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Rails for Wagons.

An idea new to this country, but already successfully tried in Europe is the use of iron rails for wagons on heavy grades. As seen in Philadelphia at the Chestnut street bridge, where they are being laid, these rails are about eight inches wide on the top flange. This flange is turned up along the sides. These sides have notches in them so that the wagon wheel will catch instead of slide when it is desired to turn out. These tracks are entirely separate and apart from those on which the trolley car runs.—Philadelphia Record.

JOB PRINTING

PROMPTLY EXECUTED

AT THE GREETINGS OFFICE

We Aim To Please!

The Chicago woman who found that many working girls of her city received only \$4.50 a week has conducted an investigation in other large cities of the country, and has the satisfaction of knowing that in this respect Chicago is not the worst offender. In Washington she found girls who were receiving only \$1.75 a week.

THE GRANITE TOWN GREETINGS

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER

By Sydney Carter

She stood on the porch of the great colonial house, gazing on the tall figure coming up the drive, a young man in a dark suit very much the worse for wear. Nearest could not hide the fact that his coat was much worn at the edges. Nevertheless he carried himself with a certain assurance, which the sight of Juliet Arlington, standing erect and expectant by the door, did not in the least diminish. He mounted the steps, Juliet stopped playing with her riding whip, and looked at him inquiringly. He raised his hat.

"Governor Arlington is at home, is he not?" he queried. His tones, like his eyes, were very direct.

"I really don't know," said Juliet, with polite indifference.

Nothing daunted the young man reached forward a thin, determined brown hand and rang the bell.

When she returned at luncheon, eyes and cheeks glowing brightly from exercise she found her father in a very happy mood.

"You look," said Juliet, bending over him, "as if you had found a gold mine!"

"Better than that," he replied. "I've found just the young man I want for my private secretary."

"Most people find you that way, Father dear," said Juliet, with an appreciative glance.

"The best ones do," he mused.

"What is the young man's name, Father?" went on Juliet, breaking in on his reverie.

"Ed? Oh, you mean my private secretary? Faxon's his name. John Faxon. Comes of a good family, but very poor. Worked his way through college, and now he's ready for a job."

"I see," said the girl slowly.

The house was very gay that winter with guests coming and going, and Juliet came to rely on John Faxon almost as much as her father did. He was always ready to smooth away obstacles, to make the most of difficult situations. He was courteous, clever and reserved.

The Governor's daughter was surrounded by admirers. She was the belle of every dance and dinner and driving party. But though rumor carried her first to the one and then to that, she made no sign.

When do you intend to give away that cool young heart of yours?" her father questioned. "And to whom?"

"To the right man at the right time," answered Juliet serenely.

She was the last to retire that evening, and as she stood in the great hall at the foot of the wide staircase John Faxon lit her candle for her. Then he lingered, watching her as she went up the stairs, the candle's glow making a soft halo for the pale gold of her hair and the delicate beauty of her face. Half way up she paused and looked over the banister. Her lips were smiling, her eyes were dazlingly tender.

"Good-night," said Faxon, half beneath his breath, still watching her.

"John Faxon," she said quietly, "haven't you anything else to say to me?"

His face showed a battle between pride and love, and pride assumed the mastery. He shook his head.

"Nothing else," he answered coldly.

But the look of adoration that he gave her haunted her dreams that night and for many nights after.

Outwardly their life went on exactly the same. Faxon neither sought nor avoided her. Both went quietly about their duties; the incident that had so stirred them seemed utterly forgotten.

Winter melted into Spring and late one evening Juliet came in from a long ramble in her garden. The essence of the flowers seemed still to cling to her, dewy and fresh and ineffable. Moonlight streamed in the windows of the great hall as she entered it. She went to the quaint mahogany table for her silver candlestick, and was aware of John Faxon standing in the shadow. Mutely she held out the candle toward him, and he essayed to light it for her. His hand trembled, and three matches went out before he could accomplish it. He was very pale, but the Governor's daughter was quite cool and undismayed.

"Thank you," she said as he handed it to her. She looked adorable in the half-light.

"Good-night," said John Faxon, bowing.

Juliet paused.

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked him.

"Nothing else," John answered. He spoke with difficulty.

Juliet dimpled bewitchingly, set down the candlestick and leaned toward him. "Don't you think it's time you had?" she queried, laughingly.

"Juliet!" he cried, "you know that I worship you—that I adore you! And you know, too, what has held me so earth to offer you but a poor man's love."

