Papa Gruffnaked me for Ethyl Gruff-"And to him, papa, dear?" old him your mother in the dishwater, but giving him my foot,"

ers do not always get

mes baring. Ask your

an save 15c by investing ou just how you can get acknes of "Red Cross" de package of "hubin-with the premiums, two are panels, printed in olors, or one Twentieth dar, all for 5c. Ask your reb and obtain these presents free,

been more loyally and amed in their work than a married the winsome Margitson, of Norfolk, ing of 24, without any

dred Dollars Reward for that cannot be cared by

k Co., Props., Toledo, O., ned, have known F.J. Che-ears, and believe him per-all business transactions to carry out any obligaolesate Druggists, Toledo, Manyin, Wholesale

x. Ohio.
prelatation internally, actbe blood and mucous surm. Price, 75c, per bottle,
sts. Testimonials free,
ls are the best.

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Stick to It."

and discouraged with imh or sheumatism, take la faithfully and persiswill soon have a cure. as cured thousands of do the same for you.

Sarsaparilla CO/Sapparmany

he Didn't Count. Why, Johnny, what is you? You've been

told you to count ten ingry. Johnny-I did, er played roots on me. ils ten until after he'd ne eye .- Boston Tran-

ith a Mother-in-Law. rs. Henpecker-I must nt, that if you marry will find that she has own. Mr. Blunt-I madam, so long as

st remedy for ption. Cures Colds, Grippe, itis, Hoarse

31 TRIAL BOTTLE.

S COUGH KILLER

ns of general knowls serve to illuof elementary "Essay on St. which reaches us of a Church of Engrrey, is worthy of a pears to have de ation from both lay surces, and he that St. heard one to find out eam engin. mn Billy and many m makin em, and than all the othones you see in pretty good, but oundless when, my and brevity, our includes: "'Lay charge,' said he, f bein stoned,"-

Advised to Seek Pinkham. WAM NO. 94,853] ad inflammation of

sks reat pain. I took by a physician, reet At last I heard 's Vegetable Comdl o ng it faithfully I ses, y Inma well women. on s lauffering women to Pinkham."-Mas. and I INT PARK, ILL. . h i

my health was the most dreadatair most on the verge rsely alted one of the ther ew York, and he a fibroid tumor, without delay. only chance for rescribed atrong attle and one said I eh. er told me my Ivanic batteries, The ing relieved me. d and begged me ham's Vegetable een ts use and took mo m the very first onderful change fore ary umor has disapter, y old spirits have tie commend your SAUNDERS AVE., N. J.

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Victories of Peace-The Many Blessings For Which We Should Be Thankful-Machinery Has Lightened Burdens-God Sent the Wheel. (Copyright, Louis Riopsch, 1899.)

WASHINGTON, D. C .- This discourse of Dr. Washington, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a sermon of preparation for the national observance and in an unusual way rails for the gratitude of the people; the lext, Enektel x., 13, "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in My hearing, O wheel?"

was cried unto them in My hearing, O wheel!"

The last Thursday of the eleventh month, by proclamation of President and Governors, is observed in thanksgiving for temporal mercies. With what spirit shall, we enter upon it? For nearly a year and a half this inition has been celebrating the criumph of the sword and gun and battery. We have sung martial airs and cheered returning heroes and sounded the requiem for the slain in battle. Methinks it will be a healthful change if this Thanksgiving week, in church and homestead, we celebrate the victories of peace, for nothing was done at Santingo or Maulia that was of more importance than that which in the last year has been done in farmer's field and mechanic's shop and author's study by those who never wore an epaulet or shot a Spaniard or went a hundred miles from their own doorsiil. And now I call your attention to the wheel of the text.

Man, a small speck in the universe, was set down in a big world, high mountains rising before him, deep sens arresting his pathway and wild beasts capable of his destruction, yet he was to conquer. It could not be by physical force, for compare his arm with the ox's horn and the elephant's tusk, and how weak he is! It could not be by physical speed, for compare him to the antelope's loot and ptarymigan's wing, and how slow he is! It could not be by physical capacity to sear or plunge, for the condor beats him in one direction and the porpoise in the other. Yet he was to conquer the world. Two eyes, two hands and two feet were insufficient. He must be re-enforced, so God sent the wheel.

