

TRUST.

I cannot understand why "why and wherefore" of a thousand things— The crosses, the annoyances, the daily stings: I cannot understand; But I can trust. For perfect trusting perfect comfort brings. I cannot clearly see Why life to one brings joy, unlooked for gain, While to another bitter heartaches come, and pain: I cannot clearly see; But I can trust. And by and by my Father will explain. I cannot see the end, The hidden meaning of each trial sent, The pattern into which each tangled thread is bent: I cannot see the end; But I can trust. And in His changeless love I am content. I cannot grasp the whole Of life's great symphony, nor find the key To these strange minor cadences perplexing me: I cannot grasp the whole But I will trust In Him whose ways are perfect harmony. —Mary F. Nicolls, in American Methodist Magazine.



A COLONIAL FREE-LANCE By CHAUNCEY C. HOTCHKISS

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CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

My conjecture had been right. The girl was lying betwixt the combings of the galley and the butt of the splintered topmast, a position allowing her enough air to prevent suffocation, at the same time partly protecting her from the weight of the stuff piled over her. She lay on her face, and across her thighs, pinning her fast, was a small end of the broken topsail yard. Her cheek and neck, with the hand that lay along the mast, were covered with blood, and blood stained the planking of the deck about her.

I lost no time in feeling for life, as the groan had told me life still existed. Cutting the lantern from the hoop, I slung it on my arm and, lifting the girl, strode toward the cabin, now in the strangest state of mind that had ever possessed me. If I moved quickly with my body, my brain outpaced it. As I look back at it, the passage from the foremast to the companion way was a long one, though it was compassed in twice ten steps. In the time it took me to traverse it I lived over the five days I had known this lass, and felt them to have been as many years. I suddenly knew the source of my daring, which had grown with the time until at that moment I was ready to face the devil himself, and knew, too, for whom it was meant. I now knew that my head had not been playing over the mystery of her disappearance because it was mystery, but because this girl had usurped all other interests. I was now aware that my resolve to board the schooner was not so much to recapture the prize (though that motive, hopeless as it had seemed, had been strong) as to overhaul the wreck of the foremast in quest of Gertrude King, and see her again dead or alive. I gave no name to all this; I raised no fine points about the strength or weakness of my feeling, nor did the word "love" cross my mind. I only knew that alive I had found her, and that one day she might know I had saved her from both death and her enemies. In a gurgling fashion it was all the reward I looked for, and it seemed reward enough.

If I was not fairly subdued by the beauty and heroism of this girl, my pity for her carried me far on the way, and though burly, sea-toughened, and a man to boot, in this case of need I felt that for tenderness I could put myself against the gentlest woman who ever made a sick bed a dream of pleasure. Beyond a getting to the extent of her injuries, I determined not to let the now sobbing surgeon lift a finger. When I brought my burden down the companion way he was placing a wet compress on the boy's wound, his management of this in the darkness speaking loudly of his skill. My prisoner was evidently past being surprised, for he did little but give a grunt as he saw me bear her in; but when I told him the new patient was a girl, and the sister of Ames, he cast on me a quick, hard look. It was only after I mentioned her name and he remembered the former passenger of the Sprite that he showed real interest, and as he examined her for injuries I heard him grumble the name of Scammell beneath his breath.

Pending the outcome of his search I went on deck. Although a nearly full moon was behind the clouds, the night was unusually dark. The roll of the schooner was growing heavier. It caused a rattling of blocks overhead, and a jerking of the foresail boom on its traveler until it sounded as though the deck must be ripped up. There was a sullenness to the sea that boded mischief, but the cause of it was still at a distance. Betwixt the clashing of blocks aloft, the kicking of the rudder, the mad clank of the boom travelers and the excited tattoo of the reefing points, there was sufficient fuss to at once tell a seaman that the present condition of calm would not be protracted. The look of the sky was enough for me (for beyond the immediate vicinity of the moon a pot of tar could not have been blacker), and in the momentary intervals of partial silence that ensued as the schooner balanced on the tops of the surges I thought I could hear a faint moan far above the truck, as though an unseen and troubled spirit was wailing through the depths of space aloft. The horizon had drawn close to the vessel, and the repelling blackness of the water sent a chill through me as I considered what might have been my plight had the schooner sailed, leaving me on the broad ocean with no support but the frail shell of the dingy. A sudden coldness had settled from above, though not a breath of wind had come with it, and, though there was nothing to be distinctly marked through the heavy gloom enveloping the schooner, there existed in the surrounding elements a menacing something, which, like an invisible monitor, sent to me an inarticulate warning.

