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HOLIDAY SALE OF TWO HUNDRED ...FINE... PIANOS AND ORGANS.

CANNON TO SHOOT OVER 20 MILES

Ball Rises Six Miles in the Air. The work of the Watervliet Arsenal is well understood to be the most important of any now being prosecuted by the Ordnance Department of the

army, and the arsenal is the only government army gun factory in the country. Work of a similar character is done at the Washington navy-yard for the naval service. The great sixteen-inch gun has been ready for completion for the last six months. The only delay is caused by a deficiency in the trunnion hoop, discovered after the hoop was received from the steel works at Bethlehem. The manufacturers desired that the hoop should be returned, that there should be no possibility of any shortcomings in the immense piece of ordnance, and the company will provide another hoop. As soon as it is received it will be put on the gun, which cannot be rifled until the gun is fully assembled. As soon as the hoops are all on

and the shrinking completed, the gun will be finished shortly thereafter. The gun carriage will not be made at the arsenal, as work on carriages is not done there. The government will contract for the carriage, and the gun will be ready before the gun carriage is provided. SIXTEEN-INCH MUZZLE. The sixteen-inch gun does not differ materially, except in the proportion and distribution of its parts, from the average built-up army gun. It consists of a long inner tube, a heavy jacket extending from the breech to about six feet beyond the trunnions; the chase hoops extending from the jacket to the muzzle, and the jacket hoop, inclosing the jacket, and extending from the breech for about half the length of the

gun. The length of the gun is forty-nine feet two and nine-tenths inches; diameter of breech, five feet; of muzzle, two feet four inches; of the bore, sixteen inches. The total weight of the forgings of the gun, as received from the steel works, was 368,000 pounds. The finished gun will weigh about 500,000 pounds, leaving the amount of steel removed from different parts during manufacture about 65,000 pounds. The projectile of the gun will be five feet four inches in length, and the penetration in steel at the muzzle, corresponding to muzzle velocity of 83,000 foot tons, is (De'Marre's formula, normal impact) 42.3 inches. TWENTY MILES RANGE. Undoubtedly, the most spectacular feature in connection with this gun is

its enormous range, which is estimated at about twenty-one miles, or to be exact, 20,978 miles. This theoretical range has been calculated by Major James M. Ingalls, Fifth United States Artillery, for many years instructor at the Artillery School for Officers of Fort Monroe, Va. The firing table for this gun, prepared by Major Ingalls, shows that the above range is obtainable with a muzzle velocity of 2,300 feet per second, the necessary angle of elevation for the piece being 40 degrees. The trajectory of the projectile shows that in ranging to 20,978 miles the shell would reach the maximum elevation of 20,516 feet. This is enormously greater than the maximum range hitherto obtained by any other gun, which at present stands to the credit of the

Krupp 9.45-inch gun, which was fired on the Meppen range, in the presence of the Emperor of Germany, April 23, 1892. The measured range was found to be 22,120 yards, or, roughly speaking, twelve and one-half miles. The greatest height reached by the Krupp shell in its height was 21,458 feet, and the time occupied between the firing of the gun and the striking of the projectile was 70.2 seconds. JEALOUS GERMAN. In its issue of Jan. 19, 1901, The Scientific American says: "If we are to believe the artillery experts of the Krupps, and a German artillery officer who writes in a recent issue of La Revue Technique, American estimates of the extreme range of which the new sixteen-inch gun will be capable are

altogether too sanguine. The range of this weapon as calculated by Major James M. Ingalls, the head of the Artillery School for Officers at Fort Monroe, Va., is 20,978 miles. But the German expert denies that the gun can range further than sixteen miles; while the writer in La Revue Technique claims that the maximum range of our new army gun is only about two-thirds of Major Ingalls's estimate, or from fourteen to fifteen miles. The latter estimate is arrived at by the method of vertical speeds expressed as functions of times of flight. But with all due deference to these foreign criticisms, we pin our faith on Major Ingalls's estimate, for we cannot forget that on a previous occasion, when the English (Continued on Page 1.)

A STORY OF COUNTRY AND CITY

THE FRUIT OF THE ROSEBUSH

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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HERE reclined in a seat of the smoking car a young man in a solid and dusty gray suit and a white "sweater" stained with machine oil. His head was in a corner and his cap was over one eye. The conductor, coming through the train for fares, gently shook this passenger, thereby tilting his head forward so that he snored loudly. A spasmodic movement of the young man's hand revealed a ticket there which proved upon inspection to be satisfactory.

In the next seat rearward were two men who glanced at the conductor and nodded familiarly. The elder of them had high shoulders, rather the reverse of the other, and a pair of eyes that were as penetrating as a searchlight. The younger man was a thin man with a nose like an ax. He carried his high hat on his knees and caressed it with his nervous hands.

"I had made up my mind that I couldn't spare the money," said he. "I had intended to let Uncle Amos know today that he must not depend upon me." "Next week will do just as well," was the rejoinder. "I mean what I say, Baring." "It will put Uncle Amos in a hole," said Baring. "He won't be able to buy himself. You'll foreclose your

mortgage, and in the end you'll have the farm." "Is Amos Lawrence worth more to you than I am?" said the other. "That's all you've got to consider. Can you get anything politically without me?" "Frankly, Mr. Beckley," said Baring. "I don't believe I can nor any other man in this district."

"Lawrence came out against me last fall," said Beckley. "He found fault with my man." "Baring smiled grimly. Then he assumed suddenly the professional manner of the lawyer. "You want me to let him think he's going to get that loan of me until it's too late for him to raise the money anywhere else," he said in a short, crisp tone scarcely above a whisper. "Very well, it's dirty work, but I'll do it."

"I thought so," said Beckley. And the fat hand came to rest upon his knee. "Uncle Amos Lawrence sat on the well and filling his pipe after supper when a young man in a dusty gray suit appeared behind him across the grass. "Good evening," said he, halting with one foot on the edge of the platform around the well. "I wonder if you could spare me a drink of water?" "Our well's sixty-five foot deep, and it's nearly full," said the farmer. "How much do you hold?" "I'm dug out pretty thin," answered the young man, "and I haven't had dinner yet."



Dolly led him toward the house.

for an instant warning. The young man extended his hand, and Dolly, after brief hesitation, laid her own in it and led him toward the house. "This is a pretty country," said he. "Don't you think so?" "I love it," she answered. "It's ever so much nicer than where we used to live before father bought this farm. Of course I can't remember much, though, because I was so little."

"You like to live here, eh?" "Oh, yes," she said. "This is fine, especially in summer, of course. See my roses there? They're almost gone, but I had a lot. Mother and I planted the bushes when we first came here. I'm always going to have them." "Always going to have them," repeated the young man. "Of course I'll go away by and by to school," said Dolly. "Father has promised me. But that won't be yet awhile. It's a good many years." "The years pass," said the young man. "I hope they'll be good years, all of them, for you and the roses." So they went into the house together, and when Norton came out again, half an hour later, Uncle Amos from his seat by the well observed with pleasantness that the guest of the evening was loosening the buckle of his belt. Norton lighted a cigar and stood erect, alert, receptive, as one does whose sense of personal well being fits a good mood of nature. The sweet and strong vitality of the summer night thrilled all around him like music, and he was in accord with it.

"This looks like a fine bit of land," said he, looking across the fields, whitened by the moonlight. "Middlin' good," replied Uncle Amos. "an' a mighty sight better than it was when I took hold of it. I've worked, but I guess you wouldn't understand that. Your trade will be something in the mechanical line, I should judge. Engineer or the like of that?" "Yes," said Norton. "I'm an engineer. But we're speaking of the farm."

He paused, glancing toward the house, where, in the lighted doorway, the motherly form of Mrs. Lawrence appeared with Dolly beside her. The little girl advanced timidly along the path toward the well. She paused at six paces distance and seemed to hesitate. "Well, little one?" queried Uncle Amos. "Mother told me I could come out to say good night," she said.

"Come along, then," said her father, extending his arms. But the child did not move, except to raise one hand to her round little throat, as if her collar had been too tight. Then suddenly she cried, "Good night, Mr. Norton!" and fled into the house so fast that it seemed the young man's answering "good night" could hardly overtake her. "You were going to say something about the farm," said Uncle Amos after an interval of silence. "The farm is all right," replied Norton slowly. "It is surely all right. But I must be going to the village. Country hotels close early."

"You ain't going to no hotel this night," said Uncle Amos. "We can put you up without a bit of trouble." "The young man held his chin in his hand for a matter of ten seconds. "It is very kind of you," he said. "I will be glad to stay." "This is wholly unexpected, Mr. Lawrence," said Lawyer Baring. "I had no reason to doubt my ability to take up this mortgage for you and fix things all right, but there have been demands upon me that I could not foresee. I'm afraid you'll have to look elsewhere." Uncle Amos' hat fell to the floor, and, though it was a light straw hat, it seemed to make a loud noise enough to startle him. In fact, for he glanced down at it with an expression of alarm. But he did not stoop to pick it up.

"This is sort of sudden," he said in a husky voice. "Couldn't you let me know sooner? I ain't scarcely got time to do nothin'." "I thought up to the last minute that I should be able to spare the money," answered Baring. "I should have gone to see you today if you hadn't come to me. Let's see. When is the crack of doom?"

He tried to smile, as if it really wouldn't be a serious matter. "Thursday," said Uncle Amos. "An' it's Tuesday now. I was countin' on you." "Sorry, dreadfully, dreadfully sorry," said Baring; "but it can't be helped. You can get the money elsewhere."

