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Lewis P. Park, Clerk.

May's Landing Record.

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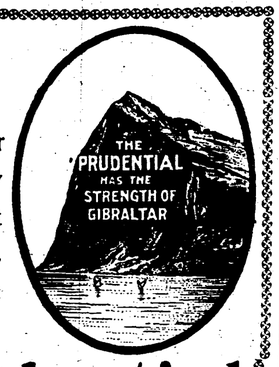

The Prudential

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1963

Popular Science.

Aside from errors of refraction, W. H. Rivers finds the eyes of all races and classes of men to be practically the same. The apparent superior sight of savages is attributed entirely to practice and education, with familiarity with the surroundings.

Radiant, the invention of two English engineers, is claimed to increase the efficiency of gas fires as remarkably as the incandescent mantle adds to the light. It is a product of the waste of chemical works, replaces asbestos or fire-clay balls and causes the gas to burn brightly and completely, trebling the heat. The material can be had in any quantity at no greater cost than fire-clay.

The action of water as an anesthetic is illustrated in some recent cases brought to notice by Joseph Clements. In one case five hemorrhoids were injected with distilled water when they were removed in fifteen minutes without pain, and the patient at once returned home. In another case two lumps were opened and scraped, one after the injection of water, and the other without it. The last operation was exceedingly painful. The action of the water is declared to be the same as that of solutions of cocaine or other drug—a filling of the interspaces of the tissues, thus temporarily suspending intercellubar respiration and paralyzing the local nerve centers.

The University of Nebraska is instrumental in calling attenion to the advantages of Pike's Peak as a field laboratory for the study of plant physiology. Rising abruptly from the plain, and standing out in front of the main range of the Rocky Mountains, the great peak is like a section of stratified climates, temperate at the bottom and arctic-alpine at the top. The distance from the plains to the summit is only ten miles, and the vertical rise is nearly 8,000 feet. Two or three botanical stations have already been established on and near the mountain. Experimental methods in studying vegetation and the evolution of new forms may here be applied with ease.

The size of farms in Japan runs from less than two up to about three and three-quarter acres apiece. Even these diminutive farms are often in several separate pieces, the average size of which is about one-eighth of an acre. During the past four years a law has been in operation for the rearrangement of these scattered farms. The owners are to exchange fields in such a manner as to make their possessions more compact. The spirit of scientific progress is behind the movement, the government wishing to enlarge the cultivated fields so that agricultural machinery may be used. With all his primitive ways, the Japanese farmer manages to make his soil very productive by thorough cultivation and fertilization.

Recent experiments by Berthelot show that the nerves of smell are so sensitive that the odor of iodoform can be recognized in quantities as small as the one hundredth-billionth of a gram. In such a case the odor was distinct, although hundreds of years would be required for the substance to lose a thousandth part of its weight. This indicates that the delicacy of the nerves of smell in detecting the presence of minute quantities of emanations is of the same order as that of the spectroscope; and for this reason Berthelot calls attention to the risk of inferring from spectroscopic examination the change of one element into another. The spectral lines of one element might appear in the spectrum of another, owing to the presence of an infinitesimal impurity.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

One of the most strongly marked personalities of the generals of the civil war upon either the Federal or the Confederate side is that of Thomas Jonathan Jackson, popularly known as "Stonewall" Jackson. Serving as he had in the Mexican war and an instructor in military tactics in the Military Academy of Virginia, he was when the civil war broke out eminently well fitted to command.

STONEWALL JACKSON.

It was at the battle of Manassas, better known in the North as Bull Run, that Jackson won the name which has distinguished him and which aptly describes his characteristic fortitude.

The battle had begun on the 18th of July, 1861, by a Federal attack. Johnston had been summoned to the relief of Beauregard. Jackson had been with the command of Johnston. In the crtical part of the day's engagement Jackson was first brought into action. When Gen. Bee, overpowered by a superior Federal force, was being driven back, Jackson's opportunely came to the front. His courage and firmness won for him the admiration of Bee, who, turning to his men, remarked:

"There is Jackson, standing like a stone wall."

Throughout the part of the war which he lived to participate in Jackson lived up to the name which he had been given.

Courage, perseverance, dauntlessness, were always at the service of the cause he loved and served, for the cause for which he finally gave his life at Chancellorsville.

His last request was to be buried at "Lexington, in the valley of Virginia," the State for which he had lived and died.

Certainly Is.

"Every man has his price," remarked the elderly female boarder.

"Possibly," rejoined the cheerful idiot, "and it's the toughest kind of tough luck when a man marries for money and fails to get it."

Nearly every man believes he is too big for the town in which he lives, and gets into trouble because of the belief.

Crazy men and fools are poor instructors.

One Distinguishing Feature of the

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is that it LASTS

It does good work when it is new, and continues to do good work when it is old.

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THE MORTGAGE PAID.

We ain't havin' many luxuries, like city folkses do,
We ain't wearin' all the latest styles an' all our clothes ain't new;
Of our honesty and goodness we ain't makin' no parade,
But we're havin' all we want to eat an' got the mortgage paid.

We ain't pilin' up a fortune for the boys to fight about
When our last day's work is over an' we're steppin' down an' out,
But it's good to have succeeded in the effort that we made
For to keep things runnin' smoothly an' to get the mortgage paid.

We have had our share of ups and downs, as other people do,
But we've tried to keep our spirits up when things were lookin' blue;
We'll be ready for the ending when the game of life is played,
For we've raised the children best we knew and got the mortgage paid.

MIRIAM LESLIE'S PROPOSAL.

I DON'T care if it is unmaidenly, I'm going to do it. I know the man loves me, and what is leap year for if it isn't to give girls an opportunity to help out those of the other sex who don't know how to help themselves? So here goes! He can't L..ore than refuse, and he won't do that; but whatever the verdict, I know that he is too honorable ever to breathe a word of the affair."

When Miriam Leslie had concluded the delivery of this speech, which had only Miriam for an attentive audience, she sat down at her desk at once and began to write the letter which she had planned the night before, after Frank Webster had left the house. She had parted from him with a smile on her lips, but the smile had lasted only long enough for the door to close upon him, and as Miriam had entered her room she had looked far from happy.

She had enjoyed Frank's call; but it had ended as unsatisfactorily as had all the others, in that words which would have made her happy, and which she believed had been almost upon his lips many times, had again remained unspoken. If the man she loved wouldn't take a hint, he must be given something broader than a hint, and when Miriam went to sleep it was with the determination to write a letter on the morrow that even a stupid man might understand. Strangely enough, as she admitted to herself, the morning found her mind unchanged, with determination fixed to take advantage of her leap year prerogatives.

WITH WEAK VOICE AND FAINT HEART.

The writer of the letter had gone over in her mind its prospective contents a number of times, and as a result her editorial revision had "boiled it down" until it was brief and to the point. It ran as follows:

"Dear Frank—You have been coming to see me for several years, and the evenings spent together have made me think how pleasant it would be if we could go on spending them together the rest of our lives. Has the idea ever occurred to you? MIRIAM."

Miss Leslie heard her brother pass her door, preparatory to starting for business, and she no longer waited for the ink to dry, but grabbed a piece of blotting-paper and the letter was soon in the hands of her brother, who was told that it was important and that it must be mailed by him when on the way to his office. The brother's departure was timely, as Miriam had begun to weaken in her determination, and as she gave him the letter she said to herself: "Here's where I don't get a chance to change my mind." She did, however, have many changes of mind through the day, which seemed to her one of unusual length. Soon after her brother had left she was tempted to telephone to him to try to get the letter back from the postoffice, but she didn't know if that would be possible, and besides the request would cause her brother to ask a good many questions which it would be awkward for her to answer, and so the request was not made.

By the afternoon mail Miriam received a letter addressed in the well-known handwriting of the young man to whom she had proposed. "Is it possible that he has answered so quickly?" she asked herself, as she held the envelope in her hand, fearing to open it. She had had a little experience as a writer and knew that quick returns usually meant no sales, and her first thought was that Frank had declined the honor of being her husband. That was a mortifying thought in itself, and the continuation of the train of thought suggested by the comparison of her offer with the manuscript was not a comforting one.

She had offered herself, even as she had been wont to submit a story or poem to an editor. The only consolation she could get out of the comparison was found in the thought that she wasn't exactly placing herself on the market, as if one editor, Frank Webster, by name, declined, she wouldn't offer herself to another.

When Miss Leslie thought to look at the postmark she was convinced that the letter had been mailed before Frank could have received her letter. With trembling fingers, this maiden who had had so much courage a few hours before, opened the envelope. The lines read as follows:

"My Dear Miriam—I see you so often that it seems cowardly to write what I might speak; but, although many times when in your presence I have tried to say certain words, courage has always failed me. Resolutions made when alone have not been kept when I found myself by your side.

"I think you know what has been in my heart for a long time, and I have occasionally felt that you cared for me; but if you have, you have never made the least attempt to help me out. I should have forgiven you if you had made it easier for me, and should have blessed you for having done so, and yet, after all, dear, I love you all the more for your womanly reserve, and have always contrasted it with the actions of some of your sex, who seem ever ready to say, 'This is so sudden!' I hope, dear, that you do care enough for me, or feel that you can care enough some day, to make me the happiest man on earth. I know they all say that; but forgive my lack of originality, and remember that there is something original about my statement—as I really mean that on the day you say you will be my wife I shall be happier than anybody in this or any other neighborhood.

"Don't answer this letter in a hurry, unless you can at once reply to my question: 'Will you be my wife?' by saying 'Yes.' If you can send that answer I shall have no cause to complain of your haste. But I feel that I must have the right answer to my question, and if you cannot give it at once, I want you to take all the time that you need in order that you may arrive at the favorable verdict so necessary to my happiness.

"It is hardly necessary to say that I shall not call again before receiving your reply; but when you say the word 'Come!' it will not take any great length of time for me to accept the welcome invitation. I hope that you will be able to say that word. Yours, with love, FRANK."

Miss Leslie's mingled feelings of misery and joy when she read the letter may be imagined. "Why did I write that miserable letter? Why didn't I give him one more day after all these years? Oh, why wasn't I too sick to get up this morning?" were some of the questions that the poor girl asked herself, when the feelings of misery were in control, as they were during nearly all the rest of the afternoon, the happiness which she had felt for a short time giving way under the influence of the thought that she might have been happy without the loss of her self-respect.

"But, perhaps, there is yet a chance to save it," thought Miriam, as once more came to her mind that friend of mankind and womankind, the much-abused and misunderstood telephone. She would try to get Frank at his office, and if by any chance he had not received it, she would make him promise to return it without reading. But she realized that the hope was a faint one, as there was almost no chance that the letter had not been received, and if he had received it—well, she would like to see him leave a letters of her's unopened for more than a minute! And so this contradictory woman went to the telephone with a weak voice and a faint heart, hoping against hope that Frank had been away from the office, and that the letter had arrived in his absence. The reply to her inquiry for Mr. Webster gave her momentary comfort, as she was told that he was out, but when she asked further questions she learned that he had been at the office until a few minutes before the time of her telephone call. As she hung up the receiver Miriam said to herself, with a sad smile, that she wished she could hang herself as easily.

The next half hour was one of the most miserable that the girl had ever spent. She again read her lover's letter; but instead of finding any comfort for her troubles the reading only added to her misery. "He thought me so modest and womanly and contrasted my conduct with that of others who were not so modest! But what does he think now that he has read my letter? Modest girls don't propose to men, even if the men haven't nerve enough to propose themselves."

* * *

Miriam was still in a most unhappy frame of mind when her brother returned at night from business. He had a shame-faced look as he approached her.

"I'm sorry, sis, after all you said about the importance of that letter; but—well, I've had an awful busy day of it and I forgot to mail it. Here it is."

Her arms were around his neck in an instant. "You dear, darling, forgetful, absent-minded brother!" she cried, as he looked at her in amazement. "Now that you have forgotten to mail the letter, just forget another thing; forget that I asked you to mail it."

And the brother, who dearly loved Miriam, and knew from her earnestness that it was important to her that he should say nothing about the letter, kept her secret faithfully. But he marveled as the days went by at her continued sweetness to him, until she told him of her engagement, and then he explained the problem to Minnie by saying that there was nothing like requited love to change a woman's disposition. And to this day Miriam's brother believes that her happiness in loving and being loved saved him from a scolding the day he forgot to mail her letter. Miriam has been married for ten years, and in all that time has kept only one thing from her husband. That is the dark secret of the letter that her brother forgot to mail.

