A NEWSPAPER SCOOP

HOW IT WAS OBTAINED WITHOUT ANY DEPARTMENT LEAK.

Sources of Information of Which the Alert and Quick Witted Correspondent Is Always Ready to Take Legitimate Advantage.

"Every once in awhile one reads in the newspapers of the determination of some one of the high government officials to discover the source of 'the leak' of a piece of news which it was not desired should be given out at that particular time," remarked an old Washington correspondent, "and without giving the solution to the secret escapes of public information, as they vary, I will tell you of one instance which serves to show how news appears in print in what is considered by all concerned to be a very mysterious manner. Like all mysteries, when unraveled it is wondered that it was not thought of before. My story is entirely a part of the secret sources of information which all correspondents have more or less at their disposal and which often comes from the outside and not from the inside of the departments.

"Some time ago—the precise time is not essential to the story—a very important public matter was up for determination by the president. All of the larger metropolitan dailies were particularly interested, as it did not have to do especially with Washington, and the entire correspondents' world at the capital was on the qui vive to 'get it,' including myself. All channels which were usually tapped by the initiated were found to be as barren as a desert stream in midsummer. Telegrams from the home offices poured into our various bureaus here couched in imperative language that the news 'must' be obtained, evidently in the belief that all correspondents have to do is to go out, ask officials for the desired information and receive it, coupled with a good cigar and a bottle of wine. As a matter of fact, when officials wish to keep secret a piece of information, all possible loopholes of escape are securely padlocked, and it is the exception that it gets out.

"I had about given up hope of securing a 'beat' in this particular instance, though I was, of course, as vigilant as ever. The time for the maturing of the project was close at hand, and any day it might by official announcement become public property. One night as I was sitting idly in the lobby of an uptown hotel, half dozing in my chair, waiting for the appearance of a senator with whom I had an appointment on an inconsequential matter, I overheard one of two gentlemen who were sitting behind me drop the words 'the president.' The high backs of our chairs nearly touched, and by instinct my drowsy senses became clear and I woke up.

"'The president,' remarked one of the gentlemen, 'said that it was his intention to adopt that course irrespective of the consequences either to himself or the party.'

"'But you pointed out to him what it meant to us—that he was clearly in error?' replied the other gentleman.

"'Elaborately,' responded the first speaker, 'but the president said that he was convinced that accruing results would prove that we, and not he, were in error.'

"'Then we may as well go back to New York tomorrow,' was the answer, and both gentlemen arose and walked toward the cafe, apparently in a very despondent frame of mind.

"I was an involuntary listener to this scrap of conversation, in which, it will be observed, not a single word was dropped as to the subject matter thereof. I at once jumped to the conclusion that the government, through the president's action, intended to take the affirmative of the proposition, the news side of which the correspondents had so long and earnestly endeavored to ascertain. With a straight tip as to the course of the government the correspondent could do the rest, while with the wrong tip he could not only make his paper ridiculous, but would in all probability lose his position; hence the haste in making a scare head, page wide story.

"In the furtherance of my conclusion my paper had the 'beat' of the season the following morning, as I stated the facts as though they came from official sources, as, indeed, such I considered them. To my mind, as a correspondent, it was as clear as if the president himself had given me the information. Two days after a member of the cabinet gave out officially what I had wired over and with it the announcement that the 'leak' had occasioned much annoyance, and its source would be investigated thoroughly. It is here given correctly for the first time."—Washington Star.

What the Hair Tells.

Women who are the possessors of fine black hair are emotional and of very sensitive nerves. Coarse black hair is said to denote great energy, but an unenviable disposition. Women who have brown hair make the best wives, for they are almost invariably full of sentiment, impassioned, "high strung," loyal and easily affected. Red haired people are nearly always keen in business transactions, quick of perception, high tempered and witty. The woman who has blond hair is impulsive and loving, but usually fickle, although an agreeable companion.—Pittsburg Press.

An Appetizer.

