Cut to Fit

Has the significance of this phrase ever arrested your attention? Hasn't it occurred to you in the past that mighty little so-called ready-made clothing is cut to fit? Ours is.

Nothing better can be made. Only choicely tested and trustworthy fabrics and trimmings are used. The patterns and styles are up-to-date.

In short, our Ready-to-wear garments have reached that degree of fitness, style and character that is otherwise to be found only in the better grade of custom-made clothing. The difference in price in favor of SCHAUL & ROOSA clothing is practically the only difference.

Men's Suits $8. to $25.

Overcoats are loose and boxy. Every one has the close fitting collar and hand padded shoulders. In three lengths, short, medium and long.

Overcoats $8. to $35.
Rain Coats $10 to $22.

Perhaps our illustrated catalogue will help you in determining what you will wear this Fall and Winter. You may have a copy for the asking.

SCHAUL & ROOSA,
130 MAIN ST., HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

GREENWOOD.

Days are again summery.

Charles Kelly and Thos. Kelley, jr., of West Union were in Town Monday.

Potatoes went up to 54 cents in this market Saturday, but dropped back to 50 cents Monday.

Miss Lotta Knight of Akron, Mich., is visiting relatives in town.

E. B. Hall of Canisteo was in town Thursday.

Tracy & Co of the Marsh are building a house for the use of their foreman.

It is reported that Dorrity of the Marsh has sold his interest in that place to Thomas Kerwin.

J. P. Mahan, C. H. League, John Bloss and W. M. Richardson of Hornellsville were in Greenwood Friday.

W. L. Carter of Canisteo called in town Monday.

L. W. Crandall of Avoca was in our city Friday.

Geo. H. Alvord of Hornellsville called in Greenwood Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Wixon were in Greenwood Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Rugar, Burr Rugar and Miss Knight were in Hornellsville Saturday.

E. W. Plaisted went to Bath Monday to attend the meeting of the board of supervisors.

Potatoes advanced in price last week kicking the beam at 52 cents per bushel.

The iniquitous canal scheme was carried by a large majority at the recent election. New York city has shown its willingness to force this gigantic debt on the state that it may gratify its pride resulting in an increased commerce. One hundred and one millions of dollars is a vast sum to contemplate and its expenditure will tend to create a ring of thieves that will wax rich out of the job. When that sum is spent does any one believe that more will not be called for? The end will never be in sight. Not half the voters in Greenwood voted on the question. Why was it that the most important financial question they will ever be called on to decide was so emphatically ignored by our citizens? The vote so far as it went was all right, but too many dodged the question, but they will not be able to dodge the taxes that the measure will impose upon them.

Misses Kate Chapin and Sofa Lewis were guests of Mrs. Enoch Bess Friday until Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Elra Hall went to Hornellsville Saturday, returning Sunday evening.

Alonzo Knight and family of Hornellsville visited relatives in town the first of the week.

Miss Myrtle Ferris of Hornellsville is the guest of her grandparents.

Mrs. Jane Rugar was at Canisteo Saturday to see her daughter, Villa Rugar.

Davis Webster was in Whitesville Tuesday squirrel hunting, attended with his usual good luck.

The bell telephone central is to be removed from Shaw & Plaisted's to Mrs. Lena Goldsmith's.

Byron Rugar was at home Sunday from Wellsville.

Dr. C. F. Smith was in Canisteo Saturday on professional business.

Chas. Peckham of Canisteo was in town Sunday.

Misses Mary Woodward and Ellen Young went to Hornellsville Wednesday.

Will Tibbs was in Potter Brook Saturday.

Rev. J. H. Cheesman of Evergreen, Pa., is in town looking after his crops.

Floyd Stephens of Hornellsville visited his mother Tuesday.

Frank Barber was home from Cameron Tuesday.

Supreme court trial jurymen were discharged Monday to return Thursday.

Albert Trowbridge returned Monday.

Stepped Against a Hot Stove.

A child of Mrs. Geo. T. Benson, when getting his usual Saturday night bath, stepped back against a hot stove which burned him severely. The child was in great agony and his mother could do nothing to pacify him. Remembering that she had a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm in the house, she thought she would try it. In less than half an hour after applying it the child was quiet and asleep, and in less than two weeks was well. Mrs. Benson is a well known resident of Kellar, Va. Pain Balm is an antiseptic liniment and especially valuable for burns, cuts, bruises and sprains. For sale by O. E. Vars & Son, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

A Week of Special Bargains,

Beginning Saturday, Nov. 14th, and ending Saturday, Nov. 21st. During this week we will offer the greatest kinds of bargains in Cloaks, Suits, Furs, Waists, Underwear and many other seasonable articles. This will be an event which now, more than ever before, emphasizes the purchasing power of money here, and accentuates the fact that we sell goods cheaper than any other store in this locality.