HOD CARRIERS JOIN THE DODO.

Wheel Bricks to Elevators Instead of Climbing Ladders with Load.

If the hodcarrier who remarked that he had nothing to do but carry bricks up a fourteen-story building and watch a man up there do the work was satisfied with conditions that existed in his line when that joke was sprung several years ago, the hodcarrier of today must be convinced that life with him is one long drawn out dream of uninterrupted bliss. For at the present time the hodcarrier doesn't even have to carry up the brick. So, in the spirit of the joker's argument, he has nothing at all to do.

There are in Chicago at the present time about 4,000 men who make a business of carrying the hod. That is, they are styled hodcarriers, and in a general way the classification is correct, but in a great number of instances the hod is a wheelbarrow. Modern invention has done away to a large extent with the old time, trough-shaped burden loaded with bricks, which in days gone by, and even now on smaller buildings, was carted up and down ladders. Instead of this slow process of lifting building material above the street level steam lifters are used. These have been common in work on tall structures for a long time, and are now being used on smaller buildings.

The contrivance consists of two lifts operated on the same principle as an elevator, and this invention performs the heavy work which formerly was imposed upon the hodcarrier. One man below carts the material to the lift in a wheelbarrow, while another removes it when it has been raised to the floor on which the work is being done. One lift is going up while the other is coming down, and the system is much faster and much lighter on workmen then the old plan of carrying the hod up and down a ladder.

Thus it is that the old relic of early building days, with its long handle and padded shoulder piece, has become practically extinct around tall structures and has been relegated to smaller buildings in residence districts. The hodcarrier has lost nothing, however, through this revolution in his line of business. Hundreds of them continue to carry the hod and will as long as contractors build flat buildings and structures of the sort where height does not require speed and distances do not prevent a laborer from bearing his burden with satisfactory results. Many laborers who formerly carried the hod now are employed as helpers on big contracts, receiving from 25 to 35 cents an hour.

AFFECTION IN JAPAN.

It Is Deep and Lasting, but, as a Rule, Not Outspoken.

Public demonstration of affection is most repugnant to the good taste of the Japanese, and it is the absence of this which is so generally mistaken for a lack of genuine feeling. I recall one man who was so devoted to his mother (though I doubt whether he could ever have been said to have "talked about" her) that when she died, while he was abroad, his depression was so profound that my husband watched him with anxiety lest he should commit suicide. The stoical training may render more unsympathetic a coarse nature, but repression to the refined soul brings an exquisite capacity for pain scarcely conceivable by those who are free to give utterance to every emotion.

Another man said to me, "I rarely speak of my mother, for a foreigner does not understand that a Japanese mother may be just as dear to her son as his to him and by the Japanese it is not expected that one should utter one's deepest feeling." That same son fainted with grief when his mother died and when consciousness returned rose to make light of a "little dizziness," without reference to its cause. To this day, whenever he goes from home, he carries with him his mother's letters, mounted on a beautiful roll of ivory and brocade, and on the anniversary of her passing beyond his mortal ken quietly devotes a portion of the day to meditation and special thought of her. Even to his wife, despite the closest bond of love, he says not, "This is the day of my mother's death."

Emerson on the Sea.

On the seashore the play of the Atlantic with the coast! What wealth is here! Every wave is a fortune. One thinks of Etzlers and great projectors who will yet turn all this waste strength to account. What strength and fecundity, from the sea monsters, hugest of animals, to the primary forms of which it is the immense cradle, and the phosphorescent infusories; it is one vast rolling bed of life, and every sparkle is a fish. What freedom and grace with all this might! The seeing so excellent a spectacle is a certificate to the mind that all imaginable good shall yet be realized. The sea is the chemist that dissolves the mountain and the rock, pulverizes old continents and builds new, forever redistributing the solid matter of the globe, and performs an analogous office in perpetual new transplanting of the races of men over the surface, the exodus of nations. We may well yield us for a time to its lessons. But the nomad instinct, as I said, persists to drive us to fresh fields and pastures new. Indeed the variety of our moods has an answering variety in the force of the world, and the sea drives us back to the hills.—Ralph Waldo Emerson, in Atlantic.

When a mother denies herself finery in order to give to her daughter, she forgets her own appearance, but fortunately her daughter doesn't.

Popular Science.

Soapstone is now fused by the oxy-hydrogen flame into a clear glass. This can be drawn into very fine fibers, which have all the advantages of the quartz fibers used for delicate suspensions, and is likely to prove otherwise serviceable.

Nearly 12,000,000 tons of coal per year are now saved, acording to the estimates of A. A. Campbell Swinton, by the use of water power for the production of electricity. Statistics collected by him show that up to last August about 1,500,000 horse power for electrical work was being generated from water power, and of this total nearly one-third belonged to the United States. In England only 12,000 horse power is thus developed.

That some of the lower vertebrates possess a sense unknown to us has been made evident by the prolonged observations of M. Werner, a naturalist of Vienna. Not less than 136 individuals, one-third of them at liberty, have been studied, and it has been made certain that reptiles and amphibians are so strongly attracted by water that they go straight toward it, even though be so far away that no sense known to man can detect it. The new sense is supposed to depend upon some kind of chemical attraction, though how it acts and on what part of the body are mysteries.

Students of the science of the weather are giving greater attention than formerly to the phenomena of the atmosphere high above the earth's surface. Explorations of the upper air with kites and balloons have had results which have made evident once more the great value of mountain observatories. The Weather Bureau is now planning a great center of meteorological research to be placed on Mount Weather, in the Blue Ridge mountains, six miles from Bluemont, Va. A new theory of the nature of cyclones and anti-cyclones is expected to result from the investigations now going on.

The increasing demand for platinum, particularly for use in the manufacture of gas mantles, has led to the invention of a process of saving the fine powdery grains of this metal found in the gold placer deposits of southern Oregon and elsewhere. The platinum, being in a state of very fine division, almost in the form of dust, will not settle in a placer sluice so long as the water is briskly stirred. After the metal-bearing water has passed over a riffle table, on which nearly all the gold settles, it is drawn more slowly over a coco-mat riffle, on which the platinum settles, and is then collected by rinsing the coco-mats over tanks. Formerly the platinum was all wasted, at first because its identity was not recognized, and afterward because no process was then known for saving it.

In order to counteract the opinion that the Amazon Valley offers favorable opportunities for investment and settlement, our consul at Para, Louis H. Ayme, sends to the Department of Commerce a discouraging picture of the conditions that new colonists in that part of the world would have to face. The banks of the vast river and its tributaries are flat and swampy, and the tangled forest invades the edges of the streams. Expanses that look like fertile meadows are composed of green ooze, in which the capybara, or tapir, wade more than knee deep. The extraordinary forests do contain many kinds of precious woods, the most valuable in the world, but these trees are scattered and hard to get at. There are almost no markets, and no ways to reach markets. The food supply is neither varied nor abundant.

TRAMPS IN SWITZERLAND

Vagrants Who Wont Work Are Sent to Prison.

The leading citizens of one of the townships in a county adjoining Philadelphia, which suffers from the invasion of city vagabonds and other hoboes, have organized for the purpose of executing the anti-tramp law, says the Philadelphia Ledger. The example is praiseworthy. If the society is active in its field, the nuisance will soon be abated. In travels swiftly. The places that are to be shunned are soon known to the fraternity of work-shirkers. The mere existence of the anti-tramp association will probably check the tramp invasion to some extent, but arrests and imprisonment—the vigorous, persistent enforcement of the law—are necessary for the removal of the evil and often terror of the countryside. No law is self-executive. Tramps prevail in country townships because the statute providing for their suppression is allowed to slumber. Constables are few and far between. There is no State constabulary to patrol the highways. Citizens must, therefore, become detectives and make arrests, as they are empowered to do under the law in this case. Neighborhood organization, intended to bring a large body of citizens together to give vitality to the anti-tramp law—a rural law and order society to make good the deficiency and inefficiency of the ordinary meager police establishment—is about all that can be done to cope with the trouble in an effective way in the present state of local government in small communities.

The treatment of the professional tramp is a matter of world-wide concern. Perhaps Switzerland has made a nearer approach to a satisfactory solution of the problem than any other country. From a report made by H. Prestas Thomas, an inspector of the English local government board, on the methods of dealing with vagrancy in Switzerland, it appears that a plan has been devised for distinguishing the honest searcher for work and the professional tramp, which has done much for the elimination of the beggar from that country. If an able-bodied man is without means and is genuinely in search of work, and his "papers" are in order, he is supplied by the police, or the International Cantonal Union, with food and lodging, and will, if possible, have work given him. If he cannot obtain any, he is passed on to the next town, to a relief station, to his own district, or to the frontier. If it is decided that he is "work-shy," in the expressive Swiss vernacular, he is sent for from three months to two years to a forced labor institution.

It has been found that certificates of origin and of discharge from work which the legitimate work-seeker can possess in Switzerland, materially help in the identification of the professional tramp. By means of the system of identification of the Inter Cantonal Union, represented in fourteen out of twenty-two cantons, valuable assistance is rendered the authorities. The union issues a traveler's relief book with which real workmen can travel all over the country and be fed and clothed until work is found for them, but the inveterate beggars and the "work-shy" are turned over to the authorities for punishment. Switzerland is a country of small jurisdictions, the system described may not be practicable in this expansive country, and resort must be had to other methods. The Pennsylvania statute for the suppression of the professional tramp will be found effective wherever it is energetically applied.

SAYS HE HAS THE "EVIL EYE"

Ridiculous Story Applied to Sir Edmund Monson.

How ridiculous it sounds to be talking of "the evil eye" in this enlightened generation! That was all right as a mediaeval superstition, when the untrained thought could be forced to accept a statement that some people have the supernatural power of injuring by a look. But when it comes to applying such a characteristic to a man high in diplomatic life in this era of widespread intelligence, it seems absurd. And yet the story has gone out from Paris that the recall of Sir Edmund Monson, the British ambassador, is due to the common belief that he has "the evil eye." Strange stories and odd coincidences are cited as proof of the possession by this experienced diplomat of that optical influence so much dreaded in the middle ages.

SIR EDMUND MONSON

Nine years ago Monson was sent to Paris. Prior to that he had been in Belgium. While he was there many of the misfortunes of that royal family occurred. The Queen's unhappiness was well known. Her eldest daughter, Princess Stephanie, lost her husband. Crown Prince Rudolph, under tragic circumstances. Her second daughter, Louise, was locked up in an insane asylum. From Austria, Greece and other countries where Monson has served come similar stories through which the superstition is interwoven. In Paris his fellow diplomats have fought shy of him and social campaigns have been curtailed from fear of his alleged malevolent optical influence. General Porter and he have been barely able to observe diplomatic decorum. Archbishop Lorenzelli, the Vatican representative and one of the ablest speakers in Europe, once broke down under the steady gaze of the Englishman. The Italian embassy are in a continual state of perturbation when he is around.

These stories are widely circulated. The truth of the matter undoubtedly is that there is that in Monson's personality and manner which causes embarrassment and discomfort to those in his presence. An overbearing disposition would have the same effect as the evil eye, so called. The strangest thing about the whole affair is that a fiction of the middle ages could be successfully applied in this day. There is no doubt that Paris believes in the "evil eye" story.

A GIRL'S NATURE.

Little Signs That, It Is Said, Reveal Phases of Character.

Much of a girl's nature is betrayed by the little act of brushing a speck off a man's coat. If she picks off the thread or imaginary bit of lint very carefully between the thumb and forefinger it is an indisputable sign that she is a woman of a very practical and executive character.

On the other hand, if a girl should brush the coat lapel of her fiance very softly and tenderly with the second and third finger of her hand in her endeavor to remove an invisible speck it is a sure sign that she is more sentimental than practical. The man who marries her will live in a continual atmosphere of romance and bad housekeeping.

There is still another type of girl who will brush the speck off a man's coat with a broad sweep of the hand in which all the fingers and thumb play a part. She is in all probability an athletic girl who excels at tennis, golf and the links and who will prove a high spirited, strong minded woman after marriage.

