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serate read. room rue Liberty, when Free Born Men, having to advise the Public, may speak free."—EURIPIDES.

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AMAZING VITALITY.

BULLETS AND SHELLS COULDN'T KILL JOHN PETERS.

Discharged From the Service as a Hopeless Cripple, He Recovered and Re-enlisted—Saved by a Noble Foe on the Field at Chancellorsville.

"Among the numerous instances of remarkable endurance and wonderful vitality of wounded soldiers that I had knowledge of during the late war," said a former hospital attendant, "I recall none so remarkable as that of John Peters. At the battle of Ball's Bluff he was a member of the Forty-second New York regiment. He was badly wounded in the hip, and he fell on the field. While he lay there another ball fractured his right knee joint. Utterly helpless, he was trampled beneath the feet of the contesting soldiers until the close of the engagement and was then taken prisoner to Richmond. He remained there four months, when he was exchanged and sent with other wounded to the Philadelphia hospital. I was an attendant there. Peters' wounds had been so carelessly attended to that he was worse off, if anything, than when he was first wounded. We did the best we could for him, but he was in such shape when able to leave the hospital that he was discharged from the service as permanently disabled.

"Some months afterward I was transferred to a hospital at Washington and was there when the battle of Chancellorsville was fought. Two weeks after that engagement a number of soldiers who had been wounded there were transferred from the hospital at Acquia Creek to the Washington hospital. Among the most desperately and apparently hopelessly wounded of these I was amazed to discover John Peters, the soldier who had left the Philadelphia hospital to pass officially as a life-long cripple. When he was at last able to tell his story, I was still more amazed. After being discharged from the service as permanently disabled he had placed himself in charge of a noted surgeon of that day and after some months was made almost as sound as he ever was. At any rate he was able to re-enlist, which he did in the One Hundred and Fifteenth Pennsylvania and became orderly sergeant of his company. At Chancellorsville he was shot in the right thigh, the bullet causing a compound fracture, and almost at the same moment a minie ball struck him in the left hip and lodged there against the bone. He fell and attempted to rise. As he raised his head he was hit by a flying piece of shell, which fractured his skull and knocked him senseless.

"When Peters regained consciousness, his regiment had taken another position, and he lay there between two raking fires, bullets, cannon balls and shells whizzing over him for hours, until at last he managed to drag himself a few yards away to the bank of a stream where there were bushes. Grasping a bush, he pulled himself over the bank and let himself down into the water, waist deep, which relieved his pain. Our troops retreated soon after that, and the Confederate army swept by where Peters hung. After it had passed Peters endeavored to draw himself out of the stream to the bank, in hope that he might be picked up, but he found that the bush to which he clung, while sufficient to support him as he crouched in the water, was not stiff enough to bear his weight in efforts to pull himself up on the bank. There was a bush just below him evidently strong enough to enable him to accomplish his purpose, but it was out of his reach, and if he released his hold on the bush that was supporting him to make the attempt to reach the stronger one he knew he would drop helpless in the stream and drown.

"While he was thus facing death he saw a movement on the bank, and the next moment an emancipated face with a deathlike pallor on it appeared over the edge. It was the unmistakable face of a

WOOD'S PHOSPHODINE.

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THE CAT GAME BACK.

That's a peculiarity of cats; they always do; so do the thousands of persons who buy their clothing from us. They don't return from force of habit merely like the feline, but because they have learned that in the three great essentials—Quantity, Quality and Price—we are never found wanting. A matter worthy of your careful attention is our line of Men's Ulsters at \$3.95, \$4.50, \$5, \$6, \$7, \$8, \$9, \$10, \$12.

MISCHEVIOUS BOYS

All boys who amount to "shucks" are mischevious—so it is said—still they do wear out clothing very fast. Therefore any possible saving on these essentials must be taken advantage of. Here is an opportunity right now. We have just put on sale some boys' and youths' Overcoats at very nearly the

COST LINE

Tributes to the wearing qualities of our clothing are coming to us every day in the shape of new customers sent for old patrons. That is an indorsement worth having. We want you to become a new customer now. If you intend to buy a suit you want to feel certain that you will get 100 cents of value for every dollar invested. You may do this at other stores? you are certain to do it at ours.

McKay Woolen Company,

The Big Store—Bargain Corner,

badly wounded Confederate soldier who was dragging himself to the water. The sunken eyes fell on Peters, and the owner of them must have comprehended instantly Peters' peril, for he dragged his body forward and, placing both hands on the bush that Peters longed for, bent it down toward his helpless foe and gasped:

"Huyh, Yank, grab it!" "The bush dipped so close to Peters that he summoned all the little strength he had left, let go the bush he was holding to and grabbed at the other one. He caught it. It withstood his weight, and after a long and painful struggle he pulled himself by it to the top of the bank. As soon as he could recover breath enough he turned to the wounded Confederate, who lay quiet on the bank, to thank him for his kindness. The man was dead. His dying breath was spent in saving the life of a foe.

