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PRICE 3 CENTS.

er, an if I do
better girl

me for a moment, I will—see you later."

He whisked out of the room, rushed up the stairs three at a time, dived into his bedchamber, grabbed his trousers, got into them fireman fashion on the way down stairs, and within a minute from the time of his departure from the room where the women were he had returned to it and was ready to begin the work of emancipation. When he had finished it, he retired to complete his toilet, promising to return very soon.

When he reappeared, he found the widow alone; no, not alone, for she was sitting with a double barreled gun over her shoulder, gazing fixedly at the windows through which the burglars had made their exits.

"I didn't know but that they might come back," she said.

"I guess not," said Barker. "But give me the gun and go to bed yourself. I'll lie down here on the lounge and keep guard, and if any burglar tries to enter here I'll blow his head off—if I can get near enough to hit him," he added sotto voce, calling to mind the fact that he had never fired a gun in his life. "But where were the hired men?" he asked, after a pause. "Or did they kill the hired men outright?"

"The hired men," answered the widow—"the hired men is over to Elliot to a weddin. That's why we women was left alone."

"Weddings are bad things," said Barker impressively.

But of course he spoke jokingly, for he knew that he himself was to be married the very next week to my daughter. He told the widow the following day about the approaching wedding. She had just suggested to him the possibility of a union with her daughter.

"I'm a sudden sort of a woman," she had said. "I ain't one of them who believes in deliberatin an prayin. I make up my mind sho't off where I want to go, an I git there as quick as I kin. I only knowed my husband 24 hours before I was married to him, an I didn't make no mistake, nuther. Now I want to ask you a question—How would you like to marry my daughter?"

The average man in Barker's place would have been stunned by a proposition like this, but Barker answered to it without the least hesitation.

"Nothing would suit me better," he said. "but I have been pre-empted by another woman, and she takes possession of me next Friday."

"Human probability will

GREAT ON POINTS.

Bird Dog Whose Natural Traits Amounted to a Mania.

"Talking about bird dogs," said the man with the shifty eye in the rear seat of the trolley car—and nobody had said a word about bird dogs or any other kind of dogs—"I had the most remarkable bird dog that ever happened, I guess, when I was living out in Santa Barbara, Cal., in 1895. I don't s'pose there will ever be the likes of that dog on this earth again. I raised him from a pup. He was a pointer from away back. It was just as natural for that dog to flop on his haunches and point at a bird as it is for us humans to eat things that don't agree with us.

"He began to point before he had shed his milk teeth. I took him out for a walk one day when he was only about 2 months old, and it took us about four hours to get over two miles of ground, for that dog would sit down and point at a bird about every ten feet of our progress. It didn't make any sort of difference what kind of a bird it was that he pointed at. He'd point at any old kind of a bird. If a little bunch of English sparrows would settle down in the middle of the street, he'd just sit down and point at them, and it was all I could do to get him to come along with me. He'd point at a robin sitting on top of a cottonwood tree, and he'd point at a Brahman rooster clawing up a flower bed in a front yard. Any old thing that had feathers on it that dog of mine would point at. Had him out one afternoon when a bald headed eagle began to soar around above Santa Barbara about three miles up in the air, and blamed if that dog didn't catch sight of the noble bird and squat down and point at it until I had to bat him with a club to induce him to come along with me.

"One day I had an aching tooth, and I decided to go to a dentist and have the miserable molar yanked out. I felt so bad that I took that pointer pup along with me for company on my way to the dentist's office, and when he got to the door he slipped into the office with me. Next thing I knew that pointer pup of mine was sitting back on his quarters a-pointing at a picture of some ruffled grouse that the dentist had on the wall of his reception room.

"In the course of time pointing got to be a regular mania of that dog, and I couldn't take him out for exercise very often on account of his habit of lagging behind to point at feathered things. Took him out one afternoon when he was about a year old, and he was with a lot of pil-

HUNTING OLD BOOKS.

THE HUMOR AND THE IRRITATION THAT SPICE THE SEARCH.

An English Collector's Description of an Experience With a Country Town Secondhand Dealer and His Exasperating Methods.

We have said that secondhand book-sellers have a very fair working knowledge of their trade, and this is perfectly true, but here and there may still be found one or two whose knowledge is less than even the knowledge of the veriest tyro among collectors. At this we imagine we can see the veriest tyro pricking up his ears and making him ready for a bargain. But let him not be precipitate, for not even among the men who know nothing about books can he hope to turn his own comparative erudition to account. The people who sell books in ignorance of their real value are mostly those who keep old curiosity shops in country towns. We regret to have to record it, but from bitter personal experience we know that it is almost impossible to cheat them in these matters—nay, more, that it is well nigh hopeless to attempt to buy a book from them: at all, even, we may say, when one is prepared to buy it for a fair price. The following dialogue may perhaps help to explain what we mean:

Confirmed Bibliomaniac—May I have a look round among the books?

Provincial Shopkeeper—Certainly, sir. Might you be in want of anything in particular?

Confirmed Bibliomaniac—Oh, no, thanks. I only thought I would like to look at them.

He does so and roams about for some minutes among many volumes of theological works of the Paley's "Evidences" type, a task that would crush any but a maniac really confirmed. At last, at the very bottom of the heap (books are always in heaps in old curiosity shops), he comes across a book of a different sort, for the sake of our illustration let us say a copy of the 1772 edition in quarto of the miscellaneous poems of that pleasant Latin versifier Vincent Bourne. Such a book might possibly fetch as much as 10 shillings in the metropolis. In the provinces, therefore, it would be reasonable to offer 3s. 6d. As it happens, the bibliomaniac does not possess it, and he wants it. He therefore makes a violent effort to appear unconcerned with the usual result—that he looks a

As a Last Resort.

"There has been considerable speculation about the per cent of fare the conductor or thinks belongs to him over and above his salary, and some very strange things have been said about it. By the Broadway back platform philosopher has his digs at them," said a Cleveland professional man the other day to a reporter.

"I once heard of a fellow, much under the influence of liquor, who got on the train to go home after enjoying himself at a picnic. He slipped into a seat and fell asleep. After the train pulled out the conductor came into the car and called, 'Tickets.' The passenger was too weary to respond, and so the conductor poked him up a little. The fellow roused up, fumbled in one pocket, then another till finally he pulled out a very ragged bill and handed it to the conductor. After examining it carefully the latter said: 'Say, my friend, see here. I can't use this.'

"The passenger pushed himself up on his elbow and remarked, 'What's (hic) that you shay?'

"I can't use this,' the conductor replied.

"Well, give it (hic) to the company, then,' remarked the weary but generally hearted man, dropping back into his seat, confident he would be put off at his destination."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

To Clean Old Engravings.

The cleaning of old engravings requires special care, and it is sometimes prudent, if they are rare masterpieces, not to confide this operation to strange hands. We give a process of cleaning, the result of which is excellent, and which we have seen adopted by one of the most celebrated collectors of engravings in Paris.

The engraving must be soaked for 12 hours in a flat bottomed basin containing a solution of half ounce of carbonate of potassium in half gallon of water. It is then taken out, shaken and placed between two boards heavily weighted down, being first carefully spread between two sheets of blotting paper. It then undergoes a fresh washing by having a small jet of pure water played upon it for some hours, when it is dipped for one hour in salt water (half ounce salt to half gallon water), and exposed to the air for half a day. It is then washed again in clear water and dried between two leaves of blotting paper under heavy pressure.

These successive operations are somewhat long, it is true, but nevertheless far preferable to the proceedings of the so called restorers of engravings, who frequently use chloride water, which

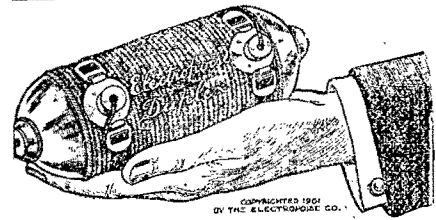
Customers will receive prompt and careful attention.

FOUND AT LAST.

A LAUNDRY where mistakes and losses do not occur. In the last few weeks I have sent this laundry, which turns out very fine work, over one hundred and sixty dollars' worth of laundry work, and not a single article was lost or mistake made.

Hereafter I shall send the work of my Newmarket customers to this laundry. W. W. Stackpole and W. A. Brackett, local agents.

H. T. TAPLIN, Alias "THE OLD MAN,"
LAUNDRYMAN.



A HELPING HAND

Has saved many a life. The use of the Electropoise has been the helping hand to lift many sufferers from dependency to perfect health and ripe old age. It helps nature to defeat disease, producing the desired results without leaving the sufferer dependent upon it. By promoting healthful circulation and invigorating the nervous system eliminates rheumatism, prevents and cures Asthma and Hay Fever and fortifies against recurrence.

"Use Electropoise and eat what you like," has become a well-known proverb.

CURED TO STAY CURED.

P. C. Geyetty, 1647 Market St., Oakland, Cal., writes:

"I have suffered many years from a complication of maladies, Dyspepsia, Bronchitis, Asthma and Catarrh, that had at last become chronic. Being in my 80th year, I had almost despaired of ever again being restored to health. As luck would have it, I took the advice of a friend, bought an Electropoise and through its use I find I have a new lease on life. I am entirely cured of all my complaints and have enjoyed good health for twelve months.

By permission we publish below a letter from Rev. E. S. Annable, pastor of M. E. church, Lodi, N. Y., to Rev. D. W. Thomas, 125 New York Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"My dear Brother:—I take pleasure in speaking of the bridge that carried me over. Being greatly afflicted with rheumatism and in a fair way to lose the use of one of my legs, I purchased an Electropoise about fourteen months ago. I immediately discarded the use of all other remedies and began its use. I commenced to improve from the first, and to-day I am a better man in a physical sense than I have been for years, and can walk five or six miles with comparative ease. As I have employed no other remedies, the Electropoise is entitled to all the glory for my restoration to health."

We direct the use of every Electropoise sold, free of cost. An Electropoise will give good results if properly used. Write to-day for a 128-page illustrated booklet, fill out the symptom blank and return to us, when we will advise you of the probabilities of your recovery, whether you buy or not. Agents wanted. For full particulars write for our periodical, The Electropoise Agent, mailed free. Address—

THE ELECTROPOISE CO.,
1123 Broadway, New York.

and she was.

The horse approached the station at a smart pace and was brought to a standstill with a suddenness that must have given a shock to his nervous system.

"Good morning, madam," said Barker, lifting his hat and at the same time moving toward the wagon. He had been standing in such a position that the woman had not obtained a fair look at him, and as he moved out into full view she seemed to see something in him which had at first escaped her attention. Barker noticed that she gave a start, and that she had to pause a little before she spoke. But when she did speak it was with directness and without embarrassment.

"I'm Widder Haley," she said. "Be you the man from Architect Bullard's that was to meet me?"

"Yes, I'm your man," Barker answered. "Shall I climb in?"

Mrs. Haley gave her assent, and when Barker was seated by her side she hit the horse a vigorous slap with the end of the lines, and he was soon pulling his load briskly over the road which he had recently traveled in an opposite direction. It was about four miles to the quarries, and though Barker made several attempts to engage the widow in conversation he got very little out of her more than yes and no until the ride was almost completed. But he was conscious that the widow was greatly interested in him, for he could see that she was all the while, as openly as she dared, engaged in looking him over. They were well along in the last mile of the road when Barker, turning sharply around, caught the widow's eye while she was gazing earnestly upon his face.

"Well," he said good naturedly, "what is it?"

The woman blushed and turned her head away.

"I s'pose I was rude," she said when she had thought out her reply, "but I couldn't help it. You look so much like him."

"Who's 'him'?" demanded Barker.

"My husband."

"The late Mr. Haley?"

"Yes. He's been dead an gone these 20 years, but when I see him last he was as much like you as peas is like peas."

At the quarries Barker heard corroborative evidence as to his resemblance to the defunct Mr. Haley. Two old men stopped hammering stone and looked at him, and he heard one of them say to his mate, "Did you ever see a man look so much like another as that feller looks like Rufe Haley?"

It was understood when Barker and Mrs. Haley left the quarries that the former should not return to Boston until Monday, for there was a certain stone quarrying which would not be ready for examination earlier than Monday morning. "I guess you'll get along all right over Sunday," the widow said. "You kin climb the mounting an go gunnin, and p'raps Effie will take you out a-ridin in the artemoon."

"Effie; that's a girl's name, is it not?"

from the room where the widow kept her safe and account books. He went off to sleep very easily in spite of the fact that he was incased in a strange nightshirt, one of the late lamented's, and, if he had not been disturbed, would have continued sleeping, till morning. As it was, he was awakened a little after midnight by noise in the next room. Listening, he heard what seemed to be blows upon some hard substance. Instantly he thought of the safe. The next instant he slid quietly out of bed and started upon a tour of investigation.

He moved noiselessly toward the door connecting his room with the outer chamber and stood upon the threshold a number of seconds watching what was transpiring in the outer room before the persons who were working there were aware of his presence. He saw two men, one of whom was gray whiskered and apparently 50 years old, engaged with hammer and chisel upon the safe. The gray whiskered man was the first to take cognizance of Barker, and he no sooner saw him than, with a loud shriek, he threw down his tools and started on the run for the door leading into the hall.

"Quick, Joe!" he called back to his younger mate. "Quick, Joe; don't you see Rufe Haley's ghost there in the doorway?"

The younger man ran after the older one, and after the two ran Barker, still in his borrowed nightshirt and nothing else, carrying one of the burglars' hammers in one hand and their lamp in the other. He followed the men down stairs and into the sitting room, but he did not leap after them out of the window. Probably he would not have done that under any circumstances, clad as he was, but there was one overpowering circumstance in the case which made him understand that the sphere of his duty was inside the house. Something which he saw after he had entered the sitting room stopped him short in his pursuit of the burglars, and for a second or two riveted him motionless to the floor.

He saw three bed gowned, bare toed women sitting in a row of chairs placed against a side of the room, bound hand and foot and made mutes of by something crammed into their mouths, each staring at him with widely distended eyes. Barker recognized in the three women the widow, the widow's daughter and the woman who had scalded him with her pudding gravy. His first impulse was immediately to set the three women loose, and acting under this impulse he placed hammer and lamp upon the floor and moved toward the bandaged group.

But he quickly changed his mind, the thought suddenly occurring to him that he was not confronted by a life or death condition and that the call upon him was not so imperative that he would be justified in answering it while he was so scantily clothed.

"Pardon me, ladies," he said. "I was not aware that you were in this room or I should not have followed those gentlemen in here. If you will excuse

The Drug Habit.

A fruitful source of poisoning is to be found in methylated spirits. In factories where fine chemicals and pharmaceutical preparations are made many hundreds of gallons of this spirit have to be used in the course of a year. This spirit is far superior, of course, to the article sold at the oil shop or retail drug store, and many of the factory workers so quickly develop a liking for it that it is often necessary to watch them carefully to prevent leakage.

Chloroform and mythylated spirits are the principal but not the only form in which temptation comes to the employees in chemical factories. Agreeable but insidious drugs have to be used in large quantities, and many who have the handling of them seem quite unable to resist the opportunity of tasting. It was the open boast of one employee known to the writer that he had tasted, everything the firm made or stocked, and the practice is probably not an uncommon one.

Many a victim of a drug poison which is slowly corroding all that is best in him physically and morally can trace his deadly habit to that unfortunate day when he began indiscriminate tasting, when he first ate of the tree of knowledge.—Chambers' Journal.

Thought It Was the Monkey's.

A diamond necklace was possessed by Mme. Geoffrey de St. Hilaire, the wife of the famous French naturalist. It was one of the chiefest of her "contentments" as Hindoo women aptly term their jewels. One day madame missed her necklace. There was a terrible turmoil in the house, and all the servants down to the foolish, fat scullion, were suspected, but in turn proved their innocence. At last it was remembered that M. de St. Hilaire had a pet monkey, and on a search being made in the "glory hole" of the quadrangle the precious bauble was discovered hidden away with a white satin shoe, several cigar ends, a pencil case and a decomposed apple.

The renowned naturalist calmly observed that he had frequently seen the monkey playing with the necklace. "Why did you not take it from him?" indignantly asked his spouse. "I thought it belonged to him," replied M. de St. Hilaire. He evidently thought there was nothing unnatural in an ape possessing a diamond necklace as his personal property.

Too Long a Look Ahead.

"I tell you," said the man who was wearing a last year's hat, "it's pretty hard on a fellow to have a wife who never looks ahead."

"Oh, I don't know," his companion sadly replied. "Sometimes I think there's such a thing as looking ahead too much. Now, take my wife, for instance. She always buys clothes that are two sizes too large for our boy, so that he can grow into them next year."

"Well, you oughtn't kick on that."

"I wouldn't if they ever lasted long enough to be a fit."—Chicago Herald.

was one afternoon when I took him down to the Santa Barbara beach for a walk on the sand. I hadn't any sooner got him down to the beach than he sat down and began to point out to sea. I couldn't for the life of me make out what he was pointing at. There wasn't any bird, not even a sea gull, in sight, but he kept right on squatting there at the verge of the sea and pointing out over the water, and if ever a man was puzzled, then I was. At first I calculated that he might be mistaking the crests of the waves for feathers; but, no—a little reflection convinced me that he wasn't any such a fool dog as to do a thing like that. Then I noticed that he was pointing directly at a white ship that lay out in the harbor. I pulled out my fieldglasses and took a look at the ship, and then the mystery was made clear. The ship he was pointing at was the United States man-o'-war Petrel." And then the man with the shifty eye executed a sudden leap and crept from the car before his wrathful listener could hop on him and macerate him.—Washington Star.

A Revolution in Buttons.

One of the last surviving of the old sumptuary laws, now almost forgotten, but considered of great importance in maintaining one branch of Sheffield trade, was that directed against covered buttons. The town dealt largely in horn buttons of different kinds for common wear, as well as in metal and plated buttons for the better class of coats, waistcoats and gaiters. From 1720 to the end of the century the town annals show that there was considerable though fitful zeal under the statute of 8 Anne against the vendors and users of covered buttons. In 1791 a tailor was convicted in a penalty of 40 shillings a dozen for setting covered buttons on a gentleman's waistcoat and the wearer in a like penalty for appearing in a garment thus adorned. General action was taken against offenders by the master and journeymen button makers of Sheffield, as late as 1802, but the magistrates gave so little encouragement to these prosecutions that the law, though it long remained unrepealed, fell from that time in desuetude.

Chinese Detectives.

A French surgeon who lived in China declares that the Chinese detectives are unequalled in ability for ferreting out criminals. It is impossible for an evildoer long to elude them. They have an eye upon every man, woman and child, foreign or native, in China and in addition watch each other. Informers are encouraged, and collusion is impossible.

This instance of their skill is told: A family living in Tonquin was murdered, and the case was no apparent clew to the murderer. The entire detective corps of three provinces were placed upon the case, and in three weeks the murderer, none other than the chief of the secret police who handled the chase for the murderer, was arrested and beheaded.

printed. "Wouldn't you, sir?"

"Well, it is not quite so old as all that."

"I had a gentleman in here the other day looking at it, and he said it was a very old book. Perhaps you know him, sir? Mr. Jones, the butcher."

"No, I haven't the pleasure. What did he say about it?"

"He said it was the oldest book he had ever seen, and he wished he could afford to buy it."

"Did he, indeed?"

"Yes. He said you never see books like that nowadays."

"That is quite true. What else did he say?"

"He said that in London they would give a lot for a book like that."

"Yes?"

"These old Greek books are very hard to come by now."

"Are they?"

"Yes. You see, it is on account of the printing."

"Why?"

"Well, Mr. Jones said there had been no printing done worth speaking of since the days of the Greeks and Romans."

"Mr. Jones said that?"

"Yes, and he said I was very lucky to have such a book."

"To come to the point, how much do you want for it?"

"Well, sir, being such an old book and having been printed in the times of the Greeks and Mr. Jones having spoken so highly of it, I couldn't in fairness to myself let it go for less than £10."

Our illustration is fictitious, but we can assure the hopeful beginner that it is in no way exaggerated. We remember once coming across two books in a little shop in a country town, one a Bible and the other a prayer book. What their exact dates were we do not know, as they had both lost their title pages and were very incomplete in other ways, but neither of them could have been earlier than 1700. Above each was a large card announcing that they were to be had for the moderate prices of £15 and £10 respectively. This happened not so very long ago, and we imagine they are in that little shop still. Of course it gives an air of prosperity to be able to charge for its goods exactly 250 times what they are worth, but it is not cheering for the collector.—Macmillan's Magazine.

Neat Ways of Cooking Eggs.

One time when I was poaching eggs for an invalid a plan came to me. I put in the pan a couple of muffin rings, first rubbing some butter on them, then dropped my eggs each inside of a ring. When the eggs were cooked, I lifted off the ring and had the satisfaction of taking up something that looked very nice.

