

Geo. J. LaBar Furniture



BEAUTIFY YOUR HOME
By furnishing it in our establishment where you have a complete assortment of new and artistically designed Household Furniture to select from. We handle some elegant and strongly built furniture for every room in the house and will be happy to show you through our stock whether you are contemplating an immediate purchase or merely "reconnoitering" for furniture bargains later on.

Undertaking

Geo. J. LaBar

Emporium Coal Yard

Near Freight Depot.
EMPORIUM MACHINE CO.
Shingles, Lime, Wall Plaster, Portland Cement, COAL and WOOD,
Red Brick, Fire Brick and Fire Clay, Sewer Pipe and Fittings, Bowker's Fertilizer and Land Plaster, Agricultural implements

In connection with our
Machine Shop
Gas, Water and Steam Fitting, Iron Pipe, Fittings, Valves and a general line of factor supplies.
IRON and BRASS CASTINGS.
OFFICE OF COAL YARD at Machine Shops.
EMPORIUM MACHINE CO.

Special Notice

Having purchased our stock of HEATING STOVES for Wood, Coal and Gas early in the summer, when business was exceptionally bright, and the future outlook for a good business during the fall and winter months of 1907. But instead of the good business as we expected, the financial flurry which swept the country, putting a serious dampener on business, during the fall and winter therefore we did not sell the stoves as we expected. Owing to the above facts we have on hand several heating stoves which we will sell as follows:

4.00 Stoves at	\$3.50	9.00 Stoves at	\$8.08
4.50 Stoves at	3.98	10.00 Stoves at	8.98
5.50 Stoves at	4.98	12.00 Stoves at	10.78
8.25 Stoves at	7.38	15.00 Stoves at	13.48

These are exceptionally low prices. You will do well to call and look over our stock.

A full line of Hardware, ENAMELED AND TINWARE GAS GOODS
Plumbing, Tinning, Hot Water and Steam Heating a Specialty.
F. V. HEILMAN & CO.

Strictly Business.
"Sir," began a stranger as he walked directly up to a business man, "I am strictly on business."
"So am I."
"Good! I believe every man should furnish money for his own tombstone."
"So do I."
"Good again! I want to raise \$25 to pay for a stone over my grave. What assistance will you render the enterprise? I want a business answer."
"You shall have it, sir. Unless you immediately take your departure I will aid the enterprise by furnishing the corpse."
The stranger hurried off.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Golf.
Golf as a recreation appeals to practically all ages. Impetuous youth, staid middle age and the man in the evening walk of life alike feel its fascination and enjoy its manifold pleasures. Golf entails walking, the best of exercises for the average man. It trains the eye and the arm, and, while it tries, it ought also to train the temper.—Liverpool Courier.

A Warm Time Coming.
"I'm doin' me best with the fire, sir," said the janitor at the door of Galley's office one cold morning, "but I'm afraid I can't make it very warm for you. You see, sir—"
"Never mind," feverishly replied Galley, who had been out all night. "My wife will be here shortly, I expect."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Fatal Austrian Flag.
Once there was an epidemic of plague at Odessa, in Russia, which lasted more than a year. It had a most remarkable origin, being due to a fatal flag. An Austrian vessel arrived at Odessa, bringing one of the crew who had died during the voyage. The sailor was duly interred in the Catholic cemetery at the port, and at the funeral the Austrian flag was carried by two seamen. On their way back to the vessel the men entered a great number of saloons and laid down the flag while drinking. A very short time afterward the sailors who had carried the flag died, and before long it was found that people were ill in all the houses where the men had called with the fatal flag. Soon the plague spread throughout Odessa, filling all with terror and claiming a frightful toll. There is no doubt that the flag contained the plague bacilli in the folds and so spread the disease.—Baltimore Sun.

An Eye Experiment.
The two eyes really see two objects. If the two forefingers be held, one at the distance of one foot, the other two feet in front of the eyes, and the former be looked at, two phantoms of the latter will be observed, one on each side. If the latter figure be regarded, two phantoms of the nearest finger will be observed mounting guard, one on either side.

Answered.
Two ministerial candidates named Adam and Low preached in a Scottish church. Mr. Low preached in the morning and took for his text, "Adam, where art thou?"
He made a most excellent discourse, and the congregation was much edified. In the evening Mr. Adam preached and took for his text, "Lo, here I am!"

His Economy.
Father—It's only fair to tell you that I'm pleased with your economy this term. Your requests for money were too frequent last term. Son—Yes, father, I thought so, too, so this term I've had everything on tick.—London Tit-Bits.

Lucky.
Smith—Just missed running down an old lady with my auto. Jones—Bah Jove, you're a lucky dog! Smith—Sure. I just had it painted last week.—Chicago News.

