DREAMS.

O spirit of peace,
Soothe my senses to sleep.
Let my soul in sweet reverie steal back to the past,
To the castles of youth in that dear land of dream,
Where the ghosts of dead loves are so real that they seem
Like the gold leaves of autumn preserved from the blast!

Phantom of fancy,
Dream wings lend my soul
To float softly away to those deep shadow dells,
And blend with the beauty of memory's bright stream
That silently sings in that dear land of dream
Like the remembered music of long silent bells!

O land of the past,
Where the soft echoes linger
And the music of memory with sweet rapture thrills
The heart like the fragrance of the flowers, or a kiss
That gladdens a life with fond thoughts of its bliss—
Oh, the soul is a song burst—the whole world is filled!

Ah, me! Dear dreams,
You are naught but shadows
Still wrapped in the silence of Time's silver years;
Like the mirth of the May time you cheer with your smiles;
Your gifts, these bright witch fires of fancy, beguiles
This old world of fact with its roses and tears.
—Fitzgerald Murphy in Memphis Commercial.

FRONTIER JUSTICE.

Fiddlers was excited, not that there was anything extraordinary in that, for the Flat was in a normal condition of excitement over one thing or another every hour in the day and vented it in much drinking, loud talking and fighting, but on this particular occasion the excitement was of a unique order, that in its still intensity chilled and silenced the mob of men that crowded in and close about the doors of the Mary's Eyes saloon and gambling house, the proprietor of which, Velvet Jack, was at that moment being tried for his life before that most terrible of earthly courts, Judge Lynch.

It was not the first killing at the Flat. This shooting scrape was only one of dozens of others during the five months of Fiddlers' existence, but the victim was a peculiarly inoffensive creature known as "Mud" to the camp. He had no other name that they knew of, and had earned his sobriquet by his unfailing ill luck at the gaming tables, and his equally unfailing remark as he rose penniless from his bout with the tiger, "Waal, my name's mud again;" but on this particular occasion Mud's luck had run his way, and he had sat hour after hour at the little oblong faro table since the night before, and won with unfailing regularity through every deal.

Velvet himself had the shift at deal when Mud had won the last ounce in the "bank roll," and as the lucky player rose from his seat opposite him, the gambler had without a word shot him through the heart. The cold fiendishness of the act was too much for the nerves even of Fiddlers, and the camp rose to a man and cried aloud for vengeance. They were waiting now for the sentence. Long Smith was the judge. He occupied a chair placed on a faro table at one end of the long, narrow cabin, the identical chair that Velvet sat in when he shot Mud. Velvet sat a little to his left, a guard at either side on his right, the hastily chosen jury of twelve sat or stood, and beyond a rope stretched across the room was the silent, expectant crowd. The evidence was all in and Long Smith was settling himself down into a comfortable position to listen to counsel for defense, when Velvet suddenly rose to his feet and said:

"See here, boys, what's the use of going on with this monkey business any longer? I shot Mud and you've determined that I must hang. Can't you drop this and take me out and hang me and be done with it, instead of torturing me with all this nonsense. You know you're only doing it to amuse yourselves." The eyes of every man in the crowd were fixed on the prisoner during this speech, then turned expectantly to the judge.

"Pris'ner et the bar, yer bein tried fer murder by the only kin o' er co't this yer kentry hez. Ef there's enythin ye hev ter say yer'll hev er chance ter say it furder on." There was a murmur of approval from the audience, and counsel for the defense went on with his argument, followed by the counsel for the prosecution. The court summed up and charged the jury, which without a moment's hesitation returned a verdict of guilty.

The judge arose from his chair and said, "Velvet, yer gone in;" there was no further assumption of judicial dignity; it dropped from him as one drops a cloak from his shoulders; "ther boys hev giv' ye a squar deal, which's more'n ye giv' Mud, 'n ye'll hev ter go under. What hev ye got ter say agin it?"

Velvet smiled and shook his head.

"You've got the drop on me, I reckon," he said, "and I can't kick."

Just at this moment there was a struggle as of some one trying to force an entrance through the crowd at the door, and the shrill tones of a woman's voice could be heard demanding access to the court that was trying the man who had killed her's.

"I'm Mud's wife," she insisted in a shrill, shaky voice.

"Oh, I know what yer nicknamed him. His 'n my name's Dobbs, 'n he were a good nuff man most ways, 'n I want ter see the man what killed him 'n lef' me er lone widder rite in the prime er life."

