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A REAL PROPERTY OF THE PROPERT

There is, we must admit, today, no conarch in any tongue upon the literary throne, no sovereign world name bappened before now, not so many generations ago, in royal succession to Scott, Byron, Goethe, Hugo, Tolstoy all the civilized world Tenton, Latin, Celt, Slav, oriental-is interested, for whose new works it looks or where it seeks the gospel of the day. Naboch lish, to use an Irish word that became a favorite with Sir Walter Scott, it does not matter. Do not let us nurse the humor of the despondent editor who mournfully told his readers, "No

new epic this month.' Nobody can tell how the wonders of language are performed nor how a book comes into the world. Genius is genius. The lamp that today some may think burns low will be reple ed. New orbs will bring light. Litera ture may be trusted to take care itself, for it is the transcript of the drama of life, with all its actors, moods and strange flashing fortunes. The curiosity that it meets is perpetual and insatiable, and the impulses that inspire it can never be extinguished .- John Morley.

Thrifty Harry Lauder.

There are many stories told of the wonderful thrift of Harry Lauder, the Scotch comedian. Once when Lauder was in New York he was in a wine buying party at the Astor. Everybody but the Scot bought wine. When it came his turn to buy he sighed.

"Well, boys," he said, "it's my turn to treat. Come along with me. I've got a fine bottle of old Scotch up in my room. I brought it over with me.

On another occasion he was with a drinking party and instead of liquor he ook cigars, for which those who treated him paid 50 cents aplece. Harry put all but one in his pocket. He spent two hours smoking that one. After the drinking was over the little comedian went to the cigar counter and said to the man in charge, "I say, man, wud ye mind givin' me ten cent cigars for these fafty cent ones?" The exchange was made, and Harry went to his room with five times as many cigars as he had at the start.

The burning of the famous Greyfriars church in Edinburgh occurred one Sunday morning, and the young people of a house which backed upon the churchyard were among the first, as they were preparing to start for church, to observe the flames. It was the housemaid's Sunday out, and old Kitty, the cook, was that day responsible for her duties. Hearing unwonted commotion and excited outcries upstairs, she came panting and hobbling up from her basement kitchen, crying anxiously at each stair:
"Oh, what is't?" What is't?"

"Oh, Kitty, look here!" cried one of the girls from a window. "Greyfriars church is burning up."

Kitty dropped limply on a settee. "Is that a', miss?" she grumbled be-tween gasps. "What a fright ye geed me: I thicht ye said the parlor fire was out."-Youth's Companion.

Blending the Odors.

It has been proved that two odors which do not seem to have anything in common, that of putrefled cheese and that of pineapple, are so closely allied from the chemical standpoint that it takes but a few minutes to transform an intense stench into a sweet fragrance. This curious experiment is easily made and requires but a small amount of three chemicalsvalerianic acid, sulphuric acid and amylic alcohol. Care must be taken not to spill over the fingers or dress any drop of the first two named liquids. Sulphuric acid is exceedingly caustic and the stench of valerianic acid, besides being unendurable, is very difficult to get rid of.—London Family Herald.

The Caddie's Advice.

A famous woman golfer was talking at the St. Andrews links. 'And as wonderful as the links," she

said, "are the caddies. The Scotch caddie is the quaintest of mortals. For instance: "I had skied a lot of balls one morning, much to my caddie's dis-Finally he teed a ball for me and then, handing me my driver, remarked:

"'Noo, leddy, let's see a guid shot, and nae mair o' yer glory hallelujahs.'

No nation loves nature so much as the German. The Italian travels to get somewhere, the German to travel. The country walk for its own sake is a German discovery. The Englishman's ideal is a park, the German's a wood, and the Frenchman loves his boulevard .- Hamburger Zeitung.

She Admitted It.

A Mrs. Malaprop said to Clara Novello, the noted English prima donna, "You will admit that there is a great deal of evil life in the theater."
"True, indeed." replied Clara, "but on which side of the curtain?"

"Can't afford it," said the apprehen

"But it will give you an appetite."
"Perhaps. But it will do the same for the horse."—Washington Star.

mental caliber, is he not?"
"He certainly is a big bore."—University of Minnesota Minnehaha.

