Nasby's Views on Silver.

Petroleum V. Nasby, 1878.

CONFEDERIT X ROADS (Wich is in the State of Kentucky,) Jan. 22, 1878.—I ain't so certain that I want the silver bill to pass ez I was. The fact is, the thing don't work ez I sposed it wood, and I ain't clear onto it. There is suttle principles in these finanschel questions wich requires a great deel uv thought, and there is underlying principles wich a man has got to understand afore he is competent to set hiself up ez authority.

One thing I'm certin uv; Bascom ain't no finanseer, nor never will be, and I told him so.

"Wot is a finanseer?" asked he.

"A finanseer," sed I, assooming the look of Dan'l Webster, "is a man wich kin pay his debts with nothing—a man wich kin git suthin' with nothin'."

"The Corners, then, is full of finanseers," he remarkt, bitterly, castin' a causual glance at his slate, wich wuz jist full enuff to turn over and begin on tother side.

But he hasn't any uv the science uv it. I wuz argooing with him the other day in favor uv my noshun uv a leather currency, though I told him silver wuz much the same thing, and, for example, I wouldassoom that silver wuz to be the currency of the fucher.

"Now, don't you see, Bascom, that if I hed twict ez much money, I cood drink twict ez much whisky and pay for it?"

"How much is twict nothin'?" wuz the unfeelin' anser uv the tyrant who holds the destinies of the Corners in his hands. "That's wot yoor capitle hez bin ever since I knowd you."

"Parson," sed he, "I don't see what erthly difference its goin' to make whether silver is currency or anything else. How are yoo goin' to git silver of it is made legal tender? Ef silver wuz ez plenty ez bricks w'at hev yoo got to git any uv it with?"

"Troo, G. W.," wuz my anser: "but can't you see that to hev silver wood relieve the dettor class? Even now, afore it is legal tender tender, it's only wuth 92 cents on the dollar, and when the country is floodid with it, it will go still lower. Then we—or rather sich uv us ez hev property to raise money on—kin pay off—"

"Egzsactly so," retorts Bascom, "you kin pay me for the good, honist likker uv mine, w'ich you hev consoomed, in coin, which is less than the dollar you promised. All rite. But look here—come in here, all uv yoo. I want yoo silver men to know exactly w'at yoo are rushin' into."

And this feend led us into the back room—that back room wich contanes the subsistence uv the Corners. There, in long rows, wuz Bascom's stock. There in barrels, piled one on top uv another, wuz the delicious whisky uv Louisville, uv different ages, rangin' from that uv two weeks old to that wich hed jist left the still, and wuz scarcely cold yit. There it lay, and ez my eye ranged affeckshunately over it, I felt if I cood hev the drinkin' uv all that likker I woold be content to lay down an' die when the last drap wuz gone.

Bascom p'inted to an immense tank w'ich he erectid within a few days with a pipe runnin' in from the roof.

"I shan't raise the price uv likker in conseekence uv bein' paid for it in depreshiated currency!" said he.

I fell on Bascom's neck, in an extacy of delite, while the others shouted, "rah for Bascom!"

"G. W.," I remarkt while teers suffused my eyes. "I never placed yoo much below the angels, but this generous act has histed yoo a hundred per cent. in my estimashun. Bless yoo, G. W., bless you."

"But I'll tell yoo w'at I shell do.—Do you see that tank?" said he.

"May I ask w'at that is for?" I sed.

"That tank will fill with rane-water sed he. "The moment yoo git to payin' me in silver, I shell take out uv eech uv them birrils jist eggsackly three and one-fifth gallons uv likker, and fill it with water."

"Merciful hevings!" we all exclaimed "and poor likker so weak now!"

"And when silver gits down to 75 cents on the dollar, I shel take out 25 per cent. uv whisky and fill her up with 25 per cent. uv water. And so on down. Ef silver goes up I shel add whisky eggsackly in proporshen. In short, my whisky is jist agoin' to foller currency, and nothin' shorter. Yoo fellers wich work for wagis may swet, but I won't."

"But yoo'l increase the size of yoor glasses?" sed I.

"Not eny. But yoo may drink twice ex many times to git the same amount uv drunk es before, by payin' for each drink."

And Bascom stalked hawtily back and took his posishen behind his bar.

