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Men's Summer Underwear, the 50c kind, only 39c
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Ladies' Gauze Vests 5c
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Rubber Soles, Men's 40c
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Watch For The Days—We Will Sell on The Following Days:

MONDAY.

5-4 Fancy Table Oil Cloth, 15c quality, per yard 10c
10c Figured Lawn 5c
Rumford Yeast Powder, 6 oz. bottles for only 8½c
Box Quaker Oats 4c
Can 10c Sugar Corn 5c

WEDNESDAY.

Window Screen 18 inch high, open 24 inch 12½c
12½c Madras, yd 9c
500 Yards Lace and Trimmings from ½ inch to 2 inches wide. Dont miss it, 1c
Crystal Soap 3c
Babbit's Lye 7½c
3 Pound Can Tomatoes 5½c

FRIDAY.

Granulated Sugar, lb 5½c
Vanilla and Lemon, bottle 3c
Hardwood Clothes Pins, doz 1c
10 lb Sack Flour for, bag 25c

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It Pays to Advertise in the "News."

On the Journey

By CICELY ALLEN

Copyright, 1904, by T. C. McClure

"I am very sorry it cannot be arranged," said the young man, with a deprecatory wave of his hand, "but"—

"All the latest popular novels! Last chance to get your reading matter! No books sold on train after it starts!" The newsboy bawled this in Amy Curtis' ear, and she lost all the young man said except the words "can't climb those beastly steps."

Not that she cared. She was quite able to climb the little ladder to the upper berth. Her lip curled scornfully.

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, you know. It was the conductor's idea, I assure you. Only in the south, where I come from, men, as a rule, are more obliging."

She picked up her novel and proceeded to ignore McKean's presence. He looked at her blankly, then flung himself down the sleeper to the smoking compartment. "Well, I do think she's a bit harsh!" He pulled out a paper and tried to forget the scorn in the eyes but recently lifted to meet his.

In the meantime the girl in section 7 stared wrathfully at the letters in her book, which fairly danced before her eyes. "A nice beginning for my trip! I never wanted to go to Colorado Springs anyhow. I had much better remained at Bar Harbor than to let the Carters inveigle me into coming west."

With this final reflection she commenced to read in earnest, but somehow her mind went back to the very disagreeable young man who had disregarded the sleeping car conductor's request that he yield the lower berth to the young woman, whose Pullman ticket had been duplicated by a careless employee in an uptown office. She could not forget the real regret in his eyes nor the nervous, embarrassed way in which he had smoothed his hair while he was offering his halting explanation. She could not reconcile this, however, with the fact that he had declined to climb the little steps in her stead. It was most annoying, she argued, that she could not forget a certain fascination which his long, firm hand had held for her and the hair he had smoothed.

She could imagine that he had spent hours trying to brush out a certain tendency to crisp curls. She was very glad there was something that could defeat him, if it was nothing more than curls, and after deciding thus she was more content.

She did not see him again until she entered the diner at dusk. The only place left for her was a single seat at a table meant for four. The three passengers already seated were men, talking business in rather loud tones. Amy hesitated. A figure at the table opposite rose suddenly. The very disagreeable young man who had sentenced her to the upper berth was standing beside her.

"Take my place," he said eagerly, "and I will go over there with the men." He had been occupying a seat at one of the small tables, and a gray haired woman was sitting opposite him.

Amy saw all this at a glance, and with a surprised uplifting of her eyebrows and a mechanical "Thank you!" accepted the seat. The young man had not yet been served, and she realized that the change had not embarrassed him in the least.

"Quite willing to do things that do not incommode him," she thought scornfully.

The young man did not presume upon the reception of this courtesy. Directly after dinner he once more retired to the smoking compartment, and Amy early ordered the porter to make up her berth. Once tucked snugly away, she forgot her grievance. The steady clunk-clunk of the wheels was a singular lullaby to which she soon yielded.

It seemed as if she had not been asleep more than three minutes when she awoke to the most horrible noises that she had ever heard. What had happened? Had the train run into a circus or a jungle of wild beasts? No, the train was still moving. Its unremitting clunk-clunk could be heard at intervals between the awful sounds which now assailed her ears. If it was not wild beasts, then maybe some one around her was dying.

This pretty, carefully reared, ever protected southern girl had never seen any one die, and in her ignorance of this and various other matters she was working herself up into a fine frenzy. A particularly deep and agonized roar was followed by a sound that was a cross between a penny whistle and a sob. She could stand the suspense no longer. She pushed the tiny button and, carefully arranging the curtains, stuck out her head to meet the look of inquiry in the porter's black face. Up and down the car she gave a hasty glance. Apparently no one else realized the tragedy that was going on so close at hand, for no other curtains were swaying, no other heads were thrust out.

"Sumfin' you want, miss?"

"Why—why, don't you hear that dreadful noise?" she said. "I think some one in the berth next to me is dying."

In the dim light she could see the darky's teeth gleam ivory white in a grin that reached from ear to ear.

