

A Night Ride

THE BICYCLE is a queer instrument. You think you know all about it, then suddenly you find there are still things to learn. The other evening I got on my bicycle and started my way for five or six miles through one of the prettiest lanes in England to a country village where a friend of mine lives. The same which leads to this village is one in which I did a good deal of practicing when I first took to the bicycle, some months ago. It is bordered by hedges and trees on each side and looks like a long green tunnel, through which the sun sends some filtering, flickering rays down on the excellent roadway, making a sort of dancing carpet of light and shade, eternally weaving themselves together, and mimicking in shadow and sunshine the interlacing of the trees above.

But there is, alas, along the side of this lane a ditch which I had before now made acquainted with while teaching myself how to ride. It is always a pleasant experience for a bicyclist to revisit a spot where he has had his conflicts with the machine. It gives him a sense of having accomplished something. I recognized all the places where I had been thrown in the ditch and where I had been thrusted through the hedge. It was nice to know that these exciting days were past, and that I now rode the machine as if I were a part of it.

The lane is a lonely place at any time of the day; broader roads and more direct ones lead to the little village I have spoken of, but whose name I need not mention. My friend proved so entertaining that I stayed on and on. I was invited to stop for dinner and I did. I was afterwards invited to the house for this winter. I had reached home. People in the country, I was told were not always prepared to receive unexpected visitors to dinner. It was not the thing to drop down with my bicycle upon a helpless man in the country and then hang around the premises until I was invited to dinner. I am always putting my foot in it in this way. It makes me feel guilty afterwards, but what is a man to do? I was interested in my friend's talk, and I stayed on for that reason. I wasn't thinking about dinner for this. I am sure by the very good dinner they gave me, they were prepared for a visitor to drop down from anywhere, and, besides, if I had taken my sandwiches in my pocket and sat out on the veranda to eat them my friend would have been offended, imagining that I thus slighted his hospitality; as it was I left there thinking I had been most moderate, because I had refused an invitation to stay all night. I was told when I reached home that I was invited to stay the night, and that I had despaired of getting rid of me, and so made a virtue of necessity. Society is a complex machine, and a man never knows what to do—at least, I never do, and when people talk the kind of talk I like I am apt to hang on longer than I should. But all that has nothing to do with my bicycle experiences.

It was pitch dark when I left the house, and when I came to the entrance of the lane it was even darker than pitch, if such a thing be possible. I lit my bicycle lamp, and the first time in my life. The lamp had cost me a lot of money and was said to be the best in the market, but when it tried to compete with the appalling darkness of the lane I saw what a futile thing it was. I shed a dim circle of light, but that, that didn't seem to me to be of much practical use. I pushed the machine along and sprang lightly on its back. Now, I thought I knew how to ride perfectly; but I was to find out that riding in the broad daylight and riding in the darkness are two entirely different things. The machine gave a wobble first in one direction and then in the other, and my heart came into my mouth when I found that unless I was the wheel I did not know how to balance the concern. Sitting down a moment afterward, fortunately not on the side where the ditch was, I had some time to meditate on the situation. The wheel was on top of me, and the lamp was out. This was old times over again, and I had not even the chance in the darkness to select the spot on which to fall. I did not want to enter into an encounter with it. As I walked along beside the bicycle, I saw something move on the other side of the road, and within the circle of light. A stalwart, unkempt tramp, who had been making the roadside his bedroom,

rose up on his elbow and said menacingly: "Say, marster, can you oblige me with a match?"

"Yes, I can," I said, climbing up on my machine, and putting the wheels in motion. "Get on your bicycle, and we'll have a match. Come along!" He merely stood up and cursed me in loud and forcible language.

I thought my troubles well over on coming to the street lamps. I was bowled along within half a mile of my own house, when suddenly a policeman stepped out into the middle of the road. "Stop!" he cried; and having a respect for the law I stopped and got off the machine.

"What are you doing," he demanded, "travelling without a lamp?"

