A Soldier's Secret

By Captain CHARLES KING, U. S. A.

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—SYNOPSIS.—

CHAPTER I—Nita Guthrie, a St. Louis girl, is visiting the family of Surgeon Holden, in the camp of the Twelfth cavalry, in Arizona. Captain Rolfe, an officer of the Twelfth, proposes and is rejected. An old love affair is in the way. Nita swoons over some mysterious apparition on the eve of her departure for home. II—After Nita leaves camp Dr. Holden tries to unearth the mystery of her swoon. He suspects that Sergeant Ellis, a recent recruit, and a man with a history, had some connection with it. III—Lieutenant "Curly" Brewster, another officer of the Twelfth, is in love with Winifred Berrien, the daughter of Major Berrien. Captain Rolfe lights upon evidence that another woman claims Brewster's devotion. IV. The society of the fort gives a hop, and Mrs. Knowles, a married flirt from a nearby town, makes a scene with Brewster, at which Major Barrien and Winifred are mystified and indignant.

CHAPTER V.

A tall form passed across the illumined space as Kenyon drew near.

It is Mr. Thomas Hughes who asks in "Tom Brown at Oxford," "Which is the true—aye, and the brave—man, he who trembles before a woman or he before whom a woman trembles?" There are men who could have found it no difficult matter to flatly decline to serve even as temporary escort to a woman so evidently bent on mischief—who could have rebuked then and there the assumption of intimacy and proprietorship which if unchallenged might mean disaster. Brewster did neither. She read him well enough to see that, though he was too indignant to permit himself to speak, he was also too much of a gentleman to snub her. Bravely therefore she bore her part, keeping up an animated flow of meaningless words until fairly out of the hoproom, then promptly shifting to that feminine colgne of vantage wherein lies woman's greatest strength—a gush of silent tears. She knew too much to add reproaches, accusations, angry words; that would have given him something to answer, something to overthrow. It is only when a woman weeps, silently, desolately, showing no anger, making no charge, that she has man at her mercy. Utterly false as was the position in which she had placed Brewster before the garrison world at this moment, he actually did not know but that he might be blamable for all—that he might be much less sinned against than sinning. He was no fool, only so much of one as the strongest of his kind sometimes become in the hands of the softer sex. Samson had his Delilah; Hercules, Omphale; Belisarius, poor devil, had both Antonia and Theodora.

It was bad enough to have her shrink to the opposite side of the carriage the instant he had assisted her in and there give way to apparently uncontrollable weeping; it was bad enough to have to stand there for a moment or two until the lady's long suffering spouse should be hunted up (he had been having a cigar with one or two of the elders in the sanctity of the little smoking room); but what made matters simply intolerable was that just at the foot of the stairs, under the broad gallery, just where the lantern on the big pillar would shine full upon himself and his lachrymose partner, stood Major Berrien in earnest conversation with Captain Rolfe, and both looked up, glanced quickly but searchingly at him and at her, raising their forage caps in silent salutation, and turned away. Poor Curly! As in duty bound, he leaned into the carriage, not too ardently begging the weeping dame to say what had so distressed her, but she would not reply.

Possibly she thought he might yet be induced to clamber in after her, and there in the dark interior tenderly beseech her to speak; but he was all eagerness to hasten back to the hoproom. If he could but have speech with Mrs. Berrien a moment, he might make her understand the situation; she had always been cordial and sympathetic. But it was three or four minutes, perhaps, before Knowles came, thanked him for his attention to his wife, stepped in, and—how her tears were explained to her liege lord nobody knows. Somebody who knew her, however, was mean enough to suggest that they were of the theatrical and controllable order, and, as Randolph expressed it, "she braced up and grinned as soon as Curly was left behind."

The instant the carriage rolled away Brewster turned and sped up the stairs. At the very top he met the colonel coming hastily down, a brown telegraph envelope in his hand, the soldier operator, with a look of repressed excitement on his face, close at his heels.

"Come with me, Brewster," said Farquhar, in preoccupied but positive manner. "Morgan, find the adjutant and quartermaster, and say that I wish to see them at the office."

