

ROSSLYN APOLOGIZES

Cowardice Charges Against British Soldiers Withdrawn.

ROBERTS REPORTS MORE FIGHTING

Holland Said to Be Willing to Buy Land in German Southwest Africa For Exiled Boers.

LONDON, Nov. 14.—Lord Roberts, in response to an inquiry from the Prince of Wales, has telegraphed authorizing a denial of the charges of cowardice made in Lord Rosslyn's book against British officers in the Sanna's post affair.

Lord Rosslyn, in view of Lord Roberts' denial, has written to the Prince of Wales regretting that he was misinformed and tendering an apology in the following language:

"I owe to the regiments whose honor my publication of a groundless report has called in question the deepest apology and the fullest reparation. I offer it to you, sir, as colonel in chief. I offer it to the colonels of the various regiments. I offer it to every officer, noncommissioned officer and man, and I sincerely trust that this unqualified apology will be accepted in the spirit in which it is offered."

Lord Roberts telegraphs to the war office as follows:

"Rundie reports skirmishes with small parties of Boers in the Harrismith, Reitz and Vrede districts recently. The commands appear to be acting independently and with no object except to give as much annoyance as possible to the British. Our casualties in these skirmishes were two killed and seven wounded.

"Thonglas arrived at Ventersdorp Nov. 11 from Zeerust, capturing during the march 21 prisoners and a quantity of cattle and sheep. Ventersdorp, which has been a depot of supplies for the Boers, will now be cleared out."

"Holland has expressed a willingness," says the Berlin correspondent of the Daily Express, "to purchase on behalf of Mr. Kruger for the exiled Boers a portion of German Southwest Africa."

LIFE SAVING SERVICE.

Superintendent Kimball's Report Shows Very Efficient Work.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 14.—S. I. Kimball, general superintendent of the life saving service, in his annual report to Secretary Gage says that at the close of the fiscal year the establishment embraced 269 stations, 194 being on the Atlantic, 58 on the lakes, 16 on the Pacific and one at the falls of the Ohio, at Louisville.

The number of disasters to documented vessels within the field of operations of the service during the year was 364. There were on board these vessels 2,658 persons, of whom 2,602 were saved and 48 lost. Six hundred and seventy-three shipwrecked persons received succor at the stations, to whom 1,447 days' relief in the aggregate was afforded. The estimated value of the vessels involved in disaster was \$3,127,500 and of their cargoes \$3,342,690, making a total value of property imperiled \$9,470,190. Of this amount \$7,234,690 was saved and \$2,235,500 lost. The number of vessels totally lost was 61.

In addition to the foregoing there were during the year 320 casualties to small craft, such as small yachts, sailboats, rowboats, etc., on board of which were 781 persons, of whom five were lost. The property involved in these instances is estimated at \$267,070, of which \$250,770 was saved and \$16,300 lost.

PARIS EXPOSITION CLOSED.

The Great Fair a Success—Exceptionally Large Attendance.

PARIS, Nov. 13.—The booming of a cannon from the first story of the Eiffel tower yesterday announced that the exposition of 1900 had ceased to exist. It ended in a blaze of illumination, the final evening being celebrated by a night fete. The attendance, however, was small, visitors being kept away by a cold, drizzling rainfall.

Official statistics show that the exposition was a gigantic success from the point of view of attendance, which was double that of the exposition of 1889, when 25,121,975 passed the gates. When the gates of the exposition of 1900 closed last evening, more than 50,000,000 persons had passed through.

Brokers Firm Robbed.

NEW YORK, Nov. 14.—The firm of Grant Bros., brokers, at 45 Broadway, was robbed. The assignment was brought about by the fact that the firm was robbed of large sums of money by two men in whose honesty there had always been absolute confidence. Members of the firm refused absolutely to talk of their troubles and would not even admit that they had been robbed. It is generally known, however, that they have been victimized, and the amount is said to be nearly \$200,000.

Oil Struck in Erie County, N. Y.

