Intelligence in Farming.

In a recent trip to the interior of the State, it was our good fortune to meet with some of the best farmers in the counties of southern and eastern Pennsylvania, and were much gratified to hear from them that the cry of "farming does not pay" has nearly died out, and that most of the intelligent cultivators of the soil are concluding that these pursuits are, to say the least, quite as profitable as the mercantile concerns which so often dazzle and entice the young from rural life.

This increased profit from farming is generally attributed to an increasing intelligence, fostered chiefly by the great interest taken in local farmers' clubs and agricultural papers, both of which are now regarded as essential parts of the business by all who would make the most out of the land that it is capable of realizing.

There seem to have been two great eras in the agriculture of the immediate past. The first was wholly the age of practical experience. Here it was that the book learners, as those who get an idea through the medium of the printing press were contemptuously called, fared badly in popular estimation. Then the time when the agricultural chemist, with his soil analysis and other vagaries, became a power, and hosts of men rushed into farming from city desks and counters, fully satisfied that the old-fashioned farmers knew nothing; and that only for him, with his chemical knowledge, would the rich harvest field bow down in golden grain.

But these times are gone. The two have cast their lots together. It is found they are to grow in mutual helpfulness. Science is still welcome. Indeed science is more than ever welcome; but she is not idolized until she has proved her worth in works. And then, with science, and joined with it practical knowledge springing up through business habits such as only by the aid of which can any mercantile business prosper, and without which farming ought neither nor will it prosper, there is no wonder agriculture improves.

We are very glad to note this beneficial change. To this end have we labored, and we take some pride in the fact that we have had a little to do with this promised revival of agricultural prosperity. We have often felt that there is no reason why farming should not become the most certainly profitable of all businesses. Merchants do not meet and discuss as farmers do. Science does not smile on them as she does on the tillers of the soil. They have 'tis true, in many trade branches, papers devoted to their interest. But none of these publications enter so closely and so earnestly into their reader's life as the agricultural paper does into the farmer's home. This great power must grow, and must be productive to a remarkable degree; and we are quite sure the time will come when, instead of as in the past we read of "why boys leave the farm," we shall have learned treatises to explain how it is that so many leave the counting-house for the pleasure and profits of country life.

PROPER CARE OF IMPLEMENTS.

In many cases the wooden part of an implement will outlast the metallic. No one would think to paint or use any special means to save a spade or rake-handle; but it is different with many things, and as a general thing much more attention might be given to the proper preservation of farm implements than they receive. Many persons use paint for this purpose; but this is costly, and sometimes it would pay to preserve wood at the cost of paint. It is not generally known that it is only the oil, or at best chiefly the oil, which is in the paint which is the preservative element, the other material being added more for the "looks of the thing" than any other reason. A piece of wood, well oiled, will last nearly or quite as long as though painted in the best manner. The *American Agriculturist* says that crude petroleum is quite as good as the best linseed oil for this purpose; and if so it is of course much cheaper, and is within the reach of every one.

We often see wheelbarrows and other things rotten or worn out long before the wheel. Indeed one wheelbarrow wheel will generally last two three bodies. It would be as well for those who have no more money than they want, and who cannot afford to be buying a new wheelbarrow every few years, to try the virtue of a little petroleum.

Madison as a Temperance Man.

Many years ago, when the temperance movement began in Virginia, ex-President Madison lent the weight of his influence to the cause. Case-bottles and decanters disappeared from the sideboard at Montpelier—wine was no longer dispensed to the many visitors at that hospitable mansion. Nor was this all. Harvest began, but the customary barrel of whisky was not purchased, and the song of the scythemen in the wheat-field languished. In lieu of whisky, there was a beverage most innocuous, unstimulating and unpalatable to the army of dusky laborers.

The following morning, Mr. Madison called in his head-man to make the usually inquiry, "Nelson, how comes on the crop?"

"Po'ly, Mars' Jeems—monsus po'ly."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Things is scyus."

"What do you mean by serious?"

"We gwine los' dat crap."

"Loose the crop! Why should we loose it?"

"'Cause dat ar crap are heap too big a crap to be gethered 'thout whisky. 'Lasses-and-water nuver gethered no crap sence the worl' war' made, nor 'taint gwine to."