Then, again, the girl who puts a flower in a man's coat with her hand held jauntily upturned from the wrist and the flower held in the tips of her fingers is sure to be something of a coquette, while the maid who gives you only the tips of her fingers when she greets you in the drawing room or public street is probably an ambitious girl.

New Rival of Mammoth Cave.

Still another cave that "bids fair" to rival the wonders of Mammoth cave has been found, this time at Lime Spur, Mont. Its accidental discovery is reported from Anaconda. Not many people know of its existence. The mouth of the cave is in Jefferson canyon, about forty-two miles from Butte, on the Northern Pacific railroad. Eight hundred feet from the mouth of the cavern the chamber widens out into immense halls, in which are said to be a full quota of stalactite tapestry, colonnades, arches, festoons and other essentials of a well-equipped cave.

One isn't necessarily wealthy because he has more money than brains.

A MATTER OF HEALTH

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

THE POOL OF BETHESDA.

Historic Basin Is Being Filled Up for Practical Uses.

It was always to me a matter of wonder how Jerusalem came to be so far above the level of the ancient city. I can understand the buried cities of the Campagna in Italy, some of them were overwhelmed by lava, some by mud, some by ashes. And on top of these the natural accretion of ages made a new soil. But there is nothing volcanic about Jerusalem, except the Greek and Latin monks (who also by the way, carry soil by accretion). How can one account for the great depth at which some of the ancient ruins are found? For that matter, there are many houses still inhabited the level of which is far below that of the present street; you see people going down into these ancient houses as if they were burrows. Then, again, there are ruins which have been discovered in the third story, going down below the earth. That is, there would be a Jewish building, on top of it a Roman building, on top of all that a mediaeval building, and last of all a modern church. There are some who say that below the Jewish level there are still older ruins.

It is always incomprehensible to me how such a vast amount of rubbish could have accumulated there. If Jerusalem lay in a valley or in a basin like London, I could understand it, but such is not the case—the city is 2,500 feet above the level of the sea, you have to climb up from the plains of Palestine to reach it, and even when you get to its immediate surroundings you have to climb to get into the city. The human race is a lazy one, and fond of dumping rubbish into easy places; but that they should take the trouble to haul rubbish up 2,500 feet into the air to dump it seems preposterous.

One day in Jerusalem, however, this mystery is solved. (I may remark parenthetically that there are all manner of deep gorges and ravines in the modern city, and doubtless there were more in the ancient one). One day we were not far from the temple inclosure when we saw a number of carts busily engaged in filling up a depression. In this particular gorge or valley is the famous pool of Bethesda. Now, the pool of Bethesda, according to the antiquarians, is a gigantic basin, which was dug out of the solid rock.

It is—or was—nearly 400 feet long, 120 feet wide and over 80 feet deep. It got lost during the Middle Ages, some one, for unknown reasons, having filled it about half way up. This so changed its physical aspect that the faithful ceased to identify it.

But the lost pool was found, only to be lost again. The day we saw it several scores of Oriental workmen were laboring with asses, with carts and with baskets, carrying earth to fill up this gorge. I do not know why they were doing it; probably they were levelling it to erect some building there. But the thought occurred to me that in fifty or one hundred years the building will have fallen down; then some poor archaeologist of 2004 will, with great pride locate the pool of Bethesda. Thereupon some rich steel man of the times will furnish the funds for excavating. They will dig down some 600 feet into the gorge, which we were watching the workmen fill, and they will discover the pool now fast disappearing before our eyes. —Jerome A. Hart, in the San Francisco Argonaut.

Queer Ways of Mountaineers.

An official of a bank in Tennessee says: "The farmers of the mountains nearly all have a deposit in our bank, which ranges from a small amount to several thousand dollars." The deposit is a time one that we pay interest on; and generally once in two years they draw all of their money out and take it home. In a week or ten days they return with their money, which they deposit again. Their reason for this is explained by the fact that they desire to take their money home and show it to their families as an evidence that they have it."

His Method.

"There are a great many risks in politics, are there not?"

"Yes," answered Senator Sorghum. "The science of the game is to let the other fellow take them."—Washington Star.

Had Her Wish.

"Yes," boasted young Slowboy, "I always embrace an opportunity."

"I wish I were an opportunity," replied Miss Huggard coyly.

And a moment or two later she was one.—Houston Chronicle.

Age of Big Trees.

Referring to the age of the big trees of California, Prof. C. B. Bessy records in "Science" that he once counted with much care the rings of growth of a tree of which the stump constituted the floor of the so-called dancing

ANIMALS' WANDERINGS.

Country Mouse and Town Mouse Fable Has Foundation In Fact.

The fable of the country mouse and the town mouse has a foundation in fact. Mice occasionally migrate in large numbers when food grows scarce and travel considerable distances to fresh pastures. Beavers in a part of Perthshire had a good reason to become aware of this fact when a couple of years ago vast swarms of mice invaded their cornfields at harvest time.

But the mouse only travels when it has to. The rat, on the contrary, seems to take a yearly outing, in very much the same fashion as do human beings. Rats are the most migratory creatures in the world. Troops of rats leave the towns at the end of summer and spend a month or two in the country, apparently in order to enjoy the change of food which the country affords at that time of the year in the way of fresh fruit and grain. Before the cold weather sets in they are all back again in their old quarters.

Reindeer migrate with the same regularity as swallows. They move south when winter sets in, but as soon as ever the snow begins to melt they travel steadily north, sometimes for as much as a thousand miles.

To end a holiday by deliberate suicide is so strange a phenomenon that for a long time naturalists looked upon the stories of the migration of the lemmings as an improbable fiction. Yet the facts are beyond dispute. At irregular intervals these ratlike creatures start out from their homes in the fastnesses of northern Scandinavia in huge droves numbering tens of thousands and travel steadily southward. Death pursues them in a hundred forms. Hawks and other birds of prey hover above them. Thousands are drowned in rivers. Yet the rest struggle on until they reach the sea. They do not stop. They plunge in, swim out and struggle on until at last their strength fails and they drown. Not one ever returns from this journey of death.—London Answers.

COTTON IN A FABRIC.

How to Tell If Worsted or Woolen Cloths Are Adulterated.

Worsted cloths are less often adulterated than woolens and are more easily detected. A cotton worsted is a lie on the face of it, for the cotton stands out with prominence. But often a cotton thread is twisted with a worsted thread, and to determine its presence it is only necessary to take the twist out of the thread and then examine its component parts.

Cotton, having a long staple, can be carded and combed with wool to be spun into worsted yarn. This is done to cheapen the cost of production. Cotton is carded and spun with wool and shoddy, not so much to cheapen the yarn, for cotton is generally as expensive as some shoddies, but is introduced to give strength or spinning qualities to the stock. In many cases the shoddy is of such short staple that it would not stand the drawing in spinning, and, as it would make the cost of the yarn too high to put in enough wool to give that lacking strength, cotton is put in for this purpose.

The percentage of cotton in a fabric can be determined in this manner: Take a small piece of cloth and weigh it. Now boil it for five minutes in a 5 per cent solution of caustic soda. Take out what is left, and, if any, it is all cotton. The wool will all be dissolved. The percentage of shoddy cannot be determined except by experience.

A cloth or yarn with shoddy in it is easily detected by its feel. Cloth made of all new wool is softer feeling than one containing shoddy, for the latter has lost that new, soft, springy feel peculiar to wool.—American Wool and Cotton Reporter.

BULGING GUN BARRELS.

The Rule That Is Wrought by Careless Handling.

I have sold guns for ten years, and in that time four of them have had their barrels bulged: one by snow, one by dirt, one by sand and one by something else getting into it. One man crawling through a fence got a little snow in the muzzle. He could not remove it with his finger, so concluded to wait and shoot it out, which he did, but he found a bulge like a pullet's egg on the end of the barrel. Another got some earth in the muzzle and shot it out, and he, too, found the same kind of a bulge on the end of his gun. Another fired his gun at ducks, which knocked him over on his back and fairly got away from him. When he picked up the gun he found a narrow raised band around the barrel fourteen inches from the muzzle. In this case a wad had probably lodged there. This customer thinks the manufacturers ought to give him a new set of barrels. I tell him if the barrels had not been good ones it would have been a burst instead of a bulge, which might have maimed or killed him. Another man lying on a point brought down a duck with a broken wing which scurried for the water. The man ran and struck the duck with the muzzle of the gun and in so doing got sand in it. He blew most of it out and shot out the rest of it. Well, after that shot he found a little blister two inches from the muzzle about the size of a man's little finger.

Moral.—Do not shoot obstructions of any kind out of your gun if you value your life or gun.—Uncle Dan in Amateur Sportsman.

Way to Answer Attacks.

A well known humorist was conversing one time with another literary man who was complaining of recent severe attacks on him and his method of work.

"What you should do with these fellows who attack you," advised the humorist, with a drawl, "is to take off your coat, roll up your sleeves and hit them as hard as you can; hit 'em a staggering blow with a big chunk of silence. That will worry them more than anything else you can do."—Pittsburg Post.

Unrecorded History.

Aladdin had just rubbed his wonderful lamp. "Get me at once," he said as his faithful genie appeared, "a breath of fresh air from a New York tenement."

Wondering at his master's imbecility, the genie disappeared forever.—Brooklyn Life.

Just Like a Woman.

Ma Twaddles—Tommy, you've been a bad boy today, and I shall tell your father all about it when he comes home. Tommy Twaddles—Aw, that just like a woman—can't keep a secret, can you?—Cleveland Leader.

Unbreakable.

"Now, yo' lookey heah, yo' George, dem' yo' fall down an' break dem sign."

"I couldn't break um nohow. Dey is Plymouth Rock sign, dey is."

It is possible to repeal a law, but not a banana.—Philadelphia Record.

DESERT SHEEP HERDERS.

Their Lonely, Dreary Life Tends to Drive Them Crazy.

Do you realize what it means to watch 5,000 sheep alone in the desert? You have read weird, grewsome stories of the horror of the solitary lighthouse keeper's life, but compared to the days of the Mexican shepherd those of the average keeper of the light are filled with gayety and noise. Even with their one or two dogs the shepherds often go insane, and were it not for the company of their shaggy collies the lunacy among them would rise to an almost incredible percentage, if we are to believe those who have followed the sheep in the desert and therefore may be supposed to know.

Once in old Santa Fe, N. M., I met a man who for twelve years had followed the sheep. His work was done. All day long he sat in a chair in the rear of a little dobe store, crouched over, gibbering to himself, bleating—an idiot. He still saw his sheep swaying like a great white wave among the sagebrush, and ever in his ears sounded the killing monotone of their bleats. One boy, though fifteen years of age, is mentally no further advanced than the average child of five. His father is a shepherd. His mother died when he was four years old, and his father took him out upon the range. All his life has been spent among the sheep. He is one with them today.

How is it possible, then, you ask, that men are to be found willing to watch them? It is very easy. Sheep herding is a lazy job at best, and the "greaser" is the laziest creature on earth. For $20 a month he is willing to sit in the sand and listen to the never ending bleating until the little mind he has gives way and they fetch him in from the range insane. He is glad to take the chance for $20 a month.

The greaser is not the only shepherd in the west. On the vast ranges of Nevada and Wyoming you may run across an occasional college man tending the sheep. Once, indeed, a college professor, ill of consumption, undertook to follow 5,000 bleaters for the summer. In autumn they found him insane, on his hands and knees among the sheep, bleating with them. Day after day his eyes behold only a brilliant turquoise sky, in which hangs a sun of brass; an ocean sweep of sage flecked sand and a slowly moving, compact mass of sheep. His ears hear no sound save the steady "Baa, baa!" day and night, affecting him as the Chinese criminal of ancient days was affected by the regular tap, tap of a hidden drum.

And yet so long as the desert continues to provide food for the "bleaters" so long will shepherds go mad among the flocks, and for ten years the desert's greatest value to man has been the food it has offered the sheep, nor yet is the store depleted.—Pilgrim.

The Wickedness of Growing Old.

Here are the three deadly symptoms of old age: Selfishness, stagnation, intolerance.

If we find them in ourselves we may know we are growing old, even if we are on the merry side of thirty. But, happily, we have three defenses, which are invulnerable. If we use them we shall die young if we live to be a hundred. They are: Sympathy, progress, tolerance.

