RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

PENN'A R. R.

EAST.	WEST
7.13 A. M.	9.14 A. M.
10.17 "	12.15 P. M.
2.21 P. M.	4.53 "
6.09 "	7.51 "
SUNDAYS.	
10.17 A. M.	4.53 P. M.

D. L. & W. R. R.

EAST.	WEST.
6.58 A. M.	9.09 A. M.
10.19 "	12.47 P. M.
2.11 P. M.	4.15 "
6.10 "	8.40 "
SUNDAYS	
6.58 A. M.	12.47 P. M.
6.10 P. M.	8.40 "

PHILA & READING R. R.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7.32 A. M.	11.25 A. M.
4.00 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
BLOOM STREET.	
7.34 A. M.	11.23 A. M.
4.02 P. M.	6.04 P. M.

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A DARWINIAN THEORY.

Why the Drowning Man Always Throws Up His Hands.

The usual idea that a drowning man is stretching out his hands for aid or "catching at straws" is not altogether satisfactory. A possible explanation has lately been suggested, and this supposes that the drowning man, losing all his acquired habits and even some of those inherited from more recent parents, in his terror goes back to the instinctive movements of his arboreal ancestors, and the movements of the drowning man are those of a frightened ape seeking safety by clinging to the nearest tree.

The movement is certainly instinctive, for it can only be eliminated by considerable training and voluntary efforts, and yet it is fatal to the individual, for the specific gravity of no human body is so nearly that of water that the removal of the arms from the supporting fluid at once sinks the face beneath the surface. In cases of so called "cramps" the victim, often a highly trained swimmer, generally throws up the hands, but these cases are probably due to heart failure, and a similar movement takes place on land when the subject receives a fatal heart wound, and it is even a common expression of shock or astonishment. The ordinary movements of walking or running would keep a man's face above water, but these curious climbing movements of both hands and feet make floating impossible and are responsible for many deaths by drowning.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Three Ways.

An Englishman, an Irishman and a Scotchman, making a tour around the city a short time since, were observed looking through a confectioner's window at a beautiful young woman serving in the shop.

"Oh," exclaimed Mr. Patrick, "do let us be after spending half a crown with the dear craytur, that we may look at her convaniently and have a bit of chat wid her."

"You extravagant dog," said Mr. Bull. "I'm sure one-half of the money will be sufficient. But let us go in, by all means. She's a charming girl."

"Ah, wait a wee," interposed Mr. McAndrew. "Dinna ye ken it'll serve our purpose equally weel just to ask the bonnie lassie to gie us twa sixpences for a shilling and inquire where's Mr. Toompson's house and sic like. We're no hungry and may as weel save the siller."—Birmingham Mercury.

A Lake's Jawbreaking Name.

The town of Webster, Mass., has always been proud of the beautiful little lake within its limits, but never boasted of the jawbreaking name by which it is known. The lake has the longest and most unpronounceable name of any in the world, and residents and visitors who pass the summer on its shores and islands are quietly suggesting a substitute for the unwieldy Indian term which for many years has been applied to this body of water. The full name of the lake is Chargoggagoggmanchogagoggagungamaug, but the residents have contracted it to Chaubunagungamaug.—Engineer.

The Appian Way.

The famous Appian way, mentioned by almost every Roman writer, connected the Eternal City with all parts of south Italy. For many miles from Rome the space on each side was filled with sepulchers, many of them of persons distinguished in history. To have a sepulcher on the Appian way was equivalent to being buried in Greenwood, in New York, or Pere la Chaise, in Paris.

A Peculiar Word.

The word "habit" is one of the most peculiar in our language. If you take off the first letter, you still have "a bit." If you remove the second, the word "bit" is still on hand. Decapitate that by removing the "b" and it is still a word. Take off the "i," and you find the old "habit" not "t" totally destroyed.

Knew Her.

Pat—And how is the wife, Mike?

Mike—Sure, and I had the doctor last night.

Pat—I didn't know thot she was so sick as thot.

Mike—No, and she didn't need him, but iv she hod died sure and she would always hov blamed me!—Judge.

Insect Plagues.