Gentleman (at restaurant)—I say, waiter, your customers are a fearfully noisy lot!

"Yes, sir, and yet they are so particular, you would scarcely believe. Why, that same turbot you are eating, just now no fewer than six of them refused before you came in."

A POUND'S A POUND.

But a Pound of Feathers Is Heavier Than a Pound of Lead.

That old question about a pound of feathers and a pound of lead takes on new interest when we look at it in a simple scientific way. It seems absurd, of course, that a pound of one thing could be heavier than a pound of another thing, and yet that is exactly what may be shown in this case; not that the pound of lead is heavier than the pound of feathers, as most persons would say on the spur of the moment, but just the other way—a pound of feathers is heavier than a pound of lead.

This apparently inconsistent statement may be quite easily proved. With accurate scales weigh a pound of lead, using ordinary shot for convenience; then with the same scales weigh a pound of feathers, putting them into a muslin bag for the purpose. The feathers and the bag together must weigh exactly a pound.

The next step in the operation will show apparently that there is no difference whatever in the weight of the two articles, for you put the shot in one pan of a balance and the bag of feathers in the other, and after a little seesawing they will come to an exact level.

Now, however, the scientific phase of the question presents itself, and you are reminded that in weighing the articles thus in the open air you have taken no account of the buoyant power of the air, which bears everything up in proportion to the object's bulk. As the bag of feathers is of greater bulk than the shot, it is borne up more than the shot is, and for that reason it is necessary to use a little more than a pound of feathers to balance a pound of lead.

This, however, is theoretical. The practical proof is obtained when you place the balance bearing the lead and the feathers on the receiver of an air-pump and cover them with the glass bell. Then exhaust the air, and you will find that the pan bearing the feathers will sink and the pan bearing the lead will rise, thus showing that when weighed in the ordinary way the quantity of feathers used to make a pound is actually more than a pound.—New York Press.

FINS OF THE FLYING FISH.

They Are Used as Parachutes Rather Than as Wings.

Out from the warmer seas fly the flying fish, the fish of which every one has heard, which yet none can see for the first time without a gasp of amazement, without a feeling as though beholding the miraculous, the fish which has given rise to more untruthful stories than any other fish in all the seas.

Undoubtedly the flying fish has wings like a bird; undoubtedly it flies, yet not as a bird. It does not flap the winglike, pectoral fins on which it is upborne, nor, once launched in the air, can it change its course by any movement of its wings until it dips again to the water. Yet it will pass a ship making ten knots in the hour and travel in the air as far as 500 feet at a time.

Astounding, indeed, is the sight of a shoal of flying fish taking to the air, skimming far over the surface when the sea is calm, leaping high over great waves when gales blow. Fish seem ludicrously out of their element in the air, but that fish should fly is not really more wonderful than that some animals and birds, like the otter or the penguin, dive and swim to perfection.

The flying fish's fins are really parachutes to support and steady its body rather than wings to propel it. The lobe of the tail gives propulsion to the body as it leaves the water. A flying fish measures about a foot in length, and its long, transparent pectoral fins reach almost to the tail; but, though very large when expanded, they can be folded up very neatly. Its flight is short and intermittent, and it must needs continually dip into the sea to give itself a fresh start.—Pearson's.

WHAT THIS MAN SAYS

Only Re-echoes the Sentiments of Thousands in Our Republic.

The Oswego reader is asked to thoroughly investigate the following. This can readily be done, for the gentleman whose statement is published below, will only be too pleased to answer any communication mailed to him, not from idle curiosity, but if the writer really suffers from the annoying consequences which always attend inactive or weakened kidneys. Read carefully what J. Quencer, baker, Public Square, Watertown, says:

"I can heartily recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. When a man uses a medicine and finds it is good the least he can do is to recommend it. From experience I know of nothing better for the kidneys, and I hope that those who read this statement and require such a remedy, will use it and get the benefit I did. Before I used Doan's Kidney Pills I went around all bent over and humped up. My back simply pained me continually, no matter what I did or what I didn't do. I couldn't stoop to do anything at all and in the mornings I got out of bed all stiffened up. I felt pains even lying in bed. I tried three or four remedies, but they amounted to nothing, and did not benefit me one bit. Doan's Kidney Pills in two weeks cured me."

