On a light course drift I toward the verge Berond which lies what now I may not know; Yet my heart whispers, "These gray wastes of surge Stretch whither it is good for me to go."

Youth like the speeding sun left far behind, Unanswered questions mutely sent before, o great, dim East, what welcome shall I find Whey thy wide arms unveil the distant shore?

The prow knows not the harbor that it nears, Nor I if thou shalt bring the seeker rest, Yet the strong hand the fragile ship that steers Will guide her to the haven that is best

-Guy Wetmore Carryl.

of the horse were alive to the faintest

shy of the horse brought Damer's

trained eyes to the cause-for no army

horse turns aside save for some good

Damer saw a small beating down of

the bushes, the faint impression of un-

shod hoofs, and the rooting up of earth

His intuition painted an instant pie

ture in his mind's eye. Geronimo and

Mexico. One of the Indian scouts had

prevented the other from giving him

the warning. The struggle proved that.

The loyal Indian was lying somewhere

in the bushes. The other one was

hidden, ready to kill Damer should be

betray the fact that he had noticed the

Damer tightened the bridle reins. He

said, aloud, and calmly: "Go on, Dick!

A glauce to the right and left, a loos

ening of the carbine in the boot, and

Damer slowly dismounted. As he

two strips from the latigo strap, slowly

and with much care. Remounting, he

slipped the button from his pistol hol-

ster. Dick jogged along; and Damer

in the saddle, rode with the air of a

An Indian appeared on the trail, with

his "long tom" slung across his arm.

A false move-an inkling of what had

gone before-and Damer would have

filled the buzzard maws, and Geronimo

would have gained another recruit

But the soldier was merely dully

"Helloa, Pretty! Where's Big Head?"

"Big Head? Him down that way

The Indian swung around on the ball

of his foot-the moccasin right about-

Damer sank both rowels in Dick'

side. As the frenzied jump of the

horse carried him to the trailer he

in a moment, Pretty's hands were be

As Pretty was assisted to his feet, h

slowly grinned at his captor. The

primitive man had asserted himself.

Despite of four years of careful school-

ent environment, the Indian had come

back to his own. Damer understood

people-but not your Uncle Dudley."

ev started on the back trail.

Pretty made a small show of protest-

"You savey, Damer? Court martial

"Court martial! It'll mean hanging

or you, if I don't kill you myself.

Here's how it reads: Trail discovered

not you-honest enough to give me the

"Now then, Pretty; here we are."

Damer dismounted, untied his lariat

cut the straps from the Indian's hands.

and, leveling his forty-five, added: "Go

"No monkeyin'! You know me! An

There was a little brush of mesquite

where they had halted. Pretty had

other move like that, an' there'll be one

less Injun to eat Government beans."

for hittin' Injun. What's the matter?

- Go on, blast you!"

you've done with him."

ahead! Bring him out!

glided away from the trail.

There had not been much of a strug-

gle-a downward blow from the butt

hands and feet, and the dragging of

his body into the bushes. There he lay

now, dead. His face was upturned to

cruel thongs had cut his flesh. Pretty,

"Damer, I not kill him. I only hit

"Killed himself, eh? Bloomin' magi-

What the matter, I not know."

the back trail.

You loco?"

"All right then; you trot ahead."

Mebbe not in to-day. Saw deer."

and advanced again, reassured.

The hammer was at full cock.

What's the matter with you?"

his band had again cut the trail for

that evidenced a struggle,

crossing trail.

man longing for sleep,

curious.



RIVATE DAMER came up | nodding. But the sensitive nostrils the steps of his shack, yawned a little, looked out whiff in the parching air. The nervous into the night, and shivered. He made his way to the saddle rack, and throw ing the familiar burden over one shoul-

der, staggered under its weight out to the picket line. "Pretty chilly for old Arizony, eh. Mae?" he said to the sentry, as he un-

tied Dick and led the horse away for Damer sauntered to the cook house.

