

### FANCED EXPERIENCE OF A WORLD.

A little world inhabited by men  
Had swung for ages 'round its central sun,  
Until its people came to know all stars  
Within their range of vision.  
Each they named and weighed and measured,  
Computed with their spectroscopes  
What metals burned in this and what in that,  
Until their wise men thought they knew it all.  
No wonder was there but they told its law:  
All things from nebulae they formed,  
And all reduced to atoms for use for it.  
Until they lost all sight of God  
And said he was a principle  
Which held in the grasp of changeless laws  
Which he as well as others must obey.

The future of their race was all laid out  
By these wise scientists, and cut and dried,  
Until one day God laughed at the little fools  
And sent his messenger to fetch them.  
Then from out a distant part of space,  
Never conceived by that puny world,  
A roaring comet of stupendous size  
Rushed with a swiftness indescribable,  
And passing close, within some million leagues,  
Lashed with its fiery tails that sunny world,  
And, sucking it away from its old sun,  
Whirled it, as in delirium, through the void,  
And dragged it flaming past some thousand  
stars.  
For all to wonder and to marvel at;  
Then flung it far out into vasty space,  
Where no sun was, where no light came,  
And there it turned into a blackened ball  
And froze till God found better use for it.  
—New York Sun.

### BEFORE THE FIRE.

"I've seed some brave fellers in my time," said Denver Bill, filling his short, black pipe with the air of a man settling down to a long story; "and I don't 'zactly think myself a coward. But the bravest chap I ever seed war my pard, Dandy Jack Houlston.

"When he fust come to us at Dog Hollow he looked so all fired spruce, and had such a fine show of Boston togs on, that we thought him a reg'lar soft 'un, not worth a cuss; but he showed us what grit war 'fore he got through, you bet! He had been thru two days when Gougin Jim, the ugliest man in the hull crowd, got playin it down pretty bad on a poor old crippled Frencher, who kept a possible store. Up steps Jack and says, very quietly, but as if he meant it:

"'Don't you see that man's a cripple? Let him alone."  
"Jim looked quite tock aback for a minute, and then he whips out his knife and hollers:

"'Hold your cursed tongue or I'll cut it out!"  
"But 'fore he could strike Jack had him by the wrist, and give him the neatest little wrestler's trip as ever seed, and down went Jim, fetchin his head sitch a lick agin a stone that for more than an hour he didn't know the ten o'clocks from the Ten Commandments.

"Wal, from that day Jack was jist like a king among us, and Gougin Jim froze to him as if he'd been his brother, and thought nothin that end to half good enough for him.

"But it's jist when you've struck pay gravel that the water generally begins to soak in, and it was jist when everythin was goin right with us that suttin came and spoilt all.

"Old Jack and I war standin by Haggerty's grocery one mornin when the Rockville stage cum along, and all at once I seed him turn pale as a peanut. I looked up, and thar, inside the stage, I seed jist 'bout the prettiest gal I ever set eyes on, and beside her a tall, black 'ired chap, who 'peared to be makin love to her as if he were hired at five cents the word.

"Jack jumped for'ard, quite wildlike, and hollered:

"'Hey you got a place left aboard?"  
"Guess so—jist one."  
"All right—I'll take it."

"And 'fore I cud say 'whisky' he gev my hand a grip and says to me, 'Take care o' my traps till I come back, Bill,' an he war off.

"That war the last I saw of Dandy Jack, and it warn't till a good while arter that I heard the rest o' the story. But when I did hear it, yow may bet yow boots I didn't forget it again, and I kin tell you jist as if I seed it all myself.

"This gal that poor old Jack war so sweet on war the daughter of a rich old chap who'd got a ranch nor far from the upper fork of the Rio Grande, and her dad had sent her to visit some folks at the east, and she war comin back arter havin quite a good time.

"This black 'ired cuss that was with her was a fellow named Granger, an old chum of her dad, and pretty nigh as rich as he was. He had managed to jine her on the road hum jist as if by accident, but I reckon that air accident war done o' purpose.

"Jack went with them right on to Rockville, but he never got a show, for this Granger was one o' them smooth tongued, oil and honey cusses that don't give nobody a chance, and he kep' so close to his gal that Jack cudn't get sayin a word to her.

