THE PACIFIC COAST

San Francisco, May 20, 1875.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

I have been for nearly two years keeping you, gentle reader, posted as to life, politics, and things in the Eeastern metropolis. Being like other men desirous of seeing all there is of the world, I am in the Western metropolis. Have you any objection to knowing something of this end of the world? Of course not. So for a few weeks at least, I shall send you a letter from this side of the continent instead of the other.

HOW TO GET THERE.

Take any route you choose to Chicago, and then take the Chicago and Northwestern Road to Omaha. Take Pullman cars, if you have to go with one meal a day less, for the comfort of riding all day in them and sleeping in them nights, pays for more than ten times the cost. If you have any regard for your bones, take the Pullman car at Chicago, and pay the price without grumbling. There is a blessing on any seat in them. At Omaha it is Hobdson's choice, for there is but one railroad—the Union Pacific. You can walk to San Francisco, but I would not advise it. A walk of 2,000 miles is no joke. I know something about it, for I not only had a substitute in the army, who was in Sherman's march to the sea, but I was personally in the late blockade caused by the break at Green River, on the Union Pacific, and was compelled to walk four miles around it. At the start I thought I could walk the whole distance to San Francisco; at the end of the first mile I concluded to take the cars again at Ogden, 600 miles ahead, and by the time I got to where the train was that was to take us on, I was quite contented to crawl into the Pullman, and permit steam to do the walking for me. Don't walk it, that is if you weigh 240 pounds.

THE COUNTRY.

From Omaha through the entire State of Nebraska, the eye is delighted with a succession of views of the finest country that lies out of doors. Vast plains of the most beautiful lands in the world stretch out on either hand, intersected by the most lovely streams of clear rapid running water, the tables rising one above the other. Rich, prosperous towns are located at convenient distances, and everywhere there are visible signs of thrift and prosperity.

When you leave Nebraska, however, you strike another kind of country. Through Wyoming Territory the sage brush and alkali plains abound, and they continue till the eye wearies of them. Imagine a vast plain, reaching farther than your eye, treeless and grassless, covered with wild sage and the still more disagreeable grease-wood, and inhabited by no living thing. A tomtit would starve on a thousand acres, and snakes grow poor there. There is no water for vegetation, and no vegetatoin for water. The sage and grease-wood seem to grow there from a desire to make a naturally bad landscape worse.

After crossing the Rocky Mountains you find some good lands till you pass Ogden, Utah, then you come to sage brush again, with rocks thrown in to add to the general dreariness of the scene. On the west slope of the Sierra Nevadas you get patches of the most delightful country till you get down to the California plain, when you strike a country the beauty of which may be imagined, but cannot be described. It is simply gorgeous. I shall have something more to say of the country from Omaha to San Francisco hereafter.

By the way, if you want to know all about Nebraska, send a postal card to O. F. Davis Omaha, Nebraska, asking him to send you a copy of the *Pioneer*, which he will do free of charge. It is reliable and truthful, and is full of valuable information about that country.

SAN FRANCISCO

is a modern wonder. Scarcely twenty years old, it contains nearly 200,000 people, and as many fine buildings as any city of its size in the country. Many buildings—indeed the most of them—are low, three stories being the regular height, which gives the city something of a squatty appearance, but there is a reason for this. Earthquakes are somewhat common on the coast, and when they come they shake up things rather lively. But why they build low on this account I cannot see. If a building tumbles down what difference does its height make? If a stone weighing ten tons is to fall on me in an earthquake I don't see that it would make any difference whether it dropped from the top of a three or a six story building. But there may be a difference. And if I can employ a Chinaman at a reasonable price to make the experiment, I will do so and report. I am willing to do almost anything to get at facts. Speaking of

CHINAMEN.

