THE LABORER.

For a Hercules in his fighting are there is never
the glory that follows,
When when he lies and the poets arise to
to sing the work he has done.
But to visions alive under shadows of night, lo,
the laborer's crown is Apollo's,
While stands he, yet in his grime and sweat,
to wrestle for fruits of the sun.

Can an enemy wither his cheer? Not you, ye
fair yellow flowering ladies
Who join with your lords to jar the chords of
a boson heroic and clog.
'Tis the faltering friend, an inanimate land,
may drag a great soul to their kaden
And plunge him far from a lemon of star till
he hears the deep bay of the dog.

Apparition is there of a monster task in a policy
carving new fashions;
The winninger course than the rule of force,
and the springs lured to run in a stream;
He would bend temptation, he would stiffen the
reed, point reason to swallow the passions,
Bid Britons awake two steps to take where
one is a trouble extreme!

Not the less is he served with the laborer's remote hope; that by him shall be written,
To honor his race, this deed of grace, for the
weak from the strong made just;
That her sons ever seen in a rally of praise may
behold a thrice vitalized Britain,
Ashine with the light of the doing of right,
at the gates of the future in trust.
—George Meredith.

A ROMANTIC AFFAIR.

He was ruined. As he left the casino and wandered out into the gardens he had absolutely not a franc in his pockets wherewith to purchase a lodging or a meal. The downcast profile was clear cut and firm, arguing powerful individuality in its owner, and yet the mania had seized him, as it had seized many a weaker man, and he had staked his all and lost over the gaming tables at Monte Carlo.

The moonlight touched his bowed head softly, silvered the outlines of his figure, revealed his haggard whiteness. It fell on something else—something that glittered in his hands like steel.

"Stop! Don't do that!"

It was a woman's voice that spoke, a woman's touch that rested lightly on his sleeve, a woman's great dusky eyes, set in a face such as one sees but seldom in a lifetime, which were raised to his. She had strolled from her party to enjoy alone the beauty of the evening, and absorbed in meditation had wandered farther than she knew.

The man's arm dropped to his side. He looked at her in silence, wondering, admiring, perhaps a little ashamed.

"Why did you want to do it?" pursued the gentle voice. "Does life seem so evil a thing to you?"

"I have been a fool—a madman! I am ruined! I wish to God I had never seen this cursed place."

"But you are a man. You can work. You can regain all that you have lost."

He shook his head.

"I cannot find employment here, and I haven't the means to get away. I have had the vratique already, and I went back to the tables thinking to have one more bid for fortune and lost. The authorities will not help me twice."

Her hand slipped into her pocket and out again. Adroitly she drew the pistol away from him and pressed something in its place.

"See, I have bought this thing of you," she said hurriedly. "You need not feel too grateful. Compatriots should help each other. If you want to repay me, swear to yourself that you will never do—what you attempted just now. I must leave you now. Goodby."

She was gone before he could stay or thank her—swallowed up and lost in the shadow of the trees.

* * * * * * *

"Miss Ferris, allow me to introduce to you Mr. Fergus Landeck."

The first time they had met alone beneath the stars at Monte Carlo, now they were amid a fashionable London crowd, and she was in evening dress, with diamonds sparkling at her throat and in her hair.

For an instant she returned his gaze, questioning, perplexed; then there was a flash of recognition, and he saw she knew.

"Will you take me into the conservatory, Mr. Landeck? It is so warm here."

They left the ballroom and strolled under the domed glass where the palms and lilies grew.

"You have not forgotten, then?" It was his voice, low and tremulous, which broke the silence.

"No; nor you, it seems."

"There are moments in a man's life which he never forgets. That was one of them. Do you know I have often wondered whether we should ever meet again, but I dared not indulge a hope until this evening, when for the first time I learned your name. Miss Ferris, shall we sit down for awhile? Wait, let me fix that cushion for you. I am very grateful for this opportunity of speaking to you alone. I want—I want to return to you, with many thanks, the—the gift you gave me five years ago. Ah, don't say no. The obligation under which you placed me will none the less exist, and—and I shall always keep the little purse—always—in remembrance of that night—and you."

"Fortune has evidently favored you since," she said after a pause.

