

BROWN'S SUCCESS.
He had come west to rise—there could be no doubt about that. He reached our town on the Walwash by the 8 o'clock stage; when the clock struck 9 he had already reduced to admiring silence the crowd which on his arrival, was heathily discussing about the hotel door that Greytown affair, which created such an excitement twenty years ago. Which side he defended I don't know, but he quoted historical precedents before which the *a priori* arguments of our unlearned villagers shriveled and disappeared. The next day was Sunday. Mr. Brown attended services in our only church, sang splendidly the tenor part of "Ortonville," "Boylston," and "Scotland," and made the acquaintance of our chorister. At the evening service our choir sang, for the first time, "Jerusalem, my happy home."

On Monday morning he hired a store but as his goods had not arrived, he dropped into each room in our two school houses and made lively speeches to the boys and girls.

In the afternoon he called on the editor of our only paper, the Mount Zion *Whig* and the editor in his turn informed his readers that by the arrival of Mr. Brown Mount Zion had gained a citizen of force and brilliancy, and the *Whig* party had approved of his ranks a tried and approved champion of the indestructible principles of the party of progress. "I am almost inclined, for the public good, to violate the confidence reposed in us by our fellow townsmen when he informed us that in the old Bay State he had filled various positions of public trust."

Mr. Brown's goods came up the river by the first boat, and all the small boys of the town escorted the wagons which conveyed the boxes to the store. For two or three days the storekeeper was busily engaged in opening, marking and arranging his goods, but he found time to appear before the examining committee of the church on Wednesday evening, present his letter of dismission from the eastern church by which he was released from all obligations, and with great credit to himself and great satisfaction to our sharp eyed deacons. When he finally opened his store, the rush was so great that the other storekeepers in town had but little to do but stand in their late ways and look sadly upon their late customers. Brown stood behind his counter in clean shirt, new cravat, and a well fitted suit of clothes—three auxiliaries to salesmanlike ability which our good old fashioned seldom employed, but which in Brown's case proved paying investments. His store became the favorite with ladies, for he was very courteous, and his popularity with the gentler sex increased rapidly after two or three purchases of his goods had acted upon his suggestions as to nature and color of trimmings to be used. In short, he failed at nothing which it was within the power of man to attain in a small, poor western town.

One night, only a month after the whole town came among us, the whole town was aroused by the ringing of the school house bell. As no evening meetings were ever held in the school house, every one knew the bell was ringing for fire, and each man in town seized his water pail, rushed out of his house, and hurried in the direction which was the lightest. The fire proved to be in the Lynd House, a large frame building in which an ambitious newcomb had started a hotel and failed, all in the first year of the town. Since he had abandoned it it had been principally famous for lack of paint and for containing the few hard characters who lived at Mount Zion. None of the occupants knew how the fire occurred, but their ignorance on the subject did not have the least bit of depressing influence upon the flames. They had taken full possession of the lower portion of the side nearest the body of the town, and threw their strong light upon the burning village.

Among these latter was Mr. Brown, who had a whole "nest" of palls on his shoulder, and was roaring "fire" as industriously as if no one had eyes to see for themselves. Mr. Brown cut the strings of his coat, the palls together, lines of men were formed to neighboring wells, and water soon began to flow freely upon the burning building. Those nearest the flames began to retire, however, and it soon became evident that the odds were in favor of the fire. The wretched inhabitants were dragging out their miserable effects, and stood looking at the burning building, as if by doing so they were fulfilling the whole duty of man, when one of them suddenly turned to another and asked, "Where's old Welsh?"

The man to whom he spoke started at the speaker a moment, looked at the burning house and ejaculated: "Thunder!"

"What's that?" asked Mr. Brown, who had just been advising some of the homeless people to move their property into an abandoned log cabin near by.

"Old Welsh—he ain't come out, I reckon," drawled the first speaker.

"Where is he?" asked Brown quickly. "You don't mean to say he is in the house yet?"

"Well, I 'low I do, though," replied the man with another drawl. "He lived all by himself in the top floor, and I reckon he ain't heard we was here—Jerusalem!"

The last word of this sentence was detached and spoken with emphasis as Brown started on a rapid run in the direction of his own store. He was back within a few minutes with a reel of three quarter inch rope on his shoulder, while in one hand he held a ball of heavy cord and one of those half-pound bars of soft lead which hunters used to buy to mold into bullets. He tied the lead to the end of the cord and then he moved into the house.

"Somebody go behind and haul it over lively," he shouted.