The relict of the late Mud was at the bar of the court by this time. She was a tall, angular woman of forty or so, dressed in rusty black, with an immense calico sunbonnet that projected over her face like a section of stovepipe and effectually concealed her features. The eyes were bright and keen though, and swept quick glances from prisoner to judge and jury.

The court ordered a chair for her inside the bar, and when she had seated herself remarked to her:

"We never knowed ef Mud were a mar'd man, marm. Ef we had we'd shorly hev waited this trial for ye."

"D' ye mean to say yer've gorn 'n tried this yer man for killin mine, 'n me not here ter see? Yer a nice kin o' er judge, I mus' say. Waal, ye kin jest go ter tryin 'im rite over agin, now I am yere," and the widow settled comfortably back in her chair and took a dip of snuff. The court, counsel, jury and spectators were melted in a moment. They were Missourians, almost to a man, and the "one touch of nature" that snuff dip awoke in them made them the widow's slaves for the moment. The court, counsel and jury consulted for a few moments, and the judge intimated to the widow that they had concluded that her request was a very natural, and under the circumstances, a very proper one, and that with the prisoner's consent they would comply with it, but as he had already been tried and found guilty once, they thought it hardly fair to him to try him again without his consent.

Velvet arose, the eyes of the throng upon him. He was a tall, slight, graceful fellow, with a swagger about him that insensibly attracted men and women alike, and with a smile that showed his white teeth under the black mustache, remarked that he was always delighted to please a lady, but that under the circumstances he could not see anything to be gained by it. He had in fact pleaded guilty in the first place, and all that remained for the judge was to pass sentence, but that as they had insisted on trying him once to please themselves, they might as well try him again to please the lady. There was a murmur of approval at this sentiment from the audience, which was sternly checked by the court. The widow had been dipping snuff and eying Velvet during his and the court's remarks, and seemed to have made up her mind to something she had been considering, for she suddenly closed her snuffbox with a click, rose from her chair and, turning to the court, said:

"Jedge, I'm the person what's bin most hurt in this yer scrap. I'm lef' a lone woman, with nary man ter provide fer me, an I've been'er thinkin ther best way out o' this yer biznis is fer this man what kilt my man ter git me er new one." She stopped amid a deathlike silence. Velvet was the only man that preserved his customary unruffled composure. Every other face wore an expression of horrified astonishment for a moment, and then a yell of delight went up from the crowd. The cool effrontery of the woman had caught their sense of the fitness of things. Here, in a country where a woman most needed a man's protection, her man had been taken from her. What more just than that the man who had caused his taking off should replace him! The racket subsiding, the court gravely arose and said:

"Pris'ner et the bar, yer hev bin tried 'n foun guilty of murder. Hev yer anythin ter say why ther sentence in this yer co'te should not be past 'pon yer?" Velvet shook his head smilingly and the court continued: "Ther sentence of ther co'te is thet yer shall marry this yer woman, 'n the co'te, as a jestice, will tie yer up right now." At this there was a yell that fairly shook the roof, and the audience rushed inside the bar to shake hands with the prospective bride and groom and offer congratulations, but the bride had something else to say first.

"Jedge," she shrilled, "I've bin tell'd thet Mud win'd a consid'ble et gamblin last night 'n I want ther money."

The coin and dust had been impounded by the court, and he reluctantly turned it over to the widow. After looking it over she stowed it away in a voluminous pocket, and announced her readiness for the ceremony. The counsel for the prosecution and defense acted as groomsmen, a couple of "ladies" from the "hurdy gurdy" next door as bridesmaids, and the foreman of the jury gave away the bride.

Surely such another wedding was never seen. The festivities lasted until the fiddler was completely exhausted, and when a couple of days later the Flat recovered from its carouse, Velvet and his wife had disappeared.

* * * *

A few days later a tall, swaggering, black mustached man, accompanied by a woman dressed in rusty black, with an immense sunbonnet covering her head and face, stood on the deck of a Panama steamer making its way down San Francisco bay toward the Gate. They were at the rail gazing at the fast receding city. Suddenly the man snatched the sunbonnet from the woman's head and whirled it overboard, and as it floated astern said:

"Goodby to the Widow Mud, and now, old girl, we can be comfortable again. The old bonnet served its turn, and served it well, but I can't look down two miles of stovepipe every time I want to see your pretty face."—George Charles Brooke in Buffalo News.

