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Beats eggs quicker and makes more material than any other beater. Unsurpassed as a cream whipper and for stirring up batter for cakes, etc. Has ball bearings at both ends. No unsightly outside supporting frame. Neatest in appearance and easiest cleaned of all egg beaters. For Sale by Dealers.

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For slicing all kinds of fruit and vegetables easily, perfectly and rapidly. Double cut-out on side cutting the seeds, the other side. Removable handle insert in either end. Made from one piece of solid steel. For Sale by Dealers.

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Many newspapers have lately given currency to reports by irresponsible parties to the effect that

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO. had entered a trust or combination; we wish to assure the public that there is **no truth** in such reports. We have never entered into competition with manufacturers of low grade cheap machines that are made to sell regardless of any intrinsic merits. Do not be deceived, when you want a sewing machine don't send your money away from home; call on a "New Home" Dealer, he can sell you a better machine for less than you can purchase elsewhere. If there is no dealer near you, write direct to us.

It is not necessary for us to enter into a trust to save our credit or pay any debts as we have no debts to pay. We have never entered into competition with manufacturers of low grade cheap machines that are made to sell regardless of any intrinsic merits. Do not be deceived, when you want a sewing machine don't send your money away from home; call on a "New Home" Dealer, he can sell you a better machine for less than you can purchase elsewhere. If there is no dealer near you, write direct to us.

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.
ORANGE, MASS.
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STEVENS CRACK SHOT RIFLE.

A new rifle. 20-inch barrel. Weight 4 pounds. C. B. caps and .22 short R. F. Has an **AUTOMATIC SAFETY** and cannot be discharged accidentally.

Price Only \$4.00

If these rifles are not carried in stock by your dealer, send price and we will send it to you express prepaid.

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Man Shall Not Live By Bread Alone!

That is what our Saviour said when the devil tried to tempt him on the mountain top. No one wants to live by bread alone. Good MEAT is wanted by all us, and even

The Devil Is Going About

like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour. But don't let the devil put it into your head that you can buy better MEAT than is sold at my shop. I kill good cattle and always sell as low as current prices will allow. For the best MEAT and the lowest living prices, always call on your servant.

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This college is now open. Piano, Vocal, Stringed Instrumental, Parson's Musical Kindergarten System, Education and Physical culture are taught.

Harmony, Theory and Sight Reading a specialty. For further information address

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Fine Watch, Clock and Jewelry repairing. We guarantee good work and prompt attention.

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Schramm Bros., Proprietors.

SCHEDULE—Hack No. 1 leaves Salisbury at 8 a. m., arriving at Meyersdale at 9:30 a. m. Returning leaves Meyersdale at 1 p. m., arriving at Salisbury at 2:30 p. m.

Hack No. 2 leaves Salisbury at 1 p. m., arriving at Meyersdale at 2:30 p. m. Returning leaves Meyersdale at 6 p. m., arriving at Salisbury at 7:30 p. m.

B. & O. R. R. SCHEDULE.

Winter Arrangement.—In Effect Sunday, Nov. 23, 1902.

Under the new schedule there will be 8 daily passenger trains on the Pittsburg Division, due at Meyersdale as follows:

East Bound.

No. 10x—Night Express..... 12:57 A. M.
No. 14—Accommodation..... 10:54 A. M.
No. 6—Through Mail..... 11:24 A. M.
No. 46—Through Train..... 4:48 P. M.

West Bound.

No. 9x—Night Express..... 8:00 A. M.
No. 47—Through Train..... 10:59 A. M.
No. 5—Through Mail..... 4:31 P. M.
No. 49—Accommodation..... 4:55 P. M.
Regular stop. xFlag stop.

