THE POET'S MEED.

"Who fainteth here in the mart, forlorn,
While men stand chaffering by?
Go ask his trade." "A poet born,
With a song in his flashing eye."
"What hath he to sell—coal, cotton or corn?"
"Fair thoughts." "Then let him die."
—Grant Allen in Academy.

UNCLE BEN'S LETTER.

Bill Hullet, who lives on a small farm in Lake county, was showing me a number of Indian relics prized by him because they had been in the family so long.

"What have you in there?" I asked, pointing to a faded blue plush case originally intended, I fancied, for a set of silver teaspoons. Before answering my question Bill opened the box and held it so that I could look into it, and but for a yellowing envelope it was empty. He took up the envelope, touching it with exceeding care, and handed it to me.

"What of it?" I asked after reading the name and address—"Mrs. Mary Hullett, Antioch, Lake county, Ills."

"You notice," said he, "that it has never been opened."

"Yes," I answered, "and what is this postmark written with a pen? Why, it is Gettysburg, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's where the letter was mailed, addressed to my mother, and, as you see, no one has broken the seal."

"Why, that's strange. Tell me about it."

In order to get the history of a relic I had to feel, or rather pretend that I felt, a great interest in it. Bill took the letter and put it away, and after a time told me the following bit of family history:

"You see, my mother thought more of her brother, my Uncle Ben, than she did of almost anybody in the world. While quite young she married in the east, and she and father, together with my Uncle Ben, came on to this state. I don't recollect much about my father, for he died not long after I was born, but from what I have always understood the marriage was not a happy one. Well, Uncle Ben finished paying for the farm and had the deed made over to mother.

"I merely mention these small details to show how much the brother and the sister were attached to each other. Well, when the war broke out—and I recollect it well, for I was a smart chunk of a boy—Uncle Ben swore that it was his duty to go. My mother was a very patriotic woman, but with the selfishness of a woman's affection she could not see why she should be called upon to give up her only brother. But Uncle Ben declared that every woman should not only be called upon to give up her brother, but her son, her husband, her life, if needs be. He was so devoted to the Union, so strong in his denunciation of all people who were lukewarm, that when the time came he was elected captain of a company. And so off he marched, leaving my mother in the deepest grief. At night she would awake me with her sobs, and many a time when I heard no sound would I put my hand on her pillow to find it wet with her tears. Of course the violence of her grief did not last, for pride and the love of country bade her be brave, but whenever we received news that a battle had been fought she would lock herself in her room and there wait to hear that her brother was dead.

"Thus it went on until his death was mentioned in the dispatches. He was killed at Gettysburg, and two days later there came a letter from him. My mother knew that it had been written just before he went into battle—probably the very last thing he did was to seal it—and she declared that the seal must never be broken. I remember that some of the neighbors argued with her that she ought to see what the letter had to say, but she said not, it must forever remain sealed. So she never did open it, and when she came to die she told me to keep it just as she had kept it and to leave it to my favorite child, with the same instructions that she had given me. My mother was of excellent stock, and I have thought that this prompted her sometimes to say that the crest of her descendants might be an unopened letter. She always said this laughingly, but I have noticed that it is in a spirit of fun that we sometimes show our pride. Well, as you see, I have never opened the letter, and I never intend to. I'm going to leave it to my son Andrew."

Bill and I went fishing that afternoon, as we did nearly every Saturday during the summer, and all the time we were casting I was itching to know what was in that letter. Of course I knew that it contained simply a few lines telling his sister that a battle was on, and that he trusted in God and the right. But I wanted to see the lines. I could fancy the shape of the sprawling characters, written with a pencil by the light of a candle held by a bayonet stuck into the ground.

"Bill," said I, "you would have found me among the neighbors urging your mother to open that letter."

"But not if you had seen that not to open it was a sentiment with her."

"Well, I don't know about that. Probably not."

The next time I went out into the country to fish with Bill I found him in rather a dejected state. The drought had continued so long that he knew that the crops must be a failure, and summer boarders had not come in numbers sufficient to insure an offset for the damage. Bill said he didn't care to fish. "If I were to hang the biggest bass in the lake, it is a question whether I'd have courage enough to pull him out," said he.