"I'll get my cap and follow you at once, sir," answered Brewster, and hastened into the dressing room. There he met Hazlett and Thorpe just coming out, throwing their cavalry capes over their shoulders, silent and preoccupied like their chief. Seizing his cap, Brewster paused one longing instant for a glance into the hoproom. Again the floor was thronged. To the merriest of music—"Toujours Galant"—the younger dancers were fairly romping in the half galop, half polka step the joyous tune inspires, and in their midst, not romping, but dancing with a slower, almost languid grace, Winifred Berrien appeared to his troubled gaze, her slender waist half encircled by Randolph's arm, her dark eyes downcast, her color and animation gone.

"Come, Brewster," called Hazlett from the doorway, "Farquhar wants us at once and does not want anybody else to know."

"What's up?"

"You'll know in a moment. The colonel doesn't want it mentioned here."

At the foot of the stairs, under the glare of the same big lamp, Farquhar, with Berrien and Rolfe, stood waiting. Glancing impatiently up, as though to make sure of his men, Farquhar took Berrien by the arm and silently led the way, Rolfe and Hazlett, Thorpe and Brewster falling in behind. It was but a few steps to the office.

"Pull down the shades, orderly, and one lamp will be enough. That'll do. Close the door and remain outside," said Farquhar, as he threw off his cape, then silently waited until the sleepy trumpeter had carried out his orders and vanished. By this time, too, Warren and Drake, the adjutant and the quartermaster, had come bustling in, and, noting the silence of those already on the ground, simply removed their caps and waited the colonel's pleasure. For an instant Farquhar stood tapping the lid of the desk with the butt of his pencil and studying the long dispatch which he held in his hand. Then he looked up.

"Gentlemen, we are ordered to the field; one battalion to go at once, the other to follow in ten hours—just as soon as cars can be provided. Berrien, you will lead off."

For a moment not a word from anybody; then the major spoke:

"How much time have we, sir?"

"I cannot tell. You load up, the moment the railway company can get a train here. They have plenty of engines and cars at the junction and ought to be able to furnish what we need by daybreak. Meantime you will have to rouse your men, pack up everything that is not to be taken, cook three days' rations and be ready to get the horses aboard. Go at it as quietly as possible. I want nobody at the hop to know of the orders. Let the dance go on. Your men must take all their blankets and the heaviest clothing they have. No one knows what may be in store for us either in furs or fighting."

Again dead silence, broken only by the rapid clicking of the telegraph instrument in the adjoining room and the soft, melodious strains borne on the wings of the whispering night wind. Another waltz, and one which she had promised him he should have the latter half of, thought Brewster. Even now he listened yearningly to recognize the strain. Aye, he might have known it! her favorite of all, "Love's Dreamland."

But the colonel was speaking again: "Of course you will do well to weed out any sick or ineffectives you may have. It is going to be a bitter campaign, and after our summer and fall under southern suns will be all the tougher. Holden will go with your command, Berrien, and I have sent for him. Here are your four troop commanders; so you may as well give your instructions at once and let them get to work."

"You have heard the colonel's orders, gentlemen; I do not know of anything I have to add. Start out your first sergeants and the cooks at once, and let the men pack without unnecessary noise. I will give all further details as soon as Colonel Farquhar and I have had a few moments' conference."

Again the telegraph operator with a dispatch.

"I thought so," said Farquhar. "Murray, the division superintendent, was with us in the Shenandoah and at Five Forks. He wires that the train will be here at five o'clock at the latest—two engines, twenty freight or cattle cars, two baggage cars, four passenger day cars and a Pullman. It is eleven now. If anything is wanted you'll find me here."

Back again into the chill night air, under the shining, starry vault, Berrien and his four troop leaders paused for a moment on the gravel walk.

"Hazlett, I suppose you will need to see Mrs. Hazlett home, and you, Thorpe. Better go and rouse your sergeants first, then come back to the hoproom; but, mind you, not a word there. Rolfe, you and Brewster are among the blessed tonight; you have no wives to break the news to. I will give your subalterns the tip to report to you just as soon as we break up."

Three hands went to the cap visor in salute, three officers turned away. Warren, the adjutant, came hurrying out.

"Oh, major, Colonel Farquhar begs that you will step in a moment."

"You had something to say, Brewster?" asked the major coldly.

"Yes, sir, I—I hope to hurry back in time to escort Miss Berrien home."

"No, don't trouble yourself. I'll attend to that. You have other matters to occupy you." And if ever a father's tone signified that dismissal was intended, and that further attentions were forbidden, Berrien's did as he abruptly turned, leaving Brewster stunned and silent at the edge of the parade.