"Yes, fortune has indeed favored me. Miss Ferris, your gift was like the enchanted purses in the children's fairy tales—bottomless. It enabled me to reach the Transvaal goldfields. I worked hard there; I saved a little; by and by I speculated much. Sometimes people grow rich there in a month—a week. I was one of them. Whatever I touched seemed to turn to gold; whatever I did was right. Money came to me in thousands—tens of thousands—hundreds even. On the day I sailed from Cape Town, three weeks ago, I was one of the richest men in South Africa, and if it had not been for you I should be lying in a suicide's grave."

Something glistened on her lashes. She drooped her eyes and toyed with the feathers of her fan.

"I am glad, so very glad, you have succeeded."

His gaze lingered on the subtle outline of her figure, the curve of her frill white throat and cheek, the brown hair with the threads of gold which waved and curved about her brow and neck.

"And you"—his voice sank lower still—"you have not married?"

"No, as you see. But it is probable that I shall lose my freedom soon."

"Does that mean you are engaged?"

"It means that Lord Hythe proposed to me by letter this morning, and that I am to give him his answer tonight."

"And is it to be 'yes?'"

She laughed a little.

"Do you know that is a very strange question to put on so short an acquaintance and that our conversation is becoming unusual in the extreme? Mr. Landeck, you seem to forget that we were introduced only half an hour ago!"

"You were present at the most solemn moment of my existence. Let me a little behind the scenes of your own life," he urged.

She hesitated and cast a rapid glance at him. Her lips, quivering as with some hidden emotion, strove to smile.

"We seem fated to have strange confidences, you and I," she said and laughed uncertainly. "If you are very curious to know, it is 'yes.' I shall accept him."

Perhaps it was only fancy or the flickering of the lamps, but it seemed as though a sudden spasm crossed his face, born of disappointment or of pain.

"You care for him of course?"

An uncontrollable impulse moved the woman to dash aside the barrier of conventionality and give expression to what she felt. She raised her eyes to his. They met, and the anguish in them touched him to the heart. She shook her head merely, then turned her face away.

"Then tell me why you are going to marry him."

"Because he is rich, and my father's property is mortgaged. I may as well tell you the reason; everybody will know."

"You intend to sacrifice yourself for your family's sake."

"Sacrifice! What an ugly way of putting it! I am going to make a 'marriage of convenience.' Other women are doing the same thing every day."

There was silence, save for the dripping of the water among the ferns and grasses in the rockery and the subdued sound of distant music.

They were alone.

In the dim, religious light of the richly colored lamps the man was blind to all but the white clad form against the mass of foliage. The heavy perfume of the exotics seemed to rise and stifle him; the woman's beauty intoxicated his senses; the consciousness of her presence thrilled his very soul.

He leaned over her and touched her gently on the arm.

"Sylvia, we are scarcely more than strangers, you and I. Perhaps you'll tell me I am mad. But I love you—heaven knows I love you. I believe I loved you—then. Sylvia, will you—oh, for pity's sake take me instead of him!"

* * * * * * *

"A most romantic affair," said the society papers when they were married. "He proposed to her the first time they met."—Buffalo News.

A Child's Opinion of Adam.

A quaint little maid who has very decided and clearly defined notions of her own, whose home is on the North Side, close by the Lake Shore drive, and whose mamma is a communicant of St. James', recently very urgently requested that she be provided with one of "those big print Bibles that have covers that double back." She explained that she wanted to read the Bible all through, as her new Sunday school teacher had done—she had just been promoted from the infant room to the Sunday school proper—before she was 10 years old. Of course her mamma was not only willing but anxious to encourage so pious a purpose, and she got the sort of a Bible little Sue wanted. Each day for an hour or more she read with careful attention in her new Bible.

When she came to that chapter which relates how God called Adam and Eve to account for their disobedience, Sue went to her mother, and bringing her soft covered Bible together with a bang exclaimed with scornful indignation: "Do you know, mamma, that I think Adam was just as mean as he could be. He wasn't fit to speak to, and if I had been in Eve's place I never would have spoken to him again. Just think of his going and telling God on Eve after he had eaten the apple too. I don't see what made God listen to such a tattler anyway."—Chicago Herald.

"High" Game.

Dr. Wynter Blyth, the medical officer of health for Marylebone, is the sworn enemy of high game, on the perfectly consistent ground that no valid distinction can be drawn between decomposition in the rabbit and the same process in the hare. If one be injurious, he observed, so must be the other, and though he does not venture to suggest the prosecution of venders of game under the sanitary laws, he does not hesitate to describe this culinary eccentricity as a "filthy and disgusting habit." His arguments, however, are double edged. Admitting that decomposing rabbit is fully as injurious as highly flavored pheasant, we are at liberty to argue that, as the consumption of high game is seldom followed by toxic symptoms, the prohibition in respect of decomposing meat generally is unnecessary.

