TALK ABOUT GOLDFISH.

Brilliant Color Obtained Altogether by Artifice.

The Chinese Invented the Bright Parasitical Pets—How They Are Raised in Cycle Seas's Aquaria—Free Distribution of Fish.

[Special Washington Letter.]

It is not likely that you have been made aware of the fact that millions of goldfish are about to go forth from this city to every state in the union, and to almost every county in each state. The annual crop raised by the fish commission is about ripe and ready for distribution.

Would you like to have a couple of goldfish? You can have them without paying for them. Your wife, daughter or sweetheart would undoubtedly be pleased to have and keep them in a little aquarium which you can purchase for a very few pieces of silver. All you will have to do will be to send a request to Hon. Marshall McDonald, fish commissioner, and you will be supplied. About the 1st of December special cars will be dispatched north, south and west, with cargoes in cans, to railway centers all over the United States, whence the fish are scattered by express among the persons for whom they are intended, in small lots. In this way the ponds and aquaria in all parts of the

IN THE AQUARIUM.

country are being rapidly stocked with these ornamental carp. Associations of persons interested largely in the stocking of waters are often given thousands at a time. But requests for such great numbers must have the indorsement of a senator or representative in congress, because the fish commission must have reliable assurance that the recipients are not engaged in speculation at the expense of the government. The written indorsement of a representative is regarded as satisfactory in all cases. But if you only want a couple of these little beauties you can have them upon your own requisition.

The young goldfish hatched last spring are now about a finger length, and therefore just about the right size for aquaria. For that reason this season of the year is chosen for their distribution. In the carp ponds near the Washington monument, where the goldfish are propagated, it is no uncommon sight just now to see whole schools of all sizes swimming about like natatory rainbows, some of them whopping big fellows a foot or more in length and weighing several pounds. The stock is drawn upon by requisition whenever the commission wants any of the beauties to give away. These carp live in comparative peace and harmony, partly because they are always well fed. The little ones are safe where the big fellows roam, and they constitute the biggest luxury finally on earth. In the fountains which adorn our many public parks we have thousands of these frisky little goldfish swimming about to be admired and coveted by the children. But only in the carp ponds can we see the big fish. As they disport themselves there in the sunlight they look like animated pieces of gold or silver quarts.

In distributing them to the people the average number given away is six, and never more than eight by private request. Therefore, you should get a couple of neighbors to join you when you write for them.

From one of the employes of the commission I learned some new things recently about the history of the goldfish and other carp. While talking about the various and multifarious duties of the commission, my friend permitted me to see the curiousest fishes of all sorts in the aquaria taking their regular ventilate meal. Into each tank a lot of little minnows are mercilessly thrown, quickly to meet their fate in the devouring maws of the spotted trout, bass, perches and other agents of the water. A few quick dashes hither and thither and all is over. The big fellows are no longer hungry and the little minnows are gone. The latter are usually obtained from the carp ponds, but if the supply from that source is not plentiful an expedition is made with nets along the little streams tributary to the Potomac and enough minnows are gathered to furnish provision for some time.

"I suppose that you think these gold fishes are of American ancestry," said the keeper, "but they are not. Moreover, when God created the heavens, the earth, the sea and all that in them is, he did not create goldfish. They were invented in China or Japan. In those countries the business of breeding them has been carried on for no one knows how many hundreds of years. You will be surprised to learn, perhaps, that their brilliant colors are obtained altogether by artifice. Nature unassisted never produced a gold fish—that is to say, the paint was looking. The creature at the beginning is of a somber, yellowish bronze hue. Take a pair, breed from them, and once in awhile will come a freak that will exhibit more or less color. Mate the such freaks and you obtain progeny with more decided tints. Out of this last generation take a pair that show the most color, proceeding continuously in this way, and eventually, with sufficient care and patience, you will produce a golden fish."

That statement was what newspapermen call "spot news" to your correspondent. If it is true, as it probably is, these prize beauties of the finny world were invented rather than created. That suggests the fact that quite a number of things apparently natural are super-natural. Corn, oats, barley, rye, hops, water, were created; but man has invented certain liquids and liquors which are of questionable value. Tobacco was created, but man has invented many things, from the detestable plug chewing tobacco to the disgusting and deadly cigarette. These things are produced from the botanical world; while goldfish are invented in the zoological world.

