CHAPTER I.

When the Indian summer haze is hovering over the bluffs along the Pawnee in those dreamy, sunshiny afternoons of late November, there is a languorous spell even in soldier life, and the troopers love to loll about the wide porches of the barracks during their brief leisure moments or while waiting the trumpet call for stables. There is scarcely a breath of air astir. The broad, fertile valley under the bluffs, forest fringed along the stream, gives forth a faint, pungent, smoky odor, and the eye wanders across its soft undulations, its vistas of alternate glade, grove and shadowy nook, and sees it all as through some gauzy, intangible veil. The sharp outlines so characteristic of the frontier at other seasons, giving to the ridge to the northwest that razorback guise that inspired the original explorers, Kentuckians and Missourians, to refer to the range as "Hawg Buttes," are mellowed into softer curves.

There is an echo sprite abroad in the autumn skies, for the distant whistle of the trains, the puff and pant of engines miles away, the rumble of the express as it flies across the wooden truss at Big Bend far down the valley, the lowing of cattle and the tinkle of their bells at the farms beyond the reservation lines, the shouts and laughter of village children scouring the stream banks for the last of the year's crop of beech or butternut, the soft laughter of the ladies gathered in the veranda of the major's quarters, all come floating through the pulseless air to the listening ears of the sentry dawdling here along the post at the western gate and distracting his attention from the purely military functions which he is called upon to perform. Over at the guardhouse many of the men are drowsing in the afternoon sunshine. Among the stables the horses are standing at the picket line, with drooped heads and lazily switching tails. The officer of the guard, knowing the colonel to be away on a late shooting excursion and the major held at home by the demands of hospitality, has dropped into a doze while sitting bolt upright at his wooden desk.

"My God! It's Nita Guthrie."

Scores of the garrison proper seem inclined to follow his example, and the tall, dark faced, black bearded soldier—a handsome fellow—leaning on the breast-high wall over at the east end midway between the hospital at the edge of the bluff and the junior surgeon's quarters, his chin on his arms, his cap pulled well down over his eyes, seems to have been stricken by the general somnolence. It is only the ladies who are wide awake and alert, for this is Nita Guthrie's last appearance, so to speak. She has been paying a brief visit to Dr. and Mrs. Holden, kinsfolk of hers, but is to take the east-bound train this very night. Mrs. Holden goes, too, leaving her lord, the junior medical officer of the station, to the mercy of the other women, and of all the families of some thirty married officers stationed in this big garrison not one is unrepresented at Major Berrien's today, for Nita Guthrie has won all hearts. But this, say those who have known her long, is an old, old story with Nita; she has been doing the same thing for years.

There is tang of suggestiveness about this statement; moreover, it is true. Miss Guthrie is not in the first bloom of youth. "Why, she must be nearly thirty," say some of the younger girls and younger matrons, who envy her none the less the freshness, the grace, the winsomeness that hover about her mobile face; but those who are in position to know and have no reason to feel the faintest jealousy assert very positively that Nita is not more than twenty-five.

"Well, why hasn't she married?" is the instant query of Mrs. Vance, to whose benighted mind it ever appears that because a woman hasn't she cannot.

"Simply because the right man is yet to come," is Mrs. Harper's equally prompt reply. "Nita Guthrie has had more offers in six years than any woman I ever heard of."

"Then there must be something back of it all," responds Mrs. Vance, whose theories are not to be lightly shaken. "Was there some early affair?"

"My dear Mrs. Vance, I have no doubt I could tell you a dozen stories, all plausible, all in active circulation when last I visited St. Louis and saw her in society there, and all as near the truth, probably, as any we could invent here. Nobody knows but Nita, and she won't tell."

