Many go out for wool and come home shorn themselves.

SCHAUL & ROOSA.

Comfort and Style are combined in our

OUTING SUITS

for warm weather. They are cool, airy and just the thing for this hot weather. Ours are perfect fitting, but without the stiffness of heavier lined garments.

Outing suits in Serges, Tweeds, Flannels and Unfinished Worsteds. The Norfolk Jacket style and the Three Button Sack Coat is here to pick from. Either style Outing Suits, FROM $8 TO $15.

OUR OUTING SHIRTS are as comfortable and dressy as the suits, Outing shirts, 50c to $3.

FOR SUMMER WEAR.

Skeleton Serge Coats, 3 to $5.
Alpaca Coats, $1 to $350.
Linen and Pique Vests, $1 to $2.50
Duck, Linen and Flannel Trousers $1 to $5.
Underwear of the coolest sort, 25c to $1.50.
Men's hose, cool as they make, 25c and 50c.

And your money back for the asking, if you are not satisfied.

SCHAUL & ROOSA,
130 Main St. Hornellsville

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS

GREENWOOD.

Rain record broken again.

Anybody can safely predict rain.

Everything afloat.

The end not in sight.

The hay crop will be of poor quality

Mrs. Ora Bruce and daughter went to Buffalo Monday.

Miss Ettie Cheesman of Andover was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Wm. Loper, Sunday.

Edgar Paine and family of Canisteo visited friends in town Saturday.

Miss Bertha Berger goes to Canisteo this week to commence work in the button factory.

Byron Ruger and wife spent Sunday with her mother in Hornellsville.

Miss Jennie Ruger went to Perryville to spend a few days with Miss Mabel Windsor.

Miss Gertrude Phelps of Hornellsville was entertained by Mrs. C. F. Smith Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mrs. F. Van Fleet of Rexville visited her parents Sunday.

Mrs. Thomas Egan and son of St. Marys, Pa., are spending a few days with her mother, Mrs. L. A. Shelley of Dryden street.

School Commissioner W. S. Meeks and wife were in our city Monday. Mr. Meeks met the trustees of the several school districts of the town, and assisted in making their annual reports.

Grant N. Tompkins of Harrison Valley was in Greenwood Monday.

Uri Mulford, of the N. Y. & Pa. Telephone and Telegraph Co., was in town Thursday, conferring with several of our local telephone companies.

L. A. Johnson, representing a medical firm in Binghamton, was in this city Thursday.

E. J. Calkins was a caller in town last week in the interest of an Elmira hardware firm.

E. W. Chilson of Canisteo was in town Thursday.

Frank Lathrop of Howard has engaged to work for Freeman Rogers thru haying.

Arthur Maybee of Ithaca is setting up a Milwaukee binder at Kirk Rogers'.

E. Hailey of Buffalo is in town on business.

Mrs. Ona Crane is quite sick.

Theodore Cobb, Esq., of Spring Mills, was a caller in town Friday.

There was a demand for shovelers Sunday on the Erie and N. Y. & P. railroads.

Gurdon Pease and Nelson McCauley of Krensen's Corners were in town Monday.

Michael Birmingham of West Union was a caller in Greenwood Monday.

Will Slocum of West Jasper made a business visit to Greenwood Monday.

Jeremiah Saunders was in our city the first of the week.

Mrs. Eugene Brundage is reported on the sick list, suffering with neuralgia.

Rev. W. H. Adams, of the M. E. church, is at the Silver Lake Assembly.

Miss Ellen Hall of Canisteo is the guest of her brother, E. G. Hall.

Miss Mary Woodward is visiting at Bradford, Pa.

Miss Mill Stickney is spending a few weeks at V. Johnson's.

Need More Help.

Often the over-taxed organs of digestion cry out for help by dyspepsia's pains, nausea, dizziness, headaches, liver complaints, bowel disorders. Such troubles call for prompt use of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are gentle, thoro and guaranteed to cure. 25c at O.E. Vars & Son's, Andover, N. Y

Another Week of Special Bargains.

For this week we have arranged a lot of special bargans that are the best values yet offered in seasonable merchandise. We intend holding these series of special sales until all summer goods are entirely closed out. We never carry goods from one year to another—don't believe in it—but believe in completely clearing the stock every season and are willing to make srcrifices to do it. The special bargains this week will quickly be taken by thrifty and careful shoppers.

ERLICH BROS.,
148 Main St., Hornellsville, N. Y.

Poisoning the System

It it through the bowels that the body is cleansed of impurities. Constipation keeps these poisons in the system, causing headache, dullness and melancholia at first, then unsightly eruptions and finally serious illness unless a remedy is applied. DeWitt's Little Early Risers prevent this trouble by stimulating the liver and promote easy, healthy action of the bowels. These little pills do not act violently but by strengthening the bowels enable them to perform their own work. Never gripe or distress. L. A. Burrows, Andover, N. Y.

SOUTH HILL.

Mrs. A. M. Mingus started to-day on a visit to her father and other friends at South Worthington, Pa.

The Wm. Dean well was drilled in last Thursday and was shot Friday. It filled up 235 feet in 48 minutes and will be a good well.

Charles Tracy has a rig nearly complete on the Brundage farm, lot 72, Andover. We venture the opinion that he gets a good well.

This place will be well represented at the Excursion to Portage; in fact all the good looking girls and boys are going.

Vacation Days.

Vacation time is here and the children are fairly living out of doors. There could be no healthier place for them. You need only to guard against the accidents incidental to most open air sports. No remedy equals DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for quickly stopping pain or removing danger of serious consequences. For cuts, scalds and wounds. "I used De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for sores, cuts and bruises," says L. B. Johnson, Swift, Tex. "It is the best remedy on the market." Sure cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. L. A. Burrows, Andover, N. Y.

