TRIBUNE PRINTING COMPANY, Limited.

Mr. Creasy has a farm of one hundred acres, and he has earned his livelihood by work on the farm. Gov ernor Stone says nobody questions his honesty or his stability to make a good

nett in the southwestern counties the Republican county chairmen have asked Reeder to keep him out of their counties entirely. Secretary Ostermaier, of the Allegheny county organization, when asked a few days ago whether Barnett would speak in Pitts-burg, said: "I think not, I never heard any one mention the idea of bringing

The machine has had no end of trouble with its ticket. First, Adams, the machine candidate for judge, was shown to be the associate of rascals to such an extent that he wilted and retired. Now, Barnett, who was to turn the state upside. the state upside down on account of his dazzling military splendor, is charged with being a skulker in time of danger, who only left the safety of the ditch when the battle was over. Barnett may stay on the ticket to the finish, but he will not reach the treasurer's desk unless the voters of Pennsylvania have lost their senses.

Night after night on the platform

Night after night on the platform with Barnett are men, garbed in the uniform of the Tenth, signing ditties in Barnett's praise, describing in the lower register the blood-stained and corposite of the plains of Luzon, and in the upper register shrilling request for votes. These songsters have been passed off, with Colonel Barnett's connivance, as war-worn heroes from the ensanguined Orient, moved to their musical efforts by pure devotion to the gallant officer. The wise man never boasts of his These songsters have been passed off, with Colonel Barnett's connivance, as war-worn heroes from the ensanguined Orient, moved to their musical efforts by pure devotion to the gallant officer who led them against the terrified foeth titures out that this "Barnett Quintet" is a fraud. At least two of its uniformed members are not soldiers at all. One's occupation has been bottling beer, and another is a professional vocalist from the vaudeyille stage.

I himself has the hardest kind of task to pit of this perform.

The reakness with which a 17 year old girl refers to herself as an old maid is certainly amusing.

The wise man never boasts of his wise does nothing else.

The wise man never boasts of his wise does nothing else.

A bachelor says that wise married men are often as anxious to get out of matrimony as single fools are to get in the professional vocalist from the vaudeyille stage.

The vise man never boasts of his wise does nothing else.

A bachelor says that wise married men are often as anxious to get out of matrimony as single fools are to get in the professional vocalist from the vaudeyille stage.

The preak trouble with ensured the way and the himself has the hardest kind of task to reform.

The reakness with which a 17 year old girl refers to herself as an old maid is certainly amusing.

The wise man never boasts of his says the man who thinks he is wise does nothing else.

A bachelor says that wise married men are often as anxious to get out of matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to get in the matrimony as single fools are to ge

STORY OF THE PLAY.

"O'Brien, the Contractor."
Mr. Daniel Sully will appear as
"O'Brien, the Contractor." Monday
evening, November 6. The story of
this interesting play is briefly told as
follows: James O'Brien, who has obtained a charter for the construction of MONDAY AND THURSDAY STIBLUE PRIVING COMPANY, Limited.

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

COMPANY, LIMITED

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

COMPANY, LIMITED

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

COMPANY, LIMITED

OFFICE: MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

COMPANY, LIMITED

TO MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

COMPANY CONTRACT CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

COMPANY CONTRACT

TO MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

COMPANY CONTRACT

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CHARLES CONTRACT

FOR MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CHARLES CONTRACT

TO MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CHARLES CONTRACT

OF ABOYS CONTRACT CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CHARLES CONTRACT

TO MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CHARLES CONTRACT

TO MAIN STREET ABOYS CENTRAL

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ON THE ABOYS CHARLES CONTRACT

THE ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

THE ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

THE ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

THE ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

THE ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

THE ABOYS CONTRACT

THE ABOYS CONTRACT

ABOYS CONTRACT

THE ABOYS

The wives of Slamese noblemen cut their hair so that it sticks straight up from their heads. The average length of it is about one and one-half inches. The X-ray was tried on a little girl of Paulsboro, N. J., who has been treated two years for masal catarrh, and a guttapercha button was discovered in her nose.

At the launching of J. Pierpont Morgan's new yacht, the Corsair, in New-York, fourteen of the guests represented a total amount of wealth in excess of \$300,000,000.

