

Scrap Book

Riley's Generosity.
 "You have beefsteak, of course?" he queried as he entered the butcher shop with a brisk step.
 "Of course."
 "And beefsteak is good to take the color out of a black eye?"
 "The best thing in the world."
 "Good. Save two pounds for Riley."
 "What Riley?"
 "The Riley two blocks down. I'm going down to black both his optics. He'll probably call in half an hour. Good evening."
 In twenty minutes the man was back with his coat in rags, his collar gone, his nose bleeding and both eyes puffing up.
 "Did you find Riley?" was asked.
 "I did, sir, and he's kindly consented to let me use the beef in his place. Mr. Riley is a gentleman, sir."

The Way of the World.
 Aloft on a bow the fair fruit hung,
 Cared by the wind and kissed by the sun,
 And, standing below as it swung out of reach,
 One longed for a taste of so luscious a peach.
 One just as perfect was lying below,
 Where the fickle wind tossed it hours ago,
 Its tint as dainty, its form as round,
 But nobody cared, for it lay on the ground.
 It is ever the fruit that is just beyond reach,
 Be it fame or honor or love or a peach,
 Man longs for the most, why he never will know,
 Yet he scorns to pick where the fruit grows low.
 —Mrs. G. C. Clark.

No Cause For Jealousy.
 A certain main line resident returned home early the other morning. He inserted his key in the keyhole of his door with difficulty, but managed to crawl upstairs without awakening his wife, he thought. At the breakfast table next morning one look at her reproachful face told him he was wrong.
 "I'm sorry I married you," she exclaimed. "You're a brute. I saw you on the corner hugging the lamppost at 2 o'clock this morning."
 "Why, Mary?" expostulated the penitent John. "Don't you think that's a bit unfair? Who'd a-thought you'd ever be jealous of a lamppost?"—St. Paul Dispatch.

Located His Cuspidor.
 Tom Marshall, the great Kentucky orator, was also a great masticator of tobacco and one of the most uncleanly of men in the disposition of the salivary "juice," an abundant deposit of which usually decorated his ample shirt bosom. The contrary of Marshall in this particular was Return J. Meigs, clerk of the national supreme court, whose person and office were always models of neatness and cleanliness. One day Marshall entered the clerk's office, as usual masticating a great quid of "dogleg," and before he had finished his business found it necessary to unload.
 "Where do you keep your spittle, Mr. Meigs?" asked the advocate after a fruitless search for the desired utensil.
 "I do not keep one," said the clerk.
 "Where do you spit?"
 "I do not spit."
 "I mean, where do I spit? I chaw, Mr. Meigs."
 "Generally you spit on your shirt bosom, Mr. Marshall."

Hereditary Talent.
 From the postoffice steps Freeman Davis watched Professor Lane cross the road and enter the wheelwright's shop on the opposite side.
 "Goes in an' out free as you or me," Mr. Davis remarked to Jabez Sewall, "an' nobody knows how many letters he's entitled to write after his name."
 Jabez nodded. "But what I can't just make out is how he come by all his smartness. Far's I know, none of his forbears ever amounted to much in a literary way."
 "What you talkin' about?" Mr. Davis demanded warmly. "You know's well's I do that his father could spell Nebuchadnezzar quicker'n any other boy in school!"—Youth's Companion.

Sympathetic.
 A multimillionaire returned to his native village and erected a marble palace on a hilltop there. One day after the palace was completed he said to the postmaster and the crowd of loiterers in the general store:
 "Boys, my million dollar house up on the hill is simply full of Titians."
 The loiterers exchanged looks of surprise and horror, and the postmaster exclaimed:
 "Good gracious! Ain't there no way o' killin' 'em?"

A Bill Nye Theme.
 The only time I ever saw the late Bill Nye was at a farmers' institute in South Dakota," says former Councilman L. C. Carran. "Nye had a lecture engagement for the evening and to kill time dropped in at the afternoon session of the farmers. The chairman, a well known Lake Preston man, spied Bill, recognized him from his pictures and asked him to address the institute. Nye readily consented.
 "Bending over the humorist, the chairman asked, 'And what, pray, will be your subject?'
 "Well," said Nye, 'you may say that I will offer a few suggestions as to humane methods for deboning hydraulic rams.'"
 —Cleveland Leader.