WE CHALLENGE ANY STORE to match our prices, and will gladly refund your money on any purchase made here if our prices are not As Low or Lower than elsewhere. In the sale which starts here on Saturday you will have abundant proof of this statement.

FUR COAT SPECIAL.

During this sale we offer a genuine Electric Seal Coat with guaranteed Skinner Satin lining. A good honest value at twenty-five dollars. For $17.98

ERLICH BROS.,
Ready-Made Clothing for Women,
148 Main Street, Hornellsville.

Doesn't Respect Old Age.

It's shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They cut off maladies no matter how severe and irrespective of old age. Dyspepsia, jaundice, fever, constipation all yield to this perfect pill. 25c, at O. E. Vars & Son's Drug Store.

Winstead Wars on Foliage Gatherers.

Winsted, Conn.—Land owners hereabouts are waging war against the colony of foreigners who at this time every year invade the hillsides of Norfolk and other towns and gather ferns, laurel, and other plants by the wholesale for dealers in New York. Property is fast being posted against trespassers to prevent the wide-spread depredation of former years.

Brings Porte to Terms.

Washington.—Minister Leishmann at Constantinople has notified the State Department that the "Jerusalem Cemetery case" has been adjusted, the Porte authorizing the establishment of a Protestant cemetery in the vilayet of Tour, Jerusalem, and the transfer of the old Protestant cemetery at Zion.

Dark Hair

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for a great many years, and although I am past eighty years of age, yet I have not a gray hair in my head."
Geo. Yellott, Towson, Md.

We mean all that rich, dark color your hair used to have. If it's gray now, no matter; for Ayer's Hair Vigor always restores color to gray hair. Sometimes it makes the hair grow very heavy and long; and it stops falling of the hair, too.
$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

If your druggist cannot supply you, send us one dollar and we will express you a bottle. Be sure and give the name of your nearest express office. Address, J. C. AYER CO., Lowell, Mass.

Overcoat Distinction.

No matter what your choice may be in Overcoat styles you'll find that all Hart, Schaffner & Marx Overcoats have a distinction of appearance which is unusual even with the best custom tailoring. You will not fully understand how good these clothes are until you try them on; then you'll see that in fit, in style in tailoring they are pre-eminently superior. Just the same with H. S. & M. suits. Glad to have you see them any time.

HATS & FURNISHINGS.

Our Hat and Furnishing department gains new friends daily, and keeps on pleasing the old ones. Men who are particular about their out-fitting, who want the best qualities, but want them for the least possible money, will find this just the place to make dollars do splendid duty.

Try us on Haberdashery.

Clothes Bought From Us Pressed and Kept in Repair One Year Free of Charge.

STAR CLOTHING HOUSE, LEADING CLOTHIERS and FURNISHERS, 109-111 Main St. 6-8 Church St. HORNELLSVILLE, N. Y.

REXVILLE.

Mrs. Jones and daughter Margaret of Canisteo were callers at Mrs. Tom Fitz Patricks last week.

Miss Genevieve Hamilton and Mrs. Luke Maxwell were in Hornellsville Saturday.

Mrs. Jno. McCormick, who has been spending some time in Hornellsville, is at home again.

Jas. Coyle of St. Mary's, Pa., was the guest of Miss Frances Richey Sunday.

Madeline McDonald of the Teachers' Training Class of Hornellsville spent Saturday and Sunday at her home here.

Rev. Father Casey spent a couple of days of last week in Buffalo.

The annual Thanksgiving festival has been announced to take place on the evening of Nov. 25th at St. Mary's Hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. McKinley of Wellsville were in town Sunday.

After the Cider Drinkers.

Winsted, Conn.—The Village Improvement Society, of Norfolk, is to undertake a novel plan—that of exterminating drunkards from the town. The summer resort town, which is no license, has upward of twenty loafers who drink cider, Jamaica ginger, bay rum, perfumery, and alcohol when they cannot get whisky. They lie about the byws leading to the golf links and other places and insult women and commit depredations.

Frank G. Tefft Dead.

Great Barrington, Mass.—Frank G. Tefft, a member of the firm of Tefft, Weller & Co., and a well-known club man, died here of heart disease.

