

MISSISSIPPI FLOOD.

One Hundred Persons Rescued at Venice, Ill.—Lack of Food.

St. Louis, June 9.—Relief boats were sent to Venice, Ill., which is completely flooded as a result of the break in the levee south of the Merchants bridge. Only the roofs of houses are visible and the 500 inhabitants are homeless.

During the day 100 persons were rescued. Many persons were obliged to flee from the flood only partially clad. The Methodist church was lifted from its foundation and carried three blocks. In the schoolhouse, which is of brick, 200 men, women and children have found refuge. Unless there is a rise of another foot or so they are safe, but they have no food.

Several business houses were carried away in the terrific current and stock valued at thousands of dollars was destroyed.

When the Venice levee burst the current swept northward to the terminal yards. The citizens had barely time to leave their homes. One woman who lived close to the river put her three children in a bathtub and pushed them to safety through the flood.

At one house a man was seen to crawl on the roof bearing a child in his arms. There he remained the greater part of the night. Clinging to high fences, roof tops and trees a score of families were found. Some had remained in the water 15 hours and were almost exhausted when rescued.

Camped at the round house of the Terminal Association are 200 persons who got out of the flooded city in the nick of time. The refugees are badly in need of food and clothing.

In some parts of Venice the water is from 20 to 25 feet deep.

Nearly an Inch of Rain.

Little Falls, June 9.—Showers resulting in nearly an inch of rain fell in this vicinity. Brisk rains are also reported from the vicinity of Canada Lake, nearly extinguishing the forest fires which have prevailed there for a week.

MARKET REPORT.

New York Provision Market.

New York, June 8.
WHEAT — No. 2 red, 85c f. o. b. afloat; No. 1 Northern Duluth, 89c.
CORN — No. 2 corn, 37½c f. o. b. afloat; No. 2 white, 57c.
OATS — No. 2 oats, 40c; No. 2 white, 42½c; No. 3 white, 42½c.
PORK — Mess, \$18.25@18.75; family, \$18.25@18.50.
HAY — Shipping, 80@85c; good to choice, \$1.05@1.20.
BUTTER — Creamery, extra, 22½c; factory, 16½c; imitation creamery, lower grades, 13@14c.
CHEESE — New large white, 10½c; light skims, 8½c.
EGGS — State and Pennsylvania, 19c.
POTATOES — New York, per 100 lbs., \$2.35@2.65.

Buffalo Provision Market.

Buffalo, June 8.
WHEAT — No. 1 Northern, 84c; winter wheat, No. 2 red, 81c.
CORN — No. 4 yellow, 52½c f. o. b. afloat; No. 3 white, 41½c f. o. b. afloat; No. 4 white, 40c.
FLOUR — Spring wheat, best patent per bbl., \$4.50@4.75; low grades, \$3.00@3.25.
BUTTER — Creamery western extra tubs, 22½c; state and Pennsylvania creamery, 21½@22c; dairy, fair to good, 16@18c.
CHEESE — Fancy full cream, 12@12½c; good to choice, 11@11½c; common to fair, 9@10c.
EGGS — State, fresh fancy, 17½c.
POTATOES — Per bushel, 70@75c.

East Buffalo Live Stock Market.

CATTLE — Best steers on sale, \$5.10@5.25; good to choice shipping steers, \$4.80@5.10; fair to good steers, \$4.50@4.85; common to fair heifers, \$3.50@4.00; choice to extra fat heifers, \$4.50@5.00; good butcher bulls, \$3.25@3.75; choice to prime veals, \$6.00@6.50; handy fat calves, \$4.50@5.25.
SHEEP AND LAMBS — Choice to extra lambs, \$6.50@7.50; fair to good, \$5.25@6.50; culls to common, \$3.50@5.00; yearling wethers, \$5.00@5.75.
HOGS — Mixed packers' grades, \$5.90@5.95; medium hogs, \$5.95@6.05; pigs, good to choice, \$5.95@6.05.

Buffalo Hay Market.

