

### A Tree That Is Put to Many Uses.

The canaba is certainly a wonderful tree, according to a report made to the state department by Consul Burke, of Bahia. It grows in the northern states of Brazil near the Amazon river. Every part of it—root, trunk, branch and trunk—is available; it is indispensable for the natives in building and roofing their huts, making fences, etc., while the articles made from it supply them with food, light and medicine. It is a species of palm tree and grows in dry, sandy soil. The bulb (the size depending upon the size of the tree) is strongly farinaceous, and when dried and ground produces a kind of farinaceous food for the natives, while the rootlets of the bulb are used for medicine, possessing a strong cathartic property.

The trunk, while the tree is young, contains a soft oleaginous substance, something like marrow; this is good food for cattle, sheep, goats and hogs. After the tree attains a growth of several years the trunk becomes very hard and can then be used for building purposes. The lower part of the branches, which grow to a length of 8 to 10 or 12 feet, are chiefly used for fences. They are wide and flat at the bottom and taper toward the top, with short, hard and very sharp thorns at the edges, in appearance not unlike the mouth of a saw fish. The fence made from this material is very strong.

The leafy part of the branch, when cut and sun dried, gives an exudation which appears on the fan like leaf or blade. It is a tenacious substance possessing properties very similar to bees-wax. This wax is extensively used for making candles. The leaf or blade has a fiber from which hats, mats, baskets, rope, brooms, dusters, etc., are made. When the exudation is scraped from the blades of palm the branches are used for roofing huts and small houses and for protecting brick walls from the fierce rays of the sun, as well as from the rain. The fruit of the tree is sweet and palatable. The kernel or seed is pounded to powder and used in infusion in place of coffee.—Chicago Herald.

### An Extraordinary Irishman.

Dion Bouicault, who is as clever as he is erratic, is now in his 68th year, though he says that he has lived at least ten centuries. It is thirty-seven years since he came to this country, and during that period has, it is said, become a citizen of the United States four times, returning after each naturalization to Great Britain to renew his loyalty to the queen. Up to date the number of pieces he has written, translated and adapted for the stage is about 180. Although it has been customary to speak of him as an imitable plagiarist, he has done a great deal of original work, notably in such dramas as "London Assurance," "Old Heads and Young Hearts," "The Octoroon," "Arrah niah Pogue," "The Rapparee" and "The Shogun." On the other hand, for him to call himself the author of "Used Up," "Louis XI," "The Corsican Brothers," "Faust and Marguerite," when the originals are so well known, is a degree of astonishing impudence that might be styled Bouicaultism.

It used to be asked, when it was mentioned that Bouicault had written a new play, "Whose play has he written?" and not without a modicum of justice. If he borrows liberally, if he appropriates wholesale, it is not because he lacks invention and ingenuity, of which he has abundance, but because he wants to make money. He has gained half a dozen fortunes, and lost them all.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

### Philosophy of Dining.

One of the old Greek philosophers was once approached with the question as to the hour of the day at which one should take his dinner. The answer was characteristic. "If you are rich," said the wise man, "you will dine whenever you please; if you are poor, whenever you have anything to eat." This same philosophy seems to be accepted by the Turks of the present time, judging by what Mr. Barclay says of the practice of this people.

There is a peculiarity about Turkish cooking. Wherever you are, and at whatever time of the day you ask, "When will dinner be ready?" the answer is always the same. "In ten minutes," and yet I have had all sorts of dishes on the table at the same time. I don't know how it is managed, but I think it is an improvement on our English plan of having to keep to a fixed hour. If no order is given dinner is served as a matter of course at sundown, and this habit is usual among all classes.

We were somewhat surprised one day at Chianthe, our Greek cook, asking, "Please, sare, what time you eat your dinner today?" We answered, "When we are hungry." "Vera good, sare, 'cos me get one booful dinner—ros' bif, sare. One buffalo he fall over cliff last night and break him neck!"—Youth's Companion.

### Hardships of a Minister's Life.

The folks who think preachers flourish on the fat of the land are respectfully requested to read the following extract from a letter received at this office from a Virginia Baptist preacher: "I have not a bushel of corn, a peck of flour nor five pounds of meat in the world, and I have not a dollar to buy with, and my churches are not able to pay me for my work." He does not ask for help—nothing was further from his thought—but if anybody desires to brighten his life we will undertake to see that the sunshine falls upon his home.—Richmond Herald.

### The American a Glutton.

The average American, although a colossal eater, does not at present know how to dine. This is a home truth which he resents extremely, and contradicts with vigor; indeed, he is apt to introduce comparisons between the restaurants of his own and other lands which invariably leave a large balance in favor of Delmonico's. Still, spite of an occasional exception, the American born gastronome is as rare a bird as the American born chef of any serious pretensions.—Cornhill Magazine.

### DO FISHES FEEL PAIN.

A Fisherman Believes That They Are Not Sensible to Pain.

A writer in Forest and Stream says: I have read many articles on the subject of whether fish, when caught on the hook, feel any pain or whether their struggles were merely the result of finding themselves fast. I fish a great deal in the summer months for trout, bass and pickerel and have done so for years. I have studied the matter very carefully and have made up my mind from various incidents that have come under my observation that fish are not sensitive to pain as are warm blooded animals. I will cite two instances that show to me plainly that I must be right in my conclusions on this subject.

Last October, while fishing for pickerel on Lake Cary, Wyoming county, Pa., in company with a companion, among other fish that we caught was a pickerel that would weigh nearly, if not quite, three pounds. My friend pulled it up, and as it came on to the top I saw about twelve feet of a very coarse brown line hanging to it. Upon inspecting it more closely I found that the fish had in its side a very strong and coarse hook, to which the piece of line was attached. The wound must have been made a very short time previous to our catching the fish, for it was bleeding quite freely and looked very fresh, and if the fish could feel pain it would certainly have deterred it from taking our hook so soon after such an injury. There was only one other party fishing on the lake that day, as it was cold and windy, and that pickerel must have received his injury from them and have come nearly across the lake to us, dragging that piece of heavy line with him.

The other instance occurred in this way: I was fishing with a "skipping bait"—most of your readers know what this is: a piece of pork rind or a pickerel belly—and had with me a friend who, though he could handle a brigade under a heavy fire, was not up to the trick of catching fish that way. I was having fairly good sport, but he got impatient, and finally, when he had a good strike, he jerked so hard as to break his line, and away went the fish, and he at once proposed to go home, but I told him in joke if he would wait five or ten minutes I would catch that fish and get back his hook. So we sat down and had a short smoke. I soon commenced to cast my hook near where he lost his fish. I had a strike, and to our mutual surprise out came the general's fish, with his hook well fastened in its mouth. Now, I don't think the fish would have taken the bait so soon again had it been in any pain from the hook.

### History and Mystery of the Comb.

It would be curious to know what mystic meaning our forefathers attached to the simple act of combing the hair. We learn from old church history that the hair of the priest or bishop was combed several times during services by one of the inferior clergy. The comb is mentioned as one of the essentials for use during a high mass when sung by a bishop; mass combs of precious metals are reckoned among the costly possessions of most European cathedrals. Besides those made of gold and silver, the poorer churches have them of ivory, while in some the more common kinds are used.

Among those especially known to history are those of St. Neot, St. Dunstan and Malachias. That belonging to St. Thomas, the martyr of Canterbury, is still kept in the church of St. Sepulcher, Thetford; that of St. Cuthbert, "the woman hater," at Durham cathedral. From sundry references in old legends to the use of the comb in divinations, and from its appearance in combination with pagan emblems on rudely sculptured stones in various parts of Scotland, it seems probable that this was one of the objects of pagan veneration which early Christian teachers deemed prudent to adopt, investing it with some new significance.—St. Louis Republic.

