Phis Unique Oven Bakes For Families, the Boarding Houses and the Hotel - How "Ole Dave" Linscott Sparted at and Made It Ifig.

There is a comfortable little town, called Blue Hill, because it is situated under the brow of a little mountain of that name, way down in one corner of Hancock county, Me., which claims distine tion as being the only town in the universe which has a town bean kiln-"bean kill," the natives call it. It is an old institution, whereby over 99 per cent of the

beans enten in the town are baked. Blue Hill doesn't vary from the average New England village in its loyalty to baked beans. Its profound respect for the bean as a staple article of diet may perhaps be especially marked, because it s of its beans that the town brags.

As in other places, tastes differ, and, while some cling to the original big, fat "yaller eye," others like the smaller pea bean, while the epicureans delight in the diminutive Californian pea bean. But this is all a matter of taste. The plebeian "yaller eye" and the aristocratic Califorcian all come together on the level in the bean kiln.

There are baked beans and baked

There is the New England golden brown kind, baked, with plenty of corn fed pork and something more than a dash of molasses, for some 24 hours over a slow, stendy fire. Nothing different is allowed in New England, although Boston has pre-empted the trade mark. Then there is the pale imitation, which is as dust and ashes to the wanderer from the New England fireside when, with disappointment, he encounters them outside of New England.

The average person in charge of a New England cuisine "picks over" the beans Friday night. Having picked out all the foreign material which may have been the process of winnowing the thrashed beans in the wind which whistles around the northeast corner of the barn, the beans are "put to soak" until Saturday morning, when they are potted, with a generous slice of salt pork on top, sweetened with more or less molasses of sugar and perhaps spiced with a little trustard. Then they are baked all day Saturday in a slow oven or, at Blue Hill, sent to the "kill."

The beans are first "broached" on Saturday night, when the top layer is re-moved for supper, care being taken not to "mush" the balance, portions of which are served Sunday morning and as many times subsequently as the supply permits or the good nature of the "boarders" al-

Beans are the great staple of the lumber camps, of the consting vessels and wherever convocations of hungry men gather together to satisfy their appe-

But about the great and only institution of Blue Hill. It was away back in the sixties when

the Linscotts went to Blue Hill. They were brickmakers from Hackensack. One of the family, while on a visit to some of his people in Blue Hill, chanced to get mired in a mud puddle and while scraping the clay from his boots noticed that the consistency and grain was that of the finest brick clay. He prospected a little and found that the hills about the place were of the same kind of clay and that sand of prime quality was close at hand. Blue Hill buy was a natural harbor. There was a steady demand for bricks everywhere, and so it was that the Lin-scotts went to Bine Hill and started the brickmaking business. The Hackensack people were enterprising, and their crew of employees grew larger and larger until it absorbed all the available natives, and It was necessary to import men from the neighboring towns. This necessitated a boarding house, and so it was that Mrs. Linscott's big four story frame house bemen with enormous appetites. They were not particular as to the menu so long as was plenty of food, and Mrs. Linscott's beans were pronounced just about

Although the house was equipped with a spacious brick oven, what with the brend and pies and puddings and other things the capacity was considerably strained. Mrs. Linscott was complaining of this when her husband, "Ole Dave" Linscott, said be'd see about it. He talked the matter over with the foreman, and so It happened that one Saturday afternoon when work was a little slack the crew turned to and built an enormous arrangement in the Linscott dooryard. It was like a huge brick oven as much as anything else. They called it a "bean kill," because it was not much of anything else. The firebox was arranged to take four foot wood, and the arrangement of flues and drafts was the result of many conferences and the consensus of opinion of all the expert brick burners of

"Build 'er big enough," said David, and it was big enough for hundreds of bean

The "kill" was a great success. Nothing was ever seen like it. No such beans ever tickled the palate of a hungry brick worker as came out of the Linscotts' bean kiln. Then the neighbors began to bring their beans, just as a sample order. And when they brought them once they did again. Finally the "kill" became extremely popular that thrifty David thought there might be a chance for a "spec'lation," and so a fee of a cent per pot was established.