BEFFALO, Nov. 14.—Erie county is experiencing the sensation that follows the discovery of oil. The Standard Oil company, it is reported, has struck an oil well near Springville, and the indications are that it is a gusher. Secrecy is observed regarding the strike. For some time it has been asserted that there is oil in this county because of the great number of gas wells that have been discovered. Already speculators are securing leases on land, and large tracts have been contacted for.

Building an Observatory.

KINGSTON, Jamaica, Nov. 13.—Professor Pickering of Harvard university is begun the erection of an observatory at Woodland, near Mandeville, for his Jovian telescope. He hopes to take observations of the planet Eros early in December and will subsequently undertake observations of the moon and Mars, important results are anticipated.

All One Way.

SAN JUAN, Porto Rico, Nov. 9.—The fiscal returns of Tuesday's election are only all at hand from the various parts of the island. They show, as was anticipated and foretold, the election by the Republicans of the entire house of delegates and of Senior Federico Degetau as commissioner to congress.

Four Boys at a Birth.

LEXINGTON, Ky., Nov. 13.—Mrs. Russell Christopher, aged 16, gave birth to four boys at her home in this county, six miles from Irvine. The children were perfectly formed and weighed from five to seven pounds each.

EXPLORERS RETURN.

Arctic Scientific Expedition Secures Important Information.

EDINBURGH, Nov. 10.—It now appears that Dr. Leopold Kann is the only member of his party of arctic scientific exploration who arrived at Dundee on the whaler Eclipse from Davis' strait. Dr. Robert Stein of the United States geological survey decided at the eleventh hour not to come to Scotland, but to await the first opportunity of being landed on the American side. Mr. Samuel Wainwright of Boston preferred to remain at Cape Sabine for a time.

In an interview Dr. Kann gave some interesting details regarding the Peary and Sverdrup expeditions.

"Lieutenant Peary's party," he said, "passed the winter at Etah, on Smith's sound, near the spot where Dr. Hayes had his winter quarters in 1860 and not far from the scene of the Greely disaster. In February and March of this year Fort Magnesia, our winter house at Bedford, on Pym Island, was thrice visited by the members of his expedition. On the first occasion Dr. Hansen's party came, on the second a party under Dr. Doderick and later Lieutenant Peary himself in command of a sledging party.

"He reported that about ten months previously he had met Sverdrup in the Kane basin, north of Smith's sound. From conversations I elicited that some feeling had been engendered between Lieutenant Peary and Sverdrup, the former rather resenting what he considered the latter's intrusion into ground which, for exploring purposes, the American was inclined to regard as his own.

"Sverdrup's party had thoroughly explored the Ellesmere hinterland, mapping out a region that was hitherto a blank on the charts. Many of Sverdrup's flags were seen by us.

"In the course of our hunting expeditions in this great tract of country quantities of musk oxen were found on what seemed to be old and established feeding grounds.

"When the Peary and Sverdrup parties separated, Sverdrup's understood intention was to explore the vast area of land and water in and around Jones' sound beyond Cape Eden. I believe Sverdrup, on the Fram, is now wintering in Jones' sound, and my opinion, which is backed by that of the Dundee whalers, is that it will be impossible for the Fram to come home this year. The autumn has been very tempestuous, and the ice was such as to render navigation next to impossible.

"I am certain that Lieutenant Peary is now wintering at Fort Conger. When I left Cape York on the Eclipse June 9, the Windward was expected to touch there about the middle of July, where orders from Lieutenant Peary which I had brought were left with the Eskimos."

LOST IN BAY OF FUNDY.

Only Four Survivors to Tell of the Monticello's Wreck.

YARMOUTH, N. S., Nov. 12.—The shores of this county for ten miles east and west is strewn with wreckage of the hull and cargo of the steamer City of Monticello, which foundered Saturday morning, and 25 bodies of victims of the disaster have been recovered from the sea, which is still raging with terrific fury. Many people have assembled at Rockville, near where the first body came ashore, and numerous relatives of members of the crew, who nearly all belonged to points on this coast, have arrived to identify the dead.

