GOING HOME.

Out of the chill and the shadow,
Into the thrill and the shine;
Out of the dearth and the famine,
Into the fullness divine;
Up from the strife and the battle
Off with the shameful defeat,
Up to the palm and the laurel—
O but the rest will be sweet!

Leaving the cloud and the tempest,
Reaching the balm and the cheer,
Finding the end of our sorrow,
Finding the end of our fear;
Seeing the face of the Master,
Yearned for in "distance and dream."
O for that rapture of gladness;
O for that vision supreme!

Meeting the dear ones departed,
Knowing them, clasping their hands,
All the beloved and true-hearted,
There in the fairest of lands!
Sin evermore left behind us,
Pain nevermore to distress;
Changing the moan for the music,
Living the Saviour to bless!

Why should we care for the dying,
That is but springing to life;
Why should we shrink from the struggle,
Pale at the swift-closing strife,
Since it is only beyond us,
Scarcely a step and a breath,
All that dear home of the living,
Guarded by what we call death!

There we shall learn the sweet meanings
Hidden to-day from our eyes;
There we shall waken like children
Joyous at gift and surprise;
Come then, dear Lord, in the gloaming,
Or when the dawning is gray!
Take us to dwell in thy presence—
Only thyself lead the way!

Out of the chill and the shadow,
Into the thrill and the shine!
Out of the dearth and the famine,
Into the fullness divine;
Out of the sigh and the silence,
Into the deep swelling song;
Out of the exile and bondage,
Into the home gathered throng!

—*Margaret E. Sangster.*

A MIDSUMMER MEMORY

BY EDITH TOWNSEND EVERETT.

He was the most popular man on board the steamer.

Everybody liked him, from the captain to the babies in the steerage; and the ladies looked upon him as absolutely indispensable to their comfort.

Before we had been out of Queenstown twenty-four hours he knew everybody on board, although he was not pushing or intrusive; he simply made friends by the geniality of his manner.

It was one of those voyages unusually mild and calm, where a man of his type comes pre-eminently to the fore as an organizer and leader in all amusements.

On Sunday his voice led the choir, and the concert was entirely under his management.

He talked well but never of himself. He was well read, had evidently traveled much and seen the world in all its phases—yet I felt positive that under all this geniality and bright, almost feverish gaiety, lay a heart history that had been the means of making him prematurely gray, for he was not old, thirty-three or four at the most, and yet his face in repose wore a settled look of sadness that comes to those who have seen long years of mental trouble.

For some reason or other he and I drifted naturally together. A strange companionship, for I was old enough to be his mother, and yet we were entirely congenial, and I often wondered if he would ever raise the veil over the past and let me at least read what was written there.

One night the very last of the voyage, for we expected the pilot on board in the morning—he and I sat in the shadow of the life-boats watching the sun set. The sky was dyed a burning red, even after the sun itself had dropped beneath the waves.

All day he had seemed more than usually active, and now as he left my side and walked over to the rail he startled me by the eager intensity of his gaze into the west, as though he would strain his eyes and see the fair harbor we were approaching.

"Are you glad we are so near New York?" I asked at length.

"Glad?" he repeated, with so much intense feeling in that one word that I was almost sorry I had broken in on his reverie.

He gave one lingering backward glance at the sky as if loath to leave so lovely a sight, and then resumed his seat by my side.

"Mrs. Morgan you do not know what home hunger is, of course; you, with your house in London, your Fifth avenue mansion and your villa at New Port, have three homes, and can come and go where the fancy suits you—but there is but one home to me, and that home I have seen only in my dreams for eight years.

"You and I have been good friends and somehow I feel I can talk to you, though it is seldom I speak of my history to any one! The strain now, thank God, is nearly over," he added fervently, "and I intend to tell you all about it to-night, our last night, for to-morrow I will go home."

For a few moments he was silent, as though the thought of that home was more precious than all else.

"It is a long story and I fear I will tire you," he said with his ever-ready thought for others, as he rearranged the pillows at my back and placed an extra rug around me, for the sun had set and it was growing chill.

When I assured him of any interest he fixed his eyes on the last faint streak of red, and in a voice softened by old memories he told me his story.