And this was the origin of the kiln. The original structure has been rebuilt and aftered many times. The Linscotts got rich and moved back to New Jersey, but their successors kept up the kiln. The price has been advanced with the increased price of wood, but the custom has not fallen off, as more people have moved in, and the town has become a famous summer resort. And now of a Friday night all the youngsters of the village may be seen about sunset heading for the "bean kill" with the family bean

In the summer time buckboard loads of guests from the Bine Hill inn drive down and peer into the fiery furnace where "Shadrach," "Meshach" and "Abednego," the three huge pots from the copper mine, the quarry and the spool mill boarding houses, are going threugh their fiery ordeal.-Boston Herald.

Parlor Pets.

Perhaps the most adventurous addition to the house menagerie in London is that of a hive of bees which live in a sitting room and fly out to gather honey in Hyde park among the flowers and the blossoms of the London lime trees. The bees are reported to be as industrious and exemplary as bees should be and not to be demonstrated by such intimate association with less industrious human beings. The practical difficulty in the way of keeping bees in the house arises when the cold weather comes in because they are tempted to carry on "work" in the house busy with no work to hand their temper le always uncertain.-Spectator.

Time and Money.

Time is money, and a man borrows money on time to save time when he is

AN ANALYSIS OF WOMAN.

A Complicated Subject Successfully and Practically Discussed.

"Woman," said the old codger during one of his meditative spells, "is a perpetual paradox, a chronic conundrum without an answer, an unknown quan-tity possessed of unexpected possibilities, a perennial prize package of peculiar po tentialities, a conventicle of characteristle contradictions and an amaranthine aggregation of other attributes which are

"She is man's greatest earthly blessing and the cause of most of his misery. She is his chief inspiration to the achievement of all that is good, grand and glorious in this world and at the same time a labor saving device to help him make a fool of himself. She soothes his tired nerves with the coo of her gentle voice, but she always has the last word in every controversy with him and, incidentally, about 97 per cent of the pre-ceding conversation. She brings him into the world and in a few years later

alks him to death. "Most of man's trouble is caused by woman, but so deftly does she pile the load on him that whenever his burden of trouble is lifted be wanders uneasily about hunting for more; otherwise there would be very few second wives. She will cheerfully go to the stake for the truth's sake and lie about her age without even being asked. She will grow weary of an indulgent husband, but will cleave unto death to the man who beats her regularly. She will break her heart because a man does what she don't want him to and love him all the better for sc

"She scorns all advice in the selection of a husband, but takes two other women along to help her pick out a hat. The less actual comfort to be obtained from a thing the more enjoyment a woman gets out of its possession. At 16 she is a little way up the trunk and then return young woman; at 25, if still unmarried, and scold again. she is a girl. She will face the grim specter of death without a tremor and swoon at the sight of a mouse. The only time she ever does what you expect het to do is when you expect her to do just what you don't expect her to do. The sole reason why she does anything is simply because she don't know why she does it. She jumps at conclusions and always lands on them squarely, for the simple reason that when the conclusion skips to one side, thinking to avoid her, most aggravating. She is as she is, and woman is the man who understands that he don't understand her and has got sense enough to let it go at that."—Puck.

CEREMONIOUS OLD PEOPLE.

They Are Seandalized by the Luck

Respect Shown Nowadays. Every now and then an elderly married will be met who address each other with the stateliness that was customary half a century ago. The husband is "Mr. Smith" to the wife, and the wife is usually "Mother" to the husband. Nothing less conventional is ever heard from then-indeed, neither might have a first name for all the use that his better half makes of it.

"I just couldn't call your father Charlie," a quiet little woman said the other day, in answer to her daughter's gibings. "Why, it wouldn't be respectful I never did in my life, and I certainly vouldn't now, when you all are grown."

