

REDUCE YOUR GAS BILLS

GET RID OF THAT DUST AND GREASE that clogs your gas burners. Don't think because the light is poor or the stove gives little heat that you need a new one.

All you need is a repair man. We are experts in this line.

T. M. CUNNINGHAM.
1st Door South of Post Office.

THE WEREWOLVES.

Fantastic Story of a Sixteenth Century Tragedy.

John of Nuremberg relates how a man, lost at night in a strange country, directed his steps toward a fire that he saw before him. On reaching it he found a wolf sitting enjoying its warmth and was informed by him that he was really as human as himself, but that he was compelled for a certain number of years, like all his countrymen, to assume the shape of a wolf.

A strange country, indeed, where wolves when the evenings grow chilly light a fire and in the comfort of its ruddy glow are found ready to entertain the passing traveler with their conversation!

Olaus Magnus in the early part of the sixteenth century tells us a story of a nobleman and his retinue who lost their way in journeying through a wild forest and presently found themselves hopelessly foodless and shelterless. In the urgency of their need one of the servants disclosed to him in confidence that he had the power of turning himself at will into a wolf and doubted not but that, if his master would kindly excuse him for a while, he would be able to find the party some provision. Permission being given, the man disappeared into the forest under semblance of a wolf and very quickly returned with a lamb in his mouth and then, having fulfilled his mission, resumed his human form.

In Auvergne in 1588 a nobleman in returning from the chase was stopped by a stranger, who told him that he had been furiously attacked by a savage wolf, but had been fortunate enough to save himself by slashing off one of his fore paws. This he produced as a trophy, when, to the astonishment of both, it was found to have become the delicate hand of a lady. The nobleman felt so sure that he recognized a ring upon it that he hurried to the castle and there found his wife sitting with her arm tied up, and on removing the wrappers the hand was missing. She had to stand her trial as a loup-garou and, being convicted, perished at the stake.—Hulme's "Lore and Legend."

A TURBULENT VOLCANO.

The Boiling Hot Pools of Taal, in the Philippines.

The central or main crater of Taal is nearly round. Its diameter on an air line north and south is 6,233 feet and the east-west diameter 7,546 feet. The edge of this crater is somewhat irregular, but is nowhere broken through. Its highest point standing at only 1,050 feet above sea level and its lowest at 423 feet.

Within the rim are two hot pools, known respectively as the yellow and the green lake, and a little active cone above fifty feet in height from which escape steam and sulphurous gas in varying quantities.

In the smaller lake every few minutes the water in the center is blowing up like an immense bubble, which, rising above the surface, finally bursts, revealing a black orifice and causing the boiling and very turbulent water to assume all imaginable colors. The aqueous vapor escaping is sufficient to form a broad, smoky column which is visible especially during the night and in the early morning.

At some distance and before reaching the edge of the crater, where a view of the bottom can be obtained, the rumbling sound produced by the escaping vapor, under the influence of the mysterious subterranean forces, can be heard like that of an immense boiling kettle.

The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754. The eruption began on May 13 and did not end till Dec. 1. During this dreadful time the intensity and aspect of the eruption were continually changing, and the four principal towns of the Laguna de Bombon disappeared—viz, Sala, Lipa, Tanauan and Taal, with the numerous villages around them.—Manila Times.

Her Question Answered.

Yes, Geraldine, we quite agree with you that the crunching of celery is a noise abhorrent to the sensitive soul. A much better way is to cut the stalks into medium sized pieces and hold them in the mouth until they dissolve.

Write again, Geraldine. We are always glad to dispense useful information.—Lippincott's.

Harsh words are like ballstones in summer, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plant they batter down.

CASTORIA
For Infants and Children.
The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Ayer*

THE TURKISH BATH

A Victim's Story of the Real Thing in Its Native Land.

WELL MAULED AND SCRAPPED.

He Was Kneaded, Plucked, Turned Over and Walked Upon and Then Scrubbed as Though He Were a Kitchen Floor.

