A Broad Minded Divine.

EVERYONE IN SYRACUSE KNOWS REV. S. R. CALTHROP.

A Scholarly, Christian Man and a Beloved Pastor, Who Believes in Training the Body as Well as the Mind.

REV. DR. CALTHROP, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The twenty-ninth day of April is a notable day in the history of the May Memorial Church in Syracuse, as it is the anniversary of the installation of the Rev. Samuel R. Calthrop, D. D., the eminent divine who so long has ministered to them spiritually as pastor of the Church.

Dr. Calthrop was born in England and received his preparatory scholastic training at St. Paul's School, London. Entering Trinity College, Cambridge, he soon became a bright figure in that brilliant coterie of scholars, literary men and wits that followed in the traditions of Macaulay and his associates at the university. In the middle of the century he visited Syracuse and received his first impressions of the young city that nearly a score of years later he was to choose as his home and in which his labors have been so long and effective. The masterly pulpit addresses of Dr. Calthrop have had their fundamental strain drawn from the deepest research. His people have been instructed by him, not only in things spiritual, but in the elements of the broadest culture, in literature in art and in science. His young men have been taught a muscular system of morality. In these and in many other ways has he endeared himself to his congregation, which is one of the most highly cultured and wealthy in the city.

Dr. Calthrop has a striking personality. To the eye he is a most picturesque figure. His head and face, framed in luxuriant masses of silky, snow white hair and beard, recall the type of Bryant and Longfellow. Although over seventy years old, his rather spare figure is firm and erect, and every movement is active and graceful. His whole life long he has been an ardent admirer and promoter of athletic sports, and even at his advanced age, plays tennis with all the vigor and skill of a young man. To Syracusans, perhaps, this remarkably versatile man is most widely known, apart from his profession, as a scientist.

On a bright April morning a reporter followed the winding driveway that curving around the hill leads to Calthrop Lodge, an old-fashioned, red brick mansion, surrounded by a grove of oaks and chestnuts. Wearing a black skull cap and a black coat of semi-clerical cut, the master of Calthrop Lodge graciously received the reporter who called to inquire about his health, for, though manfully repressing all possible evidences of his suffering, Dr. Calthrop for many years has been the victim of a distressing affliction, until by fortunate chance he was led to take the remedy which has effectually cured him.

During more than half of his pastorate in Syracuse, Dr. Calthrop has been troubled with rheumatism, and at intervals he suffered excruciating agony from it. At times the pain was so great as to prevent him from walking. Many remedies were tried without success, and he and his friends had given up hope of a permanent cure or of more than temporary relief when he took the preparation that drove the disease completely from his system.

In a letter written to the editor of *The Evening News*, of Syracuse, last year, Dr. Calthrop told of his affliction and its cure. This is Dr. Calthrop's letter:

To the Editor of *The Evening News*—Dear Sir: More than thirty-five years ago I wrenched my left knee, throwing it almost from its socket. Great swelling followed, and the synovial juice kept leaking from the joint.

This made me lame for years, and from time to time the week knee would give out entirely, and the swelling would commence. This was always occasioned by some strain like a sudden stop. The knee gradually recovered, but always was weaker than the other.

About fifteen years ago the swelling recommenced, this time without any wrench at all, and before long I realized that this was rheumatism settling in the weakest part of the body. The trouble came so often that I was obliged to carry an opiate in my pocket everywhere I went. I had generally a packet in my waistcoat pocket, but in going to a conference at Buffalo I forgot it, and as the car was damp and cold, before I got to Buffalo my knee was swollen to twice its natural size.

I had seen the good effects that Pink Pills were having in such cases and I tried them myself with the result that I have never had a twinge or a swelling since. This was effected by taking seven or eight boxes.

I need not say that I am thankful for my recovered independence, but I will add that my knee is far stronger than it has been for thirty-five years.

I took one pill at my meals three times a day.

I gladly give you this statement.

Yours, S. R. CALTHROP.

Since writing this letter Dr. Calthrop has not had any visits from his old enemy and is even more cordial now in his recommendation of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills than he was then. To the reporter he said:

"I am continually recommending Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to acquaintances and those I chance to meet who are troubled with rheumatism or locomotor ataxia.