The racing horses of modern days are the most creditable products of human cultivation of the animal kingdom. The ingenious orientals, however, antedated all other scientists when they produced goldfish. Now and then a white freak would be found, which was simply an albino, and this they crossed with the golden, so as to make a brindled white and gold, such as one very commonly sees. Funnily enough, by the way, this sort of carp in the process of turning golden becomes black first. But the breeders of the east have accomplished all sorts of things with goldfish beyond this. They have caused them to develop astonishingly-exaggerated fins, and tails twice as big as their bodies. Most remarkable of all, they have obtained strains of goldfish, specimens of which are on view in the aquaria at the commission's building, with two separate tails, each of huge size, and two pairs of anal fins.

Anatomically speaking this is precisely as if a man or any other mammal were to be so bred as to be provided with four legs and four arms.

A REMARKABLE SPECIMEN.

spread of delicately shaded fins, but they seem to find them cumbersome and have to keep continually wriggling along to prevent their great tails from weighing them down at the rear end and causing them to assume a pendicular attitude. One of the freaks in the example fish's aquaria is white, with fins of an exquisite light yellow, and its body is so transparent that you can see its red blood and the very food inside its stomach.

"Connoisseurs think," says the employe of the commission, "that the really beautiful figure for a goldfish is the short and thick variety. The ordinary ones are rather long and slender. A handsome goldfish is rarely seen. A few good ones find their way into the fanciers' shops now and then and sell for from $5 to $5 each, according to the development of their fins. But they should be stout and stumpy. Anyone who cares to follow the rules can breed and improve goldfish in a tub in his back yard. Left to breed by themselves they will retrograde, lose their fins and their colors and finally become yellowish brown carp again."

SMITH D. FRY.

COULDN'T TALK ENGLISH.

But the Little Esquimaux Maiden Could Make Emphatic Gestures.

The Esquimaux girls on the world's fair grounds can't speak a word of English, but that does not prevent them from holding a pantomimic conversation with every well-dressed stranger who halts at their quaint bark house.

One little girl of fourteen, who has a round, fat face and black eyes, creates no end of amusement with her gestures and funny ways.

Thinking to have some fun with her a young man with checks on his clothes as large as a Columbian half dollar tickled her under the chin the other day. A moment later he regretted the act, for the dark skinned girl from Labrador suddenly twined both arms around his neck and planted a kiss on his ruby lips that might have been heard at the Fisheries building.

The young man's face turned a lobster hue as he darted through a crowd that made the village echo with their outbursts of laughter.

Two of Columbus' Cannon.

Two of the cannon which, it is believed, were at one time mounted on board Christopher Columbus' flagship are on exhibition. The cannon are of the ancient and clumsy pattern of such guns turned out in the fifteenth century. Nothing but the body of the guns remains, the woodwork, of course, having rotted away centuries ago. The guns themselves are almost worn to pieces and are not much more than huge chunks of rust. Indeed, the cannon are put on the "scrap iron" list in the custom house papers. These historic old pieces have been secured for exhibition at the world's fair. One of the naval officers who was detailed for work in connection with the Columbian exposition found the relics at one of the West Indian islands. Tradition and substantial proof showed that the cannon had been used in a fort erected by Columbus' son, and that they were brought from Spain with Columbus' fleet. The ruins of the fort are still to be seen.

The Intramural Railway.

The biggest thing in electricity at the fair is the intramural railway. An elevated road, three miles long, with an equipment capable of moving 5,000 people at one time, is operated wholly by electricity. It has run with perfect smoothness and control for three months. The electricians who have watched it think the practical application of electricity to elevated roads has been proven. There are eighteen trains, each consisting of a motor and three trailers. The electric current is picked up from a third rail. The largest possible load and the shortest curves seem to have no effect. The trains move right along at a speed which the motorman regulates by the turn of a crank. The first turn starts the car with the motors working in series and a speed of five miles is attained. The next turn puts the motors into multiple series, that is, two in series and two in parallel. A speed of ten miles an hour results. The third and last turn by the motorman puts the four motors in parallel operation, and gives a speed of twenty miles an hour. The engine and dynamo cost $100,000.