Ther was consternation in the Corners sich ez I hev never seen. Ther was a hurried consultashun at the Deekin's house and I sejested that we emancipate ourselves from the dominyun uv this tyrant by startin' a grocery uv our own, on the joint stock principle, which wuz agreed to, each man agreein' to contribbit $10 to the capitle stock, which wood be enuff to buy a barl or two, for a beginnin'.

We wuz enthoosiatic till we come to ballotin' for the man to keep the place, when it wuz found instid uv my 'bein' chosen, yoonanimusly, es I eggspected to be, that every man hed votid for hisself. Ez not a soul uv them would recede, the skeem wus blocked rite there, and finally had to be abandoned and we went back to Bascom's and submittid. That tyrant hez us.

Uv course we can't stand likker dilootid in that manner. We are willin' enuff to diloot the currency with which to pay for likker, but we want our likker full strength. We coodent help it, but that nite we signed and sent to our Representative a remonstrance agin' the silver bill. The Corners is now for a honest currency. Wood, O wood, that we hed some uv it.

PETROLEUM V. NASBY,
Finanseer.

Think it Over.

Have you ever heard of a medicine with such a record of cures as Hood's Sarsaparilla? Don't you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier, has proved, over and over again, that it has power to cure, even after all others fail? If you have impure blood you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla with the utmost confidence that it will do you good.

Hood's Pills assist digestion. 25 cents.

Nothing New to Her.

Mrs. Jones—That Mrs. Tucker next door must be an awful gossip.

Mr. Jones—Why, what's the row now?

Mrs. Jones—Oh, nothing in particular; but I never can tell her anything but what she's heard it before.—Harper's Bazar.

How He Erred.

The beauteous creature was in tears, and consequently the young man's blood boiled with indignation. Wouldn't beauty in distress make any impressionable youth's blood boil? Well rather.

A great big hunk of a man had stopped her on the public street. He had addressed a few words to her first, and as she tried to hurry past him without answering, he had roughly caught her by the arm.

"Let me go!" she had cried, but the big brute had merely laughed, and then said something to her in a low tone, at which she had burst into tears.

Clearly it was a cause for intervention by any courageous gallant. Her tears were evidence that she had been grossly insulted, and her attempt to free herself from the big bully's grasp was additional proof that she stood in need of succor.

"Now, that'll do!" said the young man, warningly, in a loud tone.

The big brute stopped shaking the girl and looked at the young man in surprise, while the girl's astonishment was made evident by the way she opened her eyes and stared.

"She can hardly believe that she has a champion, poor thing," said the young man to himself, and his bosom swelled with pride until the buttons of his coat threatened to give way.

"Who yer talkin' to?" asked the big brute, after he had partially recovered from his surprise.

"You," replied the young man promptly, more determined than ever to make a bold stand and a good impression. "I can not stand idly by and see you insult and bully a friendless girl—one who in every way is your superior. For every pang your disgraceful conduct has caused her I—"

"Climb his frame, Bill!" suddenly interrupted the girl. "Don't stand no gas from a spindle-shanked dude what interferes with things that don't concern him, or I'll wade into him myself an' teach him that I kin handle me own quarrels. Swipe him quick!"—Chicago Post.

The Grandest Remedy.

Mr. R. B. Greeve, merchant, of Chilhowie, Va., certifies that he had consumption, was given up to die, sought all medical treatment that money could procure, tried all cough remedies he could hear of, but got no relief; spent many nights sitting up in a chair; was induced to try Dr. King's New Discovery, and was cured by the use of two bottles. For past three years has been attending to business, and says Dr. King's New Discovery is the grandest remedy ever made, as it has done so much for him and also for others in his community. Dr. King's New Discovery is guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Consuption. It don't fail. Trial bottle free at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

She Turned up Again.

"I rode up to a cabin in Knox county, Ky.," said John Williams, a traveling man, to a Star reporter, "and as I approached, the man of the house inquired:

"'Stranger, did yo' see a red-headed gal with a yaller sunbonnet comin' from town?'

"'No.'

"'I reckon she'll be hyer termorrer.'

"'Expecting company?'

"'No; jess my darter. She'd been down ter Frankfort. She tuk in her head ter git married an' run off with a no-'ccount feller, Tim Hadley. They stole a raft o' mine an' floated down the Kaintuck ter Frankfort.'

