

HUNT IN A STOLEN BOAT.

Tale of Two Boys Who Floated for Deer and Bagged a Buck.

A Night on Lake Massawepie—Still Paddling in a Cedar Skiff—Playing the Sportsman and Playing the Fool.

[COPYRIGHT, 1896.]

"All right," said Perk. "Let's do it." We were "floating for deer," Perk and I, on Catamount pond. There was no moon, but the starlight filtered down through the darkness and made it translucent. Perk sat in the bow of the boat, facing forward, with a double-barreled shotgun, heavily charged, lying across his knees. Close beside him lay a loaded rifle. On his head was a rude leathern cap, surmounted by a dark lantern, so adjusted as to cast a beam of light along the sights and out into the gloom when he aimed his weapon. I sat in the stern and plied a noiseless paddle. We were mere boys—Perk about 15, and I two or three years older—but we understood our business. It was not the first time that we had hunted in the Adirondack woods.

Already we had paddled twice around the pond. A mammoth bullfrog, far up the inlet, shook the air with his belching; now and then the lily-pads rasped along the bottom of the boat with startling loudness; otherwise all was still. We felt that the case was hopeless on the Catamount.

"Let's cross to Massawepie and hunt there," I whispered.

"We can't lug the boat over the curvy," objected Perk.

"But we can hook old Breeze's canoe. I think I know where he left it."

Hank Breeze was a guide who had been camping on the lake, but he had started out with his party the day before. We knew that he was very choice of his boat—a frail cedar craft, with sides as thin as paper—but the temptation was too great. We succeeded.

I made for the landing, and we entered the dark path under the evergreens; the lantern slashed a quivering cleft through mist and shadow. It was full midnight when we reached the shore of the lake. The boat was easily found

the lake, and under my tremulous but practiced touch the canoe glided like a phantom toward the spot where he seemed likely to emerge. He was not two rods away when I steadied the boat and Perk turned the full glare of the light upon him; and he had not heard a sound. What a moment was that! He was standing up in his haunches in the shallows, and had thrust his nose deep among the lily-pads. He never raised it. Perk's well-aimed gun belched forth its thunderous blast of fire and shot and the whole circle of the cove was illuminated as by a lightning flash. The stricken creature sunk down without a struggle.

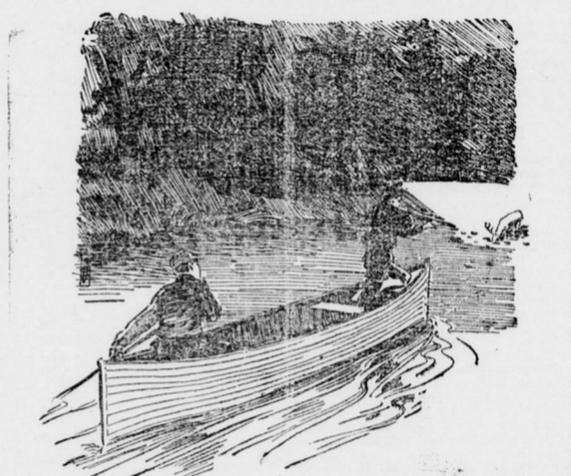
Thus far the oldest hunters in the woods could not have improved upon our procedure; but now that the deed was done the boy broke loose in us, and we fairly went mad with excitement. With two frenzied strokes of the paddles I drove the boat upon the very back of our prize.

"Give him the other barrel!" I shouted, as we surged forward, and Perk blazed away over the side, with a recoil that almost capsize us.

"Give him the rifle!" I shrieked, "and make sure."

Perk caught the weapon, but some trace of sanity had come back to him, and he refrained. The poor beast was stone dead, and the second shot had not touched him. But I was still possessed with the fear that he would suddenly jump up and run away; and that, after our success, would be mortifying beyond endurance. I sprang into the water—much to the alarm of Perk, who judged the depth by the blackness—caught the deer by the head, and pulled his neck across the edge of the boat. Then Perk crept cautiously down and cut the throat, after which we managed to heave the wet, heavy carcass into the canoe. It was a young buck, fat as butter; better luck never attended two young scoundrels, trespassing on forbidden waters in a stolen boat. It seemed to me, however, that Perk had not done his job thoroughly; so to make assurance doubly sure, I cut the throat again.

