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More than two hundred thousand safes were made in our factory in 1920. Our safes are perfect for all purposes. They are made of the finest material and are built to last. They are fireproof and burglar-proof. They are the best investment you can make for your money.
The safe is made of the finest material and is built to last. It is fireproof and burglar-proof. It is the best investment you can make for your money.
We have accumulated organ information for 45 years. Write us about organs if you are interested.

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Cut this ad out and send to us a state number license and a road top of your car. We will send you a new road top for your car. It is made of the finest material and is built to last. It is fireproof and burglar-proof. It is the best investment you can make for your money.
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TRUSSES, 65c, \$1.25 AND UP
We are selling the very best Trusses made at 65c. They are made of the finest material and are built to last. They are fireproof and burglar-proof. They are the best investment you can make for your money.
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NOTES FROM GOTHAM

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE DOES NOT LIKE OUR CHANGEABLE CLIMATE

Sea Shell For a Roadway—Cheyenne Indians View the City—A Bargain's Trust Pickpockets Grow Bold—Another Wonderful Invention.

Cleopatra's Needle in Central Park is becoming dangerously weather worn. The shaft that stood for many centuries on the banks of the Nile is unable to withstand the ravages of general humidity and all the meteorological disagreeableness that accompany it in New York. Gaping cracks are observable in the obelisk near the top, and the outer skin of the shaft, with its ancient hieroglyphics that give it such interest, is peeling off in large patches. Something must be done if the obelisk is to be saved, and it is possible that it will have to be taken into some public building, where climatic conditions cannot affect it. It is little consolation to New Yorkers to know that the obelisk on the Thames embankment in London is in the same condition as ours. The towering pillar in Central Park is one of the most valuable relics of an ancient dynasty in the "land of mystery" that is to be found in the whole United States.

Irving and Terry.
The reappearance of Henry Irving on our stage and the first American production of a new play, "Robespierre," by Victorien Sardou, occurred the other evening at the Knickerbocker theatre. The double event was unquestionably the most important and impressive of the season. All honors went to Irving, and he deserved them all. He is the prince of English-speaking actors, the undisputed head of his profession, without peer or rival at the present time. Besides



Henry J. Irving.
this, he is a scholar and a distinguished gentleman, a man of generous impulses and delicate refinements, whom all are proud to love and revere. The thunderous applause that greeted him and was repeated at frequent intervals throughout the performance vibrated with this feeling, and added to it was a note of gratification to see him in full possession of his health and spirits, with no trace of his long and serious illness.

Interest in the Speedway.
The owners of the fast horses in New York who are interested in the "speedway" are talking of trying to get the roadway fit for use throughout the winter, in spite of frost and snow. There is a certain kind of sea shell which, when ground up, makes a splendid road, and which is in use in some of the popular seaside towns in this vicinity. It drains away moisture easily and is always hard and firm, no matter what may be the state of the weather. It is suggested that this material might be brought to the speedway at small cost, and then the road would be good all the year around. Of course the city will have to pay for it. If it is used, the horsemen say that the speedway gives a stimulus to many trades connected more or less with horses and carriages, and that the improved roadway would be a direct benefit to the community at large. The next thing will be to make the park board see to it in the same light.

New Firemen.
A pointed reminder of the perils of a fireman's life was offered when fifty new men entered the ranks of the Fire Department of Greater New York. They are to take the places of those who have dropped out by death or disability, with a few who have resigned. As a rule, however, firemen do not resign. There is something fascinating in the service, and it is a common saying that "once a fireman always a fireman." The fire department is like the army in its fierce hold upon those who have once belonged to it.

