HOW LITTLE WE KNOW.

How little we know of each oth er,
We pass through the journey of life,
With its struggles, its fears and temptations,
Its heart-breaking cares and its strife!
We can only see things on the surface,
For few people glory in sin,
And an unruffled face is no index
To the tumult which rages within.

How little we know of each other!
The man who to-day passes by
Blessed with fortune and honor and titles,
And holding his proud head on high,
May carry a dread secret with him
Which makes his bosom a hell,
And he, sooner or later, a felon,
May write in the prisoner's cell.

How little we know of each other!
That woman of fashion, who sneers
At the poor girl betrayed and abandoned,
And left to her sighs and her tears;
May, ere the sun rises to-morrow,
Have the mask rudely torn from her face,
And sink from the height of her glory
To the dark shades of shame and disgrace.

How little we know of each other!
Of ourselves too little we know!
We are all weak and under temptation,
All subject to error and woe.
Then let blessed charity rule us,
Let us put away envy and spite—
For the skeleton grim in our closet
May some day be brought to light.

NUMBER FORTY.

Many a craft had visited the cave, gliding smoothly into port, or drifting, dismantled wrecks, but never the like of this one. On she came boldly, all her sails set, and gleaming white in the dull atmosphere. What was the vessel? Where did she come from? The helmsman must be mad. Ah, at last! What else could be expected? Bounding forward on the crest of the advancing wave, she paused, shivered, and hung poised in air, as it were, pierced by the fang of a sunken reef. Then a wondering silence fell on the spectators. The marvel was this—not a soul was visible on her deck.

The wreckers put off to the vessel. No trace of disorder and violence, except two boats gone. The young clergyman who accompanied the wreckers went down the companion-way into the cabin with bated breath. No confusion even here; every article in its place, the lamp swinging monotonously from the beam. A low sound curdled the blood in his veins, already chilled by dread and anticipation of the unknown. It was the veriest breath, half sob, half moan: still there was some living creature in the inner cabin. He stepped to the door

A girl, bleached to the color of her shroud by illness, lay in a narrow berth, and within reach of her hand were placed biscuit and a bottle of water.

The clergyman brought his prize on deck, as the wreckers swarmed over the side.

The girl opened wide eyes, dreamy and vacant.

"Where are your companions of the ship?"

"I don't know," vaguely.

"Was there a storm?"

"The sea always beats against the side."

"Can you tell us your name?"

"Call me a Caprice of Fortune," abruptly.

Caprice was taken to the house of an old nurse, and soon recovered. Alfred Dearborn, the young clergyman, visited her daily, and rejoiced at her recovery.

One day Caprice was wandering about the little island when she saw a plant, the stem a transparent green color, the broad leaves stretching upward as if to support a lilly, which, having spurned its sheath, now starred the dim place, pure as alabaster, and delicately curved like a shell.

Carprice bent the lofty plant to inhale its fragrance, and with one rending crack the giant blossom lay in her hands. The perfume was an intoxicating delight; as her feet strayed into the path once more she buried her face in the snowy petals. A surly mastiff descried her, and approached with deep-mouthed growls. On the right hand was a house, on the left the wall by which she had entered. The house was nearest refuge, and thither she fled, with the enemy in close pursuit. She sprang through an open window, with a startled scream, just as the mastiff's teeth closed on her arm.

"Down, Bruno! back, sir!" commanded a shrill voice.

Caprice, still clutching her flower trophy, stood before a very old man in a wheeled chair. The old man remained motionless for several minutes, his gaze riveted on the lily, then a light came into the withered, gray face, a touch of the wheel whirled the chair to her side, and he exclaimed, in delighted accents:

"Has it bloomed once more? What! and you brought it to me because I can no longer visit the cave? Good child! I never forget. Where is my nephew Alfred, that he did not know? Oh, the fools, the fools! It might have withered while they passed by. My priceless beauty!"

When Alfred Dearborn came to pay a morning visit to his aged uncle, Mr. Silas Dearborn, of Mount Hill, he found that gentleman at table, with Caprice seated opposite. The old man played the host with his grandest manner.

