PARSONS' TWO FEATS.

A HARD STROKE AND A REMARKABLE RIDE DURING THE CIVIL WAR.

Cut a Man's Head Off With a Saber—Rode Two Hundred Miles In Eighteen Hours. Other Instances of Decapitation In Battle.

It is claimed by authorities on the art of war that the greatest blow of the campaign between Greece and Turkey was struck by Colonel Mahmoud Bey, who with one swift stroke of his sword completely severed a Greek officer's head from his body. These same authorities generously admit that this trick may have been quite common in ancient times, when stalwart men swung heavy battleaxes, but they agree that it is practically unknown in modern warfare.

History is silent on the subject. There is not a plethora of literature bearing on its accomplishment. The original of all such stories is, of course, "The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer," which, for obvious reasons, does not help the subject. Scott describes a similar episode in "The Talisman," but the best decapitation story, from an artistic point of view, is found in the memoirs of Captain John Smith. The doughty captain vouches for the veracity of the details, though that is no good reason why we should not use the customary pinch of salt. According to his truthful chronicle, he overcame in tournament the three champions of the Turkish army, decapitating each one with a single blow of his heavy sword.

A writer who is evidently informed on the subject claims that Mahmoud Bey could not have accomplished the feat of decapitation with an ordinary saber and asserts that the Turk's yataghan was "loaded" with quicksilver. The yataghan, he explains, is a short sword, shaped something like a butcher's cleaver, with an apparently hollow tube running along the back from hilt to point. This tube carries a charge of quicksilver. When the sword is laid upright, this quicksilver rests at the hilt. As a blow is struck the liquid metal is hurled down the grooved channel, lending deadly additional weight to the blow.

The assertion made that this is the sole instance of its kind in the history of 100 years is not borne out by facts. The same feat was performed during the civil war, not with a "loaded" yataghan, but with an ordinary United States army saber. The man who wielded the sword in this episode, Colonel E. Bloss Parsons, died recently in Rochester. Colonel Parsons was one of the wealthiest and best known men in New York state, and though he had never related the story the details were found among his private papers after his death. The incident was illustrated and described in Harper's Weekly at the time.

It was in 1864. Colonel Parsons, who was noted as a horseman, was attached to General Sheridan's staff. While reconnoitering one day with a squad of troopers under General Davis they were surprised by a detachment of Confederate cavalry. A pitched battle ensued, and Parsons, who was in the rear, saw a rebel officer level a revolver at General Davis' head. Jabbing the spurs into his horse, he swung his saber above his head, and, dashing by just as the officer fired, he made a terrific full arm sweep. The Confederate's head leaped from the shoulders as swiftly as if it had been severed by a guillotine. The feat is more remarkable when it is considered that Parsons was a slim, beardless fellow of 21. In comparison Mahmoud Bey's single slash with his yataghan loses much of its importance.

Colonel Parsons was brevetted general for distinguished services during the war, but characteristic modesty forbade the use of that title when he returned to civilian life. Not only did he perform the only authentic feat of decapitation during the civil war, but he was the hero of a remarkable ride. A few days before the battle of Gettysburg was fought General Meade had an important message to send to General Harding, 100 miles distant. As the route was through a country swarming with rebels, the message was written on tissue paper, that it might be swallowed in case the carrier was captured. The commander was in doubt regarding a suitable messenger. He summoned General Davis to headquarters.

"General, who is the hardest rider, as well as the most trustworthy man, in the service?" asked Meade.

"Colonel Parsons, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Send him to me at once."

It was 6 o'clock on a Monday night when General Meade gave the young officer his instructions. He was to ride with all haste to General Harding's headquarters and return at once with an answer.

The messenger retired. Two hundred miles were to be covered. The roads were heavy, and they led through the enemy's country.

Exactly at noon on the following day Colonel Parsons entered General Meade's tent. The latter's face grew purple with rage, and he ripped out a string of oaths.

"Is this the way you obey orders?" he thundered. "What are you hanging around camp for? You ought to be with General Harding by this time."

"I have just returned from General Harding, sir."

"You lie!" exclaimed the exasperated general.

Parson's face paled, and he dug the nails in his hands to restrain himself. "General Meade," he said in a voice that ill concealed his anger, "if you were not my commanding officer, I would knock you down for that insult."

Without the formality of a salute he turned on his heel and left the tent. Meade afterward made an ample apology.