"Hail Columbia" was written in 1798 by Joseph Hopkins (1770-1842), vice president of the American Philosophical society and president of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts.

In Iceland men and women are in lever respect nolltical goaps!

syivania Academy of Fine Arts.

In Iceland men and women are in every respect political equals. The nation which numbers about 70,000 people is governed by representatives elected by men and women together.

Son has been in the control of the con

Cold coffe is apt to make the board-

hem. Culture doesn't always make a gentleman. Some **ve**ry large beets are

UNCLE CALEB'S WILL.

"You mean that you can't put your-

rou mean that you can't put yourself out to give your mother's brother
a night's lodging!" said Caleb Cheverel,
bitterly.
The March wind, bearing dust and
grit and bits of flying paper on its
restless wings, came whistling around
the corner, lifting the old man's faded
comforter's ends and turning his blue
nose a shade bluer still, while Mrs.
Larkins, his eldest niece, stood in her
doorway, filling up the aperture with
her ample person in such a way as to
suggest the familiar legend, "No admittance!"
Mrs. Larkins was stout and bloom-

mittance!"
Mrs. Lakins was stout and blooming and cherry-cheeked, dressed in substantial alpaca, with gay gold brooch and eardrops, which bespoke anything but abject poverty.
Uncle Caleb was thin and meager and shabbily dressed, with glossy seams in his overcoat and finger-ends protruding from his worn gloves like ancient rosebuds coming out of their calyx.

ancient rosebuds coming out of their calyx.

"I'm very sorry," said Mrs. Larkins, stiffly; "but we have but one spare room, and that is at present occupied. Of course I should be glad to do all I could for you, but—"

"I understand, I understand," said

where her husband was welcoming the old stranger.

"Come in, Uncle Cheverel!—come in!" said honest Will Eldertop. "We're all upside down here—we mostly are, now that the spring cleaning is going on. But there's room for you if you don't mind the children and their noise and a little smell of whitewash in the spare room.

don't mind the children and their noise and a little smell of whitewash in the spare room.

Mrs. Eldertop's welcome was by no means so cordial. She looked, to use a common expression, "vinegar and darning needles" at the visitor, while in her inmost soul she calculated the probability of the cold boiled ham and turnips holding out for once more at supper.

"Come, Jenny, don't scowl so," said Mr. Eldertop, when Uncle Caleb had gone upstairs to wash his hands and face. "Ain't he your uncle?"

"A good for nothing old vagabond," said Mrs. Eldertop, acidly, "without a half-penny laid up ahead."

"For all that he's your guest," said her husband, "and you're bound to be civil to him. And here's his overcoat now, with a zig-zag rent in it. Just mend't while you are waiting for the kettle to boil."

"I won't!" said Mrs. Eldertop.
"All right," retorted her lord and master. "Then I'll take it next door to Alexia Allen to mend."

Now, Miss Allen, the tailoress, who

"I won't!" said Mrs. Eldertop.
"All right." retorted her lord and master. "Then I'll take it next door to Alexia Allen to mend."

Now, Miss Allen, the tailoress, who lived in the adjoining house, was pretty and buxom to look upon, and Mrs. Eldertop had nursed comfortably a jealousy of her for the 'saif four years."
"You'll do no such thing," said Jenny, tartly. "Hand it here."

And she threaded a needle with a black silk and thrust her finger into a thimble, very much as a determined crusader of old might have donned sword and shield for some encounter with the Moslem.

"What's that?" said Mr. Eldertop; for a folded paper fell from the pooket of the garment as his wife turned it upside down.

"Some tomfoolery or the other," answered Mrs. Jenny, brusquely.

"I fancy you're mistaken," said Mr. Eldertop. "It's the rough draft of a will." Mist look here, Jenny! I give and bequeath to my two beloved nieces, in equally divided parts, the 'sum of £10,000, at present invested in consols, and—"

"Go on!" said Mrs. Eldertop, breathlessly. "Read the rest."

"There is no rest," said her husband. "Their's the end of the paper. It's only a rough draft, I tell you. And now, what's your opinion of Uncle Cheverel's fortunes?"

