

# Broken Ties.

The wind roared in the tops of the trees and around the tall chimneys outside, and whistled through every crack and crevice of the desolate mansion; the rain beat ceaselessly against the window-panes; the dogs barked and howled in the distance; the night was dark and dismal, and everything conspired to give me a feeling of dread as I sat alone by the bedside of a lady whose life was despaired of, and who had been ill many days.

Her husband, mother, and everyone else in the house, worn out with watching and anxiety, had been persuaded to lie down. Since then the doctor had entered noiselessly and examined the patient.

"You are calm and courageous, I know," he said. "You need not alarm the house unnecessarily; but I think the crisis is coming. There will probably be a change about midnight, either for better or worse. With these directions which I now give you in writing, you will know what to do. Good-night."

He was gone at last, and then I sat down by the bedside, alternately watching the patient with her white deathly face, and the hands of the clock upon the wall.

I was not intimately acquainted with the family, though I had known them several years. They were an ill-mated pair, as regards looks and age, for she was under thirty, and very fair and beautiful; while he though with keen, sagacious eyes, looked like a dried up old mummy, and always treated her with deference and devoted attention, dressed her splendidly, kindly cherished her mother, who was much nearer his own age, and evidently did everything in his power to make them happy.

Yet for all this, she always looked listless and weary; and I never could help wondering how she had married him.

The clock struck 12. Soon afterwards, she began to move uneasily, threw out her arms, and at last opened her eyes. I saw at once that for the first time in many days there was the light of reason in them, and I was at her side in a moment with a reviving draught. I put it to her lips, and she drank it.

"Have I been asleep?" she murmured feebly.

"Yes; and you are certainly better," my dear lady. I am sure of it. You have been ill a long time and now you will recover very soon without doubt."

"Shall I?" she sighed wearily. "Oh, how much better to die! And must I still live on, enduring, loathing, loveless, despairing? Death is far preferable. Oh, my friend! never marry a man you do not love!"

"There, there!" I said, "you must not talk or think in this wild way. Take this soothing draught and go to sleep, dear. You are still nervous. You will not feel so bad after you have slept."

She took it, and was soon fast asleep, while I sat thinking of the strange revelation—wring from those parched and pallid lips by weakness and disgust of life, on the brink of the grave, but never before, I afterwards found, disclosed to mortal ear.

When she was well enough to sit up and we were alone one day, she told me the whole story; though but for that unguarded revelation, she never would.

Her mother, it seemed, was a widow, poor, and with her daughter, depending almost wholly for support upon a well-to-do son. He died very suddenly, leaving them penniless and homeless; because his wife, who had the power in her hands, at once cast them off.

Alice was engaged at the time to a worthy young man, whom she tenderly loved; but they were prudently postponing their marriage until such time as he could see his way clear enough to be able to support her comfortably. Her scheming mother, who had never liked him, longed for a wealthier suitor for her beautiful daughter.

At last one presented himself, who was far richer, but with a tarnished fame, and old enough to be her father. After a youth spent in dissipation, he had reformed, made a fortune, and now wanted to settle down with a young and beautiful wife.

He was as artful and intriguing as the mother herself, with wily, flattering lips, and a double tongue; he rode in a fine equipage, made rich presents, and fairly won the old lady's heart. She favored him from the first, and they were soon plotting together, after the girl had refused to marry him.

Malicious charges were brought against the former lover, who was at a distance, struggling for position and fortune. His character was slandered, his temper and motives

magnified, and his constancy doubted, until the daughter's faith in him was shaken; and then, all at once, his letters ceased, and she could get no replies to her own. She found that he had left the place where he had resided without one word to her of regret or of explanation.

The elderly lover persevered and fawned and flattered, and pleaded with eloquent lips; the mother besought her, with tears in her eyes, to save them from want and shame; and at last, after a weary struggle, the wretched, despairing girl yielded to her destiny and became the bride of one old enough to be her father.

As a wife and daughter she had done her duty as well as she could, and from the hour of her marriage had never opened her lips to complain of the weary, desolate life she was leading, until that memorable hour of weakness and woe. And this, although she had known for long months that she had been cruelly deceived, and that her marriage had been brought about by the blackest falsehood, that her lover's letters had been suppressed and burned, his staid character defamed, his heart almost broken, and his reason nearly dethroned by the thought that she was false to him, and had willingly sold herself for gold.

I comforted her as well as I could at the time, and pointed her to the only true source of consolation, and in answer to the repeated cry, "Oh, why, why, why, was I ever permitted to marry him?" I said, "To make of him a better and nobler man. Your influence has already done this in some measure I believe, and I have no doubt that these afflictions will in the end lead you, and perhaps him, up higher."