For a Permanent Museum.

The world's fair directors have appointed Director General Davis, President Higinbotham and Mr. James W. Scott a committee to form an organization of citizens with the object of establishing a world's fair museum of anthropological, ethnological, mineral and other classes of exhibits after the close of the fair period. It is well known that an immense collection of these exhibits will be left to the disposition of the public, both by states and foreign countries, as it will not pay to send them home again. The object is to secure these for Chicago not only as souvenirs of the great fair, but as objects of educational value and popular entertainment.

Getting Even.

"See Gary's back from Chicago. How long was he out there?"

"Just one day; money gave out, and he came back dead-broke."

"What's he doing now?"

"Oh, he's writing a book called 'A Week at the Fair.'"—Puck.

Largest Building in the World.

The largest building in the world is that of the Manufactures and Liberal Arts. The ground area is 30.47 acres, including galleries 44 acres. Its dimensions are 1,687x787 feet. The height of the roof-truss over the central hall is 212.9 feet; span of truss 382 feet, in the clear 354 feet. The cost was $1,700,000.

CONVENT OF MAR SABA.

A Night with the Monks in the Wilderness.

The Renowned Monastery of Santa Saba—A Marvelous Structure Built Right Into the Sides of a Fearful Chasm.

[Special Palestine Letter.]

The traveler to the Holy Land finds himself constantly surprised to notice how many thousands of Christians have from time to time ventured themselves in the caves and fastnesses of this strange country. They have been actuated by a feeling of reverence for the land of the Lord and by a false idea of the best way to cultivate the spirit of piety. It is certainly a mistaken notion that a Christian can best serve God by shutting himself away from men. True, the Scriptures exhort the Christian to separate himself from the world, but this does not mean a literal seclusion from men. Jesus prayed for His disciples, that they might not be taken out of the world, but kept from the evil that is in the world. They are rather exhorted to let their light shine before men—not to put it under a bushel.

Yet it must be acknowledged that the monastic orders have done much to foster learning, in the seclusion of their cells. It was due to them chiefly that in the dark ages, when the lamp of learning had well-nigh burned out, it was prevented from being utterly extinguished. They have done immense service by copying and preserving manuscripts. The wars which have swept over the face of Europe and the orient in successive waves would have utterly wiped out every vestige of the ancient learning had it not been carefully preserved in the depths of the wilderness among the solemn and secluded brethren of the monastic orders.

The thought of living and dying in the land which witnessed the birth, life and death of the Saviour of men has exercised a strange fascination over the minds of men. Especially was this the case in the fourth and fifth

THE CONVENT OF MAR SABA.

centuries. Multitudes flocked to Palestine. The geological features of the country make it a land of caves par excellence. They abound in all parts of the land around Jerusalem, in the wild valley of the Kedron, and over toward the Dead sea. The Mount Quarantal, the Quarantaria, the traditional mount of the Saviour's forty days' temptation in the wilderness, is especially noted as a favorite resort of the anchorites, whose darling thought was to live and fight the devil where the Lord had fought and conquered him. Coming up across the plains of Jericho, looking westward, you can see from afar these numerous holes in the rocks, now vacant, except to prowling jackals and Bedouins.

It was with high anticipation that we planned a visit to one of the most celebrated of these wilderness retreats of the monks of the Greek church—the renowned monastery of Mar Saba in the Kedron valley, four hours from Jerusalem. We included this trip in our route to the Dead sea, the Jordan and Jericho. The Bedouins consider this region as in some sense belonging to them, and they are a sort of police of that region. If a traveler starts out without a "khouin guide he is liable to be robbed by the Bedouins, and nothing can be done to recover property. But if he is molested while under Bedouin escort the tribe is responsible and the consul can recover. Filippo, our dragoman, thought he could go without such escort, and thus avoid the payment of forty francs to the Bedouins, but our American consul, Dr. Merrill, said that it would not do for us to go without proper attendance.