The tourist who wanders about Stamboul will from time to time come on domed buildings of all sizes which might be taken for mosques but that they seem to have no fountains and no minarets. From some place, such as the terrace of the mosque of Sultan Sulayman, where their roofs may be overlooked, it will be seen that the low domes are often of a peculiar salmon pink color and always covered with glass bullseyes. These are the real Turkish baths.

Quite apart from the ceremonial wash before prayer, Islam, which considers cleanliness not so much next to godliness as a part of godliness itself, ordains a periodical scrub all over. And the Turk, unlike the sodden wret, never sits in hot water, but prefers a hot room, a tap and a basin as a minimum and a shampooer and a flesh glove if he can afford such luxuries.

One enters, as in the west, into the cooling room, generally a high domed room with many galleries around, a marble floor and a fountain, and before going to a private room or, if the bath is to be done on the cheap, to a place on the big common sofas one exchanges dirty boots for slipshod heelless slippers. Watch and valuables may be left under the care of the cooling room attendant, who superintends the process of undressing, winds a loin cloth around one and throws a primrose towel over one's shoulders.

Before crossing the floor of the cooling room the slippers are again exchanged for wooden clogs, wherein the novice walks like Agass, delicately, in fear of a fall, till he learns to imitate the speed of the bath men by abandoning all attempts to walk and executing a fast shuffle.

The outer hot room, at about the temperature of an English shampooing room, is a very secondary affair. One stays there for a little, still clothed in the primrose towel, reclining on a distant imitation of a bed, drinking coffee and smoking a cigarette, perhaps watching a couple of shampooers amusing themselves by a wrestling bout. The customer and the shampooer wear the same type of loin cloth, an elaborate check of red and yellow that may be seen any day in the streets on an apron worn by the Albanian sellers of chestnuts or sweetmeats.

If that cigarette is finished come into the inner room, heavy with damp heat, the real bath. The attendant pulls off the shoulder towel and opens the door, a heavy wooden affair, kept shut by a counterweight, whose banging is not the least characteristic noise in the bath. Inside is a large square domed room. Innumerable bullseyes in the dome admit the light, which the whitewashed walls reflect, making a light and airy effect. On the great square slab in the middle they have placed a towel and a pillow, and here one lies, leaving the clogs on the floor.

Round the room, screened from one another by dwarf walls, are a row of marble basins, and here may be seen all classes—such is the democracy of Islam—from the army officer to the day laborer, whose shaved head oddly suggests a tonsure. The poorer classes do not indulge in the luxury of massage. They come for a wash only and often bring their own soap for economy's sake. It is not uncommon to see two of them scrubbing one another by turns.

Presently, unbidden, the shampooer mounts the slab and squats beside his victim. Most of his work consists in kneading the flesh rather than the long, heavy strokes of an English masseur. But when the customer is turned on his face the masseur becomes more energetic. He plucks the skin on each side of the spine, walks up and down on the back and strenuously gathers up arms and legs into curious bone breaking knots regardless of the grunts of the stiff jointed west. A final super-Gordian knot and the clapping of his hands show that it is over.

The customer, as soon as he can collect limbs which seem to have been pulled clean off him, adjourns to one of the basins and is rubbed with a rough glove to take off the old skin. Then the man brings a battered metal bowl ("old bowl, old bath," is the Turkish proverb for "the old, old story") with soap and a lather wisp of "lyr" (Mecca palm fiber) and scrubs conscientiously for some ten minutes, working with the abandon of a zealous housemaid on a floor, forgetful apparently that the object he is scrubbing is flesh and blood.

Finally he pours warm water from the bowl to wash away the last of the soap and, if the bath is a large and up to date one, conducts his well scrubbed victim to a cold douche.

Drying takes place in the outer hot room, muddy loin cloths and towels are wrapped about the body, a small towel makes a turban for the head and slen clogs are produced for the feet, which have been dried with great-sometimes inconveniently great—care. A loud clapping of hands announces that the process is over, and the three or four Turks who seem always to be doing nothing zealously in the room crowd round to wish one good health.—London Globe.