"As I said before, my home would seem a poor thing to actually be hungry for. It is only a low, rambling farm house set in a lovely smiling valley, with no architectural beauties, no modern appliances, no luxurious furniture or rare old paintings, but it is my home, and the murmur of the brook as it babbles along over the stones is sweeter music than piano or organ, and the horse hair furniture and the rag carpet I would not exchange for the most luxurious divans in the Sultan's palace. I have not always loved my home as I do now. As a boy it was simply a grand old place to have fun in, a place to eat and sleep. In later years when I went to college and returned there for my vacations, it seemed poor and mean compared with the town houses of some of my chums, and I would be glad to get away.

Of course if I had had a mother things would have been different, for a woman can, with her deft fingers, make a home out of a hovel; but my mother died when I was born, and father and I kept house together. Our farm joined that of an old gentleman, similarly situated in life, save that his one charge was a daughter. It was natural, of course, that she and I should be playmates, and playmates we were. The highest praise I could give her was that I would rather play with her than any boy I knew; but when I returned from my first term at Yale the little tom-boy had blossomed out into a tall, slender girl, of whom I was a little afraid and altogether in love. By the end of my vacation we were full-fledged lovers, though in secret, for even at that time we were wise enough to know that our fathers would not consent to any such arrangement until I had at least finished college.

"That term—I never could tell how it was—I made the acquaintance of a set of rich young fellows; they were not bad but reckless and extravagant, and I, in order to keep up with them, was persuaded to borrow first one sum and then another until I found myself head over heels in debt. Of course news of my goings-on reached home, but my father would not believe anything wrong of me, though our crusty neighbor did. On my return the second summer father and I had a long, serious talk, in which I told him I had been indiscreet, but I never mentioned the total amount of money I owed, as I was determined to retrieve my errors by myself and by dint of personal sacrifice pay up all my debts.

"Anna and I also laid our plans for the future, and with the sweetest, yet firmest womanly decision, she told me she would not consider herself engaged to me until I was free from debt. 'Not but that I shall always feel that I belong to you,' she added, shyly, and as I looked in her sweet eyes with the tender woman's soul showing forth, I resolved then and there to make our probation short, if hard work and strict economy could accomplish it.

"At last my college days were ended and my struggle had been so far successful that I now owed but one debt of $200. This sum had been loaned me by my own particular chum, a rich, warm-hearted boy, who would gladly have made me a present of the amount had I not been too proud to accept a gift of that kind, and when we parted he held my note payable in one year from date. As I said before, rumors of my goings-on had reached the ears of all the home folks and many things had been exaggerated, until Anna's father from regarding me with friendly eyes as the son of his old neighbor and the playmate of his little girl, had at last come to look upon me with absolute dislike, and it was with great difficulty that Anna and I met, for he not only forbade her seeing me but actually told her he had other views for her than seeing her married to a 'reckless spendthrift.'

"God knows how little we either of us imagined that the first years of our lives would be spent in a weary waiting that was enough to destroy the fires of heart and brain.

"About this time I was appointed to a responsible position in the bank of our little town. My father's influence—he being a director and one of the largest stockholders—had a great deal to do with this, for my record was not such as to prove a recommendation. A few months showed to me, however, that I was gaining the esteem and confidence of the people, and my heart beat high with hope as I saw that even Anna's father was unbending from his former studied coldness.

"On the various occasions when he come to the bank to make deposits he and I, from exchanging a stiff good morning at last had reached a point where we both indulged in various friendly comments on matters pertaining to the people and industries of the village, the weather, etc. It was not much, but to me it seemed a wonderful progress toward an entire reconciliation. How proud and happy father was as he heard the flattering comments on all sides regarding my business ability, dear old man! I was all he had, you know.

"My salary was not large, but out of it I had managed to lay aside from time to time sufficient sums to enable me to meet the note when it fell due.

At last the day came when the final obligation was discharged and I felt I could again breathe freely, for I owed no man a cent. That night under the stars Anna and I had a grand rejoicing and when we parted we were sanguine in our belief that but a few short weeks would pass before everything would be on the old footing and her father and I be friends. I can remember that night as plainly as though it were yesterday. The stars were thick in the summer skies and the moon, round and full, shed its glorious light over waving corn fields and grassy meadow land, and as I walked up the dewy-scented lane that led to our home I felt I was very near to my heart's desire."

Here he paused, and up from the steerage floated the plaintiff strains of Home, Sweet Home.

