PITHY PLEA OF A CHILD.

think the world is really sad, I can do nothing but annoy; or little boys are all born bad, And I am born a little boy.

tt doesn't matter what's the game.
Whether it's Indians, trains, or leading always know I am to blame,
If I amuse myself at all.

I said one day on mother's knee:
"If you would send us right away
To foreign lands across the sea,
You wouldn't see us every day.

We shouldn't worry any more, In those strange lands with queer new oys; ere we stamp and play, and roar, And wear your life out with our noise

The savages would never mind, And you'd be glad to have us go There, nobody would be unkind, For you dislike your children so."

Then mother turned, and looked quite red I do not think she could have heard; She put me off her knee instead Of Inswering me a single word

The went, and did not even nod, What had I said that could annoy? Mothers are really very odd If you are born a little boy.



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CHAPTER XVII .- CONTINUED.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

I had worked with feverish haste, knowing that the outcome of this episode with the Ajax would terminate for good or evil in a mighty short time. Once they ran off our track we would be comparatively safe, though, to lessen this possibility, I surmised that they would themselves be guided by the drift, only using their oars that they might make their speed greater than that of the schooner. By so following they might hope to overtake us, and doubtless would have done so only we were now at the point where the rush of the Hudson meets that of the Sound river, and the rips neets that of the Sound river, and the rips and whirlpools formed by the mingling of these waters off and below Nutten's island were constantly creating counter streams and cross currents that shifted and spun with the minutes, ever changing and never at rest save at the brief intervals of slack

water on the turning of the tides.

Beyond the gurgling and rushing of the stream not a sound could I now hear, though once or twice I was sure I caught the thumping of oars in their tholes and heard voices of men. But if I did, they went wide of us, for the minutes swung into half an hour at least, and the half hour into a whole one, yet nothing of the boats from the Ajax did I see.

And now I took a deep breath and moved,

And now I took a deep breath and moved, for during this time of terrible suspense we on deck had barely stirred. Not a sound had come from below, nor had an attempt to uncover the windows been made, and yet I knew one man had a broken nose from a musket butt, and both must be pressed for want of air. Mistress Gertrude still sat on the cabin ton, and crouched low near the on the cabin top, and crouched low near the companion door, with pistol in hand, was

het brother.

As patient as, was this girl, she was human flesh, and a delicate bit of femininity at that. The cabin top could not be made permanent quarters for her, and, though I believe she would have collapsed from sheer exhaustion ere offering a word of complaint, it was an uncalled-for sacrifice for her to remain longer unsheltered and seated on bare, hard planking. It was the longer unsheltered and seated on bare, hard planking. Up to the present comfort had not been considered, but now that imme-diate danger was past, I turned my thoughts to the young lady, and cast about for a re-treat to which she might retire. Save the treat to which she might retire. Save the hold or the forecastle, no spot was available, and either would be repugnant to one of her fastidious tastes. Still, shelter she must have; I would see to it presently, but now I became more than curious to know what devilment was meant by the continued silence of the two descents one or again. of the two desperate men caged in the cabin

the cabif.

It struck me that the quiet, coupled with what had gone before, might bear a mighty significance, and going softly to a corner of the tarpaulin, I quickly threw it up and looked in. The light was out. Drawing back out of range I called Scammell by name, and then Lounsbury, but received no reply. Putting the threat of death in my demand for an answer, I still received nothing in return; so clambering to the cabin top, I laid my ear above a dead-light to catch a sound of movement within, but bad hardly taken my position when both nose hardly taken my position when both nose and lungs were assailed by such a mixed stench of burned powder, lamp soot, rum and foulness in general as to almost turn my stomach, though it at once cleared up the

mystery.

