



Another Car Load

R. W. SALEY'S

Factory Sale is now on

We give you the best terms, the best instruments for the money, free music lessons, and in buying from us you patronize a home institution. We are here to stay. Come in, and then be your own judge.

HIS BLUFF FAILED TO WORK.

"Kind Lady" Was Not the Easy Mark Weary Willie Had Fondly Hoped to Find.

Weary Willie left the dusty country roadside and entered the hospitable open gate at the end of a neat walk bordered with bright-hued and old-fashioned flowers. A tidy and motherly-looking woman, who looked as if she might be "easy fruit," sat on a vine-clad little porch hemming a sheet. She seemed to be the only person on the premises and Weary Willie fancied that she looked a bit scared. It was because of this that there was a certain note of authority in his voice when he said:

"I want to get something to eat, kind lady, and I—"

The "kind lady" gave her head a little toss and interrupted him by saying: "You do, eh? Well, I can tell you, my wandering friend, that you just have run afoul of the wrong 'kind lady' when you struck me, an' if you think that I am a bit scared of you or of any of your trampin' tribe you are most beautifully left, an' so I let you know, for the tramp never yet drew the breath of life that I was scared of or who could bulldoze me into feedin' him, an' I can tell you straight that I ain't no use for you nor for none of your clan, an' if I had my way there would be a workhouse in every county in the land where such gents as you would put in 12 good hours of work every day or be stood in the stocks that long, and I guess then you would keep off the country roads an' stop scarin' wimmen that ain't got nerve enough to tell you what they think of you, which I have, an' so I let you know, an' if you don't light out o' here right forthwith an' faster, in less than one minute I'll go into the house an' come out again with a hosiawhip that I have used on more than one o' your stripe, an' sent him off howlin' like the whipped cur that he was, an' that you will be if you so much as open your mouth even to say 'kind lady' to me, which I ain't, nor don't want to be no 'kind lady' when it comes to wasting sweetness on the desert air, as a body might say, by bein' kind to any such low-down, wuthless specimens o' scum o' the earth as you represent, an' if you don't vamoose this ranch in three shakes of a dead sheep's tail I'll unchain a dog I've got in the back yard that likes nothin' better than to make sausage meat of such—Gola, are you, my friend?"—Puck.

Make the Outlook Brighter. Everyone knows the pleasure of receiving a kind look, a warm greeting, a hand held out to help in distress, a difficulty solved, a higher hope revealed for this world or the next. By that pain and by that pleasure let us judge what we should do for others.—Dean Stanley.

Cure for Pneumonia. This remedy has been known to cure pneumonia after the patient had been given up to die. Apply sweet oil to the chest, then cover thickly with powdered lobelia, after which cover with several thicknesses of warmed flannel.

Origin of America's Name. It is a curious chance that America received its name from a German geographer. Old Prof. Waldseemüller made a mistake, indeed, when he named the new countries at Brazil after the Florentine Amerigo Vespucci. It would have been far more just to name the new world after Columbus, but though Waldseemüller recognized his mistake and withdrew the name, it remained in use. An curious enough, that Amerigo Vespucci whose name gave origin to the name of America, had himself, though an Italian, still a German family name. Emmerich, Emery in English. Thus America is a continent with a German name, the meaning of which might, perhaps, be interpreted as "rich in corn;" if this is correct, Prof. Waldseemüller chose an incorrect but appropriate name.—Prof. Albrecht Penck, in Science.

Just Cause for Pride. The man admired his wife just about as much as any man can admire a wife, nevertheless when he saw that she was devoting more and more time each day to mirror gazing he determined to take her down a peg. Said he, brutally: "I wouldn't be so stuck on myself if I were you, just because people happen to notice you when you go out. It ain't you they're admiring; it's your clothes. I heard a bunch o' women say so the other day." For an instant the shock to the woman's vanity overpowered her, then quickly recovering, she said: "In that case I am prouder than ever. Nature is responsible for me but I designed the clothes my self."

Where Mr. Wabash Lost Out. Mr. Wabash (to Miss Waldo of Boston)—"I suppose, Miss Waldo, that your father is in business in Boston?" Miss Waldo—"Oh, yes; he is one of the prominent shoe manufacturers there." Mr. Wabash—"Ah, indeed, I have never had much business experience myself. Now, about how long does it take your father to make, say, a good eight-dollar shoe?"

Russian Legal Regulations. Twelve hours, with two hours' rest, is the legal laboring day at Odessa, Russia. Workers under 17 must go to school for three hours daily. Christians are not required to work on Sundays or feast days, nor Hebrews and Mohammedans on their religious holidays. Those who have to work on Sundays have the next day for rest.

Make the old Floors New
By having them dressed with our new floor dressing machine It does the work and we make the prices right.

GEO. F. KOHLER
Contractor and Builder
Shop 124 and Adams
Ind. Tel. 3931

FORTRESS A MARVEL

GIBRALTAR IS RIGHTLY CONSIDERED IMPREGNABLE.

Hard to imagine How Any Attacking Fleet Could Live in the Avengance of Shot That Could Be Poured on It.

"An enemy's fleet could be sent to the bottom in ten minutes before getting within five miles of Gibraltar, not even a torpedo-boat could succeed in entering the bay unscathed on the blackest night!" That sums up the opinions of the most eminent naval experts as to the impregnability of the world's greatest fortress.

But disappointment awaits the sightseeing visitor. The rock, though barren, is covered with luxuriant vegetation; not a fort prominent; not a gun to be seen even with the most powerful glasses; no discernible ammunition magazines; no strongholds; only a peaceful, prosperous harbor and a sleepy, straggling town.

It is night and the maneuvers are on. Swift-playing searchlights transform the bay into a sheet of shimmering silver, upon which are seen majestic British warships and elongated flying shadows—the torpedoes. Guns answer guns out of every conceivable crevice and corner, blending in one deafening uproar, while scores of shells plow the water for miles around.

Sentries are everywhere; infantry parties crouch in the shadows; hundreds of gunners stand ready behind hundreds of guns in these mysterious labyrinths hewn out of the solid rock—"the galleries;" the vicious barking of the Maxim guns gives contrast to the deep-toned baying of these mammoth pieces of ordnance, the mere report of which cracks stone roofs and bursts doors and whole windows. Could any fleet live through the murderous hail of gigantic shells?

Gibraltar never sleeps. By day and night two perfectly equipped signal stations, proudly flaunting Britain's flag of ownership, ceaselessly sweep the seas around to a distance of fifteen miles on a clear day, instantly reporting the coming and going of each vessel. Sentries guard all the prominent forts, magazines and gateways; gunners sleep beside their guns; engineers are ever ready beside the powerful searchlights.

Modern "needle" guns, the finest in Europe, are installed on all the most prominent points. They are unreachably from the sea, even as they are undiscernible, owing to the skill with which they are painted and draped to match the surrounding vegetation, while huge screens drop automatically before them as each shell is fired. They have a range of fifteen miles and could drop shells on Ceuta, in Africa, opposite, quite comfortably! One gun weighs 110 tons and is capable of throwing a shell weighing three-quarters of a ton! In that marvel of engineering under great difficulties, the galleries, are concealed guns for every day in the year!

These galleries are divided into three sections, entry to which is guarded while one is closed even to high officers, containing preserved stores, munitions of war, rain water (for Gibraltar has no springs) and a complete condensing plant—all calculated to outlast a siege of seven years. The firing is the most mathematically perfect imaginable. The surrounding waters are mapped out into squares, upon which certain guns are kept ready trained, so that it is almost impossible to miss. During practice targets are towed across the bay, the object being to hit the water a few yards in advance of them.

Making Change in New York. A thin little man with a long beard and a big bundle boarded a Second avenue car at Fifth street the other day, and when the conductor came around handed up a \$1 bill and asked for a transfer to the Fourteenth street line.

The conductor handed the passenger a half dollar, a quarter and three dimes. The thin little man saw the three dimes and quickly thrust his change in his pocket. He didn't wait until the car got to Fourteenth street, but alighted at Eighth street. When he had gone a passenger said to the conductor:

"You gave that man three dimes instead of two."
The conductor did not smile, but said: "Did I? Well, he'll have a devil of a time getting rid of the half dollar."—New York Sun.

Turkish Women in Uppit Fight. In Constantinople a few better-class women are "feeling their way" in regard to dress, but, like all pioneers, they suffer for the cause. If the customary heavy black veil is thinner, if the hair has an appearance of being puffed out beneath its covering, if the rich silk mantle is cut to show the slender form or more mature curves of its wearer, she is immediately an object of much attention and remark from Turk and Christian.