There is likely to be something doing in Ireland. John Redmond, chairman of the United Irish league, calls on the Irish to unite for one great effort and defeat Mr. Wyndham's land schemes by meeting coercion with coercion. Shillalahs and sore heads are likely soon to be much in vogue in the Green Isle.

Since Philanthropist Burke of New York made public his postoffice address by giving away $4,000,000 his daily mail has been heavy with letters telling him where he can give away as much more if he has it to spare.

There is taik of establishing a college in Paris for the purpose of teaching the science of aerial navigation. This would certainly be an institution of higher education.

Who shot Latimer? is likely to prove as perplexing a problem as Who struck Billy Patterson?

Wolsey's Household.

In Cardinal Wolsey's palace no less than 280 beds were provided for strangers, with superb canopies and curtains of silk or velvet. There were bedsteads of alabaster, quilts of down and pillowcases embroidered with silk and gold. The chairs of state were covered with cloth of gold; the tables and cabinets were of the most costly woods. Much of the splendid furniture was emblazoned with "my lord's arms." Everywhere was impressed the cardinal's hat. The same magnificence appeared in the decorations and ornaments of the chapel, but the forty-four gorgeous copes of one suit and the rest of the sacerdotal pomp displayed there were eclipsed by the majesty of Wolsey's secular equipment.

The annual expenses of his household exceeded £30,000, an immense sum for those days. His retinue of 500 persons, his kingly stud, his sumptuous open table, are mentioned in every history. When he rode to and from Westminster in his character of lord chancellor, his mule was attended by a long train of nobles and knights on horseback; his pursuivant, ushers and other officers led the way in rich liveries, while footmen with gilded poleaxes brought up the rear.

The Mississippi 400,000 Years Ago.

Did you ever figure on what was the probable condition of the great Mississippi river 10,000, 100,000 or even 400,000 years ago? Scientists suggest that the erosion of its bed was accomplished by a mighty cataract, which began far down the river, probably at the place where it then emptied into the gulf, and by gradual retrogression dug out the valleylike gorge through which it now flows. That this theory is tenable may be inferred from the high, wall-like bluffs, features so characteristic of the upper part of its course.

A wearing away of a monster cataract would of course necessarily leave high walls or bluffs on either side. These are the well known features of the father of meandering streams. It would seem, according to this theory, that St. Anthony's falls constitute the remnant of what was once the most stupendous cataract in the world. Geologists estimate that it has taken the river 400,000 years to carve out the mighty ditch through which it now flows.

Bones For Bread.

There is an interesting child's story called "Jack the Giant Killer," in which one of the giants is supposed to use the expression "fe-faw-fum," or something like it, when Jack has climbed a beanstalk and been hidden by the giant's wife, the rest of the growl being, "I smell the blood of an Englishman, but be he alive or be he dead I'll take his bones to make my bread." Possibly it has not occurred to many to ask where the idea of making bread out of bones originated, as we do not often seriously investigate fairy tales. It is a historical fact that during the siege of Paris by Henry IV., owing to famine, bread, which had been sold while any remained for more than $1 a pound, was made from the bones in the charnel house of the Holy Innocents. This occurred in 1594.—New York Press.

Napoleon III. and His Cigarettes.

The most obstinate of cigarette smokers was the Emperor Napoleon III. It is an error to suppose that he was ambitious. A fatalist, he followed a plan which he imagined had been traced in advance. At Sedan, when the end came, he calmly lit a cigarette. Hugo's epic anger against him had a large element of irritation at the man's supreme calmness. Hugo was not a cigarette smoker. He never understood, he could not understand, him. Zola, who was a cigarette smoker and who ceased in order that he might become a great workman, understood and described Napoleon III. in "La Debacle" perfectly.

Casual Result.

Mrs. Gabb—Dear me! There comes my husband. There won't be a whole piece of furniture left in the house by midnight.

Mrs. Gadd—Horrors! Does he drink, and is that a case of whisky he is carrying?

Mrs. Gabb—No, he doesn't drink. That's a new box of tools.

Meant the Same.

Doctor—I found the patient to be suffering from abrasion of the cuticle, tumefaction, ecchymosis and extravasation in the integument and cellular tissue about the left orbit.

Judge—You mean he had a black eye?

Doctor—Yes.—Judge.

Its Value.

"What was the matter with Mrs. Scadds?" inquired the doctor's wife.

"Oh, a cold," he replied.

"Very bad?"

"Yes; disgustingly so—just one of those simple little things that you can't possibly get more than two visits out of."

Pat Definition.

In a Liverpool school lately a number of scholars were asked to explain the meaning of the term "righteous indignation."

One little chap replied:

"Being angry without cussing."

Nothing Doing.

"What is the matter with Bills?"

"Worrying over business affairs."

"I didn't know he had any business."

"That's it. He hasn't."—Indianapolis News.

A Personal Reflection.

"I see villain in your face," said a judge to a prisoner.

"May it please you honor," said the latter, "that is a personal reflection."

Broke the Rule.

A Boston man recently regaled a party of friends with a story about a certain nameless club in Boston which has strict regulations against gambling.

A quartet of club members decided to break that rule by a game of poker for small stakes. So they adjourned to one of the small rooms of the club and called the old colored servant to bring a pack of cards. When he brought them, one of the members queried:

"John, I suppose it would be something utterly new in this club if we should do such a thing as play for money with these cards?"