Now as the autumn sun, all red burnished gold, is sinking to the horizon on this final day of a charming and memorable visit, Nita Guthrie is bidding farewell with laughing, kindly cordiality to the little coterie gathered in her honor. To one and all she has the same frank, gracious manner. Over all she throws the same odd magnetic spell, seeming to impress each and every one in turn with the same idea, "Now, you are just the most thoroughly delightful creature I have ever met, and I cannot bear to say goodby to you." There is the lingering hand clasp, and yet not the faintest sentimentality. Nita's blue eyes—very blue—gaze straight into those of her friends. She seems to advance a step or two, as though eager to meet and take by the hand each newcomer. Even the elders among the women find it hard to go, and as for the girls, they linger spellbound; they cluster about her, watching the sunshine in her face, the play of her features, the sparkle of her eyes, drinking in her winsome words, her rippling laughter.

"It's just the only chance we've had to ourselves, Miss Nita," protests Winifred Berrien. "You've been surrounded by men all the rest of the time, and we couldn't see you now if it weren't that they had to be in stables. Oh, if you only didn't have to go tonight!"

"Indeed, Winnie, I don't want to go. It seems to me nothing can be more delightful than life in an army post like this. Certainly no girl ever had a better time anywhere than you have given me here, and it is so unlike what I fancied it might be."

"It is entirely unlike what life on the frontier used to be, Miss Guthrie," answers her hostess, the major's wife, in her calm, placid way. "Any one contrasting our beatitude of today with our life here, there and everywhere over the west during the Indian campaigns in which the regiment was incessantly engaged can only wonder how we found it possible to exist in those days. Social conditions have changed, too, and in the gathering of our troops in larger garrisons a great many of the unpleasant features of the old life have been eliminated entirely. Indeed, I wish you might stay and see more of us. But you are coming again, are you not?"

"If wishing will bring it about I shall be with you again with the coming summer or early in the spring. I have promised Mrs. Holden that I will return to her if only for a fortnight."

The enthusiasm excited among the girls and apparently shared by all the women present when this announcement is made ought certainly to convince Miss Guthrie that they most reluctantly part with her now and most pleasantly anticipate her future coming. The clamor of voices is such that for a time no one is conscious of the fact that out on the parade the regimental line has formed, and that the band is already trooping down the front. Berrien has taken his position as commanding officer. Several subalterns, whose heads were kept rigidly straight to the front, found their eyes wandering furtively over toward the major's quarters. In couples and groups a number of the ladies come sauntering forth, gathering opposite the center nearer the colonel's house, from which point they generally watched the closing ceremony of the day. But still oblivious to any music but that of her voice a dozen of their number hover about Miss Guthrie. Even gunfire fails to distract their attention. It is not until the major himself returns, tossing off his helmet and tugging at his waistbelt, that they realize that parade is over and dinner waiting.

"Now, you will come back next spring?" "You will write?" "You won't forget to send me the photograph—mind, cabinet size—Miss Nita?" "Indeed if ever I get anywhere near St. Louis you'll be the first soul I shall come in search of."

It is a little flock of enthusiastic army girls surrounding her, maidens whose early lives had been spent wandering from river to mountain, from the gulf to the Columbia, to whom city life was almost a revelation, and city belles beings from another world. Winifred Berrien is the leader of the coterie, a girl whose eyes are as dark as Nita's are blue, and they are ready to brim over at this very instant.

"Here comes Captain Rolfe for you now, and we've got to let you go; but we'll all be down to see you off at train time."

The man who enters at the moment and stands just within the heavy Navajo portiere, smilingly looking upon the group and quite unconscious of the altogether vengeful glances in the eyes of the young girls, is a cavalry officer about thirty-five years of age. He is a tall fellow, somewhat heavily built, yet well proportioned and athletic. His face is tanned by long exposure to the sun and wind of the wide frontier. His brown hair, close cropped, has a suspicion of gray just silvering the temples. His eyebrows are thick and strongly marked. The eyes beneath are deep set and fringed with heavy lashes. The mustache, sweeping from his upper lip, is of a lighter brown than his hair, but equally thick, heavy and curling. Otherwise his face is smoothly shaved, and is one which impresses those who look upon it, even carelessly, as strong and resolute. He still wears the double breasted coat, with shoulder straps and fourragere, just as he had come off parade, though he has exchanged helmet for forage cap, which latter neatness at this moment is being dandled in one hand, while the fingers of the other beat rapid tattoo upon the visor. Comrades of Rolfe would tell you this is a sign that he is nervous; yet to look at him there, smiling upon the group, quite as though remarking what a pretty picture they make, no one else would be apt to think of such a thing.