"Do you think so?" she replied. "I have felt as if my life was a useless burden. I shall be glad if I can do good to anybody in the future."

I left her—about that time, and two years later when I returned I found Alice a widow. I went to see her, and she told me with tears, that they had been the happiest years of her married life.

The fear of losing her, and the feeling that he had deeply wronged her, had brought about a true repentance, in her husband, and they had thenceforth lived a better and happier life. He bequeathed to her his entire fortune as a small recompense for all the trouble he had caused her.

It was my fortune afterward, in another land than ours, to meet the lady's early lover—a desolate, disappointed man.

He told me his story at last, and then I knew that I was right in my suspicions, not only of his identity as Alice's lover, but also of the fact of his having been deceived by forged letters into the belief that she had changed her mind, no longer loved him, and wished to cast him off for the sake of marrying another.

"And she did it," he groaned.

"What would you say, Horace Seymour," I began, after a long silence, if I should tell you that Alice Neale was true to you—that she never wrote those heartless letters, or received a line from you in return—that she was deceived and blinded by infamously falsehoods; made to believe that you were a "Happiest years of her married life."

lain and had deserted her; and that in her grief and despair she was led by her own mother to the altar like a martyr to the stake, loving you alone, fondly and truly all the time?"

deserted her; and that in her grief and despair she was led by her own mother to the altar like a martyr to the stake, loving you alone, fondly and truly all the time?"

"I would say that you had extracted some of the poison from a wound that still bleeds and stings, though it is too late for all earthly hope," said he earnestly.

"And if I should tell you that it is not too late for earthly hope if you love her still—that Gordon is dead and Alice is free—"

"Oh, I would bless you for ever more!" he exclaimed, starting up suddenly, and clasping my hand. "But is it so? For Heaven's sake do not deceive me."

"It is certainly so, my friend, Alice has been a widow for months."

His face brightened up with a sudden joyful glow, then it faded as he said:

"I was forgetting that she may not care for me now—I am so changed in every way."

"She, too, is changed; you must expect that. Remember that you are both ten years older than you were when you wooed and almost won her. Yet she is beautiful still, and loves you without a doubt."

And then I felt justified in telling all I had heard from her own lips of her past history.

He left the next morning, and the next time I saw Horace Seymour—two years later—he was in a beautiful home of his own, with Alice beside him, and a handsome and smiling babe upon his knee.

As a rule a man's hair turns gray five years sooner than a woman's.

Men with blue or gray eyes are almost invariably the best shots.

# WORLD'S BIGGEST FARM

## A Mexican Don Who Owns an 8,000,000 Acre Ranch.

### HOMESTEAD IS A PALACE

Don Luis Terrazas, of Chihuahua, Employs 2,000 Cow Punchers, Line Riders, Shepherds and Hunters—He Owns 1,000,000 Cattle, 700,000 Sheep, 100,000 Horses.

The biggest farm—if "farm" it can be called—is that owned by Don Luis Terrazas in the State of Chihuahua, Mexico, which measures from north to south 150 miles and from east to west 200 miles, or 3,000,000 acres in all. On its prairies and mountains roam 1,000,000 head of cattle, 700,000 sheep and 100,000 horses. The "farm house" is probably the most magnificent in the world for it cost \$400,000 to build and is more richly furnished than many a royal palace. On the homestead alone are employed a hundred servants. The gardens are superbly laid out, the stables more magnificent than those of the German Emperor and there is accommodation for 500 guests if necessary.

Scattered over the vast ranch are a hundred outlying stations, each one of which has charge of a certain portion of the estate. The horsemen, cow punchers line riders, shepherds and hunters number 2,000 and the Terrazas ranch is the only one in the world which maintains its own slaughtering and packing plant. Each year 150,000 head of cattle are slaughtered, dressed and packed, and 100,000 sheep. Don Luis personally superintends the different industries on his ranch, covering many thousands of miles on horseback during a twelvemonth. Don Luis was at one time Governor of Chihuahua, but public life did not suit him; it was too quiet, and he preferred to spend his life riding over the plains and looking after his own enterprises. He is three times as rich as any other man in Mexico and has the name of being liberal and generous toward his workpeople.

Don Luis is a very handsome man, married to a beautiful wife. He is the father of twelve children—seven sons and five daughters. The sons are all associated with Don Luis in looking after the ranch, while the daughters, said to be the most beautiful women in Mexico—remain quietly at the homestead. All the children were educated in the United States, are highly accomplished, have travelled through Europe, and speak several languages.

