

BRUISER SAN AND THE GRIZZLY BEAR.

BY GEN. J. S. BRIDEN.

We were campaigning on the Crow, and the camp had been pitched in a pretty little valley, through which ran a pure stream of bright, cold water. The supper had been eaten, camp-fires lighted, pipes filled, and all were ready for the evening yarn. Among the frontiersmen who accompanied the expedition was Mr. B. Bruiser San, a white-chinned Plains, and noted hunter, trapper, and guide. I called upon him for a story, and, after thinking over his wild border life for some time, as if to select the choicest bits from his vast experience, he related the following:

I was one of the first men in 1858 to arrive at Pike's Peak. I came up from the Missouri, with a friend of my father, and we stopped at Denver, or rather I should say, where Denver now is, for the city was then composed of a few gro-shops and shanties. In one of the mining camps I became acquainted with a queer fellow they called "Bruiser San." He was a powerful man, and sometimes drank a great deal, but was always good-tempered and kind hearted. The miners were a rough set in those days, and delighted in the most brutal of sports. Prize-fighting was one of their pastimes, and at this Bruiser San excelled—no man in the camps being able to stand up before him. His feats of strength were prodigious. Often would he take a barrel of liquor by the rim, and knock out the bung, lift it up and drink from the hose, as easily as a small boy would a cup. Then he would stand on a box twelve inches high, and lift 150 pounds with his teeth. He could pick up a three-bushel bag of flour with his mouth and carry it a mile. One day a salmon keeper offended San, and to have revenge, he went into the street, and shouldering a large work-horse, carried it into the saloon, leaving the enraged bar-keeper to get up and down the steps the best he could. At another time he carried a rock into a store, and dropped it through the floor.

San's skin was as white and smooth as a girl's; but all over his arms, shoulders, and broad chest, were bunches of knotty muscles as large as one's fist. He was a well built fine looking man, and being remarkably small kips broad, the legs well set, and feet small. Once his face was handsome, but whiskey had bleared the eyes, and the nose was pimpled and red, still being a good looking man, and, when dressed up in a new buckskin suit with yellow fringe, and his long brown hair combed out in curls about his neck, he was the picture of an athletic frontiersman. However, San was fast degenerating into a loafer; he had left off work and gone to living by his strength, just as thousands live by their wits in the great cities. At one time he was for San's liquor to see him lift a barrel by the ends and drink from the bung hole, and occasionally he would, by way of variety, shoulder a horse or a mule to a glass of rum or whisky. Dissipation told rapidly on "the Man of Steel," as he was called, and when I saw him in the spring, after a winter's carousing, he had the dejected tremor and look that he took to hold him. His frame was wasted away, the knot of sinews were gone, his chest drawn in, and the skin of his body soft and flabby.

It was about this time an old Englishman named Jones arrived at the mines, and, hearing of San, expressed a desire to see him. Old Jones was a well known prize fighter, but of late years had given up the ring himself and turned trainer. San's fame excited the envy of old Jones, but as he no sooner saw him than he offered to fight San. The miners were astonished and tried to dissuade Jones from his purpose, but nothing would do but he must have a bout with San. So the day was set. San was sick on the morning of the fight, and looked badly enough; but when he ran two to one on "the Man of Steel" against the Englishman. Time was called, and the Englishman bounded into the ring, while San came up slowly, and looked languid and feeble; but at the very first pass, he hit John Bull between the eyes, and no amount of sponging and bathing could induce him to stand up again that day. It was feared San had broken the Englishman's skull, but he got about in a day or two, and soon afterwards he and San disappeared from the saloons. The back-keepers were astonished. San did not come around any more for his grog, and no one could imagine where he had gone or what he was at. Foul play was beginning to be suspected, when it leaked out that San was in training, and that the Englishman was his trainer. At a trial old Jones got that awful lick from San's brawny fist, he gave him no more until he agreed to go into training and accompany the Englishman to England, there to fight the giants of the prize ring. Jones had not much money, but at his instigation a man named Dunham came over from London with plenty of cash, and, as soon as Dunham arrived, old Jones quit, and the new Englishman became San's regular trainer.

I saw San once while he was in training, and he looked well; the knots were on his arms again, and his gun balls about six weeks, when one morning he got mad about something knocked down both Dunham and old Jones, and made his escape from his keepers into the street. Stopping at the saloons and taking a good drink, he did not forget it was his trainer, and, as usual, he amused himself by knocking down every stout looking fellow he met. Finally, after the sheriff and his posse had been whipped, San was captured and put into jail; but here a new difficulty presented itself, for the jail was not a strong one, and San swore he would instantly tear it down if they did not let him out. On promising that he would go straight to his lodgings, the door was opened, and San kept his word, for he went directly home and retired to bed. The outbreak was so on like San's natural disposition that every one was at a loss to account for it; and soon afterward another exhibition of passion occurred, "the Man of Steel" trainers and his men in disgust, and took themselves off from each carrying with him a pair of gift from San a pair of black eyes and a swollen nose.

San, now left to himself, fell to drinking again, went about the saloons as of old, lifting barrels, pitching stones and shouldering horses for liquor. It was soon observed that he was growing weak; he lifted the barrels with difficulty, and never drank from a glass instead of a mug-hole. He grew thin in flesh, his muscles disappeared and he became the shadow of his former self. At this time a number of shoulder hitters and desperadoes arrived at the mines and gave some trouble but he finally conquered them all, and, as the last fellow got licked, he exclaimed, "Well, if you can lick me you can't lick a grizzly bear!" San swore he could lick a grizzly bear, and that single-headed and alone, he would fight one. There was a grizzly in the camp then, had been caught by the men. The bear was now nearly full grown, and, although a great powerful brute was quite tame and harmless. It was not long before some wretches had arranged a fight between the bear and grizzly San, and the day was set. The bear was to be chained to a tree

by the neck, and San was to fight him for one hour with naked fists. San again went to training, with Jim Peyton for his trainer, and long before the day of the fight Peyton reported that his pupil was in splendid condition, and would as soon fight as go to fishing.

The day came, and with it a great crowd. The bets were three to one on San, and many believed that he would really whip the bear. Poor Bruiser—a great shaggy-coated fellow—was tied to a stake by a chain twelve feet long, and was as good-tempered as he could be, standing on his hind legs, and stamping about with delight at the sight of so many people. Perhaps there was as little of the real bear in Bruiser as there was in many of the live-legged animals who come to see him fight. The keeper of the bear began teasing and poking him with sharp poles and iron, and although he took it quite coolly at first, he became white-groined fiercely as he was teased, and when just before retreat they were taken away, he laid down in his cell and rolled himself like a ball in his blankets.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE. The human hand has often been taken to illustrate divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat more complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone, fastened to the leg by a joint, and a tugged at by thin layers, or leaves of horn, about five hundred in number, and nicely fitted to each other, forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the "collar-bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about four thousand; and all this is contrived, not only for the conveyance of his own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

AN EDITOR'S BED. In a certain village the editor of a local newspaper had a room at the hotel. Being absent one night, and the house being crowded, the landlord put a stranger in his bed. The next morning the following lines were found in the room: I slept in an editor's bed last night, and others may say what they please, but my impressions should be LOCKED UP. That certainly takes its class. When I thought of my humble cot, away, I could not suppress a sigh, for my impressions should be LOCKED UP. How EASY EDITOR'S LIFE!

The editor after some enquiries of the landlord made the following addition: The chap whose FORM has rested here, and left his COPY behind, for his impressions should be LOCKED UP. As the U is most unkind. Behold a PROOF OF HOW HE LIES: In the morning he went away, and his impressions should be LOCKED UP. Has forgotten the bill to pay!

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact that God takes care of all His creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts His attention, and that His loving kindness is over all His works. Happening one day to see a crane standing in a pool of water, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long, slender bill! Observe how nimbly he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple! He is thus enabled to approach the fish without being detected by the sight of his arrival. My son, it is impossible to look at that bird, without recognizing the design as well as the goodness of God in thus providing the means of subsistence." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as there is a crane concerned; but after all father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

LOTTERIES.

L.D. SINE'S Gift Enterprise. The only Reliable Gift Distribution in the County. \$100,000.00 IN VALUABLE GIFTS to be distributed in L. D. SINE'S 32nd SEMI-ANNUAL Gift Enterprise. To be Drawn Monday, Oct. 13, 1873. ONE GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE \$10,000 IN GOLD. One Prize \$5,000 in Silver. 5 Prizes, \$1,000 each. 5 Prizes, \$500 each. 10 Prizes, \$100 each. GREENBACKS. One Fine-lined Rosewood Piano, worth \$50. Ten Family Sewing Machines, worth \$25 each. Five Gold Watches and Chains, worth \$25 each. Five Gold American Hunting Watches, worth \$25 each. Ten Ladies' Gold Hunting Watches, worth \$25 each. Ten Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, (in all) worth \$25 each.