Little Food.
Student—Something is preying on my mind. Professor W.—It must be very hungry.—Yale Record.

Sensible Dog.
"Talking about the intelligence of animals," said young Kanebiter, "why, I have a dog up at the farm that's simply wonderful."
"How so?" said Pitken.
"Why, you see, I was out shooting one day when I found a large, handsome dog lying on the ground moaning with pain. Some ruffian had shot it in the leg. I carried it home, bandaged the wound and finally cured the poor beast. Some months after that I was compelled to travel a lonely road after dark when suddenly Ponto, who accompanied me, growled warningly. The next moment a highwayman stepped out of the bushes and put a pistol to my head."
"Ah," cried the listener, "I see! Thereupon the grateful dog seized the robber by the throat."
"Not at all. The man robbed me easily enough—took watch, purse, everything."
"But Ponto?"
"Ran off as fast as his legs would carry him. That's the point—don't you see? Animal instinct—didn't want to get shot again."—Illustrated London News.

The Ferret and the Rat.
A correspondent of a London paper, commenting on the crusade against rats in Great Britain, says: "The real remedy against rats is the ferret, not the unhealthy ferret kept by the half starved rat catcher of the agricultural village, but the strong, healthy ferret bred on the ground floor of a well ventilated, commodious dog kennel and there kept on skim milk, table refuse and small birds. Bedded with clean wheat straw, the ferret is one of the sweetest of animals, and the expert goes into the kennels and cheers them as though in a kennel of hounds, and they crawl about him harmlessly. The young bucks will run miles across the country with the expert, just like little terriers. With this healthy life they grow too big for hunting rats in barns or other buildings, but they can settle any rat in a wheat stack if put in before the rat has made a labyrinth inside the stack. The doe ferrets will rout the buildings, and they alone should be the chief instrument in the crusade. The rat is too cunning for guns, traps and other devices."

The Hundred Best Books.
"The fact is that there is no possibility of naming the hundred best books. The naming of them for any large general audience is quite impossible. All that is possible in such a connection is to state emphatically that there are very few books that are equally suitable to every kind of intellect," says Clement Shorter in his book of "Immortal Memories." "Temperament as well as intellectual endowment makes for so much in reading. Take, for example, the 'Imitation of Christ.' George Eliot, although not a Christian, found it soul satisfying. Thackeray, as I think a more robust intellect, found it well high as mischievous as did Eugene Sue. There are great books that can be read only by the few, but surely the very greatest appeal alike to the man of rich intellectual endowment and to the man to whom all processes of reasoning are incomprehensible."

Same, but More of It.
Sitting in a Broadway restaurant the other evening were two young women who had not met for four years. One of them had grown stout and the other had admitted that she wouldn't have recognized her old friend under ordinary circumstances. They sat silently looking at each other for a moment, when the heavyweight inquired: "What are you thinking about?"
"I was just trying to see whether your expression is the same as it used to be," said her friend.
"Just the same," the girl with the avoirdupois declared. "Only more of it."—New York Globe.

An Irish Tale.
One day an Irishman, having put his hat upon a gate post by which he lay down to sleep, sprang up at midnight and, mistaking the object for an enemy, dealt it a desperate cut with his scythe. Perceiving his mistake, the man gave thanks to heaven that he had taken it off before lying down. "For," said he, "had my head been in that hat, 'tis ten to one I had laid it open with my scythe, and 'tis a dead man I would have been seen' meself at this minute!"—London Captain.

Not Far to Go.
The reporter hurried up to the scene of the accident. A workman engaged on some scaffolding had missed his footing and had fallen many feet into the street below. Then the reporter went off to interview the unfortunate man, who luckily had escaped with a very severe shaking and a few nasty bruises, and asked sympathetically: "Did you have vertigo, my man?"
"Oh, no, sir; only about thirty-five feet. Quite far enough for me, though."—Pearson's.

An Effective Scarecrow.
A scarecrow used by a farmer in the north of England not only scared every crow that saw it, but one crow was so frightened that he brought back the corn he had carried to his nest three days before.—London Tit-Bits.

Grateful.
"And now," said the talkative man at the concert, "suppose at a time like this you were all alone in the world. What would you do with"—Nervous Man—Thank the Lord.

They Are Rare.
Peggy—Was that p'fession ever a bit te baby, mother? Mother—Why, yes, dear, Peggy (thoughtfully)—I don't believe I've ever seen a baby p'fession!—Punch.

