

900 DROPS CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co. Boston, Mass. In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of J. C. Ayer & Co. Boston, Mass. In Use For Over Thirty Years

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

- GEO. BOONE, JUSTICE OF THE PEACE. DR. F. B. EVANS, Dentist. WANTED 100,000 FEET OF Dry Lard or Bass Wood Lumber. DR. C. ERNEST CHASE, Surgeon - Dentist. DR. S. W. Worrell, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Dr. V. A. Murray, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON. Reuel Somerville, Attorney-at-Law. JAMES NOLAN, Attorney-at-Law. WM. DAVIS, Attorney and Counselor at Law. TOBACCO AND CIGARS. G. J. FITZPATRICK'S Restaurant. MAHAFFEY HOUSE. Parnell & Cowher, FIRE, LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE.

Thomas Thurman, deputy sheriff of Troy, Mo., says if everyone in the United States should discover the virtue of newt's rich nasal saline for piles, rectal troubles and skin diseases, the demand could not be supplied. C. W. Hodgkins, Patton Pharmacy.

H. S. BUCK, UNDERTAKER & EMBALMER. Next to Hotel Patton, Fifth avenue. All Calls, day or night. Promptly attended to. White or Black Hearses.

D. D. Lewis, UNDERTAKER AND EMBALMER. Harnesboro, Pa. All calls will be promptly attended to. John Rodcliffe, Agent, of K. R. avenue, Patton, will attend to the wants of parties residing in Patton and vicinity. Calls day or night by phone.

KEELEY CURE LIQUOR AND OPIUM HABITS. Removes all desire and appetite, builds up the system, restores health and vigor, brightens the intellect and fits one for business.

First Nation Bank OF PATTON. Patton, Cambria Co., Pa. CAPITAL PAID UP, \$50,000.00. SURPLUS, \$47,000.00.

CELESTINE NATURE'S CURE Headache for Forty Years. For forty years I suffered from sick headache. A year ago I began using Celestine. The result was gratifying and surprising.

TRADE MARKS DESIGNS & PATENTS. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. MUNN & CO. 361 Broadway, New York

He Ended the Feud. When the Republicans were about to nominate somebody to run for governor in 1844, there were candidates in all parts of the woods. The day of the convention, however, "Uncle Dick" went down and, without having present any semblance of candidacy other than his own personality, he was nominated by acclamation. His brother-in-law, David T. Littler, was a candidate for state treasurer. He had been to some pains to make his candidacy an organized feature of the days preceding the convention. When Oglesby was named for governor, Littler was put out of the calculations by reason of coming from the next county and was side tracked in consequence. Although Mrs. Oglesby and Mrs. Littler were sisters, the houses of Oglesby and Littler were far apart from that time. The heads were so completely estranged that one did not speak to the other for ten years they remained strangers. Littler lived in a great old-fashioned mansion in Springfield. Oglesby lived on his farm near Elkhart. One day, to the surprise of the Littler family, ex-Governor Oglesby walked in. "How are you, Dave?" said the ex-governor. "How are you, governor?" said Littler, as he struggled against his astonishment. Then the extended hand of the unexpected visitor was cordially grasped. "I came to take dinner with you, Dave." "Well, I'm glad of it," answered Littler, as he took the hat and coat of his caller. "Is the whisky bottle in the same old place, Dave?" "It is, and there's whisky in it." And that was how the family feud ended forever.—Chicago Tribune.

Ammonia as a Fire Extinguisher. Probably the best fire extinguishing liquid is aqua ammonia, without any addition whatever. We have personally had experience with the almost marvelous power of this substance in this direction. In one instance, where fire had originated probably from spontaneous combustion in a pile containing several tons of cotton seed, and the interior of which was almost a solid body of live coal, a half gallon of ammonia completely smothered the fire. In another, which occurred at Saveny, France, the vapors of a tank containing 50 gallons of gasoline caught fire in the linen room of a laundry. The room was instantly a mass of living flames, but a gallon and a half of ammonia water thrown into it completely and almost immediately extinguished the fire. The ammonia was in a glass demijohn in an apothecary shop next door to the laundry and was thrown into the room by the druggist as an experiment. So completely was the fire extinguished that workmen were enabled to enter the room almost immediately, where they found the iron tank of gasoline intact.—National Druggist.

A Cheap Luncheon. A good story is told in connection with the last Asco meeting. An American, who was about to go into racing boots in his own country, ordering luncheon and paying \$1, found himself hungry at the royal meeting, so he walked into the first tent handy and told the attendant to give him something to eat. The man put a suspicious luncheon before him, to which, as well as the champagne, the visitor did ample justice. He then handed the attendant 5 shillings, received his thanks and was bowed out of the tent, inwardly congratulating himself on the moderation of the charge. An English friend whom he met outside said: "I did not know you were acquainted with Lord H." "Neither am I," replied the Bostonian. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the interrogator. "I thought you were, as you came out of his tent."—London Tit-Bits.

