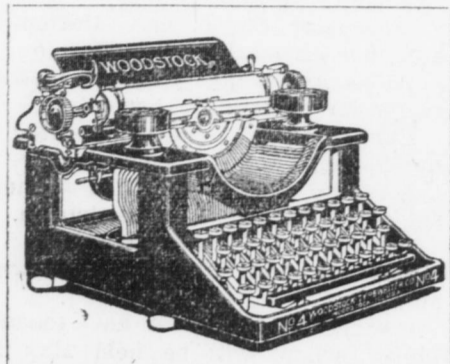


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BRANCH OFFICE OF THE

Woodstock Typewriter

COMPANY; 15 N. CARPENTER AVENUE

Indiana, Pa.

A Powerful Stimulant

By OSCAR COX

"Miss Brown, ef yo' den' mind I like to have yo' come take keer o' de chillen. Ma wife's powerful weak and can't do nothin' at all. She's goin' to de hospittle dis arternoon."

Miss Brown, a colored girl twenty years of age, said she wouldn't mind oblige Mr. Jones. It occurred to her that if Mrs. Jones should die she might be Mrs. Jones herself. Jones was a well to do darkey on the shady side of forty and had three pickaninies. Miss Brown supported herself by washing and ironing and thought that if she could permanently change her occupation to taking care of a family it would be an advantage.

"When do yo' want me to come, Mr. Jones?" she inquired.

"Ma wife's gwine to de hospittle about 4 o'clock. Reckon yo' mought come round about half past 4."

"All right, Mr. Jones; I'll be dar."

Mrs. Jones was removed in the hospital ambulance on time, and half an hour later Miss Brown, who was commonly called Sue by her employers, settled herself down in her place. The children were playing in the street, and Sue did not disturb them. She was taking an eye inventory of the premises and making a mental rearrangement of the furniture when Mrs. Jones would be removed from the hospital to the cemetery. Mr. Jones, whose name, stripped of euphony, was simply Mose, returned from conveying his wife with a solemn countenance to find that Sue had prepared a cup of tea for him and had it set out on the table with a piece of corn pone.

"I thought yo'd come home needin' somepin to brace yo' up, Mr. Jones," said the girl.

Her thoughtfulness braced up Mose as much as the refreshments.

"How did yo' leave yo' po' wife?" she asked.

"Porely."

"Is she gwine to pull through?"

"Don' know; she's powerful sick."

Mrs. Jones lost instead of gained. She was worried about her children, and Mose found it necessary to tell her that he had secured the services of some one to take care of them. He did not tell her that he had got a young woman, for he had seen evidences already that she was expecting to step into his wife's shoes, and he knew that this would worry her.

Perhaps it would have gone well with Sue had she curbed her impatience. Though Mrs. Jones was reported getting weaker every day, she hung on in a very aggravating way. Sue got tired asking Mose after his visits to the hospital how he had found his wife, hearing only the repetition, "Porely, very porely; she's gwine down hill powerful fast." So it occurred to the girl to go to the hospital and ask questions on her own account. She bought a five cent posy and, appearing at the hospital door, was received by an attendant.

"Tell Mrs. Jones," she said, offering the posy, "dat a frien' ob de family brought her de flowers and hopes she's gettin' better."

The attendant took the flowers and was turning away when Sue asked:

"Mrs. Jones mighty sick?"

"She's very low."

"Not long to lib, I reckon?"

"Not long."

"Bout how long she gwine to las'?"

"The doctor doesn't expect her to live the week out."

Sue took her departure, greatly comforted. The attendant took the posy to Mrs. Jones with the message. Mrs. Jones was too ill to appreciate the kind attention, but the faculty of curiosity had not yet deserted her, and she asked if the frien' of the family had left a name. The nurse said she had not, whereupon Mrs. Jones asked for a description of her and was told that she was a trim colored girl about twenty years old.

That night a hurry call was sent for Mose to come to the hospital to see his wife before she died. Mose obeyed the summons and found the invalid in a state of collapse. When told that her husband was there she rallied, and Mose went to her bedside.

"Mose," she said, "tak' good care ob de chillen when I'm daid."

"Sartin."

