A JAPANESE FAN.

Bordered by quirky lines,
Covered with quaint designs—
Tortuous trees and vines
Drawn arabesquely;
Here are grim griffins seen,
Rivers of purple sheen,
Maidens in red and green,
Sailing grotesquely.

Haply beyond the seas,
Under the bamboo trees,
Some jaunty Japanese
Damsel possessed it;
Haply her lover, too,
When there was none in view
(Lovers quite often do)
Kissed and caressed it.

Now 'tis Jeannette's, and she
Waves it so witchingly
Whene'er she strays with me
Down through the meadow,
That all my pulses stir,
Thinking of it and her—
Hang it! I wish it were
Back there in Yeddo!
—Clinton Scollard in *The Joker*.

THE TIMES OF LINCOLN.

SOME THINGS THAT HAVE BEEN REVIVED BY MR. DANA'S REMINISCENCES.

Correspondence Philadelphia Times.

Mr. Dana's entertaining contribution to the unwritten history of Mr. Lincoln's life in the White House has revived interest not only in the subject, but in the writer also. Mr. Dana held a more important relation to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton and had a larger space in events than the record shows. He was held in very high estimation by both for his quick and penetrating sagacity, the high order of his executive ability, and his perfect fidelity to the undoubted capacity for important trusts. It was as much by accident as otherwise that he "got into the government." Gen. Freemont had made a mess of it at St. Louis and affairs in that quarter, particularly as to the expenditure of vast amounts of money, were in what appeared to Secretary Stanton an inextricable snarl, though so far as General Freemont was concerned there was nothing worse than confusion resulting from want of executive capacity.

Stanton had tried a number of times to get at the bottom of things, but without success. Mr. Dana had a short time before left the *Tribune* and was without a job. He was brought to Mr. Stanton's attention as precisely the man he needed, and Mr. Dana was sent to St. Louis to unravel the snarl as best he could. In an incredibly short time he returned with a perfectly clear statement of everything—how, by whom and for what the money had been expended, the debts made, and so on.

"Here's the man I want," said the great War Secretary; and thereafter Mr. Dana's relations to the head of the government and the great moving power in the management of the war were close and important. He was at first offered a military commission, but he declined it and was given a salary, with peculiar duties, which he performed with increasing satisfaction to Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton to the close.

Mr. Dana could tell a great deal more than he has told of Mr. Lincoln and the perpetual pathos of his life at the White House. Indeed, it is difficult to see how, knowing as much as he does, he could handle the subject and say so little. He obtained not glimpses merely, but a full view of the inner life of Abraham Lincoln, about which the world is from time to time obtaining some knowledge. Mr. Dana could tell how Mr. Lincoln bore up under the burdens of his office during the dark days of the Rebellion, and it is to be hoped he will do it. His lifting of the curtain ever so little, as he did in his recent paper, has created a desire for more.

AN INCIDENT AT CHATTANOOGA.

A number of persons have written more or less entertainingly of General Grant's camp life, but it is probable that Mr. Dana could write as none of them have written. He was with Grant under circumstances favorable to doing it—at Vicksburg, Chattanooga and other places and his opportunities for knowing the man before he became famous were exceptionally good.

The present writer reached Chattanooga in as short a time after leaving New York as reasonable perseverance would enable him to do so. Meanwhile, being caught in the famous Wheeler's raid in the Shagautchie Valley, Tennessee, and taking to the mountains, which one would naturally do as the alternative of capture, after the news of the disaster at Chickamauga reached the *Tribune* office, his instructions being to relieve the since famous Henry Villard, of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The second person he met after reaching his destination was Mr. Dana, the first being General Rosecrans.

To the General I delivered the letter that was designed to secure for me the standing which all war correspondents, after they had cut their eye-teeth, strove to attain when concerns of moment were transpiring at headquarters. A war correspondent without a proper standing then was very much like a lost dog. The General received me graciously; but he said not a word about the military situation; did not even ask me by what route I came or how I had accomplished what might reasonably be considered a feat of many difficulties, and some dangers. It did not seem to occur to him that I might possess information of considerable importance. What he wanted to know was whether I had brought through anything fit to read. I answered his question by producing from a capacious pocket a copy of *Harper's Magazine*, nearly a month old. Eagerly turning to the funny pages he read and commented on the wit supposed to be sometimes found there.

DANA'S EARLY OPINION OF GRANT.