Bradlaugh's H's. Mrs. Geoffrey Clerk told me today at dinner that when she was in London last year some one said in her presence, "It is strange that Bradlaugh, although he speaks well, should never be able to manage the letter 'h'." Sir F. Halliday, who was sitting by, remarked, "The reason is obvious; we know that 'h' was whispered in heaven." "Was it?" "Yes," said the lady, "and Bradlaugh will have nothing to say to either."—Sir M. E. Grant Duff's Diary.

The Paste Didn't Hold. "I have shown this to a jeweler," said the young woman, flinging the engagement ring scornfully at his feet. "Did you think," she asked, with crushing sarcasm, "you could cement our affection with paste?" "No!" kissed the young man, folding his arms and gazing at her with equal scorn. "It's paste, is it?—And yet you are not stuck on it!"—Chicago Tribune.

Verdict as Rendered. "Gentlemen of the jury," asked the clerk of the court, "have you agreed upon a verdict?" "We have," replied the foreman. "The verdict of the jury is that the lawyers have mixed this case up so that we don't know anything at all about it."—Philadelphia North American.

When He Was Fond of It. Quinn—Are you fond of Welsh rabbit? Topfiff—Before eating, while I am eating and for a very short time after.—Boston Transcript.

PARSNIPL COMPLEXION. It does not require an expert to detect the sufferer from kidney trouble. The hollow cheeks, the sunken eyes, the dark, puffy circles under the eyes, the sallow parsnip-colored complexion indicates it. A physician would ask if you had rheumatism, a dull ache or pain in the back or over the hips, stomach trouble, desire to urinate often, or a burning or scalding in passing it, if after passing there is an unsatisfied feeling as if it must be at once repeated, or if the urine has a brick dust deposit or strong odor. When these symptoms are present, no time should be lost in removing the cause. Delay may lead to gravel, catarrh of the bladder, inflammation causing stoppage, and sometimes requiring the drawing of the urine with instruments, or may run into Bright's Disease, the most dangerous stage of kidney trouble. Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great discovery of the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, is a positive remedy for such diseases. Its reputation is world-wide and it is so easy to get at any drug store that no one need suffer any length of time for want of it. However, if you prefer to first test its wonderful merits, mention THE PATTON COURIER and write to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle and a book telling all about, both sent absolutely free by mail.

W. M. Gallagher, of Bryan, Pa., says: "For forty years I have tried various cough medicines. One minute cough cure is best of all." It relieves instantly and cures all throat and lung troubles. C. W. Hodgkins, Patton Pharmacy.

An eminent physician says that no person should be permitted to drink tea or coffee until he or she has attained the age of 18 years. In the young those beverages unduly excite the nervous system, and have an injurious effect upon the digestive organ. DeWitt's little early risers act as a faultless pill should, cleansing and reviving the system, instead of weakening it. They are mild and sure, small and pleasant to take, and entirely free from objectionable drugs. They assist rather than compel. C. W. Hodgkins, Patton Pharmacy.

PATTON STEAM LAUNDRY HOP LEE, Prop'r. TERMS STRICTLY CASH.

- Gentlemen's List—Collars, 15c. Cuffs, per pair, 3c. Shirts, plain, 3c. Shirts, colored, 10c. Shirts, open front, 10c. Shirts, plaited, 10c. Shirts, striped, 8c. Shirts, under, 5c. Drawers, 6c. Handkerchiefs, 15c. Handkerchiefs, silk, 3c. Socks, 3c. Neckties, 2c. Coats, 15c. Vests, 15c. Boys' Waists, 10c. Ladies' List—Cape Collars, 3c. Cuffs, 4c. Chemisettes, 5c. Aprons, 4c. Waists, 15c. Dresses, 25c. Skirts, 15c. Chemises, 5c. Drawers, 6c. Night Dresses, 10c. Aprons, 4c. Hose, 4c. Handkerchiefs, 15c. Underclothes, 5c. Miscellaneous—Sheets, 5c. Pillow Slips, 4c. Pillow Shams, 25c. Counterpanes, 12c. Towels, 15c.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers. The Laxative for Infants.

Ed. A. Mellon, Agent.

YOU CAN PATENT ANYTHING YOU INVENT OR IMPROVE. Also get CAVEAT, TRADE-MARK, COPYRIGHT OR DESIGN PROTECTION. Send model, sketch, or photo for free examination and advice. BOOK ON PATENTS FREE. No Atty. Fee. Write to G. A. SNOW & CO. Patent Lawyers, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The Expert Met His Match. At a North Side boarding house one of the newly arrived boarders, named Burton, is an expert accountant. The first evening after his arrival he began boring the other boarders by talking "shop" and relating the great feats of mathematics that he had accomplished in his time. Smith, one of the star boarders, had his mind to rid the parlor of shop talk at least for that night. "I have a little piece of addition work that I think you would have a hard time in doing. If you can add it without the aid of a pencil and paper, you are a good one." "Name each item, and I will add," said Burton. "Five barrels of cider at \$4.56 a barrel. Have you got that down?" "Yes." "Four bushels of bran at 90 cents a bushel. Have you got that down?" "Yes." "Fifteen kegs of horseshoe nails at \$2.35 and two strings of garlic at 50 cents a string. Have you got that down?" "Yes; go on." "Six gallons of castor oil at \$4.35. Have you got that down?" "Yes." "Sure you've got it all down?" "Sure, I have," said Burton. "H—m! How does it all taste?"—Chicago Journal.

