THE POSTMISTRESS.

Working hours were over in the Great White canyon. Mary Verner pulled down the little window of the postoffice of which she was mistress, swept the contents of the narrow counter into a drawer, which she locked; then pinning a broad leaved hat above the brown curls that clustered about her brow she passed out of her log cabin into the fresh, sweet, evening air.

As she reached the low fence which ran before her house a hurried footstep sounded through the gathering gloom, and a man's voice said:

"Is that you, Mary, my girl? You look little more than a ghost under the shadow of those bushes."

The girl—young and slender and graceful as a fawn—ran out into the lonely road.

"You've kept your promise, dearest, and come to see me," she cried as she threw herself into the arms of her lover.

Reuben Halse kissed the red lips so frankly offered him before he spoke.

"Yes, Mary, I've kept my promise, but I've come to say goodbye."

"Goodbye—goodbye? You're going away? You're going to leave me—your sweetheart—your wife that is to be?" She clasped her arms closely about him and trembled like a leaf.

"My dear little girl, don't cry—don't grieve. You've been my sweetheart, faithful and true, but we can never marry."

The strong man's voice broke and died into silence.

"Go on. Tell me the worst," sobbed the girl in his arms.

"Listen, dear. You know that lately things have gone wrong with me. The bit of money I've saved for our wedding in the fall was stolen, and then the cabin I'd built for you down by the Blue Pools was burnt. Still there was the farm stock and your little purse of savings, and—oh, Mary, how can I tell you?"

Mary drew apart from her lover and steadied her trembling form against the garden fence.

"Some one has robbed you of the money I gave you. Oh, my poor boy!" She stretched forth her pittying hands toward the man before her, who only bowed his head and shuffled his feet in the thick white dust.

"Tell me, Reuben; tell me how it happened. Ah, surely you are not thinking I shall blame you for such a misfortune!" and once again she crept to his side.

But Reuben thrust her from him.

"'Twas no misfortune. 'Twas a crime. Your little savings, those few coins you have starved and scraped to keep, lie there."

He pointed with his lean, brown hand down the canyon to where, amid a dense mass of foliage, a few lights twinkled.

Mary staggered.

"Down there? At Ffo'diott's?"

"Aye, lass—at Ffolliott's! I lost it all at faro last night."

For a moment no sound but the evening breeze whispering among the creepers and bushes and the harsh note of a night bird broke the silence. Then a woman's voice tender and low and full of tears, murmured, "Rube, dear Rube, I forgive you."

Reuben Halse flung his arms above his head and gave a bitter cry.

"Don't, Mary, don't! I'd rather you would strike me."

The stars twinkled their diamond eyes on the man and the girl as they said farewell, for Reuben had settled to leave the canyon that night.

"Bill Reiffern, One-Eyed Sammy and Joe the Portugee are going too. We are all broke and may as well starve out there," and he waved his hand toward the wide forest land of Arizona, as in this canyon here. "Don't sob so, my girl. You'll break my heart. I am not worth a tear from your pretty eyes or a choke in your white throat. But, Mary, you might pray for me some time, and when you're married to a good chap as don't go to Ffolliott's and neglect his farm for the tables and the bar think of me, who loved you, but was not worthy to have you."

One kiss on her brow, then a clattering of galloping hoofs, and Mary Verner was free to go back into her log cabin and sob out her heart until the dawn.

Reuben Halse and his companions had been gone from the Great White canyon for a week. Mary's checks, never very full of color, had grown pale and heavy, and blue lines beneath her large eyes told of sleepless nights and many tears.

Yet Paul Harding, Beauty Paul, as he was called in the canyon, thought he had never seen Mary look so lovely as he clattered up to the door of the postoffice one morning and asked the young postmistress if there was anything for him.

He watched with his handsome dark eyes, her small, white fingers go through the letters on the counter before her.

But she finally shook her head.

"Nothing to-day."

Yet Paul seemed loath to go. He pulled his long, tawny mustache, jingled his spurred boots upon the floor and continued to stare through the pigeonhole window at the girl as she flitted about her usual business.

"Anything I can do for you?" she asked presently.

"No," Paul said slowly, taking in every detail of the girl's pretty figure, clad in a cotton frock of gentian blue. "But might I speak to you one minute privately?"