A roaring fire awaited him, with a quart cup of black coffee and several slabs of bacon and bread. As he ate. be managed to have a very comfortable growl with the cook. 'It's a holy terror, Doc, ain't it?" he

said. "Here we've been in a bloomin' canon four months guarding this old water hole, and ridin' over to meet F troop every day. Why, if it wasn't fur them graves we'd never know Geronimo was alive. Lord only knows, I wish they'd kill him or give him up fur a Charley Ross, an' let us get back to the post an' the potatoes and onlons. I'm sick of boot leg and sow belly."

"That's it!" answered Doc. "You fellers come growlin' at me. Where do you 'spose I'm goin' to get taters an' onions? Am I one of them fellers that kin say, 'Let there be taters an' onlons,' an' there they be? Go chase yourself."

The cook was ruler of the camp. Damer fled. As he cinched up his borse, he vented his unexpended energy on the latigo strap. A snap of teeth, and a kick, warned him he had reached With a "Whoa Dick, durn ye'!" he slipped the bit in the horse's mouth, and buckled the throat latch. Then he looked to his weapons. He placed a cartridge in the chamber of his carbine, closed the breech block, set the hammer at a safety, and slipped the carbine in its boot. He spun the cylinder of his six-shooter, and let the hammer rest on the empty chamber.

He mounted; and, as he started, two swarthy figures appeared in the semidarkness-for it was nearing daybreak -and stood by his side. They were the Indian scouts who were to accompany him on his twenty-five mile search for every chance trail of the hostile

"Helloa!" exclaimed the soldier. "Big Head, and Pretty, too! Well, run along. I'll meet you at the hill."

The Indians slipped away as Damer drew up his reins and touched his horse with the spurs. Past G troop, with their Sibley tents, he rode; past the graves, where his comrades had been killed by the Apache band, a short month ago; and on beyond the sutler's

The gray of morning had heightened now. The walls of Gaudaloupe Canon showed the splendld art of nature on either side. Titian bronzes mingled with the green of the fields. Piles of driftwood-the aftermath of cloudbursts-made the setting for a perspective of great mural designs in chaos, needing only some master hand to arrange them. Birds twittered, as they cought precarious breakfasts.

It was all lost on Damer. He whittled a pipeful of tobacco from a wellseasoned plug and lighted his pipe. Soon his horse was climbing the canon's side.

He dismounted, as he reached the top, to take up the slack in the cinch. The sun just then asserted his full power. A flash of light from the east; incandescent rays beaming skyward. like an Aurora; a rim of white fire from the edge of the mountains; a full bursting forth of the glory of another day -and the sun of Arizona had begun once more its scorching and parching of famished plain and bleaching moun-

Damer never saw the daily miracle. Just now, he was swearing vigorously east a cunning, stealthy glance at at Dick, who swelled himself after the Damer, to see whether the chance of a manner of well-seasoned cavalry horses sudden bolt would avail. No! There to resist the tightening of the cinch. was a glint in the gray eyes that looked A few punches in the ribs settled the him squarely in the face, and a nervous matter. Dick assumed normal proportwitching of the lips which, with the It was force of habit that careless Western method of handling caused him to play the trick. He knew Colts, caused him to change his mind. that a loose saddle meant disaster. A The soldier had the snapshot habitgallop-a sudden shy from a prairie no looking over the sights, no aim dog hole-tha crash of the trooper as taken; yet, when you glance, the ugly saddle and man slipped under his belly; muzzle seems to be covering all parts and Dick would have killed his master of your anatomy at one time. Pretty

before he could have stopped himself. noted the signs shrewdly. Like a wise Damer swung into the saddle, settled Indian, he parted the bushes and himself, let the bridle reins fall loose. and started along the well worn trail, borse wide. Lizzards scuttled in and out. The whirr of a rattlesnake end of a rifle while Big Head was excrackled sharply. Prairie dogs chat-tered; and the little owls sat blinking, amining the trail, a swift binding of

e you! What do you mean?" It was the familiar expletive, with the the beating sun, mouth agape, eyes trooper's affection for his horse as the distended, and bloody marks where the undertone, and the startled anxiety of cruel though had cut his fiesh. Pretty the man who was half soldier, half at the body's side, began a protest:

nt, in the phrasing. cavalry horse shows the repug ance for an Indian scent of other, the Indian cayuse, for the oder of a white man. The rider had been my son, and drag him out to Dick. We'll take him into camp with us Fust rate evidence he is.'

