

**WANTED**  
At once. Men to represent us, either locally or traveling. Now is the time to start. Money in the work for the right men. Apply at once and secure territory.  
ALLEN NURSERY CO., Rochester, N. Y.  
10-14m.

**Foley's Kidney Pills**  
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.  
Emporium Drug Company


**They Have a Definite Purpose.**  
Foley Kidney Pills give quick relief in cases of kidney and bladder ailments. Mrs. Rose Glaser, Terre Haute, Ind., tells the result in her case. "After suffering for many years from a serious case of kidney trouble and spending much money for so called cures, I found Foley Kidney Pills the only medicine that gave me a permanent cure. I am again able to be up and attend to my work. I shall never hesitate to recommend them." For sale by Emporium Drug Co.

**Life on Panama Canal**  
has had one frightful drawback—malaria trouble—that has brought suffering and death to thousands. The germs cause chills, fever and ague, biliousness, jaundice, lassitude, weakness and general debility. But Electric Bitters never fail to destroy them and cure malaria troubles. "Three bottles completely cured me of a very severe attack of malaria," writes Wm. A. Fretwell, of Lucama, N. C., "and I've had good health ever since." Cure Stomach, Liver and Kidney Troubles, and prevent Typhoid, 50c. Guaranteed by all druggists.

**In the Race to Win**  
we always have been and we have succeeded in keeping in the lead with men of critical tastes who would have well fitting, handsome and stylish clothing at attractive prices. Our garments always lead in style, fit and finish, and when you have secured a suit of Jasper Harris' clothing you know that you have the stamp of style and elegance.

Home of Hart, Shaffner & Marx Clothes  
**Jasper Harris,**  
The People's Clothing House  
Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.

**HARVESTING IMPLEMENTS FROM THE BEST FACTORIES**



WE KEEP THE LEADING MAKES OF HARVESTING MACHINERY. DON'T PUT OFF BUYING YOUR MACHINERY, FOR WHEN YOUR CROPS RIPEN THEY WON'T WAIT FOR YOU.  
WE HAVE A FULL LINE OF HAY RAKES, HAY FORKS, SCYTHES, SCYTHE SNATCHES, SCYTHE STONES, HAY ROPE, ALL SIZES AND PULLEYS FOR SAME.  
WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH ALL THE REPAIRS NECESSARY FOR THE FOLLOWING MACHINES: MC CORMICK, DEERING, CHAMPION AND MILWAUKEE HARVESTING MACHINERY OF ALL KINDS.  
ORDER ALL REPAIRS EARLY SO YOU WILL BE SURE AND HAVE THEM WHEN YOU WANT THEM.  
WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF HARDWARE OF ALL KINDS, ROOFING AND BUILDING PAPER.  
WE WILL APPRECIATE YOUR BUSINESS WHETHER LARGE OR SMALL AND INVITE YOU AT ALL TIMES TO LOOK OVER OUR STOCK WHETHER YOU BUY OR NOT.

**The Most Complete Line of Hardware**  
Never has our establishment been better able to meet the demands of the trade than at present. We have the largest and most complete line of everything that should be found in a first-class Hardware store. Drop in and see us—no harm done if you do not purchase.  
**F. V. HEILMAN & CO.**  
Next door to Geo. J. LaBar's Furniture Store.

**Antiquity of Shorthand.**  
Shorthand is apt to be looked upon as an essentially modern art. The predecessors of Pitman—Byron in the eighteenth century, Mason in the seventeenth—are dim and distant figures beyond which it seems useless to venture. Cicero dictated his orations to his freedman, Tullius Tiro, and was inconsolable when temporarily deprived of his services. He complained in a letter to a friend that, while "Tiro takes down whole phrases in a few signs, Sphitbarus (his provisional substitute) only writes in syllables." We need not, however, suppose that the "notae Throninae" were actually invented by the freedman in question. As M. Guenin points out, the Romans created very few of the arts of peace contenting themselves, as a rule, by copying from the Greeks. M. Guenin, however, indicates the banks of the Nile as the cradle of the art.—T. P.'s London Weekly.