Colonel Parsons killed two horses and went himself without a particle of food. For 18 hours he was not out of the saddle.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Old Sandbox.

"Blotting paper," said a man of mature years, "has been commonly used for only about 40 years. Before that we used sand, which was poured from a sand box out upon the paper. Enough of it adhered to the wet ink to keep it from blotting. The rest was poured back into the box. I think I liked the old sand box better than I do the modern blotting paper. Sometimes when you opened a letter you would find sand in the envelope, which had rubbed off the letter in transit. But that didn't do any hurt, and the letter itself was more sightly to look at than the letter of today. It did not shade off pale, where fresh ink had been taken from the lines bodily by the blotter—it was uniform in color. And the lines, fine and coarse, were just as the writer made them—not blended or blurred or softened or spread out, more nearly uniform. They were clear and precise and characteristic of the writer.

"I liked the old sand box, but of course we couldn't use it now; we're too busy."—New York Sun.

Wonderful Forethought.

The habit of companies which insure against accidents to compel their patrons to resort to the courts to recover in case of injury was the occasion of this singular thoughtfulness, told by the president of a large accident company:

"Some time ago," he said, "a large policy holder in my company was run over by a Brooklyn trolley car and his right leg painfully crushed. He remained conscious after the shock for three minutes, during which time he pulled out his watch and called the attention of the crowd to the fact that it was just 15 minutes of 12. His policy expired at noon, and his foresight was rewarded by the immediate payment of his weekly indemnity without controversy or litigation."—Youth's Companion.

STUART, THE PAINTER.

Curious Hits Born of His Faculty For Reading Faces.

"I don't want people to look at my pictures and say how beautiful the drapery is. The face is what I care about," said Stuart, the great American painter. He was once asked what he considered the most characteristic feature of the face. He replied by pressing the end of his pencil against the tip of his nose, distorting it oddly.

His faculty at reading physiognomy sometimes made curious hits. There was a person in Newport celebrated for his powers of calculation, but in other respects almost an idiot. One day Stuart, being in the British museum, came upon a bust whose likeness was apparently unmistakable. Calling the curator, he said, "I see you have a head of 'Calculating Jemmy.'"

"'Calculating Jemmy!'" repeated the curator in amazement. "That is the head of Sir Isaac Newton."

On another occasion, while dining with the Duke of Northumberland, his host privily called his attention to a gentleman and asked the painter if he knew him. Stuart had never seen him before.

"Tell me what sort of a man he is."

"I may speak frankly?"

"By all means."

"Well, if the Almighty ever wrote a legible hand he is the greatest rascal that ever disgraced society."

It appeared that the man was an attorney who had been detected in sundry dishonorable acts.

Stuart's daughter tells a pretty story of her father's garret, where many of his unfinished pictures were stored:

"The garret was my playground, and a beautiful sketch of Mme. Bonaparte was the idol that I worshiped. At last I got possession of colors and an old panel and fell to work copying the picture. Suddenly I heard a frightful roaring sound. The kitchen chimney was on fire. Presently my father appeared, to see if the fire was likely to do any damage. He saw that I looked very foolish at being caught at such presumptuous employment and pretended not to see me. But presently he could not resist looking over my shoulder.

"'Why, boy,' said he—so he used to address me—'you must not mix your colors with turpentine. You must have some oil.'"

It is pleasant to add that the little girl who thus found her inspiration eventually became a portrait painter of merit.—Youth's Companion.

FOR AN OCEAN VOYAGE.

Take Only Half the Clothes You Think You Will Need.

"Take only half the clothing that you think you will need for an ocean voyage and do not attempt to have a small trunk in your stateroom," writes Emma M. Hooper in The Ladies' Home Journal. "Have in your largest shawl strap a traveling rug, heavy wrap—a golf cape is excellent—sun umbrella, rubbers, small cushion to tie on the back of your deck chair, a warm dress of plain design, and a flannel wrapper to use as a nightgown. Wear a chamois pocket well secured with a tape about the waist for your letter of credit, jewelry, money, etc.

"In a large traveling bag place a change of underwear, hose, bedroom slippers and needed toilet articles, with which include a small hot water bag, bottle of salts, vaseline, box of cathartic pills and bottle of camphor. Do not forget a comfortable cloth steamer cap and a gauze veil if you are afraid of a little sunburn. Wear a jacket suit of mixed cheviot or serge and a silk waist on board. After starting put on the older gown and lounge in it until you land, when it can be given to a stewardess. Some travelers try to dress for dinner and carry a steamer trunk filled with silk waists and fancy neckwear, but for an eight day journey this is poor taste and a lot of trouble. Others have the small trunk in the cabin, and before landing pack the things in it that are to be used only on the return voyage, and send it to the ship company's office until their return. It must be remembered that 35 pounds of baggage is the average weight allowed free on the continent. Warm wraps and woolen underwear are necessary at all seasons going across the Atlantic."

Friendship In Kentucky.

When Judge Pendleton grows reminiscent, he is always interesting, and when Mr. Henry Tompkins walked in he said: "Mr. Tompkins, your cousin, Louis Garth, was the only bully I ever saw who was a brave man. He was the most overbearing man I ever saw. He was in a poker game in camp with Lieutenant Forrest, a brother of General N. B. Forrest, and he called Forrest a liar. Forrest pulled his pistol, a double barreled weapon, and, placing it to Garth's breast, he pulled the trigger. The cartridge failed to fire, and Garth spat out a chew of tobacco and without moving a muscle said, "Lieutenant, you had better try the other barrel." Forrest put his weapon up and said, "Garth, you are a brave man, and I will not shoot a brave man." They were inseparable friends forever afterward.—Owensboro Inquirer.

The Spear.

In old days, when the spear was used as a weapon of war, men had to be very careful how they carried it. If in a strange country they bore their spears point forward, it was taken as a declaration of war, while if they carried them on their shoulders with the point backward they were treated as friends.

The Negative Reward of Virtue In the Windy City by the Lake.

"A queer thing happened to me," said Bailey, lighting a fresh cigar. "It was only one of those incidents of street travel that might happen to any one, but annoying from the misconstruction put upon it."

"Let's hear it," said the other fellows, making themselves comfortable.

"I was riding on the electric," said Bailey, "and in the seat opposite was a pretty girl."

"Oh, you consider yourself a judge?" remarked one of the crowd.

"I certainly do, and I let her see that I appreciated her good looks. But my admiration made no impression. The young woman busied herself in getting her fare ready, and I watched her as she deftly extracted a dime from her pocketbook and held it on the palm of a pretty hand, ready for the conductor."

"You were hit hard, Bailey."

"Then I thought me of my own fare, and as I was holding a newspaper in my hand I rose and dived down into my pocket for a nickel. The conductor came along and I handed it to him just as my vis-a-vis said:

"'What has become of my 10 cents?'

"There she sat staring at her hand, which was no longer occupied by the piece of silver. We all looked for it, but it had disappeared, and she found a nickel with which she paid her fare. At that moment I slipped my hand into my overcoat pocket and found there the 10 cent piece.

"How could you identify it?" asked one of the boys.

"I never carry money in an outside pocket. Besides it had not been there a moment before. No, I knew how it happened. My paper had whisked it from her hand, and it had dropped from it to my pocket, as I explained to her."

"Was she surprised? What did she say?"

"Boys, I can't tell you all she said. Please don't ask me. She remarked that no one could judge by appearances, and she hoped it was my first beginning in a life of crime; that if I had been hardened I would not have returned it to her, but that probably I saw that she suspected me, and a lot more, while the fellows in the other seats were guying me. But you can bet your bottom dollar I never find any woman's money and return it to her again. Not much, Mary Ann."—Chicago Times-Herald.

STEERING A STEAMSHIP.

"Running the Time and Distance" In Foggy Weather.

Gustav Kobbe has an article entitled "Steering Without a Compass" in St. Nicholas. Mr. Kobbe says:

The degree of A. B. is not confined to college graduates. Aboard ship it means "able bodied" seaman.

Every nautical "A. B." knows how to "box the compass" and how to steer by it, but you will be surprised to learn that no good helmsman will steer by a compass unless all other things fail him. Among those "other things" are the horizon, the wind, the wake of the ship, the stars, the soundings and the line of the surf when running along the coast. And so the ablebodied seaman, when a greenhorn takes his trick at the wheel, hands over the helm to him with this caution, "Keep your head out of the binnacle."

I am speaking of sailing vessels. Steamers, especially those that travel on regular routes, steer by compass. They "run their courses" from point to point—from lighthouse to lighthouse, lightship, day mark, buoy, bell or fog whistle. In thick weather they know, taking wind and tide into consideration, how long they should stand on each course and try never to pass the "signal" at the end of it. When they have seen or heard that signal, they start on the next "run" or course. This is called "running the time and distance." I have gone into Halifax on a steamer that met with thick fog from Cape Cod down. One morning the captain said to me:

"We ought to pick up Sambro in half an hour."

Surely enough, about half an hour later we heard, through the fog, a cannon shot, the distinguishing fog signal of the Sambro light station on the Nova Scotian coast.

Real sailors—the Jack tars that man sailing vessels—actually prefer, as I have said, to steer by signs rather than by compass, and there are times when the steamer pilots have to.

THE OPEN BOAT.

At the Mercy of the Sea—Stephen Crane Describes His Sensations.

In the meantime the oiler rowed, and then the correspondent rowed, and then the oiler rowed. Gray faced and bowed forward, they mechanically, turn by turn, plied the leaden oars. The form of the lighthouse had vanished from the southern horizon, but finally a pale star appeared, just lifting from the sea. The streaked saffron in the west passed before the all merging darkness, and the sea to the east was black. The land had vanished and was expressed only by the low and drear thunder of the surf.

"If I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned—if I am going to be drowned, why, in the name of the seven mad gods who rule the sea, was I allowed to come thus far and contemplate sand and trees? Was I brought here merely to have my nose dragged away as I was about to nibble the sacred cheese of life?"

The patient captain, drooped over the water jar, was sometimes obliged to speak to the oarsman.

"Keep her head up! Keep her head up!"

"'Keep her head up,' sir." The voices were weary and low.

This was surely a quiet evening. All save the oarsman lay heavily and listlessly in the boat's bottom. As for him, his eyes were just capable of noting the tall black waves that swept forward in a most sinister silence, save for an occasional subdued growl of a crest.

The cook's head was on a thwart, and he looked without interest at the water under his nose. He was deep in other scenes. Finally he spoke. "Billie," he murmured dreamfully, "what kind of pie do you like best?"—"The Open Boat," by Stephen Crane, in Scribner's.

England and Russia.

Many believe, says Benjamin I. Wheeler in The Atlantic, that Constantinople has been systematically fortified against the English to the west, but not, at least by land, against Russia to the east. A Russian army can enter Constantinople without great difficulty. When the question of forcing the Dardanelles with an English fleet was agitated last winter, the English naval authorities estimated that of the 19 ships lying at Salonika 6 must be sacrificed to do it. The cards have been stacked for Russia. It looks today as if the ultimate occupation of Constantinople by Russia were a foregone conclusion.

What has England to say? The matter concerns her. It seemed for a time that the discovery of the route by the cape of Good Hope would provide an evasion of the eastern question and free her from the necessity of worrying about the Ægean. But the opening of the Suez canal has changed things, and, as if by jealous interposition of geographic fate, drawn the issue back to the old fighting ground in the eastern Mediterranean. If she is to hold India and Australia, England must control the Suez canal and its approaches.

An Expensive Product.

It is said that the most costly product in the world is charcoal thread. It is at present made in Paris, but by an artisan who carefully conceals himself from the public the better to guard the secret of his craft. Charcoal thread is sold at wholesale by the gramme (15½ grains) and is used for incandescent lamps. That for the 30 candle lamp costs $12,000 per pound and that for 20 candles $8,000 per pound.—New York Ledger.

With the Lights Turned Down.

"Do you notice any increase in your gas bills since your daughters are old enough to receive company, professor?"

"You have recalled something, sir, that is inexplicable to me. We regard mathematics as a fixed science, and yet it is a fact that I pay less for gas than when the entire household used to retire together. It's astounding."—Detroit Free Press.

Losing Flesh

You naturally lose flesh in the summer and running down is so easy. You get a little weaker each day without hardly noticing it. There is loss of appetite, headache, weakness of the muscles, disturbed sleep, weakness of memory, and these are the beginning of nervous prostration. Iron and tonics and bitters may afford some temporary relief, but what you need is a food for body, brain and nerves.

Scott's Emulsion

of Cod-liver Oil with the Hypophosphites, furnishes just the nourishment needed for those who are run down and pale and thin and weak. If you lose flesh in summer take Scott's Emulsion *now*. Don't wait till fall or winter before beginning.