Here, now, was my threat to stifle them carried out better than I knew. Dragging off the tarpaulin, I pushed away the hatch cover, drew the bayonet from the staple, forced back the companion slide and entered. The first thing I did was to stumble over a man's body on the floor, and then I turned and got to the deck, for the air in the cabin was more than I could at once endure. Letting the place clear for a little, I fetched the galley lantern and went down once more. The cabin was yet filled with a heavy blue mist, and the sulphurous turnes were choking. Lounsbury lay on the floor with his face covered with blobd, apparently dead, both eyes being swollen and his countenance blackened beyond recognition. His companion sat on the cushioned transom, jammed into a corner betwixt a berth and the bulkhead. He was unconscious, and, with his tongue hanging out, was breathing feebly. Physically he was alive, but, through liquor and foul air, was so dead drunk that nothing could have roused him. Three empty brandy bottles lay about, together with Scammell's saber, a braken sword, pistols and tobacco pipes, while on the table, the cotton cover of which was burned to ashes, were the remains of a leathern powder pouch rent by explosion.

No wonder they had succumbed. In their tipsiness, or thaough the carelessness Here, now, was my threat to stifle them

was burned to ashes, were the remains of a leathern powder pouch rent by explosion.

No wonder they had succumbed. In their tipsiness, or through the carelessness of desperation, they had fired their ammunition, the amount not having been sufficient to cause more than the muffled blow and flash I had heard and seen on the instant of our being hailed by the Ajax. This, with the smoke of the previous firms, together the smoke of the previous firing, together with the heat and closeness of the quarters,

sufferer, and thus was accounted for his

lackened face and his cry for air and water. However, it could not have hit my turn better had I laid the train of events myself, nor was it long before I had the train of events mysen, nor was it long before I had the two lying on the deck and knew the cabin was sweetening and would soon be a fit retreat for Miss King. Neither was it long before I discovered that Lounsbury was not as dead as he was drunk, though hardly as far gone in liquor as Scammell, who could have been pitched over the rail and passed to the next world without the slightest inconvenience to himself. And more's the pity 'twas not

Like bags of dunnage I took them by their collars, hauling them amidships, and then clapped the wrists and legs of both into irons, articles which in those days stood somewhat ahead of the medicine chest in importance, and frequently in use. With a mingled feeling of pity, hatred, and disgust, I have the set with a budget of salt waster. I soused the sots with a bucket of salt water, nd then left them for Nature to bring to and then left them for Nature to bing to life. As I moved aft I caught the freshness of a small, early morning breeze, and felt that ere long the protecting blanket of fet would be rolled away. Much would I have given for a knowledge of our exact where-abouts, but as this was impossible, nothing abouts, but as this was impossible, nothing remained but to prepare the schooner for sailing as soon as we could get our bearings.
Twas a small job to cast off the gaskets and get loose the headsails ready for hoisting, but another matter for Ames and myself alone to run the heavy canvas of the main and foresails to their mast heads. I was fearful that the rattling blocks and rustling of the great cloths might herald our situa-tion, but nothing came of it, and after a deal of hauling we got something like a slack set to the sails which for months had been

set to the sails which for months had been mildewing against their booms.

Gradually a lividness came over the fog, and, as the light of the coming day strengthened, it showed the mist driving across us like wads of smoke. As the light broadened I went to the binnacle to see how we were Heading, but found the compass gone from it, and, on examination, discovered that all my instruments had been confiscated saving the telltale screwed into the cabin ceiling. the telitale screwed into the cabin ceiling.

This, like the hanging lantern, was begrimed by a white deposit from the explosion, but, on clearing is with my palm, I found we were heading north by east, or still going stern on toward the south.

So matters went till sunrise, the wind growing fresher as the time sped, and at least while Ames and myself were nutting

so matters went till sunrize, the wind growing fresher as the time sped, and at last, while Ames and myself were putting the cabin into some shape and the girl had gone to overhaul the pack of provisions, I heard her give a great cry, and rushed to the deck to find its meaning.

