JIMMIE.

Such a rosebud of a face,
Down dropped lids of fringy grace,
So demure and fair you look
Bending o'er your tattered book,
Six-years-old.
I would keep you ever so,
Never let you older grow,
Just a baby, as you are,
You're too winsome-sweet by far
To grow old.

Sunshine color is your hair,
And your forehead lily-fair,
And your eyes are just as blue
As the skies that you came through,
Seraph child.
But I fear the angels miss
Rosy lips they used to kiss,
And they'll deem you much too rare
For a life where mortals are,
Spirit mild.

'Tis such little saints as this
Give to life its sweetest bliss,
In their hearts the angels sing,
And their baby fingers bring
All our joy.
What! his fists are in his eyes,
And his slate in splinters lies;
Such an angry kick and squeal!
Oh, I fear he's just a real
Human boy!

—*Dorothy Deane.*

AT HER BECK AND CALL.

BY FLORA ANNIE STEELE.

"What is your name?" I asked.

"Phooli jan, Huzoor," she answered, with a brilliant, dazzling smile.

I sat looking at her, wondering if a more appropriate name could have been found for that figure among the anemones and celandines—the primulas, pansies and pinks—the thousand and one blossoms which, glowing against their groundwork of for-get-me-nots, formed a jewel-mosaic right to the foot of the snows above us. Flowerful life; truly that was hers. She had a great bunch of scarlet rhododendron stuck behind her ear, matching the cloth cap perched jauntily on her head, and as she sat herding their buffaloes on the upland she had threaded chaplet on chaplet of ox-eyed daisies, and hung them about her wherever they could be hung. The result was distinctly flowerful; her face also distinctly pretty, distinctly clean for a Kashmiri girl's. But coquette, flirt, minx, was written in every line of it, and accounted for a most unusual neatness and brightness.

She caught my eye and smiled again broadly, innocently.

"The Huzoor would like to paint my picture, wouldn't he?" she went on in a tone of certainty. "The Sahib who came last year gave me five rupees. I will take six this year. Food is dear, and these base-bora contractors of the maharajah seize everything—one walnut in ten, one chicken in ten."

But I was not going to be beguiled into the old complaints I could hear any and every day from the hags in the village. Up here on the murg, within a stone's throw of the first patch of snow picketing the outskirts of the great glacier of gwashbral, I liked, if possible, to forget how vile man could be in the little shingle huts clustered below by the river. I will not describe the place. To begin with, it defies description, and next, could I ever hint at its surpassing beauty, the globe-trotter would come and defile it. It is sufficient to say that a murg is an upland meadow or alp, and that this one, with its for-get-me-nots and sparkling glaciers, was like a turquoise set in diamonds. I had seated myself on a projecting spur, whence I could sketch a frowning defile northward, down which the emerald green river was dashing madly among the huge rocks crowned by pine trees.

"I will give five rupees also; that is plenty." I remarked suavely, and Phoolijan smiled again.

"It must do, for I like being painted. Only a few Sahibs come, very few; but whenever they see me they want to paint me and the flowers, and it makes the other girls in the village angry. Then Goloo and Chuchchu." Here she went off into a perfect cascade of smiles, and began to pull the eyelashes off the daisies deliberately. There seems a peculiar temptation for cruelty toward flowers in girlhood all over the world, and Phooli-jan was pre-eminently girlish. She looked 18, but I doubt if she was really more than 16. Even so, it was odd to find her unappropriated, so I inquired if Goloo or Chuchchu was the happy man.

"My mother is a widow," she replied, without the least hesitation. "It depends which will pay the most, for we are poor. There are others, too, so there is no hurry. They are at my beck and call."

She crooked her forefinger and nodded her head as if beckoning to some one. For sheer light-hearted, innocent enjoyment of her own attraction I never saw the equal of that face. I should have made my fortune if I could have painted it there in the blazing sunlight, framed in flowers; but it was too much for me. Therefore I asked her to move to the right, further along the promonotory, so that I could put her in the foreground of a picture I had already begun.

"There, by that first clump of iris," I said, pointing to a patch of green sword leaves, where the white lilac blossoms were beginning to show.