Various Styles of Hairdressing.

The various styles of hairdressing under Louis XVI were known as the cascade of St. Cloud, the windmill, the sheep and lambs, the hen and chickens, the dog and hare, the peal of bells, the milkmaid, the bobwig, the bother, the kerchief, the oriental, the Circassian, Minerva's helmet, the crescent, the enigma, the desire to please, the turned up calash, the treasurer of the age, the frivolous father, the rat, the drunken monkey and the lover's snare, the last named consisting of a mass of curls covered with powder, particles of which, deposited on the coat or shoulders of a gentleman, indicated the previous whereabouts of the lady's head.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Enough for Any Lion.

Very Stout Old Lady (watching the lions feed)—'Pears to me, mister, that sin't a very big piece o' meat for sech an animal.

Attendant (with the greatest and most stupendous show of politeness on earth)—I s'pose it does seem like a small piece of meat to you, ma'am, but it's big enough for the lion.—London Tit-Bits.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. N. Snyder.

Nine Lives.

He was a flirt and a male flirt never gets a lick amis.

The harder you hit him the better.

He had asked the girl to marry him and she was onto his curves.

"No," she said promptly and firmly.

He became theatric.

"You have crushed my life at one blow," he murmured hoarsely.

"I guess not," she responded.

"Ah, but you don't know," he insisted. "You have killed me—killed me!"

"Well, if I have," she remarked coolly "you must be a cat, for I know seven other girls who have done the same thing and you are not dead yet. You've got one more chance."

Then the iron entered his soul.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Chamberlain's Eye and Skin Ointment.

A certain cure for Chronic Sore Eyes, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Old Chronic Sores, Fever Sores, Eczema, Itch, Prairie Scratches, Sore Nipples and Piles. It is cooling and soothing. Hundreds of cases have been cured by it after all other treatment had failed. It is put up in 25 and 50 cent boxes.

An Important Letter.

The Empress of Russia having written a letter to her father gave it to a servant to put into the hands of a courier, then waiting to start. The servant, misunderstanding the order, deposited the letter in the postoffice, and the mistake was not discovered until five or six hours had elapsed. In the meanwhile the regular mail for Russia, and, indeed, all western Europe, was made up and dispatched.

As soon as the empress was told what had been done, she sent an express to command the whole mail, bag and baggage, back to St. Petersburg. About fifteen hours were lost. Everything was re-opened, the imperial missive recovered and placed in the courier's care, and then, and not until then, the mail was allowed to resume its journey!—*Exchange.*

A son of Mr. M. D. Posser, a merchant of Gibraltar, N. C., was so badly afflicted with rheumatism for a year or more as to be unable to work or go to school. His father concluded to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm on the boy. It soon cured him and he has since walked one and a half miles to school and back every school day. 50 cent bottles for sale.

Mr. Squabble (astutely)—No, I'm merely a gay young woman's husband.

The Advertising

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla is always within the bounds of reason because it is true; it always appeals to the sober, common sense of thinking people because it is true; and it is always fully substantiated by endorsements which, in the financial world would be accepted without a moment's hesitation.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills.

JAY GOULD DEAD.

The Wizzard of Wall Street Passes Away.

AMASSED $100,000,000 FORTUNE.

Jay Gould died at his home in New York city, at 9:15 o'clock Friday morning. The direct cause of his death was consumption. His end was very peaceful. Up to within a few minutes before his death he was perfectly conscious. He called all the members of his family around his bedside and spoke to each one of his sons and daughters individually. He became unconscious just before his death.

HISTORY OF HIS LIFE.

The history of Jay Gould from the barefooted boy who wandered over the rough hills of Delaware county to be the railroad king, whose wealth was estimated at $60,000,000, is one of the most remarkable among our self-made men. His life for the past few months has been a constant battle against the inevitable and all means that medical skill and the interest of friends and relatives could suggest were employed to prolong the financier's life. He was taken about in luxurious private cars to places where a milder air and the absence of business excitement might be expected to work a recuperation of his energies. Frequent reports during the past few weeks as to his feeble condition were received, but were either depreciated or denied by those who were near him. Mr. Gould was born in West Settlement, a backwoods village of Roxbury, Delaware county, New York, May 27, 1836. He was the son of John B. Gould, a farmer, who was fairly well to do and who had been a deputy sheriff in the famous anti-rent war in the early '40s. His mother died when he was an infant. Mr. Gould left home with fifty cents in his pocket and studied at Hobart academy in a neighboring town. Here he turned an extra penny by keeping the books of the village blacksmith.

