SYNOPSIS .-

CHAPTER I—Nita Guthrie, a St. Louis girl, is visiting the family of Surgeon Housen, in the coup on the Twenth eavairy. In Arizona, Capitant fisce, in ourses of the Twenth, propose and is rejected. An old love affair is in the coy. Nim swoom over some mysterious apportion on the eve of her departure for home. II—After Nim leaves camp by Holden tries to unearth the mystery of her swoom the suspects that rergenat Elits, a recent recently, and a man with a history, had some connection with it. III—Licutional Nurly Processes, another office of the Twellin, is in love with Winited to viven, the shaughter of Major Herrich, Capitan Kofe lights upon colleges that another woman chains Brow-Major Berrien, Caphain Bode lights upo cristenes that another woman chains Brea ster's devolits. IV. The society of the for gives a hop, and Mrs. Knowles, a married flitt from a nearby lown, masses a seene with Brew ster, at which Major Barrien and W mirred are investigled and innignant. V.—Before Reswice can explose to Winifred about the Knowles woman his troop is ordesed to march against the Sloax Insians in Pahoia. VI. Major Berrien heurs some gossip about Brewster's relations to Mrs. knowles and bars the lover out from a porting word with Winifred.

CHAPTER VIL

Daylight at last, but the sun is hidden in banks of dripping mist. Daylight, wan and chill and comfortless, and the Væ vietis! bleary lamps still smoke and flicker about the parade. Daylight, yet without one spark of gladness. Even the birds huddle in the shelter of the autumn foliage, now so crisp and brown, and not so much as a chirp is heard. All around the big quadrangle night lamps are still aglow within the shaded windows, telling of sleepless vigil, of pallid checks and tear dimmed eyes. Only in the barracks of the men or the lively dens of the bachelor subalterns do the windows blaze, uncartained, undismayed. There no silently weeping wives, no clinging, robbing little ones, crying "because mamma cries," yet little dreaming for what cause, no thought of "What will come to these should I never return? daunt the spirit of the soldier. There all voices are ringing with eagerness, even exultation, as the men brace on their woven cartridge belts and toss over their brawny shoulders carbine slings and the straps of canteen and haversack, and then come streaming forth upon the galleries muffled to the chin in the blue

cavalry overcoats. Out on the parade the trumpeters are gathered under the moist folds of the flag, awaiting the signal to sound "assembly," and now the band comes marching in through the morning mist, and the adjutant strines forth from the office door. Merrily, briskly the stirring peal bursts from the bells of the brazer trumpets. Promptly the blue overcon leap into ranks. Sharply they face the left, and the stern voices of the sergeants can be heard calling the rollsthe "here," "here," of the men responding in animation and inlarity sometimes so marked as to call forth a frown of rebuke. The troop commanders and their subalterns have hastened to their company grounds. The major has just come forth from his dimly lighted hall and is joined by the colonel at the gate, and now, slowly, these two are pacing out to the parade. On many of the verandas dim feminine forms, mantled in heavy shawl or cloak, have gathered in the gloom. Some can be seen flitting ghostlike through the mist, seeking comfort and sympathy in the society of a near neighbor equally bereaved. Brewster turns one longing glance at the porch of the major's quarters, but no one is there.

Again, quick and spirited, as though defying the elements, the trumpets peal the adjutant's call; the band bursts into the martial rhythm of lively quickstep, and then the dripping, moisture laden more ing air rings with the words of comman as, in full ranks, the four troops come swinging out upon the turf and all the roadway around the parade fills up with other light blue overcoats, those of troop-

not spoken!

loved child

Love not, love not, ye hapless sons of clay,

self controlled, uncomplaining as sh

has been through it all, this is test be

youd her strength. Down comes the

window with sudden clash, and then,

drawing her daughter to her breast,

clasping her in her loving, sheltering

arms, the mother heart gives way, the

sorrowing wife bows her head, and,

mingles her tears with those of her be

Cheer upon cheer comes swelling or

the morning air. Cheer follows cheer

soldierly goodby. Guidons wave from

the througing platforms. Bronzed faces

peer from every window, Hats and

forage caps are tossing on high. Mer

rush alongside the slowly starting train

for one last handelasp of the departing

omrades. The echoes ring to the rol

licking notes of their old charging,

ighting tune. The trumpets answer

from the crowded cars. The san barst

brough the eddying mist and stream

song and spirit and enthusiasm, but

above-above, where in mournful pre-

monition one poor army wife is weeping

over three little curly heads pillowed in

her straining arms, there comes no sound

of soldier triumph, no echo of soldier

song. Sunshine and stirring music fol-

CHAPTER VIII.

