A SONG OF DUST.

When we, my love, are gone to dust,
And nature, as of old, is fair;
When on thy rosy cheek is rust,
And stain sepulchral on thy hair.

When from the slab that marks our sleep
The raindrop eats our names away;
And cushioned lichens gently creep
To make the beaming letters gray.

When March winds wake the silken palm,
And wave-worn wheatears skim the sea;
When merles begin their marriage psalm,
And doves are in the tree.

When, year by year, the mosses bloom
Their little elfin cups of red;
And April dewdrops on thy tomb
Weep out in daisies o'er the dead;

Those tears, I weep upon thy hand,
Shall pass as leaves in autumn air,
And who unborn shall understand,
If thou wert sweet, if thou wert fair?

—*Lord De Tabley.*

THE QUICKSAND.

Stoner had been a Texan ranger and could hold his own extremely well in that rough frontier country. He had carried off a pretty Spanish wife from the Chihuahua region years before, had brought her to the rocky Californian coast and had purchased a settlers claim and an old adobe house built by a Spanish hidalgo half a century ago.

He farmed, raised cattle on the unused government lands and kept a sort of rude hotel, for several mountain trails joined at that point the broad highway which led from the county seat, 20 miles south, to the northern settlements in the pineries. He had five daughters, too, the youngest, Theresa, known as Tessa, a girl of 17. That added to the attraction, and almost every night the dark eyed, half Spanish girls sang and danced, and old Stoner managed to hear all of the news that was afloat, and somehow most of the loose coin of the region ultimately found its way into his pockets. He was a deep one, that same Ephraim Stoner, quiet, sly and patient, secret in his methods and deadly in his blow.

Stoner's wife and his four elder daughters were uneducated and in complete subjection to his will, but Tessa had more brains and energy than all the others put together and quite as much beauty, so that the old Texan ranger took a certain pride in her and had even allowed her to attend a distant school for two years.

This midnight, when as I have said, the story begins, a person of prying disposition might have discovered several interesting performance in progress around the Stoner adobe. On the north side of the house, quite in the shadow, Tess was leaning from her window, conversing in low tones with a blonde fair haired and sturdy young man on horseback.

"Tom, you do not know my father. He is not the careless, warm hearted man you suppose. I must admire his ability, but that is all. I warn you, Tom, there never was a more dangerous man. He may be where he hears every word you say, but if he is he will not speak to you or me about it, but if he knew that you cared for me he would be your enemy. He has others plans for me. He wants me to marry for money."

Tom Warren had once been the school teacher in the mountain district, miles away, where Tessa had been one of his pupils. Thrown upon his own resources from his childhood, he had developed a strong, earnest character and was already so popular in the county that he had just been elected sheriff, although the youngest man on the ticket.

While Tessa and her lover were talking a scene of far different nature was being enacted on the south of the old adobe, which overlooked a deep ravine and a camp of five or six men in a field below. For several years these men had spent their summers there, ostensibly hunting, fishing and exploring the country with their dogs and guns. Every one knew them, and most persons liked them. Tessa did not.

Stoner, though it was midnight, sat in the moonlight on an old rawhide chair, outside the door, smoking his pipe and meditating—a tough, sinewy, grizzled night owl of a man.

"That infernal knuckle-head at the camp ought to have reported before now," he thought to himself as he smoked.

A man came out of the bush and spoke deferentially:

"Capt'n, good evenin'!"

"You're late."

"Dick was shot."

"Well?"

"Just as the driver throwed off the box. Shot by a passenger in the neck and shoulder.

"He mustn't stay here to get us into trouble. Take a boat and carry him to the point and leave him in the cave there."

"Yes, capt'n."

"How much was abroad?"

"About $2,000 for the Josephine miners."

"Send it over the cliff before morning, and I'll divide it up soon, but you be careful. That new sheriff is a smart one."

"All right, capt'n," and the man went back to the camp.

