Ansel Sanderson's "Odd Fit."

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

tacado. At the last ranch where he

beyond for hundreds of miles—and here

There is in this region a river known

shrubs afford pasture for the bees.

hundreds of these wild bee colonies.

whose enormous masses of comb and

chasms and beneath overhangs of the

rock. A number of caverns, too, ex-

tending far back into the cliff, have

been utilized as great storehouses of

comb by the bees. Not one swarm

alone occupies such a cave, but fifty.

perhaps, or a hundred, swarms, each

mouth of the cavern as a common en-

trance. In consequence, the stream of

bees issuing from and entering the

cave on a warm day is like a rapid,

It was here that this quaint old

Texan pioneer and Ansel "hunted

honey," most of which they extracted

from the comb and put up in jars to

send to San Francisco and Galveston.

The wax they also pressed in cakes

a wagon load of honey and wax down

to the railroad station, thirty miles dis-

Some of the colonies and their depos-

s of honey could be reached from the

sed of the canon, along the river bank,

by climbing up the crags. Others were

accessible by means of long ladders.

But the most copious stores were at

greater heights, 200 and even 300 feet

When seen from below the mass of

comb looked no larger than bacon

hams, but when reached was found to

amount to several barrels of honey.

There were also great sheltered holes

and nooks literally packed with old

comb and dripping with brown, discol-

None of them were within thirty or

forty feet of the top of the cliffs, and

they were never in situations where a

man could climb down to them. Many

of the crags overhung, indeed; and a

single glance over was sufficient to turn

But the veteran bee hunter had de-

cope with loops in which to rest the

feet as he climbed up and down. This

rope he attached to a crowbar driven

deep into the earth, or set firmly in

crevices of the ledges, and then with a

hamper on his back for the honeycomb

and provided with a sheath knife and

a sort of short handled fishspear, old

'Sweet-Killer" had accustomed himself

to climb down these awful crags to

To protect themselves from the sting-

of the enraged insects the men wore

gloves and nets over their hats. They

had also an ordinary bee smoker, by

means of which the bees could be ren-

After the death of Say, Ansel con-

tinued his singular vocation, having as

partner a son of the old bee hunter.

They disagreed in the matter of the

point on the north side of the canon,

So dangerous a business would seem

to make a trusty companion very de-

thenceforth Ansel worked alone here.

anaided, and with no one to call in case

of accident. It must have developed in

Something of Lois' instinct for sav-

ing money appears also to have taken

possession of him as he approached old

age. He labored steadily and carefully

At first he entertained no thought of

ever returning home, but as years

passed by he began planning to do so

had savings sufficient to live on.

when he should be fifty years old, and

It was impossible that a man could

work for ten years at so perilous an

occupation without adventures of some

kind. Ansel met with few, however.

Once a party of desperate characters

came to his cabin to rob him, but he

waked and heard them in time to con-

startling. He had been at work for

his looped rope ladder, having nearly

fifty feet to ascend with each load.

There was a great deal of "old boney"

here, and myrieds of bees, and after

and hoarded his money.

ceal himself.

him a wonderful degree of self reliance.

where he lived for ten years.

dered "docile" for a time.

plunder the aerial stores of honey.

tant, once a fortnight, and sometimes

in good weather once a week.

above the river bed.

ored sweets.

one's head dizzy.

roaring river of winged insect life,

came his sole occupation.

on both banks.