For sale at 50c. and $1.00 by all druggists.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

The cream of the country papers is found in Remington's County Seat Lists. Shrewd advertisers avail themselves of these lists, a copy of which can be had of Remington Bros., of New York & Pittsburg.

Wanted—An Idea Who can think of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize offer and two hundred inventions wanted.

Reforms For Rural Schools.

The report of the Committee of Twelve on Rural Schools in the United States, appointed at the convention of the National Educational association in July, 1896, has been completed and will be submitted at the next annual gathering. It says that for purposes of organization, maintenance or supervision nothing should be recognized as the unit smaller than the township or the county. The school district is the most undesirable unit possible. Effecting this change wherever the district system prevails would conduce to effectiveness and simplicity of organization, economy in funds, equalization of taxation and to a system of supervision which would produce better results. The consolidation of schools which are too small to employ profitably the time of one teacher into larger schools, when practicable, is favored in order that better instruction may be provided than is now possible.

Every community should be required to raise a certain sum for the support of its school as a prerequisite for receiving its share of public money. A certain definite sum should be appropriated to each school out of the State funds, and the remainder should be divided in accordance with some fixed and established rule, a discrimination being made in favor of townships most willing to tax themselves for school purposes. The committee recommends collecting pupils from small schools into larger and paying from the public funds for their transportation, believing that in this way better teachers can be provided, more rational methods of instruction adopted, and at the same time the expense of the schools can be materially lessened.

The committee recommends better training for rural school teachers; the establishment of libraries; application of the laws of sanitation to the construction of rural school houses, and declares the rural schools are suffering from the want of official and intelligent supervision. Negro teachers are recommended for negro pupils.

Queen Honors America.

After undergoing the fatigues of Jubilee week in London Queen Victoria was able to review a carnival procession near Windsor Castle Tuesday evening. Early in the day she had given audience to the admirals who took part in the great naval display Wednesday, and it is interesting to record the fact that her Majesty, on this as on previous occasions, extended marked courtesy to the officers representing the United States.

The royal reception at Buckingham Palace Tuesday, given in behalf of her Majesty by the Prince and Princess of Wales, was a function of unrivaled brilliancy, and the American representatives were among the distinguished guests.

A novel incident of the Jubilee demonstration was the charity dinner given under the auspices of the Princess of Wales to 300,000 of the poor of London. The presence of the Prince and Princess at the several entertainments in the slums lent exceptional interest to the unique entertainments.

Spectacles were invented six hundred years ago.

Opposed to Mormonism.

CUMBERLAND, Md., June 25.—A gentleman from the lower part of this county, and near the Washington county line, stated while in this city to-day that there was a very bitter feeling against the Mormon missionaries who have been at work for some time in that locality. A large mass meeting, or indignation meeting, will be held early in July in Buck Valley, Fulton county, Pa., about ten miles from Hancock, at the grove near William P. Lashley's store, at Lashley, to counteract the work of the Mormon missionaries. Protestant ministers of all denominations will be present, including prominent Methodist ministers from Utah. Rev. Yost, of Hancock, Md., is at the head of the movement. Agitation and excitement is running high in that section, and there will likely be several thousand people in attendance. A determined effort will be made to stamp Mormonism out. The anti-Mormon people are becoming very indignant, and it is expected that if the Mormon missionaries do not cease their efforts that acts of violence will take place. In the vicinity of Green Ridge the citizens have made such serious threats against the missionaries that their visits are now few and far between. The climax was reached when they caused the derangement of a young lady's mind in that section.

John W. Murphy is serving a term of three years in the New Jersey State Penitentiary for a crime which he never committed. It has been learned that Murphy's twenty-year-old son was the felon, but that the father had concealed the boy's crime and took the severe punishment upon himself. Steps have been taken to have the elder Murphy pardoned. The son is willing to give himself up and suffer instead of his father.

John Doveraux, a farmer near Sneakleyville, in Mercer County, discovered two men trying to open his safe Tuesday night and opened fire on them. They ran into the woods, firing several times at Deveraux. A trail of blood was followed through the woods to an old barn, where a man was found with a bad bullet wound in his leg. He admitted being concerned in the shooting. Deveraux refused to prosecute him, his wounds were dressed, and he went on his way unmolested.