Oh, it surely isn't as bad as that!" I argued. "One good season will make everything all right."

"No," he replied, shaking his head. "In fact, there may not be another season for me."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, year before last, in order to build the large extension to the little house that we had lived in so long, I had to mortgage the farm. Of course I thought that I would soon pull out, but I haven't. I can get a few hundred dollars more than the mortgage is for, and I thought that I would let the thing go rather than to worry any longer and take a few hundred and rent me a shanty in the village. I am a sort of plasterer, and I may pick up a bare living."

He was so depressed that I cared not to talk to him, and I took the first train and returned to the city. Several weeks passed. I went not to the country for the reason that to me the whole landscape had been saddened. I had become much attached to Hullett. He had a droll way of speech, a dry laugh, and his mischievous eye cut so odd a caper now and then that I was drawn to him. But I cared not to see him now that a misfortune had befallen him, for my friendship for him was founded on a humorous sentiment. One day I met a man from Antioch and asked him about Bill, whether or not he had found a purchaser for his farm. "I think he has," the man answered. "I understand that a fellow named Fetterage has about closed a deal with him. Sorry for Bill; says that he can get along maybe as a plasterer, but I don't see how he can when the regular plasterers are about all out of work."

A few days after this I was hastening along the street when some one grabbed hold of me. I wheeled about, and there was Bill, pretending to choke me. His eye was bright, cutting its odd capers, and I noticed that he was arrayed in new clothes. "You are hustling along here pretty brash," he said, releasing me, "but I want to show you that I am not to be run over even if I am from the country."

I stood there looking at him, wondering what could have happened. "Have you sold your farm?" I asked.

His eye twinkled. "Say," he said, "I am all right now, and my son Andrew, little rascal, brought it all about. Got into the box the other day, looking for annan arrow heads, and what did he do but rip open Uncle Ben's letter and bring it to me. And of course I had to read it; told that he—Uncle Ben—had buried $2,000 in gold in an iron box at the left hand root of the white oak tree facing the outlet of the lake. I jumped up and grabbed a hoe, I tell you. The tree had been cut down years ago, but the stump was there all right, and there I dug till I got the money, all the time thinking about mother and her brother, and the next day when that shark came to close the deal with me I said: 'No, I'm obliged to you. I don't believe I care to trade. I thought I was broke, but the truth is an uncle of mine has left me some money.' And, say, the news that a fortune has been left to me has spread about, and you ought to see the folks bow to me on the road. Oh, I'm all right now, and, say again, you never saw fish bite as they do now! Come out."—Opie Read in New York Commercial Advertiser.

The Laws of Gravity.

The law of the attraction of gravitation was well illustrated on Cedar street the other day. A man stood holding a rope which ran over a pulley and into a second story window, where it was attached to a barrel containing about 600 pounds of iron chain. The barrel was poised on the sill of the window, and by some mischance the man in the building let go of it without notifying the man on the ground. Result, illustration of the law of gravity, barrel down and man up, as he retained his grip on the rope. Then, to complicate matters, the barrel struck the ground so hard that the bottom fell out, the contents following, of course. And again the gravity was demonstrated, for this made the barrel lighter than the man, and down he came with a thump, and the barrel went up. Then he made the mistake of his life by letting go of the rope, that he might feel his bruises, for the barrel, being heavier than the loose end of the rope, dropped swiftly downward and struck him fairly, just as he was struggling to his feet, again vindicating the attraction of gravity. But the spectators failed to realize the gravity of the situation.—*St. Paul Globe.*

Specimen Cases.

S. H. Clifford, New Cassel, Wis., was troubled with neuralgia and rheumatism, his stomach was disordered, his liver was affected to an alarming degree, appetite fell away, and he was terribly reduced in flesh and strength. Three bottles of Electric Bitters cured him.

Edward Shepherd, Harrisburg, Ill., had a running sore on his leg of eight years' standing. Used three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and his leg is sound and well. John Speaker, Catawba, O., had five large fever sores on his leg, doctors said he was incurable. One bottle Electric Bitters and one box Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured him entirely. Sold by J. N. Snyder, druggist, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

"Do look at that huge woman dancing with Uncle Bob. What is she? A Quakeress?"