"'Did you stop them?'

"'No; mail gits ter Frankfort quicker'n a raft so I writ ter Jim Wakefield down thar to buy th' logs, put Tim in jail fer stealin' th' raft, and send th' money back hyer with Sal. I reckon she missed the stage.'

"At that moment a girl turned the corner of the road, and the old man said:

"'Waal, Sal, yo' got back?'

"'Yaas, dad.'

"'Tim in jail?'

"'Yaas, dad.'

"'Bring back th' money fer th' logs?'

"'Yaas, dad.'

"'Waal, go in an' cook supper, an' nex' time yo' git married, run off with a man who has more gumption than ter try to git away on a raft.'

"'Yaas, dad,' and the girl went to the kitchen as though she had never left it."—Washington Star.

Make the Most of Yourself.

It is the duty of every man to make the most of himself. Whatever his capacities may be, he is sure to find some place where he can be useful to himself and to others. But he can not reach his highest usefulness without good health and he can not have good health without pure blood. The blood circulates to every organ and tissue and when it is pure, rich and healthy it carries health to entire system, but if it is impure it scatters disease wherever it flows. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier. It cures salt rheum, scrofula, catarrh, dyspepsia and rheumatism because these diseases have their origin in the blood.

Terse and Truthful.

History of man—bawled in infancy and bald in old age.

The most conscientious mechanics have their little vices.

Take things as a matter of course—the table d'hote patrons.

Lawn tennis is not a very quiet game. Even the costumes are loud.

The motto, "Live and let live," is a very good in its way, but it does not do for the battle-field.

The Emperor of China has ten men to hold his umbrella. It has never yet been borrowed.

While the true American does not believe in a king, he will bet his last cent on four of them.

A young lady refers to the time she spends in front of her mirror as "moments of reflection."

A whisky trust has been formed in Dublin. This will tend to raise the spirits of the Irish nation.

An heir brake should invariably go with every fortune which is left to a frivolous young man.

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.

Mrs. Offen's Journey.

Mrs. Offen started from her country home for a visit to the city. She was an excellent woman, belonging to all the best social societies of her home town, and a great temperance worker. It therefore struck her as very unpleasant to have the car in which she traveled so permeated with the odor of bad whisky that she was obliged to ask the conductor to open the window.

"I should think you would like some fresh air," said that functionary in a tone that Mrs. Offen resented inwardly as impudent.

The ride came to an end, and Mrs. Offen gladly left the steam car for an electric, which was to convey her to her friend's house in the city.

"Dear me," said the good woman as she paid her fare, "your car smells dreadful strong of liquor."

"I agree with you, ma'am," said the conductor, with a wink. "If you'll sit nearer the door it will be pleasanter for the other passengers."

"The man is intoxicated. What a shame!" said Mrs. Offen to her next neighbor in the car.

"Be careful you ain't run in," said the man as he went outside.

"Now, what did he mean?" she soliloquized as she thought it over, and saw the curious looks directed at her. She concluded to get out and walk the rest of the way. Seizing her satchel in a firm grip, she rose, but as the car gave a lurch forward she sat down again.

"You're not at S street yet," said the conductor.

"I know where I am; let me out," she persisted.

"Don't let her off here at the railroad crossing—she will certainly be hurt," said a kind woman.

Mrs. Offen insisted, and left the car, and soon reached her friend's house, very red and tired and with her bonnet askew.

Her friend met her at the door and was going to be very glad to see her, when Mrs Offen blurted out:

"I'm going right back home. Everybody's been drinking. All the people are intoxicated. I wouldn't live in such an ungodly place an hour. You are as bad as the rest. Phew! That vile whisky!"

"Sarah Jane Offen," said her friend solemnly, "you've been drinking yourself."

"Oh! what a horrible slander! I never tasted a drop in my life, and that's why I told Uncle Silas, at first, that I wouldn't bring a bottle of whisky for medicine to old Uncle Peter. But I did; for I thought a sick man as old as he is might need it. And there it is, and I wash my hands of the whole matter."

She opened her satchel and gave a shriek. The bottle was broken, and everything in the satchel was saturated with the pungent fluid.

