club in the company of four distinguished men of letters. One was the editor of a London daily, and he was talking rather too humbly, as I thought, about his own career. 'I do not suppose,' he said, 'that any man in my present position has experienced in London the privations I knew when I first came here. I went hungry for three days, twenty years back, and for three nights I slept in the park.' One of the party turned to me. 'You cap that, Christie?' I answered, 'Four nights on the embankment, four days hungry.' My left hand neighbor was a poet, and he chimed in laconically, 'Five.' In effect it proved that there was not one of us who had not slept in that Hotel of the Beautiful Star which is always open to everybody. We had all been frequent guests there, and now we were all prosperous and had found other and more comfortable lodgings."

Fat in the Body.

Fat stored in the body as adipose tissue is a bank on which the body may draw for supplies of energy and heat when required. It is stated that in the Franco-German war of 1870 the German emperor, acting on the strongly expressed opinion of Ebstein, that muscular fatigue could be best supported on fat, gave orders that each soldier should have served out to him 250 grams of fat bacon. It is also a well known fact that fat animals bear privation of food better than thin ones.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Hardest Work of All.

Few poets had more admirers among women than Whittier had, and this admiration frequently took personal form. One day his sister, in her slow, Quaker fashion, was describing these eruptions: "Thee hast no idea," she said, "of the time Greenleaf spends in trying to lose these people on the streets. Sometimes he comes home and says, 'Well, sister, I had hard work to lose him, but I have lost him.'" To this Whittier pathetically added, "But I can never lose a her.'—San Francisco Argonaut.

Never Reads Criticisms.

Mr. Santley, the eminent baritone, declares that since 1861 he has rarely read a criticism that has been passed upon his singing. In that year he was taken severely to task for a performance at the Birmingham festival, and the remarks of the caustic critic so affected him that he determined to read no more criticisms. If other performers, distinguished and not distinguished, would follow this example, what heartburnings would be saved!—London Tit-Bits.

Cost of the World's Fair.

More money has already been paid out in creating the World's fair than the directors thought would be necessary to complete it when congress voted to send the exposition to Chicago. Ten million dollars was thought to be the limit then. Auditor Ackerman's report shows that the expenditures to Dec. 1 have been $12,469,236.61. The receipts have been $12,229,451.93. The available balance on hand Dec. 1 was $236,068.33, about enough to last two weeks at the present rate of expenditures, but the souvenir coins are coming, and the directors have nearly $2,000,000 yet in exposition bonds from which no capital has been received.—Chicago Letter.

A Kansas City man swallowed a door key early one morning. The Trenton (Mo.) Tribune says any one who mistakes his mouth for a keyhole should reform at once.

The Temple of Diana at Ephesus, which was about an even hundred years in building, was 450 feet to the first support of the roof.

Of traditions of buried treasure attaching to the sites of Roman camps and deserted cities there are plenty still to be met with.

Greek women wore the chiton, a sleeveless garment, and over it a shawl formed of a square piece of woolen goods.

The Finest Sight in the World.

This fair of ours, in its general aspect and judged from the artistic point of view, is not only much more successful than two years ago we believed it could be—it is much more successful than any that has ever been created in this or another land. It is not only comparable to the beautiful Paris exhibition of 1889, and not only equal to it—it is greatly superior. And it so excellence is not an imitation or even an adaptation of any precedent, but has been achieved upon entirely new and original lines. It is perfectly certain that every one who goes to Chicago next summer will be astonished, no matter how much he may have heard and believed in advance; and it is just as certain that he will be charmed, no matter how good or how captious his taste may be.

Only those who know how hard it is to produce a high degree of beauty on a vast scale and in complicated ways will fully appreciate what they see at Chicago. They, and only they, will fully understand that they are beholding one of the most beautiful of sights, and, considering its genesis, distinctly the most wonderful sight, in the world—a sight the character of which, I am not afraid to say, has not been paralleled since the Rome of the emperors stood intact, with marble palace, statue, terrace, bridge and temple, under an Italian sky no bluer than our own.—Mrs. Van Rensselaer in Forum.

A Balloon for the Kaiser.

The sum of 50,000 marks (£2,000) which the German emperor has just presented to the German Society for the Promotion of Aerial Navigation for the advancement of this science is to be devoted to the construction and equipment of a giant balloon. This balloon will be as high as a four storied house, will be fifty-six feet in diameter and it will contain no less than 2,330 cubic meters of gas. It will be made of Egyptian cotton stuff, and will be coated with vulcanized gum, which is considered better than varnish.