She gave a perceptible shudder.

"What? Sit on a grave! Not I. Does not the Huzoor know that those are graves? It is true. All our people are buried here. We plant the iris over them always. If you ask why I know not. It is the power of death.

A sudden determination to paint her the flowerful life against the flowerful death, completely obliterated the knowledge of my own incompetence; but I urged and bribed in vain. Phoolijan would not stir. She would not even let me pick a handful of the flowers for her to hold. It was unlucky; besides, one never knew what one might find in the thickets of leaves—bones and horrid things. Had I never heard that dead people got tired of their graves and tried to get out, or even if they only wanted something in their graves they would stretch forth a hand to get it? That was one reason why people covered them up with flowers—just to make them more contented.

The idea of stooping to cull a flower and shaking hands with a corpse was distinctly unpleasant, even in sunlight, so I gave up the point and began to sketch the girl as she sat. Rather a difficult task, for she chattered incessantly. Did I see that thin, blue thread of smoke in the dark pall of pine trees covering the bottom of the valley? That was Goloo's fire. He was drying orris root for the maharajah. There, on the opposite murg, where the buffaloes showed dark among the flowers, was Chuchchu's hut. Undoubtedly, Chuchchu was the richer, but Goloo could climb like an ibex. It was he whom the Huzoor was going to take as a guide to the peak. He could dance, too. The Huzoor should see him dance the circle dance round the fire—no one turned so slowly as Goloo. He would not frighten a young lamb, except when he was angry—well, jealous, if the Huzoor thought that was better.

By the time she was done chattering there was not a petal left on the ox-eyed daisies, and I was divided between pity and envy toward Goloo and Chuchchu.

That evening, as usual, I sat my painting to dry on the easel at the door of the tent. As I lounged by the camp fire, smoking my pipe, a big young man, coming in with a jar of buffalo milk on his shoulders and a big bunch of red rhododendron behind his ear, stopped and grinned at my caricature of Phooli-jan. Five minutes after, down by the servants' encampment, I heard a free fight going on, and strolled over to see what was the matter. After the manner of Kashmiri quarrels, it had ended almost as it began; for the race love peace. That it had so ended was not, however, I saw at a glance, the fault of the smaller of the antagonists, who was being forcibly held back by my Shikari.

"Chuchchu, that man there, wanted to charge Goloo, this man here, the same price for milk as he does your honor," explained the Shikari elaborately. "That was extortionate, even though Goloo, being the Huzoor's guide for to-morrow, may be said to be your honor's servant for the time. I have settled the matter justly. The Huzoor need not give thought to it."

I looked at the two recipients of Phooli-jan's favor with interest—for that the bunches of red rhododendron they both wore were her gift I did not doubt. They were both fine young men, but Goloo distinctly the better looking of the two, if a trifle sinister.

Despite the recommendation of my Shikari to cast thought aside, the incident lingered in my memory, and I mentioned it to Phooli-jan when, on returning to finish my sketch, I found her waiting for me among the flowers.

Her smile was more brilliant than ever.

"They will not hurt each other," she said. "Chuchchu know that Goloo is more active and Goloo knows that Chuchchu is stronger. It is like the dogs of our village."

"I was not thinking of them," I replied. "I was thinking of you. Supposing they were to quarrel with you?"

She laughed. "They will not quarrel. In summer time there are plenty of flowers for everybody."

I thought of those red rhododendrons, and could not repress a smile at her bare-faced wisdom of the serpent.

"And in the winter time?"

"Then I will marry one of them, or some one. I have only to choose. That is all. They are at my beck and call."

Three years passed before recurring leave enabled me to pay another visit to the murg. The rhododendrons were once more out on the uplands, and as I turned the last corner of the pine set path which threaded its way through the defile, I saw the meadow before me, with its mosaic of flowers bright as ever. The memory of Phooli-jan came back to me as she had sat in the sunshine nodding and beckoning.

"Phooli-jan?" echoed the old patriarch, who came out to welcome me as I crossed the plank bridge to the village. "Phooli-jan, the herd girl? Huzoo, she is dead; she died from picking flowers. A vain thing. It was at the turn beyond the murg, Huzoor, half way between Chuchu's hut and Goloos drying stage. There is a big rhododendron tree hanging over the cliff, and she fell down. It must be three years gone."

