"GO TO JERICHO!"

A Famous Biblical Town on the Banks of the Jordan—Its Rejuvenation and Associations.

The old injunction, "Go to Jericho!" hitherto so uncomplementary to the person referred to, may now be used, as a correspondent of the New York *Sun* in the Holy Land explains, with all due respect to those advised, and with proper and friendly regard for their health and happiness.

"When I last visited Jericho, six years ago, it consisted of a miserable village of mud huts, containing a population of mixed negroes and Bedouins, amounting at most to 300 souls. I was astonished now to find that, of all places in the world, it was going ahead. There was a sort of boom going on; a very minute boom, it is true, but still it was progress, and there is no saying what it may lead to.

It seems that the Russian pilgrims to the sacred spot have discovered that it is remarkable for the beauty of its scenery and the deliciousness of its air. Accordingly, not only has a sort of hotel or asylum been built for their accommodation, but individuals have put up little cottages, and made of Jericho a place of winter resort. The climatic advantages of the region have also induced an English physician to recommend it as a winter home for his consumptive patients.

Hitherto when one told a person "to go to Jericho" it was a polite way of intimating to him that he might go somewhere else, Jericho being the next hottest place known to that more distant region; but now we may tell our friends to go to Jericho in a spirit of benevolence, in the hope that it may restore them to health. What an unbearable place, by the way, Jericho would be if all the bores who have been metaphorically sent there had literally gone! As it is, I cannot imagine a more agreeable place for a person not absolutely dependent upon society to go to and spend a month or two in winter.

There is a peculiar softness and balminess in the air, not to be found elsewhere in the world, for their is no other place in the world 1,100 ft below the sea line. There is a wide level, open plain to scamper on horseback in all directions; there are thickets of tamaisk, and nebk, and bamboo, swarming with wild boar, deer, gazelle, and other animals, some of them not to be found elsewhere, to delight the sportsman. There is the Jordan handy, with first-rate fishing to satisfy the most ardent angler; there is the Dead Sea to bathe in and boat on (only there are no boats) for persons whose tastes are aquatic. There is a flora which would be a source of never-ending interest to the botanist, for it is peculiar to this region; and the same remark applies, to some extent, to its ornothology and etomology. There are ancient ruins in all directions to satisfy the most inveterate archaeologist, while the explorer has only to cross the Jordan, and in a few hours he will find himself in a region untrodden by the foot of the tourist, with all manner of interesting discoveries awaiting him. Then he is still comparatively in the world, for a smart ride of five hours will take him back to Jerusalem, and he need not be afraid of having to suffer hardship, for the fare in the Russian hospice is excellent, especially in the matter of milk and vegetables.

My advice, then, to the invalid, the sportsman, the man of natural history, and the antiquarian, who may be looking out for a new winter resort, is "Go to Jericho!" There is no particular reason that I can see why the Russians should have a monopoly of this charming spot, though we should be very much obliged to them for making it habitable. No doubt when the partition of "the sick man's" property, for which they have been waiting so long, takes place they will put in a claim for Jericho.

Besides, there are the ruins around which cluster the most sacred associations of the Christian world. The Mount of Temptation is supposed to be the hill which rises from the plain of Jericho, and the waters in which Jesus received His baptism, flow by.

The Government intend building a bridge over the Jordan, and on my way back from visiting its proposed site I passed the much disputed position of Gilgal, where the Israelites made their first camp in the Promised Land. This has but recently been identified by the ever to be lamented Palestine explorer, Mr. Tyrwhitt Drake, who fell a victim to his zeal in the Jordan valley. Nothing is to be seen there now but some mounds, in which have been found pottery, broken glass, and lessene. It was for long the resting place of the Ark and the Tabernackle. It was somewhere on this plain that Sodom and Gomorrha, "the Cities of the Plain," were situated, and not to the South of the Dead Sea, as was formerly supposed, but their sites have been looked for in vain.

Hence from Justinian's time the plain began to be covered with monastic edifices, and the gorges and precipices of the enclosing mountains to be burrowed with hermit's caves and sacred shrines and chapels.