A rather interesting feature of the balloon will be the provision of a special valve of a new kind, which will keep the gas pure for a longer time, and therefore sustain the balloon for a longer period. It is proposed to make within a year no less than fifty journeys with the balloon and to ascend as high as possible, up to 33,000 feet if necessary, with artificial respiration. Over £400 will be expended in purchasing scientific apparatus for this balloon. Experiments will, if possible, be simultaneously made with two other balloons to further investigate the physical conditions of the atmosphere.—Pall Mall Budget.

Renan's Poverty.

Contrary to what is supposed by many, M. Ernest Renan left little private fortune to his family. So much so is this the case that Mme. Renan intends to sell the library of her deceased husband while awaiting the national pension which parliament will make no difficulty in granting her. M. Berthelot, the lifelong friend of Renan, says that the latter left the world almost as poor as he was on the day when he quitted Saint-Sulpice in order to face the struggle for existence. Renan had the same disdain for money, per se, towards the end of his career that he had when he said to the imperial minister who offered him a lucrative post, "Sit tecum tua pecunia!" All he wanted was sufficient to enable him to pursue his studies in ease and comfort.

As a professor of the College of France Renan had 10,000 francs, or £400 a year, from which 5 per cent. was deducted in order to form a pension. As director of the establishment he had £80 yearly and rooms, £80 also as fees for attending committees and £60 for attendances at the Institute of France. On the whole, M. Berthelot estimates that Renan's official emoluments amounted to 15,000 francs a year, or £600. He had sold all rights in his literary works to his publishers, and had to live for many years on what he earned by writing. These "revelations" about M. Renan's private means are made by M. Berthelot in order to do away with the notion that as a writer and a functionary his friend had made a large fortune.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

The Governor of Tennessee.

Judge Turney, governor of Tennessee, though he has been on the supreme bench for twenty-two years, is a farmer. He has a magnificent old typical southern home in Franklin county known as Wolf's Crag. He is sixty-five years old, 6 feet 4 inches tall, has broad shoulders and weighs 260 pounds. He wears a full, short gray beard. With the exception of a slight rheumatic affection he is hale and hearty. His rheumatism has caused him to abandon deer and fox hunting, of which he has been a great lover. At Wolf's Crag he has his pack of dogs and the horses which have carried him on many a fox hunt.

For years he has been noted as the best deer shot in the state. Men who have been with him on the hunt say he can bring down a deer running at full speed 100 yards distant. He is one of the people. All over the state he is known as "Old Pete Turney." It was his county under his leadership which first seceded from the Union. Before the state of Tennessee had seceded he had organized the first Tennessee regiment and gone to the front. Though many times offered promotion, he declined to leave his regiment and went through the war as colonel of the First Tennessee. At the battle of Seven Pines he was shot through the face.—New York World.

Thinning Them Out.

A new device for plucking strangers has been invented by the keeper of a big Clark street restaurant. He didn't want to frighten regular customers away by raising prices on the bill of fare, and yet felt that it was a shame to be behind boarding house keepers, saloons and hotels in overcharging. Yesterday a bright idea struck him and he promptly put it in operation. A waiter gave the snap away. "I've eaten there for six months," said a well known merchant, "and seldom had cause for complaint. Last night I ordered a sirloin steak, as I had often done before. It was much thinner than usual, but I was not particularly hungry and did not complain. This morning I was served with a still thinner one and kicked. Then the waiter told me the steaks were all being cut thinner this week because so many strangers were in town, and the boss wanted to get more for meals without driving away the regulars. It's the same way everywhere else. The pies are smaller; so are the pats of butter, and the proprietor has actually run in a lot of new coffee cups that hold considerably less than the old ones."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

The Queen's Statuary at Balmoral.

Her majesty proposes to place a statue of the Emperor Frederick in the grounds of Balmoral, which are crammed with memorials of the queen's deceased relatives and friends, while every hilltop in the neighborhood bears a cairn. There are only three statues—one the prince consort, by Theed (representing him in highland dress); the jubilee statue of the queen, which was presented to her by her Scottish tenantry and servants; and a statue of John Brown, by Boehm, which occupies a conspicuous position on a wooded bank near the garden. Princess Alice is commemorated by a Celtic cross of granite, and the Duke of Albany by a seat of polished granite. The memory of Sir Thomas Biddulph is recalled by a granite fountain. The bronze statue of the prince consort in the grounds is an exact copy of his white marble statue in the corridor of the castle.—London Star.

The return of croquet is predicted, and will be a welcome word to many whose affection for that delightful if exasperating game has never been quite supplanted by tennis, archery, bowling, golf or any of its substitutes.

An iron bound bucket, weighing about sixty pounds, fell a distance of twenty-five feet the other day and struck a Belding, Mich., man squarely on the head, and did not injure him in the least.

PROMPT, GOOD WORK.

SAINT JACOBS OIL. TRY IT.

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Willet F. Cook, Canajoharie, N. Y., writes: "Awoke one morning with excruciating pains in my shoulder. Tried various relicts for sudden pains without effect; went to my office; the pain became insufferable; went home at 11 o'clock and used ST. JACOBS OIL; effect magical, pain ceased, and at 1 o'clock went to work; cure permanent."

NEURALGIA.

LITTLE RAPIDS, WIS.

My wife suffered with such intense neuralgic pains in the face, she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with ST. JACOBS OIL, and it cured her in four hours.

CARL SCHEIBE.

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.

"Which do you like best, Uncle Silas, tragedy or comedy?" "Well, for the most part," replied Farmer Begosh, "I believe I prefer tragedy, for when the killin' comes yer feels that yer gettin' sorter square with the actors."

Strength and Health.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50 cents at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

By serving oxtail soup at the beginning of dinner and providing calves' head jelly for desert, a hotel-keeper can manage to make both ends meet.

What Am I to Do?

This is the oft expression of the weary sufferer with Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other painful diseases. The whole human frame is tortured and racked with pain. It is well to remember no known medicine equals Red Flag Oil for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Price 25 cents at G. W. Benford's drug store.

A Sign of Extremity.—How is the colonel?" asked one Kentuckian of another who had just returned from Col. Frankfort's sick room. "The colonel is a very sick man, sah. saw him swallow a glass of water given him by the nurse without even a protest, sah."

Jimbley—"There goes a man worth his weight in gold," Smithers—"What has he done?" Jimbley—"He recovered $5,000 damages for the loss of one foot."

Had Seen the Bogy-Man Before.—She (to her little sister aged five)—"Now, Rose, you must go to bed, because the bogy-man will soon be here." Little Rose—"Oh! I'm no more afraid of young Mr. Jones than you are."

Fifty Years Ago

Uncle Sam was not so hard worked as today. The mail carriers were few, the postage upon a single letter was 25 cents. When one was received, the family all gathered around the father to hear the news. On a memorable occasion the letter read as follows: The demijohn of "Prince Regent" is empty, please send me another. Our friend Daniel Webster was with us when it came, and considers it the finest he has ever tasted. We are happy to know the 25 cent postage is gone. Still happier to know the whiskey Webster praised is to be had at McCullough's Half Century House, 523 Liberty street, foot of Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. send registered letter or postoffice order for the medical wonder "Prince Regent."

"I am convinced of the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, after having taken but a few doses"—this is what many people say.

Brahma Will Cure Yov.

PITTSBURGH, MAY 12, 1892

Gentlemen:—Having had rheumatism since spring of 1889, and would be laid up for weeks every spring and fall I have tried all the so-called cures I could hear of, and got no relief until this spring I heard of your BRAHMA RHEUMATIC REMEDY. I procured some and received almost immediate relief, and after taking one and one-half bottles, am convinced I am cured beyond all doubt.

Very truly yours,
CHAS. KAMM, Butcher,
210 5th St., Allegheny City.

I am familiar with the above case, and can say that the facts set forth are correct.

B. POWDERMAKER,
Agent at Pittsburgh for Nelson, Morris & Co.

If your druggist does not keep it, upon receipt of P. O. order for $1.50 we will send one bottle.

BRAHMA MEDICINE CO.,
425 Liberty Street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

ELY'S Cream Balm Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. Try the Cure.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD. CATARRH, ROSE COLD, HAY-FEVER. CLEANSES THE HEAD. PRICE 50 CTS. ELY BROS. OWEGO, N.Y. U.S.A. CATARRH HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren St., New York.

It is to Your Interest

TO BUY YOUR

DRUGS AND MEDICINES

JOHN N. SNYDER,

SUCCESSOR TO

BIESECKER & SNYDER.

None but the purest and best kept in stock, and when Drugs become inert by standing, as certain of them do, we destroy them, rather than impose on our customers.

You can depend on having your

PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS

filled with care. Our prices are as low as any other first-class house and on many articles much lower.

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

FITTING TRUSSES.

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.

PROMPT, GOOD WORK.

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Willet F. Cook, Canajoharie, N. Y., writes: "Awoke one morning with excruciating pains in my shoulder. Tried various relicts for sudden pains without effect; went to my office; the pain became insufferable; went home at 11 o'clock and used ST. JACOBS OIL; effect magical, pain ceased, and at 1 o'clock went to work; cure permanent."

NEURALGIA.

LITTLE RAPIDS, WIS.

My wife suffered with such intense neuralgic pains in the face, she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with ST. JACOBS OIL, and it cured her in four hours.

