A RESERVOIR BURSTS

The Village of East Lee Destroyed by a Sudden Deluge.—Sad Loss of Life and Property.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., April 20.—A special to the *Republican* says: Mud Pond covers about fifty acres in the Northeast part of Lee, nearly on the Becket line, and a mile North of Greenwater Pond, on the Otis Turnpike. It is about four miles from Lee Village, and fifteen years ago this little pond, then covering about twenty acres, was dammed to give additional power to the mills at Lee. It had two outlets, one toward Greenwater Pond, and at the West End a small brook running into Greenwater Brook, which flows southwest. These two streams have their junction at East Lee, and thence flow to the Housatonic River, a mile below the village. The valley from the flat below East Lee is a narrow defile, say twenty rods wide, and a little more than a mile east the turnpike turns up Greenwater Brook, and another goes east to Lake May.

Mud Pond is isolated and but infrequently visited. The dam was ten feet high across the mouth of the valley. All the mill owners on the stream contributed to its cost, including Nathan Gibbs, Harrison Garfield, John Dowd, and others. For nearly two miles before Greenwater Brook reaches the Otis Turnpike the stream runs through fields and farms. There is little population along the line. The descent is very rapid and confined in a narrow valley through East Lee or Cape Street, as it is called. There are three houses from Sturgis' Bridge to East Lee and the dam—those of Gonsett, Gardner and Baker.

About 5:30 o'clock this morning Gonsett heard the roaring and saw that the dam had broken, and he alarmed John Baker's family, and Dwight Baker went flying down the stream to alarm the people, who were just getting up. He in turn sent one Shultis farther down the stream. The progress of the flood was slow, presenting a wall ten feet high, as some say, destroying everything in its way and gaining velocity all the time.

DESTRUCTION OF THE WATERS.

In thirty minutes all was over. The stream was full of logs, trees, stones and debris, as it struck the bridge twenty feet long over the stream on the Otis turnpike and the upper end of East Lee. It carried away Edwin Sturgis' marble shop, involving a loss of $4,000. Next it attacked John Dowd's grinding shop, undermining it and filling it with earth. The flood then swept the houses of James Fletcher and Mrs. Isaac Gardner down stream, the family barely escaping with their lives. Next John Dowd's factory, 20 by 40 feet, was completely wrecked. The loss there will be $3,000.

The waters advanced on A. N. White's carriage shop, a three-story building on the bank of the stream, 50 by 30 feet, with a wing three stories high. He lived on the third floor with his family, and a lone boy of 15 is the only survivor, and he went through three mill dams, and was rescued from a tree by Deputy Sheriff Cutting. The boy says that the family were just getting up. He saw what appeared to be a drove of sheep coming and the family all ran together into the kitchen. Mr. White advised the family to stay together. Soon the floor rose, the building parted in the middle, and that is the last the boy knew. Mr. White, his wife, his daughters, Alice Irene, aged 9, and Ida May, aged 11, were killed. The bodies of the family, except one daughter, were found soon after. Mrs. White was carried nearly half a mile away, her remains being found in the machine room of the Garfield Mill. The body of one daughter was found so bruised that it was impossible to identify it by name. The boy was but slightly bruised.

AN AGED VICTIM.

Next to the Whites lived Simon Dowd, aged 60. His house was turned around, but not carried away. He went to let out his hens, was swept away and the body has not yet been recovered. Mrs. James White next had her house undermined and filled with debris, which is six feet deep in the basement. She fled to the garret and saw Mr. Dowd floating away, bidding him farewell. The flood then reached the store of P. Morin, just appointed postmaster. His building was broken and tipped over into the stream, and he loses $25,000. Books and postoffice records were swept away. Couch & Oakley, millwrights, across the stream, had their building, 30 by 50, crushed like an eggshell, the boiler being carried away several rods into T. L. Foote's dam; loss, $3,000. In all the above factories the dams were also carried out. Further down Theron Foote's grist mill was partially undermined, the dam lost, grain carried away and damage done to the extent of $8,000. Several rods below Foote's is a row of tenement houses in which lived four families. In the one nearest the brook lived Theodore King and his wife and child of two years. They rushed out when the flood came, but were too late. Mrs. Charles King and Theodore King went down the stream together until a log struck her and they were separated. Mrs. Charles King's body was found near Veran's mill. Theodore was rescued from an apple tree near the same place. Mrs. Theodore King was swept away later, as Mr. King says when he started his wife was on the bank. Charles and his child escaped. The other families in the block were uninjured.