"You heap dog!" gritted Pretty. Hate-the bitter malevolence of race refined in cruelty-glared out of the Indian's eyes,

"Yep!" and the six-shooter waved rhythmically up and down the line of Pretty's body. "Yep!" repeated Damer "Me heap dog. And you'll be dog meat in just a holy second if you don't move

The command snapped outward from his teeth like the crack of a Winchester. In its harsh abruptness was al the dominance of the men who had conquered his people years ago. The Indian stooped over and placed his hands around Big Head's body. With a yell he leaped backward, shricking to the soldier:

"Cocheo, pronto! Knife, knife quick!"

A cold glance of inquiry started from Damer's eyes as he looked, first at the ody of the dead man, and then at Pretty's face.

The Indian's hand was frantically clutching at his knife sheath. The soldier had not forgotten the knife when he took Pretty's rifle from him. The shining blade of the Indian rested doneside his own. 'No," answered Damer. The thought

of treachery was chill within him. You stop this menkey business and lrag Big Head out here to the trail." "Look!"

The word fairly rasped from the Indian's throat. Holding up both hands, alms outward, Pretty supplicated the soldier. He saw-on the palm of the left hand

two pin pricks, about an inch apart, Even while he stared, two tiny drops of blood started. A rattlesnake bite! As Damer hesitated. The Indian commenced, with an inhuman spart to bite hunks of flesh from the wound. A few seconds, and the poison would be swiftly traversing its way to the Indian's heart. "Here!"

Damer whipped out his knife and pun it, hilt first, to Pretty.

A swift snatch at the blade, a cirbusied himself with the cinch, he cut ular sweep of the steel, the swishing ound of parting flesh, and half of Pretty's palm lay on the burning sand. Pity filled the soldier's heart as he fared, ox-eyed and dumb, at the frightful, bleeding hand, the glare of iorror in the Indian's eyes, and the dead body at their feet.

A rustling of dry scales over drier wigs acted as a shock. Damer was alert once more; his pistol arm brought the Colts to the front, as he saw four feet of sinuous, twisting body, the gyrating tail and cold, emotionless eyes of death incarnate, glide out from under the dead man's body, and coil as though to strike again. He blew off its head, and turned to the Indian.

Already a hideous gray mottling was appearing through the bronzed skin. The trailer's eyes were twitching, while great sobs burst from his lips as he struggled for breath. Too late-no chance for life. As the deadly poison swiftly sought his heart and the cold damp of fear burst out on his brow, brought down the butt of his pistol more swiftly did the thought come to mightily on Pretty's head. A jerk of Pretty of revenge.

the bridle, a swift dismounting, and, Damer had partly turned away, sick of the dreadful sight, when, with a noiseless spring Pretty was upon him. They tumbled to the ground. Damer's gun had been knocked from his hand As the Indian struck, again and again, with his knife, the soldier knew he ing, and long mingling with the differwas struggling for life, the Indian for a double death. With the trained muscles of a clean frontier life, Damer and he answered the mirthless, signifievaded the knife thrusts, twice, thrice: then he felt the cold steel grate against "You bet! You've fooled a heap of his ribs-a glancing blow. But the next one! There must be no next. With a frantic effort he managed to "I knew you were laying for me and seize the hand which held the knife, and sought for Pretty's throat. He knew that his only hope for life lay in the quickness of the poison's work. Could he hold out against the last

frenzy of death? Over the dead body of Big Head they rolled, over the bloody headless body of the rattlesnake. Pretty was beating him in the face with the mangled hand.

by two Injuns. One of 'em-and it's Covered with blood and slowly weak tip. You kill him; and you'd have ening from his wound, the tensity of killed me. Now, you show me what the soldier's grasp relaxed. With a sudden jerk, Pretty tore his arm free Indian and soldier slowly traveled and drew back for the full stroke. As he glared in Damer's face, the soldier closed his eyes.