Accordingly we started with our Bedouin, Ali, a wild-looking fellow, armed with a cutlass and revolver and mounted on a bony horse decked out with crimson tassels and cowrie shells after the manner of the Arabs. In order to enter the convent of Mar Saba a letter from the Greek patriarch at Jerusalem to the superior at the convent must be secured. This we also obtained. We filed out the Jaffa gate into the valley of Hinnom, thence into the valley of Jehoshophat, winding along the bed of the Kedron. Just where the two valleys intersect we had a fine view of Jerusalem, before the next turn in the road hid it from our gaze. There were the walls of the holy city perched loftily among the hills, rising above all the crescent and the dome of the mosque of Omar. Our road lay among hills of chalk and flint, now over summits, now along difficult flinty ledges, until we turned into a wonderful gorge or canyon from 500 to 1,000 feet deep. The road was now excellent, carefully made and buttressed. The region was wild in the extreme. Looking down into a fearful chasm we could see caves cut in the rock, the former abodes of anchorites, in places that seemed almost inaccessible. After winding in and out in this desolate region a turn in the road showed us in the distance the renowned monastery of Santa Saba, a marvelous structure, built right into the sides of this fearful chasm, the very strata of the rock being used as floors and walls.

Knocking at the low iron door our letter from the Greek patriarch was presented and was accepted. We went down, turned round, passed through a second door, then down again by winding stairs, across queer courts and along dark passages, until we reached at length our rooms, hanging between cliffs that towered to the stars. Filippo found an old friend among the monks. He had known him in Athens when a boy. His friend had loved a girl and ran away with her, but was overtaken and the girl taken back home by her parents. Her lover was ashamed to return home, so he went to Constantinople, thence to Jerusalem, and finally to Mar Saba, where he has been for sixteen years. Filippo's friend, who looked very dirty and greasy, showed us the monastery—St. Saba's sepulcher, beneath an octagonal mausoleum; the tomb of John of Damascus; the numerous chapels covered with pictures and Greek inscriptions; the really splendid church blazing with silver and gold; the vault filled with fourteen thousand skulls of martyred monks, who were slain by the fiery Persian Chosroes, in the seventh century. The monks seem to be very dirty; the place has a bad smell. We were shown to a very neat, large room with divans around three sides and a table in the center. Here Filippo served us a good dinner. We retired up at night on the divans. The night was most glorious—the full moon flooded the deep chasm with light. Towards morning a thunderstorm burst upon us—the reverberating of the thunder among these crags was positively awful in its sublimity.

Santa Saba was one of the most remarkable men of his age. He was born in 439 A. D. in Cappadocia. When fifteen years old he became so enamored of monastic life he refused to engage in secular employments or take possession of his own property. In his eighteenth year he came to Jerusalem and even at that early age desired to lead the life of an anchorite. In his forty-fifth year he retired to a cave in the cliffs of the Kedron and commenced to found his own convent. A convent with a certain number of surrounding cells was called a Laura. This one of Saba received the name of Magna Laura, owing to the number of anchorites attached to it, amounting to one hundred and fifty. Here for more than a thousand years Santa Saba and his successors have lived in the wilderness. The convent, called by the natives Deir Mar Saba, has been plundered more than once, and its inmates are said to have been cruelly massacred; but it has never been destroyed. It is reported wealthy, and is held in high veneration by the entire Greek community.

There are now only about sixty monks in the convent. Some of them spend their time in carving wooden spoons, forks and canes to sell to tourists. Oblivious are these bearded brethren in black to the whirling wheels of the busy nineteenth century. On moves the dull monotone from day to day of matin prayer and vesper song. Yet the steady stream of tourists at certain seasons of the year keeps up a lively ringing of the old convent bell and fairly jostles the quiet fathers with a touch of the restless, hurrying world. Not all the hearts here shut in are filled with peace, for of late years, I am told, the convent has been used as a sort of prison wherein are exiled certain troublesome ecclesiastics in the Greek church. No lady dare enter Mar Saba. She is shown to a grim old tower several miles away where her dragoman may pitch the tent.

Bright and early the next morning we mounted our horses and, bidding farewell to the hospitable fathers, wended our way down the Wady en Nar, or the River of Fire, as the Arabs call this wild valley, on our way to the Dead sea.

AMOS W. PATTEN.

THE MONEY STRINGENCY.

Alex Sweet Tells How Financial Depression Grows.

A Story from Gotham Which Contains Several Morals—How One Prophet of Evil Got His Reward in a Hurry.

