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We are prepared this spring to show the people of Montgomery county one of the largest and finest lot of carpets and floor coverings ever in this city. In order to accommodate our large and increasing trade and supply the demand for fine artistic carpets we have lately enlarged our carpet room so that it now includes the full extent of our building, giving us abundance of light and plenty of room to show one of the largest and cheapest lots of carpets ever opened in town. We have many different patterns now open and new arrivals every day. Call and see. We have got the prices and patterns. You can find all the latest styles in Lowell and Hartford extra supers, which are warranted the best carpets made in the U. S. Our line of tapestry brussels were never so complete. Can show you handsome brussels at 50 cents per yard. Rag carpets in abundant profusion. Canton matings from 20 cents up. Velvet and Smyrna rugs, door mats for 50 cents. Felt crumb cloths, Birdsel's carpet weppers, every one warranted to keep clean and take the dirt up cleanly for money refunded. Oil cloths, lace curtains and window shades. Call and look through our stock.

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Peck's INVISIBLE TUBULAR EAR CUSHIONS. Whispers heard. Comfortable. Success where all remedies fail. Sold by F. HISCOX, 83 Broadway, New York. Write for book of proofs FREE.

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The best of Anthracite and Soft Coal at the lowest cost prices. Can not be undersold. Call.
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COLUMBUS Buggies at Tinsley & Martin's.

It is said that a new railroad will be completed across Wyoming in 1902.

Seventeen husbands have mysteriously disappeared from Brooklyn, N. Y., since January 1.

An Omaha paper has characterized some of Talmage's lurid sentences "oratorical delirium tremens."

The English syndicate which has been negotiating for the C. C. Washburn mills at Minneapolis failed to secure the property.

At Syracuse, N. Y. by the explosion of a barrel of whiskey which was standing on the sidewalk in the sun several people were hurt.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Nye & Co., druggists. N-177

KENDALL'S BROTHER.

There was a snow-storm on the morning of the day fixed for the execution of Jonas Toms, who had been convicted of the murder of the old farmer, Joseph Kendall. The down-train on the branch from X— to the county seat had come through without difficulty and the up-train—with a load of morbidly curious men who had taken passage for the purpose of witnessing the hanging—was at last reported as having reached the county seat. So the road was open and if the snow did not drift into the cuts there would be no need of sending out the snow-plow.

Jonas Toms was looking through the grating of his cell when the whistle of the up-train reached him and for a half-hour he waited expectantly, hope not failing him until the sheriff came to the cell door and shook hands with him in silence.

"She did not come?" the condemned said, despairingly.

"No. She was not on the train, but there are two hours yet and I have put a deputy at the telegraph office with orders to run here at once with any message."

"You are very kind, sheriff," faltered Jonas, and turned away from the grated door.

"It wouldn't be human not to try to make an ugly job like this as easy as possible," muttered the sheriff, "and I never was sure Jonas was guilty, though he couldn't prove he wasn't."

The sheriff's opinion of the case was shared by a great many citizens of the county—, and they had signed a petition to the governor for a respite for the prisoner, and a commutation of his sentence if the governor could not see his way clear to grant a pardon. With this petition Mrs. Jonas Toms had gone to the capital to make use of it in pleading for her husband's life. That morning the prisoner had looked for her return with definite information concerning him—whether he was to die that day or not. As no word had been received from her, he was not hopeful, and he had really expected her to come back to him only for a final leave-taking.

Yet, when the sheriff spoke of the telegraph, hope asserted itself again and Jonas was buoyed up with the thought of his devoted wife wrestling still with the governor, and refusing to abandon the struggle for her husband until it was useless to plead longer.

And while the condemned was thus catching at a straw, and his heart was overjoyed with love and gratitude to his devoted, tireless wife, the deputy left the telegraph office and hastened to the jail. The sheriff, seeing him coming, ran to meet him, but paused abruptly when he could see clearly his subordinate's face.

"The operator can't get X—," said the deputy.

"How can't get him?" asked the sheriff, with the impatience of a serious man with riddles when plain words were of urgent need.

