ANECDOTES OF JOSH BILLINGS.

Personal Reminiscences of the Great Humorist, With Specimens of His Fun.

I was sitting down to lunch one morning at Delmonico's with a literary friend when there entered a tall, gaunt man, with stooping shoulders, a slouching walk, iron-gray hair and a pair of keen bright eyes, who deposited himself heavily upon a chair at the nearest vacant table. My friend touched my feet to direct my attention to the newcomer, and softly said: "Do you know who that is?" "No." "That's Josh Billings," he whispered. "I'll ask him to join us."

My friend arose, went to his table, grasped his hand and in another instant I was introduced to the author of a vast amount of mis-spelt wisdom. "How's every bone in your body?" said Josh to my friend. Then, turning to me he said: "Glad to see you, sir. Just arrived from England, eh? Bring my outlet and coffee here," he went on, addressing the waiter, as he inserted his long, lean legs under our table.

Before I left New York I called on Josh Billings with an album, and modestly solicited his autograph. He took it on his knees, gave his mouth a comical twist, and wrote:

"Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just."
BARD OF AVON.

"And four times he who gets his blow in fust."
JOSH BILLINGS.

Josh was extremely fond of animals, and had a cat at his house in Albany which he gravely addressed as "William." I suggested that that was a dignified name for puss, as cats were usually called "Tom," or "Tip," or a quick, short cognomen.

"But that's a special, swell, blue-blooded specimen of the feline race, I wish you to know," rejoined the humorist. "Recently, poor fellow, he has had fits, and since then I call him 'Fitz-William.'"

A good story is told of the humorist being thrown, on one occasion, among a batch of students in a country town near New Haven. He was tramping along with a rusty, yellow dog, and entered the barroom of a hotel for some refreshments. A group of the Yale lads chanced to be there on a frolic, and immediately interviewed Billings, whom they evidently mistook for a farmer. They inquired with affected interest after the health of his wife and children, and Josh, with counterfeited simplicity gave them a graphic description of the family and farm.

"Of course you belong to the church?" asked one of the boys.

"Yes, the Lord be praised, and my father and grandfather before me."

"Now, I suppose you would not tell a lie?" added one of the students.

"Not for the world."

"What will you take for that dog?" pointing to Josh's cur, which was crouching beneath his chair.

"I won't take twenty dollars for that dog."

"Twenty dollars! Why, he's not worth twenty cents."

"I assure you I would not take twenty dollars for him."

"Come, my friend," said the student, who, with his companions, was bent on having some fun with the old man. "Now, you say you won't tell a lie for the world. Let me see if you would not do it for twenty dollars. I'll give you twenty dollars for your dog."

"I'll not take it."

"You will not? Here! let me see if this will not tempt you to a lie." added the student, producing a small bag of half dollars, which he built up into small piles on the table. Josh was sitting by the table, with his hat in his hand, apparently unconcerned.

"There," added the student, "there are twenty dollars all in silver; I will give you that for the animal!" Josh quietly raised his hat to the edge of the table, and as quick as thought scraped all the money into it except one half dollar, and then exclaimed

"I won't take your twenty dollars! Nineteen and a half is as much as that dog is worth; he is your property."

A tremendous shout from his fellow students clearly showed to the would be wag that he was completely sold, and that he need not look for sympathy from that quarter, so he good naturedly acknowledged himself beaten.

It was Josh who originated the phrase that is now a natural expression—"The business end of a wasp," and when he said to a lady, "it is better to be laughed at for not being married than to be unable to laugh because you are," it seems to me he uttered a sentence, to use one of his own expressions, "bulging out with first-class wisdom."

Josh Billings was once on a passenger train bound for his old home at Lanesborough, Massachusetts. On the train were several commercial travelers, who, to while away the time, proposed a game of whist. A fourth man was wanted, and a gentleman sitting near was requested to take a hand.

"No; I do not play, but there is an old fellow who is a capital player; try him"—pointing to the 'old fellow,' who sat demurely on the seat in front.