"Two days after there was a meeting of the directors and at its close I was called in, as I supposed, for a commendatory word or a friendly handshake. This had been the custom for some time back, and I was not at all surprised when old Tim, the janitor of the bank building, told me I was wanted by 'the board.' The smile that hovered on my lips was frozen at its birth, as I stepped into the circle of cold, accusing faces. One alone is ever before me now—my poor old father's crushed and sorrowful form, with all the joy and hope gone out of it forever. Next to him sat the president and to his right Anna's father, with his open bank book on the table.

Instinctively I knew he was my accuser, but of what was I accused?

"Slowly the president arose from his seat and with faltering words laid bare the matter of which I was in such dense ignorance.

"With a little formal clearing of the throat, 'You must know, he began, 'that this is a more than usually serious affair. We expect you are able to explain the matter, indeed we hope so, but until you do we must lay before you the accusation of one of our most highly respected citizens.'

"'Of what am I accused?' I indignantly inquired, 'and by whom?'

"'You are accused, I am sorry to state, of tampering with and changing the amounts recorded in this gentleman's bank book,' indicating by a wave of his hand Anna's father, 'and appropriating said sums to your own use.'

"'It is false,' I can see yet the gleam of hope on my dear old father's face as I uttered these words, but it vanished at the next, spoken by the president.

"'How then can you account for these alterations in your own hand writing?'

"'Easily,' I answered, with an air of relief. After all it was a simple matter to explain.

"'If you will give me your attention, gentlemen, for a few moments I will prove to you that what indeed, on the face of it looks like a criminal affair is in reality nothing but a correction of mistakes made in the amounts deposited by the gentleman who now accuses me. As you know, our bank is the only concern of its kind for many miles around, and at times in my double capacity of receiving teller and cashier, I have found my duties pressing and urgent. Knowing this gentleman to be one of our most highly respected citizens, I have never stopped at the time to count the amount of the deposit, but have recorded in his bank book the sum written on the deposit slip accompanying it. On several occasions I have found the amount to vary—undoubtedly through carelessness—from that stated on the slip, and have then changed the figures on the bank book. This, gentlemen, is the whole matter in a nutshell, and I beg to inform you that, were I going to make a business of this sort of thing, I would not have bungled it and the corrections so palpably apparent.

"'Gentlemen, I beg the fullest investigation of my affairs, and I am sure that my record will prove that I have done nothing wrong.'

"'Your record in New Haven was not above reproach,' this from my accuser, and turning to the president he added: 'Do I look like such an idiot as to three or four consecutive times make an error in the amount I deposited? Once, I might have believed, but the absurd statement of this young man, if credited, would prove me to be on the verge of senility.'

"As he was known to be one of the hardest-headed and ablest financiers in the town this remark bore weight and I could see that in spite of my positive assertion that I had told the truth, in a difference such as this his word would be taken before mine. The meeting broke up in an atmosphere of subdued excitement, and not until I had closed my books for the day and reached the shelter of our quiet porch did it fully dawn upon me all that the decision of the directors meant. They held my life in their hands, with my reputation. How had it happened? I was pursued by an inexorable and cruel fate—that was my only explanation, for no thought of treachery entered my head, and as I looked out into the gathering twilight and saw father's bent and aged form come slowly up the lane I buried my face in my hands and wept the bitterest tears I had ever shed.

"I can hardly bear to think, even now, of the next few days. Of course the affair become noised around, and I had to endure the bitterness of the outcast. My words weighed as nothing against the statement of my accuser. Somehow the story of the note and its payment leaked out, and that also told against me; for was not $200 just the amount represented by the changed figures? Averted faces and cold looks greeted me, and finally the day came when I was told kindly but firmly that even though nothing had been proven against me, still I must see that I could no longer retain my position, for the president said they must have a man whom the people could trust. To add to my misery, I received a note from Anna's father saying that, owing to the highly-respected position my father held in the community, he would not prosecute, but that of course all intercourse with any member of his family was at an end.

"This, however, did not deter Anna and I from meeting, and the loving faith and confidence of my dear girl, was the one bright spot in that time of darkest misery.

"Father believed me, but his pride was broken, and at his time of life it was hard to have to bear the commiserating glances of his old friends, for he had been accustomed to hold his head high and take second place for no man.

"After a time he made fewer and fewer trips to town and my heart would bleed as I saw him growing daily more feeble under the burden of sorrow.

"This state of things could not go on forever and I, at last chafing and restless under the ban of public censure and the injustice of my position, determined to leave it all and strike out for myself and make a name that my townsmen would be compelled to honor.

"All that happened eight years ago and though I have not won renown, I have the proud consciousness that I need fear to look no man in the face.

