

Deceive!
Mabel—I must say that for absolute untrustworthiness there's nothing like a man.
Kate—Why, what makes you say that?
Mabel—Well, you remember when I rejected Mr. Bullfinch about three weeks ago?
Kate—Yes.
Mabel—Well, he said he should certainly pine away and die, and I should be his murderer. Well, I just met him in the street walking with another girl, and actually I believe the fellow has gained twenty pounds in weight.

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 mucous 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 condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out 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.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A New York pawnbroker asserts that his business always improves just before a presidential election, owing to the fact that many so-called "sports" pledge their personal efforts toward the close of the campaign in order to raise money to bet on the result.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with POTNAM FADRESSES DYES. Sold by all druggists.

The London Daily Mail says that the days of the banjo are numbered in England, and that that instrument will soon be included in the same category with the mouth organ and the accordion. The zither will probably be the favorite instrument during the coming Winter.

Good Position.
Trustworthy man wanted to travel. Experience not absolutely necessary. For particulars, address Fearless Job. Wks., Bedford, City, Va.

The potato, hitherto grown as a tuber under ground, is now being produced like fruit from the stem of the plant. The flavor of these potatoes is excellent.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of **Grover's TANNING CHILL TONIC**. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

China has not yet learned to its full extent the use of the check and the bank of deposit, the money order or the bank draft in her mercantile transactions.

You're Gambling!

It's too risky, this gambling with your cough. You take the chance of its wearing off. Don't!

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the game's lost. Take some of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the gambling and the cough.

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I ran down from 135 to 95 pounds. I raised blood, and never expected to get off my bed alive. I then read of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and began its use. I commenced to improve at once. I am now back to my old weight and in the best of health."—CHAS. E. HARTMAN, Gibbstown, N. Y., March 3, 1899.

You can now get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in a 25 cent size, just right for an ordinary cold. The 50 cent size is better for bronchitis, croup, whooping-cough, asthma, and the grip. The dollar size is best to keep on hand, and is most economical for long-standing cases.

LIBBY'S EXTRACT OF BEEF

Made without regard to economy. We use the best beef, get all the essence from it, and concentrate it to the uttermost.

In an ounce of our extract there is all the nutrition of many pounds of beef. To get more nutriment to the ounce is impossible. Few extracts have as much.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells many ways to use beef extract. It gives recipes for lunches and the cooking diet. Send your address for it.

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY
Chicago

REV. DR. TALMAGE.

THE EMINENT DIVINE'S SUNDAY DISCOURSE.

Subject: Lack of Patience—Faith, Hope and Charity Bloom in Many Hearts Where the Grace of Patience is Wanting—Pity Rather Than Condemn the Erring.
(Copyright 1901.)

WASHINGTON, D. C.—This discourse of Dr. Talmage is a full length portrait of a virtue which all admire, and the lessons taught are very helpful; text, Hebrews 3, 36. "Ye have need of patience."
"Ye have need of patience." Some of us have a little of it, and some of us have none at all. There is less of this grace in the world than of almost any other. Faith, hope and charity are all abloom in hundreds of souls where we find one specimen of patience. Paul, the author of the text, on a conspicuous occasion lost his patience with a coworker, and from the way he urges this virtue upon the Hebrews, upon the Corinthians, upon the Thessalonians, upon the Romans, upon the Colossians, upon the young theological student, Timothy, I conclude he was speaking out of his own need of more of this excellence. And I only wonder that Paul had any nerves left.

Imprisonment, flagellation, Mediterranean voyage, arrest for treason and conspiracy, the wear and tear of preaching to angry mobs, those at the door of a theatre and those on the rocks of Mars Hill, left him emaciated and invalid and with a broken voice and sore eyes and nerves in a jangle. He gives us a snap shot of himself when he describes his appearance and his sermonic delivery by saying, "In bodily presence weak and in speech contemptible," and refers to his inflamed eyelids when, speaking of the ardent friendship of the Galatians, he says, "If it had been possible, ye would have plucked out your own eyes and have given them to me."

We all admire most that which we have least of. Those of us with unimpressive faces most admire beauty; those of us whose discordant voices most extol melodious cadence; those of us with stammering speech most wonder at eloquence; those of us who get provoked at trifles and are naturally irascible appreciate in others the equanimity and the calm endurance of patience. So Paul, with hands tremulous with the agitations of a lifetime, writes of the "God of patience" and of "patience of hope" and tells them to "follow after patience," and wants them to "run with patience," and speaks of those "strengthened with all might to all patience," and looks us all full in the face as he makes the startling charge, "Ye have need of patience."