Good gracious!" she exclaimed. "No wonder they wouldn't sit next to me," and she promptly went into a fit of hysterics.

And half the pleasure of her visit was spoiled by the knowledge that she had actually figured as an exponent of intemperance.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Something to Know.

It may be worth something to know that the very best medicine for restoring the tired out nervous system to a healthy vigor is Electric Bitters. This medicine is purely vegetable, acts by giving tone to the nerve centres in the stomach, gently stimulates the Liver and Kidneys, and aids these organs in throwing off impurities in the blood. Electric Bitters improves the appetite, aids digestion, and is pronounced by those who have tried it as the very best blood purifier and nerve tonic. Try it. Sold for 50 cents or $1.00 per bottle at J. N. Snyder's drug store, Somerset, or at Brallier's drug store, Berlin.

Very Different.

He fixed a steady glare on the grocer and began:

"I bought a chicken of you, after asking you if it was a spring chicken and being informed by you that it was. It was so tough that it turned the edge of the carving knife."

"I did not tell you it was a spring chicken," said the grocer. You picked the fowl up and asked me if that was what I called a spring chicken, and I said it was what I called a spring chicken. If you had asked me direct if it really was a spring chicken, of course my devotion to truth would have compelled me to admit that it was nothing of the kind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Be Convinced.

On receipt of 10 cents, cash or stamps, a generous sample will be mailed of the most popular Catarrh and Hay Fever Cure (Ely's Cream Balm) sufficient to demonstrate its great merit. Full size 50c.

ELY BROTHERS,
56 Warren St., New York City.

Catarrh caused difficulty in speaking and to a great extent loss of hearing. By the use of Ely's Cream Balm dropping of mucus has ceased, voice and hearing have greatly improved.—J. W. Davidson, Att'y at Law, Monmouth, Ill.

A Long Time to Wait.

"How old was Methuselah when he died?" asked a Dallas Sunday school teacher of Tommy Yerger, a precious youth.

"I don't know; how old was Methu?" said Tommy.

"He was nine hundred years old when he died," replied the teacher.

"Nine hundred years old! Whew! I wonder how his sons-in-law liked that," replied Tommy, as he gave an incredulous whistle.

From all accounts Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is a Godsend to the afflicted. There is no advertisement about this; we feel just like saying it.—The Democrat, Carrollton, Ky. For sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Wild Horses in Queensland.

Wild horses have increased to such an extent in Queensland that the animals are being shot, with a view to reduce their numbers.

"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.

No Difference.

She—"It seems rather hard, dear, that you can't afford to take me on a wedding trip."

"But, darling, you will never know the difference. In the little flat I have engaged it will be just like living in a Pullman car."—Life.

Susie's Record.

"Mamma," said 7-year-old Frances, as she burst in from school.

"What is it, sweetheart?" asked mamma, as she kissed the ruby lips.

"You know, in our school, if one scholar can't answer a question and the next one can, the one who answers goes up and the one who can't answer goes down."

"Why, that is the way we did when mamma was a little girl and went to school."

"Is it?"

"Yes. I suppose you are trapped pretty often, Frances?"

"Yes, mamma," replied the truthful little girl. I was trapped this morning."

"Who went up into your place?"

"Freddy Trotter."

"I should think Freddy wouldn't be able to trap you often. He is only 6½, while you are past 7."

"Yes'm. Say, mamma!"

"Well!"

"You know Susie Briggs?"

"Yes."

"I never saw her trapped even once."

"Didn't you?"

"No."

Isn't that nice? Don't you wish you knew your lessons that well? Don't you wish you were never trapped like Susie Briggs?"

"No'm. You see, mamma, Susie has been clear at the bottom of the class ever since I've been going to that school."—Detroit Free Press.

It used to be that the small boy had to wear his big brother's cast-off trousers. Now it looks as though the big sister's bloomers would have to be cut down for the same purpose.

Does Duck Make You Selfish?

