RIDDLEBEGER DEAD.

The ex-Senator Expired at his Home in The ex-senator expired at his flome in Woodstock, Va., Friday Morning.

Woodstock, V.A., January 24.—Harrison Holt Riddleberger, ex-Senator, died this morning at 2:30 o'clock, after a long

illness. His death has been expected for several days. His family were present

when he died.

Mr. Riddlebeger was born at Edinburg. Shenandoah county, Virginia, October 4 1844: He had a common school educa-tion, and then studied with a tutor at home for two years. He was seventeen years old when the war began, and was for three years in the Confederate army as Lieutenant of Infantry and Captain of Cavalry. After the war he studied law and was admitted to the bar, beginning his practice at Woodstock, where his home was. For two years he was com monwealth's attorney for his county; he serve four years in the House of Dele gates, for a similar period in the State Senate. He was a member of the Demo cratic State Committee until 1875, a Pres idental elector on the Democratic ticket in 1876, and on the Readjuster ticket in 1880. In 1883 he entered the United 1880. In 1883 he entered the States Senate as a Readjuster, and his term of service ended in 1889. In the happy of anybody does!"

Old John Compton gave the wheel of complete twirl around the ing the late campaign he opposed Mahone. Since 1870 he has been editor of three papers-the Tenth Legion, the Shenandoah Democrat and the Virginian.

WHAT WILL CALLAGHAN SAY ?

Mr. Powderly's Friends Pushing Him for the Democratic Gubernatorial Nomina-

SCRANTON, PA., January 24.—Some persons prominent in Lackawanna politics think that the holding of the Democratic convention in Scranton means the possi ble selection of General Master Workman T. V. Powderly as a candidate for the Gubernatorial chair.

A local leader, whose relations to Mr. Powderly are more than friendly, said in reference to the matter that he did not think Mr. Powderly would enter into the contest of his own course, but the friends of the General Master Workman, not only in Scranton, but in some of the other large cities of the State. were determined to have him stand for Governor, and if Powderly is nominated for Governor by the Democratic State Convention there are a number of people who will not be surprised.

RAILROAD SHOPS BURNED.

The Huntingdon and Broad Top Company

Lose \$50,000 by Fire.
HUNTINGDON, January 24.—The erecting and repairing shops of the Huntingdon and Broad Top Railroad, located at Saxton, Bedford county, were totally destroyed by fire this morning, together with a new engine and three coal cars. The building destroyed comprised the paint shop, storage building for supplies and machine shops and contents. The fire is believed to have originated through spontaneous combustion in the paint de partment. The total loss will reach \$50,-000. General Manager Gage will com-mence at once the rebuilding of new

RELEASED ON BAIL.

Engineer Mahoney Charged With Criminal Carelessness. CHICAGO, January 24.—Engineer Mahoney, of the train which ran into the funeral procession at Rose Hill last evening, killing four persons, was released on bail this morning.

Two charges were preferred against

him-one, of criminal carelessness, the other, of violating the city ordinances On the former he was held in \$5,000 bail. on the other \$200. Superintendent Cuyler, on the Norwestern, furnished the security. The case against Mahoney was continued until Tuesday. The inquest will be held to-morrow morning.

WASHINGTON, January 24.—There is to be an interesting contest in the House over the vacancies in the Board of Managers of the National Soldiers' Home, ocasioned by the deaths of Gen. John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, and ex-Govtions are filled by joint resolution of the two houses. It is the custom to keep the board about equally divided politically. Both of the deceased members were Re publicans and the surviving members comprise three Republicans and five Democrats. It is altogether probable that even were the House Democratic the the successors of Governors Martin and Hartranft would be Republicans. And there can be no doubt that they will be Republicans, as the Congress is Republican in both branches. Several joint reso lutions have already been introduced in the House naming men for the vacancies The most prominent man on the list of candidates is General Russell A. Alger, of Michigan, who is the beneficiary of a ioint resolution introduced by his old army associate and political lieutenant. General Cutcheon, who is chairman of the house committee on military affairs, to which the resolutions were referred. Another well-known aspirant is Major Geo. W. Steele, an ex-army officer and a member of the last three Congresses. Owen, of Indiana, has introduced a joint resolution providing for Steele's selection. Other candidates in whose behalf resolutions have been introduced are General Gregg, of Philadelphia, and General A. L. Pearson, of Pittsburgh who naturally claim the succession to Hartranft. It is said that half a dozen other noted exsoldiers will be favored by their friends. The only candidacy in any way political in its character is that of General Alger, who, it is figured, wants to get one more string to his already well strung bow as soldier candidate for President in 1892.