"Good player, is he?" said the commercial man. "Then we'll have some fun with old hayseed"; and accosting the quiet, farmer-like passenger the young man, whose cheek was his fortune, blandly said: "My venerable friend, we would like to have you take a hand in a game of cards with us, just to while away the time. Will you oblige us?"

Looking the young man in the face a moment 'Old Hayseed' answered, "Ya-as, we'll be there in about three hours."

"You don't understand, my friend; we want you to take a hand—"

"Ya-as, the stand o' corn is very good—oncommon handsome."

The commercial man was annoyed. "Speak a little louder," suggested the gentleman in the seat behind; he is somewhat hard of hearing."

"My friend!" shouted the young fellow, "will—you—take—a—hand in—a—game?"

"Ya-as, game is oncommon plenty; all you want is—"

"Oh, go to the devil! You're as deaf as a post!" and the man of cheek subsided, amid the laughter of his companions.

When Lanesborough was reached 'Old Hayseed' arose to depart, when he quietly handed his card to the commercial man, who sat glum in his seat, and in a particularly comical way remarked: "Young man, when you travel on your cheek don't get hay-seed in your eye. *See?*"

The young fellow glanced at the card. The superscription was—'Josh Billings.'

Josh got off the train, the man of cheek had to find a seat in another car to escape the 'run' on him by his companions.

A Campaign that Failed.

From Mark Twain's "Private History of a Campaign that Failed," in the December *Century* we take this incident:

"For a time life was idly delicious, it was perfect; there was nothing to mar it. Then came some farmers with an alarm one day. They said it was rumored that the enemy were advancing in our direction, from over Hyde'- prairie. The result was a sharp stir among us, and general consternation. It was a rude awakening from our pleasant trance. The rumor was but a rumor—nothing definite about it; so, in the confusion, we did not know which way to retreat. Lyman was for not retreating at all in these uncertain circumstances, but he found that if he tried to maintain that attitude he would fare badly, for the command were in no humor to put up with insubordination. So he yielded the point and called a council of war—to consist of himself and the three other officers; but the privates made such a fuss about being left out that we had to allow them to be present. I mean we had to allow them to remain, for they were already present, and doing the most of the talking too. The question was, which way to retreat; but all were so flurried that nobody seemed to have even a guess to offer. Except Lyman. He explained in a few calm words, that inasmuch as the enemy were approaching from over Hyde's prairie, our course was simple; all we had to do was to retreat toward him; any other direction would answer our needs perfectly. Everybody saw in a moment how true this was, and how wise; so Lyman got a great many compliments. It was now decided that we should fall back on Mason's farm.

It was after dark by this time, and as we could not know how soon the enemy might arrive it did not seem best to try to take the horses and things with us, so we only took the guns and ammunition and started at once. The route was very rough and hilly and rocky, and presently the night grew very black and rain began to fall, so we had a troublesome time of it, struggling and stumbling along in the dark; and soon some person slipped and fell, and then the next person behind stumbled over him and fell, and so did the rest, one after the other; and then Bowers came with the keg of powder in his arms, while the command were all mixed together, arms and legs on the muddy slope, and so he fell, of course, with the keg, and this started the whole detachment down the hill in a body, and they landed in the brook at the bottom in a pile, and each that was undermost pulling the hair and scratching and biting those that were on top of him; and those that were being scratched and bitten scratching and biting the rest in their turn, and all saying they would die before they would ever go to war again if they ever got out of this brook this time, and the invader might rot for all they cared, and the country along with him—and all such talk as that, which was dismal to hear and take part in, in such smothered, low voices, and such a grisly dark place and so wet, and the enemy may be coming any moment.

