

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.

This Space belongs to **C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY.** Will see you later.

His Frankness Won.

The late Senator Dooliver said that in politics it paid to be frank and honest with the people. "My predecessor in the senate," he said, "was John H. Gear. On one occasion the prohibition spirit was running high, and a public meeting was held, with a well known Quaker as chairman. Gear was invited to the meeting. He accepted the invitation. The old Quaker called him to the platform and said: "We learn that thou dost not belong to any temperance society and also that thou dost drink liquor at thy discretion. Is this true?" "Every word of it is true," replied Gear, "but did you ever hear of my doing anything dishonorable?" "Nay, Mr. Gear," replied the old Quaker chairman—"may, we have never heard anything else to thy discredit. Thy frankness is more to be commended than thy habits. But thou hast not lied to us, and we will support thee." "And they did," said Senator Dooliver, "and elected him too."—Washington Star.

Her Bridge Prize.

A decided coldness between two women who had been friends for many years is the result of a mistake made by the maid of one of them who had had a four table bridge party one afternoon recently. In keeping with the custom, she had provided a prize for each table to be brought to the card room just before tea was served and placed on the tables which bore the corresponding numbers. It was a "lovely party" in every respect, with never a hitch until the woman at No. 3 opened the parcel which was supposed to contain her trophy of victory over her three competitors, but which really contained a pie of perfumed soap. Unfortunately, the hostess was not in the group when the package was opened, and much had been said before she discovered that the wrong bundle had been brought downstairs.—New York Tribune.

The Seal's Marvelous Instinct.

The instinct of the seal is marvelous. It will leave its young on the ice in the morning and, going down through a hole, remain away all day swimming in search of food. Returning in the evening, it will locate its offspring in the same "patch" among hundreds of thousands of other baby seals notwithstanding that the ice may have wheeled or drifted fifty or sixty miles during the day from wind and tide and notwithstanding that the patch may extend thirty or forty miles from one end to the other. Whether this instinct is of the class that enables the bird without any mark or chart in a forest with millions of trees alike to find its way back with ease and precision to its nest I do not know, but it is one of those wonders in nature before which human knowledge is brought to a full stop.—Sir Edward Morris in Wide World Magazine.

The Jekyll and Hyde Idea.

"I was in Stevenson's company," says Charles Brookfield in "Random Reminiscences," "at the moment that he conceived the germ of the idea of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' He was inveighing against a man with whom he had done business and with whom he was dissatisfied. The man's name was Samuel Creggan, or something like it. 'He's a man who trades on the Samuel,' Stevenson declared. 'He receives you with Samuel's smile on his face, with the gesture of Samuel he invites you into a chair, with Samuel's eyes cast down in self-deprecation he tells you how well satisfied his clients have always been with his dealings, but every now and again you catch a glimpse of the Creggan peeping out like a white ferret. Creggan's the real man; Samuel's only superficial.'"—Chicago News.

The Louvre.

The Louvre dates away back to the reign of Dagobert in 628. In 1204 it was a prison and in 1364 was made into a library. The new building was begun by Francis I. in 1528 and enlarged and adorned by successive kings, principally by Louis XIV. But it was Napoleon I. who gave the Louvre its real glory. Turning it into a museum, Napoleon deposited in it the finest collection of paintings, statues and art treasures known in the world. The magnificent buildings of the new Louvre were begun by Napoleon I. and completed by Napoleon III. about 1857.

Not an Inviting Ideal.

"My son," said Harker as he pointed to the ivy in front of the cottage, "always be like the vine—climb." The little boy was thoughtful. "I don't think I'd like to be like that vine," he responded seriously. "And why not, Tommy?" "Cause if I was I'd be a porch climber."—Chicago News.

Trimming Him Down a Little.

Elderly Swell—What has become of the—aw—the other pretty manicure lady I used to see at this hotel? Comely Damsel—I presume you mean my mother. She's looking after a husband and a houseful of children. What can I do for you, sir?—Chicago Tribune.

Breaking It Gently.

Servant—You got cheated when you bought a china vase, mum. Mistress—How cheated? Servant—Why, it's weak. It busted all to smash the first time I dropped it.—Toledo Blade.

A Good Joke.

"What is a good joke?" "Any joke you have read that makes you sore because you didn't think of it yourself."—Exchange.

Good notions enable us, and we are the sons of our own deeds.—Cervantes.

Historic Beauties.

The famous beauties of the world are wise when they leave no portraits of themselves. Take Marguerite de Valois, criminal, scheming, unscrupulous villainess, but she was dowered with such charm that there was not a jailer or an enemy she could not charm when she tried. No, nor a woman—not even the wives of her lovers. Men came from every country, taking year long journeys, only to see her and went away, after a little glimpse, saying they had "seen loveliness itself." Then one sees her portraits. Too much forehead and expressive mouth (in one picture a lovely mouth)—and that is all. Mary, queen of Scots, was very lovely—three kingdoms battled because of her beauty—and yet her pictures leave one cold. Fouché said her portrait showed every trait of the lowest criminal type. That was before he knew whose picture he criticised.—London Truth.

Lost Meanings.