CARL SCHEIBE.

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.

ARTISTIC JOB PRINTING A SPECIALTY.

HARRY M. BENSHOFF,

MANUFACTURING STATIONER

— AND —

BLANK BOOK MAKER.

HANNAM BLOCK,

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Geo. M. Thomas, & Co.

128 Clinton Street, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

All Departments of our Store are well stocked with the best goods we can buy, and we are offering goods which defy competition.

Our Store is Headquarters for the Choicest Country Produce.

The stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries has never been more complete, and is being sold at prices Exceptionally Low. Call and examine our goods and be convinced that Ours is a Bargain Store.

WE SELL CROWN BAKING POWDER.

Johnstown's New Grocery.

Having opened a new

GROCERY STORE,

Southeast Corner of Market & Locust Streets,

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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.

JAME D. RUTLEDGE.

G. C. JORDAN. JOSEPH HINCHMAN.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

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

CRACKERS & CONFECTIONS,

than ever. As wholesale dealers in

CRACKERS, CANDIES, NUTS AND FRUIT,

we have increased facilities for filling orders promptly and satisfactorily.

Jordan & Hinchman,

270 and 272, Main Street, JOHNSTWN, PA.

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BUY YOUR

Boots and Shoes

AT

84 FRANKLIN STREET,

Johnstown, PA.

Lowest Prices Guaranteed

GOOD LIQUORS

and Cheap Liquors!

By calling at the Old Reliable Liquor Store,

No. 309 Main St., and 106 Clinton St.,

Johnstown, Pa.,

all kinds of the Choicest Liquors in market can be had. To my old customers this is a well known fact, and to all others convincing proof will be given. Don't forget that I keep on hand the greatest variety of Liquors, the choicest brands and at the lowest prices.

P. S. FISHER.

HARDWARE!

HARDWARE!

I am now prepared to accommodate the public with any and everything in the Hardware line by the addition recently made to my former large stock. I keep all kinds of articles in my line and my prices challenge competition. If you want a gun, a revolver, a knife, a saw, a gimlet, an auger, a bicycle, a pair of skates, hinges, screws, nails, horse shoes, horse blankets, or anything else in hardware at lowest prices call on me.

Herman Bantley,

Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 2:59 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoystown 4:52, Hooversville 5:09, Johnstown, 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:35 a. m., Somerset 11:56, Stoystown 12:36, Hooversville 12:57, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

Johnstown Accommodation—Rockwood 5:40 p. m., Somerset 6:03 p. m., Stoystown 6:31 p. m., Hooversville 6:52 p. m., Johnstown 7:20 p. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Rockwood 11:03 a. m. Somerset, 11:58.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail—Johnstown 7:45 a. m., Hooversville 8:21 Stoystown 8:55, Somerset 9:16, Rockwood 9:63.

Express—Johnstown 3:30 p. m., Hooversville 4:16, Stoystown 4:56, Somerset 5:31, Rockwood 5:55.

Sunday Only—Johnstown 8:20 a. m., Hooversville 9:16 a. m., Stoystown 9:53 a. m., Somerset 10:1 a. m., Rockwood 10:25 a. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Somerset 5:01 p. m. Rockwood 5:23 p m.,

*Daily.

PENNYSLANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DEC. 30, 1891.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Johnstown to Altoona	39¾	$1 10
" " Harrisburg	176¾	5 11
" " Philadelphia	276	8 26
" " Blairsville Int.	34¾	78
" " Greensburg	47	1 41
" " Pittsburgh	78	2 34
" " Baltimore	250¾	7 65
" " Washington	297	7 75

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD.

Oyster Express	3:39 a. m
Western Express	3.52 a. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6.45 a. m
" Express	9:25 a. m
Pacific Express	9:32 a. m
Way Passenger	5.32 p. m
Mail	5.16 p. m
Johnstown Express	9:20 p. m
Fast Line	9:34 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:35 a. m.
Sea Shore Express	5:40 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	8:24 a. m
Day Express	10:15 a. m.
A towna Express	12:03 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.

Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Next door west of Lutheran Church

Somerest, Pa.

I am now prepared to supply the public with clocks, watches and jewelry of all descriptions, as cheap as the cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

A. H. HUSTON,

Undertaker and Embalmer.

Coffins, Caskets and Robes

OF ALL GRADES ON HAND.

A GOOD HEARSE

and everything pertaining to funerals furnished on short notice.

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HORSE AND CATTLE POWDERS

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

Foutz's Powders cure and prevent Hog Cholera.

Foutz's Powders will prevent Gapes 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.

FOUTZ'S POWDERS WILL GIVE SATISFACTION.

Sold everywhere.

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