The insect plagues of summer are no matter of jest. Man must strive with them as he strives against the other hostile forces of nature. He must fight the Hessian fly or the wheat crop will not be garnered, he must fight the weevil or the grain will perish in the bins, he must fight the army worm or the cattle will starve in the pastures, he must fight the tent caterpillar and the borer or his forests will wither and the streams disappear. The entomologist, therefore, wages the war of civilization against forces all the more terrible because of their minuteness and apparent insignificance.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

He Liked It.

Wife—How do you like my new hat?

Husband—The idea of paying big prices for—

Wife—Big prices! Why, I made it myself.

Husband—Um—yes—er—as I was saying, the idea of paying big prices for such monstrosities as the milliners are showing! Now, your hat is a work of art. Looks as if it came from Paris. Beautiful, my dear!—New York Weekly.

THE REPUBLIC.

Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast and sail and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors of thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee, are all with thee!

—Longfellow.

EXPRESSIVE PHRASES.

Those Which Foreigners Coming to America Learn to Use First.

What are the most expressive phrases in colloquial English? Of the dozens that slip off English speaking tongues in the course of a day some must be better suited for their purpose and more characteristic of the race that originated them than others. When foreigners come to this country, they catch certain expressions almost immediately and long before they can attempt to speak the language have made them part of their vocabulary. It would seem that these phrases must be the most expressive in English and that they are peculiar to the language and "fill a long felt want," since foreigners seize so eagerly upon them.

Every man or woman who lands in this country is saying, "Hurry up!" in two months. In whatever quarter of the city one may walk, Italian or German or Jewish, mothers will be dispatching their offspring on errands, using their native speech, but closing their orders with the magic "Hurry up!" How delightfully characteristic of the nation is the phrase! It is not to be wondered at that the newcomers from the slow moving old world find that they have brought over nothing to equal it.

"All right" rivals "hurry up," not because foreign tongues lack similar expressions, but because there is a jolly, hail fellow well met air about "All right" lacking in other phrases of the same character. Then, too, "All right" takes the place not only of "Good," but of "Yes" and "I understand" and of a dozen other phrases which in other languages require separate expressions.

The third phrase, which alone shares the popularity of the first two, is, "It's nice." This should be interesting to purists who wish to restrict "nice" to its first and original meaning of "exact." No word of ancestry sufficiently aristocratic to please them takes the place of "nice" in its colloquial meaning, and foreigners clasp it with joy, wholly ignorant of the fact that they are outraging the feelings of anybody by so doing. Other phrases besides "Hurry up," "All right" and "It's nice" captivate the fancy of the newly landed, but these three reign supreme.—New York Tribune.

Personal Elements of Success.

"Personality," as it is called, is a thing apart, a light that cannot be hidden. It is difficult to describe, being in its nature variable. Often it is composed of one part talent and two parts character, and he who has it may in spite of other deficiencies command success.

Large successes are attainable by the union of aptitude and concentration of purpose, coincident with opportunity; the meeting of the man and the occasion, the suiting of the word to the action, the action to the word; self confidence, unflagging courage, absolute probity.—Henry Watterson in Success.

Inherited Prowess.

"To what," sked the young woman with the notebook, "do you attribute your remarkable power in training these animals and keeping them in subjection?"

"Well," replied Mlle. Castella, the lady wonder of the arena, "I think I inherited it from my mother. She was a strong minded woman. My father was a regular bear, and she had to subdue him about once a day as long as she lived."—Chicago Tribune.

Birds' Eggs Superstitions.

The old, wrinkled, dusky aunties of the south tell children: "Do not eat the bluebirds' eggs. They make you love to wander." They believe that the pale blue eggs of that beautiful creature, "that violet of the air," that bird with "sky tinge on his back, earth tinge on his breast," will make the greedy nest robber restless as long as he lives. No place, however enticing, can hold the being who has once tasted a bluebird's egg.

He who eats a mocking bird's egg will be compelled to "tell all he knows." The one who robs a killdee's nest and eats its eggs will surely break an arm.

He who eats a dove's egg will be followed by bad luck, while the egg of any bird of yellow plumage will be sure to cause a fever, and he who eats an owl's egg will be always shrieking. The eater of a crow's egg will always, as old aunties say, "be gwine on foolish like a crow does go on, 'Ha, ha, ha!' But a partridge's egg," they declare, "du des make you thrive an' grow fas'. Dey is de onlies' sort er birds' eggs dat you kin eat widout findin' 'em dangersome."