When Bogus Charley proposed killing General Canby, Boston Charley was the one who first sanctioned it. Bogus Charley said "If you fail to help me I will do it myself. I feel while these four men are at liberty they have triumphed over me, and the government should feel more satisfied if they were brought to trial, as they were as guilty, if not more, than I am. I say that Bogus Charley was the only man who influenced me, and he was a traitor to both sides. He told lies to the Modocs and lied to General Canby. I should like to see him brought here. Hooker Jim and Bogus Charley were the men that agitated murder. I want now to tell the truth—want to see those men. I know that Snake Nasty Jim killed General Canby and shot Meacham, and BOSTON CHARLEY KILLED DR. THOMAS. That is all I know about the massacre."

BOSTON CHARLEY'S CONFESSIONS. Boston Charley then expressed a desire to talk and said, "You all know during the war, but it seemed to me that I had two hearts, ONE INDIAN AND OTHER WHITE. I am a boy; yet you all know of what I am capable. Although a weak looking fellow, when I look side of me I think of those other men as women. Schonchin, I am not afraid of the man. I thought in the first rank with I think I am the only man in the room. I fought in the first rank with Snake Nasty, Steamboat, Bogus and Hooker Jim. I am wholly man, not half woman. I killed General Canby, assisted by Steamboat Frank and Bogus Charley. Do you believe these Commissioners mean to try to make peace with us?" I said, "I believe so." He said, "I don't believe so, they want to lead us into some trap. I said, 'All right, I go with you.'" Captain Anderson remembers when Bogus came in camp in the morning. The prisoners at 5 p. m. were visited by their families. This was the first meeting since the death warrant had been made public, and as it was to be the last before death separated them, they were all very sad. The children seemed to catch the infection, and they cried and wept in the most finished style.

FRANTIC STATE OF GRIEF. Jack appeared very much affected at meeting his favorite squaw Lizzie and the little puppoo. His sister Mary was even more affected, and worked herself into a perfect paroxysm of grief. The little girl even seemed to comprehend the situation, and sobbed bitterly. As Jack gave her ONE LAST FOND EMBRACE, the squaws returned to the stockade

and the murderers were left in their cells, with no other companion than the gloomy foreboding and anticipation of the morrow. Old Schonchin met his family without much visible emotion, but his children cried bitterly, and the squaws yelled as if the world was coming to an end. The chief did not betray any outward signs of agitation. He kissed his wife and children, and when just before retreat they were taken away, he laid down in his cell and rolled himself like a ball in his blankets.

THE FOOT OF A HORSE. The human hand has often been taken to illustrate divine wisdom—and very well. But have you ever examined your horse's hoof? It is hardly less curious in its way. Its parts are somewhat more complicated, yet their design is simple and obvious. The hoof is not, as it appears to the careless eye, a mere lump of insensible bone, fastened to the leg by a joint, and a tugged at by thin layers, or leaves of horn, about five hundred in number, and nicely fitted to each other, forming a lining to the foot itself. Then there are as many more layers belonging to what is called the "collar-bone," and fitted into this. These are elastic. Take a quire of paper and insert the leaves one by one into those of another quire, and you will get some idea of the arrangement of the several layers. Now, the weight of the horse rests on as many elastic springs as there are layers in his four feet—about four thousand; and all this is contrived, not only for the conveyance of his own body, but for whatever burdens may be laid on him.

AN EDITOR'S BED. In a certain village the editor of a local newspaper had a room at the hotel. Being absent one night, and the house being crowded, the landlord put a stranger in his bed. The next morning the following lines were found in the room: I slept in an editor's bed last night, and others may say what they please, but my impressions should be LOCKED UP. That certainly takes its class. When I thought of my humble cot, away, I could not suppress a sigh, for my impressions should be LOCKED UP. How EASY EDITOR'S LIFE!