After a half hour thus spent, I took my leave. Hardly had I closed the door to the General's room when a hand was laid on my shoulder and a familiar voice bade me "Come right in here." It was Mr. Dana, whose room was immediately opposite. In the next ten minutes he knew all that I was able to relate of the route by which I had come, and a variety of particulars which I was able to give him. He said it was all important. At the outset of his rapid questioning he interjected that in two days General Grant would be there; that the situation was extremely critical, and the outcome was doubtful. Said I: "Stop right there and tell me about Grant. Is he all he seems at a distance? You have been with him. Tell me how does he wear, and is he the man for the emergency?" Mr. Dana's answer was: "Yes; Grant is a man in whom is combined most of the qualities of a very great man." "All right," I said, "Go ahead with your questions." Despite the subsequent hostility of Mr. Dana to Grant he could, and it is to be hoped that he will, some day, give us a camp view of the General at Vicksburg and other places.

Mr. Dana's estimate of Mr. Lincoln is not what Mr. Greeley's was along the second summer of the war, after Dana had left the *Tribune*. It is well remembered in what language Mr. Greeley expressed his opinion of the head of the nation late one night when some particularly bad news had been received at the *Tribune* office. Mr. Greeley sometimes got angry and was very forcible, if not wholly just, in his criticism of men. The late Mr. England, of the *Sun*, and myself, were the only one's who listened to Mr Greeley's reply to my question: "What is the matter, Mr. Greeley?" We discussed it going home, at three o'clock in the morning, and it so impressed me that I wrote it down on reaching my home in Brooklyn. It was extraordinary, to say the least.

Mr. Dana's article has not only revived men's recollections of Mr. Lincoln, but set them to talking—most entertainingly—and some to writing, so that it is probable that we will hear a good deal that is new and old about that extraordinary man.

LINCOLN AND THE SPIRITUALISTS.

"Did you know," said a gentleman connected with Congress at the time, "that Lincoln was something of a Spiritualist—at least took an interest in that sort of thing—when he was in the White House? You didn't know it? Well, he did. How much of a believer he was I don't know, but I have met him when it was being tried. About the bluest days of the war I attended a gathering of Spiritualists, and of some that were not, in Georgetown. Among other notables present was Senator Howard. The spirits rapped out a number of communications about soldiers and the war. Among others was one that the soldiers were getting homesick and that the idea was growing that they were not held in sufficient remembrance, but overlooked, and that Mr. Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln should go down to Fredericksburg, mingle with the men, cheer them up and spend a number of days in this occupation. 'I'll tell Lincoln of that,' said Howard, and on the meeting breaking up the Senator made for the White House. It was late, but Mr. Lincoln was up. Howard related what the spirits had communicated. Mr. Lincoln listened with great interest. 'Well, Howard,' said he, when the Senator had concluded, 'whether it's from spirits or not it's good sense, and I'll go.' In a few days Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln went to Fredericksburg and remained about there a number of days. The records of the time say 'the effect was excellent.'"

Mr. Dana could write about Mr. Stanton as few men can. If his labors on the *Sun* will let him do it, he ought to give us a chapter about the great War Secretary.

Horace Greeley's Wakeful Sleep.

On another occasion I went with him (Horace Greeley) to hear a discourse from Rev. William Henry Chauning. It was Sunday morning, and the topic announced was one in which he felt a special interest. Mr. Channing was then, in fact, ministering to a congregation of which Mr. Greeley was a prominent member. It was in a hall on the west side of Broadway, above Canal street, where Dr. Dewey had preached aforetime. On the way thither Mr. Greeley begged me to keep him awake. We occupied a settee within six feet of the platform, and right under the eye of the preacher. I tried to keep him awake by frequent tuggings at his elbow and playing a by no means soft tatto upon his ribs. But it was of no use. He was "nid nodding" through the whole discourse, not a little to Mr. Channing's annoyance, who observed my unsuccessful efforts to keep his great auditor awake. But now comes the wonderful part of my story. Mr. Greeley and I, when the service was over, went back to the *Tribune* office together. He sat down to his desk at once, and made an abstract of Mr. Channing's discourse, filling somewhat less than a column, which appeared in the *Tribune* next morning. Mr. Channing was utterly amazed when he saw it, and afterward asked me if it was possible Mr. Greeley had made the report. When I told him that I saw him while he was preparing it, and could certify that it went to the compositor in his own handwriting, and that moreover, I had myself read the proof, he expressed the greatest astonishment. "Why," said he, "I could not myself have made so accurate an abstract of my own discourse, which, though premeditated, extemporaneous. He has not only given the substance of what I said, he has followed my line of thought, and remembered not a little of my language." I do not pretend to offer any explanation of this strange mental rest. But I am absolutely certain of the facts as I have related them, and that what had the appearance of unqualified sleep was in reality a condition in which the mental faculties were somewhat awake and active.

