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The Paris Waiters' Trick.
"I was in a Paris cafe," said the American tourist, "when there was a sudden quarrel not far away, and I suspended my eating, as did everybody else, to see what the trouble was. It appeared that one of my countrymen, whom I had not noticed in entering, had dined at a table not far away, and when he received his check he handed the waiter a ten dollar gold piece. The waiter put the coin into his mouth and made change for \$5 only. The Yankee kicked and swore there was a swindle, but the waiter took the \$5 from his mouth and held it up and said:
"See! It is here. It is the coin he gave me. Is it not for him to apologize?"
"It looked that way to me, but my countryman knew a thing or two. He grabbed the rascal by the throat and choked his mouth open, and, lo, a ten dollar gold piece dropped to the floor. The fellow had the \$5 in his mouth to work the trick, and when I got to thinking the thing over I remembered that it had been successfully worked on me a dozen times over."—Chicago News.

The Ground Hog's Sleep.
The woodchuck's is a curious shift, a case of nature outdoing herself. Winter spreads far and fast, and woodchuck, in order to keep ahead of danger, would need wings. Must he perish then? Winter spreads far, but does not go deep—down only about four feet, and woodchuck, if he cannot escape overland, can perhaps go under land. So down he goes through the winter, down into a mild and even temperature, five long feet away—but as far away from the snow and cold as bobolink among the reeds of the distant Orinoco. Indeed woodchuck's is a farther journey and even more wonderful than bobolink's, for these five feet carry him beyond the bounds of time and space into the mysterious realms of sleep, of suspended life, to the very gates of death. That he will return with bobolink, that he will come up alive with the spring out of this dark way, is very strange.—Dallas Sharp in Atlantic.

Children to Let.
Quite a flourishing trade is done by the poorer classes of Madrid, who let out their children to beggars at so much per hour. The intending hirer applies to the parents of a likely child, the price is agreed upon, a small amount paid down as a guarantee for the return of the little one, and the beggar forthwith sets out with his human implement of trade to implore the public charity. The children whose task it is to soften the hearts of the passersby are required to possess special qualifications. They must have hungry looking faces, be first rate criers and not very ugly, for a good looking child is more likely to earn extra pennies on account of its pretty face than a less favored competitor.—Madrid Herald.

KIDNEY, LIVER AND BOWELS
Sickness is next to impossible if you keep the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels in perfect working order with an occasional dose of
Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills
Mr. E. B. Holden, No. 2014 Cass Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich., says: "I have for years been subject to sluggishness of the liver and constipation, the kidneys were also inactive and caused me a great deal of pain across my loins. I got some of Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills and they cured the inactivity of the organs rapidly and easily. I would not be without them. Write a box at all dealers. Write for a free sample to Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y."
For sale by Stokes & Felcht Drug Co.

A POLAR BEAR HUNT
Adventure in the Frozen Wastes of the Arctic.
RACE TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE

A Mile Run For a Rifle That at First Refused to Do Its Work—A Shot That Brought the Great Brute to the Camp as Food For Men and Dogs.
The long arctic night was breaking. Like hibernating polar bears, we had lived the winter through under cover of a great drift of snow. This served as a thick blanket for our little hut and helped to keep warm the thirty-nine shipwrecked men who had been marooned on the desert island of Rudolph, in the frozen wastes of the polar sea.
One day, after a flurry of storm, I took a walk to Cape Sauten. On my way back to camp I stopped on the highest rocks of the moraine to look out toward the ice covered sea. Northward and westward great black steaming streaks in the white revealed the open water, and overhead hung dark clouds of vapor, another indication of a "lead," or open water, underneath.
Turning my eyes southward toward Fepitz lay, I beheld the panorama of the camp spread out before me, the hut and stable tent, the two little observatories and the numerous caches of food stores giving the appearance of an arctic village. Down in the tide crack where the ice of the bay met the fast frozen land sheet I could distinguish the silhouette of one of my men taking a tide observation. Behind him rose a bristling ridge of ice pinnacles, which effectually blocked his view toward the sea.
From my greater elevation I made out the form of a great polar bear crossing the rough ice toward the land. As I watched he reached a high cake of ice and, climbing upon it, raised himself up on his hind quarters and looked over toward the spot where Mr. Long, the observer, was at work. Then I realized his object. There was no one else in sight, and Long was unarmed. Could I reach camp, seize a rifle and make my way out on the bay before the bear began his attack?
In the cold, crisp air I ran the mile or so toward the hut, a race that fortunately was down grade. I rushed into the house, secured my rifle and set off as fast as my legs would carry me toward where I had last seen the bear. Usually the dogs at camp thought it great sport to join in such a chase, but this time they crouched around the hut, whining and whimpering and refusing to follow as I ran past them with my rifle. I soon came to Mr. Long and, warning him to look out for the approaching bear, of which he was still all unconscious, proceeded at reduced speed, as the ice was now very rough, in the direction of the advancing beast. As I was crossing the top of the first pressure ridge I saw the bear coming my way. He caught sight of me at the same moment, raised himself on his haunches to get a better view, and then started in a lunge over the ice cakes in my direction.
I raised my carbine, took a quick sight and pulled the trigger. Instead of the usual quick snap and explosion I felt the slow, gummy motion of the bolt that told me that the lock was frozen. In cleaning the gun a few days before I must have left some oil in the lock.
I worked the bolt back and forth, trying to warm up the mechanism by friction, the great bear climbing rapidly and surely over the broken ice cakes toward me all the while. Once more I pulled the trigger. The unexpected happened, and the cartridge exploded, but in my haste, although so close, I made a clear miss.
However, the flash and the report must have frightened the bear, for he made off. I climbed in pursuit, but on account of the heavy ice did not see him again until he had placed about 200 yards between us and was still going with great leaps in the direction of the open sea.
I aimed and fired just as he leaped between two great ridges. This time he fell in a heap. With the bear's fall the dogs set us such a howling, barking and yelping as I had seldom heard, even from that noisy pack. Every dog in camp now started for the fallen king.
The bullet had gone through his back, paralyzing his hind quarters, but he was able to swing around on the flat ice and deal fearful blows with his great fore paws. But the combat was too unequal. One more bullet and the great bear was beyond all further pain.
The men from camp had now arrived, and the dogs were caught and harnessed to a sledge. Upon it we lashed the carcass of the bear and then, cutting a trail back to land, hauled our load to the hut, a welcome addition to the larder for men and dogs.—Anthony Fraia in Youth's Companion.

An Interesting Animal.
Higgins—My "vet" was greatly pleased with that horse you sold me. Viggins—What pleased him about the animal? Higgins—Why, he discovered twelve new diseases he never suspected before.—Illustrated Bits.

The Easy Part.
He—This shopping business is a awful nuisance! She—Why, Henry, you have no reason to complain. I've done all the shopping. All you do is to carry the parcels!

He is wise no purpose who is not wise to himself.—Latin Proverb.

KEPT HER PROMISE.
She Wasn't Much of a Politician, but She Was Truthful.

Mrs. Elliot sighed so deeply as she took out her hatpins that her husband looked up from the evening paper. "I don't believe I've any bent for politics," she said in response to his inquiring glance. "Every time there's an election of officers of the club I get into some kind of mess, try as I may to avoid it."
"You see, Harry," she continued confidently, "I don't really care a fig who is in office so long as I'm not. I like all the members very well, and I'd as lief have one as another president or secretary or on committees."
"I have no favorites. I'm truly impartial. But that won't work, if you belong to a woman's club you are forced to sweat and agonize over candidates. You must be partisan or be out with both sides."
"You know Mrs. George has been president for four years, and every year Mrs. Tufts has tried to get Mrs. George out and herself in. About a week ago she came to me and said she was sure of the nomination if I would vote for her. Would I? I thought it over and said I would, for I admire Mrs. Tufts immensely, she is so lovely and charitable."
"Today, just before balloting, Edith Reynolds came to me and said I must vote for Mrs. George. Edith said I owed it to her—you know she helped me make over my blue foulard and canned all those peaches for me when cook burned her hand."
"Everybody wanted Mrs. George. Edith said, and if I voted for her she would get the nomination. I thought it over and said I would vote for her. I admire and respect her very much. She is so witty and forcible when she presides, and she speaks French beautifully, and I thought if everybody wanted her it was only proper that"—
"Do you mean that you promised to vote for both?" interrupted Mr. Elliot.
"Yes; I promised Mrs. Tufts, as I have just said, and I promised Edith because—"
"But you didn't actually vote for both."
"Why, of course I did, Harry. I may not be much of a politician, but I was brought up to keep my word," said Mrs. Elliot, with dignity.—Youth's Companion.

