AN OLD SOLDIER PARALYZED

IT WAS THE RESULT OF HIS ARMY EXPERIENCE.

BOARD OF MEDICAL EXAMINERS PRONOUNCED HIM HOPELESS.

An Account of the Case in Detail, in Which His Recovery is Announced by the "Courier" of His Native Town.

Another Soldier's Experience as a Result of His Confinement in Andersonville Prison.

From the Courier, Seneca Falls, N. Y.

Milton Weaver, who lives on Throop Street, Seneca Falls, N. Y., was a soldier in the late war, serving in the Third Wisconsin Cavalry. In 1862, while being transported from Janesville to Chicago, the train was wrecked by a broken axle, which threw the cars down an embankment.

With many others, Mr. Weaver assisted in rescuing his less fortunate companions, and while lifting the wreckage from the wounded men, he received an injury to his spine that rendered his lower limbs useless, beside rupturing himself. He was taken to St. Louis, where he received the best medical treatment, but without getting any relief. He was then taken to Fort Leavenworth, but with no better success. While at the latter place he was examined by the Board of Medical Examiners, who pronounced his case a hopeless one, telling him that although he might live for years, he would always be helpless.

Since then he has spent thousands of dollars, but has never been able to get any relief, and he felt that he would always be compelled to drag himself about with the aid of crutches. Four years ago he was taken worse, was not able to get about even with the aid of crutches. It was then that hope died, for the paralysis had attacked his hitherto good right arm as well and left him indeed helpless, being scarcely able to feed himself and wholly dependent on others.

He remained in this condition until a little more than a year ago, when he was induced by hearing of a former friend whose case was similar to his own, who had been to New York for treatment, but who had been told by the doctors there that there was no help for him, to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. This friend, upon his return home had his attention called to an advertisement of Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.'s Pink Pills, and was induced to try them, with the result that he was cured. Mr. Weaver had tried so many different medicines that he felt it would be a waste of money, but as there is always hope while there is life, determined to give "Pink Pills" a trial. He did so, and was astonished to find before he had taken one box that he was better. This was in June, 1894, then he commenced taking them. He was still skeptical and carefully watched himself, thinking that the relief would only be temporary. He continued to improve, however, and after taking four boxes stopped for a time. The improvement was apparently permanent and he again commenced taking them, and before another box was gone he was able to walk and also to do light work, which he had never hoped to do again. He has taken altogether only ten boxes.

Mr. Weaver was born in Seneca Falls, where with the exception of a few years spent in the West, he has always lived, and his condition and marvelous cure is well known and can be easily verified.

George B. Davis, of the drug firm of Davis & Seaman, says that the cure of Mr. Weaver was nothing less than a miracle, and that it has resulted in largely increased sales of "Pink Pills."

Thirty Years Hard Luck.

AN OLD SOLDIER'S TALE AND ITS SEQUEL.

Good Fortune Comes to a Michigan Veteran After Years of Suffering.

From the Journal, Detroit, Mich.

Many a fine constitution has been completely shattered from the effects of exposure and want of care during the late war, and many a man has carried through life a burden of disease and suffering which in many cases is incurable, but now and then a rare exception occurs, and some old soldier is made grateful and happy in the possession of a remedy which takes away the old trouble and makes him feel young again.

Mr. Bennet M. Metler, of Maybee, Mich., is a man in the prime of life, of fine physique and of evident education and refinement. He was a member of Company I, 14th Pennsylvania Cavalry, and served three years in the late war.

For nine months he was confined in Andersonville Prison, sleeping out in the open air without covering and very little food until so reduced that his mind was nearly a blank, he was dreadfully crippled with rheumatism and with heart failure to add to his comfort.

For thirty years this rheumatism and heart difficulty clung around him, not continually but coming and going at short intervals.

About nine months ago he read of a wonderful cure, of some gentleman in Canada, of rheumatism by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were also recommended to him by a friend and he determined to try them.

