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VOL. 59.

blonde face.

there's Dudley -'

anybody can.'

moved her now.

mother's fears began.

roles.'

meeting.

rupted Blanche, demurely.

R. A. BUMILLER, Editor.

'Oh, of course, you believe in him,

and trust him,' continued Mrs. Corell.

meanwhile plying her needle; 'but in

my day men didn't prove their devotion

in that way. If they wanted to marry

a girl they married her, and when they

went on their travels the wife went

'He has gone to Texas, too,' inter-

'Yes, but to keep a watch on Lee, I'll

warrant. You know it was old Mr.

Victor's notion, and Dudley Mesroe

has a great deal of influence ove !L-e.

He will keep him in the right path if

'I think Lee is capable of being his

own master,' said Blanche, with a lit-

tle flash in her gentian-blue eyes, 'and

he is worthy a score of Dudley Mes-

Mrs. Corell wisely refrained from

pursuing the subject, but the regret

that often stirred her anxious heart

From her infancy Blanche had found

a firm friend and defender in Lee Vic-

tor; as time passed the affection be-

tween them assumed a new guise, deep

The handsome young man, with his

ture, pleased her far less than his as-

sociate, whose gentle dignity and air of

In all outward seeming Dudley Mes-

role was logal to his friend, but a

chance word, a glance from the quiet,

'I'm going away,' he said. 'I may

never see you again, Blanche, for I

shall not return with Lee. Your heart

is in his keeping, and while I wish you

both complete joy, I could not live here

and witness all the happiness I have

Twelve months went by. Letters

from her lover were frequent, and he

wrote in glowing terms of his life and

At last two weeks went by without

Blanche, fearing her lover might have

grown ill, wrote a solicitous letter, but

there came no reply; then in her anxie-

Another fortnight passed. She was

Blanche sprung forward with a pal-

'Dudley Mesrole, and alone!' she

He took her outstretched hands and

'Lee is safe,' he answered ; but there

was a strange intonation in his low

voice. 'Let us go in, Blanche, I have

She led the way to the little cottage

Lee Victor was false; he had wedded

girl from San Antonia, and Dudley

Like a statue she sat, rigid and si-

lent, while that soft, musical voice re-

lated the tale of treachery in a protest-

ing reluctant way, and those gentle

hands held her own in a friendly clasp,

and those regretful brown eves looked

'Yes, yes,' she murmured. 'You

He smiled half sadly, and then went

On the morrow he came again, and

the welcome accorded him by Mrs Cor-

rel was more ardent though scarcely

In the new grief that had fallen upon

her she seemed to turn to him for sym-

pathy and solace, and in the days that

followed they were nearer each other

in spirit than they had ever been before

less sincere than that of Blanche.

away leaving her alone with her sor-

were always my friend, Dudley.'

had come to break the news to her.

parlor and sat beside him while he told

looked down into her face with a pity-

lor on her face, and her loyely eyes

standing on the cottage porch one day

at sunset, when a tall figure in a gray

traveling suit came up the walk.

dark with something akin to fear.

cried. Tell me-Lee-"

ing expression on his own.

much to say to you,'

his story.

with anguish.

should know ?

she did now,

row.

missed. Good-bye, forever.'

luck in the far south west.

the usual missives.

ty she wrote to Dudley.

NO. 48.

MILLHEIM PA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 10., 1885.

Winning a Bride. It was with a deep sense of regret she heard of his intended departure.

'My uncle has offered me a position in Calcutta, and I have accepted,' said 'So Lee Victor has gone to Texas, Dudley. 'I thought our last parting has he? Expects to make a fortune, was final, Blanche; I tried to be reconno doubt, but it's my opinion he would ciled then, but now-I have lost courhave done better at home than out in age, these few weeks in your presence that barbarous country. The ties here have unmanned me.'

weren't sufficient to hold him, it seems.' 'And they have taught me the value A flush, like the hue of a wild rose, of a true friend,' she answered, with crept over Blanche Corell's pretty downcast eyes. 'I shall miss you more than ever, Dudley.' 'Oh, mother !' she said, protestingly.

