

### Money Conditions the Only Cause.

The present financial revulsion is entirely exceptional in the history of our country. We have had panics and seasons of severe financial and industrial depression; but they have all ways come from entirely different causes than are potent now. We have had revulsions logically following the inflation of values; we have had revulsions coming from inadequate money; we have had revulsions from failure of our chief products; but the present revulsion comes from none of these causes.

The people of the country are now more generally solvent than at any time in the past; our harvests have been bountiful; our industries were generally employed until the money disturbance came, and there is abundance of money in the country. With such favorable conditions, how could the panic come? One cause, and one cause alone, has brought our present disastrous depression, and that is the loss of confidence in the credit of the nation. National credit is the foundation of all individual and business credit, and when public credit was impaired private credit could not escape the blow.

It is purely and simply a money revulsion. Commerce, industry and trade were all in the most favorable conditions, but we blindly degraded our money, sapped the vitals of public credit, and finally the storm broke upon us. It began by foreign distrust of our insane silver policy that sent millions of American securities back upon us to drain our gold. There were logical reasons for halting new foreign investments in our securities in the severe liquidation resulting from the South American and Australian disasters; but the general distrust of our silver policy forced tens of millions of our securities home to be converted into gold.

With distrust developed abroad and draining us of gold at the rate of a million a day, distrust steadily extended into every channel of our varied business affairs, money sought safety in hoarding, values were depressed until panic ruled, and we are now confronted with the severest monetary depression with the country solvent, its products bountiful and money abundant, solely because there is general distrust of our financial policy.

The one distinguishing feature of the present financial revulsion is in the fact that it can be remedied promptly by restoring public confidence in public credit. Other revulsions require years to recover from them. Broken credit must be restored; deficient products must be supplied by new harvests; but we now need only confidence in the financial system of the government to revive business and restore values. The source of the evil is exceptional; it is easily remedied, and we should soon emerge from our present paralysis into enduring prosperity.—Times.

### \$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh, being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. 1m.

### Might as Well Have Been Closed.

From the Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.  
The bride of a year was bemoaning her fate. Her husband did not seem to care for her as he did once. Beside, he drank too much whisky and spent his evenings away from home. The woman who listened to the complaint was not very sympathetic.  
"You married him with your eyes open," said she.  
"Yes," sobbed the other, "b-b-but we always turned down the gas when we were courting."

### A Victim of the Glass.

From the Detroit Free Press.  
The woman was vain, excessively vain, but she was pretty, and possibly felt in her own heart that would excuse her. Whether it would or not, she was at a reception one night and a stranger was there also.  
"My, that's a pretty woman," he said as she passed.  
"Yes," responded the person with him, "but she is the victim of the glass."  
"You don't mean to say she drinks? What a pity."  
"Oh, no; I mean the looking-glass."

### How She Knew.

From Brooklyn Life.  
Ella. "What makes you think he loves you? Did he say so?"  
Ida. "No; but he hugged me. That is a roundabout way of letting me know it."

### How the End Will Come.

DON'T GET SCARED—THE EARTH'S GOOD FOR 10,000,000 YEARS YET.

M. Camille Flammarion says that in all probability our planet will die a natural death. That death will be the consequence of the extinction of the sun in twenty million years or more—perhaps thirty—since its condensation in a relatively moderate rate will give it on one hand 17,000,000 years of existence, while, on the other hand, the inevitable fall of meteors into the sun may double this number. Even if you suppose the duration of the sun to be prolonged to forty million years, it is still inconceivable that the radiation from the sun cools it, and that the temperature of all bodies tends to an equilibrium. Then the earth and all the other planets of our system will cease to be the abode of life. They will be erased from the great book and will revolve, black cemeteries, around an extinguished sun.

Will these planets continue to exist even then? Yes, probably, in the case of Jupiter and perhaps Saturn. No, beyond a doubt, for the small bodies such as the earth, Venus, Mars, Mercury and the moon. Already the moon appears to have preceded us towards the final desert. Mars is much further advanced than the earth toward the same destiny. Venus younger than us, will doubtless survive us. These little worlds lose their elements of vitality much faster than the sun loses its heat. From century to century, from year to year, from day to day, from hour to hour, the surface of the earth is transformed. On the one hand the continents are crumbling away and being covered by the sea, which insensibly and by slow degrees tends to invade and submerge the entire globe; on the other hand the amount of water on the surface of the globe is diminishing. A careful and reasonable calculation shows that by the action of erosion alone all the land on our planet will be covered by water in 10,000,000 years.

For the complexion use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It brings blooming health to wan cheeks.