REFERENCE BEFREIGHT FOR BEFREIGHT

OR twenty-eight years Ansel Sanderson had been "the man who was"-the great dry, barren plains, the Llano Esman who disappeared and left no sign. One morning in August, 1868, at the age of twenty-

two, this young farmer had gone to his cornfield to "top stalk" the corn. He was seen to enter the field, but no one m that region saw him afterward. What became of him remained an unsolved mystery. It was hinted among neighbors and

relatives that Ansel had found his life too hard for him. His young wife, Lois, was known to be more ambitious for thrift and money-getting than he. Rumor had it that she had set for them the stint of laying up \$500 a year off their little farm, come what would; that she scrimped their table to the last degree of frugality, and that she was constantly urging Ansel on to laber, early and late, without a holiday from January to December. This gossip may have been true, or

true in part. From generations of New England thrift such "economical" young housewives have sometimes sprung, but the fact remained that Ansel had gone away and said nothing. Lois' version of it to her friends was

that Ansel had proposed that morning that they should attend a camp meeting then in progress—not a very riotous form of recreation, certainly-but that she had urged him to top-stalk the corn. She thought that he would come back when he had "got over his odd

Lois remained upon the farm, which was unencumbered, and she carried it on herself after a fashion of her own. She kept cows and poultry, and prospered as such a frugal soul naturally would. It is said that she came near laying up her "stint" every year. Moreover, she obtained six per cent, for her money on mortgages, and in twentyeight years became the wealthiest woman in that rural community. But

the still lived alone, and had cautiously avoided all entangling alliances. On her forty-eighth birthday, as she eat eating her frugal supper alone, the outer door opened and Ansel walked in, drew up a chair on the other side of the table, and sat down in his old place opposite her. Lois knew him instantly, although a beard now over-

"Well, Ansel Sanderson, I suppose you have come back to claim the farm," she said, after a silence of some moments' duration.

spread his formerly boyish, smooth

"No, Lois, I don't want the farm," replied Ansel. "I had enough of it twenty-eight years ago. But I should like some supper. I want four beiled eggs and a sheet of warm biscuit and

"Eggs are going up, Ansel," replied Lois.

"That was about the last thing you said to me in 1868," Ansel remarked. "But I will pay for my supper, Lois. If I have anything here, I'll pay cash for it. Only I won't be scrimped again,

He got the four boiled eggs and the sheet of warm biscuit and butter, and during the evening they compared potes and talked matters over. Both had prospered. Lois had accumulated about \$30,000, and Ansel was able to make a display of Government bonds vised a rope ladder, or rather a heavy bills to the amount of nearly \$20,-

Between them they then came to s new agreement, protected by express stipulations on both sides. Ansel was to pay \$4 a week for his board, but was to have just what he called for each day. He had that put down in black and white. He had no claim to the farm, admitting that his rights to it were "outlawed." He agreed to work for Lois whenever he pleased, and not otherwise, at \$1.50 a day in summer and \$1 a day in winter. No other claims or obligations on either side were to be allowed or admitted!

Thus, after twenty-eight years, Ansel at fifty and Lois at forty-eight, resumed life at the farm again.

On the whole, it was not an unfair arrangement. Both were satisfied. It was certainly no one's business but their own, and I am far from presuming to criticise it. I mention it only as the prelude to the story Ansel Sanderson told me of his wanderings during the twenty-eight years he was "lost," and of the singular manner in which he accumulated his \$20,000. For it was a matter of no little wonder among his former neighbors and acquaintances how a "rolling stone" like Ansel could have done so well, and brought home so much money.

When he went away, with nothing but the coarse clothes he was wearing. he walked to another county fifty miles distant, where he worked on a farm for a fortnight. Then he walked on again to the vicinity of Albany, N. Y., where he worked for a month. Then he took a week's holiday, and walked on again, always westward.

For four years he alternately worked and tramped through Pennsylvania. Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Missouri, to Kansas, always working on farms, generally about a month in a place, earning enough to pay for his clothes and the holidays he allowed himself. His habits were unusually correct.