DREAMS.

In dreams I walk in pleasant ways, By limpid streams in sunny dells By limpid streams in sunny dells, Where peace abides and beauty dwells, And splendors glow through happy days

I dream of friends whose faith is fast, I dream of love that cannot fail Of joys that never tire nor pale. Of hopes that becken till the last

In dreams I hear the songs of birds, I see the shores of happy lands, I feel the clasp of loving hands, I catch the drift of tender words

They are but dreams, and 1, ales.

Awake to weep my vanished blies!

Awake to feel the truth of this—

That dreams can never came to pass.

I sometimes wish I ne'er had dreamed About the things I long for so, For then my heart might never know How dear their sweet fulfillment seeme

Still let me dream, for oftentimes

The path is drear, the day is bleak,
My soul so sad, my heart so weak,
I fain would hear the happy chimes.

The happy chimes that faucy rings
Across the dreary moors of life:
I fain would see amid my strife
The peaceful visions famcy brings.
—Eva Donaldson in Boston Courier.

MARTHA.

his wagon an emphatic twirl around the axle which he had been greasing. His brow was troubled, his voice betrayed emotion. Removing his funnel shaped hat, he wiped the moisture from his wrinklad force.

hat, he wiped the moisture from his wrinkled face.

Behind him was his cabin, and in its entry his wife was at work. In front of him lay his crops exulting in the sunshine. He took the prop from the axle; then he joined his wife.

"Mother," he said, in the same disquieted tone that had characterized his solilonus, a more hefore, "mether i mether.

soliloquy a moment before, "mother, you think Martha's made up her mind about Berry Bradley an' 'twouldn't do no good to reason furder with her?"

The woman turned from the churn, and drew near to him. Her movement was slipshop, her face as grave as his;

was slipshop, her face as grave as his; sighing, she said:
"Do any good? Not a particle. I've been agin it, John, the Lord's my witness. I've suffered torments; not a nacherl night's rest in a month have I had. But what's to be done? It's the Lord's will, I reckon. You don't know nothin' about a mother's feelin's—a man cayn't, it aint natur'; but I've got some'n to tell you; you're her father an' orter know, though sech matters kin pass het. know, though sech matters kin pass bet-ter betwixt women folks, kase they un-derstand one another.

"Last night I couldn't rest. You was

"Last night I collidh't rest. You was sound asleep. I thought I heerd somen't a-stirrin' in the child's room. I got out o' bed and crept 'cross the entry, an', a-standin' thar at that crack, I heerd her a-cryin' an' a-prayin' in thar to herse'f, 'thout a sign of a light.

"I peeped in at the door, an' saw the perce gal's face in the moonships. In all

pore gal's face in the moonshine. In all my born days I hain't seed sech misery on a human countenance. She was as dead white as a corpse, a-settin' on the side o' the bed with her arms crossed, bendin' for ard an' back'ard, a-moanin' an' a-mayin' in whispers.

bendin' for'ard an' back'ard, a-moanin' an' a-prayin' in whispers.

"I knowed 'twas kase we'd been a-talkin' agin' Berry, an' I went to her an' tuk her up in my lap—she's a pore frail little thing anyway; she never was overly stout.

"After awhile she told me all about it from beginnin' to end. Berry uster tote her dinner basket an' jine her on the road to school mighty nigh every day—three year ago 'fore he tuk to drinkin'. She begun to love him then. She never opened her mouth about it, an' you know he didn't come to the house even as often as Clem Craig, so how's we to know?