**A Benevolent Censor.**  
A trio of young ladies spent some weeks last year at an out of the way village in the mountain region. They found the village postmaster a quaint old character, whose ways were as original as they were startling, so that the daily trip to the postoffice became a real event.  
"Is there any mail for us, major?" asked one of the young ladies as she appeared at the window one morning.  
"No; they ain't a thing for you all this mornin', Miss Mary," was the reply. "They wasn't nothin' come for you but a letter that looked like advertisin', an' so I opened it, and sure enough it was just some advertisement about somethin' or other, and I says to myself, says I, 'Now, Miss Mary don't want to tote such stuff as that home with her,' and so I throwed it in the waste box."—Youth's Companion.

**Snuff and a Crook.**  
Robert Pinkerton once told a story of his father, the founder of the detective agency, which illustrates the elder Pinkerton's caution. A noted criminal was detained in Pinkerton's Chicago office. The elder Pinkerton left the room and when he returned took the precaution of holding a revolver in front of him ready for use.  
He saw the criminal standing by the door with a snuffbox he had picked up from Pinkerton's desk in his hand.  
"This is good snuff," affably remarked the crook as he took a snuff.  
"For the eyes or the nose?" asked Pinkerton, who knew that the crook had intended to blind him in an effort to escape.  
"Well," remarked the criminal, "I'm sorry to say that the nose gets it this time."

**Appius Claudius.**  
Appius Claudius, surnamed Caecus (the blind), was a Roman statesman who lived during the third century before the Christian era. He was a Roman censor, 312 to 308, and consul 307 to 296. He commenced the Appian way and completed the Appian aqueduct. From his Roman jurisprudence, oratory, grammar and Latin prose date their beginning. He abolished the limitation of the full right of citizenship to landed proprietors in his old age he is said to have become blind, whence his cognomen "Caecus." He was the author of works in both prose and verse, of which almost nothing is known.

**No Pure Water.**  
Owing to the extremely solvent powers, pure water is never found in nature, the nearest approach being found in rainwater, which, as it is formed in the upper regions of the atmosphere is the purest that nature supplies, but in descending it brings with it what ever impurities are floating near the surface, which in the neighborhood of cities are always numerous; hence perfectly pure water is hardly to be found even the artificially distilled being only approximately so.

**Where to Begin.**  
"Look here," said the reforming husband; "we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept."  
"With all my heart," sweetly answered his wife, "and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should very much like to know where they are kept."—Stray Stories.

**A Boomerang.**  
"Call that art!" exclaimed a would be critic, pointing to a painting in a studio. "If that daub is a work of art then I'm an idiot!"  
"The latter part of your statement," rejoined the artist calmly, "would seem to furnish conclusive proof that it is a work of art."

**Rivals.**  
She—John is a very considerate sort of fellow, isn't he? He (the rival)—Oh, yes, very! He has that keen tact and loving sympathy which a chauffeur displays toward a helpless cripple.—Life.

**Blank Verse.**  
Poet—You published a poem of mine last week. You pay according to the kind of verse, don't you? Editor—Yes, George, give the gentleman a blank check.—Judge.

**A Good Reason.**  
"What makes you think, sir, that I will not be able to support your daughter?"  
"Well, I haven't been able to myself."

**Tightly Tied.**  
"That man's money is all tied up."  
"Poor fellow! Can't get at it, eh?"  
"Oh, yes. All he has to do is to untie his money bag."—Judge.

**Her Goodby.**  
She was one of those very gushing, effusive ladies who occasionally infest newspaper offices, and she had been admitted into the sanctum of the managing editor of the paper on which Homer Davenport was cartoonist, recites the Saturday Evening Post. Mr. Davenport was in the room at the time. When the time came for her departure she first grasped the hand of the managing editor, saying "Goodby, Mr. Niles, goodby!"

Then turning to the assistant managing editor, she also shook hands of a fustively by the hand, exclaiming "Goodby, Mr. Bliss, goodby!"  
Davenport came next. There was no escape for him. "Dear Mr. Davenport, goodby!" she cried with all the delicate shading of a tragedy queen.  
There was silence for a moment after she had gone. Then Davenport found his voice. "Where is she going?" he asked.  
"Up to Ninety-third street," replied the assistant managing editor.  
"Suffering cats!" drawled Davenport. "What should have happened if she had been going to One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street?"

