

geant." "Who's 'me'?" "Brown. 1 want'er speak to yer." "Come in, then;" and an the intruder entered the "bunk," its owner glanced up from his work and said, "What's

the matter with you, now-ch? Are you a prisoner again?" Private Brown laughed hoarsely and

answered: "No-not this time, sorgeant. I only

want yer to write a letter home for

"You're a nuisance, Brown! I've got tomorrow's parade slate to make out before first post. Can't you get some one in the bungalow to do it for you? I'm too busy now.'

"You know I wouldn't let any of the chaps do it," Brown answered, somewhat sullenly. "They'd only grin al me 'cos I can't write. But it don't I'll go on the booze again and spend the money, and then you'll have to put me in the 'clink' for drunk." Sergeant Hollis noted the defiant

tone, and said sharply: "Come, none of that nonsense with me, Brown, or I'll confine you now! What money are you talking about?"

"I've been on the steady for a month. Didn't you know?" "I noticed that you haven't been a

prisoner for about a fortnight. How much have you saved?" "Well, you see, I had a hand at cards

yesterday, and won about 80 chips, and want ter send it home to a sister of mine. It'll do her more good than it will me."

"Oh! So you've got into that gambling set, have you? Mind I don't catch you at it, for if I do, into the guard room you'll go!'

"I don't often play, sergeant," said Brown, deprecatingly; and, thinking the opportunity a good one, he renewed his request. "Will you write my letter for me, sergeant?" "I suppose I must to get rid of your.

Fire ahead with the address."

"Miss Alice Brown-lady's-maid-Taunton Court, Norfolk." Absorbed in admiration of the sergeant's caligraphy, Brown, standing by the table did not notice the slight start made by the writer as the words "Taunton Court" fell upon his ears. In unaffected surprise Brown muttered. "Hang me-can't you write?"

The sergeant smiled and said interrogatively:

'You come from that part?"

"No; I'm a towney of yourn. Didn't yer know that?" Brown answered with a disgusted look.

What! You a Scotchman? You go and tell that to the next draft!" Brown felt insulted by this reference

to the "draft," and said with dignity; "It's a fact, sergeant. I was born in Aberdeen; but we came to London when I was a kid."

"A very small 'kid,' too, I imagine Why, man alive, you're a Cockney all over! But what about the letter? What shall I say?"

But Brown's insulted dignity would not allow the assertion about the Cockney origin to pass unchallenged. "Honor bright, sergeant, I sin't no Cockney. But look 'ere. My sister and me is the only two left, and she's lady's maid there, and I'm a-goin' to send her one hundred chips-rupees, you knew-so as she'll have some thing put by agin the time when she leaves."

Though he had only a moment before protested that he had no time to spare, the sergeant now showed a

"Hallol Who's there?" "Me, ser- | the sergeant's nose-"see that? I'm a-going to buy a box of cigars next pay day and be a toff!" "Shut up, will you?" And the stlence was broken only by the scratch-

ing of the writer's pen and Brown's heavy beathing as he sliced away at the tobacco with a huge clasp knife.

For a cavalry sergeant's "bunk" the little room was very neatly furnished. The bed cot and accoutrements were hidden from sight behind a curtain, and a few cheaply framed engravings hung on the walls. A small book shelf was filled with a number of red-covered drill books and a few dog-eared novels. On the table were some pho

tographs in upright frames, and one which occupied the centre place seemed to have a great attraction for the sergeant, for he repeatedly looked at it as he wrote. It represented a tall, slim girl of about 18 with a lovely truelooking face. It could hardly belong to Sergeant Hollis, for on the back of it was written, "To my own dear Douglas-from Marie," and his name

was not "Douglas." Suddenly a trumpet call rang out sharp and clear on the night air, and the sergeant jumped to his feet.

"There's first post going, and I haven't finished the parade slate yet. It's all your fault, Brown!" he exclaimed angrily, forgetting that he had taken an hour over five minutes' work. Hastily finishing the letter, he handed it to Brown, and said. "There you are -clear out!" But, before Brown had left the "bunk," he added, in a kindlier tone, "Mind you go to school to-

morrow and keep off the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell me how you've got on." "All right, sergeant. Good night!"

And the door closed on Brown, and the sergeant was alone.

. . .

"Mamma, what are you going to do about it now? we don't know where my poor Douglas is, and his father says that they have not heard a word from him since he disappeared. Something must be done."

