A LAND ALMOST UNKNOWN

On the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad.

A TRIP TO THE ZUNI COUNTRY.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., July 15.—The completion of the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad between Albuquerque and the Needles opens a tract of country heretofore little known and difficult of access. Enormous canons, deep craters, towering palisades, and widespread lava beds may be seen from windows of the cars. The tourist should spend at least two days in Albuquerque, and visit the old town about two miles from the depot. It is easily reached by the street cars. The old adobe church, a veritable antique still in daily use, is well worth a visit. A visit to the Indian school, a mile further out, will be well repaid. The school is supported in part by the Government and conducted by the Presbyterian Board. It numbers about seventy pupils, and appears to be well conducted.

ADOBE COMMUNAL DWELLING.

Taking a train for the west, we soon come in view of the pueblo or village of Lagunda, to the right of the railroad, and built upon a rocky eminence without verdure of any kind. The adobe communal dwelling, two and three stories high, is accessible by ladders. There are no doors upon the ground floor. It is a strange sight, and the strange people who swarm about the dwelling, partially dressed in buckskin and blankets of their own manufacture, form a picture not soon to be forgotten and sure to create a desire to know more of their customs and their ancestors.

A few miles further on we reach McCarty's Station. The pueblo of Acoma is twelve miles from this station. It is one of the most inaccessible and interesting in New Mexico. Mounted upon an Indian pony, we galloped over hill and plain until we reached the Acoma valley. It is a large canon, from two to three miles wide. Its sides are almost perpendicular, with here and there narrow defiles and trails, by which we descend 200 feet into the valley. Upon an elevated rock, standing isolated in the plain, is built the pueblo of Acoma. As it is built of adobe, it is with difficulty that it can be distinguished from the gray rock which it crowns. We dismounted and led our ponies down to the plain. At the base of the cliff a large spring of good water awaits the thirsty traveler. After watering the ponies we remounted and galloped across the plain. Drawing near to the pueblo, we found several great monuments, or pillars, isolated from the main pile upon which the village is built. They measure from thirty to eighty feet in diameter, and are from 100 to 200 feet high. These great columns are sandstone. They are fast disintegrating and wasting away. Upon a similar eminence with a level top of about two acres, is built the pueblo. Excepting on the southern side, the walls are so nearly perpendicular as to be inaccessible. The sand drifts badly on the southern side, and reaches half way up the cliff. Over the hot sand we climbed until we reached a narrow trail leading to the top. The path is only wide enough for one animal. In some places steps have been cut in the rock to secure a foothold.

From the plateau we had an extended view up and down the valley for many miles. The towering monuments below looked like sentries on guard at the entrance of this strange village. The original builders, we are told, selected this site that they might the more easily defend their homes. In the plain broken patches of beans, corn, and pumpkins were seen. The iron age has not reached this people yet. The most primitive wooden plough is still in use, and a sharp stick is used in planting the seed. Large flocks of sheep and goats were quietly grazing there, guarded by Indian boys and girls. A few cattle were in sight. In the evening about 100 "burros" were driven up the narrow trail and carefully carolled in an old adobe churchyard, built about 100 years ago by Romish priests. In a corner of the church our guide had a few goods stored for trade. We camped in the churchyard. The natives welcomed us warmly.

Their dress and absence of dress did not impress us favorably, and the prevailing fashion of banging the hair gave their plain, honest faces an ominous appearance. Their greeting was kind and courteous. A woman brought us a jar of water, saying:

"I saw you coming over the plain. Knowing that you would want water when you got here, I went to the pool and brought it for you."

When you hear that she had to go in the hot sun nearly half a mile down the steep, rough rocks to reach the pool, and that the jar held two gallons of water, you can appreciate her act.