"You can say what you have got to say where you are."

He stared silently, first at his boots, and as his eyes wandered up the lity on the snowy shelves of bright and simple utensils and shining saucepans which lined the walls.

"How different you keep your place from what a man's shanty is!"

But she staid his compliments.

"You live down by the Blue Pools, don't you?"

"Yes, next to Reuben Halse till his place was burnt out and he came to my shanty. I saw Reuben three days back."

"You saw Rube?" Mary clasped her hands above her heart.

"Yes. He and his chums passed through Dong Tom's ranch. I've been out there this two months past helping him brand and count the cattle. Rube told me that you and he had parted and the reason why. He asked me to look after you a bit. You see, we've been good pals, and I'd like to do him a turn now he's gone under. You will let me look after you now and again, won't you, for Rube's sake?"

The handsome cowboy, straight as a dart, tall and strong as a giant, clad in the picturesque rough clothes of his calling, bent like a reed before the tiny blue clad figure of the postmistress, who laid a slender white hand in his great palm and lifted her violet eyes to his dark ones.

"Surely, Paul Harding, for Rube's sake, you may look after me when I can't look after myself."

With that soft glance burning into his brain and those gentle words pulsing in his ears Beauty Paul swung himself into his peaked saddle and sent his horse full speed down the hill to Ffolliott's saloon.

It was for Rube's sake that the following Sunday Paul dressed himself in his best, brought a two wheeled cart gay with bells and bright colors to Mary's door and asked her to drive out with him.

The day was fair, and Beauty Paul amused her with stories of Rube, and when they came to an end he told her of his own home in the heart of a green country in England. He made her laugh with his tales of college life and shudder with his descriptions of the campaign in Egypt which he had gone through. Only he did not tell her how he, an English gentleman and gallant officer, came to be loafing and drinking and gambling away his days and his health in Great White canyon. Paul Harding—degraded as he was and lacking in reverence for women—at least had too much respect for the little postmistress to tell her that black page in his life.

The day was an entire success, but it left a bitter after taste in Mary's mouth when she heard the next morning that Paul had spent the night at Ffolliott's drinking and brawling till dawn.

The next Sunday Mary shut herself within her log cabin, and neither the blue sky nor the gay cart and smartly caparisoned horse nor Beauty Paul himself could wheedle her out. She would not be seen, she said sternly, with one of Ffolliott's lot. She, however, relented and forgave him on his promise to amend for her sake.

As weeks and months went by and the green of the canyon changed to red and gold Paul found that if he was to look after Mary he had to give up the saloon.

And indeed for a space Ffolliott's knew him not till one October morning his allowance—the money which bought his family freedom from his disgraceful presence—arrived from England. For the next week Ffolliott's was a pandemonium, with the Beauty as a presiding demon.

Mary heard of it and refused to speak to or look at him. Then it was that he flung himself before her one day and prayed her to save him from that, from which he was powerless to save himself—from drink and dice and bad companions. And she did what other good women have done before her and will do again. She placed her hand in his, and with her heart full of Rube Halse she promised to marry Paul—for his soul's sake.

All through that long, bitter winter she held to her promise. At Christmas he broke from her control, and she did not speak to him for days, but she ended by forgiving. When he was with Mary he vowed to reform, never to set foot in Ffolliott's again, never to taste whiskey nor look again at a card. But once beyond the sound of her low voice, the touch of her small hand, and his resolutions melted like the winter snows.

The eve of her marriage day arrived and with it Paul's allowance from England. The occasion and the opportunity suggested a carouse and Paul informed the boys he would be standing treat at Ffolliott's that night for the last time. The bar was soon crowded, for the Beauty was just the song singing, story telling, whiskey drinking scamp who would be popular among the wild crew, especially as he stood treat so long as the bartender would stand him.

Paul was full of liquor. He had drank Mary's health with every one of the boys in the place, and he was also full of luck for once in a way. A pile of gold lay before him on the table, and he was just proposing another round in Mary's honor when big Bill Reiffern strode in and was greeted with a shout of "Hello, Bill! You back? What luck, pard.

