

THE DINING CAR CLEW

By HEADON HILL

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"The chief wants to see you, Inspector Grantham," said a messenger coming into the room at New Scotland Yard.

I went at once to the chief superintendent's office and was received by my superior officer with a friendly nod.

"Good news for you, Grantham," he said. "Some one has fairly given Brady away. Read that letter and look at that photo."

The letter was undated and unsigned. It was in these words:

Brady, the bank note forger, intends to break cover this afternoon and make a bolt for the States. He will leave Euston for Liverpool by the 6:30 corridor express, accompanied by his female accomplice, named Daisy Gilbert. Brady is certain to be detected. The writer, however, incloses a photograph of Daisy Gilbert, who, not being as yet known to the police, may possibly travel in propria persona.

The photograph was that of a bold, saucy-eyed young woman with a profusion of light hair and very shrewdly attired in evening dress. A mark on the neck attracted my attention.

"One would have thought that a woman of that type would have got the photographer to retouch the mark out of the picture," I said. "What do you make of it all, sir—a split in the camp?"

"The chances are that jealousy of this person Gilbert prompted the information."

I could not gussy the chief's view. In nine cases out of ten the anonymous letters that lead to the capture of important criminals are due to feminine spite. And yet there was the chance that the friendly letter might be a "plant."

The warrant for Joe Brady had been in my hands for six weeks. The only credit I could so far take was that my pursuit had been so keen that he had not dared to come out into the open and make a bolt for it.

I glanced at the clock. It was nearly 3 o'clock, and I had two hours and a half to make arrangements for the capture. I mentioned the names of the plain clothes men whom I desired to support me and took my departure.

So it was that at 5 o'clock I drove up in a hansom to the terminus, carefully dressed in the garments of a bishop and with my face altered from all semblance to the original. To be in keeping with my assumed character in the probable event of Brady having confederates on the watch, I went into the booking office and took a first class ticket for Liverpool after which I strolled out to the platform just as the train of vestibule cars was backing into position.

Early as it was, my two subordinates had by my direction preceded me to the station, though they were not to openly communicate with me till the supreme moment. One of them, a smart young sergeant named Parker, who was got up as a blue jacket, contrived to whisper in my ear as I stood at the book-stall:

"The girl is here, apparently alone. Came ten minutes ago. Took two first to Liverpool. Now in the ladies' waiting room."

Parker and his colleague had of course had a sight of the photograph. His information was welcome, as proving that at any rate the letter received at the yard had some foundation and was not, as I had half feared, a practical joke designed to lead us on a wild goose chase.

I sat down on a bench opposite the dining car to await developments. A bishop is a common object nowadays, and my laced hat and gaiters attracted but little attention. I was able to look over the top of the Church Times, which I had purchased, and so watch the arrival of passengers. A score of people had taken their seats in the dining car, but not one of them, allowing for the most elaborate disguise, could I identify as Joe Brady. They were mostly unmistakable Americans returning to their native land in parties of three and fours.

Suddenly an incident occurred which at the time caused me some uneasiness. Sergeant Parker's voice reached me, raised in tones of exhortation.

"No, I don't want a drink, mate, and by the same token you seem to have had a full dose already," he was saying.

A little way along the platform my assistant had been accosted by a half-pint blue jacket, who was trying to pull him into the buffet. The sailor's cap proclaimed that he belonged to the same ship as that which Parker's disguise denoted, the *Majestic*. To my relief, the man seemed to be too muddled to perceive that the sergeant was no shipmate of his, but staggered off, dropping his bundle once or twice, to the front of the train.

The sailor had hardly disappeared when the original of the photograph came out of the waiting room and crossed the platform to the dining car. She was wearing a well-cut serge costume and had made no attempt at disguise, even the mark on her neck being distinctly visible above the collar of her dress.

But where was the redoubtable Brady? It was 5:25 now, and there were no signs of Miss or Mrs. Daisy Gilbert's intended traveling companion. The same question was plainly beginning to agitate the lady. She quitted the seat which she had secured and stood on the platform of the car gazing anxiously toward the entrance from the booking office.

The warning bell rang. I decided on no account to lose sight of the fair Daisy. If the person she was expect-

ing did not come and she went on in the train I would go too. If she got out and abandoned her journey I and my assistants would shadow her wherever she went.

