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Journey to Persia.

(Continued from first page.)
a piece broken from the side of it weighs eighteen tons. Tradition holds that the scaffold on which it rested broke. It now stands on a stone platform about four feet high. A clapper lying underneath it appeared to be about ten feet long.

In the Cathedral at St. Michael, where rests the remains of Ivan the Terrible, a glass case contained the bones of former saints; and pilgrims were kissing the glass as they passed by.

In another cathedral, we saw a glass case containing a piece of cloth which is said to be a part of the garment of the Virgin Mary; another from the garment of Christ, and a nail from the cross. (At this point the informer receives a rouble.)

At noon on Thursday we left Moscow and, traveling almost directly south for two and a half days, reached the Caucasus mountains.

There our party separated—those going to Teheran and Hamadan went by way of Baku and the Caspian Sea. We had been traveling together for almost three weeks, and our parting was rather a solemn one, knowing that we were not likely ever to meet again. The remaining eight of us bound for West Persia reached Vindikavkas about eight o'clock in the evening, tired, hungry, and sleepy, and while Dr. V. was trying to find some one who could speak Turkish, his little daughter Irene sitting on a piece of baggage expressed the sentiments of us all by singing, "I want to be an Angel." That night was spent in a Russian post house, and at seven o'clock the next morning we started for Tiflis in a Russian post carriage.

This mode of travel in Russia may be compared to the old-fashioned stage coaches of America, and would be a pleasant one were it not for the inconveniences of poor food and uncomfortable lodgings of the post houses. These post houses are situated twelve or thirteen miles apart, and we exchanged horses and drivers at each one. We started in a carriage drawn by four horses with driver on top and our baggage roped to the rear end.

After leaving the second post house we began to ascend the Pass and the number of horses was increased to six. All that day we ascended a winding mountain road, the scenery of which was magnificent. At one time we could see far below us men harvesting grain, while on the steep mountain side opposite us thousands of sheep and cattle were grazing, and far above us were peaks covered with perpetual snow. The Pass which we crossed about seven o'clock that evening was over 8,000 feet high, and the highest peak we could see was Kazbek which was 16,540 feet.

As we drew near to the top, we thought we saw a cloud caught fast on the mountain; but, upon closer observation, we decided that it was a snow bank. This was the 14th of September. We traveled until nine o'clock that night before stopping at a post house. We arose at five o'clock the next morning and after a breakfast of bread, meat and tea, we were on the road again by six o'clock. This day's journey was a gradual descent from the mountain top we had crossed the previous day. The road was good and so were the horses which would gallop almost continuously from one post house to another. The Turpike Company had not provided "breakers" for the comfort of travelers—so our old "Cove mountain road" forms no

comparison. The only obstacles to our progress were teams of oxen and buffaloes carting lumber; but, in the afternoon, rain began to descend and we were compelled to draw the curtains of our carriage, shutting out the scenery we had been enjoying. We arrived at Tiflis at half past six o'clock Saturday evening, having traveled by post carriage during the two days one hundred and thirty-four miles. We remained in Tiflis two days. The Russians are great lovers of bells and the chimes we heard on Sunday morning as well as the previous Sunday in Moscow were certainly delightful.

On Monday, we visited part of this ancient capital of Georgia and took dinner with a Swedish Missionary who is located there. It is unlawful to proselyte among the Russians, but this man keeps a seed store, in order that he may have the opportunity to sow the Seed of the Word.

We left Tiflis Monday evening and traveled about two hours to the terminus of the railroad at Akstafa and there spent the night preparatory to the post-road journey the next day, we all occupied one room in the post house. This room contained four couches (so called) which were not at all inviting notwithstanding our weariness, a rickety stand, and an ancient mirror which served as a play ground for the insects of various species that could find no room on the couches.

Some of our party spread steamer rugs on the trunks and pretended to sleep on them. I was not prepared to dispute the right of possession of the couches which the aforesaid insects claimed, so I sat in a chair all night and had ample time to meditate upon the improvement in traveling facilities since the time that Washington took a "hack" at the cherry tree.

It was nine o'clock before we could get started the next morning. A troiki or springless wagon, carried our trunks, and we rode in a closed carriage, not built for eight. So we men took turns riding in a little box in the rear of the carriage along with our small baggage.

The country through which we were passing was interesting but I would have enjoyed it more had I not been so sleepy.