"Is love so cheap a thing that you speak of it bitterly?" said Juliet Arlington. "And as for poverty—your life is not lived yet, John Faxon. My grandfather was a Governor, and unless I am the first Arlington woman to be mistaken in a man, my husband will some day be a Governor, too."

"With your help, Juliet," laughed Faxon, brokenly. She was in his arms now, her head against his breast.

"Bless me, what's this?" cried her father, entering, and peering through the gloom.

"It means," flashed Juliet, before Faxon could speak, "it means that a candidate for my heart has been elected after a most exciting campaign."

"The right man at the right time," quoted the Governor softly, and held out his hands to them both.

Not Too Old

Professor: "Young man, I am seventy-nine years old, and I never smoked a shred of tobacco in my life."

Student (puffing cigar): "Well, sir, you're not too old to learn, I assure you. Cato learnt Greek at the age of eighty, you know!"

A STRANGE ESCAPE

By Henry Thomas

When the old Bangor schooner Hannah F. Carleton went to the bottom of Vineyard Sound, Davy Jones claimed the coasts that was fabled all along shore as having been the victim of such a collision as never occurred before or since. There was one chance in a million for the Hannah F. Carleton in that famous crash, and chance favored the schooner.

They were telling about the Hannah F. Carleton's remarkable experience, the mariners assembled round the fire in Mulvaney's saloon the others day. She was a two-master of 189 tons, built at Pembroke in 1884, and at the time of her strange experience hailing from Jonesport. She had been to New York with lumber and on her return trip east was passing in by Cape Cod on a clear moonlight night, coal laden for Boston. Capt. Falkingham was on the quarter, and he noticed a steamer coming up astern, but at first paid no attention to her, everything being clear for miles around. Capt. Falkingham, however, glanced astern every little while and presently became nervous, for the steamer was coming right for the Carleton, and without ceasing her course would hit the schooner fair in the stern in a few minutes.

When the steamer got up a little closer, Capt. Falkingham began to shout to her people, telling them to keep away. The men in the steamship's pilot house were plainly visible, as was also the bow lookout, but they seemed not to see the schooner. Capt. Falkingham's shouting awoke a tumult on the deck. They all joined in the shouting, but to no purpose. The steamer came right on and struck the schooner's main boom fairly on end. The schooner was on the wind, with sheets flat, so that the boom hung very nearly fore and aft, and the force of the blow from the steamer's stem was transmitted to the mainmast, which was broken off short at the jaws of the boom, leaving the stick down on the deck with a fearful thump. The heel of the broken mast stove a big hole in the deck, and there the stick rested, awaiting a shipwreck in the slack rigging and prevented from going over the stern only by the spring-ree.

The crew of the Carleton made a dash for the boat at the stern davit, but Capt. Falkingham, seeing that they intended to desert her, seized an axe and chopped a hole in the boat, so that she would not float. That stopped the panic, and the men turned to and helped in patching up the hole in the deck with a tarpaulin, for the sea was making over her, she being a decks with coal, and with such a gap open she would soon have filled.

The steamer, after backing away, came close up and asked if assistance was wanted. Capt. Falkingham said that he would like a tow to Boston, and the steamer sent him a line. The line to which the schooner was attached settled for the damage, and at Boston the Hannah F. Carleton got a new mainmast and boom and had her deck patched up. Had the steamer struck her in any other place the schooner would have gone to the bottom like a shot. The end of the boom was about ten inches in diameter and, as an old coaster captain remarked, "they don't often shoot as close as that."

An old coaster captain who has listened to the story of the Hannah F. Carleton recalled the mysterious wreck of the little schooner. Active in Fox Island thoroughfares some years ago. It was in the fall of the year and the Active was going through the narrow passage between the islands. She carried but two men, the master, Capt. Ray, and his 16-year-old son. When last seen under sail the Active was shipshape, the boy at the wheel and his father below taking a nap, as it was afterward found. Next day the Active was found floating with her stern stove in, the master drowned in his bunk and the boy dead at the wheel with a bullet hole in his head.

This discovery caused a great sensation and as there appeared to be no motive for any one to kill the boy and as it was known that the shot must have been fired by a third person the whole affair was a mystery and remained thus for years, when a man in a distant state confessed on his death-bed that it was he who fired the shot that killed the helmsman of the Active.

The man said that he had fired at a hawk which was circling low, and did not see the schooner, which suddenly came into range, owing to an intervening clump of bushes. Then he was horrified to see the boy at the schooner's wheel throw up his hands and fall to the deck, while the vessel broached to and was driven ashore by the wind and tide. The runner, who was after gulls and ducks, fled without waiting to investigate the result of his unfortunate shot, fearing that if he reported the matter to the authorities he might, although innocent of any criminal intent, be imprisoned.