Common experience seems to show that the products of ordinary decomposition, at any rate in its earlier stage, are destroyed or rendered inert by cooking; otherwise the mortality among the disciples of Lucullus in the upper classes would be phenomenal. The danger lies presumably in the fact that decomposing animal tissues afford a suitable medium for the autocultivation of bacteria other than those of decomposition, the toxic products whereof may resist the influence of a high temperature. We are loath to believe ill of a practice which, if aesthetically objectionable, is hallowed by centuries of apparent impunity.—London Medical Press.

A Woman's Wit.

The other day, says a correspondent from Alsace, while I was on my way from M. to Z., I found myself in company with four gentlemen, each of whom was smoking. The train stopped at an intermediate station, and a lady was on the point of entering it. Being nearest the carriage door, and observing that she carried a basket, I hastened to help her in with it. "Take care," said the lady, "I have six pounds of dynamite in that basket, which I am taking to my husband in a stone quarry." The train then sped on. Quick as lightning the gentlemen exchanged glances and threw their cigars out of the window. All looked horror stricken as they glanced first at the frau and then at the basket.

My thoughts conjured up visions of the destruction of the Cafe Very in Paris. My ruminations were suddenly disturbed by a shout of "Station Of" yelled out by a porter. The frau rose slowly from her seat and stepped out upon the platform. A sigh of relief came from us all. "Thank heaven!" said one. I trembled as I handed out the basket, with its dangerous contents. "Thanks!" said the woman. "Thanks! You need not look so scared. There are only some dainty morsels of food inside for my husband, but your smoke was so vile."

On the Track of the Microbe.

Science is pressing relentlessly on the heels of the microbe. The latest method of coping with this minute but potent source of disease is to literally cast it out of the abiding place in which it has installed itself. Micro-organisms contain substances for the most part heavier than water, and this fact has led to the introduction of a method of separating them from water, milk and other liquids by centrifugal force. A speed of about 4,000 revolutions a minute serves to clear a large number of microbes from the liquid and render it limpid.—Exchange.

Getting Money to Go Shopping.

A well known artist, whose studio is in New York, but whose home is in a pleasant village an hour's ride from the metropolis, promised faithfully one morning that he would do some shopping for his wife. On arriving at his studio he found that he had money enough in his pocket for his lunch and no more. What to do about the shopping? Suddenly he bethought himself of an order for an illustration that he had received from a magazine. He set to work, and in less than two hours had finished the drawing, collected $60 for it at the publisher's office and had started on the more exhaustive labor of shopping.—New York Sun.

An Art Note.

"I hear Paletto had a picture in the exhibition."

"Yes, but he didn't have it there long. The jury returned it immediately."—Vogue.

Gifts to Charity.

The report of the Rev. Benjamin Waugh, president of the English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, says that charity has received "more money from theaters, music and concert halls than from all the churches and chapels in the kingdom."

Cudley and His Bill.

"Mr. Cudley hasn't treated me well," said the tailor.

"Oh, well, he doesn't amount to much," said De Curry.

"I wish I could say the same of his bill," sighed Snip.—Harper's Bazar.

Another Way of Expressing It.

"When Mrs. Parvenu was poor, they used to say she was a great talker, but since she became rich it is different."

"Indeed! What do they say now?"

"They say she is a brilliant conversationist."—Exchange.

Cause, but Characteristic.

Cabman (whose temper has been ruffled by omnibus man)—You! Why, you hungry looking wagabun, you look as if you'd bin lock'd up for a month in a cookshop with a muzzle on. — London Tit-Bits.

When the lock was taken off the door of the old Episcopal church at Rome, Ga., which has just been pulled down, it was found to contain a silver dime made in 1850.

CASTLES IN THE AIR.

With frescoes and costly gildings,
With tapestries soft and rare,
I have furnished those noble buildings—
My castles in the air.

But I turn from the halls that glitter
And sparkle with every gem,
For I know that his lot is bitter
Who tries to live in them.
—Harry Romaine in Ladies' Home Journal.

THE SCOUT'S RIDE.