"He's been a miser all along," said sa Mrs. Eldertop, her face growing radiant. "Making up poor mouths and traveling around the country with all this money in the funds. A regular old character—just like those one reads about in novels. Put it back, Will—put it back. We've no business to be prying into Uncle Caleb's secrets; but what a blessing it is he came here instead of stopping at Rebecca Larkins."

And when Uncle Cheverel came down stairs he was surprised at the sweet smiles with which his niece Jenny welcomed him.

"Been mending my coat, eh?" said Uncle Cheverel. "Thank'ee kindly, Jenny. I caught it on a nail yesterday, and I was calculating to sew it up myster of the myster of your uncles and thread."

"I'm glad to be of use, Uncle Caleb, "beamed Mrs. Eldertop, "Johnny, put on smoked maskerel for

"I'm glad to be of use, Uncle Caleb," beamed Mrs. Eldertop, "Johnny, put on your cap and run to the grocer's for a smoked mackerel for your uncle's breakfast. I hope you found your room comfortable, Uncle Caleb?"

Before she slept that night Mrs. Eldertop in the state of the st

dertop put on her bonnet and shawl and ran round to the Larkins' mansion to impart her wonderful tidings to Sister Rebecca.

arways were a worldly creature, Becky!"
"No more than yourself!" said Mrs. Larkins, bristling up. "But it's my family I am thinking of, Jenny, I'll tell you what—I'll come around and see him to-morrow."

family I she. "If come around and you what.—I'll come around and to-morrow."
"But don't you breathe a syllable about the will," said Mrs. Eldertop, in a mysterious whisper.
"Oh, not for worlds," said Mrs. Larger farvently.

a mysterious whisper.

"Oh, not for worlds," said Mrs. Larkins, fervently.
During the next week Uncle Cheverel was overwhelmed with civilities. On Thursday a new suit of clothes arrived, with Mrs. Larkins' best love and compilments. On Friday Mrs. Larkins came with an open barouche to take dear Uncle Caleb for a drive in the park. And on Saturday Mrs. Eldertop burst into tears and declared she should never be happy again if her mother's only brother didn't piedge himself then and there to make his future home with herself and Will.

Uncle Caleb looked a little puzzled. "Well," said he, "if you really make a point of it—but I was intending to meet Cousin John at Gravesend."

"Dear uncle, promise me to stay here always," cried Mrs. Eldertop, hysterically.

"Just as you say. Niece Jenny." as.

"Tim very sorry," said Mrs. Larkins, stiffly; "but we have but one spare room, and that is at present occupied. Of course I should be glad to do all I could for you, but—"
"I understand, I understand," said Uncle Cheverel, turning coldly away.
"I'll go to my niece Jenny. I wish you a very good evening,"
Mrs. Larkins closed the door with a sigh of very evident relief.
"I dare say Jenny will take care of him" she said philosophically. "Jenny has a smaller family than I have, But I don't see why he came up to London instead of staying peaceably down in Tortoise Hollow, where he belongs."
Mrs. Jennie Eldertop, Mr. Cheverel's youngest niece, had a smaller family than her sister Rebecca, but then she had a smaller income as well. She had just finished a vigorous day's cleaning when Uncle Caleb was announced.
"Oh, drat the man!" said Mrs. Eldertop, greatly to the indignation of the Larkins family, who did not hesistate to hint boldly at unfair advantages and undue impartiality.

But when Mr. and Mrs. Larkins came opin in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand and the more print the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "In mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed qualnt-ly "I mere was in such demand in the market," he observed

"Go along," said Mrs. Eldertop, impatiently.

"We have no paper here. Go to Amelia."

"Hold on, little chap—hold on!" said Uncle Caleb, fumbling in his overcoat pocket—he had been just about starting for a walk when the Larkins party arrived—"here's a bit as is of no use to nobody."

And he produced the "rough draft" and bestowed it on Johnny.
"One side's written on," said he, "and tother ain't. It was lying on the floor in Mr. Watkin's law office, when I stepped in to see if Joseph Hall was employed there as porter still. An old chum of mine Hall was in Tortoise Hollow. I can't bear to see even a bit of paper wasted, so I axed the clerk if it was of any use. He said no—it was only a draft of Dr. Falcon's will. Dr. Falcon made a new will every sil months, he said, so I just picked it up and put it in my pocket. Everything comes in use once in seven years, they say, and this is just right for little Johnny skite tail."