I cannot here detail the manners and customs of these people. I found them using several implements, duplicates of which have been found in the graves of the Mound Builders. I saw them grinding corn to a fine flour by rubbing it upon a large stone, with a smaller hand stone. I saw the women spinning wool by twisting it with a stick or spindle, weighted with a small disk exactly like those that have been found in Mound Builders' graves in Missouri. The common, rough, discoidal stone quoits were used to crush pumpkin seed for food. In making pottery they use a soft stone, which they reduce to fine powder in the same way and with the same utensils used in grinding their corn. Adding water, they form a putty or clay. They take a mass of this putty in globular form and place it upon a small, flat stone. Then, with the fingers, they form the bowl, raising the walls by pressure, and smoothing the sides with a small, smooth pebble, which they frequently wet. When the pot is formed it is partially dried in the sun, and then painted in mixed colors, which are pulverized in stone mortars and applied with brushes made from the fibre of the yucca. When ready to bake, the vessel is set upon a rock in the open air, and pieces of dried manure are piled around and over it. The pile is fired, and the whole is soon brought to the color of a live coal. Then the coals are removed and the vessel is rolled away from the fire to cool. It is then ready for use. These utensils are made in a variety of forms and sizes, and for domestic use. Some are nearly as large as a barrel.

Raising sheep and corn, grinding grain by hand for food, spinning wool and weaving it into blankets for clothing, and making pottery are the principal occupations of the people. Their implements, we could not expect to find more than we do, since in the moist country everything but stone and pottery decays. We find among all prehistoric remains ornaments and implements of shell and stone, with neatly drilled holes. The question is often asked, how could they drill them so correctly?"

At Acoma I saw the process. An Indian was making shell beads. He first broke the shell into rough pieces of small size. The drill was a piece of hard wood formed like an arrow, straight and smooth, about fifteen inches long by half an inch in diameter. A bit of hard stone was fastened in one end. Two strings, about ten inches long, were attached to the other end of the drill. They are tied to each end of a stick an inch wide and eight inches long, in the centre of which is a hole large enough to receive the drill. Through this hole the drill is put. Then being held in an upright position and revolved by the fingers, the strings are wound around the drill and the crossbar raised toward the top of the drill shaft. The machine is now ready for use. Setting the drill securely upon the piece of shell, and holding the drill steady at the top, the operator seizes the crossbar in his fingers, pressing it quickly downward. The strings on the shaft unwind, causing the drill to revolve rapidly. Then, loosing the crossbar the strings rewind upon the shaft, and another downward motion causes it to revolve rapidly in the opposite direction. In this way a constant rapid revolving of the drill soon makes a round, smooth hole. This is evidently one of the ways in which the prehistoric people drilled stones.

Passing west from Acoma and McCarty's Station, we left Mt. Taylor on the north. It is snow-capped and 13,000 feet high. The strange geological formation of the country excites wonder and admiration. Near Grant's Station the road winds among lava beds, walled in by black and ragged ridges of lava. Lonely herders, with few cattle, are seen near the watercourses. A stray wolf, or an antelope, reminded us that animal life is not extinct on this lonely plain. As we approach the continental divide the valley opens southward into elevated plains covered with a stunted but sparse growth of cedar as far as the eye could see. The road runs along the northern side of this plain. A constant succession of red and gray buttes or palisades were on the right. They had green caps, and white ribbons marked their faces. Here and there isolated masses stood alone on the plain, with huge boulders posted on their tops.

From the summit of the divide we looked over the Pacific slope. The train rushed down the slope at the rate of fifty miles an hour. At Cooledge we stopped for dinner. Ten miles further on we left the train at Wingate and, taking a seat in the Government mail wagon soon reached the fort, three miles from the station. This post is upon a mountain slope which overlooks a wide expanse of broken country. A towering rock known as "The Navajo Church," is its prominent feature.

At Gallop station we were surprised to see lines of cars loaded with coal, mined here at the rate of 200 tons per day. At Holbrook a poster marked the progress of civilization. It read:

"All persons arriving in this town must immediately divest themselves of all weapons, or subject themselves to arrest or punishment according to law."

Sixty miles further west we dashed over the Canon Diablo, a fearful chasm in the level plain, 222 feet deep and 540 feet wide, spanned by an iron bridge. The remorseless advertiser has already disfigured the walls of this canon with his paint brush.