SURPRISED THE MINISTER.
 The Nice Present Sent Him by One of His Parishioners.
 An office boy, Minister George, employed in a certain downtown place of

business, is the dynamic essence of effervescent energy and the exemplification of cheerful obedience.
 But there may be such a thing as too great promptitude. A few days ago George's employer emerged from his office and, seeing the office boy, requested him to take a package which he would find on his employer's desk and deliver it to the Rev. Dr. So-and-so of such and such street.
 With a bound that would beat the starter's pistol easily George was into the office, out again with a large package under his arm and off to his destination. Now, Dr. So-and-so is



"LEFT THE PACKAGE ON YOUR DESK," the business man's pastor, and the package, which was plainly addressed, contained a handsome volume intended as a birthday remembrance. Late in the day, after the office boy had gone home, the employer was nonplussed to find the designated package still reposing on the desk. For a moment he thought hard; then as cold beads of perspiration bedewed his brow he called in a clerk.
 "John," he asked, with forced calmness, "did you get those supplies for my eucyre party?"
 "Long ago," said the clerk. "Left the package on your desk; bottle o' rye, bottle o' port, four decks o' cards an' a box o' cigars."—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

Alarmed Him.
 In a churchyard an old man deep in thought sat on a flat tombstone. It had been raining, and all the trees looked fresh and green. A traveler passing by made a remark on the weather. "Grand morning."
 "Yes," said the old man.
 "Just the sort of weather to make things spring up," said the tramp.
 "Hush, hush," said the old man. "I've got three wives buried here."

Putting It Mildly.
 A traveler tells of a trip on a jaunting car in Ireland where he had as a fellow passenger an ugly looking man whom he was not sorry to leave behind at an inn.
 "That was a queer looking reitow, Pat," I remarked to the wagish driver as we proceeded on our way.
 "Faith, yer honor, and he's as queer as his looks. He's a villain. He's done fifteen years for laving his wife without visible manes of support."
 "Oh, get out, Pat! A man can't get fifteen years' penal servitude for leaving his wife without visible means of support."
 "Shure, and can't he, str?" said Pat, with a twinkle in his rogish eyes.
 "He did, though. And, bedad, isn't it leaving yer wife 'without visible manes of support' when ye throw her out of a window on the third floor?"

The Man Who Stayed.
 For one woman who dominates her husband in China there are nine of the approved oriental stripe of humility. Nevertheless Chinese humorous literature abounds in references to henpecked husbands. Here is one of them: Ten henpecked husbands resolved to form a society to resist the imposition of their wives. The ten wives heard of the plan and while the meeting for organization was in progress entered the room in a body. Nine of the rebellious husbands fled, but the tenth one retained his place, apparently unmoved by the unexpected visitation.
 The ten wives, after smiling contemptuously on the one man who remained, went back to their homes, well content with the success of their raid.
 The nine husbands thereupon returned to their meeting, resolved to make the heroic tenth man the president of the society.
 When they entered the room, however, to inform him of the honor it was found that he was dead. He had died of fright.

Nothing Doing.
 A farmer engaged an eminent doctor to attend his sick wife. The doctor had an eye out for the main chance and asked the agriculturist if he had the money to pay for an operation.
 "Sure," says the farmer, "and I'll pay you \$100 if you cure her."
 "I am not handling insurance as a side line," says the doctor, "and I do not take cases that way."
 "Very well," says the farmer, "I'll pay you \$100 if you cure her or \$100 if you kill her." The doctor let it go at that.
 The lady died, and the M. D. called for his fee. The farmer pulled out his roll and asked, "Did you kill her?"
 "Certainly not," says the doctor.
 "And there is a heap of circumstantial evidence that you didn't cure her," says the farmer, carefully replacing the wad next to his femur, "therefore, according to our agreement, I don't owe you anything."

American Missions Destroyed.
 Canton, China, Nov. 14.—Refugees arriving here by boat from the province of Kwang-Si report that practically all the American missions had been destroyed in a revolt against foreigners which is raging there. The American Presbyterian church, the hospital and the American college were burned. Three battalions of troops have been sent from here to quell the disturbances.

THE PILGRIMS' THANKSGIVING.
 The pilgrims lauded, worthy men,
 And, saved from wreck on raging seas,
 They fell upon their knees and then
 Upon the aboriginals.
 In thankfulness they planned a feast
 On all the country might afford.
 The grace consumed an hour at least,
 Whence rose the phrase "The festive board."
 And some through groves of pine and oak
 Pursued the doe, and even so
 All patriotic Yankee folk
 Unceasingly pursue the dough.
 They bearded bruis in his hair
 Or stalked the stag in forests dear,
 Alas, their festive dish was bear
 Or venison, though that was dear.
 Still, native viands pleased them most—
 The native maize, for that was new,
 They ate the native boiled and roast
 And even ate the native stew.
 —Arthur Guiterman in Life.