The monks that inhabit these buildings are in one sense as interesting as the buildings themselves, for one has only to converse with them to be transported to the middle ages. They are probably the only class of men who have remained absolutely unaffected by nineteenth century civilization or modes of thought. They are like the toads that have been locked up for centuries in stone, and might be the identical individuals who in the time of the Crusaders used to inhabit the cells they now occupy. From a psychological point of view, then, it is curious to converse, with them on matters of faith and religion, for unless one has had personal experience of the degree of ignorance and superstition which are still to be found in a recluse of the American Church, for instance, one could not credit the fact that such a being exists; and still represents a considerable class in the days in which we live.

A Miracle Explained.

"What miracle was performed at the time of this lesson?" asked the Sunday school teacher.

"The miracle of the loaves and fishes," was the reply.

"How many persons were fed?"

"Five thousand," echoed the class.

"How do you account for five loaves of bread feeding 5000 persons, Willie?"

"I guess our hired girl baked it and they couldn't eat it! Gosh! You ought to taste her bread! You can't git the taste outen your mouth fur a week."

Picking the Apple Crop.

The inquiry is often made, at what time should we gather our winter apples, and in what month, and on what day? No definite rule as to the time can be given; the best period will vary with the variety, as well as with the same fruit in different seasons, and the latitude will of course modify the time. If they are gathered too soon, they will not have reached their full flavor, and the specimens will be liable to wilt and dry up. If left too long they will be blown off by the wind, and bruised by the fall, and over ripe fruit will be more subject to premature decay. Apples which keep best are those which are fully ripe, and which are filled with rich juices, with a hard exterior. The best knowledge as to the true time is obtained by applying the well known rule in judging of the maturity of pears, namely, by lifting up the fruit to a horizontal position, and if the stem cracks off at the natural place of separation, it is time the crop were gathered. There will, however, be a difference in this time with the same sort on different trees as well as a difference on the same trees.

If the crop must be all gathered at once, the owner should examine a number of specimens, and take the average time, or when the largest number is in the right condition. This will apply to market orchards, where refined distinctions of time cannot be made. But in a small orchard, the fruit of which is intended for home or family use, one-half of the crop consisting of the ripest specimens, which are shown by their color and the freedom with which they separate from the branch, may be picked first, and in a week or two the remainder, the ripening of which will be all the better for the removal of the first half. Some varieties ripen nearly all at the same time; but with others it usually happens that the fruit matures in succession for two or three weeks, and where practicable it will be worth the additional trouble to gather them in succession as they become fully matured.

These suggestions are made more particularly with a view to encourage a more careful examination of the ripening fruit, in order to arrive at a knowledge of the best period, a matter which is too often neglected or overlooked, and the crops gathered too much at random, or in accordance with convenience from other work.

Much diversity of opinion exists on the propriety of allowing apples to "sweat" before they are packed away for winter use This operation and its nature are very imperfectly understood by many orchardists. It has two causes—one of which is the condensation of the moisture of a warmer atmosphere on colder fruit, and the other the evaporation of a surplus of water in the fruit, which is partly from its natural juiciness and partly from excessively moist weather. The necessity for allowing it to take place depends greatly on the condition of the apartment in which it is stored. If it is quite damp, the fruit deposited in it, if already surcharged with moisture, will be likely to decay. But if the apartment is quite dry, the apples will be sufficiently subjected to the drying process without further trouble. But moisture will do no harm in an apartment kept at the freezing point.

The Burning Prairies.

FARGO, D. T., Oct. 14.—The news just reached here that the wife and child of Seth Staunton perished in a prairie fire in Barnes county, 30 miles from here, on Saturday. The fire started from a threshing machine on the Lessar farm while the men had left it for dinner. Mr. Staunton, who was some distance from the house—two miles from the origin of the fire—was barely able to reach there before the flames, and thought it too late to save the buildings. He picked up one little child and told his wife to follow with the eldest one. Soon looking back, he saw his wife and child enveloped in the flames. Mrs. Staunton perished there, and the child was so badly burned that it died the next day. The fire parted at the house and left it untouched.

A few thousand bushels of wheat and a barn or two were burned. At the same time another fire a few miles west destroyed some 15,000 bushels of wheat on the farm of V. V. Towsley, and the house and building of E. C. Booth, and much other property of other parties. The total losses from fires in Barnes County this season are put at $100,000.

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.

Damages of $60,000.

