TOM REED'S WARNING.

His Speech at a Gathering at Alfred, Me.

THE EVIL OF THE TIMES,

Caused by an Unwise Tariff Revision.

MUSHROOM OF THE SILVER PARTY.

Hard Times Greatly Aggravated by the Loss of Revenue—The Country Needs More Capital, but Not More Money—The Democratic Administration Scored—Mr. Reed Explains How Prosperity Can Again Be Reached—The Tariff and Revenue.

The first gun of the campaign in Maine was fired by Hon. Thomas B. Reed the other day. He spoke as follows:

If I were going to give good advice to the people of the whole United States, I should take this time to do it.

Just now there is a great deal of froth and foam in the air, and some time is really needful to disclose clearly to every eye how much of it is the result of the temporary breeze which stills at nightfall and how little there is of that heavy ground swell which shows that great elementary forces are at work. How very suddenly all this rush and stir has set itself into action! Two months ago no man of any standing would have risked his reputation as a prophet by hinting the slightest doubt of Republican success. Four years of actual trial of the opposition, under the guidance of its best and twice trusted leader, had left no shadow of question as to public duty. However far the Republican party might have fallen short of perfection, nevertheless all men felt that it was the best party just now to draw nigh to for whatever is to be left to us of sound government, commercial success and business prosperity.

HON. THOMAS B. REED.

On that we were all agreed, some of us who were Democrats regretfully, for we all hate to be classed with the unsuccessful whose condemnation is at hand, even if we gain by the change; others of us who were Republicans cheerfully, but without exultation, for we know how hard the task must be to rebuild out of the ruins of the last four years the stately mansions of national happiness, prosperity and self respect wherein our people lived until that unfortunate election of 1892.

The Silver Mushroom.

Two months have slipped away—hardly time to ripen a strawberry, much less a system of finance—and there are those who tell us that all things have changed; that those very men who were being arrayed for decent burial had burst the cerements of the grave, and, transfigured by some new arrangement of crowns of thorns and crosses of gold, were to lead us to a new happiness and even repair all the damage they themselves had wrought.

Now, this may be so, but to me it does not seem probable. Human experience in every walk of life teaches us that those who have blundered will blunder again, and that the wisest course is not to employ a ship captain who has not yet emerged from his last shipwreck, but the safe sailor who has never lost a ship, a passenger or a letter, but who has sailed safe through every sea.

He may have lost masts and sails and even been rudderless for hours, but if he has every time come safe to shore better have him than all the landsmen who are forever shouting what they can do and never dare to tell what they have done. Boasters are worth nothing. Deeds are facts and are for ever and ever. Talk dies on the empty air. Better a pound of performance than a shipload of language.

But is it wise or just to class all Democrats together and to declare them all wrong, then announce they must be beaten because they are Democrats? That would be very unwise, very unjust and senseless altogether. It would flout all history, and especially our own. Parties are one thing; their individual members may be another. Parties seldom follow their best men. They follow their average men.

In real action there can never be but two parties—the creating party and the retarding party. The progressive party may be unwise in its progress, and the retarding party may be unwise in its conservatism, but both serve a good purpose, and between them both the world slowly and safely moves ahead, dreadfully slowly sometimes, but it does always move ahead.

Perhaps some one will say here we have a creative party which has sprung up in a night, like a mushroom, and created a new system of finance. My friends, you will find that that mushroom is not good to eat, and that that progress will land you in the ditch. Now, all progress avoids ditches.

I have said that it would be unwise, unjust and senseless to confound the Democratic organization with individual Democrats. I have said also that that would be flouting a part of our own history, and a glorious part of our history too. Why, it is within the memory of a third and perhaps a half of this very audience which listens to me that when the terrible war of the rebellion broke forth tens of thousands of Democrats, politicians, strong party men, sprang to their feet, representing hundreds of thousands, aye, millions, and henceforth and always were part and parcel of the bone and sinew of the victorious republic. What matter if the party had gone wrong? They were right. One man among them, one man alone, by a single sentence gave aid and succor to this government which outweighed a whole army corps of veterans, musket on shoulder.

