

Terms of Publication. Published every Wednesday morning at 10 o'clock... F. J. O'CONNOR, J. E. O'CONNOR, J. MILLER, F. W. BIESECKER, G. GEORGE R. SCULL, JOHN R. SCOTT, F. J. KOOPER, H. S. ENDSLEY, S. U. TRENT, E. B. SCULL, H. L. BAER, A. E. O'NEILL, W. H. REFFEL, C. COFFROTH & RUPPEL, J. C. COLBORN & COLBORN, WILLIAM H. KOONTZ, DENNIS MEYERS, JAMES L. PUGH, P. Y. KIMMEL, M. J. PRITTS, JOHN O. KIMMEL, HENRY F. SCHELL, VALENTINE HAY, JOHN H. UELLY, J. G. OGLE, DR. J. M. LOUTHER, DR. E. W. BROUGH, DR. E. W. BROUGH, DR. H. S. KIMMEL, DR. H. BRUBAKER, DR. W. M. RAUCH, DR. J. K. MILLER, DIAMOND HOTEL, L. F. DARNELL, FINE FLORAL WORK, Balls, Parties, Weddings, Funerals, &c.

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.

Table listing various goods and their prices, including flour, sugar, and other household items.

OUR PATRONS.
We have completed all our changes now, and can boast of having the Finest Shoe Store, both as to Size and Selection of Stock, in this part of the State. We have just double the amount of room, and double the Stock that we have ever had, and shall make it an object to our patrons to help us do just double the amount of trade. Our prices are down to the lowest margin, and the quality of our stock superior to anything ever offered in this neighborhood.

STARGARDT'S
Mammoth Double Shoe Store,
212 & 214 Main St., Johnstown, Pa.

SOMERSET COUNTY BANK
(ESTABLISHED 1877.)
CHARLES J. HARRISON, President. Cashier. M. J. PRITTS, Cashier.

HORNE & WARD
EATON & BROS.,
NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

NEW GOODS
EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES
Gen'l. Furnishing Goods, &c.

TUTT'S PILLS
"THE OLD RELIABLE."
25 YEARS IN USE.
The Greatest Medical Triumph of the Age.
Indorsed all over the World.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE
GREAT HIND OF WHITENESS OBTAINABLE
WITHOUT THE USE OF BLEACHING OR LIME.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR
HARRY HADMAN

CHARLES HOFFMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR.
LATEST STYLES ON LATEST PRICES.

Summit Distillery.
LOCALLY DISTILLED ON MAIN LINE
PITTS. DIV. & O. R. TRUCKS.
120.

THE LONE HOUSE.
From Good Works.
I have a lone house on the side of the moor, its walls and roof are grey and gray; There my father and mother lay and poor, Till they left it to the churchyard clay. My lone house a mansion fine, Bowered in flowers and woodbine, But the roof that does not care to stay, She will come in at the door— My lone house on the moor— I wish she were here to-day! I'll deck my lone house with the best that I can, And strengthen the walls and the gables; Laying down at her feet the true heart of honest man, To love her till it moulders into clay. So she shall ne'er repine, For her roses and woodbine, Her lovely roof and chambers rich and gay— She shall dwell content, secure, In my lone house by the moor, And turn her dreary darkness into day.

A STARTLING ENCOUNTER.
They told me when I got home that I looked pale, and my wife declared she had known all along that I should suffer from such mad fighting of that cold river after trout. Let me tell you what it was that had frightened me, together with one or two peculiar accompanying circumstances. It was a bright morning in early June that John hitched "old Morgan" to the wagon, while I donned my fishing-suit, and prepared to fish on the river. I had with me a pair of stout ordinary pants made on purpose for forest and river wear, and in setting the pockets the maker had so cut and inverted them that they hung low down upon the thighs, containing a brace of trout. "Hullo! how is this?" I cried, as I put my spare lines into the left pocket. "Said lines were compactly wound upon a carefully prepared section of pine shingle. I thought you promised to alter these pockets before, and had occasion to use them again."