"She don't dispute that he's triflin" "She don't dispute that he's triflin'. He's al'ays been kind an' lovin' to her, she says; an' has promised time an' agin to stop drinkin'. She thinks she can get 'im to give it up. He proved to her, at meetin', yesterday, by Budd Logan, 'at he haint teched a drop o' anything intoxicatin' in over three weeks. He says he never will agin; but the's no tellin' hout them that's tied to liquor. He 'bout them that's tied to liquor. He mout start agin, an' what ud come o'

The huskiness in the woman's voice got the mastery of her articulation, and she went silently back to the churn. She continued her work, but the dasher in her unsteady hand struck against the sides of the churn with unwonted force. She was wiping her eyes on the skirt of her bonnet

The subject of the conversation reported was the only living child of the old couple; their other children had died before they had passed the period of infancy. Martha was the pet, the joy of the humble household. More than once the neighbors had expressed themselves against what they considered to be doting over indulgence of the girl on the part of the father and mother 'She'll be eternally sp'iled," quoth

one.
"She's the only gal in the hollow 'at kin afford to wear shoes in summer time; next thing you'll hear o' her a-havin' a hoss an' buggy," said another.
"They put her to school six months last year. The most 'at common folks gits fur th'r children is a month 'twist."

gits fur th'r children is a month 'twist layin'-by time an' Christmas," com-plained an old crone with a ragged brood of ten children dependent on her

His wife's graphic recital of the girl's unhappiness touched the old farmer deeply. He could frame no reply. Walking restlessly across the puncheon floor he shaded his eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun and gazed westward, where he descried a couple advancing along the road through the fields. It was Martha and her lover—a slight, girlish form in a homespun gown, a burly young countryman with a slouching

silent. The girl's features were regular and pleasing, her face deep and serious; she was about 18 years of age, the young man 25.

asked strained tone, with a dubi-

n glance at her parents. d. manifestly abashed, gave and of the entry a gawky bow abled "Howdy," and took a and a m seat on an empty soda keg against the wall, which, in his immediate vicinity, was frescoed elaborately with strings of

red pepper pods hung up to dry.

The titillating dust and odor from this vegetable made him long to sneeze. His excessive timidity or bashfulness, how-

excessive uniting or bashfulness, how-ever, thwarted such an outbreak.

As a rule, young men in this region when they go "a-sparkin'" have little to say. Berry Bradley, while different in many respects from the average "Sprout Hollow", wan a way a general that Hollow" swain, was no exception to this rule. If you had seen him, as he sat there, you would have taken him for an immutable mute. The pepper pods had incited his eyes to tears, yet he did not have the courage to alter his position, but sat looking through the blur as patient as a statue in a fog.

Besides, no other seat invited occupancy save a dismantled candle box near Mrs. Compton's churn. The discomforts arising from the pepper pods were preferable to a nearer approach to his mother-in-law in prospect.

The good woman finished her work at the churn, and, without a glance at the swain, was no exception to this

the churn, and, without a glance at the visitor, went moodily into one of the rooms to arrange the table for the even-

rooms to arrange the table for the evening meal; whereupon Berry moved slightly, got his feet and hands into a less tense posture, and wiped his eyes on his coat sleeve. The farmer picked up his basket, and went out to feed his horses; the visitor sneezed with a kind of bray, and left the pods.

"I'd better be a-goin'," he remarked to the girl standing near the steps.

"What's your hurry?" she asked, with a quick, troubled expression in her eyes, "Do you think a man orter wait tell ole Gabe blows his horn in his year 'fore he takes a hint? My room's wuth more'n my company in this shebang," he replied 'angrily.

"I cayn't he'p it, Berry," she answer-

plied angrily.

"I cayn't he'p it, Berry," she answered, with a sigh. "I've done all I kin. You oughtn't to blame me fur it."

"Well, it makes no odds. I'll meet you at meetin' to-morrow night, an'll fetch you home. No, I'm to blame fur't all, but you'll see. You've said you'd try me, an' you shan't be sorry."

His tone was very serious, and he

It is no small wonder that such a man It is no small wonder that such a man as Berry Bradley could have won the maiden—the most eligible in every respect in Sprout Hollow. Reckless and improvident as this man was, void of physical attractiveness or educational advantages, he held the girl in his power by her heart cords, and through her held her parents.

held her parents.

Reluctantly the old people consented to the marriage. Berry renewed his promises to reform with doubled earnest-

ress, and the wedding day drew to hand.