"Talking of game," said a diner at an up town cafe, "did you ever notice that a duck has a weird effect on a man's selfish instincts? A tender canvasback, cooked to a turn, will arouse a peculiar gluttony in the average good fellow's nature. I've watched this curious development for years among my friends and acquaintances. Just drop into a club or a swell restaurant about the time the shooting season opens. If you see a fellow hiding over in a corner, his eyeballs gleaming like a cannibal's over a young missionary on the fire—why, he's got a duck. Fellows of warm, social qualities, addicted to table fellowship and liberality, become possessed of a solitaire gastronomic mania totally out of their line when they strike duck. They steal off like a dog with a fresh bone, and you can almost hear a growl from the greedy beast if you go too close to that bird. Take that fellow 360 days in the year and you'll find him angling for some other good fellow to share a dinner with him—says he hates to eat alone. Now, I want to know why the succulent duck should arouse this uncanny instinct in a social specimen of the man. Think it out if you can."—New York Herald.

The Princess Metternich.

In the days when a black skirt looped up over a short colored petticoat was as daring a costume for a lady of position as the divided garment of the cyclense is today, the Princess Metternich eagerly urged the empress to wear the new fashion on a public occasion. One of the ladies of the court who knew that the advice, if adopted, would bring censure on her mistress, asked pointedly, "But would you give the same advice to your own empress (of Austria)?" "Oh, no!" was the answer. "But the Empress Elizabeth is a real empress."

The other anecdote, though not more creditable to the princess' taste, has a racy humor about it which puts us, in spite of ourselves, on better terms with her. Having lost patience in an argument with Mme. de Persigny, she appealed to the empress, who begged her to give in, saying of Mme. de Persigny, "Remember that her mother is mad."

"So her mother is mad?" retorted the princess. "Well, madame, my father is mad. So, why should I give in to her?"—London Spectator.

Lincoln's Log.

With the earlier anecdotes of Lincoln's size and strength are linked always other anecdotes of his story telling in the intervals between working hours, when his long, gaunt figure would be stretched at ease, and he would pour out stories, anecdotes and bits of mimicry till the crowd around him was helpless with laughter.

In one town, where he stopped four weeks to build a flatboat, there was preserved and pointed out for many years a peeled log, called Abe's log, whereon he and his listeners used to sit lounging and whittling in the summer evenings. So irresistibly funny were the yarns that Abe told there that, said the narrator, who used to be one of the boys, "whenever he'd end up in his unexpected way the boys on the log would whoop and roll off."

The result of this appreciative friction, constantly repeated, was that Abe's log, so long as it was in existence, displayed a polish like a mirror from one end to the other.—Youth's Companion.

Ghost Puts His Foot in It.

There was an amateur theatrical performance a few nights ago in a fashionable mansion on Austin avenue. Gus De Smith was engaged to play the Ghost in "Hamlet."

"Now, Gus," said the manager, "all in the world you have to do is to come in and say, 'I am thy father's ghost,' and you must do it in a deep, sonorous voice."

Gus said he wanted some hard part where he might have a chance to spread himself, but finally agreed to do as he was told.

When the Ghost's turn came, he spoiled the tragic effect of the whole performance by saying, "I am thy father's ghost, and you must do it in a deep, sonorous voice."—Texas Sifter.

What Do You Know?

A Great Deal Depends on Knowing the Right Thing Sometimes.

Do you know all about your kidneys?
Do you know their real functions?
A school boy writes in composition;
"We could not live without kidneys,"
He might add, some don't live with them,
The man who "doesn't know he has kidneys"
May be sure his are in good order.
The man who knows he has them,
Has been told so—by his kidneys,
Sick kidneys talk—right through the back.
Sound kidneys never complain,
The kidneys filter the blood.
If filtered through sick kidneys, the blood is sick.
Sick blood means uric poison.
Means urinary derangement, means diabetes.
Means Bright's Disease—means Death.
Do you know the silver lining to that cloud?
There is one covering its entire field.
Doan's Kidney Pills are the sunny side
Of every stage of kidney miseries.
And perfect masters of their diseases.
We give you a case of knowing the right thing.

Mr. John H. Kennedy resides in Washington, Pa., at 284 North Main street. He has been Deputy sheriff of the county for a dozen years. Says he: "I have been a sufferer for some time past with kidney complaint. I have a pain across the small of my back near the hips. It was more severe morning and evening. I would rise in the morning feeling as though I had not had a night's rest at all. I noticed an advertisement of Doan's Kidney Pills and I procured a box. They have done me a great deal of good. I rest better at night and, in fact, feel better in every way since I began taking them. Am steadily improving, and expect to soon be restored to my normal condition. I would gladly recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to any one suffering from any form of kidney complaint. I have known others who use them and speak as highly of their merit as I feel that I can."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents per box. 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.