Thirty miles further on we came to Flagstaff, a brisk little village nestled under the shadow of the San Francisco Mountains. It takes its name from a pole which a pioneer has set near his cabin. We were then in a delightful country, about the same altitude as the city of Mexico. Snow-covered mountains, 13,000 feet high, cooled the heated atmosphere below. Beautiful natural parks, covered with a rich growth of gramma grass, were skirted by a handsome growth of heavy yellow pine timber. An eastern firm has built a saw-mill here and is shipping lumber to Los Angeles and to Mexico. A drive of eight miles southeast to Flagstaff brought us an enormous cannon into which we descended by a rough pathway. We reached a ledge about half way to the bottom. Turning to the left we saw the famous cliff dwellings. Across the deep chasm, up and down the canon on either side, and as far as the windings of the canon will permit, we saw these queer human habitations. After looking at the walls we dug with shovel and trowel in the earthen floors, hoping to find something. A lower ledge varies in width from three to twenty-five feet, and upon the wider spaces the dwellings are located. A rough wall of clay, extending to the ledge above, forms the front and two ends of the primitive dwellings, a doorway being left in the front wall. The rooky ceilings are blackened by smoke and the crevices in the upper part of the walls are filled with pitch condensed from the smoke, which must have filled the room, as there was no chimney to facilitate its escape. The fires were built against the rear walls. The most noticeable articles found in digging were a few implements, fragments of pottery, fabrics woven of cotton and wool, a spindlewheel of wood, a sandal of the fibre of the yucca, a cushion used upon the head for the carrying of burdens, and a small wooden bench fastened with a stone axe. All the articles found are now in daily use among the Pueblo Indians. On the plains in the vicinity are remains of stone walls, probably dwellings, about which we found grindstones and broken pottery in abundance, which corresponds exactly to those found in the caves dwellings near by. There is satisfactory evidence that the people who inhabited these plains and left these ruins of stone dwellings and pottery were the same people who occupied the cliff dwellings, and that they were identical with the Pueblos. They certainly raised sheep and corn, and spun both wool and cotton. I saw no evidences of their being a warlike people. The cliff dwellings were not adapted for defense from enemies, but were very comfortable in winter, as they were protected from cold and winds. They certainly could not have been as convenient for common use as the dwellings on the plains. I believe that they were simply a winter resort for those who lived in the plains in summer.

About eight miles northeast of Flagstaff, isolated in the plain stands a mountain about 300 feet high. On the south front, extending down the side about 100 feet, the volcanic rock is filled with great cavities, globular in form, like what is known among furnace men as the blowholes in pig iron, or the slag of the furnace. These cavities vary in size from six to twenty-five feet in diameter. All have circular openings, most of which must have been approached by a short ladder of steps. In many instances these openings are protected on the upper side by a rough circular wall, built half way round the opening. I counted about twenty of these openings in close proximity, all of which had evidently been inhabited. Stone implements and pottery similar to those which we found in the cliff dwellings, were discovered. In almost every cave there was at least one grindstone or metatae. In all instances, however, they were broken and, evidently broken intentionally. In some instances the circular walls protecting the upper sides of these openings had been thrown into the openings. Several had been a long time filled up and undisturbed. There was silent evidence that an enemy had done this.

T. W. WINDER.

Lazy People.

How is it that lazy men manage to make a mark in the world? The poet Thompson wrote some of his best verses in bed. The Philosopher Alcott of Concord, in this State, was, I am told by an ex-Concordian, a very indolent man when in his prime. They used to say in Concord that the Platonic philosopher would gently acquiesce in the doing of all the hard household work by his daughters, who have since come to fame. But his mind was far, far away with the philosopher of India or Germany. Thoreau, I am convinced, was just lazy. He liked to loaf and invite his soul seven days in the week. The same ex-Concordian tells me that if it had not been for the surreptitious conveyance of baskets of provender to the hut of the hermit on the shores of Lake Weldon, Thoreau would have starved. It is easy to play independence of the world when your sisters fry doughnuts for you and send you cold cold corned beef on the quiet. Ex-Governor Kent of Maine, now dead, was an easy-going man. When a student of Harvard he was president of the "lazy Club," and one day was actually seen running across the college campus. After a suitable delay, for the lazy club could not hurry anything, he was tried, and his plea which had to be accepted, was that he had been pushed by some one and was too lazy to stop himself. Another slow goer was the late Hon. Ensign Kellog of Pittsfield. He was a brilliant man, of great strength of mind, and held some offices, the latest being that of commissioner under the treaty of Washington. He could have been Governor and almost anything else, but he would rather put on a slouch hat and go a fishing than exert himself overhard. Another public man in this State who has been nearer the Governor ship than he ever will be again is so lazy that his friends can not poke him up to any work, and he vegetates in a small town, smoking and reading papers and extraordinary talents seem continually conjoined with bodily indolence.

