

## WHATS NICER THAN A FINE NEW RANGE



JUST ASK YOUR WIFE IF SHE WOULDN'T LIKE TO HAVE A NEW RANGE? SHE'LL LIKE THE KIND WE SELL. COME AND SEE, WE HAVE THE BEST.

WE CARRY A FINE LINE OF HEATING STOVES FOR ALL KINDS OF FUEL. ESPECIALLY A FINE LINE OF WOOD AND COAL HEATERS.

A FULL LINE OF BASKETS AND MEASURES FOR ALL PURPOSES.

A FULL LINE OF GAS HOSE, COAL PAILS AND AMMUNITION OF ALL KINDS.

Plumbing, Tinning, Steam and Hot Water Heating a Speciality.

### The Most Complete Line of Hardware

Never has our establishment been better able to meet the demands of the trade than at present. We have the largest and most complete line of everything that should be found in a first-class hardware store. Drop in and see us—no harm done if you do not purchase.

**F. V. HEILMAN & CO.**

Next door to Geo. J. LaBar's Furniture Store.

### COMPETITION DEAD!

AT

**C. B. HOWARD & CO'S**

WEST FOURTH ST.,  
EMPORIUM, CAMERON CO., PA.

NOTICE LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE LINE of GENERAL MERCHANDISE in COUNTY

OUR MOTTO:---Good and Reliable Goods at Moderate Prices.

#### Groceries

Canned goods, strictly pure, conforming with the pure food law, consisting of Tomatoes, Peaches, Pears, Succotash and Corn, Corned and Dried Beef, Veal Loaf, Salmon, Sardines in oil and mustard, Pickles by the keg or in bottles, all kinds of Fish, by the piece or pail, Hams, Bacon and Salt Pork, or anything you desire in the Grocery line; also Hay, Feed, Oats, Straw and Flour.

#### Clothing

Our stock of Underwear is complete. National Wool, Fleece lined and Ballbrigan Shirts and Drawers which cannot be surpassed in price or durability. Our line of Overalls, Over Jackets, Pants, Work and Dress Shirts, Wool and Cotton Socks, Gloves and Mitts, will surprise you in price and quality.

#### Shoes and Rubbers

Men and Boys' work and dress Shoes, Ladies and Children's shoes, Complete line and all sizes. Rubbers of all kind for Ladies, Children and Lumbermen's.

#### Dry Goods

Cannot be surpassed in this line. Have everything from a darning needle to a sewing machine. Our line of Embroideries and Insertions are complete. Come look our stock over and be convinced.

#### Hardware

Axes, Shovels, Hinges, Hammers, Hatchets, all kinds and sizes of Nails and Spikes. Our Tinware, etc., consists of Boilers, Milk Pans, Tin Cups, Wash Basins. Full stock of Lumberman's Supplies, Lever Stocks, Neck Yokes, Axe and Pick Handles, Spuds, Mauls, Grabs, etc.

We appreciate all orders and shall endeavor to give our immediate and prompt attention and give you as good service and as reliable goods in the future as we have in the past. Phone orders receive our prompt attention

Yours truly,

**C. B. HOWARD & CO.**

### DOMESTIC DIPLOMACY

Joyce swung jauntily into the dining room, took from his wife's lips the usual peck and, seating himself at the table, was soon doing justice to the dainty meal she had prepared for him. He kept up a stream of conversation and was busy with a detailed description of how he had secured an order for his house in spite of the best efforts of a rival concern to land it, when it suddenly dawned upon him that he was not getting the attention that his story merited. Then it crept into his mind that all his remarks had been answered in monosyllables.

"Are you sick, dear?" he asked his wife.

"No." The answer was brief enough. "Worried about Johnnie again?"

"No."

Joyce began to think in earnest. In all the ten years of their married life he had never known his wife to be so economical of words unless she had reached the stage where she was too angry to talk.

"Did things go wrong today, little woman?" he asked in his tenderest one.

"Nothing went wrong today, thank you," freely.

Joyce knew now that the partner of his sorrows was really angry. Freezing politeness was a sure sign of anger with his wife.