I tried the same plan when frying eggs and was equally pleased with the result. Like all novices, I did not think water boiled unless it boiled violently, and my eggs were torn by the tossing. To poach eggs the water should not boil violently.—Exchange.

ing and punctuation. "Artificial Teeth, set in so firm, to eat with them, and so exact, as not to be distinguish'd from natural. They are not to be taken out at night as by some falsely suggested, but may be worn years together; yet are they so fitted, that they may be taken out and put in by the Person that wears them at Pleasure, and are an ornament to the Mouth, and greatly helpful to the Speech; Also Teeth clean'd and drawn by John Watts. * * * Racquet Court, Fleet Street."

Many also are the advertisements of losses of money and property through footpads, whether it be "a lusty young fellow who wore his own hair," or "a pock fretten man in a pair of everlasting Breeches," or on Wimbledon Common "a tall man in a blue frock and a light Bob wig on a bay Horse with a Swish tail and look'd like a genteel galloping hunter."—Bookman.

Permitted to Speak.

"Mabel," he said, with an apparent effort, as he gazed down into her dreamy eyes, "you've always been a sister to me, haven't you?"

The long expected moment had at last arrived, and she gazed coyly at the floor.

"I've tried to be, George," she whispered.

"And if I were to say something to you that should only be said by persons who are intimately acquainted and who thoroughly understand each other you would not take offense?"

She thought it rather queer that he should view a simple proposal in this light, but she tremblingly assured him that she would not.

"Then, Mabel," he continued, lowering his voice to a quaver, "I apologize for my boldness in saying it, but while I leaned over to turn the page of your music I busted off two of my suspender buttons. Will you sew them on?"

"And trembling inwardly, but restraining her outward composure with an effort, the brave girl went into the other room and brought forth the necessary implements.—Indianapolis Sun.

The Fulmar Petrel.

The fulmar petrel somewhat resembles a common gull at a distance, but has a much more graceful flight, skimming the waves or hovering by the cliffs without perceptible motion of the wings. It makes its nest upon the grassy ledges and cliffs of St. Kilda and is caught with a rod in the same way as a puffin, only as it is found on the precipices it is more difficult to secure.

It was greatly valued formerly for its oil, of which each bird has about half a pint and which it uses as a means of defense and ejects with great force at an enemy. The present general use of mineral oils makes that of the fulmar of less importance, but it is the purest animal oil in existence and is still used for various purposes and also medicinally by the natives for sprains and bruises.—Good Words.

who, according to the Constantinople correspondent of the Paris Temps, has been arrested on the charge of complicity in the kidnapping of the missionary, is the husband of Mme Tsilka, Miss Stone's companion.

It was announced recently that the Turkish authorities suspected Mr. Tsilka with complicity in the abduction of the missionaries.

PENNSYLVANIA ELECTIONS.

Pittsburg and Harrisburg Fall Into the Hands of the Democrats.

Philadelphia, Feb. 19.—Elections were held throughout Pennsylvania yesterday for municipal and borough officers. In most sections a heavy vote was polled. Local issues predominated in the various contests. Thus in Philadelphia candidates supported by the Republican city and state leaders swept everything, electing all the candidates for the most important offices and nearly all the ward offices. This also included a big majority for the \$3,000,000 improvement loan.

On the other hand Pittsburg was carried by those opposing the state and city administrations, the independent Republicans having formed coalition with the Democrats under the head of the citizens' party.

In the other cities local issues were fought out. At Harrisburg Vance O. McCormick, the Democratic candidate for mayor is elected by 2000 majority. He is but 29 years of age and was captain of Yale's football team in 1902.

Harris Denies Charges.

Washington, Feb. 19.—Commissioner of Education Harris was given a hearing before the senate committee on education and labor yesterday. He denied that there is any discrimination against the colored race in the distribution of the funds expended by the government for educational purposes, as he has been charged in some places.

Bagni Denies Guilt.

Plymouth, Mass., Feb. 19.—Demetria Bagni, charged with the murder of Mrs. Lazzi Ferrioli, was arraigned before Judge Bell yesterday. Bagni pleaded not guilty. No date was set for the trial.

Jennie May Goes to Pieces.

Highland Light, Mass., Feb. 19.—The schooner Jennie May has gone to pieces on Peaked Hill bar, the waves distributing the cargo of coal along the shore.

Old Debt Paid Up.

Augusta, Me., Feb. 19.—Governor Hill was notified last night by Secretary of the Treasury Shaw that a warrant had been drawn in favor of the state of Maine for \$131,515.81, in payment of the Civil war claim recently allowed by congress, and had been delivered to the lawyers representing the state.

Colonel N. B. Knight, father of Miss Fannie Knight, who came into prominence recently on account of her suit for breach of promise against the Duke of Manchester, died at Salem, Or.

strikers paraded the streets, doing extensive damage. The troops succeeded in dispersing them only when they opened fire. The strikers then assembled in the outskirts of the city. It is feared they meditate an attack upon the factories. At San Martin, a suburban village, the troops fired on the mob, killing three and wounding six. At Badalena the mob attacked the gendarmes and the cavalry and a serious melee followed, in which one person was killed and three wounded. At Sabadell the strikers burned the Octroi tax offices and a convent.

Inquest Not Completed.

Greenfield, Mass., Feb. 19.—Judge Lyman yesterday held an inquest to determine the cause of the death of Miss Ida Columbe and Louis M. Bitzer, it being alleged that Louis Bitzer caused their death by shooting. The inquest was private. Twelve witnesses were examined and adjournment was taken until Friday. Nothing has as yet reached the public to show that Bitzer's story of the tragedy is not true. His claim was that he accidentally killed Miss Columbe, which crazed him to such an extent that he did the other shooting.

Rutherford-Morton Nuptials.

New York, Feb. 19.—Miss Alice Morton, fourth daughter of ex-Vice President Morton, and Winthrop Rutherford were married yesterday in Grace Episcopal church. The wedding was simple in the extreme, there being no bridesmaids and no decorations in the church, except two bouquets of ascension lilies that filled the vases on the altar.

Two Attempts at Arson.

Lisbon Falls, Me., Feb. 19.—Two attempts have been made to burn a double tenement house here during the past month and Insurance Commissioner Carr has now taken the matter in hand and is making a searching examination.

Half a Barge Washed Ashore.

New York, Feb. 19.—Half a barge was washed ashore near the Long Hill life saving station on the southern Long Island coast last evening. It bears the name Belle of Oregon. With the barges Antelope and Mystic Belle, the Belle of Oregon was being towed from Newport News to Providence by the tug Richmond and were struck by the storm of two weeks ago. The Antelope and Belle of Oregon were wrecked, but the Mystic Belle was afterwards picked up and taken to port.

Charged With Killing Wife.

New Haven, Feb. 19.—At the conclusion of the medical examiner's autopsy on the body of Mrs. Maria Regan, who received a kick which resulted in her death on Sunday last, Coroner Pond ordered Michael Regan, husband of the dead woman, placed under arrest, charged with murder.

Governor Odell of New York has signed the bill abolishing boards of managers of the state insane hospitals. The power of the boards will now be vested in the state lunacy commission.

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Dean Hoyt of Boston pleaded nolo contendere in the superior court at Dover, N. H., to the charge of aggravated assault with a knife upon his brother, George Hoyt of Rochester, Dec. 24 last, and was given a suspended sentence of nine months in jail, mitimus to be issued at the call of the county solicitor.

Senators Hoar and Lodge have recommended the appointment of Capt. David M. Earle of Worcester, Mass., as a messenger of the senate, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Capt. J. J. B. Ball of Winchendon.

Capt. Earle is a veteran of the civil war and was twice wounded at Antietam. He was warden of the state prison under Gov. Long, and was for years a deputy sheriff of Worcester county.

Edgar W. Ramsdell, a Nantucket fisherman, was drowned while attempting to secure a dory which had been carried by the ice from its moorings in Madaket harbor. He put out in a small skiff, which was overturned.

The Middleboro, Mass., selectmen have received a petition from the Middleboro, Wareham & Buzzard's Bay Street Railway company for a location the entire length of Pearl street, from Centre through the Pearl street extension to Oak street.

The Neptune Veteran Firemen's association inaugurated its third annual fair and entertainment at Newburyport city hall. The entertainment included a minstrel show by local talent. At its conclusion ex-Mayor Thomas Huse presented the interlocutor, Lorenzo Phinney, with a gold headed cane, a gift from the members of the Neptune association.

Count Tolstoi has suffered a relapse, his fever has returned and his heart is weak.

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For himself, he said, he preferred to tell the truth, no matter how unpalatable it might be. Adverting to the statements made by Mr. Grosvenor and Mr. Gillett last Friday about the visit of the Prince of Wales during Buchanan's administration, Mr. Wheeler declared that those statements were absolutely incorrect. He said President Buchanan received the prince as a private individual and bore the expense out of his own pocket. He said that he had never objected to receiving a distinguished foreigner with proper consideration. What he objected to was to the spirit of truculency and sycophancy which characterized this and the preceding administration, especially in the conduct of the state department. Referring to the communications he had received, he said that nine-tenths of them were from northern states and a great majority of them from Republicans.

"Before the American people," he declared, "I say unhesitatingly that I have not a word to retract. I sincerely believe we are drifting to a position hostile to Republicanism. I do not believe to occupy a great position in the world it is necessary for us to sacrifice out traditional principles. I am the son of a foreigner and my love of the republic was born and bred in me. I have been charged in the press with being an ignorant agriculturist. I am proud of being the son of a farmer and the son of a foreigner, but I am ashamed of the boot-licking that characterizes the official class in the republic today."

Mr. Wheeler then read a number of letters and telegrams and a cablegram from London commending his utterance. He said that he had heard that his speech of last Friday was to be circulated as a Republican campaign document. He declared that if the Republicans thought they could make campaign capital out of it he would circulate it in their districts at his own expense together with a copy of the speech of Mr. Grosvenor and he would debate the question on the hustings with any Republican who desired.

In conclusion he said that he had meant no disrespect to Prince Henry or to the German people, nor did he see how what he said could be tortured into such an interpretation.

The incident closed with a few remarks from Mr. Boreing (Ky.), who, on behalf of the people of his state, disavowed any sympathy with Mr. Wheeler's position.

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broke out. He enlisted in the United States army and was assigned to a Mississippi regiment. He was promoted within a week of adjoining his regiment, and was made sergeant-major. He served with the regiment 10 months before it was mustered out. In his younger years he attended the military academy at Naples and Modena. Later he served in the Greek war of 1895, as a member of the "legion des estrangers," composed of former soldiers of all nations, among whom were 24 men from New York. He took part in the battle of Thessaly, where the colonel of the regiment, Deputy Pratti of the Italian chamber of deputies, was killed. Mr. Petitti is a clerk in the sewer department of the city.

* * * * *

Col. Frank M. Baker of the New York state railroad commission, accompanied by an official of the New York Central railroad and an official of the new York, New Haven & Hartford railroad, Thursday morning tested the automatic signal system which is in use on the electric road in the subway. As a result of the visit the officials of the local road are very much humiliated and crushed, for their pet system, which they have regarded as almost infallible, failed. If it had failed at any other time it might not have made so much difference, but to have it fail at such a time, when it was being exhibited to a railroad commissioner from another state and a party of expert railroad men, was a bitter blow, especially as it was only a few days ago that the Boston road's expert, Stewart Ness, went all the way over to New York to tell Col. Baker and his associates what a cracking good system they were using in this city.

The action taken unanimously by the committee on towns in favor of setting apart as "Old Home Week" in Massachusetts the seven days beginning the third Sunday in July in every year was followed happily by a speedy and complete victory for the idea in the house. Now the bill goes to the senate. Able and timely addresses made before the committee of ex-Gov. Rollins of New Hampshire, Hon. E. B. Hayes of Lynn and Representative Adams unquestionably aided much to "boom" a plan which cannot fail to commend itself to the people of Massachusetts.

State Prison Sentences.

Bangor, Me., Feb. 19.—In the supreme court here yesterday George Draper was sentenced to 25 years at hard labor in the state prison for criminal assault. Frank Miller was given four years in the same institution for assault with intent to kill. For attempting to burn a building, Joseph Smith got one year in the state prison.

Manchester, N. H., officers raided eight saloons, and in a number of cases dealers, were found who were selling liquors.

is inherited. You haven't gumption enough to acquire even a taste by individual effort."—Chicago Post.

Teacher—"What zone is this in which we live?" Johnny—"Temperate." Teacher—"Correct. Now, what is meant by a 'temperate zone?'" Johnny—"It's a place where it's freezin' cold in winter an' red hot in summer."

Teacher—"Some one has been throwing paper behind my back. James, do you know who it is?" James (who is the culprit himself)—"Yes, sir, but I hardly like to tell." Teacher—"A very honorable feeling. James, you may sit down."—Tit-Bits.

Germany's Fresh Fruit Imports.

The consumption of foreign fruits in Germany is increasing from year to year. According to official statistics, the importation of apples in 1899 amounted to over \$10,000,000; pears, about \$2,500,000; cherries, \$430,000; plums and "stone fruits," \$2,900,000, and berries and other fruits, over \$500,000—making a total of \$16,230,000. The largest shipments of fresh fruits come from Austria-Hungary, Holland, Belgium, France, Italy and America. The report of the Municipal Market of Berlin for 1900 shows that, under the most favorable conditions it will be possible to prevent a part of these importations only by improvement in German fruit culture. Apples, pears and plums are the leading fruits not yet produced in Germany in quantities to meet the demand.

An Heirloom in the Family.

The person who is inclined to boast of his valuable possessions is likely to have the laugh turned upon him on occasions. A wealthy man was once proudly exhibiting to some acquaintances a table which he had bought, and which he said was 500 years old.

"That is nothing," said one of the company. "I have in my possession a table which is more than 3000 years old."

"Three thousand years old?" said his host. "That is impossible. Where was it made?"

"Probably in India."

"In India! What kind of a table is it?"

"The multiplication table."—Tit-Bits.

Telegraph Facilities in Brazil.

The telegraph lines in Brazil are almost entirely owned and operated by the Federal Government. The States of Sao Paulo, Rio Grande do Sul, and Ceara have a few comparatively unimportant and unprofitable lines. Certain railroads are permitted to take messages for transmission between points not served by the Federal lines, and are said not to confine themselves to those points. The cable between Para and Manaus is privately owned, though receiving a subsidy from the Government. The coastwise foreign owned cables do much of the business between the ports from Pernambuco to Santos, as well as practically all the service to points abroad.

THE MYSTERY OF THE INN BY THE SHORE



Florence Warden,
Author of "The House on the Marsh," etc..

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CHAPTER X.

Continued.

He spoke in a low voice, not wishing to be heard, still walking along the high road. But Jem, who did wish to be heard, bawled out his answer at the top of his voice:

"Yes, Mr. Hemming, it's me right enough. And maybe I've got as much to tell you as you've got to ask me, sir."

The detective saw that Nell, who was now at the corner of the road, and about to turn to go up to the front-door of the house, stopped, hesitated, and seemed half-inclined to return to where Jem stood.

Perceiving this, Jem drew back a step and appeared to wait for her. But Nell did not come back. After a few moments of indecision, she disappeared round the corner of the white house. Jem Stickels, however, seemed either to have changed his mind about telling the detective what he knew or to have only meant to frighten the girl by pretending that he was going to do so; for instead of speaking again to Hemming, he jumped over the fence into the garden, and, running at full speed, across the now bare flower-beds, flattened his nose against the window of the kitchen, where a light was burn-

moving a few paces to the left, detective, from where he stood out the fence, could see that there were figures moving inside the kitchen, could presently distinguish the figures within as those of Nell and Miss Bostal respectively. He could also, although he could hear nothing that Nell was pouring out some thing in an excited manner, and the elder lady, was quietly listen-

"ah! ah!"
hoarse sound of Jem Stickels's laughter suddenly startled the ladies, who sprang apart and fled at the window.

"ah! ah!" roared the young fisherman again.
The detective was on the point of going the fence, with the intention of dressing Jem, when the back-door of the house was suddenly opened, and Miss Bostal, well muffled up in a thick woolen shawl, so that only her little, pinched nose and gentle light eyes could be seen, addressed the fisherman in kindly tones from out of the wooly depths of her covering.
"Jem Stickels is that you? What

had seen—the thief—with his own eyes? He told me he could give proofs—proofs!"

"Well, well, my dear," returned the elder lady, composedly, as she put her little brown teapot tenderly on the stove to draw, "what if he did? My own idea is that Stickels made up a story in order to get you to talk to him; for it's evident the poor lad is crazy about you."

Nell made a gesture of disgust.
"Ah, but you shouldn't treat him so hardly; it makes him desperate."

Nell rose from her chair, and came close to the lady's side.

"Miss Theodora," she whispered, with a face full of fear, "it was not to get an excuse to talk to me that Jem said—that he did. He told me—he advised me to confide in you—to tell you what he told me, and—everything!"

"Well, my dear, tell me if you like," said Miss Bostal, putting a kind hand on the girl's shoulder.

"Shall I?"

Nell's face was deathlike in its ashy whiteness.

"Why, my child, yes, tell me, of course. Come, come, what is there to get so miserable about? If you really think Jem Stickels did see the thief, and can prove who it is, you ought to be glad, and certainly not let your kindness of heart prevent you from telling him to speak out."

"But, you don't know who—who—Jem thinks it was!"

"Ah, you mustn't trouble your head about that! A thief is a thief, and should be punished. And if it is a person you know, you may be sorry; but you must not shrink from your duty, which is to bring the criminal to justice."

Nell withdrew herself with a sad smile from the lady's caressing hand, and shuddered.

"Supposing it were—it were some one you knew—and loved. What would you say?"

Miss Bostal shook her head deprecatingly.

"My dear," she said, "I can see what it is: Stickels has been threatening to tell the detective that he can prove you to be the thief. And you let yourself be frightened like that! Why, child, you forget that everybody in the place knows he would give the world for a kind word from you; and they will know that he has made up this tale out of revenge for your taking no notice of him. You are a goose, child, a little goose, to let yourself be worried by such a thing as that!"

Nell drew a long breath of relief. Then she stood up.

"You have taken a great load off my mind," said she, in a low, thankful voice. "I shall tell him when I see him. What shall I tell him?" she asked, with a sudden change to a little fear again.

"I should tell him, if I were you, that if he has seen—if he has seen anything—it is not your affair, but that of the police. But at the same time, Nell, I wouldn't be so unkind to the poor young fellow, if I were you. I was quite touched this evening by the way he spoke of you. I believe he would

"If they are here, you can, certainly—"



New York City.—Blouse waists make the accepted models for all simple gowns and odd bodices. This satisfactory May Manton model includes



BLOUSE WAIST.

the new deep pleats at the shoulders and is rendered peculiarly effective by the shield and collar of contrasting material. The design is suited to all silks and soft wools, but in the original is made of pastel blue peau de soie with bands of taffeta in the same shade, stitched with corticelli silk and shield and collar of tucked white mouseline.

The lining is closely fitted and closes at the centre front. On it are arranged the various parts of the waist. The shield is attached to the right side and hooked over onto the left, but the deep fronts close separately at the left side. Deep pleats are laid at the shoulders that extend to the waistline where the extra fullness is arranged in gathers.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size, three and seven-eighths yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and one-half yards twenty-seven inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one-half yard for shield and collar.

Two Attractive Waists.

No single article of dress is more fashionable than the odd waist of white. The smart May Manton model shown in the large drawing is made of taffeta, mouseline combined with cream lace, the edges of fronts, collar

like appearance. Five of these folds are down each side of the vest. This idea might be carried out entire, with fine results, the panel running down the front of the skirt and also heading the flounce. Folds of crepe are a most effective trimming, anyway.

Shoes of Satin.

Satin shoes or slippers to match all gowns for dressy occasions are almost de rigueur now, and another luxury are gloves of white glace kid, suede or the heavy skins that are worn with every sort of gown. They are seen so much one wonders how any colored gloves are sold in the high priced shops. One exception is made in the heavy black glace gloves with white seams and stitching that look very chic for a time, and as the seams are soiled look just like the old style funeral kids.

A Novel Jewel.

A Parisian jeweler has introduced a trinket which is considered most desirable by fair ladies. It consists of a single pearl or other gem, from which a tiny filigree ball is suspended. In this ball is a wee bit of sponge, which is always kept saturated with the favorite perfume of the wearer. This jewel is worn hanging by a fine gold chain, or with other trinkets, very likely on a bangle.

An Approach to the Picture Hat.

As the season advances the shepherdess or Louis IV. shapes, with the invariable down-curve in the back and low, broad effect, will be prominent. This will be the only approach to a picture hat that the season will produce.

Old-Fashioned Lace Scarfs.