Letters from the front! What joy

and comfort they bring!-for every

writer seems bent on convincing the

nuclous ones at home that there is no

ted noses and benumbed feet as they rode

in long column from the railway to the

agency, and, now that fuel has been

inggod up in abundance and fur cars

"It is mu brother."

"We are doing first rate, Bess dear,

wrote Berrien, "and all are hopeful that

with the surrounding of the big band of

most uncertain feature of the business

is at an end. If they can be quietly

herded in to the reservation and induced

to give up all their arms and poules,

there will be no further trouble. The

health and spirit of the regiment are ex-

will arise, I can bet that if there should

be a shindy the Twelfth will give good

account of itself. Farquhar keeps us on

the alert and there is no rusting. Gor-

cellent, and, while I hope no emergene

bostiles in the Bad River valley the

reigned but a day gone by.

as Berrien's men return the soul stirring



ers and footmen, who wish with all their hearts it was their turn to go-that they, too, belonged to the First battalion. In a moment the line is formed; the carbines snap into the bared left hands as arms are presented; Berrien leaves the colonel's side and takes post in front of the center, touches his cap in acout his own battle worn blade. No raining in ever since the departure of speech making here. "Right forward, the regiment, but now the two but- of you. fours right!" rings the order, and then, tallons are remaited under Farquhar's arms at right shoulder, band and trum- command; they have got shaken down square away across the parade, heading partment. The weather has not been for the read in front of Farquhar's quarters. The trampets strike up their mer vy, lively peal. With one simultaneous erash the carbines are brought to the carry, and Berrien lowers his saber in salute to the gray haired colonel, whose eves fill and who bares for the moment his handsome head as he notes the spir- and "blizzard coats" are coming and the ited bearing of the men.

And now the head of column has reached the road and turns to the left. and now the trumpets cease and the full | promises well, the letters grow longer | finally he rose from his desk after stowband bursts into martial song and all | and more frequent, along the row women are waving handkerchiefs wet with tears, even though many are sobbing as though their hearts would break, and little children are perched on the gallery railings, shouting in shrill troble their goodby to papa, who turns one brief glance, perhaps the very last on earth, and a big lump rises in many a husky throat and stern eves are dimmed with unwonted tears, and God alone knows the secret thoughts that go surging through the soldier brain, the never ceasing whisper of that still, small voice, "What-what will be their fate if I am taken?" God alone can hear, God alone can know the humility, the pitcous pleading in the mattered prayer that floats to him on high, "On, guard and protect them, and if it be thy will in thy good time restore the father to his helpless little ones." Ah, it is one thing to go forth to fight for an imperile'l country, for an insculted flag, to stake life and fortune and hope to guard the beloved ones at the fireside, and to feel that one is batthan for them, for their honor, peace

and future prosperity. But it is a thing far different to b torn from loving arms and the smile and sunshine in the little faces, the peattling and kisses of baby lips, to face year after year a savage for, knowing full well that, defeated, only death can be the soldier's fortune; that, victorious, the only reward will be permission to slink back to the station whence one came. It is the conquered Indian who rides in triumph to the nation's capital and learns how great and good a thing it is to take the warpath every other year. It is all well enough for the young officers, the young troopers, to laugh and ham has joined from leave, so that cheer. It is the husband and father Brewster, to his infinite disgust I doubt in the rank and file—men who have been the rank and file—men who have been the and Rolfe are about the only gloomy

seen dozens, hundreds of their electished grades slaughtered in buttle with the Sioux-it is they who see the other side of the picture, and ask: "To what purpose? To what end?"