The Postage Came High.

"Do tell me all about Nell's wedding," said the girl in the crash suit. "Did it go off well? and how—"

"Oh, beautifully," cried the girl in the white frock. "My dress was perfectly lovely, my gloves were an ideal fit and my hair kept its curl as well as if I was only attending an old maid's tea party."

How nice. But tell me all about Nell. Was she—"

"She was horrid. Actually wanted me to help her dress for the ceremony—as if I hadn't my bridesmaid's toilet to think of. I am afraid that dear Nell is too selfish to make a really good wife."

"Then she will naturally have an unselfish husband, dear."

"Perhaps so. Oh, it was delightful to walk up the aisle feeling that every eye was fixed on—"

"Yes, I know. But tell me how did Nell get through the ceremony?"

"I really don't know. My mind was full of the one awful thought that I was standing with my back to all those people, while there was no telling but that my gown was crumpled after that long drive to church."

"Oh, probably it was all right. Was Nell's gown—"

"And wasn't it too bad that Harold was out of town and unable to see me in my lovely new dress."

"Oh, well, you can send him a photograph."

"Not unless he apologizes."

"For what—going away?" But then even an engaged man must attend to business."

"It wasn't only that; it was his subsequent behavior. You see, I wanted him to share some of the festivities, so I sent him a box of wedding cake. You should have seen the letter I got in return."

"But perhaps it disagreed with him."

"It wasn't that. You know, I thought it would be nice to write him a sweet little note and slip it in the bottom of the cake box so that when he had eaten it all he would have a pleasant surprise."

"Good gracious, do you mean to say that you gave the box away and never knew—"

"No, I don't. The—well, the truth is that those horrid, mean Post Office employes actually opened the box and found the not! Oh, how I do despise such prying inquisitiveness! Not satisfied with that, they—"

"Goodness, can—can they send you to jail for violating the postal laws?"

"No, they can't. But they actually made Harold pay letter postage on the box before they would give it to him! Four square inches of wedding cake cost him just $1.50; and now he—he says that he is afraid that I am n-not economical enough to make a g-good wife for a poor man! After I had put the note in the box to save extra postage, too!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

In a recent letter to the manufacturers Mr. W. F. Benjamin, editor of the Spectator, Rushford, N. Y., says: "It may be a pleasure to know the high esteem in which Chamberlain's medicines are held by the people of your own State, where they must be best known. An aunt of mine, who resides at Dexter, Iowa, was about to visit me a few years since, and before leaving home wrote me, asking me if they were sold here, stating if they were not she would bring a quantity with her, as she did not like to be without them." The medicines referred to are Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, famous for its cures of colds and croup; Chamberlain's Pain Balm for rheumatism, lame back, pains in the side and chest, and Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for bowel complaints. These medicines have been in constant use in Iowa for almost a quarter of a century. The people have learned that they are articles of great worth and merit, and unequaled by any other. They are for sale here by Benford's Pharmacy.

Statesmen and Politicians.

"What we need," he said oracularly, "is fewer politicians and more statesmen."

She looked at him admiringly, as if wondering how one man could know so much.

"What's the difference between a statesman and a politician, Edward?" she asked at last.

"The difference?" he exclaimed.

"Yes," she replied quietly.

"Oh, yes, of course—the difference," he said in an easy, off-hand way. "The difference is—ah—ah—. Why, you ought to know that."

"But I'm afraid I don't," she returned. "You know, I'm only a woman."

"Of course, of course."

"My idea," she went on, hesitatingly, "would be that a statesman was the one who didn't talk politics on the street or at inappropriate times and places and didn't try to make a fog-horn of himself every time a political subject happened to come under discussion, while a politician—"

"I—I think you're right," he interrupted, and somehow he couldn't help wondering all the rest of the day whether she had been taking a long range shot at him.

Sent it to His Mother in Germany.

Mr. Jacob Esbensen, who is in the employ of the Chicago Lumber Co., at Des Moines, Iowa, says: "I have just sent some medicine back to my mother in the old country, that I know from personal use to be the best medicine in the world for rheumatism, having used it in my family for several years. It is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It always does the work." 50 cent bottles for sale by Benford's Pharmacy.

