

Great Heat with Little Fuel

"NOVEL SUPERIOR" Reversible Flue Heater



In selecting a heating stove, it is natural to seek one that produces the greatest amount of heat with the least fuel, that is easy to regulate, cleanly in operation, and possessing desirable features.

The "NOVEL SUPERIOR" fulfills all the above requirements and is indeed one of the best heating stoves ever constructed for obtaining good results in the use of coal.

Very little coal is needed to operate, the combustion is perfect, and the distribution of heat uniform.

The NOVEL SUPERIOR is built upon a new original plan.

BOYD & MURRAY Hardware Co.

LIVE AS DID THEIR FATHERS.

Neck of Spain Which Defies the Inroads of Modern Civilization.

Automobilists from Bilbao, San Sebastian and other watering places drive daily to Eibar, where the Basque stoves, "Euskal Pastas," are in progress, and the queen-mother will probably visit the village shortly, says the New York Herald's Paris edition.

The Basques are very proud of their own racial characteristics and they hold poetry competitions, theatrical and musical performances in their own language. It is curious to note that despite the inroads of modern civilization, which has rendered San Sebastian, the Basque capital, almost cosmopolitan, the country people, on the contrary, preserve their own language and habits and have hardly lost anything of their national features. On the contrary, there is a growing desire to preserve them, which contradicts Eclus's remarks that the Basque people is "a people cut meurt."

Eibar is a town where what Englishmen incorrectly call "Spanish gold" is made, that artistic work of inlaying gold wire on iron and steel, known all over the world. This work was most fashionable some time ago, and the Spanish royal family has a set of "Spanish gold" frames for portraits to be presented to their friends and foreign sovereigns. The industry has attained considerable importance, despite the competition of Belgium, where counterfeited "Spanish gold" is manufactured, though in a rough way.

They Steal Bismarck's Sword.
Dashing wildly along a dark road on a two-mile auto sprint to capture three autists whose particular brand of humor showed itself in the confiscation of the great steel sword from the statue of Bismarck, located near Wissahickon mansion, Policeman Wild finally lost out in the race when the machine in which he was riding broke down.

He saw a machine drive up to the statue and three young men got out. Before he realized what was going on they had climbed the statue, taken the sword from the hands of the immobile Bismarck and jumped into their automobile again. He blew his whistle, and, stopping a passing machine, jumped in and started the chase. Realizing they were pursued, the occupants of the first automobile put on full power and dashed out Hermit lane toward Wissahickon creek. For a mile the chase was kept up, and then a tire was punctured on the rear machine, and the men with the sword escaped.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Problem for Scientists.
Queen Ena, or Queen Victoria of Spain, as she is known out of England, is said to be growing stout, and will, no doubt, one day rival her namesake, good Victoria of England, who had no waist line for many years before her death. When the experts get through with tuberculosis it is to be hoped they will devote themselves more seriously to the consideration of the best way to prevent the formation of adipose tissue.

Only Colony of Kind.
The colony of Barbary apes on the Rock of Gibraltar is the only one of its kind in existence, and is being protected by the British government.

A Frugal Diner.
Although the Austrian emperor eats very frugally his majesty pays his chief cook \$10,000 a year. The court is noted for its elaborate repasts.

Love.
Have love! Not love alone for one; but man, as man thy brother's call; and scatter like the circling sun, thy charities on all.—Schiller.

Oysters Wild Animals.
Oysters are wild animals, according to a Queensland judge, who held that there was no penalty for stealing them.

Jap a Human Nonconductor.
Playing with death and laughing when it reached out to claim him for its own, Hakkadote, a Jap employe at the Hotel Castineda, was found at eight o'clock in the evening, recently, holding a live electric wire in his hands and touching it to the rails of the street cars just to see the sparks fly. The wire, which was the street car trolley, carried 22,000 volts of electricity.

When electricians came to repair the break, which had been caused by the wire burning in two, they would not touch it until the power had been shut down, but the Jap stood there with it in his hand gleefully thrusting it out at them and laughing when they sprang back.

"It was the greatest wonder in the world he was not killed outright," said the chief electrician. "The only way I can account for it is that the Jap is a human nonconductor, or else that God takes care of fools."—Las Vegas (N. M.) Dispatch to Philadelphia Inquirer.