Outbreak has followed outbreak, camsince she left the hop before any one paign has followed campaign, each knew of it? There were a few other marked by bitter losses in many a regiladies there, I admit, for they were still ment, each swelling the list of the with us when the orders came, and it had widowed and the fatherless, each tercleared by the time we reached the depot. minated by the final surrender of hostile She, however, seemed to hang on to hands satiated with the summer's slaughhim and nobody else to the very last. I ter and shrewd enough to know that am distressed at what you tell me about they have only to wave the white rag of Winifred, and the more I think of it the submission to be restored to public conmore I am disposed to urge your infidence and double rations. Step aside stant acceptance of Miss Guthrie's innow, gentlemen of the army, bury your vitation. It will be the very best antidead, patch up your wounds, go back to dote I know of-a few weeks in St. your stations and get rendy for another Louis society-if she has indeed, as you shindy in the spring. You have had your annual outing, the Indian only his fear, become interested in him. Go by all means; it will do you good-do Winfirst innings. Now comes his second, ifred a world of good (get her some new Now the bureau takes hold, and away gowns, and take in all the parties and go the prominent leaders of the red reall the gayety you possibly can), and it volt in the annual pilgrimage, the anwill be a good thing for Miss Guthrie nual starring tour through the east, and the sentimentalists swarm to meet them, "Now, this is strictly entre nous. and wheresoever they stop hosts of our Holden is worried about her, and in fellow citizens throng to smile upon them, eager to clasp and shake the hands course of a long talk we had last night he showed me a letter just received that less than a month ago were reeking from Mrs. Holden. Of course she is all with the blood of mutilated soldiery for upset by his having to take the field,

whom desolate women and bereaved litand wants to leave the children with tle ones are wailing hepelessly today. her mother and come up here to him, but she couldn't be in camp and there Go on in your triumphal circuit, red isn't a room to be had at the railway brothers Rain-in-the-Face, Thunder station. The place is just crammed Bear, Blizzard Hawk. Rejoice in the with newspaper men and quartermassunshine of your prosperity; go back to ter's people. Mrs. Holden writes that your new lodges and unload your chests ever since the night of that queer adof plunder, the free will offerings of venture of hers at the fort Nita has your palefaced kindred. The war has been unlike herself-strange, nervous, made you rich. Your squaws and chilalmost hysterical at times. She will dren revel in food and finery galore, and permit no allusion to it, and seems should supplies begin to slacken up a litstriving to forget it all. She goes everytle with the coming of another spring where, morning, noon and night, but shoot your agent, carry off his wife and looks haggard and ill. I gather from daughters, and start in for another sumwhat Holden said that, as you once surmer of fun. As for you, weeping widow mised, there was an old affair which and children of Captain Something-I've may have had something to do with her forgotten his name-shot from ambush persistent refusal of every offer; but by the Sioux last fall, get back to the what that could have had to do with east as best you can, dry your tears, and her fright at Pawnee I cannot imagine be happy on twenty dollars a month. Holden agrees with me, however, tha It's what one must expect in marrying it would be a capital thing if you and

Winnie would pay her the visit she And now the last of the blue column urges; so again, I say, go by all means. has passed through the western gate, "By the way, I wish you would run and a throng of comrades surges after, over and see Mrs. Thorpe as often as every man in the garrison, not otheryou can. Her letters have a depressing wise on duty, trudging down through effect on the captain. He tells me the the mist and mud to see Berrien's batonly insurance he has in all the world is talion to the waiting train. The guard in the Army mutual, but three thousan springs to arms and falls in line-the dellars would hardly pay their debts cuard whom Erewster was to have re and take care of them for a year if any lieved at eight a. m .- and again th thing were to happen to him. Don't be major lowers his saber in acknowledge alarmed by newspaper stories of the lighted skies and howling ghost dancers. ment of their salute, and so, down the winding road, tramp, tramp, steadily. Indians will dance all night on any provcheerily, even joyously, they go, and ocation, and our fires light the skie the broad parade above is silent and dequite as much as theirs. Sergeant Ellis serted. Women are sobbing in one auwho volunteered to push through with other's arms, and Mrs. Berrien, seated dispatches to Buller's command someat an upper window looking out to the where on the other side of the Bawest, is stroking Winifred's glossy, rip-Lands, got back all right this morning pling tresses-Winifred, who, kneeling and says he had hardly any difficulty in has buried her tear stained face in her working a way through the hostiles mother's lap. Fainter and fainter the That fellow, I think, is going to make a martial strains come floating up from name for himself in this campaign. He the wooded valley. The band is playis always ready for anything that turns ing another quickstep now, its prelude full of vim and life and spirit, and What strange inspiration has