* * * * *

It was Christmas in the tropics. Lord Arthur Drummond, commander of the Psyche, sat in the admiral's pew. When he raised his head after prayer the opposite pew had an occupant in aspect so unusual that he was guilty of a fixed stare of surprise. A girl sat there, glorified by a shaft of amber light from the altar window, in the perfection of a beauty as rare as it was luxuriant.

"Who is that girl?" he asked, the services ended.

"An eccentric being called Mademoiselle Caprice. An old man died and left her his fortune a year ago, and since she has reveled in childish extravagance. The nepbew, our clergyman, Mr. Dearborn, should have inherited, but did not.

Lord Drummond walked from the church. A dozen paces in advance was Caprice. Snatches of song escaped her lips. A gang of convicts were coming from the shore. They wore straw hats, and coarse blouses marked with the number and name of their hulks. As they filed past, a slight, pale man looked at Caprice. Not a sound escaped his lips, not a gesture betrayed his surprise; a trifle paler, Number 40 moved on. Caprice stood as if petrified. Lord Arthur overtook her. Color had fled, her eyes were wildly dilated, her hands rigidly clinched over her heart.

"Are you ill?" touching her arm gently.

"No," gazing straight before her.

"Perhaps the convicts frightened you. Can I be of service?"

"No. It is nothing."

He went on. Dignity demanded no further interference; curiosity made him look back. She was following rapidly; she had disappeared. Where? A flight of steps was cut in the high wall, leading to a path above, and in this path the girl lay on her face, like one dead. He bore her swiftly toward the house—an old mansion.

How pretty and helpless she was. Lord Arthur chafed the cold hands. A faint quiver of the eyelids and sensitive lips, and Caprice clung to him blindly, murmuring, "I am afraid. Hide me!"

The old nurse was at hand, and to her Lord Arthur surrendered his charge.

A letter awaited Lord Arthur, and the admiral's lady was disposed to be arch about it at luncheon. It was from the Hon. Maud Fitzroy, of Glenham Park, stating that her papa had no objection to their wedding occurring in March.

Number 40 left his Christmas dinner untasted. As he had just arrived, perhaps the routine of labor galled him.

The next day after this Alfred Dearborn and Caprice were sailing in the harbor. A boat shot out from the shore, and in it sat Lord Arthur Drummond. The two met. Caprice looked steadily at the horizon; Lord Arthur smiled and bit his lip beneath his beard. Yesterday a soft cheek had been pressed against his face, and two suppliant arms clung to him, with the cry, "Hide me! I am afraid." To-day the sunset wrought miracles. She did not know him. Not that he cared. He went to his cabin and wrote a letter to his *fiancee* in England.

As for Caprice, she flew up stairs when she reached home, and watched the gig pull alongside of the Psyche. Then she laid her head on the window-ledge and burst into despairing tears.

The governor's Christmas ball raised excitement to fever heat in this miniature world, and when it was over Caprice stood at her window. The clock struck two. With Caprice all was dark and still; over yonder there was confusion, noise, and blind haste. A man stole along the wall and grasped her wrist.

"Quick! Help me! I have escaped by firing the building."

"I knew you would come." She shrank and shivered.

"Trust me for that! How on earth did you get here?"

"I thought it was out of the world."

"Where you could hide from me—eh? A pleasant suggestion! Do me justice once, Margaret."

"Come in," she said, despondingly. She brought him food and wine. A heap of Silas Dearborn's garments was produced for him to select a disguise. No. 40 was touched. He watched her critically, admiringly.

"Why were you transported?" she faltered.

"Got hard up, and forged the old man's name."

"You can't escape," she added presently. Her face was deadly pale, her hands icy cold, her composure forced.

"I will try. Am I to work from sunrise to sunset in a gang? Life is a bagatelle. If I fail— You have a boat. Time presses. Get bread and water, a chronometer and telescope, if you can."

She placed her hands on his shoulders suddenly. "How could you do it?"

Number 40 was a handsome man when the prison look died out of his face.

"Because I loved you, I suppose." Then he took her in his arms and kissed her. She did not repulse him. The Swan rode at anchor below. In the darkness he furled the sail and stood on the sea. Caprice crouched in the window, hiding her face. When she raised her head it was day, and no sail was visible on the broad ocean.

A little later Alfred Dearborn came over the hill.

"The convict who stole your boat has been captured and brought back by a schooner," he said.

