Parsley Culture.

In our cookery we often miss those little trifles which give so much zest to European dishes. We generally have meats and pastries in abundance, and even, in many cases, a fair show of fruits and vegetables; but an infinite variety may be given to even every-day things by a judicious use of pot herbs.

Among the most useful to the ingenious cook is the Parsley, and perhaps there is no one kind of the large number used in Europe that is better known to American women. Whenever the head consults with the heart of the house about the little garden affairs, and the list of seeds to be procured is under earnest discussion, she is tolerably sure to close with the injunction, "be sure and have some Parsley sown." And the Parsley is bought and sown; but how many gardeners ever have it for all the anxiety and care to get the seed? The fact is, it is almost always sown too late. It takes six weeks to germinate, and then its early stages of growth are slow, so that it comes up about the time that the weather is getting warm and dry, and unless in a very favorable spot, burns out, or is in some way destroyed. This is seldom allowed to sprout at all; for generally the amature gardeners, not knowing that it takes six weeks to sprout, considers the seed bad, and sows something else in the place thereof.

Parsley seed ought to be amongst the very earliest seed put into the ground, and it should have selected for it a rather dry spot; and yet one not much exposed to the full sun in summer. Many like to have plants in the fall to lift and put in pots or boxes to keep in the window and gather from all winter. For this purpose the plants must be kept from going to seed in the summer-time, which they are very likely to do, especially if sown early. Sometimes when planted late there is no tendency to go to seed, if it grows at all, but remain green and stocky all the summer and fall. It is not always that early sown Parsley runs to seed but it often does. If allowed to perfect the seeds, the plants either die or become much weakened.

When lifted in the fall for winter use, many put the roots rather thick in square boxes—any sort of boxes which comes to hand; but many give ornament to utility by having tasteful boxes made; and some even put the roots in shells or hanging-baskets. We have seen holes bored in small kegs, and after filling the keg with earth the roots are inserted through the holes, and when neatly done the effect is very good. Of course in such cases a hole must be bored in the bottom of the keg also, in order to allow the surplus water to escape.

There are several varieties of Parsley, but the double curled is the best for general purposes. It makes a pretty ornament for table dishes even when not wanted for actual use; and when the roots are taken up for winter preservation as described, the pretty figured leaves of the curled variety is as beautiful to look upon as many of the rare plants grown expressly for ornamental purposes.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Brain Power.

The fact that Mechella, the criminal who was executed in Hudson City, N. J., on Friday, was the possessor of an extraordinary heavy and well-developed brain has puzzled the experts, and seems likely to lead to an interesting inquiry. The claim was made for this prisoner that his actions showed him to be a man of deficient intelligence, and that owing to his partially idiotic condition he was not morally responsible for his acts, and should not be hung. The New Jersey Court of Pardons would not, however, entertain this appeal. A post mortem examination showed Mechella's brain to weigh 51 grains and 1 scruple; a weight which has been only exceeded in one instance, Daniel Webster's brain—the heaviest of any recorded—although there have very possibly been heavier ones—weighed but two or three scruples more than that of the Finish murderer. Furthermore, as far as present knowledge of the subject extends, the shrewdest anatomist, with it alone before him, and lacking all particulars of the person who had once carried it about him, would have pronounced it, without hesitation, the brain of a man of compelling intellect. So much for cornered wisdom! This case shows, once more, how easily the most earnest theories relating to the connection of mind and matter may be overturned. It must be said that there is little arrogance among students on this subject. There is such an evident mystery about the matter that it would be very surprising to learn that there has been a radical misconception of the nature of the brain function, or even to know that the brain is a mere receiver, instead of being as now supposed, the originator of nervous force. The Mechella case would appear to offer one more proof that intellectual power by no means depends on the size of the brain. Instances have heretofore been adduced to show this, but the latest evidence is always the best. Very recently a measurement of Prof. Aggassiz's brain showed that while the organ was large and healthy, it did not approach the hugh brains of which special account has been kept. Mechella's brain was many grains heavier than that of one of the brightest geniuses of our times.