When Stephen A. Douglas declared after Sumter was fired on that "thenceforth there could be but two parties—patriots and traitors"—he won the respect even of foes and an imperishable place in history.

We shall certainly welcome all such men today, not that they are to be Republicans, but because they are patriots, for that they must be.

Two months ago, as I have already said, everybody conceded the election of the Republican ticket. What has happened since then? Have the four years of history been blotted out? Not one scrap of them. Is our condition better? Rather worse. Has the party changed any which caused the most of our unhappiness? Yes; there has been a change, but it has been for the worse. Its best men are leaving it. If this nation has thrice at the polls condemned this party when it was better, are we now going to place it in power when it has got worse? If they blundered on business with their best men present, are they going to be a success on finance with their best men absent?

But we are all in a bad way, and something must be done. Yes, we are in a bad way, and something must be done, but don't make the mistake of thinking that any something will do. A sick man in proper cases had better take medicine, but he had better be careful what medicine he takes. There are some political orators who think if they can draw a rose colored picture it ought to convert a continent. What a rosy picture we had painted for us in 1892! What millions we were to expect! We were to sell in the dearest and buy in the cheapest market. We were to have both ends of the bargain. We took their word for it, and here we are. And now the least credible part of these same gentlemen are smearing the canvas with another picture, for which they want us to pay another four years or perhaps ten of this nation's life. Men deceived once are human; men deceived twice by the same men are fools.

There is another class of political oratory which deserves reprobation—the oratory which paints the enemy in deep black. If anybody had curiosity to see what I said of our opponents in 1892, they would find that I did not venture any denunciation which depicts one-tenth of the evil which has happened. When I told you two years ago what we Republicans would do if chosen, I drew no fine picture, but simply said to you that all we could do would be to prevent evil. That we did, and it takes a good deal of sense sometimes to do no evil. We tried to do better, and had the Democrats from the north risen above party for good as the six silver senators sunk below party for evil the revenues of this country would have been equal to its expenditures, and we should have been two years nearer prosperity.

Greeting you this time with the same frankness, I am bound to say that the evil which has come to us by an unwise revision of the tariff has been greatly aggravated by one of its consequences—our loss of revenue. Had there been no deficit, then $100,000,000 of borrowed gold would have carried us through the crisis safe and sound. As it was, the constant drain of the deficit, continually confounded with the redemption of gold, has so afflicted the imagination of our people that confidence cannot commence to be restored until our revenues equal our expenses.

The New Cure For Hard Times.

Periods of depression are common to the human race. Doubtless you and I think that if we had had the world to make we would have had human progress arranged on a continuous upgrade, ten feet or better to the mile. But God knows human nature more perfectly and knows we could never stand such monotony and must go up hill and down dale. But while depressions are common they have their aggravating causes, which must be removed. Then, when confidence comes, prosperity follows. How I think that can be reached I will tell you soon.

Meantime let us see what is proposed by those gentlemen who within the last two months have discovered a new cure for all the ills flesh is heir to and who proclaim, as they did four years ago, that they alone hold prosperity in their grasp.

Their remedy is the coinage of silver at 16 to 1. What does that mean?

Heretofore whenever gold and silver have stood together it has been at the market value. When we tried to make gold and silver circulate together, we have always married them according to their market value. Today we find them not 16 to 1, but 31 to 1, and we are going, they say, to lift silver to twice its value, not by the universal sense of mankind, which alone makes values, but by the statute of the United States, single handed against the civilized world.

Why should the United States try to do this alone?

If the demonetization of silver is a disease at all, it is a world disease. I defy anybody to find a single argument which proves that the remonetization of silver would be good for the United States that does not prove that it would be good for the whole world. If it is a world disease, how can it be reached except by a world remedy? International bimetallism I can understand, but this driving out of gold and substitution of silver is only silver monometallism for the United States.