As He Heard It.
 The young man stood hesitating upon the steps until the shrill girlish voices died away and Alice opened the door.
 "Oh! Have you been here long?" she exclaimed.
 "Only about five minutes," he replied, availing himself in a hesitating manner of her invitation to enter.
 "Then you heard us?"
 "Er—well, a little, you know. I really couldn't help it. I was just about to go, you know"—he stammered.
 "About to go—why?"
 "Thought I might be inopportune, you know. Realize that such things are bound to occur once in awhile, you know—really can't be helped—even most sweet tempered persons!"
 "What are you speaking of, Mr. Soft-lough?" Alice demanded suspiciously.
 "Why—er—of course I wouldn't have presumed to mention it, you know! My brother and I—every once in awhile—we do, really!"
 "You do, really, what?"
 "Er—quarrel, you know."
 Alice looked coldly out of the window.
 "When you came," she said evenly, "my sister and I were singing our new duet."—Harper's Bazar.

While He Spoke.
 The gentleman with the well fed appearance who had motored over from the nearest town to deliver his lecture, "The Art of Getting On," in the village schoolroom, concluded with a fine burst.
 "Effort is the keystone of success," he said. "The successful man is the man who strives persistently. His motto is, 'Push and keep pushing.' By that, and that alone, he reaches his goal."
 Before the bulk of the audience made much headway with their clapping a small man at the back got in a laugh that might have come from a megaphone.
 The lecturer held up his hand for silence.
 "You, too, my friend, will have to push," he commenced.
 "So'll you, I reckon," interrupted the small man. "There's 'arf a dozen youngsters been pinchin' the petrol out of yer motorcar ter light a bonfire, cocky!"—Yit-Bits.

Continuance Unopposed.
 Franklin, Pa., Nov. 15.—The auditor of the \$40,000 election expense account of former congressman Jos. C. Shibley was today postponed until May 8, 1911 by Judge Criswell, who announced in open court that the formal order would be made later. The report of the seven physicians appointed to make an examination of Shibley, presented in court previous to the decision was that the former congressman was in no condition to stand the court order. The attorneys urging the audit then informed the court that they would not oppose the continuance.

Escaped.
 Knicker—My forbears came over in the Mayflower.
 Bocker—I suppose they were perfectly safe, as there was no wireless then.—New York Sun.



In the Smart Set.
 Fond Mamma—We have General and Mrs. Puddlestone and General and Mrs. Brassbuttons, and I don't know which should go in to dinner first.
 Smart Daughter—Why not open the folding doors and let them enter four abreast?

New Industry.
 Guest—So you are hard at work studying French. What is the object of that?
 Waiter—I've been offered a steady job at big pay over in Paris if I learn French before going there.
 Guest—H'm! There are plenty of French waiters in Paris.
 Waiter—Yes, but you see they can't understand French as Americans speak it.—New York Weekly.

Ideas Changed Since Then.
 "Augustus," said the boy's parent, "your head master informs me that you desire to become a missionary. This noble aspiration!"
 "Pa, that was so. But it's off. I've swapped my foreign stamp collection for white mice."—Stray Stories.

Fellow Feeling.
 Knicker—Does his auto smoke?
 Bocker—Yes, but he hates to make it stop till after he is married.—Harper's Bazar.

The Airship Man.
 Although mistaken in his guess
 About the spot where he'll arrive,
 A flight is always a success
 When every one gets back alive.
 —Washington Star.

Trademark Registry Popular.
 About 5,200 trademarks are registered during the course of the year at the patent office.

DIAMONDS STOLEN BY

Robbers at Stubenville Today And Escape.
 By United Press Wire.
 Stubenville, O., Nov. 15.—Two robbers stole a tray of diamonds valued at \$10,000 from the jewelry store of W. G. Spies on Market street this afternoon and escaped. Police and deputy sheriffs are working on a blind trail.
 Police have information which leads them to believe that they stopped at a leading hotel last night.

POMERENE'S CANDIDACY

Goes Booming Along And It Is Believed He Has Enough in Sight to Win.