People for miles around gathered at
the Compton cabin that bright summer afternoon. The cabin was not large enough to accommodate the guests, so the space under the trees in front of the house was utilized for their accommoda-tion. Neighbors brought chairs and stools; planks and rails were laid across stones to make heaches, and various stones to make benches, and various other articles of household furniture and outdoor rubbish adapted to the purpose were brought into use for seating the crowd. Many of the men stood up; some sat on the rail fence of the cow lot near

Everything became so still when the Everything became so still when the parson stepped from among the crowd into the entry that the drone of the bees around the hives at the end of the cabin could be heard. Berry led his bride from one of the rooms, and they stood before the preacher. Her gown was of plain white muslin. A mass of glossy brown hair fell in wayes over her shoulders.

A few smiles, such as touch faces at fashionable weddings, even though void of sincerity, would not have been out of place, now that the girl's step was irrevocable; but the simple minds of the spectators were unlearned in such subtle arts, and the upturned countenances

arts, and the upturned countenances mutely and firmly spoke disapprobation of the match, and sympathy for the parents, for the bridegroom's character was well and unfavorably known by them all.

At the feet of the bride sat her parents their gray heads uncovered in the spray of dancing sunshine which fell through the tree branches. Truly pitiful was the feeble semblance of approval which they

strove to keep in their care worn faces.

The ceremony was over. The most friendly of the neighbors shook hands with the newly married pair; then the throng melted away. Intense and em-barrassing silence came to the household with the departure of the guests. Martha was to go forthwith to the cabin that her husband had made ready for her on some land a few miles distant, which he had rented for the next year.

Berry brought out Martha's box and a bundle of new quilts—her dowry—and put them in a buggy. The young bride kissed her speechless mother, and twined her arms tightly around 'the wrinkled With eves brimful of tears she went to her father, as he leaned over the fence looking fixedly at nothing.

He turned when her hands touched his arm and put his rough, sun browned hand against the side of her face. He did not kiss her; she did not intend to kiss him. Such a mark of affection had never passed between them, but a deep feeling was evinced in his dispirited demeanor, and revealed in the dimmed orbs

"You'll be over soon, you an' your— you an' Berry, I reckon," he said dis-connectedly, with twitching lips. "You're you an' Berry, I reckon," he said disconnectedly, with twitching lips. "You're ally's welcome as long as me'n your mother has a roof above us. I'll have Tobe Sanders drive your cow over early in the mornin'. You'd better take Sook, I reckon; she seems to be your favorite. She's a good milch cow, an'll give more'n enough milk for you two."

Neither of the two shed tears even then, though their agod frames trembled violently as their eyes fell upon the dead. Slowly and gently, as if Martha was sleeping, Mrs. Compton raised the brown hair from the bruised spot at the temple and softly stroked the pallid cheek.

"She loved him more'n she did us, Poor little Mattie!" She retied the lite.

approached her as she knelt in the ashes

the wide hearth.
"Never mind, mother," he said, plaintively, 'I haint bungry. Le's make out with a cold snack this time. It's been many a year sence we've gone 'thout warm supper, but I don't feel much like

eatin', an' I reckon you don't nuther."

Nothing reluctant she consented. They sat in the door and watched the sinking sun draw away his gold from the clouds, and saw the gloaming darken the low lands and drape the hills in gray. They sat closer together than they had sat for year-like.

had sat for years before.

Berry began his married life in a much more exemplary manner than was gen-erally expected of him. His cabin was erally expected of him. His cabin was well equipped for occupany. He straightway went to work to bring his soil into fit condition for the planting of crops. Winter passed; spring rolled brightly on. Martha was happy. Her husband was, indeed, very kind and attentive, and she loved him more than ever, and secretly enjoyed the knowledge that her

secretly enjoyed the knowledge that her friends were now finding out the errors of their prophesies concerning her wel-

fare. But, alas! this happy time was short. Berry had gone to the village to poll his vote in a local election. He did not return as early as had been his wont when he went to the village. Murtha stood in the door, anxiously awaiting him until night had fallen. She heard the clatter of horse hoofs, and he rode up, his horse foaming with perspiration. He alighted, leading the animal bunglingly to the stall. stall.

The young wife shrunk with instinct-ive dread into the cabin. Once before her marriage she had seen precisely that unsteady walk, that languid drooping of head and shoulders. She knew well what it betokened. She made haste to what it betokened. She made haste to place the supper on the table. She could not go to him as she had been accustomed to do. This he noted with quickened sensitiveness on his entrance. Throwing himself clumsily in a chair, he glowered at her as she shrunk before him. The consciousness that he had broken his promise of total abstinence was unserquent in his mind.