Daughters of the Revolution
Busily spinning dainty fabrics for their trousseaus, the Daughters of the Revolution, in fancy, spun fairy fabrics of another kind—beautiful dreams of a table set for two, snowy linen, rare old china, and the quaint, old-fashioned silver headed down from colonial times. Dearly they prized the time-honored pieces, and more than one maiden could single out a spoon or a fork used by the great Lafayette himself when entertained in America.

The LaFayette
Even more would such pieces be prized by daughters of today, and scarcely less do they appreciate The LaFayette, a pattern which faithfully revives the old historic silver—plain and quaint of outline—a pattern which never fails to captivate the maiden whose brain is busily spinning the same old dream of love and home.

In Sterling only. Distinguished by the special LaFayette trade-mark.

ED. J. NIEWOHNER
Jeweler and Optician.

NOT PERFECT ALARM CLOCKS.

Roosters' Salute to the "Rooy Morn" is Variable.

Lincoln's saying, "You can fool some of the people all the time," is exemplified by the common belief that the crowing of a cock at night indicates the near approach of dawn. This notion is prevalent not only among flat dwellers but to some extent among suburban and country folk. It is true that these feathered alarm clocks are busiest for the hour that precedes daylight, but a man who had an appointment to go fishing at sunrise and arose when he heard a rooster, might make a serious mistake.

A racing man had a rooster at his home in Bensonhurst, Brooklyn, that had a remarkably accurate sense of time. Across the street from the man's home is a summer hotel, the Bensonhurst. Most of the guests were more accustomed to city than to country noises, and some of them were awakened when the cock crowed. Several times it was noticed that the noise came at just 3:15. This odd fact was spoken of on the hotel veranda, and when the guests heard the bird thereafter they usually looked at their watches to see if he was on time.

Night after night he was right to the minute. Once a guest looked at his timepiece, and it indicated only 3:14.

"Guess I must be a little slow," he said to himself. He had come to have more faith in the mechanism of nature than of man. It was the cock which was wrong, however, for several persons spoke of it in the morning.

This continued for months, although the sunrise was, of course, later each day. Shakespeare's phrase, "the bird of dawn," certainly did not fit this chattering.

LIGHT-HEARTED TONY PASTOR.
Characteristic Act of Theatrical Man Related by Actress.

A very beautiful actress, at a luncheon, told a story about the late Tony Pastor.

"Before I went on the stage," she said, "I was a typewriter girl. My employer happened to fall, and I advertised for a new situation. One of those who answered my advertisement was Mr. Pastor, and I put his name on my list, and in due course called on him.

"But he told me I was too late. He had engaged a typewriter early that morning. He was very sorry, he said. I would have made a charming ornament to his dull office. He paid several delightful compliments to my eyes, my hair, my figure.

"I rose with a sigh.

"Well, I said, 'I suppose I'll have to close with Mr. Koopon, then, I'm horribly disappointed. I'd ever so much rather work for you.'

"What, has old Koopon, the banker, made you an offer?" Mr. Pastor cried.

"Yes," said I, "and a very generous one, too; but I prefer this office to his."

"And in this office you shall stay," said Mr. Pastor, whimsically. "We'll make room for you somehow. Why, my dear child, all my money is in Koopon's bank."

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Centuries Old and Washington and Clinton Sat Under It.

"I was at Kingston during the Clinton reburial ceremonies on Decoration Day," said a New York man, "and I stood a while beneath the branches of what is perhaps one of the most remarkable old oak trees to be found anywhere in this country.

"Just how old the tree is no one knows, but there are records showing that 260 years ago it was a landmark. The tree stands there to-day more than 100 feet high and its trunk is also feet in diameter. Nowhere about it did I discover any sign of decay or declining vigor.

"But aside from its admirable physical condition and aspect this old tree has historic interest. The tree stands not a great way from the old senate house, where the state of New York had its birth, and it marks one edge of a plot on which the famous one-legged Dutch governor of the colony, Peter Stuyvesant, built a stockade as a defense for the colonists against marauding Indians.