Christmas day, 1862, found the Army of the Potomac in winter quarters near Falmouth, Va., writes Major George F. Williams in The Rider and Driver. With that elasticity of spirit so characteristic of the veteran soldier, the Union troops had already recovered from the effects of that terrible battle at Fredericksburg, when the several corps were buffeted by Lee's guns on St. Mary's Heights. Many a familiar face was missing from the ranks, but convalescents were rapidly arriving from the hospital, and the army was preparing for its approaching spring and summer campaign, which ended at Gettysburg.

While his staff was exchanging Christmas greetings soon after reveille General Hooker summoned to his presence Jim White, one of the headquarters scouts.

"White," said the general, "I learn from Washington that it is believed that the rebs contemplate a movement through the London valley. You must go and ascertain if this is true."

"All right, general," replied the scout, with a brief salute as he turned to leave the tent.

"What route will you take?" asked the general.

"I shall go by the Warrenton road and leave our lines from the pickets of General Sykes' regulars. From Warrenton to Aldie gap is a day's ride, and then I will be in the valley."

"I hope to see you then in five days."

"If I get back at all, sir, you will see me on New Year's eve. It can't be done any quicker."

"Very well. Go and get your pass."

It was a great disappointment for Jim White, this being summoned for dangerous duty on Christmas day, for he had intended being one of the guests of a comrade who had received a fat turkey from home. But, putting aside all thought of the proposed festivity, Jim got his pass for the picket line, and saddling his horse rode away from headquarters.

Reaching the little village of Aldie on the afternoon of the second day, Jim rode through the gap as the setting sun began to gild the mountain tops. Dressed in faded butternut, the usual costume of a Virginia farmer, the scout had met with no adventure, and he was looking forward to a speedy termination to his errand.

The horse Jim rode was a remarkable animal. Possessing good blood and action, it nevertheless was rather uncouth in appearance. Its coat was very rough, and as the scout seldom used the currycomb, the brute did not look like a fast one. Jim, however, knew the good qualities of his beast, for they had often been proved in critical moments. Always adopting the character of a Virginia farmer, Jim's shaggy horse aided in the deception, and only those who knew his real character would recognize a famous scout in the queer picture he made in the saddle.

"Seems to me," said the scout, soliloquizing, "those people in Washington are always finding mare's nests. Here I am in the Loudon and not a reb in sight."

As he uttered the words, Jim came to another road which crossed the one he had been following. In an instant he discovered the approach of a Confederate cavalry patrol. Accustomed to such perils, Jim very coolly checked his steed and waited for the little party.

"Whar yeou cum from?" demanded the cavalry leader as he and his men rode up.

"Bin down in Aldie," drawled Jim.

"Went to see how things looked down thar."

"Belong to the army?"

"Well, not exactly, though I've done my share toward thinning out the Yanks."

"Oh, then you are one of Mosby's men?"

"Yaas."

"And whar are yeou going?"

"Up by the way of Ashby gap. Promised to be in Martinsburg tomorrer."

"Is that the road to Aldie?"

"Yaas. It's the way I've come."

"Well, good day; we must get through the gap tonight."

"Yeou can do it easy. There's no Yanks this side of Warrenton."

"Thanks."

And then the patrol proceeded. Jim having mentioned Ashby gap was compelled to take the road just left by the Confederates, for unless he did so he knew their suspicions might be aroused. Thanking his lucky stars for getting by them so easily, Jim supposed he had escaped. He had not yet got out of sight, however, when he heard one of the men say:

"Pears to me, sargint, that fellow's a Yank. Mebbe he's a scout."

Jim White dug his spurs into his horse's flanks. The animal started off on a gallop. Having got so good a start, the scout decided to risk everything by instant flight. The rapid reverberations of his horse's hoofs on the frozen earth betrayed his purpose, and the patrol was soon thundering in pursuit after him.

Jim knew that he was in danger of being shot, but as he was also aware that the aim of galloping horsemen is always very uncertain he entertained very little fear on that score. To him capture now meant certain death at the end of a rope swung over the convenient trunk of a tree. Unless he could outstrip his pursuers his career as a Union scout was at an end.

On and on rode the fugitive scout and his pursuers, the latter occasionally giving voice to the yell so often heard from Confederate throats. Gradually the distance between Jim and the patrol widened, and it seemed tolerably clear that the scout would ultimately escape by the superior speed of his hoss.

Gleefully looking up the straight road that led to the gap, Jim's heart suddenly stopped beating, for he had just discovered the approach of another body of horsemen. His sharp eyes told him that the newcomers were enemies. He had apparently fallen into a trap.

