

HE KNEW THE ROPE

A Lawyer That Was Not Hunting Litigation Over Land.

It's the canny old bird that cannot be caught with the bird line of litigation.

You've probably heard of Lawyer Hackett of Somerset. A little while ago he purchased some land over which there had been a lawsuit for years.

That's what the owner of the adjoining land thought, says the Baltimore Herald. So he braced himself for trouble when he saw Hackett coming across the fields one day.

Said Hackett: "Where's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?" "I insist," replied the neighbor, "that your fence is over my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the other end."

"Well," replied Hackett, "you go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say that I encroach on you two feet, set the fence onto my land four feet. At the other end push it onto my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim."

"I don't care about that," said Hackett. "There's been fight enough over this land. I want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied you have got your rights, and then we can get along all pleasantly. Go ahead and help yourself."

The man paused, abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nail. But this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be outdone in generosity. He looked at Hackett.

"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the blamed old land. There wasn't nothing to the fight but the principle of the thing."

Meteorological Cussedness.

At Westtown, Chester County, Pa., the Friends' big school celebrated its one hundredth anniversary recently. They have at the school a kind of diary, or log, which has been kept up continuously for 100 years, and in which the state of the weather every day during all that time has been noted down. The log was consulted for an auspicious date in the matter of weather for the anniversary, and it showed that every June 10 has been clear since the beginning of the school's career. Then some said: "Since it hasn't rained for 100 years on June 10 we had better avoid that date, for it will be sure to rain then this year." But others said that reason and philosophy indicated June 10 to be a day devoted, from some unknown atmospheric cause, to sunshine and blue skies. The latter set of people carried the day, and the school celebrated its anniversary on June 10. But it rained so hard that the guests had to sit around in tents.

She Would Have Stopped It.

Some time ago the wife of an old inhabitant of a Durham, England, village died, leaving a grown-up family behind her. The father remained a widower about eighteen months; then he entered the matrimonial state again. The youngest daughter, aged about twenty, on the day of the wedding, went to the village butcher's.

After the usual courtesies, the butcher asked her: "Is it true your father got married agyen?" "Aye, it's over true!" said the girl. "Didn't ye want him to get married agyen?"

"Aye, we wor all agyen it, but aad Peed wad hev his aan way. But Aa Bick if ma muther had been living sh'd has put a stop tiv't!"

She Might Relent.

HE. You treat me now with cold disdain, But some day you'll regret; I shall not go away and pine, But I'm going out to get A job somewhere and I shall work And be a magnate yet.

SHE.

Go, leave my presence, since you say You don't intend to fret; You'll never, never see the day That you'll make me regret— But still, I wish you'd let me know What kind of job you get. —Chicago News.

Practicing Medicine.

"Doctor," sighed the fat man, "I guess it's no use. I've tried everything you've prescribed and grown fiesher all the time. Your latest recommendation was to ride horseback. I've done so faithfully for a month, but I've taken on eighteen pounds and the horse has lost 160."

"Ah! there's a scientific suggestion," said the elated doctor. "Try letting the horse ride you for a while." —Detroit Free Press.

Getting Even.

"Oh, yes," said the stocky man with the square jaw, "my married life is quite a happy one." "Glad to hear it," said the thin man with the thin hair. "Got any particular system?" "Well, yes. Whenever my wife gets into a tantrum I go out and find the fellow who introduced us and give him another kicking." —Indianapolis Journal.

In the Air.

"Where do you live?" asked the police magistrate. "I live a block above Stanton street, your honor, corner of Essex." "But the officer says you live at No. 999 Houston street." "That's all right, your honor, I live in the top flat." "Prisoner discharged on the ground that he's an angel." —Mail and Express.

Jack Wins.

"Which sister are you going to accept, Clarissa?" "I can't decide, to save me, ma, which I like best. Harry is so timid, and Jack is so parsimonious." —Puck.

OWL COURTSHIPS

Show a Devotion Rarely Met Among More Favored Creatures.

Very funny it is, from the human point of view, to witness the love-making of a couple of owls on a moonlight night, as they sit together on the coping of an old wall, or on the horizontal limb of some giant of the forest. Perched on the same bough, or the same wall or ruin, the lady owl, though usually much bigger and stronger than her mate looks the picture of demure coyness, if a little excited inwardly, like a girl at her first ball.