YOUNGSTOWN, O., Oct. 15.—Richard Ogleby, residing at Alliance, came here to-day and through his counsel, A. W. Jones and W. S. Anderson, commenced suit against the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, claiming damages in the sum of $60,000. Ogleby was employed for six years prior to the accident as brakeman by the defendant, and while on duty was knocked from the train by a bridge, under which the track had been raised without warning the employes. Prior to the track being raised Ogleby alleges the bridge was sufficiently high to pass under without danger. The plaintiff asserts by reason of the injuries received he has been crippled for life.

Ins and Outs.

Nothing is so productive of distressing headaches, as the tropical heat of summer. St. Jacobs Oil will remove them at once.

Admiral de Jonquieres, of the French navy, has called attention to the remarkable phenomenon which may be witnessed at Papeete, in the Society Islands. At this point there is but one tide a day instead of two, which occur at other places on the sea.

Down by the Brook.

"We'll have a splendid time!" said Woodie, and he smiled brightly around on the other children, who were trudging behind him along the narrow path through the meadow.

There were four of the other children: Cassie and Davy Banks and Alice Peterson and Meddy Hooker. Woodie, who marched ahead and carried the basket, was the oldest, and it was his birthday, and they were going to have a picnic down under the elm trees by the brook. That was what the basket meant.

But there were a good many elm trees by the brook, and under each one of them was the very nicest place for a picnic.

"This is the best," said Cassie. "Just hear how sweet the water bubbles and sings!"

Woodie shook his head. "I'm going to have it over there where I set the basket down," said he. "There's a flat stone for a table and a robin's got a nest overhead, besides."

"I think right on that knoll is the best of any," said Alice.

"There's a lovely place just a little way's down," said Meddy. "I'm going to eat there. Come and see."

They all went to look at the spot.

"'Tisn't so good as mine," said Cassie. "It looks like a small place."

"Mine's a good deal better," said Alice.

"And mine's better than anybody's," said Woodie: "and I'm going to have it where I say, for it's my birthday and my things to eat, and everything!"

"Then you're the hatefullest boy in this town!" cried Meddy, with a very red face, "and I'm going home."

He didn't go, however, because he thought of the jam-tarts Woodie had given him a glimpse of; but he pouted and they all pouted, and the picnic was in a fair way to be spoiled, when they got back to the basket.

"O-o-oh!"

For there wasn't any of the picnic left—not so much as half a sandwich! And the napkin that had been spread over the top of the basket was lying a little distance away, all mussed up.

"Why! why!" said Woodie, and he looked as if he wanted to cry about it; "now we can't have the picnic! Who took it?" And just at that moment they all looked up and saw Mr. Berry's old red cow standing behind some alder bushes and chewing something.

"It's her!" cried Cassie, with a decided nod of her red curls; "and it's mean! But I don't care—it's all because we quarreled and didn't tend to our business!"

"Yes," said Woodie, meekly. "Let's not go so again, and maybe mamma'll give us some more."

And mamma laughed and read them a little lecture; and then she filled the little basket again for them.

But they didn't go down to the brook to have the picnic this time: and they didn't quarrel another single bit.—*Youth's Companion.*

Bagdad.

A city of over one hundred thousand inhabitants, with no place of public resort, where every house resembles a fortress or a prison, the ponderous doors opening upon narrow, gloomy lanes winding between grim, bare walls, and creaking heavily on their hinges, to reveal the low, dark, vaulted entrance that leads to the courtyard inside, sometimes picturesque enough with pillared verandas and arabesque lattices, but always rambling, uncomfortable, inconvenient, uncared for, to English ideas of what a man's home should be—a city where the luxury of a wheeled conveyance is unknown: for who could drive anything that goes on wheels in lanes six feet wide that twist around every house corner, and where the mud lies ankle deep in winter and dust darkens the air in summer? A city through the midst of which flows a mighty river, on which the traffic is carried against wind and stream by men harnessed like beasts, on which the only native boats for pleasure or profit are on the same model and no better in construction than the coracle of the ancient Briton, on which foreign enterprise has placed steamers which have to contend against every device and delay known to the crafty Ottoman. A city unrivaled for position and fertility of soil, environed by desert which might be made to blossom as the rose, the centre of trade for a whole continent, yet sunk into decay and poverty; where 30,000 Jews contend in the struggle for existence, or, more properly, for a bare subsistence, with twice as many other Orientals not less supple, wily, patient, and persevering than themselves, in a city where poverty and oppression have sharpened every man's wits. A city that might sit enthroned as a queen upon the waters, heir and daughter of mighty Babylon and the later splendors of Madain, Seleucia, and Ctesiphon, now groveling in the dust, amid the ruins of a long forgotten former glory. Such is Bagdad of to-day, the city of Haroun-al-Rashid, the familiar home of Sinbad the Sailor and the other worthies of the "Arabian Nights."