There was a sudden gasp, a mighty upheaval of the body, and Damer was tossed aside.

Pretty was dead. As Damer aros and looked down at the tragedy, far off, in the blue sky, the buzzards could be seen coming to their feast .- Outing.

Force of Habit. A telephone inspector had occasion to visit a country house to repair the instrument, which had been out of order. After executing the necessary repairs he was informed that the lady of the house would like to see him in the drawing room. He was shown into the room by the servant, and at once noticed an old lady seated by the fire. The old lady informed the inspector that she was slightly deaf, at the same time putting a large ear trumpet to her ear, in order that he might inform her what had gone wrong with the tele

Imagine her look of surprise when the inspector commenced by shouting down the ear trumpet, "Hallon! Are you there?"-Chicago Journal.

Four Questions Why do we always talk of putting on our coats and vests when we always put on first our vest and then our coat? Why do we refer to the coverings of our feet as shoes and stockings when the stockings are first put on?

Why do we invite people to wipe their feet when we mean their shoes? Why, in the olden times, did a father tell his son he would warm his jacket. when every one knew he meant his pantaloons?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch. GAVE UP CAREER FOR WEALTH

FORTUNES MADE BY DELIBERATELY ABA' DONING WORK.

Buying Off a Young Machinist -- Making a Business Man of a Musician -- Husbing Song and Dance Man--Bribe Prompted by Professional Jealousy.

his own, but the loss of his life work

and the abandonment of his ambitions

There is another instance of a young

man who, a few years ago, bade fair

to make quite a name for himself upon

the stage. He secretly won the af-

fections of the daughter of a rich mag-

nate well known in this country. The

lovers were discovered and ruthlessly

separated. The young woman, how-

ever, took this so much to beart that

she was really thought to be in danger

of dying. Whereupon, the stern parent

was compelled to capitulate, which he

did upon his own terms. His son-in-

aw was to abandon the stage utterly

and never allude to his connection with

it, and in return was to be permitted

to marry the girl and receive a yearly

allowance. Although he would have

infinitely preferred to fight his own

way, the young man was conquered

by love and feminine tears. His of

forts are spent in trying to write plays

but so far the efforts of a desultory

life have not resulted either in great

success along this line or in an over

Two brothers living in a small town

inherited alike a small fortune from

their father. One, who was conven-

tionally respectable, used his money

and his efforts to get into society better

than that to which he had been ac-

enstorned. The other spent his money,

frifted away from his birthplace, and

finally went from one shiftless occupa-

tion to another until he was reduced

to keeping soul and body together by

loing a stunt of the commonest vari-

Appenis to his brother availed little

until one day the latter was out up as

a candidate for Congress from his dis-

triet. The young man, who was not

without a sense of humor, saw his op-

portunity. He acquired the sales rights

to a certain proprietary medicins and

appeared at the public square on the

evenings when outdoor political meet-

ngs were held. In the lulls between

political speeches and "music by the

band," the young man began to hawk

the qualities of the medicine, which he

emphasized by executing his song and

dance, from as elevated a position as

possible. The result was that he was

speedily established in a legitimate

business by his elder brother, who was

quick enough to save himself and even

ncrease his own popularity by the act.

"I would never have thought of the

dodge if it hadn't been for the ridicu-

lous sensitiveness that he had about

my letting anybody know what I was

doing, and the fact that whenever I

touched him for a loan he only re-

sponded in the most stingy manner

possible," said the young man, who

was not without a sense of humor,

'The patent medicine scheme, however,

There is one other and entirely differ-

worked even better than I expected."

ent case, where one of the least pleas-

ant traits in human nature resulted in

the conclusion that a moderate cer-

The Freezing Touch.

In the college classroom where phys-

cal experiments were conducted we

enter without a noise for the next few

lays. Pointing to a glass jar of clear

We came in carefully for the next

tom. The preparation had been in so-

lution for some time. Its temperature

was below the freezing point, but it

remained uncongealed till it was made

Who has not seen the freezing

touch? A simple word spoken tactless-

ly may freeze a life against us and our

There are few persons who have not

the hour of their trial and weariness

ones with the utmost tact and tender-

harmlessness if we would reach our

A Hugh Cooked Dist.

night the piece de resistance at a ban-

quet was a huge sea ple, three feet

highest usefulness.-C. E. World.

to vibrate. Then it froze immediate

ety in the lower vaudeville houses

abundance of happiness.

broke his heart."



LAWYER the other day | uncle died and bequeathed his fortune hazarded the remark, says to him upon the condition that he give up art altogether. He accepted the the Baltimore Herald, that there were more fortunes | terms far more for his wife's sake than made by deliberately blighting one's hopes for a career than by carrying them out.

"Our firm drew up a contract re cently," said he, "by which a young woman was given \$100,000 outright to renounce a vaudeville career of which she had made the beginning of a great success. She had been married, baying made a runaway match against her parents' wishes, From that time on her family disowned her, and though the husband was taken III, and the young couple were generally unfortunate, they were left to work it out alone as best they could. Finally, the daughter decided to go on the stage She had unquestionably great talent. Her first appearance was an over whelming success, and she received offers for engagements that promised her affluence compared with the pov-

erty ske had been living in. "It was now that the parents stopped forward with the long delayed offer of assistance. She had been advertised under the name she had born in girl hood, and it was undoubtedly this circumstance, rather than the fact that she was obliged to earn her living that influenced her father and mother. To see their proud name advertised upon the vaudeville billboards was too much for the old couple, and they made over to her the sum mentioned upon the condition that she would retire at once and forever to private life.

"This was, perhaps, less unfortunate than the case of a young man I knew of who had an absorbing passion for machinery. He had taken a position in a machine shop, and was never so happy as when he was at work in his overalls. His father encouraged him in his plan of becoming a practical machinist, and he would undoubtedly have made a success in this line if it had not been for the interference of his mother.

"The family had some considerable eocial position, but it was the mother who had most of the money. From the first she seriously objected to the appearance of the young man when he came and went from the house in his working clothes, and she made it so unpleasant for him that he finally had to give up staying at home entirely Housed in a cheap boarding house, he became tired himself of the life he had picked out, and when his mother con stantly visited him, with protestations of affection, begging him to come home and offering him a large income if he would study law, as she had hoped for him, he finally yielded. He has never made any success as a lawyer, although he has been in receipt of a comfortable income, and probably will be all his

"These incidents are only in line with that a few years ago of a young fellow who had great musical talents and highly artistle temperament. He was not without a certain conscientious business faculty, also, and this his father-who was a practical business man, the owner of a brewery-was making the most of by putting him to work early. One day an organist of a reputation as a concert singer was some note who had a good business astonished to receive a notice from a cilentele in the profession of music, of. firm of lawyers that a comparatively fered to give him musical training free of charge. He pointed out how even at the start with what knowledge of music he already possessed he could put him in the way of carning his liv ing for the years that he was studying

"It was now that the young man's father stepped in not only with a warn ing as to the utter impotency of the musical career as a business, but with strict injunctions as to his duty of making something of himself as a business man. He also at this opportune time gave him increased responsibilities and a substantial increase in salary. The result is that now the man is over whelmed with the responsibilities of a business, part of which he has inherited and of all of which he has been made trustee. He has no time for the musithat his soul loves, even as a recrea tion, and it is the regret of his life that he did not take his opportunity when he had it.

"Another case was that of a family who had certain false standards of what constituted a useful position in life. One of the sons had made some thing of a career for himself in athletics. He was not only good in his line to the extent that he could command a professional career, but he wa well known and liked and had good friends among people of his profession. At such times, however, as he would return home after periods of work, especially if he had been called upon to do anything in a business way upon Sunday, he was met with a cold ness and sanctimonious disapproval which became unbearable. Finally his father offered him substantial reward and the promise of something better if he would stay at home and help him in his business. The result was that he settled into a business in which he was entirely without initiative, and among a class of men with whom he did not either affiliate or make friends.

"Only recently a man of not unkind motives wrecked what promised to be a fine artistic career. His nephew only needed a little timely belp and sym pathy to develop into a successful painter. His uncle, however, considered that he was going to the limit of high and four and one-half feet long. irresponsible Bohemianism. He ig- It had been built with "three decks." nored him for a time, but when the weighed 240 pounds and had taken struggle was at its hardest and he was nine hours to bake. The banqueters New York Tribune handicapped by an ailing wife his pronounced it delicious. -

GAS AND WATER.

IS ONE AS NECESSARY AS THE OTHER?

Citizens of Large Cities Say It Is.

New York, June 13 .- In the recent agitation here about the price of gas, the demand for lower rates was supported by the argument that every resident is as dependent upon a supply of gas as upon a supply of good water.

It has come to pass that the day laborer uses gas as his only fuel for cooking, because of economy, and the rich man uses gas on account of its convenience. Gas for lighting, with modern improvements in burners, is cheaper, better and more satisfactory than any other kind of light. sells at \$1.00 per thousand cubic feet in large cities, and from that to as high as \$3.00 in smaller towns.

The consumer of gas in the country uses Acetylene (pronounced a-set-alene), and each user makes his own gas and is independent of Gas and Electric Companies. Acetylene is a more perfect illuminant than the gas sold by the big gas companies in the cities, and the cost to the smallest user is about the equivalent of city gas at 85 cents per thousand.

Acetylene is the modern artificial light, the latest addition to the many inventions that have become daily necessities.

The light from an acctvione flame to soft, steady and brilliant, and in quality is only rivaled by the sun's rays. If water and a solid material known as Calcium Carbide are brought into contact, the immediate result is the making of this wonderful gas. The generation of acetylene is so simple that experience or even apparatus is not necessary to make it. If it is desired to make it for practical lighting, and to keep it for immediate use, then a small machine called an "Acetylene Generator" is employed. There are many responsible concerns making acetylene generators. In practice this gas is distributed in small pipes throughout buildings, grounds or entire cities and towns in the same manner as ordinary city cas. Acetylene is the only satis factory means of lighting isolated buildings located in the country or suburbs at a distance from city gas or electric plants.

Farmers No Longer Lonely

Conditions have changed in relation to the farmer. No longer is he segre gated from his fellows. His is not now a condition of irremediable loneliness or isolation. With the advent of the interurban trolley car, the telephone and the rural mail delivery the entire condition of his existence changed. Today the farmer has his daily newspaper, his added facilities for correspondence, and his telephone that brings him within speaking distance of his neighbors ad the great outside world. The nature of the farmer has changed with the changed conditions that surround him. He has become a business man who is in constant touch with his markets and is well versed in the varying circumstances of trade in the commodities that he produces. The old days of loneliness are gone forever. The man with the hoe has triumphed at last. He has come into his own.-Kapsas City Journal.

A Spectacular Clock.

the gaining of a competence. It also, India must have many wonderful unfortunately, resulted in the giving up clocks among the treasures of her of a career. A girl who was making palaces. She should have had one more, not so notable, apparenly, for its qualities as a time-keeper as its spectacular splendor. It is a Ger-Frenchman's boot, in a moment of endisposal if she would retire into private thuslasm, but for years of patient lalife. After consideration she came to bor. Delicious bell music is furnished from the internals of the machine tainty was better than the alluring but and an appreciative owl blinks his precarious promise of what she hereyes in ecstacy, beats correct time and wags his head profoundly. A peacock self could earn, and she accepted the ruffles and smoothes his feathers; terms and the money. She never knew until long afterward that it came from then revolves and spreads the love liest of tails, while a cock perched relative with whom she had not been upon a golden tree crows early and late. The novelty was brought to on the best of terms and who, jealous of a career which she herself had England with a view to being sold longed for, but which she had not the into Indian possession. The price talent or beauty enough to fill, had however, was prohibitive, so forth it taken this method of preventing her went to Russia, for the Empress young relative from shining in it.-New Catherine,-St. James Gazette.

