Selling Farm Produce Early.

It has become a custom with journals of a certain class to advise farmers to sell their produce as soon as it is in proper condition. If a farmer holds his wool or wheat, hoping for a higher price in the future, he is stigmatized as a speculator, and if fortune, or the market, turns against him he is jeered at as an "ignoramus," who is very properly punished for his temerity in entering the lists with commercial men. As if a producer, forsooth, had no right to choose the time for marketing the fruits of his toil! Can it be possible that so large a list of influential journals as annually publish this kind of stuff, are in the interest of that class which fattens by speculating on the staple products of our farmers—on the necessaries of life? Or do they say this unthinkingly because it is a sort of annual? custom Charitably, perhaps, I will credit the latter motive.

Now what would be the result if farmers should universally act on this advice to sell early after the harvest? Simply that their staples would be quietly and speedily gathered into the hands of a ring of speculators who would then advance prices to their own mark, and the profits of the farmers' toil would go into the pockets of these operators. Of course farmers, as a class, will never be silly enough to follow this course, but if it be constantly urged in their faces there is a portion who will be influenced thereby, many times, doubtless to their loss.

Farmers should not *speculate*, is the term applied to their action in holding their produce for higher prices! Why not? If wheat will only bring a price that is below the cost of production—a price fixed, perhaps, by the criminal operations of a ring of gamblers, like those lately witnessed in Chicago, and the farmer is in no pressing need for money, why, in the name of common sense, should he not put his grain in a safe place and hold it? He is sure not to lose in place, and certain to make by its rise more than legal interest on its present value. So with wool, corn and other products that will keep well.

Farmers, like other business men, should govern their business operations by their individual judgment and by their circumstances. If farm products are low and they are not perishable, it is certainly safe to hold them for higher prices, and if they are high it is risky. This every farmer knows. If farm products could be retained longer than is now the case in the hands of the producers and sent forward only as fast as necessary to meet consumptive demands, prices would be regulated by the demand and farmers would receive full and just value for their labor.

The Peach Blow Potato.

When we stated some weeks ago that it was our deliberate opinion that we had gained but a little in potatoes since the advent of the Mercer and Peach-Blow, we hardly expected to find that almost universal experience coincided with our own. Yet we find from Maine to Missouri the same cry comes. Let all potatoes go, if they must, but save us the Peach-Blow. The way in which some of the newer kinds get handled is a warning to new beginners. The American *Rural Home* of Rochester, for instance, says of the Peerless, "it grows large and hollow, is good to grow for feeding hogs, providing any one will take the trouble to cook them for this purpose." This we believe is the variety of which it was reported "fifty dollars was refused for two tubers" and now to have it refused by hogs, unless cooked, is running pretty low. The *Home* says there is nothing up that way which 'quite fills the place of the Peach-Blow,'—much the same experience which we find here.

The great failure of so many new things to come up to public expectation will result in good rather than harm. There has really been very little skill or intelligent labor directed of late years to the production of new varieties, notwithstanding all the talk about the 'product of years of 'experiments' and the 'patent rights' which ought to reward so much patient waiting. Nearly everything we have had before us has been the selection from one or two first seed sowings, hardly waiting to see whether the bud of promise would blossom to the hope; if not indeed been chance seedings found with no labor or thought but the opening of one's eyes. We believe that we have no popular fruit or vegetable but is capable of great improvement; and no doubt those who go into the search industriously will find something which will well reward their pains.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

CLICKING.—Many horses have the very unpleasant habit of striking the toes of the hind shoes against the fore shoes. Most horsemen will agree that it is a fault belonging to some of the best, as well as the worst. It more frequently occurs with young horses, and they often click on the turf or soft ground, and not on the road. It arises from the too great activity or length of stride of the hind legs; the fore feet are unable to get out of the way in time; therefore, anything which detains them, such as soft or heavy soil, must assist the practice. The principal point to be remedied is the intolerable noise, from whence the evil derives its name, and this is often effected by making the hind shoes square at the toe, and leaving the toe of the crust somewhat projecting over the shoe, by which plan the crust receives the blow, instead of the shoe, and does not make any noise. It sometimes happens that, from the reception of these blows, the crust is worn so thin at the toe as to produce or threaten lameness, in which case the plan of shoeing mentioned must be desisted from, and we must put up with the noise to avoid the greater evil.