Here you have them in all their native ugliness. They come here first, and a majority of them stay here. They do the most of the house-work, all the washing and ironing, and a very large portion of cobbling and cigar-making. They are not particular as to how they make a living, so that they make it. They will wash your linen, clean your windows, scrub your floors, wait at your tables; or they will go out into the mountains and shovel dirt on your railways. They are industrious, quick, active, and, as a rule faithful; and, accustomed as they are to strict obedience, they are easily managed. As cooks and chambermaids, or rather chambermen, they are favorits with California house-keepers, for they are neat and trustworthy. A Chinaman waiting at table, with his clean, cotton trousers and frock, his noiseless step and his nimble movement, is a sight for sick stomachs to one who has inwardly rebelled at the greasy men waiters of the East. By the way, why don't the people of the East, who have been so long under the iron heel of Biddyocracy, send here for Chinese servants? Think, O ye house-keepers! how delightful it must be to have a servant who can cook, chop wood, clean windows, clean buggies, run on errands, make up beds, and do everything else with the silence and precision of a machine—who can understand all you say, but whose only answer is, "Alleelite." That's the kind of a slave to have. And you can get them for from $12 to $25 per month. They are so cheap that I am going to have three of them. I have nothing under heaven for them to do, but they are so cheap that it seems a pity not to indulge in Chinamen.

They ought to be put in the mines and on the railways of the East for the sake of peace and quiet. They don't strike or combine, and they never get drunk Saturday nights. And it is a mistake to suppose that they are of no use to the communities in which they dwell. They earn their money and spend it as do other people. True, they save something every month, but I never heard thriftiness was a vice. Nor are they going back to China to any alarming extent. At the beginning, they did go back when they had made their pile, but now thew they put it in town lots, and stay. They have discovered that they can live here and die here—that they can live better here than in China, and here they are going to stay. The Chinaman on this ceast is a fixed fact, and politicians may as well get ready to court him. He cannot be driven from work, he cannot be prevented from earning and saving money, and when he gets money, he is going to have political influence. He may get strong enough here in time to be alderman and policeman, and may get up riots to kill off other foreigners—nay, he may do as other foreigners have done on the Atlantic oast, run the machine so entirely as to make it impossible for an American to hold an office; but that is in the future. Up to this time, he is a good fellow, and a very useful one. I shall have more to say about him hereafter, for I am going into his home and see how he lives.

OTHER PEOPLE.

Leave out the Chinamen and you wouldn't know San Francisco from Boston, New York or Chicago. You find here the pure New Englander, the same as he is in Boston, the bustling New Yorker and the risky Chicagoian, and each has brought with him the peculiarities which distinguished him at his home. Ireland is not as well represented here as in New York, but the Italians, Germans and French are very plenty. The city is a little tinged with the Orient, but leaving that out it is very much like Chicago. There is the same stur, bustle, and push; everybody moves in a hurry, business is quickly begun and rapidly concluded—in short, it is the Chicago of the Pacific.

I like San Francisco. I shall study its peculiarities and write of it more at length. I want to get inside the homes and the business places, the amusements and the churches.

THE CLIMATE

is delightful. There is no hot weather here—in the shade one is always cool and comfortable.

PIETRO.

Corn Injured by White Grubs.

A subscriber residing in Lawrence Co., Pa., writes that the White Grub was very abundant in his neighborhood last summer, destroying entire cornfields as well as meadows, by eating the roots of both corn and grass. They commenced upon the corn when it was about a foot high, and continued to work at the roots during the entire summer.

We did not usually attempt to name or identify an insect without specimens or a full description, but in this instance we have no doubts in regard to the one referred to under the name of White Grub, as they are too common and widely known to be mistaken for anything else. These White Grubs are the larvæ of the numerous species of May beetle, which frequently enter our houses in the evening during the spring or early summer months, as they fly about at night and are attracted by the light of a lamp or fire. The female beetles usually deposit their eggs in grass lands or uncultivated fields and the grubs feed upon the roots of various plants and live in this state two to four years. If pastures or meadow lands are plowed and the grass killed, then planted with corn or other similar crops, the grubs having been deprived of their other food, would naturally seek the roots of whatever plant they could find. These grubs are especially fond of roots of corn and strawberries and they will also feed voraciously upon potatoes; hence the frequent failure of such crops upon sod, although otherwise it is usually considered preferable to land which has not been seeded down with grass.