"H'm! rather an Earthquakeress, I should fancy!"

A Household Treasure.

D. W. Fuller, of Canajoharie, N. Y. says that he always keeps Dr. King's New Discovery in the house and his family has always found the very best results follow its use; that he would not be without it, if procurable. G. A. Dykeman, druggist, Catskill, N. Y., says that Dr. King's New Discovery is undoubtedly the best cough remedy; that he has used it in his family for eight years, and it has never failed to do all that is claimed for it. Why not try a remedy so long tried and tested. Trial bottles free at Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

To Find the Horse Power.

To find the horse power of any engine, multiply the square inches of area in the piston by the mean effective (average) pressure in the cylinder, and this product by the speed of the piston in feet per minute, divide the product so found by 33,000 to reduce it to horse power.

O for an eye more clear to see,
A mind to grasp more earnestly,
For every good intent,
That to the sick and despairing
I bring the a peerless cure.

Pan-Tina, the great remedy for coughs, colds and consumption, 25 and 50 cents. Sold at Benford's drug store.

Temperature of the Sea's Bottom.

The temperature of the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, as determined by the resistance of the Atlantic cables, is said to be 38 degrees F., which is a mean for the whole year. That at the bottom of the Mediterranean, measured in the same way, is said to be 57 degrees F.

What Am I to Do?

This is the oft expression of the weary sufferer with rheumatism, neuralgia and other painful diseases. The whole human frame is tortured and racked with pain. It is well to remember no known medicine equals Red Flag Oil for rheumatism, neuralgia, sprains and bruises. Price 25 cts. at Benford's drug store.

Hints for the Household.

Don't put the egg glasses in hot water.

Paint in the kitchen saves much "elbow grease."

A sickroom that needs cleaning may be made fresh and sweet without sweeping and without dust by wiping everything, carpet included, with a cloth wrung out of warm water in which there are a few drops of ammonia.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

I suffered terribly from roaring in my head during an attack of catarrh, and because very deaf, used Ely's Cream Balm and in three weeks could hear as well as ever.—A. E. Newman, Grating, Mich.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from the nose. Physicians prescribed without benefit. After using Ely's Cream Balm a short time the disease was cured.—O. A. Cary, Corning, N. Y.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

A Simple Way of Cutting Glass.

To cut a glass tube, the neck of a bottle or any other round body of glass, take a piece of flint and scratch a line around the place where it is desired to cut the glass. Then wind a thread dipped in sulphur two or three times around that part; set fire to the thread and allow it to burn. When the glass is heated pour cold water over it, and the pieces will separate as if they had been cut with a pair of shears.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

MAN-SIZE IN MARBLE.

When we were married we knew quite well that we should only be able to live by "strict punctuality and attention to business." I used to paint in those days, and Laura used to write, and we felt sure we could keep the pot at least simmering. Living in town was out of the question, so we went to look for a cottage in the country. Our search was for some time quite fruitless.

But when we got away from friends and house agents, on our honeymoon, our wits grew clear again, and we knew a pretty cottage when at last we saw one. It was a Benzett—a little village set on a hill over against the Southern marshes. We had gone there from the seaside village where we were staying, to see the church, and two fields from the church we found this cottage. It stood quite by itself, about two miles from the village. It was a long, low building, with rooms sticking out in unexpected places. After a brief examination we took it, for it was absurdly cheap. The rest of our honeymoon we spent in grubbing about in second-hand shops in the country town, picking up bits of old oak and Chippindale chairs for our furnishing. Soon the low-beamed, lattice-windowed rooms began to seem quite homelike. We were as happy as the summer was glorious, and settled down into work sooner than we ourselves expected.

We got a tall old peasant-woman as servant. Her face and figure were good, though her cooking was of the homeliest.

We had three months of married happiness, and did not have a single quarrel. One October evening I had been down to smoke a pipe with the doctor—our only neighbor—a pleasant young Irishman. Laura had stayed at home to finish a comic sketch of a village episode for the monthly *Marplot.* I left her laughing over her own jokes, and came in to find her a crumpled heap weeping on the window seat.

