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Just Another Lesson Learned.

BY ALBINA.
With flushed cheeks, flashing eyes and heaving bosom Irva Western threw back her head in the peculiar haughty manner all her own and sprang from the open wagon with the cutting remark "that to remain longer in such company would be at the sacrifice of the remnant of self-respect she still possessed."

"Oh, Irva dear, don't be angry," cried Lena Dent. "Stop the horses somebody and help her back in. Surely, Irva, you will not be angry at a mere jest."

"No, Irva," chorused a half dozen voices. "You are not angry? You will come back with us?"
But Irva only shook her head and dropped behind the party. The horses were checked and nearly each of the party did penitence by the side of the angry girl, but penitents and persuasions proved of no avail. The company, the men in particular, had been too personal, too free in their remarks, and with cheeks burning with shame and resentment Irva utterly refused to be among them again. She bade them leave her, saying "she would walk the six miles back to her home and feel proud of the achievement."

"But, Miss Irva," pleaded Edgar Norman, who would linger despite her desire to the contrary, "you are surely not in earnest, are you? Please come and ride back to town, will you? The men are truly sorry and will give the conveyance up to the ladies entirely if you say so."
"Oh! do not worry about me, I beg," replied Irva. "It was my own fault. I might have known what to expect when I demeaned myself by allowing others to persuade me into the foolishness of a straw ride. Your persuasions now are, however, useless, so pray desist."

She ended her speech with such biting scorn young Norman obeyed at once, and left her standing in the middle of the road just a little too miserable for anything. After traveling about three miles through the heat and dust Irva, almost exhausted, sank down by the road side in a wretched little heap to have a good cry. She was exceedingly nervous. She had been terribly frightened during her lonely march. Why a timid little rabbit dare not pop up its sleek head without her face blanching in terror, and now it was beginning to grow dark what should she do. Her heart almost stopped beating at the thought.

"Oh!" she sobbed. "If I had only listened to Doctor Clifton. He told or as good as told me what I might expect from such a crowd."
Ah, how manly and tender he was towards her. How different from those other coarse men, her late companions. How sweetly he had argued her sarcastic remarks about his lack of spirit and his narrow-mindedness in regard to her anticipated straw ride, and how he had tried to win her from her intention, only at last to be made angry by her wretched obstinacy. Heavens! but she had been paid for her folly.

"And I know he will never speak to or notice me again," she moaned miserably. "He will always—"
"Irva, is it possible?" and Dr. Clifton reined in his steed beside her. "Fate surely sent me to this spot," cried he, all his anger and resentment vanishing at the sight of that helpless, sobbing, little heap of humanity, and springing to the ground he lifted the drooping figure in his strong arms.

Shame and pride held her silent, unbending for a time, but at last yielded to his tender persuasions, and amid tears and sobs she told him her story.
He, of course, swore vengeance against the party in question, but Irva begged him to have nothing to do with them; that she did not care for anything now. He had taken her back to his heart and she was content and happy.
"Oh, then," said he, "if that be all, everything is satisfactory. I assure you; but I am a doctor and I warn that company to ever remain in good health."
With a happy laugh Dr. Clifton caught her light form up in the saddle before him and bore her homeward in triumph against his heart.

First Neighbor—My husband's devotion to his ambition has ruined our home!
Second Neighbor—What is his ambition?
First—He is writing a book on domestic science.—Detroit Free Press.

The Fear Inspired by Cats.

In the last number of American Medicine is an article by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell on "Ailurophobia, and the Power to Be Conscious of the Cat as Near when Unseen and Unheard." At the start he explains the problem thus:

"Three years ago I was consulted in regard to the case of a hysterical young woman, in whom the fear of cats had become an obsession. She declared that she could always detect the presence of an unseen and unheard cat."
"I saw her three times, and on each occasion she said there was a cat in the room. It was true of her first visit, although she could not have seen it. It was untrue of two later visits, but each time she exhibited the same fear and the usual mild hysterical manifestations."

"A second case was, I felt sure, an exhibition of real capacity to know when the unseen and unheard cat was present. It came to my knowledge later."
This led him to collect evidence regarding the fear inspired by cats in some persons and the ability of some persons to detect the presence near them of unseen and unheard cats. The evidence was furnished by 150 persons in America, England and Germany. Of the results he says:

"My research brought to me indisputable evidence concerning the large number of people in whom the presence of a cat gives rise to a variety of symptoms. In such persons the feeling caused by seeing a cat is instantaneous. In the asthma victims it is slower and cumulative and may not be felt at all for twenty minutes or more."

"Certain persons on seeing a cat have other symptoms, with or without oppression of breathing. There may be only fear, terror, disgust. There may be added chilly sensations, horripilation, weakness, locked jaw, or, as in one case, fixed, open jaw, rigidity of arms, pallor, nausea, rarely vomiting, pronounced hysterical convulsions and even temporary blindness."

"These pass away with removal of the cat, but in few examples leave the sufferer nervously disturbed for a day. Two report themselves as apt to have dreams of cats, what one of them calls 'catmares.'"
"Five persons, three being women, are alarmed in the presence of the greater cats, caged tigers or lions. A soldier of distinction, much given when younger to tiger hunting, is undisturbed by those great felines, but terrified by the tame cat."

"At least a fourth of my cases of cat terror in grave forms speak of it as a family peculiarity. Five in a family of seven had it. In another case a maternal grandfather, two great aunts, an uncle and a sister were all thus troubled, and in other families where one had it, at least one other, brother or sister, was more or less affected. Simple cases in families were, however, the rule."
"Sex appears to have no marked influence, but the extreme symptoms are more frequent in women."

"Aversion to cats is well known to have disturbed many historical personages and is alluded to in a well known passage of Shakespeare."
Dr. Mitchell was convinced that in thirty-one of the cases brought to his attention persons were able to tell when a cat was near though it was neither seen nor heard. Four of the thirty-one persons declared that they detected the presence of a cat by its odor. The twenty-seven others declared that they did not smell the cat.
Nevertheless Dr. Mitchell concludes that in a similar case the presence of the cat is recognized through its odor. He says:

"It seems to me possible that either they smell the cat too slightly to be able to define the odor or else receive an olfactory impression of which they are not conscious as being an odor, but only in the form of such symptoms as the visible cat would also evoke."
"When we seek an explanation of the terror inspired by cats in a few persons we are forced to fall back upon the inherited remainders of animal instincts of protective nature. This view is, however, weakened by the fact that in most of the worst cases of cat fear there is no terror in the presence of the lion."
Here are some of the instances given by Dr. Mitchell of the fear of cats, seen or unseen:

"In my own family an uncle was the subject. My father, the late Prof. John C. Mitchell, having placed a small cat in a closet with a

saucer of cream, asked Mr. H. to come into the room and look at some old books in which he would be interested.

"He sat down, but in a few minutes grew pale, shivered, and said: 'There is a cat in the room.' Dr. M. said: 'Look about you. There is no cat in the room. Do you hear one outside?' He said: 'No, but there is a cat.' He became faint, and, complaining of nausea, went out and promptly recovered."

"I quote the following from a physician of distinction as a case where the symptoms arise on seeing a cat, and where, at other times, they are evoked by the odor of an unseen cat: 'My wife simply lives in horror of cats. It is more than fright and it makes no difference whether it be a tiny kitten or the most tigerlike tomcat. I have seen her absolutely prostrated by terror after an unexpected meeting with a cat, although she is not in the least hysterical or inclined nor afraid of other animals.' 'She has never as a child been frightened by a cat but has always had this fear. She can usually detect a cat's presence by its smell, when it is unseen and when others cannot smell it, but this she cannot always do.'

"Her father has the cat fear, and her maternal grandmother can also 'smell out' a cat; also a brother and two sisters, the rest of a large family being indifferent to the animal."
"A lady very well known to me sends me, with other instances, this: She was in her room preparing for bed, when suddenly she felt her usual sensation of a cat being near. A servant was called and a vain search was made."
"At last, still suffering, she herself made a careful search, and found a strange cat curled up under a lounge and well hidden. She has no knowledge of a cat from sense of smell."

"Dr. J. C. W. writes me: 'Some years ago I was present at a meeting of a scientific society. The secretary, while reading his report, stopped and said: 'I can't go on. There must be a cat in the room.' Search was made and, under the topmost seat in the amphitheatre was found a cat.'

"Mrs. H., a lady long and well known to me, first told me and later wrote to me to this effect: 'I was in a shop in Paris trying on gloves, when I became sure of a cat near me. The woman in charge said she had no cat, but, on my persisting and becoming faint, search was made and a stray cat found under the counter and driven into the street.'
"A few minutes later my symptoms returned, and the cat was found to have come back into the shop through the open door and was behind me. I could recall a number of like instances."