Now, the grubs which were so destructive to corn last season, may all pass through this last transformation and become beetles this spring, seeking uncultivated fields for future depredarions: but of this we cannot be positive without an examination of the infested field. In plowing the old cornfields this spring they should be carefully examined for grubs, and if none or only a few found, then it will be safe to plant again with corn, because the beetles will seldom frequent a cornfield for the purpose of laying their eggs there, preferring a less disturbed location.

The Crow and Blackbird are the great natural enemies of the White Grub race, and whenever these birds frequent a newly-plowed field we may rest assured that they are doing us a favor in eating the larvæ or fully matured May beetles. We have seen crows follow the plowman upon our farm for hours at a time, searching for these and other kinds of grubs. For these and other very good reasons, we do not permit crows to be killed or frightened from our premises, and if they want a little soft corn at the time their young are hatching in spring, we provide it and save them the labor of pulling up that which we had planted. Farmers should remember that the more birds, the less insects; and as a rule, the former are the preferable to the latter.

Soaking seed corn in tar water will prevent the attacks of some kinds of insects. We have had no experience with it as a preventive for White Grubs, but it might be worth trying. We do not know of any better way of ridding a field of White Grubs than continued cultivation and assistance from birds.—*Rural New Yorker.*

An Officer Who Was Careful of his Men.

I dropped in at the grocery store a few nights ago, and found old Cropper sitting with his feet on the stove talking to a circle of friends. He said: "You didn't know that I fit in the war? Well, sir, I had a splendid company; and it was the most popular company; as ever went from Sussex county. All the women wanted their husbands and sons to go with me. They knowed as I was a strategist. I didn't skeet 'round after fighting men when I was recruiting. I hunted up my fellows that had long legs, fellows that could run. What was the result? Whenever there was a fight other companies would go in and after a while come out all cut to pieces. But I pledge you my word and honor that I never got into a fight all through the war that I didn't bring out one-third more men than I took in. I ought to've been a Brigadier General. I could have doubled the army after a battle or two—*Max Adeler.*

The Deluge.

The interest excited a couple of years ago by Mr. George Smith's translation of a fragmentary Chaldean account of the deluge from the Assyrian tablets discovered by Layard is renewed by the same gentleman's recovery from the ruins of Kouyunjik of missing parts of that record, nearly restoring the whole inscription, which is supposed to date from at least 2,000 years before the Christian era. This Chaldean version however, differs in many respects from the Biblical legend, of which it is manifestly the prototype, not only of its minor details, but chiefly in the polytheism of its myth. Hasisadra, the Chaldean Noah, is transformed into a demigod, who in his immortal abode tells an earthly visitor the story of his escape from the flood wherewith the gods punished the wickedness of the children of men. His floating on the face of the waters were of much briefer duration than those rehearsed in Genesis, the deluge described by him having lasted but six days, and his vessel having been stranded upon the mountains of Nizin on the seventh day, while the Noachian ark found no resting place until the seventeenth day of the seventh month from its launching, and nearly a year elapsed before the earth was restored to a habitable condition. The graceful Scriptural legend of the winged messenger of peace, from which the olive branch derives its emblematical significance, is less poetically given in the older version, though enough to show their relationship. The raven first sent out by Noah plays no important part in the drama, the successive journeys of the dove, his late emmissary, leading to his ultimate release. In the Assyrian story these episodes are reversed in order of time and importance. Hasisadra is made to say:

On the seventh day in course of it
I sent forth a dove and it left. The dove went
and turned, and
A resting-place it did not find, and it returned.
I sent forth a swallow and it left. The swallow
went and turned, and
A resting-place it did not find, and it returned.
I sent forth a raven and it left.
The raven went, and the corpses on the water
it saw, and
It did eat, it swam, and wandered away, and
did not return.
I sent the animals forth to the four winds, I
poured out a libation.
I built an alter on the peak of the mountain.
By seven herbs I cut.
At the bottom of them I placed reeds, pines,
and singar.
The gods collected at its burning, the gods collected at its good burning:
The gods like flies over the sacrifice gathered.