"Good heavens! my darling, what's the matter?" I cried.

"It's Mrs. Dorman," she sobbed. "She says she must go before the end of the month, and she says her niece is ill, but I don't believe that's the reason, because her niece is always ill. I believe some one has been setting her against us. Her manner was so very queer—"

"Never mind, dear," I said; what ever you do, don't cry. I'll speak to Mrs. Dorman and see if I can't come to terms with her. Perhaps she wants a raise in her wages. It will be all right. Let us take a walk up to the church."

The church was a large and lonely one, and we loved to go there, especially upon bright nights. A large, low porch let one into the building by a Norman doorway and a heavy oak door studed with iron. Inside the arches rose into darkness, and between them the reticulated windows, which stood out quite in the moonlight. In the chancel, the windows were of rich glass, which showed in faint light their noble coloring and made the black oak of the choir pews hardly more solid than the shadows. But on each side of the altar lay a gray marble figure of a knight in full armor plate lying upon a slab, with hands held up in everlasting prayer, and these figures oddly enough, were always to be seen if there was any glimmer of light in the church. Their names were lost, but the peasants told of them that they had been fierce and wicked men, marauders by land and sea, who had been the scourge of their time and had been guilty of deeds so foul that the house they had lived in—the big house by the way, that had stood on the site of our cottage—had been stricken by lightning and the vengeance of heaven.

We walked to the chancel and looked at the sleeping warriors.—Then we rested some time on the stone seat in the porch, and at last wandered homeward.

Mrs. Dorman had come back from the village, and I said, when I had gotten her into my painting room, "what's all this about you not staying with us? Are your wages not high enough?"

"No, sir; I gets quite enough."

"Then why not stay?"

"I'd rather not"—with some hesitation—"my niece is ill."

"But your niece has been ill ever since we came. Can you not stay for another month?" I asked.

"No, sir; I'm bound to go by Thursday."

And this was Monday!

"Well, I must say I think you might have left us known before. Why must you go this week? Come, out with it."

Mrs. Dorman drew the little shawl, which she always wore, tightly across her bosom, as though she were cold. Then she said with a sort of effort,—"They say, sir, as this was a big house in Catholic times, and there was many deeds done here."

"Tell me all about it, Mrs. Dorman," I said; "you needn't mind about telling me. I'm not like the young people who make fun of such things."

"Well, sir"—she lowered her voice—"you may have seen in the church, beside the altar, two shapes. I mean them two bodies, drawed out man-size in marble," she returned, and I had to admit that her description was a thousand times more graphic than mine. "They do say, as on All Saints' Eve them two bodies sits up on their slabs, and gets off of them, and then walks down the aisle, in their marble, and as the clock strikes eleven they walk out of the church door, and over the bierwalk, and if it's a wet night they comes back here to their home, sir, and if anyone meets them—"

"Well, what then?" I asked.

But no—not another word could I get from her. I could get nothing but warnings.

"Whatever you do, sir, lock the door early on All Saints' Eve, and make the cross sign over the doorstep and on the windows. And I'm sorry to inconvenience you and your lady, but I must go on Thursday."

I did not tell Laura the legend of the shapes that "walked in their marble," because the legend concerning our house might, perhaps trouble my wife. I had very soon ceased to think of the legend, however. I was painting a portrait of Laura, against the lattice window, and I could not think of much else. On Thursday Mrs. Dorman went.

Thursday passed off pretty well. Friday came. Everything that happened on that day is burned into my brain, I got up early, I remember, and lighted the kitchen fire. We prepared breakfast together, and found it very good fun. We spent the day in dusting our books and putting them straight, and dined gayly on steak and coffee. Laura was, if possible, brighter, and gayer and sweeter than usual, and I began to think that a little domestic toil was really good for her. We had never been so merry since we were married, and the walk we had that afternoon was, I think, the happiest time of all my life; and we came back to the house.

We spent a happy hour or two at the piano, and about half past ten I said, "I'll take my pipe outside."

I strolled out of the front door, leaving it unlatched. What a night it was! The jagged masses of heavy clouds were rolling at intervals from horizon to horizon, and thin white wreaths covered the stars.—Across the meadows I could see the church tower standing out black and gray against the sky. I walked there thinking over our three months of happiness—and of my wife, her dear eyes, her loving ways.