Twenty-two times is the wheel mentioned in the Bible; sometimes, as in Ezekiei, illustrating providential movement; sometimes, as in the Psalms, crushing the bad; sometimes, as in Judges, representing God's charioted progress. The wheel that started in Exedus rolls on through Proverbs, through Isalah, through Jeremiah, through Daniel, through Nahum, through the centuries, all the time gathering momentum and splendor, until, seeing what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanks; giving and employ the apostrophe of the Man, a small speck in the universe, was

what it has done for the world's progress and happiness, we clap our hands in thanksgiving and employ the apostrophe of the text, crying, "O wheei!"

I call on you in this Thanksgiving week to praise God for the triumphs of machinery, which have revolutionized the world and multiplied its attractions. Even paradise, though very picturesque, must have been comparatively dull, hardly anything going on, no agriculture needed, for the harvest was spontaneous; no architecture required, for they slept under the trees; no manufacturer's loom necessary for the weaving of apparel, for the fashions were exceedingly simple. To dress the garden could not have required ten minutes a day. Having nothing to do, they got into mischlef and ruined themselves and the race. It was a sad thing to be turned out of par-

It was a said thing to be turned out of paradise, but, once turned out, a beneficent thing to be compelled to work. To help man up and on God sent the wheel. If turned ahead, the race advances; if turned

man up and on God sent the wheel. If turned ahead, the race retreats. To arouse your gratitude and exait your praise I would show you what the wheel has done for the domestic world, for the agricultural world, for the traveling world, for the literary world. "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel?"

In domestic life the wheel has wrought revolution. Behold the sewing machinel it has shattered the housewife's bondage and prolonged woman's life and added immeasurable advantages. The needle for age had punctured the eyes and pierced the side and made terrible massacre. To prespare the garments of the whole household in the spring for summer and in the autumn for winter was an exhausting process. "Stitch, stitch, stitch!" Thoma! Hood set it to poetry, but millions of persons have found it agonizing prose.

Slain by the sword, we buried the hero with the "Dead March" in "Saul" and fing at half mast. Slain by the needle, no one knew it but the household that watche; her health giving way. The winter after that the children were recred and cold.

her health giving way. The winter after that the children were ragged and coll and hungry or in the almshouse. The hand that wielded the needle had forgotten its cunning. Soul and body had parted at the seam. The thimble had dropped from the palsied finger. The thread of life had snapped and let a suffering human life drop into the grave. The spool was all unwound. Her sepuicher was digged not with sexton's spade, but with asbarper and shorter implement—a needle. Federal and Confederate dead have ornamented graveat Arlington Heights and Richmond and Gettysburg, thousands by thousands, but it will take the archangel's trumpet to find the million graves of the vaster army of women needle slain.

Women needle slain.

Besides all the sewing done for the household at home, there are hundreds of thousands of sewing women. The tragedy of the needle is the tragedy of hunger and cold and insult and home-sickness and sul--five acts.

But I hear the rush of a wheel, woman puts on the band and adjusts the instrument, puts her foot on the treadle and begins. Before the whir and rattle pleurisies, consumptions, headaches, backaches, consumptions, headaches, backaches, heartaches, are routed. The needle, once an oppressive tyrant, becomes a cheerful slave—roll and rumble and roar until the slave—roll and rumble and roar until the family wardrobe is gathered, and winter is defied, and summer is welcomed, and the ardors and severities of the seasons are overcome; winding the bobbing, threading the shuttle, tucking, quilting, ruffling, cording, embroidering, under-braiding set to music; lock stitch, twisted loop stitch, erocket stitch, a fascinating ingenuity.