Mr. Tefft was fifty-five years old, and one of the best-known dry goods men in New York. When he was twenty-one years old he entered the employ of Tefft, Griswold & Company. In 1877 the firm was reorganized as Tefft, Weller & Company. Ten years ago he purchased his summer home at Great Barrington.

He retired from active business a year ago.

Fire Haunts a School.

South Norwalk.—For the third time in nine years the famous Sturges School, at Wilton, has been burned to the ground, the loss this time being $20,000.

Professor Charles Whitlock, proprietor of the place, attained publicity recently by a sensational suit brought by a pupil from Cuba named Leonte G. Franco, who alleged that Mr. Whitlock starved him and thereby injured his health to the extent of $2,000.

Toy Pistols Under Ban.

Chicago.—The City Council last night passed an ordinance prohibiting the sale of toy pistols in Chicago. The measure provides a penalty of $100 for any one who "shall sell, loan or furnish any toy gun or toy pistol or toy fowling piece, or other to firearm in which any explosive substance can be used."

Cured of Piles after 40 Years.

Mr. C. Henry, of Geneva, O., had the piles for 40 years. Doctors and dollars could do him no lasting good. DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve cured him permanently. Invaluable for cuts, burns, bruises, sprains, bites and eczema, tetter, saltrheum, and all other skin diseases. Look for the name DeWitt on the package—all others are cheap, worthless counterfeits. Sold by O. E. Vars & Son.

BENNETT'S CREEK.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Mullen spent Sunday with his sister, Mrs. Mike Welch.

Miss Lena Bassett was home from South Canisteo over Sunday.

G. Gleason, who is driving piles on the Bassett farm boards at F. L. Bassett's.

Floyd Bassett attended the Canisteo-Whitesville football game at Whitesville last Tuesday.

Every one is well pleased with the result of the license vote in the town of Canisteo.

Ethel and Eldon Conklin visited on Travis Creek several days last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Flohr were guests at John Mullen's Sunday.

A. D. Foster was in Oswayo the first of the week.

R. V. Woodbury of Hornellsville spent several days last week at the Woodbury farm in this place.

Hunters are numerous now-a-days. How successful they are we can not say.

Walter Van Skiver of Col. Bill's Creek was a Sunday visitor here.

A Runaway Bicycle.

Terminated with an ugly cut on the face of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It's just as good for bruises, scalds, skin eruptions and piles. 25c, at O. E. Vars & Son's Drug Store.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

NO PAY, NO PAPER AFTER JANUARY 1, 1904.

The "News" Adopts the Cash in Advance System, Believing it Better for both Publishers and Readers.

The ANDOVER NEWS is to-day the only paper in Allegany county printing eight six-column pages all at home, that does not charge more than $1.00 per year subscription. It is a close thing to issue such a sheet at that price and make both ends meet. The price of print paper has doubled within the past four years. The only way the NEWS can possibly maintain the present $1.00 rate is to carry no deadheads. Believing it unjust that a good subscriber be taxed to help pay for his deadbeat neighbor's paper, we have determined to adopt the "No pay, no paper" policy January 1st, 1904, and live rigidly up to it after that date. Kindly read the label on your paper and if you are not credited beyond Jan. 1st, 1904, you are hereby notified that your paper will then be discontinued unless you walk up to the Captain's office and settle before that date. After Jan. 1st, 1904, all subscription accounts then due us will be placed in an attorney's hands for collection.

THE PUBLISHERS.

JUST WHAT YOU NEED.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets.

When you feel dull after eating.
When you have no appetite.
When you have a bad taste in the mouth.
When your liver is torpid.
When your bowels are constipated.
When you have a headache.
When you feel bilious.

They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach, and regulate your liver and bowels. Price 25c—a box. For sale by O. E. Vars & Son, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

ONLY ONE DEATH AT ELMIRA.

Supt. Robertson of the Reformatory Discusses Diphtheria There.

Elmira.—Superintendent Robertson, of the State Reformatory, this evening said that in view of the exaggerated reports regarding diphtheria in the institution, he wished to make it known that only one death had occurred, and but twenty-five cases are now under care.

Everything is being done for those who are ill, and to prevent the spread of the disease antitoxin has been freely used. The quarantine is being rigidly enforced and relatives cannot see inmates.

Triple Tragedy at Saginaw.