Almost immediately he began to improve. He continued taking them until he had used four boxes. It has been over six months since he has had any symptom of either rheumatism or heart trouble and he believes his cure is due entirely to the wonderful remedy as he took no other at the same time.

"You can for me give them a good recommendation," said Mr. Metler, "and I hope some of my old comrades will see the story and will try them, for I know they will be benefited."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills 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, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 (they are never sold in bulk or by the 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

A CONVERSATION WITH THE FARMERS

About the Depression of Their Interests.

I desire to introduce myself to the farmers by saying I am by trade one of them, though for a long time engaged in daily labor on the daily papers. There are still some frosty old friends of mine who can testify of their own knowledge that fifty years ago there was no plowboy in Butler County, O., who could turn a furrow better than I, or who was more expert in using plows left or right-handed on hillsides or level lands, so as to leave less unbroken land at the turns than I, and there is no light work. I would like better now than plowing corn when it is about as high as a plowboy. The trouble then is it is so brittle, and it is very provoking to have the pretty stalks broken—and many a horse I have lammed as a punishment for putting his rude foot into a hill of corn. I was a great boy to bind wheat, rye, oats or barley with double bands, and once I tied up a black snake in a sheaf of wheat so tight he could not get out, and there never was a snake or a boy more astonished. I could beat the girls dropping corn—four grains to the hill—and I know all about husking frosty ears of corn with a bone husking peg, held by a strap over the two middle fingers of the right hand; and the accomplishments of digging potatoes without cutting them, and mixing green and dry foods for horses, and watching calves become cattle, colts evolve into horses, lambs and pigs bloom into sheep and hogs, are, with all the hopes and fears associated with them, familiar. The practical farmers will detect in these observations the presence of a line of information not pulled out of books or picked up in schools. I know, too, about the way good old farms grow less valuable, in spite of faithful attention and how it is that some farmers who do not buy pianos on the instalment plan find it a pleasant experience to borrow money.

The news has been circulated a good deal, and not conclusively contradicted, that this year a good many farmers are so discouraged by the way their affairs have been going that they are ready to do something unexpected in politics—that some of them think maybe there is something in free silver that would just fit their case—therefore, that there are Republican farmers who, if not enlightened, are liable to vote for Bryan and Watson or Bryan and Sewall. They have heard so much about free silver as a patent medicine to cure the rheumatism, heartburn, earache, fistula, dyspepsia and vertigo that they do not know but they will try it. If they do, they will make the same mistake the workingmen did four years ago and invite upon a greater misfortune than they tumbled upon themselves. There is absolutely nothing in free silver for farmers. Whatever they want for relief, it certainly is not depreciated money—dollars debased. We have been going on now with dollars of the same value as that of gold for eighteen years, and a change in the purchasing power of a dollar will not help any honest man, unless it is incidentally and in a petty and fractional way.

What is the matter with farming? The owner of one of the finest farms in England, within sight of the forest of Windsor and the towers of Windsor Castle, stated to me that wheat had got so cheap in England, the straw was more valuable than the grain. The depression is not exclusively American. The trouble is acknowledged—what is the remedy? Whatever may be wrong, and however difficult it may be to right the wrong, there should not be a farmer in all America so ignorant as not to know that the man who has done most to frame a tariff law to help the farmers is William McKinley.

What did he do? Consider sugar bounties, for one thing. If the law had been allowed to remain as he drew it, Nebraska by this time would have teemed with beet sugar manufactories, every one a help to the farmers, and the soil of Nebraska is better for sugar than that of Germany—only needs a good start to establish an enormous and invaluable industry. The McKinley duty on barley caused the raising of millions of bushels additional to the average of former crops, and this reduced sensibly the excess of wheat production. This is an example of what we mean by the diversified industry that the protective system promotes. We want more of it, and that is McKinleyism.

Why are wheat and butter down? As to wheat. The use of agricultural machinery and the improvement in transportation has cheapened labor and extended available territory. Argentina is a prodigious wheat field. The soil is admirable, the rivers are deep, the plains give full sweep to machinery, the railroads have nothing else to do than carry the wheat to market, and the steamers carry the grain to Liverpool in huge cargoes. Sailing vessels whose sails are pulled about by steam, saving hands, cheapen the cost of putting down Argentina wheat in Liverpool. Egypt, India, Canada, Russia compete with us in the wheat market of Western Europe. The world is a sort of country neighborhood.