* * * * * *

The moon shown down on land and sea. The parish church was white in the silvery radiance, like purest marble, and a woman sat on the step gazing up at the tower. "There's safety under the cross," she murmured.

Alfred Dearborn, coming from the vestry, paused in surprise. "Caprice, what mad freak is this? Pray regard conventionalities."

"I wish to see you," she said, deliberately. I am in trouble. You should be a father confessor. Listen. I was left an orphan in the care of my aunt. She was rich, and she had a clever, unscrupulous son who spent her money. We went from London to Scotland for her health. I was seventeen years old. A physician wished to marry me, and my aunt approved. My cousin began to make presents. One day we were forced to seek shelter in a farm-house by the rain, where a curious man dwelt. My cousin laughed at me about marrying the doctor. 'Let us rehearse the scene,' he said, gayly. Then he took my hand with some mock formula, and I retorted merrily, and the curious man witnessed our sport. Afterward he informed me that we were married according to the Scotch law. I begged him not to tell my aunt until he returned from a journey. I hated him for the advantage he had taken of my ignorance. I ran away. Well, a lady took me as nurse on the voyage to America. I fell ill, and they deserted me in the vessel. Number 40 is my husband."

The clergyman stood aghast.—"You?" he finally articulated.

"I am what circumstances have made me," she retorted quickly. "I thought I could live here. I shall not keep your uncle's fortune."

"God help you!" he said, gently. "You will never stand alone while I am here." Thus collapsed the young clergyman's cloud of happiness.

The schooner had brought more than the escaped convict—a poison seed to take root, and spread a rank plant of disease. Faces blanched with fear in the darkened houses; the streets of the town were deserted; pestilence brooded in the still sunshine; soldiers were perishing like sheep; the convicts were smitten down. Numbers 39, 40, and 41 of a certain hulk had the fever. A young sailor lay in one of the hospitals. Caprice came to his side calmly, arrayed in white, and placed flowers on his pallet.

Lord Arthur Drummond was there to inspire courage, and Alfred Dearborn with unceasing ministrations. Both men grew pale at sight of the slight girlish form in that dreadful place.

"I am not afraid. Let me do something."

"Will you go home for my sake?" urged Lord Arthur.

"You may take it," she shuddered. These words were very sweet to him just then.

"Would you care? Do you love me, Caprice?"

She sighed and re-entered her pony carriage.

"I am ordered north at once, this evening. In half an hour I will be at Mount Hill. Marry me, and let me take you also. Say yes, my love. You have become more than all the world besides to me."

How eloquent and tender the cold eyes had become! Caprice quailed before them. Here was a proud, reserved man pleading his cause passionately in the broad street before a hospital door. Alfred Dearborn, weary and depressed, approached the other side of the vehicle. For her ear alone these words were uttered compassionately. "Numbers 39 and 41 are convalescing; 40 was buried last night. He was not prepared to die."

That was all. The girl gathered up the reins of her phaeton with a dazed expression and drove away.

Lord Arthur hastened to Mount Hill, his heart beating high, his brain in a tumult of novel emotion. Had he ever loved the honorable Maud with more than a calm affection? This was no time for prudence or hesitation. Death in awful guise was hovering over the islands, watching ever for fresh prey. He rejoiced in being ordered away, that he might carry off his darling from danger. Perhaps he was glad that no time was allowed for possible twinges of remorse. He must claim Caprice. He could not leave her behind. And yet he had always prided himself on being an honorable gentleman.

Caprice was not at home. Woffy was stupid and impenetrable. Captain Drummond would wait; which he did, with his gaze fixed impatiently on the old clock. Then he rushed out to find her. An hour, two hours, slipped by. Still the silent house and the ticking clock. Good heavens! where was she? A flag fluttered from the Psyche, a slender thread of smoke issued from the funnel. He strove to write, and cast aside the pen. *He must see her.* A sickening doubt began to oppress him. Woffy blinked with her cunning eyes and held her peace. In grief and wrath he prepared to depart at length.

"Tell your mistress that I am deeply disappointed. If she will write me, I leave a card."

A last look at the old house, and he was gone.

Caprice, striving to catch the tones of his voice in the chamber above, whispered,

"He would have been ashamed of me in a month. I was not good enough for him, but I loved him."