The first body was found at daylight, when the zinc lifeboat which was supposed by the survivors of the first boat to have been swamped was discovered on the shore.

The fury of the surf is simply appalling in this region.

The total number of people who were on board is now placed at 40.

The four survivors are Captain Smith, a passenger; Third Officer Fleming, Quartermaster Wilson and Stewardess Smith.

The place where the Monticello struck is at the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, where the waters of the bay join those of the Atlantic. There are many reefs and shoals at this spot, and the currents are many and changeable, it being one of the most dangerous places on the coast. The gale kicked up a tremendous sea, and at the time the vessel struck the waves were beating upon the rocks and sending spray hundreds of feet over the land.

Disastrous Fire at Norfolk.

NORFOLK, Nov. 12.—The car sheds and electric plant of the Norfolk Railway and Light company in Huntersville, a suburb of Norfolk, have been totally destroyed by fire. Fifty-two cars and electrical machinery were destroyed.

CHINESE ANTIPATHIES.

They Are Based Upon Some Ancient and Very Powerful Causes.

It should be remembered that the antipathy of Chinese to foreigners from the west has several very ancient and very powerful causes, says ex-Minister Angrell in Atlantic.

Profound differences of belief and of temperament separate the Asiatics generally by a wide chasm from the Europeans. The golden age of the former, all their ideals belong to the remote past. Those of the latter belong to the future. Their economic ideas are far apart. Inventions, machinery, division of labor, belong to the Europeans, and are repelled by the Asiatics. Their religious touching the deepest springs of life are discordant. The western man regards his civilization as so far superior to that of the eastern man that he looks down with a certain contempt on him, a contempt which is cherished to the full by the Tum for "infidel dogs," by the Brahmins for the conquerors of India, by the Chinese for "foreign devils."

But the Chinese have special grievances; the opening of ports and the imposition of obnoxious treaties on them by force, the construction of railways and telegraphs, and the working of mines in such a way as to disturb the graves of ancestors, and to interfere with the feng, shui and thus to bring disaster on the people, and the presence of the unwelcome foreigner not only in the ports, but throughout the interior in the person of the missionary.

Profits of a Convict Mine.

The Tennessee convict coal mine is a paying institution. The profits in the last six months will amount to more than \$100,000.

Saved from Ruin

"I THINK you had better attempt no explanation, Mr. Halbon," the senior partner was saying to me, very quietly. "No," he went on, as I was on the point of interrupting him, "either to excuse or to incriminate yourself. For the sake of your father, who was one of the staunchest and best servants the firm ever possessed, and for the sake of his widow, Mr. Sampson and myself have determined to make his son every allowance. As the matter stands, there is a balance of £97 unaccounted for, and you are the only person who can make it right. If the amount is—ahem!—replaced by this day fortnight, nothing more will be said. But if not—" Then, went on Mr. Sampson, the junior partner, "the firm will require your services no longer. Mr. Halbon. Possibly, for the sake of those whom Mr. Marsh has mentioned, we shall not take any more stringent measures; but, of course, such a dismissal, without reason or references, would be ruin to you. We trust, therefore, that you will be able to rectify the mistake. Good afternoon."

Ruin! That was just the word for it all, and it rang in my ears with terrible significance as I left the presence of the two partners and took my seat at a desk in the office outside. For although they had not named the word, the terrible charge that was staring me in the face was embezzlement. They had discovered it all! Fool that I had been; alas! the duplicate of many. Not half a dozen years out of my teens, with a berth that many an older man might have envied, the under-cashier in the wealthy firm of Marsh & Sampson, of Silkminster, one of the largest houses in the Midlands.

Could I do it? I asked myself the question that night in the solitude of my lodgings. I had been invited out to spend the evening at the house of my fiancée. As! I dared not face her now. So I sat alone in an agony of anxious thought. Time after time I counted out my resources. The utmost I could scrape together was 24 shillings, and, look where I would, I could not see my way to laying my hand on more.

The game was up; that was evident. And out of the situation there grew the desire, stronger and stronger, to get away, anywhere from Silkminster—to London, perhaps—London, whither every fortune-hunter or fortune-loser turns his steps. At length a definite plan took possession of me.

Hastily I packed a few things in my bicycle "hold-all," filled my lamp, knocked at my landlady's door, and said: "I am going for a long ride, Mrs. Smith—to see a friend. He'll be almost sure to ask me to stay the night, so don't expect me till to-morrow evening."

And in another minute I was bowling through the suburbs of Silkminster, until the houses became more and more scattered, the lamp-posts began to disappear, and at length I was out in the open country speeding away on the road that led to London.

Dullminster was now a good five miles behind me, and I had entered upon a stretch of road that was more than usually dreary and secluded. On my right was an open expanse of common, and on my left, on the top of an embankment, the main line of the Great West-Northern railway ran for some two or three miles parallel with the road, a hedge between me and the bottom of the embankment. The momentary flash of a warning red light on a signal-post as I began riding by the side of this embankment set my mind flowing in a new channel. The whole country had recently been aroused to the sense of a terrible danger. The most cold-blooded and dastardly attempts were being made on certain of our great trunk railways to wreck express trains. Some of these attempts were successful, and more than one accident was the result; some were discovered only just in time to prevent an appalling disaster; while others fortunately proved powerless to upset the magnificent engines and trains for which they were intended.

Suddenly as I was riding thus slowly, I happened to glance upward at the railway embankment, and started violently at what I saw. There, outlined against the dim sky, was the figure of a man, now standing, now stooping downward, seemingly doing something to the metals. The situation flashed across me in a moment. It was the train-wrecking fiend at work! Carefully I alighted from my machine, making up my mind the while how to act. The whole thing came as a flood of relief to me. If he were really placing something on the line he was a desperate fellow, and to attack him would be desperate—just the very thing for a man in my mood. And then there came across me another thought. The Great West-Northern had offered £100 reward. What if I should win it? If so, I was saved!

This idea gave me courage as I clambered over the low hedge and crawled stealthily up the embankment. At length my head came on a level with the top. Good! He had seen and heard nothing. There he was stooping down with his back toward me, lashing something with a rope to the down metals. Ten yards separated us. Setting my teeth, I prepared for the attack.

With a spring I was upon him; but too late. He had heard me as soon as I had left the grassy slope and my feet sounded upon the ballast, and in a moment he was on his legs and facing me.

I managed to get in one good blow under his guard with my left hand, which caught him square on the jaw, and with my right hand I seized him by the collar.

"Curse you, let go!" he cried. "Not I," I shouted back. "Then take that!" he replied.

There was a glitter of steel as he raised his right hand aloft and struck at my breast. But I was too quick for him. Half-turning the blow aside, I caught it on the left forearm. I felt the knife slip under my sleeve, and the sharp point as it entered my flesh. That only gave me redoubled fury. Releasing my grip on his collar, I gave his right elbow an upward blow, that sent the knife spinning away out of his hand right down the embankment, and the next instant I had dodged to the left, made a feint of rushing past him, and had tripped him up with a heavy back-throw with my right arm and leg—a dodge which I had picked up during a holiday at Cornwall. He fell, with an oath, striking the back of his head against the rail, and lay there, stunned, like a log. The battle was mine!

But there was more to be done, and no time to be lost. I had to remove the obstructions from the metals and secure my prisoner. I wanted light on the scene. Hastily I dashed down the embankment, took off my bicycle lamp, and hurried back again. Then I saw the extent of his delirium.

He had managed to get three old sleepers, which were probably lying by the side of the track awaiting removal. Two of these he had lashed firmly across the metals, with a space of about a couple of feet between. The third he had been in the act of securing between them, pointing at an angle toward the train, so that it would catch under the bed-plate of the engine and wreck the works. The third sleeper I removed. Then I took the piece of rope he had been about to use, and tied the wretch's arms behind him, lashing his feet together also. Having disposed of him, I was turning my attention to the other two sleepers, when an ominous roar in the distance, in the direction of London, startled me. A train was coming! With a yell of despair, I set to work at those ropes. It was no use. I could not undo them in time. I felt in my pockets—no! I had left my knife at home. Ah! there was the train-wrecker's weapon! Where was it? Alas! it would have taken me too much time to find it in the long grass of the embankment. With horror I glanced ahead. There, in the distance, were two gleaming lights of the approaching train. How could I stop it?

As I asked myself this question I felt something warm trickling from my left arm. I turned my lantern on it. Blood—dripping red blood from the knife-wound, which I had forgotten.

Ah! An inspiration. And with a prayer that it might not be too late, I proceeded to put it into execution. Drawing out my handkerchief, I quickly applied it to my arm. In three or four seconds it was saturated with blood.

I glanced ahead again. Oh! those lights! They were only about half a mile from me now.

Hastily I folded the dripping handkerchief twice or thrice, and stretched it across the face of my bicycle lamp.

Eureka! I held in my hand a red light!

Stumbling, running, leaping, I rushed toward the train, waving my extemporized danger-signal frantically as I did so. The headlights gleamed brighter and brighter, the roar became nearer and nearer. Would they never stop? Ah! A whistle. A shriek in the night as of a startled wild animal. And then a rasping and a grating of brake-blocks, a stream of flying sparks from the rails as the wheels dragged along them, a glare of light in my very face, and a hoarse voice from the foot-plate.

"What's up there? D'ye know you're stopping the Silkminster express?"

"Thank God I have!" I answered. And then for a few minutes all was black—the excitement and the loss of blood were too much for me. When I came to there was a crowd of passengers around me, and they gave me some stimulant.

"Have they got him?" I asked.

"Got him? Aye, we've got him," said the guard, "and we won't let him go in a hurry."

They got my machine from the road, and I traveled in a first-class carriage back to Silkminster. The kindly guard, who had a knowledge of ambulance work, had bound up my wound, which was a very slight one. One of my traveling companions, curiously enough, was a director of the line, and to him I told the story how I had captured the train wrecker. He congratulated me heartily, and told me that the company would certainly pay me the reward.

"Excuse me," I said, "but may I ask for it at once—that is, within this fortnight? The truth is that the money is a godsend to me. It will save me from ruin."

And it did. A week afterward I was able to walk into the partners' office with my books properly balanced. Mr. Marsh shook me by the hand.

"We will not ask," he said, "for any explanation of the mistake or how it has been rectified. We only trust that our method of dealing with you will prevent such a mistake from ever occurring again, for in that case not even such a plucky action as that which you achieved last week—or the result of it—will save you. But now we trust the matter is at an end forever."

And so it was. I do not think the partners will have cause to complain of me again. And the day that I saw Joseph Berch, ex-servant of the Great West-Northern, discharged in disgrace, sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for attempting to wreck the express, I could not help inwardly thanking the wretch for saving me from ruin and giving me back all.—The Strand.

CASTORIA

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THE PRESIDENT AT HOME.

Use of the White House Front Door an Index to Simplicity of Our Public Life.

The use of the front door of the white house tells an impressive story of the simplicity of our republican form of government. In and out this one portal go the president and his family; the ladies of fashion who call upon the president's wife; the copyists, telegraphers and messengers who are employed in the clerical work of the executive mansion, and they number a score; the office-seekers and all visitors to the white house on business; parties of tourists on their way to see the historic East room; and the ambassadors of foreign monarchs going to present their credentials to the president of the United States.

In the palace of a European monarch there would be several entrances. The public would have one door, the family another, and the diplomatists a third.

The only attempt made at the white house to secure privacy for the president and his wife, says the Youth's Companion, is this: When they enter or depart, two of the guards about the door quietly take places at the head of the little flight of steps which lead up to the portico, and hold the public back a few seconds, while the president and wife step out to the carriage or go in from it. Usually a little bevy of people collects to see the president pass so near, and to them he always bows cordially.

Inside the door it is expected that no one will accost the president while walking to and from his private apartments. But there is nothing to prevent one from doing so. Not long ago a "green" reporter, who had just come to Washington, took this occasion to approach President McKinley and question him upon the issues of the day. The president, recognizing the innocence of the intruder, chatted pleasantly with him. The next day the young man was warned by the guards that he should not do so again. Even a president must occasionally have a few minutes to himself.

The Captain Only Laughed.

A Kansas man en route to the Paris exposition declares that the only time in his life he really lost his nerve was when the sailors on the ship commenced to load up the lifeboats with bread and water. He did not know that this is done once a week, in order to have the boats always in readiness, and he felt sure that a great storm was coming that would swamp them all. He was so scared that he hunted up the captain and asked him about it. The captain only laughed, and, although that made the Kansas man easy in his mind, it also angered him. "These captains," he confided to another passenger, "put on too much style, anyway. There isn't one of them that could tell the difference between a self-binder and a steam stacker."

A Remarkable Record.

An extraordinary record has just been completed by the death of an aged priest in the diocese of Rosenau, Hungary. He was one of half a dozen young ecclesiastics who over 60 years ago on the same day completed the theological course at the seminary. They were ordained priests on the same day and for 60 years labored together in the diocese. United they had been in life, they were hardly separated by death, for in the short space of two months all six have died, their ages being 82, 83, 88, 86, 80 and 81 respectively.

The salesman for a broom manufacturer should be armed with sweeping arguments.

DISTRESSING STOMACH DISEASE—Permanently cured by the masterly power of South American Nervine Tonic. Invalids need suffer no longer, because this great remedy can cure them all. It is a cure for the whole world of stomach weakness and indigestion. The cure begins with the first dose. The relief it brings is marvellous and surprising. It makes no failure; never disappoints. No matter how long you have suffered, your cure is certain under the use of this great health-giving force. Pleasant and always safe. Sold by C. A. Kleim, druggist, 128 West Main street, Bloomsburg, Pa. 124 19

Laugh and the world laughs with you; Weep, and in vain you grieve; For 'tis its own that just for fun The world laughs in its sleeve.

HAVE YOU A SKIN DISEASE?—Tetter, salt rheum, scald head, ringworm, eczema, itch, barber's itch, ulcers, blotches, chronic eruptions, livec, scrofula, psoriasis, or other eruptions of the skin—what Dr. Agnew's Ointment has done for others it can do for you—cure you. One application gives relief. 35 cents. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

It isn't always safe to bank on what a bank teller tells you.

There is more solid wisdom in every chapter of the Biggie Books than there is in the whole contents of many books. You ought to have them. They include five volumes on horses, cows, berries, poultry and swine. Send 50 cents for each to Wilmer Atkinson Co., Philadelphia.

Lots of farmers can raise about everything except money.

WHAT'S THE TROUBLE?—Is it sick headache? Is it biliousness? Is it sluggish liver? Is your skin scaly? Do you feel more dead than alive? Your system needs toning—Your liver isn't doing its work—Don't resort to strong drugs—Dr. Agnew's Little Pills, 10 cents for 40 doses, will work wonders for you. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

JELL-O, THE NEW DESSERT, pleases all the family. Four flavors: Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and strawberry. At your grocer's, 10c. 10 2344

The fellow who can't borrow anything else can usually borrow trouble.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.—Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of organic or sympathetic heart disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for palpitation, shortness of breath, smothering spells, pain in left side, and all symptoms of a diseased heart. One dose convinces. Sold by C. A. Kleim.

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It's queer how moths can transform a smoking jacket into an eaten jacket.

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The policeman who is compelled to patrol a cemetery must expect to have references to "lead beats" hurled at him.

Biggie Berry Book is an excellent little manual worthy of a place in every farmer's library. The book is condensed and practical, as valuable for the village with his 10x12 berry patch as it is for the commercial berry grower with his twenty-acre field. The price is 50 cents, by mail; address the publishers, Wilmer Atkinson Co., Phila.

The mosquito, the football player and the surgeon are all out for blood.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature of