

It is to Your Interest
TO BUY YOUR
DRUGS AND MEDICINES
AT THE LOWEST PRICES.
JOHN N. SNYDER,
SUCCESSOR TO
BIESECKER & SNYDER.
None but the purest and best kept in stock,
and when Drugs become scarce by stand-
ing, as certain of them do, we de-
stroy them, rather than in-
crease our customers.
You can depend on having your
PRESCRIPTIONS & FAMILY RECEIPTS
filled with care. Our prices are as low as
any other first-class house and on
many articles much lower.
The people of this county seem to know
this, and have given us a large share of their
patronage, and we shall still continue to give
them the very best goods for their money.
Do not forget that we make a specialty of
FITTING TRUSSES.
We guarantee satisfaction, and if you have
had trouble in this direction,
give us a call.
SPECTACLES AND EYE-GLASSES
in great variety. A full set of Test Lenses.
Come in and have your eyes examined. No
charge for examination, and we are confident
we can suit you. Come and see us.
Respectfully,
JOHN N. SNYDER.
—THE—
WHITE
IS KING OF
SEWING MACHINES.
It was Crowned when it took the
First Premium at the Cincinnati
Centennial in 1853, at the Great
Centennial, but more so when it
took the
GOLD MEDAL
At the Universal Exhibition at Paris,
France, in 1889, for being the
Best Family Sewing Machine
In the world. It is applauded
as such by the
\$800,000
Sold since its introduction in 1877.
Its superiority is acknowledged,
though with many regrets, by
thousands who had bought
other new
—SEWING MACHINES—
Before they had seen the merits of
the
WHITE
Ladies will find it greatly to their
advantage to examine the merits
of "THE WHITE" before buy-
ing a Sewing Machine.
"THE BEST IS ALWAYS CHEAPEST"
In the end. An inferior Sewing
Machine is a poor investment at
any price.
JOS. CRIST,
Of Jenner X. Row, is the authorized agent
for it in this County. Write him, and tell
him to bring one to your house for exami-
nation.
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SOMERSET, PA.
FAST HOUSE
ONYX HOSIERY.
LADIES, MISSES, MEN'S AND BOYS' WEAR.
Ladies' Fine Gage, extra good, 25
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beds and toes, 25c. a pair.
A better grade Fine Gage, 35c.,
a pair, or three pair for \$1.
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beds, 40c. a pair.
Ladies light and heavy weight at
50c. a pair, the best ever sold at
the price.
Ladies' Ingrain Cotton, medium
weight, high spliced beds and
toes, 60c. a pair.
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offered, at 65c., 70c., 90c. and
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Boys' extra heavy Onyx Hose, as
well as our full importations of
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TERMS.
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Valuable Real Estate.
DWELLING HOUSE
TERMS.
TRUSTEE'S SALE
Valuable Real Estate!
DWELLING HOUSE
TERMS.

Swearing Off.
I'm giving to you my early mother dear,
For I've a heap to realize upon this glad New Year;
There's lots of things I'm going to say that
I'm giving to you my early mother dear,
And I kind of hope in a thousand things I'll
manage to keep a few.
I'm going to do the very best that ever a fel-
low can.
And I will make no friendship with a very
angry man;
I will not look upon the wine when it is
glowing red,
So may my evening hat sit loose upon my
morning head.
I will not look with sinners at the corner of
the street,
Nor will I talk about myself to everyone I
meet;
I'll be the good boy of the school and study
all the day.
Nor will my comrades with me play;
I'll be the first to go to bed and study
all the day.
I will not be about my age, my salary or
weight;
To help indeed the friend in need I will not
hesitate;
I will not set at odds my friends, nor even at
the poor corner;
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Children
Strangling.
It had nearly ceased to breathe. Realizing that the child's alarming condition had become possible in spite of the medicine it had taken, I reasoned that such remedies would be of no avail. Having a pair of bottles of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** in the house, I gave the child three doses, at short intervals, and anxiously watched the result. From the moment the first dose was given, the child's breathing grew easier, and in a short time it was sleeping peacefully and breathing naturally. The child is now well today, and I do not hesitate to say that **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** saved its life.—J. W. Woodring, Wortham, Texas.
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RECONCILED.
About three years ago I was one day sauntering in Union Square, and stopped in at Signor Roma's studio. I found the young artist busily at work upon the likeness of a young lady in crayons.
I became interested in the growing face, not because of its beauty—for it was the face of a woman at least forty years old—but because of the tender look of chastened suffering in the large, wide eyes.
"Roma," I said, "this is a very attractive face."
"She has the loveliness of completed suffering; her face is a history, not a calendar; that is the secret of her attractiveness. Her daughter is a living poem and picture."
"You speak like a lover."
"I am one."
"Does she know it?"
"Who shall tell her? 'Tis as if I loved a girl, whose face was as bright, but whose heart was as cold as ice. I had no hope to wed her. But your daughter is Richard Larkin's betrothed."
I dropped his hand, and went on with his work with nervous haste. Presently I heard a rustle of silk, a sweet, low voice, and a little, rippling, musical laugh. Immediately Roma held it open for the two ladies, who entered the studio.
The mother's hair was nearly white, and the daughter's pale, goldenfame to a little oval picture of the most exquisite beauty.
I did not wonder who I saw the girl, that Roma should feel that way in regard to her. I had met her before this. It was Mrs. Bailey; yet it was she, although I might have passed her twenty times and not known her, so greatly was she changed.
Another acquaintance awaited me. A handsome man, who I had seen many times in the past, was now a stranger to me. It was Mr. Bailey's brother, and then, with a cordial invitation to sit on them, she passed down the stairs and into the waiting carriage.
I suffered two or three days to elapse, and then went to call Mrs. Bailey. It was a cold, wet day, but Mrs. Bailey and Roma were making sabbies for themselves in the snug sitting parlor, and I was asked by a servant to see Mrs. Bailey in her own room.
I do not know what influence of the dreary day, or of the cry, or of her own mind, ruled her, but she was evidently inclined for confidant conversation, and from one to the other, I was gradually led into the predisposing personal matters. I was scarcely aston-