Three years; then it must of happened almost immediately after I left the valley. The idea upset me; I knew not why. It seemed to dim the sunshine. The murg without that flowerful life nodding and beckoning felt empty. I was glad that I had arranged not to remain there for the night, but to push on to another meadow, some six miles further up the river. To do so, however, I required a fresh relay of coolies, and while my Shikari was arranging for this in the village I made my way by a cross-cut to the promontory, with its patches of iris.

Deaths are rare in those small communities, and there were but two or three new graves—all but one too recent to be poor Phooli-jan's. That, then must be hers, with its still clearly defined oblong of iris, already a mass of pale purple and white.

I sat down on a rock, and began, unromantically to eat my lunch, finishing up with a pull at my flask, and thus providentially fortified, I stooped, ere leaving, to pick one or two of the blossoms from the grave, intending to plant them round the sketch of the girl's head which I had with me.

Great heavens! what was that

I turned positively sick with horror and doubt. Was it a hand? It was some time before I could force myself to set aside the sheathing leaves and settle the point. Something it was—something which, even as I parted the stems, fell to pieces, as the skeleton of a beckoning hand might have done. I did not stay to see more; I let the flowers close in over it—whatever it was—and made my way back to the village. My baggage, having changed shoulders, was streaming out over the plank bridge again, and in the two first bearers, carrying my cook room pots and pans, I recognized Goloo and Chuchchu. They had both grown stouter, and wore huge bunches of red rhododendrons behind their ears. I found out, on inquiry, that they were both married and had become bosom friends.

I have not seen the turquois set in diamonds since, but I often think of it, and wonder what it was I saw among the iris. And then I seem to see Phooli-jan sitting among the flowers, nodding her head and saying: "They are at my beck and call."

If I were Goloo or Chuchchu, I would be buried somewhere else.

Too Tempting.

Colonel Corkscrieugh, of Kentucky, was a dignified citizen, with a blooming red nose, and, while he had his weakness, he was held to be scrupulously honest. One day a business man called him into his office.

Colonel, he said: I want to leave a valuable package with you for a week or so.

Very good, sir, replied the colonel, where is it?

It's here in my desk. I want to say to you that, it is a gallon of Whiskey. Are you to be trusted with it?

The colonel's face flushed.

My honor's at stake, sir, he returned haughtily.

Yes, I understand; but this is not drug store whiskey; it's genuine thirty year-old stuff.

The colonel's eyes shone.

The man took the demijohn out, and the colonel inspected it carefully and satisfied himself that it was as represented, then he set it down on the floor.

Excuse me, sir, he said slowly, but I think you had better store that in the vault of the safe deposit company.

WATCHING FOR A GRIZZLY.

The Californian Got Him at Last, But He Had a Tight Call.

From the San Francisco Examiner.

Anton Sweitzke, a bee raiser, came into Los Angeles from Schunga canon, just north of this city, yesterday with the skin of a grizzly bear, which he had killed a few days before after a thrilling encounter. Skin measuring fully twelve feet long, and has the paws attached, each of which measures five by ten inches, showing the enormous size of the big beast. He weighed over one thousand pounds.

Sweitzke owns a little bee ranch up in the canon of Tehunga, one of those openings in the mountain range which shows itself just above San Fernando. He keeps a hundred or more stands of bees, from which ordinarily he derives his living. One morning recently he went to attend his bees and found a couple of hives overturned and the bees in the wildest commotion. One glance sufficed to show that a thief had been there and had robbed his bees of their honey during the night, and the tracks in the ground showed that the thief was a bear of enormous size. Sweitzke says that had he known it was a grizzly bear he would have picked up his camp and moved or let the bear have what was left. He supposed the bear to be of the ordinary brown variety, which are easily put to flight if not killed, and he determined to kill the bear.