In ten minutes lights were dancing like will-o'-the-wisps about the galleries of the men's quarters. Quick, bounding footsteps could be heard, and the low, brief orders of the sergeants as they went flitting from door to door. Then half suppressed exclamations, an occasional smothered yell of excitement or delight from some enthusiastic Paddy ever ready for a frolic or a fight. Then a gradually swelling murmur of voices, the rapid scurry of booted feet, a clattering up and down the stairways, the slamming and banging of barrack doors, the dragging forth of heavy chests and boxes, the clank of a dropped saber, and then people at the hoproom, strolling out on the broad veranda for fresh air or flirtation, became aware of the unusual illumination over across the parade, and listening heard the sounds of bustle and preparation. And then lights began to pop up among the windows of the second battalion, where the news had rapidly spread, and where dozens of troopers tumbled out of their blankets and into their boots forthwith and went charging en masse upon their own sergeants to know what it meant that "them fellers in the first battalion had had orders to be up and getting and none had come for us."

In less time than it takes to tell it the tidings spread from porch to hall that "something was up," and other people, men and women, old officers and young, matrons and maids, quit their places in the Lancers and came streaming forth upon the gallery. "What's the matter?" "Is it fire? I heard no alarm." "The trumpets haven't sounded." "See! there's the orderly trumpeter going across the parade now, running to the office." "Why, the office is lighted too." "Where's Warren?" "What does it mean?" These and dozens of other verbal conjectures and suggestions flew from lip to lip. Men excused themselves to their fair partners, seized their caps, scurried away down the steps and sped over toward the lights at headquarters. A dozen or more suddenly disappeared in this way, and then it was found that the colonel and Berrien and Hazlett and Thorpe and Brewster, too, were all missing. And then Mrs. Thorpe's voice was heard wailing out upon the night air:

"Oh, Mrs. Berrien! Mrs. Berrien! I know what it means. I saw the telegraph operator coming up the steps. It's orders—orders for the field."

And then indeed—

There was hurrying to and fro
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.

And the dance was forgotten, and the musicians, astonished, found the lighted hall rapidly emptying of the revelers, and women pressed, pallid and tearful, into the dressing room, gathering up their wraps with hasty hand and hurrying forth to take the arm of husband or lover, as though claiming that right to the very last. And then in some way the word went around, "Only one battalion goes—only Berrien's," and those whose lords were attached to the other plucked up heart and spirit for a moment, and in the midst of it all, pale but tearless, Mrs. Berrien stood waiting patiently for Dick's return, and by her side, even paler, but as brave and tearless and patient, Winifred clung to her mother's arm and would take no other. Ridgeway, who had scampered over to the office among the dozen departed, came panting back up the stairway.

"Is it true?" asked Mrs. Berrien.

"Yes; the first battalion goes at daybreak. The major says he will be over in a few moments."

"Mrs. Berrien, permit me to escort you home," said Major Kenyon, hastening after Ridgeway up the stair. "I have just seen Berrien; he has to go to the barracks a few minutes."

"Miss Winifred, may I have the pleasure? Mr. Brewster is of course needed with his troop, and mine does not go," said Ridgeway, proffering his arm. The girl hesitated one moment, half clinging to her mother's side, and casting one swift, appealing glance into her face.

"Yes, daughter, we'll go home at once," was the low toned answer as Mrs. Berrien took old Kenyon's arm, and with bowed head moved toward the stairs, her escort eagerly, volubly explaining to her that he felt sure the object of the sudden move was merely to overawe the Indians by a display of force. "It is exactly what was done here with such success a few years ago, Mrs. Berrien. The Cheyennes were wild for an outbreak, and Sheridan simply called in troops from everywhere, and when the Indians saw the great array of cavalry and infantry they caved at once. Never had to fire a shot, madam. And that's the proper way to handle this matter. That's what this means. The Sioux will be so disheartened they won't dare resist even if orders are given to disarm them—God forgive me the lie!" he muttered under his breath. "Of course it's exasperating to think of the Twelfth being sent so far away at such a time, but better now, believe me, than later, after those misguided wretches had had a chance to jump."