"But what did you call him when you were engaged?" persisted her inquisitor. You surely didn't go around then calling "We didn't always," replied the little woman evasively, "but I liked to give him his title even then—it's more respectful,

much more respectful." "I'd rather have more affection and less respect," said the daughter rebelliously. 'It doesn't sound as if you had anything but a bowing acquaintance with him when you say mister all the time. I'm going to call my husband Fritz, whether it's his name or not, it has such a jolly

And the average married couple of this day and age, with a fine disregard for respect and old fashfoned courtesy usually call each other by a nickname of varying degrees of benuty and which has oftentimes a remote connection with the one given them in baptism. But, after all, one likes this way better than the stiff conventionality which led a woman all through a married life of 30 or 40 years to address her liege lord as Mr. Smith or Jones or Brown, just as though he were verily her master and she were llving in mediæval times when exaggerated politeness marked the intercourse be tween men and women.—Baltimore News.

He Trusted and Hoped.

The village blacksmith stood within the shade of the chestnut tree. His heart was heavy within him, and he bewalled to the new parson his hard lot. "It is different from what it was, sir," he said. "It's hard now to get a living, what with the rise in food and, worse than all, the competition."

recently opened a forge at the other end of the village?" queried the minister.

"Well, well," answered the minister, must go on trusting and boping," and with these words of comfort he left. A few days afterward, passing the same way, the minister stopped to in-

quire as to how things were going. This time the blacksmith met him with a all right now. The young man's dead?" -London Judy.

The Bee's Basket. cound his hind legs. Any one examining the body of the bee through a microscope will observe that on the hind legs of the creature there is a fringe of stiff hairs on | slightest sign of life. There I left him, the surface, the buirs approaching each | keeping grim guard over the body of his other at the tips, so as to form a sort of cage. This is the bee's basket, and into it, after a successful journey, he will cram enough pollen to last him for two or three days.-St. Louis Globe-Demo-

Not His Fault.

"You married me for my money!" she exclaimed angrily. "Oh, well," he replied soothingly, "don't biame me. I couldn't get it any other way, you know."—Chicago Post.

The World's Births.

The world's births amount to 36,792. 000 every year, 100,800 every, day, 4,800 every hour, 70 every minute for one and a fraction every second.

During the civil war as well as our late war with Spain, diarrhoea was one of the most troublesome diseases the army had to contend with. In many instances it became chronic and the old soldiers still suffer from it. Mr. David Taylor of Wind Ridge, Greene Co., Pa., is one of these. when it is too chilly for them to be He uses Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera ahroad, and when bees are anxious to be and Diarrhoea Remedy and says he never found anything that would give him such quick relief. It is for sale by all drug-

The soothing and healing properties of Chamberiam's Cough Remedy, its pleasant taste and prompt and permanent being crowded to bankruptcy.—New Or the people everywhere. For sale by all

KILLING A RATTLER.

CLEVER WAY IN WHICH THE KING SNAKE DOES THE JOB.

Battle to the Death In Which Lightning Swiftness and Muscle Were More Than a Match For Veuomous Fangs That Couldn't Strike.

If the rattlesnake is justly called the ling of America's woods and rocks, yet his crown is not held without danger, since he is hunted diligently and successfully. His fangs are indeed deadly, and he wears a fine suit of armor, but the deer and the wild hog never fall to attack him, and he has an enemy of his own kind still more dangerous to him.

Snakes may be divided into three class es, these which are venomous, the con-strictors and those which are neither. Unless the second of these are wonderful for their size they secure little of our attention, and yet they are generally beautiful in colors, most graceful in action and often among our best friends.

In Florida we have two constrictors especially noticeable, the black racer, which grows to the length of 12 feet and makes a business of warring on rats, and the king snake, whose mission seems to be the extermination of the rattler.