A man cayn't tech a drap 'thout you 'at he's gwine to take to it e said, with a thick tongue. ason in everything. A man th that"—trying to snap his 'that cayn't drink on a partic-ion like this 'thout making a

table between her and him, she stood, pale and quivering in every fiber, unable to answer him. "Lost yore tongue, 't seems. 'Lection's

over, Pete Grogan's our next sheriff; stayed till votes counted out. You kin jest stan' thar like a post till it thunders ef you want to. I won't make you be-lieve what I'm a-tellin' you."
"Berry," she said desperately, moving a chair to his place at the table, "supper

s ready. Come before it's cold."

"Don't want no supper," he said, tes-ly; "ain't gwine to eat at no table whar In looked on like a brute. Cayn't tech a drop with ole friends I wuz fotch up with 'thout the whole world bein' up-

et."
He rose angrily and staggered out of doors. She heard the gurgle of a bottle, and when he came in she noted the bulge of a capacious whisky flask in his pocket. He resumed his chair without

Hours passed by; he was becoming more deeply inebriated. He sat, an inert human mass, with lolling head waggling, now and then, on his breast, and was in great danger of tumbling to the floor. The last pine knot was flickering in the chimney. When it expired darkness would fall. She shuddered at the situation. Something must be done; she must get him upon the bed.

She touched his feverish head with her cold hands. He paid no heed to her, breathing very heavily. She pulled at

breathing very heavily. She pulled at

"Berry!" she called gently; "Berry, git on the bed!"

on the bed!"

He raised his head with inflamed eyes and a bestial growl. She tried to raise him again, praying inwardly. He got to his feet and plunged toward the door. With all her strength she endeavored to pilot him to the bed. Maddened by the restraint her hands put more him he restraint her hands put upon him, he threw back his arm with brutal force and struck her in the temple. Then he plunged into the darkness without and

she fell to the floor.

The grayish light of dawn stealing over the hill tops into the cabin fell on the face of a dead woman. A few hours after sunrise a neighbor chanced to look in at the door and discovered her.

Immediately he summoned his wife and daughters, and sent a bearer of the tidings to the Comptons. Before the mother and father arrived, Berry Bradley's body was found in the river, not far from the cabin. In his blind wander-ings he had fallen into the stream, and drowned helplessly. In consideration of the circumstances attending his death, and the death of his wife, it was determined that his remains should not be

There are few things in human nature more sublime than the patient fortitude of the simple people in the region in which these events occurred. The dead girl's parents drove up to the cabin about noon. While the old man, with trem-bling hands, unhitched his mules, his wife stood waiting for him, with her back to the cabin. Tears had not dampened her cheeks that day. The back to the cabin. women standing around the rough coffin retired as the old couple entered the

Neither of the two shed tears even

sh form in a homespun gown, a burly roung countryman with a slouching walk.

They came to the cabin together, both dilent. The girl's features were regular and pleasing, her face deep and serious; Compton remained where she had left him. Mrs. Compton sat in the entry alone. She rose firmly and went to kindle a fire in the chimney. Her husband in Youth's Companion.

"Won't you come in an' rest?" she

Mr. William Lant Carpenter gives in Nature an account of a tame puma which was exhibited in Montana. Mr. Wittich, the owner of the puma, had devoted eighteen months to the training of the animal. Proofs of this training given one evening at the store of

The beast not having been fed for

pieces of raw meat over her nose and mouth, which the puma did not attempt to eat until the word was given, as to a dog. Occasional attempts were made, but a twist of the ear by Mr. Wittich was enough to control her.

When meat was placed a few yards away, the puma fetched it by word of command, and permitted the meat to be taken from her mouth by her master, who fondled her as he would a cat.

A very fine dog, a cross between a pure setter and a pure St. Bernard, 5 years old, named Bruce, is on intimate and even affectionate terms with the puma, who aflowed him to remove meat placed upon her jaws, and to eat the plana, who showed him to remove meat placed upon her jaws, and to eat it. On one occasion the puma, who is often allowed to range the house, the dog and Mr. Wittieh slept together in the same bed, and the master was wakened by the puma attacking some one who came to rouse him in the early morning.

morning.