The negro scratched his head and deliberated, finally answering:

"Boss, I'ze been wid dis club a long time and I'ze seen many things."

"Yes, but what have you seen?"

"I'ze seen ebry rule ob dis club vi-'lated 'ceptin' one."

"What rule is that one?"

"De rule 'gainst gibbin' tips to de serbants."

And straightway that rule was relieved of its lonesomeness among its fellows.—New York Times.

A Concession In Price.

"People in frontier towns," said a Klondike pioneer, "get used to paying big money for trifles, and $2 for a box of sardines and $5 for a pound of bad coffee become reasonable prices. I kicked once upon a time because the price asked was too small. It was like this: I had a jumping toothache, was nearly wild with it, when I went to the shanty where I was told there was a dentist. A rough looking fellow told me that he was it, and I asked him to draw my tooth. He looked me over, got his forceps fastened on my tooth and yanked it out after a couple of hard twists.

"'How much?' I asked.

"'Well, $2, I guess,' said the dentist.

"I paid him, although my jaw still ached pretty badly.

"'That's the cheapest thing I've seen around here,' I said.

"'Well,' he said, 'I thought I'd make it low because, on account of the bad light, I pulled the wrong tooth.'

"I had to go the next day to have the bad tooth out, and he made matters square by charging me $10."—New York Tribune.

The Inventor of the Cork.

Don Perignon, a poor blind monk, first thought of cork for bottle stoppers. He was employed in a royal monastery as overseer of the extensive vineyards, being himself a manufacturer. Indeed, it is said he discovered by experimenting with wines and grape juices that highly effervescing beverage known as champagne. Necessity in his case was doubtless the mother of his inventing the cork stopper, for his champagne must have needed a better stopper than was then used—merely a bunch of flax soaked in oil. If he was the first to put a cork into a bottle, the world is indebted to him, since its impermiability, elasticity and lightness render it invaluable for this use.

How Ney Faced Death.

Marshal Ney was the son of a hardworking cooper and had risen from the ranks of the army. He was a child of the people, and whatever may have been his vanities he threw them all aside in his last days.

When he was led out to death, an officer ordered a bandage tied over his eyes.

"Why should you do that?" said Ney. "Haven't I been accustomed for twenty-five years to look bullets and cannon balls in the face?"

He himself ordered the soldiers to fire, standing and facing them.

His career summed up in one life the spectacular heroism of the past.

Sippets.

Sippets, mentioned often in English stories, may be either of bread or of toast. Sippets of toast are thin oblongs of bread toasted to a golden brown, slightly buttered and piled in one or two layers, log cabin fashion, without breaking, on a folded napkin; or the sippets are of untoasted bread arranged on a hot plate, the juice from roasted beef or mutton poured over.

A Weather Glass.

A simple weather glass is made thus: Obtain a glass jar, such as is used for pickles, and put some water into it; then get a bottle with a long neck, if possible, and put it in the jar, with the neck downward, till the mouth just touches the water. When the water rises in the bottle, it is going to rain, and when it is down fine weather prevails.

Expanded Them.

"What does this mean, daughter? Here is another lot of milliners' and dressmakers' bills. Don't you remember that I expressly ordered you not to contract any more debts without my knowledge?"

"Certainly, papa, but I haven't contracted any debts. On the contrary, I've expanded them."

He Found It Was.

Judge (to prisoner)—You are charged with having seriously injured your wife by inclosing her in a folding bed. What have you to say for yourself?

Prisoner—Your honor, I wished to see if it was possible to shut her up.

Unkind.

"I think," she said, "I should like to marry an imaginative man."

"Well," said her friend, speaking very sweetly, "what other kind of a man can you expect to marry, if he has a chance to see you in daylight?"

Do you roast people to their face or behind their backs? The last trick is cowardly. The other foolish.—Atchison Globe.

The Same Old Story.

J. A. Kelly relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and retold by thousands of others. He says: Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by L. A. Burrows, Andover, N. Y., and N. E. Coston, Greenwood, N. Y.

Oddities of Color Blindness.

While the number of color blind persons is not very large, only about five in every hundred suffering from any defect in this respect and most of those being affected only in a minor degree, yet the phenomenon sometimes assumes very remarkable phases.

An oculist states that he found two persons who possessed monochromatic vision—that is to say, all colors appeared to them to be simply different shades of gray.

If the reader will look at a photograph of a landscape or, better, of a garden filled with brilliant flowers, he will be able to form an idea of the appearance which nature must present to one who suffers from the infliction called monochromatic vision.

A Kind Word.

Many a friendship, long, loyal and self sacrificing, rested at first on no thicker a foundation than a kind word. Two men were not likely to be friends. Perhaps each of them regarded the other with something of distrust. They had possibly been set against each other by the circulation of gossip or they had been looked upon as rivals, and the success of one was regarded as incompatible with the success of the other, but a kind word, perhaps a mere report of a kind word, has been enough to be the commencement of an enduring friendship.

The Sinecures.

Beeler—You are the last man I should have expected to find opposing the pensioning of government employees no longer able to work.

Heeler—When a man gets so helpless that he can't do what little work there is in a government job, he ought to be taken out and shot.—London Tit-Bits.

No Life There.

Little Dot—What's all this talk 'bout Mars? Does folks live there?

Little Johnny—They used to live there, but they is all dead long ago.

"How do you know?"

"I heard papa say the names of all the seas an' lakes an' islands an' things is from the dead languages."

Positive Proof.

Judge—What proof have we that this man is absentminded?

Attorney—Why, he actually stopped his automobile at a watering fountain. —Philadelphia Record.

There are 227 different religious sects in Great Britain and Ireland.