The recording angel, making a pen out of some plume of a bird of paradise, has not yet recorded your name as being anything laudatory. All your sublime equilibrium of temperament is the result of worldly success. But suppose things mightily change with you, as they sometimes do. You begin to go down hill, and it is amazing how many there are to help you down when you begin to go in that direction. A great investment fails. The Colorado silver mine ceases to yield. You get land poor, your mills, that yielded marvelous wealth, are wiped out by mills with newly invented machinery; you get under the feet of the bears of Wall Street. For the first time in your life you need to borrow money, and no one is willing to lend. Under the harrowing torments you get a distressful feeling at the base of your brain. Insomnia and nervous dyspepsia lay hold of you. Your health goes down with your fortune; your circle of acquaintances narrows, and where once you were oppressed by the fact that you had not time enough to return one-half of the social calls made upon you now the card basket in your hallway is empty, and your chief callers are your creditors and the family physician, who comes to learn the effect of the last prescription. Now you understand how people can become pessimistic and cynical and despairful. You have reached that stage yourself. Now you need something that you have not. But I know of a re-entrance that you can have if you will accept it. You can come up the road or the sidewalk, a messenger of God. Her attire is unpretending. She has no wings, for she is not an angel, but there is something in her countenance that implies respect and deliverance. She comes up the steps that were once populous with the affluent and into the hallway where the tapestry is getting faded and frayed, the place now all empty of worldly admirers. I will tell you her name if you would like to know it. Paul baptized her and gave her the right name. She is not brilliant, but strong. There is a deep quietness in her manner and a firmness in her tread, and in her hand is a scroll revealing her mission. She comes from heaven. She was born in the throne room of the King. This is Patience. "Ye have need of patience."

First, patience with the faults of others. No one keeps the Ten Commandments equally well. One's temperament decides which commandments he shall come nearest to keeping. If we break some of the commandments ourselves, why be so hard on those who break others of the ten? If you and I run against one verse of the twentieth chapter of Exodus, why should we so severely execrate those who run against another verse of the same chapter? Until we are perfect ourselves, we ought to be lenient with our neighbor's imperfections. Yet it is often the case that the man most vulnerable is the most hypocritical. Perhaps he is profane and yet has no tolerance for theft, when profanity is worse than theft, for while the latter is robbery of a man, the former is robbery of God. Perhaps he is given to defamation and detraction and yet feels himself better than some one who is guilty of manslaughter, not realizing that the assassination of character is the worst kind of assassination. The laver for washing in the ancient tabernacle was at its side burnished like a looking glass, so that those that approached that laver might see their need of washing, and if by the gospel looking glass we discovered our own need of moral cleansing we would be more economic of denunciation. The most of those who go wrong are the victims of circumstances, and if you and I had been rocked in the same iniquitous cradle, and been all our lives surrounded by the same baleful influences we would probably have done just as badly, perhaps worse.

We also have need of patience with slow rest of Christian work. We want to see our attempts to do good immediately successful. The world is improving, but improving at so deliberate a rate; why not more rapidity and momentum? Other wheels turn so swiftly; why not the gospel chariot, like electric wheels? I do not know. I only know that it is God's way. We whose cradle and grave are so near together have to hurry up, but God, who manages this world and the universe, is from everlasting to everlasting. He takes 500 years to do that which He could do in five minutes. His clock strikes once in a thousand years. While God took only a week to fit up the world for human residence, geology reveals that the foundations of the world were sons in being laid, and God watched the glaciers, and the fire, and the earthquakes, and the volcanoes as through centuries and millenniums they were shaping the world before that last week that put on the arboraceous. A few days ago my friend was talking with a geologist. As they stood near a pile of rocks my friend said to the scientist, "I suppose these rocks were hundreds of thousands of years in construction?" And

the geologist replied, "Yes, and you might say millions of years, for no one knows but the Lord, and He won't tell."

If it took so long to make this world at the start, be not surprised if it takes a long time to make it over again now that it has been ruined.

The Architect has promised to reconstruct it, and the plans are all made, and at just the right time it will be so completely reconstructed that you will not know it, if, according to the belief of some of my friends, this world is to be made the eternal abode of the righteous.

The wall of that temple is going up, and my only anxiety is to have the one brick which will be the key stone to the wall turn out to be the right shape and smooth on all sides, so that the Master Mason will not reject it, or have much work with the trowel to get it into place. I am responsible for only that one brick, though you may find one specimen of patience, or a carved pillar or a glittering dome.

So we are God's workmen, and all we have to do is to manage our own hammer or ax or trowel until the night comes in which no man can work, and when the work is completed we will have a right to say rejoicingly: "Thank God, I was privileged to help in the rearing of that temple! I had a part in the work of the world's redemption."

Again, we have need of patience under wrong inflictions, and who escapes it in some form? It comes to all people in professional life in the shape of being misunderstood. Because of this, how many people fly to newspapers for an explanation. You see their card signed by their own hand declaring they did not say this or that, and they do not say that. They fluster and worry, not realizing that every man comes to be taken for what he is worth, and you cannot, by any newspaper puff, be taken for more than you are worth nor by any newspaper depreciation be put down. There is a spirit of fairness abroad in the world, and if you are a public man you are classified among the friends or foes of society. If you are a friend of society, you will find plenty of adherents, and if you are the foe of society you cannot escape reprehension. Paul, you were right when you said, not more to the Hebrews than to us, "Ye have need of patience." I adopted a rule years ago which has been of great service to me, and it may be of some service to you. I have learned to be misunderstood. God knows whether we are right or wrong, whether we are trying to serve Him or damage His cause. When you can cheerfully consent to be misunderstood, many of the annoyances and vexations of life will pass over you, and you will get into calmer seas than you have ever sailed on. The most misunderstood being that ever trod the earth was the glorious Christ. The world misunderstood His cradle and concluded that one so poorly born could never do great things. He was misunderstood by His mother and called Him a winebibber. The scribes and Pharisees misunderstood Him, and when it was put to the vote whether He was guilty or not of treason He got but one vote, while all the others declared that He was innocent. He understood His cross, and concluded that if He had divine power He would effect His own rescue. They misunderstood His grave, and declared that His body had been stolen by infamous resurrectionists. He understood His resurrection, and you will understand that, hurried and slapped and submerged with scorn, He answered not a word. You cannot come up to that, but you can imitate in some small degree the patience of Christ.