ished when, after some preliminary remarks, she told me her story. She said: "I was born in Boston, of an old and rich family. I do not remember my mother, and my father died while I was very young, leaving me and my fortune to the care of my half-brother, Richard Larkin. I was to be both a father and brother to me.
"We loved each other dearly, and nothing darkened our affection until I met and loved Philip Bailey. You see how handsome he is now, judge, then, what he was twenty-four years ago, and that he was extravagant did not alarm me.
"But we were no sooner married than trouble began. It was my fault; I was exacting to a ridiculous degree, jealous of every moment of Philip's time, and would not suffer him to be absent from my side an hour in peace. Love soon frets at such authoritative restraint; quarrels and reconciliations followed each other quickly, and then—alas! quarrels when we made no apologies, and which were not followed by reconciliations.
"The house which we had furnished with some promises of a happy and a peaceful life became a scene of constant bickering, recriminations, tears and complaints. All this began in such little things that I am ashamed to recall them, but they opened a wide door for far worse ones.
"Children came to us—a beautiful boy and a pretty, bright girl. Philip was very kind, but not so kind as I should have been to some of my neglected. But instead of accepting the present lot, I was continually poisoning the happiest hour by regrets for the ones whom he had wantonly wasted, and by doubts of his future intentions.
"Then money began to fail; we became embarrassed, and my brother refused to help me. When this happened, I began to despair. I thought of nothing but my own misery. I went forth in the street, and I forbade the little children, who loved me so dearly, to speak to me.
"At the end of five years we had given up homekeeping and board. In another year we found it impossible any longer to preserve even the outward semblance of our former estate, and Philip said we must go to New York.
"We left Boston clandestinely, so no one would know of our flight. I was in a thousand miles of him. Before going to the church I took a blue chip and marked not only his initials but mine on it. I went to church and was seated about half way down the aisle. There was singing and several short speeches, but I had heard it all before, and was not in the least interested. I was in the wrong row, however. I did not see my former partner. The choir sang 'Hold me the Fort,' and just as I was about to leave, former partner appeared and made a few remarks, and then asked the congregation to contribute to the choir song. Two men whom I knew very well, and who had been out of my sight for some time, came forward with the choir. When one came to me I threw in my blue chip, and smiled in my sleeve when I thought of what my former partner would think when he saw it. I will never go again where he is, for when the money was poured out on the table he stepped to the edge of the pulpit and said:
" 'I hold in my hand a blue chip. It's worth \$20. It's as good as gold. For the man who put it in has endowed it with his name. You held many a one with him, and he has cared me large sums of money, and I know that this check will be redeemed.' That was all he said; I took my hat and went to the door and found an usher. I gave him ten cents and a five for good measure and told him to give my kind regards to my friend and former partner. I don't pay any more jokes on reformed gamblers."
Continued.

