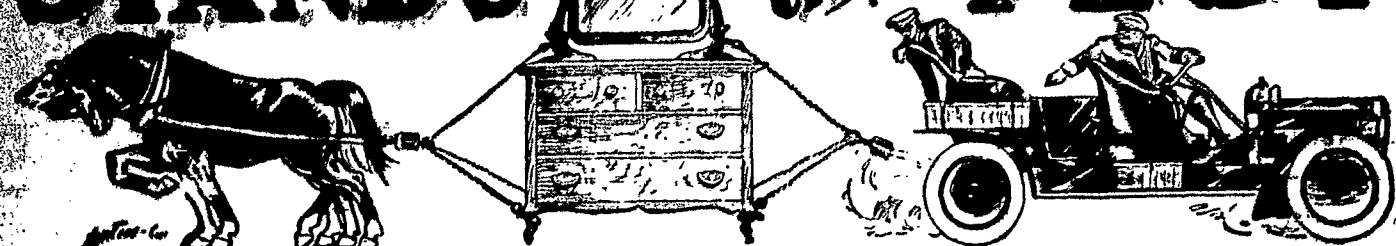


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- Solid quartered oak pillar Extension Table, claw feet, regularly \$19.00; special price **\$14.00**
- Heavy solid oak cane seat Dining Chair, strongly built, regularly \$1.50; special price **\$1.10**
- Quartered and polished box framed cane seat Dining Chair, regularly \$3.25; special price **\$2.25**
- Quartered oak polished, box framed, genuine leather seat Dining Chair, regularly \$3.00; special price **\$2.25**
- Massive all quartered oak Sideboard, carved doors and top piece, regularly \$23.00; special price **\$18.00**
- Extra large quartered oak, polished Sideboard, heavy carved standards, doors and top piece, regularly \$40.00; special price **\$27.00**

Bedroom Furniture

- White enameled Bed, continuous post, brass tipped scroll filler, head 5 ft. 3 in., with high foot end; regularly \$6.75; special price **\$4.75**
- White enamel Bed, continuous post with heavy all brass filler, ornamented with brass husks; regularly \$15.75; special price **\$10.50**
- Solid oak Dresser, with French bevel mirror; regularly \$12.25; special price **\$8.00**
- All mahogany Dresser with crocheted mahogany drawer fronts, oval French bevel mirror, regularly \$39.50; special price **\$25.00**
- Solid oak Princess Dresser, with quartered oak serpentine drawer front, French bevel mirror, 40x22, regularly \$21.75; special price **\$15.50**
- Solid oak Chiffonier, with French bevel mirror, regularly \$8.50; sale price **\$5.35**
- Quartered oak Chiffonier, with large pattern French bevel mirror, regularly \$15.00; special price **\$9.50**
- All mahogany polished Chiffonier, with hat box, serpentine front, French bevel mirror, regularly \$23.75; special price **\$16.00**

Similar Reductions Throughout Every Department

WEIS & FISHER COMPANY

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Private McCord Goes Home

By Bourdon Wilson.

"Billy, I'm going to raise a howl if somethin' don't get to happenin' mighty pronto. Oh, Lowdy, this here's just killin' me."

McCord had been in the army three years, during which he had become the crack shot and most dare-devil rider in "A" troop, a troop of care-devils, when this, his first attack of homesickness, came upon him; which was remarkable, in the fact that he had passed two years and ten months of this time in the saddle, chasing Apaches, or himself being chased, he taken into consideration.

When he and Billy arrived at the post canteen, he recklessly followed this initial glass of beer with one of wine, and to this mixture was not long in adding at least one sample of every variety of liquor in the place, quickly becoming first happy and then hilarious. At last Billy, decided that he had had enough, besides, the bugle would be calling them; and taking him by the arm, he tried to get him to go.

But McCord was of a different mind. "Now, I'm going to stay here," he objected, pulling back. "I'm 'avin' too good a time. Why, say, Billy—hic—this is most as good as Tennessee. Let's take another drink; let's keep 'em rollin'."

But Billy dragged him to the door, where he was still urging him to go, when the blare of a bugle came ringing across the parade.