have had a row and do not speak. Some possessed the leader? Listen! listen! of the boys know what it's all about, but Winifred raises her head and looks one won't tell me. Do you know? Now, instant with dilated eyes into her mothunless you wire to the contrary, I shall er's pallid, quivering face; then, cover- address my next care of Hon. Warren L. ing her ears with her slender hands. Guthrie, St. Louis." burrowing again into her mother's lap, Then Kenyon got a letter. He was

now commanding officer of the post, and she bursts into a passion of tears. Listen! Sweet, soft, sad, the beautiful notes of was unremitting in his thoughtfulness the thrice beautiful old song are wafted and attention to the households of the np on the gentle beceze. God! to how absent officers. It was Rolfe who wrote many a breaking heart, how many a to him, and Kenyon was well nigh at world worn, weary, yearning soul has it his wits' end in the endeavor to conjec ture what it all meant. It is too much for Mrs. Berrien, Brave

You remember my saying I could find that stolen picture if I could but have authority to search one room at the post. It is my conviction still that the man who goes by the name of Ellis was the thief. He had a lock box at the post office in town, number twenty-three and letters have been forwarded to his here by the postmaster, two of which were not addressed to Sergeant Ellis of rocking to and fro in worldless grief. to G. B. Ellis, Twelfth cavalry, but to Ralph Erroli, box twenty-three. Whe he returned from detached service this morning the sergeant major handed his his mail and asked him if those addi tional letters were his. He turned red then pale, but said yes. Both these were from Louisville, as I happen to know both were addressed in the same handthat of an educated woman-and ther is no doubt in my mind that this Ellis of Erroll has a screw loose in his record Brewster knows something of his past but refuses to tell. It is of vital impor tance to me to find out who and what h is, for I believe him to have been guilty of a crime beside which the theft of that in glorious radiance upon the scene. All picture is as nothing. here at the station throbs with soldier

"Now, I want you to do somethin for me. A man will call on you withi a few days, presenting a letter of intro duction from me. He is a detective from Chicago. He has certain inquirie to make at the post and in town before going to Louisville, and it should not be known that he is a detective at all. Give low the swiftly speeding train, but all is him every facility in your power. Intro dark and desolate now where gladness duce him to the postmaster as a friend of mine, if you prefer it, and let him or cupy my quarters while at the garrison He will want to see the firehouse and apparatus and all about Holden's quarters. Kathleen is there in charge, and Holden has no objection, though he danger and little discomfort, after all. pooh pools the efforts I am making to knowledgment of the salute and whips Te'estrams and brief notes have been get at the bottom of this strange business. I hope I am not asking too much

from a ten days' scout with Lane's peters leading. Berrien's men, with into a species of winter cantonment squadron over toward the Wakpa Shicha. quick, clastic step, with swing and life | with a goodly number of comrade troops | He asked after you and sent cordial reand jauntiness in every stride, march and troopers from the threatened de- gards. There are two other fellows here who were on their honeymoon tour when unusually severe thus far. Men and their regiments were ordered to the field. horses stood the trip admirably, and no- It reconciles one to being a bachelor

body growled at stiffened fingers and almost." The major put the letter down and pendered long, perplexed and annoyed. He had known Rolfe but a short time and had learned to know him mainly through Holden. He knew him to be Indians hovering about the camps seem resolute, positive, even aggressive at whirl of social gayety here, and the atdeeply impressed with the numbers and times. He admired his soldierly quali-readiness of the white soldiers and all ties and respected his ability. But when ing that letter away old Kenyon expressed himself about as follows: "That fellow needs a wife. He is too much accustomed to having his own way. I'll be hanged if I'll do any detective work cochere of the Guthrie homestead infor him or anybody else. If Holden stead of driving right in.