HAY — Timothy, per ton, loose, \$17.00@19.00; hay, prime on track, per ton, \$18.00@18.50; No. 1 do do, \$17.00@17.50; No. 2 do do, \$14.00@15.00.

Little Falls Cheese Market.

Utica, June 9.—Sales of cheese on the Little Falls dairy market today were:
Large colored, two lots, 145 boxes; price, 10-12c; small white, 21 lots, 1, 555 boxes, 10-12c; small white, 4 lots, 325 boxes, 10-14c; small colored, 22 lots, 1514 boxes, 10-12c; small colored, 3 lots, 250 boxes, 10-14c; twins, colored, 6 lots, 428 boxes, 10-12c; twin white, 18 lots, 386 boxes, 10-12c; twin white, 3 lots, 178 boxes, 10-14c. Totals, 79 lots, 5,378 boxes.

Utica Dairy Market.

Utica, June 8.—On the Utica Board of Trade the following transactions occurred:
Large white, 3 lots, 125 boxes, 10c; large white, 7 lots, 795 boxes, 10-15c; large colored, 26 lots, 1,837 boxes, 10-15c; small white, 11 lots, 765 boxes, 10-14c; small colored, 28 lots, 2,470 boxes, 10-14c. Total, 75 lots, 5,995 boxes.
Butter — Creamery, 22 packages sold at 22c; 187 packages at 23-12c.

ARE YOU GOING ANYWHERE?

West within the next 30 days? If so, write H. C. Allen, C. P. & T. A. Nickel Plate Road, 920 State street, Erie, Pa., for rates, routes, dates of special parties, etc. 20 years experience, testimonials galore, best accommodations and always cheapest rates available. Write to-day. A20Jn24

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OPTICAL ILLUSIONS.

They Are Oftentimes the Cause of Collisions at Sea.

Speaking of collisions at sea, a sea captain recently said:
"I think I can explain the cause of many collisions which otherwise seem to be mysterious. They arise from the fact that green and red are complementary colors. Every ship under way carries at night a red light burning on her left or port side and a green light burning on her right or starboard side. Yet vessels go crashing into each other upon nights when these lights must be plainly visible from their decks. And when the case comes up in court and an effort is made to establish the blame of the accident honest men swear directly opposite to each other and believe they are telling the truth.

"The captain of one ship, for instance, will swear that he saw a red light on his port bow and held his course. A little later he saw a green light there, starboarded his helm, and the collision followed. The men on the other ship swear that where the captain says he saw a green light a red light was burning.

"Now, how does this happen? It happens this way: The captain looks for awhile intently at the red light on the other vessel. Then for some reason he changes his line of vision, probably due to a bulging sail above the light, and, lo, he sees at once a green light, shifts his helm, and, crash, he goes into her! He really does not see any light at all when he looks at the sail, but an optical illusion makes him think he does.

"Try it yourself. Just gaze intently at a bright red, round object for awhile and then suddenly look at a blank white wall. A green spot will appear to you. Winking the eyes will hasten its appearance."—New York Press.

PLANTS THAT CLIMB.

Peculiarities of Their Leaves and Their Modes of Movement.

It is in the twining plants, such as bryony and hop, and the tendril bearers, like vetches, that we find the highest development of the climbing habit. These plants live under unusual conditions. In order to gain the light they must seek rather than avoid overhanging foliage, and so we find the vetches, instead of turning away from the shadow toward the light, like most of their neighbors, boldly pushing up into the center of a bush to burst into blossom amid its upper branches far above their less daring neighbors.

But it is in the leaves of these plants that we find the most remarkable modifications adapting them to a climbing habit. The leaves of the vetches and vetchlings are pinnate—they bear a number of opposite ovate leaflets. The tip of the leaf stalk and the uppermost clove, changed into the climbing species, twining, whiplike structures—which exhibit remarkable features. If the slightly curved, extended tendril of a young leaf of pea or vetch be watched carefully it will be found that it is slowly but incessantly moving round and round in a circle. If the tendril comes into contact with a twig it bends toward it and eventually takes several turns around it. Even a slight temporary irritation is sufficient to cause a bending toward any side.