Mr. Madison succumbed: the whisky was procured, the "crap" was gethered," case-bottles and decanters reappeared, and the ancient order was restored at Montpelier, never again to be disturbed.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Coming Home.

The welcome letter is read—thrice welcome, for it says, "I will be home to-night." How softly bright the mother's eyes, as she busies herself about the house, making it fresh and inviting for the absent one. How merrily the children shout and caper as they are told that "Papa is coming home to-day."

Mother prepares his favorite dish for the late tea; sister Anna practices over the old Scotch ballad papa loves best, and Rob and Hattie can scarcely wait for nightfall.

The hour comes at length, and brings papa, laden with all those parcels which are so delightfully mysterious to the children.

What a glad rush and shout to greet papa!

What a flood of happy questions and answers!

What an undoing of the parcels, whose wrappings are so troublesome, and whose strings will knot.

Then the pet rabbit and Miss Dolly's new dress, made by Hattie's own tiny fingers are shown and much admired.

The evening swiftly glides away, the good-nights are said, and all go to rest, while the clock ticks on more contentedly than ever, now the master is home again; or at least mother thinks so, as she lies listening to its sound a few moments before falling asleep.

"Jimmy, father is coming, let's run," and two ragged, dirty little creatures hurry out of the basement, into which a drunken man stumbles the next moment.

Finding no one there but his poor, miserable wife, he begins the usual order of things by cursing and abusing her.

The abuse at length reaches blows, and the wretched woman escapes into the street, calling for help, her husband following her.

"That's Jim, I'll be bound," mutters the policeman as he buttons up his coat and starts down the narrow, dirty street in the direction of the sounds, while the children cower trembling into the corner, now and then peering forth to see if "Father is coming." Loud, fierce words and oaths reach their ears, and soon they see the "star" shining, and know by that the policeman is coming back, and, by the noise and confusion, that he is taking "Father" to the station.

When they are quite past and out of sight, the frightened little objects draw a long breath of relief, and come out of the corner and back to the hovel they call "home," comforting themselves with the assurance that "Father won't be home to night, anyway."

"My darling is coming home to-day," whispers the young girl to herself, as she flits about, now here, now there, restless with joy, and snatching every possible moment to read again the dear lines which brought the glad tidings. She counts the hours and moments as they drag along—to her at least—and, as the time draws near, she takes out the white dress and pretty ribbons she wore the night John told her "she looked so beautiful," and after a careful toilet and a last smiling, lingering look at the charming picture she meets in the glass, runs out to the garden and gathers a boquet of the choicest flowers, and placing one in her bosom and another in her hair, she selects a sweet half-opened rose for "dear John." In a few moments the well-known step and voice are heard, and the next instant, she is clasped to her lover's breast. Nor now does she even *whisper* the fond words of the morning—that is only for her heart, as yet—but her eloquent, love-lit eyes and blushing face are an all-sufficient answer when her lover's deep, tender hearn whispers, "Is my darling so very glad to see me?"

When brown curls press the pillow late at night, she looks out at the bright, glimmering stars, and thinks "what a beautiful world it is!"

Ah! the beauty she sees is owing chiefly to the fact that her lover has come home to-nigh.

There is another coming home—to a dark, dreadful home. So utterly dark and wretched; my pen refuses to attempt a description of it. Banished from all things beautiful, holy, and pure, to a world of darkness, and despair, who can measure the unfathomable depth of woe and anguish which must attend the coming home of the lost!

In a bright, a glorious mansion, they are making ready for the coming home of many loved ones.

There is a joyful flutter of wings, a tuning of melodious harps and lyres, the soft pure air is ladened with the refrain, "They are coming home!"

Here, close by the gates, a faithful mother is waiting to welcome home her child. The fond husband waits for the absent wife; the "lost baby" longs for its mother, and the gentle sister looks eagerly for her brother, the wild young brother, to whom she whispered at parting, "Meet me in heaven, Charlie." Friend waits for friend, the pastor for his flock.

There is a glad expectant stir, the pearly gates are opened, anda mid the triumphant anthems of heaven's host, the ransomed enter in. Oh, what a meeting for the mother, husband, sister, friend. But far above all these is the joy of the saved with Saviour, of the repentant prodigal with his Father, of the sheep with with the Shepherd. No more temptation for the sinner and the prodigal! No more wandering for the sheep in rough and lonely ways! No more weariness, pain or sorrow! At home forever, where all is joy and love and peace!—*Christian Union.*

Brawny Women.