A light gleamed in his eyes. He drew nearer and held out his hands. 'Come with me, Blanche, I have

oved you long and faithfully. I will make you happy—only trust me.' She looked away with troubled gaze. 'I do not love youDudley,'she breathed. 'Not-not as I loved him.'

too. Lee is not a poor man; he has 'Love will come with time,' he urgmore than enough to give a girl a good ed. 'My life is worth nothing to me home, but he was always a wild lad, without the brightness of your presfonder of sensations and adventures ence to clear it. Will you condemn than home pleasures. It's a pity, me to a life of darkness, Blanche? Blanche, you ever favored him. Now, Must my love be forever unrequited ?'

Partly out of pity for him, partly because she had found his companionship so pleasant, Blanche yielded to his entreaties.

It was necessary that Dudley should take an tearly departure. Within a week from the time he had gained Blanche's consent, an announcement of the marriage was made in the yillage church the ceremony to ensue two

It was a calm, clear April day. In her simple robes of white, with the misty veil falling from her golden braids, half concealing the fair face beneath, Blanche stood at the altar beside the man to whom so soon she would be bound forever and ave.

The sacred rites begin, Through the deep silence that prevailed in the place, the solemn words sounded clear and distinct, and Blanche listened with er and sweeter, and then it was that the an icy chill at her heart. Then her dark eves upraising saw.

over the throng of watching faces, one careless, debonair way and restless nathat made her pulse thrill, a white, naggard face, with heavy, reproachful eyes, the face of her old lover. content won her favor at their first

Her brain whirled, she took a step forward unsteadily, and threw out her 'Lee !' she cried aloud, and fell pros-

trate. brown eyes, proved to Blanche the re-The light gossamer veil floated aside, gard in which he held her. The night of their parting he had told her the

bright sunshine. Dudley, bending over her, felt a

low voice breatbed: Do not touch her! I know now you Dudley Mesrole.

When Blanche returned to consciousness, Lee Victor told his story.

'I have been ill,' he said; so ill, Blanche, that even my physicians gave up all hopes of my recovery. Dudley Mesrole was with meat the first. I dictated letters to you and my father which he wrote, but he must have destroyed them afterward, for not one reached its destination. Then, while I lay at Death's door, he left me and came here. The rest you know. He hoped to wed you and take you with him to foreign shores before I returned and discovered his treachery. A merciful providence brought me back to

day. Blanche-do you love me yet?' 'More than ever, dear,' she murmur-

It was a fortnight later that Blanche again stood at the altar, and heard the words that were now welcome to her. Lee Victor had won his bride. His false friend was not among the

guests. Thirteen days ago he had begun his journey to Calcutta.

In Another Man's Business.

A young man came into the car groping through the aisle for a seat. His left eye was covered with a red handkerchief and his right was swollen nearly shut. A white handkerchief. now blood soaked, was around his head, tied under his chin. He limped and returned it to his pocket. in one leg and didn't feel well in the

down into the blue ones that were dark "I say," said an inquisitive passenger, "been in a railroad accident?" 'I would have spared you this,' said Dudley, 'but is it not best that you

Here was a brief pause, and then

the inquiry: "Runaway?'

"Naw." Another pause, but finally the

"Base ball?" "Naw."

"Well, I say, exclaimed the inquisitive passenger, warmly, "will you be kind enough to tell me how in the world you did get banged up in that style?"

"Certainly, sir, "replied the afflicted individual, swinging his right arm around quite vigorously and displaying a big muscle, "certainly, sir, into another man's business."

HUMILIATED COWBOYS.

The Lesson That Was Taught Them by an Unobtrusive Tenderfoot.