"Three weeks ago I received a letter that made the blood dance in my veins and brought back all the long-forgotten joy and gladness into my life, for it was a call home. My probation was at an end, for in it father wrote me of the death of Anna's father and his dying confession that it was a prearranged plan on his part to bring me to disgrace, as he had wanted his daughter to marry a wealthy and ardent suitor from a distant town.

"This story of my wildness at college had pleased him only too well, and it had been a sad blow when he found me rising in the estimation of my fellow-townsmen. His assumed friendliness had all been part of the plan for my disgrace. He is gone now and I will not cherish any hard feeling toward the dead, for to-morrow will see me reunited with my loved ones, and I shall ever more be at home.

"I fear, Mrs. Morgan, I have tired you out with my tale of woe," he laughingly ended. "Let me give you my arm and escort you to your stateroom, or we shall be up when the pilot comes on board."

A few hours later I was hastily summoned by the steward to his stateroom, only to find my friend white and still and very near the end of life's journey. A saddened little group stood near the door and the surgeon made room for me by the side of the berth. With the same bright smile with which he had ever greeted me he opened his eyes and in a voice scarcely audible save to me he whispered: "Dear friend, the end has come. I hardly thought it would be so soon. For years I have stood the sorrow, but joy has been too much." Without flinching, with never a murmur, the brave spirit that had borne so silently all those days of pain and ignominy waited for the last summons, and as I held his hand the gray shadow of death crept upward over the noble young face and with the gradual slowing up of the vessel I knew that the "pilot had come on board" and my friend had at last reached home.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida street, San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. It is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in coughs and colds. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

It does not make much difference how poor a man's penmanship may be so long as it is honored at the bank.

"You played Hamlet last night. Did the audience call you out?"

"No, they were too impatient for that They rushed behind the scenes to find me, but I got away."

A Cotton Storm.

A cotton storm, looking exactly like a snow storm, is a common sight in the cottonwood groves of Colorado. The white, fluffy material grows in long bunches, loosely attached to stems, and the fiber is very short. At the slightest breeze that stirs the branches tiny bits of it take the flight, and one tree will shed cotton for weeks. It clings to one's garments, it gets into the house and sticks to the carpets, often showing a trail of white footprints where a person has come in; it clogs the wire-gauge screens till they keep out the air as well as the flies, it fills the noses and the eyes of men and beasts. But its most curious effect is on the plants and flowers, to which it adheres, being a little gummy. Some flowers look as if they were encased in ice, and others seem wrapped in the gauziest of veils, which, flimsy as it looks, cannot be completely cleared away from the leaves.

It covers the ground like snow, but it does not, like snow, melt, even under the warm summer sunshine. It must be swept from the garden and walks and carted away. A heavy rain clears the air and subdues it for a time, but the sun soon dries the bunches still on the trees, and the cotton storm is again in full blast. This annoyance lasts through June and a part of July, fully six weeks, and then the stems themselves drop to the ground, still holding enough cotton to keep up the storm for days. After this, the first rainfall ends the trouble for that season. —*Pueblo Chieftain.*

China as a Great Power.

The greatest homogenous nation the world has ever known is now at war, for no other nation known to history could boast of the 420,000,000 inhabitants that Chinese statisticians allot to their country. Now that the problem is worked out before our eyes we see that three-fourths of this population is worthless for the present war. It is quite probable that all the forces used will be drawn from the two or three seacoast provinces. A general draft from the whole country would bring together men of more dialects than the building of Babel brought on us.

The striking disparity of about eleven to one in population between China and Japan is not the controlling factor. Still, the Northern sea coast provinces of China are quite populous enough to sustain a war with Japan on equal terms. The Imperial Government is rich enough to enlist a swarm of European officers, arm its troops with the best weapons and obtain supplies from foreign makers. During the last five or six years the Chinese have been going through one of their periodical fits of egotism, economy and dislike of the foreigner, and have discharged as many of their foreign servants as they could spare. All that will now be changed and a ready welcome will be given to the adventurous spirits of all countries.—*Army and Navy Journal.*

Where Woman Comes Last.

An Arab—meaning a tent dweller; in an equine sense the town dweller is an Arab—loves first and above all his horse. No one need to recite the oft sung affection he will lavish upon him Next he loves his firearm. This, poetically speaking, ought to be a six foot, gold inlaid, muzzle loading horror of a matchlock, which would kick any man but and Arab flat on his back at every shot, but actually, in Algeria or Tunis, when he lives near a city, it is more apt to be a modern English breechloader. You must fly from the busy haunts of men to find the matchlock. Next to his gun he loves his oldest son. Last comes his wife—or one of his wives perhaps.