Finally the tendril becomes woody and strong and forms a secure anchor cable for the plant. Not only does the young tendril rotate, but the whole leaf on which it is borne is in constant motion. The shoot to which the leaf belongs is rotating also, so that the tendril is sweeping the air with a complicated motion, in the course of which it is almost sure to strike against some stem or twig of the surrounding vegetation.—Knowledge.

Open Coffins in Greece.

The American tourist in Greece is often shocked by the sight of a funeral procession passing through the streets with the dead body borne in an open coffin. This custom originated in a curious way. When the Turks were masters of Greece they discovered that Greek revolutionists carried arms about the country in coffins, so they decreed that all coffins must be carried open. After the Greeks regained their freedom they continued the custom from force of habit.

A Real Bargain.

"In time," said the struggling artist, "that painting will be of great value. All you have to do is to tuck it away in an attic somewhere and keep it for about 200 years, by which time I will have become one of the old masters. Then you can sell it easily for \$10,000. You see, I am not in a financial position to carry them out. So, if you want a real bargain, I'll let you have this little gem for \$1.50."—Chicago Post.

No Help For It.

Disappointed Guest—If your cook doesn't put less red pepper in his dishes, I shall have to quit coming here. I can't stand it.
Proprietor of Restaurant—Good heavens! I pay my chef \$5,000 a year, and he'd leave me in a minute if I found fault with his cooking. Try and learn to like red pepper, can't you?—Chicago Tribune.

Injurious.

Parent—Is blowing a French horn likely to result in injury to my boy?
Doctor—You can be sure it is, sir, if he blows it near my house and I catch him.—Chums.

Stick Up.

"Stick to me," said the wall paper to the paste, "and we'll hang together."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Justice discards party, friendship and kindred, and is therefore represented as blind.—Addison.

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THE SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

Brutal Punishment to Which Women Were Once Subjected.

The brank, or scold's bridle, or gossip's bridle, was neither more nor less than a muzzle. It was in general use in Great Britain from the sixteenth to the eighteenth century, and in Scotland as well women were muzzled for certain offenses, some at least of them more imaginary than real. The instrument of torture, even a dog's leather muzzle, is uncomfortable; how much more the scold's muzzle! It consisted, according to a high authority, Mr. W. Jewitt, of a kind of crown or framework of iron, which was locked upon the head, and it was armed in front with a gag, a plate or a sharp cutting knife or point, which was placed in the poor woman's mouth so as to prevent her moving her tongue, or it was so placed that if she did move it or attempt to speak it was cut in a most frightful manner. With this cage upon her head and with the gag firmly pressed and locked against her tongue the miserable creature, whose sole offending perhaps was that she raised her voice in defense of her social rights against a brutal and besotted husband or had spoken honest truth of some one high in office in her town, was paraded through the streets, led by a chain by the hand of a bellman, the handle or the constable or chained to the pillory, the whipping post or market cross, to be subjected to every conceivable insult and degradation, without even the power left her of asking for mercy or of promising amendment for the future, and when the punishment was over she was turned out from the town hall or the place where the brutal punishment had been inflicted, maimed, disfigured, bleeding, faint and degraded, to be the subject of comment and jeering among her neighbors and to be reviled by her persecutors.—Fireside Magazine.

EGG LORE.

Eggs constitute the most universal human food of animal origin. Plover eggs are esteemed a great delicacy in England and Germany.

The flavor of eggs may be influenced by the food eaten by laying hens. Hens' eggs have a white or brown color, but ducks' eggs are bluish white. Hens' and ducks' eggs are commonly offered in our market, but turkey eggs are seldom eaten.

In Virginia gulls' eggs are commonly eaten, and in Texas the eggs of terns and herons are gathered along the coast.

Turtle eggs are highly prized in countries where they are abundant and, though once commonly eaten in America, are now seldom offered.