"Who knows," asked the lady present, "but the depth of these pockets may be the means of saving to you something of value, which you might have lost had I cut them off?" "All ready!" shouted John at that moment, for I was thankful. I turned and saw "Morgan's" intelligent face peering at the window, John holding him by the bit, and without further remark I packed up and made off, only stopping to do what I have now done. "Hullo! how is this?" I cried, as I put my spare lines into the left pocket. "Said lines were compactly wound upon a carefully prepared section of pine shingle. I thought you promised to alter these pockets before, and had occasion to use them again."

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A Devoted Mother.
The Maj. Converse was laying out the line of the Galveston, Harbinger and San Antonio lines. He spent several days in obtaining the right of way through the little town of Kingsbury. There was considerable opposition on the part of some of the citizens to granting the right of way unless they received extraordinary remuneration.

A Modern Miles Standish.
One of our fellows whom we playfully dubbed Shad, from a fancied resemblance about the punch to that delicious fish, confided to us one day that he found he could not exist without the landlord's daughter, and that he would make her his bride before the end of the summer. We viewed the prospect with great favor.

Inspid Sweet Sixteen.
The reign of very young girls over the hearts of men in England, "sweet sixteen" is insipid, "fascinating eighteen" lame. At twenty-five the young lady of the present day may be said to be interesting, at thirty she is charming and at thirty-three fascinating. But it is not till women get well into the forties that she reaches the anglic period where temper no longer leads the mastery, and mature thought smooths out the rugged outlines of her mental life.

Neatly Caught, but Dried Game.
Senator Butler, of South Carolina, and Senator Garland of Arkansas, are constantly playing jokes, more or less outrageous, on each other. Not long ago Garland hit Butler hard and Butler hit for the Senator from Arkansas. Knowing Garland's fondness for candy, he procured some caramels and also some cubes of brown soap, when wrapped in tissue paper, exactly resembling the caramels. He then proceeded to put the cubes of soap off on Garland he would feel, as the latter was, of course, on the alert, so far as he was concerned.

A Buckeye as a Pocket Charm.
Not long ago President Cleveland received a small package by mail from Alabama. The package contained a letter which read about as follows: "Dear Governor Cleveland: Everybody says you are the luckiest kind of a man, and I'm glad of it. I want to keep my luck, so I send you a buckeye. You must keep the buckeye in your pocket and you're sure to be lucky. I'm only a little boy, but I keep a buckeye and I've found a penknife and a marble. I don't want no office nor nothing else. I'm only eight years old."

MERCANTILE TAILOR.
LATEST STYLES ON LATEST PRICES.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

A Debauched Mother.
She had placed his hands on his stomach and raised his eyes to heaven. He always swore by his stomach, at least these words he intended to keep out, and one who promised him our influence with the father, and as there was no time to be lost I undertook to break the news gently to the girl that Shad intended to marry her. She was shelling peas at the time and looked charming in her neat calico gown.

Congratulating Grant.
HARRISBURG, March 9.—In the House of Representatives this evening Mr. Colburn offered the following resolution: Resolved, That the members of this House have learned with gratification that the forty-eighth Congress in its closing days did justice to the services of the world's greatest soldier and one of the Nation's defenders, and...

Pitchforking a Bull.
The Dispatch's Venango correspondent states that Charles Ryan, an aged farmer, was leading a brindle bull through a narrow lane on his farm Tuesday, when it suddenly sprang upon him, bellowing loudly, and held him pinned to a light board fence, one of its horns being on one side of his body and the other on the opposite side of his body. The space between the horns at the end permitted his body to get in, but near the base it was so much narrower that he was held as if in a vise, and so tightly squeezed that the breath was nearly crushed out of him. Fortunately the bull's horns were so long that the bull's head was kept from crushing Ryan's forehead and the mad animal made every effort to do so.

The Postmaster's Life.
Did you ever spend the day in a country postoffice? No! I sat behind a big glass case with the postmaster, and as we sat and chatted, girls and boys came trooping in asking for letters for "our folks." The postmaster was urbanely personified and with a smile he would say again and again, "Nothing to-day for you." "Do you know that some of these children's parents, you may certain knowledge, haven't had a letter in three years? And yet they come here every week to see if it has failed to come for them?" "If you please, sir, anything for our folks?" And do you suppose they are dismayed, after a year's continued daily inquiries? Not at all! Day after day they look up and see nothing, and they are dismayed, and it makes but little difference whether President Cleveland receives the civil service program, the "our folks" will be on hand regularly at the distribution of every mail, and they will not be dismayed if they do not receive even a circular for four years to come."

