

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1897. VOL. XLVI. NO. 25.

SHERIFF'S SALE. By virtue of a writ of fieri facias...

FRIDAY, DEC. 10, '97. At 1 o'clock P. M. the following described real estate, to-wit:

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Harry Davis and Mary W. Davis...

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Samuel H. Dull, of and to a certain...

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of William Swank, Benjamin Snyder...

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Mary W. Shaffer and W. H. Shaffer...

All the right, title, interest, claim and demand of Henry Knight, of and to a certain...

By virtue of a certain writ of fieri facias...

NOTICE-All persons purchasing at the above sale will please take notice that 10 per cent of the purchase money must be paid...

SCROFULA. One of America's most famous physicians says: "Scrofula is external consumption..."

Scott's Emulsion. It fills out the skin by putting good flesh beneath it. It makes the cheeks red by making rich blood.

THE First National Bank Somerset, Penna. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$28,000.

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

The Somerset County National BANK OF SOMERSET PA. Established 1877. Organized as a National Bank 1890.

Capital, \$50,000. Surplus & Undivided Profits, 23,000.00. Assets, 300,000.00.

SHERIFF'S SALE! A. H. HUSTON, Undertaker and Embalmer. A GOOD HEARSE, and everything pertaining to funerals furnished.

Wednesday, Dec. 15, 1897. At One o'clock P. M. the following described real estate, to-wit:

GET AN EDUCATION. Education is the only way to success in life.

A MISUNDERSTOOD DOG. Satan's master was somewhat disappointed in him. The dog did not show any signs of that ferocity which he had been led to expect...

So he shut his great grip within his breast, and tried to find some new friend among the crowds of the street; but although each day he hoped for some passer-by to give him a friendly word...

Then there was a sickening scene as the maddened pit-dog shook his helplessness and set his jaws more firmly in the unresisting throat.

Then the crowd of idle, brutal loafers, following the instincts which always govern such matters, deserted the scene, and in a shuffling, shameful way, struggled in twos and threes, back to the kennel and stables.

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After a moment or two of deep, silent reflection he suddenly exclaimed, with foaming indignation: "Does dogs have souls, Yver Riverne?"

Satan felt the horrible pain shoot through his whole body, and his own slender jaws shut more desperately on his foe's toothy throat.

Then there was a sickening scene as the maddened pit-dog shook his helplessness and set his jaws more firmly in the unresisting throat.

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