A HEROIC GIRL.

By a Courageous Act She Saved the Fort and Her Friends.

BY VIRGINIA MCKERMEY.

In the year 1777, when the British troops in the middle states were marching on to Philadelphia, and Washington, at the head of the Colonial Army, was doing all he could to keep them from entering the city, General Burgoyne led his forces from the north by way of Lake Champlain and landed near Crown Point. Here he met a large body of Indians, who went with his army to Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

These Indians, cruel, cunning and savage in their nature, were the most terrible enemies the American soldiers and country people had to fear. They were worse than the Hessians, the Tories and the British regulars all put together.

A body of troops under Colonel Shepherd held Fort Henry against the British and the Indians, but the garrison was gradually diminished to a few hundred men. They were daily looking for reinforcements, and the majority of the men, going one day to meet them and bring them through the enemy's lines, were cut off by a band of Indians who prowled about in every direction.

Within the stockade surrounding the fort the farmers, who were also soldiers, had driven their horses and cattle spared by the invaders; and their wives and children, with their household goods, were safe inside the fort. At the approach of the Indians the little garrison of twelve brave men, under the command of Colonel Shepherd, determined to sell their lives as dearly as possible, and not knowing how far off or how near the reinforcements might be, they hoped for the best.

But their powder was nearly exhausted and there was no chance of keeping the savages at bay by any other means.

Some one then remembered that in a small building just outside the stockade there was a keg of powder that had been forgotten when the other effects were carried inside the fortified place. But who would go for it, or who could be spared from the small garrison?

Every man was needed at such a time. Their leader was a brave and a generous man, but he knew that his place was there; his duty was to protect the fort and save the helpless women and children from the savage cruelty of the enemy. Several of his best men offered to go, but he could not make up his mind to loose one of them, so great seemed to him the risk of venturing within range of the Indian's tomahawk.

"I cannot command any man to go for the powder," he said. "If there be any one willing to take the risk he must assume all responsibility of the venture."

What was to be done? The powder they must have. Soon it would be too late, for the savages were coming nearer all the time. Three of the men were eagerly discussing which of them could best do the hardy deed, when a brave girl, whom history knows as Elizabeth Zane, approached Colonel Shepherd as he stood listening to the arguments of the men.

"Let me go," said she. "I can bring the powder as well as any one else; and if I do not come back with it—why, you will be no worse off than you are now. It would not be like losing a man."

After much hesitation they let her go, thinking the Indians would be less likely to attack her than a man. Very carefully they watched her—those in side the fort—as she crossed the open space before it, until she reached the house in which the powder was.

No doubt, if the savages had rushed upon her, the gates of the stockade would have been opened and the men would have defended with their last breath the brave girl that had so nobly risked her life.

But she reached her destination before the savages had fairly seen what was the object of her expedition outside the gate of the stockade. Returning, she again had to cross the open space.

Perhaps the weight of the keg of powder made her footsteps slower. Perhaps the Indians had a suspicion of what it was that Elizabeth carried in her homespun apron, for with a wild whoop they let fly a shower of arrows round her head—not one of which, however, harmed her—and two or three of the nearest savages rushed towards her as the gate of the outer barricade opened and shut quickly behind her.

The powder that Elizabeth brought held out well, and the Indians, judging from the incessant firing the garrison kept up that reinforcements had arrived, withdrew and left them undisturbed until the main body of the troops came to their relief.

Casting His Horoscope.

Colonel Sumpter McBride, of Austin, while in New York on a visit, read the advertisement of a clairvoyant in a morning paper.

He went to the female fortune teller to have his horoscope cast.

She cast horoscopes with a dirty pack of cards which she spread out on the table.

"You will marry an unusually wealthy lady and be very happy. Everything in your past, present and future is an open book to me."

"I suppose you know everything about my future?" said the colonel.

"Not only about your future, but about your past and present.

"It is wonderful—incomprehensible. Good morning, madam!"

"Hold on, there! A dollar, if you please," said the female wizard, holding out her hand.