The editor after some enquiries of the landlord made the following addition: The chap whose FORM has rested here, and left his COPY behind, for his impressions should be LOCKED UP. As the U is most unkind. Behold a PROOF OF HOW HE LIES: In the morning he went away, and his impressions should be LOCKED UP. Has forgotten the bill to pay!

A devout clergyman sought every opportunity to impress upon the mind of his son the fact that God takes care of all His creatures; that the falling sparrow attracts His attention, and that His loving kindness is over all His works. Happening one day to see a crane standing in a pool of water, the good man pointed out to his son the perfect adaptation of the crane to get his living in that manner. "See," said he, "how his legs are formed for wading! What a long, slender bill! Observe how nimbly he folds his feet when putting them in or drawing them out of the water! He does not cause the slightest ripple! He is thus enabled to approach the fish without being detected by the sight of his arrival. My son, it is impossible to look at that bird, without recognizing the design as well as the goodness of God in thus providing the means of subsistence." "Yes," replied the boy, "I think I see the goodness of God, at least so far as there is a crane concerned; but after all father, don't you think the arrangement a little tough on the fish?"

LOTTERIES.

L.D. SINE'S Gift Enterprise. The only Reliable Gift Distribution in the County. \$100,000.00 IN VALUABLE GIFTS to be distributed in L. D. SINE'S 32nd SEMI-ANNUAL Gift Enterprise. To be Drawn Monday, Oct. 13, 1873. ONE GRAND CAPITAL PRIZE \$10,000 IN GOLD. One Prize \$5,000 in Silver. 5 Prizes, \$1,000 each. 5 Prizes, \$500 each. 10 Prizes, \$100 each. GREENBACKS. One Fine-lined Rosewood Piano, worth \$50. Ten Family Sewing Machines, worth \$25 each. Five Gold Watches and Chains, worth \$25 each. Five Gold American Hunting Watches, worth \$25 each. Ten Ladies' Gold Hunting Watches, worth \$25 each. Ten Gold and Silver Lever Hunting Watches, (in all) worth \$25 each.

When Bogus Charley proposed killing General Canby, Boston Charley was the one who first sanctioned it. Bogus Charley said "If you fail to help me I will do it myself. I feel while these four men are at liberty they have triumphed over me, and the government should feel more satisfied if they were brought to trial, as they were as guilty, if not more, than I am. I say that Bogus Charley was the only man who influenced me, and he was a traitor to both sides. He told lies to the Modocs and lied to General Canby. I should like to see him brought here. Hooker Jim and Bogus Charley were the men that agitated murder. I want now to tell the truth—want to see those men. I know that Snake Nasty Jim killed General Canby and shot Meacham, and BOSTON CHARLEY KILLED DR. THOMAS. That is all I know about the massacre."

BOSTON CHARLEY'S CONFESSIONS. Boston Charley then expressed a desire to talk and said, "You all know during the war, but it seemed to me that I had two hearts, ONE INDIAN AND OTHER WHITE. I am a boy; yet you all know of what I am capable. Although a weak looking fellow, when I look side of me I think of those other men as women. Schonchin, I am not afraid of the man. I thought in the first rank with I think I am the only man in the room. I fought in the first rank with Snake Nasty, Steamboat, Bogus and Hooker Jim. I am wholly man, not half woman. I killed General Canby, assisted by Steamboat Frank and Bogus Charley. Do you believe these Commissioners mean to try to make peace with us?" I said, "I believe so." He said, "I don't believe so, they want to lead us into some trap. I said, 'All right, I go with you.'" Captain Anderson remembers when Bogus came in camp in the morning. The prisoners at 5 p. m. were visited by their families. This was the first meeting since the death warrant had been made public, and as it was to be the last before death separated them, they were all very sad. The children seemed to catch the infection, and they cried and wept in the most finished style.

FRANTIC STATE OF GRIEF. Jack appeared very much affected at meeting his favorite squaw Lizzie and the little puppoo. His sister Mary was even more affected, and worked herself into a perfect paroxysm of grief. The little girl even seemed to comprehend the situation, and sobbed bitterly. As Jack gave her ONE LAST FOND EMBRACE, the squaws returned to the stockade

RAILROADS. LINCOLN'S FAVORITE ROUTE. 20 MILES THE SHORTEST TO ST. LOUIS, via MIDLAND PACIFIC R.W. And Lincoln and Nebraska City, in connection with Kansas City, St. Jo. & C. Bluffs R.R. TO CHICAGO, Columbus, Boston, Cincinnati, New York, Washington City, Indianapolis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Louisville, ST. LOUIS, Kansas City, St. Joseph, Leavenworth, Atchison, Topeka, Cairo, Memphis, Mobile, New Orleans, and all points in the East, South and Southeast.

