ELSIE'S PUPIL.

What a world of changes vacation brings to the innocent young school-girl—what a revolution of thought, fact and fancy! In all our future, will ever the weeks come to us, garlanded with roses and radient with the fancies of the heart, as they came to us in the days of our summer vacations?

That was what Elsie Dale was thinking, as she sat beside the river, dipping her water-lily buds in the cool tide, and watching the bird's nests in the rushes.

She was homeless and motherless, and all the other girls were full of happy anticipations, as they clustered on the cool green spot of shadow under the giant elm tree. And yet, beneath it all, there was a throb of exultation in her heart.

"I am to have a season at Saratoga," said Cynthia Vail, the beauty of the school. "Mamma says I am young, but then young girls are all the fashion now."

"I am to go to the Adirondacks with papa, to take sketches, and strengthen my lungs," said Mary Allison, proudly.

"I am to have music lessons from Signor Ballentando!" triumphantly proclaimed little Belle Burton. "Tell us, Elsie, dear, what are you going to do?"

"Exactly the opposite from you, Belle," said Elsie, laughing, while the dimples came into her chin and the carmine color into her cheeks. "I shall spend my vacation in giving music lessons, so that I can test my own capacity and earn a little money for the future."

"Belle Burton looked on with wide-open eyes of surprise.

"Oh, Essie!" cried she, "do you believe you can?"

"I shall try," said Elsie, bravely. "I can't possibly fancy a music teacher without false hair and spectacles," said Belle.

"Madam Duchesne is very kind," said Miss Dale. "She has got me this situation, because she knew that I wanted remunerative employment during the vacation. Some lady wrote to her, from the Shawangunk mountains—one of those castellated mansions on the heights, you know, that one dreams about—that she wanted her to come out and give a quarter's lessons in her family. And Madam Duchesne could not leave town, so she wrote to propose me for a substitute."

"Are you to have many pupils?" inquired Belle, with interest.

"Only one."

"A girl or boy?"

"I don't know," said Elsie, "I think I would rather have a girl, if I am to choose. But Madam Duchesne says that boys are often the more intelligent and appreciative learners."

The next day came with its flower hung halls, its band of music, and blue ribboned diplomas, and sweet bustle of departure—and when evening came, Elsie Dale was on her way to Mount Sorel, in the Shawangunta mountains.

She had never been out of the city before, except during the year she had been at boarding school, at the expense of an eccentric old aunt, who had bethought herself to die, leaving all her property to a sectarian "Home for Old Ladies," and the sublime crest of the everlasting hills were as new as they were delightful to her. Glens, cascades, wild gorges and desolate ravines, clothed with the black-green growth of pines and cedars, succeeded one another in bewildering array—and the mountain stage was actually at the door of Mount Sorel before Elsie realized that she was more than half way on her journey.

It was a fine old mansion, with a central tower of gray stone, and two long, low wings, situated upon a level plateau on the hillside, with a wall of almost perpendicular mountain on the rear, and a superb view extending to the south.

An old colored servant man, with wool as white as snow, and a suit of genteel black, came to the door.

"Is Mrs. Sorel at home?" Miss Dale demanded with what dignity she might command.

"Yes, miss, de missis she's to home," briskly answered the sable servitor.

"Tell her it is the music teacher," said Elsie.

And the old man showed her into a pretty little appartment, hung with antique chintz all sprinkled with trees and butterflies in colors that would have driven a naturalist wild.

A fire of some scented wood blazed on a low marble hearth, and was far from disagreeable in these chill mountain heights, August evening though it was.

Presently a stout lady, in black silk dress and fluttering cap-strings, came hurrying in.

"Goodness gracious me!" ejaculated the stout lady in black; "there is some mistake."

She rose and dropped an alarmed courtesy.

"There is no mistake, ma'am I think," said she.

"But you are a child," said Mrs. Sorel.

"I am eighteen, ma'am," said Elsie.

"I wrote for Madam Duchesne."

"Madam Duchesne could not come," said Elsie, feeling her heart-throbs begin to accelerate. "I am her favorite pupil, and she was convinced that I could represent her. Didn't you get her letter?"

"I have received no letter," said Mrs. Sorel, still viewing Elsie through her eye-glasses as if she were some sort of an unaccountable rara avis.

Then succeeded another embarrassing silence, which Elsie Dale felt must be broken at all hazzards.

"If you would be so good as to introduce me to my pupil," said she, "I think—"

"Oh, certainly," said Mrs. Sorel, with a little hysterical laugh, "I will introduce you to your pupil."

And opening a door which slid gentle back under portiers of pink and blue chintz, she led the way into a study lined with books, where, by the soft light of a shaded lamp, sat a dignified gentleman of thirty, busy over a heap of manuscript.

"My son, the rector of the parish," said she. "Rudolph, allow me to introduce you to Miss Dale, who has come from New York to give you music lessons."

The dignified gentleman rose and bowed.

Elsie felt as if she could slide, invisible through a crack in the door.

"Rudolph has had every musical advantage at Prague and Vienna," said Mrs. Sorel; but Madam Duchesne has a reputation for classical sacred music, and my son thought it might be well to refresh his memory with a course of lessons in Hayden and Mozart before instructing his choir of boys himself."

Elsie colored like a rose.

"I—I am very sorry," said she; "and so will Madame Duchesne be," she thought—and I thought, too—that the pupil was a child. I believe I am pretty well-grounded in my musical education, but of course I couldn't undertake to teach a gentleman like Mr. Sorel. Perhaps I had better return to New York by the morning's stage."

Here Elsie quite forgetful of her dignity burst into tears.

"Stop a minute!" said Mr. Sorel, gently. "Why should you not remain at Mount Sorel and instruct my little choir boys in my stead? And while they are still in the rudiments you can be practicing with me."

"If I could earn my board in that way," Elsie said, feebly.

"You can do a great deal more than that," said Mr. Sorel, kindly. "And now mother, I am sure our pale little visitor needs a cup of tea."

Hospitable Mrs. Sorel made haste to conduct her to the breakfast room, where fragrant tea, broiled chicken, and biscuits as light as a puff of snow, were spread appetizingly on a little round table, glittering with old silver, and lighted with wax candles in antique bronze sconces.

"That was an excellent thought about the choir boys," said Mrs. Sorel as she poured the thick yellow cream into Elsie's cup. "Now, wasn't it my dear?"

"If—if you are quite sure that it wasn't merely to make me feel easy about staying here?" faltered Elsie.

Mrs. Sorel smiled wisely.

"Nothing would have induced him to say what he did not think," said she. "Rudolph is truth itself."

So Elsie stayed at Mount Sorel, going down day by day to the little chapel among the wild mountain ledges, with its picturesque gables and windows of stained glass, to teach the small choir boys the difference between sharps and flats, "sol fa's" "re mi's." And then, when the lesson was over, she wandered into the ravine, gathered rare ferns and copied slender-stemmed wild flowers in water colors, and grew as rosy as a milk maid.

Until September came, with the early frosts that turned the ferns to gold, and hung pennons of scarlet and russet among the maple trees in the glen; and then one day, Rudolph Sorel found Miss Dale sitting gravely on the moss-covered rocks, beside the mountain spring, with an unwonted shadow on her face.

"What are you thinking of?" he asked with a smile.

"I am thinking what I shall do this fall," said she. "Whether to advertise in the city papers for music scholars, or to open a little day school in some unpretentious quarter of the town."

"Why do you go away from here at all?" he asked, gravely.

"Because I have my living to earn."

"But why can't you earn it here?" said he.

"Because there is nothing to do," she replied.

"Are you quite certain of that?" he asked, gently. "There is a great deal to do, Elsie Dale. I want you to stay at Mount Sorel—to stay for my sake. I want you to be my wife, Elsie!"

"Oh," cried Elsie, clasping her hands, "if only I were worthy of that!"

"But you are worthy," he said. "Sweetheart, my life would be a vain void without you, now that I have learned to know and love you."

So when Madame Duchesne wrote to Elsie Dale that she had found a situation for her, Elsie Dale wrote back to Madame Duchesne that she had found one for herself; and that it had nothing to do with music lessons either.

Pigs for Next Year.

As this is the time of the year when farmers are determining what hogs to fatten, it is also the time for deciding upon what they will do for pigs the coming year. As is often the case, a farmer will fatten and kill off all the sows that have had pigs that season, and depend upon gilts for breeders the following year. But it is never good policy to kill a sow that has proved herself a good breeder and suckler, and rely upon one whose qualities in this respect are yet to be developed. Besides, the pigs of a sow that has already proved herself a good breeder and milker are always, as a general thing stronger, start off much better, and are sure to keep the lead in the race of fattening. The worth of a good sow in bacon is a small matter in comparison to the two litters of pigs she will have the following year.

The farmer should always endeavor to raise his own stock, whether they be horses, cows, sheep or hogs; and if he has good comfortable quarters for his sows they should be bred early in November, so as to farrow in March. But if his sows are allowed to run out in the fields or wood lot, and take chances, it is better not to breed them till January. If they farrow in March they can have another litter in August or early in september; but if they have their first litter the last of April or first of May, they cannot be expected to have another brood before cold weather sets in. A sow will have pigs in six months lacking six days from the time she is bred, and the farmer should make preparations for the occasion accordingly. She should be put in a separate apartment at least a week before farrowing, so as to accustom her to her new quarters, supplying her in the meantime with cut straw for bedding. After farrowing she should not be disturbed for a day or two, even to give her food and drink, for when she wants either she will soon let you know. After beginning to feed her increase her allowance gradually for the first five or six days, and then give her as much rich food as she will eat. The pigs will soon learn to eat with her, and should also have all they will eat. In this way the pigs can be made weigh from 160 to 200 pounds by the time they are eight months old. This is the most profitable way to make pork. No time for cholera; no time for idle capitol; no time for pen, luck" of any kind.—*Lancaster Farmer.*

Why Should They.

No man or woman can do satisfactory work when the brain is dull, the nerves unsteady, the system relaxed and they feel generally wrecked. Why should lawyers, merchants, clergymen, doctors, mechanics or mothers often miserably drag through their work in this condition, when a small amount of Parker's Ginger Tonic will always, at moderate cost, clear the brain and give them the strength and the will to perform their duties satisfactorily. We have felt its strengthening and bracing effects and can recommend it most highly. See other column.—*Ed.*

Sara Bernhardt.

TRUE STORY OF THE FRENCH ACTRESS.

The San Francisco *Post* says; Of course we all read the nonsense printed by the Eastern papers on the subject of Sara Bernhardt's physical insufficiency, but very few people realize how preternaturally thin she is, for all that. The following perfectly true incident will convey an approximate idea, however, especially to to country readers: In the winter of '78 the irrepressible and omniverous Sara became enamored of an attache of the American legation in Paris named McGugger. We don't mean that McG. ever actually became of the great star's list of alleged husbands, suffice it that success finally crowned her efforts to arrest the coy representative of the of the bird of freedom.

The wonderful actress worshiped her art more than her lover, however—which is generally the case with wonderful actresses; so it happened that she was not sorry to suddenly discover that she possessed a dread rival in a pretty grisette, as just at that moment she was rehearsing the part of a jealous wife, and was professionally glad to obtain all the points on jealousy, so to speak, she possibly could. To utilize the circumstances to the best advantage, the actress proceeded to gain secret admission to the rooms of McGugger, in the hopes of witnessing an interview between her rival and her faithless admirer, and drawing valuable experience from the laceration of her own feelings while so engaged.

There was a shot gun standing in the corner (as is the case in most American bed rooms), into one of the barrels of which the star easily crawled after removing a few superfluous articles of apparel, which she slipped into the other barrel. Nobody entered, however, and finally geting tired of waiting, Sara tucked the top wad of the charge under her head and went fast asleep. That night there was an alarm of burglars raised, and McGugger was just in the act of discharging his gun at a man getting over the fence, when Sara, who had been awakened by the click of the gun-lock, shrieked:

"Don't shoot; I'm in the gun!"

"Which barrel—quick?" said McG——.

"The left, but my things are—"

The attache, however, instantly touched the other trigger, and simultaneously Sara's historical high-heeled slippers crashed through the house-breaker's pope's nose, so to speak.

"Will you come out?" said our representative, shaking the gun, "or shall I get the ramrod and extract you?"

"You have fired away all my duds," said the Bernhardt, though, of course, in excellent French. "I'm afraid I shall have to borrow your gun to wear home."

"I guess you'd better," said McGugger, "as it looks like rain."