Stories about brawny women working their own farms, chopping their own wood etc., are applauded by half of the American press, and that is the half which looks at a bare, bold fact, without regard to its surrounding circumstances. "It should be remembered," says the *Prairie Farmer* with rare good sense, "that such performance on the part of the females are only croppings out of barbarism that only a portion of the world has yet emerged from. England has plenty of it left in the agricultural districts, and it is not unknown in the manufacturing counties. A late writer in the London *Telegraph* describes a trip into Staffordshire, where the women work at the blacksmith's forge as long and as hard as the men; he says it is not uncommon to find a mother and three lusty daughters, fully of marriageable age, stripped to their stays, and, with a kerchief over their shoulders, wielding the hammers and tugging at the bellows, making twelve hundred nails for twelve pence, and working from 8 in the morning till 12 at night. At Lye Waste whole streets are made up of those smithies, in which these women and their children toil, year in and year out, beside their husbands and brothers. They have about as much refinement and intelligence as a 'Digger' Indian. Let our women take to the plow and hoe, and we should soon have districts in which they would rival these muscular females of the Staffordshire smithies. We are disgusted with all this talk about women farmers. Let our girls take all the prizes of universities; drive all the men from the rostrum; run our banking and brokerage; keep our shops; become Governors and Presidents; vote and be happy according to their capabilities; but deliver us from female blacksmiths and farm laborers. If man is not fitted for this work, we don't know what his particular sphere can be."

When religion is made a science there is nothing more difficult; when made a duty there is nothing more easy.

A man who is officious to serve you at first sight should be regarded with caution.

The Story of a Mule and a Bear.

The Memphis *Appeal* is responsible for the following comical, if not incredible story. It says that a few days ago a gentleman living near Madison Station, on the Memphis and Little Rock road, left his home to go to the village. He had not proceeded more than two hundred yards, mounted on a lineal descendant of Balaam's ass, when he encountered a great greasy black bear. The bear was astonished, and without taking time to think, hurried up a scaly-bark hickory and seated himself very comfortably on a limb thirty or forty feet from the ground.

The farmer was completely puzzled. If he rode back to his house to get his gun, the bear would surely escape.—He, therefore, tied the mule, a long-eared, melancholy mule, forty or fifty years of age, to the body of the tree. The mule was bridle-wise, but no bridle could hold him, and a strong leather cable was kept coiled about his neck. With this he was fastened to the tree. The farmer started to the house, and bruin, divining his plans deemed it prudent to get away. He doubtless suspected that a gun was coming. He came slowly down, tearing the bark from the body of the tree. It rattled about the sleepy mule's head, who had not seen the bear, and dreamed not of the proximity of the ugly beast. The bear descended slowly until within five feet of the mule's ugly head.

Then it was that the stupid, innocent, unsuspecting mule looked up.—He had never seen a bear before. His knees smote one another. He grew pale in the face. His eyes were projected from his head, the farmer said, half a foot. His tail was slowly lifted, the hairs all turned awry, till it stood at an angle of forty-five degrees above its spinal column, and then it was that the mule "hoved a sigh and snoled a smile." It was an unearthly sound. The farmer, fifty yards away says it shook the ground where he stood watching the progress of events. The bear suddenly twisted itself about and re-ascended to its perch.—The mule swooningly fell at the base of the tree. He lay still and apparently lifeless for a time, when bruin again attempted the descent; but the terrified mule howled and roared even more terribly and piteously when the bark began to fall, and he dashed and danced about the tree so frantically that bruin hesitated, and finally in stupefied amazement, sat upon the limb upon which he first rested. The farmer came with his rifle, and a bullet soon stopped the pulsebeats of the bear. If fell beside the mule, and strange to tell, as told to us, the mule and bear died side by side; the one of a mortal wound; the other of mortal terror. The bear was still black as Erebus; the mule's face was already white with an indescribable agony of mortal fear.

Borrowers in New York.

