

HEAR AN ASSESSOR.

HE RELATES HIS EXPERIENCE AND GIVES A BIT OF ADVICE.

His Piano and Poverty Problem—A Parrot That Was Chopped at Any Price—An Assessor's Story—An Appeal For Courteous to the Assessor.

When by telling the truth an evil is perpetrated, it is wrong to tell it. I suppose that is the reason so many people are doing good by telling falsehoods to personal property assessors.

There are about 50 assessors, who form in a line at 9 a. m., move to a window in Assessor Jacob M. Horn's west town office, Haymarket Theater building, and get our books and blank schedules. These call for names and addresses of all property owners in the district in the great West Side.

We move out to these districts and go to work. The town clerk registers our calls to "faithfully perform the duty of an assessor," "favourably consider we assess do the rest of the swearing. That isn't all. Sometimes they set the dog on us and otherwise treat us as though assessors were not.

These incongruities come up, and unless you have the wisdom of a board of assessors, it is a trouble. Speaking about this board, I have an idea that they will just about double the poor assessors' figures when they get down to work.

A few assessors can be seen every day in his district. If he doesn't hear it, everybody else in the neighborhood has, and they tell him about it. I asked a real nice looking lady the other day if she had a piano, and she said: "Yes, yes, mamma, we have," said her little girl.

The mother said: "Go into the house this minute, you naughty girl. How dare you?" And she said something wrong. She had told the truth to a nasty, mean assessor.

I went into a little candy store on the same street. To the woman behind the counter I stated my business. She replied: "I am a poor widow. My God, what will I do?" Tears flowed down her cheeks, and she sobbed as though her heart would break.

Even the parrots are down on assessors. A Latin street bird told the assessor to go away—any man who would write him was conducting the ignominious ceremony.

That bird speaks very plainly," said the writer. "Just hear the dear fellow. He can see just as plainly as I can. I will sell him for \$15. There's a bargain." And the lady meant every word she said.

A parrot that can enss an assessor is dirt cheap at any price. This is how they do it on Ashland boulevard: Scene, front stoop of a stone mansion. Dramatic persons, lady with large diamonds in her ears. Negligee at the side. Assessor with book and an official smile.

Lady—We are cleaning house today, all things tury, and you cannot come in, assessor—Not at all necessary, my dear madam, that I should go in. I have brought this book and my imagination along, and I can see all that is necessary. The assessor then went to the house, and the man in the negligee penetrates these walls. I see a grand piano, statuary by Thiruvalluvar, paintings by the old and new masters, tapestries from India, carpets from Persia, china from Dresden, bric-a-brac from all parts of the world—in short, everything that a lady of your exceptional judgment would use in embellishing such a noble mansion.

Lady—Sir! Assessor—While I can hardly venture to place a valuation upon such treasures I will be moderate and say \$10,000. Lady—Do it if you dare! Come in and see. The assessor went in and found his mental powers, but the final courtesy caused a slump in the valuation.

He is said of advice to persons who are inclined to resent the intrusion of an assessor. The assessor does not cost a cent, but if you do not act upon it you may be caused one end of trouble and money also. Throw your door wide open to the assessor, invite him in, give him to understand that you are the obliged party and give him the information he seeks, and it is 10 to 1 that you will be treated fairly, and a point or two may be deducted in your favor. Shut him out, and he will make a record of the fact, and in fixing the valuation of your property find nothing in your favor. If you go to the office with your schedule, the fact that you refused admittance to the deputy is noted, and in that event you will pay all the law demands.—West Side Assessor in Chicago Times-Herald.

A DELAYED BRIDE.

She Wouldn't Be Wedded Till the Conditions Were All Right.

The company waited, but the bride was not ready. A bridesmaid was sent to notify her that George Edward was in the oriel room and the bride under the stars waiting to strike up the first strains of the wedding march.

"I don't care," she pouted as she threw herself dramatically on a divan, to the great disgust of her well-to-do guests. "I'm getting to be unshakably all my life if I can help it. Dear, dear, why didn't I remember it sooner."

"Remember what, dear?" inquired the perplexed bridegroom. "I have on me that everything I loved in my new. I did remember that if I married in white, you have chosen all right, but I forgot the other."