It was no alarm. She was standing by the fore shrouds looking at the sudden transformation which had come over the face of Nature. Often have I seen the sun rise, but never did it appear in such a grandeur of pearl and grays. The glory of its coming was none the less for the lack of vivid coloring. The fog had rolled off as rolls a curtain, and to the east and north lay piled in towering masses ranging from thunderous blackness to the opalescent clearness of a seashell. Through its misty caverns shot dazzling shafts of sunshine, which wavered and played over the face of the bank like the tremulous shifting of the northern lights. Astern, clear as far as one could see, lear the occan blank of all wall the applied and played over the tace of the bank like the tremulous shifting of the northern lights. Astern, clear as far as one could see, lay the ocean blank of all sail, the small summer waves ginting back the strong light from the east. To the west and over our larboard beam stood out the green heights of Staten island, and under their shelter I marked two heavy ships of the line, while toward Sandy Hook lay two others with sails furled and at anchor. Gravesend bay also held one, a mammoth, which I took to be the Cerberus, but not a ship was alert. No more were in sight, and I marveled that we had run the gantlet of the fleet, thinking, naturally, that most of them had gone up the bay and must have lain close to our track. Little I knew that the bulk of Lord Howe's flottila had sailed east the day before, and thus opened the path that otherwise would in all likelihood have been blocked. But so it was, and later I knew what for having drawn them away.

later I knew we had the French to thank for having drawn them away.

Doubtless we were marked by a hundred eyes on board those about, but the leviathans were powerless to harm us, their very size and ponderosity shackling them against quick action. Close aboard and on our starboard beam lay the white sand spit of the lower island which goes far to make New York harbor the haven it is, and once past this wilderness of heach, now known as Norton's Point, we would be on the sea.

With a shout of relief almost delirious I sprang forward and mastheaded both jib

With a shout of relief almost deficious I sprang forward and mastheaded both jib and staysails, while Ames jumped for the nain sheet and drew it in. It was the first inkling I had that he was anything of a sailor, and the knowledge was mighty welcome. Slowly we came about until the schooner nosed into the west wind, and then have to the helm while I caucht the he ran to the helm while I caught the draught with the headsail to help her getting past the point of "irons;" then I belayed both jib and staysail sheets.

But of what use are these details? Enough

to tell that presently we were slipping east-ward and past the Dry Romer, the sails swung wing-on-wing, and an air, which turned to a calm as we fled, pushing us from over the taffrail and toward the rising

CHAPTER XVIII. PURSUED.

trusive, and, coupled with my outward state, shamed me into an avoidance of her close observance But no change could I make in her manner when necessity brought us together. Her smile was as bright—ay, brighter—than the dazzling sea about us, her voice as free from nervous tremulousness, and her manner as self-contained as though she was treading a with the heat and closeness of the quarters, had created a smudge and foulness in which none but a drunkard could have lived a minute. They had evidently been deep in some scheme to blow open the forward door (which showed signs of attack) when a capark from a pipe caused the plot to harass the plotters bounsbury had been the chief

1

so her exclusive use.

I minded me that it was I to whom she if first brought an allowance of salt beef and ship's bread, and let her brother wait.

Somehow the fact warmed me, and then I apostrophized myself for a fool for having thought of it. How she regarded her cidevant lover I had easily seen in the way she turned her head and made a wide detour when necessity compelled her to pass him where he sprawled on the deck had been a number of sail during the forecastle hatch, and his sister had gone below. From the prisoners who had come at last to a realizing sense of their position) nothing had been heard given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what bade fair to become a dead calm.

We had seen a number of sail during the forecastle hatch, and his sister had gone below. From the prisoners who had come at last to a realizing sense of their position) nothing had been heard given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what bade fair to become a dead calm.

We had seen a number of sail during the forecastle hatch, and his sister had gone below. From the prisoners who had come at last to a realizing sense of their position) nothing had been heard given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what all on board, had quieted into what all on board had given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what all on board had given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what all on board had given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what all on board had given to them, and air, ocean, and schooner, with all on board, had quieted into what all on board had given to them. she turned her head and made a wide de-tour when necessity compelled her to pass him where he sprawled on the deck, his re-pulsiveness as much, if not more marked than his companion's, owing to the tarnished rickness of his once glittering uniform. The prisoners had so far recovered as to be maud-lin, and in their restlessness had rolled into the scuppers. The sight of them was an evil easily remedied, and, as air and light were no longer imperative to their well-being. I had taken them into the forecastle and laid them each in a bunk, that they might finish off the fumes of liquor without offense to decent eyes. offense to decent eyes.

Once onto blue water we held a council

Once onto blue water we held a council to determine our destination. It was safer, I thought, to land my passengers on the Jersey coast and by myself try to work under short sail to New London, where was consigned the schooner's cargo. But neither brother nor sister would hear of such a move. Washington having withdrawn to the north, there could be no telling the state of southern Jersey, especially as it had been overrun with bands of marauders known as "Sandhillers," and, there being no safe objective for the fugitives, to land would be but beginning anew a search for would be but beginning anew a search for would be but beginning anew a search for refuge. Without money (though I would make a shift to remedy the lack of that), without friends and with a price on their heads, a change to the pine wilderness of the western coast would be scarce an improvement over the deck of the Phanton, outlawed though she was. Such was their argu

As for myself, nothing would have nov tempted me to desert the vessel. By holding a course well south, clinging only to the ing a course well south, clinging only to the loom of the Long Island coast as a guide (for I had no sure compass), I might run across a Yankee privateer or find protection in a possible French cruiser. At this moment I had recovered all I had tot and more. The schooner with its cargo was intact; the gold was still in the cabin; I had been enriched by several rolls of money from Clinton (though I had not yet counted the coin only guessing at its value by its the coin, only guessing at its value by its drag on my pocket), while below were Lounsbury and a prisoner of rank. More than these, I had the knowledge of a move than these, I had the knowledge of a move to be made toward the relief of Newport by the British, and-here I was honest with



myself as I thus compiled my gains-I had inyseir as I thus complicer my gains—I had two friends, one of whom, oath or no oath, should come to no harm from mankind while I had an arm to interpose.

I had suggested the Jersey shore as a matter of duty. I had heard their determination to abide with me and share my formula had it high or low with something of

tune, be it high or low, with something o tune, be it high or low, with something of a feeling that put a new power into me, and, I fancy, a new light in my eye (had they been looking closely), not caused by the dazzle of the sun. Our destination lay, then, first for the Vineyard. There I would place this now homeless girl in care of my mother and sister, who were probably mourning for me as lost, then to New London to deliver

Av. I would wait and see. One need not plan one's life for months shead. Somehow there was a brilliant spot in the future which I cared neither to define or get be-hind—a Will-o'the-wisp both tangible and elusive which I could not analyze, being content with the glow it spread over my content with the glow it spread over my mental picture. The radiance lay on the ancient island farm. It fell on the ancient house and livened its homely interior. It went abroad over lamiliar fields, dusky woodlands and swamps, and gave a color to the stretches of lonely beach. It made life more than living, and changed the dross of existence into something very like add

of existence into something very like gold.

I knew I was dreaming dreams and building air castles as I stood my trick at the wheel and hove it over to meet the low-running swell and forestall the vessel's yaw. But what picture equals that of the brain? In progressive stages I mentally doubled Montauk, raised Blockhouse island, sunk it, and saw the mist of Norman's Land, and then swept around the great western clay cliffs of the Vineyard, and was at home. Every detail was real, yet fairer than reality. By some queer change in me I looked less for glory now than I had the month before. for glory now than I had the most be; glory was War was well enough if it must be; glory was nothing War was well enough if it must be; glory was a prize easily gotten, but there was nothing to equal peace. I had tamed wonderfully; nothing to equal the delights of home and domesticity. I had acquitted myself before my fellows, and for a time would rest on my honors. In short, I had by then gotten into a weak-kneed mood, the like of which every man knows at some moment of his into a weak-kneed mood, the like of which every man knows at some moment of his life; harmless enough, possibly, and for the snjoyment of which he can thank God for withholding the knowledge of what the next hour has in store.

By this it was about four in the afternoon

as I figured from the height of the sun which, though clear, shone from a sky that had become flaked as though a fine-drawn smoke had settled over it. Though the wind hung still from the west, it was lighter, and the schooner dragged through the water as if it was traveling uphill. Its sluggishness I knew was due somewhat to the character of its cargo, which was the deadest of dead weights, but more to the marine growth which had collected on her bottom during her long anchorage, and which could casily be seen streaming below like a long and ragged green beard. Beyond the dull gurgle of the cutwater and an occasional sob in our wake, not a sound broke the intense come flaked as though a fine-drawn

of the sky line. I thanked God for the scare given the British by the advent of the French fleet, and knew that each cable's length we made to the east brought us so much nearer safety. The day was waning; night would soon be on us, and if the wind held, under cover of darkness we would be secure in our flight, and possibly the morrow's sun might rise and show me the gorgeous reds and yellows of Gay Head bluff with its cap of green turf, a sign that we were in home waters. were in home waters.

Even as my heart warmed at the thought. Even as my heart warmed at the thought, I cast my eye landward over the larboard quarter and saw coming out of the haze which had all but blotted out the Long Island coast a topsail schooner bearing southeast or directly toward the Phantom. She was some five or six miles away, but even at that distance I could see by her slope that she had found a fresh slant of wind, and that from her forward cloths to the tip of her main boom every rag was drawing, her progress being mightily helped by the square sail set on her foretopmast.

There was no knowing what she was, but

There was no knowing what she was, but the fact that any craft had gotten so close without having been marked, gave me a start, and I put the helm down that the jib and staysails might draw, which would at the same time bring the stranger over our taffrail. A landlubber could have seen sne was no Frenchman, for the Gaul had a style of cut, rake and carry, all his own, besides which they were not given to sailing small craft in these waters. She might be a privateer, in which case all would be well, but if not, and I feared my own intuition, out if not, and I feared my own intuition then my air castles were doomed to ruin, my borrowed happiness was but the swan scng of hope, my dream that of a con-demned man.

demned man.

The jibing of the foresail and my hail to Ames brought Miss King to the deck. Her brother joined us, and we three stood looking at the oncoming vessel which had appeared like a cloud to mar the brightness of a perfect day. There was no need to exof a perfect day. There was no need to explain the menace lying beneath that bunch of swollen canvas. By the faces of the two I saw they realized it was a plain case of chase, the only doubt being whether it would prove for good or evil. I would have given the gold in my pocket for a good glass with which to make her out, but, as that was impossible, it took me but a few seconds to come to the conclusion that our only hope (and that a slim one) was to make the chase a stern one and give the poor Phanton, with her foul bottom, all the speed possible. Putting the wheel in charge of Ames, with no loss of words I went forward, clambered up the fore shrouds and managed alone to no loss of words I went forward, cambered up the fore shrouds and managed alone to unfurl the square sail, settling the bracing and the sheet and tack on my return to the deck. In the present light air the pull of the canvas was small, but it was something, and I knew the stranger would mark the increase of sail and read as plainly as print that we wanted nothing of her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Fine People in 1789.

My lady was as reckless as my lord, and rattled the dicebox and shuffled the cards from dusk till morning, going ome with ruined fortunes, in her se dan chair, when workmen were going home from lathe and loom to break-fast. Family diamonds and jewels and plate were staked when the guineas were exhausted, and when these pos sessions had gone farms and estates were sacrificed. The amusements, too, of wealthy people were of a coarse and cruel description. Rat-worrying, cock-fighting and badger-baiting were favorite diversions. Prize fighting was regarded as essential to keep up the courage of Englishmen. Even the clergy joined in these low and brutal pastimes and neglected their spiritual duties, or cut short a Sunday afternoon service sooner than miss being present at a main of cocks or seeing two men entering the ring for the express purpose of pommeling one another breaking ribs, damaging noses, knock ing out teeth, and cracking jaws. The devotional life of the church was dis tinguished by all the apathy that prevailed during the Georgian period; the sacred edifices were dormitories for the living as well as of the dead; but the work of Whitefield and the two brothers Wesley had helped to breathe new life into the dry bones of the establishment.—Chambers' Journal.

the savage a taste not only for rum, but for dialect subtleties as well.

"I spare your life," he said to the cap

"Thank you," the captive replied, not forgetting his manners "So you owe me your life, don't you?" asked the savage.

"Oh, yes," said the captive.
"Well, then, if I take your life, I won't be stealing, will I?" exclaimed

the savage.

It was clear this benighted person took a truly civilized delight in bun-coing his ethical sensibilities for the benefit of his propensities.-Detroit

Tit for Tat.

Cross-Examining Counse1—Isn't your husband a burglar?