A moment later, just as Stoner was going back into the house, there was the slow thud of a horse's hoofs and Tom Warren, the young sheriff rode down the trail, around the corner of the old adobe building into the main country road that lay to the west. He had at last yielded to Tessa's entreaties to "go, go this minute, Tom."

Impassible as Stoner was, he felt a little startled by the sight.

"Where in the devil did you come from, sheriff? Anything up in this part of the country?"

"Oh, no, not a particle. I've been visiting my old school in the mountains and took the short trail home, down Cayucos."

This was plausible enough, for there was a blind trail that entered the canyon just east of the angle of the house. Stoner felt a little relieved.

"Won't you put up and stay with us all night?"

"No, Mr. Stoner, I must go down to Estral to see friends there. Its only an hour's ride."

"That settles it," thought Stoner. "Plenty of stout fellows to use as sheriff's deputies there. He has probably stumbled on traces and is going for help." He sat and smoked and slipped his hand back under his coat. "Easy to shoot the fellow," he said to himself.

"Well, goodby, Stoner," said Warren suddenly. "I suppose the beach road is as good as ever?

"Perfectly safe, only when you cross Toro creek keep on the sand bar. It's as hard as iron. I crossed there to-day."

"Thank you. Adios!"

Simple, smiling speech, these words of Stoner's, and yet they were intended to send Warren to his death more surely and safely than by bullet or pistol or pellet or secret poison.

Stoner took an extra swig of bandy and went to his rest. Warren rode down the rugged hill to the bottom of the ravine, then turned seaward, and at last the wide gulch opened broadly to the shore of the Pacific.

The cliffs were from 50 to 300 feet high and full of waveworn caves. Warren drew rein on the beach, and for fully ten minutes watched the ocean sway and rise. His thoughts throbbed with dreams of Tessa. He would take her away from her narrow and hurtful surroundings. He would lift her into happier and better circumstances. He would force Stoner's consent, marry her and make her happy.

He rode rapidly south, and in half an hour the mouth of the Toro appeared, in the midst of sand dunes, breakers rolling in and the steady river flowing out. Here was the long sand bar, ten feet wide and stretching across hardly an inch higher than the watery surface.

Warren was beginning to have some suspicion of Stoner, but not such as to lead him to doubt the simple directions he had received. The sand bar looked safe, but within a few days the sea, as Stoner knew, had swept it mightily, torn out the long compacted bar and placed instead a quivering mass of quicksand, so treacherous that not even a light footed rabbit could cross without being swallowed up and dragged bodily down. Warren rode swiftly forward. He had crossed sand bars hundreds of times. Some horses would have been wiser, but the animal he rode had been bred in the valley.

The approach to the bar was hard for a few rods as he galloped on. Suddenly, in one heart breaking, breathless descent, noiseless, but unutterably dreadful, Tom Warren's horse went down, down, and the soft, slimy sand came up to his mane. He shrieked out that ghastly cry of appeal and agony that a desperate, dying horse will sometimes utter.

Tom knew the peril. He had thrown his feet from the stirrups and drawn them up at the first downward throb, but the sand began to grasp him also. He threw himself flat on his breast and tore himself loose from the poor animal, over whose back the mingled sand and water were running, as it rolled from side to side in ineffectual struggles to escape.

Tom spread himself out over as much surface as possible, but slowly resistlessly, the mighty force drew him downward. The hard beach was only ten feet distant, but practically the chasm was impassable. He felt the horse sink out of sight. The sand gripped his own knees and arms, his thighs and shoulders. Up to this time he had not shouted. What was the use? Who would be passing along that lonely road? Then he thought of Tessa and of life. He raised his voice in a clear, strong shout for help.

Far off along the deep ravine came a cry in response and a horse's hurrying feet.

"Tom, where are you?"

"Here Tess. Don't come too near.

But the mountain girl knew the danger. Creeping down stairs for a drink of water, she had heard her father's words to Warren, and running to the pasture, caught her pet horse, sprang upon his unsaddled back seized a riata as she passed the stable and galloped at the utmost speed down the ravine.

