

OXYGEN SPREES

Visions of Happiness
Acquired by Americans Under the Influence of The Fascinating Gas.

The newest enslaving habit is "oxygen exhilaration." By inhaling the gas for a few moments the entire system is made to feel a sense of ecstasy more intense than that produced by any other agency. Originally using it as a purely medicinal agent, many of those who inhale the oxygen grow so intoxicated with the sensation that they become addicted to its frequent use.

Hearing of the wonderful effect of the oxygen, writes Edgar M. Dilley in the



TAKING THE OXYGEN TREATMENT.

Philadelphia Times, I went to the most popular resort of the kind in search of the treatment. After a little delay I was ushered into the presence of the doctor. He was an aged man of very pleasant manners. He seemed to take to me at once.

"Oh, yes," said he, "my oxygen cure will undoubtedly help you. You have a cold, you say. We claim for our treatment the ability to cure almost any disease."

"I would like to try it," I said. "Step right this way," was the answer. There was no tapping or listening at the chest. I stood ready to extend my tongue, but the evidence of that useful appendage was not wanted.

Stepping right in this meant going down stairs to a very comfortable room on the first floor. There were no windows in the room. It was lighted by means of a series of small lamps. A folding door which led into an adjoining room. A sofa, a bookcase, a table and a few chairs constituted the furniture. The wonderful cure was behind a screen at one end of the room.

I was invited behind the screen and asked to sit down in an easy reclining chair. An ottoman was placed at my feet, and everything seemed to be ready. Beside the chair was a dark wood pedestal surmounted by a very beautifully carved urn. From the top of the urn there extended a rubber tube covered with woven cloth. The end of the tube was fitted up with a hand rubber nozzle, and into the end of the mouthpiece was inserted a glass tube.

After adjusting a few switches and trying the gas upon himself the doctor presented the tube to me with a smile. At first I did not notice any effect and was just about to congratulate myself upon the fact that I was gasproof when the oxygen took hold, and I had it. The most noticeable thing that occurred to me was the fact that I suddenly ceased thinking. The room and its contents, including the gas tube, lost interest for me at once, and I looked up into the face of the doctor, who was feeling my pulse. I had an irresistible impulse to smile. I suppose I did smile, for I remember the doctor smiled back.

As soon as I smiled I thought how foolish it was. I had nothing to smile at. So I made up my mind not to smile in the future. I straightened up my face and immediately became aware of the fact that I had fingers in the ends of my hands. What inside me think of my fingers was they began to twitch of their own accord, and I could not stop them.

The next moment my attention was attracted to the noise of a typewriter in the next room. The noise was a million times as loud as the tick of an ordinary typewriter should be, and every sound of the hammer went through my head like the stroke of an anvil. It did not irritate me or make me jump up and cry out, "Stop!" but it interested me to watch the beats in my attention as it caught sight of the cause of the sound, but could not.

Then I thought I was on a swiftly moving train built upon a perfect system and running at the rate of 100 miles an hour upon a level track. How far I traveled in the dark on that imaginary railroad I do not know, but gradually I became aware that a face was looking at me.

I was not frightened, only deeply interested. I recognized the face. It was the companion I had brought with me. He leaned over and said: "How do you feel?"

My eyes were shut, and I was leaning back among the cushions. I was perfectly aware all the time where I was and what I was doing. I knew the doctor had left the room. I saw him go, and when my companion spoke to me my first inclination was to answer him and assure him I was all right.

I was just about to do this and, in fact, had opened my mouth to speak when the thought occurred to me, "What's the use of moving?" Then I lay in that condition, completely robbed of all my energy, with a desire to do nothing all the rest of my life.

