

OPTIMISM.

There's a word of gentle meaning,
Afterwhile.
It's the assassin's dreaming,
Afterwhile.
When our fortunes halt and vary,
It's the watchword of the fairy,
From hope's sweet vocabulary,
Afterwhile.
We will hear no sounds of battle,
Afterwhile.
We will miss the cannon's rattle,
Afterwhile.
Men will put away the saber
And together they will labor
Each to help a helping neighbor,
Afterwhile.
This old earth will cease its sorrow,
Afterwhile.
There will dawn a peaceful morrow,
Afterwhile.
When all grief is but tradition,
Giving 'tis its rightful mission,
Contrast to life's best condition,
Afterwhile.
-Washington Star.



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SYNOPSIS.

D'Auriac, commanding outpost where
eone is laid, tells the story. De Gomeron
is in temporary command, appointed by
Gen. de Rone to examine into a charge
against d'Auriac. Nicholas, a sergeant,
brings in a man and woman, from king's
camp at Le Fere, prisoners. D'Auriac,
angered by insulting manner of de Gomeron
toward woman, strikes him, duel follows
and prisoners escape. Duel is interrupted
by appearance of de Rone, and d'Auriac is
cold he will hang if found alive at close
of morrow's battle. Riding over field next
day d'Auriac finds Nicholas, victim of de
Gomeron's malice, in imminent danger of
death, and releases him from awful predicament. After battle in which King
Henry utterly routs de Rone's forces,
d'Auriac, lying severely wounded, sees two
forms moving through the darkness robbing
the bodies of the dead and wounded. They
find golden collar on de Leyva's
corpse, and Babette stabs Maugnot (her
partner) to gain possession. Henry with
retinue, among whom is fair prisoner who
had escaped from de Gomeron at d'Auriac's
sutor, rides over the field. Madame
rescues d'Auriac, and afterwards visits him
daily in hospital. Here he learns his friend
is helress of Bidache. When well enough
he is taken to her Normandy chateau,
where he learns from Maitre Falin,
madame's chaplain, the king is about to
force her to marry d'Ayen. He sets out
with Jacques, his knave, for Paris, to
prevent this marriage. Delayed at Ezy, he
meets upon Nicholas, his old sergeant,
who says de Gomeron is in neighborhood
with associates from army and nobility,
plotting treason against the king. They
go to de Gomeron's retreat where they
manage to overhear details of plot. Bur-
ning with revenge, Nicholas shoots at de
Gomeron. Flying for their lives, the two
men think themselves beyond pursuit,
when suddenly they are face to face with
Biron, one of the traitors, whom d'Auriac
cuts down, and with de Gomeron, who
makes short work of Nicholas; d'Auriac
escapes. Arriving in Paris the chevalier
says what he knows of treasonable plot be-
fore Sully, master general of ordnance.
Calling on de Belin, a friend of d'Auriac, se-
cures from him a servant, Ravalliac, who
had previously been in service of d'Ayen.
D'Ayen's marriage to Madame de Bidache
is to occur within fortnight, de Belin in-
stantly sponsors Falin and madame arrive
in Paris. D'Auriac has suspicions aroused
concerning Ravalliac; later witnesses
meeting with de Gomeron, therefore dis-
misses him. The chevalier is introduced at
court by de Belin, where he charges Biron
with being traitor to France and king. For
his pains Henry gives him 24 hours to quit
France. King now commands marriage to
be celebrated on the morrow, making it
imperative that flight occur that night, if
madame be saved. D'Auriac therefore
meets her secretly, when masked men
swoop down on pair and carry them off,
bound and gagged. After 24 hours' im-
prisonment, during which he hides his
views with de Gomeron and Babette, he
manages to escape. At his lodgings he
finds Jacques, Falin, de Belin and his host
Pantin assembled in council. Next morn-
ing Falin and d'Auriac, disguised, give to
de Gomeron and two confederates. The
plan another meeting for that night when
Biron will be present. He determines to
communicate again with Sully, but Ravalliac
and de Gomeron being below, and fear-
ing detection, he is compelled to hide his
opportunity. After a time he sees in window
opposite face of madame. They communi-
cate by means of signs, he telling her de-
liverance is at hand. When night falls
d'Auriac goes to join de Belin, whom he
meets on his way with Pantin and a friend.
All go to find the king (who is on a night
strolch) at an ordinary.

CHAPTER XIX.—CONTINUED.