And, after all, a lazy man is to be admired these rushing, toiling days when heart disease is on the increase, and men watch the "ticker" and drop dead with excitement at an unfavorable quotation. I don't believe a man destitute of the capacity to loaf once in a while has much staying power. Men need to lie fallow occasionly. Rev. Dr. Bellows of New York, used to betake himself, in his summer vacation, to the woods of Maine where, with several barrels of onions, he would fish and reed all the summer. He dearly loved onions, never ate them in New York, but made up for his abstinence from that sonorific vegetable when "off duty."

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.3-1v.

Wouldn't Remove the Grip.

"Will you be kind enough to take that grip-sack off that seat?" said a countryman, who got on the train at Luling, Texas.

"No, sir; I don't propose to do anything of the sort," replied the drummer who was sitting on the other side of the seat.

"Do you say that you are going to let that grip-sack stay right there?"

"Yes, sir; I do."

"In case you do not remove that gripsack I shall be under the painful necessity of calling the conductor."

"You can call the conductor, the engineer and the brakeman if you want to. Perhaps you had better stop at the next station and send a special to old Jay Gould himself about it."

"The conductor will put you off the train."

"I don't care if he does. I am not going to take that grip-sack from that place where it is."

The indignant passenger went through the train, and soon returned with the conductor.

"So you refuse to remove that gripsack, do you?" asked the conductor.

"I do."

Great sensation.

"Why do you persist in refusing to remove that grip-sack?"

"Because it is not mine."

"Why didn't you say so at once?"

"Because nobody asked me."—*Siftings.*

A misstep will often make a cripple for life. A bottle of Henry & Johnson's Arnica and Oil Liniment at hand, will not prevent the misstep, but used immediately it will save being a cripple. For Sale by C. N. Boyd.

"Didn't I Dan?"

"Jimmy have you watered my horse this morning?"

"Yes, uncle, I watered him, didn't I Dan?" he added, turning to his younger brother.

"Of course you did," responded Dan.

The gentleman looked at the boys a moment, wondering at little Jimmy's words; then he rode away.

This was Mr. Hartley's first visit with his nephew's, and thus far he had been pleased with their bright, intelligent faces and kind behavior. Still there was something in his appeal to his brother that impressed him unfavorably, he could hardly tell why; but the cloud of disfavor had vanished from his mind when, two hours later, he turned his horse homeward. Just in the bend of the road he met his nephew Jimmy, bearing a gun over his shoulder.

"Did your father give you permission to carry that gun?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy; "didn't he Dan?"

"Of course he did," said Dan.

"And of course I believe you, Jimmy, without your brother's word for it," said Mr. Hartley.

Jimmy's face flushed, and his bright eyes fell before his uncle's gaze. Mr. Hartley noticed his nephew's confusion, and rode on without further comment.

"This map of North America is finely executed did you draw it, Jimmy?" asked Mr. Hartley that afternoon, while looking over a book of drawings.

"Yes, sir," replied Jimmy, with a look of conscious pride; then turning to his brother added, "didn't I Dan?"

Mr. Hartley closed the book and laid it on the table.

"Jimmy," he began, "what does this mean? To every question I have asked you to-day you have appealed to Dan to confirm your reply. Cannot your own word be trusted?"

Jimmy's face turned scarlet, and he looked as if he would like to vanish from his uncle's sight.

"Not always," he murmured, looking straight down at his boots.

"My dear boy, I was afraid of this," said Mr. Hartly, kindly. "The boy who always speaks the truth has no need to seek confirmation from another. Do you mean to go through life always having to say, "Didn't I Dan?"

"No, uncle; I am going to try and speak the truth so that people will believe me as well as Dan," said Jimmy impulsively.

