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Arriving daily and going at the lowest possible prices. Pine Apples, Cucumbers, Cabbage, New Potatoes, Bermuda Onions.

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The Set to Set Before You



Is waiting for you in the shape of a nice set of crockery. We are now showing a splendid stock of good sound crockery, every single piece warranted free from fault or blemish. The finest assortment in the county at reasonable prices.

Undertaking

Geo. J. LaBar

A DUSKY CYNIC.

He Gayly Admitted That the Joke Was on Himself.

A lady was walking along Fifth avenue a couple of weeks ago when a big negro stepped up to her politely and asked her to give him a quarter. "I am a shipwrecked sailor," he told her. "Three days ago the ship I was on went ashore outside Sandy Hook. Ever since then I've been wandering around without being able to get a job."

The lady gave him a quarter and passed on. A week later while going by the same spot on Fifth avenue she was approached once more by the same negro.

"I am a shipwrecked sailor," he began. "Three days ago..." She let him finish. Then she remarked:

"Two weeks ago when I gave you a quarter you told me that same story. Then you said that you had been wrecked three days before. Now you say the same thing."

And she looked at the negro severely. He threw back his head and burst forth into roars of laughter.

"Did I give you that story last week?" he chuckled. "Did you give me a quarter? Well, if dat ain't a joke on me!"

And she left him standing on the sidewalk convulsed with laughter.—New York Times.

CARDS IN CHURCH.

They Were Not Uncommon in the Old Days in England.

Frequent cases of card playing occurred in churches in olden days in the high or curtained family pews that were to be found in several parts of England.

A case of card playing was mentioned by the poet Crabbe as having occurred in one of those pews in Trowbridge parish church. Mr. Beresford Hope stated that card playing was not uncommon in churches having curtained pews, where those occupying them were screened from the observation of the rest of the congregation, and that one of the Georges is credited with taking part at a game of whist in the church he attended.

The church at Little Stanmore, in Middlesex, has a luxurious room pew which is approached by a special door and staircase.

The old St. Paul's cathedral before the great fire of London was used by business men as a sort of exchange. The portico was let out to hucksters, and in those days gambling and cards are both said to have been indulged in without let or hindrance within the cathedral.—London Standard.

Outwitting a Bushranger.

In Mr. George E. Bozall's "Story of the Australian Bushrangers" the following little episode is related: A man named Michael, who went to an inn for food, found the place in the hands of the bushrangers. Fourteen guests were already disarmed and were being searched in order. Michael was compelled to take his place in line. The bushrangers handed him a panikin of tea before they took his money. Knowing what was coming, he held the panikin as if the tea were too hot to drink, and when the leader of the highwaymen was looking away dropped his roll of bank notes into it. He stood quite quiet, and when the bushrangers came to feel his pockets there were only a few shillings in them. The robbers appeared satisfied and allowed him to go. He carried his panikin out with him, took his money and put it in his pocket without being observed. Then he mounted his horse, rode to the nearest police station and gave information.

Her Indorsement.

"Madam," said the teller of a bank in Baltimore to a woman who had handed him a check to cash—"madam, you have forgotten to indorse."

A worried smile came to the woman's face, but she took back the paper and wrote something on the back thereof.

When again the teller looked at the check he found that the woman had indorsed as follows:

"The — bank has always paid me whatever it owed, and you need have no worry. Therefore I indorse this check. Very truly yours, Anna M. Blank."—Harper's.

Radishes.

Radishes originated in China, where they have been cultivated for many centuries and sometimes grow as big as a man's head. In Germany the old fashioned country mothers cure hoarseness and cough with radish juice mixed with sugar candy. The radishes of today have no flavor, no character. Formerly their sharp, biting taste made them palatable.

An Outrage.

"What makes you so late?" asked the boy's parent.

"The teacher kept me in because I couldn't find Moscow on the map of Europe," replied Johnny.

"And no wonder you couldn't find Moscow! It was burned down years ago. It's an outrage to treat a child in that way!"

His Thirst.

"My poor man, how did you acquire such a thirst?"

"It was dis-a-way, mister: When de doctor operated on me for appendicitis he forgot to left a sponge inside o' me."—Boston Traveler.

A Man to Let Alone.

"What kind of a man is your new bookkeeper?"

"He's the kind: if you say two words to him, he'll say 200."—Detroit Free Press.

THE PIGEONS WON.

In Spite of Clipped Wings They Got Back on Time.

The colonel was something of a pigeon fancier and had so much confidence in a certain strain of homers he was making a hobby of that when his friend the major proposed a wager the colonel removed the limit.

"We'll make it a suppuh," said the major. "Yo' black boy will tote a painch over to the cyahs an' ship them to St. Louay, whaah they ah to be libahrated on ahrrival. I wagah they ah not back in two days, sah."