"Are you having trouble with the girl?"

"The girl is a jewel, Mr. Joyce."

"Then, if nothing is wrong, for the love of Mike, grin and show your teeth."

Joyce was getting nettled. "I might grin and show my teeth till doomsday and you would not notice them."

"So," thought Joyce, "that's it, is it?"

Now he had the key to the situation! Mrs. Joyce had bought a new gown, or some other fixing, and he had not noticed it. Joyce's absent-mindedness was only equalled by his lack of observation. He had been badgered by his friends so much about his failings that he tried to keep all knowledge of them from his wife.

"So you thought I didn't notice it, did you, little girl?" he said, with an air of gallantry. "Well, when you catch Louie T. Joyce overlooking any bet like that, just put it down in your diary that he's asleep."

"But you never mentioned it," Mrs. Joyce, though visibly mollified, was still a little vexed.

"Of course I didn't mention it. Would you have me come in and shout about it like a schoolboy?"

"N-o-o, but you might have said something about it. You might have let me know whether you liked it or not."

All this time Joyce had been looking his wife over to see if he could discover the new thing she had on, but her attire looked as usual to him.

He came out of his abstraction to hear his wife say: "Do you think it suits my complexion?"

"Ah! Now he had it! It was her dress!

"That dress is just too corking for anything, dear. You know I always liked you in yellow; it sets off your brown eyes so well, and—"

"Always is a good word," his wife cut in, "seeing that I have worn this dress for two years. But what has that got to do with it?"

"In bad again!" thought Joyce, mentally kicking himself.

"Well, it has really nothing to do with it, I suppose," he said, "but I'd like to know since when a fellow has been barred from complimenting his wife if she looks particularly sweet, just because she isn't wearing a new gown?"

The indignation in Joyce's voice was as strong as if he meant it.

"Oh, of course, dear," said his wife. "I did not mean to offend you, but I was wondering if you'd like it with my light hair."

Joyce grabbed at the hint like the proverbial drowning man at a straw. What an idiot he was not to have noticed that ribbon thing and buckle arrangement on her hair!

"Your hair, my dear, looks lovely, as I have often remarked, whether it is adorned or worn plain, but I think you ought to have another one for the—other side."

Joyce patted himself on the back for that clever speech.

"Louie Joyce!" His wife was surprised. He could see that. "What in the world could I do with another one, and how in the name of common sense could I adorn my hair with it?"

Plainly Joyce was out of his depth.

"Of course, you dear little goose," he said, "I don't mean for you to wear it on your head, but I want you to have another one—or anything else you want. So I'm going to write you out a check and you can go downtown tomorrow and spend the money."

"But, dear—" Mrs. Joyce began.

"Not another word about it! I am running this show. If I want my wife to spend a little money I guess she can do it."

Then his wife put her arms around his neck and nestled her face against his as she said: "You wise old owl. I was trying to surprise you, but it seems I never can."

"No, you can't fool papa," Joyce said. This very airily, while to himself he said: "Now, what in the world did she get?"

Meanwhile his wife, with her cheek pressed against his, was thinking: "I'm so glad he likes this new green rug in the dining room."

### The Man She Hated

Miss Carrie Thornton and her mother were at the theater. They had bought their seats at the last moment, but they were good ones. They were comfortably seated, and the curtain was about to go up, when an usher and a gentleman came down the aisle and passed before them, and speaking to the daughter the official said:

"Beg pardon, madam, but you have this gentleman's seat."

"It can't be. Here is my coupon."

"But he has one also. There has been some mistake at the box office."

"Which shall not incommode the ladies," added the gentleman as he turned away.

Two weeks later Miss Carrie took the train for a suburban town to visit a girl friend. She reached the depot with a few minutes to spare and sat down in the waiting room. In a way she realized that she sat down beside a man, the room being crowded, but she paid no sort of attention to him. When the man with the megaphone called out her train she rose in haste to go to the gates.

"Beg pardon," said a voice at her elbow, "but I think this belongs to you."

It was the man of the theater, and he held out the shopping bag she had left on the seat in her haste.

"Thank you," was her curt answer.