It is not bimetallism for the world and a stable currency, but the shifting from gold currency and civilized Europe and going over to silver and Mexico, Japan, India and China. Oh, but China and Japan, India and Mexico are prosperous just now! Yes, but what kind of prosperity? The prosperity of cheap labor, growing cheaper every day. Manufacturers there may be prosperous, and traders may be prosperous, but the people are not prosperous at all. Up here in Maine and New Hampshire paper pulp is made cheap. How? Because the manufacturer is close to cheap labor. In silver countries labor is cheap and kept cheap by the silver dollar. For my part I do not want that kind of prosperity. I want a prosperity which by good wages to all is shared by all. We want a broader life, broadening every day for all our people.

I won't discuss the question whether the free coinage of silver will raise it to par or not. Very few people claim that it will, and if they did I could not believe them.

I was told in 1890 by two of the most sincere as well as the ablest men that the purchase of 4,500,000 ounces a month would raise silver to par, and when we did buy it silver went down like lead. Silver men have not been good prophets in the past.

If, then, we are going to have a dollar inferior to what we have today, what will be the effect of it? Higher prices, they say. Not for everything. If you have $100 in the savings bank today, you can get 100 gold dollars from the bank. If this wild project succeeds and you are paid in silver, you will get $100, but they will be 50 or 60 or 70 cent dollars. If you have a pension, that must be scaled down. If you have a bond, that goes down too.

Will the wage earner be any better off? What you buy will go up. Will your wages go up too? There you have experience to guide you. Wages during greenback times, measured in gold, did not go up as other things did. They went part way, but not all the way up, and were very slow about that. But wouldn't business be better for more money? It might be after a terrible crash with bad currency, and then we would have to get back again. Brandy may seem to strengthen, but plain bread and meat are the surest.

What we want is not more money, but more capital. Money always comes with capital. We have money now, more than we can use, lying idle. We have just exported a lot of it. Money is the transferrer of capital, as a hayrack and horse is a transferrer of hay. More hayracks will never make more hay, but more hay will require more hayracks and is sure to get them.

A Look at the Past.

If I sell you my house in Portland or mortgage it for $5,000 and send the result to a Washington state coal mine and it is spent and comes back to Casco bank, my $5,000 worth of capital is in Washington just the same. What this whole country needs is capital from abroad, from the whole world. I expect some of you will be surprised and ask whether the world of the United States is not immense and sufficient. Immense, yes; sufficient, no.

Our capital is great, but the United States is very much greater. There are millions of square miles and 75,000,000 of people and undeveloped riches without stint. But there is not capital enough to keep 75,000,000 of people at work. When are we the most prosperous? It is when the 75,000,000 are all at work, and when that happens we borrow of the rest of the world thousands of millions of dollars. Let me give you one plain proof of the fact that money comes with capital.

"In 1892 we were prosperous. Our people were all at work. Consequently there were good wages, and wealth greatly increased. At that time the figures show that in that year we had $190,000,000 of gold more than we had in 1882. Every bit of that had been imported or kept, the product of our own mines. It was busy transferring this vast capital we had borrowed and that which we owed ourselves.

Now, just as soon as this election is over and the future position of the United States is assured, both as to money and to the employment of our people, capital is ready to come to us from abroad and from our own people, and we shall again be prosperous.

I know this plain, temperate statement does not seem so highly colored as will be given by speakers who are not really responsible for what they say, but it has one advantage—it will be found to be true.

God keeps the future for himself. Only his eye can see in the fullness of truth the days to come, but he has left us some glimpses of them in the past, and if men will only take guidance from experience they will, as they can do in no other way, show their superiority over the brutes which perish.

You and I, my friends, have been together for 20 years, two-thirds the life of a generation of men. It would be singular if the past could give us no help in this crisis of our affairs. But it can. We have been through all this once before. The greenbackers of 1878 were not bad men. They were sincere and had a better case than the silver men of today. In fact, it was much the same case. We must have artificial inflation and cheaper money, they said, or blackest ruin awaited us. It was a hard time.

Prices were low, and work was scarce. Taxes were high and debts hard to pay. But we persevered and resumed specie payments. From that moment the capital of the world was at our disposal. We had a good tariff, which made us do all our own work, and, from 1879 to 1893, 14 years of prosperity, which placed the United States in a great position in the world.

