The Sharpsburg Roller Mills

M. V. BOSTAIN, Propr.

Manufacturer of ...

FLOUR, MEAL, FEED ETC

Leading Brands ...

CRYSTAL AND PURITY.

Horse Shoeing

I desire to announce that I have opened a new blacksmith shop next door to W. M. Mathers' Stable, in the East End, and am now prepared to do all classes of work in my line, but I make a

SPECIALTY OF HORSE-SHOEING!

COME AND SEE ME!

J. W. WIND.

Cheap Groceries

CONLEY & McLAUGHLIN

(J. E. CONLEY'S OLD STAND.)

Are prepared to furnish the best of Groceries at the lowest cash figures.

Goods delivered anywhere in the city FREE OF CHARGE!

Staple and Fancy Groceries of all kinds. Call and be convinced that our prices suit the times.

LAND FOR SALE

PRIVATELY.

As Executor of the estate of Martha Woods, dec'd, I will sell about 80 acres of land, lying in Nicholas County, Ky., 1 mile East of Sprout, on pike from Parks' Ferry to Bethel.

Will also offer my farm of 250 acres, adjoining the above.

This land is all in grass, but about 50 acres. It has never grown any tobacco. Good brick house and outbuildings. Call and examine. Will sell all or part. Terms easy.

J. B. WOODS, Sprout, Ky.

$8 to $15 Saved on Mens Suit

BY BUYING DIRECT FROM

E. ROSENBURGER & CO.,

202-204 E. 102d St., NEW YORK CITY.

The Largest Clothing Manufacturers in America.

OUR GREAT BARGAIN OFFER!

$5. BOYS' ADONIS SUITS FOR 2.76

with Extra Pants and we Pay Expressage.

These suits are guaranteed to be made from Imported Wool Cheviot, in Black, Blue, Grey and Brown to boys from 3 to 8 years of age. Made up double-breasted, with Sailor Collar—Collar fancy embroidered—lined with fast Black Albert Twill Sat-on and Patent Waist Bands. Trimming and Workmanship the very best. Sizes for 3 to 15 years, without Sailor Collar. Mention age and if large or small.

When ordering send Post Office Express Money Order or Registered Letters, also age at last birthday, and if large or small for his age. Money cheerfully refunded if not satisfactory. Send 2c. stamps for Samples, tape measure, measuring blanks, etc.

LAND POSTED.

ALL persons are warned not to trespass upon my lands adjoining the City of Carlisle. Persons hunting are especially warned to keep off the premises.

W. H. WAUGH.

DRS. K. & K.

The Leading Specialists of America
20 YEARS IN OHIO.
250,000 Cured.

WE CURE STRICTURE

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are troubled with this disease—many unconsciously. ... Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT absorbs the stricture tissue; hence removes the stricture permanently. It can never return. No pain, no suffering, no detention from business by our method. The sexual organs are strengthened. The nerves are invigorated, and the bliss of manhood returns.

WE CURE GLEET

Thousands of young and middle-aged men are having their sexual vigor and vitality continually sapped by this disease. They are frequently unconscious of the cause of these symptoms. General Weakness, Unnatural Discharges, Failing Manhood, Nervousness, Poor Memory, Irritability, at times Smarting Sensation, Sunken Eyes, with dark circles, Weak Back, General Depression, Lack of Ambition, Varicocele, Shrunken Parts, etc. GLEET and STRICTURE may be the cause. Don't consult family doctors, as they have no experience in these special diseases—don't allow Quacks to experiment on you. Consult Specialists, who have made a life study of Diseases of Men and Women. Our NEW METHOD TREATMENT will positively cure you. One thousand dollars for a case we accept for treatment and cannot cure. Terms moderate for a cure.

CURES GUARANTEED

We treat and cure: EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, SYPHILIS, GLEET, STRICTURE, IMPOTENCY, SECRET DRAINS, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, KIDNEY and BLADDER Diseases. CONSULTATION FREE. BOOKS FREE. If unable to call, write for QUESTION BLANK for HOME TREATMENT.

KENNEDY & KERGAN

122 W. FOURTH STREET, CINCINNATI, O.

Bavaria can boast of 28 pencil factories, which employ 10,000 people, including men, women and children. Together they produce no fewer than 4,000,000 black and 300,000 colored pencils per week. The total output last year reached the enormous quantity of 250,000,000 pencils, in the manufacture of which over 1,800 acres of cedar were used.

* * *

Speaking of the recent published interview, in which Senator Faulkner, of West Virginia, was quoted as saying that his first choice for President was a member of the Senate, the Harrodsburg Democrat says: "Mr. Faulkner reminds us of old Dr. Lewis Marshall, who said on a certain occasion that there were but two men in the United States fit to be President. One of them was his son, Thomas F. Marshall, and the other modesty forbade him to name."

* * *

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.*

Here comes another trust. A milk trust with $10,000,000 capital will be organized in Chicago with Joe Lester at its head. He proposes, when the trust gets in operation, to sell milk at such a low price that it will crush out the dairymen who refuse to go into the trust.

* * *

When you ask for De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve don't accept counterfeit or imitation. There are more cases of Piles being cured by this, than all others combined. R. P. Sparks, Peoples Drug Co.