"Something old and something new, or your choice you'll surely rue. Every stitch I have on is new, and I just will not stir a step until I have something old added to my dress."

"Take my handkerchief," suggested one of the girls. "What could I do with it?" whined the poor thing. "Rides don't have pockets; neither do they carry handkerchiefs in their hands. It would look as if I expected to cry."

"I have a happy thought," said the bridesmaid. "Exchange dresses with me." "They won't fit. My feet are two sizes smaller than yours."

"Thanks, awfully. Haven't you a pair of your own Cinderella shoes?" "Yes, I had, but the bride, jumping up in a hurry. "Your head is level, dear. Look in the pink box in the chiffonier, or in the blue one. Oh, they won't do, they're positively scolded!"

"Get me some bread crumbs and a box of powder," said a practical soul in the party. "Quick! I'll have them white in a jiffy."

"You're just dead," said the grateful bride. "Now I shall feel that I am properly married, and that everything has been done to insure my future happiness. Just one thing more for luck: my hair, yes, mamma, we have," said her little girl.

When the bride descended the stairs leading on the arm of George Edward, the sweetest scene of her life was a subject of favourable comment. Her friends felt that she was not entering unprepared upon the future awaiting her, and she felt that way herself.—Detroit Free Press.

A DOCTOR'S YARN.

It Is of Two Sisters Who Killed Their Grandfather to Ease His Pain.

This is a bit of a true story a physician told me the other day, and it struck me as being very interesting. We were talking of the advisability of putting hopelessly ill persons out of their misery as soon as possible. Dr. B. didn't believe in it.

"I was asked to do it once," he said. "Two sisters asked me to kill their grandfather, whom I was attending. He was old and could not recover. They seemed simply to let him suffer. I refused. Next morning when I called the man was dead. The nurse told me the sisters had sent her out on an errand. When she returned the windows of the sick room were open. There was a strong odor of chloroform in the room and the man was dead."

"And what did you do?" he asked. "Nothing. The doctor's sister is nervous. She cannot sleep. She will not allow herself to be alone a moment, and she keeps the gas burning in her room all night. I think she will read a madhouse."

A. T. Stewart's Whim.

A story is told illustrating the determination of the late A. T. Stewart not to allow any tender consideration or any sympathetic influence to interfere with the accomplishment of his ambition, which was to build up the greatest business house in America.

Stewart was for many years the merchant prince of New York, he exercised an influence that was felt in every part of this country and was also recognized abroad.

What he achieved was not more by means of the genius of shrewdness than by means of the genius of pertinacity. Stewart cultivated the habit of selfishness that was in him; cultivated it valiantly and determinedly, as we shall see by this little story that is told of him:

Upon entering his store one morning he sought out the man having the hiring and discharging of the cash boys. "Mr. Libby," said he, "who is that handsome, bright eyed little boy standing by the counter yonder?"

"His name is Mason, Charles Mason, sir," answered Mr. Libby. "He is indeed, a handsome little fellow, and he is as bright and as well mannered as his handsome. He is the most attentive and the most promising boy we have in our employ."

"Yes, I thought as much," said Stewart abruptly. "Discharge him at once." "Why, Mr. Stewart," exclaimed Libby, almost paralyzed with astonishment, "you surely cannot mean it?"

"Discharge him at once, I say," repeated Stewart, sternly. "I'm getting too much interested in that boy. I find myself stopping and talking with him as I come in or go out of the store. His personality interests me—his candor, his intelligence, his enthusiasm, his alertness. I find myself thinking of him after I reach my desk and when I should be busy at work. I have no time and no right to become interested in anybody—I must not suffer any liking to distract me from business. Discharge that boy at once!"

Well, the little fellow had to go. Presumably he has now grown to the estate of manhood, and fulfilled all the splendid promises which were indicated in his youth. We hope so. Perhaps this reminiscence of his old employer will fall under his eyes. For this is a small world in which we live.—Chicago Record.

"Baby is Quite Well."

At Esquenada, Mex., two Americans, Pratt and Garrett, are in jail, charged with the theft of a \$15,000 gold bar.