Don Luis founded his cattle ranch about fourteen years ago and four years later he sought to import the finest cattle from Scotland and England. But there was a considerable difficulty in the way. The import duty on cattle was so heavy that it was impossible to bring over the animals in quantities sufficient for his purpose, so Don Luis appealed to the Mexican Government, pointed out the absurdity of restricting the importation of good stock into the country and succeeded in getting the import tax repealed. Since that time Terrazas has increased his stock by the importation of some of the best breeds from the famous studs of Europe.

Five years ago Terrazas installed on his ranch four big reservoirs costing \$100,000, besides which there are 300 wells scattered over the huge farm, some of them going down to a depth of 500 feet. These wells, the water from which is raised by the use of windmills, cost another \$100,000. Every kind of grain is grown and Don Luis is constantly experimenting in the raising of different foods for supplying the wants of his immense herds during the rainless season.

An enemy which has to be sternly fought on this great ranch is fire, and scarcely a summer passes without great tracts of prairie being laid waste by its destroying advance. Through the torrid months there is a man stationed on the lookout at every station each hour of the twenty-four, and directly he sees indications which tell him that fire has started he rings the massive alarm bell and in an incredibly short time men come riding in ready to fight the danger with their lives if necessary.

The frightened cattle are driven sideways from the oncoming fire and then the enemy is attacked from the rear. It is no good attempting to stop a prairie fire from the front, for its progress is too rapid and too annihilating. Heavy chains are dragged along the ground which help to weaken and disperse the fire. Across the prairie long furrows fifty feet apart are quickly made, and these also help to stem the progress of the fire. All night the fight is kept up, and not until the last spark is quenched are the men able to take food and rest.

In these efforts to subdue the flames Don Luis and his sons are usually seen working like demons and urging their men to greater efforts. Fighting a prairie fire has all the elements of danger and for excitement it has few equals. For this reason Don Luis takes a fierce delight in combating the flames and declares that it is one of the fascinations of a prairie life.

# ALL BARS CLOSED IN ATLANTIC CITY.

150,000 Visitors to Famous Seaside Resort Experience a "Dry" Sunday—State Law Enforced.

Atlantic City, N. J., Sept. 3.—Gov. Wood's Fort completely routed the defiant saloonkeepers Sunday, and his demand that the excise laws be obeyed was carried out to the letter. There was not a saloon, cafe or hotel in this city in which liquor could be purchased. The anti-secular section of the law was also obeyed, and no curtains were drawn to shield the barroom from public view. Some cafes were open, but they served only soda water, ginger ale, sarsaparilla, tea, coffee and cocoa with meals. There was no attempt made at subterfuge.

Many persons familiar with the history of this far-famed resort have wondered whether the city would be a destitute of open saloons as it was Sunday, when every one of the two hundred and twenty saloons and hotel bars were closed. They were closed alike to bona fide guests as well as to strangers just arrived within its gates. It was said that this was the fourth time in the fifty-four years of its existence that a drinkless day had been experienced in Atlantic City. A bulletin posted at Police Headquarters stated:

"Saloons all closed. No troops in town."

Another bulletin officially signed by the chief of police, consisted of a card on which was printed:

"In 1861 it was 'Hold the fort.' To-day it's 'Fort holds you.'"

Governor's proclamation containing threat to send troops to the seashore in the event of a further violation of the Sunday closing law had its effect.

Saloonkeepers and hotel men reluctantly accepted the advice of the Mayor and of the more conservative members of the saloon men's organization, and closed their places of business as tightly as they know how. Boardwalk cafes that on Sundays past have been thronged to their utmost capacity, serving liquors and food, to-day were all but deserted. White aproned waiters stood idly by the vacant chairs surrounding the once cosy little tables, and thought regretfully of the gala Sundays that were gone.

As spokesman for the affected liquor interests, and one of the local political leaders, declared that the loss by the day's closing would amount to \$150,000. He said that the saloons would close every Sunday hereafter until some warrant of law will permit their remaining open.

# USE CONCRETE POLES.

Pennsylvania Railroad Thinks They Will Stand Storm Better.

Pittsburg, Sept. 2.—The Pennsylvania Railroad has begun to install concrete telegraph poles along its right of way. The assertion is made that they will not be so liable to destruction by storms, and will last longer than the wooden poles.

The road has chosen a long stretch of exposed track between Pittsburg and Chicago for the experiments, which will be carried on throughout the winter. If found satisfactory the entire system will have the new concrete pole.