Hair Splits

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for thirty years. It is elegant for a hair dressing and for keeping the hair from splitting at the ends."—J. A. Gruenenfelder, Grantfork, Ill.

Hair-splitting splits friendships. If the hair-splitting is done on your own head, it loses friends for you, for every hair of your head is a friend. Ayer's Hair Vigor in advance will prevent the splitting. If the splitting has begun, it will stop it.

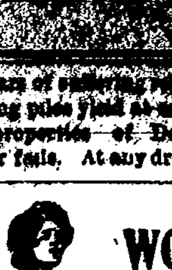
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

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

Health, Rest, Recreation
are assured under the most favorable conditions at
Cambridge Springs, Pa.
midway between Chicago and New York on the
ERIE RAILROAD.
You ought to know all about it.
Erie booklet, "The Bethesda of the Middle West" on application to the Ticket Agent or
D. W. Cook, General Passenger Agent

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign
PATENTS
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure TRADE-MARKS write to
CASNOW & CO.

Years of suffering relieved in a night. Itching piles yield at once to the curative properties of Doan's Ointment. Never fails. At any drug store, 50c.



WOMEN'S WOES.

Hard for any woman to do housework—to attend to daily duties with a constantly aching back. Every woman should learn the cause of backache and the cure.

Doan's Kidney Pills

relieve a bad back and cure it—cure every kidney and bladder disorder, from ordinary backache to complicated cases.

Mrs. A. J. Valentine, of 33 Smith street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., says: "For years I was subject to backache, extending sometimes to the side and up under the shoulder blades; a heaviness and numbness of the limbs, occasional swelling of the feet and frequent dull, dizzy headaches. The kidney secretions were often scanty and scalded. I have been so bad at times I could neither sit, stand or lie, and when in bed I was obliged to constantly change my position to get a few minutes' rest. This was my condition when I got Doan's Kidney Pills at Doty & Humphrey's drug store. After using them the headaches ceased, the urinary trouble and numbness of the limbs disappeared, while the pain in my back was so much better it caused no bother."

Doan's Kidney Pills sold at all drug stores; 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ERIE RAILROAD

Tickets to all points East or West.
Solid trains between
NEW YORK and CHICAGO.
Pullman Cars to New York, Boston, Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati

WEST.

No. 3, daily. Solid Vestibule train Olean Salamanca, Jamestown, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago. Meals in dining car. Stops at Wellsville at 12:46 a. m.

No. 5, daily, solid Vestibuled train, leaves Wellsville at 8:19 a. m., for Olean, Jamestown, Chautauqua Lake, Youngstown, Pittsburg and Cleveland.

9 06 a. m. No. 7, daily, stopping at all principal stations to Salamanca. Pullman cars to Cincinnati and Chicago, connecting for Bradford. Meals in dining car.

12 21 p. m. No. 25, daily accommodation for Dunkirk, connecting at Carrollton for Bradford

6 23 p.m. No. 1, daily accomodation for Salamanca.

EAST.

9 46 a. m. No 2, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville.

No. 4, daily solid Vestibule train, for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, New York and Boston, connections for Philadelphia and Washington, also connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions. Stops at Wellsville at 5 38 a. m.

1 47 p. m., No. 14, daily for Hornellsville, Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghamton and New York.

4 43 p. m, No 18, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville, connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions.

7 18 p. m., No. 8, daily for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, Boston and New York, through Pullman sleepers.

No. 6, daily, New York special stopping at Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, arrive at New York 8 00 a.m. Pullman Vestibule sleepers. Stops at Wellsville 10 04 p.m.

Further information may be obtained from Erie agents or from

H. T. JAEGER, Gen. Ag't P. D., 309 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
D. W. COOKE, Gen. Pass'r Ag't, New York City.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Central N. Y. & Western Division,

TIME TABLE.

Takes effect June 28, 1903.

NORTH

Angelica Express, leaves Hornellsville at 5.40 p. m., arriving at Canaseraga at 6.35, Angelica, at 8.16.

New York Express via Wayland, leaves Hornellsville at 6.00 p m, arriving at Wayland at 7.15 p. m.

Buffalo and Wayland Accommodation, leaves Hornellsville at 1.00 p. m., arriving at Wayland at 2.30.

New York and Buffalo Express via Wayland, leaves Hornellsville at 9.35 a. m., arriving at Wayland at 10.30.

SOUTH

New York Express, leaves Wayland at 7.00 a. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 7.55.

New York and Buffalo Express, leaves Wayland at 11.00 a. m. arriving at Hornellsville at 11.55 a. m.

Bath and Wayland Accommodation, leaves Wayland at 3.30 p. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 4.50.

Express, leaves Angelica at 7.00 a. m., arriving at Canaseraga at 8.50, Hornellsville at 9.35.

D. F. MAXONEY, Vice Pres.
CHAS. H. HAMMOND, Gen. Pass. Agent.

N. Y. & P. R. R. CO.

Taking Effect Nov. 19, 1900.

WEST.

No 10. Way freight and accommodation leaves Shingle House 6:55 a. m., arriving at Ceries at 7:10 a. m.

No. 8, Way Freight and Accommodation. Leave Oswayo at 11.10 a. m., arriving at Shingle House at 12.35.

No. 6, Way Freight and Accommodation. Leave Canisteo at 6.45 a. m., arriving at Greenwood at 7.30, Rexville 8.16, Whitesville 9,03, Genesee 9.35, Oswayo 10.30.