"Can't get the operator at X— to answer his call; the wire must be down."

The sheriff groaned and trembled as if shaken by a strong wind. "Go back," he said—"go back and wait, for if there's word to come it will get here."

The sheriff spoke as if he expected a miracle to be wrought to deliver him from the awful legal duty of taking a man's life to satisfy the vengeance of the law, but yet he, having once more obtained control of his nerves, walked firmly back to the jail, where he proceeded at once to conclude the preparations for a solemn act.

Meantime a crowd of men was surging about the jail entrance, and some boys had climbed a tree to look over the wall at the scaffold. The deputy in charge of the door admitted those who had passes and kept back the others, who nevertheless clamored to be let in. Those who were within the gates by permission trampled the snow in the yard and impatiently wished the sheriff would "hurry up," while the other prisoners in their cells were silent, and curious, and glad—not glad because one who had been with them in compulsory association was to be hanged, but glad because their crimes were not so heinous as his, and they all vowed to reform lest they, too, should end on the gallows.

But at X—the telegraph operator was frantic. He had called the operator at the county seat and could not get a reply; he was in despair and he thumped the key. There before him lay a message from the governor of the state:

"TO THE SHERIFF OF—COUNTY: Respite of ten days granted to Jonas Toms."

The telegram was signed by the governor's secretary, but apparently it was as useless as if it had never been written. The county seat was thirty miles distant and there was but an hour to get word of the respite to the sheriff before it would be forever too late.

A restless man stalked up and down the long platform; he seemed to be waiting for a train and impatient because it was delayed. He noticed the telegraph operator's agitation and made inquiry concerning the cause. The operator showed him the message and the man's face blanched as he demanded, tremulously:

"Why don't you send it?"

"I can't, I say, for the wire is not working."

"The man paused a moment irresolutely and then said: 'Give the message to me. Seal it in an envelope with wax. I will take it to the sheriff.'"

"How?"

"On that engine," He pointed to a locomotive that was standing on a siding with steam up, but was not manned the engineer being at his home and the fireman having made a trip to the round-house.

"Give me a switch-key," the stranger said, nervously, "and be ready with telegram when I come past the platform."

The operator gave the man the key, but instantly reached for it again as he exclaimed: "The gravel train; it is up the road."

"Never mind. I'll scare it up a siding. You have the message ready."

Quickly the stranger ran to the switch and turned it for the siding. A yard-man noticed him, but at the distance thought him the station agent, who at this time was away from his office, fortunately for the stranger's plan. The engine responded to the

tarotie and came out on the main track slowly—the yard-man looking after it in astonishment, then starting on a run to see what madman's impulse seemed to control the man at the lever? The telegraph operator was rapid in his movements, and when the engine steamed past the platform on the track that led to the county seat, he delivered to the man, whom he now regarded as a hero, the message properly sealed and authenticated.

"God bless you," he called after the unknown, "and save you from the gravel train."

The road to the county seat was a single track, and the gravel train sent out to keep the roadbed clear of drifts was liable to be collided with upon any curve by the engine running without schedule or orders, but the stranger merely smiled as he pulled the throttle lever further back. The engine dashed up the track, the engineer standing in the doorway of his home and looking at it agape, while the station-agent and train-dispatcher hastened to the telegraph office to learn the reason of the engine's departure on a "wild cat" trip.

The engineer rushed up to the platform, where stood the operator explaining to the dispatcher how it happened that the stranger took out the engine.

"But he will not get through," said the dispatcher, "for he has no fireman."

"Yes, he has," exclaimed the engineer; "he's doing the fireman's job. He's just lettin' her run; he'll just fire and whistle."

And, as if to confirm the engineer's statement, the scream of the steam reached their ears—the whistle shrieking a frantic demand for a clear track. "If the gravel train is on the main track there will be the d—l to pay," said the dispatcher ruefully, and he went to report the facts to the superintendent.

At the jail the sheriff's jury was drawn up in the corridor, solemnly waiting for the conclusion of the last conference of the condemned with his spiritual adviser. The sheriff restlessly paced the flagging while one of the deputies nervously fingered a black cap, and the other, armed with the cords to be used in pinning the prisoner.