I heard a bell beat from the church Eleven already! I turned to go in, but the night held me. I could not go back into our little warm rooms yet. I looked in at the low window as I went by. Laura was half lying on her chair in front of the fire. I could not see her face, only her little head showed dark against the pale blue wall. She was quite still.—Asleep no doubt. My heart reached out to her as I went on.

I walked slowly along the edge of the wood. A sound broke the stillness of the night—it was a rustling in the wood. I stopped and listened. The sound stopped to. I went on and now distinctly heard another step than mine answer mine like an echo. It was a poacher or a wood stealer, most likely, for these were not unknown in our Arcadian neighborhood. But whoever it was, he was a fool not to step more lightly. I turned into the bier-walk and passed through the corpse gate between the graves to the low porch. I paused for a moment on the stone seat. Then I noticed that the door of the church was open, and I blamed myself for having left it unlatched the other night. I went in. It will seem strange, perhaps, that I should have gone half way up the aisle before I remembered—with a sudden chill, followed by as sudden a rush of self-contempt—that this was the very day and hour when, according to tradition, the "shapes drawed out man-size in marble" began to walk.

Having thus the legend, I could not do otherwise than walk up toward the altar, just to look at the figures—as I said to myself; really what I wanted was to assure myself, first, that I did not believe the legend, and second, that it was not true. With my hands in my pockets I passed up the aisle. In the gray dim light the Eastern end of the church looked larger than usual and the arches above the two tombs looked larger too. The moon came out and showed me the reason. I stopped short, my heart gave a leap that nearly choked me and then sank sickening.

"The bodies drawed out man-size" were gone and their marble slabs lay wide and bare in the vague moonlight that slanted through the east window.

Were they really gone? or was I mad? Clenching my nerves, I stooped and passed my hands over the smooth slabs and felt their flat, unbroken surface. Had some one taken them away? Was it some vile practical joke? I would make sure, anyway. In an instant I had made a torch of a newspaper which happened to be in my pocket, and lighting it, held it high above my head. Its yellow glare illuminated the dark arches and those slabs. The figures were gone.

And then a horror seized me, a horror undefinable and indescribable. I flung down the torch and tore along the aisle and out through the porch. I leaped the churchyard wall and took the straight cut across the fields, led by the light from our windows. Just as I got over the first stile, a dark figure seemed to spring out of the ground. Mad still with that certainty of misfortune, I made for the thing that stood in my path, shouting, "get out of the, can't you?"

But my push met with a more vigorous resistence than I had expected. My arms were caught just above the elbow and held as in a vice, and the raw-boned Irish doctor actually shook me.

"Let me go, you fool," I gasped. "The marble figures have gone from the church; I tell you they've gone," He broke into a ringing laugh.

"I'll have to give ye a draught tomorrow, I see. Ye've bin smoking too much and listening to old wives' tales. Come back with me, we'll look at the church, and let me see the bare slabs."

"You go if you like," I said, a little less frantic for his laughter; I'm going home to my wife."

"Rubbish, man," said he; are ye to go saying all yer life that ye've seen solid marble endowed with vitality, and me to go all my life saying ye were a coward? No, sir, ye shan't do it."

The night air, a human voice, and I think also the physical contact with this six feet of solid common sense, brought me back a little to my ordinary self, and the word "coward" was a mental shower bath.

"Come on, then," I said, "perhaps you're right."

He still held my arm tightly. We got back to the church and walked up the aisle. I am not ashamed to confess that I shut my eyes; I knew the figures would not be there. I heard Kelly strike a match.

"Here they are, ye see, right enough; ye've been dreaming or drinking, asking your pardon for the imputation."

I opened my eyes. By Kelly's expiring vesta, I saw two shapes lying "in their marble" on their slabs. I drew a deep breath and caught his hand.

"I am awfully indebted to you," I said, "it must have been some trick or light, or I have been working rather hard, perhaps that's it. Do you know I was quite convinced they were gone."

"I am aware of that, he answered, grimly; "ye'll have to be careful of that brain of yours my friend, I assure you."