No. 4. Mail. Leave Erie Junction at 5.35 p. m., arriving at Canisteo at 5.46, Greenwood 6.10, Rexville 6.22, Whitesville 6.45, Genesee, 7.03 Hillsburg 7.17, Oswayo 7.41, Millport 7.53, and at Shingle House 8 13.

No. 2, Mail. Leave Erie Junction at 9.01 a. m., arriving at Canisteo 9.15, Greenwood 9.44, Rexville 9.55, Whitesville 10.16, Genesee 10.32, Hillsburg 10.47, Oswayo 11.12, Millport 11.27, Shingle House at 11.40, P.S.&N. Junction 11.52, Ceres 11.55

EAST.

No. 1, Mail. Leaves Shingle House at 6.30a. m., arriving at Millport at 6.44, Oswayo 7.02, Hillsburg 7.26, Genesee 7.41, Whitesville 7.58, Rexville 8.18, Greenwood 8.29, Canisteo 8.55, Erie Junction 9.00.

No. 3, Mail. Leave Ceres 1.00 p. m. arriving at P. S. & N Junction at 1.08, Shingle House 1.15, Millport at 1.29, Oswayo 1.44, Hillsburg 2.06, Genesee 2.18, Whitesville 2.38, Rexville 3.00, Greenwood 3.12, Canisteo 3.40, Erie Junction at 3.45.

No. 5, Way Freight and Accommodation. Leave Oswayo at 11.30 a. m., Hillsburg 12.17 Genesee 12.45, Whitesville 1.17 p. m., Rexville 2.05, Greenwood 2.21, Canisteo 3.15, arriving at Erie Junction at 3.20.

No. 7, Way Freight and Accommodation. Leave Ceres at 1.35 a. m. arriving at Oswayo at 2.10 a. m.

S. S. BROWN, General Manager.

...The ARTIST'S NEED

...By WILLIS EMERY

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Do you see that man on the front seat?" asked the doctor.

Following his glance, I beheld a tall, thin man in black wedged between two stout women in white. Their garments half submerged him, so that he seemed impossibly meager—a mere black stripe, on the top of which appeared a countenance the more pallid by contrast with the round, flushed faces on each side of him.

He was a German beyond question, intelligent, even intellectual, if one might judge by his looks. His yellow hair, which he wore very long, curled upward at the back of his neck. His elbows were squeezed out in front of

"THERE'S SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND," I SAID.

him, his hands were clasped together, and he was gazing upward with a singular placidity of expression for one who was being crushed and roasted.

"That's my musician, Heinrich," continued the doctor. "You remember my mentioning the case to you—nervous prostration. The fellow's going to break down, and it's too bad."

"You merely told me," said I, "that the man was going to pieces because something was preying on his mind and you couldn't find out what it was."

"Precisely," responded the doctor. "This is the way of it: He was brought to me by the girl who's going to marry him. Her name is Martha. She's a bright, smart, pretty girl who earns her living by hard work very cheerfully, and she loves this man with all her heart.

"It was she who found out that he was ill. He never would have known it, so she says. She came alone the first time and wanted me to give her some medicine that would be good for a man who was wasting away. That was all she knew about his malady.

"I explained to her that it was usually necessary for a physician to see his patient, for the purpose of making the two guesses of the profession—What's the matter with the person? and How much of a bill will he stand? She showed a proper appreciation of my pleasantry, and we concocted a scheme by which Heinrich was induced to pay me a visit.

"He confessed frankly that he was not feeling his best, but scorned the idea that anything serious was the matter. He was losing weight and he didn't sleep well. He sometimes felt weak, but could always control that feeling by an effort of will. He had headaches that were like a tight hat jammed down on his head, but if he refused to think about them they would go away.

"Obviously nervous exhaustion—the man was organically healthy, and his life was well regulated—so I said. 'There's something on your mind.'

"He looked at me with those gentle, honest blue eyes and shook his head slowly in a sort of wonder. How could he be worried by anything in the midst of so much good fortune? I already knew that he was going to marry Martha. Was not that enough to make any one happy? A child could have seen that the man's love was strong and sincere and that he regarded its success as a heavenly miracle.

"Any one dependent upon him? No one. Debts? Not a penny; since securing his present fine position he had paid all. It was a great happiness.

"He spoke as one for whom the sun of prosperity had dispersed all clouds. 'I was a long time securing recognition,' he said, 'but it has come at last. I am the leader of an orchestra. There are only six of us, but we are all real musicians. We play at the Mount Holly cafe afternoons and evenings.'

"He went on to say that the proprietor of the Mount Holly was perfectly satisfied. The position could be regarded as permanent. He had absolute control of the music, and no one bothered him in the least. The work was much easier than that to which he had been accustomed in the days of his adversity.

"...and yet he was just as surely suffering from some severe mental strain. The cause was a mystery. I came to the conclusion that he didn't know what it was himself."

"I should think it might be remorse if I hadn't seen the man," said I, contemplating the gentle, earnest, spiritual countenance of the musician.

"You will laugh when I tell you what it is," responded the doctor. "Martha has solved the riddle. She told me yesterday afternoon. It's the noise."

"What noise?"

"Why, the noise in the cafe. Have you ever dined there?"

I had not done so recently, though the place is much frequented by some of my acquaintances. It is a restaurant in the park, and in the warm weather there are tables on the veranda beyond it, under a great awning that stretches down to some steps where in the dinner hours gay equipages or rumbling, rickety cabs are all the time discharging or taking on their human freight. It is a laughing, rollicking crowd that gathers at the Mount Holly, but I should not have supposed that its noise could shatter the nerves of a man who had spent ten years of his life amid the drums and horns of fourth rate bands.

I was inclined to reject the explanation. Meanwhile the doctor had a critical eye upon his patient.