[Special New York Letter.]

Besides the tightness for which our $,600 salesmen is presumed to be responsible, New York is struggling with a tightness in the money market. A fashion magazine says that the new pocketbooks are long and slender. The average New Yorker may not know much about the length of the new pocketbook, but on its slender proportions he can claim to be an authority. There are times when people find it difficult to lay up a cent, and other times when you can't get a cent to lay up. These are "the other times." It is said that in Abyssinia money is almost entirely unknown. There are lots of people in New York, just at this crisis, who might just as well be in Abyssinia. Perhaps the most distressing feature of these hard times is to be found in the fact that even wealthy families, genuine descendants of the old Knickerbockers, who first settled on Manhattan island, are obliged to come down to a single yacht, while their wives and daughters, unused to hardships and delicately reared, will have to wear last year's seal skin sacques, none of which look fit to be seen, when

MR. SNIP HAS TO RETRENCH.

they drive in their carriages, with the family crests on the panels, to the Grand opera house to hear Patti sing. However, they should not complain. Misfortunes are moral bitters, which frequently restore the healthy tone of the mind, after it has been clogged and sickened by the sweets of prosperity. How prone we are not to sympathize with the rich in their sufferings. Their tears are little drops of salt water, while our own, caused by our matchless misery—having, for instance, a cigar and nothing to light it with—are rolling floods of bitterness and woe. I hear of one particularly hard case, where a wealthy dude was "shook" by a rich prospective bride, because he had a great deal of his money in a Brooklyn bank that has not yet resumed. Thus it happens that fate not only proses a cup of poison to a man's lips, but even makes him drain it slowly, drop by drop.

I shall not undertake to place the responsibility for the financial stringency. All I know is that I didn't have anything to do with it. Perhaps it was the sun spots, but one thing is very evident, and that is that a great deal of the "panic" is imaginary, in illustration of which assertion I submit the following:

Not long since Mr. Weed, a popular Harlem tobacconist, was sitting in his place of business reading a newspaper and waiting for customers. Mr. Weed was doing a fairly good business in spite of the hard times. His customers smoked pretty much the same as usual. Mr. Weed was agreeably disturbed by the entrance of one of his regular customers, Mr. Snip, the fashionable tailor. Mr. Snip bought his cigars by the box, and he smoked none but the finest imported brands. No wonder the smile on the face of the tobacconist rivaled that of a hotel clerk during the busy season. On the other hand, Mr. Snip seemed to be gloomy and depressed.

"Let me show you a new brand of Havana cigars that is better than anything in the market," exclaimed Weed, breaking open a box and displaying a handful on the showcase.

"No, I thank you, Mr. Weed," said the tailor making a "get-thee-behind-me-Satan" sort of a gesture. "No more fifteen-cent cigars for me, if you please. If I were to put a ten-cent cigar in my mouth these hard times I'd

MR. CHECKREIN TALKS WITH THE REPORTER.

feel as if I were pulling the bread out of my children's mouths. From now on I'll have to be satisfied with a pipe."

The tobacconist looked very much grieved, but he lost no time in spreading out before his discouraged customer an assortment of beautifully-carved meerschaum pipes, and was beginning to grow eloquent about their being the genuine imported article and how beautifully they would color, when Snip checked the flow of the tobacconist's conversation by asking for a cheap briar-root pipe. Mr. Snip finally selected a fifteen-cent pipe and, having purchased a dime-package of tobacco, took his departure, after delivering an exhortation on people who indulged in reckless extravagance when money was so scarce.

Mr. Snip's conduct made a profound impression on the tobacconist. He had a great opinion of the sagacity of the prosperous tailor, and, drawing a deep breath, he said to himself, confidentially: "When a man like Snip, who makes clothes for those rich Wall street brokers, becomes economical, it is time for us small fry to take in sail. I wonder how much longer this panic is going to last? When prosperous men like Snip give up cigars and take to smoking pipes and cheap tobacco, like a day laborer, the sooner I begin to cut down expenses the better. I was in hopes the worst was over, but now I see my mistake. I'll have to telephone to Checkrein that I can't buy that trotter. I can't afford to pay $500 for a horse when people take to smoking pipes instead of cigars."