# Blown to Pieces by Oxygen.

Niagara falls, N. Y., Sept. 3.—John G. Clifford, president of the United Oxygen and Chemical Company, was blown to pieces at his plant, in the presence of his eighteen-year-old son Roger. A tank of oxygen, charged to 2,200 pounds exploded. The boy was uninjured.

# BASE BALL.

NATIONAL LEAGUE.		W. L. P. C.	
New York	71 45	Cincinnati	78 60
Pittsburg	72 47	Boston	50 67
Chicago	71 48	Brooklyn	43 71
Philadelphia	72 44	St. Louis	72 74
AMERICAN LEAGUE.		W. L. P. C.	
Detroit	68 49	Philadelphia	57 50
St. Louis	67 50	Boston	56 62
Chicago	66 52	Washington	48 66
Cleveland	66 53	New York	58 73

# NEW YORK MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices of Farm Products Quoted for the Week.

WHEAT, No. 2, Red, 99 1/2 @ \$1.01.	No. 1, Northern Duluth, \$1.13 1/4.
CORN—No. 2, 90 @ 90 1/2 c.	GATS—Mixed, white, 56 @ 62 c.
BUTTER—Westerns, firsts, 21 @ 22 1/2 c.	State Dairy 19 1/4 @ 20 1/4 c.
CHEESE—State full cream, 12 1/2 @ 13 1/4 c.	MILK—Per quart, 3c.
EGGS—State and nearby fancy, 29 @ 30c; do., good to choice 23 29c; western firsts, 22 @ 23c.	SHEEP—Per 100 lbs., \$3.25 @ \$4.25.
BEEVES—City Dressed, 7 1/2 @ 10c.	CALVES—City Dressed, 9 @ 13 1/2 c.
HOGS—Live per 100 lbs., \$6.00 @ \$7.10.	HAY—Prime per 100 lbs., 85c.
STRAW—Long rye, per 100 lbs., 75 @ 85c.	LIVE POULTRY—Spring Chickens per lb., 16c; Turkeys per lb., 12c; Ducks per lb., 10 @ 11c; Fowls per lb., 13 @ 19c.
DRESSED POULTRY—Turkeys per lb., 16 @ 19c; Fowls per lb., 11 @ 14 1/2 c; Chickens, Phila., per lb., 19 @ 23c.	VEGETABLES—Potatoes, Jersey, per sack \$2.25 @ \$2.50.
UNIONS—Yellow, per basket, 75 @ \$1.00.	Fowls Fowls per lb., 12c.

# CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

# What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

# GENUINE CASTORIA ALWAYS

Bears the Signature of

*Chas. H. Fletcher*

The Kind You Have Always Bought

In Use For Over 30 Years.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 37 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

# Jury List for September Court

GRAND JURY  
Briarcliff—Charles Masteller.  
Berwick—Charles Brader.  
Locust—Jacob Fink.  
Sugarcreek—T. A. Ruckle.  
Bloomburg—A. V. Kressler.  
Berwick—Claude Kurtz.  
Catawissa—Jeremiah Yeager.  
Beaver—Jacob Baker, Jr.  
Bloomburg—Calvin Gorton.  
Orangeville—W. E. Sands.  
Cleveland—J. M. Cleaver.  
Sugarcreek—J. B. Sutliff.  
Bloomburg—Daniel Tierney.  
Greenwood—James Ager.  
Catawissa—J. L. Walter.  
Centralia—John Leam.  
Conyngham—W. H. Honnabach.  
Franklin—Samuel Raup.  
Catawissa—Henry Shane.  
Bloomburg—Henry Knorr.  
Conyngham—H. D. Kostenbauder.  
Jackson—Edward Sones.  
Conyngham—Geo. W. Weller.  
Mt. Pleasant—John R. Thomas.

TRAVELER JURORS—First Week.  
Berwick—George H. Catterall.  
Catawissa—William G. Yetter.  
West Berwick—R. M. Smith.  
Bloomburg—William Colman.  
Centre—Daniel Mordan.  
Bloomburg—Rev. J. R. Murphy.  
Briarcliff—J. K. Adams.  
Bloomburg—Charles D. Brobst.  
Mt. Pleasant—G. M. Ikeler.  
Orangeville—Carl Fleckenstine.  
Berwick—C. J. Courtright.  
Benton Township—T. E. Edwards.  
Roaringcreek—Robert Welsh.  
Centralia—Alfred Hoagland.  
Madison—D. N. Williams.  
Pine Twp.—Thomas Y. Stackhouse.  
Locust—Joseph Cleaver.  
Pine—Isaac Trivelpiece.  
Conyngham—Jacob Benner.  
West Berwick—G. G. Chrisman.  
Scott—E. A. Brown.  
Bloomburg—L. D. Case.  
Orange Township—William C. White.  
Samuel Y. Keller.