One day I was returning from a day's hunt, at peace with the world and myself, when I heard a squirrel scolding as if he were a ward politician the night before election. The noise he made was so loud and insistent that I turned out of my way to see what could be the matter. found the little fellow on the trunk of a pine about ten feet from the ground, jumping about as if in convulsions. He would flourish his tail wildly, scold in anger, threaten an assault, run back a

I looked carefully and saw that his an ger was directed at a rattlesnake that lay coiled at the foot of the tree. The snake was compressed into a ball, from the middle of which its rattle sounded continuously. Its blazing little eyes were fixed unchangingly upon those of the squirrel. The buzz, buzz droned on the summer air with a sleepy effect, but the squirrel scolded in an ever ascending key. But for the hint of the squirrel's eyes I could not have located the rattler. His it gets exactly in her way. She is the color and his variegated markings offered dearest thing in all the world and the but little contrast to his surroundings. His monotone of poise was indefinite, and that's all there is to do about it. The to sight as well as in sound he seemed only man who ever fully understands a only a blur on the background of dark sand on which he lay.

Was the equirrel only curious to satisfy himself as to the character of that strange object or was he hypnotized? I have often amused myself by exciting the violent curiosity of the little animal, but never did a waving or jumping object awaken such intense and painful emotion is the rattler always demands. I knew what must follow soon-that the squir-rel's cries would grow weak; that he would grow dizzy and finally tumble from the tree, hang a moment by one claw and then drop into the jaws of the living death that lay in wait. I had raised my rifle to save the little fellow, when the tragedy was interrupted from another marter.

Swift as light a form raced on the stage. It was clothed in a gleaming coat of beautiful white and black spots. It shifted and shone like a necklace of preclous stones, and I knew the king snake claimed a victim. The newcomer was smaller than the rattler, its ground color was a greenish gray, and the spots scintillated in the sunlight which sifted down upon the scene from the tangled branches overhead. At the first rustle of its approach the rattler lost all interest in the

squirrel, which ran back into the tree. The king snake held his head high and raced round the rattler in a wide circle, while the rattler tried to slink away. The king darted forward as if to attack, and the rattler threw bimself into a coil. The king was again away and racing around with a swiftness the rattler seemed unable to follow with his eye. The rattler was cowed already. His crest was low ered, his buzz, buzz was jerky and uneven, and although he presented a very different appearance from the self confident arbiter of the woods which he had seemed when I first saw him I could think of nothing but some human bully surprised in the act of torturing his helpless victim and suddenly compelled to face an adversary worthy of his strength. The king snake seemed to enjoy the situation as a cat does her cruel dallying

with a mouse. Round and round went the king snake, and the rattler followed the movement till its neck was twisted. Whenever it attempted to turn, the king would spring forward, and it was evident that the first fallure of the rattler in swiftness would be the signal for muscle to clinch with venom. The king would race from left to right and then reverse, and if the rattler failed to follow that would be the end of him. This happened, and I saw the king in the air, but could not catch the strike so instantaneous was it. There was a confusion of flying pine needles in a cloud of white dust, and I saw that two inches "You mean the young man who has of the king's coil was about the throat of the rattler. Over and over they went, the king's head above that of his enemy and a curve of his body acting as a buffer to keep up the motion which enabled him preparing to take his departure. "You to take another turn and still another, And so the struggle continued till the rattler could not writhe freely, and he was

held as a vine wraps a tree. When he lay still, the snake began to uncell himself slowly, and at every motion of his enemy the constrictor's folds cheerful visage. "Things are looking contracted and crushed with killing ef-up," he explained. "I went on trusting and hoping, as you advised, sir, and it's of the tail the king still gripped the throat. It was plain he had a wholesome respect for the fangs that were still terri-As a last precaution the king applied his nostrils to those of the rattler Every bee carries his market basket and repeated that several times as if to detect the faintest breath. Satisfied at last, it released its enemy, but still watched, ready to resume its hold at the vanquished foe .- Youth's Companion.

Different Circumstances. "Remember," said the young man's fa-ther, "that when I was your age I carned

my own living."
"Of course," was the answer. "You did the best you could with your opportunities. But I'll venture to say you didn't get nearly as good a living as I get now without working."-Washington Star.