Drop into Vowinkel's drug store and ask him what his customers report.

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c per box. Foster-Milburn Company, Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—DOAN'S—and take no other.

UNCLE SAM'S FREAK MONEY

Bills That Are Twenty Dollars on One Side and Ten on the Reverse.

Scattered throughout the country are a few pieces of paper money that are known as "freak bills" by the officials of the treasury department. One of them turned up in this city not long ago. It had the imprint of a twenty dollar note on one side and a ten on the other. As the face showed the twenty, that was its legal value.

The deputy assistant treasurer of the United States, who is stationed in the New York subtreasury, was speaking of these freaks the other day and said he had only seen one of them in his life, although he had heard of several. Very rarely they have slipped through the bureau of engraving and printing despite a careful scrutiny by three or four sets of inspectors. In most cases they have been national banknotes, which, like regular treasury notes, are printed at the bureau in Washington. The face value always is recognized when the freaks come to be cashed in at any branch of the treasury, and the imprint on the back has no lawful status whatever.

"The notes are printed in sheets at the bureau," said the official. "Usually there will be one twenty and two tens on a sheet. They are printed one side at a time, so it can be seen that the printer in turning over the sheet might get it upside down and thus put a ten dollar back on the twenty dollar note, or twenty on the back of one of the tens."

In the bureau are women who are supposed to examine all the bills carefully, but occasionally they neglect to look at both sides as scrutinizingly as they should, and so the money goes out into circulation. When errors are discovered, the misprinted sheet is laid aside to be destroyed. It cannot be torn up at once, for every sheet has to be accounted for. After a good deal of red tape, it is ground up into pulp.

Most of the freak bills which have been issued in the past have found their way back to the treasury, there to be destroyed. It is thought that less than a dozen are now scattered about, most of them in the hands of curio hunters. The official said that no effort to collect them had been made by the government and that the treasury department did not consider the circulation of the few notes a matter of any consequence, inasmuch as there was no doubt about the values as indicated on the face.—New York Times.

THE COOKBOOK

If the pastry be slow in browning, throw a little sugar on the oven shelf. This will expedite matters greatly.

If the skin of a beet root has got broken, sear the part with a redhot iron before cooking it. This will prevent the beet from bleeding.

The next time tomato soup is planned for the family dinner try adding a few slices of orange just before serving and enjoy the pleasant flavor which they impart.

Eggplant is most palatable when broiled. Cut into thick slices, with the skin on; dip in olive oil seasoned with salt and pepper and cook on wire broiler over a clear fire five or ten minutes.

When a cake contains too much flour or has baked too fast, it will sink from the edges or rise up sharply, with a crack in the middle. If cake has a coarse grain, it was not beaten enough or the oven was too slow.

If you like cocoanut pyramids, beat the whites of two eggs till light and stiff; mix with two cupfuls of grated cocoanut, one cupful of powdered sugar and two tablespoonfuls of flour; make into pyramids and bake brown.

The Shortest Lived City.

Which of the large cities of the world had the shortest life?

In the ancient world the answer is Palmyra. The period of its prosperity extended only from 117 to 273 A. D., 156 years. In the fifth century B. C. Persepolis was the capital of the Persian empire for thirty years only, but this was merely an accident of war and politics. Carthage was the shortest lived seat of empire, for it only endured about 500 years. In modern times the answer would be Amarapura, the former capital of Burma. Founded in 1783, it had in 1800 a population of 175,000. Sixty years later the seat of government was transferred to Mandalay, and Amarapura is now represented only by a few ruined temples and bamboo huts.—London Answers.

What's In a Name?