No wonder that at some of the learned institutions, like the New Jersey State Normal school, and Butgers Female institute, and Elmira Female college, acquaintitute, and Elmira Female college, acquaintitute,

tute, and Eimira Female college, acquaint-ance with the sewing machine is a requisi-tion, a young lady not being considered educated until she understands it. Winter is coming on, and the household must be warmly clad. "The Last Rose of Summer" will sound better played on a sewing ma-chine than on a piano. Roll on, O wheel of the sewing machine, until the last shackled woman of toil shall be emanci-

pated! Roll on! pated! Roll on!
Secondly, I look into the agricultural world to see what the wheel has accomplished. Look at the stalks of wheat and oats, the one bread for man, the other bread for horses. Coat off and with a cradle made out of five or six fingers of wood and one of sharp steel, the harvester went across the field, stroke after stroke, persuivation rolling down forehead and perspiration rolling down forehead and cheek and chest, head bilstered by the con-suming sun and lip parched by the merci-less August air, at noon the workmen lying half dead under the trees. One of my most suming sun and apparened by the merciless August air, at noon the workmen lying
half dead under the trees. One of my most
painful boyhood memories is that of my
father in harvest time reeling from exhaustion over the doorstep, too tired to
eat, pale and fainting as he sat down. The
grain brought to the barn, the sheaves
were unbound and spread on a threshing
floor, and two men with fails stood opposite each other, hour after hour and day
after day, pounding the wheat out of the
stalk. Two strokes, and then a cessation
of sound. Thump, thump, thump, thump,
thump! Pounded once and then
turned over to be pounded again, slow,
very slow. The hens cackled and clucked
by the door and picked up the loose grains,
and the horses half asleep and dozing over
the manners where the hay had been.

Can you mosgine any come more beautiful; the lot do you know by what palastaking and tedious toil it passed into anything like practicality? If you examined
that cotten, you would find it full of seeds.
It was a severe process by which the seed
was to be extracted from the fiber. Vast
populations were leaving the South because they could not make any living out
of this product. One pound of green seed
cotton was all that a man could prepare to
one day, but Eli Whitney, a Massachusetts
Yankee, woke up, got a handful of cotton
and went to constructing a wheel for the
parting of the fiber and the seed.

Teeth on cylinders, brushes on cylinders,
wheels on wheels. South Carolina gave
him \$60,000 for his invention, and, instead
of one man taking a whole day to prepare
a pound of exton for the market, now ho

may prepare three Bundredweight, and the doubt is enriched, and the commerce of the world is revolutionized, and over 8, 900,000 bales of cotton were prepared this year, enough to keep at work in this country 14,300,000 spindles, employing 270,000 hands and enlisting \$281,400,000 of capital. Thank you, Eif Whitney, and L. S. Chichester, of New York, his successor. Above all, thank God for their inventive genius, that has done so much for the prosperity of the world.

Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has

of the world.

Thirdly, I look to see what the wheel has done for the traveling world. No one can tell how many noble and self sacrificing inventors have been crushed between the coach wheel and the modern locomotive, between the paddle and the ocean steamer. I will not enter into the controversy as to whether John Fitch or Robert Fulton or Thomas Somerset was the inventor of the steamboat. They all suffered and were martyrs of the wheel, and they shall be honored, John Fitch wrote:

"The 21st of January, 1743, was the fatal time of bringing me into existence. I know of nothing so perplexing and vexatious to a man of feeling as a turbulent wife and steamboat building. I experienced the former and quit in season, and had I been a my right senses I should undoubtedly vave treated the latter in the same manver, but, for one man to be teased with both, he must be looked upon as the most unfortunate man in the world."

See the train move out of one of our great depots for a thousand-mile jourvey! All aboard! Tickets clipped and banggage checked and porters attentive to every want, under tunnels dripping with dampness that never saw the light; along fedges where an inch off the track would be the difference between a hundred men living and a hundred dead, full head of steam and two men in the locomotive charged with all the responsibility of whistle and Westinghouse broke. Clank! clank! go the wheels. Clank! clank! echo the rocks. Small villages only hear the thunder and see the whirliwind as the train shoots past, a city on the wing. Thrilling, startling, sublime, magnificent spectacle—a rail train in lightning procession.

While the world has been rolling on the eight wheels of the carriage or the two wheels of the gig it was not until 1876, at the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia that the miracle of the nineteenth century rolled in—the bloyele.

The world could not believe its own eyes, and not until quite far on in the eight were the cohtinents enchanted with the wirlding, flashing, dominating spectacle of

and not until quite far on in the eightless were the continents enchanted with the whirling, flashing, dominating spectacle of a machine that was to do so much for the pleasure, the business, the health and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6 900 years

pleasure, the business, the health and the profit of nations. The world had needed it for 6,000 years.