"The fellow is going to break down," he said at last. "It will be a petty, pitiful tragedy, won't it? He'll have to give up his leadership of that little six shooter of an orchestra that he's as proud of as if it played in the opera house. He may kill himself in the struggle to hang on, and if he doesn't he'll go down the road he's climbed with so much labor, and poor Martha will go with him, for, by heaven, if I know anything of human nature, she'll never desert him! I can see her worn with toil and him—well, you know what a man becomes who loses hope and ambition. But I can't do anything except give him a tonic and send him a bill. I can't stop the noise in the Mount Holly."

"There's some other element in this case," said I. "Your cause is too small."

"Whatever worries a man is cause sufficient," said the doctor sententiously. "The girl says it's the noise."

He relapsed into thought, from which he suddenly emerged to remark:

"Do you know, the fellow really plays mighty well. He had his violin with him at the office one day, and I made him give me a tune. It was great."

A moment later I had to leave the car, but throughout the day I carried in my mind a thought of the doctor's musician. In the latter part of the afternoon I drifted into a studio building, where I organized a little dinner party. When we appeared at the Mount Holly, there were eight of us, including three ladies.

The orchestra was posted on the end of the veranda, and our party secured a table under the awning just below. From my seat I had a fine view of the orchestra leader's face. Heinrich sat placidly beside the railing of the veranda, waiting until it should be time to play another selection.

Some girls from the Casino theater were laughing and chattering at a table near us, the waiters were banging dishes in a style of unexampled recklessness, carriages were arriving, and men were shouting to the attendants who took care of the horses, and over all arose the sound of laughter. Half the people present seemed to be laughing all the time.

But Heinrich was wholly undisturbed. He took up some sheets of music and regarded the notes with a gentle, friendly interest. A waiter just below him was filling a tray with soiled dishes, and the noise was like the fall of the tower of Babel, yet Heinrich remained as calm as a cow. Noise makes many lunatics and slays not a few in the big cities, but it seemed to produce no more effect upon Heinrich than if his head had been one of the large wooden balls with which the end posts of the veranda railing were ornamented.

Presently the leader arose, with his fiddle and bow. He made a fine gesture

HEINRICH WAS WHOLLY UNDISTURBED.

to his little force and called them to attention. They played an operatic selection fairly well, accurately at least and with considerable intelligence. I watched Heinrich all the time, and I saw his eyes wandering over the assembly. Not a soul was paying the slightest attention to the music except myself. He looked over my head at first, and his glance made a sort of round. It was easy to see that the act, from frequent repetition, had become habitual. Thus always had he scanned the utterly irresponsive audiences of the Mount Holly.

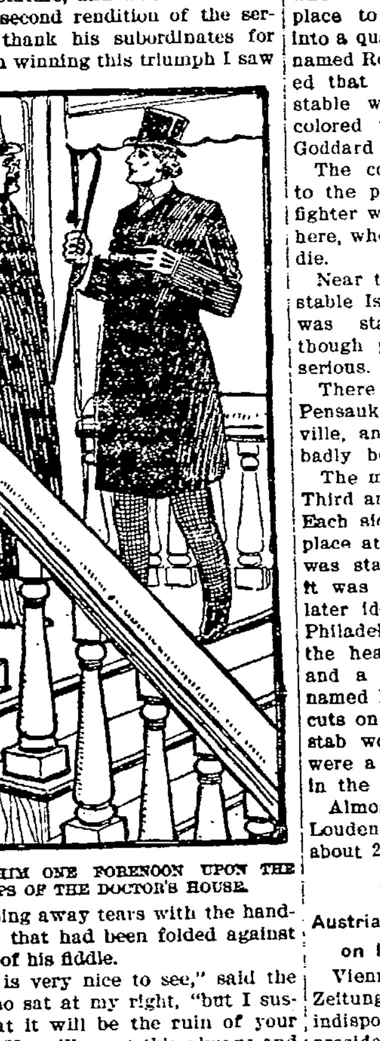
If there had been no music that evening fully half that assembly would ... them only a noise in the ears, but they had been accustomed to it. The Mount Holly would not have been itself without music, and by the same token some of the habitues would have been uneasy if the din of conversation had been less or the waiters had ceased to rattle the plates. I saw indeed a few of the guests who were really enjoying the music, but they were not doing it in a way that a musician could understand.

Finally Heinrich caught my eye, and I could perceive at once that he was both surprised and pleased. Surely he played at me during the remainder of the piece, and I fancied that his execution sensibly improved.

I had not told my companions about Heinrich, but when the music ceased I proceeded to do so. It is only fair to say that the others at my table had been as inattentive as the generality of the Mount Holly's guests, but we all listened when Heinrich rose again to lead his little band. This time it was not with him the customary forlorn hope. He showed the evidences of an uplifted heart.

They played a serenade of Titl's which has long been dear to me, and I am bound to say that I have seldom heard it so well rendered. Our party had planned to applaud, but we were all so thoroughly pleased that the act had the full flavor of spontaneity. Dozens of people around us joined in the hand clapping, and as most of them had not consciously heard a note they forced a repetition of the piece out of mere curiosity. The manager of the Mount Holly looked out to see what was the matter, and I had a glimpse of him standing in the doorway round eyed with astonishment.

As for Heinrich, he was serenely ecstatic. His eyes shone, he gained two inches in stature, and when he turned after the second rendition of the serenade to thank his subordinates for their aid in winning this triumph I saw



I MET HIM ONE FORENOON UPON THE STEPS OF THE DOCTOR'S HOUSE.

him wiping away tears with the handkerchief that had been folded against the end of his fiddle.