Voice from the Dead

A baggage man on the Hannibal division of the Burlington had his hair standing on end the other night. He were requested by the professor to was hauling a corpse in his car, and imagine his feelings when he heard a strange, unnatural voice coming from liquid, he said: "I have an experiment the oblong box, saying: "Let me out of here." When he recovered n process here; vibration may cause from his first fright he ran for his conductor, who arrived just in time few lectures. At length, at a certain to hear the uncanny sound. The whole stage in a lecture on heat, the profestrain crew was called and a brave enor simply touched the jar, and ingineer investigated. Sitting near the coffin was a small square box. Liststantly it was frozen from top to botening, the engineer heard a scratching, and again the voice, The smaller box was out of here." opened, and a little green parrot popped out .- Kansas City Journal.

Cormorant Fishing.

The origin of cormorant fishing in Japan is lost in a very remote an-tiquity. At least 1,000 years ago it is known to have flourished, and there is a tradition of its existence upward their seasons when the approach needs of 2,000 years ago. Much romance to be made with the utmost care. In and history are connected with the fishery in the early days, and the names of some of Japan's greatest we need to approach even our loved warriors and statesmen are associated with it.-National Geographical Maganess. We must cultivate wisdom and

Origin of the Word "Tip."

The word "tip" originated in the old coffee houses of London. At the door was a brass box with a slit in it. Engraved upon it usually were the letters "T. I. P.," an abbreviation of the words, "To insure promptness." Customers as they departed dropped coins in the box for the waiters .-

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Eggs-State and Pennsylvania.... LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg. Cattle.

Extra, 1450 to 1600 lbs.

Frime, 1806 to 1400 lbs.

Medium, 1806 to 1300 lbs.

Tidy, 1805 to 1150

Butcher, 506 to 1160

Common to fair

Oxen, common to fat

Common togood fat bulls and cows.

Hogs. Prime heavy hoge ... 570

Best beavy yorkers and medium. Good pigs and lightyorkers. Pigs. common to good..... Good to choice Medium Common to fair... Lambs... Calves.

Word "Carat" Discarded.

The French government has by law discontinued the use of the word "carat" and the quantity of gold and silver is expressed in thousands, 750 thousands corresponding to 24-carat

POTATO SALAD WITH CELERY.

Six or eight cold-boiled potatoes, one-third the same bulk of celery, one egg, one tenspoonful of salt, one teasponful powdered sugar, one-half teaspoonful of white pepper, one scant teaspoonful dry mustard, two tablespoonfuls salad oil, four of vinegar; stir sult, sugar, pepper and mustard into the beaten yolk of the egg; add the oil a little at a time, then the cinegar, lastly the beaten white; cut the potatoes and celery into small bits, mix and pour the dressing over mem. Garnish with parsies or celery tops.

SPINACH AND EGG SALAD.

Prepare and mould the spinach. Have ready, also, some cold boiled egg and mayonnaise. Turn the spinach from the moulds on to nests of shredded lettuce. Dispose, chain fashion, around the base of the spinach, the whites of the eggs cut in rings, and puss a star of mayonnaise in the centre of each ring. Pass the yours through a sleve and sprinkle over the top of the mounds and place above this the round ends of the whites.

An Official Photographer.

Miss Frances Benjamin Johnson, of Washington, has been appointed "official photographer" by the Imperial Yacht Club of Germany during the preparation for the trans-Atlantic race for the Kaiser's cup.