The keg of powder was lost, and the guns, too; so the growling and complaining continued straight along whilst the brigade pawed around the pasty hillside and slopped around in the brook, hunting for these things; consequently we lost considerable time at this; and then we heard a sound, and held our breath and listened, and it seemed to be the enemy coming, though it could have been a cow, for it had a cough like a cow; but we did not wait, but left a couple of guns behind and struck out for Mason's again as briskly as we could scramble along in the dark. But we got lost presently among the rugged little ravines, and wasted a deal of time finding the way again, so it was after 9 when we reached Mason's stile at last: and then before we could open our mouths to give the countersign several dogs came bounding over the fence, with great riot and noise, and each of them took a soldier by the slack of his trousers and began to back away with him. We could not shoot the dogs without endangering the persons they were attached to; so we had to look on helpless as what was perhaps the most mortifying spectacle of the civil war. There was light enough and to spare for the Masons had now run out on the porch with candles in their hands. The old man and his son came and undid the dogs without difficulty, all but Bowers'; but they couldn't undo his dog, they didn't know his combination; he was of the bull kind, and seemed to be set with a Yale time-lock; but they got him loose at last with some scalding water, of which Bower's got his share, and returned thanks. Peterson Dunlap afterward made up a fine name for this engagement, and also for the night march which preceded it, but both have long ago faded out of my memory.

An Eccentric Poet's Cabin.

"The Cabin," Joaquin Miller's house in the outskirts of Washington, bears many evidences of having been conceived by an eccentric mind. It is surrounded by stumps of immense trees firmly imbedded in the ground, which clearly never grew there. The "Casual Observer" was there once and asked Mr. Miller where these stumps had come from. He said he had brought them from California. He wanted to have his house surrounded by all the accompaniments of a log cabin in the rocky mountains. They were poetic, he said, and helped inspiration. Another curiosity is an old-fashioned well near the cabin, with a long pole with a weight on the end to give a dip to the bucket. The well is a deep and a large one. "I brought the pole from California, too," said the "Poet of the Sierras."—*Graphic.*

Nothing Slow in This.

Slowness is not a desirable quality in these business times. There is nothing slow about St. Jacob's Oil. It goes to the spot at once and cures. No matter how serious the attack of rheumatism, how deep the cut, or how severe the wound, by its magical power it removes all pain.

Nothing more clearly indicates the true gentleman than a desire evinced to oblige or accommodate.

Women's Faces.

What is my opinion of a pretty woman's face? It is about the weakest recommendation she can have, when you get down to the real worth of it; but for the ordinary uses of society, such as winning popularity, attention, and a husband it probably takes first place. Men are just as big fools about a pretty face as women, and women are too silly for anything. We hardly live a day that we don't hear of women undergoing all sorts of torture to improve their beauty, even when they have a very fair amount of good looks to start on. I was just reading yesterday of one who had a freckle doctor take all of the skin off of her face with some kind of medicine in order to remove the harmless little specks. I am glad to say she is disfigured for life. Every time she looks at herself now she will see a monument to her folly, and if she has any sense at all she will learn that something besides beauty of face is requisite to give her true beauty. It doesn't seem to occur to a girl that the superficial beauty of face is not warranted not to fade, even though she sees every day the disegreeably homely faces of women who in their youth were considered beautiful. That women thus place such value upon a pretty face is not a compliment to the men for whom they care most to be pretty, because it is an open admission that men haven't any more sense than they have, and in justice to my sisters, I confess that they are right in their conclusion—the men are not any better finished and furnished in their skulls than the women are. If you will look, however, among the married women of the land you will discover that homely women are about as successful in winning husbands as the others, and their homes and children are better evidences than anything else, as to which class take the gate money. All the talk in the world will not change public opinion on this matter, but there is some comfort in being able to let somebody know that on the outskirts of the crowd of beauty worshipers there are a few who are heterodox enough to know the difference between shadow and substance.

Care of Cellars.