Mutually Bored.

The Japanese are justly believed to be the politest people in the world. They will not even tell a lie; not because it is immoral, but because it is impolite. But Japanese politeness is sometimes put to pretty severe tests. A Boston lady has brought back from Washington an illustrative instance. A Japanese gentleman made what was supposed to be merely a ceremonial call on a lady, and lingered till lunch-time. Of course he was asked to stay and was expected to refuse, but he didn't. And still he stayed till necessity compelled his invitation to dinner. And yet he lingered till, at midnight, with elaborate, almost abject, apologies for leaving, he took his departure. Next day, while the hostess was telling her friends how horribly she had been bored, her visitor was deploring her cruelty in not earlier in the day intimating to him that he might depart, Japanese etiquette requiring such signal of permission before he could go. The story is amusing, but it would seem to suggest to American society that borrowing something from Japanese etiquette would be found wonderfully convenient at times to the visited, if not to the visitor.—*New York World.*

A Sick Man's Monkey-Shines.

Perhaps you will laugh and your readers, too, when you hear my queer recipe for an upset stomach. Being troubled with it lately, I asked a friend for a remedy, who said: "Turn somersaults," which I did without delay, finding to my great surprise and delight that it was a sure cure.—*Boston Globe.*

An Indian Camp.

A correspondent in the West says, the ride through the Cheyenne encampment recently was quite interesting. The tepees were pitched about a mile back of the Agency building, in a low bottom, and an effort, not altogether successful, had been made to get them in a huge semi-circle. There were perhaps 2,000 Indians, 1,000 ponies, and 10,000 dogs. Many of the Indians had wagons, cooking utensils, and I noticed one or two of the tepees had bedsteads and mattresses. The majority, however, kept house in aboriginal simplicity. Every tepee had its ridge-pole outside hung with striped beef and entrails from yesterday's rations drying in the sun. One family I passed had a fire burning in front, and over this a squaw was roasting a dead dog—ugh! A few rods further on a snake which had crawled into camp was having its brains beaten out by an old squaw.

"That will be in the pot in an hour," was the remark of our guide. The long strings of entrails and other animal refuse drying in the sun were not appetizing, and we tried to avoid looking at them. The constant handshaking which the braves thrust upon the party was also something of a nuisance, and it was a relief to get away from it. The camp was a busy scene when Inspector Armstrong arrived. The Indians crowded around in their gaudy blankets, the ponies jostled each other in the midst of the tepees, the dogs kept up a continuous howling, and the chiefs and subchiefs harrangued little knots of people in deep sing-song tones. Out of such chaos no order could be brought, and after filling the air with profanity, the inspector retired with a promise to come another day.

A Coon Dog.

The Erie railroad has a conductor named Coon, and the following dog story is told. A man had a wonderful good dog for coons. If there was a coon within a mile of the dog the coon's doom was sealed, for the dog would certainly smell him out. One day the dog was out with his master after coons. They stopped at a small railroad station just as a passenger train drew up. The dog came to a dead point on the train. The owner of the dog insisted that there must be a coon on the train or that the train had run over a coon. The dog's nose could not be mistaken. The train was searched, but there was no coon and no gore on the wheels. The man's faith in his dog did not waver for an instant. "Are you sure there is no coon on board this train?" he inquired. "I am sure there is not. The nearest thing to a coon is the conductor, and his name is Coon." "That settles it," said the owner of the dog; "I knew there was a coon on this train."