His Definition of Echo. A little boy was amusing himself by hallooing, then listening for the echo. "What is the echo, mamma?" he asked. His mother attempted to explain, feeling all the while how inadequate her explanation was. The little fellow trotted along at her side, silent for some minutes, then his eyes fell upon his shadow.

"Oh, I know what echo is," he exclaimed joyfully. "It's the shadow of our voices."

Things Undone. Knowing Child—Mamma, punished me for something I hadn't done yesterday.
Auntie—That's rather unjust. Are you sure?
Knowing Child—Yes, she punished me because I hadn't done my lessons.

A Soft Answer. "What did you tell your father when he asked you if you indiged?"
"Told him I took only ginger ale."
"Thought a soft answer would turn away wrath, eh?"

HOSE HOSE HOSE

We carry a complete stock of all kinds of Rubber Garden Hose, ranging in price from 9 cents to 20 cents per foot.

Do not fail to examine our Magic Endless Hose, we will cut this hose any length up to 500 feet in one piece, without couplings or splices.

Just the thing, if your present hose is not long enough to reach where required. So get a piece of "Magic" the desired length. No extra charge for cutting or coupling.

We also have a complete line of Lawn Sprinklers, Hose, Nozzles, etc.

Try a section of our one-half in. Hose—more quality for less money.

A. Dussell & Son
Eleventh Street

TRUE TO THEIR INSTITUTIONS

Unchanging Character of the Saxon Race as Evincing Throughout the Centuries.

This tribe of Saxons had, by accident or wise leadership, happened upon the very country best suited to them. A fertile island, cut off from the rest of the world and with room for all, so that each one might, with his family, have a kingdom of his own. This, with a little machinery of government as possible and yet all ready to combine as equals in self-defense. But as they made their land productive, as they became rich, they became the prey of other peoples from northwestern Germany and what is now the Scandinavian peninsula and were forced to defend their possessions and their customs against Angles, Danes and Normans.

It is a curious feature of the abiding, unrelenting purpose of these Saxons to govern themselves and to be let alone that, though they were conquered in turn by Angles, Danes and Normans, they swallowed up all three in the end and imposed their customs, their language, their habit of mind and their institutions upon each of the invaders in turn. They would have nothing to do with the half-developed feudalism of Angles and Danes, nor with the full-developed feudalism of William the Conqueror and his followers. The conqueror claimed that the land was his and that every holder of land owed fealty to him personally. It took about 100 years for the Saxon idea to prevail over the feudalistic notion, and the result was magna charta. The magna charta wrested from King John by the barons was in reality the shaking of personal allegiance to a chieftain by the Norman barons, aided by the Saxon gentry, who had finally imbued them also with their own love of independence and free government. They insisted then, and have maintained ever since, that they derived their rights, their liberties and their laws not from a king, but from themselves. In the days of William the Conqueror their king was elective, though chosen from the reigning houses. As late as 1689 the commonsense voters of the time had abdicated and that the throne was vacant! They chose their own rulers, and no doubt would do so again to-day if necessary. It is much too long a story to go, step by step, through the recital of this development. It concerns us here only to note these unchanging characteristics of the race, maintained and strengthened through centuries of war, tumult and conquest.—Scribner's Magazine.

Bulls Without Horns. In his "Irish Life and Character" Michael Macdonagh has a choice collection of bulls. He called on a hair-dresser in Kingstown. As he was leaving the man tried to induce him to buy a bottle of hair wash. "What sort of stuff is it?" he asked. "Oh, it's grand stuff," the man replied. "It's a sort of miltum in parvo—the less you take of it the better."

A few days later the writer was walking with a friend over the Wicklow mountains, where they met a "character."

"Well, Mick," said my friend. "I've heard some queer stories about your doings lately." "Och, don't believe them, surr," replied Mick. "Sure, half the lies told about me by the neighbors isn't true."

The following notice Mr. Macdonagh saw posted in a pleasure boat on the Suir:

"The chairs in the cabinet are for ladies. Gentlemen are requested not to make use of them till the ladies are seated."
And this he clipped from a Kingstown newspaper:

"James O'Mahony, wine and spirit merchant, Kingstown, has still on his hands a small quantity of the whisky which was drunk by the duke of York while in Dublin."