There have been a great many stories told of the reckless daring and abandon of the cowboy. He is an American production, and at the sound of the word cowboy the mind reverts to some western locality where law and order are unknown, and are supplied by a rude set of conventionalities, the nonobservance of which means violence without process of trial. The typical cowboy must be fearless, ready to shoot at a moment's warning, wild in his make-up and language, and ready to perpetrate a joke on a "tenderfoot" at any time.

But there is often considerable braggadocia in the cowboy, and a good illustration of this fact was told a Sentinel reporter by a station agent, who had lived in the west for many years and had been in the employ of various railcoads in localities where cowboys were

"I have seen a good many daring deeds performed and coarse jokes perpetrated by cowboys," said the agent, but I will tell you of a little incident where the wind was taken out of three cowboys by a determined, fearless 'tenderfoot.' It happened only last spring. I was then station agent and telegraph operator for the Northern Pacific Railroad company at a place near the Montana line. It was not much of a place, as it consisted only of a depot, a house or two, and a saloon.

"One morning a traveling man arrived at the depot by stage from up north somewhere. He had a small sample-case and satchel. He was below medium height and rather slight, but was very neatly dressed and wore a silk hat. He was trayeling for a New York jewelry house. He was about an hour early for the train east, and he opened his grip on the platform, took out a brush, and dusted his clothing and shoes. He then drew out an old newspaper, leaned up against the side of the depot with one foot projected in front of the other, and began

"Meanwhile, however, three cowboys all eyed him closely and watched his operations. When he began reading they huddled together and talked awhile in an undertone. Presently one and her face shone fair and pale in the of them-a big six-footer-left the group and began to saunter carelessly about the platform with his head in the strong hand thrust him aside, and a air inspecting the posters on the building and the cornice. When he got around where the traveling man stood, have played me false. She is mine, he lifted his big brogan and planted it firmly on the jewelry man's foot. No apology was made. The traveling man merely looked up, drew his foot back a moment, then placed it back where it was. The cowboy passed back to the other two. They all chuckled and joined in a low-toned conversation.

"Soon the cowboy started out again on a similar round, gaping at the roof. When he reached the traveling man he tried to bring down his course boot on the extended foot. The traveling man jerked his foot back suddenly, and the brogan came down with a thump on the platform. Another conference and chuckling followed. Finally the cowboy set out on the third round. Just as he was about to raise his foot to plant it on that of the traveling man, the latter looked up quickly and said:

" 'See here, there is my foot, and it's going to stay there. You step on it if you want to, but I want to tell you that before you can get off I will kill you.'

"Such a volley staggered the cowboy. He looked at the foot, and then at the small possessor, and finally moved off without stepping on it. Another consultation followed.

"The traveling man calmly read his paper a few minutes, and then took from his satchel three apples. He looked at them a moment, and suddenly threw them a few feet into the air and then quickly drew a revolver, fired three shots, splitting each apple into a dozen pieces before they reached the ground. He replaced the cartridges in the empty chambers of the revolver,

"The cowboys witnessed the act without saying a word, and soon, completely cowed, turned and left the depot. The trayeling man told me after they left that he would have killed the his foot again, and I think he would, as he was quick as lightning. He then showed me a medal he carried, which he won as being the most rapid-and one of the best shots in New York. The story simply illustrates that there is sometimes a great deal of fictitious valor and daring about the cowboy."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

-Deininger's Ready Reference Tax Receipt Book ts growing in public fa vor. Customers from a distance are beginning to call for it. It is an admitted necessity for every tax-payer who does his business in a practical manner. It it arranged to last for ten years and sells at the low price of 40 Store.

