

The Black Fox.

In the estimation of trappers of the Canadian Northland, as well as in the eyes of the nobility of Russia, there is only one king of beasts—the highly prized black fox. On an average five perfect pelts of this rare fur bearer are brought down from the Northland each year, and in rare years as many as 10 or 12, though each year thousands of men make a living trapping the yearly catch of fox skins amounts to over \$100,000 from Canada alone.

In no way except in color does the black fox differ from the red fox, whose pelt sells for about \$2, or from the gray fox, whose winter coat is valued at from \$150 to \$400; but whenever a hunter can secure a black fox and remove its skin without marring the fur he is sure of receiving from \$800 to \$1,500 for his trophy. Not only is every black fox pelt bought as soon as taken but a dozen Russian noblemen have paid agents traveling in North America all through the winter seeking out remote hillside farms and abandoned logging camps where it is possible that a shy and elusive black fox may have been seen.

Within the last 20 years a number of wealthy men who have owned fenced game preserves have spent vast sums of money in buying young foxes alive and turning them loose within private enclosures. By and by it may be that some skilled or fortunate breeder will produce a black pup or perhaps a pair of black foxes may be captured alive and from these a new breed of black foxes will arise and cause a great panic among the men who hunt for black foxes. He who can wrest the secret of breeding black foxes from nature is assured of riches past counting and can command the worshipful homage of the Russian nobility and aristocracy, who seem willing to sacrifice untold wealth for the pleasure of wearing overcoats made from the pelts of American black foxes.—Edmonton cor. Toronto Globe.

Before Taking and After.

If anyone be on the lookout for a new and not too arduous profession, here is one hailing from Paris. A certain vagabond, noticeable for his thinness, was recently arrested for some minor offense.

On being questioned he said he was a "sitter for corpulence." Explanation being called for, he protested that he was employed by the proprietor of a certain cure for corpulence (the name of which he gave) to sit for his photograph. In one, subsequently labeled "Before taking so-and-so," he wore beneath his clothes a suit of thin India rubber distended with air. In the next two photographs, to be entitled respectively "After one month" and

AT GETTYSBURG.

Comrade Bird Tells of His Visit to the Battlefield.

Leaving Washington on the morning of August 21st, we arrived in Baltimore too late to get the morning train on the Western Maryland R. R. for Gettysburg, so we took a train on the Pennsylvania to New Freedom, where we took dinner, and then drove across the country seven miles to Hoffmanville, where my daughter, Mrs. Gregory, lives, and on account of limited time left, that afternoon, for Gettysburg.

As we had but one day that we could spend at Gettysburg, the next morning we were early on the move, and as my brother Jim wished to go to Cemetery Ridge first, to get the location of the regiment, before passing down through the town to the battlefield we found the position first occupied by the 154th N. Y., and followed their route down through the village via the Baltimore Pike to the market place; and thence out State St. to the outskirts of the village, where the regiment filed to the right past the little brick house which is still standing with a canon ball sticking in the gable end of the building.

The new avenue on which the 154th monument stands is called Custer avenue in honor of our brigade commander at that time.

The regiment had started to retreat from the field by the same route they had taken before going into action, but found their retreat cut off by a Confederate line of battle in their rear, having stayed too long on the firing line until their supports on the left had fallen back and their position occupied by the Confederates, and that was the cause of so many of the boys being taken prisoners at that point.

Jim pointed out the route he had taken in his retreat, parallel with the street where he saw the Confederate officer on horseback with drawn revolver backed by the Johnnies, demanding the surrender.

Flanking the rebel advance he got into the road where it crosses the little creek, and there he saw Corporal Mirach fall with our state colors which he took from Mirach's hands and continued on up the street, and as he crossed the railroad track a comrade on each side of him was shot down; but the flag was saved, and was afterwards given to a sergeant of the 184th N. Y., he claiming it was his flag, which was a mistake, as Captain M. B. Cheney brought off the flag of the 184th N. Y.