What Beethoven is. "Now," said the brown-eyed woman, "I will always know how to talk when I hear a symphony or grand opera. I never could make what seemed to me to be suitable comment, but coming out of the Philharmonic concert the other night two high-brows walking next to me gave me a tip."

"Well," said he, with a long drawn sigh; "Beethoven is always Beethoven."
"Yes," she responded, soulfully; "Beethoven is always Beethoven."
"Isn't that lovely. It works both ways and can be applied to anybody."

The Start. Knicker—All the world's a stage.
Bocker—And to get a good seat you have to get your ticket from a speculator.—Brooklyn Life.

A NIGHT WITH A NIGHTMARE.

May Be Warning to Those Who Seek Escape from Tortures of Insomnia.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he, "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We are passed your station 400 years ago," he said, calmly, sliding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centerpole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep about ten minutes.—Good Health Clinic.

VALUE IN WELL-TRAINED MIND

Has Effect Too Frequently Unappreciated in Social and Domestic Relations.

Men often realize that a well-trained mind is a great asset in business; yet seldom do we see comment upon the fact that it is also invaluable in social and domestic relations. The mind, after a certain stage is passed, works automatically in kindness as in calculation.

This is noticeable in the study of pronounced characters. Men are enabled to act quickly in emergency only by intuition; and it follows that when a man is habitually kind, or merciful, or considerate, or all three, he will be so in the crisis of his life. Character is a matter of slow formation. In a pronounced form it is rare. The average is a mixture of many lines of training; hence, vacillation. The more pronounced, the more forceful for certain effects.

It is in babyhood that the formation begins, and in the earlier years are laid bases which after effort may never be able to remove. Environment, of course, is one factor. The child brought up in an atmosphere of kindness, courtesy, mercy, generosity, etc., is likely, although not certain, to remain so.

In any event, the main thought is that we too frequently forget that trained minds have possibilities beyond money-making. The mind is not a tyrant. The money-grubber cannot reform after a certain period; and he who has reached 40 generous will find difficulty in becoming a miser, even if so minded, when past that period.

Rigid Rules for Childhood.

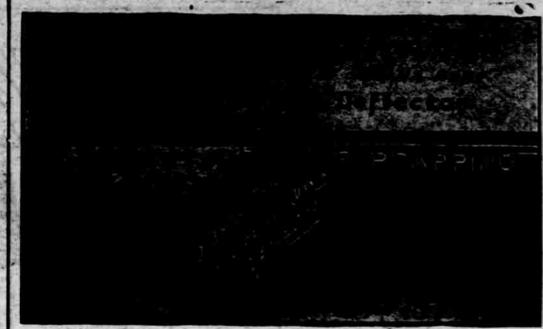
Childhood must have been a dreary time when Lady Byron was a little girl. "The only times we were allowed down stairs," she says in her reminiscences, "were at two o'clock luncheon (our dinner), and to desert for about a quarter of an hour if our parents were dining alone or had very intimate friends. On these occasions I was dressed in white muslin and blue ribbons, and Theodore, my stepbrother, in green velvet, with turnover lace collar, after the fashion of that time. We were not allowed to speak unless spoken to; we were not allowed to ask for anything unless it was given to us. We kissed our father's and mother's hands and asked their blessing before going upstairs, and we stood upright by the side of the stairs the time we were in the room. In those days there was no hollering about, no Tommy-keeping your-fingers-out-of-the-jam, no Dick-crawling-under-the-table-punching-people's-legs, as nowadays."

Needed to Begin at Home. Two young women were scheduled to read papers on the rearing of children in connection with a mothers' meeting, their husbands being left at home to put the two children to bed. They lived in adjoining apartments. The young women attended the meeting, read the papers and after the discussion on the care of infants adjourned to the home of a friend for refreshments. When they reached home at 11:30 the two husbands had joined forces and were frantically pacing the floor, each carrying a shrieking baby.

Stevenson Bad Speller. One of the most polished and painstaking of English authors regarded correct spelling as a totally unnecessary accomplishment. In his introduction to R. L. Stevenson's letters, Sidney Colvin writes: "I have not held myself bound to reproduce all the author's minor eccentricities of spelling and the like, as all his friends are aware, to spell in a quite accurate and grown-up manner was a thing which this master of English letters was never able to learn."