How to Detect a Cheap Shoe.

"It takes a rainy spell to show up a cheap shoe," says a shoe dealer. "It can be spotted by an observer on a rainy day, though it may have come within an hour from the store. Watch the feet of people the next time it rains, and you can pick out the inexpensive shoes. A cheap shoe always slips when the pavements are wet. Artificial stone pavements especially show them up. The sole of a cheap, common shoe is made of imitation leather, composed of pressed paper, and water softens it and makes the wearer slide along while walking. You can always tell a cheap shoe in this way."—Indianapolis News.

The Greatest Surrender.

The greatest surrender in the annals of warfare was that of Metz on Oct. 27, 1870. As a fortified place Metz, with its surrounding forts, was practically impregnable, but bad generalship permitted it to be completely surrounded and cut off. The surrender included 3 field marshals, 66 generals, 6,060 officers of lower degree, over 400 guns, 100 mitrailleuses, nearly 60 standards and 173,000 rank and file.

Manx Taxes.

In the matter of taxation the Isle of Man is unique. There is no income tax, no succession duties chargeable against the estates of deceased persons, no highway or turnpike tolls. Roads are maintained by the revenue from two sources—a small tax upon every wheel and shod hoof and a levy upon every male inhabitant, who must give a day's work on the road or its equivalent in cash. There are no stamp duties on receipts, checks, promissory notes, etc.; in fact, stamps are used only for postage.—London Standard.

DISCOVERED BY ACCIDENT.

How the Paving Value of Asphalt Was Brought to Notice.

All forms of bituminous pavements, whether manufactured from natural or artificial asphalt, are in fact artificial stone pavements. The industry started with the use of the natural rock asphalt from the mines in the Val de Travers, Canton Neufchatel, Switzerland. The mines were discovered in 1721, but it was 1849 that its utility as a road covering was first noticed. The rock was then being mined for the purpose of extracting the bitumen contained in it for use in medicine and arts. It is a limestone found impregnated with bitumen, of which it yields on analysis from 8 to 14 per cent.

It was observed that pieces of rock which fell from the wagon were crushed by the weight of wheels, and under the combined influence of the traffic and heat of the sun a good road surface was produced. A macadam road of asphalt rock was then made which gave very good results, and finally in 1854 a portion of the Rue Bergere was laid in Paris of compressed asphalt on a concrete foundation. In 1858 a still larger sample was laid, and from that time it has been laid year by year in Paris. From Paris it extended to London, being laid on Threadneedle street in 1869 and Cheapside in 1870 and in successive years on other streets.—Municipal Journal and Engineer.

No Limit to New Ideas.

There never has been a time when the individual has stood for so much as he does at present. There has never been a time when individuality and personal initiative brought such amazing rewards. There never has been a time when the individual could or did exert so much influence as at present. There is no individual today so insignificant that, if he became the medium of a new or potent ideal, he would be prevented by uncontrollable conditions from expressing his idea and reaping his just reward.

In all ages up to this man has been, owing to his limitations of physical force, a plaything of conditions, a slave of his environment. Skill and intelligence were but two of the factors in his progress, bounded and restrained by limitations to their employment. Now, however, with universal energy at the disposal of each individual, this terrestrial sphere scarce puts bounds to his field of influence.—Cassier's Magazine.

Fruit Acids Kill Germs.

A writer in a scientific periodical states that it is not generally known that fruit acids are germicidal. "The juice," he says, "of limes and lemons is as deadly to cholera germs as corrosive sublimate or sulphur fumes or formaldehyde or any other disinfectant. It is so powerful a germicide that if the juice of one lime or lemon be squeezed into a glass of water that is then left standing for ten or fifteen minutes the water will be disinfected. It makes little difference where the water has been obtained or whether it has been boiled or filtered." As boiled or filtered water is not always obtainable this is worth remembering.

What You Put In Your Mouth.

It is through the mouth that most malignant germs find their way into the body, and therefore one would think that it was hardly necessary to warn people against the risks they are running in using it as a sort of third hand. One would imagine that hardly any one needed cautioning against holding money with the lips, and yet an immense number of otherwise thoroughly cleanly people indulge in this dirty, dangerous practice.