"'As for the gal herself, I guess she war sorter balancin between 'em, and hadn't quite made up her mind which on 'em she wanted; but anyhow, when poor Jack squeezed her hand at partin she giv him back jist 'nuff of his own squeeze to make him feel a heap better'n what he done afore.

"Wal, at Rockville, old dad and some of his friends war waitin for the gal, and they all went home together.

"One day all the folks went out for a ride over the parairy, and the gal, never thinkin no harm, put her horse to speed and set off for a good rousin gallop by herself. But Granger had his eye on her, you bet; and he kep' her in sight till all the rest war out o' sight, and then he raged up alongside of her and got hold of her hands and asked her, flat out, would she marry him or not.

"'What she'd ha' said in answer to him I can't tell yer, nor nobody else, neither, I reckon, for, afore she cud open her mouth, a man cum gallopin along as if old Nick war arter him with a ten pronged pitchfork. They'd jist time to know him for Dandy Jack when he lifted himself in the saddle and screamed out to bust his throat:

"'Ride for your lives! The prairie's on fire!"  
"I guess they didn't wait to be told twice, and indeed the horses war off

full jump the minute they heered the shout, jist as if they understood all about it. Away they went like the wind

"Hev yer ever seed'd a parairy fire? Wal, if yer hev'n't I guess yer cud jist as soon git an idee of what it rally is as yow cud put Niagara in a gal's thimble. Fust thing you see is a little curl o' smoke far off. Then, all at once, it be-gins to git thicker and redder 'bout the edges, and suddenly ye hear a rush like a river comin down in full flood.

"Then up through the smoke goes a big spout o' fire, and all behind yer's one sea o' great red, roarin flames leapin and twistin and shootin up into the very sky and rollin after ye like a water-fall.

"Wal, that's the kind o' thing poor old Jack and the other two had got at their heels, and I reckon them hosses didn't want much spurin! But though they went like the wind the fire gained on 'em, for yow want a start o' twenty mile to race it fair. However, they war still putty well ahead and lookin out with all their eyes for the fust sign o' the clearin 'round the ranch, when all in a minute the gal's hoss givins jist one gap and tumbles over. Down jumps old Jack like lightnin and had her up in his place a'most afore she knewed what was wrong; and then he turned to Granger, who was a-lookin as if he'd morn' half a mind to ride off and let 'em shift for themselves, and says:

"'I can't talk sweet to her nor make lyin promises to her, but I can die for her! Could you?"  
"How grand he must ha' looked sayin them words, and how orful t'other feller must ha' seemed beside him! I reckon the gal felt it, too, for she held out her arms to him and cried:

"'Jack, Jack! for God's sake—I'm sure the horse'll carry us both—come!"  
"Jack answered nary a word, but kissed her hand and gave her hoss one cut with the whip. Away it went, and away went Granger alongside, and poor Jack war left there alone to die!

"But I'll tell ye one thing—if ever I meet that cuss of a Granger agin, I'll skin him alive with this yar bowie, you see o' I don't!

"Wal, it was touch and go with them other two; fur afore they cud git to the clearin the fire cum so close that their clothes the flyin sparks. However, they did git hum at last, and the folks made an everlastin fuss over 'em when they found 'em alive after all. But when the old dad took his darter in his arms and thanked God that she was spared to break her heart and sobbed out:

"'Don't, don't, papa. I'd sooner have died fifty times over than have been saved so!"  
"And Granger, who was the only one thar as knowed what she meant, looked 'bout as happy as a wolf in a trap.

"However, he warn't the man to be beat so easy, he warn't; and a couple o' nights arter, when the gal had begun to straighten up a bit arter her scare, he cum around to whar she was sittin' in the verandy, and he commenced palaverin' her agin. She looked up at him for a minute, as if she didn't half understand what he war aimin at, and then she clasps her hands with a sort o' shiver, and cries out, in a voice that warn't a bit like her own:

"'Never say another word like that to me—never! I've allowed the bravest and noblest man that ever breathed to throw away his life on me—oh, the miserable coward that I was!"  
"She'd hardly spoken, when Granger giv a jump and screamed out:

"'Gracious heaven! there's his ghost!"  
"And off he went like forty hurri-canes; and that was the last o' him.