Mr. Gould subsequently entered into partnership with Zadoc Pratt in the tannery business in Gouldsboro, Pa. In 1856 Gould came to New York city, with quite an addition to his fortune. Later he entered into business with Charles Leupp, leather merchant. In the panic of 1857 Leupp's capital was wrecked. Gould's father-in-law, Mr. Miller, initiated the young financier into the railroad business and sold him a number of shares in the Rutland and Washington railroad at ten cents on the dollar. Gould showed so much interest that he was soon elected president and general manager of the road and finally consolidated it with the Rensselaer and Saratoga railroad. When the stock went up Gould sold out at a handsome profit.

In 1859 Jay Gould entered Wall street as a broker; he established a small private office and made money fast. The following year he entered the firm of Smith & Martin and became an expert in the manipulation of railroad securities. The period of the civil war was Jay Gould's opportunity; Erie railway stock went down to the bed rock and Gould bought it for a song, with a far seeing faith in its recovery. He allied himself with Daniel Drew and prevented Commodore Vanderbilt from cornering the Erie interest. Gould rapidly became the leading spirit in the Erie railroad company. In July, 1867, he was made president of the road. He also purchased a controlling interest in the Tenth National bank. An attempt was made by Mr. Gould in 1869 to corner all the gold in the country. Fifty millions of dollars was the prize aimed at. The price of gold in March of that year was 230¼, the lowest in three years. Mr. Gould bought $7,000,000 worth at 132 and put up the price to 140. A few days later gold rose to 144. On September 24, the famous "Black Friday," Mr. Gould determined to unload his holdings as quickly as possible. Without the knowledge of his associates, he sold a large part of his gold to his own friends at 160. A little before noon an order came from Washington to sell $4,000,000 of gold from the sub-treasury. The corner collapsed and numbers of business men and speculators were ruined.

In 1881, Mr. Gould turned his attention to the pet enterprise of his former associate, Cyrus W. Field, of the New York system of elevated roads. Watering stock and numerous suits against the companies controlling the elevated lines cheapened the stock and Gould was declared to have a hand in the process of disintegration, which left the property in shape to be easily acquired. At this point, in 1881, he bought a controlling interest in the roads at sixteen cents on the dollar. The stock soon rose to sixty-five. As soon as Mr. Gould obtained control he doubled the capital stock making it $26,000,000. Mr. Gould invested deeply in the stock of the Atlantic and Pacific telegraph company and in 1876 organized the American Union telegraph company, which in 1880 was merged into the Western Union company. In 1883 he acquired control of the latter corporation, doubled its stock, and has since been a member of its executive committee, and his son George Gould, and his business associates, are members of its directory. The total assets said to be controlled by the Gould interests in this corporation amount to about $120,000,000.

In appearance, Jay Gould was a little man of slight weight build, slightly bent shoulders and sharp, piercing eyes looking out from a countenance whose outlines which were expressive of the quiet but intense nervous energy which could on occasion be called into action. He wore a full beard and dressed unostentatiously. Mr. Gould married shortly after coming to this city, in 1856, Miss Edn Miller, daughter of a wealthy New York citizen, and had five children: three sons, George J., Edward, and Howard; two daughters, Miss Helen and Miss Hannah Gould. His eldest son, George, who has succeeded to most of his father's business interests, was married about six years ago to Miss Edith Kingdom and has several children. The next son, Edward, married a daughter of Dr. Schrady. The other children are unmarried. In politics Mr. Gould was a republican.

No two estimates agree as to the amount of his fortune. The most conservative figures place it at $60,000,000, while some people in Wall street figure it at fully $100,000,000. Of late years his fortune has increased rapidly. His income from Western Union and Manhatten stock, and of his investments in bonds, has been about $3,000,000.