NO CHANGE OF CARS from E. Nebraska City. Passengers taking the route for St. Louis and points south can secure Pullman's Palace Sleeping Car by applying to the company's agent at Lincoln, taking sleeping car before night and reaching St. Louis next morning without change.

FAVORITE SHORT ROUTE TO ALL PRINCIPAL POINTS EAST: The "Old Reliable" and popular HANNIBAL & ST. JOE. Rail Road Line. Through Express Trains Daily, Equipped with Miller's Patent Safety platform, Comfortable and Well-lighted, and Westinghouse Patent Air Brakes, The most perfect protection against accidents in the world.

New and Elegant Day Coaches, and two daily lines of Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars are run through from Kansas City to QUINCY, GALESBURG, MENOTA AND Chicago, Without Change. Also a daily line of Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars from Atchison and St. Joseph to JACKSONVILLE AND SPRINGFIELD, And New and Elegant Day Coaches from Kansas City to Indianapolis and Cincinnati, Without Change.

HOW IS THIS FOR TRAINS? THE GREAT BALTIMORE & OHIO R. R. - RUNS - Fifteen Fast Trains EACH WAY, BETWEEN Baltimore & Washington. 4 EXPRESS TRAINS EACH WAY, BETWEEN Washing'n & Philadelphia. THREE EXPRESS TRAINS EACH WAY, BETWEEN New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, -AND THE- WEST AND SOUTH.

Making Connections from all points certain. Presenting to the Business Man the advantage of passing through all the large cities, and to everybody the privilege of visiting WASHINGTON FREE. BALTIMORE to WASHINGTON, DISTANCE 40 Miles—TIME, ONE HOUR. L. M. COLE, Gen'l Ticket Agent, Baltimore, Md. W. P. SMITH, Master Transporter, Baltimore, Md. SIDNEY B. JONES, Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Cincinnati, O.

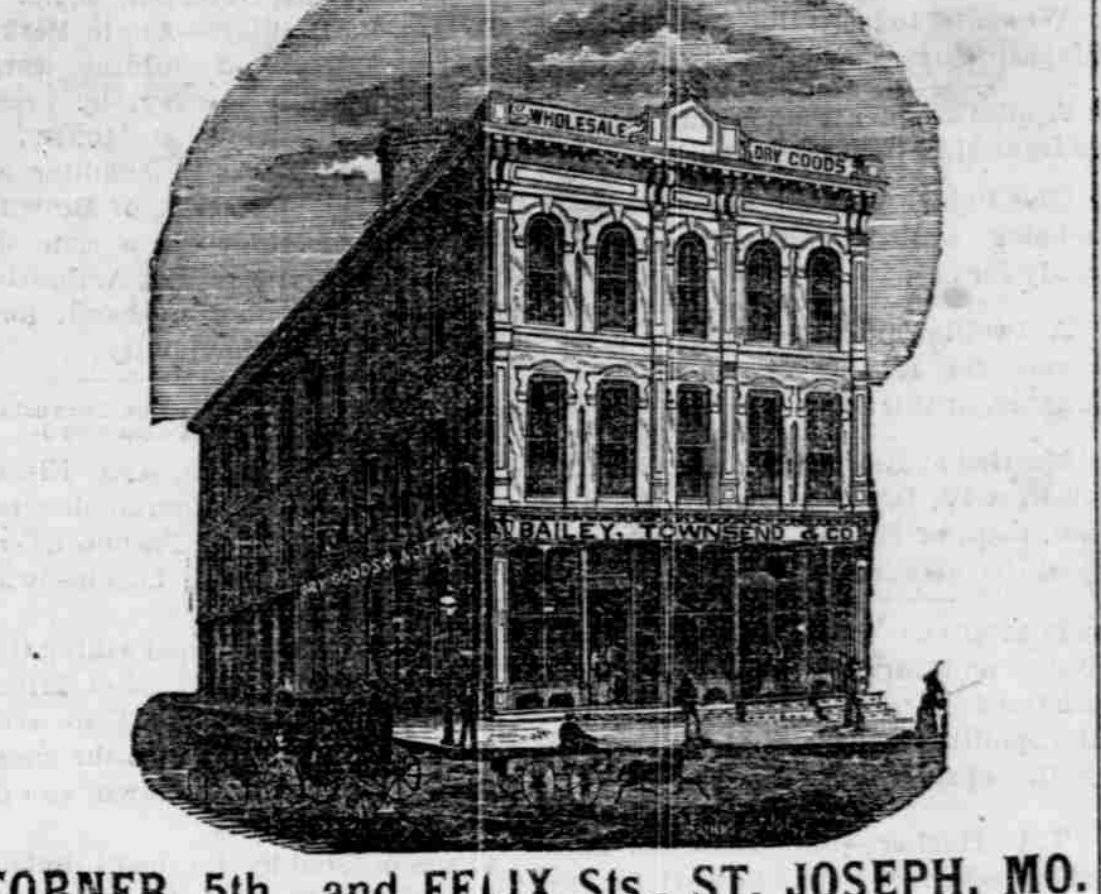
Kansas Pacific Railway. Short, Favorite and Only ALL RAIL ROUTE: DENVER, GREELEY, RICE, NEW MEMPHIS, RICHMOND, IDAHO SPRINGS, GOLDEN CITY, GLENVIEW, VILLA LA FONT, ELKO, GEORGETOWN, GEORGETOWN, SALT LAKE CITY, GONIMONT, DENVER, COLORADO SPRINGS, SAN FRANCISCO, and all points in Kansas, Colorado, the Territories, and the Pacific Coast.