Don't Know the Ropes.

Western officers were proverbial for schocking bad uniforms, and in a majority of instances it was rather difficult to distinguish them from the privates. Among this class was a Brigader General named James Morgan, who looked more like a wagon master than a soldier. On a certain occasion a new recruit who had just arrived in camp lost a few articles, and was inquiring around among the "Vets" in hopes of finding them. An old soldier, fond of sport, told the recruit that the only thief in the brigade was in Jim Morgan's tent. The recruit immediately started for Jims quarter's and poking his head in, asked:

"Does Jim Morgan live here?"

"Yes, was the reply "my name is James Morgan."

"Then I want you to hand over those books you stole from me."

"I have none of your books, my man."

"It's an infernal lie," indignantly exclaimed the recruit. "The boys say you are the only thief in the camp; turn out them books or I'll grind your carcass into apple sass."

The General relished the joke much, but, observing the sinewy recruit peeling off his coat, informed him of his relations to the brigade, and the recruit walked off, merely remarking:

"Well blast me if I'd take you for a Brigadier. Excuse me, General, I don.t know the ropes yet."

A Curious Naturalist.

The New Haven *Press* holds itself responsible for the truth of the following:

Mr. Mendell, of St. Louis, Mo., who has been for the last few days staying with some friends in this city, has a most singular love for insect life and an intimate knowledge of the character and temper of several members of the insect family which he carries about him for the purpose of diversion and study. In one of his pockets Mr. Mendell, has domesticated a colony of small brown ants, trained in their intelligence to do some surprising things. He will place a piece of sugar upon the table and retire a few paces from it, when by some manipulation which his industrious pets understand the meaning off, he persuades them to come out and march in Indian file down the leg of his pantaloons, across the floor, up the leg of the table until they reach the sugar. The ants will, after each one has supplied itself with a tiny grain of the sweet commodity, take up the line of march on a return trip to Mr. Mendell's pocket, into which they will enter, each one with its load of sweets. The same gentelman has also in his collection of insect pets, a dozen or more of green bugs, with black stripes running around their bodies, and which, he says, are peculiar inhabitants of a species of acacia tree. These bugs will, at a motion of their master's finger, go through some remarkable acrobatic performances, walking first on their hind legs, and afterwards on their fore legs, the hinder part of their bodies being elevated, their only word of command, so to speak, being given by the motion of their trainer's finger. Mr. Mendell has for some years found great pleasure in devoting his leisure hours to pursuits of the kind above mentioned, and ought to certainly write a book.

The Swedes and Norwegians.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American* writes that "never could more dissimilar nations be united under one government than Norway and Sweeden. Norway clings with the most absurd tenacity to old things and old ways of doing them, while Sweden is ready to advance with the rest of the world. The difference appears strikingly on the line of railroad between Christiana and Stockholm. The road is about 400 miles long of which, say, 100 are in Norway and 300 in Sweden. The time for express trains is abut 20 hours. Of this something like eight hours is taken for the Norwegian 100 miles, leaving 12 hours—really only 11 hours—for the Swedish 300 miles, or 12 miles against 25 miles per hour. But most of the travel in Norway is by the very old fashion of carrioles and pest horses, the principle roads under government care being in good order and the speed averaging, with push, six or seven miles per hour. The American Consul at Christiana—which is the only active part of Norway—is trying hard to get our mowers and reapers into use there, though thus far with indifferent success. In Sweden these things are being taken hold of with something like freedom."

How to Succed.

The young man who thinks he can carry his boyish pranks into the serious business of life is not a man and defrauds himself and his employer. "After work, play." That should satisfy the most sanguine. "Business before pleasure" is the motto of the prudent man whose guide is experience, and it is sufficient for the novitiate in active life.

But it is despicable to see a young man just starting in life, so wedded to his former enjoyments as to place them above present duties. Yet this is often the case. The young man, who to steer his own bark, launches forth on the sea of life, too often, looks back on the pleasures he leaves behind, and forgetful of present duties, steers back to past enjoyments.