Wonders Never Cease.
Perpetual motion, or something very near it, has been invented by a Brooklyn man, according to his own assertion. He has produced a machine which he says will automatically furnish motive power for steamships and trains, purify the air of hospitals, theatres, and other buildings, make 1,800 pounds of ice an hour, and give the crew of the Holland submarine boat enough air to enable them to remain under water for two years. The machine looks like an ordinary refrigerator, but there are many complicated coils of pipe inside, together with a steel fan, and six separate chambers half filled with water. To start the machine to its full power it is necessary to load it with ninety pounds of ice. After that the contrivance does the rest automatically. In a few minutes the surrounding air can be reduced to a temperature of fifty degrees below zero, and inside the ice box it can be brought down to 200 below zero. The inventor says his machine will be a good thing for powder houses, where it is desirable that low temperature shall be maintained, and, in fact, there is no end to the usefulness of the contrivance where it is desirable to cool off things. He says it is the nearest thing to perpetual motion ever invented, because, when once it has been fed with enough ice to start it, it makes its own ice afterward indefinitely.

THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE

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The little things that come with each successive day—does it seem to you, that life holds greater duties you long so much to do? It's pretty work to sweep and dust and set the house right, to trim the lamps and render them all shining, clean and bright—It's dull to rock the baby when others duties wait. To patch and mend the little clothes and make the tangles straight. Oh, 'tis the little things of life that make us what we are. The happy housewife or the one whom the troubles marry. It is the little things we do that make us sweet or sour. That draw our path with thistles or with many a lovely flower. Oh, let us just resolve, my dear, to do them anyway—The petty, trifling duties that come to us each day. So let us gladly do them, nor think them done in vain. And in our lives their melody will make a sweet refrain. —Harriet Francine Crocker.

THE LONE GLEN MYSTERY

It was in the fall of 1880 that a party of friends and myself—equipped for hunting deer—found ourselves lodged in a log hut in the "back woods" of the Adirondacks. We had been several days in camp, and found game not very plenty, consequently hunting was dull. I am not much of a hunter myself—I had only come along to fill out the party, and I often stayed at the camp, amusing myself—as I am something of an artist—making sketches of the picturesque scenery, which was especially beautiful at that season of the year—all nature being clad in autumnal colors.

It was a beautiful day, I remember, and the dreamy quietude of Indian Summer was over the solitude of the mountains. My companions had decided on a long tramp, led by our guide, with the hope of finding game more plenty in the remoter regions of the mountains. After many vain attempts to persuade me to join the party—I was left behind to amuse myself as best I might.

With my sketch-box for a companion, time flew rapidly by, and the sun was sinking near the western goal ere I returned to the hut. Tall shadows were beginning to creep over the mountain side. The sun, as it sank behind a distant peak, crowned it momentarily with a crown of burnished gold. Then it was torn away, as it by some rude, unseen hand, and the summit grew cold and gray.

Twilight came softly creeping over the forest. The stars came out one by one—the incandescent lights of the heavens—lit by angel hands. A death-like calm was in the air—a stillness as of the tomb.

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The moon came up, in a little while, full and clear, bathing the mountains in a flood of soft, milky light. The breezes whispered among the trees as if they were the voices of departed spirits. My companions had not yet returned, and I was waiting for them by the door of the hut, wondering at their long absence. It is not strange that a weird feeling should come over one, alone in the heart of the mountains at night, and a feeling of superstitious awe over me—a feeling I never experienced before. Every rock and bush was transformed into some hideous shape that nodded and grinned and threatened me till I closed my eyes that I might not see them. But my eyes would open, and the figures would appear as before.

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At last, we came to a rocky clearing which we called the "Lone Glen," surrounded by tall pine trees, whose long boughs nearly touched over the middle of the open space. I paused to rest. My companions advanced to the center of the level space. I saw their faces—they were white as death, and their eyes were set and glassy. I tried to speak, but could make no sound. I tried to move, but was riveted to the spot. The guide turned away a few steps till he was scarcely visible in the shade. I saw him raise his rifle to his shoulder—and before I could comprehend the meaning of his actions—there came a flash, but I heard no report. The figure in the center threw up his arms and fell forward upon the ground. I uttered a cry of horror, and rushed to the spot where he fell, but the body had vanished. I looked about for the guide, but he was so where to be seen. This was too much for my excited nerves, and I got back through the forest.

When I reached the hut, I found my companions had just returned from the "Lone Glen." I rushed in, and there upon the floor were stretched the dead body of our guide.