On an average a hen's egg is two and a quarter inches long and one and three-quarter inches wide at the broadest point and weighs two ounces.

Recent official government figures show that eggs and poultry in the eastern states constitute from one-twelfth to one-sixth of the total value of all farm products.

Cures For Insomnia.

To an overworked little woman who suffers from insomnia an old doctor delivered himself as follows:
"Shun all the devices one hears so much about, such as counting up to 5,000. They are maddening. Never take night baths if their action is too stimulating. Go in for a few physical exercises, including deep breathing. After the exercises walk backward on tiptoe round the room until forty or fifty steps have been taken. When in bed, relax the body completely. Take long, slow, deep breaths, and if you must think of something imagine yourself surrounded and supported by a soft, strong, gray cloud which is bearing you off to slumberland. Drinking a glass of warm milk just before retiring sometimes hastens the trip."—New York Press.

Queer Looking Worms.

New Zealand, Australia, the Samoan and the Solomon Islands as well as portions of the Hawaiian group are the homes of various species of worms with thick, heavy bodies and with a well defined neck connecting the body with a head that is a startling reminder of that of the monkey. In the Sandwich Islands they are called "me-tah-ki," which means "creeper with a child's head." An old New Zealand legend says that at one time they were of immense proportions and threatened the extinction of all human life on the islands.

The Old Man's Snake Story.

"And you say the snake was fifteen feet long?"
"Well, snh, he looked dat long w'en he stretched his full length ter strike me."
"But a snake never strikes unless he's in coll."
"Marse Tom," said the old man, "we better end dis conversation right whar it is. Either I'm a natch' bo'n liar or long drinkin' hez made you a fast class authority on snakes!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Only One Bar.

"Yes, I think he'd be a poet if it were not for one thing."
"What's that?"
"He isn't rich enough to be able to indulge in unprofitable pleasures."
"But poets are often poor."
"Well, he isn't poor enough to be utterly discouraged either."—Chicago Post.

Sympathy.

"Oh, let me like a soldier die!" exclaimed the leading man of the barnstormers.
"Oh, if I only had a gun!" exclaimed some one in the gallery in a tone that savored of genuine sympathy.—Chicago News.

Adm and Eve.

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Very pleasant to take. Contains no salomel. Never kills. Worms are often mistaken for indigestion and other diseases. Be sure to get Thompson's in glass bottles. Druggists, 25 cents.

A FREN' OF ME FREN'S FREN'

By J. LEICESTER HOLME
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By T. C. McChure

"Well, Kitty," said young Mr. Billy Dunn to his better half, "I'm up against it for fair. There ain't a thing in sight, an' that's a fact."
"Ah, now," replied Kitty in an encouraging tone, "don't go to sayin' that, Billy. Sure there must be a plenty o' jobs for such a fine man as you are yourself. An' our good clothes still lastin' an' you lookin' so well too. Sure, now, go down to Steve O'Connell an' ast him. He'll know a man or two, that's what."

"Now I'll tell you, Billy," said Steve O'Connell ten minutes later, leaning comfortably across his little bar, "I don't know. You see, it's just after election, an' everything's full up to the gummel. But now I'll tell you honest, Billy, I'll do somethin' for you. I'll introduce you to the man that'll introduce you to the man that'll introduce you to the man that's cap'n o' the precinct, an' there's one chance in a hundred that there'll be somethin' doin'."

The side door opened, and the tip of a helmet was thrust into the room. "By George!" exclaimed the bartender. "Here's the man himself. Say, Mulligan," he called. The helmet advanced into the saloon with Mulligan under it. "Say, Mulligan, you know Mr. Dunn, No? Well, make yourself acquainted with him. Mr. Dunn, Mr. Mulligan. Mr. Mulligan, Mr. Dunn. Mulligan," he continued, "Billy wants to get a job out o' your office. What'll you have? He wants to get a job, an' could you oblige me as a fren', Mulligan, by puttin' my fren' Billy Dunn next to the wardman?"