Old-fashioned Spanish lace scarfs are used for muffs, made up with chiffon, which, wadded, of course, forms the foundation, and the frills as well. The scarf twists around the centre and ties in a knot and ends, with a bunch of flowers or a handsome buckle.

The Ribbon Finish.

No dainty piece of lingerie is complete: these days without its ribbon finish at neck and sleeves and here and there for trimming, whether in rosettes or rows of ribbon-rim beading. This season will be no exception.

A New Lace.

In lace trimmings, a new square-

WHEN NONE CAN WORK.

AN EXHORTATION TO CHRISTIANS TO PREPARE FOR LIFE'S TWILIGHT.

Subject: When the Sun of Life Sets—The Christian Finds Fulfillment in the Time of Old Age—The Light of Eventide—Last Hours Illumined.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—In this subject Dr. Talmage puts a glow of gladness and triumph upon passages of life that are usually thought to be somewhat gloomy; text, Zachariah xiv, 7, "At evening time it shall be light."

While "night" in all languages is the symbol for gloom and suffering, it is often really cheerful, bright and impressive. I speak not of such nights as come down with no star pouring light from above or silvered wave tossing up light from beneath—murky, hurtling, portentous, but such as you often see when the pomp and magnificence of heaven turn out on night parade, and it seems as though the song which the morning stars began so long ago were chiming yet among the constellations and the sons of God were shouting for joy. Such nights the sailor blesses from the forecastle, and the trapper on vast prairie, and the belated traveler by the roadside, and the soldier from the tent, earthly hosts gazing upon heavenly and shepherds guarding their flocks afield, while angel hands above them set the silver bells a-ringing, "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace; good will toward men."

What a solemn and glorious thing is night in the wilderness! Night among the mountains! Night on the ocean! Fragrant night among tropical groves! Flashing night amid arctic severities! Calm night on Roman campagna! Awful night among the cordilleras! Glorious night mid sea after a tempest! Thank God for the night! The moon and the stars which rule it are lighthouses on the coast toward which I hope we are all sailing, and blind mariners are we if, with so many beaming, burning, flaming glories to guide us, we cannot find our way into the harbor.

My text may well suggest that, as the natural evening is often luminous, so it shall be light in the evening of our sorrows, of old age, of the world's history, of the Christian life. "At eventide it shall be light."

This prophecy will be fulfilled in the evening of Christian sorrow. For a long time it is broad daylight. The sun rises high. Innumerable activities go ahead with a thousand feet and work with a thousand arms, and the pickaxe struck a mine, and the battery made a discovery, and the investment yielded its twenty per cent., and the book came to its twentieth edition, and the farm quadrupled in value, and sudden fortune hoisted to high position, and children were praised, and friends without number swarmed into the family hive, and prosperity sang in the music and stepped in the dance and glowed in the wine and ate at the banquet, and all the gods of music and ease and gratification gathered around this Jupiter holding in his hands so many thunderbolts of power. But every sun must set, and the brightest day must have its twilight. Suddenly the sky was overcast. The fountain dried up. The song hushed. The wolf broke into the family fold and carried off the best lamb. A deep howl of woe came crashing down through the joyous symphonies. At one rough twang of the hand of disaster the harpstrings all broke. Down went the strong business firm! Away went long established credit! Up flew a flock of calumnies! The new book would not sell! A patent could not be secured for the invention! Stocks sank like lead! The insurance company exploded! "How much," says the Sheriff, "will you bid for this piano? How much for this library? How much for this family picture? How much? Will you let it go at less than half price? Going—going—gone!"

Will the grace of God hold one up in such circumstances? What has become of the great multitude of God's children who have been pounded of the flail and crushed under the wheel and trampled under the hoof? Did they lie down in the dust, weeping?

Finally, my text shall find fulfillment at the end of the Christian's life. You know how short a winter's day is and how little work you can do. Now, my friends, life is a short winter's day. The sun rises at 8 and sets at 4. The birth angel and the death angel fly only a little way apart. Baptism and burial are near together. With one hand the mother rocks the cradle and with the other she touches a grave. I went into the house of one of my parishioners on Thanksgiving Day. The little child of the household was bright and glad, and with it I bounded up and down the hall. Christmas Day came and the light of that household had perished. We stood, with black book, reading over the grave, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust."

But I hurl away this darkness. I cannot have you weep. Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory, at eventide it shall be light! I have seen many Christians die. I never saw any of them die in darkness. What if the billows of death do rise above our girle, who does not love to bathe? What though other lights do go out in the blast, what do we want of them when all the gates of glory swing open before us, and from a myriad voices, a myriad harps, a myriad thrones, a myriad palaces there dashes upon us "Hosanna! Hosanna!"

You have watched the calmness and the glory of the evening hour. The laborers have come from the field; the heavens are glowing with an indescribable effulgence, as though the sun in departing had forgotten to shut the gate after it. All the beauty of cloud and leaf swims in the lake. For a star in the sky, a star in the water; heaven above and heaven beneath. Not a leaf rustling or a bee humming or a grasshopper chirping. Silence in the meadow, silence among the hills. Thus bright and beautiful shall be the evening of the world. The heats of earthly conflict are cool; the glory of heaven fills all the scene with love, joy and peace. At eventide it is light—light!

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"Throw back the shutters and let the sun in," said dying Scoville McCullum, one of my Sabbath-school boys. "Throw back the shutters and let the sun in." You can see Paul putting on robes and wings of ascension as he exclaims: "I have fought the good fight! I have finished my course! I have kept the faith!"

Hugh McKall went to one side of the scaffold of martyrdom and cried: "Farewell sun, moon, and stars! Farewell all earthly delights!" then went on the other side of the scaffold and cried: "Welcome, God and Father! Welcome, sweet Jesus Christ, the Mediator of the covenant! Welcome, death! Welcome, glory!"

A minister of Christ in Philadelphia, dying, said in his last moments, "I move into the light!" They did not go down doubting and fearing and shivering, but their battle cry rang through all the caverns of the sepulcher and was echoed back from all the thrones of heaven: "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Sing, my soul, of joys to come.

I saw a beautiful being wandering up and down the earth. She touched the aged and they became young; she touched the poor and they became rich. I said, "Who is this beautiful being wandering up and down the earth?" They told me that her name was Death. What a strange thrill of joy when the palsied Christian began to use his arm, again, when the blind Christian begins to see again, when the deaf Christian begins to hear again, when the poor pilgrim puts his feet on such pavement and joins in such company and has a free seat in such a great temple.

Hungry men no more to hunger, thirsty men no more to thirst, weeping men no more to weep, dying men no more to die. Gather up all sweet words, all jubilant expressions, all rapturous exclamations; bring them to me, and I will pour upon them this stupendous theme of the soul's disenchantment!

Oh, the joy of the spirit as it shall mount up toward the throne of God, shouting: "Free! Free!" Your eye has gazed upon the garniture of earth and heaven, but eye hath not seen it; your ear has caught harmonies uncounted and indescribable—caught them from harp's trill and bird's carol and waterfall's dash and ocean's doxology—but ear hath not heard it.

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him pause.
"I haven't got nothin' to say to neither of you," grumbled he, sullenly. "Who said as I had? I haven't said nothin' to nobody, barrin' just this: That I don't see why Miss in there should treat me as if I were dirt, and that if she goes on treatin' me that way, I've got the means of being even with her."

The little prim lady could be heard to sigh. She seemed genuinely concerned about this matter.

"But haven't you heard," said she, with a prim little affectation of sprightliness, "that faint heart never won fair lady? How is it that you are so sure that Miss Claris means to treat you badly?"

"How am I sure?" bellowed Jem, flaming up into wrath. "Why, I'm sure of it because she does it—because she never meets me but what she turns her head away as if I was beneath my lady's notice. That's why I am sure, an' that's why I say I'll be even with her."

"Dear, dear?" bleated Miss Bostal, as she drew her shawl more closely about her. "I shouldn't have expected a brave fellow like you to threaten a lady."

Jem only grunted.

"I should have expected you to have more patience. Come, now, shall I speak to her for you? I don't know, mind, that I can do any good; but if any word of mine can help the path of true love run smooth, why, I'll say it with pleasure."

But Jem only replied by a jeering laugh.

"I mean it," chirped the lady. "I'll speak to her myself. And now will you come into the kitchen and hear me speak to her? Perhaps that will satisfy you."

After a few minutes' hesitation Jem slouched into the passage; and Miss Bostal was about to close the door, when the detective, who had taken care to hear every word of this colloquy, appeared suddenly before her, and put his hand upon the door.

"Beg pardon, ma'am, but I should like a few words with you, if you'll be so good as to see me for a few minutes privately. My name's Hemming, ma'am; and I daresay it's got to your ears that I'm here about this robbery business at the Blue Lion."

Miss Bostal, who had uttered a little shrill scream of fright on the first appearance of the stranger, now recovered herself and gave a little gasp of acquiescence.

The detective took his leave, not in the best of humor.

Jem Stickels was the person to be "got at," that was certain. But Hemming's fear was that he had been "got at" already.

CHAPTER XI.

Miss Bostal shut the door when the detective had gone, drew a shivering sigh as she folded the shawl more tightly about her thin person, and went into the dining-room.

Sitting on one of the horsehair-covered chairs in the darkness, was Nell. Miss Bostal sighed again as she placed carefully upon the table the lighted candle she had brought with her from the drawing-room.

"I feel very guilty and ashamed of myself," she murmured, rather peevishly, "for having told the man you were gone when I knew you had gone no farther than this. But I had to choose the less of two evils, for I was afraid, my dear, that you could not bear another long, worrying cross-examination from him just now."

"You were quite right, Miss Theodore, and as kind as you always are," said Nell, affectionately.

The poor girl looked indeed worn out, and the words she uttered seemed to come mechanically from weary lips.

"Come into the kitchen, child, where it is warm," said Miss Bostal, briskly. "I will make you a nice, hot cup of tea, and then you will feel better."

"Has Jem Stickels gone, then?" asked Nell, apprehensively.

"Oh, yes! I sent him off very quickly."

"Do you—" Nell faltered and began to blush and to tremble—"do you think he told the detective anything?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dear. These men are so exceedingly reticent, it is impossible to tell what they do know," answered the elder lady.

Nell watched her and gathered from her manner that Hemming had told her nothing disquieting. For Miss Bostal's whole attention was devoted, at that moment, to measuring out the smallest possible quantity of tea which could be made to supply two persons.

"And besides," went on Miss Bostal, when she had shut up the tea-caddy, "what could Stickels have to tell him? And what trust could be put in Stickels's stories?"

Nell looked at her with wide eyes of wonder and terror.

"Didn't I tell you," she said, in a husky whisper, "that Jem told me he

"You are so good yourself, Miss Theodore, that you don't know anything about people who are not like you. Jem has had plenty of opportunities to reform. It is by his own choice that he idles about instead of going to sea."

"But it is to be near you, dear," suggested the sentimental old maid. "I don't mean to say the young man is, in any sense, your equal. But I think if you really cared for him—"

"But I don't!" protested Nell, indignantly. "I have never thought about the creature, for a moment, except to wish that he would go away from the place altogether. And if he has dared to say that I ever gave him the slightest encouragement—"

"He has not, he has not," said the old maid, hastily. "He has never been anything but most humble and submissive."

"In your presence," added Nell, significantly. "But when he isn't with you, he presumes to be rude, and even jealous. As if he had the slightest right to be jealous," she added, angrily.

Miss Bostal's lips tightened with disapproval.

"I see how it is," she said. "Poor Jem is right. He complains that you have had your head turned by the young men who were here in the autumn. He says you have never had a good word for him since the coming of that particularly worldly and frivolous young man who calls himself Clifford King."

Nell drew herself up.

"Miss Theodore," she said, very quietly, "I know you will not say anything more about Mr. King, when I tell you that I—I—that if it were not for the misfortune which hangs over us now, I should be his wife some day."

But poor Miss Bostal was horror-struck at this disclosure, and she proceeded to read the girl such a lecture on the evils of marrying above one's station, and, above all, of marrying a man of the exact type of Clifford King, that, although she did not succeed in convincing Nell, she sent her home very unhappy and on the verge of tears.

To be Continued.

Nell—"Old Mr. Kashtiburn died last night." Belle—"O! my! That's terrible. Awful!" Nell—"You seem to regret it very much." Belle—"I do regret very deeply the fact that I refused him only three months ago."



FANCY BLOUSE.



TUCKED SHIRT WAIST.

and cuffs being stitched with many rows of corticelli silk. Buttons of crystal are placed on the fronts in groups of three.

The foundation lining is snugly fitted and closes at the centre front. The waist proper is plain at the back, snugly drawn down in gathers at the waist line, but is elaborated at the front by a yoke of lace and full vest portion of silk that falls in soft folds and pouches slightly, but the main portions are smooth at the shoulders and full only at the waist line. The big square collar is attached to the back of the neck and the fronts, while a regulation stock is worn at the throat. The novel sleeves are in bishop style with deep cuffs pointed at the upper edge and are arranged over fitted linings.

To cut this blouse for a woman of medium size, three and three-fourth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, two and seven-eighth yards twenty-seven inches wide, one and one-half yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with one and three-eighth yards of all-over lace to make as illustrated.

Shirt waists with deep tucks stitched from shoulders to bust make a conspicuous feature of the season's style. The pretty model given in the large drawing is made of white silk chambray and is exceedingly dainty and charming.

The fronts of the waist are closed through the regulation box pleat and three tucks are laid in each that are trebly stitched with corticelli silk from neck and shoulder edges to the bust line, where the fulness falls free to be gathered at the waist, or, left loose to be arranged as desired. The sleeves are in bishop style with cuffs of the latest width, having rounded ends buttoned over. At the neck is a turn-over collar of linen, but which can be cut of the material when preferred.

To cut this waist for a woman of medium size, three and seven-eighth yards of material twenty-one inches wide, three and one-fourth yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and three-fourth yards thirty-two inches wide or two yards forty-four inches wide will be required.

Rope-Like Folds.

All those who have been in mourning well know how hard it is to think up effective trimmings "out of whole cloth." One woman has gotten around it in this wise. The dress is of soft, rich black goods, the bodice being tucked, save at the front, where a vest of crepe, in panel effect, is introduced. This is criss-crossed with folds of the crepe, the crepe weave giving a rope-

meshed lace in deep cream is quite prominent among the most exclusive showings, while Valenciennes and point de Paris are great favorites, too.

Mohair Underskirts.

Mohair underskirts, both in black and colors, are more in evidence than ever for everyday wear for spring. As the warmer weather advances pongee and foulard will be largely favored.

Popular Embroidery.

In embroidery for undergarments blendstitching will be among the newest and most popular effects.

An Ideal Underskirt.

Silver gray taffeta adorned with rows of black silk machine-stitching makes an ideal morning underskirt.

Girl's French Apron.

French aprons, as well as French frocks, have a peculiar smartness of their own and are very generally becoming to small folk. The dainty little apron shown includes the long waist and other essential features, and is suited to all the long list of white and colored apron materials, but as here shown is of white dimity, with edging and insertion of needlework.

The waist is gathered at both upper and lower edges, the fitting being accomplished by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. The full skirt is also gathered, and is seamed to its lower edge. The neck edge is finished with a bertha collar that flares apart in points at both front and back, and the apron closes by means of buttons and buttonholes at the centre back.

To cut this apron for a girl of six years of age, two and one-half yards



FRENCH APRON FOR A GIRL.

of material thirty-two inches wide will be required, with three yards of edging and four yards of insertion to trim as illustrated.

Did they stand by the gates of heaven, saying, "There never will be a resurrection?"

Did they bemoan their thwarted plans and say, "The stocks are down; would God I were dead?" Did the night of their disaster come upon them moonless, starless, dank and howling, smothering and choking their life out? No, no! At eventide it was light. The swift promises overtook them. The eternal constellations, from their circuit about God's throne, poured down an infinite lustre. Under their shining the billows of trouble took on crests and plumes of gold and jasper and amethyst and flame. All the trees of life rustled in the midsummer of God's love. The night blooming assurances of Christ's sympathy filled all the atmosphere with heaven.

The soul at every step seemed to start up from its feet bright winged joys, warbling heavenward. "It is good that I have been afflicted!" cried David. "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away!" exclaims Job. "Sorrowful, yet always rejoicing," says St. Paul. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!" exclaims John in apocalyptic vision. At eventide it was light. Light from the cross! Light from the promises! Light from the throne! Streaming, joyous, outgushing, everlasting light!

Again, the text shall find fulfillment in the time of old age. It is a grand thing to be young, to have the sight clear and the hearing acute and the step elastic and all our pulses marching on to the drumming of a stout heart. Middle life and old age will be denied many of us, but youth—we all know what that is. Those wrinkles were not always on your brow; that snow was not always on your head; that brawny muscle did not always bunch your arm; you have not always worn spectacles. Grave and dignified as you now are, you once went coasting down the hillside or threw off your hat for the race or sent the ball flying sky high. But youth will not always last. It stays only long enough to give us exuberant spirits and broad shoulders for burden carrying and an arm with which to battle our way through difficulties. Life's path, if you follow it long enough, will come under frowning crag and cross trembling causeway. Blessed old age, if you let it come naturally! You cannot hide it.

You may try to cover the wrinkles, but you cannot cover the wrinkles. If the time has come for you to be old, be not ashamed to be old. The grandest things in all the universe are old—old mountains, old rivers, old seas, old stars and an old eternity. They do not be ashamed to be old, unless you are older than the mountains and older than the stars.

How men and women will lie! They say they are forty, but they are sixty. They say they are twenty, but they are thirty. They say they are sixty, but they are eighty. Glorious old age if found in the way of righteousness!

How beautiful the old age of Jacob, leaning on the top of his staff; of John Quincy Adams, falling with the harness on; of Washington Irving, sitting, pen in hand, amid the scenes himself had made classical; of John Angell James, to the last proclaiming the gospel to the masses of Birmingham; of Theodore Frelinghuysen, down to feebleness and emaciation devoting his illustrious faculties to the kingdom of God. At eventide it was light!

See that you do honor to the aged. A philosopher stood at the corner of the street day after day, saying to the passers-by: "You will be an old man; you will be an old man. You will be an old woman; you will be an old woman." People thought that he was crazy. I do not think that he was.

Smooth the way for that mother's feet; they have not many more steps to take. Steady those tottering limbs, they will soon be at rest. Plow not up that face with any more wrinkles; trouble and care have marked it full enough. Thrust no thorn into that old heart; it will soon cease to beat. "The eye that mocketh its father and refuseth to obey its mother the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it."

Archangel before the throne, thou failest!

Sing on, praise on, ye hosts of the glorified, and if with your scepters you cannot reach it and with your songs you cannot express it then let all the myriads of the saved unite in the exclamation: "Jesus! Jesus! Jesus!"

There will be a password at the gate of heaven. A great multitude come up and knock at the gate. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say: "We have no password. We were great on earth, and now we come up to be great in heaven." A voice from within answers, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They say, "We have no password. We did a great many noble things on earth. We endowed colleges and took care of the poor." The voice from within says, "I never knew you." Another group come up to the gate of heaven and knock. The gatekeeper says, "The password." They answer, "We were wanderers from God and deserve to die, but we heard the voice of Jesus—" "Aye, aye," says the gatekeeper, "that is the password! Lift up your heads, ye everlasting gates, and let these people come in." They go in and surround the throne, jubilant forever!

Ah, do you wonder that the last hours of the Christian on earth are illuminated by thoughts of the coming glory? Light in the evening. The medicines may be bitter. The pain may be sharp. The parting may be heartrending. Yet light in the evening. As all the stars of the night sink their anchors of pearl in lake and river and sea so the waves of Jordan shall be illuminated with the down flashing of the glory to come. The dying soul looks up at the constellations. "The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?" "The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them to living fountains of water, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Close the eyes of the departed one; earth would seem tame to his enchanted vision. Fold the hands; life's work is ended. Veil the face; it has been transfigured.

Mr. Toplady in his dying hour said, "Light." Coming nearer the expiring moment he exclaimed with illuminated countenance, "Light!" In the last instant of his breathing he lifted up his hands and cried: "Light! Light!"

Thank God for light in the evening!
(Copyright, 1902, L. Klopsch.)

LABOR WORLD.

Pacific coast hatters are insisting upon the union label.

Many union painters are on strike in Chicago for higher wages.

A strike among the granite workers in New England is probable.

The French Chamber of Deputies has adopted the eight-hour bill for miners.

The brickmakers and plasterers of Council Bluffs, Iowa, have organized a trade union.

The Granite Cutters' Union, of St. Cloud, Minn., have adopted a new wage scale of \$3.25 per day.

The organized book and job printers of New York City have been given a substantial advance in wages.

Chicago school teachers are making a bitter fight against the proposed twenty per cent. reduction in salaries.

The city bureaus of San Francisco have been forced to employ more men in order to comply with the eight-hour law.