At last we reached More's, and as we
entered the hall I could not help won-
dering if the good Parisians knew that
their king was playing at primero in an
ordinary of the city, and would be later
on, perhaps, pursued by the watch.
More, whom I had not seen since my
affair with d'Ayen, was in the hall, and
at a word from de Belin, conducted us
himself up the stairway, though look-
ing askance at me. We at length gained
a long corridor at the beginning of
which Pantin was left. Through the
closed doors of a private dining-room
at the end of this we could hear shouts
of laughter. "His majesty and M. de
Vitry arrived scarce a half hour ago,"
whispered More as we approached the
door.
"We will not trouble you further," re-
plied the compe; "it is the rule at
these little parties to enter unannounced." With these words he put
his hand to the door, and went in, I fol-
lowing at his heels. There were at
least ten or a dozen men in the room
standing round a table, at which sat
the king engaged at play with M. de
Bassompierre. Neither the king nor
Bassompierre, who seemed absorbed
in the game, took the least notice of our
entrance, nor did they seem in the
least disturbed by the constant laugh-
ter and converse that went on. The
others, however, stopped, and then
burst out in joyous greetings of de
Belin, and very haughty glances at me.
In the meantime the king played on,
taking no notice of anyone, his beaked
nose drooping lower toward his chin as
he lost one rouleau after another to
Bassompierre.
"Ventre St. Gris!" he exclaimed at
last, "was ever such luck? At this rate
I shall not have a shirt on my back in
half an hour."
"Is the marshal well only here," said

Sully, "we could start off at once, sire,
instead of risking any more. I see de
Belin has brought our guide."
"Yas; where is Biron? I am sick of
this." And the king, who was a bad
loser, rose from his seat impatiently, at
the same time forgetting to hand over
the last rouleau of pistoles he had lost
to Bassompierre, and thrusting them
back into his pocket with an absent
gesture.
As if in answer to his question, the
door opened, admitting the slight fig-
ure and handsome face of de Gie.
"Where is the marshal? Where is Bi-
ron?" asked ten voices in a breath.
"Yes, M. de Gie," put in the king,
"where is Biron?"
"Sire, the marshal is indisposed. He
has begged me to present his excuses
and to say he is too ill to come to-night,"
and as he spoke I saw de Gie's jeweled
fingers trembling, and his cheek had
lost all color.
"This is sorry news to spoil a gay
evening," said the king; and the master
general, pulling a comfit box from his
vest pocket, toyed with it in his hand as
he followed. "Biron must be ill indeed
to stay away, sire. What does your maj-
esty think? Shall we begin our ram-
bles by calling on monseigneur?"
"The very thing, grand master; we
will start at once."
"But, sire, the marshal is too ill to
see anyone, even your majesty," said de
Gie, desperately, and with whitening
lips.
I thought I heard de Vitry mutter
"Traitor," under his thick mustache,
but the guardsman parried my glance
with an unconcerned look. There was
a silence of a half a minute at de Gie's
speech, and the king reddened to his
forehead.
"If it is as you say, M. le Vicompte, I
know the marshal too well not to feel
sure that there are two persons whom
he would see were he dying—which God
forbid—and one of the two is his king.
Grand master, we will go, but"—and his
voice took a tone of sharp command,
and his eye rested first on de Gie and
then on the figure of a tall cavalier, at
whose throat flashed the jewel of the St.
Esprit—"but I must first ask M. de Vi-
try to do his duty."
As for me, I was dumb with astonish-
ment, and half the faces around me
were filled with amazement. Then de
Vitry's voice broke the stillness.
"Your lordship, sire, my sword—and
you, too, M. le Vicompte."
The duke slipped off his rapier with
a sarcastic smile and handed the
weapon to the captain of the guard;
but we could hear the clicking of the
buckles as de Gie's trembling fingers
tried in vain to unclasp his belt. So
agitated was he that de Vitry had to
assist him in his task before it was ac-
complished.
The king spoke again in the same
grating tones:
"M. de Bassompierre and you, de Luynes,
I leave the prisoners in your
charge. In the meantime, messieurs,
we will slightly change our plans. I
shall not go myself to the marshal's
house; but I depute you, grand master,
and these gentlemen here, all except
de Vitry, who comes with me, to repair
there in my name. Shall M. de Biron
not be able to see you, you will come
to me—the grand master knows where."
"You will be careful, sire," said Sully.
"Mordieu! Yes—go, gentlemen."
I was about to follow the others, but
de Belin caught me by the arm as he
passed out. "Stay where you are," he
whispered, and then he waited until the
footsteps died away along the corridor,
the king standing with his brows bent
and muttering to himself:
"If it were not true—if it were not
true."
Suddenly he roused himself. "Come,
de Vitry—my mask and cloak—and you,
too, sire," he said, turning on me with a
harsh glance. He put on his mask, drew
the collar of his roquelaure up to his
ears, and in a moment I recognized the
silent stranger who had ridden off so
abruptly from under the portico of St.
Merri. I could not repress my start of
surprise, and I thought I caught a
strange glance in de Vitry's eyes, but
the king's face was impassive as stone.
"We go out by the private stair, sire;
d'Aubusson is there with the horses."
With these words he lifted the tapestry
of the wall and touched a door. It
swung back of its own accord, and the
king stepped forward, the captain of the
guard and myself on his heels. When
we gained the little street at the back
of More's we saw there three mounted
men with three led horses.
De Vitry adjusted the king's stirrup,
who sprang into the saddle in silence,
and then motioning me to do likewise,
mounted himself.
"Monseigneur," said the king to me, rein-
ing in his restive horse, "you will lead
us straight to your lodging, next to the
Tolson d'Or."
"Yes, sire," I made answer; "but it
will be necessary to leave the horses by
St. Martin's, as their presence near
the Tolson d'Or might arouse curiosity
and suspicion."
"I understand, monseigneur, have the
goodness to lead on."
At St. Martin's we dismounted. There
was a whispered word between the lieuten-
ant and de Vitry, and then the king,
de Vitry and myself pressed forward on
foot, leaving d'Aubusson and the troopers
with the horses. It would take too
long, if indeed I have the power, to de-
scribe the tumult in my mind as we
wound in and out of the cross streets
and by lanes toward the Tolson d'Or.
At last we came to the jaws of the blind
passage, and I whispered to de Vitry
that we were there. The king turned to
de Vitry and asked:
"Are you sure the signals are under-
stood, de Vitry?"
"Yes, sire."
There was no other word spoken, and
keeping on the off side of the road, to
avoid passing immediately before the
door of the Tolson d'Or, where it was
possible a guard might be set, we went
onward toward my lodging. Favored
by the mist which still hung over the
passage, we got through without ac-
cident; but I perceived that not a light
glimmered from the face of Babette's