But the male owl, says the Pall Mall Magazine, is very much in earnest; for a moment or two he remains quite still, then he puts out all his feathers, bows, and utters a softened scream, followed by a modified hiss that is full of tender meaning and then he nudges her with his wing; she opens her big eyes very wide, and gives him a side-long glance that may be a hint, for, horrible to relate even the depths of his interior he instantly brings up a half-dressed mouse; and, although she is full of similar rodents and stag beetles as she can comfortably hold, she opens her mouth and accepts the fragrant gift with a murmur of satisfaction that speaks volumes of love and thanks. Then, when the dainty morsel has been disposed of, they embrace each other tenderly for a moment or two, and then sit closely pressed to each other's side while the process of assimilation is perfected, after which they simultaneously slip away into the moonlight on noiseless wing in search of further prey.

Not only do the owls guard each other with a devotion that is rarely met with among more favored creatures, they positively idolize their ill-favored offspring, for whose sake they willingly risk not only liberty, but life. A young owl is not an attractive looking object from our point of view, but in his father's and mother's eyes it is perfection, and the way they wait on it and coddle and caress it, lead it and keep it clean, must be seen to be believed.

Among the Plagues.

Though it was a dangerous undertaking for the African explorers to travel through the land of the plagues, there must have been a huge interest in observing the woe of these little nuns, who were generally struck with cholera at the sight of the white man. Mr. Lloyd, writing in Chambers's Journal, says he was twenty days walking through the great forest inhabited by the plagues, a forest so dark that in many places it was impossible to read, even at noonday. The plagues were wisely intelligent, and peacefully disposed, although their arrows were tipped with deadly poison. They had a frightened appearance, and covered their faces. The shy children, when spoken to, the forest was alive with elephants, leopards, wild pigs, buffaloes, and antelopes. After leaving the forest Mr. Lloyd came to one place where he took the opportunity of screwing together the bicycle which he had brought with him. A spin on the machine brought out thousands of men, women, and children from their villages, and they danced and yelled with delight at seeing us, as they expressed it, a European riding a snake.

Whittier Color Blind.

"Mr. Whittier greatly surprised me by confessing that he was quite color blind," says the Bostonian. "He even amplified his condition by saying that if I came to Amesbury I should be scandalized by one of his errors. It appeared that he was never permitted by the guardian goddess of his hearing to go 'shopping' for himself, but that once, being in Boston, and needing a carpet, he had ventured to go to a store and buy what he had thought to be a very nice, quiet article, probably suited to adorn a Quaker home. When it arrived at Amesbury there was a universal shout of horror, for what had struck Mr. Whittier as a particularly soft combination of browns and grays proved, to normal eyes, to be a loud pattern of bright red roses on a field of the crudest cobaltine green. When he had told me this, it was then once to observe that the famous and high-browed Whittier had had something which was not entirely normal about him."

His Bible Verse a Hint.

Hugh Montgomery, whose father owns a large ranch in the fertile San Joaquin Valley, California, went to San Francisco and paid a brief visit to the house of a clerical uncle. This divine, who is one of the best and most hospitable of men, follows the custom of having prayers before breakfast. In connection with this service each member of the family circle is expected to recite a verse of Scripture. Hugh, who has habitually a very healthy appetite, became decidedly sharp set before the amen was said. When his turn came to recite a verse he significantly repeated the familiar words: "How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, while I perish of hunger?"

The reverend uncle listened with twinkling eyes and there was a speedy adjournment to a well-spread table.

Birds and Bills.

"There is something wrong with this bill," said the young married man to the milliner who has imported Parisian prices as well as styles. "It is correct in every item," after looking it over. "Eight dollars for that bird, no bigger than my fist?" "Yes, sir, and cheap at that." "All right, madam, I'll settle, but it's robbery. We had our first anniversary yesterday and I bought a ten pound turkey for \$1.25." —Detroit Free Press.

Well Qualified.

"Mr. Blankson," said the lawyer, turning to the man who had been drawn as a juror, this is a case in which—by the way, Mr. Blankson, have you ever been a witness before an investigating committee?" "Yes, sir."

"We'll take him, Your Honor. He doesn't know anything about this case—or anything else." —Chicago Tribune.

A Complete Cure.

"Oh! what did the faith curer cure you?" asked the sceptic. "Of my faith," said the former devotee. —Boston Herald.

Short Talks on Advertising By Charles Austin Bates. No. 18.

Don't expect the newspaper to do it all. Look out for the show window and the cases and counters.

When you advertise something of special interest in the papers, fill the window with it and have it prominently displayed in the store. Have some neat tickets painted and hung up above or near the goods.

Be sure all the clerks know what is going on. If I were running a store, I would make it the first rule that every clerk should read every advertisement every day. I would have them understand just what I was trying to do with each advertisement—just what the goods were and where they came from and how they happened to be so cheap, or so good, or both.

The newspaper is sometimes blamed for the ill success of an advertisement, when the real fault is right in the store. Don't ever expect spasmodic advertising to pay. Don't ever let an issue of a paper you are using appear without your advertisement.

The day you leave the ad out will probably be the very day on which somebody will look for it, and not finding it, go to a competitor. The last of a series is the one that sells the goods. A man may see your ad thirty days in July and not buy till the thirty-first ad welds conviction into his mind.

It's the last stroke that makes a horseshoe—all the others were merely preparatory. The shoe was not a shoe till the last blow fell. If that had not been given it would only be a semblance of a shoe—merely a bent piece of iron. A sale is secured by the last word that is spoken—by the last ad that is read. If it remained unspoken, or unread, the sale would often fail entirely.

Advertising is the insurance of business, but you must keep up the premiums or the policy will lapse.

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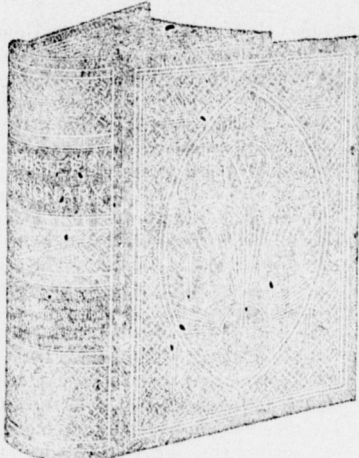
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Foley's Kidney Cure

Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right. This is the most powerful and most reliable medicine for the treatment of all kidney and bladder troubles. It is the most effective and most reliable medicine for the treatment of all kidney and bladder troubles. It is the most effective and most reliable medicine for the treatment of all kidney and bladder troubles.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Seven Million Cures sold in past 12 months. This signature, E. W. Grove. Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box 25c.

SORE LUNGS. When your lungs are sore and inflamed from coughing, is the time when the germs of PNEUMONIA, PLEURISY and CONSUMPTION find lodgment and multiply. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR stops the cough, heals and strengthens the lungs. It contains no harsh expectorants that strain and irritate the lungs, or opiates that cause constipation, a condition that retards recovery from a cold. FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR is a safe and never failing remedy for all throat and lung troubles. The Doctors Said No Had Consumption—A Marvelous Cure. L. M. Ruggles, Reasoner, Iowa, writes: "The doctors said I had consumption and I got no better until I used FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR. It helped me right from the start and stopped the spitting of blood and the pain in my lungs and today I am sound and well." THREE SIZES 25c, 50c, and \$1.00 REFUSE SUBSTITUTES. SOLD AND RECOMMENDED BY JAMES McFARLANE Laporte, Dr. Voorhees Sonestown, Pa.

GOOD COOKING

Advertisement for various kitchen products including cakes, pans, and a dictionary. Includes images of a cake and a pan.

It is so Much Easier to Do Your Housework if You Use Our Tips—Data, Kitchen Utensils.

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If you have sour stomach, indigestion, biliousness, constipation, bad breath, dizziness, inactive liver, heartburn, kidney troubles, backache, loss of appetite, insomnia, lack of energy, bad blood, blotched or muddy skin, or any symptoms and disorders which tell the story of bad bowels and an impaired digestive system, Laxakola Will Cure You. It will clean out the bowels, stimulate the liver and kidneys, strengthen the mucous membranes of the stomach, purify your blood and set you "on your feet" again. Your appetite will return, your bowels move regularly, your liver and kidneys cease to trouble you, your skin will clear and freshen and you will feel the old time energy and buoyancy.

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