* * *

A student of Spanish annals has added an interesting chapter to the history of prices by revealing from the archives of the Escurial what it cost to discover the new world. The stipends of the discoverers, at all events, did not amount to much. The pay of an able seaman was only, it seems, 12 francs a month, while a captain drew only 80 francs or about 3 guineas a month. As for Christopher Columbus himself, his earnings were at the rate of 1,600 francs, or $320 per annum. Even in Spain salaries have risen since those days.

* * *

The sooner a cough or cold is cured without harm to the sufferer the better. Lingering colds are dangerous. Hacking cough is distressing. One Minute Cough Cure quickly cures it. Why suffer when such a cough cure is within reach? It is pleasant to the taste. R. P. Sparks, Peoples Drug Co.

* * *

Wade Hampton, a one-legged negro murderer of Georgia, who was named for South Carolina's one-legged Governor, killed a one-legged negro, was arrested by a one-legged Coroner, tried before a one-legged Judge and hung by a one-legged Sheriff. Justice was a little slow on account of being crippled but it got there all the same.

* * *

Soothing, healing, cleansing, De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is the implacable enemy of sores, burns and wounds. It never fails to cure Piles. You may rely upon it. R. P. Sparks, Peoples Drug Co.

* * *

The Board of Safety has restored to their old places all city employes who went into the war with the Louisville Legion.

* * *

The tobacco men of the thriving city of Augusta will hold a Tobacco Fair at that place on January 28th. It will be for the benefit of the tobacco growers of Bracken, Mason and Robertson counties in this state and of Brown county, O., and should enlist the interest and support of all who produce the weed. Augusta's reputation for hospitality ought to insure a large attendance.

CASTORIA.

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher.* The Kind You Have Always Bought

The latest use of glass is instead of gold as a material for stopping decayed teeth. It answers splendidly and is far less conspicuous than the yellow metal. Of course, it is not ordinary glass, but is prepared by some new patent process, which renders it soft and malleable. Glass, too, is being extensively used for church bells. It can be toughened so that there is no risk of it cracking, and the tone is said to be beyond anything yet invented, perfect, soft or sonorous.

* * *

If you want to invest your money or buy a nice home you should see Keller & Kennedy, Agt's Carlisle, Ky.

CHARITY.

Oh, the world's cruel censure,
What sorrow it can bring,
When heartless words are spoken
That leave a bitter sting.

No matter whether just or not,
They are often said the same,
Almost crushing a poor soul
That is not a bit to blame.

Their life is such a struggle,
To meet its daily care,
Until it seems their burdens
Are more than they can bear.

When most they need encouragement
And little words of cheer,
Too often it is censure
And malice that they hear.

If we were only as willing
To repeat good as we are ill,
Would we not be more happy,
And others happier still?

Let us then be charitable,
Give joy instead of pain—
One single kindly word
Will come back ten-fold again.

—Virginia C. Smith, in Cleveland Leader.

A SECRET

When Doris married I arranged to allow her a couple of hundred a year, on condition that she kept it a secret. I am blessed with a number of other nieces to whom I have no desire to allow anything. They are all nice girls, in their way, and I've no particular fault to find with them; but they aren't Doris. She was always my favorite, from the time she began to talk. No doubt it was artful of her mother to teach her to say: "Nice uncle!" before she could toddle, but she did, and that settled the question of favoritism.

Doris is a romantic young person, with a weakness for writing poetry, and all that sort of thing, and she had some scruples about keeping a secret from her husband; but I insisted.

"Of course, if Harry should ever be hard up, you'll have to tell him and go shares," I said. "But if he has a fault—"

"He hasn't," she assured me.

When they had been married about 15 months she called at my office one afternoon. She kissed me three times, and termed me "Dear old uncle" twice; so I knew she had come to propose something preposterous.

"Well, madam," I inquired, crossing my legs and folding my hands judiciously, "may I ask the real purport of this demonstration?"

She traced the pattern of the carpet thoughtfully with her parasol. "It is getting rather worn," she said, "and the pattern is too small. I should have a warmer color next time if I were you; and—Oh! I come to propose something."

"Yes, my dear," I said, calmly. "I could have told you that."

"I was going to say that you were quite right about that allowance of mine. It is kind of you, uncle, really." She touched my arm with her tiny gloved hand, and I patted it.

"I trust Harry hasn't been plunging?" I asked, with alarm.

"O, dear, no!" she cried. "How could you imagine such a thing?"

"Then how is my wisdom proved?"

"I am going to explain. You—you

"OH, DEAR NO," SHE CRIED.

won't be cross—or satirical—will you, uncle, dear?"

"I hope not."

"It's this, uncle. You know how fond Harry is of painting, and how he gets up early and does such lovely pictures before he goes to the city?"

"Ye—es. Go on, my dear."

"I call them beautiful; but they don't have them at the academy—I'm sure it's only jealousy—and he can't sell them often, you know."

"Umph!" I thought she wanted me to purchase them.

"I want you to get an agent to buy some—with my allowance—which Harry knows nothing about." I was preparing to object, but she put her hand on my shoulder. "It would please poor Harry so," she pleaded, "and I should be just as well off. He would be sure to buy things for me and the baby with the money. If he didn't, we have everything we really need. He is so good and kind to me, and—I do so want to—uncle, dear." She paused for breath, while her big eyes looking so entreatingly. I wiped my pen carefully and considered.