houses, though I could hear the bolts of
the entrance door being drawn, as if
some one had entered a moment or so
before we had come up. My own lodg-
ing was, however, different, and
through the glaze of the window we
could see the sickly glare of the lamp
in the shop where monsieur and mad-
ame were no doubt discussing the busi-
ness of the day.
"We must quiet my landlord and his
wife," I whispered to Vitry as we came
up to the door.
"Very well," he said, and then I
knocked.
The fence, who was alone, himself
opened the door. "Ah, captain," he
exclaimed, "we thought you were lost;
but I see you have friends." He said
no more, for I seized his throat with a
grip of iron, whilst de Vitry laced him
up with his own belt. An improvised
gag put a stop to all outcry, and in a
trice he was lying like a log amongst
his own stolen wares.
"So far so good. De Vitry, you will
stay here. At the first sound of the
grand master's whistle you will answer
it, and they will know what to do. I
have something to say to M. d'Auriac.
Take me to your room, sir."
I bowed, and lighting a taper that
stood in a holder of molded brass—a
prize that had doubtless come to my
landlord through one of his clients—led
the way up the rickety stairs, and,
stopping at the door of my chamber,
opened it to let the king pass. For an
instant he hesitated, fixing his keen and
searching eyes on me—eyes that flashed
and sparkled beneath the mask that
covered half his features, and then
spoke:
"Your majesty, are you still an enemy
of your king?"
I could make no answer. I did not
know what to say—and stood, candle in
hand, in silence. Then Henry laughed
shortly and stepped into the room, and
shut the door as I followed, and
turned up the lamp on my table. Then,
facing the king, I said: "Sire, I await
your orders."
He had flung off his cloak and mask,
and was leaning against the wardrobe,
one hand on the hilt of his sword, and
at my words he spoke slowly: "I de-
sire to see this room in the Toison d'Or,
and to look upon the assembly that has
met there with my own eyes."
"Your majesty, it is not now possi-
ble!"
"Permit me, sire—the only way is by
this window. If your majesty will step
here, you will see the risk of it. I will
go and see if they have met; but I en-
gure you not to make the attempt. The
slightest accident would be fatal."
"Do you think I have never scaled a
rock before," he said craning out of
the window. "Am I a child, M. d'Auriac,
or milletonnerres! Because my beard
is gray, am I in my dotage? I will go,
sir—and thank God that for this mo-
ment I can drop the king and be a sim-
ple knight. You can stay behind, mon-
sieur, if you like. I go to test the truth
of your words."
"Your majesty might save yourself
the trouble. I again entreat you—your
life belongs to France."
"I know that," he interrupted
haughtily, "no more prating, please—
will you go first, or shall I?"
There was no answer to this. It
flashed on me to call to de Vitry for
aid to stop the king; but one look at
those resolute features before me con-
vinced me that such a course would be
useless. I lowered the light, and then
testing the ends of the ladder again
and again, made the ascent as before.
Leaning through the embrasure I saw
the dark figure of the king already
holding on to the ladder, and he fol-
lowed me as agile as a cat. Making a
long arm I seized him by the shoulder,
and with this assistance he clambered
over the parapet and lay beside me.
One by one we stole up to the sky-
light, and the king, raising himself,
glanced in, my eyes following over his
shoulders. For full five minutes we
were there, hearing every word, seeing
every soul. And then the king bent
down softly, and laying a hand on my
shoulder, motioned me back. It was
not until we reached the parapet that
he said anything, and it was as if he
were muttering a prayer to himself.
When we got back I helped him to
dress. He did not, however, resume his
roquelaure or hat, but stood playing
with the hilt of his sword, letting his
eye run backward and forward over the
vacant space in my room. At last he
turned to me.
"Monseigneur, you have not answered a
question I put you one evening here."
"Sire," I answered boldly, "is it my
fault?"
He began to pull at his mustache,
keeping his eyes to the ground and say-
ing to himself: "Sully will not be here
for a little, there is time." As for me,
I took my courage in both hands and
waited. So a half minute must have
passed before he spoke again.
"Monseigneur, if a gentleman has
wronged another there is only one
course open. There is room enough here
—take your sword and your place."
"I—I, I stammered. "Your majesty,
I do not understand."
"I never heard that M. de Chevalier
was dense on these matters. Come, sir,
time presses; your place."
"May my hand wither if I do," I burst
out; "I will never stand so before the
king."
"Not before the king, monseigneur, but
before a man who considers himself a
little wronged, too. What! Is d'Auriac
so high that he cannot stoop to cross a
blade with plain Henry de Bourbon?"
And then it was as if God himself took
the scales from my eyes, and I fell on
my knees before my king.
He raised me gently. "Monseigneur, I
thank you; it is much for a king to have
gained a friend, and hark! If I am not
mistaken here is de Vitry."
[TO BE CONTINUED.]
People who think they are misunder-
stood are really understood too well.—
Chicago Record.