In addition to this most interesting discovery, Mr. Smith found in the course of his Assyrian explorations more than 3,000 fragments of ancient inscriptions relating, among other things, the legends of the Creation, the Tower of Babel, etc., which may prove of great importance not only in their mythological but in their ethnological bearings.

Turning Cattle out to Pasture.

After a long confinement in stables or barnyard, stock will be very glad to get a nip of grass or other green fodder in Spring. But they are seldom any more anxious than their owners, who in many instances, have for weeks past been fearing a sight of the bottom layer of hay or cornstalks, or have already scraped up the last peck of ground feed, and cut the bushel of turnips. But turning out stock to pasture too early in Spring is a common mistake throughout the country, and losses in consequence. Cattle should not be allowed in the pasture until the ground has become sufficiently settled in Spring to prevent their feet from breaking through and injuring the sod, or before the grass has grown enough to furnish a bite. If stock are turned out while the ground is soft, and the grass short, they are compelled to travel much to obtain little food, thereby proportionally increasing the injury to the grass roots, as well as performing exhaustive labor in order to fill their stomachs. Many good pastures are seriously injured in this way, and their owners wonder why the grass runs out or grows so feebly upon land that is naturally rich and productive. Then, again, animals, after they get a few bites of fresh grass in spring, do not relish dry fodder, and if there is not a good supply of the former, they are likely to lose in flesh, or as in the case of milch cows, the flow of milk decreases. It is better to feed late, even if food has to be purchased, than to turn out to pasture too early.

In localities where woodlands are abundant, stock may be turned into new clearings, or even into the woods first, where they may obtain considerable nourishment from the buds, and young twigs of various kinds of shrubs and small trees, and we have known farmers to make good use of basswood, maple, and elm bush for their cattle in Spring, by cutting and hauling it to their barnyards, especially when fodder was very scarce. Of course not much food can be obtained in this primitive kind of fodder, but it possesses laxative and nutritious properties, and most kinds of stock will eat these buds and small twigs with evident relish.

Happy Husbands.

It is a man's own fault if he is unhappy with his wife, in nine cases out of ten. It is a very exceptional woman who will not be all she can be to an attentive husband, and a more exceptional one who will not be very disagreeable if she finds herself willfully neglected. It would be very easy to hate a man who, having bound a woman to him, made no effort to make her happy; hard not to love one who was constant and tender; and when a woman loves she always strives to please.

The great men of this world have often been wretched in their domestic relations, while mean and common men have been exceedingly happy. The reason is very plain. Absorbed in themselves, those who desire the world's applause were careless of the little world at home; while those who had none of this egotism, strove to keep the hearths that were their own, and were happy in their tenderness.

No woman will love a man the better for being renowned or prominent. Though he be the first among men she will only be prouder, not fonder, and if she loses him through this renown, as is often the case, she will not even be proud. But give her love, appreciation, kindness and there is no sacrifice she would not make for his content and comfort. The man who loves her well is her hero and her king. No less a hero to her though he is not one to any other; no less a king, though his only kingdom is her heart and home.

A boy, who was told that the best cure for palpitation of the heart, was to quit kissing the girls, said: "If that is the only remedy, I say let her palpitate."

Loss by Weeds and Insects.

It is estimated that the value of produce annually raised in this country is $2,500,000,000, of which amount nearly or quite one-fifth, or $500,000,000, is lost, according to the *American Naturalist*, from the attacks of injurious plants and animals. A single campaign of the army worm costs the farmers of Massachusetts $250,000 worth of grass. Missouri alone loses from fifteen to twenty million dollars annually from insect depredations. The annual damage to the apple and pear crop from the codling moth amounts to several million dollars, and the work of the curculio is equally costly. A partial remedy is to be found in close study of insect habits, with a view to ascertaining what insects there are which hold the depredators in check to destroy them. It is hardly possible to estimate the havoc annually wrought by the grass-hopper and the potato beetle, for example; and any bird or insect which would reduce such pests would be a substantial benefactor to the farmer. As to the "injurious plants," or in the common vernacular, weeds, the only method that is feasible is to kill them at their very germination by means of proper agricultural machines. The *Country Gentleman* affirms that the annual growth of weeds in this country amounts to eight million tons, or enough to load a compact train of wagons long enough to span the globe. Precisely how the *Country Gentleman* arrives at this very definite estimate we are at a loss to determine; but it would certainly be better for the farmer if the weeds were actually loaded into the "compact train of wagons" referred to, rather than to have them to choke his crops and leave an unwelcome legacy of liberally sown seed for future seasons. Farmers have only to consult their own experience to realize the extent to which the depredations of weeds and insects are carried, and any measures which tend to even extirpation of these pests are worth the trying.