Jim afterwards waited on and talked with Corporal Mirach at the 11th corps hospital where the latter died of

visiting these fields under far more favorable circumstances than when we participated in the campaign 45 years ago.

ALEX BIRD.

An Epitaph.

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it."

The biography of a human derelict, written graphically in a single sentence. Whole volumes could not have described more fully, more accurately, the life that had become, not only worthless, but a menace to others. But his voyage is over, and he has long since departed to make his report to the Great Captain. Will his report be the only one of his kind presented?

Not all the vessels that start out on the ocean of life are equally strong, equally powerful. Some are large and imposing, some small, and even insignificant. But all are offered the same charts, the same compass, the same rules of navigation. The charts show clearly and distinctly the safe paths, they mark the currents and cross currents, and point out the dangerous reefs and shoals. The compass, true and accurate, points always, unerringly, towards the Guiding Star—the Star that will lead its faithful followers safely, surely, to the haven of peace and rest.

The long, tempestuous voyage mapped out for some vessels is in strong contrast to the peaceful, calm cruise that others are to enjoy, and to many this seems unjust. But is it not reasonable that small, light vessels, should have smoother sailing than those of sturdier build? A very light craft could not weather the storms of heavy and dangerous seas; neither would a bulky, powerful vessel be able to navigate in the sheltered waters of narrow or shallow streams. No, the Great Builder knows best, and He sends each ship on the course to which it is best adapted.

And the great ocean of life itself! How absorbingly interesting it is to watch the ships as they breast the waves, battle with the tempests, or glide smoothly over the still waters. Inspiring indeed is it, to see the large, stately vessels keeping nobly to their course, and the smaller ones following in their wake, faithfully, steadily, steering straight for port, and deviating neither to right nor left.

But oh, how sad it is to watch the erratic course of the vessel that has lost its chart, that no longer uses the compass to guide it, and so steers first one way and then another, until finally even its motive power is destroyed, and it drifts idly, aimlessly about, a hopeless wreck—a derelict.

To which class do you and I belong? What kind of report will you and I be able to offer to the Great Captain at

Changed!

The best work car horses, and men too when they are gener story of the farme buttermilk and whe and found them dra work to the refrain, through today," is He did his best to faster work, but wi last left the field in fore he reached the a second sober thou eluded that a more affect the spirits of them to put more v So he had wife six u ham and egg dinner appointed with re went to the field in work was going off clip, while the men "Ham and eggs, lo legs." The moral is if you would have m well.

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Sept 16, 1908 Edgewater post

...next two photographs, to be entitled respectively "After one month" and "After two months," the India rubber suit was proportionately deflated, while for the last photograph of all, to be called "Cured," it was altogether dispensed with.—Exchange.

DAYS OF DIZZINESS

Come to Hundreds of Ellicottville People.

There are days of dizziness; Spells of headache, ailsache, back-ache; Sometimes rheumatic pains; Often urinary disorders. All tell you plainly the kidneys are sick.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure all kidney ills.

Here is proof in Ellicottville. Mrs. Lewis Weisban, Main St., Ellicottville, N. Y., says: "I have known of Doan's Kidney Pills for some years and hold a very good opinion of them. My daughter suffered extremely from nervous spells and was at times subject to severe headaches and attacks of dizziness. She also had pains in her back which also indicated that her kidneys had become deranged and were responsible for all her suffering. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended as a reliable kidney remedy, she procured a box and began their use. She was speedily restored to good health and has had practically no kidney trouble since."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

A It is a pity when sick ones drug the stomach or stimulate the Heart and Kidneys. That is all wrong! A weak Stomach, means weak Stomach nerves, always. And this is also true of the Heart and Kidneys. The weak nerves are instead crying out for help. This explains why Dr. Shoop's Restorative is promptly helping Stomach, Heart and Kidney ailments. The Restorative reaches out for the actual cause of these ailments—the failing "inside nerves". Anyway test the Restorative 48 hours. It won't cure so soon as that, but you will surely know that help is coming. Sold by Glenn N. Alexander.