Chorus Cowed the Cow.
"I thought I would introduce a real cow into my comic opera."
"How did it work?"
"Didn't work at all. The milkmaids frightened the cow."—Pittsburg Post.

CINNAMON TREE BARK.

It Curle Up Into Quills When Dried In the Sun.

The cinnamon tree grows to a height of from twenty to thirty feet and is sometimes eighteen inches in thickness. The leaves are from four to six inches in length, oval shaped and marked with three principal nerves. They taste very much like cloves. Cinnamon flowers are of a beautiful silky gray on the outside and a light yellow on the inside. The fruit is a small acorn shaped drupe, and when ripe it is quite brown.

It is, however, the bark of the cinnamon tree that makes it valuable. The finest comes from the island of Ceylon, where they have two seasons of cinnamon harvest. The first season begins in April and the last in November. The branches of three to five years' growth are cut down, and the epidermis is carefully scraped away. Then the bark is ripped up lengthwise with a knife and gradually loosened until it may be easily removed.

The slices of bark are then placed in the sun to dry, and as they dry they curl up into quills. The next thing is to examine and arrange the cinnamon according to its quality. The persons whose work it is to examine the cinnamon are obliged for this purpose to taste and chew it, although in a short time it produces a very painful effect on their mouths and tongues.

As the cinnamon quills are examined the smaller ones are inserted into the larger, and the whole is then tied up in bundles weighing about eighty-eight pounds each.

In Ceylon the oil of cinnamon is usually prepared by grinding the coarsest pieces of bark, soaking this powder in sea water for two or three days and then distilling. Two oils pass over, one lighter, the other heavier, than water.

A LESSON FOR HIS WIFE.

The Husband Found That He, Too, Had Something to Learn.

All Paris is laughing at an adventure on the French frontier line which occurred the other day to a young dramatic author well known in Paris.

He is newly married, and part of the honeymoon was spent in Belgium. While there the bride was very anxious to buy lace, which is much cheaper in Belgium than it is in France. But the bridegroom objected to smuggling the lace through and told his wife at Feignies the customs examination was very severe. She laughed at him, and in the train she said, "I am quite sure that I could easily have smuggled any amount of lace under my dress."

To prove himself right and teach his wife caution for the future the bridegroom whispered to one of the custom house officers at Feignies and, pointing to his wife, who was not looking, said, "I think that lady has some lace."

The officer made a sign, and madame, protesting angrily, was taken off and searched, while the author smoked a cigarette and chuckled at the thought that the search—although he thought she had no lace—would cure her of the wish to smuggle in the future. He ceased chuckling, though, when the custom house officer came up to him and said: "We are very much obliged to you. The lady had \$200 worth of lace around her waist. But she says you will pay the fine."—Cor. Wichita Eagle.

The Ballot in Switzerland.

Swiss voters go to the polls on Sunday. In some districts the elections are also held for a few hours on Saturday evening. In a few of the cantons voting is obligatory, and returns of from 70 to 80 per cent of the voting population are the result. The obligatory measure is, however, not rigorously enforced. Small fines are imposed unless an adequate excuse for nonattendance is forthcoming. These include illness in the family, mourning, absence from the city, a birth in the family and, in St. Gallen, necessary attendance at a christening by a parent or godparent. "Official business" is also usually accepted.

Mixed Motives.

"Few motives in this world can be pure. That is our great trouble," said a lecturer. "A clerk wept bitterly on the beach one stormy day while out on a fishing boat tossed a cockleshell of a little boat, now buried under white foam, now shooting forward gallantly, now buried again, he clasped his hands and cried in great anguish, 'If that boat sinks I'll lose my job.'"

Tibetan "Demonology."

The religion of the Tibetans is literally saturated with demonology, and their festivals take the form of ceremonies intended to propitiate various evil spirits and demons. Their devil dances—in which each performer represents some particular malignant spirit—are extremely curious.—Wide World Magazine.