Saginaw, Mich.—Dr. E. W. Light, a prominent dentist of this city, committed suicide Sunday night at his home, 813 South Jefferson avenue, after fatally shooting his wife and daughter, Ruby, a young girl of eighteen. The tragedy was not discovered until noon today, when a friend in Bay City, alarmed by a letter he received to-day from Dr. Light, came here and entered the Light home.

For sick headache try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets; they will ward off the attack if taken in time. For sale by O. E. Vars & Son, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

The Strenuous Life.

Every day the system needs a certain quantity of nutritious matter to supply the deficiencies of the day before. The building up process must begin at the breakfast table. "Ie" the new cereal, tastes good and furnishes that material. A breakfast of "Ie" is the entire body for the strenuous life of the day. "Ie" is made of best selected wheat. "Ie" has a taste to it. One dish makes you want another. You can eat "Ie" at any meal. At grocers everywhere.

Always the Best.

Another new assignment of the very latest type faces just laid in our job rooms. If you want printing of any kind, from a calling card to a book, just drop us a hint and we will do the rest in the most workman-like manner and at prices that baffle all competitors. tf

Not a Sick Day Since.

I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicines, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad. of your Electric Bitters and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved, and soon thereafter was entirely cured and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of rheumatism, neuralgia, liver and kidney troubles and general debility." This is what H. F. Bass, of Fremont, N. C. writes. Only 50c, at O. E. Vars & Son Druggist.

It is Your Business

to pay attention to your physical welfare. Your constipation begins when you get up in the morning. Your body begins its day's work at breakfast. A dish of "Ie" will give you the right foundation for the day's business. "Ie" has again nutriment to satisfy the taste and add strength to the body and the brain. Everybody makes you want another. You can eat "Ie" at any time. Grocers sell "Ie"

It Keeps the Feet Warm and Dry.

Ask to-day for Allen's Foot Ease, a powder. It cures Chilblains, Swollen, Sweating, Sore, Aching, Damp feet. At all druggists and shoe stores 25c.

ERIE RAILROAD

Tickets to all points East or West, Solid trains between NEW YORK and CHICAGO, Pullman Cars to New York, Boston Cleveland, Chicago, Cincinnati

WEST.

No. 5, daily, Solid Vestibule train Ocean Limited, leaves Jamestown, Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago. Meals in dining car. Stops at Wellsville at 10:45 a. m.

No. 3, daily, Solid Vestibuled train, leaves Wellsville at 8:38 a. m., for Olean, Jamestown, Chautauqua Lake, Youngstown, Pittsburg and Cleveland.

8:53 a. m. No. 7, daily, stopping at all principal stations to Salamanca. Pullman cars to Cincinnati and Chicago, connecting for Bradford. Meals in dining car.

12:21 p. m. No. 35, daily accommodation for Dunkirk, connecting at Carrollton for Bradford.

6:06 p. m. No. 101, daily accomodation for Salamanca.

EAST.

9:31 a. m. No 106, daily, Accommodation for Hornellsville. Pullman Parlor and Cafe cars from Hornellsville east. Arrives at New York 6:52 p. m.

No. 4, daily, solid Vestibule train, for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, New York and Boston, connections for Philadelphia and Washington, also connecting for points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions. Stops at Wellsville at 5:38 a. m.

1:46 p. m. No. 14, daily, for Hornellsville, Addison, Corning, Elmira, Waverly, Owego, Binghamton and New York.

4:21 p. m. No. 16, daily, accommodation for Hornellsville, connecting at points on Buffalo and Rochester Divisions.

7:30 p. m. No. 8, daily for Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, Boston and New York, through Pullman sleepers.

No. 6, daily, New York special stopping at Hornellsville, Corning, Elmira, Binghamton, arrive at New York at noon. Pullman Vestibule sleepers. Stops at Wellsville 10:01 p. m.

Further information may be obtained from Erie agents or from

H. F. KAMER, Gen. Agt. D., 309 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.
D. W. COOKE, Gen. Pass'r Agt., New York City.

N. Y. & P. R. R. CO.

Taking Effect Nov. 19, 1900.

WEST.

No. 3. Way freight and accommodation leaves Shingle House 6:45 a. m., arriving at Ceres at 7:00 a. m.

No. 8. Way Freight and Accommodation Leave Oswayo at 11.19 a. m., arriving at Shingle House at 12.25.

No. 6. Way Freight and Accommodation. Leave Canisteo at 6.30 a. m., arriving at Greenwood at 7.15, Rexville 8.15, Whitesville 9.02, Genesee 9.35, Oswayo 10.50.

