TO ONE WHO BIDS ME SING.

Non eadem est ætas, non mens.—Horace.
You ask a "many winter'd bard"
Where hides his old vocation!
Accept—the answer in not hard—
A classic explanation.

"Immortal" though life be, he still,
Tithonus-like, grows older,
While she, his muse of Pindus hill,
Still bares a youthful shoulder.

Could that too sprightly nymph but leave
Her ageless grace and beauty,
They might, betwixt them both, achieve
A hymn de senectute.

But she—she can't grow gray, and so
Her slave, whose hairs are falling,
Must e'en his Doric flute forego
And seek some graver calling—

Not ill content to stand aside,
To yield to minstrels fitter
His singing robes, his singing pride,
His fancies sweet and litter.
—Austin Dobson in Temple Bar.

CUPID HAS AN ENEMY

PERSISTENT SOLICITORS WHO DETER WOULD BE BENEDICTS.

Matrimonial Ventures Made Extra Hazardous by the Hunt For Business—A Hair Raising Warning From a Life Insurance Man.

When the young man walked into the newspaper office and timidly asked the society editor if s' e would kindly insert a notice of his approaching marriage, he little thought of the trouble he was bringing down upon his head.

The announcement was printed Sunday. When he reached his office Monday, he found a stack of letters waiting for him, every one addressed in a handwriting he did not know. He whistled when he opened the first, ditto the second, looked a bit surprised at the contents of the third and swore fluently through the balance of the pile. At noon there were more. At night there were others.

Despite the evident curiosity of his fellow laborers in the office he did not take a soul into his confidence until the third day. Then he remarked to his deskmates:

"Say, the great American life insurance man isn't overlooking any bets these days, is he?"

"Wherefore this outburst?"

For answer the groom to be went to a drawer and produced a stack containing 147 letters—he said that was the exact number, though his friend did not count them—the accumulation since that fateful Sunday morning.

"Every blamed one of them is from some agent for some life insurance company who wants to insure my life. Each one represents the best company on the face of the earth. Each pays the largest dividends. Each invests the money of its patrons to the very best advantage. Each moralizes on the uncertainty of life and seeks to impress upon me the solemn duty I owe to my wife that is to be to get my life insured for a million or two of dollars. And each blessed one has come since the announcement of my approaching wedding was printed."

The young man paused a moment, then he dug into the pile and after a few moments' search produced a document which he shoved at his friend, simply saying:

"Just look at the devilish ingenuity displayed in the construction of that thing."

The "thing" was about the size of a theatrical poster known as a three sheet, in other words, three of them will paper the side of a barn. Down the center, at regular intervals, were a lot of mottoes and warning exhortation printed in type three times the size of the context, and in red ink. Here is one choice extract from the document: "In the midst of life we are in death."

"Let us call your attention that it is every husband's duty—his solemn duty—to provide for those dependent upon him. No one knoweth when the angel of death may knock at the door of hovel or mansion and how can one be prepared for his coming unless time is taken by the financial forelock? Think of the ray of hope which breaks through the clouds of bitter bereavement when the sorrowing ones reflect that by the careful forethought of the dear departed poverty has been prevented from adding its horrors to those of the grave. It is your duty to provide for your loved ones. Do not put it off until tomorrow, for in the language of the poet, 'Tomorrow never comes.'"

There was another paragraph in the document that showed the touch of a master hand. It ran something like this:

"Our policies are devised and designed to meet the wants and needs of all people desiring insurance. They are liberal. They are honest. They bring the very best returns. We have ideal policies which we can safely recommend. We can and will guarantee endowment results at much less than endowment rates. And again we pledge ourselves to furnish paid up policies at far below the usual cost. Our dividends are often five times as large as those of other companies on similar policies. We also make a specialty of making liberal loans to our clients on their policies. We are in the field for business and we mean to get it. And don't you forget it."

"Do not leave your wife and babies dependent on charity."

The elocutionary effect the benedict to be threw into the reading of these extracts gained him a round of applause from his companions. It also brought to him the knowledge that every other man in the office who was married—in Chicago—had been similarly afflicted. But that brought no balm to his soul, and he continued to kick. He didn't think it the proper thing to do and he announced his intention of writing a circular letter to the various individuals who had importuned him to "take a risk" and informing them of his feelings.