The colonel accepted, crated his finest pair and included a note to the express agent with the charges. Meanwhile the major communed with Joe the colored boy, and after the tendering of a certain half dollar and promises of immunity from the consequences of the colonel's wrath later Joe agreed to clip the pigeons' wings sub rosa.

Two days passed, and the major presented himself duly at the colonel's. The colonel eyed him with suspicious narrowness.

"Have they ahrrived?" asked the major gayly.

"They hev, sah," said the colonel, with dignity; "they hev, but those two pidgins, sah, hev the so'est feet I evah saw on a bird, sah."—Browning's Magazine.

BE SURE YOU'RE RIGHT.

Then Take a Long Think and Mince Your Own Business.

The other day a man traveling on a shore line train noticed, protruding from an overhead rack, a dress suit case which he recognized as belonging to a friend. He knew that his friend always got off at the station which they had just passed, and as he was not in the seat the conclusion was inevitable that he had jumped off the train and forgotten it.

The man called the conductor and explained the case to him. After some discussion and a mild protest on the part of the conductor that it wasn't a part of his duty, the suit case was put off at the next station, with instructions to send it back on the first train the other way.

The man, feeling that he had done an able and friendly act, settled down for the rest of his journey.

But not for long. The face of his friend, who had been in the smoker and who happened on that particular afternoon to be going on to New London to attend a dinner party—loomed before him.

The moral of this is, of course, quite evident. Be sure you're right and then mind your own business.—Life.

Overboard.

"Overboard" is engraved on a metal label fastened to many articles of paraphernalia seen about the decks of a modern war vessel. It means that the article so marked should be thrown overboard whenever action with an enemy's ship becomes imminent. Alcohol chests, turpentine tanks, paints, spare spars, unnecessary hatches and other articles easily destroyed or splintered by shell fire are thus labeled. The president of Occident college, California, is said to have given the word a new meaning in civil life when he used it to indicate those who are unfit, useless or inapt in the struggle of life. It is a strong word and as such can be appropriately applied to men and things which when a ship must go to battle are not necessary or material to the end desired.—Army and Navy Life.

Her Own Doctor.

A Washington woman recently hired a negress. Going to the kitchen one day, she was amazed to find the negress sitting on the floor, with her hair standing out from her head like a black nimbus. The girl was pulling one curly lock and then another in such a way as to suggest that she had suddenly lost her reason.

"What on earth are you doing, Mary?" gasped the lady of the house.

"Nawthin', ma'am; only I has got a sore throat an' was jest tryin' to find de lock dat would pull mah palate up an' relieve de tickle."—New York Herald.

THE PLAYFUL PORPOISE.

A Sportive Youngster That Had Fun With a Motor Boat.

Writing of a motor boat trip on the Black sea, Henry C. Rowland in Appleton's tells of the playfulness of the porpoise:

"That evening was a lovely one, the air of a delightful temperature, very clear, and the sea like a mill pond. A big school of porpoises came over to play with the boat, and the water was so sparklingly clear and of such a glassy surface that we were able to follow all their movements even when they plunged to their fullest depth. They had not the slightest fear of the noise of the motor, but swam dangerously close to the propeller and frequently rubbed themselves against the sides of the boat.

"One sportive youngster kept getting across the stem. For almost an hour I lay on my face forward, with my head over the bow, watching him. He was playful as a puppy and at last invented a little game of his own. Lying across the stem, he would let the curve of the bow roll him over and over, presently disappearing to swim back and repeat the performance. I have watched porpoises in many waters of the globe, but have never seen any as kittenish as these."

A LONG DRINK.

The Way a Fast Running Locomotive Scoops Up Water.

Some of the great transcontinental engines take on 8,000 gallons, or 245 barrels, of water to be turned into steam for the next run of two hours, or about sixty miles. But such a vast amount of water is a burden, and new supplies are desired oftener. It is a loss of time to stop and let such vast quantities come aboard through a pipe; hence some way of taking water while rushing at full speed is desirable. It has been found. How?

If you make a scoop of your hand and swing it swiftly, the hollow side forward, into water some of it will be likely to spurt up your sleeve. That is nature's hint. Follow it up. Find a level place in the road and put down an iron trough four inches deep, fourteen inches wide and one-eighth of a mile long. The engine comes rushing along, and having passed the end, drops a scoop into this trough. There is a general splutter of water, but a tremendous stream rushes up the sleeve of the dropped hand and pours into the water tank. When it is full the fireman raises the scoop or it glides up the slope at the far end of the trough, and the engine is watered for the next run.—Epworth Herald.

Uses For Baby Carriages.