"Two days Peters dragged himself about that bloody field of battle before succor reached him. He had been reported dead in the list. He was sent to the Acquia creek hospital, but 11 days passed before his wounds were dressed. His case being decided to be hopeless, he was sent to the hospital at Washington. He was there a month, during which it was expected hourly that he would die, so desperate was his case. But he did not die, and I heard subsequently, having quit the hospital service, that he had been discharged from the hospital so much restored in health that he was preparing for a third enlistment. Whether he did enter the service again I never knew."—New York Sun.

That Explains It.

"Quantly talks like a man who has traveled all over every country on earth."

"Never was out of Boston in his life, but he has the finest private collection of guidebooks in existence."—Boston Traveler.

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NO MORE THORNS.

The Perfection to Which Fruits and Flowers Are Developing.

The limit of improvement is not found in producing fruits of great size, beauty and sweetness. There are other desirable qualities that the horticulturist is anxious to obtain, and toward this end he is devoting his energies. One of the most noticeable trends of the science of fruit culture is toward the elimination of undesirable organs. The thorns of some of the citrus fruit trees and the prickles of such small berry bushes as the gooseberry, blackberry and raspberry are protuberances that have outlived their usefulness and are highly unpleasant. They not only puncture the ripening fruits, but they often make harvesting exceedingly inconvenient. Gardeners have long wished to do away with these thorns and prickles, but it is only comparatively recently that systematic efforts have been made to eliminate them.

The thorns are conspicuous organs of our cultivated plants that have ceased to be of any value, for their original purpose of protecting the plants from animals has no force today in the gardens and fields. They should have been exterminated long ago. Through the careful selection of plants that happen to be thornless, stocks are obtained for a new race of thornless plants. Others are noted for the few thorns that grow on them, and by judicious selection of seeds and grafts from these the same work is continued. Already gardeners have cultivated raspberry and blackberry canes that are entirely thornless, and by grafting improved varieties on these the desired end will soon be reached. The wild orange trees have many more thorns on them than the budded stock, and the wild Florida lemons are thickly studded with thorns, while the grafted La France have none.—George Ethelbert Walsh in Lippincott's.

A Wide Awake.

"There's a man who never sleeps."
"Ah, a famous detective!"
"No, a father of triplets."—Philadelphia North American.

The poorer and cheaper varieties of snuff are sometimes made from refuse stems and leaves.

The roar of the lion can be heard farther than the sound of any other living creature.

The new tam crown cap in crimson, scarlet, brown, blue, royal blue, drab, fawn, etc., etc., and black; only 45c, at Paton's.

The Discoverer of the Gladstone Collar.

I believe I am generally supposed to have invented Mr. Gladstone's collars, but as a matter of fact I merely discovered them. Many men wear collars quite as large as, and even larger than, his, but they are not so prominent in appearance for the simple reason that when Mr. Gladstone sat down it was his custom to sit well forward. His body collapsed, so to speak, and his head sank into his coat. The inevitable result was that his collar rose, and, owing to this circumstance, I have frequently seen it looking quite as conspicuous as it is depicted in my caricatures.

When Mr. Gladstone upon one occasion met the artist Punch at dinner, I was chagrined to find, when he walked into the dining room, that he had discarded his usual large collar for one of the "masher" type. I felt that my reputation for accuracy was blighted and sought consolation from the editor of a Gladstonian organ, who happened to be present.

"Yes," he said, "he is evidently dressed up to meet the Punch artists. He is the pink of fashion and neatness now, but last night, when I met him at dinner, his shirt was frayed at the edges and his collar was pinned down behind, but the pin gave way during the evening and the collar nearly came over his head."—Harry Furniss in Century.

Helgoland.

Helgoland will continue to be the Gretina Green of Germany till 1913, when the special privilege of the island expires. Pastor Schroder, the minister, however, requires certificates of birth, of the consent of the parents if the parties are under age, an affidavit that neither is already married nor divorced, and a statement of the reasons for their coming so far to get married. Then he charges a fee of \$83. It is so difficult to get married in Germany unless everything is in perfectly formal order that 60 couples a year prefer to make the journey to Helgoland.—San Francisco Argonaut.

Mrs. Lincoln's Grave.