Her name is Margaret, but all her friends call her Daisy. It is a pet name she has been known by since she was a child. There is a pretty, bright, charming freshness about her which the flower suggests. But notwithstanding the appropriateness of the nickname the girl, who has recently attained the dignity of an engagement ring, has discarded it once and for all, and no one is a friend of hers who does not call her Margaret. It is all on account of the new name she is to take. She will eventually be Mrs. Field.

"And it is a very nice name, too," says the girl, "but I do not intend to be a 'daisy field.'"—New York Times.

Homemade Barometer.

A convenient barometer for the kitchen may be made with an ordinary glass jam jar and an old oil flask. Fill the jar three parts full of water, and after cleaning the flask place it in the jar neck downward. The rising of the water in the flask will indicate fine weather. Unsettled weather will be foretold by the sinking of the water.

Good Manager.

"You seem to manage remarkably well on your housekeeping money."

"Yes. The tradespeople haven't sent their bills in yet."—New York Herald.

FATAL DISCOVERIES.

INVENTIONS THAT BROUGHT THEIR ORIGINATORS TO THE GRAVE.

Scientific Secrets That Have Been Buried With the Men Who Possessed Them and That Were the Causes of Their Tragic Taking Off.

The maxim which states that silence is golden has cost the world some of the greatest discoveries of modern times, for not a few of the inventors whose names would have been handed down to posterity as public benefactors have been killed by their secrets before they would consent to divulge them to their fellow beings.

In 1895 all Europe was startled by the discovery of a new explosive called fulminite, which, it was believed, would revolutionize modern warfare. It was the invention of an Exeter scientist named Sawbridge, and samples of the explosive which were tested by the government revealed the fact that its power was three times greater than that of cordite and in consequence it would treble the range of a rifle bullet. The German government offered Sawbridge £20,000 for his invention, which he patriotically refused until the home authorities had had the first option of purchase. But just as the latter were about to seal a contract with him the news came that his laboratory had been blown up and himself with it. Unfortunately he left no records whatever, and although some of the leading experts of the day minutely examined the debris they failed to discover the secret, which is probably lost forever.

About half a century ago an Italian priest named Luigi Taranti discovered a method of making stained glass, the coloring of which was declared equal to that made by the ancients, whose secret has been lost. Taranti abandoned holy orders and set to work to execute the hundreds of commissions he received in the secrecy of his workshop at Ostia, near Rome. The finest stained glass windows in Italy were made by him, and he guarded his secret well, for when a year later he was found dead of blood poisoning, set up by the pigments he employed, it was realized that he had carried his secret with him. The cleverest workmen were called in to examine the ingredients, but they one and all failed to penetrate the dead man's secret.

The person who could make composition billiard balls equal to those of ivory would quickly qualify as a millionaire, and it is not an impossible task, for it has already been done. Some years ago a Scotch manufacturer put composition billiard balls on the market which were as good as but only a third of the price of those already in use. He refrained from patenting his invention and made all the balls himself, even his family being prohibited from sharing his secret. But just as he was beginning to taste the fruits of his experiments he was one day fatally wounded by an accident in his workshop and died before he could make any statement. Experts were given specimens of the balls to analyze, but in spite of the fact that they succeeded in tracing the materials used they have long since given up all hopes of being able to discover how they were put together.

The only man who has yet been successful in taking photographs in color was a martyr to his discovery, the secret of which is lost. Some years ago Dr. Herbert Franklin of Chicago submitted a number of colored photographs—of a somewhat crude nature, it is true—to the leading American scientific institutions, and the encouragement he received was such that he built himself a laboratory, proof against the wiles of spies, at a cost of $12,000, wherein to perfect his invention. In the preparation of his plates he used a charcoal fire, and one day when at work he omitted to open the ventilators and was found asphyxiated. He had refrained from divulging his secret to any one, and in consequence, although some partially finished plates that hid the secret remained, the way they were prepared is a problem that has baffled scientists to this day.

