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WATCHES.

DANGER IN THE HIGH DIVE.

Deafness a Frequent Injury to Those Not Inured.

"Except for those who have an especial aptitude for it—and they are few—high diving is a dangerous pastime to indulge in," said a diving expert the other day. "A good diver may occasionally lose his balance, but, being generally cool headed, he can regain it, or at any rate sufficiently so as to prevent injury to himself.

"In the majority of cases deafness is the most frequent injury inflicted by diving. The cause of this is that few find it easy to drop the head sufficiently to get it well between the arms. The result is they receive some tremendous blows on the head, and if the water is struck a bit sideways the ear gets most of the concussion, and the result will frequently be a rupture of the membrane of the tympanum. A good preventive for such an accident is to place in the ears a little medicated wool or cotton dipped in oil.

"Another injury to health caused frequently by diving arises from getting large quantities of water into the lungs. The extent of the harm done in cases of this sort depends on the condition of the water as to its cleanliness. I have often seen boys, for instance, dive into water at places where it was absolutely filthy from the emanation of drains ago into it. The danger to health, especially to those with not overstrong constitutions, can readily be seen.

"The higher the dive the longer, of course, will be the duration under water. Now, an inexperienced diver is rarely able to hold his breath under water for more than a second or two at a time, and if the dive is an unusually high one he will in nine cases out of ten give up the struggle in trying to retain his breath and invariably, too, just before his head reaches the surface. The result not infrequently is that the water that has escaped into his lungs and stomach is far more than is good for him, and to many it is positively injurious.

"The best thing I know of to bring one quickly to the surface in high diving is to have a piece of cork fastened under each armpit. Corks weighing four ounces each are sufficiently strong in buoyancy for a man of 150 pounds in weight. There are many devices by which the corks can be kept secured under the armpits. Perhaps the simplest is to sew each cork into a tight fitting canvas or cotton bag and then again sew each bag on to the bathing suit by a couple of strands, allowing the strands to run over the shoulders.

"Those with weak hearts," the expert added, "cannot be too strongly advised against high diving. The spring, the rush through space, the break and the entering and cleaving of the water are altogether too exciting for weak hearts, and especially so in cold weather."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Miser's Last Wish.

A Greek died in the small town of Caracal, having always lived on the alms of his compatriots. Before dying he made his wife swear that she would bury him in the dirty old overcoat which he wore every day. The poor woman had to ask the Greeks of Caracal to help her to provide the costs of the funeral. A good hearted Greek went to see her in her affliction and, pointing to the body, said he would give her a better coat to bury the man in. Then she told him of the dead man's last wish. The Greek, whose suspicions were awakened, told her that she should certainly not part with the body before she had well examined the coat, for there must be some particular reason for the request. The widow unpicked the lining of the overcoat and found 85,000 francs in bank notes which the miser wished to take into the grave with him.

The General's Nose.

Mike Cyrano de Bergerac, General B. of the regular army was possessed of a nose which excited curiosity, if not comment, wherever he appeared. At one of the hops given at the post the dancers wore fancy dress and masks. The general's partner chanced to be a vivacious young thing who had never met him before. Nor was she any the wiser as to his identity when, following the custom at such balls, he removed the covering from his face. His partner followed suit, and her prattle ceased for awhile. Then she remarked, reproachfully: "Oh, but it isn't fair! You haven't taken off your nose!"—New York Herald.

The Kulling Pastors.

The prospective heirs of the dying miser came silently into his sick room. The physician is seated by the side of the patient, a finger on his pulse.

"How is our dear uncle today, doctor?" ask the prospective heirs.

"There is small change in his condition," whispers the doctor.

"The dying miser rouses himself by a supreme effort. "Small change?" he gasps. "Put it in my pocket!"—Judge.

On the Sabbath.

In Scotland once a drunken man met a clergyman chasing his runaway dog on Sunday. "Tammas," said the breathless clergyman, "I am sorry to see you in this condition, but whistle for my dog. He is running away." Tammas regarded the speaker with gravity and said: "Whistle? I may drink whisky, but I'll no whistle for any dog on the Lord's day."

His Souvenir.

"Bring any souvenirs back from your trip?"

"One only, but it cost a lot."

"What was it?"

"Empty pocketbook."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Some people talk as if they thought everything that dropped from their lips was a "bon mot."—Atchison Globe.

THE KING COBRA.

It is Considered the Most Dangerous of All the Snake Family.

