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B. & O. R. R. SCHEDULE.
Winter Arrangement.—In Effect Sunday, Nov. 27, 1904.

Under the new schedule there will be 14 daily passenger trains on the Pittsburgh Division, due at Meyersdale as follows:


East Bound.

No. 48—Accommodation..... 11:02 A. M.
No. 6—Fast Line..... 11:30 A. M.
No. 46—Through train..... 4:41 P. M.
No. 16—Accommodation..... 5:16 P. M.
No. 12—Duquesne Limited..... 9:35 P. M.
No. 10—Night Express..... 12:57 A. M.
No. 206—Johnstown Accommo..... 7:45 P. M.

West Bound.

No. 9—Night Express..... 3:23 A. M.
No. 11—Duquesne..... 5:08 A. M.
No. 15—Accommodation..... 8:42 A. M.
No. 47—Through train..... 10:54 A. M.
No. 5—Fast Line..... 4:28 P. M.
No. 49—Accommodation..... 4:50 P. M.
No. 207—Johnstown Accommo..... 6:20 A. M.
Ask telephone central for time of trains.
Do not stop.
Daily except Sunday.
W. D. STILWELL, Agent.

Rockers for the Home
AT FACTORY PRICES
Shipped direct to the Customer.



No. 42
White-Schram Convolute Spring Rocker, Golden Oak, Polished, Genuine Leather Upholstered Spring Seat, Veneer Back.
Our Price \$8.00 each.
Our line of Rockers has an established reputation for elegant finish, comfort and durability. Send for complete Catalogue.
TOMLINSON CHAIR MFG. CO.,
"The Chair House," High Point, N. C.

THE "HERO" Fanning Mill



We guarantee that the HERO will do better work in the separation of succotash and cleaning of grain, than any other fanning mill. All screens furnished with the mill complete for cleaning and separating all the grains raised in your locality. Write for prices. We pay the freight.
TWIN CITY SEPARATOR CO.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

DeWitt
DeWitt is the name to look for when you go to buy Witch Hazel Salve. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is the original and only genuine. In fact DeWitt is the only Witch Hazel Salve that is made from the unadulterated

Witch-Hazel
All others are counterfeits—base imitations, cheap and worthless—even dangerous. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is a specific for Piles, Blind, Bleeding, Itching and Protruding Piles. Also Cuts, Burns, Bruises, Sprains, Lacerations, Contusions, Boils, Carbuncles, Eczema, Tetter, Salt Rheum, and all other Skin Diseases.

SALVE
PREPARED BY
E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago
SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

WHAT JEAN SAW.

Jean is 20 and pretty, but her ideas about what is and is not proper are just as positive as they could be if she were 40 and plain.

She came home from Mackinac Island on one of the big steamers last week without a sign of a chaperon or escort of any kind.

The first morning out she buttoned her brown jacket, pinned her brown cap to her brown curls and started for a brisk walk on deck. Twenty times around the boat was her programme and her path carried her past crowds of people snuggled in chairs with their feet on the rounds of other chairs, chatting, reading, dreaming. She saw them all in the mass lamenting their general indolence in a strictly impersonal fashion until, the first time round, she came on two persons sitting near the stern of the boat, who caught her attention in a different way.

They were in a retired nook on the sunny side, aloof from every one else but equally aloof from each other as far as companionship went. The girl—an attractive little figure in dark blue, with a roseleaf complexion under a white corduroy cap—had placed her chair so that its back was emphatically turned to the man, who was to all appearances an intruder in her cozy corner. The wretch that he was sat there with his cap pulled over his eyes, a book held upside down in his hands and his impertinent gaze fixed on the pink ear and fluffy back hair of the girl who was trying to ignore him.

All this Jean saw in one quick glance as she hurried past and it made her blood boil.