I would snatch a few moments of sleep while we were receiving a new relay of horses at the post houses. We passed vineyards and fields of melons each having a tower with a watchman on it remaining there day and night with a gun at his side just as in Bible times.

It was in grain threshing time, but the whistle of the engine was not heard in the land. The houses of mud cement were built in the side of a hill and the flat roof of the same material constituted the threshing floor.

The wheat was spread over the roof, and horses or oxen dragging a primitive instrument made of boards with spikes driven around in a circle, generally by a woman who stood or sat on the "thresh-er" and sometimes with a baby in her arms while a man kept turning the straw with a fork.

At noon, while eating ancient eggs seasoned with earthy salt, we were entertained by watching one man beating another over the head with his fist for stealing a turkey.

We reached the foot of the Dilijon Pass that evening and stopped for the night. We were able to secure two private rooms instead of repeating another, post house experience, and, also, a good supper of fresh salmon from a lake near by with bread and tea. We had a good night's rest, but were unable to get away the next morning until nine o'clock. We immediately began the ascent of the Dilijon Pass, and reached the top about noon. The scenery of this Pass is famous but a heavy fog concealed it from our view. The remainder of the post road was under another management, so we had to exchange vehicles as well as horses. There was no carriage obtainable at that time so we were detained there all afternoon. We found that we could not get away that day, so prepared to spend the night there. The large public room of the post house contained four couches with mattresses of hard boards and these we proceeded to occupy.

About one o'clock in the morning we heard a pounding at the

door and opened it. Some new guests had arrived who wished to share our room, but after gazing about and finding the couches all filled, they fled in despair. That was sufficient post house experience for us. Finding that we could get a carriage we all arose with one accord, and by three o'clock were on the road again (having warmed ourselves with some tea) and never stopped except to exchange horses, until we reached Makejevan near the Persian border, having traveled continuously for thirty-eight hours.

We spent that night in Nakhejevan, which claims to have been the residence, and to contain the grave, of Noah. We thought that the human race ought to get its common ancestor a more conspicuous monument. All day we were within sight of Mt. Ararat, whose hoary head pierced the cloud surrounding it. Noah could not have found a more suitable landing place. At three o'clock the next afternoon we reached the Aras river which separates Persia from Russia. We thought we had been traveling by every imaginable mode, but a new experience awaited us. A ferry boat took us to an island in the middle of the river. Then we were given the alternative of remaining there, or crossing the remainder of the stream on the backs of Persians at their own price. We chose the latter. A big Persian knelt down invitingly before me and I jumped on his back and rode over, and the others followed. How I wished I had not used all the plates in my camera when I saw the others coming. But another one of our party reached the shore, raised his camera and recorded the event.

This being Saturday, we spent Sunday in a place that was a cross between a hotel and a post house—the odds being in favor of the post house. A carriage had been sent for us from Tabriz but an accident occurring, it did not arrive until Monday afternoon. The Missionaries at Tabriz had also sent us our mail and some food and we devoured both with equal relish.

Tuesday morning, we started on our last journey of two and a half days for Tabriz. The close of the first day found us at Chercher—a mud house and a garden with a mud wall around it. We looked first at the mud hut, then at the garden, and finally chose a mud platform outside the wall as our resting place, while the ladies preferred to sleep in the carriage. The mud platform was not any more comfortable than the ground but had the advantage of being dryer. With my shoes for a pillow I slept tolerably well. Once during the night, I was awakened by the tinkling of bells and opened my eyes to behold a caravan of camels passing. There was a long string of them fastened to one another by a rope and their steady, solemn tread in the dim light seemed like a spectre of by-gone ages.

The next night we fared better, having a whole room to ourselves. Thursday noon found us just outside the city of Tabriz. The missionaries came out to meet us, looked me over and decided to let me enter the city and one of their homes; and thus I became a missionary.

I was just as glad to reach the end of my journey as I am sure you will be to conclude this uninteresting letter.
CHAS. R. PITTMAN.

"Last winter I was confined to my bed with a very bad cold on the lungs. Nothing gave me relief. Finally my wife bought a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure that effected a speedy cure. I cannot speak too highly of that excellent remedy."—Mr. T. K. Houseman, Manatowney, Pa.—Trout's drug store.

School Report.
Report of Locust Grove school, Brush Creek township, D. C. Hart, teacher, for term ending Friday April 12, 1901. Pupils on roll, 21; Average attendance, 15, per cent of attendance, 92; pupils not missing any days for term. Aelsah Plessinger, Mattie Garland and Leslie Hart. Pupils not missing any days last month Roy Plessinger, Ross Garland, Leslie Hart, James Garland, Elmer Hill, Willard Plessinger, Albert Garland, Mattie Garland, and Aelsah Plessinger.