"Luck, my lads? I leave luck to fools and deadbeats. I've been working, and thank God I've worked for something. I've put my sweat and muscle into the ground, and I've struck ore. None of your dust or pockets, but a vein as broad as an ox's back and as long as a river, and so I've come back with Rube—"

Paul looked up with a start. His eyes flashed, and he seemed to grow sober in a minute as the situation presented itself. Here was he drunk in a gambling hell on the eve of his marriage with Mary, and Rube had come back.

"What did you say?" he muttered.

"I said Rube and I had come back. But don't let me detain the game, gentlemen."

"The game is up!" cried Paul, with an oath, as he struck the table and made the money jingle.

"Had bad luck, eh?" said Bill. "Sorry for you."

"Keep your sorrow to yourself and your partner, Rube Halse."

"Come, come," said Bill good humoredly, "have a drink. I'm standing treat, and, as to Rube, here's his health and Mary's."

"I'm standing treat!" shouted Paul, springing up. "Have a drink with me!" And with this he flung his liquor in Bill's face and made a rush at him.

A pistol flashed, a pale blue puff of smoke died in the hot air, and Beauty Paul lay stone dead on Ffolliott's floor.

Some of them went up to the postoffice to break the news to Mary. There was light in the window, and by it they saw Rube and she sitting talking. Quietly and with bowed heads they left the cottage and returned to Ffolliott's without fulfilling their mission.

Next day a rough and ready jury having considered all the circumstances of the case and with due appreciation of Bill Reiffern's prowess as a dead shot, decided that Paul had courted on purpose a certain death, and they returned a verdict of "suicide while of unsound mind."

The New Year

Finds Hood's Sarsaparilla leading everything in the way of medicines in three important particulars, namely: Hood's Sarsaparilla has

1. The largest sale in the world. It accomplishes
2. The greatest cures in the world. It has
3. The largest laboratory in the world.

What more can be said? Hood's Sarsaparilla has merit; is peculiar to itself, and most of all, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures. If you are sick, it is the medicine for you to take.

We should be thankful for small mercies, said the boarding-house mistress. We have to be, replied the star boarder, as he gazed at the diminutive turkey.

EDUCATION AND ITS COST.

The Poser a Country School Teacher Put to a Visitor.

From the Detroit Free Press.

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 10-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 bit of playing 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 appeared 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 goin' 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 Sunday and Saturdays, thar's, say, 110 school days in them five months. Lowin' $2.75 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 child 2½ cents' wuth of eddication a day and have a good deal of time to spare."

After that I retired from the educational field.

HOW SOAP CLEANSES.

Chemical Properties Which Operate in the Removal of Dirt.

Most persons have very indistinct ideas of the manner in which soap acts in removing dirt. This is not so simple a matter as it may seem, for even chemists have been more or less puzzled by it; although there is now substantial agreement among them as to the chemistry of the process. One of the explanations of the cleansing action of soap is due to a suggestion made made by no less famous a man of science than Prof. W. Stanley Jevons. It is generally considered that the efficacy of soap depends mainly upon its decomposition, when it is mixed with water, into an alkali and a fatty acid.

The alkali thus set free dissolves the grease by which the dirt is attached to the surface to be cleaned, and the water then carries the dirt off. But this is not all; the fatty acid from the soap neutralizes any free alkali remaining after the loosening of the dirt, and thus prevents the alkali from attacking the cleansed surface itself.

This is very important when soap is applied to the skin, and the painful effects produced by some varieties of soap are due to the fact that they possess an excess of free alkali, more than the fatty acids can n utralize.

But there are other factors concerned in the action of soap. Its cohesive power, upon which the formation of soap bubbles and lather depends, enables it to gather up the dirt as it is loosened by the alkali. Then, too, the process is assisted by the curious property which soap possesses of producing a great agitation among solid particles suspended in water.

This, of course, tends to the ready removal of the dirt after it has been detached from the surface, and it is this action that Prof. Jevons has pointed out as being one of the elements of the cleansing power of the soap.—*Youth's Companion.*

"Got even with my wife." "How?" "Smoked the cigars she gave me in the presence of her curtains."—*Detroit Tribune.*

At Durham, N. C., a year ago Eleanor Wood, a young woman, murdered her infant by putting pins in its mouth and causing the child to swallow them. She was tried and convicted of murder. On an appeal, the Supreme Court affirmed this decision, and when this fact was certified to Governor Carr yesterday, he issued a warrant for her execution on February 8th. Efforts will be made to secure a examination, as sentiment about her home is said to be against her execution.