I realized this condition in myself at once and wondered what I would do if they brought in a coffin and attempted to put me in it and make out that some honest believe I would have let them do it. I understood what a man must feel and what must pass through his

mind when he is being buried alive and could not move hand or foot. To all intents and purposes I lay there like one dead, outwardly unconscious, inwardly alive and full of strange, weird sensations. My eyes were still shut, my hands were still resting lifelessly upon the arms of the chair, my feet were still extended upon the ottoman. I refused to answer questions and gave no sign that I heard. All this time the train was running in my head with undiminished speed. Thoughts came and went fast. I lost sight of the fact that I had a body and lived only in my brain. The whirling grew, growing louder and louder, as if reaching a climax. There was a slight jar, as if the brakes were being put on. The noise stopped, and a deathlike stillness ensued. It was the stillness of the room. And I opened my eyes. I have often been told by my friends that I had wheels in my head, and now, after my experience with oxygen, I cannot deny it. My only defense is that the wheels were big and that they ran smoothly.

DARING HORSES.

They Jump Seventy-five Feet Into a Tank of Water.

Three times a day down at Coney Island a pair of thoroughbred Arabian horses have been jumping 75 feet or more and alighting safely, says the New York World.

The jump, or rather dive, is almost directly downward from a platform. In landing from this height the horses plunge into a tank of water 12 feet in depth.

The diving horses have shown a great love for the water and were induced to make these dives without any special training. They are named King and Queen and were bred in Wyoming. They are owned by Professor G. F. Holloway of that state, who values them at \$10,000.

Professor Holloway says that the first jumps made by these horses were done without any coaching whatever. Some two years ago King and Queen were pastured in a meadow situated across a



QUEEN TAKING HER DAILY DUMP.

stream from her house. The meadow was fenced in on three sides, but the fence broke down to the river in a bluff 20 feet high which was not fenced.

One day the horses unexpectedly appeared at the door of the house. They were returned several times to the pasture, but invariably appeared a few hours later. A boy was set to watch them, and the secret of their escape was soon discovered. Both horses jumped over the high bank into the water and swam to the other side.

It occurred to Professor Holloway that capital might be made of this trick, and he set about training the horses for greater efforts. The new training consisted in taking the horses to high banks and coaxing them to make the plunge.

At a signal the horse starts up the incline at a quick walk. The professor stands on the shore of the lake below, and as the horse looks down from the platform he calls, "All right!" At the sound of his voice the horse jumps downward, disappearing a moment later in a front spray. The horse's hind legs are held in the water a few feet from where the diving horse will come to the surface.

TELEPHONING TRAINS.

Engineers and Dispatchers May Be in Constant Communication.

A month ago Professor Russo of Aar de Rome perfected his invention of telephoning a throat wire between ships at sea.

Cable dispatches now announce that it has accomplished the still more remarkable feat of telephoning without wires between moving trains and stations.

While his wireless telephone at sea is designed to prevent collisions of ships in fog and storms, says the New York Journal, this new application of the telephone without wires on land is to prevent railroad collisions.

If the engineer on a locomotive can already talk to the engineer at the station, the dispatcher at the nearest station, there is a possibility of misunderstanding.

Besides this, the telephone in the engine cab will take the place of the approach of another train either in front or rear of his train, so as to warn him of an impending collision.

such as "central" girls wear at the telephone exchanges. This keeps the receiver constantly at the engineer's ear, so he is obliged to hear every sound that comes to the telephone.

In this way he must hear the rattling of a train coming toward him from the front or the rear.

A great difficulty which was at first encountered was to prevent the noise of the engineer's own train drowning the noise of a distant train or the still more feeble sound of a human voice from a station.

This was overcome by placing microphones, or sound magnifiers, on the pilot at the front of the locomotive and at the rear of the train and connecting them by wire with the engineer's telephone. These microphones, which detect the faintest sounds which vibrate along the rails, were mounted in a peculiar way, so as to be disturbed as little as possible by the rattle and roar of the train to which they are attached.

In spite of this precaution, however, there is a constant noise made in the telephone at the engineer's head. But his trained ear easily distinguishes between the noise of his own train and that of other trains and a voice at a distant station.

An example of how expert an engineer can become in distinguishing between sounds is best seen in the case of the chief engineer of a stationary plant.