He was leaning over and looking at the right hand figure, whose stony face wore the most villainous and deadly expression.

"By Jove!" he said, "something has been afoot here, this right hand is broken."

And so it was. I was certain that it had been perfect the last time that Laura and I had been there."

"Perhaps some one has tried to remove them," said the young doctor.

"Come along," I said, "or my wife will be getting anxious. You'll come in and have a drop of whisky and drink confusion to ghosts and better sense to me."

"All right, I'll come back with ye."

I think he fancied I needed him. So discussing how such an illusion could have been possible, and deducting from this experience large generalities concerning ghostly apparition, we walked up to our cottage. We saw, as we walked up the garden path, that a bright light streamed out of the front door, and presently saw that the parlor door was open, too.

"Come in," I said, and Doctor Kelly followed me into the parlor. It was all ablaze with candles, not only the wax ones, but at least a dozen guttering, glaring tallow dips, stuck in vases and ornaments in unlikely places. Light, I knew was Laura's remedy for nervousness. Poor child! Why had I left her? Brute that I was.

We glanced around the room and at first did not see her. The window was open and the draught set all the candles flaring one way. Her chair was empty and her handkerchief and book lay on the floor. I turned to the window. There, in the recess of the window, I saw her. Oh, my child, my love! had she gone to the window to watch for me? And what had come into the room behind her? To what had she turned with that look of frantic fear and horror?

She had fallen back across a table in the window and her body lay half on it and half on the window seat, and her head hung down over the table, the brown hair loosened and fallen to the carpet. Her lips drawn back and her eyes wide, wide open. They saw nothing now. What had they seen last?

The doctor moved toward her, but I pushed him aside and sprang to her. I caught her in my arms and cried.

"It's all right, Laura, dear! I've got you safe."

She fell into my arms in a heap. I clasped her and kissed her and called her by all her pet names, but I think I knew all the time she was dead. Her hands were tightly clenched. In one of them she held something fast. When I was quite sure she was dead, and that nothing mattered at all any more, I left him open her hand to see what she held.

It was a gray marble finger.

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 diarrhoea. 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 Diarrhoea 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.

Direct Telegraphy.

There was a great commotion on the San Francisco Produce Exchange during the past week when it was found that its members could consummate a deal on the Chicago Board of Trade and receive an answer in a very few minutes. Several deals were sent, executed and confirmed in three minutes time. This is a remarkable achievement when it is remembered that only a short time ago from one hour to a whole day was required to receive a response to telegrams of the most urgent nature to and from Pacific coast points. All this has been accomplished only by the construction, at almost infinite pains and expense, of continuous copper wires from Chicago to San Francisco to connect with those already in operation by the Postal between Chicago and New York. The route taken by this new system was carefully chosen with respect to climatic conditions, and it is believed nothing short of an unprecedented storm can interrupt these wires for any length of time.

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.

It Went Off.

A story is told of a certain showman who combined with the ordinary circus performance a display of fireworks. At one town he advertised the "Battle of Trafalgar," with burning ships, blazing oceans and other magnificent effects. He drew such a vivid picture of that great naval encounter that the people from the entire countryside were attracted to see it. When the time arrived the showman brought his guiding hand to bear on the set piece, applied the match in the usual manner and retired to await results. Several minutes passed, but no battle ensued. The showman then stepped forward and addressed the crowd.

"It has not went off," he remarked and proceeded to investigate.

Again the same result followed, and again.

"It has not went off, ladies and gentlemen," continued the showmen. "I will now show you the great earthquake of Lisbon." He gathered the fireworks together and filled a barrel with them. He poured turpentine over them and sprinkled the lot freely with gunpowder. Once more he applied the torch, with astonishing results. There was an explosion, and when all was over he gave a parting address.

"It has went off, ladies and gentlemen, and so has three fingers of my hand. Good evening and many thanks. The earthquake will not be repeated."—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

THIS IS A PROGRESSIVE AGE.

New and Startling Discoveries are Made Daily.

The greatest discovery for sufferers of catarrh, hay fever, ashma 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.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CURES
BURNS LUMBAGO

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.

What She Said.