"Gib all my frien's my lub, and thank de cull'd gal fo' de flowers she bring me de udder day."

"What cull'd gal?"

"Dunno. She said she was a frien' ob de family."

"I wouldn't."

Mose checked himself, but too late. Urged to tell what he wondered at, he admitted that Sue might have left the flowers, and when asked who Sue was he admitted that she was the woman who was taking care of the children. Perhaps it was Mose's evident desire to keep something back. At any rate, the mother took fright. She raised herself with marvelous strength considering her condition and between the nurse and her husband got the story, including some admissions from the latter as to Sue's kind solicitude in his behalf.

"Yo' Mose," she said, "yo' waitin' fo' me to die to marry dat gal?"

"I hain't no sech thing."

"De gal's waitin' fo' me to die to marry yo'." Yo' s'pose I gwine to turn my chillen ober to a gal like dat? No, sah. I's gwine to get well. Call de ambulance. I's gwine home right off."

She was not permitted to carry out her assertion, but she rallied from that moment and a week later was back in her own domicile. Miss Brown was warned by Mose of her coming and departed in time to avoid a scene.

Indiana Couple Celebrated Golden Wedding Day



Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ryan, of South Fifth street, on Monday celebrated their Golden Wedding. Mr. and Mrs. Ryan were remembered with a quantity of beautiful flowers, \$60 in gold, china and linen. A magnificent turkey dinner was served by Mrs. Yuckenberg.

How Much Iron Can We Make?

Iron furnaces of this country, including all in blast or idle, could, according to the Iron Age, "apparently produce about 40,000,000 tons if they remained in blast a year." This would be 9,000,000 tons above the maximum calendar year output. The Iron Age doubts, however, if all the furnaces could stay in blast a full year, and suggests a trifle over 38,000,000 tons as maximum capacity.

Very Annoying.

"I can't bear these men novelists," declared one lady.

"Why not?" the other inquired.

"They calmly tell you that the heroine wore a gown which fascinated a duke and not a word as to what it was made of or how it was trimmed."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Untrue.

"Your leading lady is not true to life."

"What's the matter?"

"In the first act she receives a telegram, and you have her open it without fear or trembling."—Detroit Free Press.

Make yourself an honest man, and then you may be sure there is one less rascal in the world.—Carlyle.

Don't Worry.

Mrs. Wullaby—De agent says if we ain't got de rent nex' Monday we's got to git out. Sam Wullaby—Nex' Monday? Den we doan' need to worry fo' de nex' fo' days.—Puck.

There are only two roads by which any important goal can be reached—sheer strength and perseverance.—Goethe.

Descriptive.

"Freddy," said the visitor, "I hear your father gave you a watch for your birthday. Was it a hunting case watch?"

"No, ma'am," replied Freddy; "it was a bare faced watch."—Chicago News.

Three Rivers.

Nansemond, the name of a river in Virginia, is from the Indian word Nawnschmond, "the place from which we were driven away." The Flint, in Michigan, was called by the Indians Perwigo, "the river of the flint," from the abundance of this stone on its banks. The Gold river, in Nevada, was named by Fremont in honor of Baron Humboldt.

The Great Eastern. The dimensions of the one time world famous Great Eastern were as follows: Length, 692 feet; width, 83 feet; depth, 60 feet; tonnage, 24,000 tons; draft when unloaded, 20 feet; when loaded, 30 feet. She had paddle wheels fifty-six feet in diameter and was also provided with a four bladed screw propeller of twenty-four feet diameter. She had accommodations for 800 first class, 2,000 second class and 1,200 third class passengers, 4,000 in all. Her speed was about eighteen miles an hour. The Great Eastern was finally broken up for old iron in the year 1889 after a checkered career of some thirty-one years.

Arms and the Men.

"I see you have your arm in a sling," said the inquisitive passenger. "Broken, is it?"

"Yes, sir," responded the other passenger.

"Meet with an accident?"

"No. Broke it while I was trying to pat myself on the back."

"Great Scott! What for?"

"For minding my own business."

"I see. Never could happen to me, could it?"

"No."

"And if it did I wouldn't be blame fool enough to tell it."

Then there was silence in the car.—Chicago Tribune.

Animal Etiquette.