"Master Harry is a sufficiently lucky man, without being a great artist," I said, at last.

"It would please me, uncle."

"My dear child, the allowance is to be spent entirely at your own discretion. It's a good plan—of a good little woman." She jumped up and fairly hugged me, until I had to protest that one of my clerks might come in.

Doris' plans were duly carried out—they generally are. We bought 11 of the masterpieces for $215. Doris was in high glee, and actually offered to stand me lunch out of her small balance. Strange to say, Harry made no mention of the sale to her, though he seemed jubilant. So we felt sure that he was preparing some grand surprise. When a week had passed, however, I began to feel uneasy. Then he called at the office.

"I want to consult you about something, uncle," he said. "It is a secret from Doris, you must understand."

"Yes," said I, rubbing my hands and laughing up my sleeve. "Yes, my boy."

"I've sold some of my daubs," he continued with a hearty laugh, "for a couple of hundred. It's quite a windfall. So I want to do something for Dorry with the money."

"Exactly," I agreed.

"You know she wrote a book of poems before we were married, called 'Roseleaves'—not half bad, either."

"Yes, of course, I know; but I wouldn't encourage her to do any more if I were you, Harry. She's better occupied with her baby and house—and husband."

"Certainly, but they were published at her own risk—or—?" He looked at me.

"Mine? Well, I'm afraid so."

"It has always been a sad point with her that they didn't go off better. So I thought perhaps we could arrange to buy the lot with my two hundred. It would please her awfully, poor little woman."

I nearly choked with laughter, but I managed to control my countenance.

"A splendid idea, and does you great credit," I told him.

We arranged it so successfully that in a few days a check went to Doris from her publishers for $200.

She came round just before dinner to tell me; but, to my surprise, she seemed dismal. After a few minutes' gloomy conversation, she sat down on the rug at my feet as she used to do when she was a child, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"He has never said one word to me about the pictures," she cried; "and—and—I looked in his check book—and he's spent it all. I know it is on—some one else."

"I have more faith in Harry than his foolish little wife has," I said, cheerily. "Come, come, dear, you mustn't give way like this."

"I wouldn't have cared for myself if he had just bought something for the dear little baby," she continued, huskily.

"Give him a little more time," I suggested. "Meanwhile, I'll see what I can find out. I shall see him at the club this evening, if you will let him out—"

"He can go just where he pleases, and when he pleases," she said, scornfully. "I don't want him."

"Don't be a little donkey," I said, sharply. I seldom speak sharply to Doris. If I do she generally cries, and makes me feel like a brute.

I went round to the club after dinner, and found Harry watching the billiard tournament, as I had expected. He was dull, and after a bit drew me into an alcove.

"Look here, uncle, Doris hasn't said a word about the check for the poems. I thought perhaps she hadn't opened the letter—you know she's jolly careless about such things—so I went up to her room when she was out this afternoon to see if it was lying on her table. It wasn't—but the envelope was. So was her check book. I didn't know she had an account even. I suppose it was shabby, but I looked at it and found she had a lot of money I knew nothing of; and had just paid a check for over a couple of hundred."

"Good heavens, man!" I cried. "You surely don't suspect her of anything wrong?"

"Wrong—certainly not; foolish—nothing more likely. Anyhow, she hasn't been straight with me. I don't know if she thought I might want her money." He kicked a chair savagely.

I saw the game through while I considered the matter. Then I left, and took a cab to their house, resolved to have done with secrets. The truth might hurt their vanity; but they'd have to put up with that. When I entered the drawing-room they were both there, and I plunged at once into the matter.

"Look here, young people," I said, "you both have a secret." But Harry put his arm around her, and they looked at one another and laughed.

"I've found out," said he.

"So," she said, "have I. I think you're a pair of wicked, deceitful creatures."—Chicago Tribune.

The Death of Carlyle.

Uncle had not been considered seriously ill more than about a fortnight or so before the end. The vital spark of life towards the last days kept flickering in a way so extraordinary that the doctor declared he had never met such tenacity of life and vitality in the whole course of his varied London and other experience. Dear uncle, the good, true and noble old man that he was, really suffered little in the way of pain for some weeks before his death, which was itself little more than a gentle flickering sleep, ending in a scarcely heard last sigh of sound. While lying in a comatose or unconscious state his mind seemed to wander back to old Annandale memories of his ever loved ones and their surroundings; his mother holding her supreme seat surrounded by a trooping throng of once familiar faces, not very greatly less dear to him. He died full of years, with all his weary task of world's work well and nobly done, and leaves no mortal behind him who does not love and reverence his life and memory.—John C. Aitken in Atlantic.

Just a Cough

Not worth paying attention to, you say. Perhaps you have had it for weeks.

It's annoying because you have a constant desire to cough. It annoys you also because you remember that weak lungs is a family failing.

At first it is a slight cough.
At last it is a hemorrhage.
At first it is easy to cure.
At last, extremely difficult.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

quickly conquers your little hacking cough.

There is no doubt about the cure now. Doubt comes from neglect.

For over half a century Ayer's Cherry Pectoral has been curing colds and coughs and preventing consumption. It cures Consumption also if taken in time.