The sheriff who had repeatedly looked at his watch in a way that seemed to beg time to go more slowly, glanced at it at last with a heavy sigh, and went to the jail entrance for a final look toward the telegraph office. The deputy stationed there was not in sight, and the executive official turned with a heavy heart to the prisoner's cell.

"Come!" he said, and the heavy footfalls of the jury sounded dimly through the corridor.

"It is time," he said gently to the prisoner, who courageously stepped into the corridor and bravely faced the jury, while the deputies bound his arms and slipped the cord of the cap over his head. He was ready, but, just when the word to move to the yard was given, he turned a longing glance toward the main entrance, as if he hoped to see his wife appear there suddenly.

Slowly the procession moved—the prisoner leaning on the arm of the clergyman, his back toward the main entrance, his temples throbbing many beats between the footfalls of his executors, who stepped heavily and in time with him, as if to deaden the sound of his own feet, which shuffled in spite of his boots, the nails in the heels of his boots rasping on the stone floor.

And then came shrieking through the corridor the whistle of a locomotive—strident scream on scream rising higher each second, and indicating that the engine was approaching at a terrible speed. The heart of every man in the jail leaped. The prisoner stood still and his lips moved as if in silent thanksgiving, for to him the shrill sounds were trumpeting his freedom. The sheriff rushed to the jail entrance. A commotion rose among the visitors, who had grown cold in the snow, and they began to crowd into the jail. The deputies momentarily forgot the prisoner, while they contended with the impatient and excited spectators, forcing them back to the yard.

The conductor of the gravel train was startled when the whistle penetrated his ears with its cry for a clear track, and he was glad that he had reached with his train the safety of the siding at the county seat when he saw the engine leaping toward the town on a steep down grade.

The deputy stationed at the telegraph office ran out on the track to learn the meaning of the terrible shrieking. The operator ran with him and the crowd around the jail stamped toward the station. The whistle ceased its screams and a man was seen standing between the cab and the tender as the engine with unabated speed forged toward the station.

The crowd stood still in silence as the man lowered himself on the step to the cab.

"Heavens! he is going to jump," said the deputy, and the crowd fell pell-mell back out of the way, but every one heard the man cry:

"Take this to the sheriff."

He waved his hand in which he clutched something yellow.

"A man's life depends on it," he shouted again.

Then he jumped and rolled to the feet of the deputy, who wrenched an envelope from the grasp of his twitching fingers. Without pausing to see whether the man was alive or dead the crowd ran after the deputy, and no one looked around when the engine crashed into the dump and was totally wrecked.

The sheriff, in trembling, eager haste, opened the envelope and read aloud the telegram.

The crowd shouted and returned to the station, where a physician, with the calmness due to his profession, was endeavoring to restore the senseless man to life. At last he succeeded. The stranger opened his eyes and looked in a bewildered manner at the crowd of curious men and boys. But presently his eyes lighted with intelligence, and he asked in a whisper:

"Was I in time?"

"Yes," said the surgeon.

"Thank God! I killed Joseph Kendall, and this is my expiation. I am Joseph Kendall's brother."

With great presence of mind the

physician wrote the confession in his note book, and then read it aloud.

"Is that correct?" he asked. The stranger nodded and his lips moved, but they uttered no sound. He died while the doctor was having one or two reliable witnesses sign his confession.—Arthur W. Merrick in the Epoch.

A Dry Niagara.

It seems almost incredible that at one time in its history the greatest and most wonderful waterfall in the world actually ran dry, says *Golden Days*. Nevertheless, it is an established fact that this occurred on March 29, 1848, and for a few hours scarcely any water passed over Niagara Falls.

The winter of that year had been an exceptionally severe one, and ice of unusual thickness had formed on Lake Erie. The warm spring rains loosened this congealed mass and on the day in question a brisk east wind drove the ice far up into the lake. About sunset the wind suddenly veered around and blew a heavy gale from the west. This naturally turned the ice in its course, and bringing it down to the mouth of the Niagara river, piled it up in a solid, impenetrable wall.