Several men started, and one man who did not go roared:

"Honey for Brown! to which suggestion there was a loud response.

"Much obliged, boys," said the young storekeeper, hastily tying the other end of the cord to the rope. "Now keep paying out rope—somebody bring that ladder here."

The ladder—quite a long one, but too short to reach the upper story windows—was brought and the rope carefully fastened to it. Brown carried it up to the front of the building, out of which the flames had not yet

Ex-President Johnson.
Obsequies at Greenville To-day.
The Remains Lie in the Court House—Mourning of the Villagers—The Old Tailor Shop Draped.
THE BURIAL PLACE MARKED BY A WILLOW FROM NAPOLEON'S GRAVE.
Appropriate Orders from the War and Navy Departments.
Action of the New York Board of Aldermen—Comments by Newspapers, etc.
ORDER FROM THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.
WASHINGTON, August 2.—An order was issued to-day by Commodore R. A. Lee, Acting Secretary of the Navy, directing, in pursuance of the President's order announcing the death of ex-President Johnson, that the ensign at each naval station and on each vessel of the United States Navy in commission, be hoisted at half-mast from sunrise to sunset, and that a gun be fired at intervals of half an hour from sunrise to sunset at each naval station and on board each vessel of the United States Navy, on the day and at the hour when his order may be received in receipt. The officers of the navy and marine corps will wear the usual badge of mourning attached to the sword hilt on the left arm for the period of thirty days.

FROM THE WAR DEPARTMENT.
An order was also issued from the War Department, reciting the order of the President and directing that, in compliance with his instructions, troops will be paraded at ten A. M. on the day after the receipt of the order at each military post, where the order will be read to them and the labors of that day will thereafter cease. The national flag will be displayed at half-mast. At dawn of day thirteen guns will be fired, and afterwards, at intervals of thirty minutes, the salute of the rifle and salute of the drum, a single gun; and at the close of the day a national salute of thirty-seven guns. The officers of the army will wear crepe on the left arm and on their swords, and the colors of the several regiments will be put in mourning for the period of thirty days.

FUNERAL AT GREENVILLE TO-DAY.
NASHVILLE, August 2.—Ex-President Johnson will be buried at Greenville to-morrow, with Masonic honors. Governor Perier and other executive officers, with a number of prominent citizens of this and other portions of Tennessee, will go to Greenville to attend the obsequies.

ACTION OF THE NEW YORK BOARD OF ALDERMEN.
NEW YORK, August 2.—The Board of Aldermen to-day, unanimously adopted the following:

WHEREAS, This Common Council has learned, with the most profound sorrow, of the death of ex-President Andrew Johnson, and as the said ex-President was a citizen of this city, and as a proper expression of the sentiment and feeling of the Common Council, the representatives of the people of this city, in view of the exalted character and public services of the deceased President and statesman;

Resolved, That a special committee of three members of this Board be appointed to prepare and present resolutions expressive of the regrets of the people of this city for the death of the illustrious deceased, and to take such other and appropriate action as to them may appear best calculated to manifest our sorrow for the death, and respect for the memory of the deceased ex-President of the United States.

COMMENTS OF TORONTO PAPERS.
TORONTO, August 2.—The morning papers contain eulogistic tributes to the memory of ex-President Johnson.

The *Mail* says:

"In intellectual capacity he was not to be placed beside Jefferson, Adams and other fathers of the Republic. In personal and private virtues, he was not inferior to any of them, and we may say he was the last American President of the old school."

The *Globe* says:

"He must now be numbered with other great men whose lives were shortened by the quick and direct, indirectly, of the fierce and terrible struggle through which the nation passed."

THE REMAINS LYING IN STATE.
The following special from Greenville, to-day the *Union and American* was received to-night:

The funeral will take place on Tuesday, at eleven o'clock, under the charge of the Masons. The remains arrived here Sunday morning, and were deposited at his residence until this morning, when they were taken to the court house, where they lie in state. His children are here, except his daughter, Mrs. Brown, who is detained at her residence with her mother, who is not expected long to survive the shock occasioned by the ex-President's sudden death.

ADMIRING AT GREENVILLE.
The court house, stores and private residences are draped in mourning, and many windows are decorated with flags. A large concourse is expected, civic and military. The Governor and State officials and the Nashville Committee are expected in the morning.