Needn't Wait for Him.

A good story is told of an old-time Bostonian whose son is still living in the enjoyment of hale and hearty age at the Hub, who went on to New York at the time the Astor House was in its golden youth. The old Bostonian took his son with him, and fearful that he should be led away by the tempters of that day in Gotham, was particular that the youth should be at the hotel early in the evening. In his simplicity the good Bostonian supposed that early hours were kept at the Astor House and when 9 o'clock came, and his son had not returned, he felt that it was too bad that the hotel proprietors should be incommoded on his account. So in the kindness of his heart, the old Bostonian went up to the office desk and said to the landlord:

"Tommy hasn't come in yet, but there's no need of your keeping open for him. You can shut up the hotel now!"—*Boston Evening Record.*

Doing up Curtains.

I have just given a set of white lace curtains a light coffee tint, which is now so fashionable. The curtains were soiled, so I washed them with soap, rinsed them, then put them through a rinse water prepared as follows: A small quantity of yellow ochre powder was mixed with a little water and strained through a muslin bag. This dye was added to the rinse water until the desired shade was obtained. The curtains must not be wrung from this but be simply pressed with the hands, and either hung up to dry or pinned to the carpet on sheets.

Eskimo Baby Life.

When a baby Eskimo's mother makes the hood for her reindeer suit, she stretches it into a long sack that hangs down behind and is supported by her shoulders, and this bag of reindeer's skin is his cradle and home, where he lives until he knows how to walk, when he gets his own first suit of clothing.

This, however, is while the baby Eskimo is out of doors, or his mother is making social visits. When at his own home, in order not to trouble his mother while she is cooking or sewing, or doing such other work, the baby is allowed to roll around almost without any clothing, among the reindeer skins that make the bed, where it amuses itself with anything it can lay its hands on, from a hatchet to a snow-stick.

You doubtless think little Boreas should have a nice time rolling upon soft furs to his heart's content, but when I tell you more about his little home you may not then think so. For his winter home is built of snow.

"But won't the snow melt and the house tumble in?" you will ask. Of course it will if you get it warmer than just the coldness at which water freezes; but during the greater part of the year it is so cold that the snow does not melt, even when the Eskimo burn fire in their stone lamps inside these snow houses; so by closely regulating the amount of fire they can just keep the snow from melting. In short, it must be cold enough in their homes to freeze water.

So you can see that the little Eskimo cannot have a very nice time, and you can't see how in the world he can be almost naked nearly all day long when it is so cold. But such is the case.

Yet, in spite of all this, the little fellow really enjoys himself. He gets used to the cold, and has great fun frolicking around on the reindeer skins and playing with his toys; and when I have told you some other stories about the cold these little folks can endure, you can understand how they can enjoy themselves in the snow huts or "igloos," as they call them, when it is only a little colder than freezing.

At times the fire will get too warm in the snow house, and then the ceiling will commence melting—for you all, perhaps, have learned that when a room becomes warmed, it is warmer at the ceiling and cooler near the floor. So with the hut; it commences melting at the top, because it is warmer there—and when a few drops of cold water have fallen on the baby's bare shoulders, his father or mother finds that it is getting too warm, and cuts down the fire.

When the water commences dropping, the mother takes a snow-ball from the floor, where it is colder than freezing, and sticks it against the point from where the water is dropping. There it freezes fast and soaks up the water just like a sponge until it becomes full; and then she removes it and puts on another as soon as it begins to drip again. Sometimes she will forget to remove it, and when it gets soaked and heavy with water and warm enough to lose its freezing hold, down it comes! perhaps right on baby's bare back, where it flattens out like a slushy pancake—or into his face, as it once served me.—*Lieut. Schwatka, in St. Nicholas.*

A German Bedroom.

In the first place the threshold is raised about four inches, so, in entering the room, one is in danger of getting a fall. The floor runs slightly down hill, and the furniture consequently seems marching all one way. There is a big sofa, with a table near it. On the walls are framed artificial wreaths—memorials of funerals of years gone by.