"After the revolutionary war, when Gen. Washington went up from Newburgh to visit Gen. George Clinton at Kingston, the two patriots sat beneath the spreading branches of this oak and for hours recounted the events of the long struggle and doubtless discussed plans for the future welfare of the country. Who may know but that some of the benefits which we enjoy to-day under the institutions of our government are results of the discussions of those two great patriots beneath this grand old tree? I brought myself to think so, at any rate.

"A few miles from this historic old oak, an old resident informed me, is another tree which besides being an ancient landmark is something of a curiosity. It is a chestnut tree, with a trunk 21 feet in circumference, from which about six feet from the ground a white elm of large size has grown. The chestnut trunk completely encloses that of the elm, and the explanation of the curious association is that at some time a branch of the chestnut was broken off, leaving a cavity in which in time mould and vegetable matter collected and made suitable depth of soil for the seed of the elm, which lodged therein to germinate and grow and become a tree, a veritable part of its unprotected host, the mammoth chestnut trunk."

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WIDOW HELD HER HUSBAND'S LITERARY TREASURES.

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"I stumbled on the little wooden house and its occupant by chance," said he, "and it is a meeting I shall long remember. I followed her up an uncarpeted stair, through a bare room to where the books were. They lined a dozen rough shelves and littered the floor. Evidently they had not been disturbed for years. Piles of hand-some volumes in worn leather covers lay smeared in cobwebs and dust. I stooped down to pick up a book.

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"Gradually, however, she relaxed. I was allowed to open some of the volumes under protest. Rare books they were. Three first editions, which lay half hidden in a pile of broken plaster would have brought, I believe, a total of \$500 at a book connoisseur's sale in New York; one copy of Poe, which I would have liked much to possess, lay in a moldy condition on the sill of the little attic window; several rare volumes of Dickens' works and an equally rare copy of Longfellow I found behind an immense traveling trunk, squeezed and scratched deplorably. Treasure met my hand and eye everywhere.

"Why, I protested, 'if you took these books to New York and placed them with proper persons you'd make a small fortune.'

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"Take care of my books, Jane"—that was about the last words he said to me before he died. I have respected his wish, for they are here as he left them. You are the first to lay a finger on them, and you'll likely be the last for before I follow him I'll make sure that his books'll fall into no strange hands. Here, during the latter years of his life, on the oak chair under the skylight, he would sit for hours and days on end with no company but the skylight, he would sit for hours and days on end with no company but the skylight. That night that was his last he was here for hours. When he came down to the sitting room he could not rest, and he said to me: "I'm going back to my books, Jane, and may read till late. Get to bed if you wish, and never mind me." So I went to bed, and on awakening at the first glimmer of dawn I saw I was still alone. I cried "Andrew!" but no answer came; then I stole out and went up stairs. Ah, I remember as if it were yesterday. He sat here with his head down on his chest—dead. This book was in his left hand and his right gripped the chair arm like a vise. That other book on the floor lay as it lies now, open with its face down. There I have left it. No hand shall touch them. And so we walked silently out of the musty room, and she locked the door."—New York Press.

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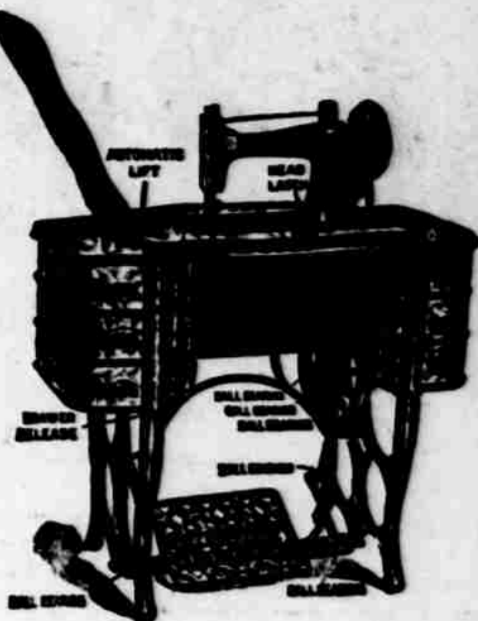
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A NEW PRINCIPLE IN SEWING MACHINES