"Pink Pills," continued Dr. Calthrop, "are the best thing of the kind I know of. They are infinitely superior to most medicines that are put up for sale. I know pretty well what the pills contain, and I consider it an excellent prescription. It is such a one as I might get from my doctor, but he would not give it in such a compact form and so convenient to take.

"I recommend the pills highly to all who are troubled with rheumatism, locomotor ataxia, or any impoverishment of the blood."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have an enormous sale. An analysis of their properties shows that they contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. There are no ill effects following the use of this wonderful medicine, and it can be given to children with perfect safety.

MAY MEMORIAL CHURCH, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

These pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company. The price at which these Pills are sold makes a course of treatment inexpensive as compared with other remedies.—*From the Evening News, Syracuse, N. Y.*

An Industrious Mole.

Down along the river bank, after the water had receded into a narrow channel, through which it tumbled and eddied and belched up great rings, there was left a broad sand flat. This sand flat fell off in broad steps, in which, here and there, were left shallow pools. Big gnarly stumps of trees, probably grown many miles up the river, had occasionally stranded, after floating down on the river's surface, and gathered piles of driftwood about them. Barrels and boxes and all sorts of strange plunder were to be found, and it is not altogether unlikely that one by looking closely might have found more than one article of value.

The sand had dried down as hard and firm as on any Atlantic beach. It was springy, too, just the thing for brisk walking. And walking on it was a joy. There were neither jostling elbows, nor sweet smells, nor sounds. Just the gray sky above, the damp wind and the yellow river oozing along a stone's throw away.

Traversing this flat was a remarkable little ridge or welt. It started in the sand where the last river bank had begun, just before the river receded. Above it the grasses hung over the five-foot bank, and towering aloft was a large cottonwood tree. The welt ran straight out toward the river 1,000 yards or more, then turned west and wound in a waving line up stream. For nearly two miles it could be followed, waving here and there, never disappearing below the surface and never changing in appearance until it suddenly lost itself in another bank of sand against which it had run. It was the burrow of a mole. And who knows but the little blind burrower is still working his way through half of Clay county to find the end of the bank. Or maybe he started upward after awhile and came out in the middle of some farmer's frozen garden patch or cornfield.—*Kansas City Star.*

It May Do as Much for You.

Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving, Ill., writes that he had a Severe Kidney trouble for many years, with severe pains in his back and also that his bladder was affected. He tried many so called Kidney cures but without any good result. About a year ago he began use of Electric Bitters and found relief at once. Electric Bitters is especially adapted to cure of all Kidney and Liver troubles and often gives almost instant relief. One trial will prove our state ment. Price 50c. and $1.00. At J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Whiskers for Toothpicks.

A peculiar but profitable industry which Dr. Benjamin Sharp discovered among the natives of Alaska on his recent trip to the Behring sea is the preparation and sale of walrus whiskers for toothpicks. Nature has armed the walrus with a growth of whiskers which extend three or four inches out from the snout, with the apparent motive of enabling it to detect the presence of an iceberg before actual contact has resulted. These whiskers are quite stiff, and this quality improves with age. When a walrus is killed the natives proceed to pull out with the aid of pincers each separate whisker. After a thorough drying, they are arranged in neat packages and exported to China, where they are considered a necessary appurtenance of the Chinese dude.

No need to suffer with rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, cramps or colic. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cures all such troubles, and does it quickly.

Not Worrying.

A young man about 25 years old was sitting in the waiting room of the Brush street depot with a year-old baby on his knee, and his alarm and helplessness when the child began to howl was so marked as to attract attention. By and by a waiting passenger walked over to him with a smile of pity on his face and queried:

'A woman gave you that baby to hold while she went to see about her baggage, didn't she?'

'Yes.'

'Ho! ha! ha! I tumbled to the fact soon as I saw you. You expect her back, I suppose?'

'Of course.'

'Ha! ha! ha! This is rich! Looking for her every blessed minute, ain't you?'

'I think she'll come back.'

'Well, this makes me laugh—ha! ha! I had a woman play that same trick on me in a Chicago depot once, but no one will ever again. Young man, you're stuck. You've been played on for a hayseed. Better turn that thing over to a policeman and make a skip before some reporter gets onto you.'

'Oh, she'll come back,' replied the young man, as he looked anxiously around.

'She will, eh? Ha! ha! ha! Joke grows richer and richer. What makes you think she'll come back?'

'Because she's my wife and this is our first baby.'