wants his house searched, Holden can mournful pleasure of escorting Mrs. and it's Mrs. Holden just getting out." Miss Berrien to the train, and as it stepped from the day car as Kenyon started." placed his fair charges on the sleeper | It was Jennie, with a grave, anxious came forward and handed him a note face, at sight of which Mrs. Berrien addressed in Rolfe's characteristic hand. fairly sprang from the carrie "I know who you are," said Kenyon. "You will find me at my office in the What is it? Tell me at once." garrison when you get up there." And

ive to come up in the post stage. That evening he wrote a short letter to Rolfe, and the gentleman from Chi- lieve sensational newspaper reports of cage indited a long one-both of which would have served to surprise that calmly superior soldier not a little had they reached him in due course of mail. which, however, they did not. It was some time before he saw them at all, for when they were unloaded from the mailbags at the wintry cantonment had been very deaf for two years, every

miles away. Getting no reply to his missives and little encouragement at the post, the strange civilian suddenly departed after three days' apparently aimless stay, and the next heard of him was in the shape and in two months had her completely of a letter from Louisville. Could Major | well. It is now over a year and her Kenyon procure for him anyhow, any- throat and head are still perfectly clear, where, a photograph of Sergeant Ellis? and her hearing as good as ever. No, Major Kenyon couldn't, and was very short in saying so.

And now December was come, and the air was crisp and keen in the valley of the Pawnee, the sunshine radiant and Dr. Sadier will return from his through many and many a bloody fight within some twenty years of national spirits in the command, and of Brewster try winds werehowling about the flims of the Holiday Excursions to visit him.

cantonment and whirling the snow of which I told you and her most signifithrough every cranny and crack, and cant appearance at the depot in town the long nights on outpost and picket were bitter cold. But through it all while we were being switched to the the various battalions of horse were sent northbound track I have not felt like having anything to do with him. How scouting in turn around the reservation. do you suppose she heard of our move, and more and more the young warriors dribbled away from the agencies and were next heard of welcomed with acclamations by the savage hosts in the fastnesses of the Bad Lands, and every hour increased the prospect of sharp fighting in the near future. But all the letters to the anxious hearts at home were full of hope and cheer, full of prophecy that everything would soon be "located" and Seing slowly hemmed in. The Twelfth would eat its Christmas dinner at Pawnee after all, they hoped. And in St. Louis Miss Guthrie was exerting herself to see that her charming gnests were having the loveliest kind of a time. Dinners, luncheons, cards, theaters and dancing parties followed in being made as fast as famous modistes could evolve and construct them, and Winifred was rushed from one scene of

> gayety to another. Nothing could have been more charm ing than our welcome," wrote Mrs. Berrien to her beloved Dick, "nothing more delightful than the round of entertain hardly thue to think. As for writing, this is the first opportunity I have enjoyed in three days, and we are home from the theater but half an hour. Mrs. Holden comes over every day, and we exchange such news as we have of the who are our especial property. She is day after our arrival we were in the library, and my attention was attracted by a large portrait, apparently a crayon copy of a photograph, that bung over the mantel. It was of a singularly handsome young man, and I knew at once he must be a Guthrie. 'It is my brother, said Nita, in such a sal, constrained tone, 'taken just a few wes before his death six years ago.' Of course I could ask no more, but Winifred and I both noted how utterly her face changed, how unspeakably distressed a look came into her eyes. We could see then why Mrs. Holden should have said she was haggard and ill, and yesterday Mrs. Holden told me some thing of his story. He was barely twenty-two, the idol of the family and immensely popular in society. He was assistant cashier in one of the big banks here, and one day the sudden discovery was made that in some mysterious way quite a large sum was missing, money for which he was responsible, but he could not account for it; neither could most dangerous ones. anybody else. The matter was investigated thoroughly.