"I be'n lookin' round," responded Uncle Amos, "an' the prospect's bad. Yes, sir, it's bad. The story's gone forth that Joe Beckley's made up his mind to ruin me. Everybody's afraid." "Nonsense," said the lawyer. "I don't believe Beckley will press you." Uncle Amos looked at him steadily for a longer period than was comfortable for Baring. "You don't believe Beckley'll press me?" said the farmer, with almost painful slowness of enunciation. "You're a darn liar, an' in my opinion, you've never been anything else from first to last of this business."

He picked up his hat from the floor and stalked out of the office without turning his head. The worst part of trouble is taking it home, especially when one has decided that it would better not be mentioned. When Uncle Amos was met by Dolly at the gate that afternoon, as usual, he could not lift her up in his arms as he had always done before because of the weight of the heart in his breast that had wearied him. Mrs. Lawrence, looking out from the porch, knew that something was wrong before her husband had taken three steps in the yard, and though she was not aware that he had seen Baring that day, she guessed the cause; but, being the right kind of a wife, she did not speak of the subject. "Anything in the mail?" she asked. "I forgot to look into the office," said Uncle Amos. "I'll go down tomorrow mornin'. But there won't be nothin'." A bronzed and handsome young man in raiment of the best, yet not too fine, gave cheerful greeting to a blue-un-

formed boy who opened a door for him. "There's somebody waiting for you, sir," said the boy, indicating by a wave of his hand the reception room, which was at the right of the private offices. "He said it was a personal matter. He was here before we opened up in the hall outside. His name's Lawrence."

"Thunder," said the young man, and for a moment he looked like one who can't quite face the situation. Then he shook himself together and walked into the reception room, where Uncle Amos Lawrence had been pacing up and down for half an hour, the victim of strong emotion, of a bad night in a sleeping car and of his Sunday clothes, with starched shirt and collar. He turned hastily, yet stiffly, hearing footsteps. Norton, entering the room, flung out both hands as one who wards off an attack.

"Now, don't say a word!" he cried. "You got my letter? All right. It's a trifle. You see, I couldn't let any such deal as that go through. I really couldn't. I heard Beckley and Baring talking in the train; made 'em think I was asleep. Then I asked a few questions when I got to your village. Finding that you were all right, a square man and a good man every way, I went up to your place to put you on your guard. Then I saw the little girl and the roses. Well, you understand. I made up my mind to fix the thing myself. But I couldn't quite bring myself to say so. I'm bashful, that's what's the trouble with me. I can't talk worth a cent. On a matter like that I'd rather write and send a check, with my best wishes for you and confusion to all the Beckleys and Barings. We ought to put that whole outfit in jail for conspiracy. But let's leave 'em to the devil. That's what I say. No more trouble than is necessary, is my motto. How's Dolly?"

From the deep swirl of Uncle Amos' thoughts and emotions one trivial matter found its way to the surface. "I thought you said you were an engineer," he gasped. "So I am," replied Norton. "I can run anything that has wheels, except my own head sometimes. I'd been running an engine up through your region—an automobile, you know. When I said a machine, you thought I meant a bicycle, and I didn't take the trouble to correct you because automobiles

mean money, and I wasn't quite decided about mentioning the fact that I had any. It broke down, and I couldn'tinker it up without the proper tools, so I sent it home by rail and took a train the other way myself. And that's the whole story. How's Dolly and the roses?"

Uncle Amos weakly fumbled in a pocket, producing at last, and with great care, an object wrapped in white tissue paper. "This is the last of 'em," he said. "She sent it to you. But about that money?"

"Norton, with the rose in his left hand, laid his right upon Uncle Amos' shoulder. "Give me your I O U," he said. "When you're perfectly easy in your pocket and the sum won't bother you, let me know. This is a good loan, it doesn't worry me. So that's all settled. And now, if you'll make yourself comfortable while I get a few bits of mackerel off my mind, we'll go out and have a look at the town. And—er—there's one more thing before we quit the subject. It may be in the future that you'll find yourself pressed. Your friend Beckley may try to turn another trick, or perhaps it may be some need that you can't quite meet. His sending Dolly to a first rate school, or anything else that she's set her heart on. In that case let me know. It may seem a lot of money to you, and mighty little to me. At any rate, I want to know about it. Is it a go? If so, there isn't another word to be said."

When a Man Thinks. Watch a great man when he's thinking and see what he does with his legs. When a man has least pressure on his mind, he generally crosses his legs. But you will not very often find a man actually engaged in business with his legs crossed. The limbs at those times are straighter than at any other because the mind and body work together. A man engaged in anything accounts will seldom cross his legs; neither will a man who is writing an article or who is employed in any manner where his brain is actively engaged. When at work in a sitting posture, the limbs naturally extend to the floor in a perfectly straight line. A man may cross his legs if he is sitting in an office chair, discussing some proposition with another man, but the instant he becomes really in earnest and perceives something to be gained his limbs uncross, he unbends forward toward his neighbor and begins to use his hands. The oldest royal dynasty in the world is that of Japan, which has been in power 2,000 years.