Keep one of Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plasters over your lungs if you cough.

Shall we send you a book on this subject, free?

Our Medical Department.

If you have any complaint whatever and desire the best medical advice you can possibly obtain, write the doctor freely. You will receive a prompt reply, without cost.

Address, DR. J. C. AYER, Lowell, Mass.

BAD YEAR FOR CANAL MEN.

Cannot Compete with Other Methods of Transportation—Business of Other Years.

The past season has not been a profitable one for the canal men. They attribute their losses on the year's work to many causes, but chiefly to the fact that, with present facilities, they cannot compete with other methods of transportation. Something like 240,000,000 bushels of grain has been received at Buffalo by lake, and the major portion has been shipped to the seaboard. Of the amount taken to New York only 30,000,000 bushels have been shipped via the Erie canal, whereas in former years the canal has carried as high as 70,000,000 bushels.

The Merrimac.

Wrecking experts assert that the Merrimac, sunk by Hobson in the mouth of Santiago harbor, can easily be raised and restored to its humble but useful service as a collier. If that be done it will go anew into commission ballasted with more history than any ship of its class appearing in marine annals.

Tortured By Rheumatism.

A Purely Vegetable Blood Remedy is the Only Cure.

If the people generally knew the true cause of Rheumatism, there would be no such thing as liniments and lotions for this painful and disabling disease. The fact is, Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood—it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies can not cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a *real blood remedy*—something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy, and it promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case.

A few years ago I was taken with inflammatory Rheumatism, which, though mild at first, became gradually so intense that I was for weeks unable to walk. I tried several prominent physicians and took their treatment faithfully, but was unable to get the slightest relief. In fact, my condition seemed to grow worse, the pains spread over my entire body, and from November to March I suffered agony. I tried many patent medicines, but none relieved me. Upon the advice of a friend I decided to try S. S. S. Before allowing me to take it, however, my guardian, who was a chemist, analyzed the remedy, and pronounced it free of potash or mercury. I felt so much better after taking two bottles, that I continued the remedy, and in two months I was cured completely. The cure was permanent, for I have never since had a touch of Rheumatism, though many times exposed to damp and cold weather.

ELEANOR M. TIPPELL,
3711 Powelton Avenue, Philadelphia.

Those who have had experience with Rheumatism know that it becomes more severe each year, and like all other blood diseases, the doctors are totally unable to cure it. In fact, the only remedies which they prescribe are potash and mercury, and though temporary relief may result, these remedies produce a stiffness of joints and only intensify the disease.

S. S. S. never disappoints, for it is made to cure these deep-rooted diseases which are beyond the reach of all other remedies. It cures permanently Rheumatism, Catarrh, Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, and all other blood diseases. It is the only blood remedy guaranteed

Purely Vegetable

Books mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Ga.

Old Roffey's Pension.

"Old Roffey" had been pensioned for nearly a week and was miserably trying to convince himself that he was happy. Everybody told him that he ought to think himself in luck, and he did not gainsay them. As a matter of fact, it was just what he had wanted for 20 years or more—not the pension, exactly, but the rest.

Leaving out the three weeks of the strike, the month that he was in the hospital after the cam flask exploded, and the two weeks that he had laid off when he got married "Old Roffey" could count the days that he had been absent from the foundry on the fingers of his toil-worn and grimed right hand. Now he was going to take ten, 15, perhaps 20 years of care-free leisure before they stretched out his old limbs for the final repose. Two dollars a day for 15 years—a dollar a day more than he got when he first went to work for old Langley in Pittsburgh—and not a stroke to do for it! There was nothing small about the young man, "Old Roffey" thought, as he sat and watched his stout, middle-aged daughter washing up the breakfast dishes. But he felt uncomfortable about it after all.

"Old Roffey" was 65 years old, and a good man yet, he had supposed. There had been times lately, it was true, that he had felt rather muddle-headed over his work, and the new foreman had complained about the patterns—there had been some miscalculation of the linear dilation on a batch of car wheels and the whole casting had to be broken up—but for all that there was not a man about the place that knew as he

"WHAT ARE YOU STUDYIN' ABOUT, FATHER?"

did every stick of seasoned timber in the loft, every dust-covered draught in the roll cupboard, every tool, chisel and gouge, auger and drill, jig saw and lathe. The possibility that there would come a time in his life when another man would take his place in the old pattern-room had never occurred to him.

"What are you studyin' about, father?" asked his daughter, wringing her dishcloth, and tilting the pan into the sink. "You ain't gettin' tired o' doin' nothin' a'ready?"

"Oh, nothin', nothin'," he replied, fretfully. "I aint studyin' about nothin' in particular. Where d'you put the paper?"

He took the breakfast-stained sheets that she gave him, and, sliding his spectacles down from his bald forehead to his nose, tried to read. Usually he had taken a keen delight in looking over the news; the only trouble was that he seldom had time to read all he wanted to. But this morning he seemed unable to interest himself. He felt that there was plenty of time to go through the whole thing from the first front page headline to the last advertisement, and there was no joy in it. His thoughts would stray away from the peace commission and the Philippines every few minutes and go wandering off to the foundry. His daughter had gone upstairs, and a strange sort of silence had come over the place, through which he could hear the high-pitched voices of the peddlers crying their wares in the street and the ticking of the walnut-cased clock on the mantel shelf. The clock, as he looked at it, struck nine, and as he counted the slow strokes he was filled with vague, undefinable apprehension. Nine o'clock, and here he was sitting in a rocking chair at home and reading the paper! He wondered what the time-keeper in his little office box at the door thought about it.