SPEAKING about hats, said a lawyer, reminds me of an incident that happened several years ago, when I was living at a fashionable house, in a leading city. It was rather a high-toned place and contained among its members as fine a lot of young ladies and gentlemen as you would care to meet. Well, one day in midsummer-and it was a terrible hot day, too-while we were all down at dinner, a man entered the hall door, which was standing open, and gathering up the hats on the rack in a pile-there was about thirty of them, and some fine ones, too-he started down the steps. Before he reached the sidewalk he met a salesman who was a him what he was doing with all those hats. "Why," said the fellow, "I'm a hat dealer just around the corner, and am going to clean those hats while the gentlemen are at dinner." 'All right,' replied the salesman, "take mine along, and clean it up, too." There was soon the biggest crowd of bare-headed clerks in the house you ever saw. And the one who saw the rascal lugging the hats all off, and helped him, too, by

A Professional Engineer.

giying him his own hat-well we near-

ly thumped the life out of him.

The Result of Monkeying with a Boiler by a Greenhorn.

"I don't want to pass through another such a season as the one through which I have just passed," said Dan Parkright, the actor.

"Have had a hard time, eh?" some one replied.

"Yes, about as tough a time as white man cares to see. Our company went to pieces in Texarkana. Having done some little work in a newspaper way, I decided to play journalist until times got better, but, sir, I couldn't get a place. I offered to work for my board, but no, I couldn't get in. After awhile, giving up the journalistic idea, I struck out afoot. I wanted to avoid the regular lines of travel so that my chances for getting something to eat would be better, consequently I went through the country. Houses were few, and I came very nearly starving had sauntered up to the depot. They to death. One day I came upon a small saw mill, situated in a dense forest. I stopped and just as I was about to ask for something to eat, a man-who I soon discovered owned the mill-turned to me aad asked:

"Do you understand this business?" "Ah, a chance for work. 'Yes, sir'. replied, 'I am well acquainted with

"Know anything about running an engine?' "Oh, yes, it's my business."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to see you. My engineer quit me yesterday, and I can give you regular employment. What will you work for?' "Two dollars a day."

"That's pretty steep, but as you are a professional engineer I reckon you are worth it. Come in and have some dinner, and then you may go to work.'

"I went in and proceeded to devour his dinner. I was a trifle nervous in view of my coming responsibility, and tried to think of everything I had read applicable to machinery. I knew how to start the thing and I knew how to stop it, but that was about all. After dinner I boldly walked up, and when everything was in readiness, turned the little hot wheel. Away she went. One of the hands, an old negro, remarked to some one who stood near him: 'Dat white man un'erstan's his business, sho's yer borne, he do.' I was getting along finely, and I saw that the proprietor was pleased. A spring of cold water gushed out of the ground a short distance from the mill. I went down to get a drink. Just as I stooped down an awful jar shook the earth. My gracions! the mill's boiler had exploded. The proprietor, who escaped unhurt, rushed at me with dangerous fury. I thought that I ful with a rifle." would cool him off with a pleasant remark, and I said to him:

"Hold on, Cap'n why didn't you tell me the thing was loaded?'

"The pleasant remark was a failure, his consent." for I saw that he could not take a joke. He rushed into a shanty, brought out a Winchester rifle and shot at me as long as I was in the neighborhood. The firing, I think, stopped about sundown that evening. I was glad when three of them had the fellow stepped on I came to the mill, but I was a great sight gladder when I got away." -Arkansaw Traveler.

THERE is a clock at Brussels which comes about as near being a perpetual motion machine as can be invented, for the sun does the winding. A shaft exposed to the solar rays causes an updraught of air which sets the fan in motion. The fan actuates mechanism which raises the weight of the clock until it reaches the top, and then puts a break on the fan until the weight has gone down a little, when the fan is again liberated and proceeds to act as before. As long as the sun shines frequantly enough, and the machinery Blanche had never appreciated him as certainly. I tried to stick my nose cents. Call and see it at the Journal does not wear out, the clock is practic- gain a hundred cases, you shouldn't tf | ally a perpetual motion machine.

So-Hateful With a Rifle.

Arkansaw Traveller.]