Fourthly, I look into the literary world and see what the wheel has accomplished. I am more astounded with this than anything that has preceded. Behold the almost miraculous printing press! Do you not feel the ground shake with the machinery of the New York, Brooklyn, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, and Western dailies? Some of us remember when the hand fik roller was run over the cylinder, and by great hate 800 copies of the willage newspaper were issued in one day and no lives lost. But invention has crowded invention and wheel jostled wheel, st rectyping, electrotyping, taking their p aces, Benjamin Franklin's press giving way to the Lord Stanhope press, and the Washington press and the Victory press and the Hoe perfecting press have been set up. Together with the newspapers comes the publication of innumerable books of history, of poetry, of romance, of art, of travel, of biography, of religion, dictionaries, encyclopedias and Bibles. Some of these presses send forth the most accursed stuff, but the good predominates. Turn on with wider sweep and greater velocity, of wheel—wheel of light, wheel of civilization, wheel of Christianity, wheel of divine momentum!

On those four wheels—that of the sewing

on those four wheels—that of the sewing machine, that of the reaper, that of the railroad locomotive, that of the printing press—th- world has moved up to its present preparate.

press—the world has hoved up to its pres-ent prosperity.

And now I gather on an imaginary plat-form, as I literally did when I preached in Brooklyn, specimens of our American products.

Here is corn from the West, a foretaste of the great harvest that is to come down to our seaboard, enough for ourselves and for foreign shipment. Here is rice from the South, never a more beautiful product grown on the planet, mingling the gold and green.

and green.

Here are two sheaves, a sheaf of Northern wheat and a sheaf of Southern rice, bound together. May the band never break! Here is cotton, the wealthlost product of America. Here is sugar cane, enough to sweeten the beverages of an empire. Who would think that out of such a jumble stalk there would come such a pire. Who would think that out of such a humble stalk there would come such a

iuscious product?

Here are palmetto trees that have in their pulses the warmth of southern climes. Here is the cactus of the South, so beauti-Here is the cactus of the South, so beautiful and so tempting it must go armed. Here are the products of American mines. This is iron, this is coal, the iron representing a vast yield, our country sending forth one year 800,000 tons of it, the coal representing 160,000 square miles of it, the iron prying out the coal, the coal smelting the iron.

This is silver, silver from Colorado and Nevada, those places able yet to yield silver napkin rings and silver knives and silver casters and silver platters for all our

Here is mica from the quarries of New Hampshire. How beautiful it looks in the sunlight! Here is copper from Lake Superior, so heavy I dare not lift it. Here is gold from Virginia and Georgia.

I look around me on this imaginary platform, and it seems as if the waves of agricultural unpersioned and possible and the superior of the s

cultural, mineralogical, pomological wealth dash to the platform, and there are four beautiful beings that walk in, and they are all garlanded.

all garlanded.

One is garlanded with wheat and blossoms of snow, and I find she is the North.

Another comes in, and her brow is garlanded with rice and blossoms of magnolia, and i find she is the South. Another comes in, and I find she is gar-

landed with seawed and blossoms of spray, and I find she is the East.

Another comes in, and I find she is garlanded with sik of corn and radiant with California gold, and I find she is the West.

California gold, and I find she is the West.

Coming face to face, they take off their
garlands, and they twist them together
into something that looks like a wreath,
but it is a wheel, the wheel of national
prosperity, and I say in an outburst of
Thanksgiving joy for what God has done
for the North and the South and the East
and the West, "Oh wheel!"

At different times in Europe they have
tried to get a congress of kings, at Berlin

tried to get a congress of kings at Berlin or at Paris or at St. Petersburg, but it has

always been a failure. Only a few kings have come on. But on this imaginary patform that I have built we have a convention of all the kings—King Corn, King Cetton, King Rice, King Wheat, King Oats, King Iron, King Joal, King Silver, King Gold—and they all bow before the King of kings, to whom be all the glory of tals year's wonderful production!

Trouble in Teaching Monkeys.