What is the matter with butter? Let the price of butter go up in New York to 25 or 30 cents a pound—a living can be made producing butter at those figures—what happens? A cable message goes to Australia, and there are shipments of thousands of tons of excellent butter at once; and it can be placed in New York City and profitably sold at twelve cents a pound. It can not be produced in New York at those figures. This illustration is not imaginary. The transactions supposed have occurred recently.

What is the remedy? We can answer confidently that the coinage of more silver dollars will not be a help. We ought to raise our own barley, our own hops, our own eggs, chickens, onions and potatoess, to make our own sugar and our own tin plate; so as to give the advantage of our own markets the most valuable in the world, or that ever were in it—to our own people. The production of articles we have just named would turn over to American workingmen one hundred millions of gold dollars annually, and then custom would improve the value of the farms. There is no patent nostrum about this. Our records are full of the proof furnished by our own experience. The best thing the farmers can do is to try McKinleyism.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

Such ills as SORENESS, STIFFNESS, and the like,

ST. JACOBS OIL WIPES OUT Promptly and Effectually.

A Sad Parting.

She paused at the door. "And you will be happy while I am away at the convention?" she asked, tenderly.

He smiled through his tears. "Oh, yes, dear," he said, bravely, "I shall be busy,—canning peaches."

Nevertheless, as the door closed behind her retreating form, the frail shoulders of Mr. Mary Elizabeth Lease shook with sobs.—New York Press.

If You Will Use a Little Reasoning,

And not be influenced by the claim that catarrh is a blood disease, you can easily prove that catarrh is climatic. Have you not the severest catarrhal attacks during winter and spring, and have you but little evidence of catarrh during the summer? Yes. Well, this proves it is a climatic disorder, inflaming the membrane of the nasal passages. It is a waste of time and money to invest in blood remedies. The proper treatment is a local application, and the most prompt to cure is that popular remedy, Ely's Cream Balm.

Her Sex Unreasoning.

"There's no use talking," began Mrs. Gobang.

"I know it," interrupted Gobang, "and the fact that you persist in talking after making that declaration simply proves what I have often asserted, regarding the lack of logic in the female sex. Now proceed with your lecture."—Truth.

Cure For Headache.

As a remedy for all forms of Headache Electric Bitters has proved to be the very best. It effects a permanent cure and the most dreaded habitual sick headaches yield to its influence.

We urge all who are afflicted to procure a bottle, and give this remedy a fair trial. In cases of habitual constipation Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed tone to the bowels, and few cases long resist the use of this medicine. Try it once. Fifty cents and $1.00 at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store Berlin.

They Tumbled.

"Will some little scholar please tell what happened after the children of Israel had marched seven days around the walls of Jericho, blowing their horns?" asked the Sunday school teacher. "Tommy Tranddels, you may answer."

"Please, ma'am," replied Tommy, "they tumbled to the rackes."—Puck.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Caillouette, Druggist, Beaversville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with La Grippe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

Why Postponed.

When the wedding notice appeared in the paper it was announced that the ceremony was necessarily postponed for several days owing to the non-arrival of the bride's trousers. The ignorant printer had misspelled the word trousseau.—Judge.

Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and gives refreshing sleep.

Green Above the Red.

Lemonade Vender to his assistant—"Everybody is buyin' dere lemingade off dat bloke over dere; we ain't sellin' a drop, an' we's got de purtiest shade of red I ever struck. What's de matter?"

Assistant—"Why, de Sons of St. Patrick is visitin' th' circus in a body to-day, an' dat fellyh is sellin' green lemonade."—Puck.

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.

An Expert.

First Boarder—"I understand that the landlady is to take a trip to the West."

Second Boarder—"Is that so? If the train would stop long enough at stations she could give the railway restaurant people some great points."—Puck.