The first is the hardest to most of us, because our own little prison of the actual is so immensely important to us. There is no denying the fact that when you have a toothache yourself it is hard to have to consider other people's aches. But it can be done, though it generally involves physical effort, for we must bestir ourselves and act. The mere feeling of sympathy expressed by action is a poor, useless thing, but the soul, determined not to grow old, can force the body to such physical effort, though there is no denying that it is hard work.—Harper's Bazar.

Toothache.

Toothache is something to be dreaded. Until a dentist can be consulted and the exact cause of the disturbance located and professionally treated it is an excellent thing to moisten the finger and, after dipping it into some bicarbonate of soda, rub it on the gum round the sore tooth. It is also a relief to mix a teaspoonful of this bicarbonate of soda in half a glass of warm water and rinse the mouth with some every little while, holding a little in the mouth for a few seconds so that it penetrates all the crevices. The soda, being an alkali, serves to neutralize the acids in the mouth, which are often the cause of toothache.

Knew the Crowd.

A street preacher in a west of Scotland town called a policeman who was passing and complained about being annoyed by a certain section of the audience and asked him to remove the objectionable ones.

"Weel, ye see," replied the cautious officer, "it would be a hard job for me tae spot them, but I'll tell ye what I'd dae if I were you."

"What would you do?" eagerly inquired the preacher.

"Just gae round wi' the hat!"

Both Could Do.

Mrs. Truit—My husband is a sort of jack of all trades; he can do almost anything. Mrs. Gayboy—And mine is a sort of jack of clubs; he belongs to fifteen different societies and can do almost anybody!—Detroit Free Press.

Cause and Effect.

Mifkins—Wasn't Benedict's death rather sudden and unexpected? Bifkins—Well, it was sudden, but not necessarily unexpected. His wife had just graduated from a cooking school.—Chicago News.

Mistaken Kindness.

Jack—Hello, old man! Awfully glad to see you. Here, take off that coat and put on this smoking jacket and make yourself comfortable. Dick—Deuce take it! Do you mean to insinuate that I don't feel comfortable in a dress suit?

He Had Use For It.

"Now, sir," began the agent, "this book"—

"Ain't got no use for it!" snapped the busy merchant.

"Oh, yes, you have! Look at the title, 'The Art of Conversation and Correct Speech.'"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Charity.

She—I'm glad we went. It was an excellent performance—and for such a charitable purpose. Her Husband—Yes, indeed! We all feel a thrill of satisfaction when we do something for charity and get the worth of our money at the same time.—London Tit-Bits.

Intended.

Bills—You made a funny break in congratulating the bride's father instead of the groom. Wills—No, I didn't. I've a daughter, too, and I know what they cost.—Chicago Journal.

Just as you are pleased at finding faults you are displeased at finding perfection.—Lavater.

THE GRAY WOLF.

His Cunning Is Marvelous, and He Is Difficult to Catch.

The cunning of the gray wolf is marvelous, and it is most difficult to catch napping. He somehow seems to know that iron is associated with man. A piece of iron anywhere will keep him at a distance. If you shoot an antelope, for instance, and just put your spur on the carcass you may leave it as long as you like and no wolf will touch it. A pocket handkerchief will do as well.

Lobo, a great gray wolf who was the king of the pack at Carrumpaw, a vast cattle range in New Mexico, was a thinker as well as a ruler. His pack ate nothing but what they had killed themselves, and thus poison was no good. At last a thousand dollars was set upon his head. This brought a noted wolf hunter from Texas, with his pack of great wolfhounds. But again there was failure. Then two other hunters came with subtly devised poisons to work his undoing. Then I came on the scene. First I tried poison, and there was no combination of strychnine, arsenic and prussic acid which I did not use. I put the poisons in cheese melted together with kidney fat, and during the whole process I wore gloves steeped in hot blood. And I scattered the bait all over the ranch. The next morning I went out and found Lobo's tracks, with the bait gone. I was delighted. I followed the track and found another bait gone and yet another. Then I found the three baits piled upon another one and covered with filth. Lobo had evidently carried the first three in his mouth and had taken this means of expressing his utter contempt for my devices.

But Lobo's downfall came about through a big white she wolf who was always with him. I managed to catch her in a trap. Then I knew we should soon have Lobo. Night after night he came around the homestead and mourned his mate in long, plaintive howls. I knew he would try to find her body. I set 130 strong steel wolf traps, and in one of these I caught him—a martyr to constancy. And [illegible] end of Lobo.—[illegible] Thompson Seton.

Lacked the Lawyer's Facility.

Lawyer (to witness)—Never mind what you think. We want facts here. Tell us where you first met this man. Woman Witness—Can't answer it. If the court doesn't care to hear what I think there's no use questioning me, for I am not a lawyer and can't talk without thinking.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

His Line.

"Yes," said the lecturer, "I'm dealing in furniture these days."

"How is that?" asked a listener.

"Making one night stands under a lecture bureau, with the help of the time tables."—Baltimore American.

When to Cut Weeds.

She—When should a young widow discard her weeds? He—Oh, I don't know, but I suppose she should cut them out just as soon as she wants to raise a second crop of orange blossoms.—Baltimore Herald.

Decision of character will often give to an inferior mind command over a superior.—Wirt.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery

FOR CONSUMPTION COUGHS and COLDS. Price 50c & $1.00 Free Trial.

Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

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Repairing in all branches attended to promptly.

Wagons of all kinds made to order.

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LEGAL.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of William Irons, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of Emanuel C. Shaner Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, made on the seventh day of January, nineteen hundred and five, on the application of the undersigned, administrator of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent to exhibit to the subscriber, under oath or affirmation, their debts, demands and claims against the estate of the said decedent, within nine months from said date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

GUARANTEE TRUST COMPANY, Administrator.

Dated January 7, 1905.
JOHN B. BLACK, Proctor.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of William Thomas Jones, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of Emanuel C. Shaner, Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, made on the seventeenth day of December, nineteen hundred and four, on the application of the undersigned Administrator of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent to exhibit to the subscriber, under oath or affirmation, their debts, demands and claims against the estate of the said decedent, within nine months from said date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

GUARANTEE TRUST COMPANY, Administrator.

Dated December 17, 1904.
GODFREY & GODFREY, Proctors.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Samuel Champion, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of Emanuel C Shaner, Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, made on the seventh day of January, nineteen hundred and five, on the application of the undersigned, executor of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent, to exhibit to the subscriber, under oath or affirmation, their debts, demands and claims against the estate of the said decedent, within nine months from said date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

JOSEPH S. CHAMPION, Executor.

Dated January 7, 1905.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS.

Estate of Aurelia A. Nixon, deceased.

Pursuant to the order of Emanuel C. Shaner, Surrogate of the County of Atlantic, made on the seventh day of January, nineteen hundred and five, on the application of the undersigned, executor of the said decedent, notice is hereby given to the creditors of the said decedent, to exhibit to the subscriber, under oath or affirmation, their debts, demands and claims against the estate of the said decedent, within nine months from said date, or they will be forever barred from prosecuting or recovering the same against the subscriber.

JOHN H. NIXON, Executor.

Dated January 7, 1905.
GEORGE A. BOURGEOIS, Proctor.

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WEST JERSEY & SEASHORE RAILROAD.

Protected Throughout with Block Signal System and Interlocking Switch.

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Trains leave May's Landing as follows:

For Philadelphia—7.33 a. m. and 3.17 p. m., weekdays. Sundays—7.15 a. m. and 4.22 p. m.

For Atlantic City—9.46 a. m. and 4.54 p. m., weekdays. Sundays—9.57 a. m. and 6.55 p. m.

Leave Philadelphia for May's Landing, 7.48 a. m. and 3.15 p. m., weekdays. Sundays—8.00 a. m. and 5.00 p. m.

Leave Atlantic City for May's Landing, 6.55 a. m. and 2.35 p. m. weekdays. Sundays—6.40 a. m. and 3.45 p. m.

For time tables and additional information consult ticket agents.

W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager. J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic M'g'r. GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

The Best Condition

Of all conditions desired by men, the ownership of a bit of ground, large or small, is the best condition. There's something sure to build on.

We Have The Locations

all we want is a little talk with you.

We have the following for sale:

Four-room house, barn and carriage house, four acres of ground, fruit trees and strawberries; $1,000. $200 cash, balance on mortgage.

Six-room house, Shore Road, lot 6x150, $1,300. Easy terms.

Six-room house on Wright Street, lot 50x150, $1,000. Easy terms.

Six-room house on Beaumont Avenue, lot 60x180, $1,050. Terms to suit.

Six-room house, barn, wagon-house, fruit and grapes, two acres, $1,000.

Ten-room house, barns, wagon house, chicken houses, corn crib, pens for three hundred hens, fruit, etc., one hundred and twenty-six acres, fifty acres cleared, $5,000, $1,000 cash, balance on mortgage at 5 per cent.

Farms and building lots bought, sold or exchanged.

Money to loan on first mortgage. Insurance and collections.

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Of Men's, Boys' and Childrens' Clothing. All fresh up-to-date goods. Not one piece of old stock.

We have the largest stock of Men's, Youths' and Ladies' Shoes.

A full line of the latest styles of Black, Brown, Pearl and Alpine Hats.

We are showing a full line of dress shirts, underwear and ties.

We are ready with our complete line of the best make Rubber Boots for Men, Youths, Women and Children.

Particular attention is called to our fine Jewelry. Ladies and Gents' Watches, Chains, Charms, Rings, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Necklaces and Links.

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Get the Habit and go to Harry May's Old Reliable Up-to-Date Store.

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New Styles are now ready. We are the Sole Agents for Egg Harbor City for the Renowned Liveright Clothing. We guarantee price and quality with every suit we sell. The Manufacturers stand back of every guarantee.

We also carry a full line of Dry Goods. Ladies and Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats and Caps. Ladies Shirt Waists, Skirts and Dress Goods. Children's Dresses, Notions, etc. Blankets, Quilts, Knitting Yarn.

We guarantee satisfaction or return money. See our goods. Get our prices. Goods delivered Free to May's Landing and vicinity.

HARRY MAY.

EGG HARBOR CITY, NEW JERSEY.

Camden Safe Deposit & Trust Co.

224 Federal Street, Camden, N. J.

Statement January 1st, 1905.

Assets	$6,556,108.61
Capital	$100,000.00
Surplus	500,000.00
Undivided Profits	106,967.40
Deposits	5,849,141.21

Not including Trust Funds, which are kept entirely separate.

Pays 2 per cent subject to check without notice, on average balances of $500 and over.

Interest 3 per cent on deposits, 14 days' notice to withdraw.

Safe Deposit Boxes in fire- and burglar-proof vaults for valuables and important papers, $2 and upward.

Banking by Mail can be done safely and satisfactorily.

Trust Department. Acts as Executor, Administrator, Trustee, Guardian, etc. Wills kept without charge.

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Established 1873

Special Announcement.

On and after March First, 1905, the stock, good will and fixtures, belonging to the estate of the late M. Mendel will be transferred to the undersigned. All patrons of this old and reliable store will receive the same honest and straight treatment, which has characterized this store in the past 25 years, during which, its motto has been, "Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Refunded."

In order to facilitate our work, and open up with an entire new stock for Spring, there will commence Saturday, 28th inst., a Clearing Sale lasting until March 1st, and the remaining stock will be sold at prices which will be money savers to all purchasers.

Thanking you for past favors and begging a continuance of your valuable patronage.

Yours Truly,

JOSEPH MENDEL, Executor.

Pointers

About your money. Put it in a place where it will be absolutely safe and fruitful—then set doubt at rest. Have an account with this bank. It will bear three per cent. interest, compounded semi-annually, and to which you may add from time to time.

Safe Deposit Boxes for Rent, $5.00 Up.

Capital and Profits, $258,000.00. Deposits, $1,000,000.00.

THE ATLANTIC SAFE DEPOSIT AND TRUST CO.,

N. E. Cor. Atlantic and New York Aves., Atlantic City, N. J.

DeWITT'S WITCH HAZEL SALVE

THE ORIGINAL.

A Well Known Cure for Piles.

Cures obstinate sores, chapped hands, eczema, skin diseases. Makes burns and scalds painless. We could not improve the quality if paid double the price. The best salve that experience can produce or that money can buy.