"Well, that is strange. You know everything about my past, present and future, and you didn't know I left all my money with the clerk at the hotel before I started out to have my fortune told. It is wonderful—incomprehensible," remarked the colonel, as he passed out.—*Texas Siftings.*

Summer Vacation Tours.

The Baltimore & Ohio R. R. Co. now has on sale at all its offices east of the Ohio river a full line of tourist excursion tickets to all the lake, mountain and seashore resorts in the Eastern and Northern States and in Canada. These tickets are valid for return journey until October 31st. Before deciding upon your summer outing it would be well to consult the B. & O. book of "Routes and Rates for Summer Tours." All B. & O. Ticket Agents at principal points have them, and they will be sent postpaid upon receipt of ten cents, by Chas. O. Scull, General Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Baltimore, Md.

Napoleon's Stern Logic.

A caleche drawn by post horses and bearing all the indications of having made a long journey penetrated to the very front of the French lines. It was the night before the famous battle of Jena. The caleche contained La Comtesse de Cinq-Cygne, a beautiful young woman, who had been an invetetate enemy of Napoleon, and her elderly relative, Le Marquis de Chargebeuf. They had come to beg mercy of the man they had always denounced as a usurper for the cousins of the countess and Michu, her old servant, who had been unjustly convicted of carrying off and imprisoning a senator of France.

At last, in spite of the opposition of all the guards, the young woman penetrated to the emperor's tent. He allowed her to enter. He was sitting before a rough table, his redingote thrown off and his green uniform and white trousers bringing his pale, thoughtful face into strongest relief.

"Do you not fear to speak to me before the battle?" he asked gently.

"I am the Countess of Cinq-Cygne," she answered, with pride.

"Eh, bien?" he exclaimed, with a trace of anger.

She threw herself upon her knees and presented her memorial. He extended his hand and raised the suppliant. Then he glanced rapidly at the paper. "Are they innocent?" he asked.

"Every one of them," she replied, eagerly.

"No," he said slowly. "Your servant is a dangerous man. Perhaps he did the job without asking your advice."

"Oh, sire!" she said, "if you had a devoted friend, would you abandon him?"

"You are a woman."

"And you a man of iron," she said, with a passionate hardness that pleased him.

"That man has been condemned by the laws of his country," the emperor added.

"But he is innocent."

"What a child you are!" he cried impatiently. Then, taking her hand, he led her out of the tent. The whole camp was in sight. "Voilà!" he exclaimed. "There are 200,000 men. To-morrow 30,000 of them will have died for their country. They are innocent too. Shall I accuse the providence of God? No. I shall keep silence. Know, this, mademoiselle, that it is as necessary to die for the laws of one's country as for her glory. Go. Return to France. My orders shall follow you."

She bent her knee again and kissed the hand of the usurper. Her cousins lives were saved. Poor Michu, equally innocent, died for the laws of his country according to the stern decree of the man of iron.—*N. Y. Recorder.*

Unable to Negotiate.

"You've taken up all of my time you're going to," said the woman at the kitchen door, wrathfully; "I've told you I don't want any pins, towels, soap, lead pencils, stove blacking, combs, or tin spoons. I'll give you just ten seconds to get away from here!"

"That reminds me, ma'am," said the peddler, opening his package again, "that I've got a little arrangement here for the accurate measurement of time, so you don't have to guess at it. It's generally used in boiling eggs and cousids, as you see, of a little glass filled at one end with sand, which by simply inverting runs slowly through the wasp-waist in the center down to the other end, registering accurately each and every time you use it and allowing about three minutes and twenty seconds for the boiling of an egg, which, as you know, is about the proper time if the water is boiling when the egg is put in, unless you want the egg boiled hard, and every authority on wholesome diet will tell you, madam, that hard-boiled eggs is unwholesome, causing indigestion and sometimes redness of the nose, for which there is no cosmetic that will—"

By active exertions he managed to reach the corner of the kitchen and get around it before the dipperful of boiling water got there.

Shoes That Squeak.