No one who is at all observant of the ways of animals can have failed to notice how gentle large dogs, like the St. Bernard and the Great Dane, are to their smaller canine fellows. It is rare that a big dog turns upon one of the little fellows, no matter how aggravating and snappy the latter may be. Instead, he invariably treats the small dog's antics with unflinching and dignified tolerance. For there is a recognized code of etiquette among animals, if you please, quite as much as there is among human beings. In truth, there are not a few respects in which the animals can give points on politeness and good behavior to man himself.

The Burden of Golf.

Golfer (with a full bag, looking for a caddy)—I say, my friend, do you happen to know of any one who—Near-sighted Villager (testily)—No, I don't. All the folks round here does their own umbrella repairin'.—Puck.

Regular Visit To Indiana

OF INTEREST TO EVERY SICK PERSON

Dr. Rhoads, of Pittsburgh, specialist in chronic diseases, will be at the Moore Hotel, Indiana, Pa., TUESDAY, April 4, 1916 from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m., giving all who are sick an opportunity to consult this eminent specialist free of charge and get his advice and treatment right at your home. Dr. Rhoads has decided to visit this place by request of people living here, who otherwise would not have the chance to consult him. I ask all who need the services of an expert specialist in chronic and long-standing diseases to call and see me, consult me free of charge, get my advice, and if I find, after examining you that I cannot cure you, I will gladly tell you; and if your case is curable (and 90 per cent. with my treatment get well) I will accept your case. Remember, I make no promises that I cannot do; my rule is to give you exactly what I agree.

WHAT I CURE.

I cure Rheumatism, no matter how long standing. I give you relief at once. My treatment removes the cause of it, purifies the blood, relieves the kidneys at once.

I CURE Kidney and Bladder troubles. If you have Kidney trouble, pain in the back, urine highly colored, dark sediment, pain along spine, weak back and headaches, come to me and let me show you why I can give you a cure. Does the urine burn you, pass it too frequently, pains in the bladder and prostate gland? I can relieve you at once and give you a permanent cure. This is especially the trouble with middle aged persons, and if neglected, causes more distressing pains as you grow older. I cure in a very short time.

DO YOU SUFFER FROM STOMACH AND LIVER TROUBLES?

Have you any pains after eating; does your food disagree with you; suffer from constipation and gases in the bowels? Then come and consult me. I will cure you in one month—complete restoration to health. My treatment is different from the old pills and nauseous medicines you have been taking. It cures.

SKIN AND BLOOD DISEASES.

If you have blood poison, which causes eruptions, pimples, sore throat, eczema and all rash and sores, no matter how long you have been sick, I can cure you of the disease, many cases with one treatment.

DISEASES OF WOMEN.

I positively cure all unnatural conditions that you may be suffering from. My home treatment has been used by thousands with benefits in every case. Come and let me advise you; a cure awaits you.

DISEASES OF MEN.

YOUNG MEN—I especially invite men who are sick, nervous, weak, despondent, loss of ambition, no desire for work or pleasure, I want you to call and get my special advice. I cure blood diseases, weakness, ulcers, loss of ambition, nervous debility, lack of energy, and all special diseases of a private nature. Consult me confidentially and I assure you a permanent and lasting cure, no matter how long you have been sick or the nature of your disease.

REMEMBER

I will make regular monthly visits to your town, and no matter what your disease is, I want you to come and consult me. I have treated only chronic cases for 25 years, and if you are sick you need the advice and care of a man who has had proper training and experience to cure you.

CONSULTATION FREE—Date is Tuesday, April 4, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Dr. F. A. Rhoads

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Another Denial. At a dinner of the Gridiron club in 1913 Thomas F. Logan of the Philadelphia Inquirer was initiated as a member, and part of his hazing was to go about as a young reporter and interview the guests. Then he was questioned concerning the results.

"Did you interview the secretary of war?" he was asked.

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"He denies it."

"What does he deny?"

"Why, what I asked him, and he said it didn't make any difference what; it was the immemorial custom of the war department to deny everything."—Arthur W. Dunn's "Gridiron Nights."

All Wrong. The popular actor had become a soldier. In a hotly contested skirmish he distinguished himself by his courage and gallantry.