He may be sitting reading a newspaper surrounded by the whirr of flywheels, the



LOCOMOTIVE ENGINEER RECEIVING A MESSAGE.

whirring of cylinders and the whistling of steam escaping from safety valves. While the machinery is running properly the engineer sits unmoved, with his whole attention devoted to his paper.

But let the slightest unusual jar or grating occur, caused by some part out of order, a noise so slight as to be unnoticeable to the untrained ear, and the engineer is alert in a moment and hurrying to the exact place where the trouble lies.

With this finely developed sense of hearing it has been found that the engineer of a locomotive can become accustomed to a wireless telephone in his cab, so that he can be listening to a trainmaster's orders coming over the phone while he is resting on his throne and his other hand is testing the water gauges.

Fault Finding and Criticizing.

Criticizing means judging fairly. The original Greek word to judge means to "sit." One, therefore, who is incapable from ignorance or prejudice of sitting ever in a position from every point of view cannot be called a critic. Whenever from interested motives or from other causes he shows his bias he must not be set down as a critic. Men have attempted to write down a criticism because they did not like the author of it. A book has been abused because other books by the same author have won a place which was denied the productions of the critic. War has been waged on ministers, lawyers and doctors because their views did not harmonize with the advice the critic had to give, but somehow was not accepted.

Fault finding can become actually a disease. The disappointed those of a vinegar temper, the mentally despondent, indulge themselves to such an extent that a calm, dispassionate, not to say tender, judgment of men and things becomes an impossibility. Those who know such a person suspect something wrong when ever the fault finder says something good. It was said of one of old, "His words were smooth as butter, but the war was in his eyes." A critic is a necessary and useful factor in all public and private life. A fault finder is one who spoils the sweetness of things. He is an irritant, his influence is pernicious. He is to be avoided.—Baltimore American.

Crossed on the Floor. The best fellow in his shirt sleeves, rushing through his work, has asked the question of the "copy cutter" in the composing room, where the printers are setting the paper. It is late, and every nerve is strained to the utmost. Reporters are hurrying, telegraph instruments are clattering, and whole banks of copy are being fired up to the "copy cutter's" desk.

"Crowded to death," comes the answer. "All right; I'll be up in a moment and help you out."

In a little while the busy fellow in his shirt sleeves is sorting a mass of copy, leaving one story out of the paper entirely, but leaving another aside to be "cut down," tossing this and that on to the floor and making space for the important news that must go into the paper.

What is that loose sheet that he has tossed aside? You pick it up and a glance shows that it is headed with a single line, "A Baby's Death." How important it seems, just three or four lines. Can such news as that crowd out the telegraph, politics, police news or even the gay-tongues of society? It is only a baby—yet it is on the floor.—Joshua Carter in Atlanta Journal.

A Japanese Secret. The Japanese gardeners make a secret of the means by which the miniature trees are produced; but, like many other mysteries, the secret has been discovered by the curious occidental.

It is simple enough, consisting only in the cutting of the roots when they first begin to sprout.

Suppose a miniature oak tree is desired. The Japanese gardener takes an acorn and an orange. He carefully scoops out the interior of the orange and fills the skin with rich mold. Exactly in the center he places the acorn,



PAIN'S CELERY COMPOUND RELIEVES PAIN.

Mrs. Margaret Bethel, of Brainerd, Minn., writes:

"For thirty years I have been a great sufferer from neuralgia in the head and also with rheumatism in the whole body. I began taking Paine's Celery Compound, and soon found that I was much better. Before taking the compound, my life was such a burden that I almost prayed to lay it down. I was bedfast every two weeks with horrible pain in the head, back and neck until I was almost crazy. I am able to do harder work and more of it today than for twenty-five years. I am really enjoying life again, thanks to Paine's Celery Compound. I am satisfied that my life has been prolonged many years by its use."

Paine's Celery Compound is a great reconstructant. The weakened, inflamed nerves are built up and the nervous force increased. The stomach, liver and kidneys are kept in healthy action. The body is kept free of acid blood and morbid waste material; is made healthy and free from pain.

leaving a round hole in a line with the sprouting point. He puts his orange in a sunny place and waters it every day.