Not much, perhaps. "Old Roffey" remembered that he had thought little of the old crew as one by one they had left the rambling, smoke-blackened place to return no more. Langley he had missed most of all, and next to him Big Nels, who used to tap the cupola; but there was always the roar of the blast, the clank and clatter of the crane chains, the rumble of the cleaner and the tapping of the busy hammers. He had missed neither of them, to tell the truth, so much as the old fan belt. That was part of the place. One foundry man, molder or helper, looked and labored and swore much like another, but it was a year before the new belt acquired the glossy blackness and the soft flapping sound of the old one. It had been one of the boy Roffey's first tasks to stand beside that old belt and throw resin on it and tap it with a stick to keep it on the pulley, and it was with a pang of regret that he saw the stiff, creaking new one thrown over the shaft and laced up while his old friend was pitched aside in a limp, useless heap. He had been thrown aside, too. Not contemptuously, however. There was comfort in that.

William—"Old Roffey" always called the boss William, as he had a good right to do, seeing that he had held William in his arms the first time he was ever inside of a foundry—William came to him one afternoon as he was pushing a flat pattern in and out under the jig saw, and, throwing off the lever, told him that he wanted to have a talk with him. They sat down on the bench, and William picked up a pair of compasses and dug the points into the bench as he spoke. He told "Old Roffey" that he thought the latter had worked about long enough and was entitled to a rest after his years of faithful service, but he did not look at him as he said so, and the old man was glad that he did not. For when "Old Roffey" pulled off his spectacles to wipe them, William might have thought the moisture that dimmed their brightness was the rheum of age, and try, as he might, he could not keep his hands from trembling.

"If it is about them car wheels, William," he began, in a faltering voice.

"Not a bit of it," said William, reassuringly. "I had forgotten all about that—I never thought anything of it, anyway. I've been thinking over this for some time, and I've got it all fixed up. Sullivan will take your place, though I know he won't be able to handle it as well as you. That reminds me, Roffey, it's part of the arrangement that I can call on you at any time and get your advice when I want it."

"Old Roffey" pulled himself together with an effort as his daughter came downstairs and told her he believed he would take a walk. He put on his old plush cap and overcoat and stood still while his daughter brushed him down energetically with a whisk broom; then he went out and stood on the sidewalk for a few minutes looking up and down the street, undecided which way he should go. As he stood there Hayes, the bartender at Jim Payson's place, came up and stopped to offer his congratulations.

"They tell me you're a gentleman now, Mr. Roffey," he said. "Nothing to do but amuse yourself."

"That's it," assented "Old Roffey," dryly, "nothing to do—but amuse myself."

"You're in mighty big luck," said Hayes, enviously. "Most of them when they've worn a man out and ain't got no more use for him turn him off and let him starve if he ain't got nothing laid by. He must be a good man to work for, that boss of yours."

"He's all of that," said "Old Roffey," with fervor.

He did not stay out long, however. He walked up the street and down the street, and in the course of his walk he met a number of his acquaintances, who felicitated him heartily, but with the same sort of wistful envy that the barkeeper had shown. The old man almost decided that they must be right and that he was lucky. Then he went in and smoked thoughtfully until dinner.

In the afternoon he yielded to the impulse that had been strong upon him for days and went over to the foundry. It seemed to him as he passed into the cinder-strewn and sloppy yard with its stacks of charred flasks and litter of scrap iron that he had been away for years. Looking up to the bank at the rear of the building he saw that the cupola was sending aloft its sheet of flame, while half a dozen men were staggering to and from the mouth of the roaring furnace laden with pig iron and broken castings which they threw in with mighty heavings under the direction of Murphy, the foreman. Murphy barely nodded to "Old Roffey," and almost immediately poured forth a blighting stream of profanity on the devoted head of one of the helpers who was in the act of pitching some wrought iron into the cupola. None of the others made any sign of recognition. They were too busy.

The old man turned slowly away and descended the steps that led into the foundry, and as he did so Murphy came running down and pushed by him without a word. "Old Roffey" would have taken this as a matter of course a week ago, but to-day it hurt him.

A minute later he was standing inside watching the men trotting up with the heated, clay-lined ladles with the interested air of one to whom the sight was new. Charley Stokes was there, and Scotch Dave, Tom Burton and Little Pete. Fritz Schuler, the stubby, dark-browed importation from the Black forest, was standing with his long pole poised to poke the clay stopping from the cupola spout, and William was standing behind him, anxious and observant, but none of them had a word for him—hardly a look or a smile—they were all busy.

As he passed out into the cleaning room, where the men were plying hammers and chisels chipping the jagged, shell-like edges from the castings, the old man felt a momentary impulse to see whether his hand had lost its cunning, but they were all busy and he had not the courage to interrupt them. He would go up to the pattern room.