Some days ago a letter was received at the jail from Mrs. Pratt directed to her husband. The official Court interpreter was sent for and he proceeded to decipher the letter. He got through it very well, with occasional wild guesses, until he came to the end, and there in the postscript he saw the words: "Baby is quite well." This unpuzzled him, until he remembered that "well" meant a hole in the ground for providing water.

In a second the whole thing flashed through his mind, as he trembled with excitement as he ran to the Judge and told him he had captured a letter which he was the whole thing away. "The gold brick is in the well at Pratt's house," he told the Judge.

A force of soldiers was at once sent to Pratt's house. The well was pumped out dry. Nothing was found, and then the lieutenant in charge of the squad pruned shrubs and made the soldiers dig at the bottom of the well for three or four hours. But still nothing came to light, and after inspecting walls and masonry the whole facts were reported to headquarters.

The officials did not know what to make of it, only to look for the letter, and sent for another interpreter. This man happened to understand English, and he soon explained the situation. He told them that it meant the baby was in good health.

The Judge discharged the old interpreter on the spot.

A Silver Skull.

The Greatest Sufferers in the World

are women, their delicate organizations being particularly susceptible to derangement and disease. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondout, N. Y., purifies the blood and cures all the sicknesses peculiar to the sex; it fortifies the system against the diseases incident to old age. It is the best medicine in the world for women.

He Came Down.

The know all young man from a sprightly young town stepped up to the register in a Detroit hotel and put down his name. About the same time "I understand," he said, with a great air, "that this is the swellest hotel in town."

"That's its reputation," replied the clerk with meekness. "Very good. That's what I'm looking for. Now, can I get a room here?" "Certainly. What kind of a room do you wish?"

"The best you have in the house, of course." The clerk bowed acquiescence. "John," he said to the porter, "take the gentleman's satchel to No. 12."

"By the way," inquired the gentleman, with an indifferent air, "how much a day will it be?" "Twenty-five dollars," said the clerk, with a little smile. "Why, Mr. Stewart," exclaimed Libby, almost paralyzed with astonishment, "you surely cannot mean it?"

"Discharge him at once, I say," repeated Stewart, sternly. "I'm getting too much interested in that boy. I find myself stopping and talking with him as I come in or go out of the store. His personality interests me—his candor, his intelligence, his enthusiasm, his alertness. I find myself thinking of him after I reach my desk and when I should be busy at work. I have no time and no right to become interested in anybody—I must not suffer any liking to distract me from business. Discharge that boy at once!"

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A Silver Skull.

A New Bear.

A new and seemingly distinct species of bear has been discovered near the vicinity of the Mount St. Elias glaciers in Alaska. This bear is known to range especially about Yakutat, and a single specimen has been killed in the mountains as far east as Jensen. Its skins have, however, already been brought to Sitka.

The general color of the animal resembles that of a silver fox. The fur is not very long, but remarkably soft, and with a rich under-fur of a bluish-black shade. The sides of the muzzle and the lower anterior part of the cheeks are of a bright tan color, a character not seen in any other American bear, and this character is said to be invariable. There is no tint of brown elsewhere in the pelage. There is no tail visible on the pelt. The claws are small, very much curved, sharp, black above and lighter below, the animal evidently can climb trees, which the brown bear cannot do.

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

I suffered terribly from roaring in my head during an attack of neuralgia, and became very deaf. I used Ely's Cream Balm and in three weeks could hear as well as ever.—A. E. Newman, Grating, Mich.

One of my children had a very bad discharge from the nose. Physicians prescribed without benefit. After using Ely's Cream Balm a short time the disease was cured.—O. A. Cary, Cornish, N. H.

Price of Cream Balm is fifty cents. Be Careful.

Don't promise to write if you do not intend to do so; don't make arrangements for future meetings if you intend when the time comes to forget all about them. Be careful in making friendships, but be equally careful in maintaining them once they are made and avoid to be pleasant and naturally beneficial. You can't afford to throw away the real thing when you have once discovered its merit; but be sure of its merit before you so readily take it up.—Evening World.

"Little Bo Peep"

had lost her sheep and couldn't tell where to find them. The old nursery rhyme says, and it goes on to bid her "leave them alone, and they'll come home and bring their tails behind them." All this may be true of lost sheep, but if you have lost your health, you cannot afford to leave that alone.