If we do the like thing today, like things will follow. With revenues equal to our emergencies, undue export of gold will cease. With the certainty that the dollar paid will be equal to the dollar lent will come credit and confidence. With that other certainty, that we are to do all our own work, will come the earning of wages, steadily increasing, which is the basis of that prosperity which is alone worthy of this great nation—the prosperity of the whole people.

GREAT MEN AS LOVERS.

Not a Whit Less Silly Than Their Intellectual Inferiors.

When Hume fell in love his friends became aware of the fact by his sporting a rose in his buttonhole.

Sheridan fell in love with Miss Linley, and told the story in "The Rivals," which is a true account of his courtship.

When Heine was in love, he was so jealous that he poisoned a parrot belonging to the mistress, for fear it would claim too much of her affection.

Byron was crazily jealous of every woman he ever loved. His loves were almost innumerable, and sooner or later he made every one miserable.

Thomas Moore was always in love. The names of no less than 14 different ladies to whom he vowed eternal fidelity are to be found in his poems.

Waller wrote his most pleasing poetry of Saccharissa. After she rejected him, he, in a letter to a friend said, "She is only a red-headed drab anyhow."

Alfred de Musset fell in love with George Sand, and when she tired of him, as she did of every one else, he took to absinthe, and soon succeeded in drinking himself to death.

When Sterne was in love, he sent his sweetheart, Mrs. Draper, "a pot of sweet-meats and a pot of honey, neither of which contains half the sweetness peculiar to yourself."

Beethoven almost went crazy about the Countess Ginlietta Guicciardi. He calls her "My Immortal Beloved," and concludes his letters, "Ever yours! Ever mine! Ever each other's! Amen."

When Goethe was first in love he carved upon a tree in a neighboring forest a couple of hearts, united by a scroll, and a little later received a sound thrashing from the forester for damaging the tree.

Alfieri fell in love with a noble lady of Turin, and, determined to effect a cure, had himself tied in a chair and remained thus for a month, during which time he wrote "Cleopatra," and established his reputation as a poet."

When Burns was in love with Highland Mary the twain went to a brook, stood on either side, clasped hands and swore on a little Bible to be eternally true. Mary Campbell would doubtless have kept the vow, but judging from the subsequent conduct of Burns, his doing so is highly improbable.

Israel Putnam, the sturdy American hero, fell in love with a young girl at a festival in which the paring of apples for drying was the leading employment. He tossed one long peeling over his shoulder, after the manner of the fortune-telling then common, and it fell in the shape of the initial of her name.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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.

A Great Problem Solved.

Alade—"Great luck, old man. Only three weeks married and last night burglars entered my house."

Grasse—"I don't see where the luck is."

"Why they carried away almost of our wedding presents."—Life.

A Growing Babe.

Mamma—"I think the baby is growing very fast, dont you?"

Papa—"Decidedly. I thought he weighed three pounds more at 4 o'clock this morning than he did at 2."—Truth.

Brother and Sister.

—"Now, darling, you know how strong is my love for you. Do not say you will be a sister to me."

She—"No, George; I will not say so. You—"

He—"Then you will—"

She—"You may be a brother to me, George."—Judge.

Just a Smack.

"I am poor," he said; "It would be many years before I could give my wife a yacht."

"Well," answered the girl of '96; "couldn't you commence with a little smack?"

And it came to pass.—Puck.

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

Bismarck's Pipe.

One of the greatest pipe collectors who ever lived was the Marquis de Waterville, whose smoking room in Paris had the walls covered with costly pipes, some of them worth, it is claimed, as much as £2,000, and all arranged with great beauty of design. The other was the well-known Captain Bragge, of London, whose collection was valued at £100,000, who had agents in every known part of the world and whose collection was deemed worthy in 1889 of being made a special exhibit during the summer season at the Crystal Palace.

Prince Bismarck is a great pipe collector, and the gem of his collection has a curious history. Many years ago, as Bismarck was strolling in the suburbs of Friederichsruhe with his two hounds, he was accosted by a Bohemian peddler and asked to buy a plain meerschaum pipe of the type that Bismark most affected. At first Bismarck declined, but the peddler claimed for the pipe a power of forecast and told him he would serve three Emperors as Minister, and that three important changes in his life would be foretold by accidents befalling the pipe.