**She Handed It Back.**  
A noted doctor believes in training children to reason for themselves, and this policy he carries out with his own child, a little girl of eight, and he tells a story in connection with her with great glee.  
"My dear," he said to her, "I saw something today that I hope I shall never be pained to hear of you doing."  
"What was that, papa?" the daughter asked.  
"I saw little Mary Goodgirl stick her tongue out at a man today."

The child, evidently thinking that it was an occasion to tell of the faults of the other girl, said:  
"Papa, I saw Mary"—  
The doctor interrupted and told the child she must not gossip and if she knew anything that was not nice about anybody she must keep it to herself.  
The child looked at her father and then said quickly:  
"Well, papa, why did you tell me about Mary?"  
The physician was so surprised he could not answer.—Philadelphia Times.

**His Only Blemish.**  
When the pious looking lady entered the London birdshop and stated her need of a talking parrot the proprietor "reckoned 'e'd got the werry thing the lady wanted." "Course, ma'am," he said, "you don't want a wulgar bird. This 'ere one, now, was brought over by a missionary. Talks like a reg'lar ymn book, 'e does. I wouldn't let 'im go if I didn't think you'd give 'im a respectable 'ome. Thirty-five shillings that bird, ma'am."  
"You'll soon know!" screeched Polly. "You'll soon know!"  
"Dear me! How quaint!" gushed the lady, and 35 shillings changed hands.  
"What does he mean by 'you'll soon know,' I wonder?"  
"It's 'is only blemish, ma'am," smiled the bird-shop man. "'E's got it into 'is 'ead that every one's wonderful anxious to find out wot a missionary sez when 'e 'its 'is thumb with a 'ammer."

**What She Missed.**  
Six-year-old Ruth was very unhappy because one of her many wants had been denied. Her papa was giving her a lecture and said, "You have everything that most little girls have, and I don't think there is another little girl in town has more than you."  
"Oh, yes," said Ruth. "Alice has."  
"What has she that you have not?" said papa.  
"Well, I guess she had a ride to her grandma's funeral."—Exchange.

**The Serpent's Venom.**  
A physician while talking with a group of friends remarked: "It is common to hear people speak about poisonous serpents. Serpents are never poisonous; they are venomous. A poison cannot be taken internally with out bad effects; a venom can. Venoms to be effective have to be injected directly into the circulation, and this is the manner in which the snake kills. Their venom taken internally is innocuous."

**The Weapon He Needed.**  
An excited citizen burst frantically into the police station. "My life is in danger!" he cried. "I've just received a threatening letter from the Black Hand, and I want a permit to carry a weapon."  
"All right, sir," replied the captain "I'll give you a permit to carry a fas—that's the weapon you need; something that will keep you cool."—Chicago News.

**An Odd Apology.**  
This is the classic apology of a celebrated statesman of the last generation: "Mr. Speaker, in the heat of debate I stated that the right honorable gentleman opposite was a dishonest and unprincipled adventurer. I have now, in a calmer moment, to state that I am sorry for it."

**The Elevator Man's Joke.**  
Hobbs—I guess the elevator is out of order. What is that sign on the door? Dobbs—The elevator man must be a bit of a wag. It says, "Please pardon me for not rising."—Boston Transcript.

**Hedging.**  
Clergyman—Will you take this woman until death? Prospective Bridegroom—Isn't there any minimum sentence?—New York Press.

The envious man pines in plenty, like Tantalus up to the chin in water and yet thirsty.—T. Adams.

**H. S. LLOYD**  
The First Requisite  
in letter writing is that the paper used be above criticism.  
Your stationary 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.  
Come in and let us show you our line of the justly popular EATON CRANE & PIKE papers.

**H. S. LLOYD, Masonic Block**

**OUR STYLE SHOW IS ON**  
Alfred Benjamin & Co's  
New York Styles  
Correct Clothes for Men and Young Men for the Spring Season of 1910  
Suits and Overcoats \$10 to 22 from . . . . .  
Boys and Children's Suits from . . . . . \$2 to \$6  
Full line of Furnishings, Hats, Caps and DOUGLAS SHOES.  
**R. SEGER & CO**  
EMPORIUM, PA.



**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  
**LUDLAM'S**