

**LUCKY LARRY LONNIGAN.**

**A Fairy Story for the Children.**

Sure, childer, 'tis a larag toime since I tould yez a fairy shitory. An' it's wondherin' I am if I iver tould yez about Lucky Larry Lonnigan. Be me sowl thin, an' he was th' caution to cats. Egobs, sorra bit of bad luck 'ud set upon him at arl at arl. He lived in that paart of Oireland that yez can't find on the map.

Whin he was a young lad about sixteen the fursht of his good luck fell upon him, an' the way of it was this way: Egorry, an' a vi'lent, crass woman was his mother, always boxin' his ears for no thing at arl, an' so wan day whin Larry med the innercint observashin that divlie a bit more wood would be cut up, th' ould woman raiched out her oogly roight hand an' gev' him a cuff.

"An' is it a cuff ye gev me?" says he, rubbin' his ear, an' wid that he leps out of the doo-r an' starts fer town. Now some byes would ha' cried at resavin' the cuff, but Larry was not the cryin' kind, but bein' of a shrewd timperamentality he noticed that the cuff had a handsome button in it, an' he thought he'd take it an' sell it to the jewelry man that I tould yez about one toime. An' egobs! the jewelry man gev him two shillin' for it. Well, Larry felt that rich that he went to the fair at Lantrim, in the county of Buscobble.

'Tis the fine booths they do be havin' at that fair, an' Larry soon spint the whole of his money until he had but a happenny. An' wid that he bought a beautiful peach.

An' thin he tharht what a big omadhaun he was to be spindin' arl his money upon the belly of him. For it was cakes an' pies an' sweets was inside of him till ye could not rist. Well, he went on atin' mechanical loike an' wid his moind annywhere but in his head till he kem to the pit. 'Twas the fursht paich he'd iver aten, an' the pit surprised him. But he'd haired till of the fortunes made in pits an' wid-out so much as sayin', "Here's an' aisy dear, to you," he went down in the pit widout a light. 'Tis as brave as a sparrer, he was.

Egobs! childer, 'tis lucky he was, for he found that at the bottom of the pit was a mine of soft coal; coal that soft it would please yez to bump ag'inst it, an' he kem up to the mouth of the pit, an' seein' an' English capitalist handy, he sold him the roight to mine in it for noine hundred an' noiney noine yairs for a hundred thousand pounds.

**CHARLES BATTELL LOOMIS.**

**Tale of Two Citizens.**

**CHAPTER I.**

"Hoskins, lend me a dollar, will you? I want to buy some postage stamps. I came away from home carelessly this morning, with only 25 cents in my pocket, and that went for lunch at the hotel."

"Sorry, Lusk, but I've got only enough money to pay my carfare home."

**CHAPTER II.**

A few hours later. They met again—accidentally. At the box office of a theater where a sparring match was on the bill of fare for the evening.

"It seems to me, Hoskins," stiffly remarked Lusk, as he threw down a silver dollar and picked up the bit of pasteboard the ticket-seller gave him in exchange for it, "that this is no place for a man who has only enough money to pay his car fare home."

Having exchanged the dollar he held in his hand for a similar pasteboard, Hoskins turned to his friend.

"Lusk," he said, in a tone of mingled sadness and reproach, "if you paid out all the money you had for lunch, and couldn't even buy a postage stamp, what the St. Louis are you doing here?"

**What She Needed.**

She was looking over a fashion paper when he entered.

"Trying to make up your mind what you ought to have?" he asked.

"No," she replied; "I know what I ought to have."

"What?"

"Money."

It is always unsafe for a man to jest with his wife upon any subject connected with raiment and such things. He knows that now.

**A Woman as Saw Mill Hand.**

"A brawny woman clad in blue cottonade waist and skirt, who is able to run a saw mill engine as well as any man in the business, is rather an unusual sight," said Walter Wade, of Louisville, Ky., "but that is just what I saw in a Tennessee woods a few weeks ago. The female engineer's name is Annie Fables, and she told me she had been doing a 'full hand's' work at the mill for six years. Five years ago she decided she could run the engine, and the mill boss told me she had been one of the most careful, as well as one of the most competent he had ever seen."