Cures Piles Permanently

DeWitt's is the original and only pure and genuine Witch Hazel Salve made. Look for the name DeWITT on every box. All others are counterfeit. PREPARED BY

E. C. DeWITT & CO., CHICAGO.

For sale by Morse & Co., May's Landing, N. J.

Ask for the 1905 Kedal Almanac and 200 Year Calendar.

If You Have Money

To Invest in Gilt-Edge Mortgages or Profitable Real Estate or want to Build a House, Call on or Write

D. C. JOHNSON,

1719 ATLANTIC AVENUE, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.

LOUIS LOTT,

Merchant Tailor,

Can Suit You.

1626 Atlantic Ave., Atlantic City, N. J.

WANTED.

Men and Women who are troubled with Rheumatism to try Sithens' Speedy Rheumatic Cure. Guarantee with every bottle. Ten days treatment for 75 cents. At all Druggists and General Stores.

W. H. SITHEN, M'f'g, Woodbury, N. J.

Eyes Examined FREE

HEADQUARTERS for over 25 years manufacturing all worthy Optical Goods on our own premises, where every convenience and careful personal service is given at a very low cost. Centrally located, a few doors from Market street. One block from Reading Terminal Station.

We recommend glasses only when needed. Solid Gold Spectacles, as low as....$2.25. Steel Spectacles, as low as.....50. Artificial Eyes inserted, as low as 4.00.

M. ZINEMAN & BRO., OPTICIANS. Established 1878. 21 North 11th St., Philadelphia.

EGG HARBOR HOTEL.

(Formerly Peter Goebbel's Hotel.)

Board by Day or Week. Oysters in Every Style.

Wholesale and Retail Liquors. Foreign and Domestic Cigars.

Pool and Billiards. Headquarters for Bicyclists. Livery attached.

CHARLES KOPF, Proprietor.

Philadelphia Avenue and County Road, Egg Harbor City, N. J.

DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve

For Piles, Burns, Scalds.

$5,000 Worth of Nobby

SUITS AND OVERCOATS

Have been purchased from a bankrupt in Baltimore, and will be sold at ridiculously low prices, while they last. Below look at the astonishing prices:

Truly a Sale That is a Wonder.

A Dollar Will Buy More Than $3 Worth of Goo

MEN'S SUITS AND OVERCOATS.

Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth $8.00 at $4.95.
Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth $14.00, at $6.98.
Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth $12.00, at $8.49.
Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth $15.00, at $9.95.
Men's Suits and Overcoats, worth $18.00, at $12.50.

BOY'S SUITS, LESS THAN HALF PRICE.

Worth $1.50 at 95c. Worth $2.50 at $1.50.
Worth $3.00 at $2.00.

MEN'S PANTS.

At 95c, worth $1.50. At $1.25, worth $2.00.
At $1.50, worth $2.50. At $1.98, worth $3.00.
At $2.50, worth $3.50.

Great Specials in Men's and Boys' Sweaters, Gr[illegible] White, Black and Blue, $1.50 kind for 98c. The best line in the city. Worth double.

Special in Men's Underwear.—Men's Fleeced-Lined Underwear, regularly sold at 75c. Now on sale at 39c. None better made for the price.

CUT PRICE IN SHOES.

The finest Men's Business Shoes, were $2.00, for this sale, $1.49.

The best Dress Shoe in the market. Patent Colt, Vici and Box Calf $2.98.

A crackerjack Working Shoe at 98c.

Men's patent Colt Skin, Box Calf and Vici Kid Shoes, all sizes, regular at $3.00; for this sale only $1.98.

Sole Agent for the Ralston Health Shoe for Men. The Best $4.00 Shoe Made.

A. HIRSCH,

1603-5 Atlantic Avenue, Atlantic City, New Jersey.

SMALL DEPOSITS ARE WELCOMED HERE.

Our smallest depositor benefits equally with the largest. Courtesy is not an accident with us—it is a principle.

Three Per Cent. Interest allowed on Special and Time Accounts.

Capital paid in - - - - - $600,000.
Surplus - - - - - $200,000.

GUARANTEE TRUST COMPANY,

BARTLETT BUILDING, ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY.

SAVES YOU MONEY.

We pride ourselves on showing this season one of the finest Summer stocks of Clothing and Gents' Furnishings ever brought to this city. Not only have we a larger assortment, but we are safe in saying our prices are lower than ever quoted on such high-class goods. An investigation is earnestly solicited.

Special Bargains in Furniture, Carpets & Mattings.

Sideboards as low as $9.50. $50 Sideboards, well made and beautifully finished, now $25.

Japanese and China Mattings 19c. yard. Straw Matting, 8½c. yard.

Specials in Ingrain, Rag and Velvet Carpets.

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

All goods sold for the lowest possible prices at cash or credit.

JOSEPH LIPMAN,

Egg Harbor City, N. J.

Special Sale at Oak Hall of

Men's Overcoats and Suits

You can do more with your money at Oak Hall than anywhere else.

MEN'S OVERCOATS REDUCED

$40 to $33.50—Men's extra fine soft finished Beaver Overcoats, silk lined throughout.

$30 to $25—Men's black Beaver Overcoats, 46 inches long, centre seam and vent, lined throughout with satin.

$25 to $18—Men's dark Oxford Kersey Overcoats, 51 inches long, with or without vent, lined throughout with venetian.

Other Overcoats in Kerseys, Friezes and Fancy Cheviots, reduced from $15 to $17.50; $12 to $9; $10 to $7.50.

Men's Suits Reduced—$25 to $18—$22.50 to $16.50—$15 to $11.50—$12 to $9.

We pay your carfare when reasonable amount is purchased.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

OAK HALL, Sixth and Market Streets, Philadelphia.

ATLANTIC COUNTY ELECTRIC CO.

Rates for Lighting From Oct. 1st to Feb. 1st.

Meter Rates, 15c. per 1000 Watts. 5 per cent. discount on all bills of $5.00 or over.

10 per cent. discount on all bills of $8.00 or over. 15 per cent. discount on all bills of $15.00 or over. 20 per cent. discount on all bills of $30.00 or over. [illegible] per cent. additional discount for cash payment.

Minimum amount of bill where a meter is installed will be [illegible]

Flat Rates for 16 c. p. Lamps in use from [illegible] per month. Discount on all bills for 2 lights or over.

Wiring will be installed at $1.50 or more per light. Price determined by [illegible]

ROBERT GINNODS, Pres. [illegible]

May's Landing Record.

H. W. SHANER, Publisher.

$1.00 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1905.

In this thing of creating cities this side of the drawbridge keeps up, the County proper will soon be distinguished as a County of Cities and the Board of Freeholders will become a mighty body, numerically.

The average New Jersey editor has no interest in the recent announcement of the discovery of a $4,000,000 diamond in Africa. It is these of the black kind just at this particular period that appeal most to his interest.

The initiative taken by Governor Stokes in the matter of the establishment of a State system of forest reserves bids fair to result in the adoption by the Legislature of a policy in accordance with the Governor's broad ideas. The bill introduced in the house House of Assembly this week is an important step in the direction of a new departure by the State in its treatment of its forest wealth. There is to be a State forestry board, authorized to secure lands in fee or otherwise, by gift or purchase, to maintain them, guard against fires and apply to the woodland of the State the principles of scientific forestry. Encouragement is to be given private owners to grow timber for commercial purposes, and the forest tracts in the watersheds are to be specially looked after. Speed the bill!

How Does the Robin Know?

I recently observed a robin boring for grub in a country door-yard. It is a common enough sight to witness one seize an unlucky worm and drag it from its burrow in the turf, but I am not sure that I ever before saw one drill for grubs and bring the big white morsel to the surface. The robin I am speaking of had a nest of young in a maple nearby, and she worked the neighborhood very industriously for food. She would run along over the short grass after the manner of robins, stopping every few feet, her form stiff and erect. Now and then she would suddenly bend her beak toward the ground and bring eye or ear for a moment to bear upon it. Then she would spring to boring the turf vigorously with her bill, changing her attitude at each stroke, alert and watchful, throwing up the grass roots and little jets of soil, stabbing deeper and deeper, growing every moment more and more excited, till finally a fat grub is seized and brought forth. Time after time during several days, I saw her mine for grubs in this way and drag them forth. How did she know where to drill? The insect was in every case an inch below the surface. Did she hear it gnawing the roots of the grasses, or did she see a movement in the turf beneath which the grub was at work? I know not. I only know that she struck her game unerringly each time. Only twice did I see her make a few thrusts and then desist, as if she had been for the moment deceived.

How pugnacious the robin is! With what spunk and spring I see the robins mobbing the blue-jays that we sneaking through the trees looking for eggs. The crow blackbird's nest in the evergreens, and there is perpetual war between them and the robins. The blackbirds devour the robins' eggs, and the robins never cease to utter their protest often backing it up with blows. I saw two robins attack a young blackbird in the air and they tweaked out his feathers at a lively rate.—John Burroughs in February *Outing*.

Governor Oyster Growers Confer With the Governor.

Governor Stokes Monday night gave audience to a large delegation of oyster growers from Cumberland, Ocean, Monmouth and this County. The oyster interests in this County were considered especially. It appeared that County oyster dealers are desirous of obtaining a law like that which is now effective in Ocean County, and under which commissioners and a superintendent of oyster grounds are appointed. In this respect the County oystermen seem to be agreed, but they have not been able to agree as to which lands belonging to the State shall be leased to the planters, and what lands shall be open to the public for obtaining "seed" or "plants" as they are called. It is probable that an agreement will be ultimately reached and a law enacted in the interests of the County growers. This industry is one of the greatest in the State, about $6,000,000 being invested. The income from the sale of oysters is nearly $3,000,000 a year. The Atlantic County delegation was headed by B. S. Dennis, of Scullville, and Isaac Collins, of Pleasantville. They were introduced by Senator Lee and Assemblyman Elvins.

For Water Works.

Editor of The Record.

DEAR SIR;—Let us have Water Works. Let the citizens get together. Let the works be erected by May's Landing money—by a May's Landing Company—then the profits will remain in the town. It can be done.

Yours truly,

G. W. RIDOUT.

May's Landing, N. J., February 10, 1905.

Held Quarterly Conference.

The Fourth Quarterly Conference of the M. E. Church was held Thursday night and was presided over by Rev. George S. Dobbins, D. D. Reports from all departments showed the Church to be in excellent condition financially and spiritually. Committees were appointed for the New Conference year.

Unclaimed Letters.

The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the May's Landing N. J. post-office February 11, 1905:

Amon Cast, Albert Harris, Charles Helzer.

Persons calling for any of the above letters must say "advertised" and give the date of this list.

S. S. HUDSON, P. M.

Dated February 11, 1905.

Egg Harbor City Base Ball Association Organized.

The Egg Harbor City Base Ball Association has reorganized for the season of 1905 with these officers: President, Fred. Morgenweck; Vice-President, Jacob Wimberg; Secretary, H. C. Schlichting; Treasurer, George Mueller, Jr. The Directors are August Dey, George Roesch and Fred. Goetz. Mr. Jacob Wimberg was again elected Manager.

Young Men's Lyceum Reorganized.

The Young Men's Lyceum, of May's Landing has been reorganized with these officers: President, Albert C. Abbott; Vice-President, Clark S. Barrett; Treasurer, Melvin A. Abbott; Secretary, Irving Fitch; Librarian, Arthur Smith.

The organization urges young men to take an interest in the upbuilding of the Lyceum that literary tastes may be cultivated and minds broadened.

Grave Trouble Foreseen.

It needs but little foresight, to tell, that when your stomach and liver are badly affected, grave trouble is ahead, unless you take the proper medicine for your disease, as Mrs. John A. Young, of Clay, N. Y. did. She says: "I had neuralgia of the liver and stomach, my heart was weakened, and I could not eat. I was very bad for a long time, but in Electric Bitters, I found just what I needed, for they quickly relieved and cured me." Best medicine for weak women. Sold under guarantee by Water Power Co. at 50c. a bottle.—Adv.

Poisons in Food.

Perhaps you don't realize that many pain poisons originate in your food, but some day you may feel a twinge of dyspepsia that will convince you. Dr. King's New Life Pills are guaranteed to cure all sickness due to poisons in undigested food—or money back. 25c. at Water Power Co.'s store. Try them.—Adv.