"Don't do it, my boy," said the head bookkeeper. "Wait until after you are married. You will get forty of these things then to one now, and then you'll have to get out another letter. Wait till then, and then you can address yourself at one and the same time to the life insurance agent, the furniture dealer, the grocer, the man who has a second hand sewing machine to sell, the philanthropist who wants to see young people get along and who offers you a lot way out in the suburbs that will make you rich in five years, the rental agent, the iceman, the milkman, the cockroach exterminator, and all their kith and kin. You'll hear from them all, for they all read the society columns of the daily papers and the newly married are their legitimate prey."—Chicago Tribune.

What Ailed Him.

A gentleman of Berwyn, Pa., who is employed with an electrical light company, has two boys aged 3 and 5 years respectively. The older one, through frequent conversations with his father, is familiar with electrical terms, appliances and probabilities.

Little 3-year-old one cold morning was fumbling with a half frozen wasp that had lodged on the window sill. The wasp thawed out, and recovered much of his usual animation, a fact proved by a succession of yells on the part of the boy.

"What's the matter with Dawson?" cried the father as he rushed from an adjoining room.

"I 'spect he touched a live wire," replied the brother, with a scarcely perceptible grin.—Youth's Companion.

A poet bursts into song in the Hartford Times:

Tell me, where do the daisies grow?

With pleasure. There are several beds of them in Poquetanuck, we believe, where they may be said to be real thick. Also on Portipaug hill, in Franklin, and Candlewood hill, in North Stonington, and at Hog pond, in Old Lyme. In fact, there are 4,750 square miles of the Nutmeg State where the daisies grow. A conundrum of far greater interest to Connecticut farmers would be, Where don't the daisies grow? Our obliging poet friend will please kindly tackle that.—Norwich Evening Record.

GRANDPA HAD ALL THE QUEENS.

Little Dinah Ventures a Remark at Sambo Robinson's Poker Party.

Old Daddy November always took a pride in saying: "I bawn een Chalston befo' de wah, en I been lib yah eber sense. I lib close to de battry whay Mohlan wof stan, a berry nice place fur hit, sho nuff, speshumly een de summer, kos een de night, w'en yo' wuk done, yo' kin go sot on de battry en git nice cool breeze."

On a very hot night in August the old man occupied his favorite seat, and thus discoursed with his friend, Primus Green.

"Primus, is I ebber tole yon 'bout de narrer 'scape I mek on lass Fote ob July."

"No," said Primus; "you ain't been tole me nuttin 'bout 'em. Wha' kine er narrer 'scape you mek?"

Daddy November held his hat between Fort Sumter and himself, struck a match, held the match behind his hat till he had lighted his pipe, and then put the pipe in his mouth and the hat on his head. Then he said:

"E been befo' Sambo Robison been dig rock een de fosfite mine on de Ten Mile hill, en he been wuk on truck fahm, between de fawk ob de road en de Fo' Mile house. On de Fote ob July Sambo hab kahd pahty wot persiss ob fo' nigger, ole Sambo heself, en him friend Gawge Washinton, en me, en Hendry Drane, wot sell chicken. We play monstous big games. You can bet fibe cents ebery time. Well, Drane dole de kahd, en Sambo gone bline. I git two king, en ob kose I kum een. Washinton see de bline, too, an Drane kum een. Sambo mek he bline good, en tek tree kahd. I tek tree, Washinton tek wun, en Drane tek tree.

"Wen I pick up my kahd, I moas tun pale. I ketch wun mo king en two jack. Sambo lay low, kanse e him bline. I bet fibe cent, en Washinton liff 'em fibe mo. Drane trow way he han en kuss. Ole Sambo smole wun smile, en seen my fibe cent en Washinton fibe cent, an liff 'em anuder fibe. I try fer look like I gwine bluff, en I hab my han on my chip fur rise 'em gen, wen someting happen wot noboddy ain't been kount on.

"Sambo got wan pooty leetle grandchile name Dinah. De chile only 6 yare old, but 'e know all de kahd. Dinah sat behin Sambo en look on he kahd, en jiss wen I gwine liff Sambo some mo de leetle gal sing out: 'Oh, how funny! Gampa got all de queens!' Ob course dat mek excitement. I tron way my full house; Wasiinton fling fibe spade on de table; Drane larf; he been kum een on two seben, en Sambo, who hab de queens sho nuff, say dam en tun roun en slap de chile en tek em een de nex room en put em een bed. Den wun sonn kum from de room what soun like spank, en Dinah holler. I sorry fur de chile kaws she tawk been sabe me at leese sebenty-fibe cent. I mek narrer scape."