From Kansas be made a detour into Arkansas, and liking the climate there, spent two years or more in that State. But the habit of walking on at last led him into Texas, and for three years more he fared from farm to ranch and canch to farm, still working and walkevery upward trip he was obliged to while he forked out a hamperful of

The place almost overhung the river, which flowed at the foot of the cliffs, 300 feet below - a situation which would have caused an inexperienced Ansel had come not to mind being suspended at such awful heights, and indeed was accustomed never to look At last he came where farms and down at all. ranches ceased, on the borders of the

At the top of the cliff, where the rope was attached to his crowbar, he had one day set a row of large gaivanworked he remained for a year-perized iron buckets, to hold the honeyhaps because there was then no farm comb as he brought it up. Where it hung over the brow of the rock the he made the acquaintance of a singular rope was held out by a stout, forked old character called "Sweet-Killer Say," who taught Ansel the art of pole, set aslant in a crevice near the hunting wild bees, which are very nuerowbar.

merous in that part of Texas. Thence-Ansel was toiling upward with a forward, for eighteen years, this beload, setting his feet slowly in the loops of the rope, when as he came within fifteen or twenty feet of the top he heard a noise as of hogs champas the Double Mountain River, which for thirty miles flows through a canon. ing soft corn directly over his head. formed by cliffs 300 or 400 feet high Glancing up Ansel could just see the ridge of some vellowish animal's back

near his honey buckets. These cliffs abound in fissures. The sounds were so much like those chasms and caves, and if Ansel's acmade by hogs that at first he felt sure count can be trusted-and he seems to have the money to show for it-the enit must be some stray porker that had come along, and he angrily shouted, tire canon was one vast apiary, where "Whee, there! Whee, you beast!" as wild bees have existed and gathered sweets for centuries. They are in he climbed higher in haste, to save his honey. But as his head rose clear of such numbers as sometimes on certain bright days to resemble clouds high up the brow of the erag he perceived to the crags, and they fill the canon with his consternation that the creature was voluminous hum. The grassy, flow- no hog, but a large yellow bear, also ery plains for miles on each side of the that there were two others, and that canon and thousands of flowering all three were filling themselves from his honey buckets, several of which Ansel assures me that there were they had upset.

Catching sight of Ansel's head at the same instant the largest bear rose sudhoney were adhering in sheltered dealy on its haunches and stared at him in surprise, its jaws slavering honey. Then, appearing to resent the interruption of its feast, the animal growled and dashed forward to the very brink of the rock, the hair on its

foreshoulders bristling and its small eyes rolling furiously. Ansel had no effective weapon at having its own queen, but all using the hand; even his honey trident was sticking down in the chasm. There was nothing he could do but descend a few loops on the rope as rapidly as possi ble. He was at an utter loss what to

lo'next, however, and stood still. But, meanwhile, the bear, after peering over the brink, ran along the top of the cliff for a little way, then ran back, and in doing so passed under the forked pole above mentioned, on which and sold. It was their custom to send the rope was held out. There was scarcely room for the big beast to pass under. Its back grazed, and scrambling on, it drew pole and rope along on its shoulders-bearing the latter on with it for several yards when it dropped back on the cliff with a heavy jerk.

"I couldn't well see what was going on up there," Ansel said to me, in describing his sensations. "When I felt myself going, I thought at first the sears had rooted up the crowbar, and that my seconds were numbered!

The rope was strong and withstood the jerk, but Ansel received a considerabl shock when it dropped or slid off the bear's back. He fell two or three feet.

"My heart nearly came into my nouth!" he told me. "I didn't know what would happen next, and I hung on there, still as a mouse, for some moments."

Presently he heard all the bears champing again, and after a time climbed cautionsly up a few loops, where he could just see them over the brink of the rock.

From this uncomfortable situation Ansel covertly watched a large part of his honeycomb disappear into the maws of the hungry and highly appreciative bears. There was no doubt that they were fond of it. They swallowed it by the pound. And although greatly disapproving, he was in no position to object, or even to expostulate audibly.

Not content with stuffing themseives to repletion the provoking animals overset all the buckets, and even rolled in what was left of the contents on the dry, mossy rocks. They smeared their snouts and jowls, then rubbed them and the weird cry of the loon cuts along the moss, as if from pure wanonness in such exuberant sweetness.