"There, now we've got to run for it," exclaimed Billy, starting away at his best speed, fully expecting the other to follow.

And McCord from fear of habit did follow a short distance, but then turned and went back to the canteen, roll-call or no roll-call, he was going to have his good time out. But the place now was deserted, and there was no fun in drinking without companions. Presently, however, a happy thought occurred to him, a mile down the valley was a little Mexican town, where he would find congenial company with whom to drink mescal.

What occurred that night left but little impression upon his memory, at sunrise he came to a sense of his surroundings to find himself not far from the post. His hands and face were scratched and bloody, and his eyes were bleary and bloodshot. He looked wretched, and felt wretched. What he intended doing next had taken only vague form in his brain, except that he would give his oully little lieutenant the thrashing of his life. And it so happened that Lieutenant Coyle was one of the first persons he was to meet. He was parleying with a sleepy-eyed sentry when the lieutenant, with the new guard, came marching up. A moment the lieutenant eyed him in surprise and disgust, then

"Sergeant, place that man under arrest!" he commanded.

But McCord was too quick for the sergeant. With a howl he leaped past the surprised sentry straight for the officer, sending his fist smashing into the latter's face, and stretching him stumped upon the ground. Then, before a hand could be laid upon him, a revolver he must have captured in the cantina flashed from beneath his blouse, and came to a stop with the muzzle between the sergeant's eyes.

"Drop yo' rifle and hold up yo' hands!" he ordered.

The sergeant saw murder in his blazing blue eyes, saw that resistance would be idiotic, and his hands promptly shot upward at arm's length above his head.

McCord grinned approval. "Now all keep out o' this," he snapped out with a nod at the astonished guard, "or I'll blow his fool head off. He's goin' to take a little peaser with me."

And collaring the sergeant with his unemployed hand he started with him at a brisk walk in the direction of the town, none of the other men daring to interfere. A quarter of a mile away, while rounding a low hill, they met a Mexican in horseback, and McCord's weapon instantly was brought to include him in his menace.

"Git down off that horse!" he commanded, so savagely that the frightened Mexican obeyed without protest. McCord took the rein from his trembling hand. "Now, then, you all line up here," he ordered next, "and don't you move a finger till I'm out o' range!" He had seen at a glance that the Mexican was not armed.

Keeping both covered with his revolver he carefully swung himself into the saddle and started away at a gallop.

ward the valley. Then he began hurriedly climbing the steep rocky side of the mountain before him; he must gain the summit before the pursuing troopers arrived at the end of the arroyo, else they might wing him. He was two-thirds of the way up when a tiny puff of dust flew from a bowlder just above him, a round, grayish spot suddenly appearing there, and a flattened piece of lead tumbled to his feet just as the "spang" of a rifle reached his ears.

Startled, his heart leaping into his throat, he stood in his tracks a moment then ran to cover behind an outcropping ledge of rock just in time to escape a second bullet. Warily peering through a crevice in the rocks, he saw a puff of smoke rising from the opposite side of the ravine; and watching the spot from which it rose, he presently saw something that caused his breath to stop with a gasp.

"Apaches!" burst from his lips in a whisper of utter surprise.

Scarcely had he reached this decision, when he caught a glimpse of a fleeting brown figure darting from rock to rock, moving down the mountain in the direction of the head of the arroyo. Then another followed, that one, and another, and another; the entire Apache band seemed in motion. Wondering what was causing their change of position, it flashed into McCord's brain that they had sighted the soldiers sure to come following his trail sooner or later, and were setting an ambush for them. Crawling the instant to a crack in the rocks commanding a view of the arroyo, one look out proved his conjecture to have been right; less than a mile away were a dozen men and an officer, coming at a trot. Nearer they came, and presently McCord began laughing a devilish chuckle; through the clear he had recognized in the officer Lieut. Coyle.

His chuckle ended abruptly, as another thought came to him, one that sent his hopes soaring skyward, during the progress of the battle that was sure to come, he might be able to skip away unseen by either side for his and freedom. But his face fell a minute later, as he made out another familiar figure among the soldiers, that of his chum, Billy Evans. Caught at the head of the arroyo like rats in a trap, the troopers would be slaughtered almost at the Indians' pleasure, but he had not counted on Billy being one of their number. And with this came a thought which filled him with shame. What would he think of another "A" troop who would keep quiet and let the poor fellows down there ride unwarned into such a deathfall?