No. 4. Mail. Leave Erie Junction at 5.30 p. m., arriving at Canisteo at 5.45, Greenwood 6.10, Rexville 6.22, Whitesville 6.45, Genesee 7.03, Fillsburg 7.17, Oswayo 7.41, Millport 7.58, and at Shingle House 8.15.

No. 2, Mail. Leave Erie Junction at 9.01 a. m., arriving at Canisteo 9.19, Greenwood 9.44, Rexville 9.55, Whitesville 10.16, Genesee 10.32, Fillsburg 10.47, Oswayo 11.12, Millport 11.27, Shingle House at 1.40 P. S. & N. Junction 11.02, Ceres 11.50.

No. 10. Accommodation. Leaves Shingle House 6.10 p. m., arriving at Ceres at 6.35.

EAST.

No. 1, Mail. Leaves Shingle House at 6.30 a. m. arriving at Millport at 6.44, Oswayo 7.00, Fillsburg 7.25, Genesee 7.41, Whitesville 7.58, Rexville 8.18, Greenwood 8.29, Canisteo 8.55, Erie Junction 9.00.

No. 5, Mail. Leave Ceres 12.55 p. m. arriving at P. S. & N. Junction at 12.57, Shingle House 1.10 Millport at 1.24, Oswayo 1.36, Fillsburg 1.51, Genesee 2.15, Whitesville 2.38, Rexville 2.51, Greenwood 3.18, Canisteo 3.40, Erie Junction at 3.45.

No. 7. Way Freight and Accommodation. Leave Canisteo at 7.15 a. m. arriving at Oswayo at 8.50 a. m.

No. 11. Accommodation. Leaves Ceres 5.45 p. m. arriving at Shingle House 5.60 p. m.

G. R. BROWN, General Manager.

The Pittsburg Shawmut & Northern R. R

Central N. Y. & Western Division,

TIME TABLE.

Takes effect March 14, 1903.

NORTH

Angelica Express, leaves Hornellsville at 5.40 p. m., arriving at Canaseraga at 6.35, Angelica, at 8.10.

New York Express via Wayland, leaves Hornellsville at 6.00 p. m., arriving at Wayland at 7.15 p. m.

Buffalo and Wayland Accommodation, leaves Hornellsville at 1.00 p. m., arriving at Wayland at 2.30.

New York and Buffalo Express via Wayland, leaves Hornellsville at 9.35 a. m., arriving at Wayland at 10.30.

SOUTH

New York Express, leaves Wayland at 7.00 a. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 7.55.

New York and Buffalo Express, leaves Wayland at 11.00 a. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 11.55 a. m.

Buffalo and Wayland Accommodation, leaves Wayland at 3.30 p. m., arriving at Hornellsville at 4.50.

Express, leaves Angelica at 7.00 a. m., arriving at Canaseraga at 8.50, Hornellsville at 9.25.

D. F. MASOLEY, Vice Pres.,
C. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agent

JUDGMENTS FOR SALE.

TAKE NOTICE that the undersigned will receive bids for the following Judgments heretofore obtained and tertained against the following named persons, which Judgments are for the sums set opposite the names of the respective persons.

MANUFACTURERS & TRADERS COMMERCIAL AGENCY,
BALDWIN BLOCK, WELLSVILLE, N. Y.

John Higgins, Wellsville,	$6	70	Chas L. Arnold, Hornellsville,	$7	54
W. A Galpin, "	5	37	C. Judson DeGroat, "	8	15
John Higgins, "	2	20	Lizzie Brown "	12	77
Mike O'Brien, "	5	70	Eliza McAllister, Warsaw,	20	54
Judd Tidd, "	5	95	Jacob Smith, Wyoming,	10	54
W. H. Travis, Arkport,	39	02	Lorain W. Caryl, Pike,	13	93
Leonard C. King, Elmira,	9	65	Headley McVeigh, Dale.	16	95
William Lee, Hornellsville,	9	72	Michael Furnace, Bath,	118	66
C. A. Silver, "	10	74	Loretta A. Ordway,"	34	51
Wm. Tenney, "	30	08	John Rumsey, "	17	01
C. G. Tharp, "	49	00	C. W. Hogancamp, Binghamton	70	77
N. B. Palmer, "	48	78	Chas. Fisher, Lyons,	801	58
Mary Brong, "	64	91	Chas. Gregorius, Corning,	118	17
Fred Webb, "	5	59	C. Beebe, Olean,	82	23
Horace Galpin, "	13	88			

DR. FENNER'S KIDNEY and Backache CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs. Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"A gravel lodged in my bladder. After using a few bottles of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure, I passed a gravel half as large as a marble. The medicine prevented further formations. I was cured.
W. T. OAKES, Oryx, Va."

