

OUR RICH PRESIDENTS

Two Were Independent When Taking Office.

OTHERS WELL TO DO

Washington and Van Buren Were Wealthy.—Arthur Said to Have Been the Most Extravagant, His Famous Dinners Costing Thousands of Dollars.

Washington.—George Washington and Martin Van Buren were the wealthiest men ever elected to the Presidency, but nearly all the Chief Executives managed to leave the White House well off, although some possessed little wealth when elected.

George Washington did not need the money for living expenses, but he drew his money with as much regularity as the department clerks. He had so much property to dispose of that his will covered twelve closely written pages, and if put in type would make five columns of a newspaper.

James Monroe's will contained only 162 words. He was a poor man. He lived well, but not extravagantly while President, yet he left the White House almost penniless.

Polk, Fillmore and Pierce were wealthy men, and left large estates when they died. Madison, too, had a good bank account and plenty of real estate, but the money he left to Dolly was scattered to the winds by a worthless relative. For her husband's papers Congress paid her \$20,000, and this was all she had.

Andrew Johnson was comfortably well off, owning a mill, farm, store and other properties at Knoxville and Greenville, Tenn.

Buchanan was wealthy, too, as was also Andrew Jackson, but the latter was impoverished before death by assuming the debts of his son.

John Quincy Adams died rich. He owned much property in Boston and Washington. His will is filed in the Recorder of Wills' office in this city, and is of great length. Like Andrew Jackson, Mr. Adams had a large collection of walking canes, and these were bequeathed to his friends.

Thomas Jefferson always, according to history, made much display and was rated as wealthy, but in old age he was reduced in circumstances and was forced to cease entertaining with such a lavish hand at Monticello. Congress paid him \$28,000 for a large portion of his valuable library, and this sum was economically spent during his last days.

William Henry Harrison was known as an everyday man, and when in the White House he cared little for style. He saved a good portion of his salary and died moderately rich. His grandson, Benjamin Harrison, was likewise economical, saved money and enjoyed a good law practice after his term.

General Grant while in the White House lived well, but at the same time he saved money, the salary of the President being raised from \$25,000 to \$50,000 while he was serving his second term. General Grant had a larger stable of thoroughbreds than any President, and when he took a fancy to a horse he generally managed to buy it regardless of the price. He was not wealthy, although worth considerable, when his second term expired. An entanglement in a wildcat financial concern led him to pledge his swords, medals and gems to W. H. Vanderbilt for the loan of \$100,000 to clear his name of the disgrace others had wrought upon him.

The most extravagant President was Arthur, who not infrequently gave dinners costing as much as \$5,000. When he went into the White House he was worth probably half a million. His predecessor, Garfield, died a poor man. The people raised \$250,000 for Mrs. Garfield, and Congress voted her a pension of \$5,000 annually.

Hayes was accused of parsimony during his incumbency of the White House because he offered no wine to guests. Mr. Hayes entertained little but it was not because he was not financially able, but simply because he did not believe in great social functions. Mr. Lincoln was poor when he entered the White House, and had he lived to serve out his term he would perhaps have been retired worth only a few hundred more than he began with, for he was not economical. Employees of the White House say that Mr. Lincoln gave away much money to people whom he believed or knew to be in distress.

Grover Cleveland was paying taxes on less than \$8,000 when he was elected President the first time, but today he is wealthy. Mr. Cleveland was not a lavish spender during his incumbency of the White House, drew his salary with regularity and made investments in Washington suburban real estate.

Mr. McKinley was poor when he entered the White House. He was in debt, but by frugal management and the assistance of friends he was accumulating money when the assassin's bullet ended his life.

President Roosevelt was comfortably fixed when he was called to the chief executive's chair; not wealthy, but far from poor.

His Idea of It.

Caller—So your Papa and Mamma are going to take you to Europe with them?

Willie—Yes'm.

Caller—Aren't you afraid to go on the ocean?

Willie—N'm, I ain't afraid o' nothin'. I'm been vaccinated.—Coast Seaman's Journal.

AMERICAN DENTIST TO ROYALTY

Once Noted Bicyclist Court Dentist in Spain.

Boston, Mass.—Once a noted bicyclist George Fulton Taylor, is going to be dentist to the royalty of Spain. As a boy he was tall and wiry, fond of all outdoor sports, and particularly bicycling. Soon the neighbors began to remark on the prowess of that Taylor boy, and in a little while he was a full-fledged racer. Although only a boy, young Taylor's success was remarkable. Trophies of all sorts, gold and silver cups, pianos, diamonds, gold and silver medals and money prizes, poured down upon him.