But Mrs. Berrien had lived, heaven only knows how, through many a similar experience. She had seen time and again her husband's command hurried forth on the trail or across the path of savage foe. Never yet had they returned unscathed, never yet without serious loss of officers and men. She could only bow her head the lower while her lips moved in silent prayer. Just as they reached the gate a tall form came springing after them through the darkness, and Brewster's voice was heard:

"I hurried back to the hoproom, Miss Winifred, only to find you gone. I had expected to escort you home. You have heard the news? You know our orders have come?" He glared at Ridgeway, as much as to say, "Leave, man; you are one too many, as you ought to see." But the junior lieutenant stoutly held his ground, nor did Winifred withdraw her hand from his arm.

"I have heard; yes, it seems very sudden," was all she could or would say, and the dark eyes were shrouded from his longing gaze.

"We'll be off by daybreak, I fear. I cannot hope to see you again before we have to go," he went on desperately.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Brewster?" called Mrs. Berrien from the steps. "You and Mr. Ridgeway can spare a moment, can you not? Oh, Dick, here you are!" she cried, as with quick, energetic step the major sprang across the road and appeared under the dim light of the garrison lamp, and back to the gate she sped to meet him and to twine her arm in his.

"I'll say good night, ladies," said Kenyon. "I'll call in in the morning to see if I can be of any service. Now I must trot over and help Holden to pack." And, unrestrained, he went.

"Brewster, Ridgeway, I won't ask you in now. You have much to attend to and but little time. Run in, Winifred," said the major. "I'll be with you at the barracks in a few moments, gentlemen."

Slowly but obediently Winifred stepped forward.

"Good night, Mr. Ridgeway," she murmured, holding out her little hand. "Thank you very much."

Berrien stood impatiently at the gate, as though to see her safely through. With trembling lips Brewster spoke as he sprang to her side.

"Goodby. Don't forget," was all he could murmur as he seized her hand, clinging to it one miserable moment with both his own.

"Goodby," she said, in low, tremulous tone, but withdrawing her hand, withholding her glance. The major threw his arm about her and almost thrust her through the gate.

"It is good night only, not goodby, Mr. Brewster," said Mrs. Berrien, kindly forgetting her own misery for the moment in the contemplation of the woe in his face. Then they hurried within doors, Winifred drooping before them, and then the door closed and Brewster and Ridgeway stood there confronting each other under the light. For a moment neither spoke.

"Have you lost your crossed sabers?" said Brewster finally, noting that the handsome cap badge of solid gold which Ridgeway ordinarily wore upon the front of his forage cap was now missing.

"No; I took it off to pin Miss Berrien's wrap about her throat."

A moment more Brewster stood as though he would ask another question, then abruptly turned and plunged into the darkness.

Meantime Major Kenyon had trudged up the row toward Holden's quarters. Already the lights were beginning to gleam from the various houses around the big quadrangle of the parade, where a dozen of the cavalry officers were now busily engaged in preparation for the sudden move. Over at the hospital, too, the lamps were being lighted in the steward's room and the dispensary. Holden's hall door stood wide open. The hall itself was dark, but a lamp was alight in the sitting room, and that door, too, was wide open. A tall form passed across the illumined space as Kenyon drew near. He stopped for a moment at the gate, listening to the sound of bustle, the whistling and singing of the men at the barracks. "Hardship, hunger, privation, suffering ahead of them, even if they don't have hard fighting," he muttered to himself. "In thirty-six hours they'll be freezing, poor devils, for not a man in the battalion has a winter kit; and just hear them laugh and sing, as though the world had no joy like soldiering! God guard them—and these poor wives and sweethearts here. Why isn't it my lot to go instead of Berrien's? Who the devil would shed a tear for me?" He shook himself together and tramped heavily into the gate and up the steps.

"Doc!" he called at the doorway. "Oh, Doc!"

No answer. The house was silent.

"Oh, Holden! Where are you?" Still no reply. "Odd," said Kenyon; "I thought I saw him in here. Who could that have been?" With the confidence of army intimacy he tramped through the sitting room on the left of the hall, then into the dining room beyond. No one there. Then across the hall again and into Holden's own sleeping room at the rear of the house. The kerosene lamp was burning on the dressing table. The bed had been occupied. Evidently Holden had turned in early, only to be routed out by the orders of the colonel. The floor creaked somewhere overhead. Then he was sure he heard a quick, light footfall on the stair. "Oh, Doc! Here I am. It's Kenyon," he cried. But no answer came. Once more returning to the hall, and thence to the sitting room, he found them empty as before. The parlor door on the west side was closed. Slowly he strolled out on the front piazza, just in time to catch sight of a tall form in the dark circular cape striding up to the gate. Surely that was Holden. Then he heard a hail:

"Hello, Rolfe. That you?"

"Yes. You go with us, do you?"

"I do. Won't you come in?"

"Not just now; I've got to go to my quarters a moment. I'll be in by and by. We'll have to make a night of it."

"All right. Kathleen will get us some coffee after a while. Bring in some of the others with you." Then the doctor came bounding up the steps. "Hello, Kenyon. You here? Well, you were right after all, weren't you? I've just been over to the hospital to see to the field chests."

"Weren't you in here just now?" asked Kenyon.

"I? No! Not for ten minutes."

"Well, some one was here—up stairs and down, both. I called twice and got no answer, but I saw a man and heard the steps. Thought it was you."

"Rolfe, perhaps. He was in the road just beyond our gate as I came back, but I thought he had just come from his company quarters."

"If it had been Rolfe he would have answered, I should think," said Kenyon. "Besides, the figure and the footsteps were those of a much lighter man."

"Queer!" said Holden, his thoughts instantly reverting to the event of the week before. "Did you see him?"

"I saw a figure pass across the light streaming from the sitting room door. Then I heard the step up stairs while I stood in your room, and then very quick, light steps on the stairs—some one coming down like a streak, now that I think of it."

"How long ago?"

"Not more than a minute before you got here."

"By Jove, I'm going to look into this!" said Holden quickly. "Of course you've heard of the excitement we had here. Bring that candle, will you? I'll take the lamp." Up the stairs they went—up to the landing where Nita Guthrie had her mysterious fright and fall. The door of the room she occupied was open. All was darkness within. Holden, followed by Kenyon, entered, and they set their lights upon a table. The side window was shut and barred, the south windows as firmly closed. Everything looked neat and undisturbed, but cold and deserted. No sign of an intruder for a moment to the eyes of either man. Then of a sudden Holden made a spring for the toilet table, seized a small silver frame and stood glaring at it.

"By Jove! look here!"

"What's the matter?" asked Kenyon.

"Don't you see?" was the answer, as the doctor held the face of the frame toward him, empty and gaping. "Nita Guthrie's photograph was in this frame and on that table just before the hop began when I was up here, and where is it now?"

(*Continued Next Week.*)

A Cautious Man.

"It's a good thing to be cautious when among strangers," said the precise-looking man to a tall, angular old fellow to whom he was talking on the deck of a Hudson river steamboat.

"Yes," was the response, "you can't most always tell who you're talking to when you don't know, and strangers thrown together as we are mighty likely to make mistakes if they don't watch out."

"That's what I think about it," said the precise one. "There are several people around that I'd like to know who they are, but I feel a delicacy in asking."

"Who, for instance?" asked the tall party, letting his eyes wander about the deck.

"Well, there's a lady standing there by that door talking to a young fellow who looks as if he might be her son."

"That far door?" inquired the tall party, stretching his neck around.

"Yes."

"I see three or four there."

"It's the one to the other side."

"She looks as if she might bite a nail in two?"

"Yes."

"Got a jaw on her like a vise!"

"Yes."

"Keeps it going all the time, as if there wasn't any such thing as an eight hour labor law?"

"Yes."

"Got a bonnet on that looks as if it might be a sign for a vegetable gardener?"

"Yes."

"Got a complexion like a slab of tanbark?"

"Yes."

"Looks as if her temper would sour milk just from the cow?"

"Yes."

"Got clothes on that look like they'd been made out of last year's circus posters?"

"Exactly. She's the one. Who is she?"

The tall party got up to get a better look before committing himself.

"She's a jay from Jay's Cross Roads, ain't she?" he said with a laugh as he sat down again.

"Yes. Who is she?"

"Oh, she's my wife. Let me take you over and introduce you."

But the cautious man declined and managed to lose himself in the crowd as quickly as possible.—*New York Sun.*

The Latest Charade.

My *first* if he would fain succeed,
Must give and keep my whole;
My *second's* remedies have saved
The life of many a soul;
My *third* is what my whole will be,
Tho' ages o'er us roll;
My *fourth* my first won't need to fill
If you will take my *whole*.