Consoling.

Dr. Coke, at one time chaplain of Greenwich hospital, was, according to James Payn, "a churchman of the tawny port wine school." When called in to minister to one of the patients on his deathbed and finding him perturbed as to his ghostly welfare, he comforted him by saying: "Don't concern yourself about that, my dear fellow. That's my affair."

Limitations of Heredity.

Men are the kind of husbands that their wives make them. No man was born a husband, it should be remembered. Men inherit disease, temper, warts and moles, but they don't inherit wives.—Atchison Globe.

Cholera morbus, cholera infantum, diarrhoea-dysentery, and all those other deadly enemis to the little ones are infallibly cured by Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry.

Succored by Gen. Harrison.

S. B. Robertson, who died at Shelbyville, Ind., Wednesday night, was a soldier in the Seventieth Indiana, General Harrison's regiment. One day when the army was on a forced march from Dalton to Raesca, Mr. Robertson fell by the way side on account of wounds and sickness. The march was a hard one, no person having the time to stop and care for a lone comrade. After being alone for some time a horseman came galloping along, and seeing a private in a ditch with his knapsack on and his gun by his side, he stopped and got off his horse to see what he could do for the sufferer. The prostrate form had but little life remaining, but the officer gave him a drink, poured balm in his wounds, bound them up, and, assisting him on the horse, walked and carried the gun and knapsack. The rider was General Benjamin Harrison. When Harrison visited Shelbyville in 1876 Mr. Robertson erected a triumphal arch across the street. In the middle of the arch was perched Mr. Robertson's daughter, who showered roses on Gen. Harrison as he passed beneath her.

A Record of Crime.

Statistics compiled by the board of charities show that from 1778 to 1855, inclusive, 328 persons were hanged in Pennsylvania. Of these 5 suffered the penalty of death for high treason, 8 for robbery, 14 for burglary, 3 for assault, 1 for arson, 4 for counterfeiting and 7 for unknown offenses. On April 22, 1794, the death penalty was abolished except for murder of the first degree. The greatest number of persons hanged in any year was in 1877, when 16 were executed, including six Mollie Maguires in Schuylkill county and four in Carbon. The past 20 years the number of executions of murderers in the state reached 112. Of these 32 explated their crimes on the gallows in 1877, 1878 and 1879. Before 1834 hangings took place in public, and since then in jail yards or corridors.

The number of persons tried in the courts of Pennsylvania last year was 17,499, a decrease as compared with the previous year of 1876. The number of convictions was 4,417, a decrease of 381. The amount of recognizances forfeited was $204,398.55, an increase of over $21,000.

Possibilities of Journalism.

During the past two weeks "The Philadelphia Press" has given a striking object lesson of what the public may expect from a great national newspaper. Although opposed to the principles which Candidate Bryan represents, "The Press" is the only newspaper published in Pennsylvania which has printed verbatim reports of all the candidates' speeches. The achievement was accomplished by the addition of columns and pages to its space, so that, with what all the candidates have had to say, "The Press" has given, from day to day, all the other news of the world in the complete form for which it is famous.

This policy, "The Press" announces, will be continued. The campaign has already become the most remarkable in the history of the nation. The full and fair reports of "The Philadelphia Press" will be among its chief incidents.

Sherman's Fine Points.

There are two beautiful points in Sherman's speech that ought to be kept before the people. One is that Thomas Jefferson was guilty of the crime of the century in ordering as he did in 1805 the discontinuance of the coinage of silver dollars, his order remaining in force for 30 years, all through the most celebrated Democratic administrations of Monroe and Madison and Andrew Jackson. If silver was so holy a metal for the people, why did not Jackson order dollars to be coined and smash the banks with them? Sherman gives names and dates and words and votes, showing the silver states' senators and representatives were for the awful centennial crime of 1873—and Sherman voted against the obnoxious regulation.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

Plenty of Squirrels.

The squirrel season in this State opened yesterday. Reports from the surrounding districts are to the effect that the lively little long-tailed animals will be very numerous this year. A prominent local hunter said yesterday that every person from the country he has met informed him that young squirrels are more plentiful this season than for years.