"'As for the gal, she looked around to see what had skeered him so; but the nex' minute she felt mighty like makin tracks arter him. For there, not ten yards off, lookin white and ghastly enough in the moonlight to ha' fright-ened a blind jackass, stood the figger of Jack Houlston!

"'Whether she war gwine to faint or to run or what thar ain't no sayin, for fore she cud fix to do anythin at all the ghost had his arm around her waist and giv' her a kiss as didn't feel very ghostly.

"'Oh, Jack, are you really alive after all? says she, clutchin his arm with both them little hands o' her'n, as if to be sure that he was actilly thar in flesh and blood.

"'Yes, darlin', says he, kissin her again.

"'And then he told her how he'd managed to sarcumvent the fire. When he war left behind arter they'd rode off he'd nary hope of 'scapin, and his idee war to save hisself from the pain o' burnin alive by blowin his own brains out.

"'Jist then his eye fell on the dead hoss, and a lucky thought cum to him. Quick as lightnin he out with his bowie, ripped open the karkiss, scalloped out all the in'ards, and then got inside and lay snug, like a b'ar in a holler tree.

"'He hadn't morn' jist got fixed up 'fore the fire cum sweepin right over him, hiss'n and roarin like Old Nick, and makin everythin so hot and choky that he felt as if he cudn't b'ar it half a minute longer, but he thought o' her and he put through somehow. And then when the fire had gone by and all war c'lar he cum out ag'in.

"'There ain't no more to be said. They war married 'bout a month arter that, and they're comin down hyar to have a look at us all some time this summer, and ef we don't give 'em the very tallest kind o' blowout when they do come may I be sculped by the fust Injun I meet! and now let's liquor, for talkin's dry work.'"—Buffalo News.

### Followed Instructions.

In layin down rules for the young, one has to be very careful or they will be taken too liberally. A case of this kind occurred recently with a result that put the parent decidedly out of countenance.

"'Johnnie," said his mother, "what did you mean by making me call you over and over again, when you heard me the first time?"

"'Why, ma,' was the staggering reply, 'yow always told me never to interrupt yow.'"—New York Evening Sun.

### SHE DIDN'T SEE IT.

A Romance of Love, a Mustache and Despair.

CHAPTER I.  
George Van Dozenedyck and Matilda de Bumblethorpe loved each other fondly and passionately. Had you seen them on the evening on which our story opens you would have thought so.

They were in the palatial parlor of Reinald de Bumblethorpe, Matilda's proud parent.  
The lights were low, and in the glimmering gloaming the young people were clasped to each other's hearts with a patent clasp adjusted on the lips, commonly called a kiss.

George was going away for three long months.  
CHAPTER II.  
A young man is standing before a looking glass, gazing intently at an almost un-noticable excrescence on his upper right hand lip.

"Ha!" he says, "I have succeeded. Victory has crowned my efforts. A porous plaster, applied every night for three months, has produced the desired effect. I have a mustache!

"When I left Matilda de Bumblethorpe the proud maiden refused to become my wife until I should have produced one, and now I have done it. Tomorrow I return to claim her as my bride!"  
And he went to bed.

CHAPTER III.  
It is the De Bumblethorpe mansion again. We would have made it somewhere else, but scenery is very expensive nowadays and we are forced to limit ourselves. Matilda is seated at the piano thumbing "Annetteur Rooneyata" with "Bogy-manne" variations. She is happy because she is expecting her love.

George is coming.  
There is a ring at the bell, she rushes to the open door and is clasped in his strong arms and their lips meet in a complex, diamond cement kiss.

The round lasts two minutes and then they break away and go to their corners. Only it is the same corner for both.

"Ha!" remarks George to himself, "she will notice my mustache, my golden silky mustache, in a minute. I long to ask her if it tickles her lips, but I shall refrain. I will wait until she goes into ecstasies over it."

The moments roll by and still she speaks not of it. She asks him about his trip, makes him vow that he has not flirted with a single, single girl (he is very glad that she says nothing about flirting with widows) and everything is lovely.