Laughing, Bismarck bought the pipe. He has since served three Emperors. Two days before the historic moment when he was refused an audience the stem of his pipe separated and came to pieces. Later he chipped a piece from the side of the bowl and within a month he was practically dismissed by the present Emperor. The third sign has yet to come.—London Tid-Bits.

Since 1878 there have been nine epidemics of dysentery in different parts of the country in which Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was used with perfect success. Dysentery, when epidemic, is almost as severe and dangerous as Asiatic cholera. Heretofore the best efforts of the most skilled physicians have failed to check its ravages; this remedy, however, has cured the most malignant cases, both of children and adults, and under the most trying conditions, which proves it to be the best medicine in the world for bowel complaints. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

The Flight of Insects.

Many insects can fly faster than birds. The common house fly can ordinarly fly twenty-five feet a second. But when it is alarmed it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed to over 160 feet per second. If it could continue such rapid flight for a mile in a straight line it would cover that distance in exactly thirty-three seconds. It is not an uncommon thing when traveling by rail in the summer time to see a bee or wasp keeping up with the train and trying to get in at one of the windows. A swallow is considered one of the swiftest of flying birds, and it was thought until recently that no insect could escape it. A naturalist tells of an exciting chase he saw between a swallow and a dragon fly, which is among the swiftest of of insects. The insect flew with incredible speed, and wheeled and dodged with such ease that the swallow despite its utmost efforts, completely failed to overtake and capture it.—Science.

Six weeks ago I suffered with a very severe cold; was almost unable to speak. My friends all advised me to consult a physician. Noticing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy advertised in the St. Paul Volks Zeitung I procured a bottle, and after taking it a short while was entirely well. I now most heartily recommend this remedy to anyone suffering with a cold. Wm. Keil, 678 Selby Ave., St. Paul, Minn. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Waiting For The Bird.

A small boy who had a great dislike for school returned home for dinner a little earlier than usual.

"Tommy, you naughty boy, you have been playing truant," said his mother; "a little dicky bird came in at the window and told me so."

The next morning Tommy set out for school as usual. During morning his mother heard a noise from the far end of the kitchen and, looking around there, saw Tommy crouched under the table.

"Tommy, you rascal, what are you doing there?"

Seeing that he was discovered he crawled out and, holding up a brick which he had by him, said:

"I was waitin' to croak that dicky bird."—Chicago Times-Herald.

My little boy, when two years of age was taken very ill with bloody flux. I was advised to use Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and luckily procured part of a bottle. I carefully read the directions and gave it accordingly. He was very low, but slowly and surely he began to improve, gradually recovered, and is now as stout and strong as ever. I feel sure it saved his life. I never can praise the Remedy half its worth. I am sorry every one in the world does not know how good it is, as I do.—Mrs. Lina S. Hinton, Grahamsville, Marion Co., Florida. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

She glided into the office and quietly approached the editor's desk.

"I have written a poem," she began.

"Well!" exclaimed the editor, with a look and tone intended to annihilate. But she calmly resumed:

"I have written a poem on 'My Father's Barn,' and—"

"Oh," interrupted the editor, with an extraordinary suavity, "you don't know how I am relieved. A poem written on your father's barn, eh? I was afraid it was written on paper and that you wanted me to publish it. If I should ever happen to drive past your father's barn I'll stop and read the poem."

Mr. Chicago Newlywed—"Who is that old gent who appears to take such an interest in you?"

Mrs. Chicago Newlywed—"Oh, he is only the lawyer who attends to my divorces."—Texas Siftings.

J.—"What's the cause of all this twaddle about elevating the stage, I'd like to know?"

F.—"Want to get it above the level of the women's hats, I suppose."—Tit-Bits.

Addison fell in love with the Countess Dowager Warwick, but she did all the courting and gave him no trouble in that regard.

Bryan's Eastward Trip.