Mr. Hartley spent the season with his nephew's and before he left he had the pleasure of hearing people say, "What's come over Jimmy Page? He never says lately, 'Didn't I Dan?'"

Mr. Hartley thought it was because Jimmy was gaining confidence in himself. Do you, children.—*Little Sower.*

Philadelphia's Richest Man.

For the most part the largest fortunes here as elsewhere in the United States, have been made by the men who own them. Where wealth has come by inheritance it has very often been used as the basis of large business operations and thus has largely increased. The richest man in Philadelphia is admittedly Mr. Isaiah V. Williamson. His fortune is put down at $16,000,000. He is a type—the embodiment of Philadelphia business methods and the materialization of the Philadelphia business-man's hopes. His fortune was made by presistent grubbing. No man could have taken care of the pennies with greater vigilance that the dollars might take care of themselves. He came from the country a poor boy. He obtained employment with a dry-goods firm and put his whole soul into his little work. He ate, and drank, and dreamed dry goods. Disraeli has wisely said that you may accomplish any single purpose to which you give your whole mind. Young Williamson's aim was business success, the good old story, narrow, money-lined success without any trimmings of great enterprise or mercantile glory. He soon became a partner in a firm of his own—Williamson, Burroughs & Clark, dealers in the inevitable dry goods. He immediately began to lay up money and has gone on doing so ever since. When he had more at his banker's than the necessities of the dry-goods trade called for he went into stocks, not into speculation; that would have been heresy. He never would take a "flyer." He bought for hard cash when prices were low and sold when quotations were high, for hard cash also. He kept ahead of the town, and made investments along the line of progress that trebled and quadrupled in value. He is now past 70, without wife or child to make happy with his millions. He goes along in the even tenor of his way. The habits of a lifetime have incrusted him round and he is just as sharp at a bargain and just as eager for and careful of the pennies as a youth beginning business life. For all that, it is not to be inferred that he is a money-worshiper. In a deal, a desire to come out first best has become second nature, and years of abstemiousness have trained his desire so that his personal expense, notwithstanding his vast income, are never more than $1,500 or $2,000 a year. Nevertheless he has given away—in a quiet, a humdrum way, too, if you please—more than a quarter of a million dollars in charity.

Baxter's Mandrake Bitters cure indigestion, Heart Burn, Costiveness, and all malarial diseases. Twenty-five cents per bottle. For sale by C. N. Boyd.

The mouse a woman never fears—A moustache.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
PROMPT, SAFE, SURE
Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.
TWENTY CENTS A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A.

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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches.
Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers.
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This Powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in Cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., N. Y. may28d.

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At this season nearly every one needs to use some sort of tonic. BROWN enters into almost every physician's prescription for those who need building up.
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
QUALITY—PURITY—NOT QUANTITY.
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—THE BEST TONIC.
For Weakness, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it HAS NO EQUAL and is the only iron medicine that is not injurious. It Enriches the Blood, invigorates the System, Restores Appetite, Aids Digestion. It does not blacken or injure the teeth, cause headache or produce constipation—other iron medicines do. Dr. G. H. BINELEY, a leading physician of Springfield, O., says:
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For Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Cramps, Sprains, Backache, Sciatica, Burns and Scalds, Bruises, Frosted Feet & Ears, and all other Pains and Aches. A safe, sure, and effectual remedy for Galls, Strains, Scratches, Sores, &c., on Horses.
One trial will prove its merits.
Its effects are instantaneous.
Price 25c. and 50c. Sold everywhere.
FOR SALE BY C. N. Boyd, Somerset.