NEW YEARS CUSTOMS.
As Christmas customs were for a long time a blending of heathen rites and Christian festival, so, too, we find many of the New Year's customs of our forefathers were but remnants of bygone customs of various nations.
The Jews, Chinese, Romans, and Mohammedans, although differing as to the time from which they reckoned the commencement of the year, all regarded it as a day of especial interest. Says Abbott: "The old Roman year began in March, and on the first day of the year the festival Anicia was celebrated, when the Salii, or priests of Mars, carried the sacred shield in procession through the city, and the people spent the day in feasting and rejoicing. The same superstitions were attached to the first day of the year after the change took place in the Roman calendar, which made January the commencing month, instead of March."
Pliny tells us that on the first day of January people washed each other's heads and property and sent presents to each other. It was accounted a public holiday, and games were celebrated in the Campus Martius. The people gave themselves up to riotous excess and various kinds of heathen superstition. It was to offer a counter influence, and to protect Christians against its contagious delinquency and superstition, that Christian assemblies were at last held on the first day of January.
The early disciples strove to exhibit in their life the contrast between the Christian and the heathen temper, to substitute simple New Year's gifts, readings from Scripture for merry songs, and facts for riotous excesses. This principle was gradually adopted in the practice of the Western Church; and three days of penance and fasting were opposed to the pagan celebration of January, until the time of Charlemagne, when the custom was transferred to the second day of the month.
In the time of St. Basil, the day was dedicated to fasting, the heathen feast being designated, when the fast of St. Basil's devotion was transferred to the second day of the month.
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THE TALE OF A CABBAGE.
Romances and the rose go hand in hand and the daisy violet and the modest lily have often opened the portals of love, but has best cast to California and secured the only cabbage that ever led to a real romance that ever wound up in a wedding.
Eighteen months ago according to the unquestionable statement of Granville W. Alexander, a grain merchant in that city, there stood in front of the door of one of San Francisco's real-estate dealers a cabbage from San Bernardino county weighing ninety-two pounds, which was the wonder of the neighborhood. While the production of California's greatness was an exhibition the Oregon exposition, from England two cabbages, so fresh from their native soil that they walked along the dry and dusty streets with curtains down to their ankles and their trousers rolled up to their waists. They were both found for Australia. Panning, they caught the wonderful cabbage, both men stepped ashore. Up went two single eyes.
"By Jove, old boy, but that's a doozy! large cabbage, don't you know?" "Ablely large," replied the second surprised son of Albion, and they both went in and inquired of the real estate man where it was grown.
"Both men were wealthy, rich men were confused, and while unknown to them, the boy had made a new discovery. It only seemed to the curiosity seekers that life would be mispent unless they saw the land upon which the cabbage grew. They were obeying the little whim of life gentlemen in going to San Bernardino to do so. And so they went.
Establishment as a rule are not garrulous and these two friends were no exception. Once in San Bernardino they were directed to the farm where the cabbage grew. They remained two weeks. At the end of the time one of them said to the rancher:
"I want to make of your land in a certain section. How much is it worth?" "Four hundred thousand dollars."
"It was paid for." The other friend said to the rancher.
"Your daughter is very beautiful and I love her. I want to make her wife." "Two months ago there was a wedding at the ranch. There was a number of people present, friends of the family, and the groom threw aside his ostentatious long enough at the supper-table to tell how the big cabbage had led to his happiness.
Bad Judgment.
In a case of assault and battery called in the Police Court, at Detroit, the other day the officer testified that he found two men fighting.
"But he pitched into me," protested one of them.
"That's not your business," protested the other.
"Because he owed me \$1, and I had to get 'out of his hand to get it."
"What real did you go for?" asked his honor.
"That! In kicking him."
"Yes."
"Well, I got what I thought was \$1 worth."
"Would you have your eyes blacked for two months and your nose blacked for \$1?"
"Will you let some one knock you about in that fashion for \$1?"
"For \$1?"
"No."
"I think your judgment was very bad in such cases, and I judge you so."
His Only Prayer in Congress.
The late Samuel J. Randall was fond, even in the last days of his frail life, of relating some of the recollections of his Congressional life. Among these was one regarding a clergyman who had been called upon to officiate for the regular Chapter. It was while Mr. Randall served his first term as Speaker of the House. The clergyman was about to conclude his prayer and a voice from the gallery perched the big chamber when the members were started by the following sentence: "Drop down from the Chapter's lips." "May corruption and sin of every form be as far from every member of this body as Thou art, O Lord!" It was some moments before the House fully grasped the meaning of the Chapter's prayer, but when it did it was unanimously decided to have a new substitute in case the regular Chapter was unable to attend the next morning's session.
With Elly's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try it remedy. It cures croup, fever, sore throat, and all the ailments of the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils and relieves the child from the first application. Price 25c.

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