"His lordship's gone," said Woffy, thrusting her head in the door. "I obeyed orders—only you should have seen his face. A noble gentleman, mind you!"

"Gone, and I am never to see him again!" exclaimed the girl, springing to her feet.

There was a flutter of flying garments down the avenue, and Caprice stood before Lord Arthur.

"Good-bye," she said, extending her hand, and endeavoring to steady her tremulous voice.

"When death parts us, not before," he answered, clasping her in his arms with a passionate fervor, and stooping to kiss the quivering lips.

Fooling a Car-Driver.

The other night, as the "last car" on the Michigan avenue route was turning around on the table at the corner of Woodward and Jefferson avenues, two young men who had fixed up a straw man in good shape, helped him aboard and seated him at the end furthest from the driver. The "dummy" man had his hat pulled low, his arms down, and was so braced up against the end of the car that "he" looked as much a passenger as any one. The car moved off after a while, and as it turned into Michigan avenue an old lady got aboard. She paid her fare, the two young men followed suit, and the car moved on again, the driver keeping his eye on the "dummy," and wondering it he was going to try to beat his fare.

At First street the driver jingled his bell for fare and the two young men and old woman looked over at the straw man. The car moved up Third street, and the driver looked through the window and yelled "fare," and jingled the bell again. There being no response, he opened the door and called out to the straw man:

"Say, you! You want to pay your fare."

There was no answer, and after going half a block he shouted out again:

"You man there—walk up here and pay your fare!"

One of the young men sat opposite "dummy," and he squeaked out in reply:

"Drive on the old horse."

"What? What's that?" shouted the driver, pushing the door clear open.

"Oh, hire a hall!" was the reply.

"See here, mister, you've got to pay your fare or get off! exclaimed the driver, winding the lines around the brake.

"Grasbus me! If there's going to be a fight let me off!" shouted the old lady, and she rushed down the car and made a clean jump from the door.

"Now, then, are you going to pay your fare?" said the driver as he entered the car.

"Pay be hanged," was the mattered reply.

"You'd better look out for him; he's ugly!" whispered the other young man to the driver.

"I don't care if he's as ugly as John Astor, he's got to pay his fare, or off he goes!"

The driver slid down to the end of the car, spit on his hands and continued:

"Come now—out with your fare or off you go!"

There was no reply, no movement; and spitting on his hands again, he called out:

"Well, damn your ugly looks, here you come!" and grabbed dummy by the shouldiers. His object was to jerk the fellow out of doors, and expecting a struggle, he put forth all his strength in a mighty effort. It was very successful. The driver went out of the car heels over head, with the straw man on top of him, and the young men leaped off the front end of the car just as the victim was trying to get his thumb into the straw man's eye.

Where the Cap Went.

A dealer in sportmen's goods in Cleveland, Ohio, was called upon last April to examine a breech-loading gun. He fired several blank cartridges, and while removing the supposed empty shells accidentally exploded one which still contained some of its original filling. The cap flew off, struck him in the eye, and inflicted a severe wound, but could not afterward be found. A skillful oculist was applied to, who succeeded in saving the eye, and no further trouble was experienced until lately, when the wound began to be painful, and another examination was made. It finally became necessary to remove the eyeball, which upon dissection, was found to contain the exploded cap carefully embedded in it.

Large Negro Emigration.

The Atlanta *Herald* says: While our reporter was out on his customary "beat" yesterday, he chanced to fall in with some emigrant agents whom he pumped successfully. They think Georgia emigration this spring will be very large. They divide the tide of emigration into two streams, one a dark stream, composed of negroes, flowing to Mississippi and Louisiana, and the other is a clearer and purer stream which will empty itself into Texas. In answer to our argument that farming paid better in Georgia than either Mississippi or Texas, and that our labor seemed to be satisfied, they said that labor was dissatisfied, and besides there being a greater demand for labor in those States, there was also well organized and wealthy emigration societies in those States that were offering inducements for emigration that would be responded to by the class of labor sought by either State.