From the Washington Post: An experienced animal trainer says: rule, monkeys are readily trained, but occasionally there is one, as in the human species, who is a dunce and won't learn anything, is positively stupid and refuses pensistently to become educated. The trouble in teaching monkeys is largely that they are mischievous. They try to overdo things, and do things which are not wanted of them; so that, in order to make them perform as desired, steady drilling is necessary, although they grasp an idea quickly. The only two species of animals which can be taught by precept and example are the chimpanzee and the orang-outang. They are imitators, and to instruct them in doing a thing it is only necessary for the trainer to do it first himself and then either one of these will imitate

Those Dear Girls!

"Yes, I'm engaged, and, do you know, it took George nearly an hour to propose to me last night. I thought

he'd never come to the point." "George always was a slow pro-poser."—Cleveland Plain Dealer. KEYSTONE STATE.

LATEST NEWS GLEANED FROM VARI-OUS PARTS.

WILLIAMSPORT TRAGEDY.

Murdered Mother and Children The Stepfather Disappears—Bodies Under a Straw Stack—Company Stores Will be Discontinned by the Lehigh Valley Coal Company.

The murder of a woman and her three children was revealed on a farm near Montgomery Borough, Lycoming county. The bodies of two children were first found hid-den beneath a straw stack. Thereupon a warrant was issued for the arrest of Abram Hummel, a stepfather of the murdered children, who is missing. Three weeks ago Hummel married Mrs. Yeagle, a widow, who had three children. A few days later the neighbors noticed that the eldest two children were missing, and on Tuesday the Hummel premises were deserted. A party of neighbors made a search. They found a blood-smeared piece of buring near the barn. Disarranged straw attracted their attention to the stack, and under this the bodies of the two children with their heads crushed were found. The bodies look as though the children had been dead for two weeks. A telegram to District Attorney O. G. Kaupp states that the bodies of Mrs. Hummel and her other child were found in an outbuilding. The dead were horribly mutilated, the mur derer evidently having used a club in carrying out his flendish crime. Montgomery and vicinity was in a state of utmost excitement as a result of the ghastly discoveries. It is believed that Hummel has made good his escape. No motive for the quadruple murder has yet been found. The crime is without a parallel in the history of Lycoming county.

No More Company Stores. On December 1, it was announced, the Lebigh Valley Coal Company will cut loose from the "company store" business in the Lehigh region. In this district there are three stores where the employees of the Lehigh Valley had their- orders honored. Jeanesville, Yorktown and Hazleton. course these stores will continue to solicit the miners' trade, but on a different basis, The bills will not be deducted from the Lehigh Valley pay roll, and the employees of the company will be free to deal where they like. It is said that the company will also adopt the same policy in the Schuylkill and Northumberland districts.

Hlow Caused Death. John J., alias "Pat" Sheehan, victim of a fight in Altoona, died of his injuries without recovering consciousness after he had been picked up by the police. Before becoming unconscious he told several parties that Dash Jury had struck him on the head with a neck yoke, Jury and John Hall, who were implicated in the fight, were committed to jail without bail for a hearing. James English is held as a witness. District Attorney Hicks will prefer charges of murder against Jury and possibly Hall. Sheehan was 27 years of

Fall Delayed Wedding.

Michael J. Cannon, of Easton, a traveling salesman, has brought suit against Williams port for #2,600 damages for injuries alleged to have been sustained by him by falling on a defective sidewalk. The accident occurred on the evening of November 3, and since that time he has been unable to be about. Aside from this, the accident caused the postpone ment of his wedding, which was to have oc curred in Easton on the Saturday following the mishap,

Fell Fifty Feet from Bridge. While William Thomas, aged 26 years, we walking over the Electric Rallway Bridge which spans the Lehigh Valley tracks, at Shenandoah, he stumbled and fell to the tracks below, a distance of fifty feet, break ing his left arm, crushing in his side and otherwise injuring himself. His injuries are

Plush Mill at Hazleton.

The Hazleton Board of 45,000 square feet of land on which the Haz leton Plush, Velvet & Silk Manufacturing Co. will erect a large mill. It will be on of the largest plush plants in America and will give employment to nearly 1000 hands.

Train Kills Aged Man.