"En wot Washinton say?" inquired Primus.

"Oh," replied Daddy November, "Gawge Washinton say, Sambo ain't got no right fur spank de chile, kaw she been tole de troof."—New York Sun.

HOW MANY WIVES ARE THUS?

The Many Virtues She Should Have to Best Please Her Husband.

The good wife is always good. Nothing puts her out. She may have neuralgia, a tipsy cook and twins who always cry at the same time, but she never looks cross or speaks hastily, and she always sees that dinner is ready at the proper moment. The children may have mumps, chicken pox and measles, and the plumbers may have stopped the Croton water because they are fixing the main pipe; the baker, butcher and milkman may present their little bills with exasperating frequency and with reproachful remarks appended, and the iceman may have "struck," but when husband comes she always smiles beautifully and has something nice and cool all ready in the refrigerator.

She never mentions disagreeable bills to the partner of her soul and never asks for money, but she is always nicely dressed in cool, fluted muslins, or good, rich cashmere, or something like that. No dowdy calico wrappers on her. She makes everything herself—out of nothing—elegantly.

She is charming. All the men envy him, but she never flirts. She is always so glad to have his ma live with them, and to take her advice in everything. But, most of all, when he comes home at 4 o'clock in the morning, walking very feebly and with exceedingly weak knees, she never casts a doubt upon his statement that "they've been taking stock down at our place," whatever may be the season of the year, and she always pities him for having to work so hard.—Philadelphia Times.

A SPANISH ANECDOTE.

A Moor Whose Son Was Killed Assists the Murderer to Escape.

A Spanish cavalier, in a sudden quarrel, slew a Moorish gentleman and fled. His pursuers soon lost sight of him, for he had unperceived thrown himself over a garden wall. The owner, a Moor, happening to be in his garden, was addressed by the Spaniard, on his knees, who acquainted him with his case and implored concealment. "Eat this," said the Moor, "you know that you may confide in my protection." He then locked him up in his garden apartment, telling him that as soon as it was night he would provide for his escape to a place of safety.

The Moor then went to his house, where he had just seated himself, when a great crowd, with loud lamentations, came to his gate, bringing the corpse of his son, who had just been killed by the Spaniard. When the first shock of surprise was a little over, he learned, from the description given, that the fatal deed was done by the very person then in his power. He mentioned this to no one, but as soon as it was dark, retired to his garden, as if to grieve alone, giving orders that none should follow him. Then, accosting the Spaniard, he said: "Christian, the person you have killed is my son; his body is now in my house. You ought to suffer, but you have eaten with me, and I have given you my faith, which must not be broken." He then led the astonished Spaniard to his stables, and mounted him on one of his fleetest horses, and said:

"Fly far while the night can cover you; you will be safe in the morning. You are indeed guilty of my son's blood, but God is just and good, and I thank him I am innocent of yours, and that my faith given is preserved!" His point of honor is, it is said, most religiously observed by the Arabs and Saracens, from whom it was adopted by the Moors of Africa and by them was brought into Spain.

Castles In the Air.

Build a castle in the air and live in it occasionally. It is a delightful bit of unreal estate, free from every discomfort, from a mortgage to a gas meter. Practical people will condemn your folly, but what of that? When the eaves of your cottage seem to press on your brain, or your flat shrinks to a 10 by 12 inclosure, move out, take possession of your castle and revel in it, if only for 20 minutes. The brief respite will help you wonderfully, and even if your airy dwelling does come down with a crash you will crawl out of the ruins better prepared to grapple with mundane cares.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Citric Acid.

Citric acid, the active principle of limes and lemons, was first extracted by Scheele. It is found in considerable quantities in many other fruits besides these, the acid of commerce being, it is said, extracted from almost any fruit the cheapness being the main factor in seclusion.

Sulphuric and nitric acids were known to Geber, the alchemist, in the eighth century.

And It Rained.