FEEDING MILK COWS.—W. H. Tanner, in the *Country Gentleman*, says that the most profitable feed for cows giving milk during winter, and that used in nearly all the best dairies, producing milk for new New York market, is a good quality of wheat bran and corn meal mixed as follows:—Eight pounds of bran and corn meal for each cow daily. If the above can be thoroughly cooked with cut hay, it increases its value about one-fifth by actual experiment. I produced from fifty cows five hundred quarts of milk daily on ten pounds feed mixed as above and thoroughly cooked. I then changed to dry feed, when it took thirteen pounds of the same mixture to keep up the flow of milk. If not so situated as to cook the food used, considerable benefit would arise from soaking it even in cold water, from six to ten hours before feeding.

The King of Holland has signed a decree depriving his oldest son of the right of succession to the throne on account of his vicious and dissipated life.

SOUP FOR HORSES.—Harris relates the following in the *Agriculturist*:—This summer my horses got badly run down. We fed them liberally, but they did not eat well. They had no appetite, no digestion, and no strength and spirit. They came home at noon and night fagged out, and their night's rest did not refresh them. I sawed a barrel in two, and placed the ends on the platform of the pump. These are for watering the horses. Into one of them we put a pailful of corn meal and mixed it with the water. The horses at first did not like it, and would only drink a little when very thirsty. After they drank what they would they were allowed pure water. In a few days, however, they drank this corn meal soup with a relish, and in less than a week there was a decided change for the better in the appearance of all the horses. We do not let them eat the meal, but merely let them drink the mealy water. I have no doubt that it is as good for them as a plate of good soup is for a tired and hungry man before dinner. It seems to stimulate the appetite and digestion.

It is a capital thing for cows as well as for horses, but is not so easy a matter to give it to the cows, as they soon learn to stick their heads in the water almost up to their horns to get the meal that settles at the bottom. It is necessary to have a large trough with a false bottom.

Encouraging to Poor Girls.

A few years ago the Archduke Henry fell so desperately in love with a Miss Hoffman, a girl of modest beauty, sweet temper, and gentle, winning manners, but possessing no other gift of rank or beauty, a simple citizen's daughter, that no prayers and no representations could wean her from his attachment. He married her, however, like a man, openly before the world, fulfilling publicly all the requirements made by state or church, and willingly abandoned all the prestige of his high position. His name was struck from the army list, where he ranked as field marshal, his high orders were taken from him and the wrath of the Archduchess Sophia—then the ruling spirit of the imperial family—went so far as to cause a serious reduction of his allowances. With rare fortitude and noble constancy he bore it all, and enjoyed true happiness by the side of his loving wife, and in the midst of his numerous children. At last warm friends, fired with admiration for his courage, and convinced of the general merit of his wife's character, renewed their intercessions, and finally saw their efforts crowned with success. During the last week his dignities have all been restored to him, and the Emperor himself is said to have been delighted with his new kinswoman, the Archduchess Henrich, *nee* Hoffman.

The Cook.