In the clothes he had stolen from a scare crow, John Brown, an escaped Huntingdon-Reformatory prisoner, for whom the authorities of a dozen counties had been looking since Tuesday, was captured near Harrisburg Thursday and taken back to the Reformatory by Deputy-Warden George D. Bert. Brown who is a colored boy, after exchanging clothes with the scarce-crow, robbed a springhouse and stole five shirts and better clothes from a farmhouse. While fleeing from the officers the lad plunged into the canal and swam to a swamp on the opposite side, where later the officers almost fell over him as he lay in the grass.

A happy cheerful disposition should be cultivated by everyone. The disposition to look on the bright side of things is a desirable one.

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THE STANDARD OF THE WORLD.

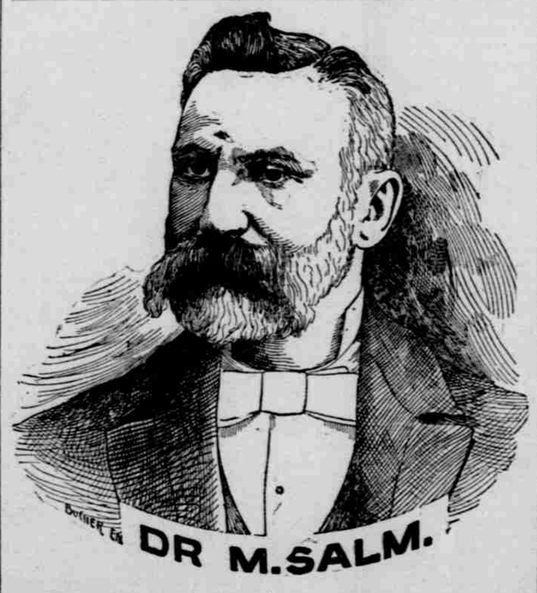
1897 COLUMBIAS THE BEST BICYCLES MADE	Reduced to	$75
1896 COLUMBIAS SECOND only to '97 MODELS.	Reduced to	60
1897 HARTFORDS EQUAL TO MOST BICYCLES	Reduced to	50
HARTFORDS PATTERN 2,	Reduced to	45
HARTFORDS PATTERN 1,	Reduced to	40
HARTFORDS PATTERNS 5 AND 6,	Reduced to	30

Nothing in the market approached the value of these bicycles at the former prices; what are they now?

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Catalogue free from any Columbia dealer; by mail for a 2 cent stamp.

JAMES B. HOLDERBAUM, - Columbia Dealer, Somerset, Pa.



Lived off Bread and Milk for Years. 9 Home Doctors Failed to Cure Me. Dr. Salm Succeeded in Curing.

For more than 4 years I have had a bad case of catarrh, stomach and general trouble. Took cold continually. For one and one-half years I could eat only bread and milk. Tried 9 different doctors to get rid of my misery, but got worse and worse. So I went to Dr. Salm for treatment, and to-day I am as strong as ever, can eat anything, and don't take any more cold, and consider myself cured of this terrible disease.

John H. Kauffman.

Mattawanna, Mifflin Co., Pa.

Catarrh and Eye Trouble Cured by Dr. Salm.

For more than 5 years I have had a very bad case of eye trouble and catarrh. The eyes continually got sore and grew weaker and weaker. I always took cold. Dr. Salm cured me.

Cleveland Kimberly.

McVeyton, Witnessed by A. J. Kimberly. Mifflin county, Pa.

People Think Dr. Salm Has Done Another Wonderful Piece of Work.

I have had a very bad case of catarrh and sore eyes for more than 8 years, and consequently it gave me a world of trouble. I was obliged to see Dr. Salm, under his treatment the change is wonderfully rapid. My friends are astonished, as well, and think with me that Dr. Salm has done another wonderful piece of work.

Louis C. Shannon. Whitestown, Butler county, Pa.

A Case of Catarrh and Throat Trouble Cured by Dr. Salm.

For more than 3 years our 2 children have been suffering from catarrh and throat trouble, also enlarged tonsils. They were continually taking cold. Could hardly breathe at night. Their constitution became undermined. After a short course of treatment with Dr. Salm, they have almost entirely recovered from their miserable disease.

J. F. Harrison. Bellefonte, Centre county, Pa.

Couldn't Walk 15 Yards at a Time. Was No Earthly Use to any One. Thought I was Going to Die, but Dr. Salm Cured Me.