A great mistake is sometimes made in ventilating cellars and milk-houses. The object of ventilation is to keep the cellars cool and dry, but this object often fails of being accomplished by a common mistake, and instead, the cellar is made both warm and damp. A cool place should never be ventilated, unless the air admitted is cooler than the air within, or is at least as cool as that, or a very little warmer. The warmer the air, the more moisture it holds in suspension. Necessarily, the cooler the air, the more this moisture is condensed and precipitated. When a cool cellar is aired on a warm day the entering air being in motion appears cool; but as it fills the cellar, the cooler air with which it becomes mixed chills it, the moisture is condensed, and dew is deposited on the cold walls, and may often be seen running down them in streams. Then the cellar is damp, and soon becomes mouldy. To avoid this, the windows should only be opened at night, and late—the last thing before retiring. There is no need to fear that the night air is unhealthful—it is as pure as the air of midday, and is really drier. The cool air enters the apartment during the night, and circulates through it. The windows should be closed before sunrise in the morning and kept closed and shaded through the day. If the air of a cellar is damp, it may be thoroughly dried by placing in it a peck of fresh lime in an open box. A peck of lime will absorb about seven pounds, or more than three quarts of water, and in this way a cellar or a milk-room may soon be dried, even in the hottest weather. A bushel of lime absorbes twenty-seven pounds of water, and still appears as a dry powder. In this condition it will be very useful to spread over the garden or lawn, or around fruit trees, or it may be useful for whitewash. This precaution is ofter necessary in the dairy, because of the prevalence, where air is damp, of mildew and the various forms of mould. The orange and red kinds of mould especially, which sometimes form upon the cream, have a most injurious effect upon the butter.

A Minister Stoned in the Street.

PITTSBURG, December 18—At Barkerville, a hamlet in a remote corner of Venango county, Professor W. F. Yates, of the Barkerville Academy and a minister of the Church of God, incurred the enmity of Ex-Elder C. W. Kountz, who had been expelled from the church. Kountz has gathered around him a religious sect who look upon him as a prophet. A plot was arranged to break into Yates' house and carry him to their meeting and compel him to listen to their doctrines, but the plot failed because of the absence of Professor Yates. The following evening the mob met him on the street and stoned him until he dropped insensible. He is believed to be fatally injured. If Yates dies his friends threaten to lynch his assailants.

E Pluribus Unum.

The young man lingered near the managing editor's desk, waiting for an appointment on the regular staff

"But you drink?" said the manager, wishing to let the candidate down easy.

"Yes," replied the young man "so did Alexander the Great."

"You are a dude?" glancing at the youth's dandified dress.

"So was Disraeli."

"And you are a liar?"

"So was Napoleon Bonaparte."

"And you are head and ears in debt?"

"Like Alexander Dumas."

"And you are a glutton?"

"So was Peter the Great."

"And you swear occasionally?"

"So did George Washington."

"You are liable to get drunk?"

"Like Daniel Webster."

"You are not a college man?"

"Neither was Lincoln."

"And then you write a wretchedly illegible hand?"

"Like Horace Greely."

"You can't make a speech?"

"Like Grant."

"Well," said the manager, plunging at a heap of manuscript, "anyhow we don't want you; you won't do. Good morning.'"

The young man turned away exceedingly sorrowful. "It's no sort of use," he said, "a fellow combines in his own brain and person the traits of all the great men from Alexander to Grant, and can't even get a place on a one-horse newspaper. This world is growing too fast for genius."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Guarding Vanderbilt's Tomb.

The iron gates that swing between the pillars of the western gateway to the old Morovian Cemetery at New Dorp, Staten Island, are closed every night at 6 o'clock, and four of Pinkerton's detectives, armed with heavy navy revolvers, take the place of three similarly armed men who during the afternoon have been on guard at the tomb of William H. Vanderbilt. But the four men who patrol the cemetery grounds are not the only men on guard. Others are concealed in the bushes around the tomb, while the roads on either side of the gate are well watched. During the day the guard is less numerous than at night, but no precautions are relaxed.