Druggists, 50c., $1. Ask for Cook Book—Free.

ST. VITUS'S DANCE. Sure Cure. Circular, Dr. Fenner, Fredonia, N. Y.

A DOCTOR FOR A QUARTER.

One Package of PARK'S TEA will prevent more diseases than any doctor can cure for One Hundred Dollars. PARK'S TEA cures Constipation, which is the forerunner of all diseases. There is no medicine like it. It is pleasant to take. Large Packages at all dealers at 25 cents. Write for free trial package. FRANK O. RUDOLPH, LE ROY, N. Y., U. S. A.

Flowers For all Occasions.

FUNERAL DESIGNS

A SPECIALTY.

WETTLIN, The Florist, Hornellsville, N. Y.

BOTH PHONES.

F. M. LEE,
ANDOVER, N. Y.
GENERAL AUCTIONEER,
PRICES RIGHT.
If in need of such service call, phone or write.

Health, Rest, Recreation are assured under the most favorable conditions at Cambridge Springs, Pa. midway between Chicago and New York on the ERIE RAILROAD.

You ought to know all about it. Erie booklet, "The Bethesda of the Middle West" on application to the Ticket Agent or

D. W. Cook, General Passenger Agent

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. Is unequalled for the stomach. Children with weak stomachs thrive on it. First dose relieves. A diet unnecessary.

Cures all stomach troubles

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The $1. bottle contains 2½ times the 50c. size.

For Sale by O. E. Vars & Son

Knowledge. In Our Examinations.
Merit. In Our Methods.
Quality. In Our Glasses.
The Reasons For Our Success.
W. H. RICHMOND Optician
Swink's Hotel, Dec. 1

We promptly obtain U. S. and foreign PATENTS
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure Patents and TRADE-MARKS write
C. A. SNOW & CO.
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children,

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. They never fail. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair.
Promotes a luxuriant growth.
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color.
Cures scalp diseases & hair falling.
50c. and $1.00 at Druggists.

A Hacking Cough

Irritates the throat and racks the lungs. A remedy that will instantly relieve and gradually cure Coughs, Colds, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Throat and Lung troubles generally is invaluable. Gray's Balsam is absolutely guaranteed to cure these diseases. Used for years in Bellevue Hospital, New York, it is thoroughly reliable, will not dry up a cough, and is a safe children's medicine. Price 25cts.
Stanley R. Pierson, LeRoy, N. Y.

LOVE ME, LOVE ME NOT.

SHOWING HOW THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE DID NOT RUN SMOOTH.

The north wind blew through the valley and over the frozen lake, whirling the ice flakes, cut by sharp bladed skates, against the bright faces that glowed in the warfare against the cold.

Among the crowd two solitary skaters circled the lake in opposite directions, passing each other twice without a sign of recognition, and apparently absorbed in themselves. As they met a third time, the girl made a voluntarily awkward turn, swayed forward, and might have fallen, had not a hand suddenly grasped her arm. Her rescuer was the man whom she had seen coming, but she did not speak to him, merely bowing her acknowledgments without looking up while she busied herself with the skate strap.

"Did you hurt yourself, Lorraine?" the man asked, standing by.

"Not at all, thank you."

"Here, let me fix that strap, "he said, dropping his stick and kneeling beside her. The girl sitteadied herself by his shoulder. When he rose, she stamped her feet, looking down at them tentatively.

"You're cold. Come and take a turn with me," he said.

"I'm warm enough, thank you."

He laughed, drew her arm over his shoulder, and then, holding her hand against his breast, started slowly as if he expected her to resist. But she skated on with him in silence, the hum of the laughter and gay talk surrounding them making their own restraint more marked. All at once the man slid in front of his companion and looked down into her face with a smile.

"Isn't the child ashamed and ready to make up?" he asked.

"Please don't, Don."

"Anything when you say 'please,'" he answered, as if glad to have a quarrel ended.

The girl looked up with a quick, coaxing laugh. "And you will go down to the mill pond, won't you, Don?"

"Certainly, if you say so," the man returned, his face growing indifferent again; "but you know what I think."