Then suddenly the largest bear, as if its skin were tickeld by the honey or beset by parasites, threw itself halfdown beside the crowbar and began rubbing smartly. profits, however, and Ansel moved to a

With every rub Ansel could feel the bear move and sway the rope, and the pole. again his heart "nearly turned over" lest the bear should actually rub the sirable, if not absolutely necessary, but bar out of the crevice! For an instant he was minded to climb rapidly up the descending and ascending the crags but he knew that these big cinnamon bears were not to be trifled with.

Suddenly it occurred to him to use the bee smoker. It was below, set in a crevice of the crags, but he climbed down and got it. Then charging the bowl with a bit of hemp and sulphur, ie ascended near the brow of the cliff, ligthted it and negan working the purfer. Fumes at once rose and were borne back to the bears sprawling amidst the honey, for the draft of air

the brink of the cliff, Scenting brimstone, the lazy brutes suddenly scrambled to their feet, snifhug. One of them even rose to his haunches, snuffling and wrinkling up his well smeared black muzzle. After snuffling suspiciously for some moments all three turned and shuffled stiffly and One of his experiences while clearing | surlily away to a little distance. Here a sheltered chasm of honeycomb was they paused, sniffed again, then set off at a clumsy gallop, to put a greater

three or four hours, and had carried distance between them and these highten hamperfuls of comb and honey up ly objectionable odors. The bears bad made a mess of his day's work, but Ansel was only too giad to come out of his adventure on such easy terms .- Youth's Companion.

every upward trip he was obliged to THE NORDLAND use the smoker to keep them quiet.

FISHER FOLK

person to turn pale and glddy. But TWO YEARS IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT

-:- SUN -:-

-::-THE HARD LIVES OF THE LOFOTEN FISHERMEN--THE SEA AND MOUNTAIN LAPPS .- SOCIAL LIFE OF THE

RULING CLASS.

I took the boat from Bergen, in Southwestern Norway, to Ranen, in the district of Nordland, to the north. We landed at Hem-

nas, a picturesque village built on a terraced promontory, with small white houses, surrounded by trees and gardens, while crowning the hill stood the church. It was an hour when folk in lower latitudes were abed; but in Hemnas the villagers were up and about, all evidently enjoying the indescribable light that poured down in a soft gold and purple flood from the north.

Many, even the natives, are unable to sleep soundly in this strange light, which permits one to lie in bed and read through all hours of the night, even with the blinds down. In these high latitudes tree fruits do not ripen, but during the brief summer a great variety of berries are to be found, and wild and domestic flowers flourish in a surprising way. Neither soil nor climate lends itself to farming, so the hardy patives turn to the sea for their harrest. During summer the men, aided at times by the women, are busy preparing their boats and nets for the ishing, which is carried on during the darkness of the long, trying winter. Away from Norway, there is a pretty

general belief that the Scandinavians are distinctly blond, but while there may be more light-haired, blue-eyed people among them than, say in Belgium, dark hair is not uncommon. In the district of Sogn, in Western Norway, the people are tall and dark, and they are as emotional and quick-tempered as the Celts of Connaught. The fishermen, who comprise the most part of the coast population in Nordland, are physically sturdy, and on shore the men seem heavy and even dull; but a transformation is wrought when they stand on the decks of their boats. At the tiller, or managing sail or net, these men seem the embodiment of physical activity and mental alertness, At such times the observer can well believe the traditions told of the progenitors of these sailors, who, as Viking freebooters, devastated the coast of Britain and the continent.

Norway's compulsory education laws are active in the remotest villages, and so these fisherfolk are able to read and write. Some of the young men, but very few, break away and seek a broader culture to the south, but as a class they cannot be said to be intellectually hungry.