Contriving a word with Parker, I hastily sketched my intentions and bade him go forward to the third class carriages, into one of which he was to jump at the last minute if he saw me board the dining car.

A moment later I had taken my seat in the car, for Gilbert, after one last distracted gaze to the station entrance, had decided to pursue his journey. As the train gathered speed I settled down to the task of watching for signs of her fraternizing with one of the other passengers, but nothing of the sort occurred. She sat looking out of the window, and presently a tear stole down her cheek—only one, but a genuine tear.

Moved by a sudden impulse, I changed my seat and took the place opposite to her at the white draped table. My episcopal garb warranted, I thought, the proffer of consolation. In the course of which the pumping process might be administered.

Imagine, then, my astonishment when my overtures were received with:

"What's the use of talking like that? You're the 'tee that's' after Joe Brady, ain't you?"

A denial would certainly not have been believed, so I nodded admission. "You've had your trouble for nothing, I'm afraid. He must have got wind of that letter and kept out of the way."

"The letter!" I exclaimed in bewilderment.

"I wrote it myself," replied the girl. "I wanted him caught, you see. Don't ask why; it's a woman's reason. But he's too cunning for me, and now I suppose he'll kill me some time."

The ice being broken, she poured forth a flood of recriminations against her late associate, affirming that she had no idea of his true character and giving me the address of his hiding place in Battersea.

"We don't stop till Crowe, but you'd better write to your people from there to arrest him, or at any rate shadow him till you get back," she advised.

I had already decided to do so, but I was still not quite satisfied. Why had she come on in the train after finding that her communication to the police had been abortive?

Her home was in New York, she said, and, having her passage ticket taken, she wished to use it and cut herself adrift from evil associates. So the train rushed northward, the other passengers in the car soon ceasing to be amused by the friendship struck up between the elderly bishop and the solitary traveler.

At last the train ran into Crewe station, and as I rose she put out her well-gloved hand. "Goodby, Mr. Grantham. I do hope you'll catch him," she said. "My life won't be safe till he's under lock and key."

"But this is not goodly. I am only going to send off the wire," I said. "I am going on with you to Liverpool to see you safe on board the steamer."

It was a chance shot, but it went home. She turned ashy pale, and I knew that she had been working with the object of getting rid of me at Crewe. But where was Brady?

The question was answered by Daisy Gilbert herself in the anguished cry of "My father! Oh, my father!" Following her gaze to the platform, I saw outside the car window two sailors of the *Majestic* with linked arms. One of them was handcuffed.

"I've got him, sir," said Parker. "By luck I traveled down in the same compartment and laid a few conversational traps for him. He had neglected to sufficiently post himself in detail about our line old craft. I smelt a rat before we'd gone twenty miles."

"Daisy Gilbert" was indeed Brady's daughter, and I could not help being sorry for her. She had made a bold bid to hoodwink us by concentrating the attention of our combined forces on the dining car while her father traveled in another part of the train, but she hardly allowed for the caution of an experienced officer.

The Sea of Sahara.
French engineers have declared that it is perfectly feasible to convert the desert of Sahara into a vast lake, thus opening to commerce great regions of the interior of Africa which can now only be reached by long, tedious and dangerous caravan journeys. They say that a large portion of the desert lies below the level of the Atlantic and that by digging a canal to let in the waters of the ocean the great change could be effected easily and at a cost which would be small compared to the benefits which would accrue. If the whole desert lay below the level of the Atlantic the flooding of it would create a sea more than four times as big as the Mediterranean; but, as the Sahara is composed of elevated plateaus, mountain ranges and depressions, only a part would be covered with water when the waves of the ocean were let in, and the new sea thus formed would be an irregular body of water, probably of about the same size as the Mediterranean. Great commercial cities would at once spring up on its shores and trade and civilization strike at once to the heart of Africa. The sea of Sahara may never become a reality, but in any event it is a gigantic and pleasing dream.

Killed by Fear.
Frederick I. of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keeper and, dabbling her clothes with blood, rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the White Lady, whose ghost was believed to invariably appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.

Her References.
"I don't like these references," said the housewife.

