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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	11:20 A. M.
No. 46—Through train	4:41 P. M.
No. 16—Accommodation	5:16 P. M.
No. 13—Duquesne Limited	8:35 P. M.
No. 10—Night Express	12:57 A. M.
No. 208—Johnstown Accommodation	7:45 P. M.
West Bound.	
No. 9—Night Express	3:23 A. M.
No. 11—Duquesne	5:58 A. M.
No. 13—Accommodation	8:42 A. M.
No. 47—Through train	10:54 A. M.
No. 5—Fast Line	4:23 P. M.
No. 49—Accommodation	4:50 P. M.
No. 207—Johnstown Accommodation	6:20 A. M.
Ask telephone central for time of trains.	
Do not stop.	
Daily except Sunday.	
W. D. STILWELL, Agent.	

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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 \$5.00.
Our line of Rockers has an established reputation for elegant finish, comfort and durability. Send for complete Catalogue.
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"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.

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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.

PAYING UP.

Three evenings ago Baron and his wife attended a meeting of their summer whist club. It was held at the Whittakers' home in Kenwood, and was within a few blocks of the Baron home. The Barons were strolling peacefully home about 12 o'clock, when an idea came to Baron. They were passing a drug store in the neighborhood and Baron, who has a weakness for lemon phosphate, decided to indulge it and treat his wife at the same time.



The druggist, who had about given up hope for any more night trade, drew off the lemon phosphates with a flourish and set down on the small table before the Barons. Baron flipped back the check that accompanied them.

"No good!" he said, cheerfully. "I always take two. Wait till I'm done ordering." The druggist smiled and waited. By and by Baron called for another phosphate and got it. He finished the second glass as his wife sipped the last drops of her first one.

His hand went into his pocket for the 15 cents due, and fished up a few pennies. He drew out his pocket book and found one lonely \$50 bill. He put it back and hunted through his pockets again. The druggist's smile had died. His eyes had a baleful glitter. Baron felt that he was suspected of being the lowest of sneak thieves instead of the honest, honorable insurance man that he was. He tried another pocket and asked his wife in a low tone if she had her pocket book with her, and then he asked her why not. Then he pulled his \$50 bill and tendered it awkwardly enough.

"I've only got 4 cents besides," said Baron, uncomfortable under the basilisk eye of the druggist.

"It's queer about these fellows with big bills," said the druggist pensively. "They usually travel with 2 or 4 cents change. What drug store in this part of town could change a \$50 bill at midnight? It's a cinch you know the neighborhood."

DEFEATED HEROES.

There was no denying that Mrs. Hulbert had "nerves" in an aggravated form. When there was absolutely nothing to worry about it worried her most of all—and when a woman gets to that stage she is hopeless.

Therefore the state she was in when she decided to join some friends at a summer resort and to shut up her flat can readily be imagined. I would be left alone, at the mercy of house-breakers and thieves. To be sure, there was Mr. Hulbert, but as he was a traveling man and home only at brief intervals he did not count in the least.

Mrs. Hulbert's imagination being good she saw her flat in various forms of topsy-turviness immediately after her departure, rifled of bric-a-brac and rugs and completely despoiled of valuables. She had no doubt the eager burglars were even then hovering around near corners feverishly waiting for her to get out of sight before pushing in to seize the spoils. She bent all her energies to foil them. The silver she took down to the bank, hiring a cab at the cost of \$3.

Her furs were stored and she descended on two friends in the building with a petition that they would take charge of her oriental rugs during her absence. Several choice pieces of pottery also she distributed about the habited part of the building and when she had finished if marauders had succeeded in getting in they would have been confronted by a choice between the gas range and heavy furniture.

With her temperament, however, this was not the slightest comfort to Mrs. Hulbert. She thought of all sorts of schemes which she confided to every one as each struck her. The back windows had burglar catches and could not be raised. Of course, the glass might be cut out, but she must chance that. After bolting the back door she moved the refrigerator against that. No one but a human fly could scale the front wall and enter by the parlor windows, but the front door bothered her. It could not be bolted, as in that case she herself would be reduced to departing by a rope ladder, which was out of the question. She concluded to leave the window shades up and made every one promise if he or she saw the hint of a light in her flat to investigate at once. And ten days after she left the woman across the hall saw a light in the Hulbert flat. She rang up the janitor and flew to tell the woman on the floor above. In the hall the three reconnoitered and agreed it was indeed the light from a gas jet in the inner bedroom which was reflected through the ground glass of the front door.

It took about three seconds for the news to spread through the building that burglars were in the Hulbert flat. Every one surged down to the second hall landing. The men coming home from downtown added themselves to one by one to the crowd. Somebody suggested to the janitor that he use his key and go in. The look of indignation which greeted this was a work of art.

"An wot would I do w'en I got in there?" he inquired majestically. "I'll go and telephone the police," he added, and departed hastily. Then a small man appointed himself captain of the flat dwellers and put them where they would do the most good. Three men were sent around to the back porch to intercept the thieves should they attempt to escape that way. The women were ordered away and forthwith crowded into the flat across the hall, where they took turns peeping through the crack in the door. One man was sent down to the sidewalk to guard the front of the building and departed amid the envious glares of those who had to stand watch over the door of the Hulbert flat.