Bernard Carvill, aged 83 years, of New Castle, was killed by a Pennsylvania passenger train. The safety gates were lowered, but he failed to observe them and walked directly in front of the locomotive. He leaves an estate worth \$200,000.

News in Brief.

A deed was recorded at Media covering the transfer of the property of the Berwyn Water Company to the North Springfield Water Company.

George Horn, of Emaus, made an attempt to end his life by swallowing a dose of pois on. A physician administered an emetic and saved his life.

James Horgan, an Irish laborer, made two esperate but unsuccessful attempts to end his life, at Cornwall Station, by throwing himself on the railroad in front of a passen

Jesse Clifford, of Johnstown, has been lost in the fastness of the Laurel Hill Mountains, above Laughlinstown, and a searching party is endeavoring to find traces of him.

The finishing department of the F. J. Richards Manufacturing Company, of Blooms burg, caught fire and was totally destroyed, together with contents. The less will amount to about \$3,000, partially covered by insur-

Judge Dunham, at Towanda, sentenced Samuel Heeman to a term of five years in the Eastern Penitentiary, and to pay a fine of \$500, for killing Jacob Capwell, on May 20 last. Heeman was convicted of voluntary manslaughter.

The Board of Health is taking measures to prevent the spread of searlet fever which threatens to become epidemic in Altoona. The East End and Pottsgrove schools, in suburbs, have been closed on account of the

Saved from Death. An English traveler once met a companion, sitting in a state of the most woeful despair, and apparently near the last agonies, by the side of one of the mountain lakes of Switzerland. He inquired the cause of his sufferings. "Oh," said the latter, "I was very hot and thirsty, and took a large draught of the clear water of the lake, and then sat down on this stone to consult my guide book. To my astonishment I found that the water of this lake is very poisonous! Oh, I am a gone man -I feel it running all over me. I have only a few minutes to live! Remember me to --" "Let me see the guide book," said his friend. Turning to the passage, he found, "L'eau du la est blen poissoneuse"—"the water of this lake abounds in fish." "Is that the meaning of it?" "Certainly." The dying man looked up with a radiant countenance." "What would have become of you," said his friend, "if I had not met you?" "I should have died of imperfect knowledge of the French language."-Argonaut.

A MEXICAN BEAN CLOCK.

Exceptionally Clover Fraud Perpetrated by an Ingenious Jeweler. A few years ago public curiosity was excited by the curious beans called the "devil beans of Mexico." which shopkeepers placed in their windows. They somewhat resembled roasted coffee beans in shape and color. They were also known as the 'jumping beans," owing to the fact that from time to time they made spasmodic movements which propelled them quite a little distance. The beans grew on a small bush in the Mexican mountains, and it is conjectured that they belonged to the order euphorbiaceae. The bean really consisted of three similar pods which formed a single bean. It is usually a third of the bean which was exhibited as a curiosity. On opening the pod it was found that it contained a small larva, something like that frequently found in chestnuts. It is this little occupant which gives motion to the bean by its jerks and thumps against the side of its home. If the bean is slightly warmed it begins to turn from side to side, and perhaps with a sudden thump turns completely over and stands on one end, and then by successive jumps moves quite a distance. Those who are not in the se cret are often greatly puzzled by this strange bean. An enterprising jeweler devised a scheme of utilizing them to make a magic clock. He accomplished this by imitating the shape of two of the beans, making the dummy beans out of soft iron. he gilded and the other he silvered The prepared iron beans were placed with the ordinary jumping beans on a thin white piece of pasteboard, outlined and numbered like the dial of a clock, but devoid of hands. The dial was located over the works of a large clock, which was placed face upward on the floor of the store window. He fastened small magnets to the ends of the hands. The works were of course carefully hidden from view. All that was in evidence was the cardboard clock dial and the jumping beans, among which were the gold and silver painted iron beans. These were placed on the cardboard over the concealed hands with the magnets attached. The magnets were moved by the hands of the clock so that they were almost in contact with the cardboard. As they moved around they carried the iron beans with them

From Across the Continent.

thus telling the time of day, and the

public was greatly interested by the

intelligence shown by the two beans,

which distinguished them from their

associates.-Scientific Ameri-

"I received the Tetterine couple of days ago. The few applications I've made convince me that I have at last found in this fine remedy a cure for Eczema. I can sell a few boxes to my friends. What discount on one dozen? Let me know at once. R. C. Bingley, 707 Market street, San Francisco, cents by J. T. Shuptrine.