She decided not to stop at once, however. The following pictures this couple made for her horrified contemplation as she came upon them time after time in her rounds of the deck:

1. Girl intent on studying a passing barge. Man intent on studying girl.
2. Man picking up comb that has slipped from the girl's back hair. Girl receiving it coldly, blind to his smile and lifted cap.
3. Man leaning forward to gaze with laughing appeal into girl's face. Girl flushing indignantly, twisting away and fairly hunching her shoulder, in disdain of his attentions.
4. Man suddenly thrusting his book—right side up now—under girl's eyes, while his finger marks a certain passage. Girl glancing down at it involuntarily and the next instant scornfully looking the other way.
5. Man, with mischievous innocence, moving his chair so that it directly faces girl. Girl haughtily changing the position of hers so that its back is toward the man once more.
6. Girl gathering up her belongings as if to go. Man catching her by the hand. Girl lingering. "Oh, I ought to stop it!" thought Jean, as she marched on.
7. Girl seated again, though with reluctant manner, not resisting.
8. Man with girl's hand in his. Girl with eyes downcast. Man murmuring something earnest and continuous.

Jean had not been around the boat twenty times, but after she passed that last tableau she felt that in the interests of propriety something must be done. If that young girl didn't know enough to behave by herself some one would have to help her! Jean was tingling with the reformer's courage as she neared the couple on the tenth round. She came up behind them as noisily as she could. She stopped and tapped the railing with her toe; she coughed. They were deaf and blind. The shameless man had an arm around the unspeakable girl and the next minute—yes, he actually kissed her!

And she let him!

Jean stood paralyzed. Before she had come to her senses voices sounded behind her. Two young women were approaching, making noise enough for six. Yet that oblivious man's arm never even changed its place. To Jean's amazement, one of the liveliest girls stepped up and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Excuse the interruption, Mr. Vandermede," she said, mischievously, "but I want to introduce my friend to your wife. Miss Atkinson, Mrs. Vandermede."

Vandermede jumped up. Mrs. Vandermede, released, straightened her white corduroy cap and bowed serenely. Vandermede placed chairs for the newcomers. Then Jean heard him remark laughingly:

"We're not often so sentimental as you found us, Miss Atkinson, but I've just had an awful time making up with my wife. She got angry with me about two hours ago because I insisted on coming into the stateroom and starting a frolic with the baby just when she had him almost asleep. I thought for awhile she'd never speak to me again."

From Cabinet to Senate.

The U. S. Senate has among its members five former Cabinet officers. They are Senators Teller of Colorado, who was Secretary of the Interior under President Arthur; Alger, Secretary of War under President McKinley; Proctor, Secretary of War under President Harrison, Elkins, who was Secretary of War under President Harrison, and Knox, Attorney General under President Roosevelt.

A Designing Rascal.

An English thief was arrested the other day whose method was to induce little boys to take off their shoes in order to run a race, and leave him in charge of the shoes. When they returned, breathless, he and the shoes were gone.

THEIR CORRESPONDENCE.

"You'll write often, won't you?" asked young Walbank as he deposited a box of candy, a half-dozen magazines and a late novel in the seat opposite that in which a certain young woman had settled herself for the journey.

"Why, I'll be glad to write," she returned, confidently. "Rockdale is the dullest place in the world and the Posters—father's old friends, whom I am to visit—are the quietest people imaginable. I'll have heaps of time for being literary. Probably all my friends will be deluged with essays on the beauties of rural life."

"Reading your letters will be next best thing to seeing you," declared the young man.

Then the young woman remarked that she wished he would go before the train started, as it always made her nervous to see any one swing off a moving car. She let her small silk-gloved hand rest in his for the merest moment and then shoved him gently in the direction of the door.

"Thank you so much for all your kindness," she said. He reluctantly backed out of the car, only to appear at her window and renew his request for letters—plenty of them—during the dreaded two weeks, when the city would be one of the desert spots of the earth.

The young woman, whose name was Ethel Gascoigne, did write to him the very next day. It happened to be rainy and she discovered a fountain pen hidden in her box of candy. She rather enjoyed using the pen. But the following day the sun rose clear, the weather was fine and she began a series of discoveries regarding the possibilities of Rockdale that kept her busy thereafter. She found that the hamlet had attractions of its own. Despite the fact that it was seven miles off the railroad and there was not a summer hotel in the county, there was at least one other summer visitor in the neighborhood. He, too, was young and sufficiently attractive. A large white umbrella, easel, palette and the life were the badges of his calling. He happened to be painting the beauties of the noisy little creek that crossed the Foster farm.

Miss Gascoigne's face and form thereafter went into divers sketches of country scenery. In consequence there was really no time for more letters to the unhappy young man in town. By reason of which young Walbank grew nervous and fretful.

