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Rates reduced to accommodate the times.

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Mrs. Sarah A. Zeigler's
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Bread, Pies & Cakes
of superior quality can be bought at any time and in any quantity.

ICE CREAM AND FANCY CAKES
for Weddings, Picnics and other social gatherings promptly made to order.

Call at her place and get your supplies at exceedingly low prices. 34-3m

P. H. MUSSER,
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Main Street, Millheim, Pa.,
OPPOSITE THE BANK.
Repair Work a Specailty. Satisfaction guaranteed. Your patronage respectfully solicited. 5-1y.

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of the public in general and busines men in particular is directed to the fact that the
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Printing Office
IS SUPPLIED WITH GOOD
PRESSES
EMPLOYS ONLY
Experienced Workmen
AND HAS A FINE SELECTION OF
DISPLAY TYPE
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for Infants and Children.
"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.
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I use N. W. Eby's Best!

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Straight PURE
RYE WHISKEY
FOR MEDICAL USE.

I don't.

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—GREAT BARGAINS—
—IN—
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—AT—
—W. T. MAUCK'S—
FURNITURE STORE,
WE ARE OFFERING GREAT BARGAINS IN
Chamber Suits, Dining Room & Kitchen Furniture, Chairs, Lounges, Patent Rockers, Tables, Stands, Cradles, Book Cases, Bureaus, Rattan and Reed Chairs of all styles, Bedsteads, Frames, Mattresses of the finest curled hair to the cheapest straw. All kinds of SPRINGS.
NOT UNDERSOLD BY ANY STORE IN THE COUNTY.
GIVE US A CALL. W. T. Mauck.

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MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
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FINEST MATERIAL, BEST WORKMANSHIP, LOWEST PRICES.
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Nos. 220, 222 & 224 Front Street,
MILTON, PA.
The Largest House Furnishing Emporium in Central Pennsylvania.
THE PLACE TO GET A SQUARE DEAL AND THE BEST BARGAINS.
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Come and Visit a Pleasant Home, Artistically, Tastily and Comfortably Furnished.
—On the Second Floor we have—
A WHOLE HOUSE FURNISHED
—and thoroughly equipped to show our goods and how to arrange your home pleasantly.—
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of all kinds and the LATEST SHEET MUSIC.
We sell the following celebrated Pianos:
CHICKERING, KNABE, WEBER, BIEHR BROS., GUILD, VOSE AND NEW ENGLAND.
A better Piano sold here at a lower price than any house in the state. We have no rent and have supervision of our own business. All the PIPE AND CABINET ORGANS. Everything at bottom prices. A postal card to us may save you 25 per cent.
CARPETS TO SUIT ALL.
AXMINSTER, VELVETS, BODY BRUSSELS, INGRAINS RAGS, ART SQUARES, RUGS, MATS, MATTING, STOVE AND FLOOR OIL CLOTHS.
The Finest Assortment of
Every Bit a Seller

HER BLIND WOOER.

The door of the country school-room closed behind the last noisy pupil, and the young teacher was alone. She bowed her head wearily upon her hand and looked around the bare comfortless room, with its hard benches, curtainless windows and rusty, broken stove with a shudder of disgust.

There were days—and this had been one—when every fibre of her sensitive being shrank from association with the motley crowd of urchins and from contact with the dirty, dog's-eared books, the grimy desks and dingy walls; but she never allowed these feelings to influence her; the duties of her positions were conscientiously performed, the more so, perhaps, because they were so disagreeable.

She had dismissed school an hour earlier to-day, ostensibly to enable her to correct the compositions handed in for to-morrow's reading; really because she had seen Roy Carlton drive by, and knew that he would return to ask her company for an hour's drive behind his handsome bays; and she had told herself that she would—because she must—refuse, henceforth and forever, all things that he might ask of her; and she wished to have a little time to strengthen herself to "have her dark hour unseen," before she should shut the gate forever between that world of ease and happiness, and, more than all else, of Roy's love, and her world of poverty, loneliness and sorrow.

She could not help but love him, he had laid so many drifts of sunshine across her otherwise shadowed pathway, had been such a rock of refuge in her desert of friendliness since she came, over a year ago, to this dreary little village to earn her living by teaching.

She was not fitted to do battle with the grim fiend of poverty; she had, until two years before, 'fed on the roses and lain in the lilies of life.' Then came the death of her father, followed almost immediately by that of her mother, and she was left unprepared to face the world alone.