Daughters don't count—I mean the Arab doesn't take the trouble to count them unless in so far as they minister to his comfort, dietetic or otherwise. Until some neighbor comes along and proposes to marry—in other words, to make a still worse slave of one of them—she is only a chattel, a soulless thing. And yet she is said to be a pretty, amiable, helpful being—said to be, for no one by any hap ever chances to cast his eyes on one worth seeing. This disregard for women, be it said to their honor, does not always apply to the Bedouins of the Syrian and Arabian deserts. —*New York Journal.*

Roman Standards.

In the Roman army there was a very highly developed system of military ensigns, which, just as among modern nations, were regarded not merely as a rallying point for a given body of men, but as an emblem of the state, and were therefore surrounded with a veneration which degenerated into idolatry. From a tactical point of view, the Roman standards were of more importance than the flag at the present day, for the movements of the troops were entirely regulated by them.

According as they were raised and carried forward, planted in the ground or turned toward the rear, in obedience to the sounds of the horns of the "cornicines," the army broke up its camp and marched or retreated and halted. In the camp the standards were planted before the general's tent, where their presence sanctified the spot as though it were a temple and rendered it a safe depository for the booty collected by the legion. It was to the standards the soldiers swore allegiance, and the first step of a pretender who sought to become emperor was to seize the standards, as he thereby secured the fidelity of the legion.—*All the Year Round.*

Electric Bitters.

This remedy is becoming so well known and so popular as to need no special mention. All who have used Electric Bitters sing the same song of praise. A purer medicine does not exist and it is guaranteed to do all that is claimed. Electric Bitters will cure all diseases of the liver and kidneys, will remove pimples, boils, salt rheum and other affections caused by impure blood. Will drive malaria from the system and prevent as well as cure all malarial fevers. For cure of headache, constipation and indigestion try Electric Bitters. Entire satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded. Price 50 cts and $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

Solid Truths.

Forget not that a humble friend may one day rise to power.

The best ornament a wife can give to a house is an agreeable disposition.

She who marries a man to reform him will have a couch of thorns.

The man who loves a child will make a good husband and a safe friend.

The roots of the nation are planted in the love, devotion and patriotism of the children of the present, and must be transplanted into the hearts of their children.

The womanly woman glorifies the sex.

The Greatest Sufferers in the World

are women; their delicate organizations being particularly susceptible to derangement and disease. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., purifies the blood and cures all the sicknesses peculiar to the sex; it fortifies the system against the diseases incident to old age. It is the best medicine in the world.

Luxurious Baths.

Nothing is too good for Pennsylvania statesmen, and their constituents will be pleased to learn that the law-makers of the upper branch are to have a $12,550 lavatory and toilet room, with Russian and Turkish baths, equipped with Italian, Geneva white and pink Tennessee marbles, Mosaic tiling, bevel-edge French plate glass mirrors, porcelain closets, with polished brass fittings, electro-bronzed stairway, mahogany doors and the like. The work must be completed by December 1, under penalty of a daily forfeiture of $50.

The new lavatory will be in the basement of the new executive building and will be 16x40 feet in size. It is to contain two bath rooms, lined with one-inch Italian marble, with porcelain tubs, brass fittings and equipped with shower bath and spray; bath rooms are to be separted by a gum curtain; ten closets with marble vestibules 4x6 feet and separated by Geneva marble partitions; wash closets similarly fitted up; two seat baths; one slop and one ice sink and other conveniences. All finished lumber is to be of the best Mexican mahogany and all hardware plain polished brass. The specifications are very particular in specifying that the plastering is to contain "an admixture of freshly slaughtered long hair." The paneling on the doors is to be relieved with gold, and glazed cathedral glass, in selected designs, costing $2.50 per square foot, will be put in the windows. The beveled edge French plate glass mirror over the wash basins will be 30x70 inches in size and the Mosaic tiles for the flooring 12x12 inches. The marble is to be one, one and one-half and two inches thick and highly polished. Electricity will be used for lighting purposes.

Value of Tree Growths.