It would seem as if the city had been districted by borrowers, each district having its infesters. The leading hotels, or rather their patrons, are laid under contribution by these financial pests, who take their position at stated hours, and ply their trade preservingly from season to season. These are the fellows who, having exhausted the metropolitan mine, are following the stronger lode. They are better acquainted with the arrivals in town than the drummers themselves. They scan the registers as antiquarians would a mouldering inscription, and greet with fulsome flattery and cordial hand-shaking every provincialist they have ever encountered. Their accidents are chronic; their misfortunes unvarying. They have always lost their pocketbook, or left it at home; they have been suddenly called out of town, or have received a dispatch requiring immediate answer. They have failed to receive an expected remittance; their wife is very ill, or their child has just died; they must have money or go mad. (It may be noted here that they rarely go half so mad as the credulous cratures do after lending them.)

A gentleman blessed with a good memory, and cursed with frequent approaches of petitioners for call-loan, declares that one of these tricksters has been relieved during the past six months of offspring to the number of ninety-eight, and has become a widower not less than sixty times. Who can regard without profoundest pity a mortal struggling under such an accumulation of sorrows, and not respond pecuniarily? Like rhetorical questions are put by the borrower. He who answers them with his pocketbook may charge its contents perpetually to Profit and Loss.

New York has thousands of regular borrowers, and volunteers are entering the strategic army daily and hourly. The ranks are always full to overflowing. and masterly advances are constantly making on the foe, who is hoodwinked by the pretext that he is a friend. The foe is any gull or generous fellow who hates to say no, or gives to his persecutor the benefit of the doubt. The foe can win little glory by resistance; his wisest course is retreat, and he is apt to do so finally, though not before his *port-monnaie* bears many humiliating scars.—*Junius Henri Brown*, in *Scribner's for February.*

Swift Justice.

A merchant left St. Petersburg to travel across Europe. In the course of his journey he arrived at Warsaw. Being furnished with a letter of introduction, he repaired to the house of one of the chief citizens there, and was most courteously received. He staid at Warsaw for a week, and his host spared no pains to make the visit agreeable, and showed him everything worth seeing in the town. Indeed, the visitor was quite overwhelmed by an amount of kindness rarely shown to any but a friend of long standing.

At length the pleasant visit drew to its close, and after breakfast the guest expressed his wish to see some of the poor parts of the town of which he had heard. "But," said he, "I have with me a box of great value, that I do not like to risk in such places. If it were my own, I should not be so particular, but it was intrusted to me by a friend, who requested me to deliver it to a person in another town. It contains diamonds and other valuables. Would you do me a great favor by taking charge of it for the day?" The host, with his usual urbanity, willingly agreed to this proposal, and the merchant departed, with a light heart, on his tour of inspection, I forgot the name, but let us say to the "Seven Dials," or "Five Points" of Warsaw.

Next morning, after breakfast, he cordially thanked his kind entertainers for their zealous hospitality, and added that as he was about to depart he would now resume his charge of the box, which had never before quitted his presence since he had received it from his owner. The host and hostess stared at him in well-acted amazement. "What box?" asked the host. "I remember no box; do you my dear?" turning to his wife. "No," she said, "I have no recollection of any box whatever." "What was it like?" asked the host; "perhaps you left it in your room." But on the merchant persisting that it was with the host himself it had been left, on turning to his hostess, and trying to make her recollect the circumstances, both (after appealing to each other several times, and fortifying each other in their denial) became cold and distant, and began hinting that something must have happened to the merchant to induce him to persist in so strange a delusion.

As the host touched his forehead with a significant glance, the poor man remembered that he was in a strange city; the ground seemed to be slipping from under his feet; danger to himself loomed in the distance, and he hastened from the house in alarm. Straight to the police he went and stated his case. The official listened imperturbatly to the whole story, and then asked, "You gave up this valuable box to an acquaintance of a week's standing without any witness or any writen acknowledgment?"

"He had been so very kind, a man in his positi—"

"Bah! you a man of business! But have you no proof that the box belongs to you?" "None whatever—except the key. It is locked and I have the key—here it is" and he produced a small key from an inner pocket.

The official remained lost in thought for some time, and then said. "Well I will do the only thing I can for you. The arch-duke Constantine (the governor of Poland) is a stern. harsh man, but he is known for his rigorous justice, and if he believes your story he will do his best for you. I will take you to him at once."