One reason for the increase this year is due to the fact that mast is more abundant this season than for the past 20 years. The oak trees are well supplied with acorns and there are no trees or bushes that bear fruit that are not loaded down. This is a great attraction for squirrels, and it is known that the animals migrate from one part of the country to the other. In some manner or another the little animals use a sort of telephonic communication between each other. If the nuts and acorns are not plentiful in the section inhabited, the squirrels have been known to swim rivers, run fences and in different ways travel to the land of abundance. It is expected that quite a number of foreign squirrels will find their way to Western Pennsylvania this year, and the shooters will have a better season than they have had for many years.

You Can't Afford to Be Without it.

We are introducing for the first time in this community one of the greatest inventions ever produced, and one that is appreciated by every housekeeper.

There are thousands in daily use throughout the United States and it gives universal and perfect satisfaction wherever it has been introduced. It is a combination Flour or Meal Bin, Sifter, and Spice Receptacle, all in one article. It is made from imported tin plate, substantial, durable, Japaned and baked, making the finest finished piece of kitchen furniture ever placed on the market.

Where servants are used it is especially adapted, as they are usually careless and wasteful. It is absolutely proof against *dampness, waste, mice, rats,* roaches and insects of all kinds that infest the kitchen. It does away all old barrels, boxes, bins, sacks and tin cans strewn around the shelves and kitchen.

Our company is a reliable and responsible concern, represented by curteous and gentlemanly salesmen, who will make a thorough canvass of this vicinity. We sell our goods strictly on merit, and you will not be insisted upon to buy because you are kind enough to examine; our object is as much to introduce and get it before the public as to make sales. We have in our employ only men who are gentlemen in every respect and members of good families, and who will conduct themselves as such.

Kindly requesting the public to examine our article when our salesman call, I am

Very truly yours,
W. S. MERCHANT,
Manager.

Joseph Imhoff, Agent, Berlin, Pa.

Dr. Schaeffer Not for Silver.

Pittsburgh Dispatch.]

Dr. Schaeffer, Superintendent of Public Instruction, is a Democrat, but not of the silver kind.

"Will you vote the ticket?" I questioned him.

"I pay out $5,500,000 of the State's money for schools every year, and I think too much of our school system and the welfare of the children to have the districts receive a depreciated currency, 53 cents for a dollar," was the significant reply. The doctor said no more. It was enough.

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 ℔	25c
Coffee.	roasted, per ℔	18 to 20c
Cement.	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.50
	Portland, per bbl	4.00
Caramel, per ℔		12c
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		60c
Onions, per bus		40 to 50c
Potatoes, per bus		20 to 30c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		10 to 13c
Prunes, per ℔		10 to 12c
Salt.	N. Y., per bbl	$1.10
	Pittsburg, per bbl	1.00
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" ¼ " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$1.25
	ground alum, 180 ℔ sacks	90c
Sugar.	maple, per ℔	6 to 8c
	imported yellow, per ℔	5c
	white, A, per ℔	6c
	granulated, per ℔	6c
	Cubes or pulverized, per ℔	8c
Syrup.	per gal	55c
	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	55c
	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 ℔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	$1.25 $1.35
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	2:53 a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:08 "
Johnstown Accommodation	6:57 "
" Accommodation	9:10 "
Pacific Express	9:24 "
Way Passenger	3:32 "
Mail	5:16 "
Fast Line	9:08 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30 "

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	5:04 a. m.
Sea-shore Express	5:40 "
Altoona Accommodation	8:24 "
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	10:50 "

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 8:06, Stoyestown 9:42, Hooversville 10:00, Johnstown 11:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:05 a. m., Somerset 11:50, Stoyestown 11:58, Hooversville 12:09, Johnstown 12:55 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 5:00 p. m., Somerset 5:25 Stoyestown 5:33, Hooversville 6:04, Johnstown 6:50.

*Daily.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail.—Johnstown 7:30 a. m., Hooversville 8:28, Stoyestown 8:34, Somerset 9:22, Rockwood 9:45.

Express.—Johnstown 2:10 p. m., Hooversville 2:50, Stoyestown 3:13, Somerset 3:42, Rockwood 4:05.

Sunday Only.—Johnstown 7:50, Somerset 9:22 Rockwood 9:45.

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