LINCOLN, Neb., July 31.—Mr. Bryan this evening completed the itinerary of his journey to New York, Pittsburg is the only large city where the night of a week day will be spent, and Mr. Bryan may be prevailed on to address an audience there.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryan will leave Lincoln Friday evening, August 7, on the train due in Chicago Saturday afternoon. They will remain in Chicago over Sunday, leaving there just before 12 o'clock Sunday night, via the Pennsylvania road. Monday night will be spent in Pittsburg, and the departure for New York will be made early Tuesday morning, so as to reach there at 6:30 o'clock that evening. The National Committee will meet in New York at the time of the notification and important campaign work will be discussed.

From New York Mr. and Mrs. Bryan will go to Bath, Me., to visit Mr. and Mrs. Sewall. The return trip will not be arranged until after the New York notification.

Death Rather Than Whisky.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 30.—John Fohley, a native of Ireland, living in Venice, about seventy miles below New Orleans, died at his home, the victim of fidelity to principles. Fohley was a zealous apostle of temperance, and head of the prohibition movement in that parish. A week ago he was severely bitten by a rattlesnake. There is no physician at or near Venice, and it required so much time to send to the nearest physician, who lived a considerable distance away, that all idea of medical relief was abandoned. The usual remedy for snake bite, whisky, was suggested, and pressed upon Fohley, but he refused it, declaring that he would much rather die than allow a drop of the accursed liquor to pass his lips. He died after three days of excruciating agony.

Forbid the Marriage.

FREDERICKSBURG, Va., July 29.—At the marriage of Miss Emma Anderson and Mr. William Barbour, in Stafford county, the groom's father created a sensation by rising in the middle of the ceremony and forbidding the marriage because his son was already married. He read several letters from his son's wife, and the preacher refused to go on with the marriage. All the parties are of high social standing, and the excitement in the county runs high.

News Items.

Two hundred persons of Steubenville, Ohio, are homeless as the result of a cloudburst that occurred there Thursday night.

The president on Thursday issued a proclamation warning citizens of the United States against filibustering or otherwise violating neutrality laws in connection with the Cuban revolution.

A powder magazine at Funfkirchen, in Hungary, exploded Thursday. More than 100 persons were injured, many fatally and the town hall and a number of other buildings were demolished.

George Hotzter was shot and killed in his saloon in Cincinnati by two masked men who came in and demanded money.

All the whisky distillers in Kentucky have consented to an almost total suspension of production for 18 months.

Houses In Tree-Tops.

One's interest in the Guiana country naturally centres about the most fertile region, that which commands the mouth of its great waterway. As you approach the Orinoco from the Gulf of Paria, you still see that picturesque sight to which Humboldt refers in his travels, "innumerable fires in the tall palm trees"—the dwelling places of the peaceful Guaraunos.

The legend that this strange tribe of Indians, once the masters of the Orinoco, live in trees the entire year results from the great annual rise of the Orinoco. At Ciudad Bolivar, three hundred miles up, this amounts sometimes, in a contracted place, to ninety feet. On the broader delta it is always sufficient to cover islands and low ground; therefore the inhabitants very wisely build their houses well above the ground. For this purpose four tall palm trees are selected, and the crosspieces which form the foundation for the houses are lashed to the main support by pieces of a tough vine indigenous to the delta. Upon these is laid the flooring, and then the sides and roof are thatched with large palm leaves, to which the Indians have given the poetic name of "feather-of-the-sun."

There are many advantages that this particular palm leaf possesses over others of the same family, the principal one being its similarity to asbestos in the quality of resisting fire. In the location of his house the Guarauno takes another wise precaution in building, and it is one that carries with it a lesson for the government under whose sovereignty he lives.—Century.

"You must not run the machine so fast, Katie," said her mother.

Katie, who was making doll clothes after the manner of grown folks, sewed very slowly for a short time and said:

"Let me trot it just a little bit, mamma."

When Farquhar was in love with Mrs. Oldfield, the actress, he told her, "My head and my heart are at fisticuffs about you."

A WARNING NOTE.

Those Who Heed it Not Have Much to Fear.