"Dr. T. writes as follows: Gen. Roberdeau had an unaccountable aversion to being anywhere in the vicinity of cats. It was no affectation but an inborn idiosyncrasy. He could not account for it and tried hard to overcome it, but without the least success."
"It affected him with a peculiar faintness, paleness and difficulty of breathing, increasing to such an extent that it was involuntary for him to leave the room. He was never mistaken when he said there was a cat in the room, an instance of which occurred once when invited to dine at Chief Justice McKean's."

"Knowing his antipathy, they made careful search and aired the room, but the moment Gen. Roberdeau entered he said 'There is a cat here!' They assured him there was not, for they had taken proper precautions on his account."
"He replied that he knew there was a cat there and retired to another room, while a further search revealed a kitten behind the bookcase. The writer's father has often heard his mother and aunts tell of their girlish tricks played on Gen. Roberdeau, of secreting a cat in the room in which he was sitting, and the General never failed to perceive it instantly."

"This peculiarity does not seem to be generally inherited among his descendants, except that in three or four cases it has appeared in a modified form."
"Miss Mary E. Roberdeau, the oldest daughter of Isaac, partially inherited this antipathy which showed itself in another form occasioning an eruption on the skin, passing off after the cause was removed."
"My informant adds: Very similarly affected was the writer's sister. Although excessively fond of cats, and cats in particular, it has

been noticed that after fondling one a most terrific cold in the head would suddenly ensue.

"She would sneeze time after time, her eyes water profusely and her face become flushed. The violence would subside after putting the cat away, leaving no trace visible the next morning. It has always been considered a modified form of her great grandfather's antipathy."

"Dr. S., a physician of distinction, writes: 'I am not now aware of the presence of a cat when it is not in sight or known to be near, but on some occasions of my life I have been so uncomfortable that I have feared a cat must be in the room and on those occasions a cat has always been found.'

"I could never make a friend of a man or woman who loved fondling cats, and I have often had to get a patient to banish the cat from the room before I could give my mind to her symptoms."

"My wife reminds me of one occasion, about 1892, when she and I were visiting a stranger. I remarked during the absence of the hostess that I was certain there must be a cat in the room. Eventually a black cat appeared from under the sofa."

"I have a dread, even to nausea, the whole subject seems to me disgusting and I feel almost seasick as I dictate this."

"An absolutely trustworthy witness, Miss C., relates to me this incident: 'I want to tell you of a cousin of mine, a woman strong-minded and self-reliant as any one I have ever known and apparently afraid of nothing, but with an absolute antipathy to a cat.'
"On one occasion we arrived in Montreal quite late at night, and on reaching the hotel were taken into a very long dining room, with lights only on the table where we were seated. She suddenly turned pale and exclaimed: 'There is a cat in this room.' And in spite of the waiter's assuring her that he had not seen a cat since he had been there, and was quite sure there was none, she got paler and paler, and, trembling all over continued to say: 'There is, there is a cat here,' and after much searching a cat was found up in the corner and at the extreme other end of the room."

Dr. Mitchell's conclusion are: There are these classes of persons who suffer from cats:
"1. Asthmatics—cat asthma.
"2. Cat fear, with or without sequent, excessive, emotional manifestations, and only on sight.
"3. Cat fear. Power to be sure an unseen cat is near. Symptoms as in Class 2, and apt to be extreme.
"4. Those of the last class can detect the cat by smell, or many sometimes and not always.
"5. Cases occur in which the consciousness of a cat present through its smell once existed, but does not now, and yet the ability to detect unseen cats remains.
"6. It is therefore likely that the cat emanations may affect the nervous system through the nasal membrane, although unrecognized as odors."

"Why these emanations should, if plainly perceived as due to cats, cause certain symptoms in those who dread cats, is readily understood."
"The ultimate cause of unreasonable terror of cats I cannot explain."
"To be told a cat is near when none is in the room may occasion the same unpleasant consequence as when the cat is present."
"It is, perhaps, worthy of note how many of the victims of cat fear declare that even strange cats seem to have an unusual desire to be near them, jump on their laps and follow them."

Grave Trouble Foreseen.