In Mississippi they need labor to repair the levees along the river, and as the negroes were the best adapted for this work the State Emigration Association is doing everything in its power to entice Cuffee from this State there. To accomplish this they have flooded our State with colored agents, who are meeting with wonderful success in convincing Cuffee that Mississippi is the promised land. One of the most prominent agents is Jacobs, an educated preacher, who takes the "political situation of the Georgian and the rights of the negro in Mississippi" for his text. His brief stay in Atlanta and his convention speeches will give you some idea of his influence with our colored labor. Pledger, the Athens boy, has a large influence in some sections. He will not carry less than 500 people from the State inside of the next two months. The advices we have from Southwest Georgia are that at least one-third of the negroes will drift with the stream, which has already commenced flowing from northern Georgia into Mississippi.

Who are Your Aristocrats?

Twenty years ago this one made candles, and that one sold cheese and butter, another butchered, and a fourth thrived on a distillery, another was a contractor on canals, others were merchants and mechanics. They are acquitted with both ends of society, as their children will be after them—though it will not do to say so aloud; for often we shall find that the toiling worms hatch gay butterflies—and they live about a year. Death bring a division in property, and it brings new financiers; the old gent is discharged, the young gent takes his revenues, and begins to travel—toward poverty, which he reaches before death, or his children do, if he does not. So that, in fact, there is a sort of moneyed race; it is not hereditary; it is accessible to all. Three good seasons of cotton will send a generation of men up—a score of years will bring them all down, and send their children to labor. The father grubs and grows rich; the children strut, and spend the money. The children in turn inherit the prize, and go to shiftless poverty; next their children reinvigorated by plebeian blood, and by the smell of the clod, come again. Thus society, like a tree, draws its sap from the earth, changes it into leaves, and spreads them abroad in great glory; sheds them off to return to the earth again to mingle with the soil, and at length to reappear in new address and fresh garniture.

Get Your Child a Paper.

A child beginning to read becomes delighted with a newspaper, because he reads of names and things which are familiar, and he will progress accordingly. A newspaper in one year is worth a quarter's schooling to a child. Every father must consider that information is connected with advancement. The mother of a family, being one of its heads, and having a more immediate charge of children, should herself be instructed. A mind occupied becomes fortified against the ills of life, and is braced for emergency. Children amused by reading or study are, of course, more considerate and easily governed. How many thoughtless young men have spent their evenings in a tavern or grog shop who ought to have been reading! How many parents who have not spent twenty dollars for books for their families, would have given thousands to reclaim a son or daughter who had ignorantly, thoughtlessly, fallen into temptation!

A Boot-Rack.

One of the greatest troubles of the neat housewife in the country results from muddy boots of those members of the family who have to work in the fields, the stables and the barnyard. The wet boots must be dried and are generally left under the kitchen stove, where their presence is very disagreeable. Now to have a neat kitchen, there should be a boot-rack placed the stove in which the damp boots are placed to dry. Such a contrivance will be a great convenience. It has three shelves about four feet long, ten inches wide, and placed a foot apart. At one end a boot-jack is fixed by hinges so that, when not in use, it is folded against one end of the rack and held by a button. At the front is a stand for cleaning boots, which also folds up when not in use, and the blackening brushes are placed on the shelves behind the stand, and are out of sight, and when folded they hang down out of the way. The rack should be made of dressed pine boards, and stained some dark, durable color.

Rubber Horse Shoes.

The following, which we take from that excellent periodical, the *Live Stock Journal*, sets forth the value of rubber horse shoes, which will undoubtedly prove a great boon to horsemen if they are what is claimed for them:

Rubber overshoes for horses are a recent invention. The shoe is made and lined in precisely similar manner to the articles worn by the human race, and, in fact, presents no points of difference save in shape and its manufacture of the best quality of India rubber. It is designed as a substitute for the iron shoe, and as a means of preventing the many maladies to which horses' feet are subject. Horses suffering with cracked or contracted hoof, and similar painful hurts, it is said, are quickly cured by the substitution of the rubber covering for the unyielding metal shoes. The device is easily removed from or put on the hoof, and hence, while standing in the stall or turned out to pasture, the horse may be left barefooted. As compared with iron shoes, the cost of the rubber is about one-third more, and their weight is forty per cent. less, while they are very durable. Sixteen sizes are manufactured, so that accurate fits may be obtained.