He made so much money that he entered Harvard and paid his way by his earnings on the track.

In Cambridge Taylor won a reputation as a wrestler and was a general favorite.

Later he went to Philadelphia and studied dentistry, earning enough in the summer to pay his tuition and live on all the year round by the profits of his successful racing.

The young bicyclist graduated from the dental college in Philadelphia, and went into practice in Salem, not far from his Ipswich home.

At first Doctor Taylor was associated with Doctor Warren Porter, an aged Salem dentist, but shortly after his marriage he opened an office for himself in his home, in Federal street.

The young doctor and his wife, coming to Salem, soon formed a large circle of acquaintances.

The chance that has made the former bicycle king dentist to the court of Spain is a remarkable one.

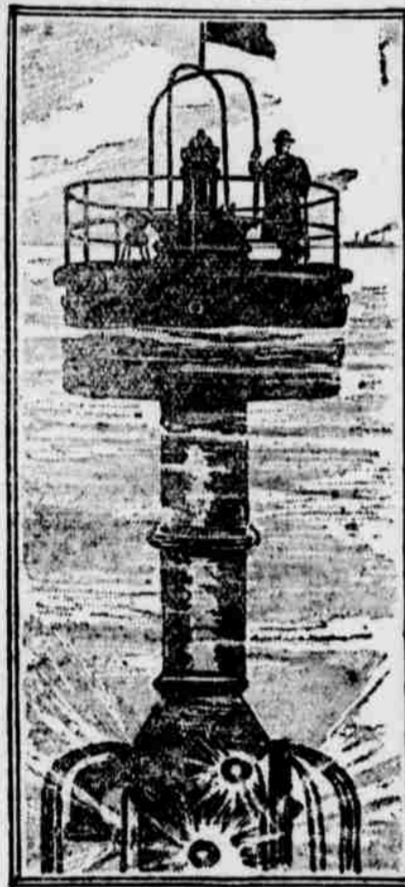
A college friendship, started at Harvard, is the cause. Last winter Doctor Taylor, to his great surprise, received one day a letter from a stranger, a Doctor Portuando, practicing in Madrid.

The Spanish doctor wrote that he was desirous of taking a two months' vacation and that, wishing to intrust his practice to a young American during that period, he had been recommended by a friend to write to Doctor Taylor.

In the next mail came the letter from the mutual friend, his colleague, who urged Doctor Taylor to accept.

The invitation was accepted, and at the close of the two months' vacation Doctor Portuando made the American so tempting an offer that he decided it would be madness to refuse.

A five years' contract was drawn up between the elderly Spanish doctor and the young American, and members of the royal family of Spain will intrust themselves to the hands of an American dentist, who may repeat the experience of the late Doctor Evans—once dentist to Empress Eugenie.



THE HYDROSCOPE.

by means of which the inventor expects to spy out treasures at the bottom of the sea. The hydroscope is the invention of Cavallero Giuseppe Pino a resident of Naples. It is constructed of steel and in shape is like a huge telescope pointing downward into coral caverns or sunken ships. Its complex system of lenses, twelve in number, answer to the objective glass of a celestial telescope. Together with the internal mirrors they produce a very clear picture of the sea-bottom the rays of light passing up the tube to a sort of camera-obscure house, the top of which floats above the surface and is capable of holding four people.

One of the most romantic things yet accomplished by the hydroscope and its accompanying raising apparatus has been the bringing to the surface of an old Spanish galleon, one of a numerous fleet sunk in the Bay of Vigo in 1702 and recently brought to the surface by the aid of Pino's invention.

Eagle Sweeps Down on Boy. Colorado Springs.—An immense bald eagle tried to carry away to the mountains Alfred, the 8-year-old son of Cornelius A. Starr, sexton at Evergreen Cemetery. The timely arrival of the lad's father and another man with a shotgun saved the boy from death or serious injury.

The boy's cries attracted a man living near the cemetery, who came running to the spot with a shotgun. By this time Alfred's father appeared on the scene and attacked the eagle with a club.

The eagle started to attack Mr. Starr, but three or four hard blows from his club soon drove the bird away. The man with the gun was unable to shoot for fear he might injure Starr or his boy.