Inequality of local Taxation.

The inequality of local taxation in Pennsylvania is most effectively shown by a comprehensive statistical statemeat which Secretary Edge, of the state board of agriculture, has prepared for the information of the legislature. During the year just closed Secretary Edge obtained from various reliable sources the full value of 17,719 farms in the state for the purpose of obtaining the actual mill rate upon actual values.

The estimated actual values in all cases were obtained fram persons entirely familiar with the farms included in the statement and are supposed to represent their actual cash value at a bona fide sale. The mill rates were obtained from the commissioners of the serveral counties and the township authorities in order to assure entire accuracy. No attention was paid to assessed values, except so far as they furnished the mill rates. The investigation shows that in many counties, and even in many townships, the assessment was very unequal. This inequality existed to such an extent in one township that farms, assessed by the same assessor and subject to the same mill rate, was found, when compared upon the basis of the actual value, to be paying taxes varying from 6,46 mills up to 10,46 mills.

The investigation shows that these 17,719 farms are paying taxes aggregating $826,096,63 and are worth $100,525,963, showing an average mill rate for the state of 8 21. A similar investigation made by Secretary Edge in 1891 showed the actual value on 8,081 farms to have been $51,525,929. These farms paid annual taxes of all kinds to the amount of $440,317,97, an average mill rate of 8 58. The aggregate retarns of 1891 and 1894 give a total of 25,934 farms, worth $161,529,458, paying taxes annually to the amount of $1,256,817,17.

The average mill rate for 1894 in Lehigh county on the actual value of its farms was 4,64. This is lower than any other county in the state. Lancaster is the next lowest, its mill rate being 4,93; Cumberland third, with a mill rate of 5,04, and Dauphin fourth, its rate being 6 35. The rate in Indiana county is higher than in any other county in the state, being 17 29 Cameron is next with an average of 15 29 mills and Forest third, its mill rate being 14 86.

Taree hundred and seven farms in Dauphin county, the estimated actual value of which is $3,618,534, pay taxes to the amount of $22,902 11, the average mill rate being 6 35.

The Old Saturday's Superlatives.

In the London Saturday *Review* Mr. Frederick Harrison is taken to task severely for ranking "Vanity Fair" with other English novels. "We believe," says the Saturday *Review*, "that 'Vanity Fair' is far and away the greatest prose work in English literature, a work which stands witn 'Othello' and 'Macbeth' among the greatest productions of the human intellect, a work that has only one superior in all literature, and that is the greatest book ever written, 'Don Quixote.'"

The Bedouin Arab's Will.

A Bedouin, by will, leaves his horses to his three sons; he has seventeen horses, to his eldest son he leaves half, to his second son a third, to his third son a ninth. How was this arrived at?

The sons, not knowing how justly to make the division, applied to a Dervish for advice. What was it?

The Dervish put his own horse with the 17, gave 9 to the eldest, 6 to the second and 2 to the third, then took back his own horse.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial bottle at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

To keep egg yolks for a day or two put them in a cup and cover with cold water, which may be poured off when the eggs are to be used.

Snipp—"I don't believe you know right from wrong." Pipp—"Yes I do; you are wrong."—*Boston Courier.*

Cure for Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of headache, Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence. We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Large bottles only Fifty cents at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Pushpen—"Do you suppose that I could get a bigger price for my poem if I had it set in music?"

Jolliet—"No. You would have to sell it for a song, then."

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.

"Did the Colonel ever pay you that bill he owed you?" "Never." "What's he doing now?" "President of a collection agency."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Hard Fight.

The combined forces of the weather during the winter season are exerted to destroy health. Coughs and colds attack us, which, if neglected, result in pneumonia and constipation; these diseases usually result seriously. Send for Pan-Tina, the great cough and consumption cure, and save doctor bills.

Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at Benford's drug store.