For 2 years or more I have had a fearful trouble, began to get very weak. My limbs would not carry me any more. Couldn't walk a stretch of 15 yards, and my heart would beat at a fearful rate at the least exertion. It seemed my blood turned to water. I gradually became pale as one dead. I was no earthly use to any one, and all my neighbors and relatives thought I was going to die. Home doctors couldn't help me, so I went to Dr. Salm, and to-day, I am happy to state, that I am stronger than ever, can eat anything, do a full day's work and enjoy life as much as any one, and my color, any one may be proud of.

Mrs. Sadie Dobbs. Attested by her father, Frank Richardson. Dunlo, Cambria county, Pa.

BOOK FREE. The Medical Adviser, a short history of private diseases, advice to young and old, especially those contemplating marriage. This book will be sent free to anyone on application. Address Dr. Salm, P. O. box 760, Columbus, O. Enclosing a 2 cent stamp for postage.

FREE EXAMINATION OF THE URINE. Each person applying for medical treatment should send or bring from 2 to 4 ounces of urine (that passed first in the morning preferred), which will receive a careful chemical and microscopical examination, and if requested a written analysis will be given.

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1896-97, WILL BE AT

Town.	Hotel.	Day.	Feb.	Mrch.	Apl.	May.	June	July	Aug.	Sep	Oct.	Nov.	Dec
Johnstown,	Capital,	Thursday,	18,	18,	15,	13,	10	8	5	2-30	28	25	23
Town.	Hotel,	Day.	Feb.	Mrch.	Apl.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sep	Oct.	Nov.	De
Somerset,	Vanncar,	Friday,	19,	19,	16,	14,	11,	9	6,	3,	1-29,	26,	24,

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CUMBERLAND, Md., June 25.—A gentleman from the lower part of this county, and near the Washington county line, stated while in this city to-day that there was a very bitter feeling against the Mormon missionaries who have been at work for some time in that locality. A large mass meeting, or indignation meeting, will be held early in July in Buck Valley, Fulton county, Pa., about ten miles from Hancock, at the grove near William P. Lashley's store, at Lashley, to counteract the work of the Mormon missionaries. Protestant ministers of all denominations will be present, including prominent Methodist ministers from Utah. Rev. Yost, of Hancock, Md., is at the head of the movement. Agitation and excitement is running high in that section, and there will likely be several thousand people in attendance. A determined effort will be made to stamp Mormonism out. The anti-Mormon people are becoming very indignant, and it is expected that if the Mormon missionaries do not cease their efforts that acts of violence will take place. In the vicinity of Green Ridge the citizens have made such serious threats against the missionaries that their visits are now few and far between. The climax was reached when they caused the derangement of a young lady's mind in that section.

John W. Murphy is serving a term of three years in the New Jersey State Penitentiary for a crime which he never committed. It has been learned that Murphy's twenty-year-old son was the felon, but that the father had concealed the boy's crime and took the severe punishment upon himself. Steps have been taken to have the elder Murphy pardoned. The son is willing to give himself up and suffer instead of his father.

John Doveraux, a farmer near Sneakleyville, in Mercer County, discovered two men trying to open his safe Tuesday night and opened fire on them. They ran into the woods, firing several times at Deveraux. A trail of blood was followed through the woods to an old barn, where a man was found with a bad bullet wound in his leg. He admitted being concerned in the shooting. Deveraux refused to prosecute him, his wounds were dressed, and he went on his way unmolested.

In the clothes he had stolen from a scare crow, John Brown, an escaped Huntingdon-Reformatory prisoner, for whom the authorities of a dozen counties had been looking since Tuesday, was captured near Harrisburg Thursday and taken back to the Reformatory by Deputy-Warden George D. Bert. Brown who is a colored boy, after exchanging clothes with the scarce-crow, robbed a springhouse and stole five shirts and better clothes from a farmhouse. While fleeing from the officers the lad plunged into the canal and swam to a swamp on the opposite side, where later the officers almost fell over him as he lay in the grass.

A happy cheerful disposition should be cultivated by everyone. The disposition to look on the bright side of things is a desirable one.

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SOMERSET MARKET REPORT, CORRECTED WEEKLY BY

Cook & Beerits,

Wednesday, June 22, 1897.