América and Germany.
So soon as America showed her charac-
teristic firmness the German cruiser left
Manila Bay, and we now protect the Ger-
man interests. In a like manner all stomach
ills fly before the wonderful power of
Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It strikes at
the root of all diseases—the stomach, and
not only cures indigestion, constipation, bil-
iousness, liver and kidney troubles, but
cures them quickly and permanently. It
makes a hearty appetite and fills the blood
with rich red corpuscles.
Her Little Joke.
Jones delights in a practical joke, but
having one played on him is a vastly dif-
ferent matter.
The other day his wife rushed breath-
lessly into the room, gasping "Come,
Henry, quick! There's a catamount in the
back!"
Jones grabbed his rifle and sprinted for
the scene of action, but his most cautious
reconnoiters failed to discover the animal.
"Where is the beast?" he demanded.
"Why, Henry, dear," his wife replied,
"Tabby had some kitten, and that makes
a cat amount, doesn't it?"
Close observers declare that the roof of
the Jones residence was seen to suddenly
elevate, but it slowly settled again in the
course of 24 hours.—N. Y. World.
What "Alabastine" is.
Alabastine is a durable and natural coat-
ing for walls and ceilings. It is entirely dif-
ferent from all "kalsomine" preparations.
Alabastine comes in white or twelve beau-
tiful tints, and is ready for use by adding
cold water. It is put up in dry powder form
in five-pound packages, with full directions
on every package. Alabastine is handsome,
cleanly and permanent. It can be re-coated
and retinted at slight expense. Paint deal-
ers and druggists sell Alabastine and fur-
nish cart of tints.
His Successful Effort.
"I saw you on a suburban train last night
and you seemed to be greatly amused at
something an old gentleman was telling you."
"Did I really look as if I were tickled?"
"Yes. The story you were listening to
must have been something very funny."
"By Jove, I'm glad to hear you say that.
The old gentleman is the father of the girl
I love best on earth, and he was telling me
a year ago that I heard for the first time about
nine years ago."—Chicago Evening News.
Deafness Cannot Be Cured
by local applications, as they cannot reach
the diseased portion of the ear. There is
only one way to cure deafness, and that is
by constitutional remedies. Deafness is
caused by an inflamed condition of the mu-
cous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When
this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling
sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is
entirely closed deafness is the result, and
unless the inflammation can be taken out
and this tube restored to its normal con-
dition, hearing will be destroyed forever;
nine cases of ten are caused by catarrh,
which is nothing but an inflamed condition
of the mucous surfaces.
We will give One Hundred Dollars for any
case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that
cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
Send for circulars, free.
S. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.
Riotous Proceedings.
Superintendent—The necktie department
will have to be moved further away from the
counting-room.
"Farther, why?"
"The spring styles make so much noise
that the clerks can't work."—Boston Post.
Many People Cannot Drink
coffee at night. It spoils their sleep. You
can drink Grain-O when you please and sleep
like a top. For Grain-O does not stimulate;
it nourishes, it cheers and it feeds. It looks
and tastes like the best coffee. For nervous
persons, young people and children Grain-O
is the perfect drink. Made from pure grains.
Get a package from your grocer to-day. Try
it in place of coffee. 15c and 25c.
Surgical Needs.
Sprocket—Do you have to be examined by
a physician before you join the Wheelmen's
club?
Wheeler—No; afterward.—Yonkers
Statesman.
Ask Your Dealer for Allen's Foot-Ease.
A powder to shake into your shoes. It rests
the feet. Cures Corns, Bunions, Swollen, Sore,
Hot, Callous, Aching, Sweating feet and In-
growing Nails. Allen's Foot-Ease makes
new or tight shoes easy. Sold by all druggists
and shoe stores, 25c. Sample mailed FREE.
Address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.
Hicks—"Isn't that your wife's pocket-
book?"
Wicks—"She has gone off and for-
gotten it. It is mighty lucky, however, that
she has only gone on a shopping trip."—
Boston Transcript.
After six years' suffering I was cured by
Pilo's Cure.—Mary Thomson, 294 Ohio Ave.,
Allegheny, Pa., March 10, '94.
It is an awful shock to find that we have
been polite to people who were not worth it.
—Puck.
To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All
druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.
HEALTH and beauty are the glories of perfect woman-
hood.
Women who suffer constantly with weakness peculiar
to their sex cannot retain their beauty. Preservation of
pretty features and rounded form is
a duty women owe to themselves.
The mark of excessive monthly suffer-
ing is a familiar one in the faces of
young American women.
Don't wait, young women, until
your good looks are gone past recall.
Consult Mrs. Pinkham at the out-
start. Write to her at Lynn, Mass.
MISS EDNA ELLIS, Higginsport, Ohio, writes: "DEAR MRS.
PINKHAM—I am a school teacher and had suffered untold agony
during my menstrual periods for ten years. My nervous sys-
tem was almost a wreck. I suffered with pain in my side and
had almost every ill human flesh is
heir to. I had taken treatment from a
number of physicians who gave me
no relief. In fact one
eminent specialist said
no medicine could help
me, I must submit to
an operation. At my
mother's request, I
wrote to Mrs. Pink-
ham stating my
case in every par-
ticular and re-
ceived a prompt
reply. I followed
the advice given
me and now I
suffer no more
during menses.
If anyone cares
to know more
about my case, I
will cheerfully answer all
letters."
MISS KATE COOK, 16 Ad-
dison St., Mt. Jackson, Ind., writes: "DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—
I am by occupation a school teacher, and for a long while suf-
fered with painful menstruation and nervousness. I have re-
ceived more benefit from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound than from all remedies that I have ever tried."