"Well, mum," returned the applicant for a position, "I didn't write 'em, so it ain't my fault. If you don't like 'em just you go to the people as gave 'em to me an' tell 'em so."—Chicago Post.

A Definition.
"Pa, what is a fray?"
"Why, my son, that is what a person who has never been in a fight calls it."—Puck.

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ZERO AN ANCIENT TERM.

It Was in Use in Babylon Thirty-six Centuries Ago.

The term zero, which is used to designate a cipher and in meteorology the entire absence of heat in the atmosphere, was, according to a mathematical historian, Moritz Cantor, used by the Babylonians about the year 1700 B. C. This, however, is merely a supposition. It has not been definitely established that zero was in use any earlier than 400 A. D. About this time it was used in India, and several centuries later the Arabs began to employ it. Through the Arabs its use became known to Europeans during the twelfth century. It was not generally adopted in Europe until several centuries later, notwithstanding its great advantages. For a considerable time there were two parties among the European educators. One party, known as the algorists, favored the adoption of the Hindoo system of notation (falsely called Arabic, with its position values, while the other, known as the abacists, favored the Roman notation, without zero or position value.

The general adoption of the Hindoo system was greatly facilitated by the facts that it was explained in most of the calendars for more than a century, beginning with 1300, and that the medieval universities frequently offered courses devoted to the use of this notation.—Chicago Tribune.

An American Waterloo.

Wellington at Waterloo and Meade at Gettysburg each held the highlands against his antagonist. Wellington on Mont Saint Jean and Meade on Cemetery Ridge had the birds-eye view of the forces of attack. The English batteries on the plateau and the Union batteries on Cemetery Heights commanded alike the intervening undulations across which the charging columns must advance. Behind Mont Saint Jean, to conceal Wellington's movements from Napoleon's eyes, were the woodlands of Soignes. Behind Cemetery Ridge, to conceal Meade's movements from the field glasses of Lee, was a sharp declivity, a protecting and helpful depression. As the French under Napoleon at Waterloo, so the Confederates under Lee at Gettysburg held the weaker position. In both cases the assailants sought to expel their opponents from the stronger line. I might add another resemblance in the results which followed. Waterloo decided the destiny of France, of England, of Europe. Gettysburg, not so directly or immediately, but practically, decided the fate of the Confederacy.—General John R. Gordon in Scribner's.

Ladies Who Wear Knives.

In early English days knives were worn by Englishwomen in imitation of the ancients, a dagger carried at the girdle. Chaucer speaks of them in the prologue to his "Canterbury Tales":

"Her knives were y-chaped not with brass, But all with silver wrought, full clean and well."

In Ross church, Herefordshire, is a monument to a lady of the Ruddle family, temp. Henry VIII, who wears a purse and a knife. Brand tells us that knives were formerly part of the accoutrements of a bride. In a play, temp. "Edward III," occurs the passage:

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives.

In the "Archæologia" Mr. Douce, the antiquary, wrote a paper on this practice of wearing knives by European ladies in the sixteenth century, and an engraving shows a specimen of a case of these wedding knives, dated 1610, which are described as having amber handles and cases of purple velvet embroidered with gold.

Some Pygmy Animals.
A species of dwarf elephant used to live on the island of Malta and in various parts of Italy. Judging from the bones which remain, these animals, about the size of a large sheep, were somewhat numerous. A dwarf elephant is a rarity now and no longer forms a distinct species, but is considered rather a freak.

A very beautiful species of pygmy deer is found on the Sunda Islands. These little creatures are not much larger than a cat, but have all the points of a "well bred" deer.

Among horses Shetland ponies are the pygmies. The ordinary musk of central Africa is a pygmy, or dwarf, of only about twenty inches in height at the shoulder and three feet in length.

Making Sure of Him.
"I think," said the thoughtful mother, "that you ought to object to young Brown paying so much attention to our daughter."

"Why?" demanded the thoughtless father. "He impresses me very favorably."

"That's just it," returned the thoughtful mother. "We must do something to make his ambitious mother think we regard ourselves a little above them socially if we are to make sure of him."

A Hat to Go.
"I have something to tell you before I go," he finally said.

"Is it a long story?" she hastily asked.

"No; it is a very short one."