That is the bitterest of all, to wear

A cartographic Curiosity.

Catherine de' Medici once entertained the ambition of acquiring both North and South America as appendages to her crown, and with that object in view she dispatched a couple of her representatives to the scene of operations. The northern section of the enterprise was committed to the charge of the queen's favorite, Troilus de Mesgonez, who was adorned with the title of viceroy of France and salled from Havre with a large fleet, only to be wrecked in the Atlantic. Another favorite, Strozzi, was commissioned to capture South America, but he was no more fortunate than Mesgonez, for he was killed at the Azores. These happenings, however, took a long time to reach the ears of Queen Catherine, and in the meantime she nursed her dreams and prepared a map on which "the new world of the north" and "the new world of the south" figured as colonies of France. This cartographic curiosity is among the map treasures of the National library in Paris.

Sweetness That Never Palls.

During a sleepless night the Vizler Mujjeduddin Kumija dispatched his slave, Bedruddin Ejas, to bring him sweets. The slave procured a copper kettle heaped with many kinds of fruits and sweets, and Mujjeduddin

"You relish them, my master?" asked

The vizier shrugged his shoulders. "These fruits are sweet-for the mo-ment." he said, "but show me a fruit the sweetness of which will endure even unto the judgment day."

"Such fruits there are, my master," cried the slave and hastened toward the Mesched Husa, where he awoke the starving orphans in the house of Allwin and led them forth into the room of his master. Overjoyed, the famished children devoured the fruits.

"Look, oh, my master," said the ave. "Here you see fruits the sweetness of which endures unto the judg-

Two Little Bills.

Robert was in the habit of expecting reward for every little service. At the end of the week he made out a "bill" to his mother and carefully laid it where her eyes would fall upon it. The items were as follows:

"Mother Owes to Robert. "Five cents for running errands.

"Five cents for being good." That evening there appeared beside Robert's plate a paper upon which was written:

"Robert owes mother, for years of happiness, nothing; for nursing him through long illnesses, nothing; for doing good to him, nothing."

Thoroughly ashamed of himself, Robert ran to mother, threw his arms around her and sobbed:
"Mother, I will do everything I can'

for you after this, and I'll never ask you to give me anything but just love."-Omaha World-Herald.

Easy to Please.
"So," said his girl's papa furiously,
"you think you could make my little girl Arethusa happy?"

The young man considered his prospective pa-in-law, who had gout and a face like a fire engine and an eighty horsepower temper.

"She's been happy with you, sir, hasn't she?" the young man asked. "I think so, my boy—I think so," replied his girl's papa. "I certainly think so. I think so certainly. I'm certain I think so." "Well," chimed in the young man sweetly, "if she's been happy with you I certainly think I can make her happy. I think so. I think so certainly.

happy. I think so. I think so cer-tainly. I'm certain I think so."

Sleepwalking.

Somnambulism has been a mystery and a matter of discussion to the medical profession since the days of the They knew as well as we all now know that there is such a thing as somnambulism, or walking in the sleep. They attempted to explain it just as modern medical science has been endeavoring to explain it ever since. But as it was then so it is now. There are so many explanations that even the physician is puzzled to decide which to accept.

The elevator was waiting for pas sengers on the ground floor of the sky scraper when an excited woman fluttered over to the man running It.

"Does this car go up?" she inquired, breathle

"No, madam," said the elevator man; unperturbed, "this is a crosstown car."

—New York Times.

The One Place.

"That Mrs. Gossip seems to be at home wherever she may be." "Well, I saw her in a place yester-day where she seemed decidedly rest-

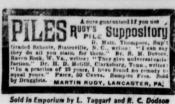
less and uneasy."
"You don't say? Where was that?"
"At home."—Catholic Standard and

Awkwardly Expressed.
Gushing Lady—I hear you've been away for your health, professor. Musical Lion—Yes. I've been at Marienbad taking the baths. Gushing Lady-Really! That must have been a change for you!-London Opinion

What's the Answer? The inevitable kid and his question:

"Papa, who furnishes the meat for the train, the cow catcher or the train butcher?"—Santa Fe Employees' Mag-

Pretty Bad.
"Was the play bad?"
"Well. I should say. Why, even the lights went out at the close of the





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