Sweitzke, after the first assault, stood watch nightly with his rifle, but the bear did not make his appearance. The watcher was beginning to think of giving up his vigilance three nights ago, and had returned to his cabin, when he heard something approaching from the opposite side of the canon. He kept out of sight and awaited developments. Almost before he could realize it the bear was within 100 feet of him. Without ado, the bear knocked over a hive and reached for the contents.

"You may laugh, but do you know that the bear looked as big as an elephant to me when I finally got a good look at him?" said Sweitzke, when he told about his encounter. He did not lose any time, however, in trying a shot at the bear, for the loss of his honey made him angry. The first bullet, which was from a 43.95 cartridge, made the bear cease his feast. The animal whirled around with a growl of rage and started for the bee keeper. It took but a few jumps before another shot was sent after the first, with the effect that it seemed to momentarily check the bear's progress. It was only for a moment, however, for the next second the beast was within ten feet of Sweitzke and in an upright position, with paws raised, mouth wide open and in a frenzy of rage.

Sweitzke said that he knew if he turned to run he was lost, as he could not reach cover in time to save himself. His only course was to make the next bullet find some vital point, and then if it was a case of hand-to-hand struggle he would fight it out to the last. He said he can yet see the frightful fangs and the big scarlet tongue of the beast, with its ears laid flat and its eyes glowing, as it advanced snarling and growling. The bear was just within reaching distance when Sweitzke pulled the trigger. The bear staggered then fell and began a struggle to regain his feet. But the wound was fatal. The bear had to give up, but in its struggle, even at the last, it tore up the ground in all directions.

When the animal was skinned three bullets besides Sweitzke's were found imbedded in the skin, showing that some other hunter had taken a shot, probably from safe distance, at the bear in the past. All of his own bullets had taken effect in vital parts, the last one penetrating the heart. He was a monster, and, although Sweitzke has seen many bears and had many encounters, this one was the largest he had ever seen in southern California. He will never tackle another grizzly, he says, without he is in a good, safe position. Had his last bullet failed to reach the exact spot, or had his nerve deserted him just as the bear was reaching for him, he would be a dead man.

Local Institute.

Following is the program for local institute for Northampton and Fairhope townships, to be held at the Bridigum school, Johnsburg, Pa., Saturday, Nov. 10th, 1894, at 1 p. m.:

Song.
The teacher's study—O. W. Boyer.
What should teachers' read?—Miss Ella Kimmell.
Primary number work—Clara Shoemaker.
The model school room—I. G. Carver.
School incentives—F. A. Bittner.
Moral training—Tillie Kutz.
Examinations—their uses and abuses—Walter Tucker.
The teacher as a factor in education—al advancement—D. H. Bauman.
Language work in first and second grade—Alice Boyer.
The indiscriminate use of school supplies—S. G. Coughenour.
The relation of the school to the church—Rev. A. C. Snyder.
Directors' duties and privileges—I. D. Laydig and J. H. Miller.
Primary history—Orlo Schlag.
Patrons' duty toward the school—W. H. Poorbaugh.
Instruction—the verb—A. B. Grof.
Program will be interspersed with music and queries. Patrons and friends of education come out, take part in the discussion, and by your presence and help you will encourage us in our work which means better schools. Everybody invited.

TEACHERS.

Seeking a Separation.

"Do you give gas here?" asked a wild looking man who rushed into a dentist's office on Clark street yesterday morning.

"We do," replied the dentist.

"Does it put a fellow to sleep?"

"It does."

"Sound asleep, so you can't wake him up?"

"Yes."

"You could break his jaw or gouge out his eye and he wouldn't be able to feel it?"

"No."

"How long does it make him stay asleep?"

"The physical insensibility produced by inhaling the gas lasts a minute or probably a little less."

"I guess that's long enough. Got it all ready for a fellow to take?"

"Yes. Take a seat in this chair and show me your tooth."

"Tooth nothing!" said the excited caller, beginning rapidly to remove his coat and vest. "I want you to pull a parous plaster off my back."—*Chicago Tribune.*

To the World of Women.

Mothers and Daughters Restored to Health and Strength.