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 Bedford's Pharmacy.

Could Not Stand the Strain.

"You are a dead beat."

At the harsh words the cyclist roused himself and opened one eye. The policeman, bending over him, went on:

"You have been trying to travel on your face."

The cyclist opened the other eye.

"I have," he admitted, "On my face and one elbow. But they could not stand the strain."

And rising weakly to his feet he staggered towards the nearest drug store, bearing the fragments of his wheel with him.

Some people are never contented unless in controversy. Like the stormy petrel, they are flying in search of a tempest.

Courted in Exchange for Board.

NEW HAVEN, Conn., August 6.—James I. Mitchell and Miss Susan Nichols were married in the County Commissioner's office yesterday under peculiar circumstances. Some time ago Mitchell, who is a carriage painter, went to board at Susan's house. Here he made such an impression upon her that when the week was up and Mitchell had not paid his board nothing was said to him about it, and so he continued making love and getting his board free.

But one day Miss Nichols learned that Mrs. Williams, a servant in the family of Charles H. Fowler, was receiving some attention from James, and, becoming suspicious, she had Mitchell arrested for defrauding her of her board bill, and locked up in jail.

Subsequently she relented, proposed marriage, was accepted and Justice Fred Averill made them man and wife.

Mortality Statistics.

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 7.—The mortality statistics of the United States for 1895 have been issued by Gen. Walker Wyman, of the United States Marine Hospital Service. From the report it appears that South St. Paul, Minn., was the healthiest place in this country during 1895, so far as mortality is concerned, for out of an estimated population of 3000 there were only three deaths.

Harrisonville, Mo., was second, having but three deaths in a population of 1645.

Akron, N. Y., went to the other extreme, however, for, with an estimated population of 1800, the death list aggregated ninety.

Next to Akron in point of mortality comes Londonderry, N. H., with twenty-two fatalities in a population of 531. This place had a population of 1220, according to the census of 1890.

Burned Him at The Stake.

ST. JOSEPH, La., August 6.—A mob secured a tramp, who had confessed to double crime of assault and murder, and burned him at the stake.

His victim was a young white woman, employed as a domestic in a prominent family, on the border of Franklin parish. Her dead and mutilated body was found concealed by brush.

Suspicion pointed to a white tramp who had been seen near there. Dogs were used, and in a few hours the tramp was run down.

The crowd bound the wretch and staked him to the nearest tree, and after burning his body and riddling it with ullets, quickly disappeared.

Commune With Heaven.

ATHENS, O., Aug.—Warrants were sworn out yesterday for the arrest of Mart Searle and his two brothers, residing in New Pittsburg, for disturbing the peace.

They were leaders of a peculiar sect that claimed to be in personal communication with God, and their meetings invariably ended in fights. The leaders came from Glouster and have over 150 converts, each of whom contributed as much as $200 upon conversion to the faith. An effort is being made to have all concerned committed to an insane asylum.

Found Wealth in a Casket.

Hartford, Conn., August 7.—A rich find was made by Charles S. Huling, of Cleveland, O., at Wethersfield, to-day. His aunt, Miss Elizabeth J. Shepard, 70 years old, died there last week, in supposed poverty. To-day Mr. Huling, while searching the house, found $23,000 in good stocks and bonds concealed in a casement.

Miss Shepard had lived a retired life for many years, and before becoming sick had earned a meagre living by sewing. She has about 20 heirs of the third generation.

The Democrats of Pennsylvania who indorsed the Sound Money platform of the Allentown State Convention and who support the candidate of Depreciated Currency and Repudiation were dishonest then as they are dishonest now. They may take either horn of the dilemma. They are sure to hang themselves on the one horn or the other.—Philadelphia Record.

Michigan Republicans.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., August 6.—The Republicans of Michigan closed one of the most exciting State Conventions ever held by their party at 8:30 this evening. The fight over the candidates for Governor, which ended with the nomination of Hazen S. Pingree, Detroit's famous Mayor, has been on since last winter.