Her father's wealth, which she always supposed from their style of living to be ample, faded away before the demands of his creditors like snow in the spring-time. Her high sense of honor would not allow her to hold back even the old homestead and household furniture so dear from the associations clustering around it, and reserving but one or two articles, she allowed the rest, even her piano, to be sold.

Her summer friends drifted away one by one, and she noted their departure with scarcely a sigh over their defection. Was it because she realized of how little worth was their evanscent friendship? or had her heart, suffering a deeper wound, become dead to the smarting of lesser hurts?

Harry Vance had been her ideal of a gentleman. She had cherished for him a strong friendship, which, before her father's death, had bid fair to ripen into love. His attentions had been very lover-like, and the small world in which the two moved had already, in imagination, coupled their names together, when the clouds of misfortune shrouded her, and he with some trite sentences of condolence upon his tongue, had stepped out of their shadow, probably congratulating himself that he had not gone so far but what it was still easy to recede.

She sighed, not for him, but for her shattered ideal, when she saw that he sought out a shallow, brainless favorite of fortune, and sought by a vigorous courtship to obtain her hand in marriage and possession of the property he knew see held in her own right; and in that sigh exhaled the last lingering perfume of friendship Ellice Gray had felt, not for Harry Vance, but for the man she had imagined him to be; and in its place grew loathing and contempt for Harry Vance, the fortune-hunter, intensified a hundred fold when, later, she heard of the debts and duns that harrassed his pathway. For, strictly upright and honorable herself, she could tolerate no dishonesty in others, and in her vocabulary theft and debt without means or intention or payment were synonymous terms.

'Many a heart is caught in the rebound' proved true in this case. Ellice had come to this little village to lose the heart that had never really been in Harry's keeping.

She knew Roy would ask her to be his wife, and she had allowed herself to dream of how happy she could be with him; with what a blessed sense of rest and peace she could creep into the shelter of his manly arms and lay her head upon his loving breast. But now the awakening had come, and the dream was over. She had loved him so entirely for himself, for the great, generous heart of his, that seemed large enough to take in all mankind as his brothers, that she had not once thought of the difference in their circumstances, for he was rich as she was poor.

Now she had heard her name coupled with the obnoxious terms, 'adventuress' and 'fortune-hunter,' and the prophecy that 'if Mr. Carlton married her he would soon know, as did all others, that it was his wealth that won her.'

She did not know that the remark had been made expressly for her ear, had been made, too, with the unmuttered hope that its barbed bitterness might rankle in her heart, for had she not dared to, kindly but unmistakably, refuse the attentions of the speaker's son?

Keenly sensitive to the opinions of others, she might yet have dared their censure if this latter suggestion had not given her pause. She loved him so truly she could not bear that he should think of her, even for a moment, as she thought of Harry Vance; better that they should part at once and forever. This was what she had told herself again and again every hour of that long day and night.

'If she was sure, quite sure,' she told herself, 'that her willingness to accept him had not been caused, in part at least, and almost unconsciously to herself, by her hatred of the drudgery of teaching, she would not give a thought to what others might think or say, but she must be sure, quite sure, herself, then'—but the day had been so wearying, she was so tired, she must have time to think it all out. But time she was destined not to have, for scarcely had the echoes of the shout of the last emancipated urchin died away in the distance when Mr. Carlton came up to the unpainted pine desk where the young teacher sat with her head bowed upon her hand.

Her face was so pale, she did not look up and smile as she was wont to do, her whole attitude was so suggestive of weariness, if not despair, she was such a true moral of humanity and he was so strong and manly that sometimes, before he well knows what he was saying, he was telling her the passionate longing to take her into his arms and shield her henceforth from every discomfort.

She looked up then, with something of the look the hunter sometimes sees in the eyes of a wounded doe, looked up, and crushed the hope out of his heart with a cold refusal.

Then came, for her, the slow agony of living on, day after day, knowing that she had in that one hour of weakness cast aside all that made life worth living; of walking daily through the furnaces of trial, with the ghosts of her dead hopes ever reproaching her with the cowardice that put an end to their bright but brief existence.

So two years drifted by, and along the thorny pathway that she trod Ellice Gray learned priceless lessons of self-reliance and courage; learned to be a law unto herself, and, once having chosen a pathway, knowing it to be right, grew strong to follow it steadfastly to the end, though a thousand tongues might censure.

