

Product, its

stood.

larned to

oolkial was

ooler in hot

equal. As a tonic it

anything alcoholic. As

is without a rival. As

dill pickle. A lump

and drink to the brim. Quaff

a drink would not

of any prospective

for President.

ere is sweet buttermilk and sour

termilk. Let the former severely

one. Give it a few days in the ice

box, and it will ferment. Then drink

it. In the old days in the country, no

housewife ever thought of churning un-

termilk was sour, and the residue—

butter was skimmed off—was

for the gods. Buttermilk from

creamery is a fraud. Only

dealers serve good

Never touch it unless it is

white. Yellow buttermilk is

know that buttermilk was a

product in the North up to about

fact, I have a vivid recollection

specimen of Yank touring the

at that time. At dinner in a

inn he asked the waitress,

"Have you any milk?" "We have

buttermilk," she replied.

"Oh, take that

away," he cried; "we only feed

the hogs in my part of the coun-

try." At last the therapeutic value of

termilk is beginning to be under-

stood. If our hospitals would use more

termilk and less sweet milk their

patients would be less permanent.

A buttermilk diet will invariably cure

to go. It contains more casein than

whole milk, cream, skim milk, or but-

termilk. The fact that casein does not

from uric acid adapts it for the use of

gouty. As gout and rheumatism

of first cousins, buttermilk is good

remedy for the rheumatic. There are

who feel obliged to take an occa-

sional drink of whiskey. Some of the

ones take a small glassful of

termilk as a chaser, which shows

much wisdom.

The most eminent scientist in Europe

years trying to understand the

perits of buttermilk. He has discov-

ered a few of them. A great majority

of men prefer sweet milk. In the good

old summer time they should never

take a drop of it in a public house with-

out the addition of a little lime water.

ere are 6,000,000 microbes in every

cubic inch of sweet milk left at your

table in the morning by the delivery

man. A few of these fellows may be

al; most of them are not only harm-

less, but necessary to help you digest

the milk. Be not fearful of microbes.

It has been stated and stated again

that milk is the only perfect food. It

is supposed to be meat, bread and

drink. It is also stated that the mo-

ment a glassful of sweet milk reaches

your stomach, it is curdled, which

means, of course, that digestion has

been begun. Why, then, this curdling

process to occur in the stomach? Sour

termilk is curdled before it enters

the alimentary canal, which relieves

the stomach of one duty. The bacteria

are enabled to set to work immediately

to relieve your vitals of sundry dis-

temper.

"NOT AT HOME" IN SWEDEN.

The Curious Custom of Hanging the Key

Outside the Door.

When the Swedes go calling they

lock up and then hang the key on the

bell or door knob or in some other con-

spicuous place. When they go visiting

for a few weeks bolts and bars are slid

into place and then out goes the key.

the house is shut up for an entire

season or a full year the gaily swing-

ing door key says "Not at home" to

passers by.

There is no kicking your heels on the

door mat in Sweden while the bell or

knocker awakes the echoes in an empty

house. Agents, peddlars, friends and

relatives all know this message of the

door, and, seeing it, pass by.

As can be readily imagined, writes a

correspondent of the Los Angeles Times,

this strange custom has been put to

good use in many instances when visi-

tors were not wanted. Instead of tell-

ing the maid to inform visitors that

Mrs. Jones is not at home, the mistress

says to Jennie: "Hang out the door

key at 3 o'clock this afternoon and

bring it in at 9 o'clock; I don't wish to

see anyone for a few hours."

About the first of the month in cer-

tain districts door keys swing to the

breezes in great numbers, and collec-

tors, knowing the custom and also its

misuses, scratch their heads in perplex-

ity at this not-at-home signal.

Many amusing stories are told of

creditors sitting down to await the

return of their man while the debtor

sat on the other side of the locked door

and chuckled. There have been in-

stances when a collector has taken the

key, unlocked the door and entered the

house to be met by the owner, who

calmly laughed over his ruse. Again,

a creditor has entered the house in

which he supposed the owner to be

hiding, only to find it vacant and to be

caught by the irate master, arrested

and made to pay a fine, while the debtor

got an extension of time on his bill.