Torture on a grand scale went out with Felton, the assassin of Buckingham, but torture on a small scale continued to be practiced on military offenders down to the eighteenth century. The form most frequently resorted to was that known as the wooden horse, to ride which was the punishment accorded for petty thefts, insubordination and so on. The wooden horse was made of planks nailed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle about eight or nine feet long. This ridge represented the back of the horse and was supported by four posts or legs about five feet high placed on a stand made movable by truckles. To complete the resemblance to the noblest animal in creation a head and tail were added.

When a soldier was sentenced, either by court martial or by his commanding officer, to ride the horse, he was placed on the brute's back, with his hands tied behind him, and frequently enough, in order to increase the pain, muskets were fastened to his legs to weigh them down or, as was jocularly said, to prevent the fiery, untamed, barebacked steed from kicking him off.—London Graphic.

Parental Economy.

"Papa," said Dicky, "all the other boys are going to have torpedoes or firecrackers or something for the Fourth of July. Can't I have anything at all?"

"Dicky," said Mr. Stinjey, beckoning mysteriously, "come with me, and I'll show you something."

He took him out to the summer kitchen and showed him a large package, neatly folded and tied with a string.

"There," he said, "are all the paper bags that have been brought into the house for a whole year from grocery stores and other places. I have had your mother save them for you. Every one of them will make as much noise as a firecracker if you fill it with air and pop it right."

It was not exactly what Dicky had set his heart on, but it was all the Fourth of July he got.—Youth's Companion.

Brotherly Help.

"Sis will be down in a minute," said her little brother.

"I'm so glad," replied Mr. De Trop. "She wasn't at home the last time I called."

"Oh, yes she was, but wouldn't come down."

"How do you know she'll come down this time then?"

"'Cause I told her you was another fellow."—Philadelphia Record.

The Earliest Lens.

The earliest known lens is one made of rock crystal unearthed by Layard at Nineveh. This lens, the age of which is to be measured by thousands of years, now lies in the British museum with its surface as bright as when it left the maker's hands. By the side of it are very recent specimens of lens which have been ruined by exposure to London's fogs and smoke.

Demand For Horses.

The excessive drain upon the supply of horses for military purposes in the last few years has practically depleted this country's number of good horses, and there exists today an actual shortage which cannot be made good for several years. The demand has been chiefly for heavy horses, those suitable for cavalry and for dragging heavy provision trains.

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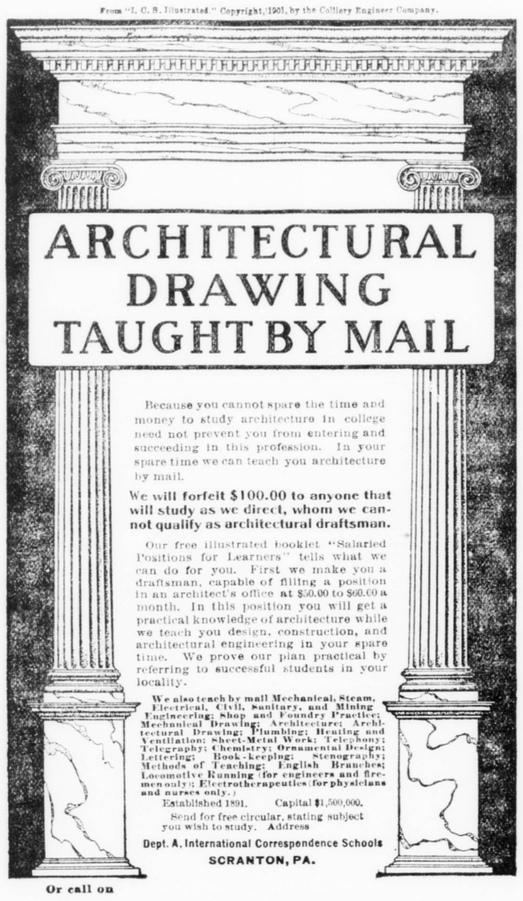

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A COLUMBUS STATUE.

The Story of a Brass Founder's Transformation of Gambrinus.

A story is told of a brass founder who was one day visited by a friend acting as agent for one of the cities of Central America. The agent asked what it would cost to cast a statue of Christopher Columbus for the public square of the city. The amount was far in excess of the sum which the man had at his disposal. He was about leaving in despair of being able to secure the statue when the brass founder said:

"Come back in the junk yard and let us see what can be found there."