Soon after the first shoot appears, and in a very short time afterward the roots break through the orange skin. These are shaved off continually. The tree grows to about five inches high and then stops. In a year it is a perfect miniature oak. When the roots cease to grow, the ends are varnished over and the orange imbedded in a pot or vase. The tree becomes more guarded and stunted every year and is trained to whatever shape is desired.—New York Times.

The Lost Opportunity. The late Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll, the famous skeptic, told many stories of experiences which grew out of the common knowledge of his skepticism.

One of these related to a visit which he once made to Rev. Phillips Brooks before Dr. Brooks became a bishop.

Calling on Dr. Brooks, he was refused admission because, as the servant said, it was "sermon day," and some of Dr. Brooks' own home people had already been denied admission. But Dr. Brooks learned that Ingersoll was at the door and sent out word that he should come in.

After the interview, and as Colonel Ingersoll was about to leave, he said: "Dr. Brooks, your man told me that

you had denied yourself to some of your home people this morning. Now how is it that you have admitted me, a stranger?"

"Oh, that's quite easy," said Dr. Brooks, laughing. "They are my church members, and I shall see them again, here or in heaven, but isn't it right for me to consider your belief and that I shall probably never meet you again?"—Youth's Companion.

Made Her Father Governor. Mr. Young and some friends had been discussing the political outlook in Kentucky at Mr. Young's house in Louisville one night. Just on the eve of the Democratic state convention, several years ago. When the party broke up, Mr. Young's daughter, then about 15 years old, now married, who had been at it treated Hester during the discussion, spoke up.

"Why don't you run for governor, pa?"

"Why, my child, they would never think of me for that office. No one cares enough about me for that."

"But, pa, would you accept the nomination if it were offered you?"

"Why, of course I would; nobody would refuse the honor."

Miss Young said no more at the time, but quietly slipped out of the house and started in the direction of The Courier-Journal office, Colonel Henry Watterson being an intimate friend of

the family. It happened that she met the veteran editor in the street.

"Ah, Uncle Henry, will you do me a favor?" the young woman asked impulsively.

"Anything in the world that I can do I will."

"Well, I want pa to be governor of Kentucky, and can you get him the nomination?"

The colonel sat down and wrote a spirited editorial, demanding in the interests of the Democratic party that John Brown Young be nominated by the convention soon to meet. The result was in accordance with the noted editor's wishes, Mr. Young's election being a foregone conclusion.—Chicago Chronicle.

Good and Bad Eels. "So you think that little eels are sweet and that big eels are rank and strong, do you?" said a fish dealer.

"Well, you're off," isn't the size of the eel that governs his taste. It is his habit and way of life. But most people think as you do, and throw away the big eel and cook the little one, and then, if the little fellow is strong, they think it is because he wasn't little enough. Nothing could be further from the truth.

"The eel that inhabits a stream with a hard, clean, sandy bottom is sweet and edible, he is as big as your leg or thy as your finger, for this eel feeds on food scarce, and must exercise and keep sober and hustle—else he will starve—and this active career makes him healthy and wholesome. But the eel that lives in the mud, where profligate are plentiful, is unfit for the table, for his life is sluggish, his habits and organs are bad and his flesh, when cooked, tastes and smells of the muddy element. That is why the Schuykill eel is worse than carrion for table purposes, while the eel of the upper Delaware makes a dainty dish."—Philadelphia Record.

More Miles Than You Can Count. Statements as to the distance of the pole star from the earth which have appeared in some of the newspapers lately have been ridiculously inadequate. One of the estimates made is 255,000,000 miles. Now, if one will remember that the sun is 93,000,000 miles away and that its light comes to us in eight minutes, he will see that if the foregoing estimate of the distance of the pole star were right its beams could reach us in about 15 days. It would be only about 2,700 times as far off as the sun.