The part of the Occident in which the settlement of Hawville is located had been afflicted with a long and severe drouth. After the ablest attempts of the rain-makers had brought no relief, a special prayer-meeting was held at the Methodist Church, and a united appeal for rain was made to Providence. When the service had been going on for some time, Colonel Handy Polk, an enterprising real estate agent, arose in his place, and with becoming humility began: "Our Heavenly Father, we are assembled yere today to call Thy attention to the fact that we need rain, and need it mighty bad! It hain't a case of merely wantin' it, but we've jest nacherly got to have it or go stone broke! Our business interests are prostrated, and town lots are bein' offered for half the prices they would have brought six months ago, and goin' beggin' at that. Our crops are burnt up, and if we don't git relief soon half of the population will be forced to pull up stakes and go back East to their wives' people. And, in addition to the distress that a continuation of this yere drouth will bring to us, I beg to call Thy attention to the injury it will inflict upon Thy cause and kingdom in this locality. Already, many of the faint-hearted have back-slided, and it is only a question of time till sin and inuickerty run rampant in our midst. Now, I beg also to remind Thee that it is Colonel Handy Polk, the well-known real estate, loan and insurance agent, who is humbly askin' this favor of Thee, and that Thou canst depend upon it that the case stands presizely as I have stated it. And I hope Thou wilt give my humble petition Thy keerful attention, and grant us, before to-morrow night or by the day after to-morrow, at the very latest, the rain we so badly need." It is to be recorded that, within the space of twenty-four hours from that time, the rain began falling in torrents.

Don't Use Big Words.

In promulgating your esoteric cogitations, and in articulating your superficial sentimentalities, amicable, philosophical or psychological observations, beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your conversational communications possess a clarified conciseness, a compacted comprehensibleness, a coalescent consistency, and a concatenating cogency. Eschew all conglomerations of flatulent garrulity, jejune babblement and asinine affectations. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremediated expatiations have intelligibility and veracious vivacity, without rhodomontade or thrasonical bombast. Sedulously avoid all polysyllabic profundity, pompous prolixity, psittaceous vacuity, ventriloquial verbosity, and vaniloquent vapidity. Shun double ententes, prurient jocosity, and pestiferous profanity, obscurant or apparent. In other words, talk plainly, briefly, naturally, sensibly, purely and truthfully. Keep from slang; don't put on airs; say what you mean; mean what you say; and don't use big words.

Physicians recommend Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup because of its prompt, positive action in all cases of lung trouble. It is a positively reliable cure for coughs and colds.

Some swift people fancy that the dust was made solely for them to throw into the eyes of their rivals.

POE KNEW ARGON.

The Poet Wrote of the Third Constituent of the Atmosphere.

Will Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay have to share the honor of "spotting" the third constituent of the atmosphere with Edgar Allan Poe? It certainly looks like it, if we consider the evidence adduced by a correspondent of a French journal, who has been dipping into the "Tales of Mystery and Imagination." The passage upon which this gentleman rests Poe's claims is contained in "The Unparalleled Adventure of One Hans Pfaall." It is worth while quoting it in full:

"I then took opportunities of conveying by night to a retired situation east of Rotterdam five iron bound casks, to contain about 50 gallons each, and one of a larger size; six tin tubes 3 inches in diameter, properly shaped and 10 feet in length; a quantity of a particular metallic substance, or semimetal, which I shall not name, and a dozen demijohns of a very common acid. The gas to be formed from these latter materials is a gas never yet generated by any other person than myself—or at least applied to any similar purpose. I can only venture to say here that it is a constituent of azote (nitrogen), so long considered irreducible, and that its density is about 37.4 times less than of hydrogen. It is tasteless, but not odorless; burns, when pure, with a greenish flame and is instantaneously fatal to animal life. Its full secret I would make no difficulty in disclosing, but that it of right belongs to a citizen of Nantes, in France, by whom it was conditionally communicated to myself."

It must be confessed that the mysterious gas evolved by the force of Poe's imagination has not a little in common with the argon, whose acquaintance we are now privileged to make some 50 years later. The "particular metallic substance or semimetal," used by Hans Pfaall, has its fellow in clevite, from which we have been led to understand argon has been extracted when treated with an acid, after the manner of the veracious Dutch balloonist. If the new gas is not precisely regarded as "a constituent of nitrogen," it has at least been declared by some to be an allotropic modification of it. No doubt the physical and chemical qualities of Edgar Allan Poe's gas are not exactly those of argon. But what of that? Instead, for example, of being 37 times lighter than hydrogen, argon, we understand, is very much heavier. It must be remembered, however, that Hans Pfaall had to make a journey to the moon. Had his gas been heavier, how could he have dropped a couple of ballast bags on the head of Mynheer Superbus Van Underdunk, and have disappeared above the clouds almost before the worthy burgomaster had recovered himself? The romancer, even when he is a man of science, must surely be allowed a little latitude with his chemistry.—Westminster Gazette.