The answer is one of the best remedies for female troubles ever known. For periodical pains, excessive flowing, prolapsus, bearing down, inflammation, nervous headaches, and all diseases resulting from "female weakness." There is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. The only remedy so certain in results that it gives satisfaction to all who try it.

A Midnight Journey.

I never saw the domesticity and maternal love of the feline species better proved than in the case of an old tortoise-shell cat, owned by my Aunt Sallie. This old cat and her three kittens were given to a grandson. He took them home one night in a big basket—a distance of three miles by road, or a mile and a quarter through the "West Woods."

Early next morning my aunt stood in the door looking curiously across the road towards the woods.

"Well, I never!" she suddenly exclaimed; "there's Pinkie coming home."

Through the woods covered with dense underbrush, over ploughed fields and marshland, and at night, poor old Pinkie had traveled home, bringing her little family. We watched her toiling wearily along the last few yards of her journey. Each time she would pick up the last kitten of the line, carry it ahead of the first one a few feet, and lay it carefully down in a sof spot; then go back for the last one again. Now and then she would stop and wash the kittens' faces with motherly solicitude. It is needless to say that Pinkie and her babies were warmly received at the old homestead, and were never sent off again.

One of those same kittens that made the midnight journey at the tender age of three weeks sits on my desk beside me, trying to manipulate my pen now and then, perhaps to urge it to greater praise of her worthy mother.—*Our Animal Friends.*

What is a Palindrome?

A Palindrome is a sentence that reversed reads the same as when taken from beginning to end. This for example, "Now Eve won." Read backwards or forwards it is the same. But you cannot reverse the sentence of death that a neglected cold involves, unless you at once take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This is the great blood food and blood purifier. It is a sovereign remedy for all diseases due to impoverished blood, such as consumption, bronchitis, weak lungs, scrofula, and their kindred.

Deaf Two Years, Restored.

My grand daughter Ethel Moore had been very deaf for two years, every cold making her worse, until she could hear only very loud conversation. She also had catarrh of the nose and throat. Dr. Sadler, 804 Penn Avenue, Pittsburg, began to treat her in June, 1894, and in two months had her completely well. It is now over a year and her throat and head are still perfectly clear, and her hearing as good as ever.

ROBERT SMITH,
Stene Tavern, 35th Ward.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dr. Sadler will return from his vacation, Dec. 19th. Take advantage of the Holiday Excursions to visit him.

Court plaster should never be applied to a bruised wound.

Two Lives Saved.

Mrs. Phoebe Thomas, of Junction City, Ill., was told by her doctors she had consumption and that there was no hope for her, but two bottles Dr. King's New Discovery completely cured her and she says it saved her life. Mr. Thos. Eggers, 139 Florida St. San Francisco, suffered from a dreadful cold, approaching Consumption, tried without result everything else then bought one bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery and in two weeks was cured. He is naturally thankful. it is such results, of which these are samples, that prove the wonderful efficacy of this medicine in Coughs and Colds. Free trial bottles at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa. Regular size 50c. and $1.00.

Little Sue and her mother were watching some broad flashes of lightning in the sky, when her mother remarked that it was sheet-lightning.

"Yes," said Sue, "and the great piles of clouds are the feather beds they are spreading it on."

A little powdered borax in baby's bath water prevents the skin from chafing, and it is less liable to "break out with the heat."

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alterative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price fifty cents and $1.00 per bottel at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Do not slice apples for pies; quarter, core and cut each quarter in two pieces.

Use it in Time.

Catarrh starts in the nasal passages, effecting eyes, ears and throat, and is in fact, the great enemy of the mucous membrane. Neglected colds in the head almost invariably precede catarrh, causing an excessive flow of mucus, and if the mucous discharge becomes interrupted the disagreeable results of catarrh will follow, such as bad breath, severe pain across forehead and about the eyes, a roaring and buzzing sound in the ear and oftentimes a very offensive discharge. Ely's Cream Balm is the acknowledged cure for these troubles.

The white of an egg stirred up with a little sugar and water is good for a child with an irritable stomach.

A Hard Fight.

The combined forces of the weather during the winter season are exerted to destroy health. Coughs and Colds attack us, which, if neglected, result in Pneumonia and Consumption; these diseases usually result seriously. Send for Pan-Tina, the great Cough and Consumption Cure, and save doctor bills. Bottles of Pan-Tina at G. W. Benford's drug store.