It will not come back of its own accord. Some people brag that they never got a cold. They "let them go the way they came." Alas, too often the victims go to a consumptive grave. Remember that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery removes eruptions, blotches, pimples, ulcers, scrofulous humors and incipient consumption, which is simply scrofula of the lungs. It enriches the blood, making it pure and the whole system new.

Owed to Himself.

Gabriel looked down from his high seat in heaven upon the countless angels of lesser note.

"I hold this high position—"

"Because I blow my own horn," New York World.

The Yankee Girl.

Like a star glancing out from the blue of the sky; And lightly and freely her dark tresses play Over her neck and bosom as lightly as they.

A Child's Strange Adventure.

An Edinburgh correspondent says that the story of a child's singular escape from starvation in the city has just become known. He wandered from home on Monday afternoon, and although a diligent search was made, he was not found until he was found lying dead on the street.

The question is not hard to answer. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription will bring the brilliant and fruitful light back to their eyes and the blush of health to their cheeks. It cures all irregularities, weakness, nervous and general debility, spasms, St. Vitus's Dance, and kindred ailments.

A Moist Fog.

Housekeeper—"Your milk is as thin as water to-day." Milkman—"Well, man, it was very foggy this morning when we milked."—New York Weekly.

Mr. C. G. Strong, principal of the public schools at Anderson, Cal., says: "I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for many years and I can say that it is the best remedy for rheumatism I have ever known."

"A Sure Thing."

That's What We Are All After—Many of Them Will Find These Words What They Have Looked For.

Do you know what it is to have a back that is never free from aches and constant pains? A lame back is a terrible affliction, but in fact, a back that makes your life a burden? What have you done for it? And what will keep you from the happiness that health brings to it? We know full well of it, your condition seems to be a sure thing, "sooner or later" it will relieve the pain, remove the cause and restore the system to the condition designed by nature. Perhaps this statement will assist you in finding that sure thing. It comes from a Massachusetts citizen, Mr. Geo. W. Sherburne, whose words are as follows: "I have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm for many years and I can say that it is the best remedy for rheumatism I have ever known."

How They Left the Garden.

When the Sunday school teacher asked: "How did Adam and Eve leave the Garden of Eden?" an upt-date pupil, aged 10, answered: "On a bicycle built for two."—Norristown Herald.

"It is the best pain medicine in the world," is what Mr. E. M. Hartman, of Marquam, Oregon, says of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. "What leads me to make this assertion is from the fact that dysentery in its worst form was prevalent around here last summer and it never took over two or three doses of that remedy to effect a complete cure." For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

A Chicago man and his bride arrived in San Francisco a week ago on bicycles, having ridden the whole distance between the two cities.

It was stated some time ago by one of the heads of the departments of the London and Northwestern railway, that company issues nearly fifty tons of railway tickets.

The remains of Paul Revere rest in the Old Granary burying ground in Boston, not far from those of John Hancock. The latter is the signers of the Declaration of Independence.

On the farm of Walter Brooks, in the east part of Berkshire, Conn., stands an apple tree which has, for many years, the spread of the branch is about eight feet and the trunk from four to four and one-half feet in diameter.

Duez, the painter, is said to have recently found at Honleur a dirty old canvas representing two street boys, which turns out to be a Murillo. He bought it for 60 francs, and has had an offer of 17,000 francs.

It Means Much.

About the biggest deal affecting the railroad service in this country in years was the amalgamation of interests between the Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, and the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, York, Pa., by the directors of the latter company. Steam and electric railway officials are all talking about it. The latter are of opinion that the Baldwin people did a very wise thing. They foresaw that the recent successful tests of the big Baltimore & Ohio electric locomotive made a future big falling off in the manufacture of steam engines and got in out of the wet. This amalgamation means much for the big Philadelphia plant, which suffered seriously when the Pennsylvania decided to build its own locomotives. Well posted railroad men freely predict the early supplanting of the steam by the electric locomotive on suburban roads, but do not anticipate the overthrow of steam machines on long through routes of some time.