"Those who care for the beginnings of things may be glad that the quill pen survives to remind us that the original pen was plucked from a bird," observes a writer. "Germans and Frenchmen are in no danger of forgetting that, thanks to their respective words 'feder' and 'plume,' but the English 'pen' suggests a feather only when one chooses to think about it and recall the Latin 'penna.' Almost all our writing materials are no longer what etymologically they profess to be. Paper is no longer made of papyrus; a pencil is not a little tail 'penicillus,' like a camel's hair brush; the 'lead' of a lead pencil is not lead, and the 'India rubber' with which we erase its marks does not and never did come from India. Even of parchment there is probably not a fragment in the country, except, perhaps, in a museum and coming from Pergamum, in Asia."—Chicago News.

Life In the Ice Arctic.

In the morning I was generally the one to waken first and would either start the alcohol lamp myself or call Astrup for that purpose. Our morning meal consisted of a lump of pemmican, six biscuits, two ounces of butter and two cups of tea each. As soon as this was finished everything was re-packed on the sledge. I then read the odometer, aneroid and thermometer and, taking the guidon, which had waved and fluttered over the kitchen throughout our hours of rest, from its place, stepped forward and the next march was commenced. After from four to six hours of marching we would halt for half an hour to eat our simple lunch of pemmican and give the dogs a rest and then after four to six hours of traveling halt again and repeat the already described route.—Robert E. Peary, "The Great White Journey."

Got Rid of the Scum.

She was a city bride who had never before taken a hand in housekeeping and knew but little about things in the kitchen. A few mornings ago she got after the milkman. "What's the matter with your milk?" she said, with great vehemence. "I don't know," he replied. "What do you find wrong with it?" "Well," she said, "every morning it is covered with a nasty yellow scum." "And what do you do with the scum?" "Why, I skim it off, of course, and throw it in the garbage can."—Farmers' Guide.

Sacrificing the Woman.

That Carlyle could contemplate with equanimity being unpraised, unmoneyed and neglected all his life, that he required neither the world's pudding nor its breath and could be happy without them, was pardonable and perhaps commendable. That he should expect another person to share this unmoneyed, puddingless and rather forlorn condition was scarcely consistent with such lofty principles. Men may sacrifice themselves, if they please, to imagined high duties and ambitions, but they have no right to marry wives and sacrifice them.—Exchange.

How People Die.

It is estimated that the average duration of human life is thirty-three years. A quarter of the people die during the seventh year and half before the seventeenth. Of every 1,000 persons one only reaches 100 years, six in 100 get to 65 and one in 500 to 80. It is further estimated that throughout the world 50,000,000 die annually, 138,000 a day, nearly 6,000 an hour, 90 a minute, or three in every two seconds.

Discretion.

Wife (whose husband, the local mayor, has just been knighted)—Have you heard from the man who offered to trace our pedigree? Husband—Yes; he has found out more than enough. Wife—What did you pay him? Husband—Fifty pounds—to hold his tongue!—London Opinion.

The Desideratum.

"George, what do you have to do when you draw some money out of a bank?" asked an innocent young wife. "You have to put some money in the bank beforehand," replied the husband. "That's always been my experience!"

A Friendly Tip.

"My husband always is the severest critic of the gowns I wear." "Well, judging from what I have heard, he has to go some if he is."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Prejudice, which sees what it pleases, cannot see what is plain.—Aubrey de Vere.

PILES A more guaranteed if you use **RUDY'S Suppository**.
 Grand School, Statesville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devereaux, Hayes Hook, W. Va., writes: "They give substantial relief." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarkburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 25 years, I have found no remedy equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Samples Free. Sold by Druggists. **MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.**
 Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dousoe. **CALL FOR FREE SAMPLE.**

KEELEY CURE
 The cure that has been continuously successful for more than 31 years is worth investigating. For the drug or drink habit. Write for particulars. Only Keeley Institute in Western Penna. 4246 Fifth Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
 TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS & C.
 Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. **HANDBOOK on Patents** sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the **Scientific American**.
 A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers. **MUNN & Co.** 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Our Spring Goods

New line of Ladies Tailored Suits, Skirts and Shirtwaists

The Latest ideas in Long Coats
 Prices Right

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.

"DOUBLE CREAM" BUTTERINE

10-Pound Package \$2.00
 Delivered by Prepaid Express.

Every housekeeper should read our free "Double Cream" Catechism. It tells how "Double Cream" is churned, of what it is churned, and why it is pure, sweet, and wholesome. This is the fancy table article which is taking the place of high-priced butter all over the country in cities, towns, and on the farm. Every package bears the U. S. inspection stamp. You may color it for home use so that even an expert can not tell it from gilt-edge creamery butter in color, aroma, flavor, and texture. Fill out this blank and mail to us at once.



Coloring "Double Cream."

Request for Catechism No. 9 (Name _____)
 Please mail me your free "Double Cream" Catechism: (Street and No. _____)
 (Postoffice _____ R. F. D. _____)
 (Express Office _____ State _____)

LICENSED CHURNERS:

THE OHIO BUTTERINE COMPANY,
 50 Walnut Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FAMILY FAVORITE LAMP OIL
 Second only to sun light. The clearest, steadiest and best artificial light known. Get **Family Favorite Oil** at your dealer's—out of the original barrel direct from our refineries. Family Favorite will not smoke, soot or flicker; will not char wick or "roast" chimney. Costs no more than inferior tank-wagon oils. **WAVERYL OIL WORKS CO.** Independent Refiners, PITTSBURG, PA. Also makers of Waveryl Special Auto Oil and Waveryl Gasolines.