The masons of Valencia, Spain, are the first organization in that country to successfully strike for an eight-hour day.

Now is the time to subscribe for this paper.

THE NEWMARKET ADVERTISER.

F. H. PINKHAM,

Editor and Publisher.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1902.

NOTES BY THE WAYSIDE.

Come in out of "De Wet" Johnnie Bull, folks will think just as much of you and, if anything, a heap sight more. It has been a pesky moist climate in south Africa the last two or three years, and your stockings are all soaked with blood, "Johnnie," and you'd better hang your "pantie's" up behind the kitchen stove to dry, and then get some old lady to put a patch on 'em. To be sure, patches ain't so very sightly, but any how, they are better than a showing of the bare hide.

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The nation is breathing easier because "Teddy," Jr. is "out of the woods" and will now recover. Well, it is safe to predict one thing, and that is, the next time "Teddy's" marm catches the "kid" skiting around in cold weather bare-headed there will be a close shingle application.

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It makes us "madder than a wet hen" to read some of the fool utterances of our congressman. It does seem as if to be a gentleman was one of the least requirements to fit one to occupy a seat in our national councils. What especially "riles" us this time is the senseless "drizzle" of Mr. Wheeler (Kentucky) in the House the other day. This gentleman (he hardly deserves the name) took occasion to scare the administration for the hearty welcome which is to be tendered to the German prince who is soon to visit this country, and also slurred because the President is intending that his eldest "darter" shall attend King "Eddie's" coronation. If such "blab" could be kept from circulation it wouldn't matter so much, but the more extravagant and bizarre the utterance of such fools, the greater the spread and notoriety. To our mind peace and harmony is a thousand times better than war and commotion, and if the interchange of "social amenities" between nations tends to closer friendship and a cementing of existing ties, which it certainly must have a tendency to do, then the more of it the better. So come on, all ye dukes, princes and what not, and "Uncle Sam" will extend the hospitalities the best he knows how, notwithstanding a little undersized fool congressman. By the way we have just received word from the "committee of arrangements" that on account of some unforeseen circumstance that has

Mr. J. E. Fowler's honey in away that we now realize was very injudicious. Mr. Fowler is a very nice man and we entertain the highest opinion of his character and abilities, and though he roosts on the opposite side of the political fence 'from where we have our squatin place, we had hoped to be able to induce him to "flop over" just long enough to exercise his "right of franchise" in our behalf, and then most gladly would we give him a boost back again, because the political organization with which he affiliates could not well sustain the prolonged absence of so good a man, and just as soon as we can scratch together the component parts of another "kawarter" we intended to invest in another pound of his blamed old (blast them "taters")—er—that is to say of his delicious concentrated sweetness.

THE OLD MAN.

Pine Grove Manse, Feb. 19.

A THOUSANDS DOLLARS THROWN AWAY.

Mr. W. W. Baker, of Plainview, Neb., writes "My wife had lung trouble for over fifteen years. We tried a number of doctors and spent over a thousand dollars without any relief. She was very low and I lost all hope, when a friend suggested trying Foley's Honey and Tar, which I did; and thanks be to this great remedy it saved her life. She is stronger and enjoys better health than she has ever known in ten years. We shall never be without Foley's Honey and Tar, and would ask those afflicted to try it." G. L. Dearborn.

REAL ESTATE CONVEYANCES.

Following are recent conveyances of real estate in the county of Rockingham, as recorded by the Register of Deeds:

AUBURN.—Simon G. and Levi Preston to Sarah Pennock, land, \$1.

-DERRY.—Charles E. Crombi to Jennie M. Crombi, both of Manchester, land, \$1. —Julia B. Bradford et als. to Frederick S. Lewis and Samuel J. Lord, all of Manchester, land, \$1.

EPPING.—David Stickney to James H. Bartlett, Exeter, land and buildings, \$1.

EXETER.—Executors of will of Henry P. Neal to Nathan G. Howard, all of Newfields, the Lucius Pease lot in Oaklands, \$60.—Last grantee to H. Jenness Paul, Newfields, same land, \$1.—Achsah M. Merrill et als. to Abner L. Merrill, Boston, land and buildings corner Spring and Main streets, \$1.

FREMONT.—Abram F. Brown to Daniel C. Hooke, land, \$50.

HAMPTON.—Charles E. Mason to David J. Lamprey, North Hampton, woodland, \$1.—Jacob T. Brown to Henry Bremmels, land, \$475, deeded in 1894.—Alice I. Sanborn et al. to realty as John C. and John Palmer heirs, \$140 each.

KINGSTON.—Hosea, B. Bartlett to John B. Hanson, land, \$1.—Nancy Andraskiewicz, Haverhill, Mass., to

LEE.

There seems to be an epidemic of wind and blue overalls these days.

H. M. Glidden went to Amesbury last week and purchased a fine Democrat wagon.

The surgeons at the hospital did not think it possible to operate on Harry Kenerson with safety and he has returned home with no relief from his troubles.

Mrs. G. A. Glidden has been visiting in Boston and vicinity for several days.

On account of continued ill health, Mr. Hardy, now in Lynn, contemplates returning to his farm in the spring. Lee's the place for invalids.

Over fifty were present at the Recreation Club party Friday night, eleven tables being devoted to whist. Miss Mary Smith, a young lady who professed to never having played the game before, scored the most points, therefore was entitled to first choice of the many parcels arranged on a table (contributed by each person who attended). It was a miscellaneous lot (very) including anything from a nursing bottle of lacteal fluid, all ready for business, to mirrors, cigars, etc. Said parcels were as deceptive as those sold by auction at certain seasons at the freight depots in Boston, the largest being rich in wrapping paper. Of course everyone was careful not to select his own contribution. After the play oysters were served and dancing concluded the festivities. What more could be crowded into one evening's recreation? Am requested to state it is a private affair, only club members and their friends have an open sesame to the circle. COM.

Mrs. Burnham Buzzell returned Saturday from a four day's visit with friends in Candia. Miss Ethel Davis and Miss Florence Fernald are afflicted with severe colds. The schools in town closed last week. Mr. and Mrs. Robert G. Bennett and Mr. and Mrs. Frank Durell of Newmarket called at Nutwood Sunday. Daniel L. Burleigh of Durham visited with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel W. Burleigh, Sunday. Daniel Ladd and son, Master Watson, of Epping were callers at Walnut Avenue Farms Saturday. Joseph B. Bennett and family of Newmarket called on his uncle, David S. Bennett, Sunday. Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wiggin, accompanied by their son and daughter, spent Sunday with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Wiggin. Charles Bennett of Dedham, Mass.,

son of his brother, Anthony

son of his brother, Anthony

son of his brother, Anthony

son of his brother, Anthony

son of his brother, Anthony

son of his brother, Anthony

son of his brother, Anthony

son of his brother, Anthony

PROBATE COURT.

The following is among the business recently transacted in the Probate Court of Rockingham County:

WILL PROVED.—Of Fidelia H. Treadwell, Newmarket, George H. and Flora G. Treadwell, Brooklyn, executors, with Irving T. George as their agent.

ADMINISTRATION GRANTED.—In estates of Mary F. Blake, Exeter, Perley Gardner, administrator; Caroline S. Rand, Deerfield, Gilman M. Rand, administrator; Anna L. Sampson, Portsmouth, Charles W. Dennett, administrator; Edward D. Felch, Seabrook, Jane A. Felch, administratrix; Benjamin F. Norton, Newmarket, Harrison G. Burley, administrator; Willard J. Sampson, Portsmouth, Charles W. Dennett, administrator; Ann L. Pettee, Derry, Charles S. Pettee, administrator; Margaret Smith, Greenland, Eileen E. Obrey, administratrix.

INVENTORIES FILED.—In estates of Charles B. Sargent, Newton; George Vennard, Newcastle; Harriet L. Tarlton, Newcastle.

RECEIPTS FILED.—In estates of John T. Perry, Exeter; Thomas Murphy, Portsmouth; J. Harvey Philbrick, Candia; Eliza J. Clay, Chester; Wingate N. Ilsley, Portsmouth.

LICENSE GRANTED.—To sell personal property, estate of Charles O. Foye, Northwood.

APPRAISERS APPOINTED.—In estates of Josiah B. Eastman, Hampstead.

GUARDIANS APPOINTED.—F. Henry Bartlett over Mary J. Bartlett, Derry; Woodbury M. Durgin over Bernice O. Leavitt, Northwood; Florence E. L. Kelley, over B. Franklin, Charles H. and George F. Leavitt, Northwood.

ACCOUNTS SETTLED.—In estates of Frank R. Martin, Salem, with receipts filed and resignation of guardian.

Kidney complaint kills more people than any other disease. This is due to the disease being so insidious that it gets a good hold on the system before it is recognized. Foley's Kidney Cure will prevent the development of fatal disease if taken in time. G. L. Dearborn.

"ALL SOLD OUT."

SO NEWSDEALERS REPORT REGARDING THE BOSTON SUNDAY JOURNAL.

"All sold out of Boston Sunday Journals," is the report of every Monday now of newsdealers all over New England, and this in spite of constantly increasing orders. So large has been the demand, and so rapid the increase, that it has frequently of late been impossible for the Boston Sunday Journal to fill its orders.

This situation is not surprising when one takes into account the number and the excellence of the features which go to make up the Boston Sunday Journal as a whole. Besides the paper itself, with the news of all the world, and its timely and striking special articles,

VINOL IS NOT A Patent Medicine

There Is No Secret About Vinol

It is Nothing But the Curative Elements which are Found in Cod-Liver Oil, Dissolved in a Delicate Table Wine with a Little Organic Iron added—that's all; no Grease, no Bad Taste, a Simple and Wholesome Medicine with a Remarkable Curative Power.

Everything that is in Vinol is plainly printed on the label of each package. We know Vinol is a splendid preparation for tired, pale and weak women and children, old people and all persons who are run down, nervous or losing flesh. We are satisfied that Vinol is the best tonic re- constructor we have ever sold, and in many cases we have been able to see for ourselves the wonderful results it brings about. Remember that we guarantee Vinol and refund the purchase money to all who are not satisfied.

A. H. Place Drug Co.

FREE!!

To the first one hundred adult people who will cut out this advertisement and take it to our store we will give a regular 25-cent bottle of

Spiller's Golden Cough Balsam.

To show their faith in its curative properties, the proprietors of this remedy want anyone suffering from a cough or cold to give it a trial free of charge.

Remember we have only 100 bottles to give away, and the first 100 adult people who bring this advertisement will get them. They are not small samples, but the regular 25-cent size.

A. H. Place Drug Co.,
Masonic Block, Newmarket, N. H.

NOTICE.

The subscriber gives notice that he has been duly appointed Administrator of the estate of BENJAMIN F. NORTON, late of Newmarket, in the County of Rockingham, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment.

HARRISON G. BURLEY.
Dated Newmarket, Feb. 15, 1902.

Collector's Sale of Non-Resident Lands.

STATE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE,

ROCKINGHAM, SS.
Notice is hereby given that so much of the following real estate in the town of Newmarket, in said county, belonging to persons not resident in

JANUARY MARK-DOWN SALE

—AT—

W. W. DURELL'S

DOWN, DOWN GO THE PRICES

—ON—

Garments, Capes and Furs

Beginning January 4.

Newmarkets and Raglans.

\$15.50 Garments now	\$11.48
14.50 Garments now	10.48
12.50 Garments now	9.48

Coats, 42 and 44 In. Long.

\$20.00 Garments now	\$15.48
15.50 Garments now	11.48
13.50 Garments now	10.48
8.50 Garments now	5.48

Coats, 27 Inches Long.

\$12.50 Garments now	\$9.48
10.50 Garments now	7.98
9.50 Garments now	6.98
7.50 Garments now	5.48
5.50 Garments now	3.48
3.50 Garments now	2.48

Misses' Long Coats.

\$10.00 Garments now	\$
6.00 Garments now	
4.25 Garments now	

Children's Reefers.

A lot of Children's Reefers nicely trimmed, prices from \$ to \$4.50, marked down to \$1.25

Capes.

\$15.50 Garments now	\$1
15.00 Garments now	1
10.50 Garments now	
10.00 Garments now	
5.50 Garments now	

The above are all new garments and not a poor style among the

FURS AT 25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT.

A Happy New Year to one and all.

W. W. DURELL

NEWMARKET, N. H.

PIANOS!

Wonderful Bargains

Miller, Vose, Beale

Somehow seem to be getting suspicious of their own strength and are forming alliances with nations for help and assistance in case of trouble England has made a "hitch" with Japan, Russia has locked arms with France, and now "Uncle Sam" had better "jine" with the "Kaiser." This triplet of alliances would make the "fur fly" in great shape in case a "mix up" should occur. Speaking of the alliance recently entered into by England and Japan calls to mind the wonderful advancement the latter has made in civilized progress in the last half century. About fifty years ago "Uncle Sam" having, as a result of the Mexican War, added California to his "real estate" cast his eyes westward across the Pacific to see what sort of an opening there was to do a little "bizness" in that direction, and his optics rested on the little Empire of Japan, a country which hitherto had been like a "sealed book", almost, the Dutch being the only outsiders who had in any way been able to gain an entrance, and that in a very restricted way. So U. S. selected some of his handsomest men, dressed 'em all "spick and span" with lots of gold lace stickicking out, loaded them with presents, given 'em a good big stick of "sealing wax" to cement any good impression that might be made, then writ a nice letter and put it in the hands of Commodore Perry, and sent the whole outfit in a war vessel to see what could be done. Well, it took quite a little while to accomplish the work, but by a liberal distribution of presents, finessc, bluff, and a very liberal display of "cheek" the commodore achieved all he set out to do. A treaty was negotiated with the "Japs" and the door that had so long been kept padlocked was opened to the world, and to-day the Empire of Japan, which occupies a territory of 160,000 square miles, stands away up in the front row as to civilization, and accomplishments. It is said that in 36 hours she can mobilize and have ready for action an army of 250,000 men, whose valor is beyond question, the recent "mix up" in China showing what the Japanese soldier is made of.

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'There is one thing we have felt compelled to do, and that is to change our diet, for those "pesky purtaties" of George (Washington) Chamberlain's production, which we have been lately surrounding, have incited us to utter such vast quantities of plain unvarnished truth, in season and out, (mostly out) that we greatly fear irreparable injury has been done to our "political prospects." It will be bourne in mind that several weeks ago we referred to

NEWCASTLE.—Thomas O. Amazeen to William I. Meloon; land, \$1. NEWTON.—A. Judson Sawyer to Fred E. Sawyer, Concord, rights in lands in Newton, Kingston and Hampstead, \$1. NORTH HAMPTON.—George B. Lamprey, Hampton, et al. to Eli G. Bunker, woodland, \$1.—Last grantee to David J. Lamprey, woodland, \$1.—John A. Bachelder, Hyde Park, Mass., to Boston and Maine railroad, lands, \$1.

NORTHWOOD.—Edna A. Swain to Charles H. Kelley, land, \$50; woodland, \$1, deeded in 1896-7.—Walter F. Knowlton, Manchester, to Jessamine D. French, Port Deposit, Md., lands and buildings, \$1.

PORTSMOUTH.—Lamont Hilton to George E. Beals, Cumberland, Me., land and buildings on Lincoln avenue, \$1.—Administrators of estate of Charles H. Mendum to Aron O. Benfield, land and buildings on Chestnut street, \$1200.—Last grantee to Ora A. Angell, land and buildings on Porter street, \$900.—Trustee under will of Daniel Marcy to George D. Marey, one-eight premises corner Pleasant and Manning streets, \$375.

RYE.—Charles E. Trafton to Charles H. Clough, both of Portsmouth, land, \$1.—John O. Berry to Frank J. Trefethen, land and buildings, \$1.—Sarah A. and Edward E. Seavey to William A. Bragdon, all of Portsmouth, salt marsh, \$1.—Moses Clarke et als. to last grantee, salt marsh, \$1.

SEABROOK.—Charles A. and Charles E. Eaton, Newburyport, to James A. and Alma E. Eaton, Lynn, Mass., land, \$1.—Edward L. Gove to Edward D. Felch, salt marsh, \$40, deeded in 1887.—Sarah E. Grove to last grantee, marsh, \$12, deeded in 1891.

WINDHAM.—Addie F. Belyea, Somerville, Mass., to Allen C. Larrabee, Medford, Mass., land and buildings, \$1.

CHILD WORTH MILLIONS. "My child is worth millions to me," says Mrs. Mary Bird of Harrisburg, Pa., "yet I would have lost her by croup had I not purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." One Minute Cough Cure is sure cure for coughs, croup, throat and lung troubles. An absolutely safe cough cure which acts immediately. The youngest child can take it with entire safety. The little ones like the taste and remember how often it helped them. Every family should have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure handy. At this season especially it may be needed suddenly. A. H. Place Drug Co.

It is not the man who is always trying to get the best of it who makes the best of it.

Foley's Honey and Tar is best for croup and whooping cough, contains no opiates, and cures quickly. Careful mothers keep it in the house. G. L. Dearborn.

A cheque of right size will assuage any man's grief.

The most reliable preparations for kidney troubles on the market is Foley's Kidney Cure. G. L. Dearborn.

and pleasant, and the roads dry, smooth and dusty. Monday a snow storm, accompanied by a violent wind, destroyed the wheeling and did not make sleighing, as the snow drifts are interspersed with such long, bare places that it is neither sleighing nor wheeling. And the wind continues to blow!

A number of Lee people met with the Packer's Falls friends of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel A. Woodman at their pleasant home Saturday evening. It was a bright, beautiful evening and there were twenty-seven present. Music, both vocal and instrumental, and cards were enjoyed. A bountiful supper was served and all agreed in the verdict that an exceptionally pleasant, social evening had been passed. ANON.

Miss Jennie Farwell has finished her school in Madbury.

Quite a number of the young people are making arrangements to attend the reception at Durham college on Friday evening.

At the last meeting of Jeremiah Smith Grange District Deputy I. C. Weld was present to inspect the Grange, and the first and second degrees were conferred upon three candidates. Before the closing remarks a short literary programme was listened to.

Several members of the Grange are rehearsing for the drama "A Town Meeting." I believe it is to be given March 7.

News has been received of the death of Prof. Waterhouse of St. Louis. He was a native of Barrington, but often spent several weeks during the summer visiting relatives in Lee, a sister, the late Mrs. John Thompson, and a niece, Mrs. B. F. Davis. A great traveller, a distinguished scholar and a popular professor; he will be greatly missed in the University which he has served so many years.

At the chapel of the Congregational church, Gen. George Washington and Mrs. Martha Washington will give a reception, on Saturday evening, Feb. 22. Young ladies dressed in colonial style will serve coffee, sandwiches, chocolate and cake free. A small admission fee will be charged.

A NIGHT ALARM. Worse than an alarm of fire at night is the brassy cough of croup, which sounds like the children's death knell and it means death unless something is done quickly. Foley's Honey and Tar never fails to give instant relief and quickly cures the worst forms of croup. Mrs. P. L. Cordier, of Mannington, Ky., writes: "My three year old girl had a severe case of croup; the doctor said she could not live. I got a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar, the first dose gave quick relief and saved her life." Refuse substitutes. G. L. Dearborn.

SOMETHING THAT WILL DO YOU GOOD.

We know of no way in which we can be of more service to our readers than to tell them of something that will be of real good to them. For this reason we want to acquaint them with what we consider one of the very best remedies on the market for coughs, colds, and that alarming complaint, croup. We refer to Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it with such good results in our family so long that it has become a household necessity. By its prompt use we haven't any doubt but that it has time and again prevented croup. The testimony is given upon our experience, and we suggest that our readers, especially those who have small children, always keep it in their homes as a safeguard against croup.—Camden (S. C.) Messenger. For sale by A. H. Place Drug Co.

Mothers can safely give Foley's Honey and Tar to their children for coughs and colds, for it contains no opiates or other poisons. G. L. Dearborn.

"The white man's burden"—paying taxes.

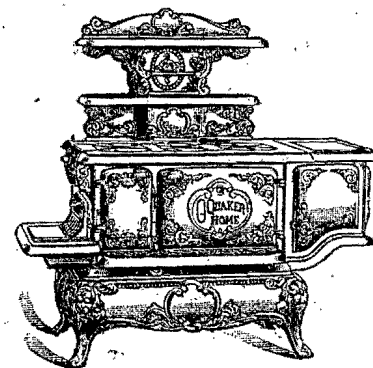
NOTICE.

The subscribers give notice that they have been duly appointed Executors of the Estate of FIDELIA H. TREADWELL late of Newmarket, in the County of Rockingham, deceased.

All persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all having claims to present them for adjustment. Irving T. George of said Newmarket is our agent to receive notice of claims against said estate and service of process as executors.

