

Continuation of I. D. BENEMAN'S GREAT SALE

We Are Positively Going to Sell Out Our Ready-to-Wear Clothing

Men's, Young Men's & Boys' Suits & Overcoats at Less Than Cost

We are selling our entire stock of \$8000 worth of clothing less than wholesale prices. We refuse to carry any over as we want to make room for other lines. Our stock contains the season's best and most stylish productions, elegantly tailored Suits of fine worsted, serges and smooth finished cassimeres. This is your great chance to get your boys school suits for little money. Come and get our prices and be convinced of what we say. Also great reductions in Shoes, Hats and Ladies' goods.

I. D. BENEMAN'S

DEPARTMENT STORE

East Main Street, Mount Joy, Pa.

Get Your Next Set Of Sale Bills Printed Here

Underwear Underwear

We have gathered from the largest Manufacturers, the cream of this season's production and are offering to the trade values not to be found elsewhere, as to priced quality and particularly as to fit.

As a perfect fitting dress is imposible over poorly fitted undergarments.

Men's Underwear

The most difficult problem is to secure a garment to retail at 25c on account of the high price of cotton We believe we have the best to be had in either long or short sleeves, full size, drawers reinforced seat, and no seconds.

At 50c we offer the Williams Bros. make fine Egyptian yarn, shirts long or short sleeve, drawers reinforced seat and extension band at waist line.

The Imperial Union suit has come to stay. The most perfect fitting garment on the market. Short sleeve, 3-4 length, drop-seat. We show two qualities, \$1.00 and \$1.50 per suit. Athletic underwear, showing up better each season, made of fine cloth. Not as clinging as the balbriggan and cooler. All sizes, in two qualities, 25 and 50c.

Boys' Balbriggan Underwear, short sleeve shirts, knee length drawers, at 25c a garment.

- Ladies' "Setsnug" Union Suits at \$1.00
- Ladies' "Cumfy" Union Suits at 50c
- Ladies' Union Suits at 25c
- Ladies' "Cumfy" Vests, can't slip off shoulders, at 12 1/2 and 15c
- Ladies' Strap or wing vests, at 10 and 12 1/2c
- Ladies' fine gauze, long or short sleeve vests, 25c
- Children's Union Suits, 25c
- Children's Union Suits of fine combed yarns, all taped, at 50c
- Children's Vest and Pants, high neck, long or short sleeves, 10c to 25c
- Children's fine gauze vests, strapped, at 10c
- Infants Wrappers at 10c
- Infants Wrappers at 5c

NEW TOWN

Mr. Wm. Hornafus and wife of Harrisburg paid a short visit to relatives and friends in this place over Sunday.

Mr. Harry Myers returned last week to his place of business in New York after spending his vacation here with his parents.

Mrs. Harry Fogle and son left for their home in Braddock after a visit to relatives here.

Mr. Nehemiah Haines spent Sunday at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Florence Rehm.

Mrs. Herman Frank of York and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Frank of Maytown spent Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Resh.

Roy Bracht, an employe of the Rollman Manufacturing Co. of Mt. Joy, had the misfortune of being badly burned about the face and neck last week. No serious results are likely to follow.

Mr. Rufus Hipple, who has been afflicted with muscular rheumatism, is able to leave the house and is on a fair way to complete recovery.

The latest arrival of a baby girl at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Orlist Wittle caused smiles on the faces of the parents.

The Brethren in Christ will hold services next Sunday morning in the church in this place.

Preaching next Sunday evening by the pastor at 7 o'clock.

SALE REGISTER

A Notice in This List is Read by Several Thousand People Weekly

Following is a list of sales for which posters have been printed or else are advertised in this paper. These notices are given FREE until day of sale.

Saturday, Sept. 14—In Rapho township, 70 acres of gravel and limestone land with improvements, by E. S. Metzler. Summy, auc. See ad.

Saturday, Aug. 31—At the Court House, Lancaster, receivers sale of the power plant, pole lines, franchises, etc., of the Elizabethtown and Marietta Electric Light Company by Bernard J. Myers and John A. Naudman, Receivers. See ad.

Saturday, Aug. 17—At the Farmers' Inn Stock Yards, Mt. Joy, a carload of Crawford County horses and colts and a few acclimated horses by Ed. Ream. Zeller, auc.

LUCKY ACCIDENT FOR MINER

What at First Seemed Adverse Stroke of Fate Turned Out a Caprice of Fortune.

Where hundreds of men are "prospecting" one of them is liable, of course, to stumble upon a ledge that "pans out" in paying gold or silver. That lucky "find" gives birth to a dozen stories about millionaires who have become "rich beyond the dreams of avarice" by some fortunate accident. The following story is such a one.