He sat up, and began fumbling with trembling fingers in the pocket of his blouse, at last bringing out a small mirror. And now rising to his knees, exposing his head and shoulders, caught the sun's rays with the glass, and sent a dancing spot of brightness skimming along the arroyo to the feet of the foremost horse.

The Apache saw, and understood, but remained silent.

Carefully now, again he moved the mirror, bringing the reflected rays up to the blue of Lieut. Coyle's breast, then flashed them into his face. The effect upon the lieutenant was instantaneous, bringing his horse to a sudden stop, he swung his field glass to his eyes, just as a score of smoke puffs burst from the rocks above the head of the arroyo.

"Great Scott, men! Apaches!" he exclaimed.

One minute his glass swept the side of the mountain, then was lowered, and he wheeled his horse around, curt commands issued from his lips. Quickly the men dismounted and began climbing the mountain in their eagerness, running like goats up the steep slopes. Arriving at the top, the lieutenant led them along the crest toward the spot whence come the timely flash, the Apaches themselves now placed at a disadvantage, sneaking away as they advanced. At last the lieutenant found that for which he was looking, and went running down the mountain, his men close at his heels. Two hundred feet down they came to a stop beside a thing in blue, a thing which lay motionless beside the outcropping ledge, its fingers grasping the frame of a shattered pocket mirror. One glance into the distorted upturned face, and the lieutenant's hand went to his head and his hat came off.

Private McCord had gone home.

In Defense of the Gallus.

The "gallus" marks the freeman and the man of genuine, unpretending culture and civilization. Your snob and your savage abhor it. In Meopotamia the wild bashibazouk wears a belt; in Yucatan the Indian wears a girdle of shark's teeth, in Senegambia the shameless cannibal sports a gunnysack; in Atlantic City, a few years back, the dudes used to wear sashes. But find a man who, when he throws off his coat to begin his daily toil, lays bare a pair of heavy, sky blue galluses, and you'll find a man who pays his way in the world, loves his wife, rears his children in the fear of the Lord, and votes the straight ticket.

The "gallus" is useful; it is graceful, and properly adorned with hand-painted flowers and brass buckles, it is beautiful. To be ashamed of it, to conceal it or to abandon it for a sombre leather belt, is to fall in an essential of true manhood and fly in the face of fate.—Baltimore Sun.

STRUCK A HUGE GAS WELL

Allowed to Flow Weeks Without Capping Causing Great Loss.

As a commercial product natural gas was twenty-three years behind petroleum. They both originated in Pennsylvania; and Pennsylvania has led all the States in the production of both products ever since, until 1905 when California surpassed her in petroleum.

Petroleum and natural gas are allied products. As Pennsylvania had the first and largest oil field she has also the first and most extensive gas region, says the Pittsburgh Dispatch. Like oil, it is controlled by the few, and the enormous accruing profits redound to increase the wealth of the already rich. And it seems impossible now to carry on such extensive industries without great aggregations of money. It would be impossible for individuals of moderate means to pipe oil or natural gas 200 or 300 miles and distribute it in small pipes or wagons to individual consumers in a city.

An instance showing the truth of this statement occurred in reality lately in McKean county, Pennsylvania. Two brothers by the name of Keeler drilled a well 1,886 feet deep and struck the greatest gasser ever known. It threw the two ton string of drilling tools entirely out of the well and its vibrations soon shook the heavy timbers of the derrick to pieces. The escaping gas roared like a heavy freight train dashing along, the sound of which could be heard at a distance of ten miles. It was commonly said that it was producing 100,000,000 cubic feet per day. Such exact measurements as could be made placed the amount at 42,000,000. But whatever the flow of the gas may have been it was by far the largest well ever drilled and the extraordinary production served to attract great crowds of visitors.