"When a man wants an excuse," said Charles Kingsley, "the devil will soon fit him with a good one."

Books are divisible into two classesthe books of the hour and the books of all time.-Ruskin.

are an Iron tree

Jame- I told you a secret ve-terms an you went right off and told it

Jame What did you do that for? Kirry-What pleasure is there in tellng maything that everybody knows?-Vanity.

Little Girl (to visitor)-Don't you think I look just like mamma? Her Mother - Hush, dear; don't be vain.-Ohio State Journal.

"HIGH" LIVING. Three Remarkable Weeks of It In

the Petersburg Trenches. "Speaking of delicacies," said an old reteran of one of the Louislana regiments the other afternoon, "the highest living that ever fell to my lot was during three weeks in the winter and spring of 1865 that I spent in the trenches at Petersburg. I don't mean to say that the bill of fare would greatly appeal to me now, but at the time of which I speak I thought I was living in royal style."

The reporter to whom he was talking remarked at this point that, while he had not been there at the time, he had al-ways understood from those who had that the trenches of Petersburg did not afford much scope for the gormand, Then the veteran continued:

"It came about in this way: There were eight of us in our mess, and all of us except one had managed to get through the winter with some sort of covering for our feet. We called them 'shoes' then, but I don't suppose that the term would be used by many people of the present generation who are used to patent leather, vici kid and tan shoes. The eighth man, however, had gone barefooted from November, 1804, until the middle of February, 1865. I don't know how it came about, but he was finally issued a pair of new shoes. The day the shoes were given we all gathered about him and eximined them with curiosity, and, it must be confessed, a rather envious interest. Our messmate looked at the shoes, then at his bare feet and then at us, as if de bating a serious problem. Then he said: Til tell you what we'll do. I've gone barefooted for so long that I reckon I can stand it now until summer. If two of you fellows will take these shoes and trade 'em off for something to eat, I'll make a contribution to the bill of fare of

"That night two of us slipped out from the trenches, got through the Yankee lines and went 20 miles out in Dinwiddle county to a gristmill. We succeeded in trading the shoes for two bushels of cornmeal and bore it back in triumph, Well, sir, for two weeks our mess lived like lords. Three times a day we had cornmeal 'coffee,' cornmeal cakes and cornmeal gravy, and I reckon when we surrendered at Appomattox we were the eight fattest Confederates Grant ever got hold of."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

SAILORS AS SWIMMERS.

Why Jack Tar Drowns When He Falls Overboard.

"In The Star recently," said a captain in the United States navy, "I saw a dispatch which recounted the death by drowning of seven men in a single day in the waters surrounding New York, of whom two were sailors, one a petty offi cer on a yacht.

"To a landsman it appears strange that all sailors are not swimmers, but the converse of the proposition is more apt to be true, and men ashore, especially those who live near water, can usually

"Jack affont does not take kindly to water, and, though he spends his life upon it, he seldom gets in it, and when he does he is apt to go down. I explain the incongruity by advancing another one, which is, that they do not have the opportunity to learn, and they are, as a rule, disinclined to do so in any event. Throw a man overboard, and if he has not learned to swim he sinks. All of the lower animals swim naturally, from an elephant to a kitten or a puppy. Man has the same sustaining power, but the mental influence of the fear of death is so overpowering that he flounders, his mouth and lungs fill with water, and he

"Deep water sailors, always on shipboard, cannot learn as a man may ashore. The latter learns when a boy or goes to the beach or river and picks it up stroke by strcke, but there is initially a bottom upon which his feet may rest. No such opportunity is offered on board of ship with the fathomiess ocean be-

swimming is a compulsory part of a seaman's education. Our landsmen are trained by expert swimmers. They are placed in slings in the first lessons and dropped from the boom into the ocean, where they are taught the stroke. Some of our jackies have no aptitude and at best make indifferent swimmers, while others take to the water like ducks.