There is no royal road to success any more than to knowledge. He who would succeed must work, and after all there is more real enjoyment in work which has a worthy object than in play or pleasure, intended to kill time. We remarked a few days ago to a business man whose present means are amply sufficient, but who worked really harder than any of his numerous employees, that he ought to "take it easy." Said he "I am never so happy as when I have more than I can do. I may wear out working, but I dread to rust out idling." He was right. His work was a part of himself, a part of his life, and it was always faithfully done. To apprentices especially, this earnestness and interest in their work is necessary if success is ever to be attained.

A Needle on its Travels.

Mr. Frank Taylor, an employed of the Hartford *Times* office, has a little girl two years and a half old, who about a year since swallowed a needle that she had happened to lay her little hands on. Beyond a fright to the mother, and some annoyance and pain to the child, there was nothing remarkable in the occurrence, and as time passed on but little further thought was given the incident.

A few days since the little one, who is just beginning to prattle, would frequently put her hand to the right side of her face, as though something pained her there, and say, "Mamma, pin." The attention of the father being called to the circumstance he examined the childs mouth, and saw protruding between two teeth in the upper jaw the point of some metalic substance. With some difficulty he succeeded in extracting what proved to be about half a needle—the fragment, no doubt, of the one swallowed by the child about a year ago.—Where is the rest of it?

Virus's Candidate.

Soon after the first inauguration of Governor Seward as Chief Magistrate of this State, Virus W. Smith, then and for many years afterward a potential man in the Whig party of Onondaga County wrote to Mr. Thurlow Weed, requesting him to call upon the Governor, and ask him to appoint a certain man as Indian Agent for the Onondago tribe of Indians. The person recommended by Mr. Smith was well known to Mr. Weed as one of those fussy, meddlesome, maladroit, pestilent fellows, nuisances to any party, whose only power is a power for mischief. He was therefore surprised at Mr. Smith's urging him for the position, and thought it could only have been done throughout ignorance of his character or misrepresentation on the part of others. Mr. Weed accordingly replied, expressing regret at Mr. Smith's request, in view of the objectionable character of the candidate, and begging him to suggest a more acceptable name. Next day Mr. Weed mentioned the matter to the Governor (who was equally cognizant of the man's character), and remarked that he had answered the letter, and the action for the present would be delayed. It was thought that this would bring Mr. Smith to Albany to look after the matter, as it did. On arriving he promptly called upon Mr. Weed, who expostulated with him as to the character of his candidate. "Nevertheless," said he, "if you make it a point that he must have the place, why, have it he must."

"Well, Mr. Weed, I am very anxious about it."

"But you know what a bad fellow he is?"

"Can't help it; he is my man."

"But can't you give some reason for your urgency?"

"No," replied Mr. Smith; "I do not care to do that."

"But the Governor thinks badly of this fellow and certainly some explanation is due to him."

"Well, it's something I don't wish to talk about."

"Why?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Certainly."

"Then, if you insist upon it, I'll tell you. You know there are among the Onondagas two parties, the Christians and pagans?"

"Well, *my* man is a *leetle* in favor of the Christians. The pagans have found that out, and what is more, they have agreed among themselves that the moment he comes among them *they'll kill him!*"

"Virus," as he was popularly called in Onondaga, finally concluded in the interests of humanity, to withdraw his candidate, and there was no assassination by the pagans of Onondaga.—*Harper's Magazine for February.*

The Oldest Timber in the World.

Probably the oldest timber in the world which has been subjected to the use of man, is that which is found in the ancient temples of Egypt. It is found in connection with stone work which is known to be at least four thousand years old. This wood, and the only wood used in the construction of the temple, is in the form of ties, holding the end of one stone to another in the upper surface. When two blocks were laid in place, then it appears that an excavation about an inch deep was made in each block, into which an hour-glass shaped tie was driven. It is, therefore, very difficult to force any stone from its position. The ties appear to have been tamarisk, or shittim wood, of which the ark was constructed, a sacred tree in ancient Egypt, and now very rarely found in the valley of the Nile.—Those dove-tailed ties are just as sound now as on the day of their insertion. Although fuel is extremely scarce in that country, these bits of wood are not large enough to make it an object with Arabs to heave off layer after layer of heavy stone for so small a prize. Had they been of bronze, half the old temples would have been destroyed years ago, so precious would they have been for various purposes.—*Exchange.*

John Brown's Old CoW.

