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HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS.

Let us name a few:

Fine, solid oak bed room suite,
\$17.50, Parlor suite, \$20.00

Rogers, best, triple plated
knives and forks, \$3.49 doz.,

All wool ingrain carpets, 49c yd.,
Tapestry brussels carpet 49c yd.,

Full size bed blankets 47c a pr.,
Wall paper, any kind, 2c a roll.

EVERYTHING to furnish a house about 25 per cent. less
than you can buy it elsewhere.

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We have the
Largest and Best
Line of
Rubber,
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Felt
Boots

You wish to select from.

This "ad" and \$1. will buy a pair of men's
good Articles before Tuesday.

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NEW YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE

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Everything New

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A very nice all wool top coat at \$4.59,
the best value on earth.

A Nobby Man's Suit at \$4.50, Worth \$6.50.	
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will go to the home or do the work
at home. Address: East Linn, Pa.
opposite Sawkill Mill, Milford, Pa.

to cleanse the liver, remove obstructions
and invigorate the system.

It Made Her Indignant.
"How much to take me to the depot?"
"Fifty cents," answered the cabman.
"And how much for myself and my wife?"
"Seventy-five cents."
At this point a large and indignant woman broke into the conversation.
"Why, you insulting fellow!" she exclaimed. "Don't you suppose I'm worth as much as he is every day in the week? Do you think I'm a trapeze artist or a baby to be humiliated for half price? Well, I guess not."—Chicago Post.

She Gets Them.
"My dear," he said, with an ill-concealed ring of relief in his voice, "diamonds have gone up nearly 50 per cent. So I find the earnings I promised you will cost more than I can afford."
"Oh!" she cried, "isn't that too bad!"
"Yes, I'm very sorry."
"So am I, dear. It's a shame that you'll have to pay more than you can afford."—Philadelphia Press.

A Matter of Confidence.
"How did he acquire the reputation of being such a brilliant man?" inquired one voter.
"By means of his convincing manner," answered the other. "He got people to believing that he thoroughly understood his own arguments and they regarded him as a genius."—Washington Star.

Hasty Explanation.
"What are you doing in my house?" demanded the owner of the premises, suddenly appearing on the scene in his nightgown and carrying a huge revolver.
"I'm taking active steps to get out of it!" replied the burglar, vanishing through a window without taking the trouble to open it.—Chicago Tribune.

His Grasping Disposition.
"They say," remarked the mother, thoughtfully, referring to the young man who had called the previous evening, "that he is of a grasping disposition."
"Well I should say he was!" exclaimed the small boy.
"Willie!" cautioned his sister, but it was too late.
"You just ought to have seen the way he grasped Lou when she said she'd marry him," persisted the youngster.—Chicago Post.

No Lack of Parasols.
A Scotch divine took one of his parishioners to task for his non-attendance at church: the man said:
"I dinna like lang sermons." The parson, with some wrath, replied:
"John, ye'll des, and go to a place where ye'll not have the privilege of hearing long or short sermons."
"That may be," said John, "but it winna be for lack of parasols."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Proved.
"It's jes' goes to show," said Mr. Erastus Pinsky, ruefully, "it jes' goes to show."
"What are you all talking about?"
"De 'lection. It's de fust time I ever voted. De man he offered me two dollars an' I took it. My uncle has been free a lot o' campaigns, an' he made 'im gib us five. It jes' goes to show dat dar ain' no chance any mo' fo' de young man in politics."—Washington Star.

Glory!
"Well, you look as though something pleasant had happened. Has that man you invested in turned out to be all right after all?"
"No. By George, this is something better than mine! We put our baby to sleep at six o'clock last night and he never woke up till nearly four this morning!"—Chicago Times-Herald.

She Had to Be.
"You are verbose," he said, by way of criticism.
"Unfortunately," she said, "I have to be."
Naturally he was curious.
"One must live up to one's reputation," she explained, "and you know the reputation of my sex. It is very trying to have a record to maintain."—Chicago Post.

Might Be Worse.
"Mistress—Be quiet, I'm beginning to lose patience with you. There wouldn't be a blessed thing done about the house if I didn't keep telling you to do it. You couldn't possibly be worse."
"Bridget—O, I don't know, ma'am; might rayfuse ten do what ye towid me."—Philadelphia Press.

Worse and Worse.
"Why so glum, old man—wife give you a box of cigars?"
"She did."
"No, confound it! they're good. That's what worries me. Is she a judge of the things herself, or has she a gentleman friend?"—Judge.

Discord.
"Edith, you oughtn't to wear your pink satin waist with a rainy-day skirt."
"Edgar, you don't know a thing about styles."
"Well, I know that you'd have me looked up if I wore my dress coat with my plaid golf hose."—Chicago Record.

Excellent Prospects.
The heiress—Oh, papa! The duke has proposed.
Papa—H'm! What are his prospects?
The heiress—He says he can settle with his creditors for a shilling on the pound!—Brooklyn Life.