"This is very nice to see," said the lady who sat at my right, "but I suspect that it will be the ruin of your friend. He will want this always and will never have it again."

When the next piece was finished, we were getting ready to go and forgot to applaud. I thought of it too late and looked at Heinrich. To my surprise, he seemed even better pleased than before.

It must have been about two weeks later that I met him one forenoon upon the steps of the doctor's house. He was obviously much improved in health. At sight of me he started and then flushed with pleasure as I greeted him by name and thanked him for the Titl serenade.

"You gave us the first applause we had had," he said. "I was almost despairing, though I told no one. The doctor even goes so far as to say that it was affecting my health, and indeed the artist needs some little encouragement. Is it not so?"

As I was trying to frame a reply he continued:

"But if he does not get it that is his fault. It is because he does not attain the proper standard. I was beginning to lose sight of that truth. I said to myself, 'The conditions are not favorable—the noise and all that.' It is ruinous to get that idea. One can always succeed if he will deserve it.

"I think it was your attentive attitude that inspired us. We played the serenade well. We won applause. We have had none since, but we are perfectly satisfied. When we merit it, we shall get it, and if it takes us ten years we shall work on contentedly.

"Do you know, I was almost afraid on that evening that you were going to applaud the second piece, which we murdered. It had been insufficiently rehearsed. We do it better now. If you had applauded, it would have spoiled all. But, no, you were too good a musician, for of course it was you who led the audience. There is always some critical spirit to do that. I am not always fortunate enough to catch his eye, but he is there. I shall never doubt that.

"Goodby," he added cheerily. "I hope you will soon come to the Mount Holly again."

I lied, saying that I would. But I shall not dare. I might applaud in the wrong place and kill the artistic faith which it was my great good luck to revive in Heinrich's breast.

MURDERS AT CAUCUS.

Strenuous Primary Elections In First New Jersey District.

JOE GODDARD FATALLY WOUNDED

One Man Killed and Another Dangerously Stabbed in Camden—Another Man Shot Near Merchantville—Constable Stabbed Twice—Number of Persons Beaten.

Camden, N. J., July 29.—The primary elections for delegates to the convention of the First Congressional district of New Jersey were held Monday afternoon and evening in Camden, Gloucester and Salem counties, which comprise the district. The candidates for the nomination are: Henry C. Ludenslager, the present congressman, and J. Alphonse Van Sant.

The contest has been one of the most bitter ever held in South Jersey. The polls were open from 5 a. m. to 8 p. m. and the three hours were marked with serious fighting.

One man was killed in this city and Joe Goddard, the well known heavyweight pugilist of Philadelphia, was probably fatally shot while electioneering in Pensauken township; another man was dangerously stabbed in this city, and a fourth man received stab wounds at Dog Corners near Merchantville.

Goddard was at a voting place in Pensauken township when he was shot. He was with a number of men who were traveling from one polling place to another. The pugilist got into a quarrel with a colored constable named Robert Washington. It is alleged that Goddard assaulted the constable with a baseball bat and the colored man in self defense shot Goddard in the head.

The constable surrendered himself to the police and the wounded prize fighter was brought to Cooper hospital here, where the physicians say he may die.

Near the same polling place Constable Isaac Fowler, while in a fight, was stabbed twice. His wounds, though painful, are not considered serious.

There was considerable trouble in Pensauken township and at Merchantville, and a number of persons were badly beaten.

The most serious affray occurred at Third and Beckatt streets in this city. Each side had a crowd at the polling place at that point and a general riot was started. When it was all over it was found that a man who was later identified as John Morrissey of Philadelphia had been shot through the heart by some unknown person, and a policeman, not in uniform, named Harry Miller had received two cuts on the head and a probably fatal stab wound in the left lung. There were a number of other persons hurt in the fight but not seriously so.

Almost complete returns show that Loudenslager will have a majority of about 25 delegates.

FEARS FOR AMERICA.

Austrian Paper's Editorial Comment on Indisposition of Mr. Schwab.

Vienna, July 29.—The Allegemeine Zeitung, in an editorial article on the indisposition of Charles M. Schwab, president of the United States Steel corporation, describes him as possibly the most perfect type of a modern American and expresses admiration at the ceaseless activity permeating such a life, which, it says, "offers one explanation of America's enormous success," but sees in Mr. Schwab's indisposition grave perils.

The giant trusts, says the paper, which form the basis of America's economic system, rest upon the capacity to accomplish and the working vigor of a single individual. If one of these great leaders who today govern industrial America were removed, says the Allgemeine Zeitung, this serious question would force itself not only upon America but upon Europe.

"Will it be possible to create a successor? To find one head with the talents and the wide experience, combined with the nerves of steel, necessary to administer the affairs of his important office without endangering economic peace?"

National Guard Will Not Participate.

Washington, July 29.—According to present indications very few, if any, of the National Guard organizations of the various states will participate in the proposed extensive maneuvers of the regular army at Fort Riley, Kan., the latter part of September. Although they will not be represented by bodies of troops, the following named states will be represented at the coming maneuvers by officers, generally the adjutant general: Vermont, New Jersey, Indiana, Louisiana, Kansas, Missouri, Maine, Michigan, Maryland, Arizona, Idaho, New Mexico, North Dakota, Pennsylvania, Connecticut.

Killed In Runaway.

Ardmore, I. T., July 29.—Colonel R. B. Weddle, aged 60 years, formerly of New York, was killed in a runaway near Sulphur. Colonel Weddle was active in politics in New York prior to his removal here. He was a veteran of the Civil War.

Suicide of Prominent Business Man.