A Burlington, Kan., letter to the St. Louis *Globe* says; I must not omit to mention the fact that, notwithstanding "Old John Brown's body lies mouldering in the ground, and his soul is still marching on," he is not forgotten in this State, and his memory still revered. The relics of his old rude mansion, near Ossawattamie, have been torn down and carefully piled up, and a shed put around them, to prevent them from the destroying hands of the curious.

And his old brindle, muley cow, that gave cream for the "old saint's" coffee, and milk for the "little Browns," is "still on top of dirt," ha'e and hearty, but having worn off her incissors to such an extent that she has to be fed on rich slop and mush, and the patriarch who has her in charge (be it said to his praise) says she shall never suffer for anything that may tend to promote her health and prolong her life as long as he lives.

Wholesome Water.

Of surface waters, Prof. Newberry observes: "There is much apprehension in the public mind in regard to the purity of water of streams which drain the surface of our own and other countries. Water is itself a disinfectant, and a large volume of water, when exposed to the air, so rapidly 'fines' itself by the oxidation of its organic impurities, that when cooled and settled or filtered to remove its suspendid ingredients, the water of most of our streams is even more palatable and a wholesome than that taken from wells."

Poverty in Europe.

The extreme poverty of the lower classes in Europe is calculated to create discontent, and the vast difference between them and the rich to suggest a readjustment of the social relation. Here we have at once the ground and motive of socialism.

The poor are miserable beyond anything that we of America can conceive. The workingmen owing to the lowness of their wages, live from hand to mouth, feeling themselves fortunate if they can provide for the moment; they do not dream of laying up anything for the future. If they loose a day's work they are accordingly on the very verge of beggary. In this misery, moreover, they have not the consolation of poor Americans, who although they must begin poor, never expect to remain so long. Nor have they any hope that their children ever will rise out of their condition; for the son conventionally takes up the trade of his father, lives in the same class of society, and generally in the same town, for a whole decade of generations.

With this state of things they experience several very important evils. In the first place, the people cannot generally marry. Servants, waiters, coachmen and persons of that class, rarely, if ever, think of marrying, believing themselves fortunate if they can support a single person. Most mechanics do not marry and those who do, put it off till late in life, the usual age for marrying being from twenty-five to thirty years. The sad necessity which imposes this delay on many has given rise to it as a custom for all. The marriage of the workingman, when it does occur, generally entails more misery than comfort, not then only himself, but a whole family, stands in perpetual fear of beggary. This evil, moreover, gives rise to a greater. The unmarried, and so all, during their early manhood are much given to licentiousness. The state of mistress is the common condition of servant girls, poor widows, and often of shop girls, who in this way alone can eke out a subsistence for themselves and for their aged parents, or it may be orphan brothers and sisters. A poor young girl in Europe is generally allowed to be ruined until proved to be virtuous.

Again, the manner of living among the workingmen is equally deplorable. Their dwellings are the garrets, cellars, and back buildings, all of which are small or else partitioned off into small apartments, dirty and unhealthy. Many take up their abode in a cabin in the open square, or along the wider streets, where they sit during the day exposing petty articles of merchandise. In Rome, Naples, and other southern cities, they often live out-of-doors altogether, lying about in the sun, and sleeping at night in the squares and parks. In Sweeden, Poland, and some other northern countries, they take up lodging in the stables with the cattle. Those who carry on their own business, as shoemakers, often do all their own work in the streets. This is especially so in the south. In Naples, for example, you can see them arranged with their tools along the pavement from one end of the street to the other. I have noticed whole squads of sewing girls, sometimes with sewing machines, thus stretched along the pavements; also, bakers, cooks, saddlers, coopers, coopersmiths, etc., all plying their trade in open air for lack of shelter of any kind.