"Mrs. Fables lost her husband six years and a half ago, and a few months afterward she asked for a place in the mill where her liege lord had been employed. She began working as an off-bearer, and in a year and a half was put in charge of the monster piece of machinery which furnished motive power for the large circular and straight saws. She has all along earned a man's wages and has been able to support and give her seven fatherless little ones a good common school education. She is fond of the hard labor, and has lost but five days during her connection with the mill, and then she was ministering to a sick child."

**ODD GERMAN CUSTOM.**

**Their Treatment of Women in Strong Contrast With the American Custom.**

The generosity, as entertainers, with which Americans treat women is in strong contrast with the custom of Germans. In their own country they have no hesitation in intimating to their female companions that they are expected to pay their share. In Germany, if a man's feminine partner at a public ball desires a portion of ice-cream, he will bring it with a demand of "Forty pfennige, if you please." An instance is narrated in the New York Sun in the experience of some Englishwomen at a Prussian military ball given by the officers of a certain garrison. The price of the supper was printed upon the invitation. The Englishwomen expected that the officers who accompanied them would pay for the refreshments. They were quickly undeceived, for, after supping, the money was demanded, and they were compelled to liquidate the debt. A Frenchman, on the other hand, is extremely punctilious in not permitting a woman to pay for anything while she is in his charge; in fact, he is apt to overstep the bounds of delicacy in his empressment. Woe to him, however, who invites ladies to dine at a fashionable French restaurant and through carelessness has not the wherewithal to pay for the meal. It is in such an emergency that the brutality and insolence of the French restaurateur are completely revealed. In New York, in such a case, in restaurants of the higher class, the word or signature of a visitor, if he be well-appearing, will usually be accepted.

**How Chickens Saved a Steer's Life.**

On Oct. 20 last, James Houck, Vice-president of the Franklin Savings Bank of Frederick, Md., advertised that a young steer had strayed away from his farm, tenanted by Harlan Ramsburg. Nothing was heard of the animal and it was given up for lost, until Feb. 8, one of the colored men noticed several hens frequently going in a hole in a straw stack in the barnyard. Thinking they had a nest, he crawled in about fifteen feet in search of the eggs. He came out much quicker than he had gone in, declaring the stack was haunted, as something had kicked him. Another man was sent in to investigate and he came out exclaiming that something was alive in there, as he felt a hairy leg, and it had also kicked his hand.

An investigation was then made and a large hole cut in the straw stack, when the missing steer was actually found under the straw, where it had been imprisoned for ninety-nine days without food or water excepting the straw which it had subsisted on, as it had made a hole about ten feet square in the stack. The hands on the place now recalled the fact that on the second day's threshing they had observed the steer standing against the stack which had been made the first day and saw the straw falling over the animal, but thought it had moved away. When rescued it was very weak and emaciated, but is doing very well now, being fed on boiled bran.

**Billions of Tons of Oxygen.**

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by dearth of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well-informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annually six and a half billion tons of oxygen for breathing purposes, and nearly half as much for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we use pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time, and make less and less. No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen."

As yet, though the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet, before the difference will be measurable. To the short-sighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry and such things a little remoteness does no harm.

**Only the Clock Stopped.**

"Don't you suppose it's the weather, Ezra?" said Mrs. Billtops, looking up from her sewing at Mr. Billtops, who had just started up the clock that stood on the mantelpiece, and who had wondered as he shook it why it had stopped. The minute she spoke Mr. Billtops wondered why he hadn't thought of that himself, and he proceeded to say that he thought it was very likely; that the clock needed oiling any way; that it had got kind o' gummy and sticky, and the fall in the temperature was just enough to harden that gummy stuff around the bearings and stop it.

Mrs. Billtops didn't say anything to this; she just let him go on and talk; in fact, she rather liked to hear him talk; and as for herself, she was satisfied to be the one that made the wheels go 'round without insisting on being seen at the crank.

But after the talk was all over she wound the clock.

**Easy to Make a Fire.**

To light the fire in a stove at any desired time an absorbent roller is set at the top of an inclined surface, to be ignited and roll under the fire box when set in motion by the clock mechanism.