THE TRACK OF THE FLOOD.

At the junction of the Greenwater Brook with Goose Pond Brook, John McLoughlin's machine shop and sawmill is completely ruined, and part of the sawmill east was carried through the machine shop second story, dropping down there and the remainder going down stream; loss, $10,000. Further down where Goose Pond Stream runs swiftly through a narrow valley not more than fifteen rods wide, Harrison Garfield's grist mill was struck, and the machine and engine-room demolished. The dam was rendered useless by the filling in of refuse. Loss, $30,000. Below was the fine paper mill of John Veran. His dam is ruined. The water struck the east end and demolishing that filled the finishing and packing room with debris, and washed away a portion of the back part of the mill. The cellar is destroyed and the loss will be $10,000. Next is the Decker & Sabin mill, rebuilt two years ago and not operated, but owned by Harrison Garfield. The dam was washed out and the rear of the mill carried away and utterly wrecked in the lower stories. The brick stack was also demolished and the loss will be $10,000. Here the valley widens towards Mr Garfield's residence, and for several rods over the highways and adjacent fields the refuse of the flood lies scattered in all directions. Trees, machinery, wood, great boulders and castings are piled up in every direction.

There is hardly a house from Cape Street to Water Street, through East Lee proper, that is not injured more ore less, and on the upper side of Cape Street houses everywhere have from one to six feet of mud on the floors, the fences gone, lawns spoiled and furniture wrecked. On the streams six bridges are carried away, the highways are gullied, and in some places are washed away to the depth of several feet. The selectmen estimate the loss to the town at from $10 000 to $20,000. Harrison Garfield estimates his loss at $50,000. The losses fall heavily on most of the sufferers, and many of those whose houses are gone or damaged are workingmen, and lose their all. Some idea of the damage can be formed when it is stated that for three miles the wreck is complete. The bodies of Mr. White, his wife and one child and of the two King women were taken to the East Lee chapel. They were crushed and mangled in a horrible manner.

EXTENT OF THE DISASTER.

The funeral of the victims will be held in the East Lee chapel at 2:30 P. M., Thursday. The theory of the disaster is that the ground was so thoroughly soaked with water that probably found its way through the bottom, and, no one visiting the place, this was unnoticed until Gonsett was alarmed by the roar of the water. This disaster is the mill river flood over again on a smaller scale. There are seven lives lost, five bodies being recovered and two to be accounted for, and the damage is roughly estimated at $150,000 to $200,000. The ravages of the flood are chiefly confined to a mile along the stream from Sturgis' Mill, at the upper end of East Lee Village, to the Beach house within half a mile of the Lee postoffice. It is the same old story—a valley so narrow that a stone can be tossed across it crowded with mills and dwellings. A mountain reservoir hid away so completely that very many people never heard of it before, the security of which no one seems to have had any adequate information about.

Now For a Governor.

It should be a subject for congratulation among Republicans that their State convention which is soon to meet, will place in nomination by acclamation their candidate for Governor. The more thoroughly the question is discussed, the more hearty and unanimous does the sentiment of the people appear to be in favor of the renomination of the battle scarred veteran Gen'l Beaver. This sentiment comes emphatically from the people, without the intervention of leaders or bosses. If there is any boss, operating, he is certainly one who knows what the people want, and acts in harmony with them. It was suggested by some timid Republicans at first, that it would be better for the interests of the party to take an entirely new man, but this idea was not seconded by any large element of the party. Only about one-tenth of the Republican party was arrayed against General Beaver at the last election, and it was asking a good deal for the nine-tenths of the party to give up their preference to please the one-tenth. The minority might well ask the question whether further division might not be promoted rather than harmony, by such an improper course. The great bulk of the party believe that General Beaver was roughly and unfairly treated when a candidate four years ago, and they will never be satisfied until that wrong is righted. They want to see him Governor of Pennsylvania as he should be, and are determined that their wishes shall be gratified.

