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**Foley's  
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What They Will Do for You

They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes.

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**Children! Children!!  
My! what a noise!**  
But it's not the children—it's your head.

**ANTI-ACHE**

"Cures headache in a flash." "Soothes and quiets." "Puts your head in a quiet, normal condition—clear as a bell—free from pain—Does not affect the heart." Any drugist, 10c and 25c.  
Weyne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.



**A CUP  
OF  
PARKS  
TEA**

**AT  
NIGHT  
MOVES THE BOWELS IN  
THE MORNING**



**Settling Their Nicknames.**  
"A traveler from Liverpool got hopping mad the other day because some one called him a Liverpudlian," said the city salesman. "I couldn't blame him, but the man who unwittingly offered the insult declares that that is the proper name for people who live in Liverpool."  
"He pointed out that it isn't easy to designate the inhabitants of all cities by euphonious names. New Yorker, Londoner, Parisian, Chicagoan, are so obvious that it would be difficult to say anything else, but how about cities that do not affiliate so readily with 'er,' 'an' or 'ite'?"  
"Those are the suffixes most commonly used to designate a set of natives. Take Cork. A man from Cork may be a corker, but that doesn't apply to a whole city full of people; neither does Corkite nor Corkan sound right."  
"Then there is Memphis. What do you call a man from Memphis, anyhow, or from Amsterdam, or Dallas, or Bruges, or Bath? By the time you have studied out the proper appellations for inhabitants of all cities you will be apt to strike something that sounds funnier than Liverpudlian."—Washington Post.

**Royal Mistakes.**  
Sovereigns and princes are strangely given to making astonishing mistakes while dealing with dates. The inscription on King Edward VII's coffin that he died in the ninth year of his reign instead of the tenth is only an example of many similar errors. In November, 1858, Queen Victoria wrote to the late king to inform him that he might consider himself emancipated from parental authority and control; as he was now eighteen years old and therefore of age. Her majesty's letter which was very long, was a quasi-sermon, and it ended by informing the then Prince of Wales that he would be forthwith made a knight of the Garter and a colonel in the army. How Queen Victoria and Prince Albert fell into so extraordinary a mistake it is impossible to understand, for the prince had only then completed his seventeenth year. Dean Wellesley, to whom the young prince showed the letter, at once detected the serious error into which the queen had fallen, but he thought it best to say nothing.—London Truth.

**Got Full Measure.**  
All yesterday James had played truant from school, and when the irate master raised his cane threateningly James burst into a flood of tears.  
"Please don't lick me, sir," he sobbed.  
"And why should I not lick you, pray?" thundered the schoolmaster.  
"Why, sir, 'cos I think I've 'ad enough!" gasped James. "Yesterday the boy as I played truant with and I fell out and he licked me, and a man we threw stones at caught me and licked me, the driver of a cart we hung on to licked me, the owner of a cat we chased licked me. Then when I got home mother licked me, and after that father licked me, and then mother licked me again for calling her a sneak for telling father."  
"Well," responded the master grimly, "by this time one licking more or less won't make much difference, and it seems hard I shouldn't have my whack. Come here, sir!"—London Answers.

**H. S. LLOYD**

**The First Requisite**



in letter writing is that the paper used be above criticism. Your stationery should reflect your taste, character and refinement, and convey your personality. The Eaton, Crane Pike Writing Paper are always the first choice of discriminating people. They are by far the finest social correspondence papers made. They are first in quality, and absolutely correct in style. Their artistic and painty boxing adds much to their general attractiveness.

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The People's Clothing House  
Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.

**Grim Music.**  
"On one occasion," said a London actor, "I decided to take a house in the suburbs and after a good deal of hunting about found one that suited my purse. Indeed, it was so excessively cheap that I was on the point of signing the lease at once, when it occurred to me that I had better take another look at it by gaslight. That night I was making a second tour of inspection and went into the dining room. It was a balmy summer night, and as I threw open the window I heard a peculiar tapping sound."  
"Knock, knock, knock."  
"I pricked up my ears to listen. There was silence for a moment, and then the noise continued. I turned to the caretaker and laughingly said: 'See here, my friend, I know why this house is cheap. There's a ghost on the premises.'"  
"Oh, no, sir," he answered by way of reassuring me. "That's only the noise from the coffin factory across the way, sir. They often works there nights."  
He did not sign the lease.

**Caught the Jury.**  
"Oratory is, indeed, a lost art," said a Cleveland man the other day. "I used to go down to the courts just to hear the lurid speeches. Nothing doing in that line any more. The lawyers do not talk about flowers, rainbows and sunbeams any more."  
"There was a lawyer in Cleveland years ago—Bill Robinson was his name—whose addresses to a jury always attracted a crowd. I will forever remember one of his sentences. The man he was fighting in the suit had a reputation as something of a miser."  
"Who is this man, who is he?" thundered Robinson. "You know and I know that he boils his potatoes in widows' tears."  
"This phrase caught the jury, and Robinson won his case, but one doesn't hear any such 'oratory' as that nowadays."