Longest Lived Men of Modern Times.

Baron de Waldeck, a French painter, who has just celebrated his one hundred and ninth birthday in Paris, is in perfect health, works eight or ten hours every day, and has a son only twenty-four years old. It is some consolation, observes the *Pall Ma ll Gazette*, to remember that the Baron must still live a considerable period to rival the fame of old Parr, who was born 1483, married when one hundred and twenty years old, lived to his one hundred and fifty-third year, and might have lived longer if Lord Arundell had not taken him to London from his native Shropshire in 1635 to exhibit him as a curiosity to Charles I.

Even old Parr, however, is not the oldest Englishman of whom we have more or less authentic record. According to Ingulphus when Turketul, like a modern staterman, retired from the world and became Abbott of Croyland, he found five very good monks there. Father Clarenbald, the oldest of these monks, died A. D. 973, in his one hundred and sixty-ninth year. The second, Father Swarling, died at the age of one hunpred and forty-two. The third, Father Tugar, was only one hundred fifteen at his death. The ages of the other monks, Brune and Aja, who died about the same time, could not be ascertained, but both of them must have been very old, as they remembered the old Abby of Croyland, which had been destroyed by the Danes in 870.

Another chronicler speaks of a Bishop of St. David's who died about this time, aged about one hundred and sixty years. Though an incredulous generation may now question the reputed age of these venerable Englishmen, they are, at all events, safe from the disparaging search into baptismal certificates and sifting of evidence which must now embitter the last days of all aged people who hold themselves out as centenarians.

"Tickets, Sir."

This was the way it happened in a town not far from Elmira: One of the regular attendants at Central Church is a railroad conductor. He is regular, not so much from any personal inclination for Calvanism as from the fact that he has a first-rate Presbyterian wife, who keeps him in the way he should go. A few Sundays since one of the deacons was absent, and our conductor was requested to pass the plate. Of course he consented. For the first dozen pews, everything passed off well. There was a regular financial shower of nickels and dimes, and the railroad man watched sharp, but couldn't see that anybody "go away" without responding. Finally he came to a seat where the occupant was either busted or disinclined, for he shook his head but made no attempt on his pocket. The conductor looked at him sharply, but no cash appeared. Then he nudged his shoulder, and softly called, "Tickets sir!" Again the man's head wagged horizontally, but the stamps didn't come. "Pass, then!" whispered the conductor. Still no response. Just as the railroad chap was about to call up the fireman and breakman to help pitch the impecunious worshiper out of doors, the regular deacon came in and relieved his proxy. The conductor says he believes in running a church the same way you would a railroad train—if a man wont pay or hasn't a pass, let him git. *Exchange.*

Management of Orchards.

At the late yearly meeting of the Pennsylvania fruit growers' Society—we quote from the reported proceedings—"the subject of cultivating, manuring and pruning was opened by Thomas Meehan. He thinks much time is thrown away in cultivating orchards. He prepared a piece of hard rocky soil, by plowing under a heavy sod, and planting potatoes, followed with rye; and set in the fall on stubble, 1,500 fruit trees of all kinds and sorts, for his own use—dwarfs and standards. The work was done by common laborers in a rough manner, and the land seeded; since which he had mowed from two to three tons per acre yearly for four years. All varieties seem to do well and make a large current year's growth. He has applied surface soil, taken from along hedge rows and highways, each year about the trees, as far as the roots extend; but the next year leaves the place where applied the year before, and puts the mould outside the former application—thus getting the tree-food farther and farther from the trunk, and placing it where the feeding roots can get it. He also applies to the grass $6 or $8 worth of phosphates every year. He prunes but little, and grows fine fruit with little expense."—*Germantown Telegraph.*

A Chinese Horse Race.