But Jim White would never have succeeded as a scout had his wits been less sharp. He had been in similar straits before, yet had escaped. By a sudden twist of his rein he compelled the animal under him to make a bolt to the right, and almost at the same instant the horse made a leap over the stone fence. Then, stretching out on a furious gallop, his steed was soon crossing the field of snow strewn stubble.

Both of the Confederate patrols followed, but as they were delayed in getting over the fence Jim had meantime reached the other side of the field, his horse leaping a wide ditch in his stride. Two or three carbines were emptied at him as the horse rose from the leap, but all the bullets went wide of their mark.

It was now a test of speed and endurance, and Jim had again a sanguine hope of escape. He knew the valley well, and as he rode gallantly forward the thought entered his busy brain that on the other side of a small wood he was approaching there was a road leading toward the River Potomac. He also remembered that a mile or two below there was a bridge across a narrow creek, and he at once formed the plan by which he finally eluded his pursuers.

It took only a few seconds to enter the wood and dash through it. On reaching the road he darted off again, being fully a mile ahead when the Confederates took up his trail. In less than 10 seconds Jim had reached the bridge, it being just beyond a sharp turn in the road, thus shutting him out of the sight of the united patrols.

Suddenly reining in, he dismounted and led his horse under the bridge. Once there, he covered the animal's nose with his hat to check its labored breathing and ordered it to kneel. The command was promptly obeyed by the docile steed, it seeming to recognize its master's peril. Standing there, ready for any emergency, the scout calmly waited, hearing the sharp clatter of the Confederates as they rapidly approached. Nearer and nearer came the thundering hoofs, and a moment later they rattled on the bridge.

The trained and intelligent animal gave no sign of its presence, and in a few minutes the pursuing party was out of sight and hearing. Then Jim returned to the road and galloped away up the valley. He reached Aldie gap late in the night, and passing through without challenge bivouacked in a wood near the Centerville road. He reached General Hooker on New Year's eve and made his report, and thus it was that Jim White's shaggy but fleet steed saved him from capture and death.—True Flag.

Hints For Roadbuilders.

To intelligently locate roads for a county, for instance, there should be a map on a large scale showing water courses, railway stations, towns and their population and the population per square mile for different sections. Having determined the general direction and extent of the road, the problems of grade, drainage, adaptability of the soil for road purposes and minor considerations may present themselves before a definite location may be determined. The amount of grade in a country road should properly depend upon the character of the country and traffic. Grades should never be level and never very steep. It is better to go around a steep hill than over it. Steep short cuts may be convenient for neighborhood roads, but never for main thoroughfares. Clayey surface may be helped by the addition of sand and sandy surface by the addition of clay. With regard to drainage, ample and well graded side ditches with abundant outlets for storm water should be supplied. The effort should be to construct a narrow good road—not a wide common road. The layout should be wide, but the graded portion narrow. Ground surfacing was good and broken trap rock still better. The road surface should be, in fact, a traffic bearing, waterproof roof over the dirt road, slightly yielding or malleable under heavy loads, but sufficiently firm not to break.—Minneapolis Tribune.

Bacteria In Tobacco.

There seems to be no end to the discoveries that await us concerning bacteria, and the relations of those microscopic organisms to the well being of man. Who would ever have thought that the peculiar flavors which characterize different kinds or brands of tobacco are due to the presence of bacteria? Yet that is the conclusion to which investigations by a German botanist lead.

In curing tobacco, or preparing the raw, green leaf for use, a fermentative process called sweating is gone through with.

It has been supposed that the chemical changes induced by this process were the source of the peculiar qualities possessed by the cured tobacco. But, according to Suchsland's experiments, it appears that micro-organisms may be the real cause of the changes.

He has examined tobacco from all parts of the world which had been cured and has found in it an abundance of micro-organisms, and upon cultivating the bacteria from a particular kind of tobacco and then inoculating another kind with this culture he has produced in it the taste and aroma of the original.

This discovery has led to the suggestion that the quality of tobacco grown in any country may be improved by simply inoculating it with bacteria from some finer flavored leaf growing elsewhere. Wines have already been improved by a similar process.—Youth's Companion.

Trouble With a Sword.

