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"SALADA"

Pure uncolored Natural Leaf Ceylon Green Tea. Similar in flavor to Japan, but much more delicious in the cup—Then It's Pure.
Sealed Lead Packets only. Never sold in Bulk. 30c and 40c.
Ask your grocer for a packet.

Wanted Immediately

...KENT MILLS...

LARGE QUANTITIES OF WHEAT, OATS, BARLEY, NEW AND OLD BEANS
BUY KENT MILLS FLOUR
THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

Flour made by the Gyrator System takes more water, and gives you a larger whiter and sweeter loaf, and makes more cake to the barrel than any other flour. Stevens' Breakfast Food and Family Cornmeal, freshly ground, always on hand. Farmer's Feed ground on quick notice by a three reduction roller process, much ahead of the old system of chipping.

1899 Autumn and Winter 1900

We make a specialty of EVENING DRESS SUITS, and are prepared to execute orders for this FORMAL EVENING ATTIRE in a manner to suit the most fastidious.
We have in stock some RICH AND ELEGANT MATERIALS embracing SUPERFINE BROADS and UNFINISHED WORSTEDS, also a line of trimmings, bought expressly for FULL DRESS. We invite INSPECTION and COMPARISON OF PRICES with other FIRST-CLASS HOUSES.

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AGENT FOR PARKER'S DYE WORKS.

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DOES IT NOT PAY TO ATTEND THE BEST? You must decide. 236 of pupils secured good positions in seventeen months and the good work of placing students still continues. For catalogue of either department address:
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or your furnace; are they going to work all right when old Boreas makes you a sudden visit? Cold weather will be here soon now, and it is well to have your heating apparatus put in order before you start your fires! We will overhaul them or put in new hot water, steam or hot air furnace and heating apparatus at a reasonable cost.

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"Eagle" Parlor Matches, 100

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The Finest in the World.

No Brimstone

The E. B. Eddy Co. Limited

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and Oats

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Tennent & Burke

SCANS BLOCK

THE CLOCK WAS IN ERROR.

Hotel Clerk Was Ready to Murder When He Was Allowed to Sleep Late.

There is a clock face on the Pennsylvania avenue side of the National Hotel, the pointers of which have for years denoted the time of 9:33. Guests at the St. James, who have front rooms not infrequently depend upon this superannuated timepiece to guide their movements, sometimes to their great discomfort. Not a few appointments have been declared off because of that clock.

There came near being bloodshed at the St. James a few mornings ago. One of the guests, whose appearance denoted that he had dressed himself in the space of a minute, came thundering down stairs, not waiting for the elevator, and rushed over to the counter, back of which was the clerk, who was trying to snatch an hour's sleep in the early morning.

"I'd like to know why in the mischief I was not awakened at 8 o'clock," he demanded.

The clerk attempted to reply, but the guest was too mad to listen to anything that might suggest an apology.

"This is a pretty hotel," he continued. "I have stopped here for years but I will never come here again. Make out my bill now."

"Don't be in a hurry. You exaggerate me. Tell me not to hurry. And here it is nearly 9 o'clock, and I should have been awakened at 8."

The clerk tried to get in a word, but it was useless.

"Get out your register, and see if I did not leave an order for 8," the guest persisted.

The register was brought forth, and, sure enough, there was the order for a call at 8.

"There, what did I tell you? Now see what you have done for me. I have missed my train and probably a big order. I have a good notion to sue the proprietor."

The clerk's ire began to rise. "What train did you wish to make?" he asked in a sarcastic tone.

"Well, go back to bed, and I will see that you are called in plenty of time."

"Come, no joking. What do you mean?"

"Just what I wanted to tell you some time ago. It's now a quarter of 7."

A madder man than this guest was never seen in the St. James. And when he was told that the National clock was not running, and had not been for years, his anger knew no bounds.

"Walk behind? No! Get up here on the seat and ride! He wore a sort of sad look and replied:

"I don't want to ride, pardner. I ain't gotten to ride and I ain't fitten to get fitten. Just let me walk behind your wagon."

"I thought then he must be crazy and concluded to let him have his way. The dust rolled up in dense, suffocating clouds. I glanced frequently over my shoulder, but couldn't get a glimpse of him. As the team rattled on, however, I heard his voice repeating over and over again:

"Serve you right, confound you! Sell your claim for \$10,000, win \$1,500 at poker, go down to Denver, blow off the town and go dead broke! You blank blank blank! Ought to suffer! Got to go back and start all over again! Dust too good for you! Ain't half punishment enough!"

"At the end of the journey he was nearly dead, but still bravely anxious to do penance. I hired him, and he's here in New York now, doing well."

NEW YORK PRESS.

A PENDING QUESTION.
Old Man—Why don't you marry?
Young One—Do you think a man could procure all the necessities of life on \$1,500 a year?

Old Man—Of course, but not the luxury.

Young One—Well, I haven't decided yet whether a wife is a necessity or a luxury.

THE DOG TELEGRAPH.
Two colliers were traveling from Pontypriod to Cardiff. Their talk turned to the subject of modern inventions.

"John," said Thomas, "I can't understand that thing they call the telegraph."

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What She Had Lost.
He had called on her several times, and finally mustered up courage and assurance to be somewhat more affectionate than the circumstances warranted, perhaps.

"You must not do that," she said, somewhat nervously.

"Do what?" was the innocent query.

"Put your arm around my waist."

"Why not?"

"My brother might come in suddenly and see you."

"Well, what of that? He couldn't kill me."

"No, I suppose not; but he would try to borrow some money from you, and I have lost two chances already by his doing that."



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WAS DOING PENANCE.

He was not Anxious for Comfort and Therefore did not get it

Pathetic Story by a Member of the Mining Exchange.

A member of the mining exchange tells this story of a man doing penance: "I had a wagon and was driving out of Denver, on my way to the mines. The roads were fetlock deep in dust, and the weather was hotter than hades. A young fellow halted me a few miles out and asked if I might walk behind my wagon. It was the strangest request I had ever heard, and I said:

"Walk behind? No! Get up here on the seat and ride! He wore a sort of sad look and replied:

"I don't want to ride, pardner. I ain't gotten to ride and I ain't fitten to get fitten. Just let me walk behind your wagon."

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