The Lutheran is the state church of Norway; indeed, other denominations cannot be said to exist in the north. The clergymen, holding their parishes by government appointment, are, as rule, an intelligent, self-denying class, and their influence is a potent factor in forming the character of their congregations. Despite this Christian influence, the Nordman fisherman is distinctly superstitious. 'This may be said of most men who live by the sea, but these people have superstitions that have survived, despite the church, for 900 years, and can be traced back to the times when Thor and Odin were the ruling gods, and Valhalla was the haven of the Norseman. Certain premonitions of death are believed to be infallible. One of these is the sight of a man seated in the half of a boat and rowing through the storm. When this vision is reported, men say, "He has seen Draugen and is sure to be drowned." On black nights, when the north winds are in battle with the white waters, through the storm, the bravest feels a chill at his heart. "That is Draugen calling for his prey!" they whisper. At times when they would break away and try to live ashore, they hear, with ever-increasing pitch, the call of the waves, and they are again drawn back to the sea, as the needle is drawn to CURING CODFISH.

When in spring the fishing boats return from Lofoten, the catch is cleaned and spread out to dry on the surrope and try to run past the animals, | rounding little rocky islets that dot the surface of the fjords like monstrous water fowl. On these islets there are huts on which the cod livers are tried out, the crude fluid being sent away for refinement. At such times, no matter the direction of the wind, the air is heavy with the odor of cod livers. This odor is said to be very healthful, and perhaps it is, but, like many other good things in the pharmacy, it is not calculated to induce a habit by a pleasant appeal to the up from the canon was deflected over senses.

Summer is devoted to curing the fish, which by the early fall is ready for the market, and then comes the one gala period in the fisherman's Areary year.

Outside the rutted mountain trails, there are no roads in this part of Norway; the sea is the one great highway and avenue of business and neighborly communication, and the boat is the one vehicle for rich and poor.

To add to the human interest of the picture, the Lapps, although only nominally Christians, often come down from the mountains to attend church. The condition of the snow has much to do with these visits. The Lapps tives are still unsubdued.

a beautiful summer day, | travel on skis, and clad in red-bordered reindeer suits and wearing red caps they look, as they dash down the hills like flying gnomes, avoiding the rocks and brush in their course, and keeping fearlessly on till the bottom is reached These people are child-like in their manners, being easily moved to laughter or to tears. Their eyes look as if crying prevailed, for they are red and swollen from the smoke which chokes their tents, in which the opening is made to answer for a chimney. But the Lapps do not confine their visits to Sundays. On weekdays they are often seen about the little stores in the village where they trade, their principal purchase being coffee, of which they are very fond. Sometimes the Lapps bring their herds down to the valleys. One morning I was aroused from sleep by a constant clicking sound, like the irregular beating of castanets; and, parting the curtain, I looked out to see, just below the window, a herd of eighty reindeer with their little masters nearby. The clicking sound is made by a snapping together of the divided hoofs as the creatures move about.

THE NORWEGIAN LAPPS.

While racially the same, the Norwegian Lapps-they are all Mongolians-are divided by their mode of life into two classes or tribes, viz., the sea Lapps, who live by fishing close to the coast, and the mountain Lapps, who depend wholly on the reindeer for their subsistence. When a Lapp has a thousand reindeer, he is said to be very rich. The pastoral Lapps are necessarily nomads, their abode being influenced by the supply of moss for their herds. Short of stature, dark brown in color, and with coarse black hair, these vivacious little people form a striking contrast to the clumsy, quiet Norse fishermen, near whom they have lived for so long, without the slightest strain of intermixture. At Hemnas-and this will apply to

the whole of Nordland-there is another class, which, while numerically fewer, is perhaps the most important in a social way. I refer to the merchants, professional men and govern ment officials. These are people of culture, with social needs, which they gratify by closer relations with their equals than is the custom in more densely populated communities. In this land and with this class, a generous, whole-hearted hospitality is the rule. The presence of a visitor is regarded as a favor to his host. Visits are seldom for less than a week, and in case of a storm, which is not infrequent, the week becomes two. These people are not exiles from more favored places. Many of the best famllies have lived for centuries in Nordland, and have as much ancestral pride, and with better reason, than the titled heirs of Vere de Vere. Here silver and china tell of wealth and taste. The furniture is usually of the old-fashloned massive kind, steps being required to climb to the high mahogany four-poster before dropping into a slikcovered bed of eider down.