We do not see anything to change in our views from what they were when we begged the Independent republicans not to strike down a brave soldier and a good Republican and thus throw the State into the hands of the Democrats. We still think their course was entirely unwarranted, as most of them now do themselves, but are willing to overlook the past and rank it with one of those foolish freaks which will sometimes overtake parties and always do mischief. They now appear anxious to support Gen Beaver, make all the reparation in their power, and for this let them have full credit.

General Beaver is already virtually on the track, and let us give for him "a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether" and elect him by a majority which will in part make up for previous mistakes.—*Chambersburg Repository.*

How to Go to Sleep.

A writer in Hall's *Journal of Health* gives the following hints to prevent wakefulness, which are no doubt efficacious:

If you cannot go to sleep when you first go to bed, give orders to be waked up at daylight, get up promptly, do not sleep a wink during the day, go to bed at your regular time, with directions to be waked as before; in a week you will find that you go to sleep promptly, but be careful to get up as soon as you wake in the morning, thus you will find out how much sleep your system requires, and act accordingly. Always avoid sleeping in the daytime, for if you require seeven hours sleep, and spend that much at night, whatever time you spend in sleep during the day must be deducted from the seven hours, or you will soon be wakeful again. If you wake up in the night, either go to bed two or three hours later or when you wake up get up, even if it be one o'clock in the morning, and do not sleep a moment until your regular time for going to bed; if you wake, and do not sleep in the daytime, you will find out in less than a week how much sleep you require, then act accordingly. Nature loves regularity, and four hours sleep from 10 to 2 is said to be worth six hours after 12 o'clock.

A single fact is worth a ship load of argument. This may well be applied to St. Jacobs Oil, which is more efficacious than all other liniments. Mr. John Gregg, a well-known citizen of Watsonville, Cal., found it to be indispensable as a cure for rheumatism. Price 50 cts.

A man may be in heaven long before he goes there, and may be perfectly sure that there is a hell here, even when he is doubtful about the one hereafter.

Every day should be distinguished by at least one particular act of love.

THE CAPTAIN'S WAGER.

During the evening of the day on which the battle of Balaklava was fought, the 25th of October, 1854, a dozen of us were seated around a fire lighted before the tent occupied by the first lieutenant and myself. The night was chilly and damp, and we were somewhat sad and gloomy, as we had lost some good frinds during the fight. A silence had succeeded a sad story related by a chasseur, when suddenly we were startled by the big voice of Captain Dumon, of the Tenth Dragoons, saying:

"I wonder if I will see again in this world this poor Boscal, cut in two by a cannon-ball this very afternoon."

"I hope you will not," replied lieutenant of hussars.

"Why do you hope that?" asked the captain.

"Because he would frighten the life out of you if one of these nights he came to visit you," replied the lieutenant.

"Hussar, I do not permit you to insinuate that anything supernatural or natural may frighten me, Capt. Charles Dumon, of the —th Dragoons," exclaimed angrily the brave soldier.

"Pshaw! sweetly dragoon, sweetly! I have seen men just as courageous as you are, and believe yourself to be, going into trances through fright," replied the lieutenant, with great calmness.

"You did not see that, and I defy yout to prove it," cried the captain, now furious.

"I did see that; and I am ready to bet you a good dinner, at 50 franks per capita, that within two months I, or somebody else, will cause you such a fright as will be remembered by you till your last hour. Do you accept the wager?"

"Most certainly I do, on the condition that all of us here now, or what will be left of us after the taking of Sebastapool, shall feast at the expense of the loser, cost what it may."

"All right, dragoon."