Apples,	per bu	25
	dried, ℔	4c
	evaporated ℔	10c
Apple Butter, per gal		40c
Butter,	roll, per ℔	10c
	fresh keg, per ℔	16c
	creamery, per ℔	20c
Beeswax, per ℔		25
Bacon,	country ham, per ℔	10 to 12c
	sugar cured ham, per ℔	12½c
	side, per ℔	6 to 8c
	shoulder, per ℔	6c
Beans,	white navy, per bus	50c
	Lima, per ℔	4c
Coffee,	green, per ℔	20c
	roasted, per ℔	15 to 20c
Cement,	Cumberland, per bbl	$1.90
	Portland, per bbl	4.00
Cornmeal, per ℔		1½c
Eggs, per doz		10c
Fish, lake herring	½ bbl	$4.75
	¼ bbl	90
Honey, white clover, per ℔		18c
Lard, per ℔		8 to 10c
Lime, per bbl		$1.00
Molasses, N. O., per gal		60c
Onions, per bus		75
Potatoes, per bus		20 to 30c
Peaches, evaporated, per ℔		19 to 15c
Prunes, per ℔		8 to 10½
Salt,	N. Y., per bbl	$1.[illegible]
	Pittsburg, per bbl	[illegible]
	Dairy, ½ bus sacks	25c
	" 15 " "	50c
	" 4 bus sacks	$5.25
	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
	per gal	50c
Syrup,	maple, per gal	50 to 60c
Stoneware, gallon		8c
Tallow, per ℔		2 to 5c
Vinegar, per gal		20 to 30c
Seeds,	timothy, per bus	$1.75
	clover, per bus	$5.00 to 5.75
	" crimson, per bus	4.00
	" alfalfa, per bus	6.50
	" alsyke, per bus	7.00
Millet, German, per bus		1.25
Grain & Feed	barley, white heathless, per bus	1.25
	buckwheat, per bus	35c
	corn, ear, per bus	35 to 40c
	" shelled, per bus	35 to 40c
	oats, per bus	25 to 30c
	rye, per bus	50c
	wheat, per bus	75c
	bran, per 100 ℔s	75c
	corn and oats chop, per 100 ℔s	75c
Flour,	flour, roller process, per bbl	$4.75
	" spring patent and fancy	
	high grade	$5.00
	flour, lower grade, per 140 ℔s	$1.20
Middlings,	white, per 100 ℔s	90c
	red, per 100 ℔s	90c

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

EASTERN STANDARD TIME.

IN EFFECT MAY 12, 1897.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

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

WESTWARD

Western Express	4:53	a. m.
Southwestern Express	6:00	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:32	"
" Accommodation	9:30	"
Pacific Express	9:51	"
Mail Passenger	1:50	"
Pittsburg Express	4:38	"
Fast Line	9:08	p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	9:30	"

EASTWARD.

Atlantic Express	3:28	a. m.
Keystone Express	5:40	"
Altoona Accommodation	8:34	"
Day Express	9:40	"
Main Line Express	10:15	"
Altoona Accommodation	12:00	p. m.
Mail Express	4:11	"
Johnstown Accommodation	6:05	"
Philadelphia Express	7:11	"
Fast Line	10:20	"

For rates, maps, &c., call on Ticket Agents or address Thos. E. Watt, P. A. W. D., 300 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburg, Pa.

J. R. Robinson, Gen. Manager. J. R. Wood, Gen'l Pass. A

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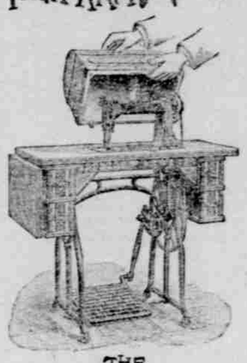

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CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch.

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 7:00 a. m., Somerset 8:06, Stoystown 8:33, Hooversville 10:00, Johnstown 11:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:20 a. m., Somerset 11:45, Stoystown 12:13, Hooversville 12:24, Johnstown 1:10 p. m.

*Johnstown Accommodation.—Rockwood 4:55 p. m., Somerset 5:30 Stoystown 5:58, Hooversville 6:20, Johnstown 6:45.

SOUTHWARD.

*Mail.—Johnstown 8:30 a.m., Hooversville 9:19 Stoystown 9:34, Somerset 10:2 Rockwood 10:35.

Express.—Johnstown 2:10 p. m., Hooversville 2:59, Stoystown