Early Sentiment. "That's a curious-looking paper-weight," said one of Mr. Newlywed's friends, taking up a brownish object, round and about half an inch thick, from the desk.
"Yes," said Mr. Newlywed. "It's only a temporary one. It's my wife's first puff-paste tart-shell."—Youth's Companion.

The Start. Knicker—All the world's a stage.
Bocker—And to get a good seat you have to get your ticket from a speculator.—Brooklyn Life.



REALLY EXCLUSIVE CLUB.

Indiscriminate Acquaintanceship Eventually Was Not Forced on Athenaeum Members.

Recently at a dinner party the conversation turned upon the subject of clubs. The special features of the Athenaeum were referred to with great respect, and then J. M. Barrie, who was the only member of that august club who happened to be present, interposed.

"After having been elected by the Athenaeum club," he said, "I went there for the first time and looked about for the smoking room. An old man with long, white hair was wandering in a lonely way about the hall. I asked him if he would be so kind as to tell me the way to the smoking room. He agreed with alacrity. When we returned to the hall I thanked him heartily, when he begged me to do him the honor of dining with him. 'But, my dear sir,' I said, 'you have been far too kind to me already. I cannot think of imposing myself upon you in this fashion.'"

"Imposing yourself!" exclaimed the old man in an eager voice. "On the contrary, you will be doing me the greatest favor in the world; the fact is, I have belonged to this club for 30 years, and you are the first member who has ever spoken to me!"—Bellman.

CATS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

Experts Differ as to the Species That the Egyptian Knew as Household Pets.

Experts have held that the so-called "cat" of the ancient Romans and Greeks ("ailurus," the way-tailed one) was not a cat at all, but a kind of weasel. The mummified Egyptian animal, however, was a genuine cat, even if certain peculiarities about its teeth make it difficult to regard it as a near relative of the modern domestic puss.

The exact origin of the latter remains a puzzle. It appears first, mysteriously, in the middle ages, when it was decidedly rare and highly prized throughout Europe, though the wild cat still abounded everywhere. And experts have not been able to satisfy themselves that the domestic cat and the wild one are really the same.

As a result of the recommendations of Dr. Koch of Germany that cats are the best preventives of the plague the Japanese authorities have been taking a cat census. At Osaka it was found there were 54,389 cats kept by 48,222 families. In addition there were 5,696 homeless cats. In the plague spots of the city no cats were found.

Losing His Mind.

"Mother, guess you'd better send for th' doctor," gasped Uncle Charlie Seaver, as he sank into a chair and rocked back and forth, holding his gray head.

"Sakes alive, yer haven't been an' got th' misery in yer head, have ye, Silas?" gasped his astonished wife, dopping a pie tin.

"I don't know th' matter, but I've always had a hunch my mind'd go some time. It's cum, I guess. I noticed th' trouble fust last week when I plum forgot to go up and swear off th' \$100 assessment till it was too late. Then I neglected to go to th' school meetin' last night to fight agin the new commissioner. But wuss and wuss, I didn't guess within eleven pound and seven ounces the weight of Wal Weaver's big hog killed to-day. I guess my mind has gone all right. I'm about all in."—Puck.

Too Bad.

Mamma (bringing her little lecture to an abrupt close as she was called from the room)—And all this trouble was caused by those bad thoughts in your heart.

Jamie sat for a few minutes the picture of distress, for he was really very sensitive about being thought "bad."

Aunt Milly came in, and being always solicitous about his health, exclaimed: "Why, Jamie, how bad you look!" This was too much, and Jamie burst into tears and sobbed out, brokenly: "I—I—knew there w-w-was a bad spot in m-my heart, b-but I didn't k-know it s-s-showed clear through!"—Brooklyn Life.

Hindoo Widows.

When a Hindoo dies the relatives shave the widow's head and clothe her in coarse garments. Henceforward she may wear no silk, or gold, or silver. She takes her meals apart, and is put to the lowest household work. Voluntary austerities if she be conscientious, and involuntary degradation in all cases, are her miserable lot. He religion and social usages strictly forbid remarriage. Caste, and civil law, condemn her, and is more powerful than any imperial code. She and a second husband, if she ventures, and can discover a man with equal courage, to remarry, become outcasts.

For Blood Poisoning.