In one corner is a stove, but you would never imagine it to be one, looking like a great family monument, painted black and as high as the door. The casement window opens directly on to the beds; for there are always two beds in a room for two persons. They are narrow, and have three or four mattresses each, which raise them to a frowning height. The pillows are immense, two for each bed, and there is also a triangular sort of bolster, which forces the occupant to sleep at an angle of 45 degrees.

On the top of the bed is the grandest institution of the country—the "Plumo," dear to the German heart—a feather bed, in a red or blue bag! So, when one sleeps, his extremities are in a torrid zone of feathers, his heart and lungs in a temperate zone of blankets, and his head in the arctic circle of draughts from the window.

During the night the sleeper becomes aware that something is the matter. He wakes in terror, and finds the "Plumo" is gone. It generally falls off about five times before daylight. The getting up to rearrange the thing is a pleasant diversion, even in the cool autumn nights, and in the winter must be quite exhilarating.

Powerful Water.

Uncle Zack Baker, of Benton county, is interested in a mineral spring. He has not attempted to introduce a bill offering the spring as an amendment to the constitution, a piece of legislation, though, which may be expected of him.

"What is the water good for," asked the speaker of the house.

"Good for anything. It will cure any case of yaller janders in the world. Tell you what's a fact. A feller came along here some time ago with a yaller dog. He was the yallerest dog I ever saw, but he fell in that spring and when he came out he was as white as a sheet."

"How is it for rheumatism?"

"Tell you what's a fact. Do you know Alf Wilson?"

"I think so."

"Well, Alf had the rheumatiz so bad that he had to carry his leg on his shoulder. He drank that water for three weeks and can now jump a ten-rail fence."

"Will it cure lying?"

"Will it! Tell you what's a fact. A Little Rock newspaper man came up here some time ago and now you can almost believe half of what he says."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

"Why do you set such a tough chicken before me?" indignantly exclaimed a fair damsel in a restaurant the other day. "Age before beauty, always, you know, ma'am," replied the polite attendant, who knew how to serve his employer and a tough chicken at the same time.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla operates radically upon and through the blood, and is a safe, reliable and absolute cure for the various diseases, complaints and disorders, due to debility, or to any constitutional taint or infection.

Household Receipts.

TOMATO SOUP.—Always use cold water to make all soups; skim well especially during the first hour. There is great necessity for thorough skimming, and to help the scum rise, pour in a little cold water now and then: as the soup reaches the boiling point, skim it off. Use salt at first sparingly, and season with salt and pepper; allow one quart of soup to three or four persons. For tomato soup allow one gallon of stock made from nice fresh beef to three quarts of fresh tomatoes; remove the skin and cut out the hard centre, put through a fine sieve and add to the stock; make a paste of butter and flour, and when the stock begins to boil stir in half a teacupful of the paste, taking care not to have it lumpy; boil twenty minutes, season with salt and pepper to taste. Two quarts of the canned tomatoes will answer.

CATFISH SOUP.—Take two large or four small white catfish, cut off the skin and clean them. Cut each in three parts. Put them in a pot, with a pound of lean bacon, a large onion cut up, a handful of parsley chopped small, some pepper and salt. Pour in a sufficient quantity of water, and stew them till the fish are quite tender but not broken. Beat the yelks of four eggs, add to them a large teaspoonful of butter, two of flour and half a pint of rich milk. Make all these warm, thicken the soup. Take out the bacon, put some of your fish in the tureen, pour in the soup and serve up.

TOMATO SALAD.—Take six round, smooth, ripe tomatoes pour over them some boiling water and let them stand in it about two minutes. Then take a sharp knife and peel off all the skin—which has been loosened by the hot water. Set them on ice until very cold and firm. Then with a sharp knife, cut in even, round slices, but do not separate—let the tomatoes, though cut, remain in its original shape. Set each on a round scolloped dish in a little nest of the inner leaves of a crisp lettuce—about three leaves to each tomato. Then pour over them a nice Mayonnaise sauce.

TO USE COLD MEAT—Take the remnants of any fresh roasted meat and cut into thin slices. Lay them in a dish with a little plain boiled macaroni, and season thoroughly with pepper, salt and a little walnut catsup. Fill a deep dish half full; add a very little finely chopped onion, and pour over half a can of tomatoes or tomatoes sliced, having previously saturated the meat with gravy or stock. Cover with a thick crust of mashed potato, and bake till this is brown in a not too hot oven, but neither let it be too slow.