Mr. Weed would have kept up this train of thought indefinitely if several customers, one of whom purchased a large bill of goods, had not interrupted him. In fact Weed's business was almost as good as it ever was, but he could not shake off the wet blanket Mr. Snip had thrown over him, metaphorically speaking.

Scene second of this little drama changes to the office of Mr. Checkrein, who has the largest sale and livery stable in Harlem. The time is about an hour later than the interview between Mr. Weed and Mr. Snip already described.

Mr. Checkrein was in a jovial mood. He was being interviewed by a reporter for one of the great dailies in regard to how business in Harlem had been affected by the stringency in the money market.

"I am not complaining of hard times, and I don't know of anybody else who is. Most of the hard times exist solely in the imagination of calamity howlers. People hire my teams just about as much as they ever do at this season. And there is a growing demand for fast trotters. I have as good as sold a splendid nag to Weed, the tobacconist on Lexington avenue. I expect to close the bargain to-day. No, I can't complain of hard times."

The reporter closed his note-book and retired just as Checkrein was called to the telephone.

It was Weed. "Ha, ha," said Checkrein, "he is afraid I'll sell that horse to somebody else," but the smile vanished when he learned that Weed had decided not to buy on account of the hardness of the times. So Mr. Snip's words of warning had begun to bear fruit.

"Where?" ejaculated Checkrein, "I thought the panic was over, but I see that I am mistaken. Times are getting worse and worse every day. When a man like Weed goes back on his bargains it is time to stand from under. I'll have to do a little retrenching myself."

Just at this moment who should come in but Snip. He looked quite cheerful, and he carried under his arm a sort of an album in which were samples of cloth.

"Good morning, Mr. Checkrein," he said, opening his album. "I brought the samples for fall suits we were talking about the other day. They are all wool, and carefully selected by myself when I was in London."

"Suits!" howled Checkrein. "Who the mischief is thinking of new clothes when banks are bursting and factories closing up all over the country? Here my business is at a standstill and you talk to me of new clothes. Do you think I belong to the Vanderbilt family? The man is a fool who buys new clothes when he don't know where the money is to come from to pay for them. The only new clothes I am going to wear as long as this panic lasts are those I've got on. I may get you to put a new velvet collar on my last winter's overcoat, but that's about all I'll need for this season. Come again with those samples next October, and if I haven't been sold out I may order something."

Snip sadly and slowly closed his album with a sigh, and "o'er the tablet of his thoughts" came a sad expression similar to that which he wore when he purchased the cheap pipe from Weed. He did not know, to use the language of mixed metaphor, that he nursed the feather, in the shape of a briar-root pipe, that winged the fatal shaft that pierced his own breast. He said "good morning" and walked out "like one stunned and of all hope bereft." Could he have imagined at the time that his discouraging treatment of the tobacconist would have knocked him out of building several new suits for Checkrein, he would have perceived that it would have been cheaper to have purchased several boxes of "Weed's Perfectos."

The idea suggests itself that the Jeremiahs, who are predicting the country is going to the "demnition bow-wows," have more to do with the continued financial depression than is generally supposed.

ALEX E. SWEET.

An Interesting Point.

Should a man who witnesses a dog fight attempt to separate the dogs? is a question that is being argued in the Boston supreme court. The plaintiff in the case saw two dogs fighting in the street. Being something of a humanitarian he stepped in on behalf of the under dog, who rounded him by transferring his grip from his dog antagonist to his man rescuer. The plaintiff was severely bitten and brought suit against the owner of the dog. To the surprise of the defendant the plaintiff recovered a verdict of over $800. The defendant says that the plaintiff was a trespasser from the very instant he took hold of the dogs, and cannot, under the correct rules of law, recover damages.

The Infirmities of a Married Woman—are not present if she is robust, healthy, or, rather, healthy. She feels "played out." Her nerves and her good spirits have taken flight. Her whole life is a burden. This is the time to build up her strength and give those weak organs or kidneys which are the seat of her trouble.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription regulates and promotes all the proper functions of womanhood, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, induces refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

It's a safe medicine, a tonic and nervine, and cures those disorders and distressing ailments to womanhood, or the money paid for it is returned.

It would not pay to sell a poor medicine on these terms.