Wood Paving.

A nonslipping wood pavement has been recently devised which is claimed to be simple, inexpensive and efficient. It consists in preparing the wooden blocks before they are laid by boring a few holes in them and filling the same with a hard setting substance composed of crushed stone, bitumen and Portland cement. The compound is cleared off even with the surface, and when they are laid the roadway is thus covered with a series of rough spots which arrest the foot of the horse in all conditions of weather, and prevent the animal from slipping. Wood paving is extensively used in England and France.—Northeastern Lumberman.

Another Innovation.

Mr. Arthurby—Just think! You'll be Mrs. Arthurby after our wedding day.

Miss Jameson (one of the new women)—Not at all. You will be Mr. Jameson when we're married.—Chicago Record.

I have played the fool, the gross fool, to believe the bosom of a friend would hold a secret mine own could not contain.—Massinger.

Broncho and Buffalo.

A number of delighted passengers on the Kansas Pacific Railway passed by a Mexican vaquero, who had been sent out from Kansas City to rope a buffalo as an advertisement for the stockyards. The train stopped to take a look at the solitary horseman fast to a buffalo in the midst of the plains.

Jose, who had his bull safely roped, shouted to ask if they had water on the train. "We'll bring you some," said they. "Oh, I come get," said he, and jumping off he left his accomplished pony in sole charge of the buffalo. Whenever the huge beast struggled for freedom, the clever pony stiffened his legs and leaned back as in a tug-of-war, by jumps and dodges so anticipating each move of the enemy that escape was entirely hopeless. The boy got his drink and his employer sent out a car for the buffalo, which was taken in triumph into Kansas City behind the passenger train. The Mexican narrated the exploit to his employer thus: "Oh Shirley, when the train start they all give three greata big cheers for me, and then they give three mucha bigger cheers for the little hoss!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

Worthy Your Confidence.

The success of Hood's Sarsaparilla in conquering scrofula in whatever way it may manifest itself is vouched for by thousands who were severely afflicted by this prevalent disease, but who now rejoice over a permanent cure by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Scrofula may appear as a humor, or it may attack the glands of the neck, or break out in dreadful running sores on the body or limbs. Attacking the mucous membrane, it may develop into catarrh or lodging in the lungs lead to consumption. Come as it may, a faithful course of treatment with Hood's Sarsaparilla will overcome it, for working upon the foundation of all diseases, impure blood, the system is clarified and vigor, strength and health restored to the body.

A Critical Deadhead.

Of the stories Mr. Hollingshead tells it would be hard to beat this one about Charles Mathews. The waiter at the Manchester Hotel having been sent with an order to see the theatre by Mathews to see Mathews, was asked by Mathews when he came back how he liked Mathews, and after some hesitation said: "Who's going to pay me for my time?"—*London World.*

Mr. J. K. Fowler, secretary and treasurer of the Corinne Mill, Canal and Stock Co., of Corinne, Utah, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy says: "I consider it the best in the market. I have used many kinds but find Chamberlain's the most prompt and effectual in giving relief, and now keep no other in my home." When troubled with a cough or cold give this remedy a trial and we assure you that you will be more than pleased with the result. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Intemperance Among Women.

There is much said about the growing habit of intemperance among women; perhaps more than the facts would warrant. If this habit exists it is owing to the fact that women are often forced to perform domestic, and social duties under great physical suffering, and by partaking of liquors for temporary relief or a little protraction of strength, the habit becomes a necessity. If all ladies who suffer with the complaints peculiar to their sex, would take Dr. Pierce' Favorite Prescription, they would find nature's restorative, and the evil results of pernicious drugs and liquors would be avoided. For all cases of nervous and general debility, sleeplessness, spasms, periodical pains, suppressions and irregularities, it is the only medicine sold by druggists that can be implicitly relied upon. No medicine for women sells so largely.

The Father's Advice.

"And now, my son," said the loving father, "as you are about to go into business for yourself, it is well for you to remember always that honesty is the best policy."

"Yes, papa," said the high-browed youth.

"That honesty is the best policy. And," continued the old man, "if you will study up on the laws, you will be surprised to find how many things you can do in a business way and still be honest.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Why Do You Live?