Main—Benjamin Kreisher.  
Berwick—McClellan Cope, Rob. Reedy.  
West Berwick—Horace Yeager.  
Catawissa—Edward Brosious.  
Franklin—Clark Yost.  
Bloomburg—John Scott.  
Hemlock—George Irvin.  
Locust—Benjamin Waters.  
Catawissa—John Overdorf.  
Hemlock—Edward W. Ivy.  
Beaver—A. F. Rupert.  
Conyngham—Lewis Kostenbauder.  
Catawissa—Charles P. Pfahler.  
Bloomburg—C. B. Gunton.  
Conyngham—Isaac Beaver.  
Berwick—Hurl Davis.  
Berwick—E. C. Morehead.  
Briarcliff—Samuel M. Petty.  
Centralia—W. W. Heffner.  
Catawissa—George H. Sharpless.  
Main—F. P. Gruver.  
Berwick—Harry East.  
Berwick—H. R. Oliver.  
Bloomburg—Moses Tressler.  
Berwick—Theodore F. Berger.  
Fishingcreek—Robert E. Whitenight.  
Centralia—Patrick Curran.  
Bloomburg—H. B. Sharpless.  
West Berwick—W. A. Linden.  
Conyngham—Daniel E. Fetterman.  
Berwick—John E. Traugh.  
Centre—C. E. Drum.  
West Berwick—William Fairchild.  
Mifflin—H. W. Houck.  
Benton Borough—John S. Baker.

SECOND WEEK.  
Conyngham—John Kertin.  
Centralia—John White.  
Berwick—Eugene Doty.  
Mt. Pleasant—George L. Johnson.  
Berwick—R. W. Hoyt.  
Scott—Ellis Ringrose.  
Hemlock—Edward Sterner.  
Mifflin—Edward Green.  
Jackson—Deaner Davis.  
Bloomburg—Charles M. Hess.  
Roaringcreek—Alvin Rhoads.  
Berwick—Francis W. Roup.  
Bloomburg—A. J. George.  
Locust—John Hughes.  
Berwick—Percy Curran.  
Greenwood—J. H. Johnson.  
Benton Township—Wesley Roberts.  
Berwick—J. B. Evans.  
Berwick—Walter Sult.  
Catawissa Borough—John Fox.  
Berwick—M. C. Hettler.  
Berwick—Rev. J. K. Adams.  
Centralia—Martin Barrett.

Sleeping With Shut Windows.  
A man in a neighboring city who has formed a habit of going out for a mile sprint in the neighborhood of his dwelling during the earliest moments of the cold gray dawn says there is yet work for the cause of the open window. From morning to morning his route is changed somewhat, but it always covers a district inhabited by the well-to-do. Scanning the sleeping apartments as he runs, he finds surprisingly few windows open. His excursions are taken so early that he knows the sleepers are not awake, and that they have slept the night through breathing poor air. These are proofs, he thinks, that many persons intelligent in most matters, are still unaware of what fresh air might do for them.—Boston Transcript.

# The Farmer's Wife

is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are exactly akin to the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach churn is "sour" it sours all which is put into it? The evil of a foul stomach is not the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of the blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every taint or corrupting element. "Golden Medical Discovery" contains no alcohol, its ingredients are plainly printed on each bottle wrapper.

QUICK CLIMATIC CHANGES try strong constitutions and cause, among other evils, nasal catarrh, a troublesome and offensive disease. Sneezing and snuffling, coughing and difficult breathing, and the drip, drip of the foul discharge into the throat—all are ended by Ely's Cream Balm. This honest remedy contains no cocaine, mercury, nor other harmful ingredient. The worst cases yield to treatment in a short time. All druggists, 50c., or mailed by Ely Bros., 56 Warren Street, New York.

Wigg—"I wonder why the brewers don't form a trust?" Wagg—"Oh, I suppose because they are always at larger heads."

A Reliable Remedy  
Ely's Cream Balm  
Is quickly absorbed.  
Gives Relief at Once.  
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Sensitive of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c. Sold by mail. In liquid form, Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Wigg—"I wonder why the brewers don't form a trust?" Wagg—"Oh, I suppose because they are always at larger heads."

A Reliable Remedy  
Ely's Cream Balm  
Is quickly absorbed.  
Gives Relief at Once.  
It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane resulting from Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Restores the Sensitive of Taste and Smell. Full size 50c. Sold by mail. In liquid form, Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

Wigg—"I wonder why the brewers don't form a trust?" Wagg—"Oh, I suppose because they are always at larger heads."