A Lewiston young man who was in Portland Saturday night found some antique Turkish swords in a window on Congress street, and having a love for art bought one for ornamental purposes and asked that the clerk do it up in paper. Before he had gone half a block the paper came off. The young man was waiting for the Boston boat to start. He carried the sword about the streets till people began to comment upon it. Then he hid it under his ulster and was standing on the corner talking when it slipped down, striking on his toe with the sharp point. He picked it up again and hid it under his coat.

When he got into the theater, he was about to be seated when he thought of the sword under his coat. He could not sit down until that sword came out, so unbuttoning the coat he held the sword in his lap all the evening. At midnight when he went on board the boat one of the officers saw the sword and said, "You may leave your valuables with the purser."—Bangor Commercial.

Undemocratic France.

As a matter of fact Frenchmen are about the least democratic people in the world in their social longings and ideals. France is politically a republic, but socially it keeps up most of the characteristics of an aristocracy. The difference between her and America in this respect is prodigious. In the United States it is impossible to find a man with a decoration; in France it is difficult to find anybody without one. In spite of the revolution titles are still maintained, and the highest ambition of every bourgeois would be satisfied if he could marry his daughter to a nobleman. The insatiable thirst to put on a uniform of some kind, no matter what, has often been used as a reproach against our Gallic friends.—London Telegraph.

"Please Wipe Your Feet."

Please wipe your feet! This is the legend that good health and manners require should be written on the entrance of public or private buildings. Awful is the condition of our streets, and more awful in the eyes of good housekeepers is the nastiness brought into the dwelling, be it rich or poor, on the feet of those who walk them. How vile this composite is can only be appreciated by those who try to clean it from the carpets and to keep the house free from its impure consequences. Health demands extra care in a matter that is regarded as trivial in dry seasons, but the injunction to wipe the feet on a door mat is one to be inculcated early in life.

Careless children make careless adults, and it is these benuddied persons who might practice that law of the Mohammedan, which commands men to remove their slippers on entering the mosque or a house where there are lives to be respected, with excellent results. In some carpeted hotels the floors are covered with cloth, but in private houses this protection is not possible, and the housemaid grumbles as much as the mistress to find her well swept rooms and stairs now stained and soiled by unwiped feet.—Boston Globe.

Hard on Johnny.

Mamma—No, Johnny; one piece of pie is quite enough for you.

Johnny—It's funny. You say you are anxious that I should learn to eat properly, and yet you won't give me a chance to practice.—Texas Siftings.

He Escaped.

"Sir," questioned an irate female shopper as she pounced upon a small man who was pacing the store, "are you the floorwalker?"

"N-n-no, ma'am," he gasped, "I—I'm o-o-only the p-p-proprietor."—Detroit Free Press.

Frank Criticism.

A little girl I know was caressing her adored and adoring father, whose nasal organ is not his handsomest feature.

"Papa," she remarked, "somebody must have been bothering God awfully when he made your nose!"—Washington Star.

"Crank" is not an American word. It has been in common use in Derbyshire for a generation, and is still often heard. It is used to describe a man who has fads, fancies and notions outside the common run of those of his neighbors.

Shoots it on the Spot—St. JACOBS OIL is the Sworn enemy of Pain. It fights to Kill. It wins its Battles and Comes off Conqueror.

For years the editor of the *Burlington Junction (Mo.) Post* has been subject to cramp colic or fits of indigestion, which prostrated him for several hours and unfitted him for business for two or three days. For the past year he has been using Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy whenever occasion required, and it has invariably given him prompt relief. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

The Hint Was Lost.

She looked at the clock and yawned.

"You were lookin. at the," he said.

"Yes," she stammered, growing very red in the face.

"I am not surprised at your looking at it so often; it is very handsome and I admire it myself."

And he chatted on an hour longer.

The promptness and certainty of its cures have made Chamberlain's Cough Remedy famous. It is intended especially for coughs, colds, croup and whooping coughs, and is the most effectual remedy known for these diseases. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale.

She: "You used to say before we were married that you would give up your life for me!" He: "Well, didn't I? I havn't had any life since we were married."

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.

She: "And shall we have a carriage after we are married, George?" He: Certainly, Maud, dear, if your father is willing—" She, interrupting: "Why, of course he will be." He, continuing: "To pay for it."