"Good gracious," I said; "my lamp isn't out," but on looking around I found, alas, it was, and I had not noticed the fact, so well was the street light. I assured him that it had been lighted a moment before, and that it must have joggled out.

"If you will put your hand on the lamp," I said, "you will find it is quite hot."

He did so and shook his head. I touched the lamp myself, for it, when lighted, becomes uncomfortably hot (it smokes worse than I do), and would you believe it, it was as cold as a rich relation from whom you want to borrow money.

"You will have to come with me," he said.

"Won't a cash payment down save me the trouble of appearing before a magistrate?"

"No, it won't," said the policeman. "I must do my duty."

"I detect a policeman who has to do his duty, so I said:

"Oh, very well; I joggled some money out of my pockets as I dropped off. You took me so by surprise, I'm going to light my lamp and look for it."

I lit the lamp and backed the machine up a bit. The policeman kindly helped me to look for the coins, but when his back was bent I pushed my machine forward a bit and sprang on it. My lamp was lit. He blew his whistle, but I managed to turn down a side street, then down another, and so managed to get safely home. But much as I like the bicycle, I have made up my mind that next spring, when so exciting for me until I get a lamp that, like that policeman, will do its duty.—Detroit Free Press.

I was bowled along at a rapid and satisfactory pace through the bright circle of light in front of me, when all at once, within an incredibly short distance, there appeared before me a young man and a young woman strolling together with their arms about each other's waists. Their backs were toward me and the lamp did not shine far enough ahead to let them know I was coming. Of course if I had had the presence of mind I could have steered around them and passed on, but they had become so suddenly silhouetted against the darkness, just as a magic lantern picture is thrown upon a screen, that the unexpected sight drove what little sense I had clear away from me, and I gave one terrific yell fit to arouse any recently dead man, and lunged myself from the machine. The girl complicated matters by wildly throwing her arms around the young man's neck and calling upon him to protect her, which he had no chance to do, because the next instant the machine climbed his back. We three were in a heap in that silent lane before anyone of us knew what had happened, and of course the lamp went out. By way of excusing myself and saying something conciliatory, I shouted:

"What in the name of the Prince of Darkness are you two dawdling about this lane, in the middle of the night for?"

The young man intimated to me in rather harsh language that if I would be good enough to wait there until he found his stick, he would show me what he was doing. However, I found my machine first and being in an utterly reckless mood, I sprang upon it without examining it to see if anything were broken or not, though I knew that no ordinary fall would injure the machine, and away I went and left them to wonder what little sense I had. I thought it best to leave well enough alone, which I did. Little use as the lamp was, I found it had its advantages, because the lane turned a short distance ahead; in fact, it was always turning, even in daylight, although I never noticed that particularly before, and this time I ran square into the hedge on the side opposite the ditch. I extricated the machine and once more lit the lamp. I thought perhaps it was safer not to attempt to ride any more, and so walked along, trundling the wheel, for I knew there was a bridge some distance ahead that had no parapets, and I did not want to enter into an encounter with it. As I walked along beside the bicycle, I saw something move on the other side of the road, and within the circle of light. A stalwart, unkempt tramp, who had been making the roadside his bedroom,

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USES OF THE TELEGRAPH.

Animals, Birds and Natives Turn Poles and Wires to Account.

When the telegraph was introduced into Norway the bears, on hearing the wires moaning in the wind, thought that the post was beehives, and set to work to rob their hives. On the ground; the woodpeckers thought that the poles were filled with insects and they bored holes in them with their bills. Such illusions disappeared gradually; animals became wiser with time and took the trouble to turn the telegraph to account for their personal uses.

Thus, a small bird in Natal, which had been wont to build its nest shaped like a cradle in the branches of a tree, built its nest on the first telegraph wire set up, and the birds came to get at it. The new position was found to be so secure that the bird added a convenient little side door to the nest, which had hitherto possessed only a small opening on the side furthest removed from the overhanging branch.