Mr. George V. Willing of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two Bibles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work."

THE MEDICAL NEWS says that the cities of Philadelphia and Baltimore are ripe for cholera. There are reported to be 20,000, 000 people in Austro-Hungary who never wear a newspaper. The skull of Richeieu, carefully preserved in a velvet case, is said to be in the possession of a Paris publisher. This year, for the first time, it is said, the Zulus have had their entire Bible translated for them in their own language. Japanese law compels people to sell fish alive. They are reviled in tanks. The newest application of electricity is for electro-lining to hats to nourish the brain.

The King of Siam is not yet 30 years of age, and is credited with having 263 children. The Senatorial shoes of Bayard, Lamar and Garland will now be raffled for. An old Methodist church in Rimberson, Pa., has been converted into a skating rink. A York County, Pa., grocer has sworn out a warrant against his wife for pouring a gallon of molasses over his head. The Washington monument appears to have been the only thing that remained unmoved in the Capital on inauguration day. Attorney General Garland is the first representative Arkansas has ever had in the Cabinet. There were over 500 letters found waiting the new President when he arrived in Washington. Mrs. Frank Leslie, it is said, boasts of having the smallest foot of any lady in the United States. Miss Nellie Arthur made her pet Skye terrier, Toddie, bark a good-bye to all the occupants of the White House when she left. A writer on science says that when the thermometer is at 55 degrees below zero cats become very brittle, and are often broken off.

A 4-year-old boy in Clark County, Mo., smoked a cigarette the other day and in half an hour died from blood poisoning, the effects of the tobacco. Preparations are in progress for celebrating with unusual pomp the 85th birthday of Emperor William, which occurs March 22. All the German sovereigns will go to Berlin to attend the festivities. An old Irish shoemaker named Patrick O'Hara has asked to be appointed Presidential cobbler. He claims to have patched and pegged for Presidents Buchanan, Grant and Hayes. A young ladies' institute in North Carolina is represented at the New Orleans Exposition by specimens of stocking darned and footed, the work of the pupils. This ought to help the matrimonial market in the old North State. The inaugural bouquet was arranged at the Botanical Garden and consisted of flowers of various distinct varieties of plants and flowers, twenty-four of them being exotics, and seven very rare tropical flowers that bloomed in the hot-house.

The Rev. Dr. J. P. Newman announced his congregation in San Francisco last Sunday that he would leave there and go to his old friend General Grant, and try to administer comfort to his soul in his trying affliction. Dr. Newman was for many years General Grant's pastor. The prettiest lady in Somerset remarked to a friend the other day that she was going to the new edition of the prayer book, as she had a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this C. N. Boyd will guarantee it to fill, Price 50 cents and \$1. Trial size free.

A Hoosier paper, with independent professions and Democratic propensities, sees the last hope of National honors slipping away, and sadly remarks that Indiana seems to stand motionless. The editor of the paper is a man of great ability, and he has a superior remedy, as it stopped her cough instantly when others had no effect whatever. So to prove this C. N. Boyd will guarantee it to fill, Price 50 cents and \$1. Trial size free.

The Charleston (S. C.) News and Courier says of the old commander: "General Grant enjoys, of course, the knowledge that many thousands of his fellow citizens sympathize with him in the suffering which he is said to be under, and that it would probably prove peculiarly gratifying to him if he could know the extent and sincerity of the kindly feelings which are entertained toward him in his affliction by the great majority of the people of the South." When Abraham Lincoln went to Washington the threats of secessionists called to his side that staunch old abolitionist, Allan Pinkerton. When Grant Cleveland went to Washington, 24 years later, the notorious "Cottons" had bound Captain Mat O'Brien, who was the Assistant Chief of the Confederate Secret Service, frustrated the efforts of a number of Union prisoners to escape from Castle Thunder in 1863, was the man called upon to act as his guardian angel.