For a number of years I have been subject to violent attacks of inflammatory rheumatism which generally lasted about two months. On the first of this month I was attacked in the knee and suffered severely for two days, when I procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it relieved me almost instantly. I therefore most cheerfully recommend it to those who are similarly afflicted elsewhere.—R. D. Whitley, Martindale, N. C., Feb., 1888. Mr. Whitley is a very prominent man in this place and his disease was very widely known as he suffered such severe pain.—W. M. Houston & Co., Merchants, Martindale, N. C. 50 cent bottles for sale.

Father—Well, Tommy, how do you think you will like this little fellow for a brother?

Tommy (inspecting the new infant somewhat doubtfully)—Have we to keep him, papa, or is he only a sample?

Now Try This.

It will cost you nothing and will surely do you good, if you have a cough, cold, or any trouble with throat, chest or lungs. Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds is guaranteed to give relief, or money will be paid back. Sufferers from La Grippe found it just the thing and under its use had a speedy and perfect recovery. Try a sample bottle at our expense and learn for yourself just how good a thing it is.

I asked Mr. Smith what he was doing, and he simply said it was very quiet work. Do you know what it is? Why, yes. He's keeping books for a cemetery company.

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.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.

We are now ready with our new and large invoice of fine Confectionery Goods, popular brands of Biscuits and Cakes, fancy goods of all styles, and everything else pertaining to a first class house to fill orders promptly, and to supply resident families to any extent. Goods always fresh, and always offered at lowest figures. Call and see one of the finest assortments ever carried.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN.
270—272 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.

GOOD LIQUORS and Cheap Liquors!

By calling at the Old Reliable Liquor Store, No. 209 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 kettle, an auger, a hoe rake, a pair of hinges, screws, nails, horse shoes, horse blankets, or anything else in hardware at lowest prices call on me.

Herman Bantley,
Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT
UNLIKE ANY OTHER FOR HOUSEHOLD USE.
Was originated and first prescribed by AN OLD FAMILY PHYSICIAN in 1810. Could a remedy without real merit have survived over eighty years?
SOOTHING, HEALING, PENETRATING
For INTERNAL and EXTERNAL use.
Stops Rheumatic Pains and Inflammation, Cures Croup, Colds, Sore Throat, Tonsilitis, Colic, Cramps and Pains, Sudden Complaints. Cuts and Bruises like magic. Cures Cholera, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Chronic Sore Throat, Chilblains, Chapped Hands or Lips, Stiff Muscles or Strains. Infallible for Nervous Headache. Hard Colds, Pneumonia, Sore Throat, Quinsy, Diphtheria. Send every where. Price 25 cts. 50c bottles, $1.00. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DEC. 19, 1892.
EASTERN STANDARD TIME
DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Johnstown to Altoona	26½	$1 10
" " Harrisburg	129¼	5 11
" " Philadelphia	275	8 26
" " Blairsville Int.	24¾	1 00
" " Greensburg	47	1 41
" " Pittsburgh	78	2 34
" " Baltimore	203¼	7 65
" " Washington	237	7 79

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.
Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:
WESTWARD.

Southwestern Express	6.06 a. m
Western Express	8.23 a. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6.57 a. m
" Express	9.10 a. m
Pacific Express	9.24 a. m
Way Passenger	9.37 a. m
Mail	3.55 a. m
Johnstown Express	8.04 a. m
Fast Line	9.04 a. m

EASTWARD.

Keystone Express	8.55 a. m
Sea-Shore Express	5.01 a. m
Harrisburg Accommodation	8.20 a. m
Day Express	10.15 a. m
A Good Express	12.02 p. m
Mail Express	4.11 p. m
Job Express	7.05 p. m
Philadelphia Express	7.16 p. m
Fast Line	10.50 p. m

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.
The cream of the county papers is found in Remington's County Seat Lists. Shrewd advertisers avail themselves of these lists, a copy of which can be had of Remington Bros., of New York & Pittsburg.

STRONGEST. Assets, $8,086,462.26. SAFEST.
4 Per Ct. Compound Interest Investment OFFERED BY THE HOME LIFE INSURANCE CO. OF NEW YORK. ABSOLUTELY FREE. For particulars, address H. B. MOESER, Manager, 531 Wood St., Pittsburg
6 Per Ct.
MOST LIBERAL. Surplus, $1,528,966.54. BEST

Elys Cream Balm For CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE. ELY BROTHERS, 66 Warren St., New York. Price 50 cts.