A Modern Parallel.
When Orpheus twanged Apollo's lyre
Tress and rocks would that heard him play;
When Mabel her piano wire
Twanged night and day, without a tie,
She made her neighbors move away.—Judge.

NOT VERY LAMELY.
Mrs. Brophy—Don't let me ever catch you at the jam cupboard again.
Robbie—No jolly fear! It wasn't my fault yer caught me this time!—Ally Slopier.

The Length of the Digestion.
She—That was a long sermon, wasn't it?
He—I should say so. Why, it took him half an hour after he began to preach before he got back to where he started.—Brooklyn Life.

The Parasol's Feature.
"But," she protested, "your fashions are not at all Parisian, although you advertise the latest hints from Paris."
"Ah," replied the ladies' tailor, "that refers to the prices."—Baltimore American.

The Personal Equation.
Nibb—My money affairs are in horrible shape. I don't know where to turn to.
Licks—You mean you don't know whom to turn to.—Brooklyn Life.

Doubt.
She—How much do you love me?
He—That's what I would like to know.—Detroit Free Press.

HOMEMADE SAUSAGE.

Some Suggestions Which Will Ensure A Good Article If Closely Followed.

It is not strange that there should be a general prejudice against sausage made in wholesale quantities. While the practice, so common in certain parts of Europe, of using the flesh of horses which are fattened after they have passed their usefulness as beasts of burden does not prevail in this country, there is always a temptation to use inferior pork, mutton, veal and beef when sausage meat is made in the bulk. A great deal of poor meat which could not be sold in any other form is invariably disposed of in this way, its ill flavor concealed by abundant spices and flavoring herbs. The sausage meat made by the New England farmer's wife, says the New York Tribune, owes its excellence to the care with which the best trimmings of the pork were sorted out, weighed and seasoned, as much as to any set rule. There is usually a liberal supply of sage and some summer savory in this sausage meat, but no cloves or mace. It is packed in muslin bags, which make rolls of about three inches in diameter, or in pans. The bags are dipped in melted fat after they are filled, and hung out in the cold at once for the fat to harden and form a coating on the outside to preserve the meat from the air. This is a much easier and neater way of packing sausage meat than the familiar way of cleansing the intestinal tubes for the purpose. The cost of the labor in preparing these tubes is greater to-day than the cost of clean muslin bags made for the purpose. To make 15 pounds of sausage meat by the ordinary New England method, select ten pounds of fresh, lean, young pork and five pounds of fresh, clean fat pork. Use the firm fat near the skin of the pig. The intestinal fat is fit for nothing but to be fried out for lard. Chop the lean and firm fat as fine as you can add a quarter of a pound of salt and three-quarters of an ounce of summer savory leaves, and an ounce of sage leaves, both pounded fine and sifted. Add also, one ounce of fresh black pepper. Mix the seasoning thoroughly, and if you have a sausage grinder grind the whole together. If the meat is put in bags, pack it in them and dip them in melted lard, as we have described, but if it is packed in pans or jars, cover it with a layer of melted lard, which should be hardened at once to shut out the air.

Persons who dislike pork in any form often make sausage meat of veal. This is usually made of two-thirds clean, lean veal and one-third beef suet. Some cooks prefer only a quarter suet. Chop the meat fine. Add a scant tablespoonful of salt to every pound of this sausage meat. Season it in the same way and with about the same proportion of herbs and pepper used in pork sausage, or add a tablespoonful of ground cloves, allspice, powdered sage and nutmeg to every pound of meat, and omit the summer savory.

HE REMEMBERED HIM.
And the Old Man's Recollection of Him Was Anything But Flattering.
To see one's self as others see him is always interesting, if not flattering. "When I recently went to visit my parents, who live in an agricultural region out west," said a well-known New York newspaper man, "I visited the Troy Times. It is one day used by a farmer on whose property I had worked for a time when a boy. My old acquaintance did not seem to recognize me, and, thinking that he had entirely forgotten me, I asked him if he did not remember a neighbor's son, mentioning his name, to whom he gave employment about 20 years ago. 'Yes,' said the farmer, 'I shall never forget him, for he was the worst boy in the community, a boy who was as frisky and chipper as could be when there was no work to do, but who always had a bad pain when there was water to be carried to the harvest hands, or firewood to be fetched in, or the cows to be hunted, or the grindstone to be turned; a boy who was always at work at the rabbit trap, or a machine to hull walnuts, or a sawmill, or something; a boy who had a dam across every stream in this section and a flutter wheel going at every dam. That's the only boy I ever knew by the name you've mentioned. I saw that he hadn't entirely forgotten me, and I asked: 'What do you suppose that boy is doing now?' 'I don't know,' he answered, 'in a meditative way, but I expect he is in jail. He ought to be, anyway, if he is still alive and hasn't reformed.' 'No, he is not in jail,' I said, 'thinking I would surprise him; he is the editor of a newspaper.' 'Well,' answered the old farmer, slowly, after changing his mind of tobacco from his left to his right cheek, 'I always said he would come to something bad, and, to tell the truth, I haven't got much sympathy for him.'"