'Oh—um—I see,' muttered the fat man, who got over feeling tickled at once, and in his vexation he crossed the room and kicked a dog which a farmer had tied to one of the seats with a piece of clothesline.—*Detroit Free Press.*

During the winter of 1893, F. M. Martin, of Long Reach, West Va., contracted a severe cold which left him with a cough. In speaking of how he cured it he says: "I used several kinds of cough syrup but found no relief until I bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, which relieved me almost instantly, and in a short time brought about a complete cure." When troubled with a cough or cold use this remedy and you will not find it necessary to try several kinds before you get relief. It has been in the market for over twenty years and constantly grown in favor and popularity. For sale at 25 and 50 cents per bottle by Benford's Pharmacy.

An Intelligent Hen.

An old Plymouth Rock hen that had been for ten years the pet of a lady in Norwich, Conn., died recently. She weighed fourteen pounds, but was appreciated chiefly on account of her intelligence. She knew when it was meal time as well as a regular boarder, and came regularly for her food, calling for meat once a day. Of a brood of forty she was the hen altogether lovely. She always wanted a chat with her mistress daily, and when she was not feeling well would tease to be held in her lap and rocked by pulling her mistress' apron.

Are you ever Annoyed

by a buzzing or roaring sound in your head? Have you difficulty in hearing distinctly? Are you troubled with a continual dropping of mucus, irritating the throat and causing you to cough? Is your breath unpleasantly affected and accompanied with bad taste? Is your hearing less acute? If so, you have catarrh and should at once procure a bottle of Ely's Cream Balm, the best known remedy. The Balm will give instant relief.

WHERE SHALL YOU DIE?

When Fred H. Adams, the gifted editor of the Whatcom Reveille, wrote this poem, he seems to have had a premonition of his own tragic fate. It was written in 1891. Four years later his "sightless eyes" "stared into the stars" from the sidewalk of a St. Paul street, where he lay dead with a bullet through his brain fired by his own hand:

A wolf in the forest, one man dies—
Another dies with prayer;
How shall you die? comes an echoing cry.
When the time has come to repair
To the mystical shore where millions before
Have gone on a journey alone,
Silent and secret as he who departs—
Envoy to a country unknown?

How shall she die who is tripping by,
This rosy girl of ten?
'Will she die a grandmam with silvery hair,
Or a painted and shameless thing?
Will a bloated face invite rude jest,
Or children kiss the clay
Of a womanly woman with silver hair,
Now gone forever aye?

The little baby that's trundled by,
A crowing and perfumed king,
May twenty years later be found in the tide,
A stinking and murdered thing.

Shall sightless eyes be closed by kin,
Or stare into the stars,
When love has flitted long before
The mournful latter years?
Shall love be dead and friendship gone,
And life a hopeless play,
When time shall lay us level
With faces cold and gray?

Atlanta Constitution.

THE THREE CASKETS.

A Wonder-Story of The Reign of Good King Anselmus.

BY EDWARD COURTNEY.

Centuries have come and gone since Anselmus reigned over the Romans. He was a good and great monarch, and he had taken for his queen the fair daughter of the king of Jerusalem. They were both loved and honored by their people and would have been perfectly happy but for one sorrow that hovered over them like a cloud. This was that no prince had been born to inherit the throne and to comfort his parents with his childish prattle.

Often, as the queen walked out with attendants, she would see a little one playing in the sunshine or rolling in the sand, laughing at a bright butterfly or softly crowing over a little flower. And her heart would be filled with sadness that no baby's fingers ever wandered over her face or filled her heart with the rapture that a mother feels as she folds her little one close to her bosom.

And the king, as he saw all the glories around him, would sigh that there were no pattering steps and laughing voice to make the long halls of his palace ring with childish mirth.

One day as Anselmus wandered through his gardens, he sat down by a fountain and looked idly upon the water, dimpling in the sunlight. And as he sat he grew weary, his head fell forward upon his arms, which rested on the fountain's basin, and the king slept.

Then a vision rose before him. He thought the day was bright, but he saw the moon shining, pale and drooping, and while he looked a little bird flew towards him. Then two lions came and stood, one on each side of the bird, and shielded it from the wind. And when the king, in surprise at this strange sight, lifted his eyes, behold, the garden seemed filled with strange animals, which all bowed down to the little bird.