"Ready in a moment, Rolfe," shouts the major from an inner room. "You ready, Berengaria?"

"I am always ready, Richard, as you well know," is Mrs. Berrien's placid response. "I think I never kept you waiting so much as a moment."

"Prompest woman in the army or out of it," booms the major from his sanctum, his jovial voice resounding through the rooms of the bright garrison home. "Never knew anything like it, Miss Guthrie. Why, do you know, even when I wasn't half proposing she never let me finish the sentence! 'Twasn't at all what I was going to ask her—that day, at least. Meant to eventually, of course, if I ever could muster up courage, but this time I had only found grit enough to ask for her picture, and I was engaged in less than ten seconds."

Winnie Berrien rushes from the parlor into the paternal den, volubly with protestations against such scandalous stories at mamma's expense but Mrs. Berrien, slowly fanning herself, remains calmly seated, as though impervious to these damaging shots, at which everybody else is laughing merrily.

"Possibly you don't believe me," again booms the major, his jolly red face aglow, as he is dragged forth from the den, still struggling with the sleeve links of his cuff. "Winifred, my child, unhand me. You'll never bring your old father's gray hairs in sorrow to the grave by such unwomanly precipitancy, unless it's a civilian with ten thousand a year; will you, dearest? Miss Guthrie, I never expect to be a rich man. I hadn't as many dollars when I fell in love with Miss De Laney as I had buttons, and we only wore single breasted coats in those days, and I was the junior captain. I pledge you my word I never would have had the cheek to offer myself. 'Twas the woman did it. I was going away for a week, and I said, 'You can give me one thing, if you will.' I only meant to beg for that picture, and, by Jove! she slipped her hand into mine. I was shinking all over. 'I—b-beg pardon,' I stammered, 'I was only going to—beg for your p-p-p——' 'My promise?' said Berengaria, sweetly, looking up into my eyes. 'You have it, Richard.' Prompt? Why, she just jumped at me. Splendid arrangement, though, Miss Guthrie. She furnished the quarters and all the money, and I the vivacity and beauty of the household, until Winnie came; she contributes a little toward it now. But we're a model couple, aren't we, Berengaria?" And the major bends with playful tenderness, the fun sparkling in his eyes meanwhile, and kisses his handsome helpmeet's rosy cheek.

"We have few crosses, certainly," replies Mrs. Berrien, whose own name is anything but Berengaria, that being, as she is frequently called upon to explain, some of the major's historical nonsense. "We have few crosses, and those of course I bear. But now," she continues, with much decision of manner, "if you are partially restored to sanity we will go, or keep dinner longer waiting. Miss Guthrie, do they allow lunatics at large in the streets of St. Louis? Major Berrien spoke of getting a month's leave this winter and going thither."

"Oh, send him by all means, and he shall be treated at our own asylum. Father would rejoice in him—as I do, Mrs. Berrien."

"And shall I get the colonel to detail Rolfe here to conduct me thither and turn me over to the asylum authorities?" queries the major, with a knowing cock of the head. "Rolfe hates city life as a general thing, but he would accept that duty, I fancy."

"Captain Rolfe will be very welcome. Indeed, I only wish you might bring the whole regiment, major. Just think what a good time the girls would have this winter if that were only possible."

"Berengaria says," bursts in the major again, "that if I only show you proper attention on this visit you'll be sure to send us invitations to bring the whole family and spend six weeks at least."

"Father, you outrageous fibber!" gasps Winifred, rushing at him and placing one slim hand upon his mouth, while twining the other, with its soft, white arm, about his neck. "Indeed, Miss Guthrie, you must be told that father is perpetually poking fun at mother, making her say all manner of things she never thought of. It is all well enough in the regiment, where people understand it and are prepared for his nonsense, but many strangers are completely deceived at times, and mamma never so much as remonstrates."

Evidently mamma does not consider it worth while.