Within a month after his rejection Roy left his affairs in the hands of his steward, to whom he gave power of attorney, and went away to the city. A year passed, and the dishonest steward, turning everything except the Carlton homestead into money, gathered his booty and fled; and no one knew Roy's address.

Ellice Gray knew nothing of this. When vacation came she had given up her school, for she could not stay where everything reminded her of Roy. She was teaching in a distant village, when one morning the postman brought her a letter which proved to be from a former pupil in Shafton, Roy's home. It told of the loss of his property, stated that he had of late returned to his home, that while in the city he had joined a volunteer corps of firemen and while in the discharge of this duty had been struck on the head by a falling timber and carried away insensible.

'When he revived,' the letter went on to say, 'he was blind. The physicians talked of paralysis of the optic nerve, thought time or electric treatment, when he had somewhat recovered from the shock, might be beneficial, but,' said the letter, 'Mr. Carlton does not get better, he seems to have lost all interest in life.' Then the letter went on to give the other news of the village, but Ellice did not read it.

Hastily she prepared for her journey and when the next train left the station it bore her in the direction of Shafton.

The rosy blushes chased each other over her otherwise pale cheeks whenever she the thought of her errand, but she did not falter, even when she rang the bell at the 'Squire's' and was ushered, by the prim housekeeper, into the empty parlor. Her heart beat tumultuously as she heard the slow, uncertain step come down the stairs and the hand grope for the knob of the door. He came in and closed the door, then stood moving his head from side to side to side, as if looking for some one.

'I beg your pardon,' he said at last, for Ellice did not speak, 'but does any one wait to see me? I am blind.'

'Yes, Roy,' Ellice answered, in a choked voice, putting out her hand to lead him to a seat. It was the first time she had ever called him by his given name, and she saw the light flash over his face.

'Ellice, oh, my darling!' he exclaimed, then he stammered, 'forgive me, Miss Gray, that I forgot for a moment. It was very kind of you to come.'

'I fear you will think the motive selfish when I have given you my reasons for coming,' she replied, struggling bravely for composure as she sat down near him. Then: 'The train leaves in two hours, and I must return, so you will pardon me if I am somewhat abrupt in naming my errand?'

'Certainly,' he replied, courteously.

'Well,' said his visitor, somewhat weakly, striving to gain time, now that the decisive moment had come, 'the fact is, I am thinking of getting married.'

'Ellice,' he said, brokenly, 'it was cruel to come here to tell me that. Did you think I still had any hopes that you cared for me, that you should come here to kill them with that announcement?'

'No, she replied, and then, as no other words would come, sat staring helplessly at his pale face, as he leaned against the cushions of his chair. Presently she arose and stood beside him, letting her fingers toy with the crisp, dark curls that shaded his brow.

'Roy,' she whispered, hurrying into speech, lest her courage should fail, 'Roy, don't you know that I love you better than anyone else in the world? I loved you then, but I love you a hundred times more now. My life has been one long regret ever since. I came here to-day to ask you to marry me. Don't refuse me, Roy. I have suffered enough for my mistake and I love you.'

'Oh! Ellice,' he cried, between pain and pleasure, 'how can I consent? It would be such a sacrifice.'

'I know it Roy,' she answered, wilfully misunderstanding him, 'when you are worthy of the best woman living, but only let me be your wife and I will try so hard to make you happy.'

'I am blind,' he murmured, hopelessly.

'Let me be your eyes. Oh! Roy,' she sobbed, turning away and covering her face with her hands, 'don't send me away. I cannot bear it. I cannot live without you.'

He was silent for a moment, then he arose and turned towards her.

'It seems unmanly to accept your sacrifice, Ellice,' he cried, 'but my life is so dark, and,' his voice grew infinitely tender, 'I love you so, come to me, little one,' holding out his arms, 'for I cannot see you.'

Then, as he clasped her to his heart, and kissed the warm lips so near his own, he whispered:

'I never knew before what a deprivation the loss of sight is.'

'And how soon can we be married, darling,?' he asked, as she was about to leave him.

'Whenever you wish, Roy,' she replied.

'Really?'

'Yes, really,' she answered.

'To-day, then,' he said, promptly.