absolutely nothing could be brought up against young Guthrie. He never gambled, never dissipated in any way, was a model son and brother. Nita was wild with indignation at his having been even suspected. Mr. Guthrie offered to make good the sum twice over if need | not to be afraid of one. be, and to bind himself for all his wealth to establish his boy's honor, and for three or four days all was excitement, and then, in the midst of it, poor Jack was found dead in his room, a half empty bottle of chloral by his bedside. The world said suicide, guilty conscience, etcetera, but Nita and others knew that he had not slept a wink since the discovery of the loss and was crazed with misery. They have always main tained it was an accidental overdose But it nearly broke Mr. Guthrie's heart, and it was three years before Nita would go into society in St. Louis again. They went to Europe and staid there ever so

"They had detectives everywhere, and

"What makes it seem probable that he was unjustly suspected was that the bank dismissed its cashier, Jack's most years older than himself, and a devoted admirer of Nita's. It was even sup posed that she was engaged to him. He had no wealthy friends to stand up for him, and Jack's death made it ap pear as though there had been guilt and yet such a sum could not well have been made away with except by the knowledge or collusion of the cashier himself, and though proofs were lacking, he was discharged the very day poor Jack was buried. No one know whatever became of him afterward, and people settled down into the belief that this Mr. Worden was the real thief, But now comes the strangest part of it all. The president of the bank was a widow er who, for two years, had been a suito of Nita's, a persistent suitor, despite he marked coldness and aversion. For months ago rumors began to float as to the stability of the bank; then came : run, a panic; the bank had to close its doors; immediate investigation into its dish. Then she saw that instead of a affairs was made, and then came the discovery that the president had been a heavy speculator and had unquestion ably used the funds of the bank to cover his losses. They found his body in the river four days afterward, floating down by the old barracks, where to and I had such a happy winter twenty years ago. People say now that it was was so good that I wanted to get all President Percival himself all the time, and that he threw suspicion on your Guthrie because he knew the father would eagerly pay any sum to cover the loss and hide the shame; but Jack's death balked the scheme.

"Do you wonder now that Nita i sometimes overwrought and nervous? Poor girl! who knows what she has suffered? Who, to see her in society, would dream that she had ever suffered at all? Do you suppose Captain Rolfe did not amid the freight on the wharf. Sailhear all about this when he was here on

recruiting service? "Now you ask me to tell you every thing about Winifred. Is she happy? Is she getting over her disappointment? 1 do not know just what to say. She is her kiltens behind her to starve. always bright and apparently joyous in society; always grateful for every kindness and attention shown her; but she is rarely alone one minute from mornin until late at night, and I cannot be sure She never speaks of him; and in all the tention she receives on every side. 1 think. I hope, she may forget her girlish sentiment. Time will show."

Time might have shown, but time was not accorded. Coming home late one night from a delightful dance their car- ryman to a customer. riage stopped outside the massive porte-"What is it, James?" asked Miss Guth-

Two days later the major had the "Another carriage here, miss. I think Miss Berrien to the train, and as it steamed away eastward a man who had went home half an hour before we

"You have ill news, Mrs. Holden. "This has just come from my husstepping into the waiting wagon he bade | band," was the trembling answer as she the driver co ahead, leaving the detect- held forth a telegram: "Major Berrien's wound serious, but not fatal. Mrs. Berrien must not be alarmed. Do not be

> disaster. Wounded doing well. (Continued Next Week.) ...

Deaf Two Years, Restored My grand daughter Ethel Moore Rolfe, with Berrien's battalion, was 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,

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

The Cautious Expert.