"It would be wasting time, Miss Guthrie, and we are wasting time as it is. Captain Hazlett will never forgive you, Major Berrien, if you keep dinner waiting another minute. Captain Rolfe, will you escort Miss Guthrie? Come, Richard, march!"

"After you, Rolfe," says the major, with a bow of extra ceremony. "After you."

"Before them, if you please, you blind goose!" whispers his better half. "Haven't you sense enough to see he wants to speak with her and that this may be the only opportunity?"

"What! Rolfe wants to talk with her? Why, Miss Guthrie," he booms aloud, "I hadn't the faintest idea"—But here the wife of his bosom lays firm hand upon his sunburned ear and fairly marches him forth upon the veranda. Miss Guthrie would indeed have been glad to lead, but Rolfe's hand, trembling slightly, as she cannot but note, is laid upon her wrist, restraining her.

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted to talk with Rolfe, Miss Guthrie?" queries the major over his shoulder, with every appearance of concern. "I could have fixed it all for you."

"Silence, Dick," sternly murmurs Mrs. Berrien. "There is no fun in this affair, and I warn you—not another word."

Twilight has fallen upon the garrison as they stroll across the parade. The men have vanished from the scene, but the tinkle of guitar and banjo tells where they have gathered. Most of the officers are at dinner. One or two couples are just entering the gateway of Hazlett's quarters—guests invited to meet the fair visitor on this the last evening of her stay. Dr. and Mrs. Holden can be seen among them, Mrs. Holden gazing somewhat anxiously at Nina and her escort, for it is plain that Rolfe seeks to detain the woman to whom he has paid such unusual and devoted attention ever since the hour of her arrival. Silence and peace have spread their wings abroad, hovering with the twilight over the broad reservation, and the Berriens, walking rapidly now, as the energetic lady can lead her expostulating spouse, come suddenly upon the sight of the great golden moon rising above the distant bluffs and peering in upon the garrison through the wide space that interposes between the surgeon's quarters and the barracks at the east end.

"Now there is something Miss Guthrie really must see," says Berrien, halting short. "As one of her admirers and entertainers, I feel bound to call her attention to it."

"Dick!—stupid!—move on at once. You must not speak to her now. Can't you see?"

"See? Of course I see, and I want her to see—that's why I stop." Again half teasingly, he attempts to turn as though bent on looking back. She promptly whirls him about and faces him in the proper direction. "Oh," he persists, "if it is something about her you wanted to me to see, can't you understand that I have no eyes in the back of my head and that therefore I should be allowed to look about."

"You see, sir, and understand the situation perfectly well as it is. You're simply bent on mischief. You know that Rolfe has been her shadow all day long, hanging about her to say his say. He knows this to be his last chance. Everybody will be there the moment dinner is over. Everybody will surround her, and unless he speaks now he must let her go without a word."

"Berengaria, you amaze me! Are you conniving at his capture? Didn't you tell me you knew she wouldn't have him?"

"I did; I know it now; but he is a man who wants to hear his fate from her own lips and plead his cause, too, like a man, unless I am very much mistaken in him. No, sir, don't you dare look back."

"Poor devil! Why couldn't he wait till after dinner? she might be in softer mood then. I always am. That's why you always wait till after dinner, I presume, when you have anything special to ask. Now this will take his appetite away entirely."

"As if he had any in the first place! Positively, Richard, you have no soul above a dinner. When a man is as desperately in love as Rolfe, do you suppose he cares much what he eats?"

"Well, seems to me I was never off my feed," is Berrien's reply with preternatural gravity, looking straight to the front now and refusing to meet his wife's dark eyes.

"You!" with fine scorn. "You! Why, Richard Berrien, with all your amiable qualities of heart and weaknesses of head no one on earth would ever associate you and sentiment in the same breath. Of course you and your appetite are inseparable; but Rolfe is different; he is a lover."

"Well, what am I?"

"You are simply a goose tonight. Come, don't stop at the gate now; push right on into the house after the Holdens. I'll run up to Mrs. Hazlett's room with Nita."

A dozen of the fort people only have been bidden to dinner, for hardly a dining-room at the post is big enough for more, and on the porch anxiously awaiting the coming of his guests is Hazlett.

