



WOOD'S BOOK STORE, LIMON. PRICE LIST

Of Stationery, School Material and Novelties.

Table listing various stationery and school materials with prices. Includes categories like Automatic Pencils, Ledgers, and various writing instruments.

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Country customers will please include in their remittance the cost of postage, equal to 25 cents for two pounds.

THE ANGRY TREE

There has been discovered in the wilds of Northwestern Idaho a species of the acacia tree which is entitled to be classed as one of the wonders of plant life.

OFFICER'S PET DOG.

In the case of the captain of an artillery company of South Carolina, who was killed in the American Civil War, the officer's pet dog lay moaning upon the grave of his master, refusing to eat or drink for three days, and then died.

This instance is all the more remarkable from the fact that the officer's body did not reach the family home in Columbia until a week after death.

THE GREAT DESTROYER

SOME STARTLING FACTS ABOUT THE VICE OF INTemperance.

Sign it in truth; with high purpose and pure. Firmly resolved to the end to endure. Sign it in haste; nor fear open the door, For is closed not on any the temperance door.

A Thrilling Scene.

Among the many hopeful signs indicating temperance progress, none more encouraging than the interest everywhere taken in the Twentieth Century pledge-signing crusade inaugurated by the National Temperance Society.

With intense interest she listened to the speaker, who, in the tale he related, was describing her own case. He tells of how, but no—that never can be hers.

COLOMBIA

What ails the woman? Whom has she seen among the crowd? Her cheeks are flushed with some crimson passion.

CONSULAR CORPS.

FRANCE—J. Alvarado, Esq., Consul. ITALY—Vice Consul. NORWAY AND SWEDEN—Cecil Verneer Lindo, Esq., vice Consul.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.

CATHOLIC—Rev. N. Stappers. BAPTIST—Rev. Stephen Witt, Pastor. EPISCOPAL, The Venerable Archbishop Swaby, Rector.

TRADE DIRECTORY.

(Revised every six months. One heading, two colones, which includes six months' subscription to The Limon Weekly News. For each additional heading one colone.)

Trades Directory.

E. W. Jackson. BARS—Alfonso Hermanos. Jose Cuvillier. BOOK STORES—Wood's Book Store. BOOTS AND SHOES—Emilio Artavia. BUTCHERS—L. O. Fraser. CARPENTERS—Hilary Bockles.



DIRECTORY OF Costa Rica.

President of the Republic—Enrique L. Fournier. Cabinet Ministers. President of the Republic—Enrique L. Fournier. Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Minister of Public Instruction.

THINGS NOT DONE.

There comes an hour of sadness  
With the setting of the sun,  
For, not the sins committed,  
But the things I have not done.

The Fallacy of a Face

A NOVELTY IN COURTSHIP.

Cranfield holds that the beginning of his courtship was unique, but that may be Cranfield's one-sided view. It was the night of the hunt ball, and he leant against a pillar in the dancing room. At no time a dancing man, on this occasion he was excessively bored; he was out of sorts; the band was too loud; the crush was too great. He thought regretfully of his library fire and shivering of the long drive home.

seemed so enthusiastic—so buoyantly young. He had never believed that married women came to dances just to dance. She glanced up at him, unconsciously answering his thought. "I think dancing is the loveliest thing on earth—or nearly. Don't you?" He said nothing, but he slipped his arm about her. In a moment they had drifted into the circle of whirling feet.

"Have you ever heard of a man going off his head in a single night?" he asked at last. With a rush the music came to an end. She looked up at him, and behind the uneasiness in her eyes he felt that she was measuring him inch by inch. "I'd like to ask you something," she said, "if you don't mind."

CAMPFIRE YARNS ABOUT SNAKES AND ROPES

Simple Means of Keeping Rattlers Out of Camp.

"IM," said the eldest of the four miners gathered about the evening campfire, "fore ye turn in loop yer lariats round the camp, an' if it ain't long enough, tie mine onto it."

London's Pigeons. The excessive number of pigeons in the city—we mean the ornithological variety—is exciting the attention of the corporation. The dispersal of the Newgate colony has led to the overpopulation of others, and it would almost seem that the feat of a tax on corn has suggested to certain municipal minds the question whether the expense of feeding the pigeons at the Guildhall can any longer be borne by the wealthiest corporation in the world.

In the Shah's Palace. The palace of the Shah of Persia, according to Donald Stuart, in "The Struggle for Persia," is an appalling combination of dinginess and splendor, of squalor and luxury. One of the most interesting rooms is that filled with the portraits of all the monarchs of Europe. In the next room is his majesty's writing desk. Here stands a globe such as may be seen in a schoolroom, except that the continents are made with gems of different color, and all the names and rivers are in diamonds.

It's an intensely interesting and exciting world, if we take a broad view of it. Here we are like tiny flies glued to a big ball that whirls through space on a spiral track. Where we came from, or where our earth came from, we don't know.