There's nobody, mum, that's so put upon as a cook, and cookin' is a bizziness that nobody ever makes lowances for. Most 'o bizzinesses can be done at one time as well's 'nother. My brother now is a carpenter, and he don't have to get a door done by a quarter past six, or else the door'll be spoiled. And there's Kitty, the chamber-maid, if she don't finish sweepin' a room when she ought to, the carpet won't go back to wool, or shrivel up to a crisp. And if she makes a bed all wrong from top to toe she don't have to throw the sheets away—nothin's hurt and she just goes to work and makes it over again. But if I make a bad mistake like that in a piece of meat, why in course, it's spiled intirely and don't the best 'o folks make mistakes, sometimes, mum? If I begins a roast just a trifle too soon it is spiled and if I begins it just a trifle too late it's spiled all the same, or else folks is in pet because I makes 'em wait a bit for it. I knows in a gin'al way by the looks of meat jest how long't take to roast; but things don't allers work as a body cal'clates — sometimes the meat weighs a half pound more or less and sometimes the fire gets contrairy. Most 'o my work and roastin' in particklar—the things most folks gets crossest about—can't be done and put away till it's wanted, like dish-washing, ironing and sewing. It's to be done jest to a turn and jest to a minit. A roast must go straight from the fire to the table as you know, mum, yourself, and sometimes folks is a little longer than common over the soup and fish, and how am I to know mum? And then, if the meat is a little over done, it's "That miserable cook can't even roast a piece of meat right!" And if it's taken from the fire and kept hot why that's just as bad, and it's "That miserable cook! she's contrived to get the flavor out of the meat;" and if they are ready too soon and the meat is too rare it's "That miserable cook again. Seems to me that ladies and gentlemen as is ladies and gentlemen might think a bit how hard it is on the cook and have a bit o' patience, and instead 'o sayin' "That miserable cook!" might be a talkin' pleasant among themselves and wait a few minits if the meat isn't ready, for you know, mum, it's an old saying, "It is better to wait for the roasts than to make the roasts wait for you.—*Hearth and Home.*

"Cheer Him."

In one of our large cities, a fire broke out in a lofty dwelling. It was near midnight, and the flames had made headway before they were discovered. The fire companies rallied; the inmates escaped in affright; and the firemen worked with a will to subdue the flames. The smoke had become so thick that the outlines of the house were scarcely visible, and the firey element was raging with fearful power, when a piercing cry thrilled all hearts, as they learned there was one person yet unsaved within the building.

In a moment a ladder was swung through the flames, and planted against the heated walls, and a brave fireman rushed up its rounds to the rescue.

Overcome by the hissing flames before him, he halted and seemed to hesitate. It was an awful scene. A life hung in the balance, and each moment was an age.

"Cheer him!" shouted a voice from the crowd; and a wild "Hurrah!" burst like a tempest from the beholding multitude. The cheer did the work; and the brave fireman went upward, amid smoke and flame, and in a moment he descended with the rescued one in his arms.

Friend, brother, when you see a brave soul battling with temptation, struggling under the cross, rushing forward to rescue dying men, and yet fearing in an hour of weakness, or a moment of peril, then "cheer him!"

At the present time not a single box of tin is manufactured in the United States, although it is claimed that there are large deposits of this valuable metal in New Hampshire, Missouri and the Lake Superior regions.

Causes of Dreams.

That dreams of a certain character accompany certain sensations to which the sleeping person is subjected either by accident or design, has been proved both by observation and experiment. Thus Dr Gregory, who paid much attention to this subject, states that having gone to bed with a vessel of hot water at his feet, he dreamed of walking up the crater of Mont Blanc, and felt the ground warm under him. He also, on another occasion, dreamed of spending a winter at Hudson's Bay, and of suffering much distress from intense frost, and found when he awoke that he had thrown off the bed-clothes in his sleep, and exposed himself to the cold. Not long before the occurrence of his dream he had been reading a description of this colony. Dr. Reid, the well-known metaphysician, relates of himself that the dressing of a blister, which he had applied to his head, becoming ruffled, so as to produce pain, he dreamed that he had fallen into the hands of a party of North American Indians, who were scalping him. Probably there is hardly a single one of our adult readers whose own experience would not supply examples of a like character with the above. We have all been so acted upon in our sleep, and we account for dreams of the kind by attributing them to sensations conveyed from the surface of the body, though the nerves, until some corresponding impression is produced on the mind. What is less easy of explanation is the fact, hardly less familiar to us, that any very strong impressions received during the day may materially affect the character of our dreams at night. Thus, an odd figure we meet in the street in the morning, and forget almost as soon as he has passed us, will confront us again in our first sleep, and we shall find it impossible to get rid of him.—Or the noise and clamor of a mob of rabble, from which we have instinctively run away in the day, shall renew itself at night, their confused forms and discordant outcries constituting the distressing material of our dreams. Dr. Beattie relates that on one occasion, after riding thirty miles in a very high wind, he passed a night of dreams which were so terrible that he found it expedient to keep himself awake, that he might no longer be tormented with them. 'Had I been superstitious,' he observed, 'I should have thought that some disaster was impending; but it occurred to me that the tempestuous weather I had encountered the preceding day might be the cause of all these horrors."