"Where are Rolfe and Miss Guthrie?" asks he as men will ask. "All here now but them."

"Coming at once; only a few steps behind us," promptly answers Mrs. Berrien. "Run in, major; I'll wait for Nita." Berrien looks as though he meditated a mischievous remark, but something in her voice and manner tells him that instant obedience is expected. He gives one quick glance and steps into the hall.

Presently, while chatting with others of the arriving party, he is conscious of the swish of skirts passing up the stairway. The door to the veranda is still open, and glancing out Berrien can see Rolfe alone leaning against one of the wooden pillars, his head drooping as though plunged in deep thought.

"Poor old chap! he's got his congé tonight, and that's the end of his two years' romance. Odd about that girl. She fancies nobody."

Three hours later, the moon being well up in the heavens now, and the whole parade shining revealed almost as bright as day, both the verandas and the parlor of Hazlett's cozy home are thronged with officers and ladies, chatting merrily together. The lights are still blazing in the barracks. The trumpeters in full force are grouped about the flagstaff sounding the last notes of tattoo. The Holdens have borne Miss Guthrie away with them, that the ladies might stow their evening gowns in the waiting Saratogas and then don their traveling garb while the quartermaster's big wagon trundles the luggage down to the railway station. Presently this lumbering vehicle can be seen slowly rolling away from the Holdens' gate, and everybody at Hazlett's waits impatiently for the return of the party. Mrs. Holden is deservedly a favorite in the garrison, and Nita Guthrie, as has been said, has won golden opinions. The evening air is growing chill, however, and of the dozen ladies present only the younger, the girls, remain longer upon the veranda.

About this pretty group, laughing and chatting, are four or five of the younger officers, Brewster, "the swell of the subs," keeping close to Winifred Berrien, and claiming more and more of the glances of her big dark eyes. Down at the gate, the moonlight glinting on his polished saber, the officer of the day is exchanging a few low toned words with Major Berrien. Rolfe, who with silent and dogged resolution has taken his place at Miss Guthrie's side as she came down the stairs and escorted her to the doctor's, has turned from there and gone slowly across the parade to his own quarters on the other side. Everybody seems to see and know what has happened, and many half whispered comments are being made, not all in sympathy with the willowed lover. Everybody respects Rolfe, yet among the younger officers are several who feel no warmth of friendship for him, and, as between man and man, garrison girls can only side with the youngsters. Their story of their slight differences is sometimes told again and again; the elders' seldom, for theirs would hardly be believed.

Little by little the chat and laughter subside.

"Oh, why doesn't she come back?" pouts Miss Berrien. "The ambulances will be here in less than half an hour, and we won't see anything of her." A chorus of girlish voices echoes Winifred's views. Mrs. Berrien and Mrs. Parker at this moment come forth from the house and look expectantly up the road.

"How long they are!" says Winnie again. "What can keep them, mamma?"

"Packing, I doubt not, my child."

"But the wagon's gone, trunks and all. It can't be that."

"Still, I would not fret about it, Winnie. Has she not promised to come next spring and pay us a long visit?"

"Yes, but who knows where we may all be next spring, or what may happen meantime? Every paper we get is full of stories of the ghost dances among the Sioux, and if there should be another Indian war"——

"Nonsense, Winifred! Don't think of such a thing. After all this regiment has had to suffer in Indian battle, you don't suppose we, of all others, would be sent from here to a winter campaign in the northern department? We've seen the last of such troubles, God be thanked!"

Major Berrien, his interview with the officer of the day ended, has just started to rejoin the group on the veranda when he hears his wife's pious words. He whirls around sharply.

"Oh, captain, there's one thing I forgot to tell you." And the saber of the officer of the day clanks against his leg as Captain Porter faces about. The younger officers go on with their blithe chat; but Mrs. Berrien has known her lord twenty long years, and no sooner has the officer of the day departed than she hastens to join him.

"Dick," she falters, "surely you do not believe that there is any chance of the Twelfth going, even if there should be trouble? Dick, tell me."

"Berengaria, beloved inquisitor," he begins, "I didn't even know there was a row anywhere."