"It's just the gentleman in the lower berth, miss, snoring. I will wake him up. Soon as he rolls over he'll stop."

Amy jerked in her head as if the porter had struck her. She could feel him switch aside the curtains below her. Two masculine voices were wafted toward her, then the sound of a deep grunt that was decidedly masculine—and silence.

Up in her eyrie Amy lay, still flushing hotly with mortification. She knew that porter would tell everybody on the train next morning. She wished she could change cars. Then suddenly from the berth below the hated sound rose again. Evidently there was no respite from this infliction, and, oddly enough, she felt herself pitying the man who was responsible for it. It was really a disease, she decided, and he was so young too!

The next morning she met him face to face in the dining car. Her cheeks were flooded with crimson. She knew by the quizzical light in his eyes that he had heard of her mistake, and undoubtedly every one on the car knew it by this time and would consider it a fine joke.

She ate her breakfast in a resentful humor. She felt reckless and miserable, and it may have been this mood which caused her to sway uncertainly as she crossed from the diner back to the sleeper. She reached out a hand to steady herself against the side of the vestibule. Suddenly it seemed to her as if a sharp, redhot iron had been thrust into her finger tip and run up to her shoulder. She tried to draw away her hand as a child does from a hot stove, but something held it tight, and then she awoke to the truth. The train had been swinging around a curve, and the iron plaits, or folds, of the vestibule, left uncovered by a careless employee, had opened just far enough to admit her finger and then had closed upon it again. She was held as in a vise, and her calls for assistance could not be heard above the roar of the train. And so it happened that the "hateful young man" came upon her, white lipped and fainting. When they had pried the hand loose he carried her unconscious figure into the vacant drawing room. The conductor came hurrying up, greatly perturbed over the accident, which meant a damage suit for the company. He turned to the porter.

"Hustle through the train and find out whether there is a physician on board."

The young man spoke sharply. "I am a physician. Porter, bring me that long, narrow black bag from my berth."

And so it happened when Amy woke up it was to find the hateful young man deftly bandaging her injured hand. The drawing room was placed at her disposal by the anxious conductor, and the entire train force was on its knees before her. The uncovered vestibule meant that some employee's head would fall into the basket.

Toward noon, in spite of the terrific pain in her crushed finger, Amy commenced to feel drowsy, thanks to the mild narcotic which Dr. McKean had administered. He plumped up the pillows for her, and she murmured drowsily, "I didn't sleep very well last night."

McKean bit his lip. "I was afraid you wouldn't. That was the worst part of my having to put Mr. Carter in the berth with you, but I couldn't get him another lower in the car, and he stubbornly refused to buy up a drawing room."

Amy felt suddenly wide awake. "Mr. Carter, why didn't you"—

"Lord, no. You didn't think I was raising the roof of my berth, did you? Mr. Carter has been at a sanitarium just east of Harrisburg. He is a patient of my father's, and his people asked me to pick him up and bring him on to Colorado Springs, where I am visiting for a week or so. That's what I was trying to tell you last night."

A sudden light dawned on Amy. "Oh, it's all the fault of that newsboy! I am going to the Carters myself. They're giving a house party."

"Yes, I know," said McKean. "I saw your name on your luggage. But now you're going to sleep, and if you don't mind I shall sit here beside you and see you are not rocked off when we make a fast run."

Amy dropped back weakly among the pillows. "No, I don't mind. I will be only too glad to have—you—stay." Suddenly she raised her heavy eyelids. "But promise me you will never tell—what—I said to the porter last night."

Dr. McKean's eyes twinkled. "I promise on my honor."

A Question of Science.

"I remember when I was a student at Wyoming seminary," said a clergyman, "a farmer came to Kingston to visit his nephew, whom he was educating.

"The farmer had no urban polish. His tea when it was brought was very hot, and he poured it in his saucer, to his nephew's great mortification.

"Finally, unable to restrain himself, the nephew was so rude as to say:

"'Uncle, why do you pour your tea in the saucer?'

"The old farmer looked up in surprise. Then he said in a loud, hearty voice:

"'To cool it, to be sure. The more air surface you give it the quicker it cools. These here modern seminaries don't teach much science, do they?'"

An Odd Introduction.

Sam Sothern once told an amusing little story of his first appearance in America. His manager was John T. Raymond, and when the young Englishman made his first stage entrance the older man, whose talent was equaled by his eccentricity, suddenly laid his hand on his shoulder and turned him around to the audience. "This is young Sam Sothern," he explained, to the astonishment of everybody on and off the stage, "and because we all remember his father so well I know you will give him a hearty welcome. Sam, my boy, fire away!"

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is a positive cure for all those painful ailments of women. It will entirely cure the worst forms of Female Complaints, all Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements of the Womb and consequent Spinal Weakness, and is peculiarly adapted to the *Change of Life*. Every time it will cure

Backache.