Mrs. Larkins looked at Mrs. Eldertop, Mr. Eldertop stared into the spectacled eyes of Mr. Larkins.
Uncle Caleb chuckled benevolently as little Johnny skipped away with the piece of paper which had been freighted with such wealth of anticipation. The Larkinses took leave without any unnecessary formula of adleux, and Mrs. Eldertop took cocasion to tell Uncle Caleb that perhaps he had better prosecute his original design of the Gravesend visit.

"Because we're expecting company to-morrow," said she, "and our best room will be wanted for a while. And," she added within herself, "I will take good care it shan't be empty again just at present."

So Uncle Caleb Cheverel went to Gravesend, where Cousin John was as poor and warm-hearted as himself, and he was never invited to return to London again.

Five years later Uncle Caleb departed this life and left behind him £20,-000 in consols—willed to John Clark.

he was never invited to return to London again.
Five years later Uncle Caleb departed this life and left behind him £20600 in consols—willed to John Clark.
To his "dear nieces," Jane Eldertop and
Rebecca Larkins, he left £5 each to
pay for the trouble he put them to when
he visited them. To say that there was
joy in the nieces' households when the
will was read would be to say what is
false, for, if the old man could have
guessed at all the unkind things that
would be uttered regarding him, I
doubt if he would have left them even
£5 each.

Yesterday morning a quall flew into the Star office, perched himself upon the press and assumed a look of perfect satisfaction. It was at first taken to be the whitewinged dove of peace, but more complete identity left only a question of the nature of the omen, as good or evil.—Wathena Star.

That Was Too Much.

That Was Too Much.
"Yes, she's mad at Charlie. She told
him she knew he was just going to
steal a kiss from her."
"And did that offend her so?"
"Oh, no, but he denied that he ever
thought of such a thing."—Philadelphila Bulletin.

The Cheerful Idiot. "People don't indulge in transports of innocent joy as they did when the world was younger," said Pessimisi Boarder.

"You must bear in mind that ther were no other transportation facilities in those days," said the Cheerful Idiot—Indianapolis Journal.

She Didn't Look.

"I was asking Biggs, the shopkeeper, if he ever knew a woman to pass his window with the mirror in it without taking a look at herself."

"Well, and what did he say?"

"He said he did once, but she was in a heare?" New York Well.

in a hearse."-New York World.

Plainly Bad Business.
Mr. Wall Street—Dlamonds are 25 per cent higher than six months ago and still rising.
Mrs. Wall Street—Just see what you

Was a Gifted Girl.

"How is your new maid, Mrs. Pique?"
"Unusually clever; she can tell a book agent from an old friend of the family every time."—Detroit Free Press.

LEARNING TO SPEAK

EXPERIMENTS IN TRYING TO EDCU-

Sambo Can Already Do Many Things His Trainer Has Taught Him But He Has Not Yet Learned to Talk

—An Interesting Orang Outang.

As an appropriate climar to a series of experiments in educating a monkey Mr. J. L. Buck, now in Boston, will try to make the monkey talk. The animal is one of the greatest curiosities in the similan line ever seen. The point to which his education has been carried is wonderful. He rejoices in the name of Sambo, and is a Bornean of the orang-outang species.

Sambo eats at the table with as much complacency as a Christion, and behaves better at his meals than some Christians. In describing his method of teaching Sambo how he must use a spoon Mr. Buck explained that he placed the food in a very deep cup; Sambo's natural intelligence at once showed him the use of a spoon; but he at first made the mistake of bringing the provender from the depth of the cup by means of the spoon and then laying down on the table to be grabbed with his fingers.

Mr. Buck cured Sambo of this habit by placing a hungry monkey at the table beside him. When Sambo would lay it down the hungry one would smatch it away. After a while Sambo saw the point, and folled the thief by carrying the food directly from the cup to his mouth by means of the spoon. The accomplishment acquired there was no more trouble.