### Mid-Summer Novelties in Ladies' Hats.

Plain or elaborate, a toilette can hardly become a success without an accompanying hat which will harmonize and add to it the indispensable finishing touch. But the selection of the latter is a problem of considerable study, for one must bear in mind the circumstances for which a costume is intended and accordingly choose the most appropriate head-gear. One must also consult the possibilities of one's purse, and most important of all, one is compelled to remain meanwhile within the proper boundaries of the latest styles. When we come to the latter, however, what a bewildering embarrassment of riches confront us! For the choice may extend from the plain tailor toque to the complicated garden hat made of some sheer material, in other words, it may include the whole range of the milliners' creations: delicate tinted straws; poems of lace and flowers or of material similar to that of the costume; tennis and yachting caps; Casino bonnets and the infinite variety of bridal hats. One of the characteristic features of the McDowell Fashion Journals is that they generally represent a hat of the latest fashion with each costume, for the double purpose of giving millinery novelties and of illustrating the intimate relation between a toilette and the head-gear. The most popular of these Fashion Magazines are: "La Mode de Paris," "Paris Album of Fashion," "The French Dressmaker" and "La Mode." The former two cost \$3.50 each, a year, or 35 cents a copy. "The French Dressmaker" is \$3.00 per annum, or 30 cents a copy. "La Mode" costs only \$1.50 a year, or 15 cents a copy, and is intended to become the home fashion journal par excellence. If you are unable to procure any of these magazines at your newsdealer, do not accept any substitute, but apply directly to Messrs. A. McDowell & Co., 4 West 14th Street, New York.

### Catarrh in New England.

Ely's Cream Balm gives satisfaction to every one using it for catarrhal troubles.—G. K. Mellor, Druggist, Worcester, Mass.  
I believe Ely's Cream Balm is the best article for catarrh ever offered the public.—Bush & Co., Druggists, Worcester, Mass.  
An article of real merit.—C. P. Alden, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.  
Those who use it speak highly of it.—Geo. A. Hill, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.  
Cream Balm has given satisfactory results.—W. P. Draper, Druggist, Springfield, Mass.

### Dead Broke.

Collector. "Have you been to the World's Fair?"  
Doctor. "Yes, sir; just got back."  
Collector. "Good day."

### Pleasure.

"Did the Hightones give you a pleasant reception when you visited them?"  
"Well, I should say so. The thermometer stood ninety in the shade and the whole family was as frigid as an iceberg."

### That Wicked Office Boy.

HE MANAGED TO SETTLE UP AN OLD SCORE WITH THE TYPEWRITER.

From the Baltimore Herald.

The office boy and the blonde typewriter had quarreled. It was over a trivial matter, to be sure, but nevertheless they were on the outs.

Both seemed spitefully revengeful, and when one day the office boy played off sick and went to the base ball game the typewriter made known to the employer the youth's sporting proclivities. This, as might be expected, caused trouble, and the wrath of the office boy against the young lady with nimble fingers increased more and more. Days passed, and the lad planned and dreamed of schemes to "get back" at his fair tormentor, who stood so well in the graces of the employer. Now on every typewriter there is a small gong which rings when the end of the line is reached. The office boy knew this, and as he watched the prettily tapered fingers throw back the carriage at each tap of the bell he smiled with fiendish glee.

It was late in the afternoon. The young lady was industriously tapping the keys to finish the firm's correspondence. She had reached the last letter, and remarked to the office boy that her best young man was going to take her to the theatre that evening. Hence her hurry. This only made the office boy smile all the more, for he knew that his time had come. His eyes seemed to say, "Revenge is sweet." The young lady slipped the piece of paper into the machine and began at a lightning speed to write from her notes.

The youth watched the carriage sliding to and fro. He took from his pocket a rusty nail and, as the typewriter wrote on unconsciously, he tapped the bell lightly with the nail. The young lady, never thinking, pushed the paper up another line and went on. Again the boy tapped the bell and again the young lady turned the machine. This was kept up until the maiden had written all there was to write.

A small figure had sneaked easily out of the door. The blonde withdrew the sheet from the machine. She looked at it and looked again and saw before her a letter written something after the fashion of the latter-day step-ladder poetry. Not a single line was properly written. The girl grew thoughtful. She seemed to remember that the bell had rung a trifle oftener than usual. She looked about the room and then she remembered that the office boy had once upon a time gone to a base ball game and had remarked subsequently that he would get even.

Whether Pasteur and Koch's peculiar modes of treatment will ultimately prevail or not, their theory of blood-contamination is the correct one, though not original. It was on this theory that Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, Mass., nearly fifty years ago, formulated Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

### Advice to Pretty Girls.

Here is some good advice for our charming eldest daughter. If I were you, my dear—

I wouldn't turn my head to look after fine dresses or impertinent men.