'Oh, well, not quite so soon as that,' she said, laughing, 'but in a fortnight, perhaps; yes, two weeks from to-day.

'It will be an age,' he declared, kissing her good-by.

A week later she received a few lines from him. The words were blotted and the letters uneven, but she did not think of that, for he wrote:

'You brought me sight. Look at the signals the ships of the paper upon which I write, and I live in hopes that when we meet, I shall be able to see your dear face.'

And the hope was not in vain.

A Nose Renovator and Eye Painter.

There is a modest little tin sign in black and white in a Sixth avenue doorway that attracts much attention. It reads:

NOSES
Repaired, Reduced, Enlarged and Painted.

Up three flights of stairs in a dingy, ill-furnished back room the reporter found the Professor. His sleeves were rolled up, and he was perspiring over a male patient with a broken nose. The patient reclined in an invalid's chair behind a paper screen. After ten minutes' work the bone was set and the man liberated.

"I can take the fiery redness from a nose in five minutes," the Professor said, "and give it a pure flesh colored tint. The preparation I use, although vulgarly called nose-paint, is really a lotion. It instantly changes the hue of the skin, which, after repeated applications, resumes its normal color. Price, $1 a sitting, and a cure guaranteed for $5."

"You advertise to reduce and even enlarge noses. Can you do that?"

"Certainly, although it is far easier to enlarge than to reduce. The process for enlarging is simple, and is effected by means of a mechanical appliance placed over the organ. By exhausting the air it forces blood to the part, and in perhaps a month, no matter if it is the veriest little pug before treatment, the nose becomes a thing of symmetry and beauty."

"How do you reduce the size of a nose?"

"Well, sir, the easiest way would be to cut it off, I suppose," facetiously remarked the Professor, with a ghastly grin; "but I adopt another method. Of course, it would be unbusinesslike for me to give details so I will only say that the desired result is attained largely through rubbing, dieting and bathing in a liquid of which I am the inventor. Price $10 for the full treatment."

"Who are your patients?"

"My best customers are young society swells who in trying to paint the town red have got themselves into fights in which their noses are either broken or flattened, and their eyes put in mourning. I put them in good trim again and send them on their way rejoicing. Up to date," and the Professor consulted a memoranda, "I have enlarged 81 noses, reduced 17, painted 105 red noses, mended 44, and dressed over 200 black eyes. Oh, yes, it's an odd business; still I manage to make a comfortable living by it."—*New York Sun.*

Where He Wanted to Get Off.

The other day a man got aboard of a train on the Detroit and Lansing road, accompanied by a big dog, and in due course of time the baggageman walked back into the car and said:

"Mister, that dog must go into the baggage car."

"I guess not."

"But I guess he will! No dogs are allowed to ride in passenger cars."

"Well, we'll wait and hear what the conductor says. He is a friend of mine, and if he says the dog can't ride here, that will settle it."

It was half an hour later before the conductor, accompanied by the baggageman, got around to the man.

"That dog must come out o'here!" announced the conductor.

"For why? He isn't hurting anybody."

"Because no dogs are allowed in the cars.

"And if I don't take him to the baggage car you'll—"

"Put him off."

"If you put him off," replied the man, after taking a look from the window, "I shall go with him. My dog is just as good as I am."

"Will you take your dog forward?"

"No, sir."

The train was stopped and the dog led out and pushed off the platform.

"Are you going, too?" queried the conductor, with his hand on the bell-rope.

"Yes, I guess I will. I live in that farmhouse over there, and if I go on to Howell, where I bought my ticket to, I'll have to walk four miles back. Much obleeged to you, conductor. I just kind o' figgered to have the dog put off at the right spot."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Wearing the Breeches".

The moment of the supreme dignity in a boy's life is when he first gets into trousers. Perhaps the feeling of triumph is due more to his now having discarded long skirts than to anything else. This appears from the remark of one observant youth, who upon the memorable occasion, glanced down upon the new glories of his person and exclaimed; 'Now I've got two legs just like Sam!' Small Robin, when he had come to this turning-point of life, showed himself under similar circumstances more of a gentleman. Arrayed in his new suit he was at first speechless with sheer delight. Then at length his joy found tongue, and he burst out: 'Oh mama pants make me feel so grand! Didn't it make you feel grand when—' But an awful consciousness came over him that his bliss had never been shared by his mother, and he laid his wee chubby hand against her cheek, saying, pathetically: Poor mama! poor mama!'—*Chicago News.*

Why His Brother Could Do It.