These illegitimate uses of this very

old custom of not only leaving the

latchstring out, but also putting the

it was the usual thing for "holy men" or priests to travel through Swedish villages stopping to leave their blessings on the households of the neighborhood. These visits were looked forward to with eagerness by the pious Swedes, and it was considered an act of grossest discourtesy to bar the door, for whatever reason, against a holy man. Consequently, if a family left home the key was always put out against the arrival of the priest. Meat and drink were at a vacant house he entered, refreshed himself, left his blessing in the form of a candle, a pottle of holy water or a bit of consecrated green, and passed on.

Thus the custom originated, and although these quaint villages have become towns, and traveling priests have passed away and the influx of other nations has modernized Sweden and brought the evil of theft with it, the door keys still hang out as evidence of trust and open-door hospitality.

A thief seldom dukes out one of the keys and enters, for there is uncertainty about the absence of the residents spoken of to hold him back, and the knowledge that an exposed door key merely meant that the owner has stepped across the store and will return any minute makes tampering with property risky.—Ex.

Nothing helps you more than a good night's rest. You can get this every night that you sleep on one of our Victorian Spring and Dexter mattresses. Get them. You won't regret it.  
S. M. & E. H. Wilkes & Co.

Vermont's Two Seasons.  
One winter when Thaddeus Stevens had come back to his Vermont home he was the victim of a severe cold and could not leave the house for many weeks. One of his callers was Lewis Clark, a man of short stature, who in earlier days had been a playmate of the "Old Commoner" and was a near neighbor of the Stevens family in their Peacham home. Vermonters had just begun to wear buffalo coats, and Mr. Clark arrived at the Stevens home almost lost in a coat which reached to his knees. His upturned collar completely covered his ears and face, while a fur cap completed the disguise.

"Is that you, Lewis?" asked Mr. Stevens in an incredulous tone.  
"Yes, Thad," he replied.  
"Well, skin yourself and sit down," exclaimed the other.

During the interesting conversation which followed Mr. Clark asked Stevens if he wouldn't come back to his Vermont home and live.  
"No," replied Stevens. "You have but two seasons here—winter and late in the fall."—Harpur's Weekly.

The Crocodile's Strong Jaw.  
Sir Samuel Baker in his "Wild Beasts" says that the power of the jaws of the crocodile is terrific. Once he had the metal of a large hook, the thickness of ordinary telegraph wire, completely bent together, the barbed point being pressed tightly against the shank and rendered useless. This compression was caused by the snap of the jaws when seizing a live duck which he had used as a bait, the hook being fastened beneath one wing. On one occasion he found a fish weighing seventy pounds bitten clean through as if divided by a knife. This, again, was the work of a snap from the jaws of a crocodile. M. Paul Bert once made experiments on the strength of a crocodile's jaws by means of a dynamometer. He found that a crocodile weighing 120 pounds, exerted a force of 509 pounds in closing his jaw. The lion has an enormous jaw power. On one occasion an African traveler pushed the butt end of his gun into a lion's mouth, and the pressure of the jaws cracked it as though it had been struck by a steam hammer.

Hog and Botted Turkey.  
"The hog," said a Baltimore judge, "is the greatest animal in the world. Every part of him has a different flavor, and each flavor is better than that of any other animal in the world."  
"Better than a terrapin?"  
"I don't call a terrapin an animal. The terrapin is a creature. But, to return to the hog, all of him is good. From his feet to his front feet. China has a great dish, but it doesn't compare with Jowl and turnip tops in the spring can be beaten by only one thing, and that is a bottled hen turkey. Nobody but a Yankee or a heathen would roast a hen turkey in the spring. Hen turkeys are fat before they lay, and the flavor is delicious. Properly cooked and served, such a dish is fit for kings, and nations have gone to war for less cause."—Baltimore News.