But she says nothing about the mustache. Finally George becomes desperate.  
"Darling," says he, "do I—have you—ahem! Don't you notice any change in your tootsey wootsey?"

"Why, yes, Georgy," she replied fondly, "I do! Oo looos ever so much sweeter, ducky—oo really does!"  
No, she says no more.

"Petsy," says he, "don't you remember what you said when I went away—something about your marryin' me when I—er—should have raised a mustache?"  
"Why, yes, I do," she replies, and then in the same breath she says, "and oh, deary, why don't you raise one? You might try, anyway, to please 'oor little pet."

He thrusts the maiden from him, rises, brushes the wrinkles from his trousers, slaps on his hat and rushes out in the cold, cold night.

This ends a romance.—Boston Globe.

### How the Engagement Was Broken.

"Where are my suspenders, maw?" shrieked a Jefferson avenue belle to her mother across the top stairs hall.

"Your father borrowed them while I mended his," was the answer.  
"I can't find my four-in-hand tie."

"Your brother Tom wore it last night—you will find it in his room."  
"But, maw, where's my silk yachting shirt?"  
"Aly wore it to the regatta."

There was a brief silence. Then the voice walked across the hall again:  
"Maw, I can't find my riding trousers."

"Charles has them on," was the response.  
Then a tired looking young man who had been waiting unannounced in the hall behind rose and softly stole away.

"She might want my boots next," he said wearily, and no one knows why that engagement is off.—Detroit Free Press.

### Glad to Get Home.

His linen coat he dons today,  
Likewise his linen vest,  
And to the country takes his way  
To get a rest.

Two weeks hence to the town he flies,  
Dandied of his pelf,  
And two days on his bed he lies  
To rest himself.—New York Press.

### What We All Wonder.

Inquiring Reader—Do you receive many contributions of poetry?  
Magazine Editor—Poetry, did you say? My dear sir, we are simply flooded with it by every mail.  
Inquiring Contributor—Is that so? Why don't you print a little of it occasionally then?—Somerville Journal.

### Her One Thought.

Now when you go to take a walk  
It matters not what theme  
You may discuss, she brings the talk  
At last around to cream.—Exchange.

### Coy.

Downing Maiden (preparing to sink for the third time)—Oh, Mr. Manley, this is so sudden! so unexpected! You will have to ask mamma.—Life.

### A Pretty Picture.

'Neath the shade of the birch they sat,  
And her head lay on his breast;  
He merely pressed her pretty lips  
And the kodak did the rest.—Boston News.

### GEMS IN VERSE.

A Reproach.  
The room is ablaze with countless lights,  
The faces catch the glow;  
Like the song of hidden water sprites  
The rhythmic waltz strains flow.

And I am one of a dozen men  
Who bow before your throne,  
Ah, Rosalie, I remember when  
I was the only one.

Last summer I was the only one  
Who waited for your smile—  
When we rowed about the lake alone,  
And tramped for many a mile,  
Then there were dozens of girls around  
As fair as they could be,  
Yet in my eyes you were always found  
The only one for me.

Now, when I ask you for a single dance,  
You hand me your card—  
Ah, sweet indeed is that smile and glance,  
But Fate is very hard;  
For every dance on your card is gone—  
There's not an empty line,  
And a certain "X" has five alone—  
What! Are these dances mine?

—Flavel Scott Mines.

### The Little Tunker Bonnet.

A maiden came driving a sleek black mare  
Into the town, instanced;  
And the light wind lifted her raven hair  
In innocent ringlets hanging down  
To the neck of her fleecy, lead-colored gown.

From under the pucker'd, silken crown  
Of her little Tunker bonnet,  
She'd a red rose lip and an eye of brown,  
And dimples rare, and dimples rare,  
But the lasses laughed as she rode in town,  
For the graceful gown that she wore with care  
Had never a founce upon it.

And they made remarks on her rustic air  
And wondered what country hulk would dare  
Make love to that "queer old bonnet."

Oh, merry town girls, you do not know  
Acres are wide, acres are wide;  
And wheat and corn fields lying a-row  
Are the Tunker's wealth and the Tunker's pride.