A BEAUTIFUL CASKET.
A beautiful casket, of silver, with rich silver mountings and unadorned, contains the corpse. The body showed signs of decomposition this morning, and the case was closed, excluding from view the face of any part of the body. Upon the silver plate is engraved "Andrew Johnson, aged 67." Upon the walls of the casket room, which the body occupies, are three oil portraits of the deceased, and many photographs of various styles, steel engravings and a splendid bust in medallion, all surrounded with badges of mourning.

Upon the casket, amid wreaths of flowers, lie a number of medals in a rich gilt frame, with heavy Masonic insignia.

THE PLACE OF BURIAL.
A civic, military and Masonic procession will escort the remains from the court house at eleven o'clock, to the place of burial, on Johnson's Hill, half a mile southwest of the village. This hill is a tract of land owned by the deceased, overlooking the village and plainly visible from the railroad. It is said that the ex-President, before he was buried, wished to be buried by planting on the spot a willow tree, which he had just grown on Napoleon's tomb at St. Helena. He left here Wednesday

morning for a few days' recreation, expecting to go to Washington this week. His death has called to the memory of old citizens many incidents of his early struggles.

THE OLD TAILOR SHOP.
Where he worked for many years, is heavily draped, which, with the overhanging vines, makes a sad but beautiful picture. The citizens, without regard to politics, have taken an interest in festooning the public and private buildings with mourning draperies. The ladies have been especially energetic.

A SOULIQUEY OF 1873.
The following, which I recognize to be in the ex-President's writing, has been found among his papers in his office:

GREENVILLE, June 29, 1873.
"All seem glad to despair. I have performed my duty to my God, my country and my family. I have nothing to fear. Approaching death to me is the mere shadow of God's protecting wing. Hence I know, can no such evil come. Here I will rest in quiet peace, beyond the reach of calamity's poisoned shaft and the influence of envy and jealous enemies; weary and traitors, or statesmen, or politicians, or any other enemies of the truth, or of the good of the world. I will be as I was in 1873. There was no rain; but it was the winter of 1873-4 which ruined them. They possessed 48,000 sheep, all perished. They had 100 pairs of oxen, about five per cent are left. Every house possessed a cow or two, almost all are gone. When no food could be found the poorest of the villagers ate grass, herbs, the bark of hushwood, and they died by scores, for there was no help nearer than Knoxville or Albany, every one round them being in the same sad condition. At last, in their extremity, some of them found a kind of clay, which they ground down, mixed with water, and swallowed. For them, as for many of the truth of this. No help came; a few managed to escape to Knoxville; those who contrived to reach Adena nearly all died of typhus. And so the fire went on till nothing was left for it to feed on. Only those who once were rich and now are poor are reduced to the extremity of indigence, and scarce know how to support themselves till the new harvest comes in. They live on money borrowed from the merchants with whom they used to do business in better times. For them, as for many other villages, the Government did little or nothing. Seed was given—indeed, had that not been provided this year would have been as bad as last. The harvest will be good, but it will only just be enough for their absolute wants. As for the Government taxes were raised, in many cases by the most violent means; that year the same thing would occur, but there is nothing—absolutely nothing left to take."

ARRIVAL OF STRANGERS.
Governor Perier, Comptroller General, Senator Fowler, Mr. Barnes, George White and other Nashville officials, with a number of prominent citizens of this and other portions of Tennessee, will go to Greenville to attend the obsequies.

THE FUNERAL PROCESSION.
Greenville Lodge brought the body out and placed it in the hearse. The procession was formed and marched to the grave, under charge of marshal and assistants, in the following order: Johnson Guards, Patrons of Husbandry, the Grand Lodge of Knoxville; Masonic lodges and chapters, hearse bearing the body with pall bearers attending and Knights Templars a guard of honor; the family in carriages, Governor Perier, other distinguished guests, members of the press and, lastly, citizens on foot and horseback. Special coverings for the hearse horses, adorned with varied Masonic insignia, had been prepared for the occasion by the undertaker.

DISTINGUISHED VISITORS.
Among the distinguished visitors not already mentioned, were Judge McFarland and Frigg and Chancellor Key, Congressman McFarland, Thornbury and Crutchfield; Representatives Butler, Taylor, and Leagon; Colonel John Williams, Colonel Luttrell and Mayor Staub, of Knoxville, to whose industry and energy in no small degree may be attributed the large and respectable delegation from this city.

THE GRAVE ON JOHNSON'S HILL.
The grave is on a hill, half mile southwest of town, in view and on the left of the railroad. The hill is a natural mound, about one hundred feet high, and commands a view of the Unaka range on the southeast, for fifty miles, while on the northwest may be seen the Ridge and Cumberland mountains.