A COOK FOR JUDITH

Judith, with her inexperienced fingers webbed like a duck's toes with the stickiest of bread dough, cast appealing glances at her immaculate brother-in-law, a well-favored bachelor of twenty-eight.

"Ugh!" she exclaimed, eyeing her imprisoned hands with repulsion. "It's getting colder and clammy and stickier every minute."

"Where's Bridget?" "I discharged her. I gave her a week's warning, but the mean, inconsiderate thing went at once and left me, literally, with the bread on my hands; I never cooked anything in my life; but I thought any goose could knead bread. Oh, that's just like a man—to laugh when one's up to the elbows in trouble."

"I'd help you if I could," said Philip, peering helplessly into, but keeping a safe distance from, the floury bread pan. "But what can I do?"

"You could go somewhere and find me a cook; if Edward were home—"

"I'll do that," returned Philip, visibly brightening. "What sort of a cook? Any choice in the matter?"

"Yes, indeed. I'm very particular. She mustn't be too big, because this kitchen's so tiny, and if she's very tall she won't be able to go down the cellar stairs without doubling backward. She must be neat in appearance, and Philip, do try to select one that will look well in a cap. Bring her right home with you. Simply insist on her coming—Edward had Bridget here in just an hour and a quarter from the moment he left the house."

"I'll beat him," declared Philip, from the doorway. "You'll see me back, perspiring but triumphant, and with Bridget's successor at my heels, in exactly sixty minutes."

Philip, who entertained a great opinion of his own executive ability, sought, without loss of time, the nearest employment agency.

"I'm looking for a medium-sized cook," said he, to the woman at the desk. "One that would look well in a cap."

"Come this way," said the woman, repressing a smile, and leading the young man to an adjoining room.

Eldredge looked, with a critical eye, at the long row of waiting applicants. Under his earnest scrutiny three of them blushed, two giggled, and a sixth frowned resentfully. Perhaps it was an off day for cooks, but the assortment offered was not promising. One of the gigglers, however, displayed a good set of teeth.

Philip, whose faith in his ability to return with a cook was beginning to falter, and almost decided in her favor, when he remembered Judith's cellar stairs.

"Would you mind standing up?" he asked, courteously.

The maid with the tooth again showed them in a generous smile, as she obligingly rose to a height of six feet two.

"I'm afraid you wouldn't fill the bill," said Eldredge, apologetically. "I'm sorry, but my instructions were very exact."

As Eldredge was wavering between a red-headed German girl with an alarming pompadour and a thicket-haired Hibernian with a phenomenal upper lip, the door opened, a neatly dressed young woman entered, and, after a moment's hesitation, seated herself in the vacant chair at the end of the row.

"Why! You're just the girl I've been looking for," cried Philip, joyfully, as he caught sight of the newcomer. "Not too stout, not too tall, not too anything. You'd be adorable in a cap."

"But," objected the girl, "I'm—"

"We'll pay you bigger wages here," said Eldredge, thrusting a dollar into the agent's palm, "is your fee. I'll take this one—she suits me right down to the ground."

"But," began the girl, "I'm—"

"Now don't say a word. My sister-in-law, Mrs. Eldredge, wants you at once. I'll explain as we go along—come, please, we must catch the next car. You see, it's a case of—of bread. I left poor Mrs. Eldredge up to the elbows in dough—she's not accustomed to dough—and she must be rescued at once."

"I see," said the girl, suppressing a riotous dimple as she followed her impetuous employer to the street. "But please, sir, how do you know I'll suit?"

"I like your looks," said Philip, candidly. "You're neat and intelligent—and short enough to go down the cellar stairs. You see Mrs. Eldredge gave me the plans, dimensions and specifications for the desired cook, and you fit them exactly. Here's our car."

Eldredge, well satisfied with his expedition, seated himself beside his prize, leaving, as a concession to convention, a proper space between them.

"I was instructed," said he, with a sudden accession of dignity, "to ask you a few questions. First of all, can you make bread?"

"Yes—I mean, yes, sir."

"Can you cook—er—other things? Salads, you know, and—er—soup?" Eldredge was plainly out of his element.

"Yes—sir."

"Um. How long were you in your last place?"

"Four years—sir." The young woman choked down an emotion that Eldredge classified as grief at parting with her late employers.

"When did you leave, and why?"

"Of course. Now what is your nationality?"