It has cured more cases of Leucorrhœa than any other remedy the world has ever known. It is almost infallible in such cases. It dissolves and expels Tumors from the Uterus in an early stage of development. That

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causing pain, weight and headache, is instantly relieved and permanently cured by its use. Under all circumstances it acts in harmony with the female system. It corrects

Irregularity,

Suppressed or Painful Menstruation, Weakness of the Stomach, Indigestion, Bloating, Flooding, Nervous Prostration, Headache, General Debility. Also

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Extreme Lassitude, "don't-care" and "want-to-be-left-alone" feeling, excitability, irritability, nervousness, sleeplessness, flatulency, melancholy or the "blues," and backache. These are sure indications of Female Weakness, some derangement of the Uterus. For

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and Backache of *either sex* the Vegetable Compound is unequaled,

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LOW RATE TOUR TO DENVER.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account International Convention, Epworth League.

On account of the Epworth League International Convention, to be held in Denver, Col., July 5 to 9, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has arranged a tour to Denver under its Personally-conducted System. A special train of high-grade Pullman equipment will leave New York, Philadelphia, Harrisburg, Altoona, and Pittsburgh on Monday, July 3, arriving at Denver at 12.30 noon on Wednesday, July 5. Tickets covering round-trip transportations Pullman accommodations (one berth) going, and all meals in dining car when traveling on special train, will be sold at the following very low rates: New York, $83.50; Philadelphia, $81.75; Baltimore, $80.00; Washington, $80.00; Harrisburg, $59.75; Williamsport, $59.75; Altoona, $58.75; and at proportionate rates from other stations.

These tickets will be good for passage to either Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo, and will be good for return passage on regular trains to leave either of the above mentioned points not later than July 14. Deposit of tickets with Joint Agent at either Denver, Colorado Springs, or Pueblo not later than July 14 and payment or fee of fifty cents secures an extension of return limit to leave either of the above points not later than August 8.

These liberal return limits will enable tourists to take advantage of the many delightful side trips to resorts in the Colorado Mountains, the Yellowstone Park, the Grand Canyon of Arizona, and the Lewis and Clark Exposition at Portland, for which special reduced-rate tickets will be on sale at Denver, Colorado Springs, and Pueblo.

For further information concerning special rates, stop over privileges, and returning routes consult ticket agents. A descriptive itinerary will be mailed upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa.

REDUCED RATES TO ASBURY PARK.

Via Pennsylvania Railroad, Account Meeting National Educational Association.

For the benefit of those desiring to attend the meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at Asbury Park, N. J., July 5 to 7, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company will sell excursion tickets to Asbury Park from points more than one hundred miles from Asbury Park, *i. e.*, Chester, Pa., Wallingford, Pa., Villa Nova, Pa., Spring Mill, Pa., Parpenterville, N. J., Clayton, N. J., Harrisonville, N. J., Monroeville, N. J., Bridgeport, N. J., Waterford, N. J., and all stations beyond these points, at *reduced rates*. These tickets will be sold July 1, 4, and 3, and will be good to return leaving Asbury Park not earlier than July 3 nor later than July 10, except that upon deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at Asbury Park not later than July 10 and payment of fee of fifty cents, an extension of return limit may be obtained to August 31 inclusive. Tickets will be sold to Asbury Park via direct route and also via New York City in both directions, and will be honored only as they read. Stop-over will be allowed at Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia within transit limit on going trip, and within ten days, not to exceed final limit, on return trip, on all tickets reading via these cities. Stop-over within final limit will be allowed at New York on return trip on tickets reading through that city by deposit of ticket with Joint Agent at New York within one day after validation at Asbury Park and payment of fee of $1. For specific rates, routes, and stop over conditions consult nearest Pennsylvania Railroad ticket agent. j24 2t.

A VALUABLE PUBLICATION.

The Pennsylvania Railroad 1905 Summer Excursion Route Book.

The Passenger Department of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company has published the 1905 edition of the Summer Excursion Route Book. This work is designed to provide the public with descriptive notes of the principal Summer resorts of the United States, with the best routes for reaching them, and the rates of fare. It contains all the principal seashore and mountain resorts in New England, the Middle, Southern, and Western States, and in Canada, and over seventeen hundred different routes or combinations of routes. The book has been compiled with the greatest care, and altogether is the most complete and comprehensive handbook of Summer travel ever offered to the public.

The cover is handsome and striking, printed in colors, and the book contains several maps, presenting the exact routes over which tickets are sold. The book is profusely illustrated with fine half-tone cuts of scenery at the various resorts and along the lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad.

This very interesting book may be procured at any Pennsylvania Railroad ticket office at the nominal price of ten cents, or upon application to Geo. W. Boyd, General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, Pa., by mail for 20 cents.

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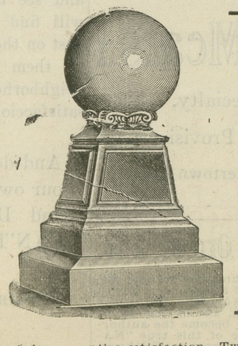

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