BAKED FISH.—A fish weighing from four to six pounds is a good size to bake. It should cooked whole to look well. Make a dressing of bread crumbs, butter, salt and parsley; mix this with one egg. Fill the body, and lay in a large pan; put across it some strips of salt pork to flavor it. Bake it half an hour. Baste frequently.

STRAWBERRY JAM requires the best fruit, ripe but fresh, dry and sound. Pick them carefully, and put them with the sugar, a full pound to a pound of fruit, in a preserving pan. Simmer over a moderate fire for one hour without stirring. Put the jam into jars, and, when cold, cover down.

Kansas Sheep.

Sheep there were, indeed; thousands of them, objects of unfailing concern to the gentlemen and delight to the ladies.

"What is that stone wall?" asked, one afternoon, a lady sitting on the piazza with her opera-glass in her hand.

"That stone wall, madam," answered a Harvard graduate, politely "is the sheep coming into the corral."

To see the sheep go in and out, night and morning, was a never-failing amusement. Sometimes the ladies wandered down to the corral at sun-set to see the herds come in, and you would have supposed them to be waiting for a Fourth-of-July procession with banners, from the eagerness with which they exclaimed, "Oh, here they come! there they are!" as the first faint tinkling of the bells was heard in the distance. If two herds appeared at once from opposite directions, the one with lambs had the "right of way," and Sly, the sheep dog—not the only commander who has controlled troops by sitting down in front of them—would hold the other herd in check till the lambs were safely housed. The lambs born on the prairie during the day frisked back at night to the corral beside their mothers, a lamb four hours old being able to walk a mile.

When shearing-time came, they went into the sheds expecting to see the thick wool fall in locks beneath the shears, like the golden curls of their own darlings; great was their amazement to see the whole woolly fleece taken off much as if it had been an overcoat, looking still, if it were rolled up in a ball, like a veritable sheep, and often quite as large as the shorn and diminished creature it had once been part of. One very hot day they braved the heat themselves for the sake of going out on the prairie to see how sheep kept cool. Instead of scattering along the creek, seeking singly the shade of the bushes or tall trees only to be found near the creek, they huddle together in the middle of the sunny field more closely than ever, hang their heads in the shadow of each other's bodies, and remain motionless for hours. Not a solitary head is to be seen as you approach the herd; only a broad, level field of wooly backs, supported by a small forest of little legs.—*Harpers Magazine for June.*

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can only be cured by a thorough purification of the blood. If this is neglected, the disease perpetuates its taint through generation after generation. Among its earlier symptomatic developments are Eczema, Cutaneous Eruptions, Tumors, Boils, Carbuncles, Erysipelas, Purulent Ulcers, Nervous and Physical Collapse, etc. If allowed to continue, Rheumatism, Scrofulous Catarrh, Kidney and Liver Diseases, Tubercular Consumption, and various other dangerous or fatal maladies, are produced by it.
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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

Wide Awake.
three or four hours every night coughing. Get immediate relief and sound rest by using Wells' "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Balsam, 25c.

"Rough On Pain" Perforated Plaster:
Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

With Grant at the Theatre.

"Did I ever tell you how Generals Grant and Sherman and myself went to the theatre?" said an old telegraph operator to an *Express* reporter.

"No," said the scribe as he produced a stubby pencil.

"Well, I'll tell you, though it was an exhibition of cheek on my part that I wouldn't have repeated for gold. I was at work in Nashville in 1863, when Grant arrived just after the accident in Louisiana, which made him use crutches. A friend and myself went to the theatre one night. The house was crowded, save one row of seats. A little surprised that they were empty, I advanced to them to find a guard at each end. I was ordered off, and told that they were reserved for General Grant and staff. I fell back to the head of the aisle, and just then the General, Sherman, and other officers came in. The manager got up in great shape, with light kid gloves, bustled up and led them forward. I said to my friend, come on, we belong to this party. 'Come back, you blank fool, you will get yourself in trouble.' However, I followed them up. I had on a sort of undress uniform, blue pants with red stripes, vest with military buttons, and a fatigue coat. I came up in time to see every seat occupied. The manager turned and saw me, and said: "Why, Captain! I beg pardon. I thought I had reserved seats enough. Wait a minute, and I'll provide you a good seat." I was willing to wait, and he stepped to a major across the aisle. "Oh, Major, will you give your seat to one of Gen. Grant's staff? I will get a chair for you." The Major got up, and I sat down and saw the show through. Don't know what would have happened if the Major had learned who I was."—*Terre Haute Express.*

Why Not Trot Him One Heat Now?