"All right," hussar."

As the "taps" sounded we separated, bidding good-bye to each other.

The battle of Tukerman was fought on the 5th day of November, 1854, eleven days after the battle of Balaklava. The night following was exceedingly cold. It was about 11 o'clock P. M., and everyone was asleep in our camp but the sentries and grand guard. Alone in his tent, Capt. Dumond snored, buried to the nose in a layer of fresh straw, discovered God knows where, by his faithful but not over-scrupulous orderly. Near by him was his big sabre, and under his pillow, made of his horse's saddle, a pair of pistols showed their brass work, shining like gold. Suddenly a human form, wrapped in a white mantel, and wearing on the head the regulation helmet of the dragoons, under which appeared a face deadly pale, entered the tent. The apparition seemed to slide rather than walk. It approached the captain and called him by his name.

The captain awoke, sat up, rubbed his eyes with his fist, and said: "Who is there? What do you want?"

"Has the grave changed me so much that Charles Dumon, my bosom friend cannot recognize in me Prosper Boscal, killed eleven days ago at Balaklava?"

"Is that you?" ironically replied the captain. "Well, I thought the Russians to be better killers. With us French those that we demolish never come back to visit their former acquaintances. Meanwhile, Prosper Boscal, my departed friend, you will greatly favor me by retiring to whence you came from. You must excuse me, my dear, you being dead, have time to sleep, and I, being alive, have not. Then, good bye; my respects to all in sheol, please, and please take care not to get cold, by playing truant, during such a Siberian night.

"Dumon," exclaimed sadly the ghost, "you know how much I did love you while on this earth. In order to see you once more, to bid you an eternal adieu, to give you a last shake of the hand, I have left the spirit world. Instead of the friendly reception that I had a right to expect from you, I get only sarcasm and derision. Take care; Dumon! One never goes unpunished that insults the dead."

"Go to Hades! Let me sleep. If in two minutes you have not vanished I will finish that Russian job, and I will do it properly, you can bet. Get out, and mighty quick, too, or else I will accelerate your departure with the point of my sabre."

"I will remain with you ten minutes more. Your means are foolish, your sabre is a play-toy, and you are powerless, Dumon."

"I am foolish and powerless, and my sabre is a play-toy! Do you want to get acquainted with it? Leave this tent immediately, you night prowler. Will you go?

"No, not before ten minutes."

"Then, take that," and the captain, drawing his sabre, made a thrust at the ghost, who, stretching forth his hand, seized the blade, which remained in it, separated from the hilt, held by the captain.

"You see, Dumon, there is your blade," and the apparition threw it on the mantle spread over the straw.

"I see nothing. Horns of the devil," yelled the captain, and grabbing his pistols, he fired both shots at the ghost.

"As I have returned the blade of your sabre to you, now I return the bullets from your pistol," said the ghost, throwing two pistol bullets on the mantle.

Perspiration could be distinctly seen on the captain's brow, and as he panted for breath he muttered: "This is strange, very strange; perhaps it is the truth, the dead may leave their graves. How pale he is!"

"The ten minutes have elapsed, Dumon. I must leave you forever. I forgive you, and there is my hand, A last shake, and I am gone."

Captain Dumon took the hand offered in his own. It was icy and stiff—the very hand of a dead man—and, as he shook it the whole arm, following the impulsion given, fell heavily on the straw.

Captain Dumon, of the —th Dragoons, one of the bravest officers of the French army, uttered a terrible cry, and fell back senseless.

"You have lost! You have lost!" cried we, entering his tent.

He was speechless and unconscious. We rubbed his face with snow, and one of the men ran for a surgeon.

It was a long time before he revived, and we were all of us making piteous faces. For my part, I was ashamed of myself.

When he recovered he admitted frankly that he had been thoroughly frightened, and two days after the taking of Sebastapol we feasted at his expense, but five of us were missing. They slept their last sleep, far away from the country for which they had given their livee. May God grant them eternal repose. Amen!