The Dutch Boor and His Horse.

When I was a small boy, said Elihu Burritt, and went to school, too young to read, I heard a thing read of a horse that made both my cheeks wet with hot tears. The man who owned the horse lived at the Cape of Good Hope, and was called a Dutch boor, or a poor man of Dutch blood, who was born on the soil of that hot land, and tilled it with the plough and hoe. He was a kind man at heart, hough rough in look and speech.—He loved his mare and she loved him, and was with him by day and near him by night. She was proud to have him on her back, and would dash through swamps, ponds, and fire, too if he wished it.

But one day came that was to prove the faith and love of her stout heart and the soul of the man. A great storm came down on the sea.—The waves roared and rose as high as the hills. Their white tops foamed with rage at the winds, that smote them with all their might. The clouds flapped them with black wings.—Night drew near, and it was a scene to make one quake with fear. Right in the midst of all this rage and roar of wind and sea, a great ship, with sails rent and helm gone, came in sight. It rode on the high, white waves, straight on a reef of rocks too far from the shore to reach it with a rope. The ship was full of young and old whose cries for help could be heard, loud as was the voice of the storm. Their boats were gone like the shells of eggs. There was no wood nor time to build a raft. The waves leaped on the ship like great white wolves bent on their prey.—How could one soul of them all be saved?

The men on shore could but look on the sad sight. They could give no help. They had no boat nor rafts and their hearts were sick in them.—Then the Dutch boor was seen to draw near at full speed on his horse. Down he came to the beach, nor did he stop there one breath of time. He spoke a word to her which she knew, and with no touch of whip or spur she dashed in and swam the sea to the ship's side with a rope tied to her tail. She wheeled and stamped her way on the white surge with a row of men to the shore. There she stayed but for a breath. At the soft word and touch she knew so well she turned and once more ploughed through the surge to the ship, and brought back a load of young and old. Once more she stood on the beach, amidst tears of joy that fell from all eyes. She stood there weak, as wet with sweat as with the sea. The night fell down fast on the ship. There were still a few more left on it, and their cries for help came on the wind to the shore. The thoughts that tugged at the brave man's heart will not be known in this world. The cries from the ship pierced it through and through. He could not bear to hear them. He spoke a low, soft word to his horse. He put his hand to her neck, and seemed to ask her if she could do it. She turned her head to him with a look that meant, "If you wish it, I will try." He did wish it, and she tried, to the last pulse of her heart. She walked straight out in the wild sea.

All on shore held their breath at the sight. She was weak but brave. Now and then the white surge buried her head; then she rose and shook the brine out of her eyes. Foot by foot she neared the ship. Now the last man had caught the rope. Once more she turned her head to the beach. Shouts and prayers came from it to keep up her strength. The tug was for a life she loved more than her own. She broke her veins for it half way 'tween ship and shore. She could lift her feet no more. Her mane lay like black seaweed on the waves while she tried to catch one more breath. Then, with a groan, she went down with all the load she bore, and a wail went out from the land for the loss of a life that had saved from death near a ship's crew of men.

Thus dared and died in the sea the brave Dutch boor and his horse.—They were, as friends, one in life, one in death; and both might well have place and rank with the best lives and deaths we read of in books for young and old.

A Kentucky man has been married in the same house, and by the same minister, to four sisters.

The Gratz Brown Tag.