A Pretty Woman's Secret.
Fear of discovery, when she resorts to false hair and dyes, is a source of constant anxiety to her. The very persons from whom she most desires to hide the waning of her charms are the ones most likely to make the discovery. But there is no reason why she should not regain and retain all the beauty of hair that was her pride in youth. Let her use AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and, not only will her hair cease to fall out, but a new growth will appear where the scalp has been denuded; and locks that are turning gray, or have actually grown white, will return to their pristine freshness and brilliance of color. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR cures
Hereditary Baldness.
GEORGE MAYER, *Flatonia, Texas*, was bald at 23 years of age, as his ancestors had been for several generations. One bottle of HAIR VIGOR started a growth of soft, downy hair all over his scalp, which soon became thick, long, and vigorous.
Ayer's Hair Vigor
Is *not a dye*, but, by healthful stimulation of the roots and color glands, speedily restores to its original color hair that is
Turning Gray.
MRS. CATHERINE DEAMER, *Point of Rocks, Md.*, had her hair suddenly blanched by fright, during the late civil war. AYER'S HAIR VIGOR restored it to its natural color, and made it softer, glossier, and more abundant than it had been before.
Scalp Diseases
Which cause dryness, brittleness, and falling of the hair, dandruff, itching, and annoying sores, are all quickly cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. Heured HERBERT BOYD, *Muscogulge, Miss.*, of intolerable Itching of the Scalp; J. N. CARTER, JR., *Occoquan, Va.*, of Scald Head; MRS. D. V. S. LOVELACE, *Loveiaceville, Ky.*, of Tetter Sores; MISS BESSIE B. BEDLOE, *Bedlington, Vt.*, of Scalp Disease and Dandruff. Torpidity of the roots of the hair, which, if neglected, may result in incurable baldness, is readily cured by AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. As
A Toilet Luxury
AYER'S HAIR VIGOR has no equal. It is colorless, cleanly, delightfully perfumed, and has the effect of making the hair soft, pliant, and glossy.
Ayer's Hair Vigor,
PREPARED BY
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ALWAYS SATISFACTORY
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A PRIZE. Send 6 cents for postage and receive free a costly box of goods, which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad road to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. jan22.

"Rough On Coughs."
Ask for "Rough on Coughs," for Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Hoarseness. Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

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Clears out rats, mice, roaches, flies, ants, bedbugs, skunks, chipmunks, gophers. 15c. Druggist.

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Palpitation, Dropsical Swellings, Dizziness, Indigestion, Headache, Sleeplessness, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Ask for Wells' "Rough on Corns." 15c. Quick, complete cure. Hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

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Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

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"Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia, Headache, Nervousness, Debility. $1.

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and the many Throat Affections of children, promptly, pleasantly, and safely relieved by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Balsam, 25c.

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If you are failing, broken, worn out and nervous, use "Wells' Health Renewer." $1. Druggists.

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If you are losing your grip on life, try "Wells' Health Renewer." Goes direct to weak spots.

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Ladies who would retain freshness and vivacity, don't fail to try "Wells' Health Renewer."

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Hacking, Irritating Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, cured by "Rough on Coughs." Troches, 15c. Liquid, 25c.

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"Rough on Itch" cures humors, eruptions, ringworm, tetter, salt rheum, frosted feet, chilblains.

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Children, slow in development, puny, scrawny, and delicate, use "Wells' Health Renewer."

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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" Poroused Plaster;
Strengthening, improved, the best for backache, pains in chest or side, rheumatism, neuralgia.

Where the Cabinet Meets.

The Cabinet room in the White House is open to visitors at all times when the Cabinet is not in session. It is a plain room, with no striking feature about it. Its two large windows, extending from ceiling to floor, command a lovely view of the sweeping lawns, the monument and the shinning Potomac beyond. The interior is simplicity itself. The walls are painted in a drab tint, the ceiling is frescoed with flowers and cherubs, and a mantel of cinnamon colored marble surrounds a capacious fire place, where hickory logs are usually blazing cheerily. A flowered Brussels carpet, with a black and red ground, covers the floor, and gray silk curtains hang at the windows. Between the windows hangs an old portrait of John Hampden, a label on which informs us that it is reputed to be a Vandyck.

On the opposite wall is a portrait of Washington, by Cadena, the South American artist, which was presented to the Government in Hayes' time. A large bird's eye view photograph of the city is over the door leading to the President's room. Maps of the United States and of South America and Washington hang over the remaining walls. In one corner stands a large school globe, and in another a revolving book case of modern invention, which is filled with revised statutes, dictionaries and various public documents. Near the door to the President's room stands a small walnut table to match. The lounge near the door to the hall and the dozen chairs distributed about the room are of walnut, upholstered with flowered raw silk to match the carpet.

Had Seen it Higher.

"Pretty high water you've got there," said a visitor, addressing a man whom he found catching drift wood.