THE WHOLE SYSTEM
May Become Invaded by Catarrh
--General Lewis' Case.
Mon. James Lewis, Surveyor General of
Louisiana.
Pe-ru-na Drug M'fg Co., Columbus, O.:
" Gentlemen—I have used Pe-ru-na for
a short time and can cheerfully recom-
mend it as being all you represent and
wish every man who is suffering with
catarrh could know of its great value.
Should I at any future time have occa-
sion to recommend a treatment of your
kind, rest assured that yours will be the
one. Gratefully yours,
James Lewis."
Wherever the catarrh is, there is sure
to be a waste of mucus. The mucus is
as precious as blood. It is blood, in fact.
It is blood plasma—blood with the cor-
puscles removed. To stop this waste,
you must stop this catarrh. A course of
treatment with Pe-ru-na never fails to
do this.
Send for free catarrh book. Address
The Pe-ru-na Drug Manufacturing Co.,
Columbus, Ohio.
HELPED HIM TO A NEW LIFE.
Archbishop Corrigan Tells How He
Once Aided a Burglar to Reform.
Archbishop Corrigan, speaking at
New York on the possibilities in prison
reform work, related a bit of personal
history which had long remained a
secret in his own breast.
It was at a meeting in the home of
Mrs. Westervelt to form plans to aid
Mrs. Foster, the "Tomb's angel," in her
work. Archbishop Corrigan took an
active interest in the proceedings, and
after Mrs. Foster had told how her self-
imposed task had often been made
lighter by the deeds of those she
helped, he spoke of an experience he
once had with one just out from prison.
" It was years ago," the archbishop
said, "that a man who had just been
released came to me and asked that
I supply him with money to get him to
San Francisco, where he promised to
start life afresh. 'What claims have you
on me,' I asked, 'that I should do this?'
My strange visitor hesitated and then
said: 'I entered your room one night
with evil in my heart. You were asleep
and my task was easy. I had taken
your watch—I can even now tell the
number of it—when something caused
me to make a closer inspection of the
room, and I saw who you were. I put
back what I had taken and departed as
empty-handed as I came.'
"The man's story decided me," the
archbishop continued, "and I gave him
\$500. He did as he had promised, went
far away and started a new life. With-
in a year I received \$100 from him.
Every year since I have received from
the same penitent a similar sum. The
original debt has long since been re-
paid."
Not Quite Ready.—"All those who want
to lead better lives will stand up," cried
the revivalist in a commanding tone. They
all stood up excepting the stranger with the
chia whiskers who sat in the front row.
"Don't you want to be a better man?"
demanded the revivalist. "Well, it's like this,
parson," said the stranger. "I expect to be
a better man, of course, but you see I ain't
been to town before in ten years, an' I was
calkylatin' to have a little fun first."—
Cleveland Plain Dealer.