It is a queer circumstance that the longer a man has ridden a bleycle the more he distrusts it. When he began he was all confidence and cuthusiasm He rode fast up hill and down and had no fear of coasting. But after a year or two and several apparently unavoidsble aecidents he begins to think his "bike" dangerous. He still rides. There is the same pleasure in a morning or evening spin on a good road when the air is cool and one feels that stance: rettled. The renegade bands were all he "has the world in a sling." But there is with the old rider a cautious reserve and an absolute avoidance of coasting that the novice cannot under- half-back or quarter-back ?" stand. An expert talking to a New York Herald reporter uses this very same language: "I think a bieyele is est drawback the team ever had." much more dangerous than a horse. A quick succession. The new gowns were | rider may forget all about his horse and go jogging along for miles without any harm; but the moment you take your attention off your wheel you are liable to the worst kind of an accident. I've ridden a wheel in all parts of the world, and I've never yet found new riders careful. The moment they learn ments to which we are bidden. One has how to run the wheel around the instruction hall they think they know all about it. They wait until they've had an accident and then they begin to learn," It is not meant to be affirmed that there is no such thing as dear old regiment and the dearer ones safe riding, if one chooses his time. place and grades wisely. Far from it. what I call a genuine woman, and I like The wheel is a blessing to many who boys if the world hadn't pounded into brane from Co her more and more. I must tell you without it would get no proper physician the knowledge that they must and smell. The Balm is quickly absorbed and gives reilef at once. Price 50 cents, a bruggists or by mail. cal exercise. But, like other things, work or starve,-Atchison Globe. it has its peculiar dangers, which should be taken into account by the beginner. Words of Wisdom.

A cool head and a warm heart should go together.

Courage not controlled by prudence is foolishness, The light we do not walk in will soon leave us.

There are no tollgates on the highway of holiness, Upless we first look up, we will not

The man who chases bubbles neve has any time to rest. A cry is what the heart says w. the lips cannot speak.

do much lifting up.

cannot walk straight,

The most respectable sinners are The man who is ruled by his feelings

does to be generous. He is the greatest man who does most for his fellow men.

It costs more to be proud than i

A better thing than being a giant Try to give pleasure, and you sceive more than you give. It is folly to seek happiness while w

are unwilling to be good. A lie is about the meanest thing that ever crawled out of the pit. How it must puzzle the angels to see

a preacher looking for an easy place. The millennium would be here now if all lived up to what we demand from

If some people would do more thinkng, their tongues would get more rest. | darn stockings, Arabelia?" The man who undertakes to get a living by his wits would have a more don't expect to marry a man wh regular supply of bread if he would needs to wear darned stockings,"intimate friend, a man two or three depend more on his muscle.—Ram's Litestrated Bits.

Lincoln and the Peach.

A young lady sends to the Chicago Tribune a little anecdote of Abraham Lincoln. She says that a good many years ago, when her father was a small Dr. King's New Discovery, as the boy, her grandfather brought Abraham Lincoln home one night to supper. He was then a poor young man practicing of the Baptist Church at Rives Junetion law in Woodford County, Illinois,

"It was a cold, stormy night, and grandom hurried around getting supper. To have something nice she opened a jar of preserved peaches. Lincoln spent a long time over his peach, and finally left it on the plate. "Grandma noticed this, and as soon as he and grandpa had gone into another room she went to look at the peach she had given the visitor the Regular size 50c, and \$1.00. little muslin sack which contained the peach kernels and the spice. She hastened into the other room and began an apology, but Mr. Lincoln said; "That was all right, Mrs. Perry. My the heart are the substance.-Burton mother used the same thing, and it

the juice out of it." The Cat Could Swim.

A striking instance of maternal de votion is reported by the San Francisco While the steamer Saturn was port the pet cat of the seamen had a

litter of kittens which she installed ing day came, and the steamer, on her way to Liverpool, was about 200 yards from the pier when the cat realised and kindred allocats absolutely cured what was going on. She was leaving by a newly discovered specific treat-She jumped overboard, swam back references, mailed free. Address, ping with water ran to her babies. The freight clerks saw her, and the crew of another steamer gave her and her progeny excellent quarters.

To Fit the Case.

"I wish you would give me a name for a new brand of butter" said a dai-

"Certainly," answered the customer, "if it is like the last you sent me, I would suggest 'Samson.'"

"Saved My Life" A VETERAN'S STORY.