SERVICES AT THE GRAVE.
Thither, to the music of the bands, the mournful procession moved, and was arranged in a double circle around the grave, leaving an open space of about two hundred feet in diameter, enclosing the family, the Knoxville City Guard and the Grand Lodge and other distinguished visitors. The knights then performed their beautiful funeral ceremony, under the lead of Commander Woodward and aided by the Glee Club. A brief obituary of the deceased, Johnson's ceremony of burial was then conducted with great feeling and eloquence, by D. G. M. Connor, aided by the Greenville Lodge, amidst the moans and sighs and tears of the bereaved family. The clouds rattled upon the coffin lid of Andrew Johnson, his body was committed to the dust, his soul to the God who gave life. Nothing whatever of an unpleasant nature occurred to mar the mournful harmony of the solemn occasion. Order and quiet reigned during the whole day, which was a fitting evidence of the large concourse of people was a feeling tribute to the

memory of one who ranked gratitude as the chiefest of human virtues.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE STRANGERS.
At three P. M. the services were concluded and the orderly crowd dispersed. At four o'clock the trains bore away most of the East Tennessee visitors. The Nashville and Chattanooga delegations, however, remained here, and Greenville is left alone to mourn the loss of her illustrious dead.

The Famine in Asia Minor.
A correspondent of the London *Times*, in a letter from Karaman, Asia Minor, after giving many terrible details of the horrible sufferings in many of the villages in what was anciently known as Lycania, concludes as follows:

"I could cite the cases of many other villages. I will end with the worst. Devalih or Lycania, was before the famine a very considerable village of seven hundred houses; two hundred only are now left, all the rest are ruined and deserted. I myself saw a whole quarter of the place in ruins. It possesses a very extensive pastoral district, consisting of grass, but little arable land, and is four to seven hours ride distant from any other village. The scarcity here in 1873. There was no rain; but it was the winter of 1873-4 which ruined them. They possessed 48,000 sheep, all perished. They had 100 pairs of oxen, about five per cent are left. Every house possessed a cow or two, almost all are gone. When no food could be found the poorest of the villagers ate grass, herbs, the bark of hushwood, and they died by scores, for there was no help nearer than Knoxville or Albany, every one round them being in the same sad condition. At last, in their extremity, some of them found a kind of clay, which they ground down, mixed with water, and swallowed. For them, as for many of the truth of this. No help came; a few managed to escape to Knoxville; those who contrived to reach Adena nearly all died of typhus. And so the fire went on till nothing was left for it to feed on. Only those who once were rich and now are poor are reduced to the extremity of indigence, and scarce know how to support themselves till the new harvest comes in. They live on money borrowed from the merchants with whom they used to do business in better times. For them, as for many other villages, the Government did little or nothing. Seed was given—indeed, had that not been provided this year would have been as bad as last. The harvest will be good, but it will only just be enough for their absolute wants. As for the Government taxes were raised, in many cases by the most violent means; that year the same thing would occur, but there is nothing—absolutely nothing left to take."

Do More for Mother.
Is there a vacant place in this bank which I could fill? The inquiry of a boy, as with glowing cheek he stood before the manager.

"There is none," was the reply. "Were you told that you might obtain a position? Who recommended you?"

"No one recommended me, sir," calmly answered the boy. "I only thought that I would see."

There was a straightforwardness in the manner, and honest determination in the tone, which pleased the man of business, and induced him to continue the conversation; he said:

"You must have friends who could aid you in obtaining a situation; have you told them of the vacant place?"

The quick flash of the deep blue eyes was quenched in the overtaking wave of sadness as he said, though half musingly:

"My mother said it would be useless to try without friends; and then reflecting himself he apologized for the interruption, and was about to withdraw when the gentleman said him by asking him why he did not remain at school for a year or two, and then enter the business world."

"I have no time," was the reply. "I study at home, and keep up with the other boys."

"Then you have a place already?"

"I have not left it," said the boy quietly.

"But you wish to leave it; what is the matter?"

"For a moment the child hesitated; then he replied with half reluctant frankness, "I must do more for my mother."

"Be a word, Talisman of success anywhere, everywhere. They sank into the heart of the listener, recalling the radiant past. Grasping the hand of the astonished child, he said, "I have never known a boy so frank and so true."

"My good boy, what is your name?"

You shall fill the first vacancy for an apprentice that occurs in the bank. I, meantime, you need a friend, come to me. Why do you wish to do more for your mother? Have you no father?"