So closely was it packed and so great was its force that in a short time the outlet to the lake was completely choked up, and little or no water could possibly escape. In a very short space of time the water below this frozen barrier passed over the falls, and the next morning the people residing in the neighborhood were treated to a most extraordinary spectacle.

The roaring, tumbling rapids above the falls were almost obliterated, and nothing but the cold black rocks were visible in all directions. The news quickly spread, and crowds of spectators flocked to view the scene, the banks on each side of the river being lined with people during the whole day. At last there came a break in the ice. It was released from its restraint, the pent-up wall of water rushed downward, and Niagara was itself again.

The Colossus Knocked Out.

M. Eiffel has rendered a real service to mankind in connection with the famous Colossus of Rhodes. For centuries that impertinent statue has been lunging so to speak, in our faces as an evidence of the vast superiority of ancient over modern glories, and thousands of unhappy souls have been compelled to commit to memory its impudent proportions. Now comes M. Eiffel and demonstrates with plate and pencil that no such statue existed nor ever could exist. There never lived an engineer who could have placed a bronze statue standing astride of the entrance to the port of Rhodes, for the simple reason that the weight of the body would infallibly have crushed the legs. Let us hope that M. Eiffel will pursue his good work and demolish the aggravating hanging gardens of Babylon and prove that the exasperating temple of Diana at Ephesus was about the size of an ordinary Methodist chapel. We have been sat upon long enough by the engineering impostors of the antiquity, not one of whom ever dreamed of making a statue like that of "Liberty Enlightening the World" or a tower like that built by M. Eiffel.—N. Y. Herald.

Their Lot Not a Happy One.

No sooner are the Swiss girls large enough to possess the requisite physical strength than they are set to the most servile work the land affords, says a traveler. The child has a pannier basket fitted to her shoulders at the earliest possible moment, and she drops it only when old age, premature but merciful, robs her of power to carry it longer.

I have seen sweet little girls of 12 or 14 staggering down a mountain side or along a rough pathway under the weight of bundles of fagots as large as their bodies, which they no sooner dropped than they hurried back for others. I have seen girls of 15 years, bare-footed and bare-headed, in the blistering rays of an August sun, breaking up the ground by swinging mattocks heavy enough to tax the strength of an able-bodied man.

I have known a young miss no older than these to be employed as a porter for carrying the baggage of travelers up and down the steepest mountain path in all the region round about. She admitted that it was sometimes very hard to take another step, but she must do it.

And she carried such an amount of baggage! A stout-limbed guide is protected by the law so that he cannot be compelled to carry above twenty-five pounds, but the limit to the burden often put upon girls is their inability to stand up under anything more.

But the burden increases with the age and strength of the burden-bearer till by the time the girls have come to womanhood there is no sort of menial toil in which they do not bear a hand, and quite commonly the chief hand.—Baltimore News.

Vanderbilt's Charities.

The more notable of the Vanderbilt gifts for philanthropic and public purposes are as follows: The old commodore gave \$50,000 to Dr. Deems to purchase the Church of the Strangers and \$100,000 to found Vanderbilt university at Nashville; his son William H. added \$200,000 to the endowment of the university, \$100,000 for a theological school, and \$10,000 for a library in connection therewith, \$500,000 to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, \$250,000 for a maternity hospital, \$50,000 to the Church of Bartholomew, \$100,000 to the employees of the New York Central railroad, \$103,000 for the removal of the obelisk from Egypt to Central park, \$150,000 to the Grants, and by his will \$1,000,000 to various institutions. Cornelius Vanderbilt's projected People's palace in New York may require \$1,000,000.

Circumvented the Steer.

A novel method of plowing was that recently adopted by a colored man in North Carolina. His steer refused to work when hitched to the plow and thereupon he hitched it to a cart and fastened the plow behind the cart. He proceeded to plow with the steer without any further trouble.

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No. 51..... 9:45 a.m.
No. 53..... 11:15 a.m.
No. 55..... 11:50 a.m.

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