Light travels 6,000,000,000,000 miles in a year, and even the most modest guesses as to the parallax of Polaris make it 35 light years. Pritchard's estimate in 1887 was 90 light years, but he has since modified his figures. Hence, if one will write 210 and add 12 ciphers thereto he will have the number of miles which the most conservative authorities believe intervene between the earth and the pole star.—New York Tribune.

A Bill Poster's Trick.

"Of course we used to put up small bills wherever they'd catch the eye," said a bill poster who traveled with a circus making one day stands, "and one thing we used to do that always pleased folks was to hang a bill from a ceiling. You had to have a wooden ceiling to start with, and then all you wanted, besides the bills, was a tack and a silver dollar. It took practice to do it, but when you'd got the knack it was very simple and easy."

"You attached two bills together, one at the foot of the other so that it would hang down when the first one was attached to the ceiling. Then you folded the bills up with a tack, thrust point upward through the top fold of the upper bill, with a silver dollar under it, up against its head and between it and the other fold of paper under it."

"Then, some time when the room was full of people—this might be a hotel or perhaps a barroom—you tossed the bills up, and there was weight enough in the dollar to drive the tack into the ceiling far enough to hold. Then the weight of the paper itself and of the dollar would open the bills out, and the soda would drop and you'd catch it as it fell, and the chances are that not one man in five would see it fall. The bills would be sent, fastened up there somehow, most of the people wouldn't know how, and opening out with the lower bill, hanging so you could read it."

"This was not the greatest thing in bill posting ever, but, as I said before, always pleased folks."—New York Sun.

Very Curious Weather.

At Alto Curcio water freezes every night of the year and the thermometer frequently falls to 6, 8 and 10 degrees below zero. There are no facilities for artificial heat—not even a fireplace—and people keep themselves warm by putting on ponchos and other extra wraps.

At noonday the sun is intensely hot, because of the elevation and the rarity of the atmosphere, and blisters the flesh of those who are not accustomed to it. There is a difference of 20 and sometimes 30 degrees in the temperature of the shade and the sunshine. Water will freeze in the shade well 20 feet away from the sun, while in the sunshine it will be boiling in their shirt sleeves.

The natives seem to be entirely unacquainted with the cold, and about barefooted and barelegged over the ice and the stones indifferently without regard to the temperature; but they have a way of heaping the blankets on their heads and wrapping up their faces to keep the pure air out of their throats and nostrils. The women who herd the flocks are often out on the mountains for weeks at a time without shelter of anything to eat except parched corn, strips of dried meat and coca leaves, which are the most powerful of nerve stimulants.—Chicago Record.

Board For His Poems.

"Yes, I did it extremely difficult to make my living by my pen," said the poet.

"Difficult?" exclaimed his friend.

"You mean impossible, I presume."

"No, I do not," replied the poet. "I am in the habit of saying precisely what I mean, and when I say difficult I mean just that and nothing more."

"You don't mean to say that you have ever earned anything by your literary work?"

"Indeed I do," answered the poet. "I once got six months' board for some poems."

"Who did you sell them to?"

"My landlord."

"But an earth did she want with a lot of poems?"

"I don't know that she wanted them particularly, but I left them in my box when I went away, and there was nothing else in sight. They were good poems, too, but I couldn't sell them."

The Strangling Block.

A member of the Mug House club who had failed to win a fortune on the turf decided to go into Wall Street to tackle easier game. "On the turf," he explained, "a man has exactly 27 chances against him in a field of ten horses. In other words, he has one chance in 27 to hit a winner. Now Wall street stocks go one of two ways—either up or down—giving a man one chance in two. It looks like a dead end and shut. I'm going to make it pay. There's nothing against you except bad judgment."

"Oh, yes, there is," said a new street operator, nodding his head sagely.

"And that is?"

"Your broker and his commission."—New York Press.

Clothed With Power.

He was a little uncouth, but was a great traveler. He had just returned from the wilds of central Africa, where he had hounded with all the royalties of that savage region, and was being lionized in the swagger drawing room of Belgravia.

"Do tell us about the queen of Boorabooloo," said the Duchess of Loamshire. "Is she clothed with great power?"