QUEER REQUESTS.
Odd Notions That Are Aired in Last Wills and Testaments.
Duchess Dudley, dying in 1655, left \$500 per annum for the redemption of poor English Christian slaves from the hands of "the barbarous Turk," and in the year 1725 Thomas Belton of Hoxton proved his sanity toward his own kith and kin by cutting off his three sons and his brother Timothy with a shilling apiece, while he showed his sympathy for his distressed countrymen by leaving the bulk of his property, about \$125,000, in trust to the Ironmongers' company. One-half of the interest of this large amount he directed should be expended in ransoming British subjects from slavery in Turkey or Barbary.
An old lady of Barton, Lincolnshire, being once bequeathed on the Lincolnshire wolds, was able to direct her steps by the sound of the curfew bell from St. Peter's church. In grateful remembrance she conveyed a piece of land of thirteen acres to the parish clerk and his successors on condition that they and he ring the bell from 7 to 8 p. m. daily, Sunday excepted, from the carrying of the first load of barley until Shrove Tuesday. The curfew bell is still rung in England in some places in accordance with old bequests.
Some persons had a curious predilection for their own names—a predilection which found vent occasionally in a puerile manner. Thus one Henry Green left his estates to his sister, with the proviso that she should give four green vests lined with green gaiter to four poor men every Christmas, and his fellow townsman Gray directed that six "nobles" should be spent annually in providing six old women with vests of gray cloth and 40 shillings in providing three old men with coats of the same material.—London Globe.

Something More Interesting.
The old dorky was having his eyes tested for glasses. After the oculist had put up several cards of Roman letters, which the negro vainly endeavored to call off correctly, he looked over at the oculist and asked, with some disgust:
"Whar's de use in lookin' at dem fings?"
"With them I'm trying to find out how far you can see distinctly," returned the eye specialist.
"Waal," declared the old dorky, unsatisfied, "dey ain't wuth tryin' t' make out. Put up er waternillion!"—Bohemian.

The Origin of the Holy Stone.
At the reformation, when the Church of St. Nicholas at Yarmouth was despoiled, the carved stones of many of the monuments, both in the church and outside in the graveyard, were shipped off, some to Newcastle to be turned into grindstones and some on board the ships of the royal navy of the day to be used in scouring the decks, whence, it is interesting to know, the seamen's term "holystoning the deck" takes its origin.—London Standard.

Moles as Mesmerists.
Like the squirrel and some other animals, the mole lays up a store of food during the autumn months. A curious and interesting feature in relation to this storage is that the mole does not kill the worms it collects, but stupefies them in such a manner that they do not attempt to escape.—Country Life.

MACBETH.
A Famous Actor's Views on the Sleep-walking Scene.

The first time I read this tragedy I exclaimed: "I see the sleepwalking scene played by Macbeth instead of his wife. This scene occurs at the beginning of the fifth act, and not until the gentleman and the doctor converse together are we aware of the change in Lady Macbeth's character and of the illness that has made her weak. A woman so brutal in her conception and so resolute in her projects—how could she at once lose steadfastness, she who was capable of saying:
I would, while it was smiling in my face, Have plucked my nipple from his boneless gums And dashed the brains out.
Such a woman is capable of committing any crime without losing her impassiveness. I should have preferred not to see her, even in sleep, wash her hands of the murder of Duncan. Her wicked personality would have appeared still greater.
I do not believe that Shakespeare meant the sleepwalking scene for Lady Macbeth. Have you not noticed how precise the famous writer was in drawing his characters? He always tried to keep them in the same light from beginning to end. To my mind it seems impossible that Lady Macbeth should collapse like that. Instead it would be more natural in Macbeth. I found this scene so unnatural that I cut it out in my version.
The explanation may be something like this: In Shakespeare's day there were no women players. Perhaps some of the actors were not satisfied with the length of their respective parts. Shakespeare, to keep the peace, may have shortened Macbeth's speeches and given them to somebody else.
The tragedy of Macbeth is a sublime display of tragic passion, a pathetic picture of fate and evil conquering good. There is no moral, but without doubt this play may be regarded as the greatest work of dramatic literature.—Tommaso Salvini in Putnam's Monthly.