Sullivan was there, but he was too intent on his work at the lathe to notice his visitor at first. "Old Roffey" glanced curiously around the room. Nothing was changed but the draughting table; that was moved over to the window. He looked at his old locker, and something seemed to be clutching at his throat. Sullivan's assistant was smoothing off a die pattern with sand paper, and "Old Roffey" noticed that he was spoiling it, but—

Sullivan looked up. "Why, hello, Mr. Roffey," he said, cordially. "What brings you up here?"

"I thought I'd kind of take a look around," said the old man. "How are you getting along?"

"Fine—first rate," replied Sullivan. "It's keeping me pretty busy, though."

Andrews, the foreman of the machine shop, put in his head at the door just then and said that he was ready and Sullivan took up his hat. "Come up again some time, Mr. Roffey," he said. "I want to see you, but I'm too busy now."

"Hello," said Andrews. "Is that you, Roffey? Come in and see me. I'll be in the shop in half an hour."

But "Old Roffey" did not go that afternoon. He had not the heart.—Chicago Daily Record.

Tutt's Pills Cure All Liver Ills,

Twenty Years Proof.

Tutt's Liver Pills keep the bowels in natural motion and cleanse the system of all impurities. An absolute cure for sick headache, dyspepsia, sour stomach, constipation and kindred diseases.

"Can't do without them"

R. P. Smith, Chilesburg, Va. writes I don't know how I could do without them. I have had Liver disease for over twenty years. Am now entirely cured.

Tutt's Liver Pills

"CHANCE FOR OUR CAPITAL."

Gulf Ports Awakening to Their Opportunities of Increased Trade with Cuba.

New enterprises in Cuba are for American capital. The opening of increased means of communication between Havana and the Florida ports has clinched this conclusion. Communication is now established three times a week with Tampa on the west coast, and twice a week with Miami on the east coast. The business may not be sufficient in volume for awhile to keep two lines of steamers employed. The competition for what there is of it will probably be sharp. But after a time there will be enough for both. The gulf ports, with the exception of New Orleans, are also awakening to their opportunities, and an increased trade with the southwest promises soon to be developed.

General Debility and Loss of Flesh

Scott's Emulsion has been the standard remedy for nearly a quarter of a century. Physicians readily admit that they obtain results from it that they cannot get from any other flesh-forming food. There are many other preparations on the market that pretend to do what

SCOTT'S EMULSION

does, but they fail to perform it. The pure Norwegian Cod-liver Oil made into a delightful cream, skillfully blended with the Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, which are such valuable tonics, makes this preparation an ideal one and checks the wasting tendency, and the patient almost immediately commences to put on flesh and gain a strength which surprises them.

Be sure you get SCOTT'S Emulsion. See that the man and fish are on the wrapper.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

WREATHS FROM CZAR'S TOMB.

Sold by a St. Petersburg Dealer and the Ribbons Recovered at Immense Cost.

A dispatch to the Tageblatt from St. Petersburg says that on the occasion of his latest visit to his father's tomb in the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul the czar noticed that the wreaths that were deposited by the royal representatives at the funeral were piled in confusion and covered with dust. His majesty directed Court Minister Baron Fredericks, who accompanied him, to see that the wreaths were put in order. Eventually, through a misunderstanding on the part of Baron Fredericks or his subordinates, the wreaths were removed and sold to a St. Petersburg tradesman.

When Baron Fredericks learned this fact he was dismayed. He reported the matter to the czar, who was indignant. His majesty ordered that at least the ribbons from the wreaths bearing royal monograms be recovered, whatever the cost might be. The buyer, meanwhile, had sold a majority of the wreaths and ribbons to foreign collectors for many thousands of rubles. The purchasers have since been addressed separately and privately, with the result that nearly all the ribbons have been recovered, but with enormous trouble and at great expense.

The ribbons bearing the initials of Emperor William were found at Buda-Pesth, and were repurchased for 12,000 gulden. Another ribbon that was recovered at The Hague cost the government 8,000 gulden.

Baron Fredericks, who is exceedingly remorseful over the affair, has resigned his office, but the czar has not yet accepted the resignation. His majesty is deeply hurt by the lack of reverence displayed by the officials immediately responsible.

TEA IMPORTATIONS.

Dealers Not Bringing Any More to This Country Than Necessary in Hope of Escaping Tax.

Imports of tea for November showed a decided falling off when compared with the same period for the previous year. This is due to the fact that the importers are not bringing any more goods to this country than is necessary, in the hope of escaping the payment of the ten per cent. tax. Tea importations in November of this year were 6,804,862 pounds, valued at $816,066, from which $272,842 revenue was derived, as against 12,839,859 pounds for the same period last year, valued at $1,685,046. Of this 3,722,422 pounds, valued at $378,972, were withdrawn for consumption. Tea withdrawn at Chicago amounted to 276,393 pounds, valued at $77,932, from which $27,939 in revenue was derived.

Imports of sugar for November were 175,982,443 pounds, valued at $3,637,465, from which $3,503,862 in duties was paid to the treasury, against 123,378,667 pounds, valued at $2,275,407. Sugar withdrawn for consumption amounted to 218,441,626 pounds, valued at $4,433,710. Importations of wool for November, 1898, were nearly 50 per cent. smaller than for the same period in 1897. The importations for November of this year were 6,508,461 pounds, valued at $647,654, the duties on which were $367,582, as against 10,320,644 pounds, valued at $1,002,384 in 1897. Wool withdrawn for consumption amounted to 3,200,811 pounds, valued at $361,409.