The limit in the speed of steam engines has apparently been reached, while there is practically no limit to the speed of electric machines. 150 miles an hour being confidently expected. Charles A. Bragg, a Westinghouse official, in speaking about the use of electricity in the railroad service says: "The cars that will be built for high speed will be so constructed as to afford the least resistance to wind. Steam locomotives moving fast have always presented a broad surface to atmospheric resistance. Their wheels will be coupled, so that their revolutions will be uniform. The motors will be on one or two axles, according to the plan of the engine. The current will not be supplied by overhead wires, but by a new method of ground system, which will be used. In this system at short intervals there will be points of contact between the rails. In other words, a little ways apart there will be copper pins a little more than an inch in diameter projecting out of the ground. Underneath the engine or motor car there will be a shoe or strip of copper running lengthwise and touching a little the group of the pins. When the locomotive is running, by the time it has passed one lot of pins, the shoe has come in contact with another." The Baldwins are about to build a model electric locomotive. They are equipped with all the necessary tools and appliances for such work.

One night when Mr. Isaac Reese was stopping with me, says M. F. Hatfield, a prominent merchant of Grantville, Washington, I heard him groaning. On going to his room I found him suffering from cramp colic. He was in such agony I feared he would die. I hastily gave him a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. He was soon relieved and the first words he uttered were, "what was that stuff you gave me?" I informed him. A few days ago we were talking about his attack and he said he was never without that remedy now. I have used it in my family for several years. I know its worth and do not hesitate to recommend it to my friends and customers. For sale at Benford's Pharmacy.

Observations.

Some young people who marry in haste have to lustle so for a living that they have no leisure in which to repent.—Detroit Free Press.

Extract from the casualty column of a Western newspaper: "He fell on his neck, but he didn't weep, for he fell a long distance and his neck was his own."—West Union Gazette.

"She's such an old-fashioned girl." "I don't know," said a Roman nose and a most pronounced Greek forehead.—Detroit Tribune.

The man who keeps step with conscience rarely gets his heels trampled.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Thousands of people are subject to lower trouble in some of its various forms. Dr. Fowler's Ext. of Wild Strawberry is an unfailing remedy in all such cases.

The two most precious things on this side of the grave are our reputation and our life.

R. C. Joiner, Allen P. O., Hillsdale Co., Mich., says: "Nothing gave me rheumatism such quick relief as Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil."

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THE KEELY CURE

Is a special boon to business men who, having drifted unprofessionally into the drink habit and swollen to the dimensions of alcoholism, find it difficult to get back to the straight and narrow. A four weeks course of treatment at the

PITTSBURGH KEELY INSTITUTE, No. 240 Fifth Avenue, restores to them all their powers, intellect and energy, destroys the abnormal craving, and restores them to the condition they were in before they indulged in stimulants. This has been shown by the Keely Cure, and how to obtain among them some of your own neighbors, to whom you can refer, confident as to the full and most satisfactory results of the Keely Cure. The Keely Cure is a scientific and efficient remedy for the cure of alcoholism, and for the cure of all other cases of nervous debility. Send for pamphlet giving full instructions.

CONDENSED TIME TABLES. Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. Somerset and Cambria Branch

JOHNSTOWN MAIL EXPRESS—ROCKWOOD 2:30 a. m., Somerset 4:10, Haverhill 6:50, Haverhill 7:25, Somerset 7:50, Rockwood 8:30.

JOHNSTOWN MAIL EXPRESS—ROCKWOOD 10:00 a. m., Somerset 11:40, Haverhill 1:20, Haverhill 1:55, Somerset 2:20, Rockwood 3:00.

JOHNSTOWN ACCOMMODATION—ROCKWOOD 5:00 p. m., Somerset 6:20, Haverhill 7:40, Haverhill 8:15, Somerset 8:40, Rockwood 9:15.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE. Trains arrive and depart from the station at Johnstown as follows:

WESTWARD. Western Express, 6:58 a. m.; Southwestern Express, 7:00 a. m.; Johnstown Accommodation, 8:21 a. m.; Accommodation, 9:31 a. m.; Freight Express, 9:31 a. m.; West Express, 9:31 a. m.; Mail, 9:31 a. m.; Johnstown Accommodation, 9:31 a. m.