There is a good story of John R. Rogers (Minnie Palmer's John) when he first came to Europe as a very young man. His kind father sent him abroad, giving him for his expenses a purse containing $1,000. Among other places John R. paid a visit to Monaco, and lost his $1,000 in very short order. He therefore telegraphed to his father: "Please send me another $1,000—lost my purse."—and went to bed and slept the sleep of the just. The next day he met a friend who lent him thirty Napoleons. He then took a fresh turn at roulette, and quit the tables with 5,000 francs, whereupon he again telegraphed to his father: "Never mind money—purse found."

The same night fortune, fickle goddess, was again unkind, and he was reduced to his last "Nap." He once more dispatched, and this time it read: "Send money—purse found—but was empty."

A Modern Witch.

Much excitement over a case of alleged "witchcraft" is reported at Belgrade, a Swedish settlement near St. Peter, Minnesota. A woman who has been sick for three years has accused her aunt of having "bewitched her." The Swedish Church has held a trial, at which witnesses have testified to their belief in witches and what they imagine they had seen in this particular case. One woman said that "she was posted in witchcraft, and had seen witches send the craft off through the air, and seen it strike persons who were soon after taken sick." The case is not yet settled.

The Weight of Babes.

Doctors say that mothers who take pride in the weight of their newly-born children should weigh them as soon as possible after their birth. Children lose weight during the first three days of life, and the loss sometimes amounts to twelve ounces or more. It takes them nearly a week to regain the weight they had at the time of birth.

A nearly perfect skeleton of the mosasaurus was recently discovered in a quarry near Mons, in the Province of Hainaut, Belgium. It has the extraordinary length of fifty-five feet nine inches. It is to be preserved in the National History Museum, Brussels.

The Japanese rake is formed of wood or bamboo, the teeth being made by splitting the end into the requisite number of prongs and bending them in an arc.

A man has a stall in a Cincinnati market who lost both legs in the army. What a splendid cashier he would make.

There are 200,000 canary birds in New York City.

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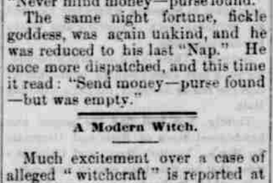

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"Rough On Pain" Peroused Plaster;

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

Thirty Wedding Guests Poisoned

HONESDALE, Pa., Oct. 14.—Miss Harriet R. Weston, daughter of W. W. Weston, President of the Wayne County Savings Bank, and Mr. Harry S. Battin, of Chicago, were married to-day. The reception after the marriage was largely attended. A few hours after the wedding repast thirty or more of the guests were taken violently sick showing undoubted signs of poisoning.

There is no use fighting nature. Dr. Kennedy's Favorite remedy does nothing of that kind. It does not make the sufferers who trust in it worse under the pretense of doing them good. It acts tenderly and in sympathy with what nature herself is trying to accomplish. Do you have trouble with your digestion, your liver or your kidneys. Does rheumatism pain and rack you? Is your head thick and heavy? It will charm away these ailments almost ere you are aware.

An old and intimate friend of mine is Parker's Hair Balsam. I have used it five years, and could not do without it. It has stopped my hair from falling, restored its natural black color and wholly cleansed it from dandruff.—Miss Pearl Aneson, St. Louis, Mo.

Queer reading would be the history of names. We cannot, however go into the subject now, except, so far as to say that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" was called by that name, in an informal fashion, long before the Doctor dreamed of advertising it for public use. Speaking of it he would say to his patients "This is my favorite remedy for all troubles of the blood," &c., and its success was so great that he finally spelled the name with capital letters.

A smooth complexion can be had by every lady who will use Parker's Tonic. For promptly regulating the liver and kidneys and purifying the blood, there is nothing like it, and this is the reason why it so quickly removes pimples and gives a rosy bloom to the cheeks.

I have been deaf in one ear ten years, and partially deaf in the other for two months; have been treated by ear specialty doctors and received no benefit. Having used Ely's Cream Balm for about a month, I find myself greatly improved, and can hear well and consider it a most valuable remedy. I had also nasal catarrh, with dropping of mucous into my throat and pain over my eyes, which troubles also have entirely disappeared.—D. B. Yates, Upper Lisle, Broome Co., N. Y.

A bill in the Georgia Legislature proposes a tax of $100 for every base ball game played in the State.

An elastic step, buoyant spirits, and clear complexion, are among the many desirable results of pure blood. The possessor of healthy blood has his faculties at command, and enjoys a clear and quick perception, which is impossible when the blood is heavy and sluggish with impurities. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is the best blood purifier and vitalizer known.