"Ah, but I know more than you think," the girl said. She skated away in curves, her small, radiant face flashing at him alternately over each shoulder. Donald smiled as one would at a child's artifice, and followed with slow, regular strokes.

The impassive child crept through the girl, and her glow of triumph faded to a childish petulance. She had wanted to go to the mill pond so they might be alone. Donald seemed to think of such things! Just look at him now, poking along behind and hardly knowing if she were alive or drowned in the stream! Tears rose to her eyes and she bit her lips.

"He doesn't seem to care a bit for me as he used to!" she thought, and she wished she had not come.

For once, the mill pond was icebound from shore to shore with a transparent substance like glass. One could look through this lucent sheet and see the dark water with its strange shifting lights and its bubbles that rose to one's feet like the eyes of imprisoned water nymphs winking upward from their gloomy vaults. The ice gave out sharp, ringing reports as the girl ventured upon it. Donald came up a moment later and looked at it gravely.

"I don't think this is safe," he said.

The girl shrugged her shoulders. Donald had started out with a theory that the mill pond was unsafe, and he was capable of arguing all day in support of it. It was enough to make one angry.

"I know it isn't usually safe," she answered, "but in this weather everything is different."

"I don't like that current," Donald insisted.

"But what difference does the current make so long as it stays underneath?"

There was a subtle difference in the movements of the two. Lorraine darted away in swift, swallow-like curves, swaying as the bird sways in the wind. Whenever she came near Donald she held out her hands to him gaily and then whirled round him like a thought. He laughed and pursued her with huge leaps and rushes, throwing out his arms in pretended efforts to catch her, and then ignoring her while he stopped to cut figures, no matter how near she came. All his motions were solid and accurate rather than impulsive, having a sort of precision as if each step were planned.

The girl soon wearied, and coming up to him, paused. He finished a figure, and, inclosing her in one loop, caught her hand without stopping, but she pulled it away and went over to the bank and began to unfasten her skates. Donald tightened his lips as he followed her.

"What is the matter, Lorraine?" he asked. "You've been as cranky as a kitten all the afternoon. I thought you wanted to skate. No, you shall not take them off until you tell me what is wrong."

He took both of her hands in one of his, but she looked down and away from him.

"Nothing—I don't know—you act as if—but I'll not tell you. Let me go, Don," she said.

He laughed gently and lifted her obstinate, pouting little face until he could meet the lowered eyes. A tremulous smile answered him.

"Lorraine," he pleaded, "why do you waste our holiday? He a good child. There are only a few hours left, for I've got to go to-night."

"Oh, Don, not to-night!" she said swiftly. "Why, I am going to town in the morning and we can go together."

"It can't be helped. I have to go. And, besides, you are driving me away!"

"Driving you away?" she cried. Then her face changed and she said nothing for several moments. At last she met his eyes timidly. "Don, you're not mad, are you?" she asked.

"No," he answered teasingly; "I'm perfectly gone."

She slipped away from him with an impatient shrug, but her lips were quivering as she began chipping a hole in the ice with her skate. The sharp little blows came back to them in a queer muffled echo from the woods.

"What are you doing now?" he demanded. "You'll catch your foot in that hole and fall when you're not thinking of it."

"Nonsense," she laughed; "you're too fussy for anything, Don. I only want a drink, and I can't fall through a hole three inches round."

"I'm going over to the fire will to have a smoke," he said. "Come along."

"We'll take our drinks of cold," Lorraine demurred, but as he started across the pond she followed him with many curves and little runs and stood watching him while he filled his pipe.

He looked down at her through the smoke and reached his hands out to draw her up beside him. She put hers behind her back and chipped softly against the ice with one foot, seeming more than ever like a child.

"But I want to talk to you," he urged.

His tone was more argumentative than pleading, and she shook her head.

Lorraine watched Donald silently. There were tears in her eyes, but they were unseen, for her face was dark in its own shadow. Once or twice she opened her lips to speak, but every thing seemed hopelessly futile against the cool indifference with which he puffed away at the pipe. She looked back at all her spoken and unspoken protests against his mood, and certainly blamed up in her that whatever else she said or did he would laugh or argue down. She leaned forward a little, casting an angry question at him which he did not see, and then flung herself away blindly across the ice, the lines cut by her skates shining white.

Donald sat suddenly upright, and then settled back, gazing after her in amusement.

"The child," he said to himself, "I wonder why I'm so fond of her—or am I so fond of her? I wish I didn't know how soon she'd forgive me after dinner."