Colonel Ingersoll says he would have given Moses better commandments than those the great Hebrew received on Mount Sinai. Well, now, it isn't too late to sail in and beat Moses's record as a lawgiver. The Colonel can make his entry now and start in any time he wants to. He has told us so often what he would have done if he had been there, people are beginning to feel a little curious to see what he can do now that he is here. This is a good place and a good time to start. A man of Moses' ability as a leader and a soldier and a lawgiver could not fail to make a marked impression on the world, even in these busy days of gallop and gulp. Any of us could have done a great deal better than Moses at the palace of Pharaoh at the Red Sea, at Mount Sinai, at Meribah, in all the wilderness—in our minds; but we weren't there, and now all that we can do is to beat the record now. And with all our superior advantages that ought to be a very simple thing, and we would all be greatly pleased to see Col. Ingersoll do it. He says he would have done it over 3,000 years ago, and he must be better equipped by this time. Moses has done his best and gone off the track. Everything is clear for the other contestant. We are waiting. Time, Robert.—*Burdette.*

Cure for Piles.

Piles are frequently preceded by a sense of weight in the back, loins and lower part of the abdomen, causing the patient to suppose he has some affection of the kidneys or neighboring organs. At times, symptons of indigestion are present, as flatulency, uneasiness of the stomach, ect. A moisture, like perspiration, producing a very disagreeable itching, after getting warm, is a common attendant. Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles yield at once to the application of Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly upon the parts affected, absorbing the Tumors, allaying the intense itching, and effecting a permanent cure. Price 50 cents. Address, The Dr. Bosanko Medicine Co., Piqua, O. Sold by C. N. BOYD, Druggist, Somerset, Pa. dec.3-1y.

Fever Stricken Localities.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., June 11.—There are sixteen cases of fever at Sugar Notch, and two deaths have occurred since last report. An outbreak of the epidemic has taken place at Warrior Run, a short distance form Nanticoke, and eight cases of fever are reported there this morning. The situation at Plymouth is improving, and the epidemic is disappearing from there as rapidly as possible. New cases are rare, and no deaths have occurred since last Friday.

Survival of the fittest. Down's Elixir has outlived every other cough remedy simply because it is the best. For Sale by C. N. Boyd.

BECHER'S
CLOTHING HALL.
Be Alive to Your Interest.
Patronize those who Protect your Interest.
ide-awake and live business men do not sit down and fold their hands after a busy holiday season, but carefully surveying results, find more stock on hand than necessary to carry over, and wisely conclude it is better to remove such surplus stock, at greatly reduced figures.
BECHER, THE PEOPLE'S CLOTHIER,
Finds just such a condition of affairs, and offers the most magnificent display of
Clothing, Hats, and Gents' Furnishing Goods
At greatly reduced prices. Our store is filled to its utmost with carefully selected bargains. Gentlemens' Fashionable Clothing, neat Clothing for Boys and Children, a complete line of Gent's Furnishing Gooods.
EVERY WANT SUPPLIED, EVERY WISH GRATIFIED, EVERYBODY DELIGHTED.
☞ THE LATEST STYLES, THE MOST RELIABLE GOODS, AND BY FAR THE LOWEST PRICES.
B. BECHER, JR.,
Clothier and Hatter,
OLD POSTOFFICE STAND,
SOMERSET, PA.

ESTABLISHED 1880.
FISHER'S BOOK STORE,
SOMERSET, PENN'A.
This well established, old and reliable Book, News and Stationery Store was moved on February 26, 1885, from its old, cramped and insufficient quarters to the large, elegant and convenient new Store-Room directly opposite Cook & Berkits'. In these commodious quarters, specially fitted up for its occupancy, the stock of Books, News and Stationery has been very greatly enlarged. Special attention will be paid to the *Wholesale Trade.* School Books, School Supplies, Paper, Envelopes, Inks, Pens, Almanacs, Pencils, Blank Books, &c., will be bought in large quantities direct from manufacturers, which will enable this establishment to job to town and country merchants at such figures as will make it advantageous to buy here. To retail buyers, an almost innumerable line of goods will be offered. Always for sale an extensive and varied assortment of Poetical Works, Histories, Books of Travel, Novels, Lutheran and Disciples Hymn Books, Dictionaries, Children's Toy Books, Magazines, Reviews, Daily Papers, Story Papers, and a general line of reading matter.
Day School and Sunday School Reward Cards,
LAWYERS AND JUSTICES BLANKS, BLANK BOOKS, TABLETS, AND MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.
☞ MAIL ORDERS SOLICITED.
CHAS. H. FISHER.