NEGLECT TO RETURN BOOKS.

Reading Public Inconvenienced by Congressmen Who Take Books from Congressional Library.

Wails go up from the reading public at the opening of each congress, for it means weary waiting and fruitless search for books from the congressional library. New members are quite prompt in returning books to the librarian, but after the first term books pass from member to member of the family, from friend to friend, often leaving the book shelves on the opening of congress and circulating about until the 4th of March. While there is practically no real loss of books, only two or three a term, this is a most inconvenient habit and one that deprives earnest readers who depend on the library of much pleasure, there being generally but two copies of a book, one for circulation among that branch of the government so favored and the other for desk reading in the library.

THOUGHTFUL UNTO DEATH.

Engineer with Leg Torn Off, Drags Himself to His Engine to Shut Off Fire and Prevent Explosion.

William Carney, engineer at the Carpenter roller mills, at Richmond, Ind., while working about his engine the other day became entangled in a large gear wheel and one limb was crushed entirely off near the hip.

With his life blood ebbing fast away and suffering agony of pain, Carney managed to extricate himself. He did not think of his own condition, but knew no one might visit the engine-room for hours, and in the meantime, the boilers would explode unless the fire was shut off.

Although the boiler-room was 60 feet away, he dragged himself that distance and shut off the fire, saving life and property. Carney died that night.

Made the Circus Man Pay.

Tickets were sold to more people for a circus at Los Angeles than the tent would hold. A man who had paid four dollars for two seats which he could not get to sued, not alone for the return of his money, but for four dollars paid out in carriage hire, and he won a verdict for both, with six dollars more to cover the costs of the trial.

English Wheel Clubs.

There are said to be 1,437 cycling clubs in England.

AN ELECTRIC HEATER

Shocks Woman Passenger on Trolley Car and Turns Hair White.

Her Foot Comes in Contact with the Heater and She Is Thrown to Other Side of Car by the Shock.

A patch of white hair near the right temple accentuates the glossy brown hair of Mrs. Herbert Gerry, of 15 Franklin street, East Orange, N. J., though gray hairs are beginning to appear. These changes, together with a nervousness which physicians declare will take months to overcome, are ascribed to a shock from an electric heater in a trolley car. Mrs. Gerry, with her two nieces, Miss Josephine and Miss Edna Gerry, and Mrs. Fanny Coulter were out calling in Orange. When they started home they took a trolley car that ran only as far as the company's stables at Dodd and Washington streets. Here they transferred to a car which runs to Bloomfield. The car started almost as soon as they entered. As the motorman turned on the current Mrs. Gerry felt a peculiar sensation in her right leg. She was standing at the time in front of one of the electric heaters in the car. Mrs. Gerry was thrown to the opposite side of the car. As she fell to her seat the other occupants of the car ran to her assistance. It seemed to her as though her bones had melted, and the inner muscles of her body quivered like jelly, though the outside muscles were as firm as iron.

The distance from the carhouse to the home of her brother-in-law, L. H. Gerry, in Dodd street, where Mrs. Gerry had intended to stop, is not great. When the car reached the house she alighted and was helped into the house. There were three white ridges on her leg. Mr. Gerry was called and took his wife home in a sleigh. Since then she has been attended by physicians.

"Sunday," said Mr. Gerry, "I noticed that my wife had a white spot of hair over her right temple. Since then I have noticed streaks of gray hair. Of course, we believe this is due to her having received such an electrical shock. Mrs. Gerry has been very nervous ever since the accident, and I fear it will be a long time before she fully recovers."

One of the officers of the Orange & Passaic Valley railroad said that the shock could not have been given by the metal part of the radiator coming in contact with a woman's heavy skirts.

WOMANS TRIALS.

Many women suffer great pain at monthly periods and believe it natural. Others realize the danger but hesitate to secure treatment on account of humiliating local examinations. Nature intended the "monthly periods" to be painless and regular. Unusual pain and sickness indicate serious derangements which should have prompt attention, or they rapidly grow worse. Local examinations are not necessary since the discovery of

PLANTERS FEMALE REGULATOR

It cures all Female Diseases by properly strengthening and regulating the organs. This stops all the pain.

This remedy is a vegetable compound, and is the result of years of experience. It is carefully prepared in our own laboratories by skilled chemists and is indorsed by leading physicians.

[illegible]

For Sale by Geo. B. Power.

L. & N. Railroad.

"BLUE GRASS ROUTE"

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST ROUTE

—FROM—

Central Kentucky.

TO ALL POINTS

North, East, West and Northwest.

Cincinnati, Lexington, Livingston.

NO. 1 DAILY.

Leave Cincinnati	[illegible]
Leave Covington	[illegible]
Leave Falmouth	[illegible]
Leave Cynthiana	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive at Lexington	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive Winchester	[illegible]
Leave Winchester	[illegible]
Arrive Richmond	[illegible]
Leave Richmond	[illegible]
Arrive Livingston	[illegible]

NO. 5 DAILY.