"Several years ago, while in Fort mening, Minn., I caught a severe cold, attended with a terrible cough, that allowed me no rest day or night. The doctors after exhausting their remedies, pronounced my case hopeless, saying they could do no more for me. At

this time a bottle of AYER'S Cherry Pectoral was

sent to me by a

friend who urged me to take it, which I did, and soon after I was greatly relieved, and in a short time was completely cured. I have never had much of a cough since that time, and I firmly believe Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life."-W. H. WARD, 8 Quimby Av., Lowell, Mass.

Cherry Pectoral Highest Awards at World's Fair.

AYER'S PILLS cure Indigestion and Ileadache

Pain often con-

It Takes Nine of Them.

nartly)-"I never owed a man for

"What do you mean by that?" Tra-

vers-"I mean that I have accounts

Governor Stone, of Missouri, re-

member of the Order of Sisters of

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Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:01 Rockwood 10:25.

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It is always pleasant to see a sister radiantly happy over her brother's success. An exchange reports an in-

clothes in my life." Featherstone - As it is To Have Confidence in the Physician Who Present "May-"Just think, Bob is playing on the Yale football team !" "Clara-"That's jolly. What is he

with only eight tailors."-Detroit Free May-"Neither. He's a drawback. Charley Pruyenne says he's the great-

Rheumatism and Nervousness.

Charity, in St. Louis. Bakersville, Pa., Nov. 12, 1895.-I was troubled with nervousness and rheumatism and suffered with severe colds. I have used several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it has strengthened me a great deal and I do not cough as much and do not suffer as much with rheumatism. Miss Lizzie

Hood's Fills cure all liverills.

Their Claim to Wisdom. Fathers would be just as lazy as their

A few days use

of Pincole Balsam and the danger is post. It is the right thing for coughs. Better than any home mixtures. Better han any other medicine whatever for at cough—that tearing, sleep-killing, Somerset and Cambria Branch anxiety-breeding, dangerous cough. Ely's Pincola Balsam cures sore turout, and is quick and sure in all bronchial Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 259 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoyestown 4:52, Hoov-ersville 508, Johnstown 6:10. affections. It will relieve the cough at once. It makes breathing much johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a.m., Somerzet II:15, Stoyestown II:45, Hooversville II:54, Johnstown 12:45 p. m. eases of asthma. Price 25 cents. *Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:29 Stoyestown 6:48, Hoov-ersville 6:20, Johnstown 7:50.

Conundrums.

When is a houselike a bird? When day to and the about. And, Johnstown 620 a.m., Hooversville 7:11, Stoyestown 7:25, Somerset 7:55, Rockwood 8:20. How the your solution as he Roman numerals: ity adding L's .-Express.—Johnstown 2:20 p. m., Hooversville 3:11, Stoyestown 3:25, Somerset 3:55, Rock-wood 4:25. You'h's Congetteem

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2 Many a precions life could 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 Con sumption.

Bottles of Pan-Tina sold at G. W. Benford's drug store.

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He (feeling his way to a knowledge of her accomplishments)-"Can you Atlantic Express... Sca-shore Express. She (with distant frigidity)-"I Aitoona Accommod Doy Express. Main Line Express Johnstown Accommod Philadelphia Express.

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From a letter written by Rev. Gunderman, of Dimondale, Mich., w are permitted to make this extract: "I have no hesitation in recommending results were almost marvelous in the case of my wife. While I was pastor drifted unconsciously into the drink habit and awaken to find the disease of alcoholism fastened upon them, rendering them unfit to manage af-fairs requiring a clear brain. A four weeks course of treatment at the she was brought down with Pneumon succeeding La Grippe. Terrible paroxysms of coughing would last hours with little interruption and it seemed as if she could not survive 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 a vited. Send for pamphlet giving full information. 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, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

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nat is never free from aches and con-

tant pain, a lame back, a sore back, an back, in fact a back that makes our life a burden? What have you done e happiness that perfect health brings is al? We know full well if such is your condition a cure for it will be a blessing you no doubt desire. Plasters won't it, but may assist in strength. Liniment won't do it; for, while it may give temporary relief, it does not reach the cause. The cause, there's the point; there's where to make the attack. Most backaches come from disordered kidneys, therefore, you

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