The change had been rapid. Plainly enough I sensed the vague threat of the weather and set about to meet the outbreak. Minding me that I was both captain and crew, with the extra weight of having on my hands three prisoners in the forecastle and a shaky one in the cabin, I saw that if it came on to blow I had more than sufficient "work cut" out for one pair of fists. Determined then to take time by the forelock and

be safe in all weathers, I let go the foresail halyards and quietly lowered that canvas, putting it in steps only that it might not blow out, but, as for the furl, 'twould have made a landlubber laugh to see the bulge of the bunt. The shot from the Sprite had reduced the head cloths to jib and staysail, and yet so impressed was I that we were face to face with impending disaster that I lowered and, after a fashion, stowed the jib. The more I worked the more I felt the necessity, and, though I was on fire to return to the cabin, I held away and turned my attention to the great mainsail which was hurtling to and fro, the subdued thunder of its thrashing bunt and quick patter of its reefing points playing out of the mysterious darkness overhead like the sounds of a distant storm. Alone I double reefed that canvas, though I remember very little of it, the only thing coming to my mind being the horrible smooth inkiness of the water beneath me when I crawled out on the boom to pass the earring and haul taut. Though my hands worked on deck, my heart was below, and it was with a deep breath of satisfaction that I saw the last of more than an hour's hard labor. Casting off the main sheet, that I might not be taken unawares, I gave a glance at the light on the Sprite, still lying on our quarter, and then went below, filled with a mixture of hope and dread.

McCarly was sitting by the side of the girl as I entered. He looked up before I was fairly off the steps, and said in a surly voice: "Ye had best be no niggard with the whisky; pass it out!" "What do you find?" I asked. "Shock," he answered shortly. "And naught else?" "Be not so d—n quick," he replied. "There may be enough else inside, I know not. Outside there's a nasty bit of a blow on the nob and a fractured clavicle. There's the shock to nurse, but if all's well within she'll mend in a few days. It was a narrow escape she has had! How came she here?" "A long story, and one with mighty little to flatter your side of the fight, my friend," I answered. "Let that pass. If you can save both these children, and will settle down ashore and swear by congress, I'll see that your fortune's made as a doctor. You will be a rare hand!" "I'll see you and yer congress—d first!" he returned with an ugly scowl. "What I lay hand on, be it rebel or loyal, I do me best with. I'll do it here. I have little against the like of Gertrude King. She is a true lass."

"That's well," I answered as I went to the locker for the whisky. "But Gertrude is flying like myself from Clinton; her loyalty is to her country, and not, as you think, to George III. The title of 'rebel' is on my proud of." And with this I handed him the bottle which he took with a dogged air, pouring therefrom a dram which would have been more than respectable for a man. I watched him closely as he put it to the girl's lips. He held it there until a small quantity had disappeared, then, as though no longer able to restrain himself, he lifted the remainder to his own and drank it in a single gulp.

I was about to jump on him, when down the open companion way there came a faint wailing followed by a roar that grew into a shriek appalling in its intensity. It was the first howl of the great tempest of '78, and, turning, I made for the companion. Eye I was halfway to the deck we were laid over to leeward in a manner that for a moment prevented my further progress. A mighty gush of damp wind struck my face as I hung on to the rail, and before I could grip my way hand over hand up the ladder the schooner righted and hung on an even keel, trembling like a suddenly affrighted animal. In an instant I was at the wheel. As quickly as the squall came it passed, but I knew the weight that must be behind it. Well it was that I had reduced sail and let go the sheet, for in such a sudden blast we would have been thrown so low that the cargo would have shifted and the end come in the twinkling of an eye.