Cure of Floors.
Painted or varnished floors may be kept in good condition by wiping with a damp cloth and then rubbing with a dry woolen cloth. This, of course, is for floors that do not get badly soiled. Kitchen or pantry floors may be washed with skim milk; if very dirty, with soap and water. A scrubbing brush should never be used on a painted or varnished floor.—Ladies' Home Journal.


Potatoes Roasted with Turkey.
Neatly pare even-sized white potatoes and lay in salted cold water for 30 minutes; wipe dry, dust slightly with pepper, rub with softened butter, lay close to the sides of turkey and bake often as well until well browned.—Ladies' World, New York.

All Men Are Liars.
Mabel—I must say that for absolute untrustworthiness there's nothing like a man.
Kate—Why, what makes you say that?
Mabel—Well, you remember when I rejected Mr. Bullfinch about three weeks ago?
Kate—Yes.
Mabel—Well, he said he should certainly pine away and die, and I should be his murderer. Well, I just met him in the street walking with another girl, and actually I believe the fellow has gained 20 pounds in weight.—Tit-Bits.

His Idea Precisely.
"What we want to do," said the worried man, "is to take money out of politics."
"Well," answered Senator Sorghum, "I have done my best in that direction. I have taken \$400,000 or \$500,000 out of it up to the present time."
—Washington Star.

That Little.
Man wants but little here below,
No matter what the fates have brought,
Or high or low his earthly lot,
He wants a "little" more.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A KITTENISH HINT.



Young Woman (to her admirer)—
Tell me, Mr. George, do kittens really exist only in novels?—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Hope.
Into each breast some rain must fall,
But comfort will come, dear friends, to us all.
For after to-day is to-morrow,
—Detroit Free Press.

How He Cured Him.
"I suffer dreadfully from insomnia, doctor," said the patient.
"Indeed?" replied the physician;
"we'll soon correct that."
And he did, for this particular physician was able to procure for his patient a situation as night watchman.
—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

The Modest Maid.
He (enthusiastically)—I love every thing that is grand, beautiful, poetic and lovely. I love the peerless, the serene and the perfect in life.
She—How you must love me, darling; why did you not propose before?
—Tit-Bits.

The Wonders of Progress.
"Some of those mind readers must be wonderful."
"They are. They claim that they can see a woman changing her mind."
—Brooklyn Life.

The Viewpoint.
"In some things," observed the student of human nature, "how strikingly men resemble hogs!"
"In most things," responded the cynic, "how strikingly hogs resemble men!"—Chicago Tribune.

Hope.
First Microbe—It's too bad the women have stopped wearing these trailing dresses.
Second Microbe—Yes; but never mind. We'll come into fashion again.—Brooklyn Life.

Different Altogether.
"Kitty, I can't stand your extravagance at school; \$15 a month for candy."
"But, pa, I don't pay for it; I have the bills sent to you."—Indianapolis Journal.

Mean Thing.
Maud—Some impudent fellow kissed me by mistake.
Mabel—When?
Maud—After dark last night.
Mabel—I thought so.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Condensed.
Mrs. Hously—Say, milkman, when I want condensed milk I'll let you know.
Milkman—Condensed?
Mrs. Hously—Yes. This pint and a half for a quart has got to stop.—Sydney Herald.

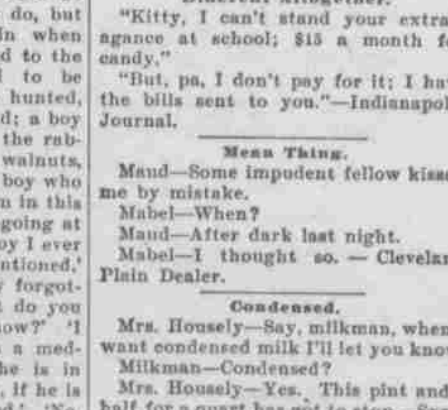
So Unbiased.
Critic—Although my review is severe, I trust you do not attribute it to malice.
Author—Not at all. I ascribe its tone to your ignorance of the subject handled.—Town Topics.

Contradicted.
"Americans lack the power of repose."
"Oh, that is too sweeping. I know plenty of Americans who haven't anything else."—Detroit Free Press.

Exaggeration.
Hicks—Billion tells me that he is a century rider.
Wicks—Yes! It would take him a century to ride a hundred miles.—Louisville Journal.

Reasonable Objection.
She—And why do you object to women voting?
He—Because I believe in a secret ballot.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Cold Engagement.
"Well, I've caught that Boston girl."
"Then you've caught a cold."—Town Topics.



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