Meanwhile, in the very heat of our action, the shadowy pal of night had melted away. The dim but all-pervasive light of early dawn had pale



THE LIGHT SHONE FULL UPON IT

among the bushes; the paddle had been removed, but I had taken the precaution to bring my own.

Carefully steadying ourselves in the tottering craft—it was not built for novices—we pushed out on the still, black surface. There was not a breath of wind, and scarcely a murmur came from the deep forest wall that flanked the shore. As I made the soft, steady strokes that drove the light skiff swiftly onward, the almost imperceptible crumpling and rustling of my clothes was the loudest sound that I could hear; to Perk in the bow even this was quite inaudible. If the canoe were urged too fast, a trickling ripple at the bow gave warning. The streaming light of the lantern wavered over the water and flashed along the shore.

"Perk," I said, softly, "we had better run dark until we hear something."

And so we glided on for hours, skirting miles of shore. At night, in the forest, all things seem weird and strange; by the witchery of gloom and mist the most familiar landscape is transformed like the uncertain scenery of a dream. It was only by watching the stars that I could keep any idea of direction. A little group of projecting rocks loomed up like mountains until we were close upon them, then sunk almost to the level of the water. A clump of dead trees thrust up their arm against the sky with an effect that was night-marish. Yet all this, like the quivering of our dainty and mettlesome canoe, only added a joyous thrill to our delight; and as I pressed back the springy blade of my maple paddle, and drew forward the keen edge through the warm, soft liquid for another stroke, there was an indescribable exhilaration. Who could say what adventure was in store?

At last we landed on a little islet, and stretched our stiffened limbs on a bed of aromatic needles under the stunted pines. The temptation to sleep there was almost irresistible, but we could not afford to linger long. When we resumed our course the night was far advanced. The great dipper in the north was slanting its handle downward; the woods were full of chirpings; there were little splashes all along the shore as the boat floated on; morning was on hand.

We were just entering a dusky cove when I heard a crackling sound in the bushes. I laid my hand on the edge of the boat and gave it a slight shake; but Perk was already alert, and a pale beam of light was searching the reedy shore. I listened. Some heavy animal was certainly making his way down to

the stars and showed the wide expanse of the lake, gray with scurrying mist. We headed our heavily-laden skiff straight across to the landing at the cove, now easily recognizable. Soon we were far from shore; the boat was sunk almost to the gunwale; magnified by the vapors, the lake seemed like an inland sea.

Just then—was it an optical illusion?—I thought I perceived a tremor agitating the body of our victim. Certainly that hind leg was quivering. Perk, when his attention was called to the matter, got the same impression. The leg was twitching; the creature was not dead! We had heard many extraordinary tales of wild animals, apparently dead, that unexpectedly revived, to the dismay of the hunter. And if our buck should spring to his feet now—alas for us! We were panic-stricken. Remember—we were only a pair of boys, and our bark was frail, and the shore appeared very distant. It did seem foolhardy to take unnecessary risks; why not keep on the safe side? So I crept down on the bottom of the skiff, got out my knife and cut the unhappy victim's throat for the third time, almost severing the head. Even the excited imagination of a boy could not put life in him now. We proceeded with renewed confidence and soon reached the landing, where, though sadly incumbered with guns and paddle, we succeeded in dragging our booty across to the Catamount. Re-embarking in the clumsy tub in which we had started the night before, we soon crossed the pond; and, suspending our trophy on an oar, bearing it on our shoulders after the fashion of the Israelitish scouts who brought in that monster bunch of grapes from the promised land just as the rising sun had lighted his glorious red bonfire in the eastern sky, we marched into camp exultant. And who will blame us if we did play the fool a little over our first deer?

CHARLES KELSEY GAINES.

Cautions.

"Have you watered the cattle yet?" asked the farmer of his son.

"Not a head of 'em. I heard you say at the grange last night than any of those fellers caught watering stock ought to be sent to the penitentiary. I'm takin' no chances."—Detroit Free Press.

—Seven sons in the army is the record of Mrs. Keveth, of St. Breward, Cornwall. Queen Victoria has sent her \$50, her engraved picture in a frame, and a letter of her private secretary, asking for her photograph and that of her sons.—Military Gazette, Chicago.

ARCHITECTURE.

HOT WATER HEATING.

The Ideal System of Warming a House in Northern Latitudes.