The gas had been sold in advance before the well was completed to the Pennsylvania Gas Company (which is understood to be the Standard Oil Company). There had been no pipe line laid in advance to take care of the gas. Of course it was unknown whether there would be any gas. Every well is a mystery until the driller strikes the sand. But when the sand was struck and the immense quantity of gas rushed out there was no immediate attempt to "shut it in." Day after day it wasted from 42,000,000 to 100,000,000 cubic feet, sufficient to supply the domestic uses of a city of 50,000 inhabitants. The gas was struck on the 23d of September, 1906. No attempt was made to control it until the 10th of November, just fifty days, when the first effort to shut it in was successful. Why an earlier attempt on the part of a great company to save the gas for two poor men was not made is not entirely explained. Perhaps they knew for a certainty that it could not be done. They might not have been able to have secured the tubing any earlier. The one thing which they did, however, was to lay an eight-inch pipe and carry the gas 200 feet away from the well and let it escape there. They could not turn it into a gas main for the reason that they had laid no main in that interval of fifty days. It is said they could not get the pipe. They laid that eight-inch pipe off to the south.

There was a good reason for laying it that direction. The Pennsylvania Company owned adjoining leases. They owned one across the road to the north. And as they wanted to drill there, there might be some danger from the gas of the Keeler well. The Keeler well is 300 feet south of the road at the point of the Pennsylvania Gas Company's new well. And the gas from the Keeler well was carried 200 feet south from the well. Of course, as the gas from the Keeler well belonged to the Pennsylvania Gas Company they had a right to pipe it where they pleased. But they were not paying for it while it wasted.

The Pennsylvania Gas Company drilled a well as near to the Keeler line on the north as possible. All gas and oil men know that gas and oil lie in veins or seams or belts of sandstone, sometimes in pools. It is practically guesswork to strike these veins. No man owns the seams of oil or gas, except what he can strike in the wells from his own lease. Anyone, of course, who owns an adjoining lease can drill as close to the line as possible in the attempt to strike his neighbor's successful pool. That is part of the game. It is competition in the great industry. The Pennsylvania Gas Company successfully capped the Keeler well in their first attempt, which was a few days before they struck the sand in their own new well, but they did not turn the gas into their pipe and begin to use it. The gas is safely shut into the well waiting the laying of the main. In the meantime gas in the new well was struck. It is a fine well, producing about 10,000,000 cubic feet per day. Evidently it did not strike the veins of the Keeler well and is not drawing the gas from them.

Thomas Edison's Pastime.

Those who chance to pass the dwelling of Thomas A. Edison, the electrician, at an early hour in the morning are somewhat astonished to hear an organ being played and wonder who is thus amusing himself at a time when others are fast asleep. It is Edison himself, who, after a long period of work in the laboratory, will refresh himself mentally by a couple of tunes on his favorite instrument, thus preparing for recuperative slumber.

AMONG DEADLY INDUSTRIES.

Making of Safety Matches a Very Unhealthy Occupation.

Neueste Erfindungen und Erfahrungen says that the production of safety matches still remains a deadly process. The igniting or dipping composition employed contains, as the most essential ingredients, potassium chlorate and potassium chromate, which latter is added to the igniting mass in the proportion of 1 to 6 per cent. Since the workmen in the match factories come in contact with the chrome salt in grinding the latter, in the preparation of the dripping and igniting composition, in the production of the tips by dipping, as well as in the packing of the finished matches (and several kilos of this poison is daily atomized over the workrooms), the men suffer terribly. Cutaneous disease, headache, debility, are frequent. Very often a perforation of the nose results in consequence of ulcerations, the destruction of the same being most acute in users of tobacco.

The destruction of the bridge of the nose can only be attributed to the potassium chromate; hence we are here dealing with a highly serious trade malady.

Beautiful Animal Skins.

Lovers of fine animal skins would have been interested in the collection, recently mounted at the workshop of a New York taxidermist. They were all native animals, some half a dozen in number, and represented the fruits of a hunting expedition of President Roosevelt in the Rocky mountains. He had sent them on to be mounted for use in the White House. One of his injunctions to the taxidermist was to mount the heads flat, as he declared that he had too many "stumbling blocks" in the way of mounted heads.

Horseflesh as Meat.