Snakes, venomous snakes, may be divided into two classes, the cobras and the viperoids. The cobras, inhabitants of distant India, form a class apart. To the viperoids belong all other venomous species, including our own splendid rattler, the moccasin, the fer de lance of the West Indies and the deadly bushmaster of Venezuela and the Gulaans.

Diametrically opposite, though equally fatal, are the effects of the cobra and the viperoid poison. Diametrically opposite, also, are the two methods of attack. The cobra at times is aggressive, the king cobra being said even to pursue man. Silent, without the least warning and from a place where you would least suspect, the round head darts out of a thicket, a sharp pain causes you to exclaim, and the frightful fangs of the snake are buried in your flesh. Like the grip of a bulldog they hold fast, while from five to ten feet of animated cable come stretching out of the thicket to coil lazily beneath the dread head.

For this eternal hold on the victim there is a natural reason. The fangs of the ten foot cobra are but a third of an inch long. It is impossible, therefore, to squirt the venom deep in a single stroke. In order to give the venom time to absorb the snake must retain its hold. The fatal poison contains about 95 per cent of nerve destroying and about 5 per cent of blood destroying elements. Within five minutes the pain leaves the wound, and even the shock of the attack begins to wear off. There is little suffering, nor will there be to the relentless end. Only if by chance the bite is one from a small snake or if a fresh supply of antitoxin happens to be at hand is there a chance for your life. If one recovers from the immediate effects within a week one is as healthy as ever. While the poison of the cobra often kills within an hour, there have been cases where the "strike" of a rattlesnake and a bushmaster have caused death within ten minutes. Naturalists accept, however, that the king cobra, owing to its great size and the consequent quantity and quality of poison emitted, is the most dangerous of all the snakes.—McClure's.

TURNPIKE SAILORS.

The Term by Which Tramps Are Known Throughout England.

The term "ocean tramp" is known to many landmen. Its verbal antithesis, "turnpike sailor," is probably less familiar outside thieves' circles, whose, Mayhew tells us in his "London Labor and the London Poor," it is used to denote a beggar masquerading in mariner's garb. Among the Westsex peasants, whose vocabulary, if limited, is singularly effective, it bears a rarer meaning. Thus they designate a particular class of "traveling folk" who roam the country from place to place as a sailor roams the sea. The name might well be applied to the whole nomad tribe—thinkers, hawkers, gypsies, itinerant showmen and the like—but for some reason or other it is confined to the tramp proper, the seedy, out at elbows individual who is to be seen slouching along the highroad or begging from door to door in the villages. Sometimes he is alone; more often a friend of his own degree keeps him company; occasionally a depressed looking wife and ragged children straggle at his heels. He tells not, neither does he spin; he "pays no rent," as an aggrieved householder remarked to the present writer, and he seldom puts his port for longer than a night at a time unless compelled by circumstances beyond his control, when he is lodged in a spacious mansion, is boarded gratis and is provided with the "job" which he professes to be always anxiously seeking and seldom manages to find. As a rule, he sleeps "rough"—in the open, that is—or in any convenient shed, except when the state of his finances permits him the luxury of the tramps' lodging house, which, on the evidence of a country policeman, is "the noisiest, drunkest"—he had almost said "the filthiest"—place in the town.—London Spectator.

Between Feminine Friends.

Of course they love each other dearly and have been on intimate terms for a long time, but this is what was said on the occasion of the estrangement that lasted for nearly two days:

"New shoes?"

"Yes."

"They'll torture you for the first few days."

"Oh, no; they're very large."

"Unquestionably. But still they may be a tight fit."—Chicago Post.

A Virtue Misplaced.

"I ordered this steak not well done," said the impatient guest.

"I know it," answered the intellectual waiter. "But the cook is one of those people who believe that no matter how small a thing is it should be well done."—Washington Star.

In the Dark.

Sofa—Hear what happened to Parlor Lamp last night?

Piano Stool—No; what was it?

Sofa—Made light of a young couple I was entertaining and got put out!—Baltimore American.

The Professional Man He Needed.

Mike—Are ye much hurted, Pat? Do ye want a doctor?

Pat—A docther? Ye fule! A fether bein' runned over by a throlley car! Phat Oi want is a lawyer.—Judge.

Worthlessness of Theories.

Mrs. Hatterson—You don't mean to say that you have no theories about the education of children?

Mrs. Catterson—No; I have too many children.—Town and Country.

WHEN THE SEA IS ANGRY.