A Willing Informer.
"What is the number?" repeated central.
"Violet Park, eight-seven-seven."
"Violet Park, eight-double-seven?"
"I reckon so."
"And what number do you want?"
"Elmdale, two-naught-four-seven."
"What is your name?"
"My name is John Henry Miggles. I live at 65 Blicken street, Violet Park. My house phone is Violet Park, eight-seven-seven or eight-double-seven, as you choose. I am married, have no children. We keep a dog and a cat and a perpetual palm and a Boston fern, and—"
"All that is unnecessary, sir. We merely—"
"And last summer we didn't have a bit of luck with our roses. I tried to have a little garden, too, but the neighbors' chickens got away with that. The house is green, with red gables. There is a cement walk from the street. I am forty years old. My wife is younger and looks it. We have a piano, keep a cook and an upstairs girl. Had the front bedroom papered last week, and I want—"
"Did you want Elmdale two-naught-four-seven?"
"Yes!" gasped Mr. Miggles.
"Well, the line is busy now. Shall I call you?"
But Mr. Miggles wrote a letter.—New Orleans Picayune.

Squaring the Circle.
There is a record of an attempted quadrature in Egypt 500 years before the exodus of the Jews, and, if we are to take Hone as an authority, the problem was solved by Hippocrates, the geometer of Chios, nearly 500 years B. C. By some it is claimed that the efforts of Hippocrates were in the direction of converting a circle into a crescent because he had found that the area of a figure produced by drawing two perpendicular radii is exactly equal to the triangle formed by the line of conjunction. This last is the famous theorem of the "lunes of Hippocrates." The "Papyrus Rhind," the oldest mathematical book in the world, written by one Ahmes about 2,000 B. C., gives a rule for "squaring the circle." The rule given requires that the diameter of a circle shall be shortened by one-ninth and the square erected upon this shortened line. The early Babylonians also worked at this old mathematical problem, as is attested by several references in the Talmud.

The Only One.
Henry VIII. of England, being at one time at variance with Francis I. of France, decided to send an ambassador and to charge him with a very fierce and menacing message to this prince. He chose for this office an English bishop in whom he had great confidence and whom he believed would be the most proper person to carry out his design. His prelate, being informed of the nature of his mission and fearing for his life should he treat with Francis in the haughty manner his master desired, represented to the king the danger to which he was exposing him and begged not to be sent on this mission.
"Oh, never fear," said Henry. "If the king of France should kill you, I will have the head of every Frenchman I find in my kingdom."
"I believe you, sire," replied the bishop, "but permit me to assure you that of all the heads you will cut off there is not one of them that will fit on my body as well as my own!"

The Letter M.
The Hebrew name of M was Mem, water, and it is curious to note that the original form of this character is a wavy line, which to the not too particular ancients represented water. By some philologists the letter M as used by the Phoenicians is supposed to have come from a picture representing the human face, the two down strokes representing the contour of the countenance, the V stroke signifying the nose, the two dots, long since disused, and a stroke beneath the V representing the eyes and the mouth. The old Phoenician form of the letter does indeed bear a comical sort of resemblance to the human face.

The Cure.
"You look glum," said the husband of one clever woman to the man who had married her companion.
"So would you if your wife studied geology and filled the house with stones until there wasn't a place left for you to sit."
"Don't worry about that," was the cheerful reply. "Turn your wife's thoughts to astronomy. That will suit her just as well, and she can't collect specimens."—Sketchy Bits.

Putting It Gently.
Mr. Henpeck—I hear that young Jones and his wife are not getting along very well. Mrs. Henpeck (authoritatively)—Jones should never have married when he did. He was too young to realize the step he was taking. Mr. Henpeck—Yes, I know, but I like the boy. We have many things in common.—Puck.

No Other Course Open.
"Now," said the physician, "you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."
"Yes," replied the patient; "that is what I have been thinking ever since you sent in your bill."—Catholic News.

Satire.
Satire is a sort of glass wherein beholders do generally discover everybody's face but their own, which is the chief reason for that kind reception it meets with in the world.—Swift.

If you want your patent leather shoes to last twice as long, rub them frequently with sweet oil or vaseline.

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GROCERIES.
Full line of all canned goods: Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Cherries, Corn, Meats of all kinds. Our line of Cookies and Crackers cannot be surpassed for freshness, get them every week or two. Sour and sweet pickles by the dozen or bottle. Fish of all kind. Cannot be beat on No. 1, sun Mackerel, Hams, Shoulders, Bacon and Salt Pork or anything you desire in the line.

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Complete line of Underwear in Ballbriggan, natural wool and fleece lined, Shirts and Drawers, Overalls, Pants, Dress Shirts, work Shirts, Over Jackets, wool and cotton Socks, Gloves, Mittens, etc.

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Have all sizes to suit the trade, for ladies, men, boys and children.

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Anything in the line you desire. Come look our stock over.

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Shovels, Picks, Hinges, Screws, Hammers, Hatchets, Axes, all kinds, Handles and nails, from a shoe nail to a boat spike.

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We appreciate your past patronage and shall endeavor to give you the same service and same goods in the future as in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention and delivered promptly by our popular drayman Jake.
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