The customs are not unlike those of similar class in the United States, particularly in the South. In the mornng coffee and cakes are served in bed The shoes are blacked and the clothes brushed by a servant. Breakfast is at ten; then come calls on neighbors, if there are any; the evening usually ending with a dance.

But despite these social pleasures, the winters are woefully depressing: and, whether from the more favored South, or to the manner born, one yearns for the return of the sun, and the glimpse of a wild flower, harbinger of the spring that has seemed so long delayed.-New York Post.

Privations of Travel.

It was in the parlor of a little German inn that an American overheard two of her countrywomen discussing their itinerary, with great vivacity. "There are three places, all on the coast of Italy," said one. "They are

lighly recommended in the guide books for beauty of scenery and so on, but they must be a good deal alike. do you say to skipping one of them?" "Well, let's wait and see how we like the first one," said her friend, who was registered as coming from a Massachusetts town. "Being right on the sea, I should think we'd stand some chance of getting a good fish dinner and that's something we haven't had since we left home!"-Youth's Com-

The Diner's Pet Joke.

"I never do things by haives," remarked Biffkins, and the waiter at his elbow put on an expectant grin. He had only expected a fifty-cent tipmaybe the gentleman would give him nore. "As I was saying," said Big- I digested it. It proved to be just Danny Murphy from the same club kins, pushing back his chair and accepting his hat. "I never do things by halves. Especially in tipping, I always use quarters. Here you are."-Detroit Tribune.

A Long War. For over a century war has existed between the Dutch and the Achinese: and, though the once powerful kingdom of Achin is now confled to the northwest corner of Sumatra, the naLIGHTING LORE.

ACETYLENE EXCELS AS AN ILLU-MINANT.

Gas For Lighting Formerly Confined to Cities and Large Towns, Now in General Use in the Country.

The satisfactory lighting of suburban and country homes requires that the means used shall be convenient, safe, economical and furnish a brilliant, penetrating, effulgent light.

Everybody admits that these are not the characteristics of the candle or kerosene lamp, which, formerly, were the only feasible means of producing light for domestic use in the rural dis tricts.

For generations there was a crying need, a yearning for something better, which was not satisfied. A few years ago deliverance came in the shape of the chemical compound, Calcium Carbide, from which, by the simple application of water, the gas Acetylene is derived. Acetylene meets all the requirements fully and admirably and is being generally used.

Common lime and carbon in the form of coke or coal are the raw materials which, fused in an intensely heated furnace, make Calcium Carbide, and there is no difficulty in obtaining it in any part of the country.

The machine luto which the Calcium Carbide is fed and from which the Acetylene is distributed through the building to be lighted, is but little larger than a thirty-gallon milk can, and of the same general form. It is easily and cheaply installed, either in the cellar or in an outbuilding.

The light from burning Acetylene is exquisite, and lighting experts agree that it surpasses all other known illuminants. It does not taint the air nor strain the eyes, and is not objectionable in any respect. Every up-to-date rural residence should be equipped with Acetylene light.

China Wants National Anthem. China is anxious to have a national

anthem, being much impressed by the fact that Japan has provided herself with one. The Viceroy of Chill province, in which Peking is situated, has commissioned Prefect Lo Yingkeng, who has composed some pleces music on lines combining foreign and Chinese characteristics, to see about the matter.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children eething, softens thegums, reduces inflamma tion, allays pain, cures wind colle, 25c. a bottle Madrid still has the mediaeval night

Ido not believe Piso's Cure for Consumptionhasanequal for coughs and colds.—John F.Bover, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900. The whole coast of the Gulf of California abounds in pearls.

A Story of Ole Bull.