Good judges tell us that there is nothing funnier all the world over than a Chinaman on horseback. Borden, a progressive little town in California, had a dozen of them a few days ago, all careering around at once on their fiery, untamed steeds, at one time. That was funny; but when it became known that these improved Mongolians were going to have a race, it was funnier, and Borden went wild with anticipation of the fun. Everybody in town turned out to see the race. In fact, they made a day of it; the butcher, the baker, and the candle-stick maker all closed shops and followed the pig-tail jockeys to the race course. Everything was done up in approved style, and the horses got a good send off, and left the judges stand all in a bunch, keeping neck and neck with each other, just as naturally as if they were not backed by a dozen grinning Chinese. The pace was not much to brag on, though, and just before they passed the quarter-mile post a group of disgusted spectators thought to stir them up, and so broke out in a sudden piercing yell, as if a thousand demons hrd been let loose all at once. Then there was a sight that would have made a dead man laugh. Each horse straightened himself out and went to win the race on his own hook, without any regard to his rider. Some took the shortest cut across the field, and some picked the longest way around it; and no two went the same way.

Borden will never know who won the race, and some of its citizens who lent horses to the Chinese will never know what became of them. The white people remembered only that there was a sudden vision of a dozen affrighted faces, faces that were everything but childlike and bland; then there was a confused vision of fleeing horses, and riders engaged in acrobatic feats more astonishing than were ever witnessed in a circus. As for the Mongolians, only ten of them crawled back to tell their story. The other two may be racing to this day for aught that Borden knows, for nothing has been heard of them since. The ten were packed off to town and doctored. Their broken bones were set and their bruises rubbed, but nothing could be made of the story of that race. They talked enough, but every word of pigeon-English had been frightened out of their heads, as no one could understand a word of their heathen gibberish. Finally they propped one up in a comfortable position in a saloon and plied him with occasional daughts of select concoctions from the counter; and after three hours of this sort of attention, he got a twist with his tongue around the English lingo once more, and delivered himself with solemn earnestness to the following effect: "Me lunnum horse hoss lacy, all a same Melican man; bymeby hosse go; we no come up, we no can do, you sable, by damme." It was enough, and Borden is downcast; for it fears that the first Chinese horse race was so much of a success that they will never be able to persuade John to try another.

What is Beauty?

Lord Byron observed justly, that the best part of beauty is that which a picture cannot express. Lord Shaftesbury asserts that all beauty is truth. True features make the beauty of the face, and true proportions the beauty of architecture, as true measure the harmony and music. It poetry which is all fabel, truth is still perfection. Fontenelle thus daintily compliments the sex when he compares women to clocks—the latter serve to point out the hours, the former to forget them. There is a magic power in beauty that all confess, a strange witchery that enchants us with a potency as irresistable as that of a magnet. It is to the moral world what gravitation is to the physical. It is easier to write about beauty in women and all its prevading influences than to define what it is. Women are the poetry of the world, in the same sense as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, light giving, harmonious, they are the terrestial planets that rule the destinies of mankind.

On Washing House Plants.

Have a large pail or tub filled with warm soapsuds, then spreading the fingers and palm of the left hand over the soil in the pot; turn the branches topsy-turvy into the warm soap-suds, swing the plant briskly in the water till every leaf has become completely saturated, then put it through a pail of clean water, rub each leaf with the thumb and finger; give it a good shake, and when dry, return to its place, in the window. The leaves of a plant are its lungs, each leaf being furnished with hundreds of minute pores, whence the plants breathe in carbon and exhale oxygen. The perspiration of plants is said to be seventeen times that of a human body. Many plants never bloom on account of the accumulation of dust upon their leaves. A plant too large to be laid down in a tub, as above described, may be syringed and each leaf rubbed clean with the finger and thumb, which are better for this purpose than a brush or cloth.—*Land and Water.*

An Orphan.

