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VOL. XLIV. NO. 18. SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16, 1895. WHOLE NO. 2307.

IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ PURE

High priced toilet soaps cost more than the Ivory, not because the soap itself is any better, but by reason of the expensive wrappings, boxes and perfume. Then the profit on toilet soaps is much greater.

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a.

Capital, \$50,000.
Surplus, \$20,000.

DEPOSITS RECEIVED IN LARGE AND SMALL AMOUNTS, PAYABLE ON DEMAND.

ACCOUNTS OF MERCHANTS, FARMERS, STOCK DEALERS, AND OTHERS SOLICITED.

DISCOUNTS DAILY.

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The Peoples' Store.

Are you ready to buy your outfit?

Do you want to get the latest style in a new Fur Wrap, a stylish Hat, or a handsome Dress Pattern?

Never in our twenty-four years' history have we had such a magnificent display, and the prices are so low it will pay you to buy here even if you live one hundred miles away.

The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA.

Capital, \$50,000
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Strictly First-Class Work Guaranteed.

Johnstown, Pa.

A. H. HUSTON,
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A GOOD HEARSE,
and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

SOMERSET - Pa. HERMAN BANTLY,

134 Clinton Street,
JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Builders' and Other Hardware,
GLASS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, ETC.

Satisfactory Oils

AMERICAN MARKET.

For sale. Trade for Somerset and vicinity supplied by
COOK & BEETTES and
FREASE & KOESER,
Somerset, Pa.

A LITTLE FELLOW.

With a twinkle in his eye,
And a heart beneath his jacket
Bigger than an apple pie,
And he had a way of talking
Which, while it was witty,
Was just as sweet and simple
That made the world seem bright.

A VICTIM OF CHANCE.

The Strange Adventure That Be'll
Some Young People in New York.

BY E. S. TRAYMORE.

The young members of the Remington family were in New York on one of their semi-annual visits. They had been there nearly two weeks, and were now finishing the last odds and ends of shopping and sight-seeing on this delightful October afternoon, preparatory to leaving for home the next day.

fering to help him. Tell me about it, please.

Bess went to her brother, and put both hands carelessly upon his shoulders.

"Tell me, please, I'm sorry I spoke so sharply, but it was such a surprise. That was the reason. We are too good friends, brother mine, aren't we, now, to let anything like that come between us?"

"Why, yes," said Jack, leaving his post at the window, and entering into the affair with more interest at the prospect of a tour of discovery. "That's an idea! Suppose we asked Mr. Dartmouth about it?"

"But you've got to find out where he was taken? It seems to me as though we ought to go, at once."

"Why, yes," said Jack, leaving his post at the window, and entering into the affair with more interest at the prospect of a tour of discovery. "That's an idea! Suppose we asked Mr. Dartmouth about it?"

"Don't be alarmed ladies," said the sergeant, as he placed chairs for them; "he'll come around all right, for it takes more than a little thing like this to kill one of these fellows. He will be released to-morrow, just as soon as we can hear from the shop-keeper. If we can satisfy them that he is not guilty, they won't bother to push the case any further."

"I believe I know the fellow, sir," said Jack, who was in the crowd of the right number in the crowded street when he had seen the man. "He's the fellow who was taken by the horse-stealer."

"He'll go!" he cried, as he entered the room. "Come on; he's downstairs in the hall, waiting."

"They don't seem to be in any hurry," said Jack, who was in the crowd of the right number in the crowded street when he had seen the man. "He's the fellow who was taken by the horse-stealer."

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HARVEST TIME.

It had been a hot day; the sun had beaten down on the hard highway, the parched pasture and the dry and dusty stable field with unrelenting force; the cattle, lying early in the forenoon, had been lying in the shade, or standing in the little pools of water—all that was left of the brook that usually ran through the pasture—and standing there, placidly switched their tails and contentedly munched their everlasting euds, seemingly as happy as though the pasture was knee deep with fresh, dew besprinkled clover.

"Oh, Fan?" gasped Bess, as the tears poured down her face, so unaccounted-for was she to human suffering; "all this might have been avoided! If only I had been here to see the man who was taken by the horse-stealer!"

"Don't be so hysterical, Bess," cried Fan.

"After an early breakfast the following morning the Remingtons and Mr. Dartmouth started for the scene of the preceding day's experience. As they looked in front of the shop where that unscrupulous case of so much misery—the stolen horse—again swung idly from the cord, Mr. Dartmouth glanced quickly at the sign that bore the firm's name.

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Followers of Ananias.

One of the latest productions of the restless Tenderloin District is an Ananias Club. The club meets at one of the larger upper ten hotels whenever the members get together. As may be judged from the name, the organization is devoted to the display of manifest untruths. The club is comparatively new organization, but the stories that have been told at some of its sessions show plainly that many of the members were eligible for admission to such an organization long before the club was formed. To join the club a man must be an ingenious liar. Tales of travel, scientific discoveries and stories of historical research predominate. Woe to the man who springs a story that does not smack of originality. Lately the meetings have assumed a sort of professional quality.

"Do you think so, Dorothy?"

"Yes, I do," she replied. "She's the most intelligent woman in the township, and when she's rested she's really handsome."

"Yes, let his debts be paid, and Abby hasn't lost any sense."

"Why don't you marry her? She'd make an excellent wife."

"The 'Squire started."

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The Prescribed Limit.

The other day we were somewhat startled to read in a morning paper an application by a church for a pastor, accompanied by the statement that no man is wanted past 43. We have been aware for some time that this is an age when the young man comes to the front, but we must admit that we were unprepared for such a frank avowal by a congregation that, in other words, a man who has reached 40 has attained his zenith of usefulness in the pulpit. It is true, then, that a good many of us, who imagine ourselves on this side of the prime of life, have begun to descend the hill! Let us look at the matter for a minute. It certainly is one in which we are individually interested. How many business men of your acquaintance achieved their success under 40 years? Think of the eminent physicians, lawyers and statesmen. We are inclined to think that in a majority of cases they were considerably older than 40 before they had learned the secrets which enabled them to accomplish what they did. Suppose Beaumont, Gladstone and thousands of other who to-day are doing noble work in their old age had retired at 40? It is not for us to write about such matters, but each of our readers will be able to recall striking illustrations of what we mean. It is all well enough for the younger generation to keep pushing and we are glad to see it, but it is our opinion that this world in general and the show trade in particular, would be in a sad plight without the assistance and sage counsel of men who are past the limit prescribed by this congregation. —*Shoe and Leatherer's Post.*

Advantages of Education.

Little brother—What you studyin, so hard?

Little sister—Synonyms.

Little brother—What's them?

Little sister—All sorts of words that mean the same thing.

Little brother—What good is they? One word ought to be enough.

Little sister—Huh! Wait till you get into school. Yesterday Mrs. Newcomer showed me a picture of a baby, and I said it was lovely and cunning and old. After that she said that wasn't her baby, but somebody else's. Then she showed me a picture of her own baby. And then I had to think up a lot more nice words so she wouldn't feel 'fended. If I hadn't studied synonyms, I'd 'a' jus' died. —*Good News.*

Delicate Diseases

of either sex, however induced, promptly, thoroughly and permanently cured. Send 10 cents in stamps for large illustrated treatise, mailed in plain sealed envelope. World's Dispensary Medical Association, 963 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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