A note of warning.
At first the faintest echo.
It strikes the back.
A peculiar warning not heard, but felt.
The back cries out—rebels.
The aches, pains and lameness
Make life a misery—become unbearable.
Do you understand the warning?
The kidneys are on a strike;
They have been overworked.
Nature intends you to know this,
And has only one way to warn you.
The kidneys are located near the small of the back.
They are composed of delicate fibres that filter the blood.
Stooping positions, a strain or cold often clogs the filters.
Backache is the beginning; lame and weak back follows.
The filters fail to do their work.
Kidney disease develops.
The urine is too frequent.
The calls of nature wake you up at night.
A brick-colored deposit shows the trace of failing kidneys.
Rheumatic pains and many aches appear.
All this from a small beginning.
So easy to cure, too, when you know how.
Get at the cause—
Break up the kidney blockade.
Doan's Kidney Pills do this.
That's their specialty—for the kidneys only.
Doan's Kidney Pills are sold by all dealers. Price, 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

A Neat Bit of Sarcasm.

Some years ago there lived in Alabama a judge who was noted for the sarcasm which he dispensed lavishly during his administration of justice. On one occasion during a term of court at Montgomery a young man was tried for stealing a pocketbook. The next case was for murder. The evidence in the larceny case was slight, but in the other seemed to the judge conclusive. To his amazement and wrath, however, the jury convicted the young man and acquitted the murderer.

In passing sentence upon the convicted thief, after the discharge of the other prisoner, the judge said:

"Young man, you have not been in this country long?"

"No, your honor," replied the prisoner.

"I thought not," said the judge. "You don't know these people; you may kill them but don't touch their pocketbooks!"

On another occasion when the evidence seemed to point conclusively to the prsioner's guilt, but when the judge, from long experience, distrusted the jurymen's wisdom, the counsel for the defendant said: "It is better that 99 guilty persons should escape than one innocent man should suffer."

In his charge to the jury, the judge admitted the soundness of this proposition, but he added impressively and severely:

"Gentlemen, I want you to bear in mind that 99 have already escaped."—Youth's Companion.

A Deception Easily Practiced

is the offer of a reward for "any case of catarrh not cured" by certain "cures" or "blood medicines." Nothing is said regarding the number of bottles required, and therein lies the deception. The makers of Ely's Cream Balm, have never resorted to such devices. Cream Balm is an elegant preparation, agreeable to use, and immediate in its beneficial results. It cures catarrh. You can rely upon the fact that it contains no mercury nor other injurious drug. 50 cts.

A Judge's Opinion.

Balzac tells of a counselor who had a great fondness for sentences of death. The president of the tribunal with which he was connected having asked his opinion on a case which had just been concluded, he started suddenly from sleep and said that the man should have his head cut off. "But," said the president, "the question is about a meadow."' "Then let it be mown!"—Cornhill Magazine.

Electric Bitters.

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

She (angrily)—"What do I get by cooking for you? Nothing?"

He—"Dear me, you are fortunate. I always get indigestion."—Boston Globe.

Marvelous Results.

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

Different Now.

"You used to say when we were first married that I was the light of your eyes."

"Yes; I was blind then."—Detroit Free Press.

Vacation Time

Is at hand and is gladly welcomed by all, especially those whose duties in life have caused them to greatly run down their system to meet the requirements, physical and mental, forced upon them. With these and others, it is important, whether at home, at the seashore or in the country, that some thought be given to diet, and as further assistance to Nature, a good building-up medicine like Hood's Sarsaparilla had best be resorted to. If the digestion is poor, liver deranged and frequent headaches seem to be the rule, Hood's Sarsaparilla will change all this and enable everyone to return to their home and business in a refreshed state of mind and bodily health.

She—Do you really think an American ever broke a bank at Monte Carlo?

He—Yes, I have heard of several American bank cashiers who broke their own banks there.

Restores the Appetite.

ROCKWOOD, Pa., July 4, 1896.—Geo. Miller of this place writes the following voluntary statement: "I have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and heartily recommend it to all as a blood purifier and restorer of the appetite." George Miller, Box 50.

Hood's Pills are especially prepared to be taken with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Farmer Jones—What hev yer larned at yer college, son?

Son—Why, dad! I can throw the hammer farther than anyone there.

Farmer Jones—Thet's good. I guess you'll hev no trouble in gittin' er job in er blacksmith shop then.

Kicksy—"Wife, can you tell me why I am like a hen?"