A miner named Adams was prospecting in a northwestern state, while trudging along, one hot day, through a gulch, where the sun had a good chance at his back, he suddenly smelled smoke. He glanced quickly in every direction to ascertain the origin of the smoke, but seeing nothing resumed his journey. A moment later the smell returned stronger than ever. A light wreath of vapor curled about his ears and gave him to understand that his haversack was on fire. Like all miners, he carried a large lens for the purpose of examining the specimens of the sand in his pan and the truth flashed upon him. For want of room he had hung the glass on the outside and the rays of the sun had been concentrated on his haversack, which was thus set on fire. As among its contents were 12 or 15 pounds of powder he lost no time in dropping the burden.

The haversack fell between two huge stones, out of sight. Adams reached a safe distance and watched the smoke rising from his worldly possessions. Suddenly there was a deafening report. The ground trembled and Adams dodged behind a huge stone. Rising, he went to the spot to gather up what he could find, when his eyes almost started out of his head at seeing the quartz that had been blown up fairly glittering with gold. His powder had done better on his own account than it had ever done on his, and had literally blown open a gold mine for his benefit. He was made a rich man and named his mine the "Nick o' Time."

Many "Holy Lands." Christians use the term Holy Land to designate Palestine, as being the scene of the birth, ministry and death of Christ, but, interestingly enough, other religious sects employ the same term for places sacred to them from association. Thus the Mohammedans speak of Mecca as the Holy Land, it being the birthplace of Mohammed. The Chinese Buddhists call India the Holy Land, because the founder of their religion was born there, while the Greeks bestow this same title on Elis, where was situated the temple of Olympian Zeus.

He Had Nothing on Sandy. A Scotch gamekeeper who had been left in charge of an estate was being questioned by an English visitor. "Are there many deer on the place?" "Hundreds, sir." "Many hares?" "Thousands, sir." "Well, now, are there many ghillies?" asked the Englishman sarcastically. For a moment the gamekeeper hesitated, then he replied: "Well, sir, they come like yersel, just noo and then."

You can get the best selection in Clothing, Shoes and Hats at I. D. Beneman's slaughter sale.

An Unsung Hero.

They have told you for years of the "brave engineers" who pilot the trains to the station; And they've caroled to you of the "over-the-hill" men.

The badge of a worthy vocation. Now I'm full of praise for the engineers' ways.

And to glorify them none is quicker, Yet let me be heard as I venture a word For the man at the telegraph ticker.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Hear how the instruments chatter and clicker Daytime and night, swifter than light, Orders for trains from the man at the ticker.

The engineer's brain is concerned with one train. Dispatchers must think about many. And to handle the lot with the Morse dash-and-dot

Needs a hand that is equal to any. So the engineer smiles as he reels off the miles

With his train orders fresh as he takes a walk

But the hero to me is the man at the key, The nervy dispatcher who makes 'em.

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! There goes the limited-flash and a flicker— One little hitch—train in the ditch! Nice ticklish task to be man at the ticker.

When the flood's running high and the train card's awry, And the schedule's busted to flinders, He must "get the line clear" for the trains far and near.

No matter what obstacle hinders! Till the tangle is straight he is "Boss," he is Fate.

There is no one to question or bicker, Whether four tracks or one, all the traffic is run at the telegraph ticker.

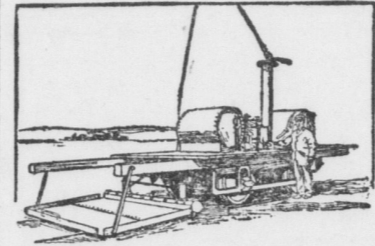
By the man at the telegraph ticker. Clickety-click! Clickety-click! "Send on the wrecker at once if not quicker, Train's jumped the rails!" somebody

Action's the word for the man at the ticker! It's a big game of chess with no "chances" or "guess." And the board is a busy division. For a move that is wrong might be death to a throng

In a smash or a head-on collision. Your life's in his hand when you travel on land.

And as heroes are measured, his stature will loom up, right near to the "brave engineer." I drink to the merry dispatcher!

Clickety-click! Clickety-click! Wife may be sick and the baby be sicker; Still he must stick right at his "tick," Here's to the man at the telegraph ticker! —Berton Bralby in the Twice-a-month Popular Magazine.



Weed Burner for Electric Railroad Tracks.

scorches the weeds, which die in about twenty-four hours under sunny conditions of weather. The dead weeds are later removed and burned. A water tank is carried to enable the operators to extinguish possible fires in old dry ties. Good, sound ties will not catch fire readily. The weed burner, with a crew of two or three men, can cover two miles an hour on the level with ease. It is being used with success on an electric railroad in Ohio.—Popular Mechanics.