Fifty Years Ago

Uncle Sam was not so hard pressed as today. The mail carriers were few, the postage upon a single letter was 25 cents. When one was received, the family all gathered around the father to hear the news. On a memorable occasion the letter read as follows: The demijohn of "Prince Regent" is empty, please send me another. Our friend Daniel Webster was with us when it came, and considers it the finest he has ever tasted. We are happy to know the 25 cent postage is gone. Still happier to know the whiskey Webster praised is to be had at McCullough's Half Century House, 523 Liberty street, foot of Fifth avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa. Send registered letter or postoffice order for the medical wonder, "Prince Regent."

He—Mabel, I am going to ask you to be my wife.

What Am I to Do?

This is the oft expression of the weary sufferer with Rheumatism, Neuralgia and other painful diseases. The whole human frame is tortured and racked with pain. It is well to remember no known medicine equals Red Flag Oil for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sprains and Bruises. Price 25 cents at G. W. Benford's drug store.

Mrs. Squabbel—You ought to stay home at nights. You're no longer a gay young husband.

For pain in the stomach, colic and cholera morbus there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy.

PROMPT, GOOD WORK.

SAINT JACOBS OIL — TRY IT

RHEUMATISM.

Mr. Willet F. Cook, Canajoharie, N. Y., writes: "Awoke one morning with excruciating pains in my shoulder. Tried various relieds for sudden pains without effort; went to my office; the pain became insufferable; went home at 10 o'clock and used ST. JACOBS OIL; effect magical, pain ceased, and at 12 o'clock went to work; cure permanent."

NEURALGIA.

LITTLE RAPIDS, WIS.

My wife suffered with such intense neuralgic pains in the face, she thought she would die. She bathed her face and head with ST. JACOBS OIL, and it cured her in four hours.

CARL SCHEIBE.

New Spring Goods

AT

S. E. PHILLIPS,

103 Clinton Street, Louther & Green's Block, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

DRESS GOODS.

Consisting of Black and Colored Shallie Silks, Surah Silks, Velvet and Velveteens in all colors, Black and Colored Henriettas at 25, 35, 50, 75, $1 00 and $1 25 per yard. We have a full line of all the New Weaves, such as Bedford Cords, Cheveron Barrs and Cheques, etc.

Cotton Dress Goods. Foile-du-nord Outing Cloth, Canton Cloth, Chintzes and Satines.

Ladies' Spring Jackets. A full line of Domestics. We guarantee all our Kid Gloves.

Call and see us.

S. E. PHILLIPS.

GOOD DEMOCRATIC READING FOR 1893.

A Family and Political Paper Which You Cannot Afford to Do Without.

ON THE FOURTH OF NEXT MARCH GROVER CLEVELAND WILL BE INAUGURATED PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES FOR THE SECOND TIME.

The restoration of the Democratic party to power in the control of the national government will be a noteworthy event, and will be naturally followed by many events of lesser interest, but still of great importance. There will be a vast deal of Democratic news to print, and there will be one paper above all others in which to get this news. That paper is *THE PITTSBURGH WEEKLY POST.* It will pay especial attention to the news that will most interest the residents of PENNSYLVANIA, OHIO and WEST VIRGINIA who live within 300 miles of Pittsburgh.

Exclusive of the unrivaled political news which *THE POST* will contain, and which will commend the paper to the head of a household, he owes it also to himself, to his wife and his children to provide his family with a good general paper, one that will contain all the diversified matter calculated to interest an entire family. Just such a paper as this is *The Pittsburgh Weekly Post,* whose news of all kinds, political, home and foreign, fashion letters, special correspondence, turf letters, literary notes, etc., is arranged with special regard to meeting a diversity of tastes. It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and *The Post* tries to be a world to all kinds of people.

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The Weekly Post is unequaled. Fiction by great authors, poetry and miscellany that covers the world in all departments of art, science and literature. Serial novels by the great romance writers of the day. Illustrated by our own artists and mailed in sufficient time to reach subscribers for Sunday reading.

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By mail, telegraph and special reporters cover the field, especially the cattle, produce and grain markets, careful reviews of which are prepared for the weekly edition, and are unrivaled for accuracy and reliability.

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The world's history every week. Correspondence at home and abroad. Special telegraphic correspondence from all news centres in Europe and America.

A GREAT PAPER

Is *The Weekly Post* in all its departments. The largest Democratic weekly in the Union. A welcome visitor to every fireside for the young and the old. An agricultural department conducted by leading practical writers. An encyclopædia of the doings of the world every week.

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The Sunday Post is a 20 page paper containing in every issue nearly 140 columns of reading matter. Many people prefer a Sunday paper to the usual weekly. The price of *The Sunday Post* is $2 a year postage prepaid.