Those who live beside the sea know the helplessness of mankind in the presence of unbridled Nature. And they know also the impossibility of bridling her so that she will not again assert herself when, where and how she may please. Men exert all the ingenuity of which they may be possessed in the hardening of metals and woods and in so joining them as to furnish the most resistance to the buffeting of the waves when the sea is angry. They take the vessels out in a rough sea and try them. The little bark rides lightly and behaves well. The men laugh at the sea. Then Nature bestirs herself and there comes a gale that is worth while; a gale whose sound makes the strongest men tremble and know themselves helpless. And the bit of wood and metal into which all the skill of its makers had been concentrated is dashed hither and thither until her broken spars are lying upon the shores to be gathered up as junk and driftwood by the coast scavengers. Some bodies may also wash ashore with the other wreckage.

The men "Who go down to the sea in ships" always take their lives in their hands and they always will. Until there is some human means for controlling and regulating Nature man is helpless, for he cannot successfully combat her, except when she chooses to be kind and humor him. The ocean is nature typified. The sailors along the shore, with their dingy dories, seem helpless in the surf. Yet they are just as safe in the breakers as the strongest iron-clad would be if caught in the worst storm possible for the waves and the winds to concoct. Poverty and philosophy have kept the fishermen humble. Yet in their humility and the lack of progress they have shown in the construction of their vessels they have gained in the effort to conquer the sea as have the rich governments that have built marvelous, splendid, steel-clad, marveled navies to wrestle with the deep. True, the latter can go farther. But in the final count, in the ultimate pitting of strength against strength, both are equally helpless. And man has always the discouraging thought to face—"I have done the best I can do for years to come. The sea, within a few hours, could be lashed into a fury before which my best efforts would be as the sand fort built by a child."—Baltimore American.

Distress After Eating Cured.

Judge W. T. Holland of Greensburg, La., who is well and favorably known, says: "Two years ago I suffered greatly from indigestion. After eating, great distress would invariably result, lasting for an hour or so and my nights were restless. I concluded to try Kodol Dyspepsia Cure and it cured me entirely. Now my sleep is refreshing and digestion perfect." Sold by T. E. Zimmerman, Druggist.

"See here!"

"See here!" cried the man, losing all patience, "you'd better take that sign 'Hats cleaned while you wait.'"

"What's the matter with it? We're cleaning hats while you wait."

"Yes; but to be exact, your sign should read 'Other people's hats cleaned while you wait—and swear.'"

—Philadelphia Press.

Old Gentleman—Do, you think,

sir, that you are able to support my daughter without continually hovering on the verge of bankruptcy?

Suitor—Oh, yes, sir; I am sure I can.

Old Gentleman—Well, that's more than I can do. Take her and be happy.—New York Weekly.

For high-grade work requiring

precision and excellence there is to be found in nearly every machine shop in Germany a group of American tools—a silent tribute to the remarkable position held in the world today by the American machine tool's work.

"De world may owe you a livin',"

said Uncle Eben, "but you's got to push de claim, case de world ain't sittin' up nights worryin' 'bout its debt."—Washington Star.

THE PLEASURE OF VISITS.

It is a pleasant sensation to wake up in the morning and feel that one is a guest. Strange wallpapers and strange furniture surround one's bed and there is a strange view out of the window. All the jostling demons of worry, anxiety and responsibility, whether domestic or professional, who stand ready to crowd upon our consciousness vanish in the unfamiliar environment. We have got away out of the claws of the usual, and lie blissfully waiting for a knock at the door which shall have an unfamiliar sound.

Down stairs we find new faces, new pictures, strange books, a fresh standpoint. Life has a new savor. We taste it everywhere, in the atmosphere and in the conversation, even in the bread and the salt. Our first sensation is that everything depends upon something else. It is nothing to do with us whatever happens. But presently the old truism of our childhood—that every situation in life has its duties—comes back to our mind, and though with our waking thoughts we cast off those of the home dweller, we must immediately prepare to take on those of a guest—at least if we are constitutionally conscientious, which, alas! all guests are not. They may, indeed be divided by this conscientious test into visiting sheep and goats. The motto of the conscientious guest is Mine. Mohl's well-known saying: "It is a shame to eat another man's bread and give him nothing in return!" Such a one should be a joy to his hostess, but in the holiday world of hosts and guests, as in workaday life, good intentions do not always insure success—the conscientious sometimes fail where the unconscientious succeed.—American.

For a bilious attack take

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and a quick cure is certain. For sale by T. E. Zimmerman.

A fellow often wastes a lot of time

in courting a girl when he could have had her from the start.—Philadelphia Record.

A SHORT STORY WITH A MORAL.