An Anatomical Puzzle.  
Behind the bridge of your nose is a little cavity in the skull, the origin of which appears to be unknown. It probably was a gland, consisting of two lobes, joined together, and is named the Sella turcica. Physiologists believe at this is the remains of a sixth sense, which was of great value to our antediluvian ancestors, but whether it enabled them to see in the dark in days before they possessed fire or helped them to find their way through trackless forests as wild beasts can today or what other purpose it may have served we do not know and probably never shall know.

The Wrong Feast.  
There is little except the method of inflation that distinguishes the balloon of the twentieth century from the machine used by M. Pilatre de Rozier, the first man to trust himself in a balloon, in October, 1783. One of his great triumphs was to hover over Paris at a height of 800 feet for a space of nine minutes. M. Pilatre achieved all his efforts by means of hot air produced by a fire which he carried in the balloon itself and was almost as daring as an Italian philosopher who took flight on a pair of wings of his own construction from the summit of the castle at Strirling in 1785. That courageous experimenter when picked up from the ground with a broken leg accounted for the collapse of his wings by exclaiming to the sympathetic courtiers that he had made a mistake in taking some of his feathers from the creature of the barnyard whose inclination was toward the earth. Had he selected them from creatures with a heavenward tendency, like the eagle, the experiment would have been successful. He was believed and suitably rewarded.

A Street Sweeper's Gratification.  
A city merchant used to give an old crossing sweeper a shilling every Saturday. One day he discovered he had given half a sovereign by mistake, so he hurried back to the crossing. The sweeper said in reply to a question, "Will you come, sir, after 4 o'clock to this address, and I will see if you are

right about the coin?" The merchant did so and found a small office and two clerks busy at work. Presently the sweeper appeared, but, oh, so sited! He was dressed neatly and looked like a business man. "Oh, yes," he said to the astonished merchant, "you were correct. Our receipts today were about 10 shillings more than usual, so here is your half sovereign." As the merchant left the office, vowing he would never give to the rogue again, the sweeper called after him, "You've forgotten your usual sixpence, sir!"—Dundee Advertiser.

Storm Words.  
"Typhoon" is by no means the only word for a storm that has come to the English language through Portuguese and Spanish. Others are "tornado" and "hurricane," which Shakespeare could still write "hurricane." Old time Englishmen, at any rate, spelled the last word in at least as many ways as Shakespeare and other people spelled his name, and some of the spellings indicate frantic attempts to make the word suggest a derivation intelligible to the English mind. Of such are "hurricane," "hurricane," "Ierocene" and "Hurry-Cain." Even "hurricane" was finally adopted no doubt as suggesting "hurry." The original was the Carib "huracan" or "furecan," the navigators of Portugal and Spain having been instrumental only in bringing it to England from the west, as they brought "typhoon" from the east.

The Hippopotamus.  
At times the hippopotamus exudes what has been described as a "bloody sweat." Microscopically examined, the excretion is found to consist of a great number of minute colorless bodies, resembling the colorless corpuscles of the blood, and a smaller number of pink colored bodies, made up of some crystalline substance forming clusters of rodlike and triadial form. These, becoming dissolved, give the surrounding fluid medium a deeper pink color than that observable before dissolution took place. Both the colored and colorless matter appear to be exuded by special pores in the skin which display activity only immediately after the creature has left the water.

Ants as Germ Carriers.  
A German bacteriologist was conducting an experiment in the course of which he made use of typhoid infected mice. In another cage he had some mice which were in good health. Shortly after the uninfected mice also developed typhoid. Investigation showed that ants were passing from one cage to the other. Some of these ants were examined, and their bodies were found to be covered with the typhoid germs, which they were carrying from the sick to the well mice.

The Wolves' Muzzles.  
He was telling a thrilling story of one of his hatbreadth escapades abroad, and the young girl leaned forward and hung upon his words breathlessly.  
"And they were so near," he said, "that we could see the muzzles of the wolves."  
"Oh," she gasped, "how glad you must have been that they had their muzzles on!"