Another victim to his secret was Adams, the inventor of tallium, the greatest discovery in the metals of the age. Adams was confident that a metal could be produced which, although as hard as steel, was only half its weight and price, and after five years' experimenting with an electrical process tallium was the result. The invention was taken up throughout America, and orders for thousands of tons of the metal began to pour in from the leading railway companies.

But it was too late. The enormous mental strain he had undergone, coupled with the sensation of finding millions within his grasp, took away his reason, and he was confined in an asylum. He left no records to explain the process, and no amount of persuasion drew the secret from him, which perished locked up in his brain when two years later he died a helpless lunatic.—London Tit-Bits.

Believes In the Theory.

"Somebody advances the idea that there are words that affect us just as certain colors do."

"I dunno about the colors, but I'm pretty sure to froth at the mouth every time I hear 'line's busy.'"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Invisible.

Briggs (sarcastically)—That was a beautiful, fine horse you sold me.

Griggs—Wasn't he? As I said, not a blemish on him.

"No. All inside."—Detroit Free Press.

A man talks knowingly of the inconstancy of women and then proceeds to get mad if [illegible] right.—Chica[illegible]

LOOK PLEASANT.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome,
And it's hard for us all to be good;
We are sure now and then to be lonely,
And we don't always do as we should.
To be patient is not always easy,
To be cheerful is much harder still,
But at least we can always be pleasant
If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly,
Although you feel worried and blue;
If you smile at the world and look cheerful,
The world will soon smile back at you.
So try to brace up and look pleasant,
No matter how low you are down;
Good humor is always contagious,
But you banish your friends when you frown.

—Somerville Journal.

Meanness and Money.

Jones—Everybody dislikes a miser because of his meanness.

Smith—Yes, and envies him because of his money.

Gave It to the Wrong Girl.

A beautiful young lady, a member of the smart set, went into a Newport drugstore and asked the druggist if it was possible to disguise castor oil.

"It's horrid stuff to take, you know. Ugh!" said the young lady, with a shudder.

"Why, certainly," said the druggist, and just then, as another young lady was taking some soda water, he asked her if she wouldn't have some too. After drinking it the young lady lingered a moment and finally observed:

"Now tell me how you would disguise castor oil."

"Why, madam, I just gave you some!"

"My gracious, me!" exclaimed the young lady. "Why, I wanted it for my sister!"—Eli Perkins' Lectures.

He Waited.

"What were you doing at the time of your arrest?" asked the magistrate of the prisoner.

"I was waiting."

"Waiting for whom?"

"Just waiting."

"What were you waiting for?"

"To get my money."

"Who from?"

"The man I was waiting for."

"What did he owe it to you for?"

"For waiting."

"I don't know what you mean. Explain yourself."

"I thought you knew I was a waiter in a restaurant."

"Oh!" gasped the magistrate.—Montreal Herald.

A Natural Mistake.

It was night. Heavy peals of thunder made the windows of the hotel rattle. Suddenly a man in scanty attire rushed into the office, yelling: "Flee! Flee for your lives!"

"Here," said the clerk. "What's the matter with you? Haven't you ever heard it thunder before?"

"Say, don't let this get out," the guest replied, trying to hide behind a chair. "I'm from New York, and I got to dreaming that we were having another tunnel explosion."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Her Phenomenal Memory.

Cousin Harry—So you remember when Uncle Tom fell through the ice? Let's see—that was thirty years ago, and you say you are only twenty-four. How do you account for that?

Cousin Harriet—Oh, pshaw! You know well enough, Harry, that I always was a precocious child.—Boston Transcript.

Theatrical Opening.