Tears filled the boy's eyes as he replied:

"My father is dead, my mother and sisters are dead, and my mother and I are left alone to help each other. I wish to take care of her, but I will please her, sir, that you have been so kind; and I am much obliged to you."

"So saying the boy left, the drawing that his nobleness of character had been a bright glance of hope tremblingly entered a boy, animated by the desire to help his mother, will always find friends.

A stranger dropped into a Newark barroom, the other day, took up newspaper, and shortly afterward laid it to a trainee which he died. For curiosity's sake, we should just like to know what newspaper that was.

"There is no place so good as home—except her home."

The British Bar Maid.
The strong desire of smart, respectable young women to obtain the place of bar maids behind a public house counter is evinced by the number of applicants offering their service in the licensed victuaries' newspapers, describing themselves as tall, genteel, well educated, attractive, neat, and are willing to serve months without wages. I have in my time known many attractive bar maids, and have often heard from their lips tales of misery, whilst others, full of gaiety, would not exchange their position except upon a "very eligible offer." Numbers of young females have been brought to the bar through unthinking friends of "mine host"—the latter being the maids upon the sole necessity of customers, and once so-called bar maids, bar maids they must continue, unless married, for few would except their services in any other capacity. A great many undoubtedly like the position from pure love of admiration and vanity. They like to be looked at, and to be complimented by customers and admirers; and their fondness for dress is considerably heightened by the opportunities afforded of "showing off" to the "fellows" using the tavern. It would be far from the truth to assert that all this attention to improprieties which men leads to evil courses, and that, for a class, placed in so many ways of temptations, bar maids are far more moral than many other female employees that could be easily named. They have no objection to be made love to and accept presents from "softheads" and "spooners," but catch them outside the bar with such! In many houses at the West End and the city used by clerks, lawyers, and shopmen, the landlords find it greatly to their interest to have handsome, only serve at those houses, when the young ladies behind the bar, the conversation at these houses is by no means of the "good school alphabet." Many of these "young ladies" have rich dresses in the height of fashion, found them by their employers, and only serve at those houses, when the young ladies behind the bar, the conversation at these houses is by no means of the "good school alphabet." Many of these "young ladies" have rich dresses in the height of fashion, found them by their employers, and only serve at those houses, when the young ladies behind the bar, the conversation at these houses is by no means of the "good school alphabet."

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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, Axes, &c., Blacksmith's Goods, Belows, Anvils, Vices, Files, Hammers, &c. Saddlery Hardware, Tab Trees, Girth Saddles, Hames, Buckles, Rings, Bits and Tools. Lead, Colored Paints, inside and outside painting, Paints in oil, all colors, Varnish, Turpentine, Flaxseed Oil, Brushes, Japan Dryers, Walnut Stains, &c. Window Glass of all sizes and glass cut to any shape. The best Coal Oil Lamps on hand. Our stock of Coal Oil Lamps is large and comprises very elegant styles. Diston's Circular, Mule and Cross Cut Saws. Mill Saw Files of the best quality. Porcelain-lined Kettles. Handles of all kinds.
SHOVELS, FORKS, SPADES, RAKES,
Mattocks, Grab Hoes, Picks, Scythes, Snaells, Sledges, Mason Hammers, Cast Steel, Step Ladders, Carriage and Tire Bolts of all sizes. Looking Glasses, Wash Boards, Clothes Wringers, Meal Sieves, Door Mats, Baskets, Tubs, Wooden Buckets, Twine, Rope all sizes, Hay Pullers, Butter Prints, Mop Sticks, Traps, Steadyrads, 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.

W. F. ALTFATHER & Co.
SOMERSET, PA.
We have a large warehouse and live house near the Depot, and will furnish Country Merchants and Farmers storage room at reasonable rates.
No. 159 Federal St.,
Allegheny City, Pa.
WIKES & YOUNG,
BUTCHERS
AND DEALERS,
FRESH MEATS,
ALL KINDS, SUCH AS
BEEF, PORK, MUTTON, VEAL, LAMB,
SWEETBREAD, PULMONS, BLOOMING,
AND
LARD, OUR OWN RENDERING.
Market days, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.
No. 4, Baer's Block,
PITTSBURGH.

W. F. ALTFATHER & Co.
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We will make a specialty of
SALT,
FLOUR, GRAIN,
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We will make a specialty of
SALT,
Carbon Oil,
Land Plaster,
CALCINED PLASTER,
FREDERICK
AND
CLEVELAND
WHITE LIME,
Cumberland Lime,
GUANO,
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