She sprang to the ground and tossed the rawhide rope to the one arm he held above the sand. Warren thought his arm would break, but slowly, reluctantly, painfully, the sand gave up its prey.

"Your father told me to take this road, Tessa," said the young sheriff.

"Yes, I know that, and I heard one of the men tell him to-day that bar was swept out."

There was a long silence between them.

"Tessa go with me to San Luis," said Warren, "and let us be married."

And Tessa went.

Old Stoner heard the news a few days later. Within an hour he had "retired from business." The camp was broken up, the hunters disappeared, mysterious lights flashed at intervals all night from the points of the cliff, and the next day old Stoner himself disappeared leaving his family, the ranch and the live stock.

It was said that he made the best of the way to Mexico, and finally to South America. The world is large as yet, and men who have money can ramble over a good deal of it without finding a past they wish to escape from. But Tessa lives in her San Luis Obispo cottage, with orange trees over it, and La Marque roses on the porch, and she thinks herself the happiest woman in California.

Furs Used in Summer.

At this season there is still a sale for one class or furs. Large skins are bought by wealthy people for their country residence where they are used as mats or thrown over a sofa or rustic seat. Among such furs are grizzle and polar bear skins. The skin of the polar bear is the most value, as it is the largest of all the skins sold. It has been known to be eleven feet in length, and is worth from $50 to $300, sometimes $500. Leopard skins range from $50 to $100 in price; the skin of the variety known as cheetah, a long-legged leopard, tamed and used in coursing, is worth $100. The Mexican ocelot with its elongated spots is rated with the smaller leopard skins. The jaguar and the mountain lion are worth $50.

Of tiger skins there is a greater variety than most persons are aware of. One is that of the Bengal tiger. His tints and markings are by far the most brilliant of all, but the hair is short and fine, as he is a dweller in tropical jungles. The Mongolian tigers are of much lighter tint, and the markings are not so prominent and vivid, but their hair is thick and long, and beneath it is a fine fur-like growth which gives a greater relative value of their skins. Thus the price of a fine Bengal skin is $150, while that of a large Mongolian tiger is $250. The skin of a Chinese tiger may be identified by the close dressing of the skin, which is scraped thin, making it soft and pliable. Other tiger skins come from the Himalayas, Tartary, Corea or even southern Siberiaw here the biggest sort of tigers prowl in the forests and gungles along the Amoor River.—*New York Sun.*

Puritans on Big Sleeves.

The old records of the town of Dedham, Mass., show that as early as 1639 the authorities found it necessary to pass laws regulating the size of sleeves. This is the way the curious old paper reads: "And be it further enacted, that hereafter no person whatsoever shall make a garment for women or any other sex, with sleeves more than half an ell wide in the widest part, and so proportionate for the bigger or smaller persons. And for the present reformation of immoderate, great sleeves, and some other superfluities, which may easily be redressed without much prejudice or spoil of garments, it is ordered," etc.

Food for Thought.

Fortune calls at the smiling gate.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Indolence is the mother of ugliness.

Most men who run into debt creep out of it.

The more you say the less people remember.

Money is oftener a master than a servant.

Look not at adversity with a spirit of mockery.

Men shoot and women stick pins into each other.

Observe a method in the distribution of your time.

The man who marries for money usually earns it.

A great many people count the cost, but never pay it.

The greatest gift we bestow on others is good example.

Religion is like music—if we do not use it we will lose it.

The highest duties oft are found lying on the lowest ground.

Extravagance knows almost as little law as necessity does.

Good talkers are scarce, but good listeners are scarcer.

Some men work as if they expect to live a thousand years.

A dandy in love and a sick kitten are two very affecting sights.

Always wear your thinking cap; it will often save you from mishap.

Without economy none can be rich, and with it few will be poor.

There is no more expensive luxury in the world than getting even.

Do not waist all your time explaining why others do not succeed.

Genius is a gift; but virtue, like the alphabet, has to be learned.

A graduate is a young person who thinks he is full of learning.