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Scarcely a day goes by that does not witness some new application of electricity to the needs of mankind. By common consent the present is called the "Age of Electricity," and so it may not be too much to expect that very shortly this most powerful but still least understood of natural forces will be utilized to heat our houses as well as to light them. There has already been a limited application of electricity to heating purposes in some trolley cars, and electric cooking stoves have



PERSPECTIVE VIEW.

been made and used. But all of this has not yet passed the experimental stage.

With the above exceptions in mind, what may be called the latest of heating apparatus is that which makes use of hot water or a combination of hot water and hot air. The use of hot water in one form or another to raise the temperature of a room is by no means new. Many years ago every improved conservatory or green-house was equipped with large open troughs in which hot water circulated; later, the troughs were supplanted by large iron pipes, and this system still remains as the best for the purpose. But it was manifestly impossible to use such an apparatus for a dwelling, and only in comparatively recent years has the hot-water system been perfected by the substitution of radiators for troughs and pipe of large diameter.

Hot-water heating for dwellings has some prominent advantages that have done much to establish it firmly in favor. It is safe, for one thing, and it provides the most equable temperature as it can be carried a long distance horizontally. It is very easily regulated, and the matter of attendance is reduced to a minimum, which is no small consideration. There is no circulation of dust, which is the inevitable concomitant of hot-air heating. To get the very best results a hot-water plant should be installed in a new house, planned with this in view. Hot-water heating is estimated to require one-fourth more radiating surface than steam, and of necessity there must be more and larger radiators; these can be placed where they will not be obtrusive. They can be adjusted beneath the windows and enclosed, and arrangements can be made for the passage of a current of fresh air over the radiators, thus contributing admirably toward the ventilation of the house. The very latest application of hot water to heating is in combination with hot air, and in many ways this is the most perfect system of all. Both sources of heat are in the same furnace, which need be no larger than if either system was used by itself. The furnace is like the ordinary

portant architectural features. The design presented with this is arranged for the use of the combination system (hot air and hot water). A brief description we make as follows:

General Dimensions.—Width, through library and dining-room, 31 feet 10 inches; depth, including veranda, 52 feet 10 inches.

Heights of Stories.—Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 10 feet; second story, 9 feet.

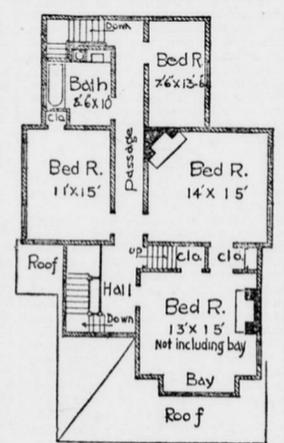
Exterior Materials.—Foundation, brick; first story, clapboards; second story and gables, shingles; roof, slate.

Interior Finish.—Hard white plaster; cellar ceiling plastered one heavy coat. Soft wood flooring throughout. Trim in hall and bedroom, oak; in library and dining-room, cherry; elsewhere, soft wood. Main staircase, oak. Picture molding in principal rooms and hall of first story. Panel backs under windows in parlors, library and dining-room; bathroom and kitchen wainscoted. Front entrance doors, oak. Interior woodwork finished with hard oil; soft wood stained to suit owner.

Colors.—All clapboards and sashes, buff. Trim, including water-table, corner boards, casings, bands, rain conductors, also front and rear outside doors and outside blinds, Tuscan yellow. Veranda ceiling and floor, oiled. Brick work, dark red. Veranda columns, all moldings and balusters, buff. Pedestals of columns and top and bottom rail of balusters, Tuscan yellow. Wall shingles dipped in and brush-coated with sienna stain.

Accommodations.—The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Cellar under the whole house, with inside and outside entrances and concrete floor. Laundry under kitchen. Furnace cellar under library and dining-room. Vegetable cellar under parlor and hall, separated by brick partition walls. Attic floored but unfinished; space for three rooms and storage. Sliding doors connect parlor, library and dining-room. Open fireplaces in parlor, library, dining-room and two bedrooms. Hat and coat closet off vestibule.

Three thousand four hundred and fifty dollars is the actual cost to build this house, not including heating apparatus, and a fair estimate for a sys-



PLAN OF SECOND FLOOR.

tem of hot-water heating giving indirect radiation downstairs and direct radiation in the second story would be about \$450. Radiators should be placed as near the windows as possible in parlor, dining-room, library and hall downstairs, and in the three larger bedrooms and bathroom in the second story. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor. In many sections of the country the cost should be less.—Cooperative Building Plan Association, Architects, New York.

The Temperature of Flames.