"But, Emma, how can you prefer the plain and shabbily dressed Julius to my elegant and handsome brother?" "That is quite simple; your brother is in love with himself, and Julius with me."

Don't Quarrel

With people for groaning when they suffer with Rheumatism or Neuralgia; the pain is simply terrible; no ancient torture was more painful; but people ought to be blamed if having Rheumatism or Neuralgia and won't use Red Flag Oil; it has cured hundreds of sufferers and costs only 25 cents at Benford's drug store.

"I notice," said the tall, pale girl with the high forehead, "that there is much progress being made now in photographing the stars." "Oh, yes," answered the fluffy girl. "They use them for cigarette pictures.

Beyond Comparison

Are the good qualities possessed by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Above all it purifies the blood, thus strengthening the nerves; it regulates the digestive organs, invigorates the kidneys and liver, tones and builds up the entire system, cures scrofula, dyspepsia, catarrh and rheumatism. Get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache. 25c.

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.

THIS IS A PROGRESSIVE AGE.

New and Startling Discoveries are Made Daily.

The greatest discovery for sufferers of catarrh, hay fever, asthma is Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure. Its wonderful cures since its discovery are known to thousands.

This grand medicine will positively cure all forms of these terrible diseases.

It accomplishes what no other remedy has done. So simple a child can use it. No cure no pay. One bottle will do the work and lasts for a three months' treatment. Entirely new, no other remedy made like it. This is what the eminent Dr. Henry Carrington Alexander, D. D., L. L. D., has to say of its marvelous cure.

The Mayers' Drug Co.,
Oakland, Md.

Gentlemen:—Ever since I have tried your famous catarrh remedy I have intended to give you a voluntary testimonial of its efficiency. I have been a sufferer for years from nasal and post nasal catarrh, and the bone in my nose has been visibly changed in its shape.

After a trial of all manner of good and indifferent receipts, I have no hesitation in pronouncing your Magnetic Catarrh Cure the best, the speediest, and most effectual remedy I have yet encountered. I wish and predict your success in the effort to demonstrate the value of your neat device in the way of a truly scientific and meritorious inhalant. You have made me your everlasting debtor.

I am my dear sirs,
Yours faithfully,
Henry Carrington Alexander.
Sept. 12th, 1893.

Ex-Sheriff of Ulster County,

Hon. Davis Winne Owes His Health to Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

SHANDAKEN, N. Y.—One of the most prominent men in Ulster county is the Hon. Davis Winne, of this town. His reputation is not confined alone to this county, where he held the office of Sheriff for three years, he was also the district's representative in the New York State Legislature. For years Mr. Winne has been suffering from a complicated case of kidney and bladder trouble and congestion of the liver. Upon the advice of friends he decided to try Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. He was not disappointed, for in a short while after he began its use, he was in better health than he had been in years before.

In speaking of Favorite Remedy, Mr. Winne said: "It has done more for me than all the physicians I ever employed, and I most unhesitatingly recommend it to any one suffering from kidney, liver or urinary troubles, for it will cure them.

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the acknowledged specific for all diseases arising from acidity of the blood, and will cure dyspepsia, rheumatism, scrofula, eczema, kidney, liver and urinary troubles.

You can not afford to trifle with health and life. Putting off treatment when dangerous symptoms exist is only slow suicide. Accept the aid of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy; it has restored thousands to health and strength.

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."

An Old Soldier's Recommendation.

In the late war I was a soldier in the First Maryland Volunteers, Company G. During my term of service I contracted chronic diarrhœa. Since then I have used a great amount of medicine, but when I found any that would give me relief it would injure my stomache, until Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy was brought to my notice. I used it and will say it is the only remedy that gave me permanent relief and no bad results follow. I take pleasure in recommending this preparation to all of my old comrades, who, while giving their services to their country, contracted this dreadful disease as I did, from eating unwholesome and uncooked food. Yours truly, A. E. Bending, Halsey, Oregon. For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

Jagwell—"I've made an awful mistake; I sent a messenger boy up to Miss Cashley's with a lot of flowers, thinking it was her birthday, and now I learn that her birthday is to-morrow."

Wigwag—"That's all right; the messenger boy may get there in time."—*Philadelphia Record.*

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is famous for its cure of bad colds. It opens the secretions, relieves the lungs and aids nature in restoring the system to a healthy condition. If freely used as soon as the cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it greatly lessens the severity of the attack and has often cured in a single day what would have been a severe cold. For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

Beggar—"Kind gentleman, I beg your pardon—"Gentleman (promptly)—"Granted. I thought you were begging money."

Mr. Oldboy—"I am a self-made man sir. I began life as a barefoot boy."

Kennard—"Well, I wasn't born with shoes on either."

Some time ago Mr. Simon Goldbaum, of San Luis Rey, Cal., was troubled with a lame back and rheumatism. He used Chamberlain's Pain Balm and a prompt cure was effected. He says he has since advised many of his friends to try it and all who have done so have spoken highly of it. It is for sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

A chronic bore, telling about an accident in which a man was drowned, said: "It happened in less time than I take to tell it." "I should fancy so; otherwise the man might have been rescued." replied a listener.

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.

Discharge From the Ear Can Be Cured.

Scarlet fever, measles, and colds, by ulceration of a hole in the ear drum, introduce a condition that leads to offensive discharge, and deafness that seldom ever "cures itself," but gradually gets worse by the addition of unhealthy granulations and polypoid tumors in the middle cavity of the ear, or by ulcerations through to the bone, with inflammation and deposit of puss in the base of the brain, resulting in death. With such a condition that only leads from worse to worse, why will you delay to apply the sure means of relief. That such cases are curable has been demonstrated over and over by the hundreds cured by Dr. Sadler, 86 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, the eye, ear, nose and throat specialist. The case of Mr. Chas. C. Dryden, Sycamore street, Mt. Washington, Pittsburg, is a sample of hundreds. He had discharge from childhood. In 1880 Dr. Sadler treated him six weeks, effecting a cure, with hearing restored, and he remains well to this day. All with ear trouble bring this article and be examined free.

HAVE YOU READ THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES THIS MORNING?

The Times is the most extensively circulated and widely read newspaper published in Pennsylvania. Its discussion of public men and public measures is in the interest of public integrity, honest government and prosperous industry, and it knows no party or personal allegiance in treating public issues. In the broadest and best sense a family and general newspaper.

The Times aims to have the largest circulation by deserving it, and claims that it is unsurpassed in all the essentials of a great metropolitan newspaper. Specimen copies of any edition will be sent free to any address.

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Address all letters to

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Philadelphia.

St. Jacobs Oil is made to cure RHEUMATISM

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.

IS EARLY RISING . . HEALTHFUL?

It Is If You Start the Day by Reading the Right Kind of a Newspaper, and

The Patriot is the right kind. It is the only complete morning newspaper that reaches Central Pennsylvania at an early hour of the day.

It is one of the foremost Democratic newspapers in the State and the only one printed at the State Capital, the official and political centre of the Commonwealth.

It prints the news, receiving it over its own wires through the extraordinary facilities of the great Press Association, aided by its own correspondents.

The Patriot is Democratic to the core. It is opposed to bosses and an enemy of corrupt monopolies. It isn't afraid to fight the wrong; it never hesitates to speak for the right.

It makes a specialty of department news and gives more each day than all the other State papers combined.

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Ely's Cream Balm opens and cleanses the Nasal Passages. Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the membrane from Colds, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents at Druggists or by mail.

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Confluence, Pa.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 5:30 a. m., Somerset 6:10, Stoystown 6:37, Hooversville 6:58, Johnstown 8:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:35, Stoystown 11:48, Hooversville 12:04, Johnstown 12:40 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:30 Stoystown 6:39, Hooversville 6:50, Johnstown 7:30.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 6:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:41, Stoystown 7:55, Somerset 8:25, Rockwood 8:39.

Express.—Johnstown 2:50 p. m., Hooversville 3:11, Stoystown 3:23, Somerset 3:35, Rockwood 4:25.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:04 Rockwood 10:25.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Southwestern Express	4:21	a. m.
Western Express	8:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	8:37	"
" Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:02	"
Mail	3:18	"
Fast Line	9:05	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:01	a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:39	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:21	"
Day Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:52	p. m.
Mail Express	4:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:45	"
Philadelphia Express	7:10	"
Fast Line	12:50	"

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

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