With a view to encouraging the study of an interest in tree growth, the Pennsylvania Forestry Association has offered prizes of $50 to the best and $25 to the second best essay on "The Practical Value of Forests to the Surface of the Country." The contest is open only to teachers in the public schools of the State, and all such are invited to enter. The conditions of the contest are such as will give it the widest publicity. All essays must be first presented at a county teachers' institute, or in cities where no institute is held, at any organized assemblage of teachers, and the merits of the essay must be passed on by the assemblage. The county or city superintendent is asked to forward a list of the contributors, with their schools and addresses, and also to mention the two essays which were considered most deserving by the convention before which they have been read.

The competition will close on March 31, 1895, and all essays must be deposited with the secretary of the Forestry Association, at No. 1012 Walnut street, Philadelphia, on or before that date. The committee to pass judgment on the essays will be selected by the Council of the Pennsylvania Forestry Association.

How to Treat a Cut.

Adhesive plaster ought to be the best procurable, and instead of keeping it in a roll in the drawer it ought to be cut into strips of different breadths. It is thus ready for immediate use and there is no chance of it sticking together as it does if kept in bulk. When it is necessary to use this plaster to keep the edges of the wound together, first and foremost care must be exercised to see that the wound is perfectly clean, and that no sand, glass or grit is in it, which would cause festering and prevent it from healing. Never cover a wound wholly up with a piece of plaster; whatever be its size use narrow strips. Warm the plaster up by holding the back of it against a can of boiling water for a few seconds, then apply it across the wound, leaving a small space between each strip to give exit to the lymph. Remember that sticking plaster has no healing action in itself; the benefits derived from its use are of a purely mechanical nature. Clean cuts are better bound up with the blood, simply with a linen rag, for sticking plaster is of no use until the bleeding has ceased.

New Law Proposed.

Allegheny county lawyers are discussing the question of introducing a bill in the next legislature under which defendants will be allowed to plead guilty on an information without awaiting the action of the grand jury. The object of this is to give men who have to lie in jail for a long period awaiting the meeting of the grand jury a chance to get their sentences without the extra jail imprisonment they now have to undergo. Such a law would have the effect of preventing the jail from being overcrowded, as a large proportion of the jail prisoners plead guilty when they are called anyhow. It would also lighten the work of the court and of the grand jury, and would do much to relieve the pressure all around.

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, Somerset, Pa., or at G. W. Brallier's, Berlin, Pa.

If wives kept the nets mended with which they ensnight their husbands, they would appear less frequently in the divorce courts.—*Evening World.*

Some people love each other for what they think they are, and some people love each other without thinking anything about it.

One of the things that cut into one's self-esteem is to find that a cherished secret has been public property for months.

A Gentleman

Who formerly resided in Connecticut, but who now resides in Honolulu, writes: "For 20 years past, my wife and I have used **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and we attribute to it the dark hair which she and I now have, while hundreds of our acquaintances, ten or a dozen years younger than we, are either gray-headed, white, or bald. When asked how our hair has retained its color and fullness, we reply, 'By the use of Ayer's Hair Vigor—nothing else.'"

"In 1868, my affianced was nearly bald, and the hair kept falling out every day. I induced her to use **Ayer's Hair Vigor**, and very soon, it not only checked any further loss of hair, but produced an entirely new growth, which has remained luxuriant and glossy to this day. I can recommend this preparation to all in need of a genuine hair-restorer. It is all that it is claimed to be."—Antonio Alarrun, Bastrop, Tex.

AYER'S
HAIR VIGOR

REMEMBER there are hundreds of brands of White Lead (so called) on the market that are not White Lead, composed largely of Barytes and other cheap materials. But the number of brands of genuine

Strictly Pure White Lead

is limited. The following brands are standard "Old Dutch" process, and just as good as they were when you or your father were boys:

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

FOR COLORS.—National Lead Co.'s Pure White Lead Tinting Colors, a one-pound can to a 25-pound keg of Lead and mix your own paints. Saves time and annoyance in matching shades, and insures the best paint that it is possible to put on wood.

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

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

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*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 3:45 p. m., Somerset 4:19 Stoystown 4:33, Hooversville 4:49, Johnstown 7:40.

*Daily.

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Way Passenger	9:52	"
Mail	3:16	"
Johnstown Accommodation	9:40	p. m.
Fast Line	9:58	p. m.

EASTWARD.

Keystone Express	5:35	a. m.
Seashore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:21	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Day Express	11:10	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m.
Mail Express	4:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:55	"
Philadelphia Express	7:10	"
Fast Line	10:30	"

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