THIS TICKLED HIM

James J. Hill, the Railway King, told the following amusing incident which happened on one of his roads:

"One of our division superintendents had received numerous complaints that freight trains were in the habit of stopping on a grade crossing in a certain small town, thereby blocking travel for long periods. He issued orders, but still the complaints came in. Finally he decided to investigate personally."

A short man in size and very excitable, he went down to the crossing, and, sure enough, there stood, in defiance of his orders, a long freight train, snored squarely across it. A brakeman who didn't know him by sight sat complacently on the top of the car.

"Move that train on!" spluttered the little "super." "Get it off the crossing so people can pass. Move on, I say."

"The brakeman surveyed the tempestuous little man from head to foot, and so to the engine, you little fellow," he replied. "You're small enough to crawl under."

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A Premature Story.

Teacher: "Now, Jimmy, think of the little bird in the egg; how it patiently waits until the time comes to break its shell. Can you tell us the rest of the story?"

Jimmy: "No."

Teacher: "Why can't you tell the story of the bird in the egg?"

Jimmy: "Cause it ain't out yet."

Her belief.

Edith: "And you really believe that Stella's marriage was an affair of the heart?"

Mayme: "Of course I do. She was led to believe that the rich old duffer she married had a weak heart."

What Bothered Hubby

The farmer and his wife watched their dog as he chased madly down the track after the 4 o'clock train. He did it every day and always returned winded.

"I wonder why he chases that train?" remarked the wife with her eyes on a little cloud of dust that showed where Rover was.

"That's not what's bothering me," answered her husband. "I'm wondering what he'd do with it if he caught it."

Ada: "Why does Clara speak of George as her intended? Are they engaged?"

Allice: "No; but she intends they shall be."

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Forming the Great Gatun Lake.

The closing of the gates of the Gatun dam on the Panama canal, an event reported recently, means that the Chagres river, the real problem of the stupendous undertaking, is under control at last.

From being a menace, as it was at the beginning, at every step taken by the engineers, it becomes the most useful of instruments. The Gatun dam is situated seven miles from Limon bay, on the Atlantic side, and is intended to impound the entire watershed of the Chagres river and other streams, the whole covering a basin 1320 square miles. This structure is a mile and a half long by half a mile wide at the base, and what has been in the past mainly a stretch of typical isthmian country, lowland, hill and jungle, with here and there the remnant of a pirate village dating back to the earliest days of Spanish ascendancy, by the impounding of the wild waters of the territory will in a short time become a beautiful lake. With nearly nine miles of the Culebra cut to Pedro Miguel, it will constitute a waterway of about thirty-five miles in length and about 164 square miles in area. It will be larger when filled than Lake Oueida, the largest body of fresh water in the state of New York.

Contrary to popular belief, the Panama canal will not be merely a narrow waterway through the isthmus. It will be, to a very great extent, a large lake approached from either side by canals. This lake will be eighty-five feet above sea level, and vessels essaying to enter it will do so by three grand steps or locks, each 1000 feet long by 110 feet wide. The locks themselves, so as to economize the water, are each subdivided into chambers of 400 and 600 feet each. They are, of course, of twin construction so that traffic may proceed in both directions at the same time. When a vessel reaches the upper level, or the Great Gatun lake, it will be at a sufficient elevation above the surrounding country to give its passengers some magnificent views.

The point at which there has been most disagreement among experts is whether the waters of the Chagres and tributary rivers could be safely impounded; or, in other words, whether a dam of sufficient strength to withstand the pressure of the flood season could be built on such foundations as the isthmus has to offer. The tide-level canal advocates contended that this could not be done; Colonel Goethals and his assistants have not stopped to argue the matter, but have extended themselves with doing the seemingly impossible. The dam is now ready to receive the waters, is, in fact, already receiving them. In the rainy season the run-off from the watershed of 1320 miles would fill the lake one and one half times. The supply will make possible the development of an enormous horsepower for the operation of the locks, electric illumination, etc. There will also be opportunity in this supply for storage of a surplus that will be invaluable in the dry season.

It will be some time before the tract of country that is being artificially inundated will have been completely submerged, but the closing of the gates of the Gatun dam marks the beginning of the formation of what may properly be termed the most important link in the interoceanic waterway.—Ex.

The Massachusetts Senate on Monday passed through the final stages the Grand Trunk Railway bill. There were some amendments made to it, principally dealing with its finances. But the Grand Trunk people have won the right to get into Massachusetts ports.—Ex.