It needs but little foresight, to tell, that when your stomach and liver are badly affected, grave trouble is ahead, unless you take the proper medicine for your disease, as Mrs. John A. Young, of Clay, N. Y., did. She says: "I had neuralgia of the liver and stomach, my heart was weakened, and I could not eat. I was very bad for a long time, but in Electric Bitters, I found just what I needed, for they quickly relieved and cured me." Best medicine for weak women. Sold under guarantee by Loker & deWaal drug-gist, at 50c a bottle.

Mr. Yeast—"And you say your wife allows you one drawer in the bureau for your own use?"
Mr. Crimsonbeak—"Yes only one."
"But how can you tell which one is yours?"
"Why, because there are fewer of her things in my drawer than in the rest!"

Felons in Food.

Perhaps you don't realize that many pain poisons originate in your food, but some day you may feel a twinge of dyspepsia that will convince you. Dr. King's New Life Pills are guaranteed to cure all sickness due to poisons of undigested food—or money back. 25c at Loker & deWaal drug store. Try them,

Midsummer Comfort.

BY MARY ANNABLE FANTON.

"If it weren't for work I wouldn't mind warm weather a bit." How many times during warm days do we hear this pathetic plaint.

It is the exercise indoors, the stooping over for scrubbing, the strength that goes into scouring tables, the polishing of windows, that all go to increase the circulation and raise the temperature.

Simple home work, the mere freshening up of a house and the getting of cool wholesome summer meals no household winds with pleasant hours interspersed for resting on her porch or a drive or some effective embroidery by cool windows.

So that really to make a summer comfortable work must be rendered less arduous.

The first wise step in this direction should have taken place in the packing away of curtains, carpets, and rugs in the Spring; with bare hardwood floors, with open door spaces, with un-upholstered furniture and windows unadorned, and free for every summer breeze; work is lessened one-third.

Then, if one can only get in the way of eating cold dishes, and salads of all sorts of vegetables, fruits for deserts, and meats cold at least part of the time, the exhaustion of a heated kitchen is cut in two. And this sort of eating is not only cheaper in summer, but much healthier. Among the rosy-cheeked Holland dames, vegetable salad is a daily summer dish, and they use every sort of vegetable for the warm weather salads—peas, bean, string beans, endive, lettuce, asparagus, potatoes, artichokes. The soft delicate leafy vegetables are served with oil and vinegar dressing flavored with nasturtium seeds, and the harder beans, peas, etc., with mayonnaise.

Fruit salads are more used in France, of pears, apples, nuts, peaches, every solid fruit that will not discolor too quickly. Pineapple makes a delicious salad, especially combined with celery or lettuce hearts. Usually the fruit salads are served with a fine mayonnaise made of lemon juice instead of vinegar.

Pressed meats are inexpensive and delicious cold. If soup is served, it may be made of vegetables, cream of tomato, or a puree of peas, beans or potatoes, these are all nourishing and economical and do not heat the blood.

Having made the house pleasant to live in and easy to take care of, and furnished the table with food simple to prepare, inexpensive and satisfying, it is still necessary to reduce what work is actually essential to its "lowest common denominator."

Brush the bare floors with a soft full brush and wipe with a mop wet with borax water, warm. In buckets of warm water put a tablespoonful of pure borax powder, this will not only thoroughly clean hardwood, but will do it without marring the tone of the wood or dulling the polish.

After the floors are clean—and once a week is often enough—if the rooms are dusty wipe the woodwork, walls and furniture with a cloth dampened in borax water. It will remove all soil, even grease, kill all germs and never injure fibre or tint.

The use of borax water renders the scrubbing brush as out of date as the spinning wheel; and yet while it makes work lighter it is making the house cleaner.

Many American home-makers have delved in science, and they want their houses antiseptically clean. Shining brass and glowing wood is not sufficient. They must destroy the microbe family, root and branch. And to clean with warm borax water is to sign the germ death warrant.

Stories are told concerning a certain town in Ireland where watchmen are still employed to parade the streets at night and call the hours, their usual formula being something like this: "Two o'clock and all's well!"

One night, as a visitor happened to be lying awake, he heard the following paradoxical cry:
"Two o'clock; all's well! Smith's mill is on fire; one man killed; and all is well!"

Perhaps you don't realize that many pain poisons originate in your food, but some day you may feel a twinge of dyspepsia that will convince you. Dr. King's New Life Pills are guaranteed to cure all sickness due to poisons of undigested food—or money back. 25c at Loker & deWaal drug store. Try them,