As near as I could guess the first rush of air had been from the southeast, but the whole gale that followed struck us fairly on the bow, and, in spite of my jamming the helm hard over, I think for a space the schooner made direct sternway. Without a sail drawing, the din of the thrashing canvas drowned all other noises, and in this fashion we hung in irons until it appeared that the mainmast would be shaken out of the vessel. I could not man the wheel and staysail sheet together, and the former I dared not leave; but the wind settled my dilemma, for after a time, and when I was getting impatient, I whipped a point to leeward, and in the half glimmer that now came from the sea, which looked like a dish of froth, I saw the foot of the staysail streaming over the starboard bow.

How I lashed the wheel with the helm up and got forward, I hardly know. I remember it was like dragging against a stone wall to get the sheet half way in, but I did it, and ran back again before we were fairly paid off. Now I lashed the helm down and put my weight on the main sheet, but 'twas past my power to move it a foot. As I had no wish to lose time by running toward South America, I hawled to the doctor to come up. He did so in a hurry, but demurred when I told him to lay hold of the line and haul. The sudden tongue lashing I gave him and a night of my face in the light which poured from the cabin made him think better of his manner, for he gripped the sheet and fell back with it like a born sailor. It was an almighty tug as best, but grew easier as we hauled into the wind, and when the line was belayed I commanded him to take the wheel while I sheeted home the staysail.

The veriest duffer cannot follow the sea for year in and out without learning something of the handling of ships, and, though McCarly had probably never laid hand on a spoke from necessity, he may have done so for pleasure, as he seemed to know how to hold the Phantom somewhere near the wind's eye. There was no difficulty, then, in getting a proper trim to the head cloth, and by the time the sheet was belayed and we stood off on the starboard tack the schooner was well under way, her bows smiting the seas, which had risen like magic, in a way that threw a curtain of solid water into the air, which, catching the wind, blew in and came aboard a deluge. I was wet to the skin before, but it was a dry wet as compared to the way the water shot through my clothing, the drops stinging my face like a discharge of small shot. Even under scant canvas and pointing as close as the schooner would go, she lay down to the blast until at times the brine gurgled in the lee scuppers. The channels sheared through the black seas and turned up a smother of froth as they tore along, while the noise of the roaring wind and water was enough to deafen one.

Knowing that all now unsafe must be left unsafe, I turned to get at it, when I thought me of the men in the forecastle. During the past hour they had not entered my mind, for I had felt that I had them secure. With the light they possessed, together with the rations I knew had been supplied them, they were better off regarding comfort than though they had been free seamen on duty. Other matters had taken my attention, but now that I was forward I would give a look to the hatch fastenings. It was right enough, and I laid my

ear over the crack below the slide that I might hear if aught was amiss. Ay, there was. A clear sound of rasping and splintering wood greeted me as I stopped the other ear with my hand to keep out the surrounding racket, and I had hit the spot on which a knife was at work. Drawing my cutlass, with its hilt I smote the woodwork. The sound instantly ceased. Unfastening the slide, I drew it back an inch or more and sang out through the opening: "Keep at it, my lads, and when ye have the hole the size of a pistol's barrel, I'll put one there and give ye a quick trip to Davy Jones. Mayhap ye have heard of Donald Thorndyke. Well, I am he. Now mind yourselves!"

And now I settled myself for a night of it, putting aside all matters save the ship's safety. I was lucky to have a doctor in the cabin to care for my sick; as for myself I needed none. So long as I was holding east, I cared little for the blow if nothing carried away. I had hoped that the suddenness of the storm bespoke its shortness, but never did I dream it was affecting my destiny. Beyond the elements I had now little to fear, and, as I knew my own boat as a mother knows her child, felt there was but small danger of her inability to weather the gale.

But the tempest was not of usual temper. Its approach, its violence and duration were beyond common rules, and had it held aloof but a day longer it would have doubtless altered the history of the colonies, and perhaps have put a period to my own career. One has but to turn to history for the truth of this. The great storm which suddenly sprang on the coast the night of August 11, 1778, and which lasted for more than three days, was of such a nature that it has been set apart by historians as worthy of especial mention, both from its results and its more than fiendish force.