W. D. STILWELL, Agent.

A Superior Barmaid

By OSBORNE O'CONNOR

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I have lived for forty odd years without being caught in the net of matrimony, and I think you will agree with me that I am not a sentimentalist or impressionable man. Love, no doubt, is a blissful thing while it lasts, and I do not deny that matrimony has its joys and benefits, but it seems that nature intended me to walk in other paths. I have tried on various occasions to fall in love, and I have often pictured to myself a happy little home, with a cat purring on the hearth rug, but neither love nor the home nor the cat would come.

I had about given up the idea of being anything different from what I am when I started on my annual fishing excursion into the country. I had been told of a place about seventy miles from London where the fishing was good, the inn at that could be desired, and the village free from old maids and marriageable girls. I found every-

thing as stated, and for three days I was as happy as the fish that escaped my hook. Then came something like a shadow. I had noticed in a general way that the barmaid was a good looking girl, but had given the matter no thought. It is a barmaid's business to be good looking. It was only after I had got settled that I discovered this barmaid of the Oak and Ivy had small hands, small feet, a graceful form, a refined air, was educated and altogether superior to her class. The shadow came because as soon as I recognized this barmaid's superiority I somehow felt it my duty to appreciate it and encourage her. The idea of falling in love with a barmaid, either common or superior, was absurd, but the idea of showing my appreciation of her mental and physical graces resolved itself into a duty.

I began my labors at once. It really was an effort on my part to flatter and compliment, but I was somewhat consoled on realizing that my work was not in vain. Ethel, as the young lady was named, blushed in a delightful way and made no secret of the fact that she was pleased. She ought to have been. I was a good looking man, possessed of a longish purse, stood well with society and the world and was in every sense a fair catch. Even though I had not the remotest intention of letting the affair drift beyond paternal compliments, it was her duty to be thankful. There were yokels who stood ready to fall in love with Ethel, but I drove them away. There were two or three counter jumpers in town who were full of compliments, but they fled before me. In a week I had the field all to myself.

Please understand me fully when I say that it was purely platonic and paternal on my part. Having found a superior barmaid in that little out of the way village, I felt it my bounden duty to encourage her to better things. I smiled at her across the bar as I left the inn to work havoc among the fishes. I broadened the smile when I returned. We strolled together in the twilight; we sat together in the starlight. Some folks might have called it a case of love, but we did not.

I had been at the Oak and Ivy two weeks when one night, being unable to sleep, I arose, dressed and left the inn for a stroll. Just why I was unable to sleep I could not say, but I am sure that love had nothing to do with it. I had probably overfished during the day. I was leaning against a shade tree on the commons and wondering why this superior barmaid had not married a lord or duke long before when a young man passed me and disappeared in the hotel grounds. He was short and slim and had a bundle under his arm, and as the hour was past midnight I had a momentary curiosity. The next day I learned that the shop of the village jeweler had been looted the previous night, but the news did not interest me.

Three nights later I was again seized with insomnia. I think the words of the landlord had something to do with it. He threw out a pretty story, hint that he had employed this superior bar-

maid to attract custom to his bar and that my attentions to her had caused a great falling off in receipts. I should have argued the case with him, giving him to understand my paternal interest, but as he was not remarkably intelligent I passed him over a sovereign to make good his losses and said nothing. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when I sat at an open window to smoke my pipe, and I had not been ruminating for more than a quarter of an hour when the young man I had seen three nights before came thumping along the street under my window and made for the rear entrance of the hotel. My curiosity was considerably aroused, but there was no way of satisfying it. The next day I learned that a residence had been robbed of quite a large sum in cash and jewelry by a porch climber. Officers were scurrying around after a clew, but the matter was of no moment to me.

The next evening, as I walked with the superior barmaid in the twilight, having flipped the landlord another sovereign to cover prospective loss, I tried to make my position plain to her, and I quite succeeded. Indeed it really surprised me to see how promptly she grasped the idea of my paternal position. She was willing to take all my good advice to heart and act on it, and she had not permitted herself to build any castles because of my marked attentions. If I remember aright, I was somewhat disappointed and chagrined, but a man who will not swallow his own philosophy has no business to complain.

Four days more passed. I continued to be paternal and the barmaid continued to be sensible. Then I went out one night to spear fish by torchlight. The landlord had become so rapacious that it was cheaper to go fishing by torchlight than to sit with Ethel in the starlight after the bar had been closed. I did not return until after midnight, and once in bed I slept until 8 o'clock the next morning. I might have slept an hour longer had not a constable aroused me and placed me under arrest. A dapper young man had been seized as he was making off with plunder and after escaping from the officer had been trailed to the Oak and Ivy. While the baffled constables were arousing the landlord and tumbling over each other the fugitive had somehow got clear of the house, but had left surprising clews behind. The barmaid, the superior barmaid, was missing, and her female garments, or at least most of them, had been left behind, together with articles of apparel never worn save by the male sex. In fact, after several hours of study and investigation the constables had decided that "Ethel" was a young man in disguise. If not, she had assumed a full suit of male attire at night as she stole forth to plunder. In her haste enough of that plunder had been left behind to convict her.

Was it not perfectly natural that my paternal and platonic attitude toward the girl, or boy, should cause me to be suspected of being her pal? Of course it was, and I was in jail for ten days and in the clutches of the law for a month before I cleared myself of the imputation. Even then there were people who darkly hinted that I had bribed the judge and bought up the jury and that I ought to have received a five years' dose at the very least. As to the superior barmaid, was she a male or female? Do not ask me. I pressed her lips, held her hand and stroked her hair as we sauntered in the dusk of evening, all in a paternal way, and when I reflect that she might have been a young man instead the situation is not to my liking. When I was at last through with the case, I voted myself a fool, and perhaps it is best that I make no change of opinion on that score.

Long Tailed Fowls.

There is a special breed of fowl in Japan with tails varying from ten to twelve feet in length. The breed is about a century old, and the extraordinary development of the tail was due to the action of a Japanese prince. His crest was a feather, and he offered an annual prize to the subject who could bring the longest feather plucked from an ordinary fowl. As a result the people began to select birds and cross breed them, and in time the immense length of twelve feet was attained.

The tail feathers grow at the rate of four to seven inches a month and continue at this rate for two years. After that period they increase very slightly, although there is really an increase in length so long as the bird lives, which is usually eight or ten years. The hens sit on a flat perch all day and are not allowed to move about. Once in two days they are taken for a walk for half an hour, attended by a man who holds up the tail so that the feather shall not be soiled or injured. The tail feathers are occasionally washed, the bird being placed on the roof of a hut that the feathers may dry. The hens lay about thirty eggs during the summer and autumn, which are hatched by other birds.

Foiled Again.

"So!" hissed the villain. The heroine faced him grandly. The calcium light sputtered delightedly over the scene, causing her jewels to glitter like the eye of a press agent.

"So!" growled the villain. Here the heroine kicked her train around in front of her, and the hand painted flowers on the back breadth came into full view. Bravely she clutched the will in her lily white fingers.

"So!" hoarsely muttered the villain. With the air of a queen the heroine turned upon him.

"Why do you say 'So' so often?" she asked. "Do you think you can cow me?"

Realizing that he was baffled for the last time in that act, the villain rolled another cigarette and left the stage with a tragic stride.—Judge.

"A POOR DEVIL"

It was at the Central Home of Rest. Joe Rogers was telling his story.

"The house I was with failed, and I went to the city for work. I kissed the wife and baby and thought I'd send for them sure in a month or two, but it's been two years now, and here I am." He looked at the rude tables and the flickering lights that served only to emphasize the darkness. The stalwart man's face took on a deeper moodiness. The weakened old man opposite him asked in a weak, little voice, "And didn't they wait for you, Joe?"

"She didn't," said the stalwart man. "She wrote me kind letters at first and tried to cheer me when I complained of not finding anything to do, but after six months they changed, and after awhile there were no more. I kept on hunting employment and trying to keep out of bad company until a notice that she was going to bring suit for divorce on grounds of desertion and failure to support was served on me. After that I didn't care and never have since very much—at least not about her. But I don't mind telling you, boys, that I cried for the child. Many a night I've dreamed I felt his little arms about my neck, and when I awoke and missed him I've cried like a child. I heard three months ago that my wife had married the man that had courted her first. I didn't much blame her, but I hated to let him rule my little one. It nearly drove me crazy."

"I've been in hard luck ever since I lost my job in that little town in Ohio. I've tried hard to get on my feet. You know how it is. But here I am. Along about a week before Christmas I couldn't stand it any longer. I felt that I must see that kid. I couldn't have raised \$5 to save my life. But I haven't been beating around this country for nothing, and I got over to Ohio on a side door Pullman without much trouble."

"There wasn't any danger of being recognized in the town where I had spent the happiest year and a half of my life. When I was there, I was well dressed and acted as though the earth and the fullness thereof were mine. Now I go at a different gait, and I didn't take the trouble to pull my old hat over my face. The poor clothes would discourage any interest. So they did. I passed some old neighbors on the street, but they didn't give me a glance. You may imagine that I hadn't a light heart that Christmas eve. It wasn't the sort of a return I had thought about all day and dreamed about at night, but I braced up, for I had made up my mind that I would see the baby. They couldn't deny me that."

"I made straight for the house of the man my wife had married. It was a cottage set back from the street a little, among evergreen trees. It was a better home than I ever could have provided for them. My heart softened a little toward my wife as I opened the gate. One could not blame her, after all. She was a good woman, but a light one, one of those who never get beneath the surface of things. She may have believed that I wasn't doing for the best to get something together for the baby and her, though God knows I did. My hunger was not for her, but the baby."

"A light shone from one of the side windows. I made my way around to the tree that cast its shadow on the window. A terrible thought came to me as I put out my hand to lean against the tree. It had never seemed to me that the baby could be dead. What if it were? I felt as though some one had struck me a fearful blow. It was so sudden and so strong that I staggered and gripped the tree harder. Then I got courage to look at the window."

"A boy stood with his back to me. He was watching the woman, once my wife, who was clearing the table. She spoke to him, and as she leaned over him I caught sight of her face, changed very little since I met her first, three years ago. Women like that get few lines on their faces. They can't suffer much. The boy still stood with his curly, yellow poll toward the window. I remember thinking in a stunned kind of way that all the sunshine of my life was imprisoned in that little head. I prayed for the first time in my life, and God answered my prayer. The little fellow turned around and pressed his rosy face to the window. It was my boy, bigger and stronger and older than when I kissed him goodby two years ago. It was the same sweet baby face, and he was smiling."

"He must have discerned some shape in the darkness, for he puckered his little lips into a suppressed 'Oh!' His mother came to the window and drew down the shade. It was the second time she had shut out all the light from my life. That was all right, I felt for a minute that I would say 'no' to that and let them find my little one. The next step for a Christmas."

"He came to me that I ought to come back to this place. A man has promised me work as soon as the winter is over. I thought I would wait for it, for, fellows, I don't want that boy to be any more ashamed of his father than I can help when he grows up. Good night!"

He climbed the rough board stairs to his bunk, the hopeless, battered wretch looking after him. The weakened old man sighed. "Poor devil!" he said.

Sleeves and Cards.

"Do you think it polite," said the foolish stranger in Crimson Gulch, "for a man to sit in his shirt sleeves and play cards all day?"

"Yes, sir," answered Three Finger Sam, "and maybe it'll be for your own good to remind you that the fewer sleeves a man has on when he plays cards around here the less liable he is to fall under suspicion."—Washington Evening Star.

ALFRED SPEER, THE ORIGINAL

Port Grape Wine Producer in America. The first native wine sold and used in San Francisco and Sacramento was from Speer's Passaic, N. J. vineyards, was shipped around Cape Horn before there was any railroad to California, and are now being used by physicians and first families there as the richest and best wine to be had

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