The dress and general appearance of thiss class are no better than their dwellings. Much of their clothing is second-hand apparel that has been thrown off by the rich. The general characteristic of a poor man's dress in Europe is good stuff in a bad condition. In Thuringia, the children often go entirely naked; in Italy, the poor children and beggars go nearly so. The common blouse of the workingmen all over Europe is what we would call a coarse shirt. They largely wear wooden shoes, and bind their feet with rags for stockings.

The food of this class is likewise bad, and rarely ever sufficient for them, there being much suffering and weakness from this cause. Cheese takes largely the place of meat in Germany, and fat of butter. It is not uncommon in the rural provinces for a man to come home after a hard day's work to a supper of unbolted rye bread and the salt water in which herring had beed pickled. Only those in better circumstances can eat the herring. The stems and leaves of cabbages, turnips, and other vegetables are eaten by this class; also horse meat, blood, entrails, snails, and the like. In Italy, they feed on coarse mush and are disqualified for any hard work whatever. This class do not generally eat at tables, but "take a piece as we would say, each one eating when he feels like it, or when he can get it. They do not eat in the house, but may be seen at all hours eating in the streets. A chief reason for so much beer and wine drinking in Europe is, that with something of this kind, the working classes can make out to swallow their dry crusts.—*Old and New.*

Valentine Manufacture.

Here is a large room, fitted up with long benches and occupied by some scores of girls of various ages. Each girl has on one side of her a pile of incomplete valentines, and the other a heap of little objects of some one kind, which it is her duty to add—little bunches of flowers, or glittering mottoes, or aching hearts, or hearts transfixed by arrows, or, it may be a heap of unfledged little cupids. The audacious little god is unceremonously picked up on the point of a gum brush, thrust up into the brightest of blue skies, and the sheet is passed on ready for the next stage, each girl usually adding only one feature to the general design. The poetry of valentines is a study, and so perhaps, would the poets be if they could conveniently be got at. They, however, are not usually kept on the premises, and it is to be feared that they have not participated in the general progress of the business; for the experience of shopkeepers is rather against the effusions of the bard. The longer the poem, the more time is occupied in reading it, and consequently, the longer it takes to serve a customer. What with the study and discussion of artistic embelishments and poetical effusions, it is sometimes found to take no small portion of a day to serve a sixpenny customer. Condensed feeling, therefore, compact and concentrated emotion, combined of course, with a sparkle and originality, is what is required of the "Seven Dials Poet," and for such of his lucubrations as are accepted, threepence a line is the usual remuneration. Not such very bad policy either, one is apt to think, until it is considered what brain-cudgeling and paroxism of poetic rapture have probably been expended in spinning unavailing yards upon yards for every line that finds acceptance, to say nothing of the time he may have to spend in seeking out those who are open to purchase lines of any kind.

Fancy and Reality

In the morning of life we paint with the brush of fancy, our beautiful idea af the future lying out before us—a picture of cloudless skies and brilliant sunshine, of flower strewn paths and tropic blooms—a picture where joy and love, and friendship and fame stand holding out their beautiful offering, as the central figure of the whole. But how different the pictures painted each day of life by the brush of pitiless reality. Not one picture, but many, for the scenes are ever shifting. The skies are clouded, and the sunshine faded. The flowers are withered, and hide the thorns no longer. Sorrow steps in where joy had stood; hatred takes the place of love; friendship, that we had painted with a beautiful face takes on the hideous look of treachery. At the eventide of life we gaze at the pictures in the gallery of memory, and comparing the ones that fancy painted with those stamped upon our hearts by the stern realities of life we wonder where fancy got its beautiful false coloring.