LOCAL NEWS NOTES.

DOINGS OF A WEEK AT THE COUNTY CAPITAL.

Short, Breezey Paragraphs, Personal and Otherwise, Gathered by Record Representatives, and Bunched Together for Quick Reading.

Bibo's Jumbo Cigars are better than ever.—Adv.

This has been a dreary week of sleet, slush, slips and slides.

Up to and including Wednesday there had been thirty-seven snowstorms this Winter.

Mrs. James Hoover fell on the ice Tuesday and broke her right arm in two places.

Electric bulbs and supplies at Pratt's.—Adv.

Gov. Stokes has appointed Messrs. J. A. Lambert and Roy E. Beach Notaries Public.

Ice cream, all flavors in season, fancy cakes, fancy confections and cut flowers at Veal's Opera House next Saturday night.

Mrs. William Rogers is nursing a sprained wrist sustained last Monday by a fall on the ice covered sidewalk near her home.

Phonograph supplies of all kinds at Pratt's.—Adv.

Tickets for the annual bake bean supper for the benefit of the May's Landing Base Ball Association will be placed on sale Monday.

The apportionment of school monies just announced shows that this County will receive $148,027 from the State School Fund.

Well driving and pump repairing by Pratt.—Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Newcomb are among the prize poultry fanciers of this community. They have already over one hundred young chickens.

A number of citizens have deposited money, it is said to the extent of several thousands of dollars, with the Stoney Cotton Company for investment. Look out!

A Cottage Prayer Meeting will be held this Saturday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Leech. Rev. G. W. Ridout, Pastor of the M. E. Church will conduct the service.

Imported and domestic cigars and tobaccos at Pratt's.—Adv.

By a unanimous vote of the Official Board of the M. E. Church Rev. George W. Ridout has been extended a call to the Pastorate of the church of that denomination here for the third year.

The members of the Order United American Mechanics will attend the M. E. Church in a body to-morrow evening in observance of Lincoln's birthday. Rev. George W. Ridout, Pastor, will preach a sermon appropriate to the occasion.

The Ladies of the Union Cemetery Aid Society will meet at the store of Morse & Co. on Wednesday afternoon, 15th inst. at 3 o'clock. Business of importance into come before the meeting and a full attendance of members is requested.

The annual meeting of the lotholders of Union Cemetery for the election of three trustees for terms of three years each was held Tuesday evening and the following were re-elected: Messrs. C. E. Rape, Clark W. Abbott and M. C. Joslyn.

Remember, you can get hats made and trimmed to order. Also a few bargains in stock hats at Austin's Milliinery.—Adv.

The smallpox scare at the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, Pa. is a thing of the past. Messrs. Chalmers and Chester Crist, sons of Rev. I. B. Crist, are students at the college and were among the hundreds who were quarantined for a number of days.

Keep in mind the day—Saturday—and date—February 18th—and place—Veal's Opera House—for the annual baked bean supper to be given for the benefit of the May's Landing Base Ball Supper. Supper will be served from 5 to 8 p. m. Adv. Adv. Adv

WHAT'S THE USE OF SAYING "GIVE ME A 5-CENT CIGAR," WHEN BY ASKING FOR A : :

"CREMO"

YOU GET THE BEST 5-CENT CIGAR IN AMERICA

"The World's Largest Seller"

A WOMAN WHO SWORE.

And Her Oath Proved of Much Material Value to Her Husband.

A party of married men were talking about their wives, and it is worthy of note that every man was glad he had a wife, and was anxious to tell of her good points.

"I never heard my wife swear but once," said one of them when there seemed to be a lull in the praise meeting.

All the others looked shocked. If any of them had ever heard their wives swear, they were not telling it, and they resented the frankness of the one man who was apparently betraying family secrets. But the man did not regard the bad impression he had created.

"And that," he continued, in the same tone, "was away back yonder, thirty years or more ago, when the oil excitement in Pennsylvania agitated the whole country. I owned a farm up there that I had taken for a debt of a thousand dollars, not because it was worth that much, but because it was all I could get. My business was very small then, and a thousand dollars represented the bulk of my capital. I had been married five years, and my wife was the very best investment I had ever made. One day I received word that oil had been struck on the farm adjoining mine, and right away I proceeded to go crazy, just as everybody else did when oil showed up anywhere in their neighborhood. My wife showed signs, too, but she kept her wits about her. Inside of a week I began to get offers for my farm, and I got crazier every time there came an offer higher than the one before it. It went up like a balloon at first, until the figures got away up, and then the smaller bidders dropped out. At last an offer of $100,000 came from the representative of a company that I knew was worth two or three millions."

"'Let it go, John,' said my wife when I told her of this offer.

"'I guess not,' said I; 'if it's worth a hundred thousand to them, it's worth a hundred thousand to me.'

"'I tell you to let it go,' said my wife, as firm as a post in the ground.

"'Not much,' said I. 'I'll get two hundred thousand.'

"She pulled down her apron with a jerk, a peculiarity of hers when she meant business.

"'You're getting a hundred times more for it than you gave,' said she, 'and you never expected to make $100,000 in 100,000 years, and you know it.'

"'But I'll make a good deal more than that now,' I insisted, and started back to my desk to write a letter declining the offer.

"'John Martin,' said she, 'don't be a d——d fool!'

"And I wasn't," concluded the narrator, "for I accepted the hundred-thousand-dollar offer, and it was ninety thousand more than the company ever got off the farm, for the oil didn't seem to run that way."—New Lippincott.

How Fast Things Go.

A mathematician has compiled the following list of speeds a second: The snail, one-half inch; a man walking, 4 feet; a fast runner, 23 feet; a fly, 24 feet; fast skater, 38 feet; a carrier pigeon, 87 feet; locomotive, sixty miles an hour, 88 feet; swallows, 220 feet; the worst cyclone known, 380 feet; the Krakatoa wave, at the volcanic catastrophe of Aug. 27, 1893, in the Sunda Islands, 940 feet; the surface of the globe on sea level at the equator, 1,500 feet; the moon, 3,250 feet; the sun, 5½ miles; the earth, 18 miles; Holley's comet in the perihelion, 235 miles; electric current on telegraph wires, 7,000 miles; induction current, 11,040 miles; electric current in copper wire armatures, 21,000 miles; light, 180,000 miles; discharge of a Leyden jar through copper wire one-sixteenth of an inch in diameter, 277,100 miles, which is said to have been the highest velocity measured.

Picking Pockets with Toes.

The Gauchos, or dwellers in the extensive plains of Buenos Ayres, are marvelously dexterous with both hands and feet. Many of them have acquired through long practice such skill in using their toes as if they were fingers that they can fling the lasso and even pick pockets with them. Some time ago a Frenchman who was fishing in one of the rivers of Buenos Ayres was warned to be on his guard against the light-fingered natives. He forthwith kept a vigilant watch on his companions, but nevertheless one day when his attention was closely riveted on his float a wily Gaucho drew near and delicately inserting his foot, extracted the Frenchman's hooks and other valuables from his pocket.—Boston Transcript.

Prince Tuan's Canaries.

Prince Tuan's opposition to European ideas is of the bitterest character, and his only trace of western civilization consists of a few dozen canaries which he has imported and placed in his well-kept gardens. He is a diplomat of the first rank, and it was through his intriguing that in the war with the Japanese the Chinese fleet was brought so late into action, resulting in its total defeat, and thus confirming Tuan's assertions to the empress dowager that European inventions were worthless.—Stockholm Dagblad.

His Facial Furrow.

Mr. Billson, between whose lower lip and chin there was an unusually deep wrinkle, spoke impatiently to the barber.

"Haven't you got my face shaved yet?" he asked.

"Not quite, sir," said the barber apologetically, "I haven't dug your ditch yet."—Chicago Tribune.

Extraordinary Consideration.

"Why don't you make your husband promise never to bet on a horse race?"

"Because," answered young Mrs. Torkins, "Charlie has regrets enough without burdening his conscience with broken promises."—Washington Star.

Some actors become tramps because they get hungry at times.

Whipping the devil round the stump only makes a deeper track for sin to travel in.

A WINTER MORN.

A winter morn: The snow lies white—
Earth's garments, woven in the night,
Above the purple wooded hills
The sun steals up and softly spills
Adown the vale his golden light.

Like phantoms of the azure height
Frail cloud-forms in their filmy flight
Seem gazing on the grace that fills
A winter morn.

Athwart the land in vesture bright
The river seeks its course to write.
Hushed are the brooks whose vernal trills
Shall wake the golden daffodils
To happy fields that now invite
A winter morn.
—National Magazine.

A LETTER AND ITS RESULT.

"SO that's the way the land lies, is it?" asked Ivy Lyle.

The sensitive face under the big, rose-lined sunhat was very white. Her lips quivered a little. The hands that held the vagrant sheet trembled.

"I thought," said the girl to herself, "I hadn't begun to care—in that way. I was only becoming—attracted. But the shock—the disillusion——"

When she had started out an hour ago for her usual brisk morning walk along the crisp, shelving sands, she had been one of the most indifferent, light-hearted of girls. She was done with college and the two years of foreign travel that had succeeded school as a sort of polishing process. She had perfect health, and misty dreams of all the veiled future held in its keeping. She had esthetic tastes, and her skill in athletic sports was the admiration of her less vigorous girl friends. She had been having a beautiful time down at this gay, unconventional resort on the Michigan coast. And now—well, temporarily it seemed that her pleasure was spoiled.

And in her heart she knew that she must have been beginning to think too much of the man whose attentions to her had been so marked, or else this discovery would not so affect her. Sitting to rest and watch the white-crested waves come curling up to break on the border of the lake like threads of rarest lace, her attention had been caught by a small, white, whirling object that at first sight she had taken for a bird. It had whisked lower and nearer. Then it floated so close she could put out her hand and grasp it, and she found it was a sheet of note paper covered with diminutive chirography. It was written on the stationery of the fashionable hotel looming up on the dunes behind her. At first she had been about to crumple it up and cast it aside. But in the very act of doing so a name—her own name—met her eye.

Even then she hesitated. But the three words were so significant she must know their writer's full meaning. The page was the continuation of a letter. And the first three words at the top of the page were "—love Ivy Lyle!" Impulsively, giving herself no chance to weigh the niceties of honor in the balance, she scanned the page.

"—love Ivy Lyle. I've fought against it—for I can't afford to marry her, as you know. But she has rather swept me off my feet, old chap! At first I was taken with her innocent beauty. There was no one at this big hostelry to compare with her for good looks. So I let myself drift. I thought she was just a dear little country girl, and that it would be easy to say a sentimental farewell when the summer was over. You know what these warm-weather flirtations amount to. So I've been going to see her steadily and taking her everywhere. We've gone dancing and swimming and boating and all the rest of it. And—by Jove! for all she's mighty quiet, I've come to find out she's not the typical little country girl at all. She's well read and traveled, though she seemed rather aghast when she let that fact out. And she looks at a fellow in a cool, apprising sort of way that makes him feel pretty cheap—if his spoken thoughts are not quite up to her white standard. But she's not really in the social swim. She's a native, I take it. It's been hard to pin her down to any confidence about herself. She lives with a very dragon of an aunt at a farmhouse on the edge of town. She wears her cotton dresses and shade hats in a way that takes the shine out of women up at the hotel, but I've never seen her sport any of the swell clothes they wear to the hops here. Oh, confound it! What's the use of my mooning away to you at this rate? I've got to go away and try to forget her before it's too late.

"Damaris Chase and her father are to be here this week, they tell me. And she's the girl the heads of both our houses expect me to marry! She may have the good taste to refuse me—and I almost hope she will. She's a great heiress, and the consolidation of the business interests would be a capital thing; but, oh, hang me if I thought it would be so hard to get that little girl's sweet face out of my heart. I must do the sensible thing, and go in for the twenty thousand a year. Lord! but I'm sorry for those poor devils of kings who have to wed for reasons of state. I feel disgustingly like one of them. I'm sleepy. Good night—I'll finish this in the morning. Ten to one I dream of Ivy Lyle!"