"Then I think you will just have time," she sweetly said.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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PISCATORY STUPIDITY.

The Fish's Capacity For Learning Is Painfully Contracted.

Most fishes seek their food by sight, says Professor Edmund Clark Sanford in the International Quarterly, and these do not usually notice it by any other sense. But those that are accustomed to find it by smell seldom pay any attention to it when they merely see it.

Catfish depend principally on the sense of taste, and they seem to taste all over, not only in the mouth, but by the outer skin as far back as the tail fin.

It is uncertain whether fishes can feel pain or not. There is a good deal of evidence to show that they cannot.

A fish that has lost his sight may learn to avoid an obstacle after swimming against it a single time, but fishes that can see will jump against the plate glass wall of an aquarium day after day, sometimes for a year, in the effort to catch things outside.

The elements of consciousness in the mind of a fish foot up a total "equivalent," perhaps, to the lowest idiom when measured by human standards." It is possible that the fish's capacity for learning is "about on a level with that of a man in deep sleep or preoccupation."

Birds That Exercise Ingenuity.
Birds building on high trees are not so wary about the concealment of their nests as hedge builders and those that seek the springing corn or grass land for the shelter of their homes, trusting to the loftiness of situation for security. A nest placed upon the ground is in constant danger of exposure. A browsing animal might destroy it. Then the scythe with one sweep occasionally lays bare one or more nests, thereby endangering the eggs or callow nestlings. This renders the parent birds very wary and causes them to practice great ingenuity in their efforts to protect the young birds.

The skylark has been known to carry its egg or offspring to a place of safety after an exposure of the nest, and it has been said its long hind claw—the use of which has puzzled many naturalists—is specially adapted by nature for more easily grasping and transporting its treasures from the source of danger. When the young birds are too bulky to be thus removed the parent bird carries them on its back, though this mode of removal is a somewhat difficult one.—London Tit-Bits.

Jefferson and the Patent Office.
The first patron of our patent system was Thomas Jefferson, who during three years gave his personal attention to every application for a patent. He used to call the secretary of war and the attorney general to examine and scrutinize with him, and they did it so thoroughly that in one year—the first—they granted only three patents. The very first patent of all was given to Samuel Hopkins in 1790 for pearl ashes. Mr. Jefferson held that the patent system was not one for creating revenue, but for encouraging a production of that which is to be of benefit to the whole people. In the first twelve years a single clerk in the state department and a few pigeonholes were all that the business of the office required. Then a Dr. Thornton took charge of it and devoted himself to it as to a hobby.

Spiders Like Music.
A violinist says spiders are notoriously and historically fond of music. At one of his performances the concert hall was made disagreeable by a sudden invasion of spiders, which were drawn by his violin out from the cracks and crannies of the ancient building. They crawled about the floor and on to the stage, and he could see the annoyed audience stamping on the insects. The writer adds that he has known a small garden snake to be attracted by piano playing and a young calf to whisk his tail and prance about most gleefully at the first notes of a French horn. His neck would curve about proudly, his hoofs tread lightly and his ears wag joyously when the tooting began, and he never quitted down till the music ceased.

Peculiar Privileges.
The speaker of the house of commons has several peculiar privileges. Every year he receives a gift from the master of the buckhounds of a buck and doe killed in the royal preserves. This custom goes back so far that there is no record of it. Later in the year the speaker receives another tribute from a different source. The donors on the second occasion are the Cloth Workers' company of London, who send to the speaker of the house of commons and to several of his majesty's ministers a generous width of the best broadcloth to be found in England.

Her Audience.
"How are you getting on with your music, my dear?" inquired a lady of her niece.

"Well, of course," replied the niece diffidently, "it wouldn't be proper of me to compliment myself, but some of the neighbors have told me they have stayed awake at night for hours listening to my playing."

The Haul Sailed Him.
The new boarder had been three weeks in the house. "It is usual," said the landlady, with great delicacy, "for my boarders to pay as they go."

"Oh, that's all right," he replied affably. "I'm not going for a long time."

Sounded Like It.
"What is that piece you are playing? Is it by Wagner?"

"No; the piano is out of tune."—Brooklyn Times.

With the Persians the writing of poetry and beautiful and witty sayings is described as the "threading of pearls."