If you store away flat irons for a season rub them over first with a little sweet oil to keep them from rusting.

Don't Quarrel

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

The best thing to loosen up salt or sugar which has become hard packed in a barrel is a carpenter's 'scratch-awl."

"The Common People,"

As Abraham Lincoln called them, do not care to argue about their ailments. What they want is a medicine that will cure them. The simple, honest statement, "I know that Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me," is the best argument in favor of this medicine, and this is what many thousands voluntarily say.

Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, assist digestion, cure headache. 25c.

Huxley's Courtship.

Sir W. Fowler tells the story of Huxley's courtship. When the Rattlesnake was in Sydney harbor, the officers were invited to a ball, and young Huxley among the number. There for the first time he met his future wife, whose parents resided at Sydney. A few days after they were engaged, and the ship sailed for the Torres Straits to complete the survey of the north coasts of Australia, all communication being cut off for months at a time, and then she returned direct to England.

After that brief acquaintance, not longer than a fortnight, it was seven years before the lovers saw one another. At the end of this time, on Huxley's appointment to the School of Mines, he was in a position to claim his bride and welcome her to their first home in St. Johns's Wood. Huxley's love at first sight, and constancy during those seven long years of separation, were richly rewarded, for it is impossible to imagine a pair more thoroughly suited.—*Tit-Bits.*

Not Entirely.

Mrs. Billus (reading from a magazine article)—"Many a good matrimonial ship that sails from port with a fair wind and all the omens in its favor goes down on the sunken reef of incompatibility, which is only another name for self. If true affection stands at the helm, beloved, the good ship will weather all storms, steer clear of all hidden rocks and anchor safely at last in the harbor of happiness. Wherefore, ye married ones, be forbearing, gracious and loving to each other. Remember that coldness blights, withers, kills.' John, do I ever seem cold?"

Mr. Billus (looking contemplatively at the ceiling)—"Only your feet, Maria; only your feet."

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 at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store Berlin, Pa.

THE KING CURE OVER ALL FOR RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA IS SAINT JACOBS OIL TRY IT

Deadly Shots Fired by The Sun.

In the papers of last Saturday appeared an account of a strange accident in which a man was killed by the discharge of a gun while lying asleep on a lounge in his room, the weapon being discharged by reflected rays of the sun falling upon the cartridge chamber of the firearm.

Since the publication of the story a correspondent from York, Pa., writes concerning the accident, and refers to a similar case, in which, through the efforts of a clever Cincinnati lawyer named G. C. Wallis, the person accused of murder and sentenced to be hanged was set at liberty, the circumstantial evidence on which he was convicted being entirely exploded by a witnessed demonstration as to how the accident really occurred.

The York correspondent referred to volume 13 of the Criminal Law Magazine, page 607, on which a full account of the case appears. The case was that of the State of Tennessee against Avery, tried in Henry county, that State, and is one of the most remarkable in the history of criminal jurisprudence.

In June, 1887, Charles Ensley, the cousin of a man of the name of Avery, was killed in his room while laying on a lounge, about three o'clock in the afternoon. The weapon which caused the death was a small rifle, sending a 32-calibre ball through Ensley's brain. No one was in the house at the time but Ensley.

Avery was arrested for the crime, as he was the only living close relative to Ensley, and by his death profited to the amount of $100,000. Avery was tried, pleaded not guilty, but was convicted of murder in the first degree, and sentenced to be hanged. He appealed to the Supreme Court, and engaged Mr. Wallis to defend him. The Supreme Court remanded the case back to the Circuit Court on technical errors. Two mistrials were brought about, and then came the strangest part of the story. The brilliant Wallis struck the keynote of the mystery. In August, 1891, he had the rifle loaded and hung on the wall. A white sheet with the form of a man marked on it was placed in exactly the position occupied by Ensley when lying asleep, and a heavy cut glass pitcher of water like the one found in the room was placed on the shelf above. The temperature was ninety degrees in the shade, one of the hottest days in the year.

The pitcher acted as a sun glass, and the hot rays of the sun shining through the water were reflected directly on the cartridge chamber of the rifle.