Lady Burdett-Coutts owns the smallest pony in the world. He is 5 years old and 13 inches high.

Though numerous causes may operate to turn the hair gray, all that is needed to restore the natural color is Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. For more than twenty years its sales have been enormous, but we have yet to learn of its first failure.

A Cargo of Skulls.

PHILADELPHIA, October 15.—The bark John Lowery, Captain William Cook, has arrived at this port with a ghastly cargo. It consists of the bones of several thousand coolies who died while at work on the Island of Cuba. The coolies are taken there to work on contract, and are to be returned to their homes at the expiration of their contract, but if they die before that time the contractor is absolved from any further responsibility and the coolies deposited in the most convenient place to be found. The cargo brought here includes the skulls, and is to be ground up for phosphates.

Just as Good.

Many unscrupulous dealers may tell you they have remedies for Coughs and Colds, equal in merit and in every respect just as good as the old reliable Dr. Bosanko's Cough and Lung Syrup, and unless you insist upon this remedy and will take no other, you are liable to be greatly deceived. Price 50 cents and $1.00. Sold by C. N. Boyd.

A crank is usually a man whose head is turned.

G. W. BENFORD. C. H. BENFORD

DRUGS.

G. W. BENFORD & SON'S DRUG STORE,

NO. 1, BAER'S BLOCK.

We keep constant on hand a stock of

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,

Chemicals, Dyes, Toilet Articles and Sundries kept in a first-class Drug Store.

PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES,

Trusses, Braces, Supporters, and all leading appurtenances used both by Physicians and Families. *TOBACCOS AND CIGARS,* the best in the market from Domestic to Imported. PRESCRIPTIONS COMPOUNDED WITH CARE. *FAMILY RECEIPTS FILLED CORRECTLY.* All advertised medicines kept on hand. If not parties can depend on its arrival in a short time, as we pay great attention to all such demands. Our own make of *HORSE AND CATTLE POWDER* is beyond doubt the best in the market. 25 cts. per pound. We go to no expense of packing, labeling, advertising, &c., but keep in bulk. Any ingredient wanted specially can be added. Call and see for yourself, and be convinced we offer Bargains. G. W. BENFORD & SON intend doing a square business, and want all to see for themselves. No trouble to show our stock.

Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Use Only.

ESTABLISHED 1880.

FISHER'S BOOK STORE,

SOMERSET, PENN'A.

This well established, old and reliable Book, News and Stationery Store was moved on February 2d, 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 Pennsylvania. 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.

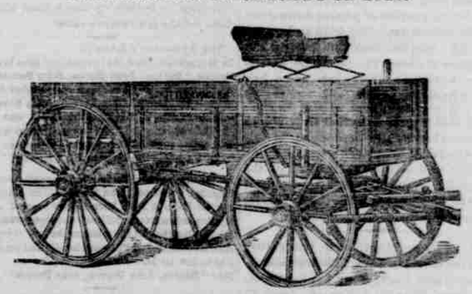
SECOND, Because his *Very Extended Experience,* and Artistic Skill, enables him to proportion his work better than others.

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 it is laid in Stock three years before being worked up, insuring the work to be 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.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

Estate of Alex. McGregor, dec'd, late of Shade Twp., Somerset County, Pa., dec'd.

Letters testamentary on the above estate having been granted to the undersigned by the proper authority, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them duly authenticated for settlement without delay.

SAMUEL McGREGOR, JACOB McGREGOR, Executors. oct7.

Duff's Mercantile College Pittsburgh

A live school, imparting a practical business education; enabling young men to enter upon the active duties of life. For circulars address P. DUFF & SONS. sept23-2m.

FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR,

Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage.

Yours, &c.,

WM. M. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa. mar9

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLETT BOOK CO., Portland, Maine. jan29

The approaching season calls into service the stovepipe man, a gentle reminder of an equal necessity for CLOTHING. Our stock for cool and the colder weather is prepared on a larger scale for Men, Youths, Boys and Children.

A. C. YATES & CO.

602 604 606 Chestnut Street, PHILADELPHIA

WE LEAD, OTHERS FOLLOW.

Our Stock Of Drugs, Medicines, and Chemicals,

Is the