At a modern estimate, I have heard a thousand persons try to account for the tag on Greeley's coat tail as the representative of Gratz Brown in all the cartoons of *Harper's Weekly* during the late campaign—all but one, to speak correctly, for there was one in which the human face divine of our Gratz was there in all its beauty, with a label of Bacchus and a wine cask near by. I rejoice to be able to explain the mystery of the tag, which, like many other things, began by being unaccountable and ended by being voted exceedingly appropriate. Before I tell how it happened I must recall an incident related of an ancient painter, Photogenes by name. It is said that gentleman had finished the picture of a dog, quite tired and out of breath, but, not being able to give it the finishing stroke of slaver and foam at the mouth, became vexed and angry at his work, and at last, in sheer disgust, picked up his sponge and threw at the picture, with the intent to deface or obliterate it, when, by accident, it hit just upon the mouth of the dog and there performed what all the skill of the artist had failed to accomplish. Montaigne, in one of his essays, tells this story to show that luck or accident often does better for men than their own designs; and the old cynic adds, as an illustration to the same happy effect from his own experience, that he once knew a man to throw a stone at a hog and hit and kill his mother-in-law instead. That very expressive tag in the *Harper* cartoons was the result of an accident of omission on the part of Nast in preparing his first cartoon after the Cincinnati Convention. He had sketched, as he thought, all the principal figures, and was ready to hand his drawing over to the engravers, when a friend called his attention to the fact that he had omitted B. Gratz, who, of course, should have been one of the principal figures. Nast was greatly troubled—he could not deny the imperfection to which his a tention had been called, and yet it was too late to remedy it, for his time was up and the workmen were waiting on him. He hadn't in his studio a picture of Brown, and if he had there was no room for it in the cartoon, every inch of room being already occupied. At the very last moment he picked up a pencil, drew the tag and labelled it Gratz Brown. When the picture came out, some admired the happy hit and others inquired what it meant. It was Nast's intention to remedy the defect in a subsequent issue, but while hesitating, public opinion passed from inquiry to admiration, and the artist's friends finally persuaded him that no caricature could equal the tag in the idea intended to be conveyed, and so it happened that Gratz was constantly presented to the public in that way.—*Letter to Missouri Democrat.*

THE YEARS.—How long the years seem when we are young! To wait a year, "a whole year," for anything appears to "fifteen" like an interminable probation. Looking back when one is fifty, a lifetime seems hardly than a twelvemonth seemed in youth. As we grow older, the years between us and the great unknown future are so few we can almost see their moments slipping away from us as the sands drop in an hour-glass. Children have no idea of economizing time. Time and eternity look to them all as one—there is plenty of space to fly kites and dress dolls. The middle aged man flies his kite also—fancies, dreams, speculations, he calls them—and the middle-aged woman dresses her dolls, and is, perhaps, the gayest doll of all herself; but the middle-aged take their pleasure solemly, as the old Frenchman had it—solemnly, but none the less earnestly. The year 1872 goes out and the year 1873 comes in. It means fun and frolic and hope to one-half the world—to the other half it means sadness and longing and memory— at the best, peace. And yet, had we but faith enough, we are all young for "the eternal years of God."

Miss Julia A. Smith, principal of public school No. 45, of New York, when the school-house was found to be on fire, had the 1600 children marshalled as usual for dismissal, and marched out to the playing of the piano. In seven minutes the building was cleared and nobody hurt, and the fire-men were already at work on the roof.

A pious invalid went to church last Sabbath for the first time for several months, "Did you not enjoy the sermon?" said her husband, thankful to see her in his pew again. "Enjoy it, I guess I did, immensely, till I looked at the lady in a front seat, and all at once I was unhappy, for would you believe it, my back hair wasn't up high enough."

A Danbury boy who reads the papers went to his father with a rope in his hand and told that worthy that if he did not give him fifty cents to buy a two-bladed jack-knife he would forthwith hang himself. It was the place of the old man to say: "Heaven forgive you, my son, for the awful thought—here's the fifty cents." He didn't say it, however. He merely twined his fingers in the young man's tresses and bumped his head against the door jam until the suicide thought it was 4th of July night.