But she rebukes him by a single glance.

"Tell me, Dick," she persists, and clings to his arm. "You don't think, after all we've been through, that, now that we are so happily settled here, there is a possibility of such a thing? It isn't only for myself now. It's—it would mean more to Winifred than either of us dreams of."

He looks at her in silence and amaze. Then—then comes sudden distraction. On the stillness of night there rises a scream of terror—a woman's voice uplifted in the expression of an awful shock and agony. Then a dash toward Holden's quarters, every man joining.

"My God!" shouts Berrien, "it's Nita Guthrie."

Following the rush of soldiers' feet, half a dozen ladies, too, have hastened, Winifred Berrien foremost of the lot. At the head of the stairs, on the landing of the second floor, dressed for her journey, lies the fair guest of the regiment, a senseless heap, with the blood flowing from underneath her pallid face.

(Continued Next Week.)

No Harm in the Fairy Tale.

"Some girls," says the Brooklyn Eagle, "put away their dolls and their fairy books long before they wish to give them up, because some one says, 'You are too old for such things.' That is all nonsense. There are genuine fairy stories with no hint of a moral which are the delight of every one who loves good literature. The word love is used purposely instead of like, for those of us who love literature feel that the characters are real, and many of them are cherished friends. The next time you long for fairy stories and fear that you will be laughed at, go to the library and get Hawthorne's "Wonder Book." Read it in full sight of those who condemn fairy tales. Coax them to look into it. You will probably not be allowed to have it again for a long time—not till the one who took it has read it at least twice over."

General Washington's Other Name.

A large company of persons was startled recently by the inquiry for General Washington's other name. A wag asked the question, but in a manner that betrayed no humorous intent. It was evident that the company had never heard the Father of his Country had ever assumed an alias. The wag was compelled to tell his fellow guests that our first President's other name was "George." Dr. Pierce's Golden medical Discovery is the name of the world renowned remedy for all blood disorders, liver complaints, and consumption, (or lung scrofula) in its early stages. It has no other name and no rival, because it's the only medicine for these maladies, sold by druggists, that can be implicitly relied upon.

Questions of Health.

The popular notion that an athlete, because of his athleticism, is a healthy man is a delusive one. Muscular development is not an affair of the constitution. It is an accident. Strong limbs and a weak heart are not infrequently associates. Many a "strong man" dies prematurely of consumption. If health may be defined as a capacity for holding on to life, then, in many cases, the weaklings are the healthiest.

If such a definition is accurate, women are healthier than men. Their average length of days is greater than ours. But it is doubtful if centenarians, merely because they are centenarians, are the healthiest. I knew a case of a woman who recently died at the age of 105 who was slightly paralyzed, even as a child, and who was practically completely so for more than 70 years. Could such a one have ever been correctly described as healthy? It is as hard to say what life is as to say what health is, and the way in which unhealthy folks are tenacious of life is not the least of the marvels.—*All the Year Round.*

It is a Good Thing.

I say this for Pan-Tina: I have been in the drug business many years, and this is one of the most successful Cough remedies I have sold. A case in point, a neighbor, Mr. L. H. Nicodemus, had a chronic Cough of six years' standing, which no medicine would relieve. I recommended Pan-Tina, and its effect was magical. It is a good thing.

J. ROSS MATEER, Altoona, Pa.

Pan-Tina is sold at 25 and 50 cents at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Feeding Wheat to Hogs.

From the Western Agriculturist.

From many parts of the West we hear of successful results of feeding wheat to domestic animals. Its value as a food for cattle and horses, whether the whole grain is fed or its by-products, has long been well known, and the present experience has confirmed that knowledge. But the greatest good likely to result from the corn crop failure of 1894, and the consequent use of wheat in its place, will be the feeding of wheat to swine. Its value here, when the price makes it practicable, is incalculable. We have fed too much corn We have for many years made this cereal the almost exclusive food for swine, and we have thus brought on severe punishment. Excessive corn feeding to hogs has given us a race of domestic animals which at debilitated at birth. No animal can be fed on such a highly carbonaceous food as corn without becoming physically demoralized. We do not think first-class pork was ever made on such a diet. Swine thus fed, when slaughtered, always have more or less inflamed viscera, the result of impaired health. Perhaps the greatest harm resulting from this one-sided diet is that it impairs the animal's vitality and makes it an easy prey for many contagious diseases which a well-fed and healthy animal would readily resist. This has been a prominent factor in making hog cholera the destructive agent that it has so long been. With the range of clover pasture for the swine, and some wheat in the grain ration, this pest would soon cease to be formidable.