At the Branch: Cubleigh has driven from the depot in a hack.

'Cubleigh—'Aw—what's the—aw—damage?'

Cabby—'Doll'r'n' half, sir.'

Cubleigh—'Dollaw, dollaw! and a half? What aw is a dollaw and a hawlf, my good fellow?'

Cabby—I believe Englishmen calls it six shilling sir.'

Cubleigh—Aw six bob, to be shure. How fawgetful of me. Hesh you aw. You ought to lawn to tawlk English, my good fellaw.'

Cabby—I couldn't if I tried, sir. My brother might though.'

Cubleigh—Youah bwothaw. And why youah bwothaw?'

Cabby—Becuse he's a natural born fool, we have to keep him in the asylum for fear he'll disgrace the family.'

DEAR GRANDMOTHER.

Tender and Trusted Friend of the Little Folks.

Among the choicest memories of youth which every human being cherishes with a fondness that only increases as the years pass on is the revered form of grandmother. How noiselessly the slippered feet move about the house, how soft the cadence of the quavering voice, how gentle her remonstrance, how unobtrusive her questioning, how anxiously does she look for the truant spectacles, and what shining silver pieces does her little old steel purse contain. Surely no one can fill grandmother's niche in the youthful heart; no one has such supplies of forgiveness and such ready excuses for juvenile offenders; no one has such soft cambric pocket handkerchiefs to wipe away baby's tears; no one so sweet a linen cloth to rub soil from infant faces; no one so much patience to separate tangled curles.

Where else would a boy whittle on rainy days but by grandmother's hearth, whose pocket contains such rare lozenges of peppermint and winter-green to allay childish woes, and who else has red-cheeked apples hidden away to grow rosier; who has time to carefully bind up bleeding fingers; who else would think to hide away dainties for a hungry boy, and what other work-basket contains so coveted a piece of well-worn beeswax, girdled about with little tooth-prints—the little work-basket that on Sabbath day is hidden away to some mysterious corner and the Bible takes its place. Grandmother's Bible—how sacred are its pages!

Who knits such soft mittens, and weaves a web of love into the stitches that makes them ever unlike ordinary mittens; the needles click and gleam in the fire-light—anon—they cease for a moment—and—nush—grandmother sleeps!

So does the past give way to the rising generation—grandmother was aught else to the children than grandmother—to them her hair was always gray, her eyes were never otherwise than dim, her footsteps ever feeble, and even to every one does she finally lose her identity as the stirring woman who did her work so well in the years that are gone. Surely the mother is submerged in the grandmother and her identity is lost with the passing years.

EARNED ALL HE WAS WORTH.—Some few days ago a placard appeared in the window of a large hardware store, which bore upon its snow white surface in black letters the legend, 'Boy wanted.' In answer to this call for help a veritable store, and going up to the junior member of the firm, said:

'I came to see about that job.'

'Well,' said the proprietor, looking the little ragamuffin over from head to foot, you know, we don't pay much here, and besides that, if you come to work in a nice store like this you would have to dress better.'

'Oh, yes, I know that,' responded the gamin', 'but how much do yer pay?'

'Two dollars a week,' returned the proprietor.

'Oh, I couldn'think of working for that' said the gamin' 'for I can make more every week now.'

'Well' said the proprietor, 'I did not think you could, but when I first went to work I only got $1.50 a week.'

The arab sized the speaker up from head to foot, and then giving his head a toss and edging toward the door, he said:

'Well, perhaps that was all you was worth.'

Down on Damp Sheets.

Stopping at a certain hotel a commercial traveler, having retired to rest, became unpleasantly conscious that his bed clothing was anything but properly aired. He jumped up in a rage, stuffed the offending sheets up the chimney and rolled himself up in the blankets. Some 12 months afterward his travels brought him to the same hotel. When shown up to his room the chambermaid scrutinized him rather closely and then said.

'Dear me, sir, you are the same gentleman! Do you know a most curious thing happened when you were here last!'

'What was that?' he asked.

'Why,' she said 'the sheets disappeared, and we could not think what became of them.'

'Oh, indeed!' he replied. 'Then get me my bill directly; you've not had a fire in this room since, or you would have found your sheets—where all damp linen ought to be—up the chimney!'—*Chin Wag.*