When the puma is tied up, the dog goes to sleep alongside her, and kisses her, and the puma responds with a short, sharp bark of greeting. The puma follows her master through the streets of the town, but has torn to places swarp strang does who when the streets of the town, but has torn to places swarp strang does who when the streets of the town, but has torn to place the streets of the town, but has torn to place the swarp street does who when the streets of the town.

pieces several strange dogs when unac-companied by her friend Bruce.

Mr. Wittieh believes that this is the only puma known to be in captivity and comparatively tame. In training her he has chiefly used the whip. Her memory is short, and three weeks' in-termission of the performance precession. termission of the performance necestates much extra training and trouble

Charley Howard was talking to Burke Charley Howard was talking to Burke, the old book store, man a few evenings ago, when a stranger fresh from New Orleans slipped up, saying to Mr. Burke: "What will you give for a big lock of Jefferson Davis' hair?"

"Ah! I have plenty of it," answered Mr. Burke. "Quite a quantity."

Then as the stranger walked away surprised that any one should have the treasure he thought so valuable, Mr. Burke said:
"The truth is I have everything a ralic."

treasure he thought so valuable, Mr. Burke said:

"The truth is I have everything a relic hunter wants. I have hair from the head of many distinguished men dead or alive. Maybe you wouldn't believe it, but one-quarter the money I put into my house came from the sale of hair off Georgo Washington's head."

"Do you know," Mr. Burke went on, "that the relic hunter is the biggest fool on earth. Any relic he may want has no value. It is simply a question of how much he is able to pay. I can always size a man up as he comes in and am therefore able to hit him just right.

"Take a battlefield relic," said Mr. Burke after a pause. "I go home, say, and get my wife to mark a half dozen pieces of ribbon as I want it. Then I pound two bullets together and fasten to the ribbon. They are bullets, you know, which me, in rail air on the Konseav.

the ribbon. They are bullets, you know which met in mid air on the Kenesaw field. I put one in the showcase with the card and the others in a drawer. A relic hunter buys the only one, but as soon as he is gone the drawer is opened and another takes its place. They cost about a dime and bring in a five."—At-

To Keep Trousers in Shaps.
A well dressed man recently entered a leading men a furnishers store and asked to be shown auspenders. Presently after due investigation he selected a certain style and inquired of the salesman how the land in stock. Fight was

style and inquired of the salesman how many pairs he had in stock. Eight was the number and he took the lot, the clerk meanwhile looking at the customer with a suspicion as to his sanity. There was method in the man's madness. "You see," said he, "when one has a pair of suspenders for each pair of trousers and one hangs the trousers by the suspenders from the closet nail, the dependant weight keeps the trousers in shape and the bag' out of the knees. Moreover," continued this practical latter day Beau Brummell, "think of the waste of the time involved in the changwaste of the time involved in the chang-ing of one's suspenders every time one changes one's trousers, let alone the

bother. "And then consider in such a case the wear and tear in both suspenders and trousers. Besides, one pair of trousers may be longer or shorter than another and the suspenders, if they have not to be changed, once adjusted properly, the process of hoisting up or down, which causes an expenditure of time and patience, is done away with. It is in-finitely pleasanter and decidedly cheaper in the end to have a dozen pair of braces on hand," exclaimed the argumentative toff in a tone of conviction, as he picked up his package and strode out of the doorway.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Feeding the Chickens by Clackwork Fred Leach, of Ansonia, has some fine poultry, and he believes in feeding them as regularly as he eats his own meals. He is unable to be at home at night before the chickens go to roost, and in order that they may be feed without fail. order that they may be fed without fail he has rigged up an apparatus which works like a charm. The usual quantity of corn is placed in a tin can, which is suspended from a string and weighted.

An alarm clock in the outer coop releases the string at a certain hour, the can turns bottom side up and the corn is scattered. There are four coops and each has its can, all working at the same time.-New Haven Palladium.

Very Frigid. "Been having trouble?" asked one traveling man of another.

"Girl gone back on you?"
"No, but her father has."

"Dismissed you in a summary manner. Eh?

"No. In a wintry manner."-Merchant Traveler.