A DUBLIN merchant named Johnson was very hard on his clerks, and when a visitor left the store without a purchase he would discharge that clerk He took up a position near the door and as customers passed out would inquire if they had been properly served. On one occasion a lady was negotiating with a clerk for a shawl, but the sale was not made. The clerk called the lady's attention to the old gentleman, who was, as usual, standing near the door, waiting to waylay the lady with the customary question. "That old man," said the clerk, "is crazy. He may attempt to stop you as you go out, and you had best avoid him, as he is sometimes dangerous." The lady started for the door, and as the old gentleman approached her gave a shriek and darted out. Johnson was greatly astonished, and walking back to the clerk asked: "Do you know that lady?" "No sir" replied the clerk, "but I think she is crazy." "You are right," returned the old gentleman, "she must be crazy."

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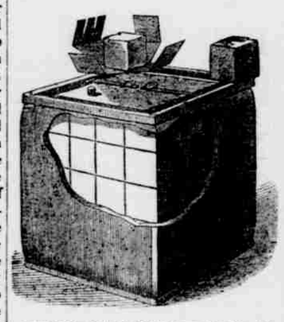

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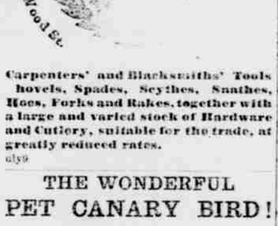

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Miscellaneous.

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Dr. J. Walker's California Vinegar Bitters are a purely Vegetable preparation, made chiefly from the native herbs found on the lower ranges of the Sierra Nevada mountains of California, the medicinal properties of which are extracted therefrom without the use of Alcohol. A question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unparalleled success of VINEGAR BITTERS?" Our answer is, that they remove the cause of disease, and the patient recovers his health. They are the great blood purifier and a life-giving principle, a perfect Renovator and Invigorator of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the remarkable qualities of VINEGAR BITTERS in healing the sick of every disease man is heir to. They are a gentle Purgative as well as a Tonic, relieving Congestion or Inflammation of the Liver and Visceral Organs in Bilious Diseases.

The properties of DR. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritious, Laxative, Diuretic, Sedative, Counter-Irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anti-Bilious.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
Druggists and Gen. Agts., San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers.

THE BEST PUMP IN THE WORLD!

THE AMERICAN SUBMERGED Double-Acting, Non-Freezing

FORCE PUMP!

The Simplest, Most Powerful, Effective, Durable, Reliable and Cheapest Pump in use.

It is made all of Iron, and of a few simple parts.

It will not *Freeze*, as no water remains in the pipe when not in action.

It has no leather or gum packing, as the sucker and valves are all of iron.

It seldom, if ever, gets out of order.

It will force water from 40 to 50 feet in the air, by attaching a few feet of hose.

It is good for washing Buggies, Windows, watering Gardens, &c.

It furnishes the purest and coldest water, because it is placed in the bottom of the well.

Tubes—¾ inch Pump, $15; pipe, 60c. per foot.
1 " " 18; " 65c. "

Larger sizes in proportion.

WEYAND & PLATT,
Sole Agents for Somerset County.
Somerset, Pa., May 1st, 1872.

WANTED.

NORTH PACIFIC

BONDS.

Call on or address

LUTHER S. KAUFFMAN,

BROKER,

96 Fourth Avenue,

PITTSBURG, PA.

dec21

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

Leather and Shoe Findings.

J. H. Zimmerman

Takes pleasure in calling the attention of the citizens of Somerset and vicinity to the fact that he has opened a store on the North-East corner of the Diamond, where there will always be kept on hand a complete assortment of

Boots and Shoes,

Of Eastern and home manufacture, a large and well assorted stock of

HATS AND CAPS,

And a great variety of

Leather and Shoe Findings

Of all kinds.

There is also attached to the store a

CUSTOM-MADE BOOT & SHOE DEPARTMENT,

With ANDREW ZOOK as cutter and fitter, which alone is a sufficient guarantee that all work made up in the shop will not only fit the feet of customers but that only the best material will be used and the

Best Workmen

Will be employed. The public are respectfully invited to call and examine his stock.

sep. 6, 71.