Leave Cincinnati	7:55 p m
Leave Covington	[illegible]
Leave Falmouth	[illegible]
Leave Cynthiana	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive Lexington	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive Winchester	[illegible]
Leave Winchester	[illegible]
Arrive Richmond	[illegible]
Leave Richmond	[illegible]
Arrive Livingston	[illegible]

NO. 3 DAILY—Except Sunday.

Leave Fourth St.	[illegible]
Leave Covington	[illegible]
Leave Milldale	[illegible]
Leave Falmouth	[illegible]
Leave Cynthiana	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive at Lexington	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive at Winchester	[illegible]
Leave Winchester	[illegible]
Arrive at Richmond	[illegible]

Livingston, Lexington, Cincinnati.

NO. 2 DAILY—Except Sunday.

Leave Richmond	[illegible]
Arrive at Winchester	[illegible]
Leave Winchester	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]
Leave Lexington	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive at Cynthiana	[illegible]
Arrive at Falmouth	[illegible]
Arrive at Covington	[illegible]
Arrive at Fourth St.	[illegible]

NO. 4 DAILY.

Leave Livingston	[illegible]
Arrive at Richmond	[illegible]
Leave Richmond	[illegible]
Arrive at Winchester	[illegible]
Leave Winchester	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]
Leave Lexington	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]
Leave Paris	[illegible]
Arrive at Cynthiana	[illegible]
Arrive at Falmouth	[illegible]
Arrive at Covington	[illegible]
Ar. at Cincinnati (U. D.)	[illegible]

Maysville and Paris.

NO. 11 DAILY—Except Sunday.

Leave Maysville	[illegible]
do Summit	[illegible]
do Marshall	[illegible]
do Mill Creek	[illegible]
do Helena	[illegible]
do Johnson	[illegible]
do Nepton	[illegible]
do Ewing	[illegible]
do Cowan	[illegible]
do Pleasant Valley	[illegible]
do Myers	[illegible]
do Carlisle	[illegible]
do Millersburg	[illegible]
do New Forest	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]

NO. 11 DAILY—Except Sunday.

Leave Maysville	[illegible]
do Summit	[illegible]
do Marshall	[illegible]
do Mill Creek	[illegible]
do Helena	[illegible]
do Johnson	[illegible]
do Nepton	[illegible]
do Ewing	[illegible]
do Cowan	[illegible]
do Pleasant Valley	[illegible]
do Myers	[illegible]
do Carlisle	[illegible]
do Millersburg	[illegible]
do New Forest	[illegible]
Arrive at Paris	[illegible]

NO. 10 DAILY—Except Sunday.

Leave Paris	[illegible]
do New Forest	[illegible]
do Millersburg	[illegible]
do Carlisle	[illegible]
do Myers	[illegible]
do Pleasant Valley	[illegible]
do Cowan	[illegible]
do Ewing	[illegible]
do Nepton	[illegible]
do Johnson	[illegible]
do Helena	[illegible]
do Mill Creek	[illegible]
do Marshall	[illegible]
do Summit	[illegible]
Arrive at Maysville	[illegible]

NO. 12 DAILY—Except Sunday.

Leave Paris	[illegible]
do New Forest	[illegible]
do Millersburg	[illegible]
do Carlisle	[illegible]
do Myers	[illegible]
do Pleasant Valley	[illegible]
do Cowan	[illegible]
do Ewing	[illegible]
do Nepton	[illegible]
do Johnson	[illegible]
do Helena	[illegible]
do Mill Creek	[illegible]
do Marshall	[illegible]
do Summit	[illegible]
Arrive at Maysville	[illegible]

Ky. Midland R. R.

FRANKFORT TO PARIS.

On and after Dec. 5th passenger trains on the Kentucky Midland will run as follows—daily except Sunday:

West Bound—Leave Paris at [illegible] a. m.; arrive Georgetown 10 a. m.; arrive Frankfort 11:30 a. m. Leave Paris 5:30 p. m.; arrive Georgetown 6:35, arrive Frankfort 7:30.

East Bound—Leave Frankfort at [illegible] a. m.; arrive Georgetown [illegible] a. m.; arrive Paris [illegible] a. m. Leave Frankfort 3 p. m.; arrive Georgetown 4:10 p. m.; arrive Paris 5:30 p. m.

The Midland is one of the best roads in the State and makes connections with the Cincinnati Southern, over which it sells tickets. Connections made with all points, North or South.

SUMMER TOURS

—VIA—

Big Four Route

TO THE

MOUNTAINS, LAKES & SEASHORE

Special Low Rates will be in effect to Put-in-Bay, Islands of Lake Erie, Lake Chautauqua, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, St. Lawrence River, Adirondacks, Lake George, New England Resorts. To the Great Lakes, via Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit for Benton Harbor. To Mt. Clemens Mackinac and Michigan resorts. To the Northwest and West via St. Louis and Chicago. For rates, routes, time of trains, and full particulars apply to any agent of the "Big Four Route," or address

E. O. McCORMICK, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
W. J. LYNCH, A. G. P. & T. Agt.
CINCINNATI, O.

Palace Barber Shop.

Kimbrough House Bl'g.

THOS. LIVAS, PROP'R

Having fitted up the neatest barber shop ever seen in Carlisle, I take this method of soliciting the trade of the public. With the best barbers in town and first-class conveniences, I am prepared to give entire satisfaction to my customers.

BATH ROOM ATTACHED