No time was lost, and the merchant soon found himself in the arch-duke's presence, and was desired to relate his story. When it was concluded, the archduke, after a few moments' reflection, rang a bell. An official appeared. "Send for M——" naming the treacherous host. It was quickly done, and the archduke, without preamble or question, said to the guilty man: "Sit down at the writing table, and write as I shall dictate to you." The man took his sea and took up the pen; the archduke began dictating:

"My dear wife, All is found out"—

"No," said the man, springing from his seat, "I won't write that."

"Then, you are guilty," was the prompt answer.

Puzzled and foiled he resumed his seat and wrote as he was desired.

"My dear wife—All is found out. send the box by the bearer."

Then he signed it with his name, by the archduke's order and a messenger was dispatched with it. The messenger found the lady at her toilet. When she read the missive she turned ashy pale, trembling violently. Then, leaning forward, she drew the box from the recess in her toilet table and handed it to the bearer, who, swiftly retiring, placed it in the hands of the archduke. He immediately handed it to the merchant, desiring him to unlock it; that being done, he asked whether the diamonds were all there. Yes, the box had had not been opened; they were exactly as the merchant had left them.

Again the archduke rang the bell, and to the attendant who entered he said, designating the guilty man, "Take him to Siberia; he is not to go to his house again."

Thought He Was Drunk

Not a bad story is told at the expense of a most distinguished and estimable citizen. It seems that a dinner-party was in progress, during a brilliant display of northern lights, and this gentleman, stepping out to cool his burning brow, was startled with the display. He stood perfectly amazed; then turning to the window he saw, within, the wife of his bosom, sitting with the ladies, waiting for their liege words to end their claret and cigars. Pushing aside the lace curtains, he beckoned to Mrs. Agnes to come out. She complied, when he said to her, solemnly:

"Wagnes d'er see any thing extronory now?"

"Yes, Dolly, I see you have been drinking too much wine."

"No nor that, Wagnes; I mean extronory phornomonums in atmosphere?"

"Why, where, Dolly?"

"Up yonder, Wagnes."

"Why, dear me yes; I do indeed—the most brilliant aurora I ever saw!"

"Wagnes, are things-a shootin'?"

"Yes, dear."

"An'-a-flashin', Wagnes?"

"All that, my dear."

"Ho, ho!" laughed the husband, very much relieved. "But do you know, Wagnes—I mean Hagnes—when'r I come out an' saw the celestial phornomonums a-glowin', up yonder, bless me effer didn't think I was drunk!"

ITEMS.

Let me dream that love goes with us to the shore unknown.—*Mrs. Hemans.*

There were 192 persons killed on the Ohio railroads last year, and twice as many injured.

Kentucky distillers consume 6,306 bushels of grain daily, and turn out 25,084 gallons of spirits.

In Norfolk an old record has just been published, showing that in 1749 the preachers were paid in tobacco.

An Omaha bride was married barefoot because her lover's kinsfolks dressed that way, and she did not wish to seem proud.

At the church sociable in St. Peter, Minn., an accomplished beau took out his false teeth and tendered them to his girl to crack nuts with.

An enterprising Kansas Irishman has stripped enough buffaloes of their hides within the last two months to pay for his claim and buy and a team.

The Cawker (Kan.) Sentinel asks its readers "if a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much will it take to raise funds enough to build a fence around the schoolhouse grounds and fix them up a little."

THERE was no business transacted by the Legislature, during last week, until after the funeral of Governor Geary on Tesuday, both houses having adjourned over out of respect to his memory.

Mr. ANDREW G. CREAMER, whose Saw Mill was destroyed by fire several months ago, informs us, that his new mill, built upon the foundation of the old one, will be in operation during the present month.—He has made a first-class mill of the new one; having the requisite water power he will run six saws, one of which is a circular, one of the largest size, another, fourteen feet in length, the remaining ones being small, for lath &c. Mr. C. has suffered severely and his energy deserves to be richly rewarded.—*Salisbury Independent.*

Miscellaneous.

Cook & Beerits'

FAMILY GROCERY,

Flour and Feed

STORE.

We would most respectfully announce to our friends and the public generally, in the town and vicinity of Somerset, that we have opened out in our New Store on

MAIN CROSS STREET,

And in addition to a full line of the best

Confectioneries, Notions,,

Tobaccos, Cigars, &c.,

We will endeavor, at all times, to supply our customers with the

BEST QUALITY OF

FAMILY FLOUR,

CORN-MEAL,

OATS' SHELLED CORN,

OATS & CORN CHOP,

BRAN, MIDDLINGS,

And everything pertaining to the Feed Department, at the

LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.