A revolution is likely soon to take place in the process of flour making. It has been started in England. The grain is crushed by numerous little trip hammers attached to the proper machinery to produce the results desired. The new machinery is very cheap, and does up its work in a scientific manner. The flour produced is said to be far superior to that obtained by grinding. A pounding mill costing $1,000, will produce as much flour every day as an old-fashioned mill costing $5,000. The new mill is very simple. When a hammer is out of order it can be replaced for a few cents.

The Chicago Live-Stock Reporter estimates the weight and products in figures of the cattle and swine trade at that place, and says that since the Union stock-yards were opened, on Christmas, 1865, over three million tons of live stock have been received, including three million head of cattle, twelve million hogs and nearly two million sheep. These all would fill over 400,000 closely-packed cars, reaching over 2400 miles, and requiring over 119 miles of locomotives to move them. If the hogs were converted into sausages they would make a string long enough to encircle the earth fourteen times, and the man in the moon, could he convert sausages into telegraph wires, might at once open communication with the earth, and have 98,000 miles to spare for branch lines at home.

An attempt at insurrection has occurred in Hayti, to prevent the election of of a President, but was speedily suppressed.

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 all 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—

On MAIN CROSS Street, Somerset, Pa.
Oct. 2, 1872.

Nos. 13 and 28.
SIMILIA SIMILIBUS CURANTUR.
HUMPHREYS'
HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS

HAVE PROVED, FROM THE MOST AMPLE experience, an entire success: 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.

Nos.	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, Faceache.	25
9,	" Headaches, Sick Headache, Vertigo	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,	" Feverand 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,	" Suffering 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 20 vials, with book, Morocco Ca e 6
Veterinary Specifics (fluid), for cure 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.
Price, 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'
CLOTHING
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.

CLOTHING
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.

URLING, FOLLANSBEE & CO.,
121 Wood St., Cor. Fifth Ave.,
PITTSBURGH PA.
Oct. 30.

Paper Hangings,
For Spring, 1873.
NO. 107 MARKET STREET,
Near Fifth Avenue,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Where a stock of WALL PAPERS, BORDERS and MOULDINGS, embracing the newest designs to be had, are now offered at prices that will be an inducement to buyers. For extent, variety, style and quality, the stock now in store is not excelled west of the mountains, to which daily additions of new goods are being made, all of which will be sold at the closest bargains. To buyers it will pay to call and see at No. 107 Market street.
feb26-3m JOS. R. HUGHES.

The Spring Term
OF THE
South-Western State Normal School,
AT
California, Washington Co., Pa.,

Will open on Monday, the 24th of March, 1873, and continue fourteen weeks. Tuition for the session $10 50. Boarding and room per week $3 75. Special arrangements will be made for teachers to enter the first week in May, but all who can should begin with the session. This is a school of thorough drill and earnest work. For catalogues address,
C. L. EHRENFELD, Prin., or
feb12 G. G HERTZOG, Secretary.

Miscellaneous.

R. R. R.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
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 Congestions, 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, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (added 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.
RADWAY'S SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system, the same of life, for repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Tumors 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 diseases, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Scald Head, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scaldhead, Mercurial Disease, Diseases of the Bones, Ulcerations of the Throat and Limbs, Old Sores, Blood Stains, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Sore Eyes, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scaldhead, Mercurial Disease, Diseases of the Bones, Ulcerations of 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 diseases, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Scald Head, Blotches, Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Scaldhead, Mercurial Disease, Diseases of the Bones, Ulcerations of the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all scrofulous and syphilitic Diseases, Night Sweats, Loss of Flesh, Fever and Ague, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Sore Eyes, Pimples in the Face, Blotches, Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scaldhead, Mercurial Disease, Diseases of the Bones, Ulcerations of 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 diseases, Ringworm, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Ring Worm, Scald Head, Blotches, Spots, Worms in the Flesh.
Disease is the result of Impurity in the Blood, whether it be in the Blood, Velocity, Nervous, Venous, Hereditary, Secretion, Secretion, Secretion