Like a great many thieves "Time steals on," and cannot be arrested.

Civilization has taught mankind to dread poverty more than sin.

Arrows dipped in honey are just as fatal as those dipped in gaul.

No person can expect to be polished without enduring some hard rubs.

Some women would object to the millenium if it should come on wash day.

The road to wealth is crowded with the men who are turning back.

Do a man a favor and he will be grateful enough to return for another.

Some of the Lord's shepherds try hardest to feed the sheep that are fat.

Our vanity is so great that we would rather be hated than not known at all.

Who seeks, and will not take when once 'tis offered, shall never find it more.

Two thirds of the people in this world have no character outside of their habits.

Take the laziness out of this world and you would take most of the sin with it.

He that calls a man ungrateful sums up all the evil that a man can be guilty of.

The most wretched poverty I can think of is to want what we are too stingy to buy.

Put this restriction on your pleasure; be cautious that they injure no being that lives.

They've battled best who've boldest borne. The kingliest kings are crowned with thorn.

It requires considerable good judgment to know when we are well whipped.

By the reproaches enmity cast upon us, we see the worst side of ourselves.

How time drags when you are listening to the praise of some one you dislike.

Wise men ask advice, not to follow it but to compare it with their own opinions.

Don't believe the country is on its last legs simply because you are out of a situation.

It is seldom that a man with a big income is ever persecuted for righteousness sake.

Poets are born, not made—the present state of the market wouldn't warrant their manufacture.

It is the Woman Makes the Gown.

The quickness at repartee of Dean Smith, of Barnard College, has gained a reputation as well founded as that for her keen intellect.

At one of the Barnard teas a few afternoons since she was noticed by a young woman who had just come in and who had not seen Dean Smith since her Chicago University days, but recognized immediately the red velvet gown she had worn during the previous winter at like functions in the city of wheat and pork.

"It seems to me I know that back," the young lady remarked, not meaning to be audible.

"This is my last winter's back," coolly observed Dean Smith, as she turned with a self-possessed sparkle in her eyes. "Please look at my face."

Canovas and the Little King.

Canovas, the new Premier of Spain, does not stand high in the good graces of the little King. Entering the royal lad's presence some weeks ago, the Conservative leader addressed him as "Bubi," the pet name used by his mother. This familiarity greatly offended the 8-year-old monarch, for with an air of disdain he exclaimed: "I am only 'Bubi' for mamma; for you I am el Rey (the King)!"

As long as the devil can have his way about the saloon he will have one claw run through the church.

Going out on a wet night to hear election returns is one thing, and going to prayer meeting in the same kind of weather is another.—*Ram's Horn.*

Do These Questions Apply to You?

They are sure to interest hundreds of readers of this paper. Nine out of every ten people are troubled with these symptoms, and really don't know what's the matter with them. Here are the questions:

Are you nervous?
Have you a cough?
Is your throat sore?
Is your appetite poor?
Do you hawk and spit?
Is your nose stopped up?
Is it always full of scales?
Is your breath offensive?
Is your hearing affected?
Is your tongue frequently coated?
Is your mouth full of slime upon rising?

If you have, you have, or are getting a bad case of catarrh. One bottle of Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure is guaranteed to cure any case of catarrh, and will last for three months' treatment. Ask your druggist for it. He will give you an absolute guarantee. For sale by druggists. Remember one bottle to cure, and guaranteed by our agents.

H. C. Owens, U. S. Express Agent, Grafton, W. Va., writes the following.

Your Mayers' Magnetic Catarrh Cure has no equal as a treatment for catarrh and frontal headache. Tried every medicine on the market, but without any success until I tried yours.

Fooled his Fellow Travelers.

We were rattling along between Baltimore and Washington at a sixty-mile-an-hour gait, with a sprinkling of ladies and congressmen and political heelers and sporting gentlemen and other odds and ends of everyday life through the parlor car from New York. In the smoking compartment, says a writer in the N. Y. *Herald*, I had been indulging in my last cigar and listening to the usual "tales of a traveler," the principal story teller being a robust, red-faced gentleman of middle age, with merry blue eyes and a tendency to wink. He entertained us immensely—modestly at first, then in the last miles farly monopolizing the conversation. The smoking-room was packed with amused listeners and the doorway blocked by those who couldn't sit down.