"An orphan boy," announced Bijah as he handed out Timothy Drummond.

Tim had a fearful eye, a bloody shirt-front, and his short hair stuck up like so many wires. One coat tail was absent and there was a look to the man as if an elephant had played with him in a tin-yard for half a day.

"Where do you belong?" inquired the court.

"Tleejo," was the gruff reply.

"What are you doing up here?"

"Looking for my brother."

"Have you found him?"

"No, zur."

"Well, sir continued the court, as he looked into the apple drawer to see if it contained anything. "I am your brother—your long lost brother. I have the strawberry-mark on my left arm, and I now begin to see some familiar lines in your face. I have been greatly concerned about your health, and about your pecuniary prospects, and I've just made arrangements with a man to board you for three months. Go in and sit down on the saw-horse until my landaulet arrives.

"Am I sent up?"

"The same."

"Blast yer old phiz for that!" exclaimed the prisoner; and he muttered so that his Honor did not hear, "Wait till I catch you in Tiejo!"

A drayman lost a wheel in the street, much to the annoyance of a lady whose carriage was stopped by the broken vehicle. "The deuce take your dray!" exclaimed the lady. "Not according to Hoyle," said the drayman; "a deuce can't take a trey, but it may count for low."

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FLOUR,

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FISH,

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MOLASSES,

TEAS,

COFFEE,

DRIED and CANNED FRUITS,

&c., &c., &c.

Of the best quality, and will be sold at the very lowest cash prices. Call and see our stock,

Opposite Somerset House,

SOMERSET, PA.

F. K. Colborn & Co.

IMPORTANT TO ALL.

Protection of your Family from poverty, and in case of sudden death your estate from bankruptcy; or in event of a long life a competency for your old age, can be secured if you now avail yourself of the Decennial Dividend plan furnished by the

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The only Company that can or do issue the above kind of policies, the most liberal and fair in its provisions of any in the world.

Those who wish to avail themselves of its many benefits can have the necessary documents furnished them to fill out, and additional and important information, by applying by letter or in person to

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A responsible person is wanted in this and adjoining counties to present the above plan of insurance to the public, to whom a permanent and desirable position will be given. Address as above, may5

New Advertisements. *Miscellaneous.*

JOHN F. BLYMYER,

DEALER IN

Hardware, Iron, Nails, Glass, Paints, OILS, &C., &C.

The following is a partial list of goods in Stock: Carpenter's Tools, Planes, Saws, Hatchets, Hammers, Chisels, Plane Irons, Adzes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Bellows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Gig Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Table Knives and Forks, Pocket Knives, Scissors, Spoons and Razors, the largest stock in Somerset County. Painter's Goods, a full stock. White Lead, Colored Paints for inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryer, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil always on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Ditston's Circular, Mulay and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.

SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,

Mattocks, Grub Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Sneaths, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Loooking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pulleys, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steelyards, Meat Cutters and Stuffers, Traces, Cow Chains, Halter Chains, Shoe, Dust and Scrub Brushes, Horse Brushes, Curry Combs and Cards, Door Locks, Hinges, Screws, Latches and everything in the Builders' line. Caps, Lead, Shot, Powder and Safety Fuse, &c., &c.

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

No, 3, "BAER'S BLOCK."

April 8 '74. JOHN F. BLYMYER.

BARGAINS! BARGAINS!! BARGAINS!!!

AT

The New Store of

G. R. PARKER,

Dealer in

Dry Goods, Fancy & Staple Notions, Ribbons, Embroidery, Laces, &c.

Would be pleased to have his Friends and Patrons call and examine his Stock before purchasing elsewhere. Store Room on Main Street, opposite the "Barnet House," Somerset Pa. april15.

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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 outin our New Store on

MAIN CROSS STREET,

And in addition to a full line of the best

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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—

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Merchant Tailors,

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Fashionable Clothing and Furnishing Goods.