**Doing Good.**

Goodness is an attribute that is not only a resident of the soul, but its quantity and quality are determined by its manifestations. It cannot live unless it does—it must be doing. Nor does it wait the bidding of those who crave its display. It asks permission; it seeks opportunities. We all pray that we may be good, but what is our motive? Is it simply that we may enjoy it ourselves? It is a delightful state of heart and mind, greatly to be coveted, richly to be enjoyed; but it prompts us to be doing, exercising the virtue. Nor is it a difficult task—rather a pleasant duty; while, on the other hand, those who go the round of official duty in a perfunctory and mechanical style find those duties irksome and distasteful, and the service lacking the proper and right motive is more of a burden to others than to themselves. We must do good for the love of it, and though not as wisely done as some think, perhaps for lack of experience, it might be better done. But the spirit in which it is done more than compensates for the order of its doing. If one has the goodness he will learn how best to use it.

**Unrecognized Answers.**

Sometimes by unrecognized answer God makes reply to special prayer. You pray, and apparently nothing comes of it. But as the days go you find that surely something has come of it. The causes of your trouble have dissipated slowly, perhaps, but steadily and really. You have been answered, though at the time you knew it not—Wayland Hoyt.

**It Is a Mistake.**

To sleep exposed to a direct draught at any season; to imagine that whatever remedy causes one to immediately feel better, as alcoholic stimulants, for example, is good for the system without regard to the after effects; to eat as if you had only a minute in which to finish the meal, or to eat without an appetite, or to continue after it has been satisfied to gratify the taste; to give unnecessary time to certain established routine of house-keeping, when it could be much more profitably spent in rest or recreation.

**Tested and Tried  
For 25 Years**

Would you feel perfectly safe to put all your money in a new bank? One you have just heard of? But how about an old bank? One that has done business for over a quarter of a century? One that has always kept its promises? One that never failed; never misled you in any way? You could trust such a bank, couldn't you?

**SCOTT'S EMULSION**

of COD-LIVER OIL WITH HYPOPHOSPHITES is just like such a bank. It has never disappointed you, never will. It has never deceived you, never will. Look out that someone does not try to make you invest your health in a new tonic, some new medicine you know nothing of.

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**Cascarets**  
CURE CONSTIPATION  
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**Do you Appreciate Values?**

If so, I can readily do business with you. Call, and I can fill your order to your entire satisfaction.

**My Spring and Summer Line is Complete.**

Casimere Suits, \$4.50 to \$8.00.  
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**Gents Furnishing Goods.**

Hats, caps, light wool and gauze underwear, umbrellas, trunks, traveling bags and valises. Call and see the largest line of clothing in this part of the country.

**J W CARROLL**, Hotel Carroll DUSHORE, P Block.

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I have sold direct to the consumer for 25 years at wholesale prices, saving him the dealer's profit. Ship anywhere for examination. Everything warranted. 113 styles of Vehicles, 25 styles of Harness, Top Barges, \$25 to \$70. Surreys, \$50 to \$125. Carriages, \$100 to \$200. Wagons, \$20 to \$50. Catalogue of all our styles. No. 606 Survey. Price, with curtains, lamps, sun shade, apron and leathers, \$60. As good as sells for \$90.

**ELKHART CARRIAGE AND HARNESS MFG. CO. W. R. PRATT, Sec'y, ELKHART, IND.**

**Stomach Trouble**

Stomach trouble is the common name applied to a derangement of the system which is keenly felt but vaguely understood. It may mean inability to retain food or to digest it. It may mean nausea, pain after eating, fullness, inordinate craving for food, or entire lack of appetite. Whatever it means, there's trouble, and it's with the stomach. If you have stomach trouble, you will be interested in this letter from a man who had it and was cured by

**Ayer's Sarsaparilla**

"For nine years I suffered from stomach trouble. I tried the aid of the best doctors of Philadelphia and Pittsburg, and spent large sums of money, all in vain. One day while waiting a train in Bellaire, O., I picked up a paper with a notice of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. I got one bottle to try it. It did me so much good that I purchased five more bottles. I took four of them and gained in flesh, my appetite improved, and now I can eat anything. My stomach is all right, thanks to the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—CALVIN M. STEVENS, Uniontown, Pa.

