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ESTABLISHED 1827.

VOL. XLVIII. NO. 7.

SOMERSET, PA., WEDNESDAY, JULY 26, 1899.

WHOLE NO. 2504.

NO USE TRYING

I can't take plain cod-liver oil. Doctor says, try it. He might as well tell me to melt lead or butter and try to take them. It is too rich and will upset the stomach. But you can take milk or cream, so you can take

Scott's Emulsion

It is like cream, but will feed and nourish when cream will not. Babies and children will thrive and grow fat on it when their ordinary food does not nourish them.

THE First National Bank

Somerset, Penn'a. Capital, \$50,000. Surplus, \$37,000. UNDIVIDED PROFITS, \$3,000.

Jacob D. Swank

Watchmaker and Jeweler. Next Door West of Lutheran Church, Somerset, Pa.

REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.

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

KEEFFER'S NEW SHOE STORE!

Black and Tan. Latest Styles and Shapes at Lowest Prices.

Shadow and Light

Wax Candles. Scented and Unscented. For all occasions.

Get an Education

Central State Normal School. For teachers and principals.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

Patents. Trade Mark Designs. Copyrights.

Scientific American

Patents. Trade Mark Designs. Copyrights.

AFTER GRACE

A certain once courted a nice little miss. Grace by name and by nature a miser. He never dared ask for "just one little kiss."

A LUCKY FELLOW

A lucky fellow! Well, yes, no doubt I am. To have come into this fine place and \$10,000 a year is a bit of luck for any man.

most absurd, and, for an old lady, a most incongruous form. It is bad enough when a young lady develops foolish sentimentality.

"And had she thought of my dodge to outwit the major, Master Charlie?" "I can't say I have. Have you, John?"

"I ain't 's sure. Good night, Master Charlie." "You shouldn't have done that," I remonstrated.

"I looked about for that man. I found him, Master Charlie. I made the mistress marry him. He's her husband now."

"I did so. The doctor, a charming old fellow, who had known me ever since I was born, was divided between concern and amusement when he heard what I had to tell him."

"I ran up to the morning room; there I found John lettering my aunt. "I can't let her run the risk of blindness, mistress. I tell thee, I can't permit it."

"I didn't laugh now. John's solemn words were beginning to alarm me. I knew he was a shrewd old fellow, with a very keen insight into things, and by no means the sort to take flight at anything."

"I could tell you any number of further anecdotes about John, only space precludes. This, however, may give you some idea of what the old man was. When my uncle died—an event that nearly broke John's heart—the faithful servant constituted himself more than ever a guardian of the family interests."

"Well, well, it does seem kind of funny that this should happen again. I have come home the last five years on this 530 train; still nothing of this kind has occurred before until the last week. It's queer, but I'll advertise this once. Maybe they are mates."

"They are a pair as sure as I am Granville Melton. Same color, size and all." He folded them and replaced them in his pocket, took the evening paper and settled down to read.

"I looked about for that man. I found him, Master Charlie. I made the mistress marry him. He's her husband now."

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A Pair of Gloves

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The Strawberry's Name

Leigh Hunt complains justly of the English name of the "best berry God ever made," says the New York Tribune. The Italian name, which he especially commends—is like the botanical one—"fragaria"—is given because of the fragrance of the fruit. Strawberry was the name applied to the fruit by English market boys, who were accustomed to sell these berries strung on straws, as so much a straw. It was not until this century that the wild strawberry began to be generally cultivated.

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Not Much Use for Party Wreckers

From the Philadelphia Inquirer. One of the most insane of the party-wrecking organs complains loudly that the recent appointments of consular supervisors in Pennsylvania were drawn from the ranks of the stalwart Republicans; that the appointments were made upon the recommendation of Quay and Penrose, and it prints a brief history of each official named. From these histories it appears conclusively that a high order of supervisors has been obtained; that there is not an unfit man among them; that each one of the appointees is a credit. And yet this complaining organ isn't happy.

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Savages on 'Devil's Horses'

The Sultan of Morocco, by the advice of his gravest and wisest counselors, has recently issued a decree prohibiting the use of the bicycle throughout the length and breadth of his empire, says Le Petit Bleu (Brussels). Nevertheless, in other parts of savage Africa the bicycle, if it has not superseded the "ship of the desert," has to some extent taken the place of money, and natives readily exchanged ivory for some of the "horses," and happily so, for the ducky aborigine may be seen galloping "biking" on the palava ground or the execution square.

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No Placetrans for Him

"What your friend, Samuel?" "Placetrans' lives, dad." "Say it again." "Placetrans' lives." "You put that book right down, son. It's a waste of time. Placetrans is a Don't you know dem placetrans is the worst enemies dis yer country's got? Dat's right, boy. Ef it wasn't for de mill'naires, and de trusts and de plutocrats, we all might be getting rich 'n' happy. So don't you read no more of dat book, son; not another line."

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