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IN

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ALL KINDS, SUCH AS

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LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.

Market days, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. mar10'75.

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Endorsed by the leading artists.

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The cheapest first class Piano in the market.

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Over fifty three thousand of them now in use. No other musical instrument ever obtained the same popularity.

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Sole agent for above. Send for Price List and Catalogue. Full assortment of Sheet Music, Music Books and small Musical Instruments. april4

Miscellaneous.

WANTED Agents for the best selling prize packages in the world. Single package, with elegant prize, post paid, 25 cents. For other novelties send stamp. Address, F. P. GULICK, New Bedford, Mass. may12

VINEGAR BITTERS

VEGETABLE FREE FROM ALCOHOL

PURELY DR. 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, 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.

Grateful Thousands proclaim VINEGAR BITTERS the most wonderful Invigorant that ever sustained the sinking system.

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

Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, which are so prevalent in the valleys of our great rivers throughout the United States, especially those of the Mississippi, Ohio, Missouri, Illinois, Tennessee, Cumberland, Arkansas, Red, Colorado, Brazos, Rio Grande, Pearl, Alabama, Mobile, Savannah, Roanoke, James, and many others, with their vast tributaries, throughout our entire country during the Summer and Autumn, and remarkably so during seasons of unusual heat and dryness, are invariably accompanied by extensive derangements of the stomach and liver, and other abdominal viscera. In their treatment, a purgative, exerting a powerful influence upon these various organs, is essentially necessary. There is no cathartic for the purpose equal to DR. J. WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS, as they will speedily remove the dark-colored viscid matter with which the bowels are loaded, at the same time stimulating the secretions of the liver, and generally restoring the healthy functions of the digestive organs.

Fortify the body against disease by purifying all its fluids with VINEGAR BITTERS. No epidemic can take hold of a system thus fore-armed.

Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Headache, Pain in the Shoulders, Coughs, Tightness of the Chest, Dizziness, Sour Eructations of the Stomach, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Bilious Attacks, Palpitation of the Heart, Inflammation of the Lungs, Pain in the region of the Kidneys, and a hundred other painful symptoms, are the offsprings of Dyspepsia. One bottle will prove a better guarantee of its merits than a lengthy advertisement.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, White Swellings, Ulcers, Erysipelas, Swelled Neck, Goitre, Scrofulous Inflammations, Indolent Inflammations, Mercurial Affections, Old Sores, Eruptions of the Skin, Sore Eyes, etc. In these, as in all other constitutional Diseases, WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS have shown their great curative powers in the most obstinate and intractable cases.

For Inflammatory and Chronic Rheumatism, Gout, Bilious, Remittent and Intermittent Fevers, Diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys and Bladder, these Bitters have no equal. Such Diseases are caused by Vitiated Blood.

Mechanical Diseases.—Persons engaged in Paints and Minerals, such as Plumbers, Type-setters, Gold-beaters, and Miners, as they advance in life, are subject to paralysis of the Bowels. To guard against this, take a dose of WALKER'S VINEGAR BITTERS occasionally.

For Skin Diseases, Eruptions, Tetter, Salt-Rheum, Blotches, Spots, Pimples, Pustules, Boils, Carbuncles, Ring-worms, Scald-head, Sore Eyes, Erysipelas, Itch, Scurfs, Discolorations of the Skin, Humors and Diseases of the Skin of whatever name or nature, are literally dug up and carried out of the system in a short time by the use of these Bitters.

Pin, Tape, and other Worms, lurking in the system of so many thousands, are effectually destroyed and removed. No system of medicine, no vermifuges, no anthelmintics will free the system from worms like these Bitters.

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

Cleanse the Vitiated Blood whenever you find its impurities bursting through the skin in Pimples, Eruptions, or Sores; cleanse it when you find it obstructed and sluggish in the veins; cleanse it when it is foul; your feelings will tell you when. Keep the blood pure, and the health of the system will follow.

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,

Druggists and Gen. Agts. San Francisco, California, and cor. of Washington and Charlton Sts., N. Y.

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