Mrs. Kicksy—"No, dear; why is it?"

Kicksy—"Because I can seldom find anything where I laid it yesterday."—San Francisco City Argus.

Out of Sight.

"I don't think this lonely place is doing me any good."

"Why not?"

"I feel so unmanned!"—Life.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT,

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, April 28 1896.

Apples	per bu	25
	dried, lb	4c
	evaporated lb	10c
Apple Butter, per gal		50 to 60c
Butter	roll, per lb	12c
	fresh keg, per lb	10c
	creamery, per lb	20c
Beeswax, per lb		25
Bacon	country ham, per lb	8 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per lb	11 to 12½c
	side, per lb	7 to 8c
	shoulder, per lb	7 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	$1.50
	Lima, per lb	5c
Coffee	green, per lb	25c
	roasted, per lb	18 to 20c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.50
	Portland, per bbl	4.00
Cornmeal, per lb		2c
Eggs, per doz		12c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	$2.50
	¼ bbl	1.15
Honey, white clover, per lb		15c
Lard, per lb		8 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.15
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		40 to 50c
Potatoes, per bus		20 to 30c
Peaches, evaporated, per lb		10 to 12c
Prunes, per lb		10 to 12c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.10
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$2.25
	ground alum, 180 lb sacks	
Sugar	maple, per lb	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per lb	5c
	white, A. per lb	6c
	granulated, per lb	6c
	Cubes, or pulverized, per lb	8c
Syrup	per gal	35c
	maple, per gal	50 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per lb		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 25c
Seeds	timothy, per bus	$2.25
	clover, per bus	$5.00 to 5.50
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.50
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain & Feed	barley, white beardless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	60c
	corn, ear, per bus	40 to 45c
	" shelled, per bus	40 to 45c
	oats, per bus	25 to 30c
	rye, per bus	55c
	wheat, per bus	70c
	bran, per 100 lbs	80c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 lbs	85c
Flour	flour, roller process, per bbl	$3.75
	" spring patent and fancy high grade	$4.00 to $4.25
	flour, lower grade, per 140 lbs	$1.25 to 1.35
Middlings	white, per 100 lbs	90c
	red, per 100 lbs	90c

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT MAY 20, 1895.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:55 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:57 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	9:32 "
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	8:24 "
Day Express	9:40 "
Main Line Express	10:15 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:55 "
Philadelphia Express	7:16 "
Fast Line	10:30 "

For rates, maps, &c., call on Ticket Agents or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 360 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

S. M. Prevost, Gen. Manager. J. R. Wood, Gen'l Pass Ag

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 7:00 a. m., Somerset 8:00, Stoyestown 9:32, Hooversville 9:50, Johnstown 11:00.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:15, Stoyestown 11:43, Hooversville 11:54, Johnstown 12:40 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 6:00 p. m., Somerset 6:25 Stoyestown 6:53, Hooversville 7:04, Johnstown 7:50.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 7:40 a. m., Hooversville 8:28, Stoyestown 8:43, Somerset 9:12, Rockwood 9:35.

Express.—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:19, Stoyestown 3:33, Somerset 4:02, Rockwood 4:25.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 8:30, Somerset 10:0 Rockwood 10:25.

YOUR EYE!

We want to catch it!

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

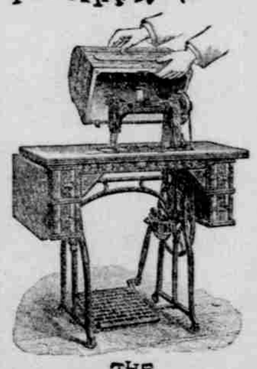
WINSLOW S. COBB & CO., Confluence, Pa.

Salesmen Wanted

on Salary, to sell Pennsylvania grown Nursery Stock, which is the best in the world. All the new specialties as well as the standard varieties of Fruits & Ornamentals. A fine outfit furnished and all traveling expenses paid. Salary dates from day work is commenced. Write for terms, stating age.

Hoopes, Bro. & Thomas, Maple Avenue Nurseries, West Chester, Pa.

WHEELER & WILSON'S NEW HIGH-ARM No. 9



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