As I have said, the absence of the bulk of Lord Howe's fleet had enabled the Phantom to drift through the fog and from the bay in comparative safety, and this absence was due to an attack planned against the French who were besieging Newport by water, as the patriots under Sullivan were doing by land. The British General Pigot was in desperate straits when Howe appeared off Point Judith, and had the English admiral been possessed of the sluggish and procrastinating nature of his brother (latey commander of the British land forces in America), he would probably have been a day or two later, and Pigot would have followed the example of Burgoyne at Saratoga and laid down his arms. As it was, Howe arrived in the nick of time, and the French sailed out of the harbor to fight him. The English took to the ocean for sea room in which to maneuver, but from all I could ever gather, each was mortally afraid



Saved!

of the other. The French followed. For two days they played about, either seeking to get the weather gauge of his opponent before opening hostilities. Here at last there must have been fought a battle which might (and probably would) have altered the complexion of the war; but the storm stepped in, and, after damaging and partly wrecking both fleets, drove them asunder. Howe returned to New York to refit, and D'Estaing gathered his scattered ships and sailed back to Newport. What my fate would have been had the tempest held off leaves little to guess, as, had my hoped-for programme been carried forward, I would have run into a network from which there could have been no escape.

By the same storm which had prevented a conflict on the sea the patriot force on land suffered well-nigh as severely as the fleets. What with ruined ammunition, destroyed stores and demolished shelter, the ferocity of the hurricane even causing several deaths, Sullivan's army was in a forlorn and desperate state, and, though in no condition to make an assault, the gallant commander furthered preparations to that end. Knowing, however, the ticklish temper of our allies, the attack was postponed until the French should return, an event which occurred on the 19th of August. Mighty was the joy of the patriots as D'Estaing sailed up the bay, but the joy was short-lived, for, giving his damaged ships as an excuse, he refused to remain at Newport, and, turning away, sailed for Boston for repairs, leaving Sullivan with a discouraged and rapidly dissolving army close to the strengthened lines of the British.

But, barring the storm, of these matters I knew nothing then nor for some time after their occurrence. Now I stood and strained at the wheel, squeezing the vessel into the wind as close as she would go, having an unreasonable objection to making the least southing in the coast. And yet I was uncertain as to the exact point to which I was steering, possessing no compass save the telltale which was set into the cabin ceiling and out of reach of my eye. If I escaped the pitiless and treacherous sands of the coast of Long Island I would be well content, and by holding to the present tack I had little fear of disaster from that quarter.

I figured that we had made half the length of Long Island up to the time we had been overhauled and the calm set in, and that in a wind for the most part light. If this was so, at the rate which we were now going I hoped to enter Vineyard sound by noon on the morrow, barring disaster, and 24 hours from the present would see me at my own hearthstone. The thought of it warmed me, and great was my need of warmth of some kind, for I was as empty as a drum, fagged by excitement and lack of sleep, and had not known comfort for so long that my memory of it was misty.

But by midnight even the fleeting comfort of thinking was gone, and soon after in feeling I was little better than a block of stone. That which I had gone through might not be reckoned by time alone; it seemed the experience of years. In my half-dazed state I felt that I had been an outlaw for years; for years I had been fleeing and each day fenced with death; for years known and protected the girl and her brother; and for

years, it appeared, must I stand and face this howling wind which bore against me like a living thing. The tempest, which had come in the teeth of a smiling day, was marked as well by capriciousness as by violence. As the ghostliness of early dawn broke in the east, and I gradually awoke to the fact that morning was at hand, the wind fell as though chopped off or as if we had suddenly shot into the lee of a vast wall. In a half senseless fashion, like a man under a drug, I tried with fruitless efforts to shake off the feeling of utter carelessness which had fastened to my senses. With the calmness of absolute indifference I marked the sudden dropping of the wind, though I knew full well that it portended an increase of the gale, but when, for how long, from what quarter or with what force, the Almighty alone knew; as for me, I cared not if it blew the vessel out of water. With the same dull indifference I marked our new danger and every detail attending it. With the sudden calm we were at the mercy of the long, green, foam-capped billows which charged toward us like moving hills. They came not, like rollers, with the regular swing of the ground swell, but every surge was the head waters of a mighty dam broken loose, its crest made up of a mad, throbbing mass of liquid torn into shreds and cross seas by its own weight and violent motion. The face of the world was a vast tumult of yeasty, ash-colored madness out by the darkness of its hollows; a terror (if I could have felt it), not a horror; more sublime than grand, more awful than sublime.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOW LOUIS XIV. GOT A WIFE.