"Yes, grace would think so," he replied. "If you were to see her six rings containing 50 pounds of the most powerful dynamite, 75 per cent nitro-glycerine. Two pounds of it are sufficient to blow the toughest stump into atoms, and good care is taken that all living animals are 200 feet away when the explosion occurs. It was this harmless appearing barrel that Mr. Gordy thought it would be amusing to puncture. He took careful aim and fired."

That Mr. Gordy lives to tell the tale is nothing more or less than remarkable. There was a terrific explosion that shook windows in the Trouille convent a mile away. Gordy's clothes were stripped from him in tatters, and he was thrown under the horse. Strange to say, he retained his consciousness, swam out and was pulled aboard. Although he suffered from shock for some time, he now goes about with only a slight limp as a result of his injuries.

His Opportunity.

"I can't find words sufficient to express my gratitude for the honor thus conveyed," began the politician.

"Now is the time to subscribe for one of my Universal Dictionaries," shouted a book agent in the crowd.—Philadelphia North American.

He Hada'nt Tried One.

"Why don't you think the automobile will supplant the bicycle?"

"Because you can't go out with an automobile when you ought to be at work and square it with your conscience by calling it exercise."—Chicago Post.

Still Too Long.

Footlight:—What do you think of my new piece?"

Sue Breite:—It's too long.

"There is only one act."

"Yes; I know it."—Yonkers Statesman.

LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Philadelphia Woman Who Lived in the Diamond Fields.

Miss T. Symons of Philadelphia lived several years in the South African diamond fields and tells some of her experiences to the press. Our African home she writes, was a two room mud hut built of immense bricks made with red sand and stabled and dried in the sun. With what I brought up from Cape Town I made it look comfortable and



MRS. SYMONS SHOOTING A GORILLA.

really felt quite happy in my new and curious little home. I grew so afraid of the horrible natives that my husband put me through a course of manual training and taught me how to use firearms.

This relieved me from fear during his absence in the diamond fields, which sometimes lasted five or six weeks. Upon these occasions the miners were very kind in their efforts to help me know the new life. Upon one of his trips an incident occurred which I never forgot. My husband had to resign and devote his time to dynamite work for the miners.

Some traders one afternoon entered the camp with an immense ugly looking gorilla which had captured at Goring Goring. They fastened it to a wagon. I had been taking a walk with my children around the mine, and as I neared the house I saw the ugly creature just at my side. It unceremoniously leaped at me and it tugged and pulled at its rope, and just as I reached my hut it broke loose and ran toward me. I just had time to get inside and bar the door when the brute reached it. In its rage it beat on the door and ran around the hut several times. I calmed down my nerves and took the revolver and waited for what might happen.

Suddenly his face appeared at a small opening in the wall used for a window. I fired and hit it in the forehead. It fell and screamed, and then I heard it on the roof tearing the shingles off at my side. It unceremoniously leaped at me and shot but had been, and I screamed and ran. It tugged and pulled at its rope, and just as I reached my hut it broke loose and ran toward me. I just had time to get inside and bar the door when the brute reached it. In its rage it beat on the door and ran around the hut several times. I calmed down my nerves and took the revolver and waited for what might happen.

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DYNAMITE FOR A TARGET.

First Rate Mark. Not the Shooting Was Not Good Sport.

One of the most remarkable dynamite explosions that ever happened occurred a few days ago on the levee, where the steam tug "Columbia" was engaged in clearing away the river bottom, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

It was in the quiet hour and duskness of the moonlight hour. The moonlight was on the water, and the tug was at anchor. A large quantity of dynamite was being cleared away the river bottom, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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Sure He Was Irish.

"Why do you think this man who almost drove over you was Irish?"

"Because I threatened to lick him."

"Well?"

"Well, instead of driving on about his business, he got down from his wagon and wanted to fight."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Commercially Capt.

"Did you enjoy your wedding trip, Mabel?"

"Oh, such fun! We sold all the presents we didn't want and bought a lot of lovely things which we wanted and didn't get."—Detroit Free Press.

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