GEORGE H. TREADWELL, FLORA G. TREADWELL, By their attorney, I. T. George.

Dated February 10, 1902.



THE HOME Quaker Range

Is the only range made with a flue in the back of the oven.

If your dealer does not carry them, write to

TAUNTON IRON WORKS, TAUNTON, MASS.

RANGES

Of all the Leading Varieties and Latest Designs

PARLOR STOVES

Of Many Sizes and Qualities.

A Large Line of

Second-Hand Coal-Burning Parlor Stoves

To be disposed of at prices to please customers.

JOHN H. GRIFFIN, NEWMARKET. N. H.

Sale or Rent.

Their facilities enable them to offer greatest inducements to all purchasers.

Etc.

They also offer a great variety of Second-hand Pianos, Organs and Machines at about their original value. Don't to call and see them.

J. E. LOTHROP & CO DOVER, N. H.

CLEARANCE SALE

— OF —

JOHN H. GRIFFIN, Garments and Suit

WE PLACE ON SALE

100 Jackets, good style, former price, from \$10.00 to \$20.00

50 Suits, former price from \$10.00 to \$20.00,

AT THE UNIFORM PRICE OF

\$5.00.

THOMAS H. DEARBORN & CO DOVER, N. H.

ADVERTISER ADS BRING BUSINESS

Assignee's SALE!

—AT—
PRIEST'S
Department Store.

ANOTHER GREAT BARGAIN LIST.

For This Week.

Do not miss this great opportunity. From day to day new values are brought forward of unequalled merit. Every department is crowded with merchandise that must be turned into CASH AT ONCE. Here are a few of the good things that go this week for three-fourths, two-thirds or HALF REGULAR PRICE.

WHIPS,
Were 25 and 35c.

WHIPS,
Were 50 and 75c.

WHIPS,
Were \$1 and \$1.25.

POCKET BOOKS,
Were 25 and 35c.

POCKET BOOKS,
Were 50 and 75c.

POCKET KNIVES,
Were 50 and 62c.

POCKET KNIVES

THE NEWMARKET ADVERTISER.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1902.

Boston & Maine R. R.
Winter Arrangement, in effect Oct. 14, 1901.
TRAINS LEAVE NEWMARKET
For Boston, 8.01, 8.59, 9.41, 10.46 A.M.; 2.24, 5.42 P.M.
For Portland, 8.10, 9.50 A.M.; 2.05, 5.42, 7.05 P.M.
Sunday trains: For Boston, 6.57 A.M.; 2.55, 6.22 P.M. For No. Berwick, 3.15 P.M.
TRAINS ARRIVE ROCKINGHAM JUNCTION
From Boston, 8.05, 9.35, 9.59 A.M.; 2.00, 2.44, 5.27, 5.42, 7.00 P.M. Sundays, 5.14 A.M.; 8.00 P.M.
From the east, 6.05, 9.02, 9.45, 10.50 A.M.; 2.28, 5.33, 5.47 P.M. Sundays, 7.01 A.M.; 3.00, 6.26, P.M.
TRAINS LEAVE ROCKINGHAM JUNCTION
For Boston, 6.10, 8.11, 9.50, 11.00 A.M.; 2.38, 5.42, 5.55 P.M. Sundays, 7.11 A.M.; 3.10, 6.36, P.M.
For the east, 8.05, 9.45, 10.09 A.M.; 2.00, 2.54, 5.35, 5.52, 7.00, P.M. Sundays, 5.17 A.M.; 8.10 P.M.
TRAINS LEAVE BOSTON
For Newmarket, 5.59, 7.30, 11.50 A.M.; 3.30, 5.14 P.M. Sundays, 6.00 P.M.
Additional trains stopping at Rockingham Junction, 8.30 A.M.; 1.15, 4.15, P.M. Sundays, 3.45 A.M.
TRAINS LEAVE ROCKINGHAM JUNCTION
For Manchester and the north, 9.07 A.M.; 1.07, 3.58 P.M.
For Portsmouth, 9.47 A.M.; 12.17, 5.55 P.M.
D.J. FLANDERS, G.P. and T.A.

NOTICE.

Our terms hereafter for the following class of advertising will be:
Cards of thanks, 50 cents.
Resolutions, 50 cents per first inch; 25 cents for each additional inch.
Local notices, for entertainments, sociables, etc., designed to make money, 10 cents per line first insertion; each additional insertion, 5 cents. If job printing is done at this office, one free notice will be given.

HOME HAPPENINGS.

Oh, yes, quite a storm, and Tuesday morn. The weather man wore a pleasant smile and shook his head as he smiled and said "I guess this will hold you for a while."

Arthur Proctor of Derry spent Sunday in town.

Three cans of corn for 25 cents, at F. P. Haines'.

Harry Titus of Kittery was in town Saturday.

Harry Mathes of Dover spent Sunday in town.

George F. Rice spent several days last week in Concord.

F. P. Haines' ad this week may be of interest to you. Read it.

Quite a contrast between the weather of Sunday and Monday.

New York papers now arrive in town every day at 3 P. M.

19 Miss Sadie M. Davis of Allston, Mass., was home this week.

39 Three bottles "Superior" Horse Radish for 25 cents, at F. P. Haines'.

79 George K. Mathes of Sanbornville, visited relatives in town recently.

19 Services are being held in St. Mary's church every Wednesday and Friday evenings.

39 Try Felix Clement's famous oyster stews. Oysters by the quart or gallon.

39 Mr. and Mrs. Fred Proctor of Hampton Beach, visited relatives in town the past week.

A. H. PLACE DRUG CO.,

Pharmacists,

—AND DEALERS IN—

STATIONERY,

Blank Books and Sundries,

WALL PAPERS, ROOM MOULDINGS,

And Fancy Chinaware,

Masonic Block, Newmarket, N. H.

PICTURE FRAMES MADE TO ORDER.

Tomorrow is Washington's birthday.

"Oh, my arm!" is heard on all sides these days.

Miss Alice Carpenter is visiting relatives in Waterville, Me.

Best Laundry work always furnished by the Doe Clothing Co.

Mrs. John P. Griffin has been ill during the past three days.

Mrs. Cummings of Littleton is visiting Rev. and Mrs. J. C. Osgood.

Albert Demeritt of Durham was recently in town on business.

There will be a meeting of the Newmarket Cornet Band Tuesday evening.

A. C. Haines has gone on a trip to Washington, D. C., with the Amoskeag Veterans of Manchester.

Rev. J. C. Osgood spent several days last week with his son, Rev. E. E. Osgood, in Andover, Mass.

W. P. Haley, of the firm of Kennedy & Haley, is confined to his home, the result of vaccination which "took."

Mr. and Mrs. Charles O. Caswell of Portland, Me., were in town this week, visiting their father, James M. Caswell.

The regular monthly meeting of the Free Baptist church will be held in the vestry of the church next Tuesday even-

NEWFIELDS.

The case of small pox that broke out in this town a short time ago proved fatal. The patient, Mrs. Daniel E. Smith, died early Friday morning, after an illness of about ten days. The case had been in charge of Dr. Parsons of Manchester, and, severe case although it was, the prospects for recovery were considered good until late the night before. Representatives of the state board of health, assisted by the selectmen, attended to the interment. There has been a great amount of unnecessary alarm caused by the case, and recently it was inspected by the state board of health, who pronounced the quarantine safe, and nothing could be detected by which contagion would result. Mrs. Smith was well-known in town. She was in the sixty-second year of her age and had many years been a resident here. She was connected with the Congregational church, in which for a long time she had been a zealous worker. The case is a particularly sad one and the citizens are in deep sympathy with Mrs. Smith's friends and relatives. Two sons survive her, Herbert W. and Daniel R. Smith, both of this town.

Sheriff Corliss and Deputies Charles Humphreys and George Corliss of Ports-

AN OLD CUSTOMER WRITES:

"Am wearing one of your overcoats now, purchased ten years ago." If we sold many such coats we'd retire on our laurels—and nothing else; but we don't worry; few men will wear an overcoat ten years out of style.

We have a lot of nice overcoats on hand that were \$15.00 and \$18.00, that go now at

\$10.00 and \$12.00.

Everything about them right and they are long wearers.

LOTHROPS, FARNHAM & CO.,

476 to 480 Central Ave., Dover, N. H.

SPECIAL * REDUCED * PRICES

on all our Heavy Goods

DURING FEBRUARY.

A favorable time to leave your orders for an Overcoat, Suit or Trousers.

A FEW PAIRS F

MEN'S * *

\$3.50

* * SHOES

To Close out at

\$2.69.

Not many left, so call early and pick out a pair.

E. P. PINKHAM,

SHOE DEALER,

NEWMARKET, N. H.

Were 35c.
STAND LAMPS, .42
 Were 60 to 75c.
DECORATED CHINA LAMPS, \$2
 Were \$2.50 and \$3.
ALARM CLOCKS, .79
 Were \$1 and \$1.25.
PORCELAIN CLOCKS, \$3.75
 Were \$5, \$6 and \$7.
HAT PINS, .05
 Were 10 and 15c.
POMPADOUR COMBS, .11
 Were 25c.
SIDE COMBS, .07
 Were 20c
BACK COMBS, .11
 Were 25 and 35c
NOTE PAPER, 12c a Pkg.
 (Melrose Commercial) was 25c.
UMBRELLAS, .39
 Were 50c.
UMBRELLAS, .79
 Were \$1 and \$1.25.
HATS, (Soft or Stiff) .25
 Were 98c and \$1.48.
HATS, (Soft or Stiff) .50
 Were \$1.50 and \$2.
WINTER CAPS, .10
 Were 25 and 35c.
WINTER CAPS, .25
 Were 50 and 75c.
WINTER CAPS, .69
 Were \$1 and \$1.25.
BOY'S OVERCOATS, .98
 Were \$2 and \$2.50.
BOY'S SUITS, \$1
 Were \$1.50 and \$2.
MEN'S REEFERS, \$3.50
 Were \$5, \$6 and \$7.

Come in the morning if possible—
 Last Friday the crowd was so great in
 the afternoon and evening that we
 had to lock the doors time after time.
 Nothing like these values were ever
 offered in Newmarket before and that
 the people appreciate 'em the crowded
 store proves. Remember, entire
 stock to be closed for cash at bank-
 rupt prices.

PRIEST'S
 Clothing and Department Store,
NEWMARKET.
 R. T. ALMY, Assignee.

Mr. Joseph D. Aiken from Taftville,
 Conn., assumed the duties as agent of
 the Newmarket Manufacturing Co.,
 on Monday.
 District Deputy, Ivan C. Weld of
 Durham officially inspected Lamprey
 River Grange Wednesday evening. The
 first degree was exemplified.
 New moulded records for the phono-
 graph just received at Lothrop's music
 rooms, Dover; they are wonderfully fine.
 Also new phonograph speakers, etc.
 When you want a good smoke, call
 for the "Senator" or "Little Senator"
 cigar.
 The Woman's Christian Temperance
 Union will hold a Frances Willard me-
 morial service in the Free Baptist
 Church, Sunday evening, Feb. 23, at
 7 o'clock.
 Durgin Assembly, Pythian Sisterhood
 tendered the Dover Assembly an invi-
 tation to meet with them last Tuesday
 evening, but owing to the bad weather
 it was impossible for the Dover Assem-
 bly to attend.
 At a meeting of Lamprey River
 Grange last Thursday evening the third
 and fourth degrees were conferred on a
 class of eighteen. This is the largest
 class ever taken into this Grange. Many
 patrons of neighboring Granges were
 present and after the work all sat down
 to a fine supper.
 Seminary seniors at Exeter, have
 awarded these class day parts: Valedic-
 tory, Miss Lessie S. Clough of Exeter;
 salutatory, Miss Mary P. Chapman of
 Newmarket; history, Miss Deborah P.
 Leavitt of Exeter; prophecy, Miss Helen
 F. Bachelder of Exeter; address to
 undergraduates, Miss Annie L. Jones of
 Exeter; oration, Miss Alice B. Lane of
 Antrim.
 Ernest C. Cheswell, of this town, who
 for the past two years or more has been
 in charge of the telegraph office at
 Rockingham Junction, during the day
 time, desiring to make a more thorough
 study of electricity in its various uses
 and appliances, has entered into the
 services of the Thompson, Houston Co.,
 in Lynn, Mass., under very favorable
 auspices, and with the good will and
 wishes for his success of his former
 employers and fellow townsmen.
 The snow storm, or blizzard, which
 started Monday morning at 9 o'clock,
 continued until 8 o'clock Tuesday morn-
 ing with a little let-up during the night.
 Over a foot of snow fell on the level; it
 drifted badly and in many places was
 several feet deep. The snow was moist
 and heavy and all wires were more or
 less affected. As soon as possible the
 highway agents began the work of
 breaking out and a crew of men soon
 had the streets in the village cleared.

Mrs. W. H. Smith is suffering from
 the effects of a fall, which occurred last
 Sunday evening. It is hoped no serious
 results will follow the mishap.

Lamprey River Grange is to hold a
 public box party in Grand Army hall
 Feb. 28. Ladies are requested to bring
 a box and the gentlemen their pocket-
 books.

The Doe Clothing Co. have some
 excellent values in Spring Overcoatings.
 Oxford mixtures at \$12, \$15, and \$18. It
 is not too early to order these garments,
 as they will soon be needed.

The Mission Band of the Free Baptist
 church met in the vestry of the church
 last Saturday afternoon. About twenty
 were present. Games were played and
 a very enjoyable time was had, after
 which refreshments were served.

Grand Chancellor Morse was the
 special guest of Concord Lodge, No. 8,
 K. of P., at Concord on Wednesday
 night. The occasion was a celebration
 in honor of the 38th anniversary of the
 order. About 350 knights and ladies
 were present. The exercises consisted
 of a musical and literary programme,
 address by the Grand Chancellor,
 followed by a supper and dance.

For sale or exchange, one Plymouth
 300-egg incubator. W. J. Emerson,
 Newmarket.

The condition of the editor of the AD-
 VERTISER is very gratifying to his many
 friends and patrons. The following is
 the latest report from the hospital
 physician: "Temperature, normal;
 pulse, good; likewise his respiration;
 digests well all nourishment taken;
 discharge from wound, less than at any
 previous dressing; eyes bright and
 clear. We cannot look into the future,
 but it appears to me the outlook grows
 more favorable every day."

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Piscataqua Congregational Club
 will hold its annual meeting on Satur-
 day, February 22, at the Congregational
 church, Newmarket. Following is the
 programme:

FORNOON.

Social greeting.
 Report of Outlook Committee.
 Annual business meeting.

AFTERNOON.

Address,—The Duty of the State to-
 wards the Dependent Insane.

Mr. C. P. Bancroft, M. D., Concord.
 Address,—The New Prison.

Rev. W. J. Batt, Concord.
 A dinner will be served at noon in the
 vestry by the ladies of the parish.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION
 CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
 Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
 in time. Sold by druggists.

James Lyons, who has been in at
 the Cottage hospital in Portsmouth for
 several days, has been removed to the
 pest house in that city, suffering from
 scarlet fever. The fact that the pest
 house had a patient became noised about
 Friday evening and the report was cir-
 culated that a mysterious case of small
 pox existed there. The attending phy-
 sician, however, says it is nothing more
 than scarlet fever.

Active preparations are under way for
 the construction of a system of water
 works at Hampton this summer. A
 test has been made of the supply offered
 at Lane's spring, and several acres of
 land have been bonded to the company
 in that vicinity.

Louis G. Hoyt of Kingston is actively
 pressing his campaign for the judge of
 probate of this county, which becomes
 vacant by the retirement of Judge
 Thomas Leavitt, who will reach the age
 limit in September. Judge Henry A.
 Shute of the Exeter police court is the
 other candidate.

A deed was received at the Rocking-
 ham registry Saturday evening which
 was executed May 31, 1800.

Charles J. Lydson, who is employed
 as a driver at the navy yard, met with a
 serious accident on Friday afternoon,
 breaking his left leg near the ankle.

We desire to call your attention to a
 clubbing rate for *The Boston*
Weekly Journal and the *New-*
MARKET ADVERTISER both for \$1.80 per
 year. The arrangement for this rate is
 one unusually attractive, since the *Bos-*
ton Journal is the only daily and Sunday
 paper in Boston publishing a weekly
 edition summing up the news of the
 week and illustrating it by the photo-
 graphic process already made famous
 in the daily and Sunday editions of that
 paper. This offer is good only for sub-
 scribers residing in New Hampshire. If

A CARD.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree
 to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle
 of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if
 it fails to cure your cough or cold. We
 also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove
 satisfactory or money refunded.

GEO. L. DEARBORN.
 A. H. PLACE DRUG CO.
 W. H. STICKNEY, EPPING.

NOTICE.

As the public well know, for
 several years past they have been
 unable to buy wood or coal that has
 been dry in the wet season. We are
 now prepared to furnish the same, at
 any time of year, that will be dry, as
 we keep the same under cover, and
 shall hope to receive orders from
 people that appreciate having dry
 wood and coal. Wood sawed and split at
 your door if desired.

C. M. KENISTON & CO.
 Orders left at Doe Clothing Co.'s.

TOO MANY DRESS GOODS.

We find we have too many dress
 goods and have made spec-
 ial prices as follows
 to reduce stock.

Lot one is an all-wool fabric in Plaids and Mixtures, 36 to
 45 inches wide at only 25 cents a yard, former price 50 cents.

Lot two are all-wool novelties and mixtures at 39 cents a
 yard, former prices 50 and 75 cents.

Lot three are fancy suitings, 45 to 54 inches wide. Many
 of them are heavy enough for children's garments. Price only
 49 cents a yard; marked down from \$1.00 and \$1.25.

We shall close out one lot Heavy Shawls at \$1.39 each,
 real value \$2.00.

BYRON F. HAYES,

DOVER, N. H.

Oranges.
 Lemons.
 Grapes.
 Dates.
 Luncheon Tongue.
 Veal Loaf.
 Beef Loaf.
 Ham Loaf

We want every resident in
 this vicinity to know that
 we are selling the

BEST THINGS TO EAT,

and at reasonable prices.
 When you have tried us you
 will believe it.

TRY OUR MIXED PICKLES,
 Only 10c per quart.

DRY AND PICKLED FISH.

West End Market.

ARE YOU SATISFIED

With your walk in life? If not, try
DEARBORN'S CORN CURE.

We'll take the noise out of a man
 who will buy a bottle of our Syrup
 White Pine and Tar.

CALL AND SEE

—THE—

Herald, Barstow
and Richmond Stoves.

Stoves that bake on both top and
 bottom, as cookstoves should bake.

We also have the above makes in
Parlor Stoves.

ALL AT LOWEST PRICES

—AT—

E. A. YOUNG & CO.'S.

SOME SAMPLE SNAPS.

Useful Toilet Goods for Every Day Use.
 Perfumes, new odors, new styles;
 Sachet Powders, some new in this
 market

At Dearborn's Drug Store.

—WITH—
Your Pocket Book

—AND—
Your Digestion.

Lucky Brand Rolled Oats

2 pounds of fresh oats and a
 tumbler in each package for 10
 cents.

Banner Rolled Oats.

5 pounds in package, with an
 elegant piece of decorated china
 with each package, 25 cents.

Oat Nut Food, Buckeye
and Mother's Oats,

10 cents a package, 3 for 25c.

PILLSBURY'S VITOS,
RALSTON'S BREAKFAST FOOD,
SHREADED WHEAT,
SREAM OF WHEAT,

2 packages for 25 cents.

QUAKER OATS, 12c
H. O., 15c
ROLLED OATS in Bulk,
 7 pounds for 75 cents.

PETTIJOHN'S BREAKFAST
FOOD, 12c
MALT BREAKFAST FOOD, 15c
"FORCE," 15c

F. P. HAINES,

NEWMARKET, N. H.

THE LAST INN.

BY THEODORE ROBERTS.

Some day I'll come to that still place
And bid the vintner smooth my bed.
No hurry of departure there—
No waking when the morn is red.

The same kind trees will sing to me
Day after day, night after night;
The wind that wanders in the grass!
Will bring no tidings of the fight.

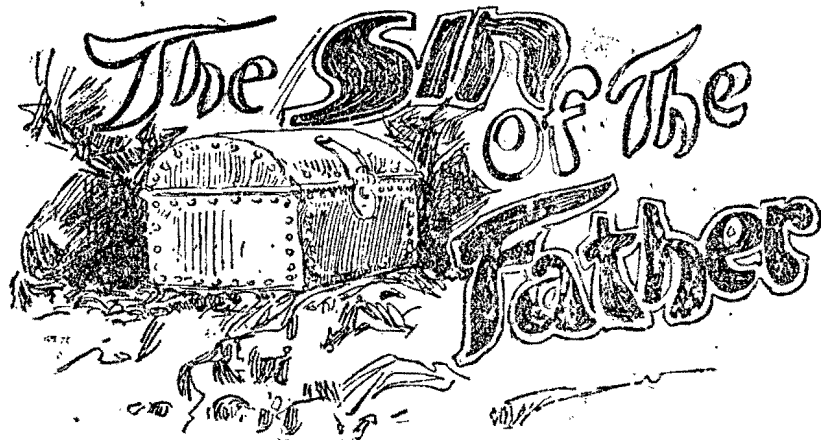
From that still hostelry of rest
I'll mark the seasons pass along,
And clean forget the things unwon—
The pain of the unfinished song.