"I live for those who love me,
For those who know me true,
For the heavens that bend above me,
And the good that I can do."
But O, that fate would give me,
And hundreds say so too,
Some safe and potent agency
That would my health renew.

Of course, because then you would be more useful to your fellowmen. Well, that wished for agency is Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. There is nothing that can compare with the "Discovery" as a curative agent for sour stomach, constipation, impure blood, biliousness liver and kidney troubles.

Knows Now.

A boy's fishing pole was fastened to the root of a tree on the river bank and he was sitting in the sun playing with his dog, idling the time away, as he had been fishing all day and caught nothing.

"Fishing?" inquired a man passing.

"Yes," answered the boy.

"Nice dog you have there; what's his name?"

"Fish."

"Fish? That's a queer name for a dog. What do you call him that for?"

"Cause he won't bite."

Then the man proceeded on his way.—*Erie Messenger.*

Dr. Sadler, The Eye and Ear Specialist,

has been in steady practice at 804 Penn Ave., for over 20 years, and has treated over 21,000 persons for Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat diseases. His success has been second to none in the United States. If there is any value in experience, with the most careful and conscientious observation, the afflicted can find no better to consult, and can be sure of a reliable opinion of their condition. In restoration of sight from Cataract he has no superior. Send for illustrated pamphlet. Crooked eyes made straight, and a certain cure for red eye lids with pimples and scales. Spectacles adjusted perfectly. Tumors and discharges from the ears, and deafness cured when all others have failed. No matter what is wrong with eyes, ears, nose or throat, Dr. Sadler will give you the most skilful and successful treatment known, and in a gentlemanly manner.

General Purpose Animals.

One of the long-sought animals is that fitted for general purposes, and whole columns have been devoted to breeds and crosses, which are supposed to be the best for producing general purpose horses, cattle, sheep and swine. It is perhaps impossible to produce an animal possessing all the meritorious characteristics desired, as climate, food and management must be considered. For centuries some of our breeds have been progressing to perfection, and each is a general purpose bred in certain lines. The very effort made to produce an animal fitted for certain duties will necessarily detract from its qualifications in some other direction. So many points of merit must be obtained that to attempt to blend them is to begin a conflict of opposing forces. As oil and water will not mix, and animals differ as breeds and as individuals, the general purpose animal cannot be obtained unless the whole system of agriculture and stock raising is entirely changed and the objects of farming become something different in the future from those sought at the present day.

ONE TALENT ONLY.

A breed may possess merit in many ways, but it will have one predominant trait—some particular characteristic—in which it may excel, and to enable it to reach perfection in its line of duty it must sacrifice something for the gain made. The blacksmith who uses a heavy hammer daily will develop the muscles of his right arm, yet he may be deficient in strength in his legs. When an animal is bred for milk and butter production the breeder of the animal endeavors to get as far away as possible from the tendency to produce beef, for the reason that the food intended for butter and milk cannot be spared in making beef. Every farmer knows that some of the best dairy cows, with excellent appetites, and which consume fully their share of food, show but little flesh on their bodies. This is because the food cannot be diverted into any other direction than that for which the animal itself is adapted in its productive capacity. The crossing of animals of two different breeds in order to combine certain distinct characteristics results in a loss, as instance the crossing of animals of the beef breeds and milk breeds results in less milk from the offspring compared with one parent, and less beef compared with the other. An animal can only excel in one characteristic.

CONDITIONS IN BREEDING.

Granting that one could succeed in securing a breed which combined all that was required, it must then meet the conditions to success. Hardiness is an important factor. A breed that is capable of enduring one climate may succumb in another. The pastures and foods in certain sections may suit the animal, and it might not thrive elsewhere. The Merino sheep is a favorite because it is active, hardy, and can graze on hillsides and thrive in larger flocks than other breeds. Conform it to produce not only fine wool but heavy carcasses, and it loses its fitness for the hillsides and will require more care. Cross the fastest trotting stallion and a Clydesdale mare. The speed of the trotter will have been sacrificed for more size yet less than the size of the Clydesdale has been secured. The breeds are the results of years of selection. Any attempt to combine the merits of two breeds destroys both. No general purpose animal can be produced, nor is it required. One can breed for speed, or for strength in the horse, for milk, butter or beef in cattle, and for mutton or wool in sheep, but perfection can only be obtained in any one object sought. As it is at present the farmer can breed for what he wants, and can adapt the animal to his climate and farm. Take away the individual characteristics of his animals, and let him breed for something that is general purpose and he will take a backward step secure nothing, and his stock will degenerate into scrubs. The fact that each breed has the "one predominant point," inherited through years of careful selection and breeding, is the safeguard against degeneracy and a great advance in the march of progress and improvement.