Doan's Ointment cured me of a neuralgia that had annoyed me a long time. The ointment was purchased by me at the Ellicottville Dispensary.

...with Corporal Mirach at the 11th corps hospital where the latter died of wounds received in the defense of the flag. Following the line of retreat up Baltimore street to Cemetery Ridge just opposite the entrance to the National cemetery is the position occupied by what was left of the 154th during the remainder of the battle of Gettysburg.

The avenues built and maintained by the battlefield association are very beautiful, and nicely kept up. We took the electric car out over the "wheat field" and around to the "devil's den" and the Round Top. Following the line of battle up along the ridge through the woods, the same hastily formed breastwork of rock can be seen today as it was 45 years ago, and on the very summit of Round Top is an iron observation tower, reaching above the trees where the whole battlefield can be seen. In the top of the tower is a very ingenious dial arranged with sights pointing to the different parts of the field; for instance, Peach Orchard, Cemetery Ridge, Seminary Ridge, Wheat Field, Devil's Den, etc.

After dinner we drove with a guide (who was a young boy during the battle) all over that part of the field where the first day's fighting was done, which is now a fine farming country, and among the many monuments there is the one in bronze of old John Burns, who was 70 years old when he, as a citizen, shouldered his rifle and went out to the firing line to repel the invaders, and was wounded there.

Away out to the front on a rise of ground is the monument of the 9th N. Y. cavalry with this inscription, "First Sighting the Enemy." The monument is an ideal picture of the vidette, cut in granite. The horse with head high in the air, nostrils distended, and eyes almost glittering with excitement, while his rider with full accoutrements on and carbine cocked and ready, is just on the point of firing. One does not have to draw much on his imagination to think that cavalryman is Marsh Scott, for he was right there. It is a wonderful field to go over and well worth the time and expense.

There are today 500 cannon on the different parts of the line, both Union and Confederate, occupying the same position they did during the battle.

Among the guns we recognized the old families' brass Napoleons, Parrott, and Derricks' patterns, with two Whitworths of the Confederate line.

We left the battlefield at 11:30 and

What kind of report will you and I be able to offer to the Great Captain at the end of our voyage? What will our fellow travelers have to say of us, when we have left their pathway and entered the wide harbor of eternity!—What will be our epitaph!—Stella Paul Craig in Living Church.

Couldn't Scare Them.

A Denver man who rents his motor car by the trip or hour was seated in the machine with a friend for business when a young couple from the country came up. It was plain to be seen they were bride and groom. The young man from the country said they wanted to see Denver. He arranged for the motor car man to take them for an hour's trip and paid the charges in advance. The country people took the back seat. The driver's friend sat in the front seat with him.

"I'm going to have some fun," said the driver in a low tone to his friend. "I'm going to run fast and scare those hayseeds."

He ran to the east edge of town and then let the machine out to the limit. It rocked and jumped till the driver's friend became alarmed.

"Say," he said, "you'd better ease up on it or you'll kill us all."

"Look around and see if the bride and groom are scared," was the reply.

Before the other man could turn and look the farmer touched the driver on the shoulder.

"Hey, feller," he said, "here's another dollar. Make her run fast, will you?"—Denver Post.

A clever, popular Candy Cold Cure Tablet—called Preventics—is being dispensed by druggists everywhere. In a few hours, Preventics are said to break any cold—completely. And Preventics, being so safe and toothsome, are very fine for children. No Quinine, no laxative, nothing harsh nor sickening. Box of 48—25c. Sold by Glenn N. Alexander.

We say just as disagreeable things about other people as they say about us—but of course that's different.—Chicago Ledger.

Regulates the bowels, promotes easy natural movements, cures constipation—Doan's Regulets. Ask your druggist for them. 25 cents a box.

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