Chicago, July 29.—A. M. Rothschild, until recently head of the firm of A. M. Rothschild, and son-in-law of Nelson Morris, the packer, committed suicide yesterday at his home at Thirty-seventh street and Michigan avenue.

CHARGED WITH LIBEL.

Secretary of Stationary Firemen Arrested on 25 Complaints.

Wilkes-Barre, July 29.—J. F. Mullahy, secretary of the Stationary Firemen's association of Pennsylvania, was arrested here charged with libel. Twenty-five complaints had been lodged against him by men who are now employed in various capacities by the coal companies in this section.

It was alleged that Mullahy had printed a circular containing the names of prosecutors. He classified them under the head of unfair workmen, and then, so it was claimed, posted them in conspicuous places througout the region.

Two women testified that they saw a man who looked like the defendant put up the circulars on telegraph poles near their homes.

Magistrate Pollock held Mullahy in the sum of $500 on each charge, which made the bail price $12,500. The bail was promptly furnished by friends of the accused.

Secretary Mullahy has been very active in the strike. It is said through his influence he has held 95 per cent of the striking firemen firm. Engineers and pumpmen have gone back to work in large numbers since the strike began but the firemen have remained out with the miners almost to a man. At strike headquarters Mullahy's arrest on so many warrants is termed an outrage.

Strikers Are Well Cared For.

Indianapolis, July 29. — Secretary Wilson of the miners said that the anthracite men are being well cared for, although the assessment of the bituminous miners is just beginning to come in. He does not expect the bulk of the first assessment until next week because the majority of the miners are paid semi-monthly. The clerical force at headquarters was increased to handle the funds.

The miners are making an appeal to the members of the American Federation of Labor which practically amounts to a direct appeal from the officers of the Federation. The habeas corpus proceedings for the release of the men imprisoned for violating Judge Jackson's injunction are being prepared.

More Injunctions Issued.

Parkersburg, W. Va., July 29.—Judge Jackson issued another injunction yesterday afternoon of the same general character as those for whose violation "Mother" Jones and others were tried. It was issued upon the application of G. Clinton Gardner, receiver for the Flemington Coal company and is directed against 30 strikers and organizers.

EMULATED TRACY.

Ex-Convict Shot Five Men and Stole a Livery Rig.

Fresno, Calif., July 29.—At Porterville, James McKinney, an ex-convict, shot five men and escaped into the country in a stolen rig. McKinney first shot out the lights of a saloon and then, in trying to shoot the cards out of the hand of a player, wounded the latter slightly.

He then went to a livery stable and at the point of a revolver secured a rig. As he was driving off, a constable, a deputy and several citizens tried to arrest him. He opened fire, wounding four of the party, and escaped. Two years ago McKinney killed a man at Bakersfield, but was exonerated.

William Lynn, whose abdomen and legs were filled with buckshot, succumbed to his wounds.

McKinney also filled the right arm of George Barrows, a printer, with shot and sent a bullet into the mouth of Deputy Marshal Willis, another into the arm of Deputy Constable Tompkins and a load of shot into the arm of W. D. West.

McKinney is headed for Fresno county and it is believed he will make for the mountains. He has a shotgun, a rifle and a revolver, and he said before leaving that "Tracy wouldn't be in it" with him.

Killed on an Excursion Train.

Joplin, Mo., July 29.—Four men, two whites and two negroes, are reported to have been shot and killed on a Missouri, Kansas and Texas excursion train at a point in Indian territory last night. The negroes are said to have been shot down by the whites, who were in turn shot and killed by a deputy sheriff who was accompanying the excursion. No names and no particulars have been received. The excursion was run into Joplin from Muskogee, and several fights occurred in this city among the passengers before the train departed for the south.

Negro Lynched For Assault.

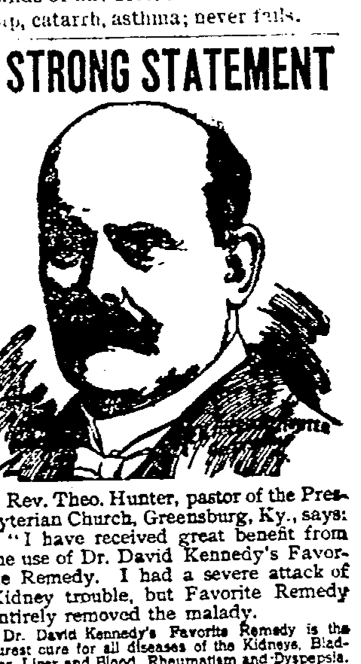
Pembroke, Ga., July 29.—John Wise, a negro who committed an assault upon Mrs. John Smith, a young, white woman, last Wednesday, was lynched here Sunday night. He was captured near Poller, Ga., after a desperate fight with a posse. He was brought back to this place and postively identified as the assailant of Mrs. Smith. He was then hanged to a telegraph pole and his body was riddled with bullets.

Railway Telegraphers.

Omaha, Neb., July 29.—The executive board of the Order of Railway Telegraphers of the Union Pacific railroad gathered in this city to present matters of grievance to the railroad officials. Fifteen members are in attendance who come from all parts of the system. It is not believed their action will have any effect on the shopmen's strike, unless there should be a disagreement.

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

A STRONG STATEMENT



Rev. Theo. Hunter, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, Greensburg, Ky., says: "I have received great benefit from the use of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. I had a severe attack of Kidney trouble, but Favorite Remedy entirely removed the malady."

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is the surest cure for all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Liver and Blood, Rheumatism and Dyspepsia. All druggists sell it in the NEW 50 CENT SIZE and the regular $1.00 size bottles.

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