A Willful Little Spanish Princess Make Up Her Mind to Marry Him.

When Infanta Maria Theresa was ten they began talking about a husband for her. But here, unexpectedly, the little girl showed a will of her own. She said she wanted to marry her cousin, the young king of France. She had never seen him, except in a picture, but she had heard a great deal of him. Spain, which had been the most powerful of nations, was beginning to go downhill, and France was coming up. It was the most refined, the most splendid and the wealthiest of nations. Its young king, Louis XIV., was said to be a perfect fairy prince. No one else was so handsome; no one else had so bold a spirit, or so gracious manners, or wore such magnificent clothes with so grand an air. Maria Theresa thought he would just suit her.

And then, quite suddenly, Infanta Don Baltazar died, and Maria Theresa became the heiress presumptive to the Spanish throne. Then there was no more talk of her marriage to the king of France; if she was to be the queen of Spain, she would have to stay at home. Then there came another sudden change. The king, her father, decided to marry again, and whom should he take for a second wife but that very Mariana of Austria, who had been intended for his son's bride. . . .

Afterwards, Queen Mariana had two little sons. Infanta Maria Theresa was no longer heiress to the throne, and there was no reason why she should not leave the country. De Gramont, the French ambassador, came seeking a wife for his young master, and Maria Theresa's childish wish came true. She was greatly pleased. She used to run away from her ladies-in-waiting to the room where hung the portrait of the handsome French king, and curtsy to it, saying with a laugh: "That is for my bridegroom!"

So the king of France, with a magnificent suite, journeyed down from Paris to the frontier of his kingdom; and the Spanish princess, with a magnificent suite, journeyed up from Madrid to the frontier of hers; and there, on an island in the Bidassoa, which is the boundary stream, they were magnificently wedded. The bride's dresses filled 12 large trunks, covered with crimson velvet and mounted with silver; 20 more trunks contained her linen; 50 mules were laden with her toilet plate and her perfumes. Besides all this, she took with her quantities of presents, among them two chests filled with purses, gloves, perfumes and whisker-cases, for her future brother-in-law, the duke of Orleans. I cannot tell you exactly what "whisker-cases" were, except that they were made of leather, and that the dandies of that time went to bed with them on their mustaches. Perhaps they were something like curl-papers.—Isabel McDougall, in St. Nicholas.

Equal to the Strain. One of the most imposing objects on earth is the bass drummer in a brass band. Arrayed in full panoply, and hammering with might and main on both sides of the huge structure sticking out in front of him, he is an awe-inspiring and fear-compelling spectacle. It is related of a bass drummer in the Blimont brass band that when the band was playing and marching one day at the front of a political procession, a dog, belonging probably to some man of the opposite party, rushed out barking furiously, and singling out the man with the big drum as being the heavy villain, so to speak, made a dash for him. The drummer, without removing his eyes from the far-off depths of space into which he was gazing straight ahead, missed just one beat. With his heavy drumstick he hit the dog a blow that knocked it entirely out of the action, and went ahead drumming, as before. "Yes, sir," said the Blimont historian, in speaking of the incident afterward, "he knocked that dog down and came on in time on the next beat! There ain't another man alive that could have done it!"—Golden Days.

His Identity Established. Merchant—Have you collected that bill of J. Smith? Collector—Have I collected it? I called at the house and found that even J. Smiths lived there. Six declared they owed nothing, and the seventh kicked me out of the house. Merchant—That's the one! Go right back and get the money!—Boxer and Globe.