188 MILES THE SHORTEST LINE from Kansas City to Denver. 210 MILES THE SHORTEST LINE to Pueblo, Trinidad, Santa Fe, and all points in New Mexico. Remember that this is the Great Through Line, and there is No Other All Rail Route. There is no tedious omnibus or ferry transfer by this route, as the Great Rivers are all bridged. PULLMAN'S PALACE CARS, run through from KANSAS CITY TO DENVER Without Change. Passengers by this route have an opportunity of viewing the Agricultural Districts of Kansas and can stop over at Denver and visit the rich mining, agricultural and trading districts of Colorado.

The Chicago and North-Western RAILWAY. THE SHORT & DIRECT LINE FROM COUNCIL BLUFFS TO CHICAGO, Buffalo, Suspension Bridge, Chicago, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, New York, Boston, NEW YORK, BOSTON, and Canada. ALSO TO Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and all points South and South-West. This Line has adopted all modern improvements in track, equipments, including Steel Rails, Luxurious Day & Sleeping Cars, Miller Platforms, and Westinghouse Safety Air Brakes. Ask for and see that your tickets read via Chicago and North-Western Railway. N. HUGHITT, W. H. STENNETT, Gen'l Supt., Gen'l Pass'g Ag't.

PATENT WEATHER STRIP. The best for excluding WIND, DUST, OR RAIN, from under doors. For sale by Swann & Bro.

BAILEY, TOWNSEND & CO.