"Try Ayer's Pills"

For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Gout. Stephen Lansing, of Yonkers, N. Y., says: "Recommended as a cure for chronic Cestiveness, Ayer's Pills have relieved me from that trouble and also from Gout. If every victim of this disease would heed only three words of mine, I could banish Gout from the land. These words would be—'Try Ayer's Pills.'"

"By the use of Ayer's Pills glone, I

Pills."

"By the use of Ayer's Pills alone, I cured myself permanently of rheumatism which had troubled me several months. These Pills are at once harmless and effectual, and, I believe, would prove a specific in all cases of incipient

Rheumatism.

No medicine could have served me in better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

better stead."—C. C. Rock, Corner, Avoyelles Parish, La.

C. F. Hopkins, Nevada City, writes "I have used Ayer's Pills for sixteen years, and I think they are the best Pills in the world. We keep a box of them in the house all the time. They have cured me of sick headache and neuralgia. Since taking Ayer's Pills, I have been free from these complaints."

"I have derived great benefit from Ayer's Pills. Five years ago I was taken so ill with rheumatism that I was unable to do any work. I took three boxes of Ayer's Pills and was entirely cured. Since that time I am never without a box of these pills."—Peter Christensen, Sherwood, Wis.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills,

PREPARED BY Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Dealers in Medicine

HOW IT WORKED.

Good morning Jack! why I haven't seen you for a month past. What in the world is the matter with you? You seem to have renewed your youth."

"Well Phil, I have. Don't you remember the last time I saw you, how miserable I was? Sick and blue, and in that sort of mood a man gets sometimes when he feels the most noble thing in life is to go straight to the devil."

"Not so bad as that, I hope: at all events you didn't go that way you are looking far too happy and hearty."

"Thank goodness, no! or rather, thank Vinegar Bitters. Do you remember that day I saw you last, when you recommended that remedy to me so persistently, and I vas first vex-d and then half convinced."

I remember it perfectly, and you needn't say another word upon the subject; your looks tell me that you took the medicine."

"No doubt of it: everybody remarks upon my improved looks and temper; but I must really tell you all about it. I got the old style, as you recommended, and didn't mind the bitter taste at all. I finished the bottle in about two weeks, and was greatly improved, so much so that I determined to change off and try the new style.

"Well, how did you like it?"

new style.

"Well, how did you like it?"

"You told me your wife preferred th
new style, I believe;well, I must say I agre
with her. I like the old style very much
but the new is a finer, smoother, more ex

with her. I like the old style very much but the new is a finer, smoother, more expensive preparation."

"I believe it is; in fact, I have heard so, and I wonder the McDonald Drug Company sell it for the same price they do the old style, because it is really a very costly preparation."

"Well, that dosn't concern us Who was it said that people fancied themselves pious sometimes when they were only bilious? No matter! I was only geing to say that I believe people often seem wicked when it is only their liver, or their stomach, or some other cantankerous organ of the body so out of order they couldn't be good if they tried."

"And if all the miserable dyspepsia, and victims of biliousness, headache and the thousand and one ills that flesh is heir to would only take Vinegar Bilters, what a happy world this would be!"

"I should recommend the new style."

"I haver go back on the old style."

"Well, they can pay their money and take their choice for both kinds work admirably."



The Great Blood Purifier

and Health Restorer. Cures all kinds of Headache within thirty minutes—Try it.

The only Temperance Bitters nown. It stimulates the Brain known. and quiets the Nerves, regulates the Bowels and renders a perfect blood circulation through the human veins, which is sure to restore perfect health. A beautiful book free. Address, R. H. McDONALD DRUG CO., 532 Washington street, New York.



A UDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the reaccount of Peter S. Fisher, administrator of Hugh MeMonigle, deceased. Having been, on motion of Jacob Elimentan 1894, appointed Auditor to report the distribution of ningle 1894 hands of said accountant to and anong the legally entitled thereman, 1894, appointed New York of the No. 97 Franklin and the No. 97 Health of the No. 97 Franklin and Thirkshay, THE 23rd OF JANUARY, 1890, at 100 citock A. M., when and where all parties interested may appear, or be forever debarred from coming in on said fund.

Johnstown, January 4, 1890. Auditor. UDITOR'S NOTICE .- In the

Johnstown, January 4, 1890.