A little explanation is necessary. It was not his sabre that Captain Dumon tried to use against his visitor, but a broken one picked up on the battle field, the bullets had been taken out from the pistols, and the arm that fell on the straw had been given me by our surgeon major.

A Mule Under Fire.

The following incident is taken from the "Recollections of a Private" in the Boston *Commercial-Bulletin*:

I must not forget to chronicle a laughable incident that occurred on Morris Island, S. C. It was in the early days of the siege. Some ammunition was wanted in a battery at the front, and a mule driver volunteered to deliver it. The only road lay along the sandy beach for a distance of a mile and a half, most of the route being within the range of Forts Sumter and Wagner. The mule team started up the beach. Sumter began shelling furiously. The driver laid on the lashes, the mule, with ears laid oack, plied his legs a hundred revolutions to the minute. A shell would strike the beach and explode; then another would whizz by the team; then that mule would stop and reflect a moment, or try to turn back, when down would come the whip. A fresh start for a short distance and then a halt, as another shell exploded. Then the driver jumped from his seat, caught the animal by the head, and went on a dozen rods further.

Wagner now opened on him. But still the team gradually moved on, reaching the battery finally unhurt. The ammunition was quickly delivered and that mule was headed for camp, and started at its utmost speed. Down the sandy road flew the animal, the driver rapidly plying the whip, till at last they reached the shelter of the sand-hills. Just then a shell from Sumter came shrieking through the air. Striking the beach in the rear of the team, it bounded upwards and exploded apparently right above the mule. A cloud of smoke hid the team for a moment, but when it cleared away there stood the old mule, with head down and ears back, kicking most viciously at the cart, that had been smashed and broken up by a fragment of the shell. The driver lay on the sand, but jumped up; he limped towards the mule, cut him loose from the cart, mounted, and galloped away to the camps.

Thousands of men, Union and Confederate, watched this performance. Our men on shore, and the sailors on the vessel all joined in hearty cheers and waving of caps. The rebels joined in the demonstration to the pluck of the driver, and the comical courage of his long-eared charge.

The Mind and the Legs.

Men generally cross their legs when there is the least pressure on their minds. You will never find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other, because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in auditing accounts will never cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article, or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged; when at work in a sitting posture the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair discussing some business proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest, and perceives something to be gained, his limbs uncross quick as a flash, he bends forward toward his neighbor, and begins to use his hands. That is a phase that I believe you will always observe.

Men often cross their legs at public meetings because they go there to listen, or to be entertained; they are not the factors in the performance, and they naturally place themselves in the most comfortable position known to them, namely, that of leaning well back in their chairs and crossing their legs. A man always crosses his legs when he reads a newspaper, but is more apt to lie down when he reads a book. He reads the paper, of course, to inform himself, but at the same time the perusal of its contents is recreation for him, and his body again seeks its position of relaxation.

When a man is reading a newspaper and waiting for his breakfast, his legs are always crossed, but so soon as the breakfast is brought to him he puts the paper aside, straightens out his legs, and goes to work; that is, begins to eat, his mind now turning on the duties of the day before him. Men cross their legs in a ballroom, but it is far from an elegant thing to do, and is not done by those who have been brought up in good society. It is your "three-penny bit young man" who crosses his legs at a ball, and, would you believe it, I have seen young ladies do the same thing!

"Pa, I'm not going to learn any more geography lessons." "Why? Have you been excused from geography lessons?" "No, but—" "I presume your teacher has got tired of such a stupid pupil." "Teacher nothin'. I'm the feller that's got tired. I read in a paper that the geography over half the globe would be changed by future explorations, and I am going to wait. I want to get it straight before I put in so much hard work."

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Political Parties.

Political parties, energetic, vigorous, and well-defined, are indispensable to the success of free popular governments. Wherever the life of states is freeest and most irrepressable, their party spirit is most active and aggressive. It is by the conflict and collision of political parties that the latent and richest powers of the State are made manifest; and those whom I represent have no sympathy with the dogma that it reflects glory upon a statesman to affect independence of his party, or that it is an indication of virtue in a citizen to belong to no political organization.