Few tales are told, indeed, which are finer than that of the encounter in earlier years, with this king's father, the old Bernadotte himself. king had referred to the Norwegians as "my Poles," at which Ole Bull, drawing himself up, inquired, "When has a Norwegian shown himself disloyal to the king?" Then, without waiting for an answer, he announced that he must at once take leave. Upon this, the king turned to him with an imperious, "I command you to stay!" But the violinist shrugged his shoulders and replied: "Then I rime, 1200 to 1000 lbs will see, sire, whether a Norwegian remains free in the palace of the King of Sweden!" At this, as Ole Bull would tell, when recounting the Green, common to fair scene, there came into the face of the monarch the most winning smile ha had ever seen on a human countenance, and, putting out his hand impulsively, Bernadotte exclaimed: Best heavy yorkers and medium - 5 85
"Nay: I beg you to remain. A prince Good pigs and lightyorkers - 5 56
"Figs. common to good - 5 40 should hear the opinions of all his people." And the talk which then resulted was the basis of deep confidence on both sides .- Century.

How Sap Rises.

The problem of the ascent of sap in trees, an English botanist point out is yet unsolved. It appears that in the highest trees the total pressure would be nearly 100 atmospheres, and as we cannot suppose that leaves can exert so intense osmotic suction the only theory at all probable is that the living cells exert some sort of pumping action in the wood.

> GET POWER. The Supply Comes From Food,

If we get power from food, why not

strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a Ady from a little town in Missouri.

"It seemed as if I would never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me. Hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heart-burn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton, and in time was compelled to keep to my bed.

"A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which what I needed. All my unpleasant symptoms, the heart-burn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 08 to 116 lbs., my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. The Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show any one some facts about food. "There's a reason."

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 251
 3 25

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 18 00
 21 00

 Ontons—per barrel
 2 50
 3 00

BALTIMORE. Flour-Winter Patent. \$
Wheat-No. 2 red. Corn-Mixed. Butter-Ohio creamery.....

PHILADELPHIA. Flour-Winter Patent 5 5 05

Wheat-No. 2 red
Corn-No. 2 mixed
Oate-No. 2 white
Butter-Creamery Eggs-Pennsylvania firsts.....

Flour-Patents... Wheat-No. 2 red.. Corn-No. 2..... Oats-No. 2 white. 5 15

LIVE STOCK.

Union Stock Yards, Pittsburg. Cattle,

Hogs.

mimon to good 875 Good to choice.

Medium
Common to fair.,
Lambs.

5 25 4 25

enl, extra

THE NATIONAL GAME.

Calves.

Batch, of Brooklyn, uses a young tree Shortstop Lewis, of Baltimore, is a Cornell graduate.

Washington has found New York the hardest nut to crack. Detroit has drafted Catcher Schrant rom the Syracuse Club.

Infielder Lauterborn, late of Boston. has signed with Scattle. Shortstop Bobby Cargo, of Albany. ins joined the Brooklyn team. Siegel, the Reds' new outfielder,

either uses tobacco nor drinks. The Washington Club has recalled outfielder Rothgeb from Baltimore. Joe Kelley once more announces that e will manage the Cincinnati Reds

Billy Bradley has not confirmed the eport that he will retire from baseball fter this year.

next year.

Herman Long has resigned as mana-

ger of the Des Moines Cinb and Charey Dexter is haudling the team. Pitcher McPhillips, formerly of Manhattan College, has been drafted from Montgomery by the Washington Club.

Brooklyn's new second baseman, Hummell, is a good judge of balls and strikes. He rarely swings at had ones. The Athletics have drafted Jack from Norwich

Though George Mullin has said many times that he would not play another season in Detroit, he has already signed

"Stenmer" Flanagan will become member of the Pittsburg cam. He was with the Holyako champions of the Connecticut League.

A Western paper hints that George Stone would attain a batting mark of over .400 if the St. Louis scorers were judges of hits and errors in all his games.

three years ago. a wondract for next season.