"An' I'll take great pleasure," said Mulligan, smacking his lips, "in introducing to any wardman any friend o' me friend Steve O'Connell. An' that's really elegant whisky you have on tap, Mr. O'Connell, so it is."

"Captain," said the wardman a day or two later as he ushered in a well dressed man, "this is Billy Dunn, pretty well known around here and a great friend of a friend of mine. He wants a job, anything you know to tide over for awhile. If you can do anything for him, cap, why, I'm standing back of him, you know."

"Mr. Dunn," remarked the captain after the wardman had left, "I'll tell you just how it is. You know this is just after election, and everybody wants everything in sight. There ain't a thing I've got that there ain't a dozen fellows trying to hold it down. I'll tell you what I'll do, though. I'll give you a signed knockdown to the chief, and if he can do anything, why, there you are. That's the best I can do."

He wrote a short letter of introduction, and, being pleased with the appearance of the applicant, he made it a bit stronger than usual.
"Blame it all!" exclaimed the chief of police as Dunn stood before him at headquarters the next day. "Kelly knows blame well there's no use sendin' you fellows up to me. Every blame position in my power to give is full, and Kelly knows it." He glanced up from the letter. The appearance of his visitor somewhat mollified him. "Mr. Dunn," he continued, "I'm sorry, blame sorry, to disappoint a personal friend of the captain's, but you know there's a limit to offices and to patience too. But here, since you're a personal friend of Kelly's, there's one thing I can do. I've got some influence with the mayor, and I understand he's got some small jobs left. I'll write a note, and you take it to the mayor, with this note of Kelly's, and I'll call him up on the phone and tell him you're coming. I'm always ready to oblige a friend of the captain's if I can."

Dunn took the note and started for the mayor. He ran the gantlet and stood in line to wait his turn.

"Mr. Mayor," he said as the mayor read the note and looked up with the air of a man who knows what's coming and doesn't want to hear it—"Mr. Mayor, I don't want a job."
"You—don't—want—a—job?" gasped the mayor. "Not a job? The chief sent you here, and you don't want a job?"

"Mr.—er—Dunn," resumed the mayor, "I have seen over 500 men today. I have kept count," he continued, pointing to a piece of paper, "and you are the first of all the men who don't want a job. And you, a friend of the chief's? Well, tell me, what, in heaven's name, what do you want? I am ready, willing and able to do anything for the man who doesn't want a job?"

"I want," said Dunn, "a letter of introduction to the governor, whom, singularly enough," he added apologetically, "singularly enough, I have never met."
"Here, Mr. Dunn," replied the mayor, "you keep those letters. I don't want them. And for the rest, I'll accommodate you with the greatest of pleasure—any friend of the chief's. Go over to that young lady in the corner and dictate such a letter as you want and I'll sign it. Well, well; a friend of the chief's and doesn't want a job! Now, what can I do for you," continued the mayor to the next man in the line, resuming his accustomed air of weariness. And the next man wanted a job. Two days later Mr. William Dunn sat closeted with the governor.

"Here are three letters," explained Mr. Dunn—"one from Captain Kelly, one from the chief and one from the mayor. I won't trouble you with the two first." He laid the mayor's letter down in front of the governor and flashed the signatures upon the other two letters before him. The governor merely glanced at them and then perused the letter of the mayor. It was a strong letter of recommendation. Mr. Dunn had taken care of that.

"Don't believe I've got a thing for you, Mr. Dunn," said the governor, "but I'll see." He pushed a button.
"Sturgis," he said to a man who appeared, "this is Mr. Dunn, a personal friend of Captain Kelly and the chief up the state and of Mayor Clayton. They want to place him, and I want to know what we've got on hand."
"Well," returned Sturgis doubtfully, "I don't know. There's only one place

left, and I don't know whether that will suit any friend of the mayor. I doubt it. Still—"

"What is it?" inquired the governor.

"It's the head of that new record department, that's all."
"Well, that's a fact, Mr. Dunn," interposed the governor. "I don't know whether it would suit you, but it's all we've got, and if you want it—"

Dunn leaned forward in his chair. "What does it pay, Mr. Sturgis?" he inquired.