By United Press Wire.
 Columbus, O., Nov. 15.—Atlee Pomerene candidate for the senate is losing nothing in strength by the advent of new candidates for the office. Senator Thomas A. Dean, of Fremont has announced that he would support Pomerene.
 Senator Dean has sent out a call for the Democratic delegates to meet in Columbus early in December to discuss the senatorial problem before the regular senatorial caucus which will be held following the organization of the senate. Senator Dean, it is said, takes this initiative on himself without authority, but it is thought it is an indication that Pomerene has enough votes to swing the election and the conference is called for the purpose, probably of bringing in a few delinquents.
 Senator Ike Huffman, last term the leader of the minority Democrats in the senate was in Columbus Tuesday hunting votes for himself for president pro-tem of the senate. Huffman, this term, will lose the prestige he had last term in the control of the Democratic minority votes.
 State Dairy and Food Commissioner elect Strode of Gallon paid his first visit to Governor Harmon since his election.

Suicide of Glasier.
 Cincinnati, O., Nov. 15.—According to a telegram to the father of Edward Glasier, who shot and killed his wife at her mother's home in Lockland, a Sunday last Thursday, Glasier committed suicide at Chillicothe, Ohio, this morning. He had been hunted by officers and citizens soon as the crime was committed.

Buxton's Woodpile.
 Bar Mills, Me., Nov. 15.—The annual report of the village of Buxton made public today points with pride to the fact that during the past year the number of tramps visiting the town has fallen off fifty per cent. The occasion of this, the reports state, is a sign post erected near the village. It reads: "Town farm and wood pile, one and one-half miles."

Funeral of Munk.
 Conneville, Pa., Nov. 15.—The funeral of Captain Rudolph Munk, of the West Virginia football team, who was killed in the Bethany game Saturday was today postponed until tomorrow morning.

BUNCHED PARAGRAPHS.
 The decoration of the Legion of Honor has been conferred by France upon James C. Young of Minneapolis.
 The engagement of Miss Maben, daughter of a Birmingham (Ala.) steel manufacturer, to Count Mario de Nascimento, has been broken off by the girl's parents.
 David Pulsifer, an old-time horse man and the owner of Tenney, died in New York.
 Sonoma Girl, the famous trotter, is to be retired and sent to the breeding farm.
 Kaiser William of Germany has expressed the wish that his soldiers shall say the Lord's prayer every day.
 Rev. John M. McGann, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church, Columbus, O., has started trouble by declaring that revivals are valueless as a means of saving souls.

A Single Exception.
 "Do you think a memory for dates helps a man?"
 "Sometimes," replied Farmer Corn-tassel. "But not when he is selling spring chickens."—Washington Star.

Barbados Densely Populated.
 One of the most densely populated places on earth is the British island of Barbados. Though its area comprises only 166 square miles, it has fully 200,000 inhabitants, or over 1,200 to the square mile.

PRINCE VICTOR IS MARRIED

Prince Victor Napoleon Finally Wins Princess Clementine.
 Moncalieri, Italy, Nov. 15.—Prince Victor Napoleon, pretender to the French throne, and Princess Clementine of Belgium, youngest daughter of the late King Leopold, were married here. The civil marriage was celebrated in the drawing room of the royal castle and the religious ceremony was afterwards performed in the chapel of the castle. There was a distinguished gathering present, including the Dowager Queen Margherita, the princess of the Italian royal house, and the Countess of Flanders, mother of King Albert of Belgium.
 The romance which culminated in the wedding was of six years' standing. The late King Leopold was opposed to the match, but after his death, with the assistance of former Empress Eugenie, the final arrangements were made without much trouble. The Countess of Flanders was also very much in favor of the match. Prince Victor has been an exile in Brussels, living on his income of \$10,000 a year.

HORSE SHOW IS IT

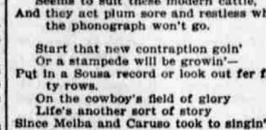
New York Society Turns Out as Body to Annual Show.
 New York, Nov. 15.—That the horse show has come back to popular favor and is growing in popularity was demonstrated when the attendance was larger than at any Monday performance of any previous show in the history of the association. There were no counter attractions, such as college football or hunt meetings, and the football enthusiasts and the hunting set were out in force.
 Nearly every one of the arena boxes was occupied during the afternoon and there was a crush on the board walk. The foreign officers with their gay-colored uniforms, with the American with more somber hues, but still with splashes of gold lace, visited the boxes, entertained in their own or paraded around the ring when not riding.

PROGRESS ON THE RANGE.