Logical Inference.

"Hello, Grimes! Neighbor of yours got a new dog, eh?"
"Don't know. Why?"
"Saw that boy Bobbie of yours going home with an old tin can and a string."—Browning's Magazine.

On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call!

MANDO
Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body. The only safe and reliable depilatory known. Large bottle 50c. Sample 10c. Read for booklet for free.
Madame Josephine LeFevre,
1222 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Sold by Dumble Pharmacy and the Schmidt & Co. Pharmacy.

Pasteur's Revenge.
In Vallery-Hadot's "Life of Pasteur" we read the story of his misery. It is nothing to say that the war nearly broke his heart. But it broke neither his faith nor the straight line of his work. Only a sort of rage possessed him to redeem and console France by working for her. "Henceforth," he said, "every one of my books shall have written on it these words, 'Revenge, revenge, revenge.'" And this was his revenge, to set the name of France in the honors list of science higher than ever, to give the rest of his life to her service and to wear himself out for her sake.

After a Fashion.
Reporter—Senator, if I mistake not, your name has been mentioned once or twice in connection with the presidency.
Senator Lottman—Why, yes; a London journal, I believe, once remarked that if the office of president of the United States was for sale I would probably buy it.—Chicago Tribune.

Well Guarded.
"Wuz yew guarded in yore conduct while yew wuz in town, son?" asked the old man.
"Shore thing, dad," replied the boy.
"I wuz guarded by two policemen most ev'ry time."—Chicago News.

Dec. 2 in American History.
1823—The Monroe doctrine promulgated in President Monroe's message.
1892—Jay Gould, capitalist and railroad magnate, died in New York city, leaving an estate of \$72,000, 000 to his family; born 1836.

ASTRONOMICAL EVENTS.
(From noon today to noon tomorrow.)
Sun sets 4:23, rises 7:33; moon sets 4:52 p. m.; 4:37 p. m., moon in conjunction with Mercury.

Fires and Insurance.
The agent of a well known insurance company stood on the fringe of the crowd watching the firemen retiring from the scene of a small blaze in an uptown flathouse.

"I'll do business tomorrow morning," said he grimly, "and most of it will be with women who have 'forgotten' their insurance has run out. There's nothing like a blaze on the block to set thoughts in the direction of insurance. Last week a woman was waiting for me when I opened my office. Her husband had given her money to take out insurance weeks before, and she had spent it for a new hat. The night before a fire had broken out on the second flat above theirs, and, believe me, that woman must have suffered tortures until the fate of the house was settled. She paid the premium in small change, which I believe she took from a child's bank, rather than confess her neglect to her husband."—New York World.

Mercury and the Sun.
The distance of Mercury from the sun varies owing to the eccentricity of its orbit. When he is nearest to the sun he receives ten and a half times more light and heat than we do, but when he moves to his greatest distance the light and heat are reduced by more than one-half. Even then, however, the sun blazes in the skies of Mercury with a disk four and a half times larger than that which he shows to us on earth.

Showing Him Off.
Husband who fancies himself as a raconteur is, with his wife, paying his first call in a new neighborhood. He tells a humorous story with excellent results. His Proud Wife—Now tell them your other story, dear.—Punch.

True to the Saying.
"All the world's a stage," quoted one misanthrope.
"Yes," replied another, "and it's the same old story. A lot of fellows that's cut out for suppers is tryin' 'er star'."

Happiness and misery are two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof we know not.—Locke.

Accomplished.
First Passenger—That is Conductor Punched. He is one of the most experienced men on the road. Second Passenger—I knew it before you told me. First Passenger—How so? Second Passenger—Because he slams the door at the precise instant that he calls the station's name.—Judge.

Maternal Pride.
Mr. Newlywed—This paper says there are 50,000,000 babies born every year. Mrs. Newlywed—Oh, darling, doesn't that make you proud? Mr. N.—Why should it? Mrs. N.—Why, just to think that our baby is the smartest and prettiest of 50,000,000.—Cleveland Leader.