EASTWARD. Atlantic Express, 5:01 a. m.; Southwestern Express, 5:03 a. m.; Johnstown Accommodation, 5:21 a. m.; Day Express, 5:21 a. m.; West Express, 5:21 a. m.; Mail, 5:21 a. m.; Johnstown Accommodation, 5:21 a. m.; Philadelphia Express, 5:21 a. m.; East Line, 5:21 a. m.

FOR RATES, INQUIRIES, ETC., CALL ON TICKET AGENTS or address THOS. E. WATTS, P. O. W. D., 104 FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURGH, PA. J. H. WOOD, Gen'l. Mgr. Gen'l. Pass. Agt.

YOUR EYE! We want to catch it!

EVERY FAIRMER in Somerset County who has a herd of Horned Black or a Hide to dispose of will find that the CONSUMPTION TANNERY CO. will pay the highest cash prices for the same. Write for quotations to

WINSLOW S. COBB & CO., Conshohocken, Pa.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN. We are now ready with our new and large lot of Fine Confectionery Goods, popular brands of Biscuits and Cakes, Fancy Goods of all styles, and everything else pertaining to a first-class house to fill orders promptly, and to supply resident families in any order. Goods always fresh, and always offered at the lowest figures. Call and see one of the finest assortments ever carried.

JORDAN & HINCHMAN. 270-272 Main Street, Johnstown, Pa.

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 a 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.

THE BEST Is None Too Good When You Buy MEDICINES.

It is Just as Important to Secure FRESH, PURE DRUGS, As it is To Have Confidence in the Physician Who Prescribes Them.

AT SNYDER'S. You are always sure of getting the freshest medicines—PRESCRIPTIONS Carefully Compounded.

TRUSSES FITTED. All of the Best and Most Approved Trusses Kept in Stock. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

OPTICAL GOODS. GLASSES FITTED TO SUIT THE EYES. CALL AND HAVE YOUR SIGHT TESTED.

JOHN N. SNYDER, Somerset, Pa. GREAT VALUE WEEKLY NEWS FOR A LITTLE MONEY. OF THE WORLD FOR A TRIFLE.

The NEW YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE. A twenty-page journal, is the leading Republican family paper of the United States. It is a National Family Paper, and gives all the general news of the United States. It gives the events of foreign lands in a nutshell. Its "Agricultural" department has no superior in the country. Its "Market Reports" are recognized authority. Separate departments for "The Family Circle," "Our Young Folks," and "Science and Mechanics." Its "Home and Society" columns command the admiration of wives and daughters. Its general political news, editorials and discussions are comprehensive, brilliant and exhaustive.

A SPECIAL CONTRACT enables us to offer this splendid journal and The :. Somerset .: Herald ONE YEAR FOR ONLY \$2.00. CASH IN ADVANCE. (The regular subscription for the two papers is \$3.00.) SUBSCRIPTIONS MAY BEGIN AT ANY TIME. Address all orders to THE HERALD.

Write your name and address on a postal card, send it to Geo. W. Best, Room Tribune Building, New York City, and sample copy of The New York Weekly Tribune will be mailed to you.

Louther's Drug Store. Main Street, Somerset, Pa. This Model Drug Store is Rapidly Becoming a Great Favorite with People in Search of FRESH AND PURE DRUGS, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Sponges, Trusses, Supporters, Toilet Articles, Perfumes, &c.

Louther's Prescriptions & Family Receipts. GREAT CARE BEING TAKEN TO USE ONLY FRESH AND PURE ARTICLES. SPECTACLES, EYE-GLASSES. And a Full Line of Optical Goods always on hand. From stock large assortment all can be suited.

THE FINEST BRANDS OF CIGARS. Always on hand. It is always a pleasure to display our goods to intending purchasers, whether they buy from us or elsewhere. J. M. LOUTHER M. D.

BERMAN BANTLY. 134 Clinton Street, JOHNSTOWN, PA. DEALER IN—SOMERSET, PA. ELIAS CUNNINGHAM, MANUFACTURER AND DEALER AND WHOLESALE AND RETAILER OF Lumber and Building Materials, Hard and Soft Woods, Oak, Poplar, Sidings, Pickets, Mouldings, Walnut, Yellow Pine, Flooring, Sash, Star Rails, Cherry, Shingles, Balusters, Chestnut, Lath, White Pine Blinds, Newel Posts