Political parties are social groups in the nation, allied by common purposes and kindred aspirations for the accomplishment of beneficial results. When parties perish this government will expire, for we all understand that in this country the only government is the party in power. Here is no dynasty, no ruling family, nothing corresponding to the functions of government under other systems except the party that is for the time being intrusted by the votes of a majority of the people with the execution of their will. And, sir, when a majority of the people declare that there shall be a change of administration, it is necessarily implied that there shall be a change of those agencies through which alene political administration can be made effectual. It is useless to juggle and palter about this matter.—*Senator Ingalls.*

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

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

You have often seen women with marked blueness or pallor of face, vitiated appetites, and a craving for unwholesome food. These are signs of a disordered liver, and the trouble must be corrected or worse results are sure to follow. Husbands and fathers cannot afford to treat this matter lightly. Dr Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy," which dispels liver disease, costs less than sick wives and daughters. You will find it a very profitable investment.

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

"I'll attend to it soon." Don't cheat yourself in that way. Your hair is growing thinner, dryer and more lifeless every day. Save it and restore its original color, softness and gloss by using Parker's Hair Balsam while you may.

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.

Ely's Cream Balm cured me of catarrh and restored my sense of smell. For cold in head it works like magic.—E. H. Sherwood, Banker, Elizabeth, N. J.

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

As a superb hair dressing and renovator Ayer's Hair Vigor is universally commended. It eradicates scurf and dandruff, cures all eruptions and itchings of the scalp, promotes the renewed growth of the hair, and surely prevents its fading or turning gray.

Put your foot down where you mean to stand, and let no man move you from the right. Learn to say "No," and it will be more use to you than to be able to read Latin.

An ounce of discretion is better than a pound of knowledge. Why not spend 25 cents for a bottle of Red Star Cough Cure, and save a large doctor's bill?

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, nor be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in matters in that from which in a few days I should myself dissent. In philosophy where truth seems double-faced there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in philosophy I love to keep the road.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS Trade Mark. QUALITY NOT QUANTITY. PURITY. On Every Bottle. PHYSICIANS AND DRUGGISTS RECOMMEND IT. THE BEST TONIC. This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia. It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver. It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives. It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other Iron medicines do.* It enriches and purifies the blood, stimulates the appetite, aids the assimilation of food, relieves Heartburn and Belching, and strengthens the muscles and nerves. For Intermittent Fevers, Lassitude, Lack of Energy, &c., it has no equal. The genuine has above trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper. Take no other. Sold by BROWN CHEMICAL CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

THE LOWEST RATES ON THROUGH TICKETS WEST AND SOUTHWEST, Via THE GREAT WABASH ROUTE. For full information of the route, where to obtain Government Land, Maps, Etc., A. M. BRACKENRIDGE, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Cor. 7th Ave. & Smithfield Sts., Pittsburgh, Pa.

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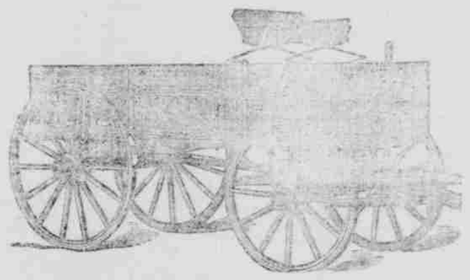
FASHIONABLE CUTTER & TAILOR, Having had many years experience in all branches of the Tailoring business, I guarantee Satisfaction to all who may call upon me and favor me with their patronage. Yours, &c., WM. M. HOCHSTETLER, Somerset, Pa. mar3

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-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 his wagon has laid in Stock three years before being worked up, insuring the work to be boroughly 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.

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FOR SALE—STEAM ENGINES, OLDS and ORE PANS, BOILERS and SHEET IRON WORK. Second-hand Engines and Boilers on hand. Hoisting Engines and Machinery a specialty. THOMAS CARLIN, dec20-1yr. Allegheny, Pa.

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