Then, suddenly, the air was filled with moving wings, and Anselmus beheld birds of both gay and sombre plumage, all singing together, joyfully and sweetly. And so loud did the music grow that it awoke the king, and the vision vanished. But not so the memory of it.

Anselmus pondered long upon the wonder he had seen; and then he summoned his counsellors and courtiers and all the wise men of the land, and when the hall was filled, the king spoke to the assembly.

"I have summoned you, my people, to hear the strange adventure that has befallen me. I can not but fear that it presages some great event in my kingdom, but whether good or evil, I must hear from my wise counsellors."

And thereupon he related his dream. At its conclusion the wise men withdrew and in a short time re-entered the room with bright joyous faces.

"Rejoice, oh king!" they cried. "Hear what the vision foretells. The moon shining in the light of the sun was our queen beside our king. The little bird was but to portray a prince born into the land. The two beasts that sheltered it were the good and the great of the land, who will give from their plenty to support and protect their future king. The strange animals that bowed before our prince were emblems of the foreign nations that will yield to his power. And the sweet singing from the throats of many birds was but the sign of the rejoicings that we, your own people, will give forth to welcome our king's son. Rejoice, oh king, and be glad, for the omen is good!"

* * *

One day the city of Rome rung with song and rejoicings. An heir to the throne had been presented to the people, and their hearts were glad.

Now, it happened that King Amphrey, who reigned over a kingdom near Rome, had carried on a continual war with Anselmus. But when he heard of the birth of the prince, terror crept into his heart, for he knew that when the child had grown to manhood he would avenge his father. So Amphrey wrote to Anselmus, begging that peace might henceforth exist between them. And Anselmus was pleased and answered, promising to give help and protection to Amphrey if he would acknowledge the emperor's sovereignty and give security for his own word of faith.

Then King Amphrey called his council and showed them the letter of the emperor, and asked their help in deciding what the tribute should be. After much discussion, a noble stepped forth and said:

"O king, there can be but one tribute paid to Anselmus that will still keep to yourself your dignity and honor. Anselmus has a son; you have a daughter, fair and good and noble. Let the prince and princess become betrothed, and in time the glory of our kingdom will be united to the glory of Rome."

"It is well," answered Amphrey.

And forthwith he wrote to Anselmus offering his daughter in marriage to the baby prince. And Anselmus was glad and the betrothal was celebrated with pomp and ceremony.

After a number of years had passed, and the prince had grown to manhood, and had proved his nobility and valor, Anselmus wrote to Amphrey to send his daughter to Rome.

So the princess bade farewell to her home and set out upon her voyage. She was accompanied by many noble dames and maids, and courtiers of high degree. The vessels carrying the company were gay with floating silken pennants and flags and the sails were of bright-hued colors. A rich dowry, suited to the high birth of the princess, was sent also on the vessel, and everything seemed bright and joyous.

But after sailing a few days they suddenly encountered a heavy storm. Great black clouds mounted up in the skies, piling upon each other, and threatening to empty their deluge upon the now frightened voyagers. The sea became calm, but only to be followed by such wild ragings as seldom disturb the deep. The waves rose mountain high, just as the storm burst in its fury, and when daylight broke there was no sign of vessel or crew upon the wide ocean. But suddenly a voice rung out clear in the morning sunlight. There, clinging to a spar was the princess; of all the host she alone was living. And as she sung from out the deep, the vessel suddenly rose, and the princess, mounting upon the prow, seemed safe for the time.

Now, you must know that, when the princess left her home, and old nurse gave her a stone, which seemed dull and useless, but which she bade the maiden guard as she would her life. The stone was now hanging about the maiden's neck, and it had the power in it of fulfilling anything she might wish. As she looked about she beheld a whale following the risen vessel, and in her terror she grasped the stone. Immediately a fire sprung up about her, and the whale was frightened away.

But when night came again, the maiden was weary and slept. And the stone slipped from her grasp and the chain on her neck loosened and the talisman dropped into the sea. Then the fire was suddenly extinguished and the whale came and devoured the sleeping princess. Then she awoke, and with a sharp knife which she had fastened in her belt, she wounded the whale till it made for the shore, feeling that it was sick unto death.

There walked on the sand a nobleman of Anselmus's kingdom, and when he saw the whale, after it had grown light, he summoned his men to come and kill it. And as they struck at the huge sides, the princess cried out:

"Have mercy, and save me, for I am a princess!"