Minnie Sackmeyer, only daughter of old Hudspeth Sackmeyer, was said by every one to be the handsomest girl in Moffet county, Arkansaw, The old man though he loved a 10-cent piece with painful ardor, sent Minnie to a boarding-school where she received a liberal education. Shortly after returning home, she became acquainted with Harvey Watson, a young lawyer. This acquaintance so pleasantly begun skipped friendship and bounded into little late for dinner, and who asked love. They became engaged. Watson had no idea the old man would oppose him, but he soon I arned that he had lightly estimated the old fellow's char-

"Mr. Sackmeyer," said the lawyer. meeting the old man in the field, "I suppose you have noticed the attachment which has sprung up between your daughter and myself."

"What !" exclaimed the old man. throwing down his hoe and starting at the lawyer. "No, sir, I haven't noticed any such a blamed thing, and I don't want to notice it, nuther, let me tell you."

"Why, my dear sir, I did not think that you would elject to our marriage."

"I don't object to yourn, but I don't low that you shall marry my daughter. I didn't spend so much money on her education to have her fling herself a-

"You don't knew what you are talk-

ing about," replied Watson. "I stand high at the bar, eyen if I do say so myself. I have an income more than sufficient for the support of a wife." "Oh, you ken blow your own ho'n, I ken see that, but I don't kere how

yer. My daughter shall never marry a lawyer, I can tell you." "What have you against lawyers?"

much money you ken make. It don't

take away the fact that you air a law-

"I have nothing to do with that, Mr.

Sackmeyer. You cannot condemn all lawyers for a wrong which you fancy "Fancy thunderation! Don't I

know when a man does me a mean trick? Don't I know when he works agin me ?"

"So you declare that I shall not marry your daughter." "Wus than that. I swear it."

"Suppose we marry anyway." "If you do, it won't be good for you I'd follow you to the end of the world to git a shot at you, an' I'm awfu! with a rifle, the neighbors say."

Watson turned away. He loyed the girl, but he did not want the old man to get a shot at him. He doubted not but that the girl would run away with him, but ne could not afford to leave a business, which, to build up had required years of hard work. He went face and an ill-at-ease manner, met him at the door.

"What did be say, Harvey ?"

"Said that we should not marry." "Oh, how hateful; but, precious, can we not run away ?"

"Yes, we could run away, but-" "But what ?" "We'l, you see, I hinted something of the kind, and he said that if we did

world to get a shot at me." "Oh, how hateful," "Do you suppose that he would do

he would follow me to the end of the

"Yes, precious, he would shoot the top of your head off. He's awful hate.

"I think," said the lawyer after a few moments of perplexed meditation, "that we'd better worry along with him a while. Perhaps we may gain

"Yes, that will be the best. Remember that I would run off with you in a minute if he wasn't so awful hateful with a rifle."

Several weeks afterward, Watson won a large railroad case. The report that he had received a fee of \$5,000 was circulated throughout the country. Hoping that Sackmeyer had heard of the decision and that it might have influenced him, Watson hurried to the farm. He found Minnie in a state of happy expectancy. She knew that her father could no longer oppose the marriage. Watson went out into the field where the old man was at work.

"How do you do, Mr. Sackmeyer?" "Middlin'; how is it with yourself ?" "First rate. I suppose you heard of

my recent success ?"

riage ?" have her."

Angered beyond expression, disgusted and humiliated, Watson went to the house. Minnie met him at the gate.

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices \$2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.

If subscribers order the discontinuation of newspapers, the publishers may continue to send them until all arrearages are paid.

If subscribers refuse or neglect to take their newspapers from the office to which they are sent they are held responsible until they have settled the bills and ordered them discontinued.

If subscribers move to other places without in forming the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former place, they are responsible.

"What did pa say ?" "Said no, confound him." "Oh, how hateful. Did he say anything about shooting ?"