### The Value of Sincerity.

Though a man must be sincere in order to be great, he need not be great in order to be sincere. Whatever may be the size of our brain, the strength of our powers, the talents of any kind with which we are gifted, sincerity of heart, or of belief, or of life, is possible to us all. It is of itself a kind of greatness which, in spite of many other drawbacks, will make itself felt. The honest, upright man, who lives openly, fearlessly and truly, professing only what he feels, upholding only what he believes in, pretending nothing, disguising nothing, deceiving no one, claims unconsciously a respect and honor that we cannot give to any degree of power or ability wielded with duplicity or cunning. If we could correctly divide the world into the sincere and the insincere, we should have a much truer estimate of real worth than we generally obtain.—New York Ledger.

### He Is in Doubt.

"I don't know," said Willie Washington, "whethah I'm poplah with the young lady on whom I called lawst night oh not." "Why?" inquired the friend to whom he was speaking. "I had been there an ouah, when she said: 'Well, Mr. Washington, you have had a delightful evening, haven't you?'" "That was encouraging." "Ya-a-s, but it happened that I had the toothache, you know, and hadn't said founh words the whole evening, don't you know."—Washington Post.

Alexander Swift, of Cincinnati, who married a sister of Alice and Phoebe Cary, owns the old Cary homestead, and is anxious to make it a memorial of the distinguished sisters. It is one of the places that might have been bought for a song years ago, but the sweet singers did not get it in that melodic way.

There is a man in southern Illinois who laughs at the idea that marriage is a failure. He has just married his sixth wife. Each successive spouse brought him a farm, and he is now one of the largest land owners in that part of the country.

### PLEASURE IN A CANOE.

THOUSANDS OF AMERICAN VOTARIES OF SAIL AND PADDLE.

The Growing Popularity of the Sport—Suggestions for Amateurs Who Would Like to Emulate the Example of Noted Canoeists—Notable Trips.

Canoeing is one of the earliest of human inventions, and is undoubtedly of American origin. Up to a decade ago its development was not rapid, but since that time wonderful strides have been made, both in the construction of canoes and in the number of people who indulge in the sport. The increased interest in the sport may be traced to the efforts of the American Canoe association. When it was first established in 1873, thirty-five canoes participated in the annual meet, at Lake George. Now the association includes nearly one hundred clubs, divided into four divisions, and has a membership of several thousand canoeists. There is also a Western Canoe association, in which about twenty-five clubs are represented, and there are many clubs whose members belong to no association.

The delights of canoeing are as varied as could be desired. The pastime is as safe as any other outdoor exercise, and if the canoeist is a good swimmer he practically runs no risk whatever. Almost any one can learn to use the paddle in half an hour. An hour or two more will suffice to render him familiar with the working of the lines or foot-gear, and a few days spent on the water in company with a canoeist will teach him all he needs to know of navigation. Then he is ready to essay his first voyage.

PREPARATIONS FOR A CRUISE. In choosing a canoe, the purchaser will do well to consider the locality in which he intends to cruise. Large, stiff canoes are adapted to the great lakes, bays and harbors where portages are unnecessary; but for ordinary lakes, rivers and bays everything bulky or weighty should be avoided. Old canoeists advise beginners to secure for their first season a second hand canoe which has been tried and not found wanting. Such a boat can be readily obtained at prices varying from \$25 to \$150. For the latter figure, or less, a first rate canoe may be bought.

Canoeing is only another term for roughing it, and the canoeist will, of course, sleep on board and cook his own meals. A tent is necessary, and a very nice one, fitted with a top piece, to be slung between the masts, and a port hole and side door, may be obtained for about \$8. A small alcohol stove will do all the cooking required, and two quarts of the fluid will last a fortnight. Such kitchen utensils as a frying pan, a tin pail and a deep boiling pot will be found necessary. A field glass, some mosquito netting, extra cord, screws, nails, plenty of copper wire and a pair of strong pliers are also essentials that should not be overlooked. They can be had for a small outlay. A very handy weapon to carry on such a cruise is the combination shotgun and rifle. A good, light, fishing rod will often assist in supplying the larder. Some ginger and quinine should be taken along—not to season the fish, but to repress any stray stomach aches and colds. A trip can be made to cost most anything, but on an ordinary cruise an outlay of \$5 or \$8 a week will provide all necessities.

SOME FAMOUS CRUISING GROUNDS. Some of the favorite cruising grounds of canoeists are the Kennebec, Megantic, St. John and Delaware rivers; the stretch of lake and river from Kingston, Ont., to the mouth of the Richelieu river, a two weeks' trip; the Mississippi river, from the Minnesota river to Clinton; the Mississippi, from St. Louis to the Gulf of Mexico, a wonderfully picturesque and delightful cruise; Lake Memphremagog and the Magog, the Richelieu river, the Rideau canal and the Oneida lakes; the Connecticut river, the Mohawk river and the Erie canal.

Canoeists in this vicinity have the beautiful Hudson, ever changing and ever new, on which to indulge their favorite pastime. A pleasant day's cruise is down the bay to Sandy Hook, hugging the Staten Island and New Jersey shores.

"Rob Roy" McGregor's 1,000 mile cruise in European waters, made many years ago, still stands as one of the most remarkable canoe trips ever made. He started from London, and, when near the mouth of the Thames, landed and sent his boat to Namur, where he again launched her in the Sambre. He entered the Meuse and dropped down past Liege and Marstricht, in Holland, to Cologne. At the latter city he shipped the canoe to Aschaffenburg and sailed to Frankfurt-on-the-Main.

He traversed the Danube as far as Ulm and then returned, came upon Lake Constanz on the north side, and entered the Rhine where the river is very narrow. From Lake Constanz he went to Lake Zurich, Lake Lucerne and the River Reuss, and again sought the Rhine, passing through Basle and drawing up at Mülhausen, in France. He next proceeded to Paris by the Moselle, the Meurthe, the Marne and the Seine.

An equally notable trip was that made by the Italian canoeists, Barrucci and Ferrari. They sailed from Roma for Paris on July 30, and reached their destination on Oct. 18. On the way they stopped at Livorno, Genova, Nice and other less important places on the Italian coast, and arrived at Marseilles, where they entered the Rhone. The river had too strong a current for their frail craft and they took the canal to Arles, where they again launched the canoe. They proceeded to Paris via the Saone, the Loire and the Seine.—New York Mail and Express.

Particulars Not Given. A boy in Lavette dropped dead after whistling three hours without stopping. It is not stated what kind of a missile struck him, nor how many people in the neighborhood dropped dead before the lad succumbed.—Norristown Herald.

### TWO GIGANTIC TREES.

PROBABLY THE LARGEST ON THE AMERICAN CONTINENT.

They are Found in the Yosemite Valley. Fire Has at Some Time Nearly Destroyed Their Life—A Description of the Tree Called "Old Sequoia."

The tree referred to is one of a small sequoia group known as the Tuolumne grove, situated seven miles beyond "Crocker's" and seventeen miles from Yosemite valley. This group of trees is about 5,300 feet above the sea level, and contains between 50 and 75 individuals of the "big tree" type, some of which are most noble specimens of the genus. It is very strangely diversified between sound and perfect specimens and others almost completely destroyed by long past and tremendous forest conflagration. Fortunately some of the largest and oldest members of this family group were entirely overlooked by the flames, and they remain, as far as fire is concerned, perfect trees. One, the "Living Giant," is especially worthy of mention. This tree is about 310 feet high, of which at least 225 feet of its massive trunk is without a branch and scarcely with an excrescence to mar its symmetrical beauty. It is about thirty feet in diameter, and is the most completely faultless specimen of the old and giant sequoia that I have ever seen. "Old Sequoia," the biggest tree in the state, lies about 300 yards down a sloping hill to the southwest of this tree, the "Living Giant." The Yosemite stage road here passes directly under the high up and overhanging branches of the "Living Giant." The local and distinguishing name of this stage turnpike from the others leading into Yosemite is the "Big Oak Flat Road," so named from having its early initial point at Big Oak Flat, famous at first as a very rich placer mining camp and forever now as Bret Harte's "Roaring Camp."

A TREE 5,000 YEARS OLD. The history of the rise and fall of this veritable monarch of sequoiadom is as plainly written upon its remains and its surroundings as though it had been commemorated upon an everlasting tablet. Of course its age is only conjectural. If reliance can be placed upon the consecutive yearly ring theory, there must have been enough of them about the greatest girth of this vegetable behemoth to have made it some 5,000 years old. To judge by the exceeding symmetry of the best preserved members remaining of this Tuolumne grove, "Old Sequoia" must have been a wonderfully beautiful tree, considering its immense size. It also may have been close on to 500 feet high.

I say may have been, because the sequoia is very disappointing regarding altitude, it being the rule for the species to grow to an average altitude of 20 feet, or some over in the larger specimens, without putting forth any large branches, thus preserving a comparative evenness of diameter and bulk for that distance, then to suddenly put out a multitude of large boughs, which rapidly diminish the balance of the shaft, which then tapers suddenly to a point resembling nothing so much as a freshly sharpened lead pencil, excepting for its branches.

These causes might have made "Old Sequoia" but little taller than his neighbors, say 350 feet. The violence of the winter storms is also greatly liable to break off the brittle and attenuated tops, with their great weight of foliage, if they reach up much above the general level of the surrounding forest. Still the wood here is altogether so dense, and the entire grove occupies so sheltered a position, that it is possible this tree may have enjoyed an altitude commensurate with its enormous bulk.

HOW THE GIANT LOOKS. The tree "Old Sequoia" is but a blackened and charred stump on two of its sides, and when within 100 feet of its roots one feels vexed within himself for having been foolish enough to tramp out of his way for such a disappointing result. Still, curiosity will impel him to keep on until he is within a few feet of the remains of this once greatest of all sequoia monsters. At a distance of some 30 feet from its roots the remaining immensity of this tree begins to force itself upon the perceptions of the beholder, and when one has reached its very base and partly circled it, curiosity is changed to wonder, and, upon beholding the burnt cavity within its roots, wonder to awe.

The tree is best approached from the east. One crosses a little brook and immediately stands upon a shattered and partially burned mass from the great tree itself. This piece is some 12 feet wide, 80 feet long and 7 feet thick, and is distant from the remaining main body of the tree fully 300 feet.

Great fragments of charred wood still extend into the undergrowth behind us, upon the east side of the brook, to the west bank of which we have just crossed. Fragments which fell from the tree during the conflagration, of immense size, lie piled upon each other in a solid mass, extending from the piece upon which we stand to almost the very base of the remaining portion. Of this remaining part, directly in front of us, is a living mass, appearing from our standpoint like a stub broken off at about midway its height. The piece is, measuring from its extreme edges at about 6 inches above the ground, 40 feet in diameter. The whole remaining circuit of the tree is 121 feet. The largest remaining portion at which we are gazing is then 41 feet in diameter and about 165 feet high. Its bark is as fresh and glistening in the sun as that of any of its uninjured and living neighbors.

The vitality of this remaining portion of this tree is attested by the presence within some 20 feet of its shattered top of one living branch of four feet or more in diameter, bearing a thick mass of brilliantly vivid green foliage. No other branches living are left upon it, and only two or three charred remnants of branches have been spared by the fire.—San Francisco Chronicle.

### An Amateur.

It was Saturday evening, and the family, as they were accustomed on that day, sat down to a meal of baked beans. The Frenchman, who was a guest, was asked by the hostess: "Are you fond of baked beans, Monsieur du Crapaud?" "Ah," said the Frenchman, with a shrug of his shoulders, an inclination of his head to one side and a raising of his eyebrows, "I do eat ze baked beans, but I am not amateur of zem!"

All the family looked puzzled by this remark, and little Tommy, who sat at the foot of the table, could not restrain his curiosity.

"Oh, Monsieur du Crapaud!" he exclaimed, "does that mean that you are a professional baked bean eater?"

Tommy had heard the word "amateur" used simply to mark the difference between those who followed any sport or occupation for pleasure and those who followed it to make a livelihood out of it. To him "amateur" had no other meaning; and if M. du Crapaud was not an "amateur of baked beans" he must be a professional.

The Frenchman, on the contrary, used the word as meaning a lover of an art or anything else whatsoever, or one having special knowledge of it. To be an amateur with him signified very much the same thing as what is ordinarily expressed by the other French word, *connaisseur*. If he had said that he "was not a *connaisseur* of baked beans," he would not have been understood by Tommy, perhaps, but he would not have been so radically misunderstood.—Youth's Companion.

### Explanation of Dreams.

Supposing man to have been evolved from a lower and animal type, the instincts and impulses of the animal state would be most potent when, as in sleep, the watchful inhibitory faculties, the result of civilization and development, are dormant. In other words, the old primitive animal is waiting close by to come in and take possession when the evolved soul has abdicated its function. That would account for the fact that we seldom have any conscience in our dreams, and do in them without the shade of a shadow of compunction things which all the wealth and honors of the world could not induce us to do in our waking hours. The moral sense seems to be totally wanting in a dream.

That is a theory which does very well as far as it goes. But it does not by any means cover the ground. In the case of real imaginative dreamers, the dreaming state of the soul seems to be a superior point of intelligence to the waking state; that is to say, great flights are possible to the mind then which are beyond the waking consciousness. Ineffable conceptions, celestial visions, intense realizations or recognitions of spiritual things, which sometimes survive in waking thoughts and really illuminate them, often fall to the lot of the true dreamer. If the moral sense has no place in such dreams, it is because the soul seems to have risen superior to a moral sense! If the animal hypothesis seems reasonable sometimes, what are we to do in making up our theories of dreams with such visions as these, which rise only when the veil of flesh is drawn from before the inward eye?—Boston Transcript.

### The Japanese Fire Box.

The hibachi is a fire box, of which the simplest form is that of a square, or circular, or oblong receptacle of wood, lined with sheet copper. Into this a quantity of lime dust or sifted ashes is put, and on the top of that a little pile of lighted charcoal, which burns slowly and steadily upon the fine ashes, giving out heat, but not a vestige of smoke. This is the primitive and plainest form of the "fire box," such as will be seen in use for common purposes at railway stations, in Kuruma sheds, in wayside tea houses and restaurants and in unpretentious shops. But Japanese skill and taste love to lavish themselves on this central piece of domestic furniture, and you see hibachis, accordingly, of all forms and materials. Some are made of hammered copper, or brass, or iron, with patterns delicately and beautifully beaten out of the burnished metal. Some I have seen in great houses contrived from the roof of a vast tree, the gnarled and knotted timber being laboriously hollowed out and lined with copper, and the exterior carefully polished to bring forth the beauty of the grain.—Cor. London Telegraph.

### Eisenbahns in the Air.

It is worth a fortune and a farm to stand in Battery park and watch the open mouthed immigrants as they first emerge from the barge office and catch their first sight of the trains on the elevated railroads slowly puffing around the corner of State street.

The first thing that they do is to utter an exclamation, each in the language of his or her birth, and then they stand still and look with wonder upon this strange sight, so familiar to you and me, of railroads in the air, or rather railroads on stilts, tranquilly doing business that seems fated to end in destruction and fall.

The wonder does not last, however, for the strangers come to America expecting to see sights foreign and curious. If New Yorkers were accustomed to go about their business on their heads I suppose these fellows would only stare a few moments and then take it as a matter of course.—New York Herald.

### Nose Bleed.

Obstinate nose bleeding is frequently one of the most difficult things to check. Several aggravated cases have occurred at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. As a last resort Dr. D. Hayes Agnew tried ham fat with great success. Two large cylinders of bacon were forced well into the nostrils, and the hemorrhage ceased at once. This is a very simple remedy, and one which should be remembered for cases of emergency in the country.—Science.

Baron Rothschild, the London head of the great banking house, has been seized upon by excessive fatness, and will be treated by the famous Dr. Schwenninger.

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