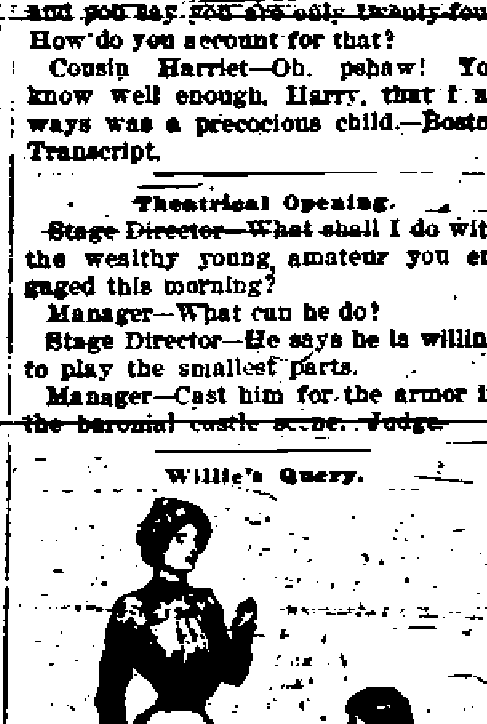
Stage Director—What shall I do with the wealthy young amateur you engaged this morning?

Manager—What can he do?

Stage Director—He says he is willing to play the smallest parts.

Manager—Cast him for the armor in the baronial castle scene.—Judge.

Willie's Query.



Willie—Say, ma, the book I've been reading says nature never wastes anything.

Ma—I guess that's right, my son.

Willie—Then what's the use of a cow having two horns when she can't even blow one?

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhœa and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles and cures Constipation. It regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher.

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

HE TOOK THE SHOWER BATH

And It Drove Him From the Yosemite Back to New England.

After a week of little journeys, striking here and there a few miles to absorb the Yosemite valley from a dozen coigns of vantage, we were whipping the Illilouette one afternoon for mountain trout, says the World's Work.

"Tomorrow," said a voice, "I shall take a shower bath under the seventeen hundred foot fall."

"You," said another voice, "are a fool."

"Not at all," came back argumentatively. "The river's very low. What there is of it turns to spray in the first hundred feet; it will simply come down like rain. Why, you'd go under the Bridal Veil yourself. Only that's prosaic. This is something big. Come on."

"Not I."

But I was there to see. The water, as he had said, came down, a considerable part of it, in rain and spray that flew out on the wind incredible distances. But to crawl down, dressed in a bathing suit, closer to the main stream that falls to the pool and upon the rocks with a murderous swish in the air and a roar like a railway train when it strikes, was daring to foolhardiness. At any moment a veering wind might swing the whole mass upon the tall, slim figure backing tentatively on all fours down the jagged talus slope, his eyeglass pebbles glinting cheerfully. A steady breeze kept the fall swung out a little the other way, and the spray burgeoned out far up the other slope. The roar was deafening.

All at once the wind shifted, the water swung back, and in a flash the human figure was blotted out in a deluge that turned me sick. For a second—that seemed an hour—it played on the spot fiendishly. It seemed to me, standing horrified there, and then slowly it swept away.

And then there was a movement, a painful, crawling movement, down there on the slope, and I scrambled down the slippery rocks to help a blinking, creeping, much surprised youth, bleeding from a hundred cuts, up to where his clothes lay. He was still too dazed to speak. When his breath returned and his extra glasses were perched again on his nose, he said:

"The oceans fell upon me! For God's sake, come back to New England!"

And we went.

THE BELLES.

Oh, the belles,
Summer belles!
What a plenitude of heartaches their giddiness compels!
How they giggle, giggle, giggle,
In the sea breeze laden night!
How their victims squirm and wriggle
In an ecstasy of fright!
How they hurt
When they flirt,
When with ghoulish glee they gloat
On the uneasiness of a fellow when they have him by the throat.

Oh, the belles,
Summer belles,
How they conjure, scheme and plan
To entrap the summer man,
The ribbon counter gentlemen who masquerade as swells!

Oh, the belles,
Greedy belles,
How they wring, wring, wring
Soda water, everything,
From the pockets of those "Cash!" exclaiming swells!