"Yas."

"Do you suppose it will break the levees below here?"

"Yas."

What do you suppose the people will do?"

"Git wet."

"They can get out of the way, can't they?"

"If they do they won't git wet."

"Did you ever see the river higher than this?"

"Yas."

"Big overflow, wasn't there?"

"No."

"Then how did you see it higher up—"

"By goin up in the Injun country. It's fifty feet higher thar than it ever gits here."—*Arkansaw Traveler.*

Rejoicings Down South.

LEXINGTON, KY.—Mr. John T. Bruce, of the United States Revenue Collector's Office, informed an editor of the Daily Press, of this city, that for seven years he suffered terribly from rheumatism in his ankle, which most of the time was swollen to two or three times its natural size, and was so painful that he could not put his foot to the ground. After trying everything he could think of without obtaining relief, he at ten o'clock one morning applied St. Jacobs Oil, and shortly afterwards made two further applications. At three o'clock that afternoon the pain was gone; the swelling also disappeared, and the cure was as permanent as it was quick.

Something Besides Taffy.

"Jenny, you are my Sunday!" suddenly exclaimed Farmer Furrow to his wife. The old granger had just read that "woman is the Sunday of man," so he thought he would surprise his faithful help meet with a chunk of consolidated taffy.

"See here, John," she retorted, "I don't mind your calling me any day of the week, but what I do want is a bonnet that's fit to wear to church on Sunday."

John now keeps his quotations low in the market.

If you are troubled with a "hacking cough," Downs' Elixir will give you relief at once. Warranted as recommended or money refunded. For Sale by C. N. Boyd, the Druggist, Somerset, Pa.

"Yes," said the dudeling, as he gathered himself up, "the hardest thing about roller skating is the floor."

"Facts are stubborn things," and sufferers from chills and fever generally find their complaint a very stubborn fact, until they commence the use of Ayer's Ague Cure. The medicine eradicates the noxious poison from the system, and invariably cures even the worst cases.

A "right smart" thing—Horse radish.

OTHER HOUSES MAY IMITATE US,
BUT NONE CAN COMPETE WITH OUR
GOODS AND PRICES.
Therefore you should look to your interest, as a dollar saved is a dollar earned.
BECHER, THE PEOPLE'S CLOTHIER,
Is still offering the greatest inducements in the way of Clothing for Mens', Boys' and Childrens' Wear, and Gents' Furnishing Goods. I have, beyond a doubt, the handsomest line of goods ever offered in Somerset, and as we do not intend to carry over any old stock, we propose to sell them for much less than their real value, in order to close them out. Clothing of the latest patterns and designs, Clothing of good material, Clothing well made and trimmed, Clothing all shapes and sizes, Clothing that will suit, fit and wear, and at the
LOWEST POSSIBLE PRICES.
What more can you ask? If you are in need and ready to buy, we are sure you can do no better than to come and see us.
B. BECHER, JR.,
Clothier and Hatter,
OLD POSTOFFICE BUILDING,
SOMERSET, PA.
Sole Agent for the Celebrated Owl Shirt.

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 & Beerits'. 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 when freighting 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.

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. I have increased my stock in
EVERY DEPARTMENT,
And Ask a Critical Examination of
GOODS AND PRICES.
NONE BUT
PURE DRUGS DISPENSED.
Special Care Given to Compounding
Physicians Prescriptions and Family Receipts.
PAINTS,
OILS,
GLASS,
PUTTY,
VARNISHES,
AND PAINTERS' SUPPLIES.
SOAPS,
BRUSHES,
COMBS,
SPONGES,
PERFUMERY,
TOILET ARTICLES.
School Books and School Supplies at Lowest Prices.
We ask Special Attention to this Department.
Good Goods,
Low Prices,
And Fair Dealing With All.
A FULL LINE OF
OPTICAL GOODS.
JULIUS KING'S
COMBINATION SPECTACLES
DOUBLE CONVEX
PERFECT CONVEX
SYSTEM FOR FITTING EYES
RANGE OF VISION
SOLE AGENCY AT
C. N. BOYD'S,
MAMMOTH BLOCK,
SOMERSET PA.

ISAAC SI