It needed no signature. The writer was easily recognized. She crumpled the paper tightly in her hand and thrust it into the blouse of her gown as a rapid, heavy step came crunching down the beach. That step had become too pleasantly familiar. Could he have known the sheet had been whisked out of his room? Had he seen it blown down to the beach?

"Good morning, Miss Lyle!" He flung himself down beside her. His handsome, boyish face looked strained and set, as though insomnia had claimed it. "You're out early. Will you go rowing with me to-day up to Clear Springs?"

"I—I can't!" she faltered.

"And won't you come up Black River to-day?" entreatingly, almost tenderly. "It may be the last time!"

He was planning—planning. Oh, that cruel, cruel letter! But—the last time, he had said.

She flung up her head and smiled at him. "Yes, I will go!" she said.

They were very gay that afternoon, almost recklessly so. They had luncheon at the inn near the springs, and floated back between the wooded banks just as the day was closing. When they came to parting at the clump of lilac bushes in the lane that led to the farmhouse Jack Ardsley leaned forward and looked into her eyes.

"Dear," he said, "I love you! I love you, and I can't let you go out of my life—ever! You don't know much of me, Ivy, but—will you be my wife?"

"What," she faltered, "what about Damaris Chase?"

He took her shaking hands and held them fast.

"Who in the world has been telling you of her? I've never seen her, but our fathers have vast interests in common, and have been anxious to arrange a match. I don't say I didn't think of being complaisant. Darling, some time I may get up courage to tell you how near I came to being a paltry coward—how desperately I tried to make myself think I could do without you. But I cannot, and that is all there is to it. If you can endure being poor with me for a few years, I'll work so hard at my profession to give you everything that I shall be sure to win."

She had not been mistaken in letting herself love him, then. For she did love him—she did. And she had known it all the while. She lifted her happy flushed face.

"I will be a good wife to you, dear," she promised. And he kissed her on the lips.

That night when he sought her at the dance at the inn he stood amazed. That lovely lady in the snowy shimmering gown his demure little country lassie! How superbly she carried herself. And those diamonds around her white throat were worth a fortune. She smiled up at his amazed countenance.

"Aunt Agatha and I do not wish to be bothered with attentions," she whispered, "so we've been living incognito. I expected my father to-night and dressed to do him, and you," sweetly, "what honor I could. You will pardon me," as she signed for a boy who had brought her a telegram, and broke the seal of the message. "Detained," she read. "Will be with you to-morrow."

She handed Ardsley the yellow slip. It was signed "Jasper E. Chase," and it was addressed to "Miss Damaris Chase!"

"That," she said, "is my name."

"Ivy!" he gasped.

"Damaris Ivy Lyle Chase! You poor boy! Come out on the balcony; they are staring at us.'

"Come—you base deceiver!"—San Francisco Call.

HOLBEIN AND TITIAN.

To One the World Was a Toilsome Pilgrimage, to the Other a Pageant.

The genius of Holbein also blossomed early. In 1515, when he was 18 years old, he moved from Augsburg, where he was born, to Basel, the center of learning, whose boast was that every house in it contained at least one learned man. In 1520 he was admitted to citizenship at Basel and to membership in the painters' guild; good proof, as he was only 23, of his unusual ability.

But the times were lean ones for the painter. Holbein found himself in need of money, and accordingly set out for London with a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas More, the King's chancellor.

"Master Haunce," as the English called him, arrived in England toward the close of 1526. During this first visit to England he painted portraits of many of the leading men of the day. But two years later, in consequence of an outbreak of the plague, he returned to Basel, only to be driven back to England in 1531 by poverty and the death of his old friends.

By 1537 Holbein had come to the notice of Henry VIII., and was established as court painter, a position which he held until his death. This seems to have occurred during another visitation of the plague in 1543; for at this date knowledge of the great artist ceases. When he died or where he was buried is not known.

What a contrast between his life and Titian's! One the favorite, and the other the sport of fortune. For though the greatness of both was recognized by the men of their time, Titian lived a life of sumptuous ease in the beautiful surroundings of Venice, while Holbein, often straitened for money, never wealthy, experienced the rigor of poverty; forced by need and circumstances to become an alien in a strange land, dying unnoticed and unhonored.

The world to Titian was a pageant, to Holbein a scene of toil and pilgrimage.—St. Nicholas.

Suffering from a Painful Error.

Christian Science Mother—Eleanor, what is the matter?

"Oh, mamma, I got a terrible error wind in my stomach."—Life.

Faint Spells

are very often attributed to biliousness and the stomach is treated to cathartics.

That's wrong.

Faint spells are often accompanied by biliousness, but you will also notice shortness of breath, asthmatic breathing, oppressed feeling in chest, weak or hungry spells, which are all early symptoms of heart weakness.

Don't make the mistake of treating the stomach when the heart is the source of the trouble.

Dr. MILES' NEW HEART CURE

will strengthen the nerves and muscles of the heart, and the fainting spells, together with all other heart troubles, will disappear.

"Four years ago I was very low with heart trouble, could hardly walk. One day I had a fainting spell, and thought I would die. Soon after I began using Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, and after taking three bottles I feel that I am cured."—MRS. EFFIE CLOUGH, Ellsworth Falls, Maine.

The first bottle will benefit. If it fails, the druggist will give you a guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Address Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.

AN OLD MAN'S TRIBUTE.

An Ohio Fruit Raiser, 78 Years Old, Cured of a Terrible Case After Ten Years of Suffering.

Sidney Justus, fruit dealer, of Mentor, Ohio, says: "I was cured by Doan's Kidney Pills of a severe case of kidney trouble, of eight or ten years' standing. I suffered the most severe backache and other pains in the region of the kidneys. These were especially severe when stooping to lift anything, and often I could hardly straighten my back. The aching was bad in the daytime, but just as bad at night, and I was always lame in the morning. I was bothered with rheumatic pains and dropsical swelling of the feet. The urinary passages were painful, and the secretions were discolored and so free that often I had to rise at night. I felt tired all day. Half a box served to relieve me, and three boxes effected a permanent cure."

SIDNEY JUSTUS.

A TRIAL FREE—Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cts.

Women in Our Hospitals

Appalling Increase in the Number of Operations Performed Each Year—How Women May Avoid Them.

Going through the hospitals in our large cities one is surprised to find such a large proportion of the patients lying on those snow-white beds women and girls, who are either awaiting or recovering from serious operations.

Why should this be the case? Simply because they have neglected themselves. Ovarian and womb troubles are certainly on the increase among the women of this country—they creep upon them unawares, but every one of those patients in the hospital beds had plenty of warning in that bearing-down feeling, pain at left or right of the womb, nervous exhaustion, pain in the small of the back, leucorrhœa, dizziness, flatulency, displacements of the womb or irregularities. All of these symptoms are indications of an unhealthy condition of the ovaries or womb, and if not heeded the penalty has to be paid by a dangerous operation. When these symptoms manifest themselves, do not drag along until you are obliged to go to the hospital and submit to an operation—but remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved thousands of women from surgical operations.

When women are troubled with irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation, weakness, leucorrhœa, displacement or ulceration of the womb, that bearing-down feeling, inflammation of the ovaries, backache, bloating (or flatulency), general debility, indigestion, and nervous prostration, or are beset with such symptoms as dizziness, lassitude, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, melancholy, "all-gone" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feelings, they should remember there is one tried and true remedy.

The following letters cannot fail to bring hope to despairing women.

Mrs. Fred Seydel, 412 N. 54th Street, West Philadelphia, Pa., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I was in a very serious condition when I wrote to you for advice. I had a serious womb and ovarian trouble and I could not carry a child to maturity, and was advised that an operation was my only hope of recovery. I could not bear to think of going to the hospital, so wrote you for advice. I did as you instructed me, and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; and I am not only a well woman to-day, but have a beautiful baby girl six months old. I advise all sick and suffering women to write you for advice, as you have done so much for me."

Miss Ruby Mushrush, of East Chicago, Ind., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—

"I have been a great sufferer with irregular menstruation and ovarian trouble, and about three months ago the doctor, after using the X-Ray on me, said I had an abscess on the ovaries and would have to have an operation. My mother wanted me to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as a last resort, and it not only saved me from an operation but made me entirely well."

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound at once removes such troubles. Refuse to buy any other medicine, for you need the best.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. Her advice and medicine have restored thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Succeeds Where Others Fail.

Reason and Its Lack.

Cholly—"But—aw—why do you say you don't like my face?"

Miss Pert—"Because."

Cholly—"Ah! but that's not a pwoper answer; there's no reason in that."

Miss Pert—"Well, there's none in your face, either."—Philadelphia Press.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Didn't Need Money.

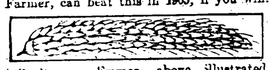
Dixon—"How is your artist friend getting along in New York?"

Tomson—"Oh, splendidly!"

Dixon—"Have you heard from him?"

Tomson—"No; that's the reason I know he's prospering."—Detroit Free Press.

The U. S. Dept. of Agriculture gives to Salzer's Oats its heartiest endorsement. Salzer's New National Oats yielded in 1904 from 150 to 300 bu. per acre in 30 different States, and you, Mr. Farmer, can beat this in 1905, if you will.



Speltz or Emmer, above illustrated, gives 80 bushels grain and four tons hay besides per acre. It's wonderful. Salzer's seeds are pedigree seeds, bred up through careful selection to big yields.

	Per Acre.
Salzer's Beardless Barley yielded	121 bu.
Salzer's Home Builder Corn...	300 bu.
Speltz and Macaroni Wheat....	80 bu.
Salzer's Victoria Rape.....	60,000 lbs.
Salzer's Teosinte Fodder.....	160,000 lbs.
Salzer's Billion Dollar Grass...	50,000 lbs.
Salzer's Pedigree Potatoes.....	1,000 bu.

Now such yields pay and you can have them, Mr. Farmer, in 1905.

SEND 10c IN STAMPS

and this notice to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., and you will get their big catalog and lots of farm seed samples free. [A. C. L.]

There are 2,500,000 acres of cork forests in Algeria.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

London society women are forming "prayer circles."

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders For Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

In China and India the finest tea costs only six or eight cents a pound.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on box. 25c.

The cellar in the Bank of France resembles a large warehouse.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c. a bottle.

Galalith, or "milk-stone," is being much used for decorating.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.

Two out of every 1000 of Russia's people are sightless.

A Guaranteed Cure For Piles. Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Druggists will refund money if Pazo Ointment fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 50c.

Fifteen war vessels are under construction in the docks of Germany.

GRATEFUL TO CUTICURA

For Instant Relief and Speedy Cure of Raw and Scaly Humor, Itching Day and Night—Suffered For Months.

"I wish you would publish this letter so that others suffering as I have may be helped. For months awful sores covered my face and neck, scabs forming, itching terribly day and night, breaking open and running blood and matter. I had tried many remedies, but was growing worse when I started with Cuticura. The first application gave me instant relief, and when I had used two cakes of Cuticura Soap and three boxes of Cuticura [illegible] I was cured. This was [illegible] Cuticura [illegible] Mrs. [illegible]

NATURE A KIND MOTHER.

Some of the Curious Methods by Which She Mends Animal Injuries.

How many weak and timid creatures there are in the world, with neither teeth and claws for their protection, armor for their defense, nor speed with which to escape their enemies! One can hardly understand why they have not all been killed and eaten up long ago. Nature is, however, kinder to these poor animals than she seems; for if she has left them defenseless against attack, she has given them a marvelous power of recovery from injuries.

When a tiny lizard has to scamper for his life in search of a crack in the rock, he often has "so close a call" that his pursuer snaps off his tail just as he whisks into safety. A lose like this would kill most larger animals, but not the little lizard. He simply waits round quietly until a new tail grows, and then is as well off as before, except that the new tail has a flexible rod of cartilage where the old one had a backbone.

If an earthworm happens to be retiring to his hole when a robin is out looking for breakfast, there is apt to be a lively tug of war between the eater and the breakfast. Not infrequently the bird gets the tail end of the worm, while the other half crawls away into safety. Not even a lizard could survive such treatment as this, but the earthworm is, in ability to recover from injuries, almost as much superior to the lizard as the lizard is to us. He grows a new half-body to replace the one which has been devoured, and seems to mind his loss no more than a boy minds having his hair cut.