In alarm the men at first ran away, but summoned by their master they again set to work, and soon the princess was released from her dark prison. The nobleman took pity on her when he heard her sad tale, and took her home with him. Then word was sent to Anselmus, and he came with a great train of followers to welcome the maiden.

"My child," he said, "you have suffered much. But one more trial have you before I can call you daughter." Then turning to an attendant he said, "Bring the caskets!"

Immediately a slave knelt before the princess holding on a velvet cushion three caskets. The first was of gold, beautifully wrought and set with precious gems, but inside it contained dead men's bones. The second was of silver, embossed and highly ornamented, but inside it was nothing but dust and ashes. The third was made of dull lead, plain and ugly to look upon, but inside was a great treasure, rubies and diamonds and pearls beyond price.

"My child, you must choose one of these caskets. If you choose that which shall be of profit to yourself and to others, you shall marry the prince and in time become queen. But if you choose unwisely, then in peace shall you return to your father's kingdom."

The princess looked upon the three caskets, taking up the gold one read its inscription:

"Whoso chooseth me shall receive that which he deserves."

"Ah beautiful casket, you are fair to look upon, but I know not what is hidden beneath your fair outside," said the maiden. "I will pass you by."

Then she read on the silver casket:

"Whoso chooseth me shall have that which he desires!"

"Nay, nay, oh, silver casket!" she cried, "what I desire may be wrong and wicked! I'll none of thee!"

Then the plain leaden casket was raised:

"Whoso chooseth me shall receive that which is ordained for him!"

"Ah!" cried the princess, "in this there is promise, for whatsoever is ordained must be for the best. This shall be my choice!"

"Well chosen, thou good and virtuous maiden," cried the king as he bent and kissed her on the brow.

And the wedding of the prince and princess was celebrated with great rejoicings.

Thousands have tested the great building-up power of Hood's Sarsaparilla and have found renewed strength, vigor and vitality in its use.

To Ward off a Cold.

After having been obliged to remain for any length of time in wet shoes great care is necessary to ward off a cold. The damp shoes, stockings and skirts should be removed and a brisk rubbing with alcohol should follow. Not only dry, but warm footgear should be donned and a drink of hot beef tea taken to strengthen and start the circulation after the long exposure.

A Maryland judge has decided that after a young man has called on a young lady twenty-five times, the presumption that he means business has been established.—*New York Press.*

FOR HIS COUNTRY'S SAKE

Mr. W. M. Smith, a Latrobe Citizen, Has Suffered Many Years.

Many a reader of this in Latrobe knows W M Smith. He lives at No. 9 Harrison avenue. Mr. Smith, like so many thousands of others comprising the veterans of the late war, bled for his country. He was a member of the 63d Pennsylvania Regt., and was wounded three times, once at the battle of Fair Oaks, and at Yorktown, and again at Williamsburg. He is a member of G. A. R. Post, No 384, with headquarters at Derry. Hardship and exposures of the camp go left their marks on Mr. Smith, as well as the bullet that wounded him in the fight, and he has suffered for years with kidney complaint. At last relief has come to him, and he tells here of the remedy that has lifted his case so well. He says: "I have felt kidney trouble by the pain in my back ever since I left the army, and I have suffered more or less from it since the close of the war. The principle pain was across the small of the back, where the kidneys are situated. It has been so severe that some mornings I could not rise without turning around and getting up very gradually. Some days I could hardly get around. I had urinary troubles. The urine came with a burning sensation, and was more frequent than it should be. This of itself caused a great deal of trouble and annoyance. Sometime ago I saw Doan's Kidney Pills advertised for complaints like mine, so I went to the drug store of Showalter's where I found them highly recommended, and I got a box, beginning their use at once. I can now say that I experienced remarkable benefit and relief through their agency. The back pains are almost gone entirely and the urine is restored to its proper regularity. I feel that I can heartily endorse Doan's Kidney Pills as I am thoroughly convinced of their merit."

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.

BEWARE IN TIME. The first acute twinge of **SCIATICA** IS THE WARNING TO USE **ST. JACOBS OIL.** DELAY, AND THOSE TWINGES MAY TWIST YOUR LEG OUT OF SHAPE.