"How ridiculous you are, Marie!" said Mrs. Crowther, as mother and daughter sat together in the morning room of Taunton court. "What can I do in the matter? It's his family's place to find him out and tell him what has happened."

"No-no, mamma!" objected Marie. with a tiny spot of red on each cheek. "It is our place to do so. It was through one of our family that he was disgraced, and we ought to be the very first to let him know about it."

"How unfeeling you are, Marie! I'm sure your poor dead brother never intended that Douglas Gordon should have to bear the mame. If Mr. Gordon hadn't been so stupid, there need have seen no scandal; you might have been married to him now, and your

brother might have been alive." Notwithstanding her mother's querulous speech, Marie felt impelled to de-

fend the absent one, and said: "I cannot imagine what makes you talk like that, mamma. You know why Douglas took the blame, and yet every time we speak about him you pretend that you don't know how noble it was of him." And as she thought of all her lover had given up to save the honor of her family, the girl grew more vehement in her championship of him. "Poor Douglas! He wouldn't make up his name, his home and me, all to

guest of the Gordon's in their High-

land home, and had there forged and

uttered a check. The forgery was dis-

covered, and, dreading exposure, the guilty young man had confided his

fears to Douglas, having first bound

him over to secrecy. Neglecting Doug-las' advice to throw himself upon the

mercy of the man whose name had

been forged, he managed to preserve his secret. Suddenly Douglas found

that he was suspected of the forgery.

At first he laughed at the very idea of

it, but gradually he learned that his

accusers were serious. Whence the

first hints had come no one knew, but

piece after piece of circumstantial evi-

dence turned up which seemed to fas-ten the guilt on Douglas, and at last,

and said:

rage

mained silent under the awful impu-tation, and at last his own father ordered him to leave the house. His sim-ple assurance of innocence satisfied Marie, and she believed in him, even while she was compelled to give him up. At last, after weary waiting, and after all trace of him had been lost, his innocence was clearly established. Harry Crowther had gone to "the dogs," and at last had sunk to the lowest depths. For some months he also disappeared, and then his mother

received a telegram from a French watering place summoning her to he son's death bed. And then he made tardy reparation and cleared Douglas of his shame. Worldly and hard as Mrs. Crowther was, a death bed injunction was sacred in her eyes, and she communicated her tidings to the Gordons. But Douglas could not be found. That night Marie's maid was very

voluble as she dressed her mistress for dinner. "By the by, miss," she said, as she

was brushing Marie's hair in front of the big mirror, "I've had such a funny letter today from India. You know, Miss Marie, I've a brother out there soldier, and, as he can't write himself, he always gets some one to write for him; and, though it seems strange, I can't help a-thinking that this letter is really from him." "What should make you think that

it is not from him, Alice?" inquired

her mistress with faint interest. "Well, you see, miss, there's some money with it, and it's not signed by him as he usually does. No one else in India knows me, so I fancy that the letter must be from him, and that the man as wrote it for him forgot what he was a-doing and signed his own name to it by mistake."

"How very curious, Alice! May I see the letter? I might be able to tell you what to do," said Marie, interested at ast.

Delighted at her young mistress' interest in her affairs, the maid gave her the letter and resumed her work, chatting away all the time as she did so. What could it mean? Marie's brain was in a whirl, and her maid's chatter fell upon unheeding cars. There, in her own hand, before her eyes, was the well known handwriting, and at the end of the letter was the bold sig-

nature, "Your loving brother, Douglas Gordon. In the haste of the moment, with his thoughts full of Marie and the past,

"Sergeant Hollis" had unwittingly signed his real name to Brown's letter. "isn't it a beautiful letter, Miss Marie. Such a beautiful name, too! Oh,

Miss Marie, whatever is the matter?" Marie, with her face buried in her hands, was sobbing hysterically. And the dinner bell rang unheeded as mistress and maid laid their heads together and attempted to solve the enigma.

. . . . "Who says Europe letters?" sang out Corporal Jones, D troop orderly-corporal, as he entered the troop bungalow with a bundle of letters and newspapers in his hand. Down went the jack-boots and swords that the men were polishing, and a rush was made for the bed on

which Jones had enthroned himself with his precious burden. "Give a fellow a chance to breathe, you chaps! What do you want, Brown? You don't suppose there's one

for you?" he growled. "Do you think I ain't got no one to write to me corporal?" retorted Brown. "How do you know that my pa ain't died and left me a fortune?" "Oh, yes, I know! Your pa's a dook

-ain't he, Brown? Why-criminal Yes-no-yes -it is! Here is one for any defence; and to think that he gave you with a big fat crest on ..! Who's your pal, Brown-the commander-in-

out through . letter as he wrote for me. Oh, you may larf-but it's a fact."

Absorbed in her thoughts, the girl sitting in the big bay window did not hear the door open. A broad-shoul-dered, bronzed, well- featured man entered and noiselessly crossed the room. zine Laying his hand tenderly upon the

girl's shoulder, he said; "Marie!" "Douglas! At last-at last!" girl gasped, springing to her feet; and,

clasped in his arms, she was soon at In after life a coachman used to drive her and her husband about whose name once stood on the roll of the "Green Horse" as "Number Two Thousand, Two Hundred and Twenty-two, Private Brown."-Waverley Magazina.

PROPELLED BY HER PUMPS.

Boat Driven Through the Water by Jets of Water.

A novelty in the construction of ma rine craft is shown in a recent patent grant covering the design of a boat propelled and steered by jets of water. Instead of engines to drive screws and propellers, pumps are employed, and the boat driven by the action of jets away. The sallors came through the of water taken in at the bow and ejected at the stern.

These pumps are suitably located tinually by heavy seas. Oil was poured within the hold of the vessel, and each upon the water to calm it, but with is provided with an intake-tube, which what effect I was not able to perceive runs forwardly to a point near the bow Some of the men locked themselves in their cabins. I managed to gather of the vesscel, where there are suitall of my sketches and seal them in able openings through which the pipes may receive water, the said openings, tin cylinders, which I had provided of course, being arranged below the for such an emergency, in the hope water line. The inlet-ports at the ends that if we should founder they might be picked up. Then I slowly made my of these pipes are controlled by valves operated from some convenient point. way to the bridge. It was a wild Extending from each of the pumps scene. A light gray impenetrable is a tube which is curved so as to find mist with snow was driving in fierce an opening at the side of the vessel squalls over the surging waves, ren near the forward part thereof, the outdering it impossible to see ahead. The let portion of the tube being directed fitful light of the sun shone through forwardly, as shown by an arrow. Thus the mist toward noon, a pale, misty, water which is forced through the tube greenish yellow. The seas swept unwill be so directed as to propel the der and over us from the starboard boat rearwardly, as in backing. An- and almost broadside, as the engines other pipe also extends rearwardly of the Antarctic were too feeble to from each pump, and this pipe is prekeep her head to the wind. One of the discouraging features was that the ferably divided into two branches. One South Shetlands were imperfectly known and charted. At the wheel branch extends outwardly through the side of the vessel at a point near the were two men in tarpaulins, grizzly bow, while the other extends rearward' ly in the vessel a considerable dis and shaggy, and covered with tance, finding an outlet near the stern frost. The cabins were foul with the of the boat, and jets issuing from stench of bilge-water, and I went on there will propel the boat forward. deck to breathe a little fresh, air, and Other openings at the side and stern was immediately dranchel by the have the effect of changing the course waves. of the craft. In experiments with a There was a break-a slight, tran boat of this character it was demon-

strated that she could be turned in her own length, which is an achievement of some importance.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

In a recent volume on the snakes of Egypt, Hippolyte Boussac states that the trick referred to in the Scriptures of changing a snake into a rod is still practiced by the snake charmers. They touch the snake at a certain place in the neck when it falls into a cataleptic condition and becomes straight and stiff. It is then restored to its former condition by taking its tail between the hands and firmly rolling.

An Englishman in Petticoat lane the other night was caught in the act of stowing his handkerchief away in his sleeve, just as the girls do. He slipped it neatly between the sleeve and cuff. It is the common practice of fashionables in London society just now, A few New Yorkers had the habit years and I felt that I had painted my last ago, excusing it on the ground that a Antarctic sketch. At night, on Feb. handkerchief in the pocket (any pco- 28, as the evening shadows fell ishes the physic through the gray, the red and g port and starboard lights were put in An old woman of seventy appeared

IN ANTARTIC CIRCLES.

Extracts From an Artist's Diary Aboard the Ship Antarctic. The following is an extract from Frank Wilbert Stoke's "An Artist in the Antarctic," in the Century Maga-

A black day, a gray day as to sky and seas, but black in its hidden dangers. All night the storm blew with violence. There were hurried voices amid the booming and din of the tempest as sea after sea struck the little vessel, which emitted frightful strain-

ings and groanings, mingled with the crash of falling pots, pans, chairs, and tremendous beatings of the propeller as the stern was lifted out of the water. We breakfasted at 10 a. m., standing. The captain believed that we were in much danger of being driv-

en upon the ice clad rocks of the South Shetland islands. He was trying to keep the ship off to the northward. We lost our best whaleboat,

part of the starboard bulwarks in the waist and a portion of the shrouds. The carpenter, with a gang of men, constructed in my former cabin a hatch door for the companionway, in case its covering should be washed gun room and between decks to go forward, as the waist was washed con-

signt break-of palest blue amid the swiftly hurrying storm mists and a faint yellowish gray to windward, when all became suffused with a pearlish turquoise tinge. At the eve-

ning meal we stood waiting in silence the captain's arrival. Presently he groped his way down the steep companionway in oliskins, and, without waiting for a query, turned and an nounced that we had just cleared the When I thanked him, he charrocks. acteristically replied: "I t'ank mysel'." The storm had blown us 50 miles westward, and at 8 in the evening land was sighted, which proved to be Ele phant Island of the South Shetland group. Afterward we found that we had been within less than two English

miles of those terrible rocks. Our po sition, Feb. 27, at 10 a. m., was between Elephant and King George islands. We related in a southerly wind, and set foretopsail and jib. Th gray mist hung about us, effectually shutting out the ice from our sight

Motor Rules in England.

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This is a fair representation of the class of goods it is selling to its customers.

BUSINESS CARDS. NEWSY GLEANINGS. The price of silver has again ad-G. M. MeDONALD. ATTORNEY AT LAW. Canadians chafe under the Alaskan Notary Public, real estate agent, Patents secured, collections made promptir. Office in Syndicate building, Reynoldsville, Pa. boundary decision. The French sardine crop for the year is a failure. DR. B. E. HOOVER. An alliance between France and Italy is talked of in official circles in REYNOLOSVILLE, PA Resident dentist. Is the Houver building Main street. Gentleness in operating. Six of the largest toothplek plants in the country have formed a merger DR. L. L. MEANS. Joseph Downey, a Chicago contrac-tor, has just returned from a tour around the world, which he made at a DENTIST. Office on second floor of First National bank building, Main street. cost of \$5,000 to win a \$20 bet. Owing to inability to procure farm-DR. R. DEVERE KING. hands most of the corn raised in the Eastern part of Kansas last summer is still standing in fields. DENTIST, The McCormick interests are said to Office on second floor Reynoldsville Best Betate Bidg. Main street Reynoldsville, Pa have gained control of the Interna tional Harvester Company and the va DR. W. A. HENRY. rious plants in the trust will be DENTIST. The back tax case against the estate of Senator John Sherman has been settled at Mansfield, Ohio, for \$62,000 The amount sued for was more than Office on escand floor of Henry Bros. bridh building, Main street. E. NEFF. JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Pressed for money to cover bets lost on the races. Albert Joerndt, a letter carrier at Chicago, Ill., is under arrest for thieving from the mails. And Real Estate Agent, Reynoldsville, Pa. SMITH M. MOCREIGHT,

The Nebraska State Bankers' Asso ciation voted almost unanimously to ask the repeal of the Federal Bankruptcy law.

Sylvester Burke, the hero of Samar, has received an appointment as light house keeper at Sandusky, Ohio, Burke has been assistant keeper of the bea con light at that port since his return from the Philippines. The German naval estimates show that the programme of expansion will

take a sixteen year course, lack of money preventing its realization in 1906. as the Government at one time hoped.

Vanced

Rome

merged.

\$260,000.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.

Menelik, King of Abyssinia, is in poor health and aging rapidly. "Oom Paul" Kruger has just passed his seventy-eighth birthday.

Theodore Thomas, the conductor, has just reached his sixty-eiguth year. General John B. Gordon, of Georgia. has resumed his lecturing in the South,

The decision of the Czar of Russi

I will sell cheap. J. V. YOUNG, Prop

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ter. "So she's going to leave-eh?" he

said. "Ya-as, I s'pose she will when her

missus gets married."

It was clear that the matrimonial intentions of the mistress of Private Brown's sister ought not to have been of any interest to Sergeant Hillis of her majesty's "Green Horse," especially when there was an unfinished "parage slate" lying in front of him; but it seemed that the subject did interest him, for he said:

"What makes you think her mistress is going to marry?"

"Why, she's got any amount of brass," Brown answered, "and my sister says she's very pretty, so she's sure to marry."

A quiet smile passed over the sergeant's face, and he glanced at a phoograph that stood on the table in front of him. Then he scribbled away at the letter for a minute, inquired how the money was to be sent, once more resumed his writing, and finally laid down his pen and said:

"Look here, Brown-why don't you go to the regimental school and learn how to read and write? I'll give you all the help I can, and it will keep you away from the canteen."

"Will you help me, sergeant-really? Then, by Jimine, .- start tomorrow Wouldn't Ally be surprised to get a letter from me all in my own-fist?"and Brown smiled at the thought. "Say, sergeant," he added as an afterthought-"what'll I do if any of the chaps get laughing at me?"

"Do? Why, punch the first one's head for him-only don't let me hear about it. Never fear-they won't at you for long; and if they do, what's the odds?"

"Right you are, sergeant. I'll do

"Shut up while I copy out this scrib ble. There's a plug of tobacco over

ble. There's a plug of tobacco over there; cut some up for me, and fill your own pipe as well. I don't sup-pose you have any of your own." "Ain't I, though! I've pleaty of "hacca now I'm on the steady;" and Brown triumphantly fished a plug of tobacco out of his jacket pocket. "Look hars," he said, as he thrust it under

save our name from disgrace, and now chief-ch?" we can't find him to tell him that his "Never you mind, corporal. Just innocence has been proved! Oh, mam-

hand it over here," said Brown, and, ma, have you no pity for him?" having secured his property he put on Softened for the moment by the pashis helmet and crossed over to Serionate entreaty of her daughter's geant Hollis' "bunk." voice, Mrs. Crowther smoothed down "Say, sergeant, I've got a letter," he her frills with her bejewelled hands said as he entered.

"Well, can't you manage to read it "My dear child, of course I'm sorry now yourself?" the sergeant answered. for him, and I've no doubt he'll turn "No-not quite. I can manage print up some day. But you are most fool-ish to keep thinking about him in the all right, though. But you might read it for me, sergeant;" and Brown handway you do. You've lost three good ed the letter to the sergeant and, seatchances since your engagement to him ing himself on the edge of the bed, prewas broken off by me, and I don't suppared to listen. pose he has thought of you once since.

To his surprise his sergeant read it Marie said nothing, but the happy through to himself first, then took anconfident smile on her face gave her other enclosure out of the envelope and mother an answer, and, with an indigread that, looked at them both, sat nant swish of her dress. Mrs. Crowdown, got up again, and finally went ther rustled out of the room in a marching up and down the veranda with the letters in his hand, whistling loudly, "Rolling Home to Merry Eng-In the old days Marie Crowther and Douglas Gordon were to have become man and wife. The scion of an old land." then he dashed inside and shook Brown by both hands until that Scottish family, Dougins had been at much-perplexed man opined that it once the pride and hope of his family and Marie's blameless knight. But a was either the "jim-jams" or sunstroke. Then the sergeant subsided great disgrace fell upon him. A wayinto a chair and sat gazing first at ward, spoiled and unprincipled youth. Brown, and then with strange intensity Marie's brother, Harry, had been a

at the letters. Brown was puzzled. It must be the "jim-jams." All of a sudden the sergeant rose and made another dash at Brown. There was no doubt about it now! It was the "jim-jams," and Brown precipitated himself over the bed cot, and, grasping a carbine by the barrel, stood ready to "do or die." The sergeant started at him with blank amazement, and then the truth dawned upon him.

"Why, you thick-headed old fool, did you think I had delirium tremens? Come out from that bed, and I'll tell you all about it." When Brown went back to his troop

bungalow that morning he gathered a few choice spirits around him and orated

"Say, chaps, what do you think? You know Sergeant Hollis? Well, blowed if he ain't some one eise! His Well. name by rights is Gordon, and may I he shot if he ain't a-going home and a-going to marry my sister's missus, German, 1,707.322 tons; French, worth no end of chips! It all come 110 tons; all other, 1,999,070 tons.

in a Viennese police court the other days. day and made complaint against her neighbor for having bewitched her.

The magistrate told her there was no such thing as being bewitched, and dismissed the case; whereat the old woman became abusive: "A nice court of ny he is locked up, but this woman ruins my whole body and nothing is

justice this! If some one steals a pen- witness will not be sufficient to seregistered and bear a number, which done to her."

Harry Lehr has long been noted for obtain a license, for which the fee is his trate in women's dress. It is said 5s., and no person under 17 years of his wife, who was Mrs. John Vinton age will be licensed. Reckless and

Dahlgren, never goes shopping without negligent driving or driving at encestaking him with her. Mrs. Lehr buys sive speed is punishable by fine or most of her hats at a well-known Twen- imprisonment. Offenders who refuse ty-third street shop. Such is her confidence in her husband's judgment in vehicles cannot be identified may be millinery that she has on several occasions asked him to buy her a hat rant. In case of accident caused by when she was too busy to accompany or due to the motor car the driver him. Mr. Lehr fulfills these commismust stop and if required, furnish sions religiously, and has been seen in name and address and other particuthe show room surrounded by eager young women holding creations, which he examines critically one by one, and

sometimes tilts over his own blond curls to get the proper effect

has had an experience of the retort A new method of discovering beds discourteous, which being a man with of ore hidden underground, in which a sense of humor, he does not hesitate electricity serves for a detective, is to repeat against himself. He was adsaid to have met with some success in cressing a meeting at a downtown wales and in Cornwall. A current of political club the other night at which high potential-thirty thousand or there was a considerable rowdy clemore volts-is led to two metal rods ment present. Like the other speakset in the ground. From these, lines ers he was frequently interrupted, unof force spread in all directions, and til, losing patience, he called for sican be detected by means of a tele- lence, saying: phonic receiver connected with another pair of metal rods, which may be plac-

ed in any desired position. When no sounds, or only very faint ones, are ply .-- Philadelphia Press. heard, that fact indicates a deflection of the lines of force, and by shifting the place of the rods the location of the metallic masses which produce the de flection can be determined.

The tonnage passing the Suez Canal last year was: Euglish, 6,772,911 (ons: | conventional. Now what in German, 1,707,322 tons: French, 769,- could be have meant by that ?-

could be have meant by that?-Boston Transcript.

to postpone his visit to Rome caused position for the first time in many some resentment in Italy.

John Morley, literateur, politician, and journalist, whose life of Gladstone has just been issued, was born in 1838 Senator Russell A. Alger has been In the matter of speed drivers must ened for \$5 for failure to cut the weeds a property owned by him in Kansas limit their ambitions to 20 miles an hour. In cases where this is alleged to City.

Kaiser Wilhelm speaks six languages be exceeded the opinion of only one with perfect fluency and speaks English so well that his German is said to cure conviction. Motor cars must be have an English accent.

Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, writer of must he kept unobscured and easily hany books for girls, has just cele-brated her sevenly ninth birthday on distinguishable. Drivers are required to Milton Hill, near Boston, Mass,

Professor Alexander Bain, the emipent educator of Aberdeen, who died recently in his eighty-sixth year, began life in the humble capacity of handloom weaver.

General Charles A. Whittiler, lately their names and addresses or whose Eollector of Customs in the Philippines arrived in New York City from a tour around the globe and expressed the opinion that Russia is in Manchuria to arrested by the police without warstay.

Senator Lodge not only keens diary, but preserves every letter which he receives and a copy of every letter which he writes. He is one of the lars for identification of himself or which he writes. He is one of the most voluminous letter writers in pubemployer or owner .- London Outlook. lie life.

Senator Hanna has closed his Wash A certain young member of councils ington house and will live at a hotel this winter, to the disgust of those to whom his famous corned beef hash breakfasts were so pleasant an attrac-tion of capital life last year.

> Our imports from Turkey are about \$10,000,000, of which one-half comes from Turkey in Asia. Our exports to Turkish territory are less than \$500.



and have cured the enses of Nervous Dise as Debility, Dissinass, pres and Varicoceis, A They clear the brain. -P. A

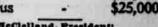
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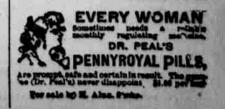
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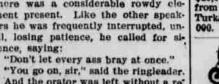
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Fire Proof Vault.





And the orator was left without a re'

Keeping Him Guessing.

The Retort Discourteous.

Dumley-I wonder what Sharpe neant today when I told him that Tinker called me a fool. Erling-What was it he said?

Dumley-He said Sharpe was so time