During the three stormy days following Mr. Vanderbilt's burial the detectives were obliged to depend on their rubber coats for shelter from the driving rain. Yesterday, however, two sentry boxes were put in position near the tomb. The niche in the vault in which the coffin of the dead millionaire is placed is connected with an electrical alarm, and even if a tunnel could be driven to the tomb any attempt to remove the body or any tampering with the wires of the alarm would be made known immediately at the headquarters of the detectives.

A registering alarm clock has been placed near the gate of the vault, and at short intervals the guard is required to register its presence at the tomb. No attempt to remove the body is expected, in view of the precautions taken to prevent it, but the watch over the tomb will be maintained in the same manner until the mausoleum is finished.

Wild Beasts in India.

The wild-beast pest but slowly disappears in British India. There is, however, a slight decrease in the loss of life from the bites of wild animals and venomous snakes. The numbers are 22,905 for '83 and 22,425 for '84. The numbers representing those due to snake bites are 20,067 and 19,629 in the two years respectively. The reported loss of cattle amounted to 49,672, against 47,478 in the previous year. Of there, 47,944 are said to have been caused by wild animals, and 1,728 by snakes. Tigers and leopards are shown to have been about equally destructive, having killed 19,680 and 19,699 head of cattle respectively. In the number of wild animals destroyed there was a satisfactory increase from 10,890 in the previous year to 23,775. The destruction of poisonous snakes is enormous, but the numbers have declined from 412,782 to 380,981. Wherever the system of rewards has been pursued the figures have shown a satisfactory increase, although it naturally happens that here and there a too adventurous snake killer pays for his daring with his life.

Flower Pigments.

Hansen, a German chemist, finds that the colors of fruits and flowers are furnished by a very small number of pigments, which he classifies into three groups: First, red; second yellow, and third, blues and violets. He omits chlorophyll green, because it is comparatively rare in flowers. Orange is produced by a thickening of a deposit of the fundamental yellow pigment, the coloring matter being the same in the rind of an orange as in a yellow buttercup. Roses and carnations show the characteristic red pigment, in which variations are produced by the presence of acids.

Damming the Polar Sea.

The polar current passing through Labrador and Newfoundland appears to deflect the gulf stream from the shores of the United States and the British Provinces, interposing a cold wall of water between the land and the genial warmth of the current from the tropics. By building a dam across the narrow straits of Belle Isle—about ten miles wide and averaging 150 feet in depth—Mr. John C. Goodridge, Jr., suggests that the icy stream might be turned aside into mid ocean. Then, it is believed, the gulf stream would skirt the American coast and materially change its climate from Cape Hatteras to Newfoundland, freeing the Gulf of St. Lawrence from icebergs and giving to Nova Scotia the mildness of Cape May.

Geo. Andrews, overseer of the Lowell Carpet Corporation, was for over twenty years, before his removal to Lowell afflicted with salt rheum in its worst form. Its ulcerations actually covered more than half the surface of his body and limbs. He was entirely cured by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. See certificate in Ayer's Almanac for 1883.

Absconding Lancaster County Postmaster.

LANCASTER, Dec. 10.—George W. Townsley, recently appointed Postmaster at New Holland, this county, has mysteriously disappeared. He went to Reading last Saturday to visit his brother-in-law, and since then has not been seen. There is a shortage in his accounts as Postmaster, and he was otherwise financially embarrassed. Attachments have been issued against his property, and his bondsmen have taken possession of the Office.

A fellow wrote to a Gown-town store as follows: "Dere sir: if yew hev got a book called Daniel Webster on a bridge please send me a copy by Ppser's express, c. o. d.—I want to git it ter-morrer if I kin, cause my spellin teacher says I ought ter hey it.

Do not allow yourself to lose temper or to speak excitedly.