Weak, nervous, delicate, overworked women, are the ones that need a strength builder, a tonic for their nerves, and a cure for that awful internal trouble that is wearing out their lives. Thousands of women have found such in Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Mrs. Christiana Beal, of Jonesport, Me., writes that her daughter had been a great sufferer from female trouble, and after repeated trials of doctor's prescriptions and other so-called cures, she used Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and it permanently cured her.

If you have headache, uterine catarrh, leucorrhœa, or irregular monthly sickness, chronic weakness, bearing down incidental to change of life, or any of the attending evils that are present in female complaints, use Favorite Remedy, for it will build up quickly the run down constitution and bring refreshing sleep. It will dispel those tired looks and feelings, restore the nervous system and permanently cure you. Our daughters grow up weak and delicate; mothers can avoid such conditions by giving them Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

He Showed He Could Run.

First in is the winner always, sure enough. That the best man in pluck or brains doesn't always get first place in the competitons of the world is a generally accepted fact, while the merits per se of wind or muscle in reaching the front rank cannot be disputed.

One little boy forgot this distinction the other day and remained blissfully happy in consequence. It was at a traveling circus at Patchogue, L. I., one of those one-night stands where they fill out the show by an act or two of local effort, running, bowling or sparring for some prize by members of the audience, and where, before the seats have time to be cleared after the performance, they began to haul the poles from under the tents.

A race for small boys for a twenty-five cent prize was to be run, and a chubby, wellgroomed little lad of six pleaded with his father and mother to allow him to run. The other boys were bigger and shabbier boys, and the father only consented after long pleading and hesitation.

He ran like a little man, and "Two to one on the little chap!" shouted from all sides spurred him on to excited effort. He threw his little curly head up and stuffed his fists into his trousers pockets, just to show that he felt 'twas all as easy as fun, and if he won the twenty-five cents it wouldn't be after any tremendous exertion. But few years and short legs, as was natural, fell behind, and when a raw-boned lad of about eight gripped the post and claimed the quarter, the little chap was three rounds behind.

He wasn't thrown down about it. His head kept up and his eyes gleamed, and he stepped back to his seat, his fists still thrust independently in his pockets and with an air of actual conquest.

"I told you I could run," said he. "You see I did run the best. Everybody says I did, only—the first boy won."—*New York Herald.*

How They Get Married.

In Java the bride washes the groom's feet as a token of subjection.

In Hungary at one time the groom gave the bride a kick for the same purpose during the wedding ceremony.

Horseback weddings, where groom and bride ride at full speed away from their pursuing attendants, are still sometimes seen in Tartary.

Among the Borneo head-hunters a young man, in offering marriage to a young woman, had to present her with the head of a man killed by himself.

Tournefort says that among Greek rustics to-day the bride and groom run the gauntlet of young folks of their acquaintance, who kick and cuff them as they pass.

A Roman bride was lifted by her husband at the threshold of his home and carried across it, probably symbolizing the great day when so many of the young Romans carried home stolen brides.

In some old houses in Holland are doors which were in former days never used except for weddings and funerals. After a bride and groom had passed, the door was nailed up until another newly wed or newly dead approached to pass that way.

Among the North American residents a wedding is usually preceded by what is called a "bachelor blowout," at which much liquor is consumed by the groom expectant and his friends. This is one of the most curious customs known to ethnologists.

Missing Links.

Policemen in Austria must understand telegraphy.

Patti has a gold watch only three-forths of an inch in diameter.

Over 200,000 postal cards are used every day in the United States.

In France, Belgium and several other European countries all elections are held on Sunday.

Canada's divorces for the past twenty years have just been figured up and they amount to only 116.

The water that pours over the falls at Niagara is washing the rock away at the rate of five yards in four years.

There are more artesian wells in California than in any other state in the union. One county claims four hundred and fifty-seven such wells.

According to the Electrical Engineer there are good reasons for believing that the friction of rain is the real cause of lightning.

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician can not always be had. Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains Bruises and Burns occur often and sometimes when least expected. Keep handy the friend of many households and the destroyer of all pain, the famous Red Flag Oil, 25 cents.

2. Many a precious life could be saved that is being racked to death with that terrible cough. Secure a good night's rest by investing 25 cents for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption. Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

DeGarry—"He is raising quite a muscle. Has he one of those home gymnasiums?"