In Belgium the eating of horse flesh dates back to 1870, from which time it has been increasing steadily. In Liege many colts are slaughtered for sale as well as young horses. The animal undergoes the same rigid inspection given to beef, mutton or pork. The number of horses and colts slaughtered for Liege in 1904 was 1,287, and it is estimated at 1,400 for 1905. The choice cuts of horse meat sell for about 20 cents a pound, while the beef commands about 75 cents.

Note: Use for Potatoes.

Many persons will be surprised to learn that the potato is used in the manufacture of imitation brass and copper pipes and "marble" looking tiles. After the potatoes are

peeled they are kept for 36 hours in an 8 percent solution of sulphuric acid. They are then dried and pressed hard enough for use in making pipes. Under strong pressure they become solid enough to be turned into billiard balls.

Saving Shipwrecked Sailors.

Considerably more shipwrecked sailors are saved by their own boats than by any other means, says London Answers. Thus, of 2,159 persons saved on the coasts of the United Kingdom in 1903-1904, 165 were saved by the rocket apparatus and assistance from the shore, 432 by lifeboats, 143 by coast guard boats and other craft, 641 by passing ships and 735 by their own boats.

Fish Catching by Beehives.

The idea of catching fish by means of a beehive with a hole in the top of it is a strange enough one. Yet this, says the Country Gentleman, is not inadequately describes the method employed by fishermen in the Philippine Islands, who clap their apparatus down over the sluggish bottom-feeding fish and then, putting their hands through the hole in the top, extract their victims.

Fishing by Bow and Arrow.

In the South seas and in various groups of islands in the Indian ocean the aborigines shoot fish with the bow and arrow. The art is extremely difficult, as in taking aim at an object under water the archer has to allow for refraction. If he were to aim directly at the fish as he sees it, he would, of course, miss. Long practice has, however, made the natives expert in this sport.

Life Convict's Demand.

A life convict in the Andamans had served some long period when an order recently came for his release. All the time he had been in the band, and had evidently so far forgotten that he was a prisoner that on his release he put in a claim for a pension on account of his long and faithful service as a Government servant.

Cost of Sunday Holiday.

According to a Paris newspaper, a competent authority estimates that the yearly cost to the railroads of France of giving their workmen a day off each week will be from \$6,000,000 to \$8,000,000. It will be remembered that the Sunday rest law, exempted the railroads from its provisions, to take up the needs of railroad workmen at a later time; but the railroads conferred with each other and agreed to grant the seventh day rest voluntarily.

USE OF COLOMNE'S STOPPER.

French Device for Better Protection of War Vessels.

Among the many inventions tending to the better protection of war vessels is one of French origin called Colomne's stopper.

The first practical test of this device was during the late war with Spain, when it was employed to close a rent made by a shell in the lower hull. The hole was about a foot above the water-line. As soon as the stopper was inserted the inflow of water, which had begun to flood the deck, ceased.

The stopper consists of a rod having at one end an iron plate pivoted at the center so that it can be folded backward along the rod. To stop a leak, the rod carrying the plate is first thrust upward through the hole; then a turn of the rod causes the plate, which is weighted at one end, to become parallel to the side of the ship, and in this position it is drawn back by the rod so as more or less completely to cover the hole. Next a cellulose cushion is placed upon the rod, and by the aid of a nut forced tightly against the inner side of the ship over the hole, so as entirely to stop the leak. Stoppers of various sizes are carried, to suit the size of the hole that may have to be dealt with.

Smoke Affects Physique.

A London City Council Committee reports that the smoke of large towns like London and Manchester has a deteriorating effect upon the people's physique. The smoke-laden atmosphere diminishes the vitality of those who habitually breathe it, and shortens their lives. The genius of the members of the committee was scarcely required to point out this obvious fact.

The Mohair Industry.

Mohair is likely to become an important product in the United States. At present, however, there are probably not more than 1,000,000 pounds of the substance grown here. It comes from the back of the Angora goat, three or four pounds being secured from each animal. The price varies from 25 cents to \$1.25 a pound.

Detecting Flaws in Metals.

To detect hidden cracks opening from the surface of metals, the surface is first moistened with kerosene, and is then tried off with a cloth. It is then coated with chalk. After a little while the oil works out of the little cracks and stains the chalk. A sort of diagram of the hidden fissures and defects is thus produced.