A Brazilian bird also builds its nest of earth on the telegraph wires. The artificial parrots take a genuine delight in uniting the currents between different wires; and also in breaking the porcelain cups on which the wires rest. Spiders cover the wires with their webs, and these webs, in turn, are often woven in the telegraph system, as the most unlikely connections are thus brought about. It is a bird which knows how to turn the telegraph to the greatest use; this is the magpie. At the foot of the pole, in which his bird's nest is built, in which it rears its family; some-what higher up the nest it makes an observatory, from which he looks permit it to observe the horizon in every direction; still higher this sagacious bird makes its perch, and thus the whole serves as its house, fortress and warehouse.

The savages have not, as a rule, shown so much ingenuity in taking advantage of the presence of the telegraph, although they have in certain cases. In the mountains of Peru, some of the Algorian tribes steal the porcelain cups and use them as coffee cups; the wire, if of iron, is woven into harness; if it is of copper it is made into nose rings. The wooden poles can easily be made use of in their huts, and the telegraph poles serve as excellent pipes for conducting water.

OLIVES AND OLIVE OIL.

Our Supplies Come Chiefly from Spain and California.

"Although olives are now quite extensively grown in Southern California, the bulk of the edible fruit comes from Spain, from which country there are about 8,000,000 annually imported into the United States," said a large importer of olives. "The fruit varies in size from 210 to the nelo, which is 2-1/2 pounds, up to olives as large as 60 or 70 to the nelo. Very few olives are nowadays shipped here in bottles. They come in casks and are repacked by the grocers in kegs or fancy jars and bottles for distribution to the retail trade.

"The olive is a very profitable fruit to grow, inasmuch as an orchard of well-developed trees practically requires little or no care. Its fruit can be gathered and cared for by the most simple and primitive means and the oil and pickles easily kept and transported. It is not known how long a good olive tree will continue to bear fruit in profitable quantities, but there are today in Spain, Italy and France trees bearing bountifully at the age of 150 years. The olive trees bears equally well in the valleys or on the mountain sides, but those on the lower ground furnish the finest fruit and richest oil. The trees yield a large crop once in two years. In the month of September the fruit begins to turn a bluish black, but it is not fully colored and ripe till October. It is often attacked by small maggots, such as are found in cherries, and then it falls from the trees; but, though the olives are partially spoiled, they are picked off the ground and an inferior kind of oil is made from them.

"The consumption of olive oil in this country amounts to about \$30,000,000 yearly. Of that quantity nearly 100,000 gallons is the product of California and the remaining 850,000 gallons come from Spain, Italy and France. Thousands of gallons of olive oil are adulterated with peanut, cottonseed and poppy oil, and the article is sold throughout the United States at a cheap substitute for the genuine oil."

FIRST FIGHT OF PHILIPPINE WAR

GRAPHIC STORY TOLD BY GENERAL FUNSTON.

The Experience of the Twentieth Kansas Regiment on the Firing Line After the Filipinos Had Begun Their Initial Attack Upon the American Forces.

Correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Just previous to relinquishing the command of the First brigade of General MacArthur's division, preparatory to entering the Second Reserve hospital, to undergo an operation for an old injury received in the campaign with Garcia, General Frederick Funston gave the following account of the most dramatic scene of the Filipino insurrection.

At the time referred to—the night of February 4 and the two days succeeding—the now famous little general was the colonel of the Twentieth Kansas regiment of volunteer infantry. His regiment was quartered in the Binondo district of Manila, his own residence being about three blocks away from the building used as regimental headquarters. Prefacing his account with the colonel and positive statement that all of the American forces had firmly believed for weeks that war was inevitable and sure, he continued:

"For some days previous to this time the insurgents had almost hourly grown more insulting in speech and daring in manner. The conflict so soon to occur had been nearly precipitated on the 24 by an insurgent officer with a detachment of about forty natives—all armed and very drunk—attempting to pass the line held by the Nebraska regiment. On that occasion only the fact and soldierly attitude of Colonel Stoenburg prevented a fight. But to come to the night of the 4th, Thirties challenged and told to halt by a sentinel near the Santa Mesa bridge, a party of four armed insurgents attempted to force our lines, and establish an outpost actually within our territory. It was about 8:30 o'clock, and as a good soldier obeying orders that man of the Nebraska regiment tried to shoot to kill, and the field was on. The Nebraskans having reinforced their line, awaited results. They had not long to wait—perhaps thirty minutes. As they stood in the deepening darkness from across the river there broke out a long horizontal line of fire, and in a brief instant the line of insurgent trenches volleyed volleys with deafening crashes. A desperate attempt to cross the bridge over the San Juan and in the immediate front of the Nebraska was soon made by the rebels, and very soon the route to our position was checked only when well near our side.

SUDDENLY AROUSED.

"I had just gone to bed when Major Metcalf knocked on my door and said: 'Colonel, it's on! It's on!' To think of that, struck a light and hastily dress took but a very few moments—all except the dressing—I couldn't find one boot. You would think a man could find a boot in a lighted room in two seconds. I'm afraid that I was somewhat excited. I found on the table orders to saddle the ponies, and, going out on a rear balcony of my headquarters with the major, far away to the east and working to the north we could hear the 'Pac-ow, pac-ow' that unmistakable double report of the machine gun. I called to the major while the ponies grew into a dull roar. My own regiment, though quartered in town, maintained a strong outpost of seventy men on the Calocan road, and I felt that in but a short time they, too, would be engaged. The machine gun was at the front of the camp, and I felt that it was our only chance. And strangely quiet and deserted that street was—not a sound, not a native—all gone—in hiding. The headquarters required but a little time. There we found the regiment under arms; the men, though quiet, and all impatient to move. They had stood much in those last weeks; but that had been a personal grievance. Now it was the nation that was being made a target. Taking two battalions, we broke into column of fours and took the route to our previously designated positions.

RAGER FOR THE PRAY.

"The men continued to chaff and comment and were positively cheerful. They were not a bit quiet. Their eagerness was unbounded. Arriving near our outpost, the firing that had gradually crept toward our front from away off on the right broke out ahead of us. We could hear Captain Clark with the greatest coolness give his commands for volley firing—and then 'Spit!' The bullets from the enemy sped by or landed in Nipa huta. It was odd how quiet had crept over the men; and it crept so quickly, too; no more laughter—now it was business. But their eagerness was not checked and they went on firing and broke out again. To add to the racket—there was no confusion—at irregular intervals there tore over our heads shrapnel from the old smooth-bore that the rebels had planted about three-fourths of a mile to our front. But on the narrow street we went, and soon in and through gardens, behind walls and houses; we were in position, a battalion on either side of the street. That old cannon kept ripping out its infernal roar and the men were fairly crazy to locate its position. Once established, we opened with volleys, firing slowly and well under control, but the insurgents, with plenty of ammunition, kept the scenery pretty thoroughly punctured with their rifle fire. They were using individual fire and were firing in extreme in their expenditure. Through the long night their fire kept up—now ragged and slow and then bursting into quick, fierce volleys. Morning so long waited for, finally dawned. What a long night it was! We made a slow, steady advance of about 400 yards, followed shortly by a second of 300. Then I got word from the Third artillery, on our right, that they were cramped by the ground and intended making a forward movement to get into a better position.

THE ENEMY'S LINE.

"Daylight showed us a line of the enemy some 300 yards away, behind a barricade—and daylight also brought with it a terrific fire from the navy. But my two advances had thrown the left of my regiment pretty well up into the line of their shell fire—indeed, it looked as if the navy were about shelling my left. Happily but one slight injury was received by our men. The navy fire having ceased, I encouraged my men preparatory to making a charge. I must confess that I was not absolutely sure that the insurgent fire was inaccurate, but I said: 'Com-

on, men; I don't think they can stop us,' and sounding the charge we went at them. It was grand; it was superb.