It will be an agreeable surprise to persons subject to attacks of bilious colic to learn that prompt relief may be had by taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. In many instances the attack may be prevented by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms of the disease appear. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Billions of Moves In Chess.

A Mr. Edwyn Anthony has attempted to calculate the number of moves on the chess board.

He starts with the fact that each player has twenty possible moves from which he must select his first move. He then tells us that the number of possible ways of playing the first four moves only, on each side, would be 318,979,564,000.

"If, then, anyone were to play without cessation at the rate of one set a minute, it would take him more than 600,000 years to go through them all.

"The number of ways of playing the first ten moves on each side is 169,518,829,100,544,000,000,000,000,000.

"These figures are probably in defect rather than in excess, of the actual number. On their basis, however, and considering the population of the whole world to be 1,483,000,000 (Levasseur's estimate,) more than 217,000,000,000 years would be needed to go through them all, even if every man, woman and child on the face of the globe played without cessation for that enormous period at the rate of one set per minute, and no set was repeated."

Young Men Take Warning.

Alas, how prevalent are those distressing diseases and weaknesses which make young men prematurely old, pale, listless, low spirited, languid, easily tired, forgetful and incapable; fill mad-houses and swell the lists of suicides; separate husbands and wives; bring untold suffering to millions, even unto the third and fourth generations. The afflicted will recognize only too plainly to what class of maladies we refer. A complete and scientific treatise (sent only in plain sealed envelope) on receipt of ten cents, (the cost of postage,) if inclosed with this notice to World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St. Buffalo, N. Y.

She Was Not to Blame.

A little Cincinnati girl was at the seashore during the summer with her parents, and was very fond of putting on her bathing suit and going into the water along the beach. She was cautioned about going near the water alone, and, though she was often dressed in her suit and allowed to play along the sand, she was forbidden to venture into the water, even to wade. One day she was playing on the beach, and, forgetting the motherly injunction, she waded out ankle deep in the lapping waves. She met her mother's reproof later with a disturbed countenance, but had no excuse to offer.

'What made you wade into the water?' asked the mother, 'when I told you not to do so?'

'Oh, the devil made me, mamma,' was the reply.

'Yes,' parsned her mother, 'but why didn't you say to him: 'Get behind me, satan?'

'I did, mamma; I did,' and the tears began to gather in the little eyes; 'and, mamma, he just got behind me and pushed me right in.'—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

The Ideal Panacea.

James L. Francis, Alderman, Chicago, says: "I regard Dr. King's New Discovery as an Ideal Panacea for Coughs, Colds and Lung Complaints, having used it in my family for the last five years, to the exclusion of physician's prescriptions or other preparations."

Rev. John Burgus, Keokuk, Iowa, writes: "I have been a Minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church for 50 years or more, and have never found anything so beneficial, or that gave me such speedy relief as Dr. King's New Discovery." Try this Ideal Cough Remedy now. Trial Bottles Free at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

Scientific Sewing.

In the Chicago Jewish Training School, says the *Chautauquan*, sewing and garment cutting is a part of the regular curriculum, and the pupils are given credit for good work in mathematics or any other study.

In the first grade the pupils work on what is known as the "railroad canvas" and are taught to take the different stitches used in sewing with precise accuracy. In the second grade new stitches are added and the canvas is fashioned into a little bag. In the third grade the first cutting is done.

The fourth grade is devoted to stocking and linen darning, which is so beautifully done that it resembles art needlework more than mending. In the fifth grade patterns are drafted, first on the blackboard and then on paper. It is astonishing how quickly girls of from 10 to 14 years can draft a pattern. Many of them after the measures are taken and tabulated, will draft a perfectly fitting dress waist pattern in three minutes.

In the sixth grade the cutting and making of underwaists and all sorts of underclothing are taught. In the seventh grade instruction is given in cutting and fitting gowns and other clothes for little children, a huge doll being used as a model.

The eighth grade white patching is taught and the graduating dress made. The time occupied by pupils in this school in the sewing department is 40 minutes twice a week by pupils of the first two grades, and 80 minutes by those of the other six. The work done by the girls who take this course and who have had no previous training or advantage of any sort is, not excepting the mending, exquisite.

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.

Horse Meat as Hen Food.