New Advertisements. *New Advertisements.* *Miscellaneous*

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The fact is, I keep everything that belongs to the Hardware trade. I deal exclusively in this kind of goods and give my whole attention to it. Persons who are building, or any one in need of anything in my line, will find it to their advantage to give me a call. I will always give a reasonable credit to responsible persons. I thank my old customers for their patronage, and hope this season to make many new ones. Don't forget the place
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in Plain and Corded Alpaccas, Poplins, Cashmeres, French
Merrinoes, &c.,
STAPLE & FANCY NOTIONS,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
TOBACCO AND CIGARS,
HARDWARE
The best assortment of
Carpetings and Oil Cloths
ever brought to town. A large stock of Queensware. Determined to be up to the times in assortment, styles and prices, we respectfully solicit a call from those in want of goods. feb18

KEYSTONE DINING ROOMS,
293 Liberty Street, — Pittsburgh, Pa.,
W. H. SIMPSON, Proprietor.
MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
TRANSIENT CUSTOM SOLICITED.
sep

FOR SALE.
BOOTS & SHOES,
Hats and Caps
Cheaper than ever
IN
Cover's Building,
Somerset, Pa.
We desire to say to the public, that we have leased the above named room until the completion of our new building, northwest corner of the Diamond, (which will be on or before Jan. 1,) where we will be pleased to have parties desiring to purchase goods in our line to call and see the
NEW FIRM,
NEW STYLES,
AND NEW PRICES.
See Reduction in Prices.

Men's Gum Boots, double soled, wool lined		$4 00
" Buckle Artic Gaiters	" "	2 00
Women' " "	" "	1 50
Misses " Over-shoes and Alaskas		1 00
Mens Sandals		90
Womens "		60
Misses "		50
Childrens "		45

Boots made to order. Repairing neatly and promptly done. All custom work warranted.
Parties visiting our town who contemplate purchasing anything in our line will do well to call and see for themselves.
We are positive we can sell goods at lower figures than any other store in town as we purchase goods for cash sell for cash and thus save from 15 to 20 per cent by not having to lose *bad debts*, and by saving the expenses of book-keeping. We are willing to give the benefit of these advantages to our customers.
Frank Sipe & Co.

MANTELS
AND
FURNITURE SLABS
A SPECIALTY.
Ranges, Grates,
&c., &c.
JAMES OLD,
193 LIBERTY STREET,
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Nov. 25.

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.

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-tf.

To the Merchants of Somerset Co.
GENT'S: Your attention is called to the fact that
GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,
113 & 115 Clinton St.
JOHNSTOWN PA.
are selling
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS &
MILLINERY,
at Eastern prices. We guarantee you Eastern prices on Prints, Ginghams, Delaines, Alpacas, Dress Goods, Muslins, Brown and Bleached Domestics, Ducks, Drills, Cottonades, Jeans, Cassimeres, Tickings, Flannels, Cloths and Cassimeres, in fact all Dry Goods and Notions. A trip to Johnstown will not cost you the tenth part of the expense of a trip to Philadelphia, and yet we sell at Philadelphia prices and save you freight beside. We can afford to do it because we buy in large lots and pay cash, have no rent to pay and do our own work. Call and see our stock and prices and judge for yourselves.
FOSTER & QUINN,
Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa.

STOP HAVE YOU A COUGH OR COLD, or are you afflicted with Asthma? Then use SYRUP OF TAR, WILD CHERRY AND HORE HOUND, prepared by McClarran & McKennan, and relief will be immediate and a cure certain.
Sold by McCLARRAN & McKENNAN.
nov11 Pittsburgh, Pa., and all druggists.

BARNET HOUSE.—
The undersigned respectfully informs the public that he has leased this well known hotel in the Borough of Somerset. It is his intention to keep it in a style which he hopes will give satisfaction to all who may favor him with their custom.
Apr 17 '72 JOHN HILL.

Miscellaneous.