HEROIC SELF SACRIFICE.

Courage With Which a Young Naval Officer Greeted Death.

"Speaking of heroism," said a navy officer at his club a few evenings ago, "it is rare that such an example is seen as that of Hynson, who was a passed midshipman at Vera Cruz in 1846. It was really more than a bit of heroism; it was fortitude, passive courage, that confronted a peculiar danger, a self sacrifice, that was most conspicuous."

"Our fleet was off the harbor on blockade duty when one day a Spanish merchant vessel managed to slip in without being discovered. Hynson conceived the idea of capturing the vessel by a night attack, and he succeeded in doing so. But as he could not take the vessel out of harbor, for the reason that she was under the close range of the enemy's guns, Hynson set fire to the vessel. In doing so he burned both his arms so badly that he carried them in slings for several days. While in this disabled condition a terrific squall came up and played havoc with several of our little vessels, and the one on which Hynson was serving was capsized. Hynson and one of the other officers managed to get hold of a floating spar, but as it was not sufficient to keep them both afloat Hynson let go his hold and in a few moments sank to his death."—New York Tribune.

Weight of a Growing Child.
The weight of a growing child is the most important index to its general health. The standard of weight for growing children, that usually given by authorities in the matter, is that at five years of age a child should weigh about as many pounds as it is inches high. As a rule, this will not be much over or under forty pounds. Children who come of large parents should weigh something more than that. The rate of increase should be about two pounds for every inch of growth, with a tendency for the weight to exceed this standard proportionately rather than to fall below it. When a child is rather heavier in proportion to its height than this standard it is a sign of good health. If the child is growing rapidly it should not be allowed to fall much below it without being made to rest more than has been the custom here. A deficiency of weight in proportion to height is always an unfavorable sign. Any interruption in the progress of increase of weight, especially during the continuance of growth, must be a danger signal that should not be neglected by those interested in the patient.

Why He Only Ate the Yolks.
An American woman traveling in England stopped one day at a little country house. Chatting with the visitor, the woman of the house told her difficulty in getting along and of an experience she had had with a boarder.

"The first morning this man stopped here," she said, "he began to eat boiled eggs very greedily. After egg after egg ate—three, four, five, six—and it was only the yolk of them that he swallowed; the white he didn't bother with at all."

"When he dug his spoon into the seventh egg my temper got the better of me, and I said in a severe tone: 'Don't you ever eat the white of the egg, sir?'"

"Surely not, my woman," he answered. "The yolk is the bird; the white is the feathers. Would you have me make a bolster of myself?"

Where It Always Rains.
There is a group of islands to the south of New Zealand called the Sisters, or Seven Sisters, which are reputed to be subjected to a practically constant rainfall. The same may be said of the islands and mainland of Tierra del Fuego, save for the difference that the rain often takes the form of sleet and snow. On a line running round the world from 4 degrees to 8 or 9 degrees there are patches over which rain seldom ceases to fall. This is called the "zone of constant precipitation," but at the same time there are several localities along with it with very little rainfall.

Lightning Pranks.
"The most beautiful display of lightning or atmospheric electric currents which I was my good fortune to witness," says a resident of Quebec, "was out on the Beauport flats, near Quebec, when two electrically laden clouds, as though two trees, their heads toward each other and their longer branches interwoven, kept on for more than ten minutes, interchanging horizontal flashes of beautifully colored fire, not one of which ever reached the earth, while occasionally a flash would shoot upward as if toward some cloud in that direction."

An Experiment.
"You see," said Cornstossel, "a phrenologist once told us that our boy Josh had a remarkable head."

"So you sent him to college?"

"Yes. Now we're waiting to see whether his head is going to turn out to be a congenial residence for brains or just a garden for football hair."—Washington Star.

Her Method.
Stella—So she married him to reform him? How did she begin?

Edna—By spending a lot of money. You know how hard it is for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven.—Harper's Bazar.

A Cause For Worry.
A man may go along for fifty years 'not' be worried much about de hereafter, but de minut de barber finds a bald spot on his head he's got to be burden to carry far de rest of his days.—Detroit Free Press.

The son of the self made man generally begins at the top and works downward.—Chicago Record-Herald.

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