After the tenth day of this pleasant idling Ethel was awakened late in the night by a tremendous pounding on the great oaken door of the house. She slipped into her dressing gown and ran to the head of the stairs to listen. Mr. Foster, arrayed in an extremely unconventional costume, was opening the door.

"Mother," he called, in a shaky voice, "it's a telegram. Bob Ames fetched it over and he wants a dollar for the job. Bring one out of the wallet in my drawer. You don't s'pose anything's the matter with Belle or the baby, do you, mother?"

"Now, father, don't you be scared," said Mrs. Foster, putting in a hasty appearance. "Just wait till I get my glasses and I'll read it to you. You'd better ask Bob to wait. Maybe there'll be something for him to do."

"Why, it ain't for you, Mrs. Foster," called Bob. "It's for Miss Ethel Gascoigne. Ain't she staying with you?"

At this Ethel ran downstairs and joined the excited little group in the hall.

"Be calm, dear," said Mrs. Foster. "Probably it ain't anything terrible at all, though maybe your mother's got one of them heart attacks she had once before. Shall I read it to you?"

"I can read it if you will hold the candle a little nearer."

Ethel tore open the soiled yellow envelope that had been carried seven miles over dark and rough country roads.

"I hope it ain't your father," said Mr. Foster, anxiously, as she crumpled the bit of paper in her hand.

"No, it's not from father. It's—It's from a friend who wanted—some information. I am so sorry that you were all disturbed. Good night again," she said in confusion, as she fled to her room.

She lighted her lamp and, smoothing out the telegram, read it once more:

"What's wrong? Why don't you write?—FRANK WALBANK."
"Poor boy!" she murmured, blowing out the light and creeping into bed. She dreamed then that the artist was painting her portrait in a white satin gown, when whose folds was falling a filmy lace veil.

John Doe and Richard Roe.

John Doe and Richard Roe are two fictitious names given respectively to the plaintiff and defendant in writs of ejectment at common law. The practice continued in England until 1852, when the custom was abolished. John Doe proceedings are still used in some parts of the United States.

A New Discovery.

One discovery made by an exploring party in Abyssinia recently is that the river Gelo skirts the southernmost extremity of Lake Tana instead of flowing into the lake, as was hitherto believed.

To Stay or Go Back.

A music hall performer now appearing in London has stated that she was offered £25 a week to stay in Chicago. Whether this sum was offered by London or Chicago has not transpired.—London Punch.

BOTH SIDES.

She in a pale blue negligee, fortified with a box of bonbons and the latest novel, which she drops as her caller enters.

"Well, I wondered why you hadn't been over before. Oh, just back from the mountains yesterday? What? Oh, of course—thank you, dear. Yes, I knew as soon as you heard of my engagement to Dick you'd be pleased. Yes, I'm very happy. It's such comfort to feel you are finally settled at last and don't have to fuss about trying to make up your mind. What? Oh, that old idea's all nonsense—of course, a girl with any sense considers the matter sensibly from all points of view—only a little idiot would fall madly in love with a man who couldn't keep her in gloves, to say nothing of a trip to Europe in the summer and Florida in the winter."

"And, of course, I'm very fond of Dick—very. He really has charming ways—and then every other girl in the crowd was simply crazy to get him, so, naturally, I was glad to show them they were back numbers."

"Dick? Yes, he's really terribly devoted to me. He has a case of true love in its worst form. It does make me laugh sometimes. Only it's rather annoying when I have on a new frock calculated to make all the other girls green with envy and the men speechless with admiration to have him insist on dragging me off to the conservatory or some other secluded spot and wasting hours there with no one to look at."

"What's that? You think I should be glad and proud to have him desperately in love with me? Where have



you spent the summer, to pick up such backward ideas? I'm going to get married because it's time to settle down and I don't pine to be thought a social failure."

"I'm going to be good to him—you needn't worry. It's easy enough to keep a man contented and thinking you never have a waking thought except for him. I'm really surprised that Dick should turn out the sort of a man who expects that—I always fancied him too sophisticated—but if you could see the way he hangs on to my faintest word and hunts up things to do for me! It's really very pleasant. Come to think of it, you ought to know—was it three years ago or four that Dick fancied he was in love with you? Though, of course, it wasn't at all the same as his feeling for me."