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Herman Bantley,

Clinton St., Johnstown, Pa

CONDENSED TIME TABLES.

Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Somerset and Cambria Branch

NORTHWARD.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 3:30 a. m., Somerset 4:05, Stoystown 4:32, Hooversville 5:08, Johnstown, 6:10.

Johnstown Mail Express.—Rockwood 11:25 a. m., Somerset 11:58, Stoystown 12:26, Hooversville 12:37, Johnstown 1:30 p. m.

Johnstown Accommodation—Rockwood 5:40 p. m., Somerset 6:03 p. m., Stoystown 6:31 p. m., Hooversville 6:42 p. m., Johnstown 7:35 p. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Rockwood 11:35 a. m. Somerset, 11:58.

SOUTHWARD.

Mail—Johnstown 7:45 a. m., Hooversville 8:31 Stoystown 8:45, Somerset 9:16, Rockwood 9:40.

Express—Johnstown 2:30 p. m., Hooversville 4.16, Stoystown 4:30, Somerset 5:01, Rockwood 5.32.

Sunday Only—Johnstown 8:30 a. m., Hooversville 9:16 a. m., Stoystown 9:30 a. m., Somerset 10:1 a. m., Rockwood 10:35 a. m.

Sunday Accommodation—Somerset 5:01 p. m. Rockwood 5:35 p m.,

*Daily

DR. SELLERS' COUGH SYRUP. NEVER FAILS. SOLD BY DRUGGIST

Eat Figs and Be Brilliant.

Stimulation of some branch or other of the fifth nerve seems to increase the circulation in the brain, and those who are making there utmost call upon there mental powers are accustomed to stimulate this nerve in one way or another. The later Lord Derby used to eat brandied cherries, and an experiment of Marcys, proves that mastication will accelerate the flow of blood through the carotid artery, and serves to show the wisdom of an editor whom I knew who used to eat figs while writing a leading article, and even of those who indulge in the practice so disagreeable to their neighbors of chewing tobacco.—Popular Science Monthly.

Jacob D. Swank,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Next door west of Lutheran Church.

Somerest, Pa.

I am now prepared to supply the public with clocks, watches and jewelry of all descriptions, as cheap as the cheapest.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

All work guaranteed. Look at my stock before making your purchases.

Geo. M. Thomas, & Co.

123 Clinton Street, JOHNSTOWN, PA.

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All Departments of our Store are well stocked with the best goods we can buy, and we are offering goods which defy competition.

Our Store is Headquarters for the Choicest Country Produce.

The stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries has never been more complete, and is being sold at prices Exceptionally Low. Call and examine our goods and be convinced that Ours is a Bargain Store.

WE SELL CROWN BAKING POWDER.

GOOD LIQUORS and Cheap Liquors!

By calling at the Old Reliable Liquor Store,

No. 309 Main St., and 106 Clinton St.,

Johnstown, Pa.,

all kinds of the Choicest Liquors in market can be had. To my old customers this is a well known fact, and to all others convincing proof will be given. Don't forget that I keep on hand the greatest variety of Liquors, the choicest brands and at the lowest prices.

P. S. FISHER.

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It is to Your Interest

TO BUY YOUR

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SUCCESSOR TO

BIESECKER & SNYDER.

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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.

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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.

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I am prepared to furnish buyers from different points with all kinds of fresh groceries at lowest prices. Country produce, such as butter, eggs, etc., taken in exchange for goods.

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" " Greensburg	47	1 41
" " Pittsburgh	78	2 34
" " Baltimore	250¾	7 65
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WESTWARD.

Oyster Express	3:39 a. m
Western Express	5:32 a. m
Johnstown Accommodation	6.45 a. m
" Express	9:25 a. m
Pacific Express	9:53 a. m
Way Passenger	2:22 p. m
Mail	5.16 p m
Johnstown Express	9:30 p m
Fast Line	9:54 p. m.

EAST WARD.

Atlantic Express	5:35 a. m.
Sea-Shore Express	5:40 a. m.
Harrisburg Accommodation	8:24 a. m.
Day Express	10:15 a. m.
Altoona Express	12:01 p. m.
Mail Express	4:11 p. m.
Johnstown Accommodation	7:05 p. m.
Philadelphia Express	7.18 p. m.
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