(San Antonio music dealers report that cowboys are using phonographs to quiet the cattle on the range.)
 It used to be charmed 'em (Anyway we never harmed 'em) A-chantin' in the moonlight "Sam Bass" or "Old Black Joe."
 But machinery's wheeze and rattle Seems to suit these modern cattle, And they act plum sore and restless when the phonograph won't go.
 Start that new contraption goin' Or a stampeed will be growin'— Put in a Sousa record or look out fer forty rows.
 On the cowboy's field of glory Life's another sort of story Since Meiba and Caruso took to singin' to the cows.
 So throw in a chunk from Fryor When the west has lost its fire; Set the stars from op'ry houses yowlin' and rainin' 'em.
 The lullabies we sang 'em! Didn't suit the brutes, gosh hang 'em! The demon of invention's put the cowboy off the job.
 —Arthur Chapman in Denver Republican.

WEATHER FORECAST

Ohio — Tomorrow unsettled, with snow flurries in northern portions; brisk northwesterly winds.
 TODAY'S CALENDAR.
 Sun rises 6:46 a. m.
 Sun sets 4:43 p. m.
 Moon sets 4:50 a. m.



3 SURE THINGS 3
 Safety in Compounding
 Promptness in Filling
 Speed in Delivery
 When you order Your Drugs of
The Gem Pharmacy
 West Center Street.

NO FAULT TO FIND
 A critical eye, a fastidious taste, and a good judge of good food never has fault to find with our meats.
 Telephone your order.
 Phone 1590.
MERKEL MEAT MARKET
 E. Center St. and Sharples Court.

MOTOR REPAIRING
 WIRING, FIXTURES, BELLS, ETC.
Davis Electric Co. Electricians with Experience.
 136 N. State—Phone 1308.

Nov. 15 in American History.
 1780—Baron Steuben, German soldier in the Revolution, born; died 1794.
 1777—The Continental congress passed articles of confederation.
 1880—Revolution in Brazil; overthrow and banishment of Dom Pedro, scion of the royal house of Portugal and, like Diaz of Mexico, a "benevolent despot" for forty-seven years.
 1904—Prince Fusimil of Japan greeted President Roosevelt in the name of the nikado.
 ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.
 (From noon today to noon tomorrow.)
 Sun sets 4:38, rises 6:45; moon sets 6:14 a. m.

ACKERMAN'S PIANO STORE
 HAVE THE PIANO YOU HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR
 and it is made right here in Marion It's the ACKERMAN-LOWE PIANO
 Sold and guaranteed by HENRY ACKERMAN
 Phone 455. S. Main St

A MOB THREATENS TO LYNCH A NEGRO
 By United Press Wire.
 Asbury, Park, N. J., Nov. 15.—While an armed and determined mob stood in the street a few blocks from the jail yard today preparing to prevent Thomas Williams, a negro, from being taken out of the town it was hounded by Coroner Purdy. The mob had threatened to lynch Williams, who is accused of having ravished and murdered Maie Smith, a nine-year-old girl. While Police Chief Smith was making a speech to the crowd, an auto was rushed up to the rear of the jail and Coroner Purdy and several detectives bundled the negro into it. The machine swung down the street past the crowd with the negro hidden in the bottom of the car. Within an hour he was lodged in the jail at Freehold.
 —FRI—
 Leading Tailor, 119 S. State St
 Opposite Grand Opera House.

WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY.
 Grew a Full Growth of Hair on a Bald Head
 Here's the Proof
 The birthright of every man, woman and child—a full, healthy head of hair. If your hair is falling, if it is full of dandruff, or if it is faded or turning gray, it is diseased and should be looked after without delay.
 WYETH'S SAGE AND SULPHUR HAIR REMEDY, a true Hair Tonic and Restorer, removes dandruff in a few days, stops hair falling in one week, and starts a new growth in a month.
 Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur does not soil the skin nor injure the hair; but it is an ideal hair dressing that will restore faded and gray hair to natural color and keep the hair soft and glossy.
 50c. and \$1.00 a Bottle—At all Druggists Or Sent Direct, Express Prepaid, Upon Receipt of Price
Wyeth Chemical Company, 74 Cortlandt Street, New York City, N. Y.

FREE
 A 25c cake of Sage and Sulphur Toilet Soap FREE to anyone who will mail this advertisement together with the picture of the GIRL ON THE BOX from a 50c bottle of Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy to the Wyeth Chemical Co., 74 Cortlandt St., New York City.
For Sale by Dumble's Pharmacy.