\$500 Reward
The above Reward will be paid for in-
formation that will lead to the arrest and
conviction of the party or parties who
placed iron and slabs on the track of the
Emporium & Rich Valley R. R., near
the east line of Franklin Houler's farm,
on the evening of Nov. 21st, 1891.
HENRY AUCHT,
President.
88-11.
FINE LIQUOR STORE
EMPORIUM, PA.
The undersigned has opened a first
class Liquor store, and invites the
trade of Hotels, Restaurants, etc.
We shall carry none but the best Amer-
ican and Imported
WHISKIES,
BRANDIES,
GINS AND
WINES,
BOTTLED ALE, CHAMPAGNE, Etc.
Choice line of
Bottled Goods.
In addition to my large line of Liquors I carry
constantly in stock a full line of
CIGARS AND TOBACCO.
Pool and Billiard Room in same building.
CALL AND SEE MR.
A. A. McDONALD,
PROPRIETOR, EMPORIUM, PA.
F. X. BLUMLE,
EMPORIUM, PA.
Bottler of and Dealer in
BEER,
WINES,
WHISKIES,
And Liquors of All Kinds.
The best of goods always
carried in stock and every-
thing warranted as represent-
ed.
Special Attention Paid to
Hall Orders.
EMPORIUM, PA.
GO TO
J. A. Kinsler's,
Broad Street, Emporium, Pa.,
Where you can get anything you want in
the line of
Groceries,
Provisions,
FLOUR, SALT MEATS,
SMOKED MEATS,
CANNED GOODS, ETC.,
Teas, Coffees, Fruits, Confectionery,
Tobacco and Cigars.
Goods Delivered Free any
Place in Town.
CALL AND SEE ME AND GET PRICES.
NEAR P. & E. DEPOT
EMPORIUM
Bottling Works,
JOHN McDONALD, Proprietor.
Near P. & E. Depot, Emporium, Pa.
Bottler and Shipper of
Rochester
Lager Beer,
BEST BRANDS OF EXPORT.
The Manufacturer of Soft
Drinks and Dealer in Choice
Wines and Pure Liquors.
We keep none but the very best
Beer and are prepared to fill Orders on
short notice. Private families served
liberally if desired.
JOHN McDONALD.
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