"No, but I believe that he would." "Oh, yes, he would, and he is awful hateful with a rifle. What shall we

"Worry along with him. It it wasn't for thewife, Minnie, I---" "Oh, yes, the rifle; and he's so hata-

ful with it, too." A month passed. One day while the lawyer was riding along the road, he came upon old man Sackmeyer. The old man wore a look of despair. His team had stalled. The old fellow swore. He raved. Watson dismounted, took the lead horse by the bridle and lead the team out of the quagmire.

"Watson," said he, "nobody but the old man what has been thar knows what it is to have a team stalled. Take the gal. Take her, fur you have won her. You aire a able man. Talk about bein' a lawyer."

The old man was delighted.

Minnie's face beamed with happiness when Watson conveyed to her the joyous intelligence. "I'm so glad," she said. "that we

won't have to run away, for pa is awtul hateful with a rifle."

An Item for the Ladies.

For all dinners, says Harper's Baaar, there is entirely a new departure n the way of decorating the table. All the flowers are put on in high vases, so that the guests can look underneath the flowers. The Carlsbad beer glasses. called "schooners," are very much used to hold the high-waying bouquets. The elaborate dinner cards are all gone out, and a plain card stamped with the monogram of the hostess alone marks the place where the guest is to sit. A menu is placed for the host or hostess on a little porce'ain slate held up by a "The back o' my hand, that's what." bracket, but that is the only one on the table. For both ladies, and gentle-"Reason enough. A confounded men's dinners the same arrangement of lawyer tuck a case agin me some time wine obtains, except that at the former ago an' beat me outer the best steer I sherry and bitters are not offered. It is only fair to say that scarcely any of this wine is drunk by ladies, therefore it seems ostentatious to serve it so freely Two soups, white and clear, will be passed, and two kinds of fish, to give each guest a choice. An old fashion is being revived of bringing in the roast on a silver platter, the host carving. Silver dishes are used for the vegetables and for the salads, but not to eat from ; there is something unpleasant in cutting anything on a silver dish. The finest of Derby ware or porcelain should be used for the plates. Cut glass is very much in fashion for the ornamental dishes of the table. We hear many inquiries as to the propriety of buying the colored glass now in fashion for the table. It is very pretty, but one may grow tired of it. Some of it is too gaudy for taste. For ladies' lunches also a truce has been sounded to the expensive decorations of dinner cards, painted ribbons and bags for bonbons. The menu also has been simplified. Chops to the house. Minnie, with anxious with peas, a spannish omelet (a delicious dish this), birds broiled, lried potatoes, mushrooms on toast, artichokes, salads, champagne, coffee and fruit; this is now deemed a very stylish lunch for ladies, and is not overloaded. Roasted almonds, salted, make a yery

Plenty of Stocks, but no Cigars

good relish after the sweets.

The stranger who hails from the East and has the odor of wealth about him no sooner registers at a hotel in Virginia City than he is approached by a pale faced, intellectual gentleman with downcast eyes, who observes:

"Perhaps you are looking an investment? Shares in the Great Colorado Irrigation Company are bound to advance twenty per cent. inside of a month. Chance to clear \$50,000 in six weeks."

"Don't want any." "Then you might have your pick of stocks in fifty-six silver mines, fourteen new banks, five new railroads, two navigation companies, five oil wells. six canal companies and twenty-one

proposed new cities. Sure to double

your money in four weeks."

"Don't want any." "Then, stranger, for heaven's sake lend me a dollar! I haven't had a de. cent cigar nor a square meal since I can remember. Don't come out here to be a burden on the county."

Are you disturbed at night and broken by your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so, send at once and get a bottle of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Testhing. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little suf-ferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, where is no mistake about it. It cures dysentery "Yes."
"Do you still object to our mariage?"
"Yas. Don't kere if you wuster is hundred eases you shouldn't like in in mistake about it. It cures dysentery and diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures wind colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. Mrs. Winslow's Sooth-Ing Syrup for Children Teething is pleasant as the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female nurses and physicities in the United States, and is for sale by all druggists throughout the cents a bettle.