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.

Preventing Rust.

It is not enough that tools and machinery are under cover, the metal should be protected from the atmosphere as well, if it is to be kept from rusting. A compound approved by instrument makers and machinists is made of unsalted lard and rosin. Melt together with gentle heat a pound of lard that is free from salt, and a tablespoonful of rosin. Remove from the fire and stir constantly until cold. Keep in a clean covered vessel and apply to all metal surfaces with a woolen cloth, first wiping such surfaces clean from dust, rust or moisture.

Tired and Sleepy Feeling.

HARKLETON, Pa., Sept. 8, 1895.—"I have been in poor health for the last few years and suffered with a tired feeling and was not fit to work half of the time. I was troubled with sores and pains in my limbs. A friend advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and I did so and now the headache and sleepy feeling have all left me." —Ezra Gindlesparger.

Hood's Pills Cure Biliousness, Indigestion.

A Chance Meeting.

A joke is told at the expense of a lawyer who is noted more for his deliberateness than for his enterprise.

He is an ardent student of natural sciences and in relating his experiences at a field day excursion to a friend, he said: "I was walking along a lane when I met a snail"—

"That may be so," interrupted the friend, "but if it had been going in the same direction with you, you would never have caught it."

"Her grace of motion, and of look, the smooth
And swimming majesty of step and trend,
The symmetry of form and feature, set
The soul afloat, even like delicious airs
Of flute and harp."

For her matchless look of grace and motion this regal beauty was indebted to perfect health, restored by the use of that matchless tonic, Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription which set to healthy action every function and gave purity and richness to the blood.

It is guaranteed for that class of ailments and weaknesses peculiar to women. Any one so afflicted can use it with entire certainty of being restored by its tonic and nervine properties to the same perfect health and regal beauty which men adore and the gods may envy.

In the Moonlight.

Miss Bloomers—I wonder when Charlie Newboy will ever learn to ride properly?

Miss Knickerbocker—What's the matter now?

Miss Bloomers—Why, he works so hard pedaling that he doesn't have breath enough left to propose.

Where did I get this Dreadful Cough?

No matter; the great question is, How shall I get rid of it? Use THE PINEOLA BALSAM, a soothing combination of the remedies nature has put in the pine and other balsamic trees. It cures the inflammation and tickling in the throat and if taken in time will prevent the spread of the disease to the lungs. Ely's Pineola Balsam is strongly recommended in cases of asthma. Twenty-five cents is the price. Tell the neighbors about it.

A young doctor, desiring to make a good impression upon a German farmer, declared that he had received a double education. He had studied homeopathy and was also a graduate of a "regular" medical school.

"Oh, dot was nothing," said the farmer, "I had vonce a calf vot sucked two cows, and he made nodding but a common schteer after all."

Dr. Sadler, The Eye and Ear Specialist,

has been in steady practice at 834 Penn Ave., for over 29 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.

Not as "Great" as he Was.

A correspondent of a German journal had lately an opportunity of inspecting Bismarck's bedroom, at Friedrichsruhe. He gives a minute description of his investigations. Among the objects that interested him most was the weighing machine used every morning by the Prince as soon as he gets out of bed and draws on a pair of slippers. On a table beside the machine lies a notebook, in which he inscribes with his own hand his weight for every day in the year. In 1879, we are told, the Chancellor—then in the heyday of power—turned the scale at the respectable figure of 242 pounds. Since then he has been physically on the down grade, for to-day he scales only 202 pounds, and appears only too anxious to reduce the figure still further.

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.

The Tiniest Married Couple.