Publicity of the truth is necessary. Journalism's duty extends to the publication of the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. Society's welfare is subserved by nothing less. Publicity is for the protection of the public; it is a preventive against abuses; it is remedial and curative; it is the great white light of purification and health in society and the body politic.

Ireland is a country which still loses thousands of its natural increase of population by emigration; in which more boys are born than girls, and the most fatal epidemic is influenza. The population of Ireland in 1902, according to the Registrar General's return, was 4,432,274. The marriages, numbering 22,940, and the births 101,883, show a slight increase on the average of ten years; the deaths, 77,676, were a trifle below the average.

Mrs. Gertrude Drennon, wife of a Kansas City liveryman, died a few days ago, and in accordance with her expressed desire six girl friends acted as pallbearers at her funeral. They were dressed in white and the novel spectacle attracted a large crowd to the cemetery. Mrs. Drennon was twenty-two years of age, and had been married less than a year.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

A Pair. Lives of some men oft remind us We can save a lot of time If we'd grab some great man's coat tails When we catch him on the climb. —Chicago News.

The Dog—"You look happy." The Goat—"Well, rather! A \$10 bill just blew over the fence and I'm \$10 richer."

She Made It a Rule. He—"If I should propose, would you refuse me?" She—"Present company always accepted, you know."—Yale Record.

The Great Greek. Master—"And what happened to Achilles in his infancy?" Boy—"His mother dipped him in the River Styx, and he became intolerable."—Punch.

Too Much of a Good Thing. He—"You are so much too good for me that I am always afraid of losing you." She—"I see. You think I am too good to be true."—Yale Record.

Smoothing It Over. Gregory Giggley—"I don't know what the governor would say if I told him I was going to get married." Polly Parquette—"Why, let me see; couldn't you persuade him that two can burn less money than one?"—Puck.

One Advantage. "There's one good thing about being sick," remarked the philosopher. "What's that?" asked the cynic. "A fellow feels so much better when he gets over it," replied the philosophical party. —Chicago Daily News.



Now, I wonder what that monkey meant by calling me a two-spot. I've got more spots than I can count. —New York American.

Mr. Jones—"I think I'm going to have appendicitis." Mrs. Jones—"Oh, you do? Well, I think I am going to have a new hat, and your appendicitis can wait."—Undenified.

"So you regard the success of your play as assured?" "To a certain extent," replied the author. "No one knows as much about it as I do. And it has made an enormous hit with me."

"What in the world are you doing with a phonograph, Harker? Thought you hated them?" "I do; but we use this one to keep the neighbors away when we don't feel like entertaining."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Newcross—"Of course, we ought to have a coat of arms." Mr. Newcross—"Well, I'd like to have a bull rampant, with some kind of a Latin motto meaning that he was only rampant when the market was right."—Puck.

"After all, what is happiness?" "Oh, that's easy." "Well, what is it?" "Happiness is a condition that you don't really appreciate until you reach a point where you have to look back to it."—Chicago Post.

"How is your daughter getting on with her music?" "Very well," answered Mr. Cumrox. "She has gotten along so far that when I ask her to play anything I like she looks naughty and says, 'The idea.'"—Washington Star.

"I thought you said that horse of yours had a pedigree," sneered the man who failed to get a show for his money. "He's got a pedigree all right," replied the owner, "but he's the last of his race. See?"—Chicago News.

Subbubs—"I want to insert an advertisement: 'Wanted, a plain cook for—'" Clerk—"Beg pardon, sir, but they might resent that; better say, 'Girl wanted to do plain cooking.'" Subbubs—"That's so; and, by the way, instead of 'girl,' perhaps we'd better say 'lady.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Naggins—"I thought you said if he insulted you again you'd knock him down as quick as lightning." Bragg—"So I will." Naggins—"Why, he did insult you again; only a few minutes ago." Bragg—"Well, you never see lightning knocking people down this time of year, do you?"—Philadelphia Press.

FOUR-FOOTED OFFENDERS.

The difference in the price of tobacco, matches, groceries and so on in Gibraltar and the Spanish territory immediately adjoining it is accountable for the continual activity of the contrabandists in these parts. Their poverty is evident from their way of living. The average country man's dwelling is a weatherbeaten, straw-built, one-room hut, in a vegetable-producing inclosure, encircled with a hedge. At the doorway the half-starved donkeys feed from a manger, while a few pigs and goats are out on the hills, shepherded by a small boy. Outside, basking in the sun, there are always dogs. Those big, ill-bred "lurchers," whose numerous carcasses, in various states of decomposition, are scattered along the shore at high tide, shot in the night by the excelsens, as they swim ashore from some rowboat out in the bay, or as they cross the sands on their way to some neighboring cottage, each one with a load of contraband, bound up in a waterproof, strapped to its back. The education of these dogs involves a lot of cruelty. In the day they are taken out to sea, thrown in with a mimic load on their backs, and on arrival at the shore, unless prompted by instinct to make a beeline for their home, are hounded along thither with sticks, stones, and the discharge of blank ammunition. All this instills into them a wholesome dread of meeting or passing anybody while on these trips.