Dr. Hartley has described to the London Chemical society his experiments on the temperature of a candle flame, not only from the melting of gold and of platinum in the flame, but by an examination of the spectrum to be seen in the mantle. Experiments made with platinum wires heated in a batswing gas flame proved that the carbon does not lower the melting point of the platinum—that is, not in any appreciable degree; a small carbon mosaic flame melts a platinum wire of 1.100th inch thickness, and a cyanogen flame was shown to be intensely hot, for it melted such wire with extreme ease. These interesting experiments by Dr. Hartley in measuring the temperature of flames were carried on by means of gold leaf and with fine wire of platinum 1,300th of an inch in diameter.

When We Dwell in Dreamland.

Prof. Pheltshu says that lively dreams are in general a sign of nervous action. Soft dreams a sign of slight irritation of the brain, often in nervous fever announcing the approach of a favorable crisis. Frightful dreams are a determination of blood to the head. Dreams about blood and red objects are signs of inflammatory conditions. Dreams about rain and water are often signs of diseased mucous membranes and drowsy. Dreams of distorted forms are frequently a sign of abdominal obstruction and disorder of the liver. Dreams in which the patient sees any part of the body, especially suffering, indicates disease in that part. The nightmare, with great sensitiveness, is a sign of determination of blood to the chest.—Popular Science News.

X Rays Prove His Sanity.

A Hamburg young man has just had his sanity proved by the Roentgen rays. He declared ten years ago that he had a bullet in his head, which he had fired into it in trying to commit suicide. He complained of pain, and, as he attacked his keepers and the doctors could find no trace of a wound, was locked up as a dangerous lunatic. The Roentgen rays have now shown the exact place of the bullet.

MUSK IN PERFUMES.

Poisonous Adulterations Used by Manufacturers.

Odors of All Kinds Can Be Judged by a Knowledge of Olfactometry—A New Science Which May Become Useful to the Public.

M. Eugene Mesnard is certainly entitled to the thanks of the general public, and especially of the fair sex. Thanks to him, people are now able to measure smells, and it will be their own fault if they ever again annoy their own or their neighbors' nostrils with spurious perfumes.

This curious art of measuring smells is known in the scientific world as olfactometry. M. Mesnard has been studying it for some years, and has now perfected certain delicate instruments by means of which anyone, even without the slightest knowledge of physics or chemistry, can accurately determine not only the strength of the different perfumes, but also the changes which each of them undergoes under the influence of light, heat, humidity and other exterior forces.

To musk he has especially devoted his attention, since both natural and artificial musk are largely used by manufacturers as the basis of other perfumes. He tells us that the action of humidity is an important factor to be considered in this connection, since the moisture of the skin and the humidity of handkerchiefs and tissues play a great part in modifying more or less the persistency, the quality, and the strength of perfumes.

"Natural musk," he says, "being an organic product, is always more easily destroyed than artificial musk, which is a chemical product and less subject to change. It follows that if one forms a bouquet of perfumes by mixing different essential natural oils with an extract of natural musk these different products will become gradually modified with the lapse of time without any change being noticed in the distinctive perfume of the entire mixture. On the other hand, if artificial musk be used as the basis of mixture, there will be a lack of homogeneity, and the result will be that the natural perfumes will disappear first, and after some time there will only remain the perfume of the artificial musk, and this one will find it hard to get rid of."

"Many cheap perfumes, it is said, have artificial musk as a basis, and are consequently grossly deceptive, for in a short time all other odors disappear except that of the chemically-formed musk, and this remains with implacable persistency, so that finally it becomes absolutely objectionable. Experiments which have been tried show that at a certain temperature artificial musk becomes tainted and produces a sickening effect on those who smell it. Why, then, is it used. Simply because the olfactory nerves of those who constantly use such cheap perfumes become atrophied, and they do not perceive what a horrible odor they exhale and what a nuisance they are to persons whose sense of smell is finer than theirs."

According to M. Mesnard, perfumes that are pure can easily be distinguished from those that are adulterated. The former remain ever the same, neither light nor heat having any power to decompose them. Take, for example, a perfume made from orchids. M. Mesnard tells us that orchids only exhale their perfume at certain moments, and care, therefore, must be taken to extract it just at those moments. A genuine perfume of this kind is delightful, whereas an adulterated perfume of this kind would soon prove a delusion and a snare.