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The fatal rapidity with which slight Colds and Coughs frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.
Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—
"Medical science has produced no other anodyne expectorant so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. It is invaluable for diseases of the throat and lungs."
The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—
"I have never found, in thirty-five years of continuous study and practice of medicine, any preparation of so great value as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of diseases of the throat and lungs. It not only breaks up colds and cures severe coughs, but is more effective than anything else in relieving even the most serious bronchial and pulmonary affections."
AYER'S
Cherry Pectoral
Is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is to-day saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.
There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has once been introduced where its use has ever been abandoned, and there is not a person who has ever given it a proper trial for any throat or lung disease susceptible of cure, who has not been made well by it.
AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numberless instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic Bronchitis, Laryngitis, and even acute Pneumonia, and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of Pulmonary Consumption. It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so good as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of Croup and Whooping Cough.
These are all plain facts, which can be verified by anybody, and should be remembered by everybody.
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,
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Sold by all Druggists.

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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, Nervousnes, Debility. $1.

Hooping Cough,
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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THE REV. GEO. H. THAYER, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to SHILOH'S CONSUMPTION CURE." Sold by
G. W. BENFORD & SON.

"We don't have to recommend Parker's Hair Balsam but once," writes Mr. C. A. Burger, druggist, of Liberty, N. Y. "After that it stands on its record." It stops falling hair, restores original color, softness and gloss. Exceptionally clean, prevents dandruff.

FOR DYSPEPSIA and Liver Complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure.
G. W. Benford & Son.

The children's health must not be neglected. Colds in the head and snuffles bring on catarrh and throat and lung affections. Ely's Cream Balm cures at once. It is perfectly safe and is easily applied with the finger. It also cures catarrh and hay fever, the worst cases yielding to it in a short time. Price 50c.

ARE YOU MADE MISERABLE by indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Yellow Skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure.
G. W Benford & Son.

"I have advised my daughter to try it, and she is going to do so." He further says:—"I called on you about six weeks ago sick with bilious disease. You gave me a bottle of Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy and it set me all right. I want more of it." Thus writes a man who lives in Lubec, Me., to the proprietor. We are sure of hearing favorably from the lady, for this preparation is exactly suited to the troubles from which women so often suffer. Also for little children.

WHY WILL YOU cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1.
G. W. Benford & Son.

Little sticks kindle the fire, but great ones put it out.

It will not disappoint you. It is the best article known for purifying the blood and building up the health and strength. For 25 years erysipelas broke out in blotches on my face. I found no cure until I used Parker's Tonic two years ago. It is the medicine for me.—E. C. H.

If there be more pleasure in abundance, there is more security in a mean estate.

When two weeks old our child caught cold. For eighteen months could not breathe through her nostrils, became emaciated. By using Ely's Cream Balm she was cured.—J. M. Smith, Owego, N. Y.

The sun shines for everybody; the flowers smell sweet for all; and the nightingale warbles for all ears.

A NASAL INJECTOR free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents a bottle.
G. W. Benford & Son.

A fruit-grower at Citra, Fla., has sold his crop of oranges on the trees for $80,000.

SHILOH'S CURE will immediately relieve Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis.
Geo. W. Benford & Son.

A crazy quilt shown in New York actually is put down in cold figures as worth $2000.

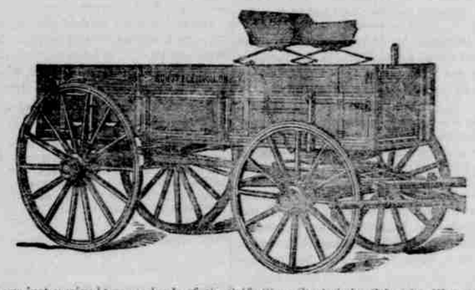
SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY—a positive cure for Catarrh, Diphtheria and Canker Mouth.
G. W. Benford & Son.

Be just to your enemies, generous to your friends, and independent of both.

"HACKMETACK" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cts.
G. W. Benford & Son.

G. W. BENFORD. C. H. BENFORD.
DRUGS.
G. W. BENFORD & SON'S
DRUG STORE,
NO. 1, BAER'S BLOCK.
We keep constantly 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.

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 OLD RELIABLE
SCHUTTLER WAGON.
ESTABLISHED IN CHICAGO IN 1842.