Sambo was taught the value of clothing by being left for a time in a cold place and afterward taken in and warmly clothed. In this way the advantage of wearing clothes soon became apparent to his monkey mind. What caused Mr. Buck most perplexity was how to get Sambo to wear acap, for he seemed to have a rooted antipathy to any kind of headgear. The trainer was almost on the point of giving up, when one day he noticed that flies were annoying the monkey very much. When they were particularly persistent around his head Sambo would pull up his coat to protect his poil. Impiration came to Mr. Buck. Daubling a little molasses on Sambo's head he left him for a time to be tormetted by the flee, and then placed a cap over his head to show him the use of a covering. Sambo realized the utility of a cap at once and has worn it without protest ever s



(Sambo.)
Although Sambo is hardly of an age to grasp the advantage of speech, his trainer considers that even a year of unavailing effort will not be time wasted, as he is confident that as Sambo grows older he will learn the language. At his present age, 2 years. Sambo is very nearly as far advanced as most bables, as he uses the words "Mamma" and "Come back." Mrs. Buck has petted Sambo to such an extent that if she leaves the room he will cry continually "Mamma," and on her reappearance will say distinctly, "Come back."

ARROWS FROM THE QUIVER.

It is a wonderful subduer—this love this hunger of the heart—George Ellot.

We paint love as a child, when he should sit a glant on his clouds, the great disturbing spirit of the world—Groly.

Love is the purification of the hearr from self; it strengthens and ennobles the character, gives higher motives and nobler aim to every action of life and makes both man and womar strong, noble and courageous.—Jews bury.

Love is the bond and the sanction which connects not only man with man, but with everything which exists. We are born into the world and there is something within us which, from the instant that we live more and more thirsts after its like ness.—Shelley.

Love, like the opening of the heavens to the saints, shows for a moment even to the dullest man, the possibility of the hunan race. He has faith lope and charity for another being still, it is a great advance for a man to be profoundly loving, even in his imagination.—Helps.

Love is the burden of all nature's odes. The song of the birds is an epithalamium, a hymeneal. The marriage of the flowers spots the meadows.

odes. The song of the birds is at epithalamium, a hymeneal. The mar riage of the flowers spots the meadows and fringes the hedges with pearls and diamonds. In the deep water, it he high air, in woods and pastures and the bowels of the earth, this is the employment and condition of all things.—Thoreau.

國力國力國力國力國力國力國力國力國力國力國力國力國

TO Be Satisfied!

When you come to us to buy. Our Enormous Stock affords an Excellent Assortment to choose from, and the quality of our goods is such that you have confidence in them. You don't feel always as if something was going to happen or go wrong with them.

Our shelves and counters are now filled with the latest Fall styles. Our Hat and Boot and Shoe Departments contain the very latest from the manufacturers. In Gents' Furnishings we will continue to lead, as in the past, and invite you to examine our assortment.

Underwear of every description and at prices that will please you. Our goods are exactly as represented, therefore you get just what you want. Gloves of Every Description, Neckwear, Shirts of All Kinds and Men's and Boys' Hose in Endless Varieties. A fine selection of Boys' Knee Pants for Winter Wear has just arrived.

MCMENAMIN'S

Gents' Furnishing, Hat and Shoe Store,

86 CENTRE STREET.

SEND NO MONEY WITH YOUR ORDER, cut this ad, out and send to us, and



TRUSSES, 65c, \$1.25 AND UP and fringes the hedges with pearls and diamonds. In the deep water, in the high air, in woods and pastures, and the bowels of the earth, this is the employment and condition of all things.—Thoreau.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It costs a little more than \$100,000 a years a little more than \$100,000 a when the reputer is large or mind; also state number of the capitol building at Washington.

Excepting grape wine, the oldest at cholic beverage known to man is sake, a rice wine. It has been used by the Japanese for over 2,000 years.

\$1.98 BUYS A \$3.50 SUIT
\$,000 CHEMINATED "NYSHIWARNOUT" DOE HIS
PRICE SAME PLATS SUITS AT \$1.00
PRICE SAME PLATS SUITS AT \$1.0 SEARS, ROBBUCK & CO. (Inc.), Chicago, Ill.