There are, besides, some snail-like water-worms which quite outdo the earthworm in bearing up against misfortune. If one of these chances to lose his entire head, in a week or so—sometimes in only four or five days—he grows a new one, brain, eyes, and all, and is as well off as ever. Even if a hungry fish gets two bites at him, so that he loses both head and tail, the worm can patch himself out with new members and go about his business as before. They have even been known to get divided into two pieces about equal in size, and each piece grow a new half-body, so that there were two entire worms in place of one.

After this it will easily be guessed that if the head end of the worm happens to be split half way down he will grow two new sides and become Y-shaped with two heads. Or if the tail end is split new sides grow and a two-tailed worm is made. Sometimes one or two new heads develop close behind the old one in the angle of the Y. Indeed, the little creature seems to have a sort of mania for making new heads and tails wherever he finds a chance. If, therefore, the worm, after receiving several wounds, manages to escape with his life from the cuts which happen to open forward, little heads grow out, and from those opening backward little tails—no doubt greatly to his embarrassment.

But what of the cut-off heads and tails? Do they make new bodies and become whole animals again? Not usually. The severed head seems to become confused, so that it does not know what to do. If it lives it is most apt to produce another head like itself, and change into two heads placed neck to neck so that they look in opposite directions. So, too, the severed tail, equally foolish, doubles itself and becomes two useless tails growing end to end.

But isn't this really quite impossible? A head or a tail or even a half-body cannot get food. If it cannot eat it cannot grow; and that is all there is about it. Well, it is true that a fragment cannot eat. But still it can make the new part out of its own tissue. So the animal keeps getting smaller as it becomes more nearly complete, until, when the new part is finished, the whole body may be no more than the tenth part of its proper size. The reconstructed animals are therefore forced to begin life over again like young worms. In time, however, they grow up to full size. When a head and makes a new head [illegible] or a tail, or a tail makes a new [illegible] head. The little crown [illegible]

NOVEL USE FOR PAPER.

Recently Employed for Making Guns, Houses, Pavements and Yachts.

In the rebuilding of the King of Korea's palace, which was recently destroyed by fire, papier mache will be solely employed. To obtain a sufficient quantity for the purpose there has been engaged a staff of 1,000 Koreans possessed of strong teeth for chewing up paper.

At Savinoroeko, in Russia, is a paper house, says the London Tit-Bits. It has been entirely built of blocks of papier mache, even the foundations and roof being made from that material. So, too, are the chimneys, although the paper used in their construction was first mingled with a fireproof material. The house, which is of considerable extent, will, in the opinion of its architect, outlast such as are built of stone and brick, and will cost over £8,000.

In certain towns of Russia, too, the experiment is now being made of utilizing paper for paving the roads and streets. In this case also blocks compressed to great solidity are employed, and are said to stand excellently the wear and tear of traffic. The cost, however, is at present too great to permit anything like their universal adoption. For courtyards of mansions and similar purposes where expense need not be of much consideration, paper pavement, it is averred, will soon come into vogue.

Out of the sheets of an Australian daily paper an ingenious Viennese engineer has lately constructed for his own use a small yacht, fifteen feet long, decked all over and provided with a centerboard. In the making of the hull, deck, masts, sails and rudder several thousand copies of the journal were used—each plank requiring no fewer than 2,500 leaves—and enormous pressure had to be employed before the necessary solidity could be obtained. The inventor has already made several excursions on the Woerth See, and even in squally weather his boat is said to have behaved admirably.

The late Henry Krupp completed, a few months before his death, a number of paper field pieces. These unique guns, which were made to the order of the German government, are intended for the exclusive use of the infantry. Their caliber is very small, being, indeed, less than two inches and so light are they that a single soldier can, unaided, shoulder one with ease. Despite their small weight, however, the resistance is greater than that of a steel field piece of the same caliber.

Germany, too, can boast itself the pioneer in a dental novelty, viz., in paper teeth, which are constructed from paper pulp instead of from the porcelain or other material usually employed. They are said to have given satisfaction to such as have ventured on their use, for not only do they keep their color well, but, not being brittle, are much less liable to chip than the ordinary false teeth. They are likewise guaranteed to be very durable.

THE PANTHEON.

It Has Withstood the Vicissitudes of Over Twenty Centuries.

The Pantheon is the most interesting of all the interesting places of Rome. It was used for its present purpose as a place of religious worship before the foundations of the Coliseum were laid. Its huge doors have opened to admit the great ones of the earth, from Augustus Caesar to Napoleon, an assertion that will scarcely be disputed.

It stands in the very heart of old Rome, and the vicissitudes which have befallen the Eternal City during the 2,000 years of its existence have left it practically unchanged. The gilded bronze that lined its roof has been carried off to "decorate" St. Peter's, where, in the form of clouds and Cupids, cords and curtains, it fills the beholder with displeased amazement.

Its tiles of bronze and gold were removed to Constantinople 1,500 years ago, and the statues which adorned it have long since perished. But the mighty walls yet stand, firm as ever, sweeping up to the majestic dome the largest, though not the highest, in the world.

One hundred feet across, a hundred feet high and perfectly circular, no architect could design a building more perfect in its proportions, more harmonious as a whole. It is lighted solely by an aperture in the dome, a circle thirty feet across. Standing on its marble floor one looks up to the greatest dome man ever raised and through that to the blue dome which bends above it, sending summer sun or winter rain through those bare yards of space.

The effect is so impressive, so entirely unmatched and unrivaled, that the dullest of hearts and most untaught of minds must perforce acknowledge its influence. A man may think St. Peter's "disappointing," may condemn the Coliseum as barbaric or decide that he does not care for the catacombs, but every man who has viewed it has been impressed, even to the pitch of fearful silence, by the Pantheon.

The huge leaves of the bronze door revolve on their mighty hinges as they have done since the days of the Caesars, and so perfectly balanced are they that a woman's wrist can unclose them. Through those doors they carried Julia, Caesar's daughter, with all the pomp of her imperial power about her. And after the lapse of twenty centuries King Humbert was brought across the selfsame threshold to sleep his last sleep in the ancient place.

Michelangelo's Work.

Michelangelo relied almost entirely upon form—the form of the figure and of the draperies. He told Pope Julian II., when the latter requested him to paint the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, that he was not a painter, but a sculptor; yet, after he had shut himself up for four years—from 1508 to 1512—and the scaffold was removed, a result had been achieved which is without parallel in the world. Very wonderful is the work which Michelangelo spread over this vast area of 10,000 square feet. The fact that there are 343 principal figures, many of colossal size, besides a great number of others introduced for decorative effect, and that the creator of this vast scheme was only thirty-three when he began his work—all this is marvelous, prodigious, and yet not so marvelous as the variety of expression in the figures of, which Jeremiah is only one figure, in a small side arch.—St. Nicholas.

A silent man often has a reputation for knowing about ten times as much as he does know.

BISHOP OWES HEALTH AND LIFE TO PE-RU-NA.

Ministers of All Denominations Join in Recommending Pe-ru-na to the People.

Public speaking especially exposes the throat and bronchial tubes to catarrhal affections.

Breathing the air of crowded assemblies, and the necessary exposure to night air which many preachers must face, makes catarrh especially prevalent among their class.

Peruna has become justly popular among them.

BISHOP L. H. HALSEY.

The Friends of Pe-ru-na.

Despite the prejudices of the medical profession against proprietary medicines, the clergy have always maintained a strong confidence and friendship for Peruna.

They have discovered by personal experience that Peruna does all that is claimed for it.

The Bishop's Strong Tribute to Pe-ru-na.

L. H. Halsey, Bishop C. M. E. Church, Atlanta, Ga., writes:

"I have found Peruna to be a great remedy for catarrh. *I have suffered with this terrible disease for more than twenty years,* until since I have been using Peruna, which has relieved me of the trouble.

"I have tried many remedies and spent a great deal of hard-earned money for them, *but I found nothing so effectual in the cure of catarrh as the great medicine, Peruna.*

"*I feel sure that Peruna is not only a triumph of medical science, but it is also a blessing to suffering humanity.*

"Every individual who suffers with respiratory diseases will find Peruna a magnificent and sovereign remedy."—L. H. Halsey, Bp. C. M. E. Church.

Peruna is the most prompt and sure remedy for catarrh that can be taken.

Many a preacher has been able to meet his engagements only because he keeps on hand a bottle of Peruna, ready to meet any emergency that may arise.

We have on file many letters of recommendation like the one given above. We can give our readers only a slight glimpse of the vast number of grateful letters Dr. Hartman is constantly receiving in praise of his famous catarrh remedy, Peruna.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

THE walls of Jericho do not fall before men who blow their own horns.

The devil's jingling finds echo only in empty heads.

If every ear were deaf to scandal every tongue would soon be dumb.

The windows of heaven are not often opened on a wide-open town.

We seldom look to God for the Water of Life until some other springs have dried.

When a man really has free salvation he is always willing to give free service.

It is better to live one verse of the Bible than to be able to preach about them all.

The ability to preach sermons may be quite different from the ability to reach souls.

A man is not called upon to prove his faith in Divine Providence by his personal improvidence.

Some men are so busy solving the labor problem that they have no time to earn their own living.

The church that runs behind on the preacher's salary is not likely to run ahead on spiritual power.

Native Dress in Tibet.

The native dress of Tibet consists essentially of a very wide gown five and a half feet long, with long sleeves, tightened in at the waist and gathered up so as not to fall below the ankles of the men of quality, or the townsmen, nor below the knees of the common people, who have much walking and work to do. Thus gathered up, the gown puffs out at the breast, forming a huge pocket. At night the wearer lets it fall and is thus wrapped up from his ears to his feet, as in a bed. Tibetan women wear the same gown—it is called a "chuba"—letting it hang down to the ankle. Their dress varies according to the locality to which they belong.

Got What He Was After.

"Did he marry for money?"

"Yes."

"And did he get it?"

"He did. I understand she makes him a cash allowance of $2.50 a week."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

She Was Going.

Hoax—My wife went out to shop today and lost a pocketbook containing $20. Joax—Did she lose it going to the stores or coming back? Hoax—Going. I said there was money in it, didn't I?—Philadelphia Record.

Giving the Cut Direct.

Maudie—Have you seen Millie since she came back to town?

Noodles—Yaas.

Maudie—How did she look?

Noodles—The other way.—Ally Sloper.

It sometimes happens that a father knows almost as much as his son.

She Knows

A wife recognizes a good husband by the kind and quantity of life insurance he carries. Kind the best; quantity, $10,000, in the

PENN MUTUAL LIFE

921 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Send for (free) descriptive booklets. We do business through correspondence.

10,000 Plants for 16c.

Many gardens and farms are planted to Salzer's Seeds than any other in America. There is reason for this. We grow over 1,500 acres for the production of our warranted seeds. In order to induce you to try them, we will make you the following unprecedented offer:

For 16 Cents Postpaid

10 Pkgs. Radish, Radish and Lettuce Collection.
" Fine Early Turnips.
" Winter Celery.
" Rich Early Lettuce.
" Sweet Peas.
" Rare Lettuce Radishes.
" Gloriously Brilliant Flowers.

Above seven packages contain enough seed to grow 3,000 plants, for picking bushels of beautiful blossoms and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our mammoth catalog of all about Farming, Garden, Small Fruits, etc., all for 16c in stamps and this notice. The 116-page catalog alone, 5c.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

FOR SIXTY YEARS MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

Has been used by millions of mothers for their children while Teething for over Sixty years. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Twenty-five Cents a Bott'e.

6 1448

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

SURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

RIPANS TABULES are the best known remedy for the human race, and have proved a blessing to millions of them have been sold in a single year. Constipation, headaches, sick headache, dizziness, bad breath, sore throat and every illness arising from a disordered stomach are relieved or cured by Ripans Tabules. One will generally give relief within twenty minutes. The five-cent package is enough for an ordinary occasion. All druggists sell them.

If afflicted with weak eyes, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

Limitations of Linguists.

The great linguists have never been great, save in their specialty. No great linguist was also great as an author. The ability to learn languages does not seem to co-exist with talent in other lines.

Some men possess the ability to turn their cheeks of brass into pots of gold.

The Great Nonesuch Remedy

ST. JACOBS OIL

The old monk cure, strong, straight, sure, has for a large part of a century battled with and conquered

Aches and Pains

the world over. Price 25c. and 50c.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYE