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BARGAINS!

To Reduce Stock, in order to Make Room for the Purpose of enlarging and Improving my Business house, I will sell for Cash all Goods in my Line at Greatly Reduced Prices for the Following thirty Days.

- 1/2 Gallon Water Bucket... 1/2 Doz. Water Buckets... 1/2 Doz. Wash-Bowls... 1/2 Doz. Wash-Tubs...

The above List contains but a few of the Many Hundred Articles I will Offer for Low Cash Prices for the next Thirty Days.

FRANK W. HAY, 280 Washington Street, - Johnstown, Pa.

P. S. - Look For My Name on the Window. SOMERSET COUNTY BANK (ESTABLISHED 1877).

CHARGES MODERATE. ACCOUNTS SOLICITED. HORNE & WARD, EATON & BROS., NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. SPRING, 1885.

A CARD.

To the Somerset Public. At the close of the most successful year of our business experience in your midst, we feel that a few words are due you of recognition of the kind support with which you have favored us in this, as in all of the four and a-half years past.

Respectfully asking a continuance of the splendid patronage which has made ours the leading Shoe Store in Johnstown, and promising, in the future, as in the past, to spare no pains to deserve your support, we are,

Yours Respectfully, L. STARGARDTER, Johnstown, Pa., Jan. 1, 1885.

DR. J. W. RAUCH, DR. J. W. BLOUGH, DR. J. W. MILLER, DR. J. W. COLLINS, DR. J. W. MILLER, DR. J. W. COLLINS.

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Been Ter See Clebanan.

"I've been ter see Clebanan," the old man said. As he pulled his waistcoat down. And the colored folks drew nearer to him. From the cabins of their town.

"You see de gemman wat heet Mass Blaine?" "On de word I spoke I stan'."

"He diden get spurs on de heels of his boots. He do loom up pow'fully gran'!"

"Do you think Susan will live with 'em?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "I don't know, but I don't see how she can get on with 'em."

"You'll feel sorter lost without 'em," said Mrs. Phelps. "The parish is a large field, I think I can spare them to Lucia."

"What a capital wife Lucretia Shaw would make Mr. Lindsay," vouchsafed Miss Rich, shortly after he adjourned the Lennox pulpit.

"I'm afraid she'd take the parish of your hands, Miss Rich," answered Mrs. Phelps, who having no desire to do the hard work which her neighbor loved, yet grudging her credit of it.

"Well, there's work enough for two of us in the parish, Mrs. Phelps. I wouldn't be a bit afraid but I'd get my share."

"To be sure," pursued Mrs. Phelps. "Lucretia's smart, and I don't believe in a pastor with a doll of a wife who can't darn the children's clothes and can't get on without help."

"It wouldn't be no use," said Mrs. Phelps. "Lucretia's smart, and I don't believe in a pastor with a doll of a wife who can't darn the children's clothes and can't get on without help."

"You can't tell. Perhaps Lucretia has doubts."

"And perhaps," said Dr. Slow, "perhaps it's Miss Susan."

"Everybody laughed and cried, 'Miss Susan! with five iron in the ruts!'"

"It was about this time that the parish picnic occurred—an institution which everybody believed in."

"Hadn't there been more matches made at the last than during all the year before?" asked Mrs. Phelps.

"No," said Lucretia now, talking about free-will with Dr. Slow.

Napoleon's First Love Affair.

It is an old and well-known story of the young man who told his friend that he "might have had that girl," and when asked to explain, replied:

"I proposed to her once, and she said she'd rather be executed, and I like a damned fool, executed her." But Napoleon Bonaparte's first love affair was very much the same.

"Not in love with Lucretia?" asked Mrs. Phelps. "I don't know, but I don't see how she can get on with 'em."

"You'll feel sorter lost without 'em," said Mrs. Phelps. "The parish is a large field, I think I can spare them to Lucia."

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Another Waymark in the March of Time.

When the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen was Chancellor of the University of New York, he called the attention of the assembled students on New Year's day, or just afterwards, to the "Letter" suggested by the return of that anniversary, which he had been reading in the New York Observer, of that week, and he comments the thoughts therein to their serious consideration.

This little incident I now recall, as he mentioned it to me, because it is one of the reminders of the march of time, and helps me to courage and strength in the work set before me.

How far his foresight went one cannot ascertain. It gave a spur for the purpose of introducing them and arranged Bonaparte should take the lady to table, and sit beside her during that meal, enjoining him to make himself agreeable for once in his life, to a lady.

This, however, was entirely out of Napoleon's line. His manners with the fair sex were those of a bear. He could talk to men, and have something to say, but he had nothing to say to a girl. Had he desired to woo, he would have done it in rough fashion enough. His place in the camp, or on the field, and in a salon, amongst flowers, and music and charming women, and men of gallantry, he assuredly was not a hibernation.

At that time he desired money beyond all things, and perhaps he did his best to be agreeable. He did not succeed, however. Soon Bonaparte was told that the lady, amongst flowers, and music and charming women, and men of gallantry, he assuredly was not a hibernation.

When it became possible he delivered a lecture to his portage. "Napoleon," he said, "wealth means everything to you. I have influence with Mademoiselle Montanier; offer at once; faint heart never won fair lady."

"Mademoiselle, will you marry me?" "That is a good, honest, soldierly fashion, at least," said Bonaparte. "And she is a very handsome girl."

"Napoleon shrugged his shoulders, but half an hour after this, Bonaparte, to his joy, saw the two sitting in a corner together. He drew his guests away, according to the pair all the privacy to be desired at such a delicate juncture.

Shortly after his said Mademoiselle beckoning him with her fan, she was alone.

"I have sent your Bonaparte for a glass of wine," she said. "Call him off, will you? I'm bored to death. He is the most dreadful little brute, and he is going to propose to me."

"Very well. Don't refuse him. He is to be a very great man yet," said Bonaparte.

"With my money?" said Mademoiselle. "He has more money than any peasant I ever met. I should like to whip him and shut him up in the cellar for a bad boy. Oh, how can you make such a dreadful evening for me? Why didn't you ask your Napoleon Bonaparte to have suited each other? They would have suited each other."

But Napoleon was coming back and Bonaparte still hoped, until turning he saw near him Bonaparte, in his favorite attitude, his arms folded, his chin sunk upon them.

"Well, then, what has happened?" he asked, expecting to hear a gloomy reply of "She has accepted me."

"That woman there," said Napoleon. "That actress, that female millionaire, has rejected me before I asked her. She has vanity and conceit enough for twenty, that old girl. I had just opened my mouth to make the offer I had promised to make, when she began without my inquiring of her, to say that she had had many offers of marriage, that she had refused them all, that she should always refuse them, that she should keep her freedom to the last. I was utterly disconcerted."

"Mademoiselle Montanier, I for one hope you will persevere in this excellent intention, which I feel very sure no one will ever try to induce you to reverse, and come away without another word."

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CHARLES HOFFMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR. FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR. Having had many years experience in tailoring...

Some Foolish People. Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away.

Backless Arizon salve. The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25c per box.