**Remnants of a College Course.**  
Prosecuting Attorney (examining a prospective juror)—Do you know anything about chemistry?  
"I studied it at school."  
"Do you think you remember enough of it to make you a competent juror in a poison case?"  
"I'm not sure."  
"Do you remember any of the formulas?"  
"Let me see—two."  
"Only two?"  
"Yes, sir."  
"Are they in a poem?" (Blushing) "Yes, sir."  
"Is this the poem?"  
"Our Willie boy is dead and gone. We ne'er shall see him more. What Willie thought was H2O Was H2SO4."  
(Blushing furiously) "Yes, sir."  
"I thought so. You are excused."—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

**Went Back on His Authority.**  
Leslie Stephen's single meeting with Freeman, the historian, was in the nature of a collision. "I came in contact with him only once," he said. "He wrote a life of Alfred for the Dictionary of National Biography under my editorship, but declined to do more because we had a difference of opinion as to whether Atheistane should be spelled with an 'A.' That was, I confess, a question to which I was culpably indifferent, but I had taken competent advice, and my system (I forget what it was) had been elsewhere sanctioned by the great historian Stubbs. Now, as Freeman was never tired of asserting the infallibility of Stubbs, I innocently thought that I might take refuge behind so eminent an authority. The result was that for once Freeman blasphemed Stubbs and refused to cooperate any longer in an unscholarlike enterprise."

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Next door to Geo. J. LaBar's Furniture Store.

**The Barebone Family.**  
The celebrated name of Praise God Barebone was borne by a member of the Cromwell parliament called together after the dissolution of the long parliament in 1653. The royalists called the assembly "Barebones parliament." At the time when General Monk was in London Barebone headed the mob that presented a petition to parliament against the recall of Charles II. Of the Barebone family there were three brothers, each of whom had a sentence for a name—Praise God Barebone, Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save Barebone and If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned Barebone.

**Poison in Young Rattlesnakes.**  
Observations on live rattlesnakes show that the poison glands become functionally active as soon as the snakes begin to shift for themselves, which must be very soon after birth. Experiments on the young ones six days after birth proved the presence of venom in small quantities. Experiments made three months after birth showed that considerable venom is secreted, as a pigeon inoculated at this time died in two hours with the usual symptoms of chronic poisoning.

**The Value of Doors.**  
When a man is cross there isn't anything in the world more aggravating than a house with all the connecting doors down or one that has doors that close noiselessly. A man likes to slam a door. He gets more good out of slamming a door, in his opinion, than any one could get out of religion. It is his protest against everything in the world that is wrong, and it means that he isn't much older than the child that beats its head on the floor.—Athenaeum.

**Hard on Him.**  
"Hello, Ned, old boy! Writing home for money?"  
"No."  
"What are you making so much fuss over? You've been fuming over that letter for two hours."  
"I'm trying to write home without asking for money."

**The Usual Quantity.**  
Train Passenger (to porter, who is wielding whiski)—Much dust on me, porter? Porter—'Bout 50 cents' worth, sah.—Boston Transcript.

Nature knows no pause in progress and attaches her curse on all inaction.—Goethe.

**Three Men.**  
When H. H. Rogers was in the prime of his power, says a New York writer, he formed a "friendship partnership" with Mark Twain and Thomas Brackett Reed and took personal charge of their affairs, looking after them as he would a couple of children. It was great fun for all three, and especially Rogers. Neither Clemens nor Reed had any sense for business. The big ex-speaker came to New York a poor man. Five years later he died suddenly, and his estate assayed over \$600,000. He probably had no idea what he was worth at any stage. Rogers made as much or more money for Clemens.

**In the Long Ago.**  
"Adam," asked Eve, "what are you doing?"  
"I'm discovering Mars," he said, looking down at her to rest his neck. "I wonder if it has any inhabitants."  
From which we learn that Adam already knew about as much concerning Mars as the modern astronomers do.—Chicago Tribune.

**Satisfied With Himself.**  
"Have any serious trouble with your new automobile?"  
"Not a bit. So far I haven't hit a single man without being able to get away before he got my number."—Cleveland Leader.

**Might Have Nodded.**  
Edna—It's a good thing for me that silence gives consent. Amelia—Why? Edna—Last night when George asked me to be his wife I lost my voice.

**A Child's Character.**  
No artist work is so high, so noble, so grand, so enduring, so important for all time, as the making of character in a child.—Charlotte Cushman.

**Millinery**

To close out our season's goods we have reduced the price from 1-3 to 1-2 on all Trimmed Hats. 25 per cent. on all Untrimmed Hats and Flowers. We carry nothing over from one season to another. Everything must go regardless of cost

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