I wouldn't forget to sew the braid around the bottom of my skirt or the button on my shoe.

I wouldn't conclude that every man who said something pleasant to me had fallen in love with me.

I would not, when I could only have one dress, choose a conspicuous one.

I would not, because I was tired and nervous, give snappy, ill-natured replies to questions asked me by those who really cared for me.

I would not permit any girl friend to complain to me of her mother; it is like listening to blasphemy.

I would not tell my private affairs to my most intimate girl friend.

I would not grow weary in well-doing—indeed, I would keep on encouraging myself by trying to live up to my ideal of a woman; and the very fact of my trying so hard would make me achieve that which I wished.

Mrs. S. H. Conklin writes from Mt. Carmel, Conn.  
"Enclosed please find check for bills of May 2d and 12th. I repeat the gratification I expressed before as to the convenience, the economy and the real artistic beauty the National Lead Company's Pure White Lead Tinting Colors have proved to me in using them. It would seem as if the old way of trying to produce the desired shade of color by mixing many colors together with much labor and guess-work must be abandoned in favor of your economical, sure and easy method. My painters wish to introduce their use in an adjoining town, and want a couple of your books as guides."

### Ancestral Timber Leaves Its Mark.

From Good News.  
Little Boy. "My first name is awful ugly; but you has got a real pretty name, hasn't you?"  
Little Girl. "Yes; I think it is."  
Little Boy. (meditatively). "I guess you didn't have any rich ole bachelor aunts, did you?"

## \$20, \$15 and \$12 Suits for \$8.50

A New York clothing maker was hard up for cash. We bought all his Men's Suits (made to sell for \$20, \$15 and \$12) at a price that enables us to offer them at \$8.50 per Suit. We are selling Boys' \$5.00 Knee Pant Suits for \$2.50. Hundreds to pick from. This was another clean-out.

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### To Be Buried Alive.

MIND READER SEYMOUR TO SPEND OVER THREE MONTHS UNDER GROUND.

Seymour, the mind reader, accompanied by his son, Arthur, is on his way to Chicago, where he is to attempt a test that will, if successful, make him famous the world over. He performed some wonderful feats in the streets of Williamsport a few months ago. For example, he found a knife hidden in a cell at the police station by a *Sun* reporter, driving to the building in a *Sun* car. At Chicago he is to be buried alive, after the alleged manner of the East Indians, who say they can suspend animation for any period by swallowing their tongues and controlling the heart and mind.

"My coffin has gone on ahead," said Mr. Seymour. "It was made in Syracuse and is a facsimile of the one in which General Grant remains now. It cost \$3,000. It is made in three sections, one fitting inside the other. I will be buried six feet deep in the coffin. Signals will be arranged so that if things don't go right I can communicate with the soldiers on the outside who will guard the grave.

"Directly after I am buried a crop of barley will be sowed over the grave. I will remain buried until the germs sprout, grow, ripen and are harvested. Then the disinterment will take place. I will not come back to earth until Sept. 24. I am positive that I can do it and the scientific men who are assisting me to conduct the experiment are beginning to think so too."

### What a Pig Will Do.

From the Denver City Sun.  
"Even a pig will turn up its nose at tobacco," says a writer in a woman's journal. True enough, and, by the same token, a pig has no use for ice cream, and it does not like music, and it would rather have a bundle of straw in its pen than a picture from the brush of Rembrandt. People cannot be expected to regulate their likes and dislikes in accordance with the tastes of pigs. Tobacco is harmful in the shape of cigarettes or candidates' cigars, but the ladies must use better arguments than the above if they would have its use discontinued.

### The Hand of Fate.

From the Chicago Tribune.  
"Mary Jane," exclaimed the editor of the *Bluegrass Vindicator*, rushing hurriedly into the house, "put me up a little lunch as quick as you can! Where's my valise?"  
"In mercy's name, what is the matter, Jared?"  
"Matter?" he shouted diving into the bureau drawer for clean shirts and other things necessary for a journey, "nothing's the matter, only I wrote last night that we noticed Colonel Allgore riding about the city this morning at a comfortable jog, and it came out in the paper this morning 'comfortable jag'! I start for the World's Fair, Mary Jane, in ten minutes if I'm still alive!"

Hubby—How is it that everything is so unusually dirty about the house to day? Wifey—Why, this is washing day.—N. Y. Herald.

## You have noticed

that some houses always seem to need repainting; they look dingy, rusted, faded. Others always look bright, clean, fresh. The owner of the first "economizes" with "cheap" mixed paints, etc.; the second paints with

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If you are going to paint, it will pay you to send to us for a book containing information that may save you many a dollar; it will only cost you a postal card to do so.

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### MAKING OLEO.

How Uncle Sam Watches It and How It Is Made.

Hidden away in a dark and cobwebby corner beneath the roof of the treasury at Washington is a room filled with a mysterious assemblage of queer-looking apparatus which has the aspect of an alchemist's laboratory. Yet the work done there has to do with the making of gold or a vital elixir, but with the analysis of food and drink, says the *Kansas City Journal*. It is the chemical division of the internal revenue bureau, and one of the matters it has in charge is the detection of fraud in the sale of oleomargarine for butter.

It seems startling to learn that the consumption of oleomargarine in this country has doubled in the last five years. The people of the United States eat four million pounds of it every month, or twenty-four thousand tons annually. Nearly all of it is put up by the great meat packers of Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, Providence and Kansas City. The manufacture of it is lawful, but it is not permitted to masquerade as butter in the market. Suspected samples are pounced upon by revenue agents and submitted to chemical tests.

Three-fourths of the hotels and nearly all of the restaurants and boardinghouses in the United States use oleomargarine. For their purposes this artificial product is excellently adapted. Whereas butter quickly spoils, oleomargarine always looks nice and remains fresh indefinitely. Some of it which has been kept at the treasury for three years is as good as ever to-day. It is better in flavor than any except first-rate butter. People who buy rancid butter for cooking would do much better to purchase oleomargarine. The best of the latter is not cheap, costing as much as twenty-five cents a pound, thus approaching ordinary grades of butter in price.

The peculiar flavor of butter is due to the presence of forty-five per cent. of fatty acid. These acids are volatile and rapidly decompose, hence the rapidity with the substance spoils. Oleomargarine contains very little of such destructible material. It is made from beef fat, which is removed from the animal in the process of slaughtering, washed and placed in a cold-water bath. Next the fat is cut into small pieces by machine and cooked until the liquid portion has separated from the tissues.

The liquid fat is settled until perfectly clear. Then it is pressed to extract the stearine, leaving a pure "oleo oil," which, churned together with milk and butter, becomes oleomargarine. The fat being almost tasteless, butter is put in to give the requisite flavor, the best oleomargarine having twenty per cent. of the finest butter.

### PIGEONS ON BOARD SHIP.

Carried Off Sight of Land, They Soon Become Tame Pets.

On the return of the training ship Portsmouth to the Brooklyn navy yard from a voyage to the Mediterranean she had a large number of pigeons aboard. The birds were of the common variety and lived in a coop on the hurricane deck near the fore-castle. The boys had procured them at some port while the vessel was still cruising about. One day at sea, when all traces of land were lost, the birds were released from their prison. The crew gathered on deck to see what they would do. Some thought they would not leave the ship; others expected to see them take their bearings and then, like carrier pigeons, fly landward. All were mistaken, says the *Youth's Companion*, for after a joyous sail over the blue ocean they returned to their cage and settled down to everyday life. They became tame at once and fond of the sea men and boys, who fed them from their hands. They constantly fitted about the decks, at times even causing annoyance by walking about the gangway under the busy sailors' feet. At other times they would perch in the rigging seemingly content with their nautical lives. In port they would fly ashore, but always returned at night to roost in their coop. When at last the orders were given to hoist anchors for home many of the pigeons were out on their daily fly. The sails were spread and the big ship was wafted away. The boys and sailors all felt very sorry for the disappointment the birds would meet that evening when they returned and found the ship had sailed. But before night, when the land like a tiny green speck faded from sight in the twilight, there was suddenly a flutter in the rigging and the missing birds dropped down and entered their cage. The hearts of all the homeward bound ship's company rejoiced. Upon their arrival in Brooklyn the pigeons showed themselves as much at home in the air around the great bridge and over New York city as in any foreign port.

The Thirteen Superstition. It is said this strange superstition extends away back to the time of King Arthur. When the good British king founded the famous Round Table, he requested Merlin, the enchanter, to arrange the seats. Merlin arranged one set to represent the apostles; twelve were for the faithful adherents of Jesus Christ and the thirteenth for the traitor Judas. The first were never occupied save by the knights distinguished for their achievements, and when a death occurred among them the seat remained vacant until a knight, surpassing him in heroic and war-like attainments should be considered worthy to fill the place. If an unworthy knight sought the vacant chair he was repelled by some magic power. The thirteenth seat was never occupied but once. A story goes that a haughty and insolent Saracen knight sat down upon it and was immediately swallowed up by the earth. Ever after it was known as the "perilous seat," and, brave as the celebrated knights of the Round Table are said to have been, not one ever had the courage to sit on the thirteenth chair, and the superstition against it still lives.

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