D. J. HORNER,

Buggy, Carriage AND LIGHT WAGON MANUFACTURER,

SOMERSET PA.,

Is now prepared to manufacture to order every description of

CARRIAGES,
BUGGIES,
SULKIES,
SPRING WAGONS,
HACKS,
SLEIGHS,
&c., &c.,

In the latest and most approved styles, and at the

Lowest Possible Prices.

ALL IN WANT OF A

First Class Carriage,

Or any other vehicle, are respectfully invited to call and examine his work. None but the very best material will be used in the manufacture of his work, and none but the

BEST WORKMEN

Are employed in his establishment, some of whom have had an experience of over twenty years in the business. He is, therefore, enabled to turn out a first-class vehicle, both in point of material and workmanship. All work warranted to be as represented when leaving the shop, and satisfaction guaranteed. All kinds of

REPAIRING AND PAINTING

Done in a neat and substantial manner, and at the shortest notice. He is determined to do all his work in such a manner, and at such prices as to make it to the interest of everybody to patronize him. Call and examine his work before purchasing elsewhere.

jan20 D. J. HORNER.

$72 00 Each Week.

Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo. may14

Groceries and Confectioneries.

This space is reserved for C. F. Rhoads & Bro., who have moved into the most magnificent grocery room in this place. They can be found in Baer's new building, second door from the corner.

Fair Play at A. W. Knepper's. Go and See for Yourself.

JUST RECEIVED AT A. W. KNEPPER'S

NEW GOODS,

NOTIONS,

GROCERIES,

FLOUR &c.

Be sure to call and see, and be convinced, as there are too many articles kept for enumeration.

OPPOSITE SOMERSET HOUSE,
SOMERSET, PA.
July 17 A. W. KNEPPER.

A Good Assortment of Notions and Groceries at A. W. Knepper's.

W. W. DAVIS & BRO'S

CHEAP

Grocery and Confectionery,

SOMERSET, PA.

We desire to inform the people of this community that we have purchased the Grocery and Confectionery of H. F. Knepper, Esq., opposite the Barnet House, and have made valuable additions to the already fine stock of Goods. We sell all the best brands o

FLOUR,
AND MEAL,
COFFEE,
TEAS,
SUGARS,
RICE, SYRUPS,
MOLASSES,
FISH, SALT,
SPICES,
APPLES,
FLAVORING EXTRACTS,
DRIED AND CANNED FRUITS.
ALSO,
COAL OIL, TOBACCO, CIGARS,
SNUFF, BROOMS,
BUCKETS, TUBS, &c.
All kinds French and common
CANDIES, NUTS, CRACKERS,
FANCY CAKES, PERFUMERY,
AND TOILET ARTICLES,
COMBS, BRUSHES, SOAP, &c.

Also an assortment of Toys, &c., for the little folks.

If you want anything in the Grocery and Confectionery line call at

Davis' Cheap Grocery,

OPPOSITE THE BARNET HOUSE.
nov 9-1y.

Dry Goods.

C. & G Holderbaum

Have now opened

A Large and Complete Assortment of Goods for

Fall and Winter Wear

They have a complete assortment of

Ladies' Furs,
Dress Goods,
Felt Skirts,
Hoop Skirts,
Bustles,
Gloves,
Shoes,
Gum Sandals,

And Felt Over Shoes

MEN AND BOYS'

Clothing,

Boots and Shoes,

HATS AND CAPS,

GLOVES, &c.

Underclothing for Men and Women.

A large assortment of

HARDWARE AND QUEENSWARE,

Carpets, Oil Cloths, &c.

A large stock of fine and coarse

SALT

By the Barrel or Sack

Prices as Low as Possible

C. & G. HOLDERBAUM.

Somerset, Pa.

Oct. 30.

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 to your approval a selection unsurpassed in respect to Style, Workmanship and Material. We make a specialty of

FINE READY-MADE CLOTHING

Fully equal, if not superior, in elegance, style, 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.

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 our 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.