Near the little town of Lincoln City, Spencer county, Ind., is the grave of Lincoln's mother, says the Boston Traveler. The Lincolns went to Spencer county a few years before Indiana became a state. They had not been long in Spencer county before Mrs. Lincoln died, leaving a husband and several small children. In 1879 Mr. Studebaker of South Bend, Ind., caused a monument to be erected over the grave of Mrs. Lincoln. On the monument is this inscription: "Nancy Hanks Lincoln, Mother of President Lincoln. Died Oct. 5, A. D. 1818."

The tract of land on which the grave of Mrs. Lincoln is situated has since been purchased and the land platted into town lots.

It Pays to read our ads.—Bees Bros.

Quackery is always discovering remedies which will act upon the germs of disease directly and kill them. But no discovery has ever yet been approved by doctors which will cure consumption that way. Germs can only be killed by making the body strong enough to overcome them, and the early use of such a remedy as Scott's Emulsion is one of the helps. In the daily warfare man keeps up, he wins best, who is provided with the needed strength, such as Scott's Emulsion supplies.



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W. W. CLARK, Ticket Agent

A RIGHT ROYAL ROBE.

Made of Rare Feathers For the Ruler of the Sandwich Islands.

A million dollars seems a pretty round sum to pay for a cloak, and probably even Worth never dreamed of asking so fabulous a price for the most elaborate of his garments. And yet in the National museum at Washington is a cloak the cost of which cannot be reckoned at less than this vast amount, and ladies may be pleased to learn that it was not a woman, but a man, who was guilty of such a piece of extravagance.

Long years ago, when the Hawaiian Islands, small as they are, supported not one but several flourishing kingdoms, the kings, chiefs and nobles, whenever they appeared in public on state occasions, wore, instead of the purple and ermine of more civilized potentates, capes and cloaks of brilliant feathers. The ladies of the court were forced to content themselves with feather boas, as we should call them, known as leis. These capes and collars were made from the yellow, red and black feathers of a few species of small birds peculiar to the Sandwich Islands and called, from their habits, honey suckers. Fashion ruled even in those days, and as the yellow feathers were scarcer than the red yellow was the fashionable color, and the more powerful the chief the more yellow was his robe of state. These yellow feathers were found only on two or three species of birds, the finest coming from a bird called in the native language mamo and known as Drepanis pacifica by ornithologists.

These birds, with their striking black and yellow plumage, were as dear to the hearts of the Hawaiian monarchs as they might be today to the hearts of patriotic Princeton students and were sought for far and near throughout the islands. The populace paid poll taxes in golden feathers instead of golden dollars, and as each bird furnished but a few feathers the taxes may be considered as having been high. Some estimate the value of the feathers may be formed from the prices paid in later times, when a piece of nankeen cloth valued at \$1.50 was the equivalent of five feathers; but, after all, the great element in the cost of these cloaks was time and labor, since the making of a single cloak required from 50 to 100 years.

As the feathers obtained for taxes were very far from supplying the demand the chiefs were accustomed to employ a regular staff of bird catchers, much as a medieval baron had his staff of falconers. These skilled foresters prepared a sort of bird lime from the gum of the fragrant olapa, mixed with the juice of the breadfruit tree, and with it smeared the branches of the flowering trees frequented by the honey suckers.—Frederic A. Lucas in St. Nicholas.

METHOD IN HIS MADNESS.

Police Officers Who Humored a Man Found Out Their Error.

A tall, slim man, with a vacant stare, walked into the police station of a western city, stepped up to the officer on duty and said in a hollow voice:

"Sir, I have an important communication to make. I am dead. I was murdered, and I entreat you to find the murderer and have me buried."

The official started back. It was evident he had a lunatic before him. He rang a bell, and the captain of the division, the police surgeon and all the constables obeyed the summons. In a moment the room was packed with a crowd of persons, all anxiously looking toward the surgeon, who, in such cases, has the first word.

"Just so," the latter said, addressing the stranger. "I could tell at a glance you were dead. Do you happen to know your name?"

"Certainly," the man replied. "My name is Berthold Lenwarz."

"And your address?"

"The grave."

"Who is the murderer?"

"Columbus."

"The same as discovered America?"

"Yes."

"Then let me congratulate you. We have captured the smart chap. Come, I will show you to his cell."

"Directly," said the madman in reply to the surgeon's diplomatic little speech and began fumbling in his pocket, from which he quickly produced a thick packet of neatly bound almanacs.

"Gentlemen, when I was alive, I used to sell these almanacs. They are the best sold in this country and only cost threepence each. You will admit that these handsome little volumes ought not to be left to molder in the grave, and, as we appear on such friendly terms, perhaps the gentlemen will not object to buy the lot."

Ten minutes later, almanacs all sold, he departed.—Scottish Nights.

BETTER than cure is prevention. By taking Good's Sarsaparilla you may keep well, with pure blood, strong nerves and a good APPETITE.