And the farm and the houses on it,  
The cow for milk, and the horse to ride,  
The gift and dowry for the bonny bride  
That wreatheth the Tunker bonnet.

But the merchant bean in the dry goods store  
Welcomed her in, welcomed her in;  
"H!" remarks George to himself, "she will notice my mustache, my golden silky mustache, in a minute. I long to ask her if it tickles her lips, but I shall refrain. I will wait until she goes into ecstasies over it."

She drew at each purchase, and from within  
Coated arguments that were there to win  
Sure grace for the Tunker bonnet.

Then she mounted her buggy and drove away  
Through meadows sweet, through meadows sweet,  
Where her graybeard father raked the hay  
By the Tunker church were the turnspikes neat.

The church with no steeple on it,  
Said the merchant, musing, "Her style is neat;  
I'll jinx the Tunkers, raise beard and wheat  
And win that little bonnet."  
—Benjamin S. Parker.

### A Little Book.

A little book, with here and there a leaf  
Turned at some tender passage; how it seems  
To speak to me, to fill my soul with dreams  
Sweet as first love, and beautiful, though brief  
Here was her glory; on this page her grief.

For tears have stained it; here the sunlight  
Softly glimmers in a shadowed room  
And there the stars withheld from her their beams.  
And sorrow sought her white soul like a thief!  
And here her name, and as I breathe the sweet,  
Soft syllables, a prescient vision  
Sheds a rare radiance; but I may not look.  
The yellowed leaves are fluttering at my feet.  
The light is gone, and I, lost in the gloom,  
Weep like a woman o'er this little book.  
—Frank L. Stanton.

### Yesterday.

Yes! the room is just the same,  
And the sunshine is as bright,  
And the lamplight is as soft  
When without folds down the night.  
Yes! the room is not the same,  
And we have no heart to play  
With the checkers, as we did  
Yesterday.

People go by just the same;  
And the bells ring every hour;  
And the great clock tells the time  
On the corner, from the tower.  
And the little children smile  
In the house across the way,  
But they miss the smile they met  
Yesterday.

And the street is just the same,  
Hurrying footsteps, din and noise;  
And from far away the cry  
Of a crowd of "Extra! boy."  
But we sure to have a letter  
Shines with tender, loving ray;  
Ah! the dear stars seem so near, since  
Yesterday.

All the trees stand just the same,  
Branches traced against the sky;  
And the grass is growing green  
Where the buried people lie.  
Lovingly the mosses creep  
On the stones so old and gray,  
Why, think! he was walking there,  
Yesterday.

All the papers in a pile  
On the table by the door;  
Just as they have always been  
On the many days before,  
On the top The Transcript lies;  
And, ah! me! why should it say  
As it does, "Died suddenly,"  
Yesterday?  
—Eunice Holbrook.

### Old Books.

A thrasher prime is Father Time:  
When harvest leads his wain  
He beats the hollow husks aside  
And hoards the golden grain.

A winnower is Father Time:  
The chaff he blows away;  
The sweetest seed he treasures up  
For many a year and day.

Oh, very wise is Father Time!  
His fall is tried and true.  
I love the garnered pile of books  
He's winnowed through and through.

### Love and Fame.

I looked for Fame,  
And Love came flitting by  
But paused awhile to tuck  
With bated wings, to sigh,  
But still I looked for Fame,  
And Love fled by.

Fame came at last,  
When hope was almost sped,  
Fame came at last,  
When youth and joy had fled,  
And then I looked for Love;  
But Love was dead.

—M. T. Marshall.

### Be Brief.

Whether you write in prose or verse,  
When you've got a thing to say,  
Say it! Don't take half a day.  
When your tale's got into it,  
Crowd the whole thing in a minute.  
Life is short—a fleeting vapor—  
Don't fill the whole of your paper  
With a tale which, at a pinch,  
Could be corrected in an inch.  
Boll her down until she simmers:  
Polish her until she glimmers.  
When you've got a thing to say,  
Say it! Don't take half a day.  
—Christian Leader.

### Daring is Doing.

The intent and not the deed  
Is in our power; and therefore who dare  
Does greatly.—Brown's Barbarossa.

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