Lessons in Silver.

"A bit of our railroad," said Vice President Paul Morton, of Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe, "runs across the border into Mexican territory. On the American side of the line we pay our track hands a dollar a day. On the Mexican side we pay the same wages. Both receive the silver dollar of their country, but the Mexicans find that theirs has a purchasing power of only one-half that of the American dollar. Ours is based on the gold standard. That is what makes the difference. The result is that every man wants to work on the American side and to get the American dollar, which buys twice as much as the Mexican, and he wants to shop on this side, too, for everything, except wages, is 100 per cent. higher on the other side."—New York Mail and Express.

Well Dressed Women

Are not always well otherwise. Health, you know, depends very largely on the proper action of the kidneys. It is the duty of the kidneys to filter the uric acid and other poisonous matter out of the blood. If they do not do this, the blood in its never-ceasing journey carries the poison into every part of the system, and diseases of all sorts result.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

Strengthen and regulate the kidneys. Help them to do their duty. Even in the severest forms of kidney disease they never fail.

A well-known lady of Greensburg, Pa., residing at 59 W. Pittsburg St., is Mrs. Ios. Orr. She says: "For fifteen years I have had backache. All last winter I suffered much. Could not walk around. Plasters helped only while their strength lasted. I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. Improvement came at once. The back pains left me entirely. Doan's Kidney Pills were just what I needed. I gladly endorse them."

Doan's Kidney Pills Cost 50 Cents at any Drugstore.

Foster-Milburn Co., Sole Agents, Buffalo, N. Y.

Sir Walter Raleigh's Pipe.

Among the many anecdotes told of Raleigh's practices with his pipe may be mentioned that of his outwitting the queen in a wager she laid with the gallant knight respecting the weight of the smoke which exhaled from a pipeful of tobacco. "I can assure your majesty," said Raleigh, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume." "I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, thinking only how impossible it must be to catch the smoke and put it in a balance, "and will wager you 20 angels that you do not solve my doubt." Whereupon Raleigh drew forth a quantity of the weed, placed it in finely adjusted scales, and, having ascertained its weight, commenced to smoke it, carefully preserving the ashes. These at the finish he weighed with great exactness.

Then would it dawn upon her majesty how the wager was to end. "Your majesty," said Raleigh, "cannot deny that the difference hath evaporated in smoke." "Truly I cannot," was her reply. Then, turning to those around her, who were eying with amusement the curious play on the pipe, she continued, "Many laborers in the fire have I heard of (alluding to alchemists) who turned their gold into smoke, but Sir Walter is the first who has turned smoke into gold."—Gentleman's Magazine.

Of Course It Worked.

The young man was bringing to bear all his limited attainments as a contortionist in his efforts to see around the tall, wide hat worn by the sweet girl in front of him.

The young woman whom he was accompanying saw him and pitied him.

Then a knowing smile passed over her face, and she leaned over and whispered loudly enough for the girl with the big hat to hear:

"What a lovely hat that girl in front of you has on!"

He looked fierce, but said nothing, and the owner of the hat stared straight ahead with a pleased expression.

"What a pity it is," the young woman with the knowing look resumed, "that she doesn't know it isn't on straight!"

The girl in front made a convulsive grab and shifted the hat to one side. Then it didn't feel right, and she shoved it away over to the other side, only to hear in commiserating stage whisper behind her:

"Poor thing, she'll never get it straight now."

It was too much. The girl in front reached up with a resolute hand, undid the hat and laid it in her lap, while the young man cast a glance at his companion which was eloquent with undying admiration and eternal gratitude.—Philadelphia Times.

The Cruel Truth.

Years ago a member of the Indiana legislature, in a brand new suit of broadcloth and a silk hat, gold headed cane and white lawn tie, wandered up into the sanctum of The Courier-Journal, stood around in a listless way, looked over the papers, went down stairs and came back several times. He was asked to take a seat, which he declined elaborately, and ended by drawing his chair in a confidential way up to the "Roundabout" man's desk.

"Could you," said he, "put in the paper that I am at the Galt House with my bride, and just fling in something about my being a prominent Indianian? I don't care anything about this sort of thing myself, but you know how the women are. I want 50 copies of the paper sent to this address," and he laid down $2.50, grinned, got red in the face, said "Good morning" and vanished.

Next morning he read that "Mr. John R. Huckleberry requests us to say that he is at the Galt House with his bride; that he is a prominent member of the legislature of Indiana and that he himself, personally, cares nothing about newspaper notoriety, but that a society note would be highly gratifying to Mrs. Huckleberry. He added that he wanted 50 copies of the paper for distribution to his constituents."—Washington Star.

In Full Mourning.

"Some people go to the extremes in the wearing of mourning for deceased relatives," said a prominent man about town. "Now, the other day I was walking along the street when I passed a man dressed in a black suit, black tie, hat and gloves, and with hair and whiskers abnormally dark. I didn't recognize him until he spoke to me. Then I realized that he was a barber who used to shave me for a number of years. When I saw him last, his hair and whiskers were gray. 'You looked changed,' I said to him. He wiped a tear from his eye with a black bordered handkerchief and said: 'Yah, I yoost hat some drubbles mit mine family. My son-in-law he did die on Ven'sday, und I am sorry.' He had actually dyed his hair and whiskers in the memory of his son-in-law!"—Philadelphia Record.

Nut Cracking as a Trade.

There are in Chicago a considerable number of men and women, mostly Italians, who make a fair living by cracking pecan nuts. It is a recognized trade. They take orders regularly from the fruit stands and stores and supply them with cracked nuts. So far as possible they keep their methods in shadow. They crack them with hammers, but they get so much discouraging results as the amateur who essays the same attempt. They have no little pieces to pick up, but every kernel comes out in neat, unbroken halves. This is because they soak the nuts over night in soft water.—Chicago Tribune.

Proof.

"Is Mrs. Beverly so highly cultured?"

"Yes, she can look at a hole in a newspaper without wondering what was cut out."—Chicago Record.

Paid no Attention to the Bell

Sheep, so I am told, are just as stupid about bicycles as they are about everything else that goes on wheels. A young lady in Devonshire, riding down a grassy slope, came across a sheep which was lying down exactly in her way. Much to the consternation of her friends who were watching the performance she apparently attempted to jump the animal. Over rolled the trio, with the result that the bicycle was more or less damaged, the sheep's feelings were hurt and the lady got a black eye.

"But why did you do it?" they asked her.

"I do it?" was the indignant reply; "I rang my bell as loud as I could, but the silly creature would not get out of the way."—Blackwood's Magazine.

Wasting Good Material.

"I don't think very much of him," said the girl in blue.

"Why, I thought I saw him throwing kisses to you on the beach," expostulated the girl in white.

"You did," answered the girl in blue. "That is why I say I don't think very much of him. He isn't as strong mentally as I should like a man to be."

"I don't believe I quite follow you."

"Why, think of the absurdity and the waste of throwing from a distance what ought to have been delivered in person?"

"I suppose you know all about the financial question?" said the intimate friend. "I don't say that I know all about it," replied the candidate; "but I know enough not to talk about it."—Washington Star.

ENGLISH CAVE DWELLERS.

Evidences of Them Found In the Region Made Merry by Robin Hood.

The town of Nottingham is 124 miles north of London. A part of the town is on low lying ground close to the river Trent, where floods sometimes occur, but the rest of the town is built on a series of red sandstone hills. It is situated on the southeastern fringe of the great Derbyshire coal field, and the historic forest of Sherwood formerly spread almost up to the city walls. Now this forest has, in a great measure, been cut down, and this has reduced the rainfall, raised the temperature and rendered the climate of the town drier and more bracing than it used to be. The mean annual rainfall is now 25 inches and the temperature 47 degrees. As sandstone is soft and easily cut it is only natural that the early dwellers in caves came and lived in holes dug in the hills of Nottingham, particularly as the forest close at hand was a good hunting ground where game could be captured for food.

Bronze and other tools employed by these early and prehistoric inhabitants are occasionally found, and the first name known to have been given to the place was Snotingaham. This in Celtic means "the home among the rocks." Afterward it became one of the towns of the kingdom of Mercia, and in the ninth and tenth centuries was one of the five chief northern strongholds of the Danes. Already what is now known as the Castlehill was a strongly fortified position, and it was in his attempt to capture this fortress that Alfred the Great was signally defeated by the Danes. Two hundred years later, when William the Conqueror in his turn subjugated the Saxons, he rebuilt the castle of Nottingham and placed it under the command of his natural son, William Peverel.

But it was here also that Saxon resistance continued for many a long year, for it was in the great forest hard by that Robin Hood and his merry men dwelt. These outlaws were Saxons who were dissatisfied with the Norman rule and preferred a life of brigandage to submission. The holes dug in the rocks, the passages made through the sandstone mountains, enabled these bold foresters to occasionally appear in the town and close under the Norman battlements.—Boston Post.

BAD BILL'S BREAK.

It Was a Sensational Feature and Shut Up the Whole Revival.

Bad Bill was a well known character in the west, and there are many stories told of his exploits, but one of the best has never been printed, and was related to a reporter by a man who was present when it occurred.

Great Bend, Kan., now one of the best towns in the state, was at one time about the worst. That was when it was a railroad terminus before Dodge City was established.

A traveling evangelist went to Great Bend and tried to start a revival. There were a few Christians in town, and these all attended the first meeting, the only one of the unregenerate present being Bad Bill, who took a front seat. Every one feared trouble when he walked into the church, but he sat quietly during the exhortation. The evangelist requested all who wanted to go to heaven to stand up, and every person present except Bill arose. When they were seated again, Bill got up, and, drawing two pistols, said:

"You say you want to go to heaven. Now, anything I can do to help this game along and give pleasure to the players, I'm in for. You all want to go to heaven, and I'll give you as good a chance as you'll ever have. The first man that gets up I'll give him a ticket clean through, without any stop overs."

The evangelist crawled under a seat and the members of the congregation laid on the chairs.

"Well," said Bill, "I see you wasn't in earnest, so we'll put out the lights and call this meeting adjourned." One by one he shot out the lights, and by morning the evangelist was on his way to Hutchinson, while the members of the congregation kept quiet and made no further attempts at holding a revival.—Washington Star.

This Horse Can Count.

There is a grocer doing business not far from the south end of Virginia avenue who has a horse that is very regular in its habits. He has learned that the bell in engine house No. 3 strikes 12 times every day at noon, and when the hour comes and the horse hears the bell he turns his ears forward and waits for the boy who always feeds him at that time. The horse will look anxiously toward the store and wait a few moments. If the boy does not soon make his appearance, the horse gets tired of waiting and slowly walks to the stable. Every day as soon as the bell rings the first time at noon people near by notice that the horse becomes restless, and, while a few moments before his head was drooping, at the first stroke of the bell his eyes open wide and he takes on an air of close attention.

One day the firemen concluded to try a mean trick on the horse to see how much he really did know about the number of times the bell rang. They pulled the rope that rings the bell 11 times and then stopped. Immediately the horse's eyes closed and his head dropped into the same listless position it had maintained for some time. The boy soon came out and got into the wagon. He drove home and ate his own dinner, but did not take the horse to the stable. On his return he stopped and put the horse in the stable and fed him. The whole matter seemed to be a surprise to the horse, and now the people in the neighborhood firmly believe the horse can count.—Indianapolis Journal.

Malarial Soil.

The opinion is expressed by Dr. Bachman, an accepted authority in such investigations, that the long current belief that the source of malaria is in the air is erroneous. The germ, he says, which is of soil origin, is strictly a protozoa, reaching its highest development in low, moist ground, with a favorable temperature. Surrounded by the proper soil conditions, this protozoa passes from one stage of life into another with considerable rapidity, so that in the present state of experimental knowledge it is impossible to identify it. Further, this protozoa passes through so many forms or stages of life that in some of these stages it is light enough to float and be transported by the moist air of low grounds, but in this state is comparatively harmless except under extraordinary conditions. Not until the surface water is used does any real mischief begin, when by reason of higher development it has become much more virulent than that floating in the air, and a very short period of incubation is sufficient to develop a severe case of malarial fever in the newcomer who uses the surface water. From personal observation, Dr. Bachman declares that the exclusive use of pure, deep seated water affords entire immunity against malaria in sections of country where no white man would dare to live using the surface water.—New York Tribune.

First Old Lady—So poor Jerry Grimes is gone at last. Consumption, the doctor said it were.

Second Old Lady—That's strange. There never was any consumption in his family as I heard on.

First Old Lady—Oh, that don't make no difference! My sister's husband was carried off by gastric fever, and they never had no gas in the house at all. They always burned kerosine.—London Fun.

A man's time, when well husbanded, is like a cultivated field, of which a few acres produce more of what is useful to life than extensive provinces, even of the richest soil, when overrun with weeds and brambles.—Hume.

A camel driver in Persia is paid $7 a month and boards himself.

SOMERSET MARKET REPORT,

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, April 28 1896.

Apples	per bu	25
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	10c
Apple Butter, per gal		50 to 60c
Butter	roll, per ℔	12c
	Fresh keg, per ℔	10c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon	country ham, per ℔	8 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	11 to 12½c
	side, per ℔	7 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	7 to 8c
Beans	white navy, per bus	$1.50
	Lima, per ℔	5c
	green, per ℔	5c
Coffee	roasted, per ℔	18 to 20c
Cement	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.50
	Portland, per bbl	4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		2c
Eggs, per doz		12c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	$2.50
	¼ bbl	1.15
Honey, white clover, per ℔		15c
Lard, per ℔		8 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.15
Molasses, N. O., per gal		30c
Onions, per bus		40 to 50c
Potatoes, per bus		30 to 35c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		10 to 12c
Prunes, per ℔		10 to 12c
Salt	N. Y., per bbl	$1.10
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ¼ bus sacks	25c
	" ½ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$3.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar	maple, per ℔	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6c
	granulated, per ℔	6c
	Cube, or pulverized, per ℔	6c
Syrup	per gal	50c
	maple, per gal	50 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per ℔		3 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
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	50c
	corn, ear, per bus	40 to 45c
	" shelled, per bus	40 to 45c
	oats, per bus	25 to 30c
	rye, per bus	50c
	wheat, per bus	70c
	bran, per 100 ℔s	80c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	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 ℔s	$2.25 to 3.50
Middlings	white, per 100 ℔s	90c
	red, per 100 ℔s	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	4:53 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:37 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	2:32 "
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	3:40 "
Main Line Express	10:15 "
Altoona Accommodation	12:02 p. m.
Mail Express	4:31 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:35 "
Philadelphia Express	7:19 "
Fast Line	10:50 "

For rates, maps, &c., call on Ticket Agents or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 300 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 8:22, Hooversville 8:36, Johnstown 11:00.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 10:50 a. m., Somerset 11:43, Stoyestown 11:48, Hooversville 11:54, Johnstown 12:40 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 6:00 p. m., Somerset 6:25 Stoyestown 6:33, Hooversville 7:04, Johnstown 7:50.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 7:40 a. m., Hooversville 8:29, Stoyestown 8:43, Somerset 9:12, Rockwood 9:35.

Express.—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 3:10, Stoyestown 3:33, Somerset 4:02, Rockwood 4:25.

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

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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

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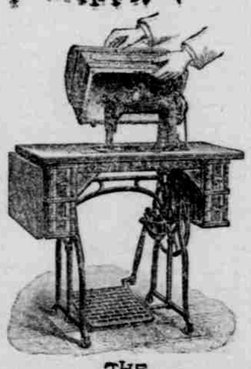
Salesmen Wanted

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 travelling expenses paid. Salary dates from day work is commenced. Write for terms, stating age.

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



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