Patrick Flood, a boy of 16 years, and the eldest of a family of eight children, was arraigned in a New York police court on the charge of stealing a loaf of bread last week. He admitted having committed the crime of which he was accused, but having refused to make a defense, an officer was detailed to make an investigation. The facts arrived at were these:

"Six months ago his father was called out on strike. Two weeks later the son, who was working at the new residence of United States Senator Clark, on Fifth Avenue, was ordered to quit work. What little money the family had saved was soon expended for food and rent, and then a struggle for bare existence.

"Because of the fights their unions were making, neither father nor son could secure employment, and at last recourse was had to the pawnbroker. Stick by stick the furniture was removed from the house, until Monday all that remained was a bed and a mattress, on which Mrs. Flood lay, fighting, unattended by physicians, for life. About two weeks ago the son decided to leave home.

"I couldn't stay any longer," he said, "I tried my best to help the folks along, but when I saw my little brothers and sisters and my mother wasting away for lack of food, I had to go; I couldn't be a burden to them. Since then I have earned a few dollars at odd jobs and have given what I could to my mother.

"On Tuesday I went to see her and found her too ill to leave her bed. I had no money and rather than beg I stole the loaf of bread for her and the children."

The Magistrate discharged the boy and work was procured for the father. The story is only one out of ten thousand similar ones resulting from the same cause.—Ez.

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MONO RAILROADS.

Electrical experts and transportation managers of this country are watching with interest the latest developments of highspeed traction, as indicated by the construction of the "monorail" line between Manchester and Liverpool, England, the Berlin-Hamburg tests in Germany and the "limited" service between Cleveland and Toledo. All these represent different types of locomotion. The German tests are practically a continuation of those made two years ago on the Berlin-Zossen short military line, and are to determine the practicability of maintaining high speeds with both steam and electric locomotives. The "monorail" system is a development of the idea which in this country took the form of the Meigs electric railway and the Boynton bicycle railway. In spite of those who laughed at the inventor year after year appeared at the statehouse, seeking an extension of the time in which to build his experimental line from Boston to Brockton, the Boynton bicycle railway contained an idea which is being applied practically abroad, and which has vitality enough to withstand not only the fiercest attacks of competitive systems, ridicule enough to have crushed out a worthless scheme. The experimental lines of the "monorail" type which exists as ruins at Coney Island and Patchogue are monuments to the germ of an idea which is full of possibilities. And the great railroads know it.

The weightier articles in THE

ELECTRIC MAGAZINE for October include a thoughtful and somewhat critical review of the pontificate of Leo XIII from *The Quarterly Review*; and a discussion of Mr. Chamberlain's preferential tariff proposals, by Viscount Goschen. There is a second instalment of "Sigma's" delightful "Personalia" from *Blackwood's*, which is full of witty stories about lawyers; and from the same magazine is reprinted a graphic account of experiences "With the Ruck to the Derby." The literary element is even stronger than usual. There is a striking poem, hitherto unpublished, by William Blake: "Glimpses of Ruskin" as seen in the recently published letters to Miss Gladstone; a description of The Goncourt Academy by J. H. Rosny; an appreciation of "Charles Reade's Novel" by Walter Frewen Lord and a characteristically pleasant paper by Augustine Birrell on the new editions of Charles Lamb. There is a striking short story by Katherine Cecil Thurston; a travel paper, "Jottings About Jerusalem"; an account by the Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell of Four Days in a Factory; and a sharp article from *Blackwood's* on the revived Carlyle scandal. Among the poets of the number are Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, Nora Chesson, and Rosamund Marriott Watson. The Living Age Company.

"Rabid."

Noozey—I've heard a rumor that she is to be married.

Olddache—Yes.

Noozey—Who's the lucky one?

Olddache—Neither of them, if they only knew it.—Philadelphia Press.

Wanted.

I am looking for dishonest borrowers—yes, indeed—fellows who will borrow my troubles and never pay them back.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It is a great evil as well as a misfortune

to be unable to utter a prompt and decided no.—Simmons.

A Timid Plunger.

"I'll bet a dollar if I should ask you to marry me you'd refuse," ventured Gussie, trying to inject a little more spirit into the conversation.

"My, but you're a cheap one!" responded the girl.

"Y-y-why?" stammered Gussie.

"Because you won't bet more than a dollar on a sure thing."—Baltimore American.

Just Passing.

"Are you acquainted with Mrs. Tubby?"

"Yes; we have a passing acquaintance."

"Oh, as much as that?"

"Yes. We were at the same card table once. She passed, and so did I."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Remedy.

He—The doctor told Jack that he had been studying too hard lately.

She—And what did he recommend?

He—Oh, he advised him to go into a society a little more and give his brain a rest.—Brooklyn Life.