FOR

CASH ONLY.

Also, a well selected stock of Glassware; Stoneware, Woodenware, Brushes of al kinds, and

STATIONERY

Which we will sell as cheap as the cheapest.

Please call, examine our goods of all kinds, and be satisfied from your own judgment.

Don't forget where we stay—

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SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.

HUMPHREYS'

HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

HAVE PROVED, FROM THE MOST AMPLE experience, an entire sucess: Simple—Prompt—Efficient and Reliable. They are the only Medicines perfectly adapted to popular use—so simple that mistakes can not be made in using them; so harmless as to be free from danger, and so efficient as to be always reliable. They have raised the highest commendation from all, and will always render satisfaction.

No.	Cures.	Cents.
1.	"Fevers, Congestion, Inflammations.	25
2.	"Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic.	25
3.	"Crying-Colic or Teething of Infants.	25
4.	"Diarrhœa, of Children or Adults.	25
5.	"Dysentery, Griping, Bilious Colic.	25
6.	"Cholera-Morbus, Vomiting.	25
7.	"Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.	25
8.	"Neuralgia, Toothache, Facoache.	25
9.	"Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertige	25
10.	"Dyspepsia, Bilious Stomach.	25
11.	"Suppressed, or Painful Periods.	25
12.	"Whites, too Profuse Periods.	25
13.	"Croup, Cough, Difficult Breathing.	25
14.	"Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
15.	"Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.	25
16.	"Fever and Ague, Chill Fever, Agues	50
17.	"Piles, blind or bleeding.	50
18.	"Ophthalmy, and Sore or Weak Eyes	50
19.	"Catarrh, acute or chronic, Influenza.	50
20.	"Whooping-Cough, violent coughs	50
21.	"Asthma, oppressed Breathing.	50
22.	"Ear Discharges, impaired hearing.	50
23.	"Scrofula, enlarged glands, Swellings	50
24.	"General Debility, Physical Weakness	50
25.	"Dropsy and scanty Secretions.	50
26.	"Sea-Sickness, sickness from riding	50
27.	"Kidney-Disease, Gravel.	50
28.	"Nervous Debility, Seminal Emissions, involuntary Discharges	1 00
	Five Boxes, with one $2 vial of Powder, very necessary in serious cases.	5 00
29.	" Sore Mouth, Canker.	50
30.	" Urinary Weakness, wetting bed.	50
31.	" Painful Periods, with Spasms	50
32.	" Sufferings at change of life.	1 00
33.	" Epilepsy, Spasms, St. Vitus' Dance.	1 00
34.	" Diphtheria, ulcerated sore throat.	50

FAMILY CASES

Of 35 large vials, containing a specific for every ordinary disease a family is subject to, with book of directions.	$10
Of 60 vials, with book, Morocco Case.	6
Veterinary Specifics (fifth), for cures of diseases of all Domestic Animals, with directions.	1
Complete Case, with large Manual.	10
Large Rosewood Case of 60 vials, containing all our Specifics, including Veterinary and others not enumerated above.	35

POND'S EXTRACT

Cures Burns, Bruises, Lameness, Soreness, Sore Throat, Sprains, Toothache, Earache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Piles, Boils, Stings, Sore Eyes, Bleeding of the Lungs, Nose, Stomach, or of Piles; Corns, Ulcers, Old Sores.

Pedes, 6 oz., 50 cts.; Pints, $1 Quarts, $1.75.

☞ These Remedies, except POND'S EXTRACT, and single vials of Veterinary Medicine, are sent by the case or single box, to any part of the country, free of charge, on receipt of the price. Address,

Humphreys' Specific
Homeopathic Medicine Co.
Office and Depot, No. 562 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
For Sale by all Druggists.
☞ For sale by E. H. Marshall, Somerset, Pa

Men's, Youths' and Boys'

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FOR

Fall and Winter Wear.

Having greatly increased our facilities during the past year, we are now prepared to offer for your approval a selection unsurpassed in extent, Style, Workmanship and Material. We make a specialty of

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Fully equal, if not superior, in elegance, style, cut and finish, to the best ordered garments, at prices one-third less; but for all who prefer to order garments we have an extensive Custom Department, constantly supplied with the finest goods, and a large force of most Artistic Cutters.

