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SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1887.

WHOLE NO. 1868.

B. & B.

THE SPECIAL EVENT OF THIS SEASON WILL BE THE GRAND LAUREL CURTAIN SALE...

Newmarkets with Hoods and Capes

Needle and Sewing Machine, \$1.00 and up...

Wraps, Jackets & Newmarkets

Needle and Sewing Machine, \$1.00 and up...

BOGGS & BUHL

115, 117, 119 & 121 FEDERAL STREET, ALLEGHENY, PA.

EXCELSIOR COOK STOVE

ALWAYS SATISFACTORY.

EIGHTEEN SIZES AND KINDS.

All Purchasers can be Satisfied!

L. A. SHEPHERD & CO. BALTO. MD.

R. B. SCHELL & CO., PITTSBURGH, PA.

HORNE & WARD

Eaton & Bros., NO. 27 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA.

NEW GOODS

EVERY DAY SPECIALTIES

Gent's Furnishing Goods, &c., &c.

Your Patronage is Respectfully Solicited.

NEW GOODS

SPRING AND SUMMER, 1886.

NEW GOODS

SPRING WEAR.

Somerset County Bank

ESTABLISHED 1827.

C. HARRISON, M. J. PRITTS, President, Cashier.

CHARGES MODERATE.

Accounts Solicited.

CURTIS K. GROVE, SOMERSET, PA.

WHEELS, SPOKES, CARBIDES, BELLS, WAGONS, RICKS, WAGONS, AND EASTERN AND WESTERN WORK.

Fainting Done on Short Time.

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THE LAND WHERE DREAMS COME TRUE.

For over some thirty years...

And under a beautiful sky...

Where the rain never falls on the cushions...

And our lovers never weary or die...

Where the flowers are so fair, and in changing...

Their magical sweetest hours...

Their days are so bright and so true...

By mystical symbols and signs...

We know of that beautiful land...

But, alas, on the threshold of matrimony...

The frail one slipped out of our hand...

And she will never wander between us...

And only in sleep we remember...

The land where our dreams come true...

We shall find the best treasure we possess...

For in that wonderful sphere...

All the dreams and the dreams of the dream...

The dream that is so true and so true...

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THE MASTER BLACKSMITH.

BY JOHN S. HICKLEY.

You would never have imagined it...

From the turn of his lips, they were...

A very ordinary pair indeed when in...

response, which, to tell the exact truth...

was not often but this morning they...

were picked up in the most comical...

manner, wrinkling his rosy cheeks...

and giving the whole physiognomy a...

distinct and distressed appearance...

of behold. But he was an excellent...

cook. Of that there was not the smallest...

doubt. Clear, resonant, trilling up...

and down to the many halcyon notes...

with never a false note; his hands...

in his pockets, his lathered straw had...

thrown back on his curly hair, his sturdy...

features and his sparkling little clouds...

of dust in the road which would along...

the base of a stony knoll, almost at...

the level beneath the rest of the white...

sun.

Suddenly the music ceased. Evidently...

our musician had whistled himself...

out of a brown study into some sort...

of a decision, for he stopped, picked up...

a pebble, and tossed it over the fence...

with a jerk.

"Yes, I'll do it, I don't like it but...

she'll never find it out. I'm pretty...

sure you can't think of one and then...

and have 'em first one side, and then...

the other. But it is over with at last...

and ain't I glad of it, though?"

With quivering footsteps he now turned...

to the right and ascended the hill...

entering a small cottage surrounded...

by a high wall, surrounded by a...

collection of annual flowering plants...

now in the height of their beauty.

"Well, mother,"—a slender, pale-faced...

woman who stood at an ironing table—

"I've decided. It's all right. God...

love's got me. Thought it all over, just...

as you said. I'll begin with him to-morrow...

if he says yes."

"You mean, mother, my son—very sure...

it's your own will and choice?" replied...

his mother, anxiously.

"Dead sure," returned the lad, stoutly.

"Of course, a blacksmith's apprentice...

can't put on so many high-toned airs...

as if he was studying medicine, but that...

ain't anything you know—is it?"

"Have you ever put on any airs, Jerry...

or have you ever studied up?"

"I answered the good woman, laughing.

"No, no, of course not,—a little impudently...

But in the eyes of other folks, you...

would sound more dignified than...

"Jerry Atman, blacksmith,"—wouldn't it...

now?"

"The trade your father followed, and...

the reputation he earned as a good work...

man and an honest man," returned...

the woman, with sparkling eyes, "seemed...

as well in the ears of this community...

as that of Dr. Fields, who has so kindly...

of fess to take you into his office. You...

might make an excellent physician—that...

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A Dangerous Intoxicant.

The resolution unanimously adopted...

at the last