Hundreds of barrels of cooked horse meat are sold every winter to poultry raisers. The horseflesh is cooked in tight tanks under a steam pressure of 45 pounds. This penetrates every particle of the meat, purifying and cooking it thoroughly. In this form the meat will keep from one to four weeks, according to the weather. There is no practical way of preserving horse meat for any length of time. Where it can not be cooked by steam it should be boiled. The meat might be salted the same as beef, but it would have to be freshened before being used, and it is a question whether it would then be a safe feed for hens. It is a good food for egg production. One of the most popular brands of poultry meat on the market is made from carefully prepared and well cooked horseflesh.—*Agriculturist.*

Some Suggestive Figures.

Secretary Morton has been doing some figuring in connection with the items which have been placed in the agricultural bill against his will—in fact, in spite of his vigorous protest. He finds that in addition to the $167,000 appropriated to buy seeds for free distribution, it will cost the post-office department $172,000 for carrying the seeds through the mail. That three books for exclusive congressional distribution—"The Report on the Diseases of the Horse," "The Report on the Diseases of Cattle," and "Consular Reports on Cattle and Dairy Farming,"—will cost $147,500, and will cost the post-office department $41,000 more to carry them, making a total of $188,500. At the conclusion of his figuring on what he regards as extravagances, because there are no adequate returns for the money spent, Secretary Morton pertinently asks: "Is it any wonder that the receipts of our postal service fail to equal its expenditures?"

Feeding Potatoes.

One of our experiment stations says that for dairy stock it is doubtful, when foods are as cheap as they are at present, whether it would pay to feed very large quantities of potatoes, because a dairy ration necessarily requires more protein than a fattening ration.

Potatoes can not be fed to young animals as safely as to more mature ones. If fed in too large quantities they have a tendency to prematurely fatten the animal and build up a lighter framework. With more mature animals, when the fattening period is largely a period of the addition of fat to the body, the potatoes can then be fed to advantage and more economically. In the feeding of large quantities of potatoes, no more should be fed than the animals can comfortably dispose of in one day. In one of the digestion trials, when 10 pounds of potatoes per day were offered, the pig refused about half of them; when only 9 pounds were offered there were none left over. Rolling the potatoes in the grain was found to be another way of encouraging a large amount to be eaten.

It is impossible to state, at the present time, the actual money value of potatoes in the production of pork and beef. When fed in proper combinatians potatoes will without doubt yield a larger return than their present market price.—*Farmers' Voice.*

Notes.

Thera is something wrong when you see the cows afraid of the person milking them. He may be kind in your presence, but has been harsh or cruel at times when you were not watching.

If potash is to be applied on strawberry beds it is not too soon to use it, if the ground is not frozen. It should be applied before the buds begin to swell, using phosphates and nitrate later.

The "Breeder's Gazette" says that, notwithstanding prices for all kinds of farm animals are low, the fact remains that it is suicidal to try to carry on farming operations without live stock.

According to the United States census, the hens of this country average 100 eggs each year. Some egg-producing contests last year showed that a hen can be induced to lay 180 in a year.

Recently a whole herd of swine belonging to a stockman became sick with supposed cholera, but examination after death showed that the hogs had gorged themselves with pumpkin seeds, which did not digest.

Never guess at anything connected with dairying. Use a thermometer, weigh the salt that goes into the butter, and, above all, know something of the breeding of the cows used for producing the milk.

It is claimed that any land that will produce corn will be suitable for apples, pears, plums or cherries. Fruit-growing has not yet been overdone in this country as the demand seems to keep pace with the supply.

Where wheat or rye has been thrown up by frost run the roller over the field if the ground will bear the teams. By so doing loss may be prevented, as a large number of plants thrown out will be established again.

Keep the hogpen well litered with straw so as to have it warm. The place where the brood sow and pigs are kept should have a fresh supply of cut straw every day. The straw will aid in keeping the pigs warm by preventing draughts along the floor.

Several European Governments have decided to send their legations, "agricultural attaches," to keep the home authorities informed as to crop conditions, prospects and prices in this country, progress in agricultural methods, etc. Germany is the first to do this.

A Delicate Operation.

A story of a feat of mechanical skill of wonderful delicacy is told in Iron Age. An expert mechanic is said to have taken a common sewing needle of medium size, 1¼ inches long, and drilled a hole through its entire length, from eye to point, the hole being just large enough to admit of the passage of a very fine hair.

The Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat

Are delicate organs, and a mistake or short delay often ruins your chance. Experience in their treatment is more trustworthy than theory. Consult Dr. Sadler, 894 Penn avenue, Pittsburg, Pa., whom you all know or have heard of, at the same office for 21 years, and who has treated more than 21,000 cases of every kind and degree with better results than any man in Pittsburg. After examination he tells you the truth in all its bearings so you know what is best to do. His charges are moderate and he makes special terms with those unable to meet the usual expense. A *personal examination* is necessary in *every* case for reliable advice. The worst case of crooked eyes can be straightened. When all others fail, he succeeds in adjusting glasses that give satisfaction. Mr. W. R. Depp, Punxutawney, had paralysis of one eye, and crossed, for two years. The doctor perfectly cured him by operation. Mrs. John Dowd, Charleroi, Pa.—severe pain in ear—hard watch on pressure—now well and hears watch 10 inches. Mrs. H. D. Darter, Fee, Pa.—from grippe and measles could only hear watch on touch—with roarings. Now hears it 3 to 9 inches.

An Affidavit.

This is to certify that on May 11th, I walked to Melick's drug store on a pair of crutches and bought a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm for inflammatory rheumatism which had crippled me up. After using three bottles I am completely cured. I can cheerfully recommend it.—Charles H. Wetzel, Sunbury, Pa.

Sworn and subscribed to before me on August 10, 1894.—Walter Shipman, J. P. For sale at 50 cents per bottle by Benford's Pharmacy.

Only a Single Hair.

The French people never tire of relating anecdotes of the eccentricity and enormous wealth of Americans. An American went into a hairdresser's shop in Paris recently and found a charming but poorly dressed girl engaged in negotiations with the proprietor. She was offering to sell him her magnificent head of hair for three Napoleons—the man would give her no more than one. At last the poor girl gave away with tears, and the barber was about to employ the fatal scissors when the American intervened and demanded the cause of the sad affair.

He found that the girl's parents, who formerly had been well off, were in the last extremity of poverty, and that she had determined to make so great a sacrifice in order to obtain them a little bread. The stranger drew out two bank notes and offered them to the girl saying:

'Will you let me buy your hair?'

Without even looking at the notes the girl at once said: "Yes."

The American delicately took a single hair, put it in his pocket-book—and fled.

Not till he had gone did she look at her bank notes and found them to be of the value of $100.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

Beauty Rules of a Princess.

As a rule, though, the way of sleeping is responsible for ugliness or beauty, if the word of those who have studied looks can be weighed. Amelie Rives Chanler, now the Princess Troubetskoi, regards the way of sleeping all important. Her method of sleeping her beauty sleep is to begin an hour before she goes to bed with a bath in cool cologne water, deepening to chilled water more highly perfumed than the first. The alcohol cleanses the skin, and the cold water prevents the bather from taking cold in the skin next day. When sleeping the head rests upon a pillow of flowing hair, not twisted upon curlers or touched by hairpins. The pillow is a pine-needle one; with down underneath to make softness. The room in which the beautiful authoress sleeps is a cold one, made hot an hour before time to rise. Another cold bath in perfumed water, and the beauty sleep is over, and with most beneficial results, for no one is more beautiful than the newly-married princess.

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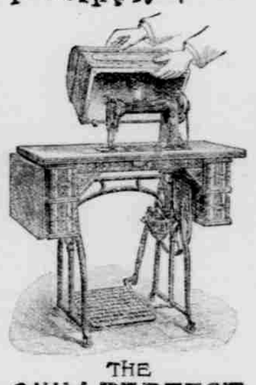

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Western Express	4:52	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08	"
Johnstown Accommodation	8:57	"
" Accommodation	9:10	"
Pacific Express	9:24	"
Way Passenger	3:32	"
Mail	5:16	"
Fast Line	9:08	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:04	a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:21	"
Day Express	9:49	"
Mail & Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:02	p. m.
Mail Express	4:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:35	"
Philadelphia Express	7:16	"
Fast Line	10:50	"

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:20 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Stoyestown 4:32, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:45, Stoyestown 11:63, Hooversville 11:54, Johnstown 12:45 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:55 p. m., Somerset 6:20 Stoyestown 6:48, Hooversville 6:58, Johnstown 7:50.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 6:20 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 10:0 Rockwood 10:25.

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