On September 22, says the Westminster Gazette, the wife of a dwarf named Morris gave birth to twins at Blaenavon, North Wales. Morris is only 35 inches in height, while his wife is even smaller in stature. They were married at Barthomley Church last Christmas, and have been since traveling through the country as General and Mrs. Small, being the smallest married couple in the world. The mother and infants are doing well.

Entitled to Confidence.

Mr. G. W. Benford, Druggist, should have the confidence of this community; his calling is one of responsibility; very often precious lives are entrusted to his care; taking the agency for sell the celebrated Red Flag Oil should be a guarantee, it will do all that is claimed for it, and no remedy excels it for the quick cure of Rheumatism Neuralgia, Sprains and all bodily pain. Price 25 cents.

There are now twenty-five women in Chicago who are practicing lawyers, and fifteen more will soon be admitted to the Bar.

Marvelous Results.

From a letter written by Rev. J. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., we are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending Dr. King's New Discovery, as the results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor of the Baptist Church at Rives Junction she was brought down with Pneumonia succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive them. A friend recommended Dr. King's New Discovery; it was quick in its work and highly satisfactory in results." Trial bottles free at J. N. Snyder's drug store. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

The merchants of Monett, Mo., have adopted a novel scheme for collecting accounts of long standing. Several of the prettiest girls in that section have been hired as collectors. The girls and the scheme are said to be meeting with remarkable success.

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 is declared that according to statistics the quantity of meat consumed in England "amounts to 119 pounds per head per annum."

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.

Hundreds of precious little ones owe their lives to Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, the sovereign cure for croup and all other throat or lung diseases.

Electric Bitters.

Electric Bitters is a medicine suited for any season, but perhaps more generally needed, when the languid exhausted feeling prevails, when the liver is torpid and sluggish and the need of a tonic and alterative is felt. A prompt use of this medicine has often averted long and perhaps fatal bilious fevers. No medicine will act more surely in counteracting and freeing the system from the malarial poison. Headache, Indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness yield to Electric Bitters. 50c. and $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store.

ELY'S
Cream Balm
CATARRH
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.
IT WILL CURE
COLD IN HEAD
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.

IS IT SURPRISING

That There Are So Many Skeptics When Proven Statements Are So Scarce?

What's the difference between a statement not proven and a fact? Let's state it up in a plain, every-day manner. Some one in Chicago makes a public statement which comes to you without further endorsement. Is it proven conclusively to you? We think not. But supposing a man in your county, in your town; a man you know about, perhaps know personally, and know that his word is as good as his note, makes a declaration, doesn't it come pretty close to being a fact? This is the kind of evidence we have for skeptics, and the kind we give you here. Mr. John H. Kennedy resides in Washington, Pa., at 284 North Main street. He has been Deputy Sheriff of the county for a dozen years, and the most veritable skeptic cannot doubt what he says; read it. We tell it here as he told it to our representative. Said he: "I have been a sufferer for some time past with kidney complaint. I have a pain across the small of my back near the hips. It was more severe morning and evening. I would arise in the morning feeling as though I had not had a night's rest at all. I noticed an advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills and went to L. S. Vowell's drug store, where I procured a box. I have now been using that remedy for some time, and I can honestly say that they have done me a great deal of good. I rest better at night and, in fact, feel better in every way since I began taking them. I am steadily improving and expect to soon be restored to my normal condition. I would gladly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to any one suffering from any form of kidney complaint. I have known others who use them and speak as highly of their merit as I feel that I can."

[Signed] JNO. H. KENNEDY.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers price 50 cents per box. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

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 6:20 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	4:55	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:18	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:37	"
" Accomodation	8:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:52	"
Mail	5:16	"
Fast Line	9:08	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	8:04	a. m.
Sea-shore Express	3:40	"
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.

YOUR EYE!
W w ant 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
WINSLOW S. COBB & CO.,
Confluence, Pa.

GOOD LIQUORS!
and Cheap Liquors
By calling at the Old Reliable Liquor Store,
No. 309 Main St., and 106 Clinton St.,
Johnstown, Pa.,
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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