"What's that? What about Kenneth White? Why, Bess, I really think you might—of course I know you didn't think—well, to be honest, I've put him out of my mind entirely. I never think of him. That's why I was so startled when you mentioned his name."

He comfortably arrayed in dressing gown before a luxurious wood fire, with a plentifully supplied table close at hand, as his best friend enters.

"Hello, old man, help yourself to what you want and take that chair over there. Yes, it's true—your ears have not deceived you. It's Richard who's to halt this time—and very soon at that."

She is the loveliest creature I ever gazed at and, Jove, the air of her! Just the kind of a girl a man would like to have to sit at the other end of his dinner table.

"Yes, I know there's breakfast to be considered, but it'll turn all right. When a fellow finds he is the whole world to a nice girl, that she cares so deeply for him, it makes him sit up and think. Sometimes I feel guilty because I can't feel the divine madness I used to—once—but I made up my mind from the beginning Kittle should never know that I didn't."

"I don't know why. It was so long ago—four years. I must have grown old since then, for I can only wonder in a stupid amazement—yes, and envy at the memory of that affair."

"No, I'll be honest for once—I loved Bess better than I'll ever love another woman. I'd have made up that quarrel in a minute if she hadn't stayed abroad so long and frozen me when she got back. She couldn't have cared. Haven't you ever noticed what beautiful hands she has—and her way of tilting her chin? Oh, it's all over now, of course. It's far better, anyway, for a man to choose his wife calmly, sensibly, judicially. It's time for me to settle down."

"Yes, that's a picture of Bess over the mantel; see that line, the curve of her neck? I keep it as I would any beautiful picture. To be sure—there's Kitty's latest in the frame on the library table there. Isn't she a stunner? And a very dear girl besides. As I said, her affection for me positively humbles me. I'm going to be good to her, I tell you. Have another cigar?"

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Highest Market Prices Paid For Country Produce.

By generous and honest dealing we hope to be given a fair share of your patronage. Give us a trial.

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By the Well-Known Scientist and Physician, Dr. Franklin Miles.

A \$2.50 NEW TREATMENT FREE.

Dropsy is a terrible disease. The suffering in the last stages is frightful. Yet at first no disease is apparently more harmless, a little swelling of the eyelids, feet or abdomen, but finally the unfortunate sufferer slowly drowns in the water of his own blood.

Dr. Miles has made dropsy of the heart, liver and kidneys and complications a specialty for 25 years. To introduce his marvelous new Treatments he will send \$2.50 worth free as a trial. Three treatments in one.

The Grand Dropsy Treatment relieves short breath, smothering and distress the first day, removes most of the swelling in three to six days and all of it within two weeks in most cases. A permanent cure results in from one to two months.

Mr. R. Trimmer, Green Springs, Pa., writes: "The Dropsy Treatment restored Mrs. T. after many physicians pronounced her case hopeless."

Daniel W. Gardner, Huntington, Ind., says: "Two months of Grand Dropsy Treatment saved my wife from the grave."

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A. P. Colburn, Blessing, Ia., writes: "Grand Dropsy Treatment restored Mrs. Colburn after her legs burst from dropsy. Hundreds of incurable cases cured at home after failure of from 5 to 20 physicians. Patients in every state, 1,000 testimonials sent upon request."

Though your case has been pronounced hopeless, do not hesitate to write us at once describing your symptoms. We will send you our opinion, book, chart, and trial treatment free.

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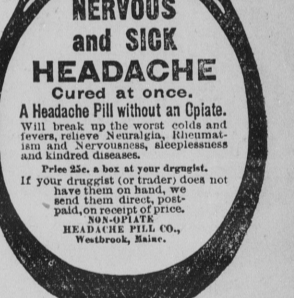
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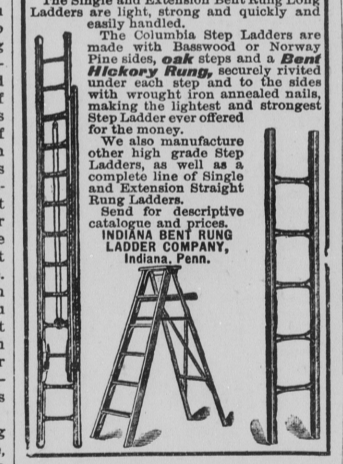
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