No man will come when dawn is chill,
(The false hopes of my dreams to break)
To tell me that the horses wait,
Or of some boat that I must take.

Night will not find me journeying
(Where pallid roads in dusk are set)
On some fool's errand down the world—
Hag-ridden by an old regret.

Noon will not find me blustering
About the ante-rooms of kings—
A meddler, caring not what comes,
But junketing with many things.

Some day I'll turn my horse's head
To that still hostelry of rest,
And vex no more the South and North
With matters of the East and West.
—New York Independent.



HERE is a tradition in the American Army that the secret of percussion (fulminate) and its practical application to firearms was discovered by a young Continental officer and imparted to the Commander-in-Chief, George Washington. Theft and death intervened to give the old flint locks a longer lease of service and to make the utilizing of the percussion cap the matter of a new century. * * *

John Barton was Captain in the Colonial service. He was given to research in all sorts of fields, but after the first year of the war he confined himself to one branch of investigation. His fellow officers never knew what he was up to, but that it was something that they did not care to share in was evidenced one day when Captain John Barton was blown out bodily through the door of a hut in which he was conducting some experiments. It took the army surgeons a month to get the Captain round to his normal condition, but of the cause of the explosion which had made a projectile of him the Captain would not say a word. It was only a few years before this that a Frenchman had discovered fulminate. The discoverer, however, had the explosive in such a dangerous form that it was of no practical use, and, as a matter of fact, he never thought of it in its possible application to fire arms.

during his stay at the Point. Captain Masters had been detailed as an aid to Washington. He occupied a room next to that of the Chief. It was nearly midnight on the second day of Washington's visit. Masters had been dismissed for the night and was stretched on his cot in his room. There was nothing but the frailest kind of partition between him and his Chief's sleeping apartment. The young officer had not yet fallen asleep when he heard the outside door of Washington's apartment opened. Then came the voice of the Commander, "You are on time, Captain Barton. I can give an hour to this matter, for I confess that from what you said in your letter I am deeply interested."

Masters raised himself on his elbow. He felt a sort of pang of half shame, but listened. He heard Barton give a detailed account of experiments with explosives which had lasted through a number of years. Then he heard a discussion on the subject of flint locks, and of some new and simple contrivance to take the place of the clumsy device. There was talk, also, of a further application of a certain force which should make the powder and the bullet of one piece and work a complete transformation of the method of loading weapons. Masters knew from the tone of the Commander-in-Chief's voice that he was deeply interested.

of the box was discovered next morning. There was a thorough investigation, but of it nothing came. Captain John Barton conferred with the Commander-in-Chief and said that in a month's time he could reformulate from memory his receipts and could remake his experimental devices. That very night, by the fortunes of war, he was ordered South, and two days after his arrival in the Carolinas he was dead at the Cowpens. The perfected use of percussion was put off for half a century.

Mary Travers did not wear the willow long. She married Captain Phillip Masters, who stayed in the regular establishment long after the Revolution, and in 1815 was a gray-haired Colonel. Deep in Colonel Masters' heart was a regret. It was a gnawing regret that was past all roosting out. His wife was still living. They had but one child, a son—Captain Phillip Masters, Jr., an army officer.

Captain Masters was stationed at West Point, then a struggling school but little more than a decade old. He was in command one day of a fatigue party, breaking a new road to frowning Fort Putnam. The men were at work with axes, picks and spades. They had reached a place where a boulder larger than most was held in its place by the twining roots of a great tree. The men had struggled with the obstruction for some time. Captain Masters was a powerful man. He laughed at the efforts of the enlisted men, and, seizing a pick from one of them, he drove its point with full force into the ground at the base of the rock. There was a terrific explosion and Captain Masters lay dead just below the bomb proofs of the Revolutionary fort.

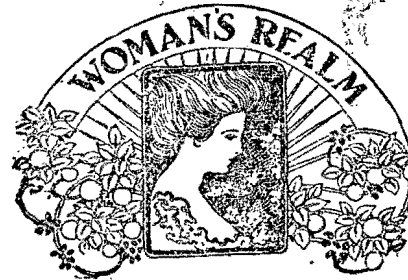
When the men had recovered themselves they carried their officer to the post below, and with him took fragments of a copper box which they had picked up at the scene. One torn and burnt piece of paper was found also. Upon it were the words, easily decipherable, "Fulminate of mercury, with an admixture of m—." So it ended, a burnt piece in the paper obliterating all but one letter of the last word. Below, however, appeared the name, "Barton."

Colonel Phillip Masters was told of his son's death. He bore it like a soldier, but when the manner of the death was told him and he was shown the slip of paper his lips turned ashen gray and his frame shook. "The sin of the father," he muttered.

And with Colonel Phillip Masters' life it was the beginning of the end.—Edward B. Clark, in the Chicago Record-Herald.

Riding to South American Round-Up.

First look to your riding gear and take a leaf from the gaucho's book. In all his outfit there is scarcely an inch of leather. His girth or cinch is a strip of cowhide from nine inches to over a foot in width, and the top-piece to which it is fastened by rawhide thongs



DOMESTIC SERVICE IN CHILE.

The Maids Are Much Like Other Girls in Other Lands.

Senorita Carolina Huidobro, of Chile, the other day gave a lecture in Boston on the women of her country. Her account of the domestic service question is interesting.

"There are two kinds of cooks," she said. "Advertisements read: 'Wanted, a cook with bed inside,' or 'Wanted, a cook with bed outside.' The latter sort of cook can always be had. Domesticities prefer the 'bed outside,' because a cook who does not sleep in the house has more liberty. She does not begin quite so early in the morning, her mistress cannot get quite so much work out of her, and she can steal a little more; yet her services in the main are satisfactory. After dinner every evening the cook comes for orders as to the next day's meals. Even if unable to read, she will remember every item of an elaborate menu. She is given a certain amount of money to buy the provisions; for everything is bought in small quantities, just enough for one day. The cook will only cook; she will not wash the dessert dishes, for that belongs to the table girl's work; the table girl will not clean the knives, for that belongs to the 'boots.' The washing is all done out, and the clothes are brought back in from three days to five weeks.

"The laundress has most winning ways, and often brings her employer flowers and candy; but she asks for a dollar for soap for each washing, and has to be closely watched. Every servant who lives in the house brings her own bed and furniture. A girl from the country will arrive with only a thin mattress and one poor coverlet, and will leave at the end of three or four years with a cartload of goods that she has accumulated. When several servants are leaving at once, with their bedding and furniture, it looks as if the whole family were moving out.

"The women of Chile are not of mixed race. They are pure Spanish, and of the finest blood of Spain. They speak Castilian Spanish, and have the general characteristics of Spanish women. They are well educated, the daughters of the rich in private schools, the others in the public schools. The Nation offers free education to both boys and girls, from the primary school clear through the university; and promising young men and women are afterward sent abroad to study from three to five years at Government expense. One of the most distinguished physicians in Chile to-day is Dr. Ernestina Perez, a washerwoman's daughter.

the sick, and not only making them more comfortable, but showing the homemaker how to do so. The Denver Women's Club, one of the finest in the world, has contributed directly to the ethical, moral and social condition of the lower strata of humanity in that city by its experiments with the Pingree gardening system among the poor. In Georgia the club women are working to establish and maintain an industrial school for colored girls, which shall fit them to earn a better living than girls have yet made in the South.—The Criterion.

Women as Journalists.

Of the thirty-seven newspapers in the American Colonies at the time of the Revolution several were owned and managed by women, according to the Boston Transcript.

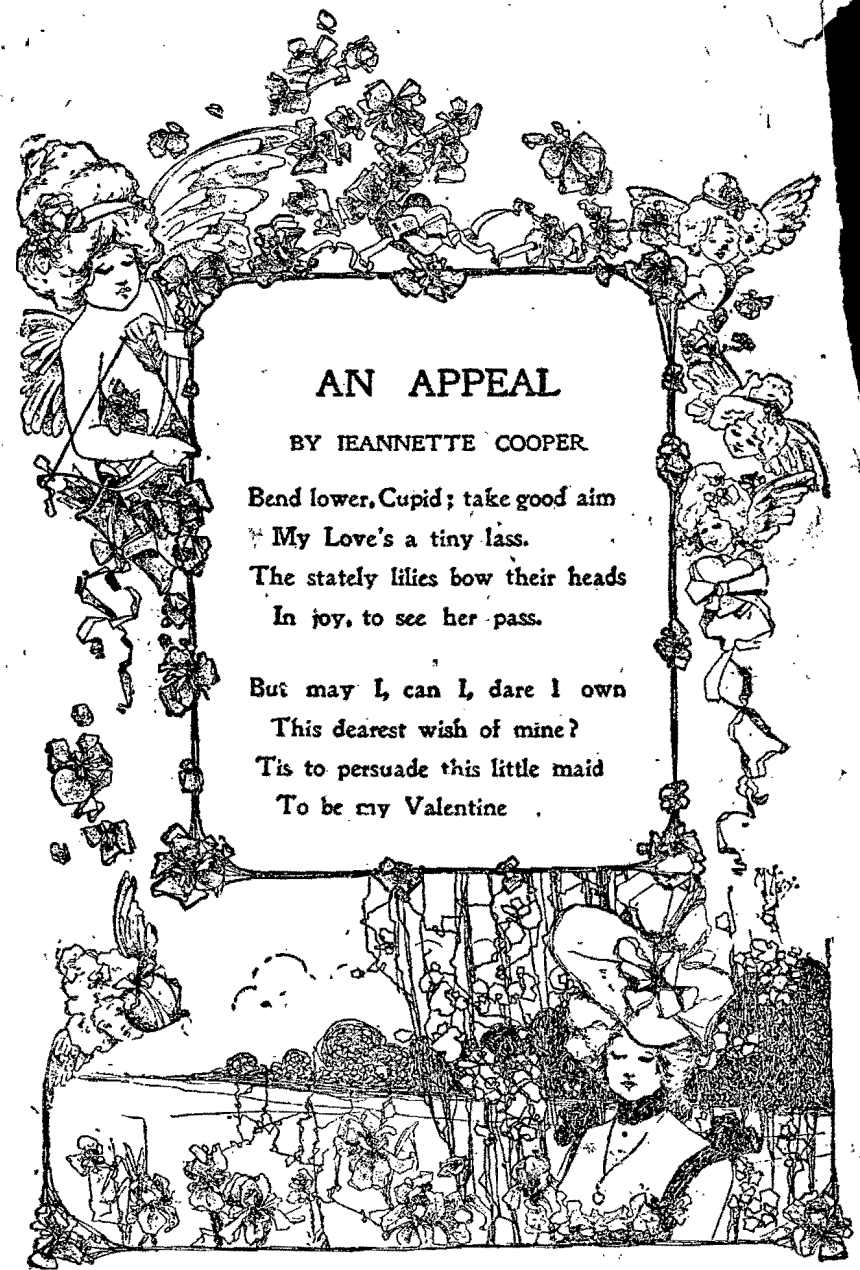
The first newspaper published in Rhode Island was owned and edited by Mrs. Anna Franklin, and established in 1732. She and her two daughters wrote the items and set the type, and their servants worked the printing press. For her quickness and correctness Mrs. Franklin was appointed printer to the Colony, supplying pamphlets to the Colonial officers. In 1772 Clementine Reid was publishing a paper in Virginia called the Virginia Gazette, favoring the Colonial cause and greatly offending the Royalists. Two years later Mrs. H. Boyle started a paper under the same name, advocating the cause of the Crown. Both were published at Williamsburg, and were short-lived.

In 1773 Elizabeth Timothy started a paper in Charleston, S. C. After the Revolution Anna Timothy became its editor, and was appointed State printer, which position she held for seventeen years. About the same time Mary Crouch started a paper in Charleston in vigorous opposition to the stamp act. She afterward moved it to Salem, Mass., and continued its publication for many years.

New Vogue of the Lace Scarf.

The long lace scarf is entering upon what promises to be a tremendous vogue. It is used in a dozen ways. These scarfs—sometimes called "sash ends"—depend from the backs of hats to shoulders, waist, or even to the knees, in either black or white, making an effective addition to a gown for some ceremonious afternoon occasion, a marriage, say. Two long and broad scarfs of black Spanish lace have been used in this way on a gown of white lace richly jetted, the scarfs buckled together at the centre of the bodice in front, the buckle at the same time fastening an Empire belt passing just under the arms. The lace is drawn in high, flat folds over the shoulders, and, crossing at the back, is passed under the belt to descend loosely to form the train.

The woman whose coat collar is flat instead of the "storm" variety, wears her lace scarf in the form of a veil, around her hat first, and then brought forward round her neck and tied in a full, fluffy bow under her chin. A



AN APPEAL

BY JEANNETTE COOPER

Bend lower, Cupid; take good aim
My Love's a tiny lass.
The stately lilies bow their heads
In joy, to see her pass.

But may I, can I, dare I own
This dearest wish of mine?
Tis to persuade this little maid
To be my Valentine

—Harper's Bazar.

STORY OF THE PLOW.

The Origin of the Familiar Farm Implement is a Mystery.

Who used the first plow cannot be known. At all events, there was but little difference in the shape of the plow and the hoe in early times, save in size. Cut off the handle from the plow and there was the hoe.

After a time some mechanical genius saw that the plow would operate more easily if the point that runs in the ground were flattened and the beam were more nearly parallel with the bottom of the share, and so he became more particular about the shape of the forked stick than his ancestors had been. By degrees the cutting surface was flattened, and it took such various forms as the makers thought best adapted to their needs, or as the forked stick would allow cutting. Soon

iron hammered very thin. A few old horseshoes were often used for this purpose. The proper form of the moldboard was the subject of much thought among the advanced farmers of those and later times. President Jefferson wrote on the subject, and said it should be a lifting and upsetting wedge, with an easy connecting curve. This theory has been acted on in all the plows that have been made since.

In the early settlement of this country the wooden plow was used, and even to a late date plows were made that had no iron except the share.

The steel plow is now making its



"BROODJOELS" OF JAVA.

way all over the world. There is scarcely a country where the plows made in America are not known, and



THERE WAS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

The American Army officer had taken the Frenchman's discovery and was endeavoring to combine some admixture which would make the fulminate a more tractable servant and one that could be made to do various kinds of work.

Now Captain John Barton had a comrade in arms named Phillip Masters. If we are to believe the multiplicity of Colonial historical romances, every young Colonial soldier had a sweetheart, and Barton and Masters were no exceptions to the rule. The only difficulty in this case was that they both of them loved the same sweetheart, Mary Travers, who lived in South Carolina, where Marion, Sumner and the rest were doing their best to give Clinton an interesting time. It is rather a hard thing to have to say about a young American girl of the Colonial period, for according to all that has been written every one of them was a paragon of virtue, loveliness and strength of character, but as truth must be the handmaiden of history, Mary Travers was as fickle-minded as she was beautiful. She did prefer John Barton to Phillip Masters, but there was not a great preponderance of preference, and Mary was not of the kind who could appreciate thoroughly the difference between the worth of Barton's character and the weakness of Masters'.

George Washington was at West Point. At that post both Barton and Masters were stationed. At a place, close to the rock to which the great chain used for an obstruction to the river's navigation was anchored, stood a two-story log structure. In it the Commander-in-Chief was quartered

Barton was heard finally to say: "In this hermetically sealed copper casket is a quantity of the fulminate and with it is a complete account of the discovery and receipts for making the explosives."

"Leave the casket here, Captain Barton," said Washington, "and we will go into the matter experimentally and in detail as soon as I can gather together the proper officers. My belief is that this discovery holds for you fame if not fortune."

Phillip Masters heard the outer door close and then he sank down to his pillow with something like much of a jealous pang at his heart. He tossed for an hour on his little cot. Then, moved by an overmastering impulse, he rose, and taking his light army shoes in his hand, he passed softly into the room where his Chief slept. A flickering flame from the fire showed him an oblong copper box on the rude table. He took it with a half-shudder and went outside, avoiding the sentinel by a way known to himself. The river front was patrolled else he would have stolen down there and dropped his burden into the waters of the Hudson. He turned westward and made his way along the short military road leading to Fort Putnam. He reached a little gully running athwart the fort's bomb proofs. The gully was filled with a heavy growth of underbrush. He let himself down carefully from the face of the rough roadway and slipped the metal box under the cover of a ledge and the protection of the thick-growing vines and bushes. "Forever safe from discovery," he muttered, and then he went back as he had come, reaching his room unseen. The loss

of the fulminate was a mere mass of bloody pulp. Be careful in mounting and be quick about it. Look out for the swing round as you put foot in stirrup and hand on rein. If you are wearing spurs be careful lest, in crossing over the rowels should come in contact with the haunches which are quivering with excitement. Ride from your knees like horsemen; use knee and stirrup to lighten the jolt on the hips as every stride of the gallop is ended; lean forward and keep the balance well; in effect, give those pampa-bred horses fair play and they will gallop until your shoulders ache, until the sweat and bridle foam are clogged on your boot tops, until your stirrups are clogged with the seeds of grasses and thistles snipped off as you swing merrily through them and until, for your own sake at least, it is time to unsaddle and rest.—William Eulfin, in the World's Work.

Aaron Burr's Proposal.

An interesting autograph letter to Aaron Burr from Matthias Ogden, the Brevet Brigadier-General of the Revolution, was sold recently to a collector for \$11. The letter is dated at Elizabethtown, March 18, 1775, and concerns love. Here is a part of it—the better part: "I read with pleasure your love intrigues, your anonymous correspondence with Miss T., etc., and, with as much seriousness, the part that is relative of Miss C. T. B.'s overtures, etc. Steadily, Aaron. Perhaps she is worthy your love, and if I could think she was I would not say a single word to discourage you. But here is the rub with me. From the information I have had from you I understand her fondness for C. was after she was acquainted with you. Had it been before I should think nothing of it. Be cautious, Aaron; weigh the matter well. . . . I heartily pity the innocent that broke through the rules of modesty, and, contrary to her sex's pride first owned her passion for a Man, tho' in the least I do not blame her. Here you have a difficult part to act. If you reject, she curses; if you pity, she takes it for encouragement."—Philadelphia Record.

She Wanted a Nerve Soother.

A middle-aged woman called at a chemist's in Camden Town one evening and asked for morphine, and the shopman replied to her request with:

"Is it for your husband?"

"Oh, no, sir; I have not got any."

"You don't think of suicide?"

"Far from it."

"What do you take it for?"

"Must I tell you, sir?"

"You must, or otherwise I can't supply you."

"Well, then, don't you think that a woman forty years old, who has had her first offer of marriage less than an hour ago, naturally wants something to quiet her nerves and give her a good night's sleep?"

The druggist thought so, and she went away contented with the nerve-soother.—London Spare Moments.

as to suggest a "mailed fist," but it takes the place of stitching on the back of the glove. A white glove is ornamented by rays of tiniest amber—not amber—beads. A blue glove is beaded with white, a yellow glove with tiny pearls, a gray glove with smoked pearls and a pale green glove with tiniest emerald beads. A spangled fan wafted to and fro by a spangled hand like this would be a combination calculated to dazzle the strongest eyes. Laced gloves are also to be had. They are laced at the sides with cords of colored silk.

How Philippine Women Dress.

A native Philippine woman, dressed for a gala day, presents a strange contrast to her newly found sisters of the far-off American cities. The tailor-made girl would scarcely admire her, but she appeals to an artist's love of picturesqueness and color. Her flowing skirt is of gay colors—bright red, green and white being the common choice. The length of train, and whether the garment be of cotton, silk or satin, depends on her means. Corsets are not yet in fashion, but a chemisette, which just covers her breast, is in common use. To this chemisette are added immensely wide, short sleeves. Her hair is brushed back from her forehead, without a parting, and coiled into a tight, flat chignon. In her hand she carries a fan, without which she would feel lost. Her head is covered with a white mantle of very thin material. Finally the toes of her naked feet are partly covered by a kind of slipper, flat like a shoe sole, with no heel, and just enough upper to enable her to thrust two or three toes inside.