"Swimming ought to be made, were possible, a part of the curriculum of every school. If one can sustain himself even for a minute or two and make a dozen strokes to an unturned boat or a life line, it may mean preservation from a watery grave."—Washington Star.

Puts Hosts on His Nose. "Isn't it strange," said Mr. Burton while in a reminiscent mood, "how discoveries are made? Of course that is a general statement, but to the case in question. I wear glasses, as you know, but I found great trouble in keeping them on. They were continually following the laws of gravity, and falling to the floor. The trouble was that I did not have a bridge of size, and I spent money and time experimenting with different kinds of springs and clasps and nose pieces, but all proved failures.

"Now, the other night I had an idea (that's all right, I am guilty of an idea once in awhile) that if I would put some powdered rosin on my nose that would hold 'em for awhile, so I accordingly hunted up my friend, the violinist, and getting some rosin, made the test. "Was it a success? Why I can turn a

handspring backward and those glasses are still doing business at the old stand." -Richmond Times. The British Cabinet.

The authority attached in England to

simple custom or usage cannot be better illustrated than in the fact that, although the cabinet has existed as the real executive power in the government for more than a century and a half, it is an institution entirely unknown to the law. never having been recognized by any act of parliament. There is no official announcement of the names of its members and no official record of its meetings,

A Scene In Sardinia,

On a fete day in Sardinia the wives and daughters of the farmers and tradesmen present a wonderful spectacle from gorgeonsness of their costumes These are sort of heirlooms, which never vary in fashion and are handed down again and again from mother to daughter.

A Mother Tells How She Saved Her Little Daughter's Life.

I am the mother of eight children and have had a great deal of experience with medleines. Last summer my little daugh-ter had the dysentery in its worst form. We thought she would die. I tried everything I could think of, but nothing seemed to do her any good. I saw by an advertisement in our paper that Cham-berlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was highly recommended and sent and got a bottle at once. It proved to be one of the very best medicines we ever had in the house. It saved my lit-tle daughter's life. I am anxious for every mother to know what an excellent medicine it is. Had I known it at first it would have saved me a great deal of anxiety and my little daughter much suffering. Yours truly, Mrs. Geo, F. Burdick, Liberty, R. I. For sale by all druggists.

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The New York State Building at the Pan-American Exposition, to be held at Buffalo in 1901, is to be an edifice of substantial and enduring character. The architect is Mr. George Cary, of Buffalo. He has chosen for his guidance in the work a Greek temple of the Doric order, adapting his plans to the purposes for which the building is intended. The site chosen is on high ground near Elmwood Avenue, overlooking the North Bay of the lake in Delaware Park and near the principal entrance to the Exposition grounds by street cars. The location is not only thus convenient to the electric cars, but one that is fortunate and beautiful as well from every standpoint, so that the building will add to the beauty of this popular pleasure ground. Immediately in front and across the park bay the Albright Art Gallery will stand as a companion piece in the park picture. The building will be used during the Exposition as New York State headquarters, and will contain certain of the State exhibits. After the Exposition it will become the permanent home of the Buffalo Historical Society, whose large collection of ploneer and other historical relics will be placed therein. The floor area will be three times that now used by the Historical Society in the building of the Buffalo Public Library. The dimensions of the building are 130 x 82 feet, the north front to be 20 feet less than the south. The height is 83 feet on the north and 40 feet on the south walls. The height of the basement is 12 feet, and the second floor walls reach to the roof, making the ceiling 18 feet high. In the basement are janitor's quarters and bleycle rooms (which may be entered at grade from Elmwood Avenue), boiler and coal rooms, storage rooms, etc. A dining room containing 1,006 square feet faces the park to the south. On the ground floor is also one of the Museum rooms, which communicates with the floor above by a grand staircase.

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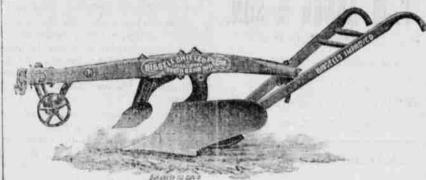
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