When it is found that blood poisoning has set in, or when it is feared, use the following: To the juice of half a lemon add one teaspoonful of sugar and half a teaspoonful of water. Take hot at a dose and repeat every 30 minutes for the first three hours, after that every two hours. A cure will usually be effected in a day.

SATISFIED WITH THE RULING.

Parties to Controversy in Tangiers Courts of Justice Breathe No Ill-Feeling Over Verdict.

"I've been about the court house here for a long time, on one duty or other," remarked Judge Madison W. Beason of Cleveland, O., "but in all my life I've never seen but one court trial—excepting divorce cases—in which the litigants on both sides were satisfied with the decision. And the one case I mention was not in America. No, indeed. We boast of our civilization and of our modern judicial system, but we haven't yet mastered the art of delivering justice and equity to the complete and smiling approval of two sides to a given controversy." The judge paused for breath.

"It was over in Tangiers," he resumed. "Long bearded patriarchs come in on their camels and camp in the streets while they attend court. When you see a court trial looking for all the world like a scene out of the Bible, you naturally expect to see justice meted out more crudely than by our own modern methods. But, as I say, the system over there in Morocco has its advantages. The judge took his seat on the floor over in a corner of the courtroom and the litigants sat down on the floor facing him."

"When the case was over the court handed down his decision on the spot, and both parties to the suit walked away wreathed in smiles. Have you ever seen a trial end so happily in America?"

SPEAKS OUT WITH COURAGE.

British House of Commons Listens with Respect to Fiery Words of Keir Hardie.

"Yes," shouted Mr. Keir Hardie, "if the work of the department is not its own justification, excuses only accentuate the failure!"

"Hear, hear!" cheered the Labor party.

In the closing passages Mr. Keir Hardie's voice rang with emotion as he spoke of the suffering poor.

"If these people are placed outside the law we have no right to expect them to obey the law. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall not content myself with speaking from the safety which a seat in parliament gives. I shall go down among our own people, who are suffering from hunger and cold, and take the responsibility of the advice I shall give them. The country must be shocked out of its inertia."

His voice rose almost to a scream. The house was quite silent; his emotion was apparent to all. When he took his seat he had the wipe the tears from his eyes with the back of his hand.—London Daily Mail.

Blames Laziness for Much.

Dr. Charles A. Eaton of the Madison Avenue Methodist church said in the course of a brilliant after-dinner speech in Cleveland:

"Laziness is responsible for too much of the misery we see about us. It is all very well to blame alcohol for this misery, to blame oppression and injustice; but to what heights might we not all have climbed but for our laziness?"

He paused and smiled.

"We are too much like the super-numerary in the drama," he went on, "who had to enter from the right and say: 'My lord, the carriage waits.'"

"Look here, super," said the stage manager one night, "I want you to come on from the left instead of the right after this, and I want you to transpose your speech. Make it run hereafter: 'The carriage waits, my lord.'"

"The super pressed his hand to his brow.

"More study! More study!" he groaned.—New York Times.

English Gloom.

Lady Gordon writes: "If you ask any intelligent foreigner what his chief impression of England is, he will invariably reply, the cheerlessness of the English. If any proof were needed of the prevalent gloom, it would surely be found in the astonishment which the few remaining cheerful people cause and the amazing popularity they enjoy. Our sunny friends and acquaintances can be counted on our fingers; our dismal ones are all around us. A really cheerful Englishman is such a phenomenon that everybody asks his wife if he is always like that, and refuses to believe her when she answers in the affirmative."

All One to Nature.

A waistcoat of broadcloth or of fustian is alike to an aching heart, and we laugh no merrier on velvet cushions than we did on wooden chairs.—J. K. Jerome.

Wisdom from Uncle Eben.

"Nursin' a grouch," said Uncle Eben, "is like neglectin' de flowers an' vegetabls an' puttin' in yoh time tendin' de weeds."

Manhattan Indians.

The earliest notice we have of the island which is now adorned by New York City is to be found in Hudson's Journal. Manahatta is therein mentioned in reference to the hostile people whom he encountered on his return from his exploring of the river and who resided on this island.

Central Meat Market

THIRTEENTH STREET
OPPOSITE THE PARK

Now Open and Ready to take care of all customers

BOTH 33
TELEPHONES

M. C. CASSIN