WOMAN'S LITTLE WAY.

Servantor settled back comfortably in his chair and lit the after-dinner cigar to which he had limited himself in deference to his wife's fears that he was injuring his health by excessive smoking.

"Oh!" he exclaimed suddenly. "What do you think? Willington has backed out of that little stag party at Renford's. His wife wouldn't let him go. Wouldn't that give you a nervous chill? Adeline, if I had a wife like that I'd be tempted to take a club to her. I don't suppose he dares open up his mouth around the house without raising his hand to ask permission."

"How would you like to have it said that your husband stood in terror of you, little woman?" he asked jocularly. "I wouldn't like it at all," replied Mrs. Servantor, promptly. "I believe in a man doing what he pleases as long as he doesn't misconduct himself. I'm not an advanced woman like Mrs. Willington, you know."

"No, you're not, by George!" said her husband, admiringly. "Besides, I know you wouldn't stand dictation," laughed the lady. "Well, I guess not," said Servantor. "What kind of a party is this, Edward?" asked Mrs. Servantor presently, as she threaded a needle. "Oh, just men, you know."

"It depends on what you call nice. It isn't like a pink tea."

"I suppose you will all smoke like chimneys and play cards. Well, of course, you will go if you want to."

BROWN'S HAIR CUT!

"Well, old man, you're back again, I see. Fishing any good?" "Yes, if the man at the rod is good. I had a strange experience one day though."

"What was it?" "Why, you see, Brown was up there at the same time I was and we usually went out together. There was a channel on one side of the lake not far from the hotel, where we could walk along on good ground and fish whenever the boats all happened to be out."

"One morning, after we had been there about two weeks, Brown's hair got to looking rather shaggy, and he thought of going to town to have it trimmed. But the day turned out fine for fishing, so he gave it up. We then started in on the channel. "We fished for awhile without much success. Then Brown made a cast well into the weeds and got hung up on a lily-pod. He had a small hne, which had been used considerably, and when he jerked it parted about five feet from the end. "The first thing I knew he had slipped off his clothes and plunged in. He swam across till he found a footing and disengaged the hook. It was too far to throw the hook to me and he required both hands open to swim—he never was much of a swimmer—and he couldn't be sure of holding his teeth together if he held it in his mouth on account of his habit of spitting out water at every stroke."

"What'd he do?" "He tied it around his neck and let it hang down behind. About half-way over the spoon began to turn and he got a strike from a whopping big pickerel. "Must have choked him, didn't it?" "I should say it did. But the fish gave a dart, and I thought we should lose him and Brown, too, but they finally came to the surface—Brown spluttering at a great rate. "Soon the fish began to strike at Brown's hair. At the time I couldn't see the reason for it, but later I came to understand. Instead of trying to save his life, I never knew a pickerel to act that way before. Now, you take a bass or a muskellunge and it might take the place of a Newfoundland dog as a life-saver. I know old Hodgkins used to keep a tame muskellunge to take care of the children when they were in bathing; but I never knew a pickerel to—never. "Pretty soon I noticed him towing Brown by his wet hair out into the channel. Then he began racing up and striking again. Every time he nipped a mouthful of hair his lower lip scraped the neck below it. You can imagine Brown's dilemma, with his efforts to swim and fighting off that fish at the same time."

"I should say so." "Well, when he landed he had as pretty a round cut on his hair as you ever saw—sort of a football cut, you understand, with his neck nicely shaved."

"That was all, was it? No shampoo or anything?" "No, just the hair cut and neck shave. I noticed the pickerel eying Brown's beard rather suspiciously, but so far as I observed he had not made a beginning upon it."—Chicago News.

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Master's Notice in Divorce.
State of Pennsylvania, County of Somerset, ss: In the Court of Common Pleas of said county, do hereby certify that, Maria Catharine Waybright vs. Adam Wesley Waybright, Liber in Divorce. To Adam Wesley Waybright, respondent, you are hereby notified that the undersigned has been appointed master in the above stated cause to take the testimony and return the same to the court, together with a report of the proceedings before him, and his opinion of the case, and he will attend to the duties of his appointment at his office in Somerset, Pa., on Saturday, April 23, at 1 o'clock P. M., when and where you may attend if you see fit.

GREAT SOUTHERN COMBINATION.
The Sunny South with This Paper for only \$1.60 for Both One Year.
The Sunny South, of Atlanta, Ga., is the South's great literary weekly. Its wide circulation in over 60,000 homes proves its popularity where it is well known. It is devoted to literature, romance, fact and fiction, and its well edited and interesting columns each week make good the wide claim that is urged for it.

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Commencing February 28th, and continuing daily to and including May 14th, 1905, the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad will have on sale from all stations, ONE-WAY COLONIST TICKETS to principal points in California, Arizona, British Columbia, Colorado, Montana, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wyoming, etc., at GREATLY REDUCED RATES. For tickets and full information, call on or address Ticket Agents Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. 4-27

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