So much for the Philippine women who live in "Quality street." On the other hand, a peasant woman, going to market presents a very different appearance. She has no flowing gown, but wears a short skirt of cotton. This is covered by a rectangular piece of stuff; as a rule, of blue, red or black. This outer garment is tucked in at the waist, drawn in very tightly around the loins, and hangs over the skirt a little below the knees. The figure of a peasant woman is erect and stately, due to her habit from early girlhood, of carrying jars of water, baskets of fruit, etc., on her head.—Philadelphia Record.

Brilliant Work of Club Women.

Thirty-six of our States have successful systems of traveling libraries as one result of the labor of club women.

Everywhere, too, the public library is blossoming in country towns from seed planted, watered and nourished by the women's clubs, standing always for the education of the common people.

New Jersey club women are making a successful effort to preserve the Palisades, and Minnesota is leaving no stone unturned to preserve the beautiful pine forests of 200,000 acres on her northern borders, for a National park.

In towns innumerable clubs are bringing about reforms, improvements in the public schools, tree-planting, and co-operation between parents and teachers.

The little city of Barre, Vt., is instituting a novel scheme in hiring a district nurse, who is paid a salary by the city federation, and whose duty it is to go from house to house looking after

spikes, and plow-making made a distinct gain, since by this method of making the plow a better shape could be secured than by depending on the fastened together branch of a tree.

A Thoughtful Hostess.

A thoughtful hostess provides her guest's room with many small accessories, but they should be used sparingly. We should carry with us our own toilet articles and our own newspaper.—Woman's Home Companion.



The Amazon hat, turned up on both sides, will be a favorite for spring wear.

A thick, soft silk for underwear and nightgowns is of the new Japanese make. It is also used for handkerchiefs.

Velveteen shirt waists in colored prints as well as solid colors are worn with shirt waist suits, and these will be fashionable for the spring months.

The newest lace pattern stockings do not have open work at the foot or ankle, but instead the lace effect extends from the top of the stocking to the shoe top.

The latest chiffon veils are finished around three edges with a hemstitched border one inch wide. These come in many colors and have chenille dots to match the veil.

For hats, where the stiffness given by a straw shape is required that material will be used, but only as a foundation, as it will be literally covered with flowers, foliage and lace.

Fine lace scarfs are to be loosely knotted around, the crowns of chip hats, and have the ends falling over the edge at the back. Roses, with their foliage, lend the floral touch, and are to be placed around the crown.

There is seemingly no end to the variety of novelty cotton dress goods. Egyptian tissue is one of the prettiest of the new importations. It comes in wide and narrow stripes, and bears a resemblance of fine dimity, though of a more sheer texture.

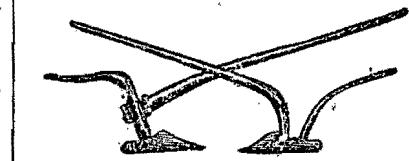
A stylish hat for a child is the usual broad sailor shape, in red satin straw, with smart but plain trimming. Around the crown are several small rings of straw, through which is run wide black satin ribbon, with a large bow resting on the brim in the back. The brim edge is bound with wide black silk braid.

In the construction of sails for boats it is desirable to provide for a given space a maximum amount of canvas area to be presented to the action of the wind, whereby in tacking or wearing the dead wind may be easily and quickly spilled from the sail, to effect the change with the least possible delay. The accomplishment of these objects is among the important features of the sail recently designed by George A. Lowry, an illustration of the im-

proved being shown herewith. In carrying out the invention the sails employed are made up in sections, which when spread occupy the same general dimensions as an ordinary sail, but which, by arranging the sections to overlap each other, presents a greater effective area of canvas to the wind. The method of attaching the sail to the lower boom is such that a pull on certain ropes turns the pocket wrong side out when the ship takes a new tack, allowing the wind to fill out the loose canvas in the pockets long before the boom could be swung across the boat and presented broadside to the wind. In reefing the sail it is only necessary to take in one or more of the sections by hauling on the ropes, which draw it toward the mast.

Plows made of wood, either from a forked limb or fastened together with spikes, are in use now, not only in the remote parts of Asia, but in civilized Europe. In parts of Southern France, parts of Austria, Poland, Sweden, Spain, Norway, Russia, Greece and possibly in some other European countries may be found plows in use today, or could have been a few years ago, practically the same as those used by the ancient Egyptians to turn the loose soil of the valley of the Nile at the time when Joseph was gathering the wheat into the storehouse of the King in seven years of abundant crops.

The origin of the use of iron plows is involved in as much obscurity as the invention of the plow itself. When Saul was yet a young King, 1100 years before the birth of Christ, the Israelites, who were not skilled in the use of tools for working iron, "went down to the Philistines to sharpen every man his share and his colter and his ax and



JAPANESE "SINGAL."

his mattock." Evidently these were iron tools which were made by the Philistines, and which they alone could repair. An old picture of a wheeled plow dates back 2000 years, and to the Greek nation.

The modern plow had its origin in Holland and Flanders. Two hundred and fifty years ago England imported plows from those countries, and fifty years before that an English work on agriculture alluded to the improved plows of Holland. In the latter part of the eighteenth century cast iron mold boards and wrought iron shares were made in England, and soon after the cast iron share was made. From that time until the present there has

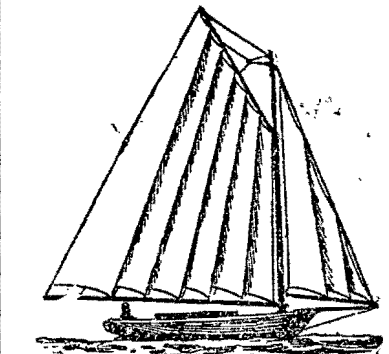


CHINESE STIRRING PLOW.

been constant improvement in plows. One of the great improvements of the last century was the use of steel by John Deere. He beat his first share into shape over a block of wood in his shop in Grand Detour. Even in America the wooden plow has been used at a much later date than most would think.

During the colonial period it was made of wood, the mold-board being covered with sheet iron or wrought

iron. In the construction of sails for boats it is desirable to provide for a given space a maximum amount of canvas area to be presented to the action of the wind, whereby in tacking or wearing the dead wind may be easily and quickly spilled from the sail, to effect the change with the least possible delay. The accomplishment of these objects is among the important features of the sail recently designed by George A. Lowry, an illustration of the im-



INCREASES THE AREA PRESENTED TO THE WIND.

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Didn't Work.

"I would give a good deal if I wasn't absent minded," said a well known business man with a sigh. "I have tried all the so-called cures without success, and I suppose I must make the best of the situation, although it is awfully aggravating to have such a poor memory. The other day I read of a man, who from his account, often was placed in the same embarrassing position that I find myself so many times, through a poor memory." In his case he solved the difficulty by writing himself a postal card, thus jogging his memory.

"It struck me as being a mighty good idea, and I resolved to try it myself. It so happened that I had an important engagement to keep the day following, so I wrote a postal card: 'Don't forget engagement with Blank.' Then I addressed it to myself and thought no more about it.

"The next day passed, and I failed to keep the appointment. I had forgotten to mail the postal."—Detroit Free Press.

A WORTHY SUCCESSOR.

"Something New Under the Sun."

All Doctors have tried to cure CATARRH by the use of powders, acid gases, inhalers and drugs in paste form. Their powders dry up the mucous membranes, causing them to crack open and bleed. The powerful acids used in the inhalers have entirely eaten away the same membranes that their makers have aimed to cure, while pastes and ointments cannot reach the disease. An old and experienced practitioner who has for many years made a close study and specialty of the treatment of CATARRH, has at last perfected a treatment which, when faithfully used, not only relieves at once, but permanently cures CATARRH, by removing the cause, stopping the discharges, and curing all inflammation. It is the only remedy known to science that actually reaches the afflicted parts. This wonderful remedy is known as "SNUFFLES, THE GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE," and is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, each package containing internal and external medicine sufficient for a full month's treatment and everything necessary to its perfect use.

"SNUFFLES" is the only perfect CATARRH CURE ever made and is now recognized as the only safe and positive cure for that annoying and disgusting disease. It cures all inflammation quickly and permanently and is also wonderfully quick to relieve HAY FEVER or COLD IN THE HEAD.

CATARRH when neglected often leads to CONSUMPTION—"SNUFFLES" will save you if you use it at once. It is no ordinary remedy, but a complete treatment which is positively guaranteed to cure CATARRH in any form or stage if used according to the directions which accompany each package. Don't delay but send for it at once, and write for particulars as to your condition, and you will receive special advice from the discoverer of this wonderful remedy regarding your case without cost to you beyond the regular price of "SNUFFLES, THE GUARANTEED CATARRH CURE."

The Evolution of the Sword.

As men in early times fought hand to hand, the oldest specimens of the sword are short. In fact, the sword is probably but an evolution of the club, which, at first made of hardwood, was gradually sharpened on one and then on both sides, so as to inflict a more deadly wound. Wood gave way to stone, which in turn was displaced by bronze, iron and finally steel.

The sword increased in length as men became more civilized and showed a disposition to fight farther away from each other, which required more dexterity in the use of the weapon. Some specimens we have of swords of the middle ages are almost if not quite as long as the warriors who wielded them. During the fifteenth century the science of fencing was invented, when the sword in the form of a rapier reached the highest point of development.

SAVED HER CHILD'S LIFE.

ANIMALS THAT GO ON STRIKE

Birds, Beasts and Even Insects That Would Rather Loaf Than Work.

A common result of herding a large number of horses together in a field is that they all come out on strike. They bunch together under trees, eat less than usual, get more and more restive and are always neighing and rubbing noses. The end of it is that the entire herd declines to do any work, will not be saddled or harnessed, chases its attendants about, and bites, squeals and kicks all day. The oldest jog trotter after a "conference" like this, will jib, smash up his cart and behave like an unbroken colt. Nobody knows the reason. But in large towns also the horses all suddenly strike at times, especially if they have been together a good deal. Then there is a regular epidemic of runaways, smash ups and so forth, or sometimes most of the horses of a town, as if by previous arrangement, will be down in the road and refuse to get up.

Cows are worse still, and when they are seen crowding together under trees, fidgeting and "mooing," they are said to be "on the growl," and the herders and milkmen know they are going to have a bad time. At such periods cows will sooner die of "milk fever" than let themselves be milked, and will be as sulky and intractable as mules. Bulls, locks, when they get a fit of this kind, are actually known as "strikers" and are liable to become dangerous. When the herdsman see them huddling together sulkily and making odd snorting or grunting noises, they look out for squalls, for the cattle will not be herded in any direction and stubbornly refuse to do anything they are wanted to do.

Birds are notorious for "woman's rights" strikes—that is, the females sometimes flock together, abandoning or driving away the males, and refuse to do any "housework" whatever. They desert their nests and will not finish building. They leave their eggs to grow cold and unhatchable, and nothing will induce them to return. The male birds grow very concerned at such times, but they have no remedy, for throughout the beast and bird creation the male will never attack or injure the female, though the reverse often takes place. Warblers and starlings especially are given to these "female workers" strikes, and the thing becomes serious, for a whole district will be full of nests left to rot, clutches of eggs abandoned and even young broods left to starve if one or two of the "strikers" have hatched out their eggs.

Ants are geniuses at organizing and carrying out strikes, especially the little yellow ants that live with the black tribes and do most of their work for them. The wages they earn are not high, for they merely work for their keep. They are allowed the same food as their masters. At times, however, the yellow ant becomes discontented and after a great deal of congregating and restless strike work in a body and decline to do anything.

The black ants then cut them off from supplies and endeavor to starve them into submission. Sometimes they

Look Carefully To Your Kidneys

Dr. Jonner's
Kidney Pills

cause the kidneys to work as nature intended they should.

They build up the shrunken walls of the kidneys, as no known remedy has been found to do before.

As a cure for urinary troubles they have no equal.

10, 25, 50 Cents

Sold and Recommended by
THE A. H. PLACE DRUG CO.,
NEWMARKET, N. H.

A
Subtle
Foe

Dyspepsia is unrecognized in many cases. It deceives the unwary sufferer. Its many variations work along the weakest lines of the system. To battle against only one of them is vain. Our booklet explains its symptoms. Our Dyspepsia Tablets give complete and lasting relief.

GILES' Dyspepsia Tablets

250 10c., 25c. AND 50c.

Sold and Recommended by
THE A. H. PLACE DRUG CO.,
NEWMARKET, N. H.

Don't Force
Your Bowels

with harsh minerals which always leave bad after-effects on the entire system, and where their use is persisted in, tend to completely wreck the stomach and bowels.

..USE..

Edgar's Cathartic

THE HOME GOLD CURE.

An Ingenious Treatment by which Drunkards are being Cured Daily In Spite of Themselves.

No Noxious Doses, No Weakening of the Nerves. A Pleasant and Positive Cure for the Liquor Habit.

It is now generally known and understood that drunkenness is a disease and not weakness. A body filled with poison and nerves completely shattered by periodical or constant use of intoxicating liquors, requires an antidote capable of neutralizing and eradicating this poison, and destroying the craving for intoxicants. Sufferers may now cure themselves at home without publicity or loss of time from business by this wonderful "HOME GOLD CURE" which has been perfected after many years of close study and treatment of inebriates. The faithful use according to directions of this wonderful discovery is positively guaranteed to cure the most obstinate case, no matter how hard a drinker. Our records show the marvelous transformation of thousands of drunkards into sober, industrious and upright men.

WIVES, CURE YOUR HUSBANDS! CHILDREN, CURE YOUR FATHERS! This remedy is in no sense a nostrum but is a specific for this disease only, and is so skillfully devised and prepared that it is thoroughly soluble and pleasant to the taste, so that it can be given in a cup of tea or coffee without the knowledge of the person taking it. Thousands of drunkards have cured themselves with this priceless remedy, and as many more have been cured and made temperate men by having the "CURE" administered by loving friends and relatives with out their knowledge in tea or coffee, and believe to-day that they discontinued drinking of their own free will. **DO NOT WAIT.** Do not be deluded by apparent and misleading "improvement." Drive out the disease at once and for all time. The "HOME GOLD CURE" is sold at the extremely low price of one dollar, thus placing within reach of everybody a treatment more effectual than others costing \$25 to \$50. Full directions accompany each package. Special advice by skilled physicians when requested without extra charge. Sent prepaid to any part of the world on receipt of one dollar. Address Dept. C520, EDWIN B. GILES & COMPANY, 2330 and 2332 Market St., Philadelphia.

All correspondence strictly confidential.

Rich people have more relatives than poor people ever hear of.

FOR STOMACH TROUBLES.

"I have taken a great many different medicines for stomach trouble and constipation," says Mrs. S. Geiger of Dunkerton, Iowa, "but never had as good results from any as from Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets." For sale by A. H. Place Drug Co.

A long-felt won't—The refusal that left him a bachelor.

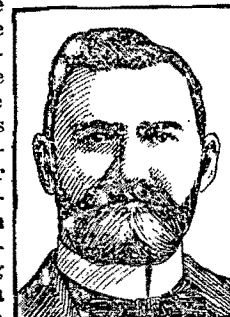
A LEGACY OF THE GRIP

Is often a run-down system. Weakness, nervousness, lack of appetite, energy and ambition, with disordered liver and kidneys often follow an attack of this wretched disease. The greatest need then is Electric Bitters, the splendid tonic, blood purifier and regulator of Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. Thousands have proved that they wonderfully strengthen the nerves, build up the system, and restore to health and good spirits after an attack of Grip. If suffering, try them. Only 50c. Perfect satisfaction guaranteed by G. L. Dear-

KNIGHTS OF MALTA.

The Supreme Commander, George Stevens Jones—Lodge Linklets.

Few members of the Knights of Malta have worked harder for the benefit of the lodge than the supreme commander of the order, George Stevens Jones of Pennsylvania. Wherever the Malta standard has been planted his personality is being felt, and in a great measure his energetic work and stimulating influences are responsible for the steady growth in membership everywhere manifest. The supreme commander joined the order several years ago and since his initiation has been one of its strongest champions. His work has been most satisfactory and pleasing to members of the Knights of Malta throughout the country.



G. S. JONES.

Raymond Du Puy commandery of Philadelphia realized \$100 from its benefit entertainment.

The year 1902 will be known to the order of Malta as anno ordinis, year of the order, 854. The date is taken from the establishment of the hospital at Jerusalem in A. D. 1048.

The organization of several new encampments is well under way in New Jersey, and it is hoped they will all be instituted early in February.

Anthrax commandery of Scranton has published its degree schedule for 1902, fixing work for each convocation of the entire year. Two nights have been set aside as book nights, when the members are requested to donate books to the commandery library.

Much enthusiastic work is being done all over the order in Pennsylvania, and a large growth is confidently expected during the early part of the new year.

MASONIC.

The Triennial In 1904 at San Francisco—Lodge Notes.

San Francisco will be the Mecca of the mightiest Templar host in 1904 that has made pilgrimage since the days of the crusades. Distance has been reduced to less than seventy hours' pleasurable ride from Chicago, and as for expense, wait until announcement shall be made by the willing and obliging transportation committee of general railway passenger agents. The fraters of California will make the burden light and the enjoyment great. The triennial of 1904 will be a revelation to the "stranger within our gates"—stranger only until he speedily feels the pulse of our wholesome manner of entertaining. The whole state will bid you welcome and make your stay pleasant.—Trestle Board.

The Masons of Freeport, Ill., will build a temple at a cost of \$30,000 to

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature

Chas. H. Fletcher. and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this.

All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

Chas. H. Fletcher.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

THE KEY TO HEALTH

STRENGTH AND LONGEVITY IS THE

CASTORIA

My Hair

"I had a very severe sickness and took off all my hair. I purchased a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor and it brought all my hair back again."

W. D. Quinn, Marseilles, Ill.

One thing is certain,—Ayer's Hair Vigor makes the hair grow. This is because it is a hair food. It feeds the hair and the hair grows, that's all there is to it. It stops falling of the hair, too, and always restores color to gray hair.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

A PAYING BUSINESS FOR YOU

AGENTS WANTED

WE FURNISH CASH AND PAY FREIGHTS.

We want good men in all the New England States and Canada. Provinces to buy Hides, Skins, Sheep Pelts, Tallow and Bones and to sell. **PAGES PERFECTED POULTRY FOOD** Write 20-day for terms to agents to

C. S. PAGE, HYDE PARK, VT.

150 Kinds for 16c.

It is a fact that Salzer's vegetable and flower seeds are found in more gardens and on more farms than any other in America. There is reason for this. We own and operate over 500 acres for the production of our choice seeds. In order to induce you to try them we make the following unprecedented offer:

For 16 Cents Postpaid

20 kinds of rarest fascious radishes,
15 magnificent earliest melons,
18 sorts glorious tomatoes,
15 peerless lettuce varieties,
18 splendid beet sorts,
65 gorgeously beautiful flower seeds.

In all 150 kinds positively furnishing bushels of charming flowers and lots and lots of choice vegetables, together with our great catalogue telling all about Potatoes and Peas, Oats and Bromus and Speltz, onion seed at 60c. a pound, etc., all only for 16c. in stamps. Write to-day.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., La Crosse, Wis.

DYSPEPSIA

Geo. S. Seally, of 75 Nassau St., New York, says: For years I have been troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, and I came to the conclusion to try your pills. I immediately found great relief from their use. I feel like a new man since we commenced taking them, and would not be without them. The drowsy, sleepy feeling I used to have has entirely disappeared. The dyspepsia has left me and my rheumatism is gone entirely. I am satisfied if any one so afflicted will give Radway's Pills a trial, they will find them a life-saver. I am a trial, they will find them a life-saver. I am a trial, they will find them a life-saver.

TIMIDITY OF FISHES.

An Incident at the Aquarium That Illustrated This Characteristic.

Two out of a lot of rock bass lately received at the Aquarium turned on their sides when placed in the water and were supposed to be dead. They were taken out of the tank and put in a pan beside it, preparatory to being sent to the Aquarium's morgue.

A little later, however, there was observed in one of these fishes a slight movement of the dorsal fin. The fish was still alive.

A further inspection of these two rock bass revealed the fact that each of them had its pectoral fins thrown forward over the gills on either side, and under the gill covers. The pectorals were gently released from the unnatural position, and the two fishes put back in their tank, and away they went as lively as ever.

Lately four more of this lot of rock bass were found in their tank also apparently dead, and when these four were taken out every one of them was found to have both pectorals thrown forward, in the same manner as in the case of the first two discovered. These fishes were set right as the two first had been and put back in their tank, and they, too, swam off all right. And the whole half dozen that had once seemed dead are now alive and well.

It might be supposed that it was the covering over thus of these fishes' gills with their pectoral fins that had caused their suspended animation and apparent death; for the gills are, practically, the lungs of the fish. But as a matter of fact this was not the case.

Fishes may die of a permanent obstruction of the gills. But such was not the trouble with these rock bass. Their fins did not wholly cover their gills, and the first intake of water through the mouth would have freed them. While not the cause of their suspended animation, the throwing forward of their fins in that manner was, however, incidental to the real cause of it, which was fright.