There is one medicine which every family should be provided with. We refer to Chamberlain's Pain Balm. When it is kept at hand the severe pain of a burn or scald may be promptly relieved and the sore healed in much less time than when medicine has to be sent for. A sprain may be promptly treated before inflammation sets in, which insures a cure in about one-third the time otherwise required. Cuts and bruises should receive immediate attention, before the parts become swollen, and when Chamberlain's Pain Balm is applied it will heal them without matter being formed, and without leaving a scar. A sore throat may be cured in one night. A piece of flannel dampened with this liniment and bound on over the seat of pain, will cure lame back or pain in the side or chest in twenty-four hours. It is the most valuable, however, for rheumatism. Persons afflicted with this disease will be delighted with the prompt relief from pain which it affords, and it can be depended upon to effect a complete cure. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

A Geological Find.

From the New York Weekly.

First Scientist—"Eureka! What a find! Here is conclusive proof of all our theories. See this rock? It is as round as a barrel, and just about the same shape and size. It must have rolled for ages at the bed of some swift stream. Note how smooth it is."

Second Scientist—"It is unlike any rock in this vicinity. It must have been brought from a great distance, probably by some mighty iceberg in the ages that are gone."

Third Scientist—"There are mountains near here. It may have come down in a glacier."

Fourth Scientist—"It is unlike any of the rock on these mountains. In fact, it is unlike any rock to be found on earth. It must have dropped from the moon. Here comes a farm hand. I will ask him if there are any traditions concerning it. 'See here, my good man, do you know anything about this strange rock?'"

Farm Hand—"That useter be a barrel o' cement."

Romance and Dull Fact.

Yesterday a young man shot a young woman because she would not love him any more. It seems that some people will never learn that what may appear very romantic when enacted on the stage with subdued lights, soft music and blank cartridges is nothing more than the silliest sort of foolishness in everyday life. If only young people would be a little more careful about their dirt they would not be so liable to lose the little brains with which they were endowed.—*Chicago News.*

Knew What Courts Were Made For.

A humorous scene was enacted in the Superior Court room at Jackson, Ga., recently, just after sentence had been passed upon a negro charged with burglarizing a store. Colonel Watkins defended the negro, and was about to open his case with a well-prepared oration of his innocence, when the negro quietly informed the colonel that he desired to plead guilty.

Mr. Watkins then stated to the court words to the effect that the defendant desired to confess his guilt.

Judge Beck accordingly read the law in the case and stuck the negro for ten long years.

After sentence had be passed and quiet reigned supreme, the negro walled his eyes 'round and beckoned Colonel Watkins to come forward, and when the lawyer reached his side the negro gently whispered:

"Say, Mr. Wadkins, kain't yer 'peal fer a new trial?"

The scene was quiet ludicrous, and caused much laughter.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

"While down in the southwestern part of the state some time ago," says Mr. W. Chalmers, editor of the Chico (Cal.) Enterprise, "I had an attack of dysentery. Having heard of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I bought a bottle. A couple of doses of it completely cured me. Now I am a champion of that remedy for all stomach and bowel complaints." For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

An Old-Age Pointer.

Old people never pretend to stay in bed all night. They get up fully half a dozen times and go wandering around with lights in their hands, looking for the origin of noises, to see what time it is and on a half dozen other pretexts. If you feel like wandering around the house at night with your night clothes flapping around your knees, it is an indication you are not as young as you used to be.—*Atchison Globe.*

Does Her Own Work.

"About two years ago I was suffering from ulceration and constipation, and the doctors could not help me. I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after I had taken four bottles I recovered and I am now healthy and strong and do my own work." Mrs. A. Z. Taylor, Emporium, Pa.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness, indigestion.

No More Experimenting.

From the New York Weekly.

Mr. Slimpurse—"Are you sure you can be contented with love in a cottage?"

Adored one—"Yes, so long as the love lasts."

Mr. Silmpurse (who has been married before)—"Um—perhaps we'd better wait until I can afford a regular house."

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

Pan-Tina, the great remedy for Coughs, Colds and Consumption, 25 and 50 cents.

Sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

A Lucky Pensioner.