"American to the last s—Hum—I was born in America, if you please, sir, in Boston."

"Then everything's all right," Eldredge, having carried out Judith's instructions to the letter, retired, with dignity, behind the morning paper, thus intimating, gently, that the conversation was finished.

Suddenly Eldredge looked up to meet a pair of dancing brown eyes. The dimple he had surprised in the nearest rose-tinted cheek winked at itself, in some mysterious fashion, out of sight, and the dark eyes became instantly sedate.

"Poor thing," thought Eldredge, complacently, "she's delighted at finding a situation so quickly. Gad! It's a shame for such a pretty girl to be compelled to earn her own living. With a little education, she'd adorn any station in life."

Philip opened the front door with his latch key and led the new cook straight to the kitchen. Judith, still plentifully besprinkled with flour, and laboring under a mistaken impression that she was kneading bread, was poking reluctant fingers into an unworldly mound on the bread board.

"I've got her," announced Philip, "and I guess you'll admit, Judith, that I know a good cook when I see one. It took just fifty-nine minutes!"

"Good!" cried Judith, wheeling about.

"Why, Helen?"

In another instant, mistress and maid, locked in each other's arms, were industriously exchanging kisses. Philip, petrified with astonishment, gazed in open-mouthed wonder at the pair. The maid whispered explanations into the ear of the six months' bride, whereupon both young women went into gales of musical laughter.

"I wish," demanded Philip, somewhat humbly, "that you'd explain your joke—if it is a joke."

"This," said Judith, over the cook's shoulder, "is my dearest friend, Ned on Hunter, of Boston."

"Not the Hunters?"

"The same."

"Then what was she doing among those—"

"Looking for a waitress for my aunt, Mrs. Blake," explained Helen, demurely. "I meant, when my errand should be finished, to come here to surprise Judith—thank you so much for your assistance. When you mentioned Judith's name, I knew at once who you were or I should never have permitted you to carry me off in that unceremonious fashion, although I'm not sure you wouldn't have used force if persuasion had failed. Afterward I couldn't resist deceiving you—you wouldn't let me explain, you know—but do forgive me."

It is probable that forgiveness was forthcoming, for a few weeks later, the helms of the Hunter millions signified her willingness to become, not Judith's cook, but Judith's sister-in-law—Carroll W. Rankin, in What to Eat.

An Ancient Giant.

The complete skeleton of a human giant has been found at Holbeach, England, a little Lincolnshire town between Lynn and Spalding, during excavations for the foundations of two new houses. Every bone was in perfect condition, and not a tooth was missing. The skeleton measured 7 feet 2 inches in length. A curious key, five inches long, with triangular handle, was found near the bones. Stukeley, the famous antiquary, who was born at the spot where the discovery has just been made, records a Roman Catholic chapel, dedicated to St. Peter, formerly stood. Other human remains have been previously unearthed on the same spot.

A Queen's Correspondence.

Queen Alexandra is a most indefatigable letter writer. Thirty or forty letters from her pen are no unusual daily occurrence, and she often sends off a number of telegrams, too, while Miss Knollys, who is her favorite attendant, has often written over 100 letters a day, all of which are under a special personal supervision. The queen, too, is very particular about her writing paper, and only likes to use one particular sort, which is rather rough, of a creamy color, with the address stamped in red at one corner. She writes often in the most affectionate strain, and she has several friends whom she calls by their Christian names.—Exchange.

A Relic of Nero.

The Italian government has undertaken excavations on the site of the Campus Martius, and has discovered remains and foundations of the monument erected by the Roman senate 13 B. C., under the consulship of Nero and Quintillus in honor of the Emperor Augustus after his victories in Spain and Gaul. The remains now discovered, together with those collected in 1850, and preserved in museums, are sufficient to allow of the reconstruction of the monument, which is symbolic of peace, and it is hoped to complete the work on the occasion of the czar's visit.

A Pungent Record.

A bride in some parts of Switzerland receives from her friends a Gruyere cheese. It is not eaten, but is preserved by her, and all the important family events are marked on the rind.—Exchange.

CASTORIA. The Kind You Have Always Bought. Bears the Signature.

THE ATTRACTIVE GIRL.

Much has been written about "the American girl" and her reasons for being pre-eminently the most attractive girl in the world. In bringing up girls mothers can't be too careful to let their daughters develop all their natural charms to the utmost.