HILL'S TOBACCO HABIT EASILY CURED.
REMEMBER WE GUARANTEE A CURE and invite the most careful investigation as to our responsibility and the merits of our Tablets.
READ OUR TESTIMONIALS
Double Chloride of Gold Tablets
Will completely destroy the desire for TOBACCO in from 24 to 48 days. Perfectly harmless; cause no sickness, and may be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the patient, who will voluntarily stop smoking or chewing in a few days.
DRUNKENNESS and MORPHINE HABIT can be cured at home, and without the patient, by the use of our SPECIAL FORMULA GOLD CURE TABLETS.
During treatment patients are allowed the free use of Liquor or Morphine until such time as they shall voluntarily give them up.
We send particulars and pamphlet of testimonials free, and shall be glad to place sufferers from any of these habits in communication with persons who have been cured by the use of our TABLETS.
HILL'S TABLETS are for sale by all first-class druggists at $1.00 per package.
If your druggist does not keep them, enclose us $1.00 and we will send you, by return mail, a package of our Tablets.
Write your name and address plainly, and state whether Tablets are for Tobacco, Morphine or Liquor Habit.
DO NOT BE DECEIVED into purchasing any of the various nostrums that are being offered for sale. Ask for HILL'S TABLETS and take no other.
Manufactured only by
—THE—
OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,
51, 53 & 55 Opera Block,
LIMA, OHIO.
PARTICULARS FREE.
A FEW Testimonials from persons who have been cured by the use of Hill's Tablets.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:
DEAR SIR:—I have been using your cure for tobacco habit, and found it would do what you claim for it. I used ten cents worth of the strongest chewing tobacco daily, and from one to five cigars; or I would smoke from ten to forty pipes of tobacco. Have chewed and smoked for twenty-five years, and two packages of your Tablets cured me so I have no desire for it.
E. M. JAYLORD, Leslie, Mich.
DORES PERRY, N. Y.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Some time ago I sent for $1.00 worth of your Tablets for Tobacco Habit. I received them all right and, although I was both a heavy smoker and chewer, they did the work in less than three days. I am cured.
Truly yours, MATHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Dept. G.
PITTSBURGH, PA.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to express a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of liquor, and through a friend, I was led to try your Tablets. He was a heavy and constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four months before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,
MRS. HELEN MORRISON.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.:—GENTLEMEN:—Your Tablets have performed a miracle in my case. I have used morphine, hypodermically, for seven years, and have been cured by the use of two packages of your Tablets, and without any effort on my part. W. H. LUTHER.
RESPONSIBLE AGENTS WANTED
Address all Orders to
THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,
51, 53 and 55 Opera Block, LIMA, OHIO.
(In writing please mention this paper.)

The best builders use only the best materials—lumber, brick, lime, cement, sand—whatever goes into the construction of a building; they employ only the best workmen and pay the best wages; they get better prices for their work than their less careful competitors, and always get the best contracts; they paint their work with

Strictly Pure White Lead

manufactured by the "Old Dutch Process" of slow corrosion, and with one of the following standard brands:
"Armstrong & McKelvy" "Beymer-Bauman" "Fahnestock" "Davis-Chambers"
For colors they use the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors. These colors are sold in small cans, each being sufficient to tint twenty-five pounds of Strictly Pure White Lead the desired shade.
These brands of Strictly Pure White Lead and National Lead Co.'s Tinting Colors, are for sale by the most reliable dealers in paints everywhere.
If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.
NATIONAL LEAD CO.,
1 Broadway, New York
Pittsburgh Branch,
National Lead and Oil Co. of Pennsylvania.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

It is to Your Interest TO BUY YOUR DRUGS AND MEDICINES —OF— J. 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.

Jacob D. Swank,
Watchmaker and Jeweler.
Next door west of Lutheran Church
Somerset, 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.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express—Rockwood 3.30 a. m., Somerset 4.10, Stoystown 4.32, Hooversville 5.08, Johnstown, 6.10.

Johnstown Mail Express—Rockwood 11.35 a. m., Somerset 11.58, Stoystown 12.26, Hooversville 12.57, Johnstown 1.30 p. m.

Johnstown Accommodation—Rockwood 5.40 p. m., Somerset 6.05 p. m., Stoystown 6.31 p. m., Hooversville 6.52 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 8.53, Somerset 9.16, Rockwood 9.46.

Express—Johnstown 3.35 p. m., Hooversville 4.16, Stoystown 4.36, Somerset 5.03, Rockwood 5.25.

Sunday Only—Johnstown 8.30 a. m., Hooversville 9.16 a. m., Stoystown