"Arriving at a point sixty yards from the first barricade, I did what I could not do again, because it would be unnecessary. We halted and fixed bayonets. That done, there was no stopping us. The first barricade was rushed and taken, the men going right in on top of the rebels, and the second, 150 yards further on, and not hitherto seen, we also assaulted, and, when the resulting slight confusion had been overcome, we prepared to treat an insurgent blockhouse, to our left front, in a similar manner, but just then we received pre-emptory orders to withdraw; we had gotten ahead at too rapid a gait; and we went reluctantly back to our former position. Reassembling in fours we took up this return march, and then I had the most distinct shock of any that I have experienced during the campaign. The navy reopened fire, and a shell—a shrapnel—seemingly as big as a bucket, struck within fifty yards and to right front of the head of the column; exploding with its fragments it literally swept with its fragments and bullets a path across our very route. How we escaped, for it was right on top of us, I shall never even hazard a guess; but we did escape. For that matter the whole night had been a period of great and good luck in casualties. For, during the first advance in column up that narrow street under Mauser and artillery fire and all the subsequent long hours of waiting for the day to come not a man had been found, and the night was not a hazardous one; but it was fortunately true.

ANOTHER STORY.

"Once back from out of the navy's range, I took up our position of the night before, and the rest is another chapter of what I fear will be a story of many volumes before the end can be written.

"There were some humorous things I recall as having occurred that night. One was the joke of the men as a shell would so saliently hit over their heads; and their shells, borrowed from base ball, of 'High ball,' 'Get 'em down old man; get 'em down!' But the night itself is a memory more vivid, more lurid than any other experience that I have ever undergone."

KIMBERLEY'S VAST RICHES.

The Enormous Value of the Diamond Mines Threatened by the Boers. Kimberley, which it is said the Boers have invested and isolated from the outside world, is the diamond region of the world, far surpassing the mines of Brazil in richness. If the report of the investment be true, this is the most serious blow which Kruger has struck at the commercial interests of Great Britain in South Africa. Kimberley is in the town and its defence will be stubborn. Kimberley is not a city in the modern use of the word. It is a great camp in which men's passions rise and fall as the treasures of the earth are uncovered or not found. The camp is in what is called Vard Basin, the wash ground of the river which divides the Transvaal from the Orange Free State. The first diamond discoveries there were made about 1870, but it was ten years later when Englishmen and others realized that the spot was the most valuable of its kind in the world.

By 1881 the mines which had been opened had yielded gems to the value of \$20,000,000. By 1887 seven tons of diamonds had been taken out valued at \$250,000,000. This record placed the Brazil diamond mines in the shade and made Kimberley world-wide in its fame. The Cecil Rhodes syndicate, known as the De Beers, came into control of all the mines after much negotiation. This syndicate is capitalized for \$75,000,000 and pays interest at the rate of 5% per cent. per annum and an annual dividend of 20 per cent. Since Cecil Rhodes came into control of the mines they have given out 2,500,000 carats of diamonds. To insure that there has been no robbery, a wash 2,700,000 loads of the blue earth in which they are found.

In the working of these diamond mines there are employed about 1,500 white men and 6,000 natives. The greater portion of these men are employed in the De Beers and Kimberley mines, the two biggest holes which a greedy man has ever dug into the earth. The De Beers mine has an area at the surface of thirteen acres and a depth of 450 feet. The mines are worked from shafts sunk some distance from the original holes and penetrating to the blue earth by transverse drivings at depths varying from 500 to 1,200 feet. The blue earth, when extracted, is carried in small iron trucks to the levels. Upon these levels the blue earth is worked until the gems within are extracted. The process of extracting takes from three to six months. The stones found vary in size from a pin head to the largest ever found—42½ karats. This largest stone when cut weighed 23½ karats. It is one of the experiences of the mine owners that they lose from 10 to 15 per cent. of their products each year through the thefts of employees, who, although closely watched, still manage to get away with their loot. The punishment for stealing a diamond is fifteen years' imprisonment. All diamonds except those which pass through illicit channels, are sent to England, the weekly shipments averaging from \$100 to \$200,000 worth.