VINEGAR BITTERS
VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL
PURELY DE WALKER'S CALIFORNIA
EUREKA
VINEGAR BITTERS

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. The question is almost daily asked, "What is the cause of the unprecedented success of Vinegar Bitters?" Our answer is, their curative powers are wonderful and universal. Purgative or cathartic, they act gently on the bowels, at the same time exerting the utmost power of every healthy function of the system. Never before in the history of the world has a medicine been compounded possessing the same quality as a purgative to cleanse the system when clogged or sluggish in its functions, and a tonic to impart vigor to the whole system. Such is the fact in regard to Vinegar Bitters. Cathartic or Purgative Combined with Intoxicating Liquids, the Vinegar Bitters are the Purest and Healthiest Stimulant and Tonic ever offered to the sick.
The properties of Dr. Walker's Vinegar Bitters are Aperient, Diaphoretic, Carminative, Nutritive, Laxative, Diuretic, Stimulant, Diaphoretic, Sedative, Counter-irritant, Sudorific, Alterative, and Anodyne.
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.

CHEAP SIDE GROCERY
Just opened at the
Cheapside Grocery
A New Stock of Goods,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
FLOUR,
BACON,
FISH,
SUGAR,
SYRUPS,
MOLASSES,
TEAS,
COFFEE,
DRIED and CANNED FRUITS,
&C., &C., &C.
Of the best quality, and will be sold at very lowest cash prices. Call and see me.
Opposite Somerset House,
SOMERSET, PA.
F. K. Colborn & Co.
apr25

NEW STORE!
SCHELL & WILSON would inform their friends and the public generally, that they have opened a store at
GARRETT,
on the line of the P. W. & B. R. R., and now offer for sale a General Stock of Merchandise, embracing
DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
QUEENSWARE,
HARDWARE,
HATS & CAPS,
BOOTS & SHOES,
&c., &c., &c.,
All of which will be sold cheap for CASH or exchanged for produce.
WANTED—Leather of all kinds, Hides, Furs, Deer-Skins, Ginseng, Beeswax, &c. Also, Wool, Butter, Eggs.
MAPLE SUGAR,
Beans, Grain of all kinds, Furs, Sheep Pelts, and Beeswax, for which we will pay the highest prices in Cash or Goods.
SALT AND FISH.
Always on hand. Give us a call and be convinced that we intend to do business and expect to understand.
SCHELL & WILSON.

PATENTS, - PENSIONS,
And all business relating to Army and Navy claims prosecuted. Applications by mail attended to as if made in person. Address
W. G. BERINGER,
Claims and Patent Agent,
7 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
Nov. 25.

JOSEPH SHEETS & SON,
Undertakers, Berlin Pa., constantly keep on hand and make to order Coffins of all styles and prices, on the shortest notice possible. Having a hearse of the latest style in readiness, we are always prepared to attend to the duties of undertakers.
april

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral,
For Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, such as Coughs, Colds, Whooping-Cough, Bronchitis, Asthma, and Consumption.
Among the great discoveries of modern science, for the relief of mankind, none can be of more real value to humanity than that of a perfected remedy for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. A very trial of its virtues, throughout this and other countries, has shown that it does surely and effectually control them. The testimony of our best citizens, of all classes, establishes the fact, that CHERRY PECTORAL will and does relieve and cure the afflicting disorders of the Throat and Lungs beyond any other medicine. The most dangerous affections of the Pulmonary Organs yield to its power; and cases of Consumption, cured by this preparation, are publicly known, so remarkable as hardly to be believed, were they not proven beyond dispute. As a remedy, it is adequate, on which the public may rely for full protection. By curing Coughs, the forerunners of more serious disease, it saves the numbered lives, and an amount of suffering not to be computed. It challenges trial, and convinces the most sceptical. Every family should keep it on hand as a protection against the early and unperceived attack of Pulmonary Affections, which are easily met at first, but which become incurable, and too often fatal, if neglected. Tender lungs need this defender; and it is unwise to be without it. As a safeguard to children, amid the distressing diseases which beset the Throat and Chest of childhood, CHERRY PECTORAL is invaluable; for, by its timely use, multitudes are rescued from premature graves, and saved to the love and affection centered on them. It acts speedily and surely against ordinary colds, securing sound and health-restoring sleep. No one will suffer troublesome Influenza and painful Bronchitis, when they know how easily they can be cured.
Originally the product of long, laborious, and successful chemical investigation, no cost or toil is spared in making every bottle in the utmost possible perfection. It may be confidently relied upon as possessing all the virtues it has ever exhibited, and capable of producing cures as memorable as the greatest it has ever effected.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.