"Yes," said the story teller, musingly, when the laugh had gone around over his last yarn, "they have some all-fired pretty women in Washington. Now, I saw one sitting back in our car there—a little woman with big brown eyes—all alone, probably on her way to Washington with a claim or something—notice her?"

Three of us said we had and the two men at the door sauntered back to verify the description. For myself, I remembered the bright eyes, modest dress and demure expression of the little woman who had been sitting alone all the way almost opposite my chair. She had appeared to be immersed in an interesting story when she was not nodding or looking at the dancing lights without as the train rushed by.

"Well gentlemen" continued the merry-maker, "that is just the sort of woman to suit me—peachy cheeks, brown eyes, red lips and nice teeth. I must make her smile if only to give her a chance to show those teeth—I must, indeed!"

He arose from his place and flecked the cigar ashes from his clothes in a business-like way, while we roared with laughter. To our astonishment he immediately passed out into the narrow hall and straight back to the other end of the car, where the lady sat with her back to us. A musmur of disapproval went round, but it was half expected he would not persevere in his impertinent intention. I hastily slipped into my seat.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said he to the lady somewhat abruptly. "You're rather a pretty woman to be traveling alone, excuse me for speaking to you in this way, but I would really like to make your acquaintance! Going to Washington, I presume? So am I."

The lady looked up sharply at first, then blushed a rosy hue—a blush, however, quickly chased away by a charming smile. The teeth were perfect, and the merry gentleman turned around as if to call us to witness. With others I felt hot at the impudence of the man, and one of the party rushed out to call the conductor. Still, as the lady smiled and exhibited great presence of mind, there didn't really seem to be any immediate occasion for inteference.

"What's your name?" inquired the merry gentleman; "maybe I can be of assistance to you. There's my card. Yours truly—always ready to help lovely woman in distress. The —— is a good hotel. Ah! going there? So am I."

Up to this time the lady hadn't said a word, simply alternating between blushes and smiles, while everybody else in the car looked daggers and pistols.

But she got an opening here, and catching hold of the merry gentleman's coat, said, with a good-natured petulance:

"Now, do stop, John! If you don't quit this fooling I'll never travel with you again. Sit down! You've left me here all alone from the moment we set foot on the car, and now you are making game of me. What do you suppose——"

She looked around laughingly, but we men were all sneaking off to the smoker, while the remaining women were in convulsions of mirth.

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 bottle free at J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Result of the Conference.

"Bartleson," inquired a fellow reporter, "what have you been doing in the managing editor's room?"

"Been holding a consultation with him."

"What about?"

"About the management of the paper."

"Any change in its policy contemplated?"

"Yes. That's what the consultation was about."

"It was decided," said Bartleson, twisting his mustache gloomily, "that the paper did't need me on its pay roll any longer."

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 Save cured him entirely. Sold by J. N. Snyder's Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., ar at Brallier's Drug Store, Berlin, Pa.

Every time the devil makes a hypocrite he has to admit that love is the greatest thing in the world.

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.

REV. I. W. HILL.

Pastor Methodist Church, Accord, N. Y., says cancerous diseases can be cured.

ACCORD, N. Y.—Under the old school method it was believed that any disease of cancerous growth could never be cured. The surgeon's knife was resorted to, but the old trouble was sure to break out again.

Since the discovery of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, all this has been changed—the action of Favorite Remedy upon the system leaves no trace of poison in the blood, the seeds of disease are expelled and lost health restored. A notable case of the efficacy of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is that of the Rev. I. W. Hill of this town. Some years ago he was suffering with a cancer of long standing, on his lip, and finally concluded to have it removed. In speaking of his case Pastor Hill said: "About three weeks previous to having the operation performed, I purchased Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and continued taking it for some time after the cancer was removed. Ten long years have passed since then and no trace of the ugly thing has returned. I speak with knowledge in the highest terms of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy as being able to cure the troubles for which it is prepared."