The greatest outlet for stolen diamonds is through the Transvaal to Natal, where they are shipped by respectable merchants. It is said of the Rhodes interests in the mines that they take good care of their workmen. They have built a model village called Kenilworth within the precincts of the mines. In this village are cottages for the white workmen. A club house has been built for their use and there is a public library. The equipment of the mines is something remarkable. Each mine has ten circuits of electric lamps. They consist of fifty-two arc lamps of 1,000 candle power each and 60 glow lamps of 16 and 24-candle power, each of a total illuminating power of about 64,000 candles. Thirty telephones are located in each mine and over 100 electric bells to each for signalling. The lives of the workmen are insured and every precaution is taken to make their conditions tolerable. The rate of wages runs from \$2 to \$8 per day, unskilled labor receiving the lower price. What effect the closing of the mines by war will have on the world at large it is hard to say. Diamonds have already risen in price, but there is a large stock on hand in England and France. Of course all labor has ceased at Kimberley, and if the Boers get into the mines they may win rich prizes.

Nipped in the Bud.

"There is only one story that can always bring tears to my eyes." "What's that?" "The story of just getting ready to tell myself."—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. H. N. Warner, of Kearney, Neb., says:

"In 1894 I was attacked with paralysis in my left side. You might stick a pin to the head into my left hip and I would not feel it. I was unable to do any kind of work, and had to be turned in bed. I fully made up my mind that I could not be cured, as I had used all kinds of medicine and had tried many doctors. At last I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and I very reluctantly commenced their use last September. Before I had finished my first box I began to feel much better, and by the time I had used six boxes the paralysis disappeared; and although two months have passed since I finished my last box, there has been no recurrence of the disease."

From the Advertiser, Astell, Neb.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after-effects of a gripe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexion, all forms of weakness either in male or female.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are never sold by the dozen or hundred, but always in packages. At all druggists, or direct from the Dr. Williams Medical Company, Schenectady, N. Y., 50 cents per box, 6 boxes \$2.50.

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Book "HOW TO BE BEAUTIFUL" Free. Every caller at this department will be given this unique booklet FREE. It contains all those little secrets of the toilet so dear to every woman's heart. We give below a list of some of Madame Ruppert's Toilet Requisites.

Mme. Ruppert's Price.	Our Price.	Mme. Ruppert's Price.	Our Price.
Mme. Ruppert's Golden Hair Tonic gives new life to color and stops falling hair. \$1.00	83c	Mme. Ruppert's Almond Oil Complexion Soap; a perfect soap, a combination of almond oil and castile soap, and contains no lye. \$1.00	18c
Mme. Ruppert's Wonderful Depilatory removes superfluous hair without injury to skin in 2 minutes. 1.00	83c	Mme. Ruppert's World Renowned Face Bleach, large bottle, clears the skin of any discoloration and beautifies the complexion naturally. \$2.00	\$1.65
Mme. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorer is not a dye, but returns gray hair to its natural color. 2.50	\$2.19	Mme. Ruppert's Egyptian Balm, a valuable skin food, and used in connection with the Face Bleach, removes wrinkles. 1.00	83c
Mme. Ruppert's Pearl Enamel causes the skin to assume a girlish complexion, mainly for evening use. 1.00	83c		
Mme. Ruppert's White Rose Face Powder, an exquisite powder. 25c	43c		

Remember, we will sell a bottle of MME. RUPPERT'S FACE BLEACH at - - - \$1.65

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A despairing man who had applied to us, soon after wrote: "Well, I tell you that first day is one I'll never forget. I just bubbled with joy. I wanted to hug everybody and tell them that my old self had died yesterday and my new self was born today. Why didn't you tell me when I first wrote that I would find it this way?"

And another wrote thus: "If you dumped a cartload of gold at my feet it would not bring such gladness into my life as your method has done."

In answering be sure to mention this paper, and the company promises to send the book in sealed envelope without any marks, and entirely free of charge.

Write to the ERIS MEDICAL COMPANY, Buffalo, N. Y., and ask for the little book called "COMPLETE MANHOOD."