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First National Bank. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$20,000. Deposits received in large and small amounts, payable on demand.

The Somerset County National Bank of Somerset Pa. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus and undivided profits, \$16,000. Chas. I. Harrison, Pres't.

Wild & Anderson, Iron & Brass Founders, Engineers and Machinists and Engrs. Watch the Pittsburg Daily Papers for Particulars.

COAL CAR WHEELS AND AXLES. New and second-hand Machinery, Shaving, Hangers and Pulleys, Injectors, Lubricators, Oil's, Cans, Etc.

Johnstown, Pa. THE ART AMATEUR. Best and Largest Practical Art Magazine. For 10c we will send you a copy of our new book 'Painting for Beginners' (96 pages).

That Tired Feeling. So common at this season, is a serious condition, liable to lead to disastrous results. It is a sure sign of declining health tone, and that the blood is impoverished and impure.

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla. Which makes rich, healthy blood, and thus gives strength to the nerves, elasticity to the muscles, vigor to the brain and health to the whole body.

Campbell & Smith. "The People's Store." Our Surplus Stock is much larger than we expected. We find many lots of goods that must be sold during August, before the arrival of our Fall Importations.

Stock Taking Over. Our Surplus Stock is much larger than we expected. We find many lots of goods that must be sold during August, before the arrival of our Fall Importations.

Domestics, Linen Goods, Wash Goods, Silks, Dress Goods, Ladies' Waists, Ladies' Wraps, Millinery, Ladies' and Gents' Underwear, Carpets, Curtains, Upholstery Goods, Furniture, Housefurnishing Goods, China Ware, &c.

Campbell & Smith, Fifth Avenue, PITTSBURGH, PA. Watchmaker and Jeweler, Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

Jacob D. Swank, Watchmaker and Jeweler, Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, 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. J. D. SWANK. A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer. A GOOD HEARSE, and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

BLANK BOOK MAKER. HANNAN BLOCK, Johnstown, Pa.

CASABIANKA. The girl sat on the beautiful stand. All but her head had faded. And her poor chest, could not stand. Better from that said; Why does the pitcher throw it so? She murmured in dismay.

Kept in a Steel Safe. The Constitution of the United States—the original pen-written Constitution, be it remembered—has been dragged from its place of concealment in the State Department to be photographed. It has been decided to send a fac-simile of it to the Atlanta Exposition.

Doesn't Like Women. A correspondent, whose sex, says the Westminster Gazette, we decline to divulge, sends us the following twenty-one answers to the question, "Why I Hate Women?"

Why Her Ill Used Husband Didn't Love Her Any More. "How is your husband?" asked the little woman in gray. "Don't ask me, please; he hasn't spoken to me for a week. Come to think of it, though, he must be quite well, for he has a pain in his finger he thinks he is about to die and wants to make up all our differences."

What a Workman Wants. An industrious carpenter, equipped with plane, adze, and saw, was fixing up a door that had got out of gear in the house of a lawyer, who sat watching him at work.

Mark Twain's Apology. This story about Mark Twain was told by a Hartford man to a Washington Star reporter the other night. It may not be entirely new to every one, but even if it isn't, it is good enough to bear repetition.

Etiquette of Spoon and Napkin. If a man has a mustache which falls down over his mouth, he may be pardoned for putting the point of the spoon to his lips. But when you see well dressed men and women, too, raise their elbow and pour their soup down their throats from the point of the spoon, as you would feed a sucking pig, you regret that they can not be given a year's course in a school for deportment.

Why Her Ill Used Husband Didn't Love Her Any More. "That was commonplace enough, I am sure." "Yes, and it was about the careless way in which I carry my pocketbook in my hand, no matter how much money it has in it."

Reminiscences. Odd Characters. When the Eternal City that sat upon the Seven Hills was in the zenith of her glory all roads led to Rome, the center then, of all civilization, of all science and pomp and power.

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A Handy Boy. "Boys are no good," declared farmer Atkins, in a vexed tone, and with a scowl on his face. "You cannot depend on them. They are truthful, possibly, and may mean well, but then you can't depend on them. They are thoughtful, reckless, extravagant. It wasn't so when I was a boy. There must be something wrong in their training."

The farmer was excusable for the half vicious outburst. He had tried half a dozen boys in quick succession, and none of them had suited him. As he was a kind, patient, man, exacting but little, the fault was not with him, but with the boys. Just as he turned into his lane, a clear, self-confident voice addressed him:

"Mr. Atkins, I've been told that you want a boy."

"That's the same as usual, I take it," he said. "Well, I am looking for a boy that can make himself useful. Still that isn't all. I've known useful boys that were not to be depended on. I can't depend on a boy I don't want him. The last boy I had wasn't afraid of work, but he was entirely too forgetful; he was a tax upon my patience and my purse. He neglected to put up the bars and the cows got into the cornfield, he neglected to halter the mare and she pushed her way up into the granary. We had to rig up a tackle to hook her out of it. He trimmed the grape vines without orders, six weeks too soon and they died to death. He was either always a little too far behind or a little too previous."

"The boy's brown eyes were fixed upon the speaker."

"You might try me," he quietly suggested. "I believe that I can please you." "Then he added, while a flush came into his cheeks, 'at home I am regarded as a thoughtful, conscientious boy.'"

"Oh, yes," crisply replied the farmer. "That's natural. Parents are blind to their boy's imperfections. Boys are like men; there's a big difference between the price they think they are worth and the price they really bring. However, I'll try you. See what you can do about the wood pile during the interval, for I'll not be back until dinner. I'll give you no instructions; when I get back I'll be able to tell how much gumption there is in you."

"Thank you sir," cried the boy with a glad intention in his voice. "At dinner-time the farmer found him busily at work."