SOMERSET LUMBER YARD.
Office and Yard AT Somerset, On S. & C. R. R. Station.
ELIAS CUNNINGHAM,
Manufacturer and Dealer, Wholesaler and Retailer of
LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS,
HARD AND SOFT WOODS,
OAK, ASH, CHERRY, CHESTNUT, POPLAR, WALNUT, YELLOW PINE, WHITE PINE, SIDINGS, FLOORING, SHINGLES, LATH, PICKETS, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS, STAIR RAILS, BALUSTERS, NEWEL POSTS
A General Line of all grades of Lumber and Building Material and Roofing Slate kept in Stock. Also, can furnish anything in the line of our business to order with reasonable promptness, such as Brackets, Odd-sized work, &c.
ELIAS CUNNINGHAM
Offices and Yard Opposite S. & C. R. R. station, Somerset, Pa

THE BERLIN MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS
IS THE BEST PLACE TO BUY
MEMORIAL WORK
IN THE COUNTY, AND THE ONLY PLACE WHERE
STRICTLY FIRST-CLASS WORK

Can be purchased at a reasonable price. We claim to do *BETTER WORK,* set it up better, proportion it better, and SELL IT CHEAPER according to quality, than any other dealer in Western Pennsylvannia. If you want to be convinced that this is true, go to any Cemetery in the County, and compare the work done by the Berlin Works with that done elsewhere.
R. H. Koontz is the best man to deal with:
FIRST, Because he is *Fully Established in The Trade,* and is therefore doing a perfectly Reliable Business.
SECOND, Because his *Very Extended Experience,* and Artistic Skill, enables him to proportion his work better than others.
THIRD, Because he claims to be, *and can prove it by his Work and Numerous Patrons,* the Finest Carver, the Neatest Letterer, and the Best General Workman doing business in this section of country. feb18.

THE OLD RELIABLE
SCHUTTLER WAGON.
ESTABLISHED IN CHICAGO IN 1842.

I have just received two car loads of the Self-oiling Steel-skein Schuttler Wagons, the most complete Western Wagon in the market for Road or Farm Purposes. On the latter there is a Rear Brake, to be used when hauling hay or grain, a something that farmers know the necessity of when hauling on hilly farms. Every part of the Wood-work of this wagon has laid in Stock three years before being worked up, insuring the work to be thoroughly seasoned before being ironed. Being the patentees of the

DOUBLE COLLAR AND OIL CUPS,
It is the only Wagon made that has this improvement. It avoids the necessity of taking off the wheels to grease, as in the old style; by simply turning a cap the wagon can be oiled in less than five minutes. This Wagon wants to be seen to be fully appreciated, and parties wishing to buy will do well to see it before purchasing elsewhere.
EVERY WAGON FULLY INSURED.
In offering this make of Wagon to the public, will say I used the same make of Wagon for five years while hauling across the Rocky Mountains, over roads that were almost impassable, and they always stood the test. I feel warranted in saying I believe them the Best Wagon on wheels.
Call on Oliver Knepper or Henry Heffley, who will show you the Wagons.
☞ AGENTS WANTED THROUGHOUT THE COUNTY.
P. HEFFLEY.
SOMERSET, MARCH 28, 1885.

Best Hand Fodder Shredder, $10. Best Feed Cutter, $50 per Month. 50 Sizes and Styles. Catalogue Free. Mention this paper. Address Silver Manf'g Co., Salem, Ohio. Agents Wanted, Pittsburgh, Pa. apr22.

WANTED Energetic, reliable men to sell Fruit-trees, Grape Vines, Shrubs, Roses, &c. *Liberal Commission or Salary and Expenses Paid.* Full instructions given so that inexperienced men can soon learn the business. Address, H. P. FREEMAN & CO., BRIGHTON, N. Y. mar.11-2m

WE LEAD,
OTHERS FOLLOW
Our Stock Of
Drugs,
Medicines,
and Chemicals
Is the Largest in the County. Having enlarged my Store-room, it is now suited to a rapidly increasing trade.