THE MEXICAN INDIAN.  
He is Simple Minded, Patient and Eminently Peaceful.  
To one who has lived long enough in Mexico to become acquainted with the working classes and acquires some insight into their nature and some degree of confidence in and from them it seems unfair when writing or talking of them to Americans to refer to them as Indians, as they are so commonly called here. To the average citizen of the United States the word Indian at once brings to mind the picture of the sullen and revengeful red man of the north.

The simple minded, patient, docile Indian of Mexico is not in this class at all. He is eminently peaceful, bountiful nature and perpetual summer combine to palliate his improvidence. He cannot see the necessity of laying up anything for a rainy day. It rains half the days in Mexico anyhow, but that only makes the mangoes grow larger and cheaper. If he has no tortillas to-day some of his neighbors have, and they will gladly share, for conditions may be reversed tomorrow.

These Mexican Indians make the best and the poorest servants in the world. Their greatest charm from their standpoint is their perfect appreciation of their position. Always polite, never presuming, with hat in hand, it is always "your servant" and "with your permission." In the household they ask a half holiday once a fortnight, with never a word of complaint when working hours last from daylight to midnight.

So different are these people from the northern Indian that it seems an injustice, as has been said, to call them by that name to those who know only the Indian of the cold country. The Mexican Indian does not want to fight. All he asks is to be let alone. His politeness and affectionate nature are inborn. His love for children is particularly marked.

It is a common sight to see an laborer in the street with but two pieces of white cotton clothing to his back or his name stop a woman with a baby in her arms, and holding the child's face between both his hands, deliver a resounding smack and chuck it under the chin. And in the same unconscious and entirely unaffected manner will a young man take his sombrero from his head and reverently kiss the hand of some ancient relative in a tattered dress when he encounters her in the crowded thoroughfare.—Modern Mexico.

Appearances.  
One had long hair and a high collar, and the other had hair cropped close to his head. Their silk hats were a little rusty, yet there was an air of gentility about the two men. I saw them this morning in the window of a chop-house. They walked to the side door of a pawnshop across the way after they had first taken a furtive look about to see if anybody observed them. They would not have been seen entering a pawnshop for worlds. They came out a minute later. The one with the long hair had one less watch chain than he had when he went in. They stopped within two feet of the door from which they had come. The long haired man divided some bills with his companion. He looked at a little slip of paper in his hand, and any one might see that the slip was a pawn ticket. There they stood for ten minutes by the side door of that pawnshop, with the light of Sixth avenue and Broadway, that all who would might see that they had been to visit an avuncular relative. Yet they would not have thought of boldly entering that pawnshop by the front door.—New York Telegram.

The Advertiser \$1.00 per year.

Disappointed Bridegroom sued.

John B. Kori, a disappointed bridegroom, has instituted suit against Jacob Nadar Hazouri, to recover damages in the sum of \$300.

The suit, which has begun in the county court, is an action in assumpsit, the plaintiff seeking to recover the deposit made as evidence of the sincerity of his intentions, the money value of the gifts he lavished upon his prospective bride, and the expenses incidental to the trip taken to New York for the purpose of marrying.

The defendant, Jacob Nadar Hazouri, is the father of the young Syrian woman that Kori thought was to be his bride. He it was, according to the plaintiff, who put an end to the romance, and who, after promising Kori his daughter's hand in marriage, refused to carry out his part of the agreement, and still refuses to sanction the marriage.

FOLLOWING SYRIAN CUSTOM.  
Both Kori, the plaintiff, and Hazouri, the defendant, are Syrians, and when Cupid wounded the heart of Kori, he, following the custom that prevails in his native land, went to the father of the object of his devotions and asked for her hand in marriage.

In Syria, according to the allegations, all nuptial matters are arranged between the prospective bridegroom and his prospective father-in-law direct, the bride-to-be has no part in the preliminaries. Another Syrian custom requires the groom to deposit with the father of his bride-to-be a sum of money, a sort of alimony in advance, as a guarantee of his good intentions.