From the New York Herald.

"Yes, sir, my father was a soldier, and many's the time he made the enemy run—"

"Quite lucky."

"I don't understand."

"I say your father was quite lucky that the enemy didn't catch him."

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 cents at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Their Literary Achievements.

From the Washington Star.

"So she rejected Herbert and chose Will."

"Yes. They both did their best to please her. She has literary tastes, you know, and Herbert sent her a beautifully written volume of poems."

"That should have made a good impression."

"It did. But Will showed her his carefully edited bank book."

Two Valuable Friends.

1. A physician cannot be always 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 Was Easy Enough.

"This book-keeping isn't what it is cracked up to be," remarked the slim young man with the tall collar and the weary smile.

"Well, what are you going to do about it?" asked the fat man on the next chair.

"Don't tell any man of it," the slim man replied, lowering his voice to a whisper, "but I'm going into the business of raising chickens."

"Had any experience of it?"

"No, but good gracious, a man who couldn't raise chickens ought to starve."

"Going to start with eggs and wait for 'em to hatch?"

"Eggs nothing! I'll get enough chickens on the hoof to start with."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE KEELEY CURE

Is a special boon to business men who, having drifted unconsciously into the drink habit and awaken to find the disease of alcoholism fastened up n them, respecting them unfit to manage affairs requiring a clear brain. A four weeks course of treatment at the

PITTSBURG KEELEY INSTITUTE,
No. 4246 Fifth Avenue,

restores to them all their powers, mental and physical, destroys the abnormal appetite, and restores them to the condition they were in before they indulged in stimulants. This has been done in more than 1600 cases treated here, and among them some of your own neighbors, to whom we can refer with confidence as to the absolute safety and efficiency of the Keeley Cure. The fullest and most searching investigation is invited. Send for pamphlet giving full information.

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

Got the Backache?

If You Have, Here's the Way to Rid Yourself of the Weariness and Pain Attending It.

Some people suffer with headaches, many people are worn out and weary all the time, many more people have lame back and backache. Few people understand the real cause of their aches, and fewer yet know how easily they can find a cure. Just a word of explanation before we prove that what we say is true. The back is the key-note of the kidneys. It aches; that's a sign that the kidneys are not working properly; it is lame; another sign, the kidneys are out of order. The kidneys, you know, are the filters of the blood, but filters sometimes get clogged up. This means in their case that the blood courses through the entire system impregnated with poisonous uric acid, bringing on many a disorder which if neglected means disease perhaps incurable, and now about the cure. Don't take our word for it, read what Mr. Robert Donaldson, who lives about four miles from Canonsburg, says. Some time ago he had the misfortune to suffer a severe strain, which gave indications of serious results but for the fortunate discovery about which Mr. Donaldson tells here. He says: "While working on a new building in Canonsburg I received a severe strain, which caused me much suffering from a constant pain across the small of my back. I found it difficult to get around and perform my work. I could hardly stoop over at all. I wore porous plasters, but received no benefit from them. I was almost lame when I heard about Doan's Kidney Pills. I procured a box at the drug store of J. B. Donaldson and the result of their use has been most gratifying. The never-ceasing pain over my kidneys has left me for good. I can recommend them to anyone suffering from a bad Back."

Doan's Kidney Pills are doing just such work as this in Canonsburg every day. Ask your neighbors about them.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. Mailed to any address on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

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

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

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:30 Stoyestown 6:48, Hooversville 6:59, Johnstown 7:50.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 6:30 a. m., Hooversville 7:11, Stoyestown 7:25, Somerset 7:55, Rockwood 8:20.

Express.—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:11, Stoyestown 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 MAY 20, 1895

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:50 a. m.
Southwestern Express	5:08 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:07 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	3:22 "
Mail	5:16 "
Fast Line	9:08 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30 "

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:04 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:21 "
Day Express	9:40 "
Main Line Express	10:15 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:55 "
Philadelphia Express	7:16 "
Fast Line	10:20 "

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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We want to catch It!

EVERY FARMER in Somerset County who has a cord of Hemlock Bark or a Hide to dispose of will find that the CONFLUENCE TANNERY Co., will pay the highest cash prices for the same. Write for quotations to

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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-knowd 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.

P. S. FISHER.

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JOHNSTOWN, - - PA.,

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GLASS, PAINTS, OIL, VARNISHES, ETC.

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PRICES to suit the times.

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