"Well, well," said he at the end of the action, "what do you think of that? Not a soul's applauding."—New York Post.

Head For Business.

"Has your boy Josh a head for business?"

"Yep," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "He's always talkin' about makin' money. I find o' wish his hands was as good for work as his head is for business."—Washington Star.

The El'er Booth.

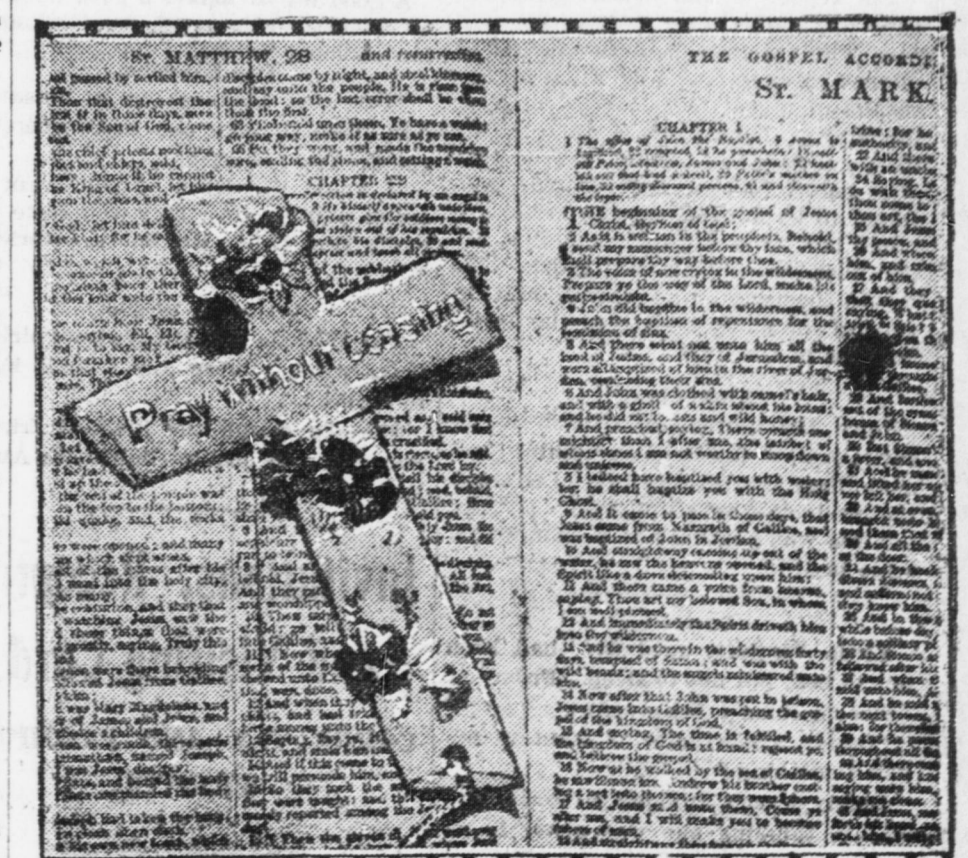
A theatrical man, in an appreciation of Junius Brutus Booth, declares that "intellectually he stood above any actor of his own or any other time." In justification of this praise these claims are made. Booth had a knowledge of seamanship acquired as a midshipman, was an expert printer, had studied law and medicine, was an acute theologian and spoke eight languages fluently, besides being "the greatest actor who ever spoke the English language."—Exchange.

Pictured in Words. In 1884 an artist finished a likeness of Emperor Franz Joseph in characters forming no less than 8,000 words.

Hen Trickery.

Since Australia is at the antipodes from us the hens there naturally lay best from May to November, contrary to the habit of hens here. It is now suggested that if a hen after her annual laying period in the southern hemisphere were rushed across the equator to the United States she might lay during the rest of the year at the same rate and thus establish a new "record" for a year's production. Still, it looks like a mean trick to play on a poor hen.—Youth's Companion.

SAVED BY HIS BIBLE



A bullet intended for the heart of Gunner Burgoyne of the British army entered the back of a Bible he was carrying in his pocket, penetrated to the first chapter of St. Mark's gospel, and its nose rested on a celluloid bookmark in the form of a floral cross.