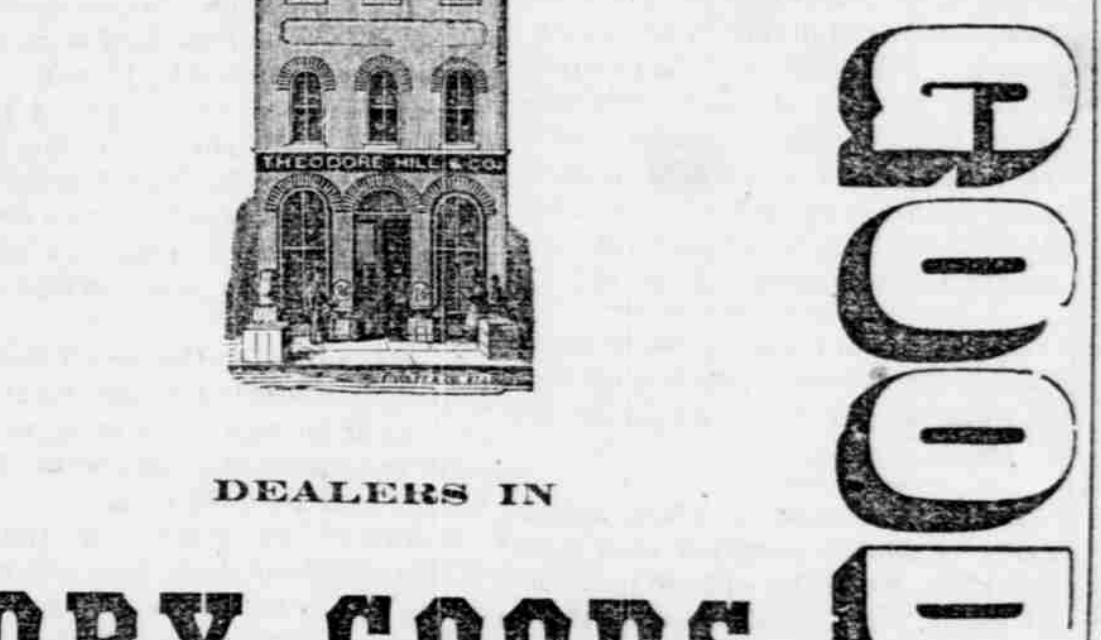


CORNER 5th. and FELIX Sts., ST. JOSEPH, MO. GENERAL DEALERS IN STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS, FURNISHING GOODS, NOTIONS, &c., &c. Have recently moved into their new building, and now have the largest and best selected stock to be found in the North-West. They invite the attention of the trade generally. Terms, Prices and Discounts, Liberal.

MERCHANT TAILOR. HENRY H. DOLEN, Tailor and Draper. Keeps a full assortment of Cloths, Cassimeres, Silk and Worsted Vestings, for gentlemen's use. WEDDING OUTFITS A SPECIALTY. 59 Main Street, Brownville, Neb.

GROCERIES. SWAN & BROTHER, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Groceries, Provisions & Queensware, No. 30 MAIN STREET, BROWNVILLE, NEB. TO A J. S. HETZEL'S Clothing and Grocery House No. 70 Main Street, Brownville, Nebraska. Largest Stock in the Market. Great Inducements Offered.

THE BOTTOM PRICE ON ALL ARTICLES SOLD. COME AND SEE ME. DRY GOODS. THEODORE HILL & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN



DRY GOODS, CARPETS, OLL CLOTHS, MATTINGS. Having determined to reduce our stock of Dry Goods, Notions, &c., and having on hand a very large and extensive stock, we will commence on Monday next, and will sell our entire stock at such prices as will insure a speedy sale. Our only object is to get money, therefore we will sell for cash only. To secure great bargains, call early, with the cash, and be astonished at the low prices.

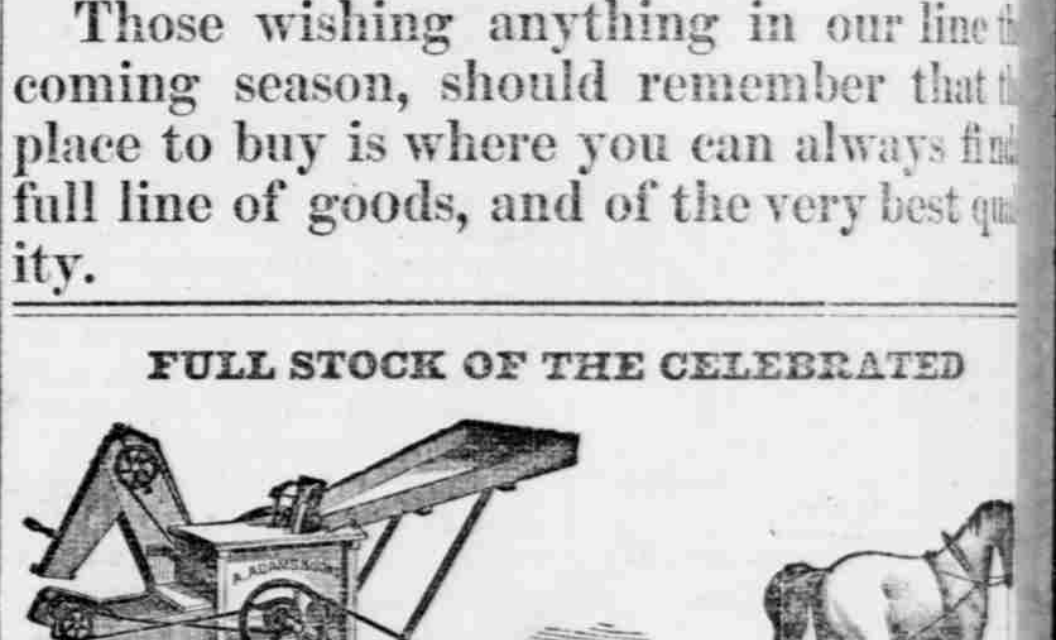
WE HAVE THE LARGEST STOCK, AND MAKE THE LOWEST PRICES. No. 27, SIGN OF THE RED STOVE & PLUM. In the old Regulator Store. TISDEL & RICHARDS