PHILIP F. BLACK,
Manufacturer of
Sash, Doors, Newel Posts, Hand
Rails, Stairs, Banisters, Turned
Porch Columns, Posts, &c.
McConnellsburg, Pa.

Doors 2 : 8 x 6 : 8; 2 : 6 x 6 : 6:1 and three-eighth inches in thickness.
Sash 12 x 20; 12 x 24; 12 x 28; 12 x 30; 12 x 32; 12 x 34; 12 x 36—inch and a quarter thick—always on hand.
Sash—four lights to window—from 45 cents to 70. These sash are all primed and ready for the glass. Both the doors and the sash are made from best white and yellow pines.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. W. A. West, D. D., Pastor.
Sabbath school, 9:15.
Preaching services—each alternate Sunday morning counting from Aug. 12th, at 10:30, and every Sunday evening at 7:30.
Junior Christian Endeavor at 2:00.
Christian Endeavor at 6:00.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00.
METHODIST EPISCOPAL—Rev. H. M. Ash, Pastor.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Preaching every other Sunday morning, counting from August 12th, at 10:30 and every Sunday evening at 7:00.
Epworth League at 6:00 p. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:00.
UNITED PRESBYTERIAN—Rev. J. L. Grove, Pastor.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Preaching every Sunday morning at 10:30, and every other Sunday evening counting from August 19, at 7:00.
The alternate Sabbath evenings are used by the Young People's Christian Union at 7:00 p. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:00.
EVANGELICAL LUTHERAN—Rev. A. G. Wolf, Pastor.
Sunday school 9:15 a. m.
Christian Endeavor at 6:15 p. m.
Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.
Preaching morning and evening every other Sunday, dating from December 9, 1900.
REFORMED—Rev. C. M. Smith, Pastor.
Sunday school at 9:30 a. m.
Christian Endeavor at 6:00 p. m.
Wednesday evening prayer meeting at 7:00.

A Raging, Roaring Flood
Washed down a telegraph line which Chas. E. Ellis, of Lisbon, Ia., had to repair. "Standing waist deep in icy water," he writes, "gave me a terrible cold and cough. It grew worse daily. Finally the best doctors in Oakland, Neb., Sioux City and Omaha said I had Consumption and could not live. Then I began using Dr. King's New Discovery and was wholly cured by six bottles." Positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds, and all Throat and Lung troubles by W. S. Dickson. Price 50c and \$1.00.

The Country of Sheridan's Ride.
The unique project of photographing the entire route of Sheridan's ride, from Winchester, Virginia, to Cedar Creek, as it is today, has been carried out by The Ladies' Home Journal, and the result will be shown in a picture story of fourteen photographs. Sheridan and his aides on horseback, from historical pictures, have been introduced into each picture, so that the ride of 1864 shown as if it were taken to-day through that country, which, in reality, has changed but little.

The wealth of man is the number of things he loves and blesses, by.
Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digester and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion.
Price 50c and \$1. Large size contains 24 times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free Prepared by E. C. DEWITT & CO., Chicago.
Trout's drug store.

NEW GOODS
—AT—
J. K. JOHNSTON'S.
WITH twenty-five years' experience purchasing goods in the East, I have never bought a lot of goods with which I am so well pleased as those for this spring's trade. I am prepared to offer you goods both in quality and quantity that cannot be surpassed, and at prices that will astonish you for their cheapness.
CLOTHING
For boys 3 to 5 years of age, we have those beautiful Vestee Suits; from 5 to 15, two-piece suits; and for men, suits all sizes and prices. We have only space to mention Black Diagonal cotton-worsted suits, nice and dressy, at \$2.50. Men's and Boys' Overalls, cotton pants and jumpers; also, a fine line of Madras and Silk-front Dress Shirts at 48 cents.
Hats
We have all the latest things in Wool and Fur—all colors. Straw Hats for Men and Boys—Dress and everyday. Children's Fancy Skull Caps at 5 cents each.
SHOES
Men's good Buckled Creedmore for \$1.00. Buckled Creedmore—Tap sole and Iron heel for \$1.19. Men's Fine Shoes in Kidgo, Ione Calf, Tan and Patent Leather. Ladies' Kidgo and New Style Patent Leather for \$1.50. Children's Shoes from 25 cents, up.
Fishing Tackle
The Trout season is now here, and we have split bamboo rods, single and multiplying reels, cotton, sea grass, and oiled silk lines, plain and snooted hooks and 3-foot leaders.
J. K. Johnston,
McConnellsburg, Pa.