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Of Our Own Manufacture,

Which we guarantee to be of better quality, and cheaper in Price than any other house in the city.

SCHOOL SUITS

For Boys of All Ages.

Good and very Cheap!

ONE PRICE!

NO DEVIATION!!

All Goods Marked at the very Lowest Price.

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OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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COFFROTH & RUPPEL, ATTORNEYS AT Law. All business entrusted to their care will be speedily and punctually attended to.
OFFICE—Second floor of southern end of Mammoth block. Entrance from Diamond.
jan 15.

Miscellaneous.

R. R. R.

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CURES THE WORST PAINS

in from One to Twenty Minutes.

NOT ONE HOUR

after reading this advertisement need any one SUFFER WITH PAIN.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.

It was the first and is

The Only Pain Remedy

that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestion, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.

INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA
CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE.
NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM.
COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.

The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.

Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

FEVER AND AGUE.

FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Remittent, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

HEALTH! BEAUTY!!

STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT

HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES; SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT

Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.

Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT goes through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the wreck of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin disease, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, and all Venereal Diseases in the Worst form, all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the control of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its great power to cure them.

We only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT of wilkinson, Radway & Co. cure the Chronic, Inveterate, Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for

Kidney & Bladder Complaints,

Urinary Diseases, Diabetes, Albumen, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where the water passed is Thick, Ropy, or like the white of an egg, or brings a sediment to the bottom of the vessel, like unto gum arabic, or white brick dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passed, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins. Price, $1.00.

WORMS. Tapeworm positively removed by Radway's Remedy for Worms—Price, $2.

Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.

DR. RADWAY—I have had Scrofula Tumor in the neck and bowels. All the Doctors I have seen declared it could never be cured. I tried every thing that was recommended, but nothing helped me. I was advised to try your Sarsaparilla Resolvent, but had no faith in it, however I tried it and followed the printed directions. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and now I am well. I feel like a new person. There is not a sore or a tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, stronger, and more like working than for years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I have had it for over 12 years, and it was as large as a pint bowl. I can now put on my clothes without assistance. HANNAH P. KNAPP.

DR. RADWAY'S

PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,

perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Blowing after Eating, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 32 Maiden Lane, New York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

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Eligibly situated, and

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In various sections of Somerset county, for sale

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A portion of the lands are

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Others are unimproved.

LIME-STONE,
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Oil Cloths, Mattings, &c.

The smallest orders promptly attended to.

Carpets, &c., at Wholesale on the most Reasonable Terms.

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Window and Door Frames,

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Or anything used in building. We are also prepared to saw

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And any thing in that line of business.
All kinds of work done to order.
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One 15 and one 20 Horse Engine,

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VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE — FREE FROM ALCOHOL — PURELY — CALIFORNIA — DR. WALKER'S — EUREKA

VINEGAR BITTERS

Vinegar Bitters are not a vile Fancy Drink, made of Poor Rum, Whiskey, Proof Spirits and Refuse Liquors, doctored, spiced, and sweetened to please the taste, called "Tonics," "Appetizers," "Restorers," &c., that lead the tippler on to drunkenness and ruin, but are a true Medicine, made from the native roots and herbs of California, free from all Alcoholic Stimulants. They are the Great Blood Purifier and a Life-giving Principle, a Perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the System, carrying off all poisonous matter and restoring the blood to a healthy condition, enriching it, refreshing and invigorating both mind and body. They are easy of administration, prompt in their action, certain in their results, safe and reliable in all forms of disease.

No Person can take these Bitters according to directions, and remain long unwell, provided their bones are not destroyed by mineral poison or other means, and the vital organs wasted beyond the point of repair.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion. Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the regions of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. In these complaints it has no equal, and one bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

For Female Complaints, in young or old, married or single, at the dawn of womanhood, or the turn of life, these Tonic Bitters display so decided an influence that a marked improvement is soon perceptible.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism and Gout, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have been most successful. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood, which is generally produced by derangement of the Digestive Organs.

They are a Gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, possessing also the peculiar merit of acting as a powerful agent in relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs, and in Bilious Diseases.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-Head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin, of whatever name