He went back, and the brass founder showed him a colossal statue of Gambrinus, recently removed from the front of a large brewing establishment. Under his feet rested a beer keg, in his hand was a large and overflowing schooner, his beard was long and shaggy, and about his brows was wreathed a garland of barley and hops.

"Why, this will never do," said the commission merchant. "I want a statue of Columbus."

"Wait until I have touched this one up. Come back in about a week and see what you think of it. If it suits you, you can have it for the amount you have at your disposal."

As soon as the visitor had gone the brass founder set two men at work on the figure of Gambrinus. They removed the beer keg from under his right foot and placed there an anchor and a coil of rope, from his hand they removed the goblet and substituted a globe, with the continents traced on it; from his brow they took the wreath of barley and hops and substituted a wreath of laurel and then proceeded to trim up his whiskers. The finishing touch consisted in putting at the base of the statue "Cristoforo Colombo."

When the commission merchant came, he was delighted with the figure and, purchasing it, shipped it to the Central American city, where it adorns the public square and is looked upon with veneration by the citizens of that town.—New York Times.

Too Late For Regrets.

Tired of life and the ever present necessity of earning his daily bread by working he had taken a dose of carbolic acid and laid down to die.

But the meddlesome doctors pumped him out and saved him to society.

"Oh, Horace," moaned his wife, leaning over him, "why did you take that awful stuff? Laudanum would have been less painful and so much surer!"—Chicago Tribune.

Ironmaking.

The first mention of ironmaking in Pennsylvania goes back to 1692. It is contained in a metrical composition entitled "A Short Description of Pennsylvania," by Richard Frame, which was printed and sold by William Bradford in Philadelphia in 1692. Frame says that at "a certain place about some forty pound" of iron had then been made.

Safety.

"You're safe!" the umpire shouted,
Then softly muttered he,
While bleachers roared their wild dissent,
"Who'll say as much for me?"

—Detroit Journal.

His Motto.

Mr. Pitt—Do you know the motto of Jupiter Pluvius?

Mr. Penn—No; what is it?

Mr. Pitt—Watch me soak 'em.—Detroit Free Press.

A Conundrum.

"It is very queer," thought baby,
"But, as everybody knows,
The longer that my body gets
The shorter grow my clothes!"

—St. Nicholas.

Not the Best.

Lady—Did you find the soap and water on the back porch all right?

Weary—Yes'm. The water was all right, but I've eaten better soap.—New York Journal.

Gospel Truth.

It may be hard to save your tin,
But there is this about it:
It's easier to live within
Your income than without it.

—Philadelphia Press.

Good Reason.

"I wonder why the Puffups have stopped inviting us to their dinner."

"I suppose it was because we always went."—Chicago Post.

Origin of Ice Cream Soda.

According to a Wisconsin legend, ice cream soda had its origin in Milwaukee, the town that made lager beer famous. A confectioner whose trade was among the wealthy used to make a good, rich soda water by adding to it, when drawn, pure cream. His trade rapidly increased, and one night when he had a crowd to serve he ran out of cream. In desperation he used a small quantity of ice cream to give the drink the proper rich consistency, and what resulted is history.—Beverages.

FIRES CAUSED BY NAILS.

Particularly Guarded Against by Firms That Handle Cotton.

"Speaking of insurance matters," said a listener, "I suppose the plain, old fashioned nail has caused more fires in the big establishments where machinery is used in many and complicated ways than any other little thing in existence. The only thing needed is for it to come in contact with some other hard material with sufficient force to cause a spark and heat generation. Nails have really produced a heavy per cent of the cotton fires of the country. During recent years, on account of steps taken by the owners and conductors of the larger cotton and byproduct plants at the instance of insurance men, the nail has not been such a prolific producer of fires.

"A way has been found, for instance, in cotton gins, cotton mills and in plants where cottonseed are put through manufacturing processes, of extracting nails and other weighty and flinty substances that may find lodgment in these inflammable products. Gravity is the natural force used. Nails and rocks and materials of this kind are heavier than cotton and its byproducts, and they have a tendency to force their way to the bottom of the heap. By allowing these products to pass over a rolling belt arrangement these heavier materials filter toward the bottom and are finally extracted, so that when the cotton or the cottonseed passes through the grind in the various manufacturing processes there is but little danger from fire so far as these things are concerned."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Henry Ward Beecher's Wit.