Proved His Theory, But Died. The acme of realism was reached, though by accident, in a criminal trial a few years ago at Lebanon. Two men had a personal encounter. One of them, after vainly trying to draw his pistol from his hip pocket, turned to flee. A moment later he fell, shot in the small of the back. One chamber of his pistol was found to have been fired. His assailant was tried for murder. The defense contended that the man had shot himself while trying to draw his pistol, which had become entangled in the lining of the pocket, and that the prisoner's shot had not taken effect. The prosecution contended that such a wound could not have been self-inflicted. The defendant's counsel, Cleland L. Vallandigham, undertook to demonstrate to the jury just how the dead man's pistol had hung in the pocket and just how possible it was to inflict such a wound. Suddenly, there was a loud report, and the lawyer sank to the floor. The ball had entered the back almost in the identical spot where the dead man had been shot. The defendant was acquitted. Mr. Vallandigham died.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

This Dog Can Spell. There is a South Side lady who owns a Gordon setter which she believes is endowed with almost human intelligence. This is not a hastily formed nor unfounded opinion, but has been developed by years of experience. Here is one of the many incidents from which has sprung her faith in her dog. Last Sunday, having finished her dinner, the lady went into the drawing room to read the paper. On a rug near the window the setter was looking drowsily in the sun. The lady's two sons were still in the dining room finishing the repast, and the mother overheard something said about bones. Now, the good lady has a mortal dread that her beautiful dog will choke to death on a bone some day, so, raising her voice, she called out, "Bones!" "Bones, don't give Dan any chick-e-n-b-one-s," spelling these two words so the dog's attention would not be attracted. "I am afraid he will choke." As she spelled "chicken" the dog raised his head and listened; at "bones" he got up, walked into the dining room and looked at the bones the boys were picking.—Chicago News.

The Coquette. A coquette is a being who wishes to please. Alas! coquettes are too rare. 'Tis a career that requires great skill, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit, and the coquette that provides all amusements, suggests the riding party, plans the picnic, gives and guesses charades, acts them. She is the stirring element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms; the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet. Let any one pass a very agreeable week, or it may be ten days, under any roof, and analyze the cause of his satisfaction, and one might safely make a gentle wager that his solution would present him with the frolic phantom of a coquette.—Lord Beaconsfield.

The Widow's Devotion. There was a man hanged for murder in Sydney, Australia. By his widow's consent, his figure was exhibited in a local waxworks show. Every Sunday for six months the widow dressed in deepest mourning, called and put a clean shirt on the unresisting form of the wax man. Then her visits stopped. Some time after, happening to meet the manager of the show the lady explained, with many blushes, that she had married again, and her new husband energetically objected to her weekly attention to the toilet of No. 1's given image.

An Artistic Proposal. Letter—Indeed, Miss de Vine, I must say it—you are the star of the links. Miss de Vine—Now that is very nice of you, and you are the first to discover me too. "Then may I have an astronomer's reward?" "What is that, Mr. Letter?" "The right to give you my name."—Brooklyn Life.

No Company For Him. Rich Old Party—What do you want a wife for when you can hardly support yourself? Why, sir, my daughter would starve! Sneaking with great dignity—Well, sir, if you are the kind of man to let your daughter and her husband starve I don't wish to enter the family.—Fun.

To cure piles, strike at the root—that's the way. Dewitt's witch hazel salve strikes at the root—it removes the cause, quickly and permanently. Don't squander time and money in a vain effort to remove the effects. C. W. Hodgkins, Patton Pharmacy.

New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, Pennsylvania Division. Beech Creek District. Condensed Time Table.

Table with columns: Read up, Read down, Station names, and times. Includes stations like Westport, Mahaffey, Kermansack, etc.

Pennsylvania Railroad Time Table. Nov. 20, 1898. Main Line. Leave Croston-Eastward, 5:30 a.m. Leave Croston-Westward, 5:30 a.m.

Pittsburg & Eastern Time Table. TO TAKE EFFECT NOV. 21, 1898. Westward. Leave Union Station (Mahaffey), 7:30 a.m.

Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg Ry. On and after Jan. 1, 1899, trains will leave Beech Creek Depot, Clearfield, daily except Sunday, as follows.

On and after Jan. 1, 1899, trains will leave Beech Creek Depot, Clearfield, daily except Sunday, as follows. 8:45 a.m. Revivalistic Association, for Clearfield, DuBois, Fairport, and Revival, etc.