Witness-Y-e-s Cross-Examining Counsel-And didn't you know he was a burglar when you married him?

Witness Yes; but I was getting a little old, and I had to choose between a burglar and a lawyer, so what else could I do?—Harlem Life.

Astronomical Item.

Although quite youthful in his ap pearance, Johnnie Chaffie, like "little Willie" in the well-known ballad, is de cidedly precocious. When the teacher asked the class: "Are there other moon besides ours?" Johnnie jumped up, and exclaimed:

"Yes, there's the honeymoon!"-Tammany Times.

"Scorpion!" he hissed, after the other fellow had kicked him. "Lucky for you I ain't a centipede," retorted the kicker -Town Topics.

HAS A RUBBER TONGUE.

New York Victim of the Smoking Habit Made Whole Again by a Surgical Operation.

Science has enabled a man to go throughlife with an artificial nose and hmbs that often defy' detection, but one of the most novel inventions of modern surgery is a tongue made of rubber and resting on a pivot set be-tween the teeth. There is a man in New York who can show this wonderful mechanism.

This man is George Henderson. He s 47 years old and for many years had



GEORGE HENDERSON. (Known to His Friends as the Man with the Rubber Tongue.)

been an inveterate smoker, often using 15 cigars a day. Excessive use of to-bacco caused a cancer of the tongue and the organ had to be removed. This operation was most difficult and was, according to the New York Herald, performed in Bellevue hospital.

It was necessary to saw through the

lower jaw at the center and remove two lower front teeth, together with a portion of the jawbone on either side of these teeth. When this was done the surgeons removed two-thirds of the anterior part of the tongue, leaving only the base of the organ. The severed ends of the jaw were reunited with wire.

Henderson then left the hospital,

the surgeons giving him little hope of ever being able to eat solid food.

Mr. Henderson finally went to the New York college of dentistry, where Dr. Frederick Bradley took charge Dr. Frederick Bradley took charge of his case. He sawed through the jaw again and adjusted its sides evenly, bringing them in as close impact as possible. A metal cap was placed over all of the lower teeth and held in po sition by a clamp on either side of the mouth fastened under the chin. After the patient had worn this for five weeks it was removed, and it was found that the several parts of the jaw had reunited.

Henderson was still unable to eat

solid food, because he had no tongue to pass it back into the oesophagus. To overcome this difficulty the sur-

geon constructed an artificial tongue.
A rim of gold was made to fit the inner surface of the lower teeth. This was beveled off toward the lower edge and attached to a wire clasp which fitted over one of the back teeth on either side. A bar of German silver was fastened across the mouth from one of the back teeth to another opposite. This was inclosed in a tube of the same metal of sufficient size to permit it to rotate easily on the bar. A tongue of red vulcanized rubber was made to fit about the tube. The rear of the rubber tongue was beveled off toward the bottom and placed under the base of the real tongue, so that the least movement of the cles pressed down on the rubber,

throwing the tongue up.

Henderson is now able to talk distinctly and freely as he ever did, and eats with ease and freedom.

VICTOR OF COLESBERG.

Gen. French the Only British Office in South Africa Who Has Not Been Defeated by the Boers.

Maj. Gen. John D. P. French, who ommanded the British forces at Colesberg, is the only British commander in South Africa who has not been defeated Intercourse with Christians had given by the Boers. He has proved himself as capable as his friends in England be-



GEN. JOHN D. P. FRENCH. (Only British Commander in Africa Whe Has Won a Battle.)

lieved him to be when he was placed in command of the cavalry in South Africa. He has demonstrated what can be done by a general who knows bow to direct the movements of his troops with skill. The British success at Elandslaugte was achieved through the carrying out of his plans. French is a young soldier who began his career in the navy, but left that arm of the service for the cavalry. He was lately in charge of the brigade at Aldershot, where he proved himself very efficient. His active work in the field was limited to some service in Egypt, but what little he had to do there was well done. He is 47 years old.

\$500 Reward

rmation that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the party or parties whe placed iron and slabs on the track of the Emporium & Rick Valley R. R., near he east line of Franklin Housler's farm n the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891. HENRY AUCHU,

President.

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