"Just hear that fellow's shoes," ejaculated Steve Burnham, the manufacturer of army brogans, who was in the lobby. "I hate to hear shoes raise such a rumpus when they can be cured of their agony so easily. How? Just take a platter of some sort—a big pie plate will do—and pour a little linseed oil into it. Let the soles of creaking shoes rest in this over night and in the morning you will find that they not only do not make any more noise, but that the oil has made the soles impervious to dampness as well. If you don't want to go to so much trouble in order to cure creaking shoes, though, just go to a shoemaker's shop and have him drive a couple of wooden pegs in the sole of each shoe. The result will be the same—the shoes won't creak any more.—*Washington Star.*

The Soldier Was a Diplomatist.

A good story of the Duke of Wellington is told. After one of the battles in Spain he invited a young officer who had exhibited conspicuous bravery to dine with him in his tent. Riding by some short while afterward, the Duke overheard the young man exultantly proclaim:

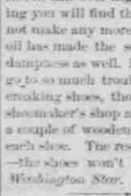
"I'm going to dine with Wellington to-night."

"You might vouchsafe me the prefix of 'Mr.' at least, Captain ——," remarked the Duke, dryly.

"Not at all, my lord," retorted the unabashed youth; "I should not speak of Mr. Cæsar, or Mr. Alexander, so why should I talk of Mr. Wellington?"—*Sheffield Telegraph.*

Sheep and hogs are good in orchards—hogs preferable to sheep, because they root the ground over and prepare it for an application of fertilizer. Neither class of stock is sufficient for the full amelioration of the soil to bring the orchard to its best productive capacity.

TO BEAUTIFY THE COMPLEXION—do not take the cosmetics, paints and powders which impure the skin, but take the easier way to gain a beautiful color and a wholesome skin. Health is the greatest beautifier. The means to beauty, comfort, and health for women is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Dull eyes, sallow or wrinkled face, and those "feelings of weakness," have their rise in the derangements peculiar to women.



"Favorite Prescription" will build up, strengthen, and invigorate, every "run-down" or delicate woman by regulating and assisting all the natural functions. It also lessens pain. At some period in her life, a woman requires a general tonic and nervine, as well as a remedy adapted to her special needs.

You can find no other remedy that's guaranteed. If the "Prescription" ever fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

When you're Catarrh, use Dr. Sage's Remedy.

A NEW PROFESSION.

Procuring Tenants for Sky-Scraping Office Buildings.

Evolution of a Race of Expert and Finest Liars Who Get Good Pay for Their Efforts—How They Operate in Chicago.

Getting tenants for sky scrapers has become an important profession. The only professors of this kind live in Chicago, says the Post of that city, and this is their harvest time. They are working day and night, some of them earning fees that would please the biggest lawyer or doctor in town, while others are wearing out their last pairs of shoes. It is in some respects a fickle profession, for keeping everlastingly at it does not always bring success. Luck has a good deal to do with it, and what is still worse, lying has also. Some of the most prodigious liars in Chicago are remarkably successful in this new field. They are really professional liars, but it should be added that they are frowned upon by the legitimates and regarded as quacks and interlopers who ought to be doing something else.

To do the quacks justice it must be explained there is neither school nor college in this town that issues diplomas to recognized professors and hence one man has just as good right to practice as another, if not a great deal better. Probably the only difference between a quack and a regular is that the former depends entirely on his ability as a liar to get along, while the latter relies on his acquaintance with men who inhabit the tall office buildings.

The professional tenant getter is a recent product, who belongs essentially to the tall-building era. He is generally a well-dressed young man, up to date in every way and, with a good presence. His training is acquired in real estate offices. About this season of the year, when tenants of office buildings are either looking about for more desirable offices or renewing their leases for the old ones, the professor starts out. The first thing he does is to go to the agent for a big building and have an understanding about his commission. He informs the agent that one of his friends is not satisfied with his present location and will probably make a change. "I suppose you will allow the usual commission if I bring him around and get him to sign a lease," he adds. The agent says he will for he is after tenants, and it makes no difference to him who brings them around. The commissions range from twenty-five dollars up, according to the number of rooms taken, several hundred dollars being a common fee where a tenant takes a choice suite or makes a long lease. After getting the promise of a commission the professor starts out.

He may really have heard of a firm that intends changing its location, but in the majority of cases he has not and goes forth to hunt a man who wants to move. He goes into a tall building, begins at the bottom and works up to the top, stopping in every office and explaining that he has a number of choice suites in the newest sky-scraper.

"Pardon me," he begins, after being shown into the private office of the head of the firm. "but I learned from a friend of yours that you are dissatisfied with your present location and think of changing. I represent the Waynp building and would be pleased to show you floor plans. We furnish lights and janitor service free, and our rates are away below your terms here."

In nine cases out of ten this is a bold, bluff, but it interests the tenant just the same.

"Who told you I was dissatisfied?" he asks.

"Well, I don't like to give you his name, but it was a friend of yours, and he asked me to come around and see you."

The floor plans are out by this time, and the professor goes on to explain the advantages of his building. He explains its location with reference to the car lines, and, if he is talking to a railway supply man, for instance, gives the names of purchasers of that class of goods who are in the building. Sometimes he succeeds in making a tenant dissatisfied, and finally gets him, but it very frequently happens that he is politely ordered to get out.

People in the big buildings are getting to know the tenant-getters and to give them a cold reception. The other day one of them entered the office of a lawyer on the eighth floor of the Rookery and made his little speech about having heard the tenant was dissatisfied.

"Is that so?" the lawyer answered. "Now, who told you I was sick of this building?"

"One of your friends whom I met at the club yesterday."

"Well, you tell him that he is mistaken. Six weeks ago I signed a new lease for five years."

A Remarkable Electrical Display.

At a reception in a big mansion in Brooklyn one evening recently a blinding flash lit up the rooms and the whirling dancers stopped and exclaimed: "A thunderstorm in winter!" Then they waited for the thunder. It did not come. One quicker witted than the others offered as an explanation that it was the flash struck from a trolley traveler on the Fulton street trolley line. "Ridiculous," the dancers cried. The house is half a mile from the Fulton street trolley line across the open fields. It nevertheless turned out to be the explanation of the phenomenon. Deep snow had fallen on the field, stretching in an unbroken expanse to Fulton street, and the white surface had proved to be a traveler for the traveler.

"You are old, my dear grandma," the little girl said
As she lay by the fire with Dolly.
"For as white as the snow are the hairs on your head—
Yet you always look rosy and jolly.

"Pray tell me, dear grandma, the reason of this
Why you always look healthy and spritely,
Why you never are pale when you give me a kiss,
Why you take such long walks morn and nightly?"

The reason, my darling," her grandma replied
"Is simple, it needs no description.
I've always been well, for I keep by my side
A bottle of Pierce's Prescription."

All ages and all conditions of womanhood will find just the help that woman needs, in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. That's a matter that's *guaranteed*. If it can't be done, then the medicine costs you nothing—its makers don't want your money.

For all derangements, irregularities and weaknesses peculiar to the sex, "Favorite Prescription" is the only remedy so certain that it can be guaranteed. If it fails to benefit or cure, you have your money back.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy positively cures catarrh.

Excursion to Asbury Park, N. J.

The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Co. will sell excursion tickets to Asbury Park, N. J., and return, from all points on its lines east of the Ohio River, July 8th, 9th and 10th, good returning until July 16th, with privilege of extension until September 1st, provided the return portion of the ticket is deposited with the Joint Agent at Asbury Park on or before July 13th.

The round trip rate from Pittsburg will be $13.25, and correspondingly low from all other points on the B. & O. system.

In Private Practice.

Such strong proofs of the marvelous cures made by Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy have been brought to public notice lately, through the various newspaper investigations, that it has become now the standard medicine for the diseases for which it is prepared.

Dr. G. H. Ingraham, of Amsterdam, N. Y., states, where the regular prescriptions used in a case of kidney disease and gravel utterly failed, he prescribed Dr. Kennedy's Favorite remedy, and it cured the patient.

Dr. Wm. Smith, of Jewett's Heights, N. Y., prescribed Favorite Remedy for Mrs. Casper Brooks, of Athens, N. Y., who was suffering from kidney disease, ulceration of the stomach, complicated with sickness peculiar to her sex; after the second day, steady improvement was noted, and final permanent recovery.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy acts directly upon the kidneys, liver and blood, in cases of nervousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and Bright's disease; it has made most pronounced cures, after all other treatments have failed. Druggists sell it.

The Black Death.

Thus far the total mortality caused by the plague raging at Hong Kong is 1900. The records of the Department of State throw light on the singular plague which is now ravaging China, and make it evident that this most fatal disease is really very similar to black death, or plague, which devastated London, as told by Defoe. It had its origin in Yunnan, a Chinese province, where it is epidemic. The Catholic missionaries there held that it was really a pestilential emanation slowly rising in an equable stratum from the ground, and as it increases in depth, all animals are, as it were, drowned in its poisonous flood, the small creatures being first engulfed, and man, the tallest of all, suffering last. Its approach often may be foretold from the extraordinary movement of the rats, who leave their holes and crevices and issue on the floors without a trace of their accustomed timidity, springing continually upward from their hind legs, as if they were trying to jump out of something. The rats fall dead, and then comes the turn of the poultry; after the poultry have succumbed, pigs, goats, ponies and oxen successively die off.

In man its approach is indicated by the eruption of one or more minute red pustules, generally in the arm-pits, but occasionally in other glandular regions. If several postules appear, the case is not considered so hopeless, as when they are few. The sufferer is soon seized with extreme weakness—followed in a few hours by agonizing aches in every part of the body, delirium shortly ensues, and in nine cases out of ten the result is fatal. It often happens that the patient suddenly, to all appearances, recovers and leaves his bed, but in such cases the termination is always collapse and death. As soon as a case appears the Chinese desert the afflicted.

The July Forum.

Mr. John Bach McMaster expresses his regret in the July *Forum* that no one has yet written an impartial and truthful biography of the political parties in the United States. He thinks that such a narrative would be anything but dry and tedious, for it would be the story of a great people made up of men from every civilized race and land, experimenting in self-government on a stupendous scale, and dealing with moral, social, financial and industrial issues of the gravest importance. He thinks the most readable part would be the account of the innumerable third parties, of the conditions of national life from which they sprang, of the high aims, or selfish purposes, or impracticable ends they sought to accomplish; of their triumphs; or, as has often been the case, their quiet and ignominious disappearance. They have been the expressive features of our political life, and have reflected every gust of passion, every unreasonable prejudice, every ennobling purpose, every patriotic sentiment that has appealed strongly to the people.

Professor McMaster describes the career of the Know-Nothings, and says there is no difference between that movement and the present American Protective Association.

Victoria's Long Reign of Peace.

Wednesday, June 20th, was the fifty-seventh anniversary of Queen Victoria's ascension to the throne. This reign is already longer than that of any other English sovereign except that of George III., which lasted 59 years and 3 months. Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne 44 years.

The reign of Victoria has not only been one of the longest, but has covered one of the most momentous periods of the world's history. With the exception of the Crimean war England has been at peace with all the great powers.

During her reign France has changed her government four times and lost part of her territory. The German Empire has been organized and Italy has been united. The government of the Indian Empire has passed to the crown of England and the British Empire has been vastly extended.

The Queen's health is excellent, and she bids fair to enjoy the longest reign in all history, except, perhaps, that of Louis XIV., which began when he was a child and continued 72 years.

Prayer Cure.

For nearly four months Mrs. George Wallace, of Valparaiso, Ind., has been bedridden with a complication of diseases, which terminated in spinal trouble and she was unable to move. Last Monday she refused to take any more medicine and discharged the attending physicians.

Monday night she prayed that she might sleep, something she had not done for weeks; that night she slept well. Friday night she prayed that she might get strength enough to get up and later she arose and dressed herself. Saturday she was up and around, and to show that she was entirely well, she insisted upon doing her housework, and is seemingly as well as ever.

Duel for a Woman's Love.

Bally Norris, of Wyoming, and George N. Sangers, of Montana, suitors of the same woman, wounded each other in a pistol duel at Ogden's Old Dam, near Summit, Ill., Friday. They met in front of the Transit House, at the stock yards, where both had brought cattle, and immediately began to fight, as the result of an old quarrel about their mutual sweetheart.

Friends separated them, and they agreed to settle it with pistols. The Summit spot was selected, and the men went out and blazed away at each other. Norris was wounded in the cheek and Sangere in the left shoulder.

Two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla entirely cured me of eruptions on the skin." Thomas Keller, Mount Alto, Pa.

The Judge Was to Blame.

Police Judge—"Aren't you ashamed of yourself? There can be no excuse on earth for a man who will take a razor and cut the wife of his bosom half to pieces with it."

Mr. Black—"W'y Judge, w'en I fust met dat woman I says to myself dat she was my destiny, an' dat's what made me marry her. Den you said in yo' speech a couple nights ago dat de culliud man had to carve his own destiny er git lef' in de shuffle, an' I des only done what yo' said, Judge, an' dat's all."—*Indianapolis Journal.*

"Your time has come," grimly remarked the jeweler's errand boy, as he delivered a clock at a customer's residence.

SLOT GAMBLING.

How It Is Carried on in the Saloons of the City.

Schemes of Cunning Men to Beat the Nickel-Devouring Devices—Immense Profits Realized by Saloon-keepers.

"Queer fellows go against those machines," said a Chicago bartender referring to the nickel-in-the-slot machine. "They are the greatest introducers you ever saw. Why, I have seen men who had never met before get well acquainted with one another before they got through playing. I heard of a case up on Blue Island avenue where a fellow was dropping his nickels into the slot. He had been playing for twenty minutes or more when another man walked up to the machine. The two fell to talking about chances of winning at the game. The conversation then took a wider range, and in the course of an hour it developed that the men were cousins. They had not met before in eighteen years.

"The machines provoke trouble as well as merriment," the bartender continued. "Up in the saloon at Noble and Ingraham streets a Pole dropped nickel after nickel into a machine until he had piled away a dollar or more. Finally a coin went right. One of the doors flew open and the gambler thrust his hand into the receptacle, expecting, of course, to get some of his own losings and the nickles of other unfortunates. Besides the nickel which had sprung open the door the Pole found four suspender buttons. He raved and tore about the place and threatened to break the glassware. The bartender called a policeman and the fellow was taken to the station. Who plays the machines? All classes of men. I have seen business men drop five dollars' worth of nickels into a machine at one standing without getting so much as a penny in return. Then, like enough, some old skate with a case nickel would drop in, spring the door and take all the money. But the machines are a good thing for the house. The percentage is so big that it is an object to have them in the place, no matter if they do take up a deal of space. Most of the proprietors buy the contrivances outright in order to get all the rake-off. There is one place in town where the owner has nine machines of different platforms. His winnings for one week paid for three of them. When he counted up on Saturday night he found that his share of the investment of his patrons was one hundred and twenty-seven dollars in nickels, and that is not reckoning what the players spent at the bar. I think, though, that the time is coming when the machines will be recognized as gambling devices pure and simple, and as such become a matter for police attention. But they are a good substitute for the poker-room, which, as everybody knows, is a thrifty adjunct to any saloon.

"Do players attempt to open the money boxes by tampering with the machines?" repeated the saloon keeper to a Herald reporter. "Well, I should say so. Wires, nails, buttons, beer checks and metal of the same weight and size of a nickel are used, but they seldom work. The most successful schemes for breaking machines with pegs is to tie a string through a hole bored in a nickel and then drop the coin into the slot, its course being governed by the hand of the operator. One sharp fellow got a heap of money out of our machines by slipping a nickel into the slot and then tracing it into the receptacles by means of a powerful magnet which he held against the glass. I heard later that he worked the same game in other places and that his winnings amounted to many hundreds of dollars. If the glass had been hermetically sealed to the frame work it would have been impossible for the magnet to influence the coins. The patentees now provide against this sort of trickery, and the machines, as they stand to-day, are almost invulnerable to manipulators. But the time will come when some smart fellow will get up a contrivance which will upset all the precautions taken by the makers and give him access to the vaults of all the machines in town."

Paper Horse Shoes.

"When paper horse-shoes were first introduced into the cavalry service of the German army a few years ago they excited a good deal of interest," said Jacob Minotz, of Berlin, who was at the Southern the other day. "Several cavalry horses were first shod with the paper shoes and the effect observed. It was found that not only did the lightness and elasticity of the shoe help the horse on the march, making it possible for him to travel faster and farther without fatigue than horses shod with iron, but that the paper shoe had the property of being unaffected by water and other liquids."—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Color may be but skin deep, but it pays to note the color in the apples raised for market.

Only the Scars Remain.

"Among the many testimonials which I see in regard to certain medicines performing cures, cleansing the blood, etc.," writes HENRY HUDSON, of the James Smith Woolen Machinery Co., Philadelphia, Pa., "none impress me more than my **own case.** Twenty years ago, at the age of 18 years, I had swellings come on my legs, which broke and became **running sores.** Our family physician could do me no good, and it was feared that the lungs would be affected. At last, my good old **mother urged me** to try **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla. I took three bottles, the sores healed, and I have not been troubled since. **Only the scars remain, and the memory of the past, to remind me of the good Ayer's Sarsaparilla has done me.** I now weigh two hundred and twenty pounds, and am in the best of health. I have been on the road for the past twelve years, have noticed **Ayer's** Sarsaparilla advertised in all parts of the United States, and always take pleasure in telling what good it did for me."

For the cure of all diseases originating in impure blood, the best remedy is

AYER'S Sarsaparilla

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Cures others, will cure you

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by Druggists or sent by mail. 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PAINT cracks.—It often costs more to prepare a house for repainting that has been painted in the first place with cheap ready-mixed paints, than it would to have painted it twice with strictly pure white lead, ground in pure linseed oil.

Strictly Pure White Lead

forms a permanent base for repainting and never has to be burned or scraped off on account of scaling or cracking. It is always smooth and clean. To be sure of getting strictly pure white lead, purchase any of the following brands:

"Armstrong & McKelvy,"
"Beymer-Bauman,"
"Davis-Chambers,"
"Fahnestock."

For Colors.—National Lead Co's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, a compound can to a spoonful-keg of Lead and mix your own paints. Saves time and experience in matching shades, and ensures the best paint that is at present possible to put on wood.

Send for a postal card and get our book on priming and color-card free; it will probably save you a good many dollars.

NATIONAL LEAD CO., New York.
Fifth Ave. Branch,
German National Bank Building, Pittsburg.

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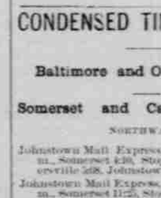

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Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:30 a. m., Somerset 4:30, Stoystown 4:52, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:00 a. m., Somerset 11:23, Stoystown 11:48, Hooversville 12:04, Johnstown 12:50 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:45 p. m., Somerset 6:10 Stoystown 6:33, Hooversville 6:49, Johnstown 7:30.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 6:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:11, Stoystown 7:25, Somerset 7:55, Rockwood 8:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:11, Stoystown 3:25, Somerset 3:56, Rockwood 4:25.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:35, Somerset 10:01 Rockwood 10:25.

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WESTWARD		
Southwestern Express	6:08	a. m.
Western Express	4:50	"
Johnstown Accommodation	8:07	"
" Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:22	"
Mail	3:35	"
Johnstown Accommodation	5:05	p. m.
Fast Line	9:08	p. m.
EASTWARD.		
Keystone Express	5:55	a. m.
Seashore Express	9:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	9:58	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Day Express	12:10	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m.
Mail Express	4:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:05	"
Philadelphia Express	7:16	"
Fast Line	10:20	"

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