If he keeps to his agreement and marries her for whose hand he has asked, the money is returned to him who deposited it, at his option. If the parent declines to allow the ceremony to take place this advance deposit must be returned at once.

KORI MADE DEPOSIT.  
Kori, in his bill of complaint, alleges that on April 5, 1906, Hazouri promised him the hand of his daughter, the wedding to take place a few months thereafter, and in accordance with the custom outlined above, paid \$100 in cash as a guarantee of good faith.

THE ROMANCE ENDS.  
On or about September 25, 1906 says Kori, he journeyed from Jacksonville to Troy, N. Y., to celebrate his nuptials. Troy was then, he avers, the temporary home of Hazouri, and he maintains that he took the trip at the express request of Hazouri, and with the understanding that the wedding would take place immediately after his (Kori's) arrival in New York city.

At the appointed time he appeared ready, willing and anxious to keep his part of the marriage agreement. But Hazouri, according to Kori, had experienced a change of heart, and would not, under any conditions, consent to the marriage.

And this was not all, for, as the bill alleges, Hazouri clung to the \$100 deposited, declining absolutely to return it, refused to reimburse Kori for expenses of the trip to Troy, or to pay him for any of the articles that he had given him during the engagement period.

BILL OF PARTICULARS.  
Now Kori, all other meanings falling, brings his suit to recover what he lost through the shattering of the romance. He wants first the \$100 which he deposited as a guarantee of good faith. Then he wants another \$100 as reimbursement for his trip to Troy, which he avers cost him that amount.

For gifts given the family, and he mentions ladies' wearing apparel, cologne, soap, paint, valise, meat, dishes, medicine, groceries, bedding and other things as among the gifts, he asks \$169, the cost thereof.

The outcome of the suit will be watched with interest, owing to the unique grounds on which it is brought. Kori, whose address is given as No. 207 Bride street, is represented in the proceedings by Attorneys Stewart & Tabb.—Pla. Union Times.

replanted until deemed to late.  
June the coldest ever known in this latitude. Frost and ice and snow were common. Almost every green shrub was killed. Fruit nearly all destroyed. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches in Vermont. Several inches in Maine, and it fell to the depth of three inches in the interior of this state; it fell also in Massachusetts.

July was accompanied by frost and ice. On the morning after the 4th, ice formed to the thickness of common window glass throughout New England, New York and some parts of Pennsylvania. Indian corn nearly all killed; some favorably situated fields escaped. This was true of some of the hill farms in Massachusetts.

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- \$1.00 bottle Pinkham's Veg. Compound.87c
- \$1.00 bottle McElree's Wine of Cardui.87c
- \$1.00 pks. Simmons' Liver Regulator.....87c
- \$1.00 bottle Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.....87c
- 50c bottle Sloan's Liniment.....42c
- 50c bottle Dr. King's New Discovery.....42c
- 50c bottle California Fig Syrup.....42c
- 50c bottle Gilmer's Swamp Root.....42c
- 50c bottle Grove's Chill Tonic.....42c
- 35c bottle Fletcher's Castoria.....29c
- 25c bottle Chamberlain's Diarrhea Rem.21c
- 25c bottle Chamberlain's Pain Balm.....21c
- 25c package Barker's Horse and Cattle Powder.....18c
- 15c pkg. Simmons' Liver Regulator.....18c
- 22c box Indian Root Pills.....18c
- 25c bottle Winslow's Soothing Syrup.....18c
- 10c bottle C. C. Pills.....8c
- 25c box Menon's Taleum Powder.....18c
- 20c box Violet Taleum Powder.....10c
- 25c box Pritchard's Castoria.....12c
- 10c box Taleum Powder.....5c
- 1 Large Jar Vasoline.....10c
- 5c bottle LEMON or Vanilla Extract.....8c
- 5c bottle LEMON or Vanilla Extract.....4c

### Clothing--Clothing

Prices have been well shaken—\$1.50 to \$3.00 off of each suit.

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