I have just received two car loads of the Self-rolling 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 ho roughly 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.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!
COFFROTH & CO., SOMERSET, PA.
Bright, New and Desirable Selections for Fall, at
GREAT BARGAINS.
Imitation Walnut Chamber Suits, $15.00.
Black Walnut, Full Marble Top, 30.00.
Furniture of Every Description! Parlor Upholstered Suits!
LOOK AT PRICES! IT WILL COST U NOTHING!

IN HAIR CLOTH	$35.00
SPUN SILK	40 00
EMBOSSED PLUSH	$50 00

Come Right Along, and Get the Bargains.
oct21-6m.

MERRY CHRISMAS TO ALL!
We have an immense stock of HOLIDAY GOODS, the majority of them of a useful character, and very suitable for Christmas Gifts.
Black Silks, Colored Silks, Black and Colored Velvets, Dress Goods.
Many special bargains in All Wool, Double Width Dress Fabrics, including our Fifty Cent Cashmeres.
BLACK DRESS GOODS, AND MOURNING CASHMERES.
Cloaks and Wraps for Children and Ladies in all the newest shapes.
FINEST ALASKA SEAL COATS,
MANTLES AND DOLMANS,
Holiday Handkerchiefs, Linen and Silk, at very Low Prices, plain initial and colored borders in Linen and plain white. Initial and colored Silk Handkerchiefs. Fine Silk Mufflers, Gloves, Seal Caps, Seal Gloves, Fur Sleigh Robes.
SILK UMBRELLAS FROM $2.00 UPWARD.
Blankets, Table Linens, Fancy Tidies and Covers, in Linen, Felt and Plush. Childrens' Cloaks, Caps, Velvet Bonnets, Fur Sets, Gloves, Ladies' Furs, Muffs, Collars, Capes, Seal Turbans, Black Hair Muffs at 75 Cents.
Smoking Jackets and Dressing Gowns for Gentlemen!
MENS' FINE NECKWEAR,
FLANNEL SHIRTS,
STAR LINEN SHIRTS.
We call special attention to our special low prices in our Silk Department, Cloak Department, and Dress Goods Department. For information, Samples and Prices, write to our Mail Order Department at once.
JOS. HORNE & CO'S. RETAIL STORES,
613-631 Penn Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.
Estate of Adam D. Snyder, dec'd, late of Rockwood Bor. Somerset County, Pa.
Letters of administration 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 to present them duly authenticated for settlement on Monday, the 4th day of January, 1886, at his late residence in Rockwood Borough.
SOLOMON SNYDER,
nov25. Administrator.

WIDE-AWAKE AGENTS WANTED for THE GREAT CONSPIRACY
A thrilling review of the portentous events that led to the GREAT REBELLION, from the powerful pen of Gen. John A. Logan. Strike quick for choice field.
HUBBARD BROS., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. nov25-4t.

WIN more money than at anything else by taking an agency for the best selling book out. Beginners succeed grandly. None fail. Terms free. HALLET BOOK CO., Portland, Maine. jan23

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Our "Superior Make."
Our "Low Prices."
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Clothing for Men, Youths, Boys and Children.
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Manufacturer of
BUGGIES,
SLEIGHS,
CARRIAGES,
SPRING WAGONS,
HICK WAGONS,
AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK
Furnished on Short Notice.
Painting Done on Short Time.
My work is made out of Thoroughly Seasoned Wood, and the Best Iron and Steel, Substantially Constructed, Neatly Finished, and Warranted to Give Satisfaction.
Employ Only First-Class Workmen.
Repairing of All Kinds in My Line Done on Short Notice. PRICES REASONABLE, and
All Work Warranted.
Call and Examine my Stock, and Learn Prices. I do Wagon-work, and furnish Setts for Wheel Mills. Remember the place, and call in.
CURTIS K. GROVE,
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
the popular favorite for restoring the hair. Restores the color when gray, and prevents the hair from falling off. It cleanses, nourish