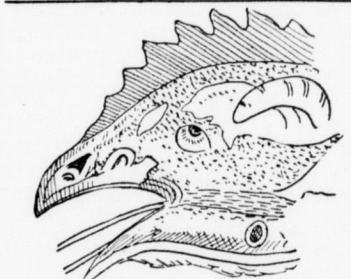


THE FARMING WORLD

ROUP AND ITS CURE.

When the Disease Has Reached the Advanced Stage the Hatchet Is the Only Remedy.

Symptoms of roup may be described thus: Fowls begin coughing, sneezing and sometimes their breathing is heavy, accompanied by a wheezing sound; eyes become inflamed, head swells, have a watery discharge from nostrils, which sometimes has an offensive odor; they are drinking almost continually if they have access to water, which is indicative of their being feverish. As the disease advances the head becomes inflamed, swelling on one or both sides, frequently obstructing the sight, the eye sometimes being entirely destroyed. It may be noticed that when fowls are affected with this disease they have splendid appetites and



FOWL AFFECTED WITH ROUP.

eat until the last, provided they are not internally affected, in which case they are stupid and a discoloration of their excrement may be noticeable, which is much the same as that of fowls affected with cholera.

When fowls are in the advanced stages of the disease, the best remedy is the hatchet, as they can seldom be cured, although in the early stages they may be cured by taking a small spring-bottom oil can, or syringe with bent point, as in illustration, and injecting in their nostrils and roof of their mouth a little kerosene oil; if heads are swollen anoint the parts swollen with sweet oil and alcohol, equal parts, each day. Add some good condition powder to their morning mash. Put about one-half teaspoonful of aconite to each quart of drinking water. Keep them in good, dry, comfortable quarters, with an abundance of sunshine in their room, and it should be well littered with straw or leaves, which must be changed frequently. Their drinking vessels should be cleaned with boiling water. The utensils in which they are fed their morning mash should also be cleaned with boiling water, as this is absolutely necessary to accomplish a speedy cure; not forgetting to remove all sick fowls from those not affected, to prevent spreading of the disease.—C. C. Shoemaker, in Farm and Home.

REGULARITY PAYS.

Feeding the Hens Between Meals Is a Practice That Is Not to Be Commended.

Have a regular hour for feeding the hens, and promptly appear on the scene with the feed at that time. Give nothing in the intervals between these hours. We have seen it advised to keep a pail of grain in the poultry house from which a handful may be taken and scattered on the floor every time the place is entered. The theory is that it has a taming effect upon the hens, and inspires confidence in and affection for the owner. When this is done, however, the hens will always be petitioning for food when the owner is in sight. They will tumble off the nesting boxes at the first sound of his footsteps, and will crowd up against the wire in a state of excited expectancy whenever he nears the house or yard. The hens will be more quiet and contented if they are given to understand that there are regular feeding times and they can expect nothing between the hours appointed for that purpose. They will devote themselves more industriously to scratching out the grain which has been buried in the litter and will not discontinue this work to claim a "bonus" at the hands of the owner every time he appears in the vicinity of the quarters.—Farmers' Voice.

The Right Kind of Sheep.

The sort of sheep required a few years ago is not wanted at all at the present time. Feeders are having the same experience with mutton that has been experienced with pork. The fat is no longer wanted. We are to-day catering to a finer taste in both classes of meat, and this finer taste calls for something which is not over-fat. You can find some first-class mutton in all sheep of all breeds, but if the carcass is made overfat we have got to trim off a lot before cutting chops for our customers. Even in the cheaper cuts of meat, fats are no longer wanted. What is required is a good leg and plenty of lean side cuts.—Mr. Foulds to Dominion Sheep Breeders' Association.

Weevil in Wheat Bins.

Bisulphide of carbon is used for destroying the weevil in wheat bins. Force a tube to the bottom of the bin, pour in about a pint of the liquid and cover the bin. The gas is heavy and finds its way to every portion of the bin. It is a dangerous substance to use unless care is exercised, as a lighted pipe or cigar will cause it to explode, even when there is no flame. It is destructive of all insect life, but does not injure the grain.

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