There wouldn't be any cases of Chronic Catarrh if everyone used Dr. Sage's Remedy. There's also reward for an incurable case.

CURTIS K. GROVE,

SOMERSET, PA.

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Painting Done on Short Time.

My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to give Satisfaction.

Employ Only First-Class Workmen.

Repairing of All Kinds on Ry Line Done on Short Notice. Prices REASONABLE and

All Work Warranted.

Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices in Wagon-work, and Smith Work for Worl Alike. Remember the place, and call in.

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A GOOD HEARSE

and everything pertaining to funerals here and

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Every one who takes hold now and works with energy and speedily increases their earnings; some can do the question about it; others now at work are doing it, and you, reader, can do the same. This is the best paying business that you have ever had the chance to enter. You will make a great mistake if you fail to give it a trial at once. If you grasp the situation and act quickly, you will naturally find yourself in a most prosperous business, at which you can safely make and save large sums of money. The profits of only a few hours' work will often equal a week's wages. Neither capital nor skill is required, both or neither is of no difference, as we will tell you, and subject will meet you at the very start. Neither experience or capital necessary. Those who work for us are delighted. Why not write to-day for full particulars, free? E. C. ALLEN & CO., Box No. 420, Augusta, Me.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 2:00 a. m., Somerset 4:20, Stoystown 4:52, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown 6:20.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 12:10 a. m., Somerset 1:18, Stoystown 1:46, Hooversville 1:57, Johnstown 3:04 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 6:00 p. m., Somerset 6:45 p. m., Stoystown 7:11 p. m., Hooversville 7:22 p. m., Johnstown 8:30 p. m.

*Sunday Accommodation.—Rockwood 11:00 a. m., Somerset, 1:18.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail—Johnstown 7:40 a. m., Hooversville 8:26, Stoystown 8:42, Somerset 9:11, Rockwood 9:32.

*Express—Johnstown 3:30 p. m., Hooversville 4:16, Stoystown 4:36, Somerset 5:07, Rockwood 5:33.

*Sunday Only—Johnstown 9:00 a. m., Hooversville 9:46 a. m., Stoystown 9:58 a. m., Somerset 10:1 a. m., Rockwood 10:23 a. m.

Sunday Accommodation.—Somerset 5:01 p. m. Rockwood 5:21 p. m.

*Daily.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT DEC. 18, 1892.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME

DISTANCE AND FARE.

	Miles.	Fare.
Johnstown to Altoona	[illegible]	$1 [illegible]
" " Harrisburg	1[illegible]	[illegible]
" " Philadelphia	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " Baltimore (vi.)	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " Greensburg	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " Pittsburgh	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " Baltimore	[illegible]	[illegible]
" " Washington	[illegible]	[illegible]

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD.

Southwestern Express	6:00 a. m.
Western Express	5:20 a. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	6:35 a. m.
" " Express	9:30 a. m.
Pacific Express	9:54 a. m.
Way Passenger	3:32 p. m.
Mail	5:16 p. m.
Johnstown Express	8:50 p. m.
Fast Line	9:04 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Keystone Express	5:35 a. m.
Sea-Shore Express	9:40 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	9:20 a. m.
Day Express	10:15 a. m.
A town Express	12:05 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	7:00 p. m.
Philadelphia Express	7:26 p. m.
Fast Line	10:30 p. m.

For rates, maps, &c., go to Ticket Agent, or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

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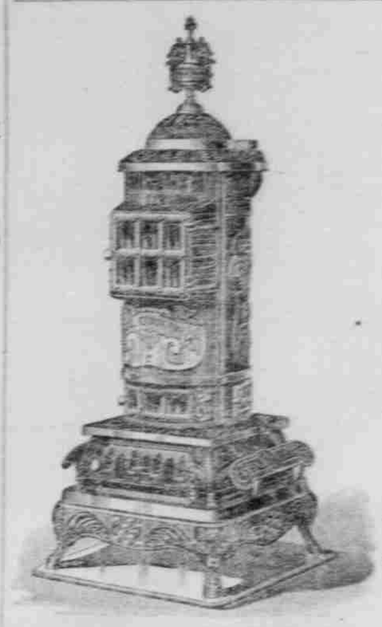

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