So he turned the gun muzzle downwards, so she could get her feet on the floor, and steered her down stairs. The passers in front of Sara's house were astonished a few minutes later at beholding a shot-gun descend from a coupe and walk up stairs propelled ay a shadowy pair of unmistakable Hebraic feet.

And now what is the tender and beautiful lesson taught by this incident? Does it not, gentle reader—does it not, we say—assure the earnest and thoughtful student of elementive philology that independent of and correlatively apart from, the ornithological influence of contemporaneous animalcule, the infinitude of interchangeable otherness, contaminated though it be sepulchral translucence, can seldom, impregnate with allusive cynophelian insistance the gynaecological asseveration of potoplasms asimuth, or either in case of fire or sickness in the family?

Going it Blind.

Galveston boasts of the smartest horse trader in Texas. A purchaser for a horse that he was trying to sell could perceive no defect in the animal, but still he did not care to buy. He said to the seller:

"The horse seems all right, but he may have some defect that I can't perceive."

The seller who was standing at the head of the horse, replied:

"I stand between you and any damage."

The buyer thought this sufficient guarantee, so he closed the sale. Next day he came around raving. The seller was as calm as a May morning. The irate purchaser said:

"I want my money back. You guaranteed the horse sound and I find he is blind in one eye. You promised to make good any defect there was about the horse."

"I did nothing of the kind. If you take me for a fool, you are mistaken. It must have been somebody else."

"What did you tell me when I said the horse might have some defect *I* didn't perceive?"

"I told you I would stand between you and any damage; and so I did. I stood between you and the damaged eye of the horse; and, perhaps, that was the reason you didn't see it. I got on the b'lind side of the horse I sold."

"Yes," responded the disconsolate purchaser, "you go on my blind side, and sold me at the same time."—*Galveston News.*

Butter at $40 a Pound

Gilhooly strayed into De Smith's grocery yesteredy, accompanied by his dog. Suddenly the grocer cried out, as if in great pain:

"Your blame dog has eaten up two pounds of nice fresh country butter."

"Well, if it don't hurt the dog it is all right, but I want you to understand he is a valuable dog, and if he dies you will have to pay about $40 dollars a pound for that Oleomargarine."

A Lady's Wish.

"Oh, how I do wish my skin was as clear and soft as yours," said a lady to her friend.

"You can easily make it so," answered the friend.

"*How?*" inquired the first lady.

"By using Hop Bitters, that makes pure rich blood and blooming health. It did it for me as you observe." Read of it.—*Cairo Bulletin.*

Every steel-rail rolling mill in the United States has orders ahead sufficient to employ their full capacity until late into next year

Thousand of ladies have found sudden relief from all their woes by the use of Lydia E. Pinkham's VEGETABLE COMPOUND, the great remedy for diseases peculiar to females. Send to Lydia E. Pinkham, 233 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass., for pamphlets.

Fate, or What.

No historian of the war will ever write of companies and battalions, and the strange fate which followed a company of infantry attached to a regiment from Michigan need not be looked for in history, although it would make an interesting page in any work.

The company was mustered into service 100 strong, and a better lot of men never took the oath of allegiance to Uncle Sam. Before leaving the State three of the men died. On the trip from Detroit to Washington two were killed by the cars. In marching along the streets of the capital another fell dead. In going into camp another was accidentally shot through the heart. Inside of three weeks there was seven deaths in this company and not even a case of sickness in any other. The regiment was in camp near Washington for four weeks, and two more men died in this company, a third was drowned, and another was shot dead in a street brawl. This made eleven men, and not another company had lost one.

In its first skirmish the company lost four men, while no other company had a man wounded. Its First Lieutenant and Third Sergeant were two of the killed. Promotions had hardly been made when the company was detailed for outpost duty, and guerrillas killed three of its men at one volley. The First Lieutenant and Third Sergeant were two of the three. This made eighteen men, and only one other company had lost a man. Promotions were again made, and the regiment became engaged in a battle. Other companies had men wounded, but this one had five killed. The First Lieutenant and Third Sergeant were among the number. This made a total of twenty-three. Not a man had fallen sick but to die. Not a man had been hit except to go down.

By this time the ill-luck of the company had become camp talk, and men were not ashamed to believe that there was something strange and superstitious about it. It was hard work to find men who would take promotion, and three of the rank and file were so unmanned that they deserted. Out of a loss of twenty-seven men in the regiment up to this time twenty-six had been from one company.

A curious change now occurred. In its next fight the company lost four men. The First and Fifth Corporals were two of these. Within a week these two same positions were vacant. In six month five First and five Fifth Corporals were killed, while the First Lieutenant and Third Sergeant were not scratched. Nor did it lose any other commissioned officers.

When this company had been reduced to sixty-one men no other company had less than ninety. Ten recruits joined it on Monday and were killed on Thursday. In a couple of weeks seven more came, but in less than a month death had reduced the number to sixty-one again. In a fight in which this fated company was purposely held in reserve, the other companies had fourteen men wounded and one killed. A rebel shell fell into the midst of the reserve and killed four men from the one company. In two years it lost 168 men, while no other company had lost twenty-five. In its three years to the front it never had a man wounded. It lost more commissioned and non-commissioned officers than any six companies combined. For three months the company stood at 40 men. Twenty-three recruits were enrolled and in three months more than twenty men had either died of sickness, been captured or buried on the battle field. When it was decided to join this company with another not one of the nine would consent, and when it was reduced to thirty-eight men it was transferred to headquarters to do guard and provost duty.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Home Teachings.

Teach the child that a true lady may be found in calico quite as frequently as in velvet.

Teach them that a common-school education, with common sense, is better than a college education without it.

Teach them that one good, honest trade, well mastered, is worth a dozen beggrly "professions."

Teach them that "honesty is the best policy;" that it is better to be poor than rich on the profits of "crooked whiskies," etc., and point precepts by the example of those who are suffering the torments of the doomed.

Teach them to respect their elders and themselves.

Teach them that as they expect to be men some day, they cannot too soon learn to protect the weak and helpless.

Teach them that to wear patched clothes is not a disgrace, but to wear a "black eye" is.

Teach them that God is no respecter of sex, and that when he gave the seventh commandment, he gave it for their own good as well as their sister's.

Teach them that by indulging their depraved appetites in the worst form of dissipation, they are not fitting themselves to become husbands of pure girls.

Teach them it is better to be an honest man seven days in the week than to be a Christian (?) one day and a villain six.

Teach them that God helps those who help themselves.

Do all this, and you will have brought them up in the way they should go.

"Well, my man," said a philanthropist to a hardened looking chap confined in the New Orleans parish prison, "what are you in for?"

"In for thirty days, I reckon," said the prisoner, sullenly.

"No, not that. What offence have you committed?"

"Didn't commit anything. The judge committed me."

"Well, you must have been accused of some crime?"

"Oh, yes I was accused of trying to get on the police."

"Nonsense. Trying to get on the police is no crime. I have myself recommended many worthy men for positions on the police force, and have helped to get them on."

"It is a fact. That is all I was sent here for. You see there were two of us, and we both tried to get on the same policeman. We had him down, but some other peelers thought we were crowding the man too hard, and—"

"That will do sir," said the philanthropist, "I understand your case perfectly."

The new remedy, Day's Kidney Pad, is a positively guaranteed cure for all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder and Urinary Organs.

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The Positive Cure

For all Female Complaints.

This preparation, as its name signifies, consists of Vegetable Productions, every one harmless to the most delicate invalid. Upon one trial the merits of this Compound will be recognized, a perfect is immediate, and when its use is continued, in ninety-nine cases in a hundred, a permanent cure may be effected, as thousands will testify. On account of its power over the diseases of debility it is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life. It will eradicate and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

It will cure entirely the worst form of Falling of the uterus, Leucorrhœa, Irregular and painful Menstruation, all Ovarian Troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Floodings, all Displacements and the consequent spinal weakness, and is especially adapted to the Change of Life. It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.

In fact it has proved to be the great[illegible] and best remedy that has ever been discovered. It permeates every portion of the system, and gives new life and vigor to the feeble and timid, and is a certain cure for Rheumatism and Cholera Infantum.

It Has Saved Hundreds of Lives! It May Save Yours.

If you are feeling miserable don't wait until you are down sick, but use the Texas to-day. No matter what your disorder or symptoms may be, it will give prompt relief.

Remember Parker's Ginger Tonic is not a rum drink but the best and Purest Family Medicine ever made, overcoming by its wonderful[illegible] and entirely different from Bitters, Ginger preparations and all other Tonics. Try it. 50c. bottle. Your druggist can supply you.

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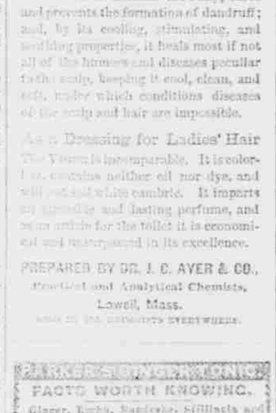

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[illegible] NOAH SCOTT,
Dec. 15 Ursina, Pa.

A DISCOVERY BY ACCIDENT,
which supplies a want men of eminent ability have devoted years of study and experience to. Unlike a specific for diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs and Nervous System—and from the time of its discovery has rapidly increased in favor, gaining the support and confidence of medical men and those who have used it; it has become a favorite with all classes, and wherever introduced has superseded all other treatments. In short, such is its intrinsic merit and superiority, that it is now the only recognized remedy.

DISEASES OF THE KIDNEYS
are the most prevalent, dangerous and fatal of[illegible] those that follow maladies, such as varied and[illegible] ordinary in their character that persons often suffer for a long time before even suspecting them. The most unfavorable symptoms are general wasting away of the whole body; exhausted feeling, loss of appetite and mental depression; pain and[illegible] in the region of the kidneys, sometimes, but not always, a frequent desire to pass water, which is[illegible] in quantity, or again the reverse; patient[illegible] obliged to rise often during the night to urinate, and frequently[illegible] at each effort; and, when the disease of long duration, there is often considerable[illegible] and inflammation.

THE ONLY CURE.
We are prepared to, and will[illegible] for every form of Kidney disease. It is the best remedy yet discovered for this complaint, and its[illegible] and its operation[illegible] with any other remedy, by using it[illegible] and persistently we[illegible] be found so incurable as not to yield to its[illegible] virtues.

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We have the most unequivocal testimony to its curative powers from many persons of high character, intelligence and responsibility. Our book, "How a Life was Saved," giving the history of this new discovery, and a large record of most remarkable cures, sent free. Write for it.

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CAUTION. Owing to the many worthless Kidney Pads now seeking sale on our reputation, we deem it[illegible] to be afflicted to warn them. Ask for DAY'S KIDNEY PAD, take no other, and you will not be deceived.

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CHARLES N. CRITTENTON,
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NEW CENTRAL HOTEL,
Main Street,
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Will open for guests on
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This house is furnished in first class, modern style, with the modern conveniences of Heaters, Hot and Cold Water Baths.

Large Reading-Rooms, Parlors and Chambers, and has good stables attached. The Table and Bar will be as good as the best.

From experience in the Hotel business I flatter myself I can render satisfaction to all who call.

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Has constantly on hand at his distillery
PURE RYE WHISKY
For sale by the barrel or gallon, suited for
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Orders addressed to Berlin, Pa. will receive prompt attention.
March 2, 1880.

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All kinds REPAIRING will be promptly done. The public is informed that all kinds of work generally done at it.
FIRST-CLASS FOUNDRY
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MACHINE SHOP!
Can be procured at SHORT NOTICE.
Sept 15.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Nicholas Berk, late of Jefferson Twp., Somerset Co., Pa., dec'd.
Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Saturday, January 8, 1881, at my office in Somerset Borough.
J. O. KIMMEL,
Dec. 1 Ex'or.

W. H. ROSENSTEEL & SON
WILL PAY
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE
FOR
OAK and HEMLOCK BARK,
Hides, Sheep Pelts, Calf Skins, Etc.,
Dec. 1 3m Johnstown.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Estate of Mathias Shaulis, late of Somerset Twp., Somerset county, Pa., deceased.
Letters of administration on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to those indebted to it to make immediate payment, and those having claims against it, to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Wednesday, the 12th day of January, 1881, at the late homestead of dec'd, in said Twp.
JACOB NEFF,
Administrator.
REGINA SHAULIS,
Administratrix.
Nov. 24.

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TEAS,
A SPECIALTY.
HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
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GROCERIES,
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