Eight witnesses were in the room, and a few minutes after three o'clock a puff and a report occurred, and the ball struck the outlined form back of the ear in the exact location where Ensley was shot, and the theory of circumstantial evidence went to pieces. The incident, being witnessed and sworn to, readily explained itself to the jury.—*Cincinnati Inquirer.*

"If taken into the head by the nostrils two or three times a week, Thomas' Eclectric Oil will positively relieve the most offensive case of catarrh." Rev. E. F. Crane, Dunkirk, N. Y.

Rules for Bicycling.

A surgeon gives, in an English magazine, some rules for bicycle riding:

1. Never ride within an hour of a meal, which means either before or after.

2. Wheel the machine up any hill the mounting of which on the hill causes any real effort.

3. See that the clothing around the stomach, neck and chest is loose.

4. Have the handle bar sufficiently raised to prevent stooping.

5. Be as sparing as possible of taking fluids during a long ride. Rinsing the mouth thoroughly, as well as gargling with cold water, will quench the thirst as well as, if not better than, fluids into the stomach in large quantities.

6. Except the wind, roads, etc., be favorable, never ride more than ten miles an hour, except for very short distances.

7. Never smoke while riding.

Attention to these points will tend to relieve the pressure on the right of the heart, breathlessness will largely be prevented, and even persons with certain forms of heart disease may ride with safety.

MANY KNOW HER,

But Few Know How She Suffered—Fifteen Years With Mrs. James Orr, of Greensburg.

Fifteen years is a long time to carry a burden. Just think of it! year in and year out for nearly a decade with a back that aches, a weak back, a lame back, a sore back, in fact, a "bad back" most all the time. Sometimes the burden was almost impossible to bear, and now and then a day it would lighten; a plaster applied would bring relief until their strength was gone, but a plastered back is not a well back and the reason for this is simple indeed. Plasters are pain relievers, but not pain curers. Relief can be found for almost any pain, but to cure it you must reach the cause. Many a bad back has been relieved in days gone by and now there are many more that have found how the burden can be relieved for good. They are learning the cause and how to reach it. A Greensburg lady, Mrs. Jos. Orr, has had a fifteen years' experience and in a fortunate moment discovered how to do it. Mrs. Orr resides at 53 W. Pittsburg street, and such as doubt this statement, can easily have it verified. Mrs. Orr says: "For fifteen years I have known what it is to have a backache. I have suffered along, sometimes feeling much worse than at others. Plasters helped me while their strength lasted. All last winter I suffered a great deal. I could not walk around at all, but would have to go and lie down. I was in this condition when my husband went to Harry L. Greer's drug store and got me a box of Doan's Kidney Pills, which I commenced using and felt improvement after the first few doses. I continued to improve until the back pains left me entirely, and I have not been troubled with them since. Doan's Kidney Pills seemed to be just what I wanted and what my case called for. I gladly endorse them and recommend them to all sufferers from a bad back."

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

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 upon them, rendering 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 1000 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.

The Grain Crops.

The November report of the Federal Department of Agriculture, which gives the indicated yield per acre of corn and buckwheat, affords the necessary data for the completion of a summary of the grain harvest of the present season in comparison with that of 1894. The figures show the following results for the two years:

	1894	1895
Wheat bushels	460,207,000	423,945,000
Corn, bushels	1,212,770,000	2,148,400,000
Oats, bushels	662,087,000	825,494,000
Rye, bushels	26,727,000	27,081,000
Barley, bushels	65,400,000	87,031,000
Buckwheat, bushels	12,698,000	15,238,000
Total	2,425,919,000	3,527,279,000

The aggregate grain production is thus seen to have been 1,091,360,000 bushels in excess of that of last year, and each bushel of increase is an additional reason why the general business of the country should be better during the coming year than it was in the twelve months following the harvest of 1894. With the single exception of 1891, there has been no year in the history of the country when the grain production reached the enormous aggregate recorded for the present year.

If skirts have shrunk till too short lengthen by bias folds, overlapping, or one bias band stitched or edged with soutache or mohair braid.

ELY'S Cream Balm CATARRH

Is quickly absorbed. Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation. Heals the sores. Protects the embrane from Additional Cold Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

IT WILL CURE COLD IN HEAD

A particle is applied into each onstril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at druggists or by mil.
ELY BROTHERS, 56 Warren street N. Y.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:30 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoyestown 4:32, Hooversville 5:06, 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 6:58, Johnstown 7:50.

•Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 4:30 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	4:53	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:57	"
" Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:32	"
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