Merrit—"No; but he has a furnished room and practices opening the bureau drawers."

Professor Abel's Explosive.

A new explosive, manufactured by the government, has lately drawn much attention. It is called "cordite," and is an invention of Professor Abel. It is in the main a similar product to the smokeless powder of other nations. The name "cordite" originates in the process of manufacture, during which the gun cotton, after being combined with a sort of explosive gelatine, is pressed through a plate with fine openings, thus receiving the shape of fine threads. The object of this process is that by proper selection of the thickness of the threads, it offers great latitude in the control of the swiftness of the explosion, which is, in other powders, attained by the finer and coarser grain of the particles. One can, therefore, according to requirements, manufacture a quickly combustible explosive for mining purposes, or a slowly burning, driving power for projectiles. Cordite can be plaited into cords, which naturally increases its availability for practical use. The judicial side of the cordite manufacture offers special interest, as the well-known firm of Alfred Nobel—the inventor of dynamite—had instituted a lawsuit against the English government for infringement on its patent rights. But, although the modern manufacture of explosives rests mainly on Mr. Nobel's efforts, the firm lost its suit because the fundamental patents had expired.

Poor Digestion

Leads to nervousness, fretfulness, peevishness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the remedy. It tones the stomach, creates an appetite, and gives a relish to food. It makes pure blood and gives healthy action to all the organs of the body. Take Hood's for Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

Hood's Pills become the favorite cathartic with every one who tries them. 25c.

Jones—So Smith gave you a cigar?

Brown—Yes, but I was in luck. Neither of us had a match.

A False Diagnosis.

La Grippe is confounded by many persons with a severe atrack of catarrh, which in some respects resembles the former. These individuals suffer severely with pain about the forehead, eyes and ears, with soreness in throat and stoppage of the nasal passages, and in fact, are incapacitated for work of any kind for days at a time. These are catarrhal sufferers. Ely's Cream Balm has been used with the best results in such cases. The remedy will give instant relief.

Excuse me, haven't you forgotten something? said the waiter gentleman.

Beg pardon, but I think you have. You forgot to kick about the salt.

Songs have the power to quiet
The restless pulse of care,
And come like the benediction
That follows after prayer.

If you are worn out by that hacking cough, and want a good night's rest, try Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption, 25 and 50 cents. Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Swift—Yes, a policeman got after me last night for making so much noise and when I reached home I was all out of wind.

Roe—You got it again, I see.

Yes.—My wife blew me up soon after I got there.

The Little Ones.

Should be carefully considered, especially when they contract colds, and coughs. Croup is the demon of childhood, as many a fond mother knows. Do not allow a cough or cold to run on. Whether young or old, it may be the forerunner of an untimely death. We can confidently recommend all readers to use Pan-Tina, the celebrated remedy for coughs, colds and consumption, costs 25 and 50 cts. Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Yes, he met a summer girl and proposed to her, but she rejected him.

Then she wasn't a genuine summer girl.

Why not?

The genuine summer girl accepts all proposals.

All Free.

Those who have used Dr. King's New Discovery know its value, and those who have not, have now the opportunity to try it free. Call on the advertised druggist and get a trial bottle, free. Send your name and address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills, free, as well as a copy of Guide to Health and Household Instructor, free. All of which is guaranteed to do you good and cost you nothing at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or G. W. Brallier, Druggist, Berlin, Pa.

A Philanthropist.

"Excuse me," said Meandering Mike, as he paused at the kitchen door, "but hev ye got any work ye want done in exchange fur cold vittles?"

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

"All right," was the reply, as he turned away. "Good day."

"What made you ask the question?"

"Why, sometimes I meets men that wants ter work for cold vittles, an' I'm so kind-hearted that I like ter be able ter tell 'em whur they can be accommodated."

Free Pills.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co., Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and sick headache. For malaria and liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25c. per box. Sold by J. N. Snyder, druggist, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

DO YOU WANT

SECURITY IN INVESTMENT?