Travler to God's last city, be glad that you are alive. Be thankful for the chance to build its walls a little nearer heaven before you go.
The sins by which God's Spirit is ordinarily grieved are the sins of small things—luxuries in keeping the temper, slight neglect of duty, lightness, sharpness of dealing.
You will waste time if you try to cure indigestion or dyspepsia by starving yourself. That only makes it worse when you do eat heartily. You always need plenty of good food properly digested. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the result of years of scientific research for something that would digest not only some elements of food but every kind. And it is the one remedy that will do it. Trout's drug store.
I want it said of me, by those who know me best, that I have always plucked a thistle and planted a flower in its place, wherever a flower would grow.
It is some times dangerous to meddle with a man's habits, even when he has grown weary of them.
He Kept His Leg.
Twelve years ago J. W. Sullivan, of Hartford, Conn., scratched his leg with a rusty wire. Inflammation and blood poisoning set in. For two years he suffered intensely. Then the best doctors urged amputation, "but," he writes, "I used one bottle of Electric Bitters and 1-2 boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and my leg was sound and well as ever." For Eruptions, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Sores and all blood disorders Electric Bitters has no rival on earth. Try them. W. S. Dickson will guarantee satisfaction or refund money. Only 50c.
A holy fear of God will have a great influence upon our obedience to him. "Serve the Lord with fear," if we fear him not, we shall not serve him.

SEVEN RUNNING SORES CURED
—BY—
Johnston's Sarsaparilla
QUART BOTTLES.
THE GREAT SPRING MEDICINE.
JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA as a Blood Food and Nerve Energizer, is the greatest SPRING MEDICINE ever discovered. It comes as a rich blessing from heaven to the "worn out," the run down, the overworked and debilitated. That "tired feeling," those "sinking spells," the languor and despondency which arise from badly nourished nerves, from thin, vitiated blood and an underfed body, vanish as if by a magic spell. The weariness, lassitude and nervous prostration which accompany the spring, time and the heat of summer, are conquered and banished at once. For every form of neurasthenia, and all ailments of the brain and nerve, insomnia, hysteria and nervousness generally, it is almost a specific. It furnishes the very elements to rebuild worn-out nerve tissues. It feeds brain, nerve centers and nerves, calming and equalizing their action; it makes rich, red, honest blood. Newness of life, new hope, new strength follow its faithful use. It makes the weak strong, and the old young again.
It was the antiquated (but now happily exploded) method in the good old times, to treat Salt Rheum, Scrofula, Cancer and other troublesome disorders arising from BLOOD TAIN with powerful alteratives, such as mercury, arsenic and other mineral agents. It was expected by this treatment that the poison could be killed while the blood was left to course through its channels holding in its circulation the specific germs of the disease. But in this way, every part of the body became more or less diseased. Nothing can be more terrible than a horribly destructive blood taint. It not only attacks variously the different structures of the body, but many times the bones are honey-combed and destroyed. It often seeks out the nerves and spinal cord, and again it will bring decay and death to some vital organ, as the kidneys, liver or stomach. There is only one scientific method for the cure of blood taint. That is, PURIFICATION! Every particle of the blood must be removed through the excretory channels, the lungs, kidneys, bowels, liver and skin. "First pure, then peaceable." The great restorative, reconstructive and vitalizer of the blood, JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA, not only radically and exhaustively removes the taint, but also removes all mercury, calomel and other minerals, and fills the veins and arteries with the ruby, glowing current of vitality. "The blood is the life." Good health means pure blood. The old and reliable remedy, JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA, is universally regarded as the greatest Blood Purifier ever discovered. This fact is now established beyond question or cavil.
BLOOD POISON CURED BY JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA.
Byron, Mich., October 31, 1894.
Williams, Davis, Brooks & Co., Detroit.
"Gentlemen—In April last I began using JOHNSTON'S SARSAPARILLA for Blood Poison, caused by an amputation of one of my arms. I had SEVEN RUNNING SORES on my legs. I used two bottles and was entirely cured. I know it is what cured me. Yours truly, G. W. LUTHER."
MICHIGAN DRUG COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.
For Sale at Trout's Drug Store.