Shocked the Superintendent. He entered the superintendent's office in a kind of bashful, well-kept-but-businessevery sort of manner and quietly asked the busy man if the superintendent was in.

"I am he," replied that official without raising his eyes from the desk—"what do you want?"

"One of your trains killed my dog a few days ago and I thought I would stop in and—"

"Well, he had no business on our tracks; you should have kept him tied."

"Yes, I know," meekly responded the caller, "but I didn't, and he got on the track and was killed, and I thought you ought to—"

"But we won't! We don't pay for killing dogs on this road."

"Who said anything about pay?" replied the ex-dog owner. "I'd been trying for a month to get some one to drown that measly cur, and as the railroad has killed him for me, I thought you ought to be paid for the job here's two dollars"—Railroad Employe.

Required an Instrument. Porter (at wayside station, whose help in the matter of a speck of dust has been solicited)—All right, miss, I've got it. Quick. Lend me your 'at-pin.—Punch.

Neither Very Good. "I thought you said his word was as good as his bond?" "So I did."

"But he broke his word." "And he would jump his bond." Subscribe for the Mt. Joy Bulletin.

A Musical Treat Should Music his Ambition be. His playing will be sweet and free And full of easy grace, if he Wears White House Shoes. \$3.00 to \$4.50. Getz Bros.

Golden Tan Caps at Getz Bros. 50c. 50c Caps while they last, 39c. Getz Bros.

An Historic Place.

In East Donegal township, near Kraybill's Old Mennonite church, and about a mile south of the old historic Donegal church, there is a very historic place.

Many years ago there was a large Indian village here. The land was at one time owned by John Kraybill and later by his son, Henry Kraybill who erected the farm buildings. Over forty years ago it was purchased by Daniel S. Helsey, now residing at Florin, who is now in his seventy-seventh year, and only recently decided to dispose of it. On this farm is an excellent spring of pure water, where it is said many a red man quenched his thirst. The farm buildings now stand on the very spot where the Indians had their wigwams. Quite frequently Indian relics have been found on this historic farm.

Camped at Wild Cat

The following people from this place, composing the choir of St. Luke's Episcopal church, and the rector, Rev. Chas. E. Berghaus, encamped at the Wild Cat Falls Inn for several days last week. They were chaperoned by Mrs. Emma B. Zellers. Those in the party were: Thomas J. Brown, George B. Zellers, Elsie M. Battye, H. Marie Zellers, Berwood Zellers, Sarah Ellis, Grace Henry, Edna Ryan, Mary Gillums, George Brown, Charles Henry, Jacob Zellers, Elwood Gillums. They were taken to Marietta in automobiles by George, Thomas and Walter Brown.

A Party of 500

Samples have arrived for your inspection of the newest clothes for Fall and Winter Suitings. Your measure taken and a fitting suit guaranteed. \$13.50 to \$45.00. Getz Bros.

Great reductions in Shoes and Ox-fords at I. D. Beneman's Department Store, Mount Joy.

PHRASES ON HEEL AND TOE

Two Words Seem to Have Lent Themselves to Innumerable Coined Expressions.

The fact that heels and toes are the only words which signify both parts of the body and parts of its clothing is doubtless responsible for the innumerable phrases in which both words play an important part. In these unquestionably the heel is the more frequent factor—generally in its corporal as distinguished from its sartorial significance. It is amusing, for instance, to recall the time when the "mashers" of the period wore red heels to their shoes, thereby, it will be remembered, subjecting themselves to the flagellation from the pen of the spectator. Not that red heels were a novelty in Addison's time, for they were in evidence in the reign of Elizabeth. In France the height and color of the heel were a fashion set by the grand monarch.

Present day votaries of the dance might not inconceivably laugh the suggestion to scorn, but, in other respects and with due modifications, the description does not seem unrecognizably archaic. "Out at heels" has long been a proverbial phrase; Palstaff, who nowadays would possibly have declared he was "stone broke," tells Pistol he is almost "out at heels."

We have—to take to one's heels, to kick one's heels to show a pair of heels, to turn on one's heels, to grind under heel, to cool one's heels, heels over head, the iron heel. And that we are most lofty runaways—a kindred expression to our "showing a clean pair of heels," and "taking to one's heels." And quotations might be multiplied. Nor must the familiar "two for his heels" be forgotten, the vulgarity of which alienated the gentle mind of immortal Mrs. Battle from cribbage.

The Dullness of Genius.

In my last I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say that I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive on paper," said he, "and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed and sooner displayed than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity of extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting."—By Tobias Smollett to Sir Watkin Phillips of Jesus college, Oxon.