The crucial epoch of a woman's life is the change from maidenhood to womanhood. It involves the whole body and manifests itself in the nervous disposition at this time.

Nervous or sick women are afforded the opportunity of a lifetime, for the makers of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now offer \$500 reward for women who cannot be cured. Backed up by over a third of a century of remarkable and uniform cures, a record such as no other remedy for the diseases and weaknesses peculiar to women ever attained, the proprietors of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription now feel fully warranted in offering to pay \$500 in legal money of the United States for any case of Leucorrhoea, Female Weakness, Prolapsus, or Falling of the Womb, which they cannot cure. All they ask is a fair and reasonable trial of their means of cure.

"I cannot praise your medicine highly enough," writes Mrs. Jennie Hippenhamer of Hometown, Indiana. "I began taking Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and took it steadily for six months. I was not once sick at stomach, never vomited once. Took the 'Favorite Prescription' three times a day and when in severe pain took an extra teaspoonful of medicine which checked the pain. I felt pleasant all the time and did not get nervous as I used to. When my baby girl came last August she was healthy. She is now eleven months old. An thirty-eight years old and never got through so easily in all my life. Why should women suffer when they can get through so easily? I am able to do quite a washing and ironing which I could not do for eight years before."

As a tonic for women who are nervous, sleepless, worn-out and run-down, "Favorite Prescription" is unequalled. For constipation, the true, scientific cure is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. Mild, harmless, yet sure. No other pill can compare with them.

THE FEBRUARY JURYMEN.

The Following Persons Have Been Drawn to Serve at the February Term.

GRAND JURORS.

- Adams, L. J., Briarclark. Brigg, A. G., Bloomsburg. Cressy, Charles W., Catawissa Twp. Clayton, J. C., Catawissa. Huttenstein, A. M., Mifflin. Hill, J. P., Sugarloaf. Hummer, G. B., Sugarloaf. Hess, H. C., Mifflin. Jones, A. W., Fishingcreek. Kramer, Wm., Bloomsburg. Kressler, Clark, Bloomsburg. Lahow, Wm., Madison. Speare, Chet, Benton. Smith, Note T., Benton. Sands, C. L., Mt. Pleasant. Shaffer, Jacob, Bloomsburg. Titman, Isaac, Bloomsburg. Taylor, D. D., Briarclark. Tribble, Ray, Orange Borough. Tubbs, Timothy, Benton Township. Watkins, Thomas, Cleveland. Whitlight, Daniel, Fishingcreek. Welliver, John, Bloomsburg. Yost, Clark, Franklin.

PEIT JURORS.—FIRST WEEK.

- Ash, F. M., Center. Appelman, G. B., Greenwood. Adams, Elliot, Briarclark. Broadt, Abram, Montour. Bucher, Charles, Franklin. Berger, Theodore, Berwick. Beishline, Gideon, Berwick. Conner, J. W., Orange Borough. Chamberlin, John, Madison. Cressy, W. H., Benton Borough. Coleman, W. C., Benton Borough. Cronk, Frank, Scott. Dennis, Isaiah, Mt. Pleasant. Dunlaye, John, Conyngham. Diltz, Samuel, Jackson. Deily, Curtis, Bloom. Eyer, Mathias, Fishingcreek. Farringer, Emerson G., Centralia. Geiger, Harry, Bloomsburg. Greenley, J. W., Madison. Hicks, Joseph, Berwick. Hippensteel, John, Scott. Hoffman, Jacob, Roaringcreek. Hess, Alfred, Fishingcreek. Ketchner, H. E., Benton Borough. Laubach, W. S., Sugarloaf. Leiby, James, Locust. McKelvy, C. W., Bloomsburg. Masteller, William, Hemlock. Masteller, William, Sugarloaf. McCarthy, W. H., Hemlock. Moss, M. W., Benton Township. Neiswinder, Jas., Conyngham. Pohe, C. L., Catawissa Borough. Parr, John, Mifflin. Roberts, Clarence, Montour. Runyon, Harry, Madison. Sones, Edward, Jackson. Stiner, Jacob, Bloomsburg. Schwartz, Lewis, Hemlock. Sult, A. J., Berwick. Sands, J. E., Bloomsburg. Snyder, T. W., Fishingcreek. Tubbs, Jackson, Sugarloaf. Werkheiser, James, Bloom. White, A. B., Scott. Walton, Lewis, Montour. Vanhorn, Robert, Greenwood.

JURORS FOR SECOND WEEK.

- Brown, Addison, Mt. Pleasant. Baker, John S., Benton. Beagle, Robert, Greenwood. Beaver, W. L., Main. Campbell, Jackson, Locust. Cressy, Wilson, Mifflin. Cressy, J. W., Mifflin. Calyberger, Adam, Berwick. Deltrich, Frank, Bloomsburg. Evans, Harry, Hemlock. Furman, C. C., Bloomsburg. Fisher, W. B., Beaver. Hagenbuch, Wm., Orange. Hagenbuch, J. S., Center. Hagenbuch, T. W., Scott. Hauck, Samuel, Roaringcreek. Ketchner, D. W., Briarclark. Keiter, George W., Bloomsburg. Kline, F. J., Mt. Pleasant. Kressler, A. V., Mt. Pleasant. Moser, Joseph, H., Conyngham. Meyers, Wm. W., Hemlock. Miller, Torrence, Sugarloaf. Miller, Wm., Berwick. Morsinger, J. C., Main. Morley, Wesley, Bloomsburg. Nagle, T. J., Center. Rantz, Steward, Jackson. Rhodes, M. H., Bloomsburg. Snyder, Joseph, Cleveland. Smith, Wm. S., Hemlock. Shultz, Vincent, Madison. Shaffer, John, Millville. Snyder, Wm., Locust. Uunagst, Rudolph, Berwick. Yocum, C. M., Roaringcreek.

Trial List For Week Beginning Monday February 6, 1905.

FIRST WEEK. The Hydraulic Mfg. Co. vs. J. K. Sharpless. O. W. George vs. B. A. Friedman.

SECOND WEEK. Jacob Baker vs. The Conewango Building and Loan Association and Tilghman Kiechler and Charles Baker. Christie Baker vs. The Conewango Building and Loan Association and Tilghman Kiechler and Charles Baker.

Fuhrman and Schmidt vs. The Conewango Building and Loan Association and Tilghman Kiechler and Charles Baker. F. P. Cressy vs. North and West Branch Railway Company.

Harry Harman and Martha Harman, his wife to use of the said wife vs. The Pennsylvania Canal Company. Benjamin Stackhouse vs. Margaret Albertson. W. T. Smith and Son vs. Magee Carpet Works.

Agnes Smith vs. A. J. Knouse, S. L. Knouse, A. Z. McHenry and Merton Knouse trading as A. J. and S. L. Knouse and A. Z. McHenry. Rufus Messenger and Sarah Messenger vs. A. J. Knouse, S. L. Knouse, A. Z. McHenry and Merton Knouse trading as A. J. and S. L. Knouse and A. Z. McHenry.

Ida Fritz intermarried with Charles H. Fritz vs. The Township of Briarclark. E. D. Tewksbury Administrator vs. The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. Frederic Hummel vs. The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company.

B. E. Sharpless vs. E. B. Tustin. L. C. Mensch vs. Francis Ely Defendant with notice to Margaret Ely Garnishee. Fieas B. Ringrose vs. W. D. Campbell. Jeremiah O. Frey vs. Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company.

Mary A. Creveling vs. The Susquehanna, Bloomsburg and Berwick Railroad Company. William Ney vs. The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. John Mowrey vs. The Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company. Charles Reichard vs. The Pennsylvania Railroad Company.

H. V. White and William J. White vs. The Susquehanna, Bloomsburg and Berwick Railroad Company. John K. Townsend and Louis J. Townsend vs. Benjamin A. Gidding. Lloyd Fox vs. Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company.

Albert Low vs. The Borough of Berwick. Sarah J. Martz vs. The Borough of Berwick. Kimber Duty by his father and next friend Lewis Duty and said Lewis Duty vs. Edward Wardrop and Alexander Wardrop. Kimber Duty vs. Edward Wardrop and Alexander Wardrop.

Emma Billman now Emma Duty wife of Kimber Duty by her mother and next friend Rebecca Billman and Rebecca Billman vs. Edward Wardrop and Alexander Wardrop. Emma Billman now Emma Duty wife of Kimber Duty vs. Edward Wardrop and Alexander Wardrop. Thomas Elmes vs. Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.

Thomas Elmes vs. Cross-Creek Coal Company. A. A. Eveland vs. Orange Township. William G. Yetter Executor of the last will and testament of Lewis Yetter deceased vs. The Lehigh and Wilkes-Barre Coal Company.

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