Leicestershire, England, the porter was ordered to proceed to Stanton, a neighboring village, and bring him back The porter went to Stanford on a bicycle, and, Inding the lad, tied both his arms with a rope, and, attaching the end of it to his blcycle, dragged him back to Hinckley, the man riding at good speed. The affair has created a great sensation in the district, and at the recent meeting of the Hinckley guardians the board expressed their strong condemnation of the porter's conduct. One member of the board said the boy was exhausted by the treatment meted out to him. At the tendered and accepted, the man's exdid not care for the treatment he received from the vagrants.

of "Red Cross" starch, one large 10c package of "Hubinger's Best" starch, with the premiums, two Shakespeare panels, printed in twelve beautiful colors, or one Twen tieth Century Girl Calendar, embossed in gold. Ask your grocer for this starch and obtain the beautiful Christmas presents free

TRACEDIES OF HUNTING. Don't Shoot Until You Know What You Are Shooting At.

The deer hunting season in the

Adirondacks opened Aug. 1. Four days later followed a tragedy. Two brothers were camping on the eighth lake of the Fulton chain. For the younger, a youth of 17 years, it was the first season of camp life, and, like all youngsters in the woods in their initial experience, he was aglow with ardor to get his first deer. About sundown this younger brother left camp alone and shortly after was followed by the other. When the elder of the two came to the Durant road he saw a movement of the brush, such as is caused by a deer. On the instant he raised his rifle, took quick aim at the moving brush, fired, then rushed in to see what he had shot, and found his brother, who had been killed instantaneously by a shot through the breast, A human life cut short in the flower of youth. Another life clouded by the anguish of the hour and by life-long regret and self-reproach. A home desolated. And all as the fruit of one foolish movement with a deadly weapon in the woods. If we did not read the stories of such accidents year after year, and from time to time meet the bereaved fathers and mothers, and wives and children of the victims, it would be impossible to conceive that grown men could be found to bring this woe upon themselves and upon their fellows. And yet season after season the record grows. Now it is a farmer who shoots a neighbor by mistake for a ground hog; now a Maine moose hunter who kills his guide for big game, and now the Adirondack camper who does to death his brother for a deer. Before the season shall be over and the rifles put away we shall hear probably of a score of such trage-And it is all so cruelly heartrending because so unnecessary.



Some grocers are so short sighted as to decline to keep the Ivory Soap, claiming it does not pay as much profit as inferior qualities do, so if your regular grocer refuses to get it for you, there are undoubtedly others who recognize the fact that the increased volume of business done by reason of keeping the best articles more than compensates for the smaller profit, and wil take pleasure in getting it for you.



A DAWSON BILL OF FARE.

Oyster Soup 82, and Sirloin Steak #3 Are Samples of Prices. The Regina is a two-story, 20-room log hotel and is one of the leading At druggists or by mail for 50 houses of Dawson and is something over a year old. In noting the prices of this bill of fare, it may be explained

that five oysters are given for \$2 and Sort of Up-to-Date Mazeppa. A boy named Veasy, having escaped that two small codfish cakes for \$1.50; from the workhouse at Hinckley, a \$3.50 porterhouse steak is about the size of the palm of the hand and half an inch thick; a \$2.50 mutton chop is about the size of a Hoffman house chop at one-third the price; two bolled eggs without trimmings go for \$2, and they are brought in in salt and have no age limit; coffee at 25 cents is black and cream (condensed milk) costs 25 cents more; nothing goes free with an order of any kind, not even bread and butter, which is 50 cents extra: all cream is of the condensed milk variety and all vegetables and fruit are from cans; lettuce is the only home-produced article in the bill and its price is \$2 and not much of it meeting the porter's resignation was for the money; the omelets are made from "granulated" eggs; table linen very good; napkins, but no finger planation for resigning being that he | bowls; chairs, ordinary wooden bottoms; waiters, white men; diningroom will accommodate from 50 to 60 people, and is usually full; no wine

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