Rotocillo Movement. The best Sewing Machine that Brains and Money can build. Be up with the age of Improvement. The oldest is not always the best. With pleasure we recommend this machine to those who are looking for the Best. And we fully guarantee it for a term of ten years. Read the 25 Good Points of Superiority contained in the Free Sewing Machine, and the price,

1. Sews Faster
2. Runs Lighter
3. Lasts Longer
4. Is More Beautiful
5. Has less vibration
6. Easier to Operate
7. Makes a More Perfect Stitch
8. The Most Powerful Family Sewing Machine Made
9. More Rotary in Movement
10. Vibrating Shuttle
11. Ball-Bearing Rotocillo Movement
12. Automatic Thread Controller
13. Automatic Tension Release
14. Positive Self Setting Needle (cannot be set wrong)
15. Short needle
16. Right Feed (bearing directly under feed points)
17. Positive Four Motion Feed (without springs)
18. Shuttle Ejector
19. Self-Threading Shuttle
20. Six Ball-Bearings in Stand
21. Revolving Spool Holder
22. Case Hardened and Adjustable Bearings
23. Automatic Head Latch—hold head to stand
24. Automatic Drawer Locks
25. Automatic Lift—the simplest and best

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MAIDEN LOST HER SLIPPER.

And Young Man Who Rescued It Was the Envied of All Observers.

Everything about her bespoke the returning Summer Girl as she tripped blithely out of the Grand Central station, says the New York Press. In one hand she carried a rather bulky traveling bag, in the other she held a gorgeously flowered silk sunshade, together with the ample reefs in her fur-bowed skirt and petticoats. The daintiest pair of feet in tan slippers fluttered from beneath the reefs as she hurried through the throngs of incoming and outgoing passengers toward a Forty-second street car.

She was good to look at, despite the deep tan of the summer sun and the fringe of fragrant freckles across the slightly upturned nose. As she hopped blithely into the first car that came along it became instantly obvious to other passengers that something had gone wrong. They heard a shrill little soprano "Oh!" burst from her lips as she looked around appealingly to the car conductor, horror depicted in every feature.

With a sudden jerk the car came to a stop before it had gone ten feet. A moment later a young man ran up to the side of the car where she sat. He raised his hat decorously as he handed up to Miss Freckles a little tan slipper—it couldn't have been more than a three-and-a-half.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said the young man, "but I think you must have dropped this as you got on the car."

"Oh, yes; thank you so much," murmured Miss Freckles, smiles and blushes running riot over tan and freckles, as she took the proffered slipper and coyly popped it down where it properly belonged.

"Can I be of any further service to you, miss?" gallantly added the young man, as a daintily gloved hand started on the mission of replacing the vagrant slipper.

"Oh! dear me, no; thank you," returned the girl, with the sweetest of smiles.

And then the car sped on, leaving the slipper rescuer the envy of every man aboard it.

What the Eyes Show.

Gray eyes are said to denote intellect and well-balanced character. Brown eyes, with a touch of hazel show courage, intelligence and affection. Black eyes show intelligence and courage. Light-blue eyes often show deceit and cruelty. Violet eyes are loving and ardent, but impetuous and do not show a high order of intellect. Hazel eyes with arched eyebrows show sickle temper. Velvety brown eyes show intense feeling and are not often to be trusted.

Our Mail Service.

The first record contained in our Colonial history of any kind of mail service dates from 1677, when the court at Boston appointed Mr. John Hayward to "take in and convey" letters according to their direction. It is impossible to say what the charges were for this first mail service, but in 1792 the rates were as follows: One letter, less than 80 miles, six cents; between 80 and 100 miles, ten cents; between 200 and 250 miles, 17 cents; more than 400 miles, 25 cents.

Too Formal for "Fighting Bob."

A officer who was with Admiral Evans at San Francisco writes home that he was one day talking with "Fighting Bob" when a petty officer appeared on the scene. The under-officer, not recognizing the two, came blustering up with, "Say, do you know where I can find Evans?" The admiral gazed up at him quietly a moment and exclaimed: "Oh, don't bother about being so formal. Just call me 'Bob.'"

World's Newspapers.

There are 12,500 newspapers published in the United States; about 1,000 of them