"Well, that's just it," returned Sturgis. "It only pays \$3,000 regular salary, but—"

"Three thousand?" gasped Mr. Billy Dunn.

"Yes," returned Sturgis apologetically. "I thought you wouldn't want it, although there are lots of men that do. Still, Mr. Dunn, what with postage and sealing wax and—things, why, you ought to get at least \$5,000 out of it, one way and another, during the year. What do you think? It's the best we can do."

Mr. Dunn rose from his chair and walked over to the window. "Well," he replied finally, in a doubtful tone of voice, "I'll take it, after all."

The governor looked pleased. He leaned over and whispered to Sturgis: "This makes me solid now with those up state fellows, and you can write Dobbins and tell him that he can't have the job. I didn't want him to get it anyway. So it's all right all around."

"Well now, Mr. Dunn," said the governor as his visitor rose, "you can start in when you get ready, any time. And when you go back remember me to the mayor and Kelly and the chief. They're good fellows, all of them. Goodby, sir."

"Kitty," exclaimed the Hon. Billy Dunn a few hours later, as he finished his recital of what had happened, "this is my new motto. I made it up myself."

"Let's hear it!" exclaimed Kitty expectantly.

The Hon. Billy Dunn drew himself up to his full height.

"It's 'Always seek an introduction when in doubt,'" he said. "It's the latest move in the game of politics, it is."

Modifying a Story.
In writing about the cowboys of South America, Mr. Paul Fountain represents them as having been maligned by other travelers who had not come in contact with the men themselves, but had listened to stories told about them. To show that such stories increase as the square of the distance he tells the following anecdote, which reminds one of the classic three black crows:

A friend was traveling on foot to a place which he called "Chip City." At the first stop his host exclaimed: "What! Going to Chip? Why, they killed seventeen men there in a street fight last week!"

The next day the host with whom he happened to stop varied the story thus: "Going to Chip? Terrible place. Why, they stabbed twelve men to death there a month ago!"

At the third stopping place the story was: "I wouldn't go to Chip if I were you. Worst rowdies in the state. Six weeks ago they shot seven men in cold blood!"

At the week's end it was: "Not a nice place, Chip. Three months ago they killed two men in the street."

Arrived at Chip City, which was a mining place, my friend found that a single man had been killed in a fair fight about two years previously.

Left Her Editor in Tears.
Little Miss Vera's ideas of the susceptibility of the editorial heart are somewhat exaggerated. She has been deeply impressed of late by the erratic movements of a mature friend who prepares manuscripts for newspapers and so has come to be something of a writer herself. Over page after page she scribbles unedifying sentences in her unsteady, primary department hand, and when the stories are finished she submits them in person to an imaginary editor whom she has dubbed "Mr. Bunting."

One day last week she told her friend that she had written a new story.

"What is it about?" asked the friend.

"Oh," was the reply, "I can't tell. It is too sad to talk about."

The friend asked no further questions, and presently Vera volunteered additional information. "I took it downtown and showed it to Mr. Bunting today," she said.

"Yes?" said her friend. "What did he say about it?"

"He didn't say anything," was the reply, "but he just cried as if his heart would break."—New York Press.

The Word Agnostic.

Professor Huxley invented the word "agnostic." Finding himself one day a "man without a rag of a label to cover himself with," he concluded to call himself by a name of his own coinage. It came into his head, said Huxley, as suggestively antithetical to the gnostic of church history, who professed to know so much about the very things of which he himself was ignorant, and the professor "took the very earliest opportunity of parading it at our society, to show that I, too, had a tell like other folks."

His New Horse.

"Seen Ezzy's new horse?" asked one citizen of another. "I have," was the reply. "Well, what does it look like?" asked the questioner impatiently. "Well, he looks," said the other man slowly, "as if Ezzy had taken him for an old debt."—Boston Christian Register.

Adm and Eve.

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