If so, join the American Syndicate, of Chicago, Ill., whose conservative policy has enabled them to average for the first six months of 1894 51 per cent, paid as follows:

January	100 per ct	June	20 per ct
February	20 per ct	July	20 per ct
March	40 per ct	August	20 per ct
April	100 per ct	September	15 per c
May	30 per ct		

Others are receiving these dividends, why not you? Shares $10 each. Manual of information free on application. Give us a call. Dividend Checks Cashed by the American Syndicate (Branch), successors to Cruikshank & Co., Room 76 Penn building, Pittsburg, Pa.

If it's a Sprain, Strain, or Bruise

St. Jacobs Oil

Will Cure It

The Poor Teacher.

I used to ride past a certain school house in the mountains of Kentucky three or four times a week, and it made no difference what time of day I passed it was a rare occurrence if the children were not having recess, with the teacher sitting out in front reading an instructive and interesting ten-cent novel. One day I stopped to make a few inquiries, though it was no particular business of mine whether school kept or not.

"Good morning," said I, "how are you getting along with your school?"

"'Bout as well as could be expected, I reckon," he replied, dropping his book in his lap, as if glad of a change in his entertainment.

"How many scholars have you?"

"Twenty or twenty-five, I reckon."

"What kind of scholars are they?"

"Boys and girls," he answered in a tone of mild surprise.

"I mean are they good scholars."

"Good as could be expected, I reckon."

"It seems to me you give them a good deal of play time. It looks like recess all day."

"'Tis mostly, I reckon," he said indifferently.

"I don't see how you can teach them much with so little time in school."

"I don't, I reckon."

"But, shouldn't you?"

"This question seemed to disturb him and he rose to his feet and came to where I sat on my horse.

"That's a question I've been wantin' settled a long time," he said slowly, "and I'm going to leave it to you. You see it's this way: The school fund 'lows $2.75 for each scholar, and I've got to teach five months for that. Takin' out Sundays and Saturdays, thar's say 110 school days in them five months 'Lowin' $.75 for 110 days makes about 2½ cents a day for each scholar. Now, I don't know it all, I reckon, but I'll leave it to you if I can't learn a scholar 2½ cents' wuth of eddefication a day and have a good deal of time to spare."

After that I retired from the educational field.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:50 a. m., Somerset 4:30, Stoystown 4:52, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:00 a. m., Somerset 11:35, Stoystown 11:51, Hooversville 12:04, Johnstown 12:55 p. m.

•Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:45 p. m., Somerset 6:20 Stoystown 6:35, Hooversville 6:49, Johnstown 7:40.

•Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 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 3:55, Rockwood 4:25.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:01 Rockwood 10:25.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Southwestern Express	6:08 a. m.
Western Express	4:55 "
Johnstown Accommodation	8:37 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	3:32 "
Mail	5:16 "
Johnstown Accommodation	9:20 p. m.
Fast Line	9:28 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Keystone Express	5:35 a. m.
Seashore Express	7:30 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:24 "
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	7:16 "
Fast Line	10:30 "

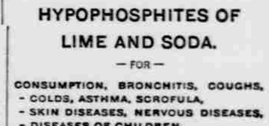
For rates, maps, &c., go to Ticket Agent or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 110 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. Prevost, Gen'l Manager. J. R. Wood, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

Every Man whose watch has been rung out of the bow (ring), by a pickpocket,

Every Man whose watch has been damaged by dropping out of the bow, and

Every Man of sense who merely compares the old pull-out bow and the new

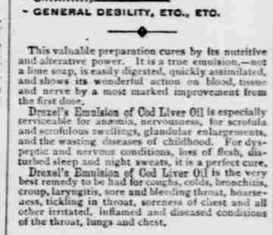


will exclaim: "Ought to have been made long ago!"

It can't be twisted off the case. Can only be had with Jas. Boss Filled and other cases stamped with this trade mark——

Send for a watch case opener (free).

Keystone Watch Case Co., Philadelphia.



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Drexel's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is especially serviceable for anæmia, nervousness, for scrofula and scrofulous swellings, glandular enlargements, and the wasting diseases of childhood. For dyspeptic and nervous conditions, loss of flesh, disturbed sleep and night sweats, it is a perfect cure.

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