Young Mr. Hopkins went to the World's Fair at Chicago, and while there met a charming American young lady who proved to be his fate. After a brief wooing they were wed, and young Hopkins sent to the old folks at home a glowing description of his wealthy, handsome and accomplished wife. A few months later they returned to England, and old Mr. Hopkins invited a few friends to a quiet supper to meet his "charming daughter-in-law," as he termed the lady.

The evening passed off splendidly till supper, and then we were astounded. The old gentleman asked Mrs. Hopkins, Jr., what she would take for supper, saying, "I am afraid our homely English dishes cannot compare with your American delicacies." "Perhaps not," came the unexpected reply, "but I'll tell you what I'd like, and that is some of that cold cabbage left from dinner. I'm a Nebuchadnezzar for greens."

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 Big Shortage.

William Walter Taylor, outgoing treasurer of South Dakota and president of the First National Bank and Northwestern Mortgage Company, of Redfield, has disappeared and sent word that he will not return to make settlement with his successor, Treasurer-elect Phillips. It is estimated that about $150,000 is missing with the ex-treasurer. He and his enterprise have handled many thousands of eastern capital.

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.

He Had a Reason.

Before the army of the Potomac moved up the peninsula in the early part of 1861, General Butterfield issued an order prohibiting foraging. The army had been on the march but a few hours when the general saw a color sergeant with a goose hanging over his shoulder along with the colors.

The general, surprised, stopped the sergeant and said;

"What regiment do you belong to?"

"To the Sixty-seventh New York, general," replied the soldier.

"And to what brigade?"

"To your brigade, general."

"And did you hear before we began this march an order read forbidding foraging?"

"I did, general."

"Then why, sir, do I find you with this goose which you have evidently killed?"

"I'll tell you general," said the soldier, "just how it was. As I was marching along minding my own business this goose came and hissed at the flag, and I would have killed it if it had 10 lives."

The sergeant kept the goose.—*Boston Budget.*

Discharge From the Ear Can Be Cured.

Scarlet fever, measles, and colds, by ulceration or a hole in the ear drum, introduce a condition that leads to offensive discharge and deafness that seldom recovers itself, but gradually gets worse by the addition of unhealthy granulations and polypoid tumors in the bubble cavity of the ear, or by ulcerations through to the bone, with inflammation and deposit of pus 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, 88 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 188? Dr. Sadler treated him six weeks, effecting a cure, with hearing restored, and he remains well to this day. All with our trouble bring this article and be examined free.

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A wonderful improvement in Friction Feeds and Gig-Back, Back motion of Carriage 3 times as fast as any other in the market. Friction Clutch Feed, causing all the feed gearing to stand still while feeding: great saving in power and wear. Send 4 cents in stamps for large Catalogue and prices. Also Spring Harrows, Hay Rakes, Cultivators, Corn Planters, Shellers, etc. *Mention this paper.*
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Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Protects the membrane from Additional Cold. Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

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IT WILL CURE HAY-FEVER

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists by o mail.

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 5:50 a. m., Somerset 6:10, Stoystown 6:32, Hooversville 6:53, Johnstown 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 12:30 a. m., Somerset 11:03, Stoystown 11:43, Hooversville 11:61, Johnstown 12:35 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:35 p. m., Somerset 6:20 Stoystown 6:48, Hooversville 6:59, Johnstown 7:30.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 6:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:11, Stoystown 7:35, Somerset 7:52, Rockwood 8:22.

Express.—Johnstown 2:50 p. m., Hooversville 3:41, Stoystown 3:55, Somerset 4:13, Rockwood 4:35.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:32 Rockwood 10:55.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

ON SUNDAYS SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Southwestern Express	4:55	a. m.
Western Express	8:50	"
Johnstown Accommodation	8:57	"
" Accommodation	9:00	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	9:36	"
Mail	5:16	"
Fast Line	9:03	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	3:04	a. m.
Pittsburg Express	3:09	"
Altoona Accommodation	9:21	"
Day Express	10:35	"
Altoona Accommodation	1:35	p. m.
Mail Express	3:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:35	"
Philadelphia Express	7:06	"
Fast Line	10:59	"

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.

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