East siders in New York use their baby carriages until they literally fall apart. Of course the primary purpose is served well and often, as the family is generally a good sized one. Then the carriage is used for a market and shopping wagon, being piled high with potatoes, greens, fruit and household goods of all kinds from neighboring stores and push carts. The east sider doesn't often have his things sent home. He's not sure he would get what he had bought. Then the little boys are sent out to hover around new buildings or old ones being demolished and gather in wood to be pushed home in the baby carriage. On other occasions it is piled high with garments being rushed to or from the sweatshop. Sometimes packages of laundry are delivered from it, and, again, it is filled with coal. When it is finally worn out it furnishes a little fuel and four hoops for the children to play with.—New York Press.

Phenomena of Heredity.

It is one of the phenomena of heredity that a boy wants to be what his father was—if a shoemaker, then a shoemaker; if an ironworker, then an ironworker; if an artisan of any line, then an artisan in that line—and the father and mother who have come to hate the smell of leather or the grime of the smithy, the oil waste of the machine or the sweat of downright hard work cajole or coerce that boy into something that is genteelly dull or respectably stupid and kill the germ that would have produced the manufacturer, the mechanical engineer or the capitalist.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

The Weather House.

A very ingenious contrivance for foretelling the weather is the old fashioned "weather house," largely made in Switzerland. It is arranged in such a way that two figures act in response to the twisting of a piece of catgut. The material, supported by a wire, controls the movements of a little platform on either end of which is placed a model. Excessive moisture in the air causes the catgut to twist and turn the platform round, so that the man emerges from one of the doors in the front of the house. Reverse conditions of the atmosphere bring about the contraction of the catgut, and the platform swings back, thus bringing the figure of the woman into prominence at her particular door. The making of a weather house is quite an easy matter.

"Spoken English Very Good."

From an advertisement of a Danish hotel: "The hotels charmingly situated, surrounded of a nice garden the good cuisine, the kindly accommodation with moderate charge and good conveyances, with easy occasion for salmon and trout fishing, the ascending of the surrounding mountains has done this place well-known and praised of all travellers. N. B.—The landlord is spoken English very good."—Lahore Civil and Military Gazette.

A Riot of Color.

From the land of the Moros a soldier writes: "A Moro matron passed our quarters this morning wearing a hellebore jacket, purple trousers with large heart designs worked in yellow, blue and pink embroidery, a red and black sarong, yellow plush slippers and yellow silk mantilla. The lady's maid (old), in modest garb, walked behind, carrying a magenta parasol."

Hobson's Choice.

"There is an egg for breakfast," remarked a landlady to her lodger. "Which do you prefer?" "Prefer?" repeated the latter. "Where's the preference when you only offer an egg?" "Why, you can have an egg or nothing," was the sharp reply.—London Scraps.

Then She Missed It.

Wiggs—Poor old soul! She doesn't believe as much in the efficacy of prayer as she did. Waggs—You surprise me. She has always been so extremely religious. Wiggs—Yes, but the other day she got ready to go into the city, and then she discovered that she had only ten minutes in which to catch the train. So she knelt down before she started and for five minutes prayed fervently that she might catch it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Ngt Working.

Nellie apologized for the action of her new baby sister by saying, "You see, she hasn't got any sense yet." Her mother objected to such an idea, and Nellie replied, "Oh, of course she's got sense, but it isn't working yet."—Delineator.

The Return.

Magistrate—If I remember rightly, this is not your first appearance in court. Prisoner—No, your honor; but I hope you don't judge by appearances.—Harper's Weekly.

Mean Insinuation.

Long—They say, you know, that people can be killed by kindness. Strong—Is that why you are so attentive to your wife's mother?—Boston Transcript.

There is but one virtue—the eternal sacrifice of self.—George Sand

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The individual preferences of those to be remembered can be considered.

The delays and annoyances of the last days can be avoided.

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Everything for Women
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MRS. M. F. Conway

Has removed from Broad Street and is now located on Fourth Street, opposite the Odd Fellows Block, where she will continue to serve her customers with

Home-made Bread
Cookies and any thing in the Baking line made to order.

Mrs. M. F. Conway,

Your going to buy Clothes this fall; they're going to be of a style and color and pattern that suits you, not somebody else, and you are going to buy them where you think you get the best and biggest value for your money. That's what you're going to do, you see how well we know you and your plans.

We make a special feature of Hart, Shaffner and Marx clothes because they represent in the highest degree the spirit and idea of our business. These makers are one of the very few in the country who maintain a strictly all-wool standard of fabrics. Their line offers us a greater variety of weaves, colors and patterns than any two or three lines in the country. In fine tailoring, in finish and in freshness of correct style, they are easily first among clothing makers and we have the pick of their product. There's no reason why we shouldn't offer our customers the best in the market. We offer HART, SHAFFNER & MARX clothes because they are the best. Our styles and patterns are exclusive. Our Suits at \$25 are unusually good. We have made this price a point on which to concentrate our buying skill to get and sell at \$25 the best clothes that can be made and sold for that price.

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