ENGLISH GHOST STORY.
A Vision That Saved a Life on the Yorkshire Dales.
It is not often that we hear of a ghost saving a man's life. There is, however, an instance, and it seems to be tolerably well authenticated, and materialists will hardly know how to account for it. Here is the story. It is of the Yorkshire dales and of a good many years ago. A clergyman whose duty lay in that wild country, where a strong race of men and women lived principally on bacon and out-ake and knew not save rarely butcher's meat, used to ride or walk to visit the people. He had been raising a subscription in a time of scarcity and had to be out late at night. One evening on his outward journey he suddenly became aware of a figure moving beside him, and in the glancing he recognized his brother, who had died some time before. He was too awestruck for words, and after keeping by his side for some distance over the lonely moor the figure disappeared. He noted the time and the vision, but nothing occurred to throw any light upon it. However, some years after he had taken the duty at a jail in another part of the country one of the prisoners lying under sentence desired to make a confession. After telling him of a lot of crimes he said: "I wor very near once taking your life, sir. It was in that bad year, and I heard as how you went carrying money about in those lonesome dales, I hid behind the big boulders of the brown moor. I saw you coming up and waited till you should be near enough, but that night you were not alone." This is a startling tale and the stronger because the vision or whatever it was seen by two people. The anecdote occurs in an article twenty years ago in Macmillan's Magazine by Lady Verney.

Sense of Smell.
The olfactory nerves are wonderfully sensitive. Much has yet to be investigated with regard to the differentiation of the points in these nerves so that they may discriminate with such apparently miraculous accuracy, yet even the results in the scent of dogs show how wonderfully fine is their discriminating power. Our sense of smell, unless in the trained chemist, is not even so acute as that of the semi-savage. Much have we gained by civilization, but not without some loss to our bodily energies and senses. Man's re-creative power after an injury is said frequently to be in inverse ratio to his social advancement. Similarly he seems to become less acute and delicate in the sense of smell as he fares better and lives more comfortably.—St. Louis Republic.

Houses and Homes.
There have been and there are today in the various lands of the earth many people who have no houses and nothing that you could call furniture even of the antique variety. But there can be no doubt that they are far happier than many who are comfortably housed in mansions which contain everything that money can buy.—Uncle Remus' Magazine.

Talking and Thinking.
The Man—A learned scientist advances the theory that a severed head is capable of thinking, although it is unable to speak. The Woman—That's queer. It is so much easier to talk than it is to think!

Call Money.
Nell—What is call money, dear? Belle—I guess it's the kind you call up your husband on the telephone for to tell him you must have it right away.—Baltimore American.

There's Exceptional Style in this "Yale" Suit for Young Men

IT'S another of the Ederheimer-Stein garments we've selected to demonstrate in every sale we make that this is, in fact, a superior clothing store.

Q. The Yale is the smartest Young Man's style—striking in the weave and rich colors of the fabrics—combines good taste, service, satisfaction—lends the air of true refinement—is fashionable without being fancy.

Q. The young fellow who exercises common sense and good judgment in the selection of this style, cannot be commonplace. It's a suit for college men or any others who are particular. Let us show it to you.



Superior tailoring reaches its climax in the Yale. Each garment is made separately by skillful hand needlework throughout. Trimmings and fabrics all match. Every operation of the tailor contributes to make it distinctive, individual.
THE "YALE"—Coat is long and full chested; cuffs on sleeves; open seams down back of coat and sides of trousers. Trousers full at waist. Sizes 30 to 38. Prices \$18 to \$35.

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