That there is a great deal of adulteration not only in perfumes but also in many cosmetics is well known to physicians. Here, for example, are the ingredients of certain cosmetics which are, or used to be, very popular: Iodide of potassium, red precipitate spirit, corrosive sublimate, chloric acid, alcohol, nitrate of mercury, white lead, oxide of zinc, chloride of lead, cantharides, iodine, acetate of lead, flowers of sulphur and extracts of colocyth. Now, all these ingredients may not be harmful, but all are certainly not harmless. The statement, indeed, has been made that cosmetics containing such ingredients should not be used at all, and that others less harmless, should be used very cautiously, and only upon advice of a physician.

Paul Mantegazza, the noted Italian author, has made a special study of this subject, and the disclosures which he makes in regard to the composition of certain well-known cosmetics are very interesting and instructive. He gives 266 recipes, many of which contain dangerous ingredients, while comparatively few are harmless.

That there is an immense profit in the sale of such stuff need hardly be said. What costs a dollar can, as a rule, be manufactured for a few cents. Thus, as Mantegazza points out, a person who makes an indiscriminate use of such cosmetics is likely to suffer both in health and pocket. If persons want to use cosmetics let them do so; only let them be sure that the cosmetics are harmless.

As to pure odors, the opinion seems to be growing that there is a greater virtue in them than is generally imagined. It seems ludicrous to talk about the morality of perfumes, and yet it would be hard to prove that there are not immoral as well as moral perfumes. If music can be thus classified, why not perfumes?—Chicago Tribune.

Consumption Caused by Intoxication.

Every medical man knows that indigestion and improper nutrition open wide the gates for the entrance of consumption, while, on the other hand, good digestion and nutrition enable even those subject to tuberculosis to live until some other cause brings about their death. This diseased condition of the digestive organs, which gives foothold to the destroyer, does not come in a short time, but often dates back to childhood.—Chicago Chronicle.

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RAILROAD TIMETABLES.

THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect December 15, 1895.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazle Brook, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazle and Hazleton Junction at 5:30, 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 5:30 a. m., p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:00 a. m., 4:15 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:00 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomhicken and Deringer at 6:35 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:55 a. m., 4:22 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:25, 11:10 a. m., 4:46 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:08 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomhicken, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction, Onedia, Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 2:25, 5:40 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 9:57 a. m., 9:07 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood Road, Onedia Junction, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 7:11 a. m., 12:40, 5:25 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:25 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:00 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Hazleton Junction for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazle Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 3:05, 5:47, 6:26 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:00 a. m., 3:28 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannette, Audent and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 6:00 a. m., Hazleton Junction at 6:25 a. m., and Shepton at 7:11 a. m., connect at Onedia Junction with Lehigh Valley trains east and west.

Train leaving Drifton at 5:30 a. m. makes connection at Deringer with P. R. R. train for Wilkesbarre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, an extra train will leave the former point at 3:30 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:00 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.

LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

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ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

LEAVE FREELAND.

6:05, 8:45, 9:30 a. m., 1:40, 4:30 p. m., for Jeddo, Lumber Yard, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, P. M., Easton and New York.

9:30, 10:41 a. m., 1:40, 2:31, 4:36, 6:15, 7:06 p. m., for Drifton, Jeddo, Foundry, Lumber Yard, Stockton and Hazleton.

9:08, 10:41 a. m., 2:33, 4:26, 7:05 p. m., for Hazleton, Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.

7:38, 7:58, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 5:15 p. m., for Sandy Run, White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkesbarre and Pittston.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

10:50 a. m. for Sandy Run, White Haven, Glen Summit and Wilkesbarre.

11:40 a. m. and 2:40 p. m. for Drifton, Jeddo, Lumber Yard and Hazleton.

6:24 p. m. for Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Philadelphia and New York.

ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7:28, 7:58, 9:20, 10:56, 11:54 a. m., 12:58, 2:20, 5:15, 6:46 p. m., from Hazleton, Stockton, Lumber Yard, Jeddo and Drifton.

7:28, 9:20, 10:56 a. m., 2:20, 5:15 p. m., from Delano, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Shamokin and Pottsville.

9:21, 10:56 a. m., 12:58, 6:07, 6:46 p. m., from New York, Philadelphia, Bethlehem, Allentown and Mauch Chunk.

9:36, 10:41 a. m., 2:33, 7:06 p. m. from Sandy Run, White Haven, Glen Summit, Wilkesbarre and Pittston.

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For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

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