Lorraine was out of sight and he started slowly across the ice, feeling irritated by the knowledge that he had hurt her. He could see now what the trouble was with him. He did not like to feel all the time that he belonged to some one, and she was never content when she was not claiming him. They had made a mistake. He filled his pipe afresh, calling once or twice between puffs, but scarcely exerting himself until it was well lighted. Lorraine did not answer.

"Lorraine," he called again, impatiently, "it's time to go!"

"o—o—o—"

A faint echo from the hollows along the shore answered him, and as he listened in the hush that followed he could hear the water—its murmur seemed to have risen to a smothered roar! He could see nothing, for the deepening twilight hid the west bank, even though he looked beneath the shadow of his hand. He skated slowly along the margin of the pond, at first expecting to meet the forlorn little figure, and then watching for it beyond every turn—even watching the trees and bushes on the bank where, as he angrily told himself, it would be her delight to hide and laugh as she saw him hunting for her! But he need not have feared, for no small face peered out at him, nor when he wheeled at a fancied sound was she there to mock him. He stood still, half puzzled as to what he ought to do. The walk home was a long one for her to take alone after sunset, even though she were angry.

He was provoked at being kept there, and started almost fiercely on a last search for the girl. As he hurried along the shore he tumbled and went down on his knees. His skate had struck something soft, and he touched it fearfully with his hand. It was dark and limp. All at once he saw that it was Lorraine's cap. He lifted it, and as his eyes searched further through the twilight he drew back with a cry. Before him swirled a black horror of lapping water where the ice was gone. He remained there on his hands and knees leaning out over the hole, fixed with dread, his frozen blood crawling feebly in his veins.

"Lorraine! Lorraine! Lorraine!" he called in a voice so shrill with anguish that it might have startled those far down the river, but it brought no answer save the echoes mocking him from shore to shore. He looked at the water. She could not be there. She would have cried out to him before she sank! But the current was swift enough to have swept her beneath the ice before she rose.

"Lorraine!" he tried to call again. "Lorraine!" But his voice broke in a sob. Then he rose and stood quite still, clenching his hands. "She must be hiding from me," he said slowly. "Perhaps she's gone on home." He took off his skates, glancing around him all the while with a nervous eagerness, and stumbled up the bank to the road; but turned and came running, "Lorraine, are you there?"

"Yes, I'm here!" answered the girl faintly. The silence listened to him. The stars leaned out of the sky to watch him. The snow that skirted his path in this narrow valley seemed to know his doubt and wait for his decision. He turned and ran out to the road. If she were safe at home he must know it, and if she were not there—then he was guilty of her death. He had wished to be free from her such a little while ago; and already he was thinking of the long years that must pass without her. He clutched the small cap tighter in his hand. It could not be all that was left to him. She must be alive—perhaps even now she was struggling to get out of that awful black water, was calling to him! He turned back running. But she could not be alive if she had fallen in before he found her cap. He must go home and get help to find her. How should he tell them—her mother, the boys? What would they say to him? He stopped in the road with his head sunk on his breast. She had been angry, and he wondered if she had forgiven him. If there could only be made a chance now for him to ask her to, and to tell her how dear she was to him—he cried out to God to give him back this much of the joy which he had lost and take the rest. Her little cap was so warm in his hand that he put it against his face as if it under stood him, and went on trying to steadily himself to meet those who were waiting for him in the house.

Lights were shining from the windows. A child's laugh thrilled him like a knife. Then some one began to play the piano, and he wondered how any one could play. He had to feel his way up to the steps and through the door.

Her brother was in the hall. "Hello, Donald, you're late!" he cried.

Donald put on his hand. "Joe," he said, "dear, old fellow!" and then he stopped.

Joe caught him by the arm and looked into his face. "Steady, old boy," he said gently; "what's gone wrong?"

The music stopped, a door opened and—Lorraine stood there in a flood of light! His face startled her. "Oh, Don," she cried, running to him as he shrank against the wall, "you did come. I wanted to see—I am so sorry—Don!"

But he had fallen on his knees before her, holding her close in his arms, and hiding his face in her dress. The little cap was lying almost at her brother's feet. Joe stooped and picked it up and looked in bewilderment from it to them.

An Editor's Ambition Gratified.

"One afternoon at Salt Lake I went into the Oregon Short Line office to buy a berth in the Pullman car leaving that night for Nampa," says "Ed Howe, in giving for the Atchison Globe an account of his trav