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Rubbing out the Hairs by Thousands

Every time you wash your head—
Every time you brush your hair—
Every time you comb it—
Out they come—Roots and all.



And no matter how much hair you may have NOW you can not let this continue. It means baldness in the end. It may be a year—it may be two years but baldness is sure unless you stop this falling hair.

And you must do it now. After the hair is all gone it is too late. You cannot make the hair grow where the roots have died.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?
Are you going to wait? Are you going to rub on some hair tonic with a fancy name? Or are you going to use a time-proven treatment? A treatment that is backed up by the unrivaled experience of the specialists at the Woodbury Institute? Some people still think that a visit to the Institute is necessary. DON'T MAKE THIS MISTAKE. You can now use this famous treatment right in your own home. You can apply it just the same as it was applied for years for those people who attended the Institute for treatment.

WOODBURY'S COMBINATION Hair and Scalp Treatment

is the only treatment made from the formula of the great dermatologist. It consists of three preparations. Woodbury's Hair Tonic, the best shampoo, absolutely antiseptic and a universal toilet necessity. Woodbury's Scalp Cream, the powerful germicide and dandruff cure. In cases of dandruff, falling hair, itching scalp or other scalp disorders which cause baldness this preparation is a vitally important part of the treatment.

Ask your Doctor or your Druggist about these preparations. They know of the vast experience at the Woodbury Institute which gave this wonderful treatment to the public.

All sizes—25c. 50c. \$1.00

Two Men Fell.
Paris, Dec. 2.—Two men today fell 600 feet in an aeroplane and escaped serious injury.
Loridan, the aviator, with H. Fay, as a passenger, was just beginning a flight to Brussels and return, and the aeroplane was circling over the aviation field at Issy when the engine stopped and the machine plunged to the earth. Spectators turned away, expecting the two men to be crushed to death. When they heard the aeroplane strike the ground with a resounding crash and splinter to pieces, they turned to see the two men rise out of the wreckage, almost uninjured.
M. Loridan was entered in the competition for the quickest round trip flight with a passenger between Paris and Brussels, for which a prize of \$20,000 has been offered.

JUST THE NAME "CLOVER LEAF FLOUR" CAUSES A SMILE OF SATISFACTION EVERY SACK GUARANTEED

The Marion National Mill Co.

MORE SPECIAL PRICES

Have you noticed that Meat prices have dropped? Well send us your order Saturday and be convinced.

Choice Beef Roast 10c
Choice Beef Steak 12c

Just ask for number 1590. We deliver promptly.

Merkle's Meat Market
Cor. E. Center and Sharpless Court.

IN LOOKING FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

COME TO THIS STORE AND WE WILL BE GLAD TO HELP SUGGEST PRESENTS, AND HERE ARE A FEW THAT MAY POSSIBLY HELP YOU PICK IT OUT.

FOR LADIES	FOR CHILDREN	FOR MEN
Manicure Sets	Skates	Pocket Knives
Scissors Sets	Sleds	Razors
Baking Dishes	Pocket Knives	Safety Razors
Casseroles	(nifty ones)	(all kinds)
Chafing Dishes	Express Wagons	Shaving Brushes
Salt & Peppers	Hand Cars	Shaving Mirrors
Crum Trays	Foot Balls	Shaving Soap
(something new)	Punching Bags	Razor Strops
Coffee Pots	Roller Skates	Razor Honers
Fancy Tea Pots	Air Rifles	Brass Cuspidors
Percolators	Base Balls	Traveling Sets
Cake Trays	Jersies	Cigar Ash Receiver
Bread Trays	Sweater Coats	Desk Sets
Cream & Sugars	Rifles	Tools of all Kinds
Grape Fruit Dishes		Shot Guns and Rifles
Cheese Plates		Hunting Coats
Steak or Fish Planks		Gun Cases
Electric Irons		Revolvers
Electric Stoves		
A new Gas Range		
A new Coal Range		
Carpet Sweepers		
Cooking Utensils		

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