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. READ THIS!

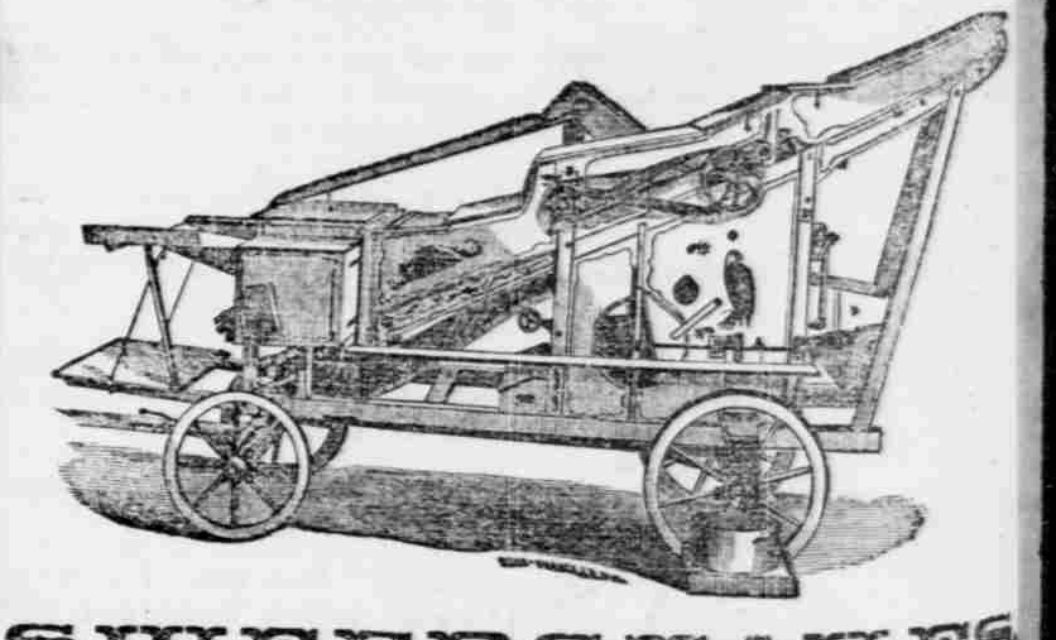
HARDWARE AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS. TISDEL & RICHARDS. HAVING CONSOLIDATED THEIR LARGE AND COMPLETE STOCK OF HARDWARE AND AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Are now prepared to offer greater inducements to purchasers than ever before. We keep constantly on hand a full and general line of Hardware and Implements, from Hand Corn Planter TO A THRESHING MACHINE.

Those wishing anything in our line for the coming season, should remember that the place to buy is where you can always find a full line of goods, and of the very best quality. FULL STOCK OF THE CELEBRATED SANDWICH CORNSHELLER BEST SHELLER IN THE WORLD.



J. I. CASE & CO.'S SWEEPSTAKES AND Aultman & Taylor THRESHING MACHINES. WE KEEP THE CELEBRATED FASHION COOKING STOVE THE LEADING STOVE OF AMERICA.



There is none that can equal them. Will do better work with less than any other stove made. TINWARE AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. We have on hand the largest assorted stock in this market, made up in the neatest style by the best of workmen, which we offer at WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

ROOFING & SPOUTING. Put up at short notice, by the best mechanics in the State. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. WE FEEL THANKFUL TO OUR CUSTOMERS AND GENEROUS PATRONS for the very liberal patronage heretofore extended to us, and we shall endeavor to merit a continuance of the same, and increase our large trade now existing. FAIR DEALING. No. 27, SIGN OF THE RED STOVE & PLUM. In the old Regulator Store. TISDEL & RICHARDS