Their Preference.

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "I need not tell you anything further of the duty of cultivating a kindly disposition, but I will tell you a little story of two dogs. George had a nice little dog that was as gentle as a lamb. He would sit by George's side quietly for an hour at a time. He would not bark at passers-by, nor at strange dogs, and would never bite anybody or anything. Thomas' dog, on the contrary, was always fighting other dogs, and would sometimes tear them cruelly. He would also fly at the hens and cats in the neighborhood, and on several occasions had been known to seize a cow by the nostrils and throw her. He barked at all the strange men that came along, and would bite them unless somebody interfered. Now, boys, which is the dog you would like to own, George's or Thomas's?" Instantly came the answer in one eager shout, "Thomas's."

Fish Commission Meets.

At a meeting of Nathan Buller, fish commissioner, and a majority of the members of the State fish commission at McCall's Ferry on Thursday it was decided to erect a natural fishway on the York county side at the big dam. The fishway will be seventy feet wide where it leaves the breast of dam, and will extend at least 1,000 feet down the Susquehanna river. It will be filled with artificial rocks and boulders and will be as near like a natural riffle or falls as it is possible to construct it. It will widen out as it extends down the river. It is said that the power company engineers will draw plans and proceed with the work at once. Claiming that a sluiceway might weaken the big dam, that phase of the situation was dropped. Should this device prove successful the indications are that direction would be made to other dam owners up the river to place similar fishways in their dams. By such a condition shad would migrate up the Susquehanna to the New York State line and would mean a revival of the shad fishing industry in the Juniata, and further up the State.

President Hoffman Entertains Hon. M. R. Hoffman, president of the East Donegal School Board, entertained a number of men at his summer home, Edelweiss, on Saturday, in a very elaborate manner. Those present were: Amos F. Eby, secretary; George S. Endslow, vice president; Abram Grove, treasurer, and George F. Stibgen. In addition there were present David W. Graybill, East Petersburg; George Hibnan, Ephrata; Aaron B. Hess, Lancaster; Harry L. Rhoads, Lancaster; and Mr. Hess, also of Lancaster. A feature of the day's outing was the dinner served. The guests were conveyed to Edelweiss in the Wild Cat Falls steamer, and it was a most delightful trip for the men from the lower end of the county.

Look Out for Him We are in receipt of a letter from the Pinkerton Detective Agency. They are making an effort to locate a man who gives has name as Wm. R. Bennett, J. E. Bennett, Daniel T. Morgan, Wm. E. Peck, I. R. Talbot, John Daley, Jack Daley or Charles E. Williams. He poses as the representative of a manufacturing concern located in some distant city about to open an office to handle the trade of the territory in which he happens to be. He engages a lady for office work, gets her endorsement and then works a check on a hotel man or a bank for a neat sum. After reading this don't let this chap get you.

H. E. Wins The contest of the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Co. which closed on Saturday night, in which the Co. offered 3 prizes for the greatest number of packages sold, caused quite a bit of friendly rivalry among our local merchants. The first prize went to H. E. Ehrerole, he having sold 306 packs, second awarded to Bernhart & Co. and the third to M. S. Bowman. As a result, the town and surrounding country have been well stocked with this well known cereal.

Receiver's Sale By an advertisement in another column of this issue it may be seen that the property of the Elizabethtown and Marietta Electric Light Co., including plant, pole lines, franchises, etc., will be sold at public sale on the Court House steps at Lancaster on Saturday, Aug. 31.

Hotel Will Change Hands Mr. Frank Lefevre, proprietor of the Farmers' Inn here, sold the good will and fixtures of that well known hostelry to Mr. Morrett, an experienced hotel man of Harrisburg. The new proprietor is expected to take charge August 26. Mr. Lefevre will retire on account of ill health.

Quite a Success The festival in the park here on Saturday evening by the Degree Staff Association Jr. O. U. A. M., was all that could be expected. There was a big crowd present and all the refreshments were disposed of until 10.30. The Foresters Band furnished the music.

Shot a Heron Noah J. Harmon, the well-known Mount Joy gunner and taxidermist, shot a black-crowned night heron on the Benjamin Garber farm, tenanted by John Gaul, one mile south of this place.

Who Found It? Our townsman William H. Gantz lost a purse containing \$28 in cash and valuable papers. He would greatly appreciate any information pertaining thereto.

Saturday Specials 50c 4 in hand Have \$2.50 Stiff Hefty one \$2.00 Soft Only \$1.50 50c Overall, back v

H. E. EBERSOLE, Opposite Post Office

Clothing, Shoes and Hats at I. D. Beneman's slaughter sale.