One of our local physicians said, in explaining the demand for Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy: "It acts as a nerve and blood food, and to my knowledge it has made many permanent cures of Nervous Debility, Sleeplessness, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism and of the sickness peculiar to women, where other treatments have failed. For headaches, constipation and the run down condition, one often suffers with, there is nothing else so good."

A Test of Character.

An election is sometimes spoken of as a test of character. Certainly a man who can run the gauntlet and come out unscathed in reputation must have a straight record. The unfairness of the election test lies in the fact that it is the bad qualities of the candidates rather than both their bad and good qualities that are held up. Such kinds of tests are elevating neither to the public nor to the ordinary political life.

The writer always liked the reply of an old darky who was unfortunately sentenced to imprisonment by the police justice for some petty offense.

"Well, Sambo," said one who attempted to console him, "adversity tries us and develops our better qualities."

"Twan't dat a-way at all wid me, sah," replied Sambo lugubriously. "It wasn't adversity what tried me, sah, but a ole fool judge, and he developed all ob my bad qualities and none my good ones."—*Boston Budget.*

Night shall be filled with music,
And the cares that infest the day
Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away.

Just like a Cough or Cold does after you use Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption. 25 and 50 cents at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Wit of the Innocents.

Charlie's mamma went to visit a friend and took him with her. At dinner a piece of boiled mackeral was put on his plate. The skin was of a dark color. He looked at it for a while; then said quite loud: "Who old piece of dress is 'at, I like to know?"

* * *

Charlie's papa went to a revival meeting and took him. One man became very earnest, and reaching out his hands, loudly entreated the sinners to come forward. Charlie could bear it no longer. He stood up and called out: "Man, man, you stop scolding my papa."

* * *

One day little Ben's papa was reading about the civil war, where the rebels shot the pickets. Bennie asked what the pickets were. His papa said they were men. "Why,," said Bennie, "do they picket them out with ropes, as we do our cows?"—*Chicago Inter Ocean.*

Nothing Succeeds Like Success.

It can be said without fear of contradiction that no medicine has had greater success in curing Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness and Consumption than Pan-Tina. This celebrated remedy stops coughing, soothes the throat and lungs, and induces a good night's rest. Hundreds can testify to the remarkable and life-saving virtues of this great remedy. Pan-Tina costs only 25 and 50 cents. Bottles sold at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

Not Compulsory.

The other day, when a prim precise New England professor sat down to dinner in a Southern hotel, three waiters in quick succession asked him if he would have soup. A little annoyed, he said to the last waiter who asked, "Is it compulsory?"

"No, sah," answered the waiter, "no sah. I think it is mock turtle."—*New York Tribune.*

"There is Danger in Delay."

Since 1861 I have been a great sufferer from catarrh. I tried Ely's Cream Balm and to all appearances am cured. Terrible headaches from which I had long suffered are gone.—W. J. Hitchcock, Late Major U. S. Vol. and A. A. Gen., Buffalo, N. Y.

Ely's Cream Balm has completely cured me of catarrh when everything else failed. Many acquaintances have used it with excellent results.—Alfred W. Stevens, Caldwell, Ohio.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents.

Tumors in the Ear Cured.

Mrs. Wm. King, Buena Vista, Pa., had a discharge from the ear through scarlet fever, for years, resulting in a growth so large as to protrude from the ear an inch, as large as the end of a finger, and turned black. Several specialists consulted gave her no encouragement of cure, until Dr. Sadler, 804 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, who assured her a cure could be made. The now decaying growth was removed. By weekly visits to his office, and home treatment, all was perfectly healed and some hearing restored. All eye, ear, nose and throat cases remember EARLY treatment saves the organs in better condition, saves suffering and worry, saves time and money. No two cases are alike and cannot be treated alike, consequently examination is necessary to skillful, honest, successful treatment. You can't afford to have such valuable organs treated by *guess*. Don't wait to *write*, come and be sure you are getting the best before it is too late. "A stitch in time saves nine."