Fishes are easily frightened. They may be frightened to death; and often they are so scared that, as the familiar phrase goes, they faint away, as human beings do. And fainting fishes may throw up their pectoral fins as human beings might throw up their arms.

The fish's gills at this time are distended, throwing the gill covers out a little. There is room for the fins to get in, and in they go, and the gill covers shut down on them; and then there lies the fish insensible for the time, and with its pectoral fins folded forward over the gills and under the gill covers.

And that is what had happened to these six rock bass.—New York Sun.

Assorted Voices.

It is a well-known fact that voices differ greatly according to nationality and geographical position. Thus, in Russia, one hears male voices which are absolutely unique in the lowness of their compass. The Italians, on the other hand, are notable for their fine tenor voices. Some Asiatic nations according to Engel, sing in the shrill notes by straining the voice to its

THE GRUMBLING MULE.

He Can Do the Most Work, But He Sets Everybody by the Ears.

"The finest draft animal in the world is the grumbling mule," said one of the drivers handling the local mule shipments to South Africa. "Silence may be golden all right, but it will not pull as many tons on a cotton float or as tall a load of sappy sugarcane. Among men some of the hardest workers have been notorious kickers, and their case appears to be something like that of the mule, who is so full of dynamic spirit that a little is always slopping over in the shape of dissatisfied growls. Still good work does not always make up for a dissatisfied demeanor, as I found out a couple of years ago up near Plaquemine.

"I was working in a sugar house at the time, and the offices of the plantation were just across a passageway from a warehouse into which sugar was lifted in the old-fashioned way by a rope pulley and horse power. We were all used to the squeak and grit of the apparatus, but one morning, in addition to the accustomed sound, there was a series of groans and grunts which continued spasmodically throughout the day. Next morning same trouble, and by noon the entire office force began to grow nervous and cursed the mule.

"Somebody was sent out to learn the cause of the trouble, and brought back the information that the grumbling mule was the best puller on the plantation, and the only one powerful enough to stand the particular work. We concluded to make the best of it and stood the noise for a couple more days, but by that time no one was on speaking terms with any one else in the office, the manager and his assistant had almost come to blows, and I was on the point of throwing up my job. The dissatisfied growl of the old mule had inoculated the entire force.

"Finally the manager gave peremptory orders to have the beast banished to a drainage pump on the back levee, and in a few hours harmony had returned to our camp. Two days later the man in charge of the drain pump came into the office and threw up his job. When asked why he replied: 'Boss, dat mule ye done gimme am too confounded disagreeable.'"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An American Artist on American Art.

Mr. Frederick William MacMonnies, one of the leading sculptors of the world, born an American, has just come home to live and work in his native land. After seventeen years' residence in Paris it would be natural to suspect a man of Parisian leanings. Not so with Mr. MacMonnies. "I have come back because I am homesick," said he. One must go, in his opinion, to the hotbed of his art or his profession, work there a long time, always studying, and "then with the training of years in the best school let the man return to his own country and apply what he has learned to its needs. The possibilities in this country for sculpture are magnificent. I can't imagine anything finer. There is a splendid, unmistakable movement in the United States to

Household Matters...

For the House Beautiful.

A novel decoration for furniture is a panel of woven tapestry inserted in a wood and coated with transparent varnish. The idea has been seen in bedrooms and smaller pieces, and the effect is hardly to be distinguished from that of a painted panel. Flowers, fruit and landscape designs are employed.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

To Clean Flannel Blankets.

Flannel blankets may be successfully cleansed by using borax and soft soap. Put two tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint of soft soap into cold water enough to cover the blankets. When the borax and soap have become dissolved, put in the blankets and let them stand over night. The next day rub them out, rinse them in two waters and hang them to dry. Never wring them.

Pottery For Home Decoration.

Some of the latest pottery pieces for home decoration are artistic in increased proportion to their cost. Some of golden brownish yellow, streaked in their glazing, are exceedingly attractive. Handles are prominent features of most of the pieces, placed on the side quite close to the top. This is effective besides being useful, when they are hung from hooks, as they hang and look better than with such a handle.

The Dish-Cloth.

The modern housekeeper understands that rags for a dishcloth are neither cleanly nor profitable. The shreds get into the plumbing, often with expensive effects, and a dishcloth so worn that it will not bear regular laundering in the weekly wash is one that cannot receive proper care. In all well regulated houses dishcloths are as distinct and separate a provision of the household economy as napkins or pillowcases. Material for the purpose is sold in the shops, and the cloths should be hemmed as carefully as any bit of the household linen.—New York Post.

Darning and Mending on Sewing Machines

"Tears and worn places in cloth fabrics can be darned most satisfactorily on the sewing machine," writes Maria Parloa, in the Ladies' Home Journal. "Thread the machine with silk or cotton, of the same color as the fabric. Do not loosen the presser foot; have the stitch of moderate length; begin the stitching a little beyond the damaged place. For places that are worn thin or frayed, put in rows of stitching, close together. Cross these with other rows of stitching; this will give a smooth, fine texture. Where the fabric is worn thin, baste a piece of the same kind of goods on the wrong side and darn over

Muscular Soreness.

As the result of over-exertion and exposure to heat and cold, or from whatever cause, may be treated successfully by the timely application of St. Jacobs Oil. A thorough rubbing is necessary. The Oil should be applied vigorously for at least twenty minutes, two or three times daily, when all pain, soreness, stiffness will be removed in twenty-four hours. It will also strengthen and harden the muscles. Football players, gymnasts and all athletes will find St. Jacobs Oil superior to any other remedy for outward application, for the reason that its action is more rapid and its effect permanent. Thousands of people all over the world use and recommend St. Jacobs Oil for muscular soreness. A twenty-five-cent bottle is quite sufficient to prove its efficacy. In cases where muscular soreness is complicated with any disease which requires an alternative Vogeler's Curative Compound should be taken. This prepared by the proprietors of St. Jacobs Oil, Baltimore, Md., who will send a sample free on application.

In Strong Company.

Tramp—Why, this cheese you've given me is all alive, mum.
Housekeeper—Well, some people consider that a luxury. It won't hurt you. Eat it.
Tramp—Oh, no, mum, I ain't going to eat such a rare thing as a luxury. I'll let it trot along o' me ter keep me company. I'm werry lonely at times, mum.—Tit-Bits.

Forty thousand persons in Great Britain pay the guinea crest and coat-of-arms tax. N28

California.

Year round Excursions three times per week without change from Washington, D. C. to Los Angeles and San Francisco. Personally conducted. Berth \$7.00.
G. C. DANIELS, New England Passenger Agent, 228 Washington St., Boston.
E. V. CURRIER, New England Agent, 170 Washington St., Boston.

French people use six pounds of soap a head yearly, against ten pounds per English person.

POTNAM FADELESS DYES do not spot, streak or give your goods an unevenly dyed appearance. Sold by all druggists.

It's better to be a back number than not to be numbered at all.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home, in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample mailed FREE. Address Allen S. Oimstead, LeRoy, N. Y.

Some wise men don't get so much credit for wisdom as some foolish men who are good guessers.


Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

A farmer near Lenox, S. D., shot a pelican that measured eight feet and four inches from tip to tip of its wings.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Feb. 20.—The activity at the laboratory of the Garfield Tea Co. is further evidence of the popularity of their preparations: over Three Million Families used

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham



How Truly the Great Fame of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Justifies Her Original Signature.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacement of the Womb, and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the Change of Life.

It has cured more cases of Backache and Leucorrhoea than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors.

Irregular, Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility quickly yields to it.

Womb troubles, causing pain, weight, and backache, instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the laws that govern the female system, and is as harmless as water.

It quickly removes that Bearing-down Feeling, extreme lassitude, "don't care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, Dizziness, Faintness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, or some derangement of the Uterus, which this medicine always cures.

Kidney Complaints and Backache of either sex the Vegetable Compound always cures.

No other female medicine in the world has received such widespread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine has such a record of cures of female troubles.

Those women who refuse to accept anything else are rewarded a hundred thousand times, for they get what they want—a cure. Sold by Druggists everywhere. Refuse all substitutes.

EAT OATNUTS

SALZERS New 20th Century OATS

CLEAR THE TRACK!

Here's the monarch—nothing like it on earth. Salzer's New 20th Century Oat takes the cake, carries first prizes as the biggest yielder everywhere. The fact is Salzer's oats are bred to produce The U. S. Department of Agriculture claims that out of over 400 samples and kinds tested, Salzer's were the best. How do you like that, Mr. Farmer? Our new 20th Century Oat is bound to completely revolutionize oat growing and we expect dozens of farmers to report yields in 1902 running from 200 to 300 bushels per acre. Price is dirt cheap. Be in the swim and buy this variety this spring to sell to your neighbors the coming fall for seed. It will surely pay you.

Salzer's Marvel Wheat—42 bus. per Acre

The only spring wheat on earth that will yield a paying crop north, east, south, and west and in every state in the Union. We also have the celebrated Marquette wheat, yielding on our farms 60 bushels per acre.

SPETZ

Kidney, Bladder, Dizziness,
Costiveness, Piles,
**SICK HEADACHE,
FEMALE COMPLAINTS,
BILIOUSNESS,
INDIGESTION,
CONSTIPATION
AND**

All Disorders of the LIVER.
25c. per box. At Druggists or by mail.
RADWAY & CO., 55 Elm St., New York.
Be sure to get "Radway's" and see that
the name is on what you buy.

**\$150,000
First Mortgage
6% Gold Bonds**
Southwestern Coal & Improvement Co.
Dated July 1, 1892. Due July 1, 1922.
Callable for Sinking Fund at 125 and
Interest.
FARMERS' LOAN & TRUST CO., N. Y.
Trustee. Principal and interest on these bonds is
**Guaranteed by Missouri,
Kans. & Tex. Ry. Co.,**
by endorsement on each bond.
Interest Has Been Promptly Paid on
These Bonds for 13 Years.
A copy of mortgage may be seen at the office
of Lawrence, Barnum & Co.
Write for Special Circular Giving Price
and Full Particulars.
LAWRENCE, BARNUM & CO.
Bankers, 135 Broadway, New York.
NORTH AMERICAN TRUST CO., N. Y.

M. J. HARRINGTON,
634-536 New York Life Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
**BONDS, STOCKS...
AND MORTGAGES.**

I can sell your Western Mortgages, Bonds
and Investments and your Western Farms
and City Lots. Your correspondence is so-
licited; do not hesitate to write me. It will
cost nothing to inquire.
I also deal in Government, Municipal and
Corporation Bonds and Bank Stocks.
Market quotations and Special Reports
furnished free.

Capsicum Vaseline
Put up in Collapsible Tubes!

A Substitute for and Superior to Mustard or any
other plaster, and will not blister the most delicate
skin. The pain allaying and curative qualities of
this article are wonderful. It will stop the toothache
at once, and relieve headache and sciatica.
We recommend it as the best and safest external
counter-irritant known, also as an external remedy
for pains in the chest and stomach and all rheumatic,
neuralgic and gony complaints.
A trial will prove what we claim for it, and it will
be found to be invaluable in the household. Many
people say "It is the best of all your preparations."
Price, 15 cents, at all druggists, or other dealers,
or by sending this amount to us in postage stamps
we will send you a tube by mail.
No article should be accepted by the public unless
the same carries our label, as otherwise it is not
genuine.

CHEESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO.,
17 State Street, New York City.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives
quick relief and cures worst
cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment
free. Dr. H. E. GREEN'S BROS., Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

hass or baritone voices; all the men
had tenor voices. The Chinese voices
seem to bear some semblance to the
weak character of the people. A mil-
itary man who had three years' service
in the country declares that he never
once heard a Chinaman sing from his
chest.—Gentleman's Magazine.

German Railroad Accidents.
Nobody ever read of any one being
killed in a railway accident in the
German empire. But they kill them
just the same; only nothing is allowed
to be printed about it. They kill them
and—they bury them. They print a no-
tice saying that the man is dead, an
obituary and an account of the funeral,
but nothing about what killed him. No
government railroad over there ever
kills a man. He gets under the wheels
of the train and dies a natural death.
The government runs the railroads and
it censors the newspapers.—New York
Press.

Queen Victoria's Pensioners.
Among the royal pensioners of
Queen Victoria there may be seen at
the Hampden Court paddocks, not only
the well-known cream-colored horses
that were used on so many notable
state occasions, but the faithful old
white donkey which drew her majes-
ty's bath chair about for so many
years. It has a companion in its own
quarters, an old white poney, to which
it is greatly attached.

A Strange Hobby.
A strange hobby is pursued by
Samuel Snell of Holyoke, Mass. In
his leisure hours he makes stone
coffins and during the past 25 years
has sold over 100 of them.

A Chance for Philanthropists.
The more colleges rich men found
the more poorhouses they should en-
dow for the graduates.—New York
Press

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for
any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by
Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Che-
ney for the last 15 years, and believe him per-
fectly honorable in all business transactions
and financially able to carry out any obli-
gation made by their firm.
WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo,
Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Drug-
gists, Toledo, Ohio.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, act-
ing directly upon the blood and mucous sur-
faces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle.
Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

The man who can't pay his latter
plunges head first into debt.

Gold Medal at Buffalo Exposition.
McILHENNY'S TABASCO

**PISO'S CURE FOR
CONSUMPTION**
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.

selfes of Abbey and Sargent and Mac-
Monnies, and know they are all Ameri-
cans wherever they may be, and when
every now and then one or the other
speaks thus of the outlook—Mr. Ab-
bey yesterday, Mr. MacMonnies to-
day, Mr. Sargent or some one else to-
morrow—then there is much to be said
of the future of American arts. These
men have sought the best place to
learn, and they come home from time
to time to do work in their own land.
It is so to-day, and George Meredith was
right when he said that soon—in twenty-
five, in fifty years—the centre of cre-
ative art would be in America.—Har-
per's Weekly.

Rich Gifts That Embarrassed.
The funniest thing I ever heard of
has happened in a family of moderate
means, but whose daughter is a young
person of vaulting ambition. She was
engaged to a very nice young man,
who was equally impecunious, and
they would often bewail their lot at
not being able to be married and re-
ceive a quantity of "numerous and
costly" presents. The time arrived,
however, not very long ago, when the
wedding came off, and to this young
lady's astonishment her friends sent
bridal gifts that in name, at least,
equaled millionaireshood.

There was a yacht, and a house, an
automobile, which is one of the "new"
offerings in smart society, a chest of
silver, and, last but not least, a dia-
mond tiara. But alas, all these coveted
objects were toys! With them, how-
ever, had been forwarded many a use-
ful and pretty souvenir, so the bride
does not know whether to laugh or
to cry at her wishes having been grati-
fied at the expense of her sense of
humor. The practical joke, at any rate,
made much fun, and to my mind is a
good satire on the opulent displays at
fashionable weddings.—Boston Herald.

Sweden's Ruler a Linguist.
The King of Sweden is acknowledged
to be one of the most learned men in
Europe. His Majesty's letters are al-
ways most beautiful to read, and his
friends and relatives, with whom he
continually corresponds, look forward
to them with the greatest interest.
King Oscar can speak and write per-
fectly in seven different languages.
Lord Salisbury, when staying at Stock-
holm, once said to the venerable mon-
arch: "What a wonderful linguist
Your Majesty is, to be sure. You have
written six letters this morning, you
tell me, and all in different languages.
Now, can Your Majesty speak or write
Chinese?" The King of Sweden looked
very humble as he gently replied:
"No, no; I cannot. What feeble crea-
tures we men are, after all!" And
then, more hopefully and with great
animation: "But, never mind, I have
commenced to learn Chinese, and be-
fore long I hope to be able to corre-
spond with the Emperor of China in his
own language!" His Majesty can now
accomplish this difficult task with com-
parative ease.

bag; fill the bag only about one-half
full or a little more, then lay it in
your lap before putting in the stopper,
and carefully press out the steam.

This makes the bag softer, as it is re-
lieved of the pressure the steam makes
if left in it. When not using the bag
drain out the water, let it hang bottom
side up for a little while, then take it
down and with the mouth blow a little
air into it, just enough to keep the in-
side from coming together, as it will
often do if there is no air in it, in
which case the bag is quite sure to be
ruined in pulling it apart.

If you have a bag that is stuck to-
gether put into it some hot water with
a few drops of ammonia, let it remain
a few minutes, then with a thin, dull-
edged piece of wood, try to separate the
inside very carefully. Never fold a
rubber bag after it has been once used.
A flannel bag for covering the rubber
bag is very useful.—Philadelphia Press.

... RECIPES ...

Orange Jelly.—Cover a box of gelatine
with a pint of cold water and soak for
ten minutes; then pour on a pint of
boiling water and stir until dissolved.
Add the juice of ten medium-sized or-
anges and two lemons and a quart of
granulated sugar. Stir until sugar is
dissolved; then strain into molds and
set in a very cold place.

Cocoanut Bread Pudding.—Cut bread
into inch slices, butter well, then dice
and arrange in a buttered pudding
dish in alternate layers with a pint of
grated cocoanut. Make a raw custard
with four eggs, one pint of milk, three
tablespoonfuls of sugar and one table-
spoonful of vanilla. Pour this over the
bread and cocoanut and bake in a
moderate oven. If desired, two of the
whites may be reserved for a meringue.

Muffins.—Mix with one pint of flour,
after it is sifted, three heaping tea-
spoonfuls of baking powder, stir into
this the yolks of three eggs and a
little salt, then gradually stir in one
full pint of cold water, and add lastly
the whites of the three eggs beaten
to a stiff froth. Bake in deep muffin
cups, which must be greased and very
hot before the mixture is poured in;
only half fill them, as the muffins will
rise a great deal. Eat as soon as
baked.

Fricassee of Tripe.—Cut two pounds
of tripe—the honeycomb is the most de-
licious—cut it in strips two inches long,
wash it, and put it in a saucepan with
water enough to cover; simmer one
and a half hours; pour off all but one
cupful of water, chop one onion very
fine, add one cupful of canned toma-
toes, chop the tomatoes in the bowl;
add it to the tripe with two teaspoon-
fuls of salt and a little pepper; rub
one tablespoon of flour in a little cold
water, add it to the tripe, and stir un-
til thickened and boiling.

Dr. H. H. KLINE, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.
A new fad in London is to decorate the
staircase with flowers in bloom arranged
on the ledges outside the banisters.
Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflamma-
tion, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.
One way for a girl to dampen a young
man's ardor is to throw him overboard.
Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible
medicine for coughs and colds.—N. W.
SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900.
It's the reckless people who are usually
wrecked.

JOHN A. SALZER SEED CO., LA CROIXE, WISC.

Self-Threading Sewing Machine Needle!
Send 37c and we will send you sample package of assorted
needles. Give name of machine. Agents wanted. Na-
tional Automatic Needle Co., 150 Nassau St., N. Y. City

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Washington, D. C.
Successfully Prosecutes Claims.
Late Principal Examiner U. S. Pension Bureau.
Sylla in civil war, 15 adjudicating claims, atty since

**WOMAN'S GENTLE NATURE
CALLS FOR GENTLE TREATMENT**

Delicately formed and gently reared, women will
find, in all the seasons of their lives, as maids or wives
or mothers, that the one simple, wholesome remedy
which acts gently and pleasantly and naturally, and
which may be used with truly beneficial effects, under
any conditions, when the system needs a laxative—is—
Syrup of Figs. It is well known to be a simple com-
bination of the laxative and carminative principles of
plants with pleasant, aromatic liquids, which are
agreeable and refreshing to the taste and acceptable
to the system when its gentle cleansing is desired.

Many of the ills from which women suffer are of
a transient nature and do not come from any organic
trouble and it is pleasant to know that they yield so
promptly to the beneficial effects of Syrup of Figs,
but when anything more than a laxative is needed it
is best to consult the family physician and to avoid
the old-time cathartics and loudly advertised no-
trums of the present day. When one needs only to
remove the strain, the torpor, the congestion, or
similar ills, which attend upon a constipated condi-
tion of the system, use the true and gentle remedy—
Syrup of Figs—and enjoy freedom from the depres-
sion, the aches and pains, colds and headaches, which
are due to inactivity of the bowels.

Only those who buy the genuine Syrup of Figs
can hope to get its beneficial effects and as a guar-
antee of the excellence of the remedy the full name
of the company—California Fig Syrup Co.—is
printed on the front of every package and without
it any preparation offered as Syrup of Figs is fraud-
ulent and should be declined. To those who know the
quality of this excellent laxative, the offer of any
substitute, when Syrup of Figs is called for, is
always resented by a transfer of patronage to some
first-class drug establishment, where they do not
recommend, nor sell false brands, nor imitation
remedies. The genuine article may be bought of all
reliable druggists everywhere at 50 cents per bottle.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