Oh, the belles,
Foxy belles,
What a wealth of hints they fling
To compel the pleasant ring—
Diamond ring—
Ah, the heart engaging ring
Of the golden wedding bells, bells, bells,
bells, bells,
Oh, the belles!

—Standard and Times.

A Certain Cure for Dysentery and and Diarrhoea.

"Some years ago I was one of a party that intended making a long bicycle trip," says F. L. Taylor, of New Albany, Bradford County, Pa. "I was taken suddenly with diarrhoea, and was about to give up the trip, when editor Ward, of the Laceyville *Messenger*, suggested that I take a dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. I purchased a bottle and took two doses, one before starting and one on the route. I made the trip successfully, and never felt any ill effect. Again last summer I was almost completely run down with an attack of dysentery. I bought a bottle of this same remedy, and this time one dose cured me." For sale by A. D. McIntyre's Pharmacy, 22 East Bridge and 95 East First street, and Stone & Company Lake Shore Drug Store, Cor. West Second and Utica streets.—1

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REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY.

Photographed from Life.

Made a Well Man of Me.

THE GREAT FRENCH REMEDY

produces the above results in 30 days. It acts powerfully and quickly. Cures when all others fail. Young men will regain their lost manhood, and old men will recover their youthful vigor by using REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advise free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 70-72 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL.

For sale in Oswego by A. D. McIntyre and C. H. Butler.

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LL. B. two in years; LL. M. in three years. High standards. Prepares for bar of all States. Send for catalogue. GEORGE CHASE, Dean.

8,decfm

REAL ESTATE

REAL ESTATE. If you wish to buy, sell, exchange or rent house, lots, or farms, enquire of L. C. ROWE, Grant Block. 1,1mlyr

FOR SALE.

TO SELL AT PRIVATE SALE—Carpets, useful household articles, also a china tea set. Sale to commence September 5th. Friday after noon, and continue each day until sold. 182 East Fourth street. 957 4d5t

TO RENT.

TO RENT—House 149 1-2 East Second street has all modern improvements and possession given immediately. For terms apply to E. H. Perry, [illegible] East Bridge street. 5,1ad1f 749

HOUSE No. 89 West Third to rent; $20 per month. Enquire 41 West Seneca. 960 4d5t

TO RENT—Desirable house No. 7 West Fifth street. Inquire next door South, No. 11. 953 4d5t

TO RENT OR FOR SALE—On monthly payments, several newly fitted up houses; all modern conveniences. DR. E. L. HINMAN. 5,2tfly

WANTED.

WANTED—Board in private family for man, wife and baby, West side preferred, between Bridge and VanBuren streets. Address Rich, 109 East First street. 961 3d5t

WANTED—A competent girl for general housework. Apply 169 East Seventh street. 960 4d5t

WANTED—Competent girl for general housework. No washing. Apply 119 East Fourth street. 962 3d5t

WANTED—At once, two dining room girls at the Welland. 964 3d5t

WANTED—Carpenters and joiners. Apply to O. L. Wiley & Son, 129 East First St., Oswego, N. Y. 951 5d5t

WANTED—We want a man or woman to take charge of our Oswego business. Good pay for a few hours' work per day, steady employment. The Only Four Gum Company, Buffalo, N. Y. 976 5d5t

WANTED—A girl to do general housework; no washing or ironing. Apply 44 East Oneida street. 961 5d1f

HELP WANTED, FEMALES—Ladies to canvass for a food product. Salary guaranteed. Address H., care Palladium. 599 8,3dtf&w8

LOST—In East park last Monday night, a silver handle to an umbrella. Owner's name engraved on same. Finder kindly return to this office. 986 4d5t

Mollison & Dowdle

ISSUE

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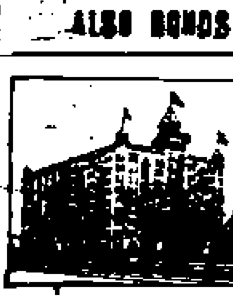

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