SPRAINS' and NEURALGIA'S POSITIVE CURE
ST. JACOBS OIL

Bilious Colic.

Persons who are subject to attacks of bilious colic will be pleased to know that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. It acts quickly and can always be depended upon. In many cases the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first indication of the disease appears. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

There are people who seem to think that God only expects them to keep the Ten Commandments on Sunday.

"We take pleasure in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy because it is praised by all who try it," says J. W. Cox & Son, druggists, Marshfield, Oregon. No one afflicted with a throat or lung trouble can use this remedy without praising it. It always gives prompt relief. It is especially valuable for colds as it relieves the lungs, makes breathing easier and aids expectoration. A cold will never result in pneumonia when this remedy is taken and reasonable care exercised. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

God often shows the sinner that he is wrong by bringing him in contact with somebody who is right.

Frank Shepardson, an engineer on the Southern Pacific Ry., who resides at Los Angeles, Cal., was troubled with rheumatism for a long time. He was treated by several physicians, also visited the Hot Springs, but received no permanent relief until he used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. He says it is the best medicine in the world for rheumatism. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

If the devil ever rubs his hands with satisfaction it is when he gets a good man to oppose a good cause.

Women's Age.

Somebody has discovered the curious fact that the reluctance of women to tell their age is no piece of modern sensitiveness. It is as old as the hills. In the Old Testament, although great numbers of women are mentioned, there is but one—Sarah, Abraham's wife—whose age is recorded.—*New York Times.*

Entirely Satisfactory.

"There, my love," said the young husband, as he placed a large bundle on the table, "I've bought you a pair of sleeves."

"Oh, you darling," exclaimed the delighted wife. "I'm so happy. Anything will do for a dress."—*Home Journal.*

Pathetic Telephone Incident.

It was a young lady who rang up. She wanted to communicate with the family physician, as her mother had been taken suddenly ill. After several attemps I informed the girl that I could not raise the physician. "Never mind, now," came the reply in a voice choked with sobs, "she is dead." I will never forget the pain and sorrow there was in that young voice.—*Portland (Me.) Argus.*

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.

GOOD LIQUORS!

and Cheap Liquors

By calling at the Old Reliable Liquor Store,

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all inds of the choicest liquors in market can be had. To my old customers this is a well-known fact, and to all others convincing proof will be given. Don't forget that I keep on hand the greatest variety of Liquors, the choicest brands and at the lowest prices.

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HERMAN BANTLY,

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JOHNSTOWN, - - PA.,

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YOU CAN FIND THIS PAPER on file in PITTSBURG at the Advertising Bureau of our authorized Agents REMINGTON BROS. who will contract for advertising at lowest rates.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

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

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:15, Stoystown 11:43, Hooversville 11:54, Johnstown 12:45 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 3:55 p. m., Somerset 6:30 Stoystown 6:48, Hooversville 6:58, Johnstown 7:50.

*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.

IN EFFECT JAN. 21, 1895.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:33 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:57 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	9:32 "
Mail	5:16 "
Fast Line	9:08 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30 "

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	8:00 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	3:01 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:24 "
Day Express	10:15 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m.
Mail Express	4:41 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:55 "
Philadelphia Express	7:18 "
Fast Line	10:00 "

For rates, maps, &c., call on Ticket Agents 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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IT WILL CUR HAY-FEVER

CATARRH

ELY'S CREAM BALM IS QUICKLY ABSORBED. GIVES RELIEF AT ONCE. A PARTICLE IS APPLIED INTO EACH NOSTRIL AND IS AGREEABLE. PRICE 50 CENTS AT DRUGGISTS OR BY MAIL. ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES COLD IN HEAD. HAYFEVER. ELY BROS. OWEGO N.Y. U.S.A.

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

ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street, N. Y.

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A. ANDRIESSEN

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