On one occasion as Mr. Beecher was in the midst of an impassioned speech some one attempted to interrupt him by suddenly crowing like a cock. The orator, however, was equal to the occasion. He stopped, listened till the crowing ceased, and then, with a look of surprise, pulled out his watch. "Morning already!" he said. "My watch is only at 10. But there can be no mistake about it. The instincts of the lower animals are infallible."

There was a roar of laughter. The "lower animals" in the gallery collapsed, and Mr. Beecher was able to resume as if nothing had occurred.

A Victim of Scotch Logic.

A highland hotel keeper was one day having a squabble with an Englishman in the lobby of the hotel about his bill. The stranger said it was a gross imposition—he could live cheaper in the best hotel in London.

The highland landlord replied, "Oh, nae doot, sir, nae doot; but dae ye no' ken the reason?"

"Not a bit of it," replied the stranger hastily.

"Weel, then," replied the host, "as ye seem to be a sensible bit callant, I'll tell ye. There's 365 days in the Lunnon hotel keeper's calendar, but we have only three months here. Dae ye understand me noo, freen'? We maun mak' hay in the hielan's when the sun shines, for it's unco seldom she dis't."—Scottish American.

A Wife's Allowance.

It is one of the most humiliating elements in woman's life in America today and one of the phases which is most uncomplimentarily reflective upon American husbands that a just allowance is withheld from many wives. No matter how small the allowance may be, so long as it is fair in proportion to the income earned, every wife should have a purse of her own, sacred to herself and her needs and free from the slightest intrusion on the part of her husband. Every wife is entitled to this, and no young man—I care not how small his income nor what his reasoning may be—starts married life aright who withholds that courtesy and that right from his wife.—Edward Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

More Rest.

Doctor—There's nothing much the matter with you. You only need rest.

Patient—Oh, but, doctor, look at my tongue.

Doctor—That needs rest, too, madam.—St. Louis Republic.

The River Jordan.

The Jordan is the "Descender." During its course it falls over 1,200 feet. At no point is it navigable even by a small craft to any considerable distance and presents the unique spectacle of a river which has never been navigated flowing into a sea which contains not one living creature.

Experienced.

He—The love I have declared for you, my dear, is a perfect love.

She—And will you swear that you have never loved another?

He—Ah, darling, you forget that practice makes perfect.—Richmond Dispatch.

When "Pluck" Was Slang.

The word "pluck" affords another instance of the way in which slang words in the course of time become adopted into current English. We now meet with "pluck" and "plucky" as the recognized equivalents of "courage" and "courageous." An entry in Sir Walter Scott's "Journal" shows that in 1827 the word had not yet lost its low character. He says (volume 2, page 30), "Want of that article blackguardly called pluck." Its origin is obvious. From early times the heart has been popularly regarded as the seat of courage. Now, when a butcher lays open a carcass he divides the great vessels of the heart, cuts through the windpipe and then plucks out together the united heart and lungs—lights, he calls them—and he terms the united mass "the pluck."—Notes and Queries.

The word "mile" comes from the Latin "mille," a thousand. A thousand paces of a marching soldier made the Roman mile.

Nerve Slavery.

It is present-day conditions—heaping burdens of work upon the nervous system that tells the story—premature breaking up of health.

It tells why so many men and women, who so far as age in years is concerned, should be in the prime of health, find themselves letting go of the strength, the power, the vitality they once possessed. It is because that great motor power of the body, nerve force, is impaired. Every organ depends upon its controlling power just as much as the engine depends upon the steam to put it into action. An engine won't go without steam. Neither will the heart, the brain, the liver, the kidneys, the stomach act right without their proper nerve force supply. Let any organ be lacking in this essential and troubles begin—some of them are:

Throbbing, palpitating heart.
Sleepless nights.
Sudden startings.
Morning languor.
Brain fag.
Inability to work or think.
Exhaustion on exertion.
Flagging appetite.
Digestion slow.
Food heavy.
Easily excited, nervous, irritable.
Strength fails.
Loss of flesh and muscular power.
Settled melancholia.
Utter despondency.

A picture, hideous, but easily changed to one of brightness by use of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills. They build up the nerves and supply nerve force.