"And this," he said, holding out her silver purse, which had been carelessly laid down.

This time she only nodded, and he saw a flash of vexation in her eyes.

Miss Carrie Thornton and her young lady friend, at the latter's home, had revived the ancient game of croquet and were playing it on the lawn which ran down to the highway. In making a vigorous strike at a ball Miss Carrie's opponent lost her hold on the mallet and Miss Carrie was knocked senseless.

There was weeping and wailing and wringing of hands when an auto made its appearance and came to a stop. The gentleman sitting beside the chauffeur saw that an accident had happened, and he came to the rescue. Miss Carrie was lifted up in his strong arms and carried into the house and was found to be more frightened than hurt. She might have a headache for two or three days and then be all right. She opened her eyes just as the gentleman bowed himself out.

"That man again! That man!" was her tragic exclamation.

"How did he come here? What right has he to say that I'm not hurt much? Oh, I hate him—hate him!"

"Why, dear," said her friend, "that is Professor Bannister, of our university."

"I don't care if he's the professor of peanut shucks! He knows I don't like him, and it was a piece of impudence his coming along here."

After a week, and after her convalescence was complete, her girl friend was sent uptown for certain paints and patterns. They had planned to decorate the ceiling of the dining room. With their down and an old dress on and a towel tied around her for an apron, Miss Carrie decided to make a commencement during her chum's absence. The cook brought in the stepladder and stood by to hold it, and the artist began work. She had become very much interested when a voice from the floor beneath reached her ears:

"I beg pardon, but you did not hear my ring? I left a book here the other day, I think."

That man again! That Professor Bannister! And he was smiling and bowing! And Miss Carrie Thornton, who hated him, was not only a scarecrow in appearance, but was perched on a stepladder like a goose roosting on a fence. She blushed. She stammered. She tried to say something, and then she tried to get down. Of course she fell, but she was not killed outright. But her feelings were hurt as he stepped forward and caught her in his arms and stood her on her feet and departed with that patronizing smile on his face.

When the ceiling had been finished and admired it was a long jaunt in the runabout. Things went well for a long 15 miles. Then an old cow brought a change. She figured that she could cross the road and bite at a bunch of grass and get back again before the machine got along. She was two seconds out of the correct calculation, as the professor of mathematics later informed her. Down went the cow, and over went the runabout, and of course the young ladies screamed for the police and all other departments within or outside of hearing.

And it was that man—that Professor Bannister—that impudent intruder—who came driving up in his auto to extend aid and sympathy and say: "The machine is so badly broken that I will have to take you home in my auto."

"I—I will walk!" sobbed Miss Carrie.

"But I won't, for I can't with this sprained ankle," protested the other.

"There will be no walking," quietly announced the professor, and there wasn't.

That was only a little over a year ago, and if the society papers are right she is to become Mrs. Professor Bannister very soon now. No woman will hate a man unless she is interested in him and is mad that she is interested.

## Autumn Announcement

A Fine Line of Coats, Suits, Skirts and Shirtwaists, just received

### NEW FURS

A large consignment of new furs that are now open for inspection.

A special discount of 10 per cent on regular price will be made to those purchasing within the next week. A small cash deposit will secure the furs. Call early.

**H. A. Zarps & Co**

## The Imperial Kitchen Elevator

Holds Everything for the Table



It is out of sight and out of mind until you push the button, then immediately in reach, without physical effort. It changes ill health to good health, bad temper to a pleasant disposition.

The Cellar is the Best Place to Keep Things for the Table

Some one must fetch them and take them back again. It is back-breaking, time-consuming, devitalizing, routine work, and the energy expended shows no result.

CONSULT

FISHER & WRIGHT, District Agents,  
Emporium, Pa.

## Reduction Sale on all Millinery



We have put our entire stock of Trimmed Hats and Tailored Hats on sale at 1-3 of former price.

All Wings and Fancy Feathers at 1-2 former price.

25 per cent. off on Willow Plumes.

We have some bargains in this line of goods.

We have a few of our Fine Pattern Hats which we will sell at a sacrifice.

**LUDLAM'S.**