**MUZZLED DUCKS.**

**Not Because They Might, But to Silence Their Quacking.**

A baggageman on the Santa Fe, who runs into Kansas City from out in the western part of Kansas, has lost lots of sleep. It is doubtful if he can ever catch up with it. He leaves Hutchinson at night and reaches Kansas City in the morning. Nearly every night he brings in his car two or three coops of live domestic ducks. During the night, when he has no baggage to deliver at small stations, it has been his habit and privilege to lie down on an improvised couch and doze. With the advent of the ducks the dozing stopped. The almost constant quacking of the ducks, who could not understand their strange environment, would not permit of sleep.

For many nights, as he lay awake, he planned relief. He thought of strangling the ducks or chloroforming them. But neither expedient seemed good. One night a bright idea came to him. After he had put it into execution the ducks were silent.

The next night he had two coops of unusually vociferous ducks. As soon as it came time for sleep he wrenched a slat from one of the coops, reached in, and pulled out a duck. From his pocket he took a small rubber band, which he slipped over the duck's bill just back of the nostrils. The duck tried to quack, but the rubber band, while it stretched a little, would not permit the duck to open its bill far enough to use its tongue. Only a murmur came from it. On by one the ducks were muzzled, and the baggageman rested comfortably.

The commission men were surprised next morning when they received a lot of ducks with rubber bands around their bills, and when the bands were removed the shouts of protest from the ducks were deafening.

**Something to know!**

Our very large line of Latest patterns of Wall Paper with ceilings and border to match. All full measurements and all white backs. **Elegant designs as low as 3c per roll.**

**Window Shades**

with roller fixtures, fringed and plain. Some as low as 10c; better, 25c, 35c, 50c.

**Elegant Carpets**

ranging in prices 20c., 25c., 35c., 45c., and 68c.

**Antique Bedroom Suits**

Full suits \$18.00. Woven wire springs, \$1.75. Soft top mattresses, good ticks, \$2.50. Feather pillows, \$1.75 per pair.

**GOOD CANE SEAT CHAIRS** for parlor use 3.75 set. Rockers to match, 1.25. Large size No. 8 cook stove, \$20.00; red cross ranges \$21. Tin wash boilers with covers, 49c. Tin pails—14qt, 14c; 10qt, 10c; 8qt, 8c; 2qt covered, 5c.

**Jeremiah Kelly, HUGHESVILLE.**

**HAVING PURCHASED**

**GRIST MILL Property**

Formerly Owned by O. W. Mathers at this place

**I am Now Prepared**

To Do All Kinds of Milling on Very Short Notice With W. E. Starr as Miller.

Please Give a Trial.

**FEED OF ALL KINDS ON HAND.**

**W. E. MILLER, FORKSVILLE, PA.**

N. B. All parties knowing themselves indebted to me will confer a great favor by calling and paying the amount due, as I need money badly at once.

Respectfully yours, **W. E. MILLER.**

**grand Spring Shoe Stock**

Comprising Correct, Stylish, Comfortable Shoes for every member of the family.

We are now ready to show you as fine a line of footwear as was ever shown in town before.

We are constantly adding to our stock a higher and better grade of shoes and at prices decidedly less than others.

That the public appreciates our efforts in this direction is attested by our daily increasing sales of high-class footwear.

You are cordially invited to call and examine our stock and we are positive that the styles and quality, combined with our usual low prices, will please you.

**Elegant Spring Shoes for Ladies**

Our showing of Ladies' Shoes for spring wear will be more fully appreciated by those who desire Stylish, Comfortable Shoes, without paying extravagant prices for them, and we trust to increase business to make up for reduced profits.

A stylish, up to date, tan, cloth top, lace shoe, sold everywhere for \$1.75, our price \$1.25. The same reduced prices prevail on our \$1.75, 2.00, 2.50 and 3.00 lines. We guarantee a saving of from 25 to 75 cents on each pair of shoes.

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