The above is the genuine package of Dr. A. W. Chase's Nerve Pills, are sold by dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Company, Buffalo, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

His Prize.

An amusing story, which may perhaps be entirely true, is told of a shortsighted but energetic member of the Russian secret police.

He was walking through a little frequented street of St. Petersburg one night when he spied high up on a lamppost a placard.

"Aha!" he said to himself, scenting mischief on the instant and alert for action. "That's one of those incendiary notices about his majesty the czar! It must come down at once!"

With some difficulty, being of a stout build, he succeeded in climbing the post and dislodging the placard. He bore it to the ground, and there, peering at it by the light of the lamp, he read two Russian words, the English equivalent for which is the well known legend "Wet Paint."—Youth's Companion.

The Tired Farmer.

"Yes, sir, you simply start our automobile plow and leave it to itself while you sit on the fence here in the shade and enjoy your weekly paper and a jug of hard cider. The plow will go right ahead and break up your field better than you could possibly do it, and when it has finished all you have to do is to press the button here and stop it."

"Waal, say, couldn't you fix it so's it would kind o' steer up here close to the fence, so's I could press the button without gittin' down?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

344 Ferry

—IS—

Pegg's

COAL

Office.

Yard in Rear.

SEVEN DEVELOPED GOLD MINES.

60 ACRES OF GOLD ORE.

——THE ARENA——

Gold Mining & Milling Company

CRIPPLE CREEK, COLORADO.

This Property is Estimated to be now Worth More than $10,000 per Acre and will be Worth over One Hundred Thousand Dollars per Acre, with Proper Development

CAPITAL STOCK, $1,000,000.

Divided into Shares of $1.00 Each, Full Paid and Non-Assessable.

The Arena Company offers 50,000 Shares at 50 cents each in a Property that is Worth over $600,000.

For the purpose of raising money to purchase the necessary machinery to make the mines produce daily fully Three Thousand Dollars in Gold, thus enriching every individual shareholder according to the shares he holds.

You can buy any number of Shares you Wish,

and make more money than can be made in any other line of investment. The gold ore is in these seven developed mines. There are 3,000 feet of ore in a vein, and these veins are true mother veins, held within walls of granite, placed there by nature. The Company has already developed this property to demonstrate that it is one of the largest gold properties of the Cripple Creek District which is the greatest gold-producing camp on earth, its output last year aggregating $25,000,000 or nearly double the amount produced in the whole State of California.

At 50 cents per share the Company is giving you a discount of 10 cents per share to start with, making 20 cents on the dollar. As already stated, this is done for the purpose of raising $25,000 to purchase improved machinery, air compressor, drills, and electric plant. We have two large hoisting engines on this property, a commodious shaft-house, office buildings, boarding house for the men, stables, a powder-house, a large quantity of tools, etc. The reports on these mines, made by one of the best mining engineers in the State, succinctly describe these improvements.

NAMES OF MINES.

AZTEC, 210 feet in depth, with shaft-house, boiler and engine for hoisting, well timbered all the way down.
BONDHOLDER, 200 feet deep, hoisting engine and boiler, large iron shaft-house.
MEXICO and MANHATTAN, both over 100 feet deep, on same vein as the Aztec mine.
CRYSTAL, JASPER and GRAND EMPEROR, on the same vein as the Bondholder and opened in depth to over 100 feet, and developed to a great extent, showing over 4,000 feet of ore.

If you want to make money out of nature, become a producer of gold out of her treasure vaults. The Arena group of mines will do it for you.

We can furnish the best of references—bank and mining engineers—and our title in the property is perfect, coming as it does through a patent from the Government. With more improved machinery, from $3,000 to $5,000 per day will be a conservative estimate of the output of these mines.

Remember that only 50,000 Shares of this Stock are for sale at 50 cents on the dollar, orders for the number of shares desired, accompanied by Draft, Money Orders, Express or Cash in Registered Letters, can be sent to

The Arena Gold Mining & Milling Company,

501 Equitable Building, DENVER, COLORADO.

PLANING MILL?

HOOVER BROTHERS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sash, Shutters, Verandas, Brackets, Frames

and Turned Work of all Kinds.

Also Shingles, Roofing Slate, Planed and Rough Lumber.

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We have just received from New York an invoice of the latest effects in outing and ready-to-wear

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