There is enough present woes in the world without the perpetual commemoration of past miseries. If you sing in your home or your church, do not always choose tunes in long meter. Far better to have your patience augmented by the consideration of the misfortunes of this life must terminate.

This last summer I stood on Sparrow Hill, four miles from Moscow. It was the place where Napoleon stood and looked upon the city which he was about to capture. He had long conspired to be misunderstood that, hurried and slapped and submerged with scorn, He answered not a word. You cannot come up to that, but you can imitate in some small degree the patience of Christ.

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THE KEYSTONE STATE.

Latest News Happenings Gleaned From Various Parts.

STUDENT MAY DIE FROM HAZING.
Twins Found in a Bare Room—An Italian Jumps Into a Vat Filled with Tanning Liquid—Owed \$2,891,093; His Assets \$25—Farmer Mercer Puts the Contents of a Rifle into His Head—Jacob Schroll Hanged Himself.

Arndt K. Housekeeper, of Narberth, was discharged as a voluntary bankrupt in the United States District Court, with liabilities of \$2,891,093.42 and assets \$25. It was stated that thirteen years ago, when Housekeeper was 22 years of age, some friends induced him to go on their bond in a gigantic real estate operation. This involved the erection of 800 houses in Philadelphia and nearby cities. After awhile matters changed so that the burden of the mortgages, nearly \$3,000,000, fell on his shoulders. The holders of the mortgages began proceedings against him. He was in the drug business, but had to give up, and afterward became a drug clerk.

Oscar L. Booz, a young man 21 years of age, lies at the point of death at his home in Bristol. About a year ago young Booz was appointed by Congressman Wanger to the West Point Military Academy, and the parents declared that the hazing administered at that time was of such an atrocious nature that death to their son may result. After the hazing Congressman Wanger's appointee was left in such a physical condition that he had to resign his cadetship. It is alleged that tobacco sauce was poured down Booz's throat, red pepper was thrown in his eyes, hot grease poured on his bare feet, a tooth knocked out and fendish operations generally indulged in.

James Dougherty was killed near Gordonville while carelessly handling a shotgun. Dougherty was one of a party of nomads, consisting of three men, three women and a number of children, who have been living in gipsy fashion during the summer. The pack of dogs had stirred up several rabbits when Dougherty reached for his gun in a wagon. He grasped it by the barrel, the muzzle almost touching his chest. The trigger caught and the contents of the gun were emptied into his breast above the heart, making a frightful wound. He died in a short time.

John Rommlano, an Italian, who was employed in the tannery at Stockdale, gave his own life to save that of a friend. The latter, while at work with Rommlano, fell into a vat containing tanning liquid. In an instant Rommlano had jumped in after him, and after a desperate struggle succeeded in pulling the almost exhausted man from the vat. In the struggle, Rommlano was forced under the liquid, a portion of which he swallowed and caused his death.

A pitiful case of destitution was brought to light in South Bethlehem. Huddled together on the floor on a pile of dirty rags, shivering from cold and almost dead for want of food, women neighbors found Mrs. William Singer and her twin babes, in a bare and cheerless room in a house at the east end of the town. The poor authorities were notified and prompt assistance placed the woman and babes in a comfortable condition. Much indignation is expressed against the husband in the community.

Leonard and Mary Soller, after 50 years of happy married life, are dead, at their home in Altoona, their death occurring within half an hour of each other. They had often expressed the hope that they would be together in death, as they had been in life. Mr. Soller was seized with a cramp and died in his wife's arms. "Now, let me go, too," prayed the old lady, as she was led to her bed. Praying, she died. The doctors say the shock killed her. The couple will be buried side by side.

Jacob Schroll, who lived in Manchester township, committed suicide by hanging himself with a halter strap from the limb of a young sapling. He was cut down as soon as discovered, but life was extinct. The spot where he hanged himself is only about 250 yards from where his neighbor, Fred Bahr, committed suicide several months ago, also by hanging.

Among the charters issued at the State Department were the following: The Sandy Lake Water Works, Sandy Lake, Mercer county; capital, \$10,000. The Shenandoah Ice Company, Shenandoah; capital, \$25,000. The New Brighton Steel Company, New Brighton, Beaver county; capital, \$15,000. The B. S. Janney, Jr. & Co., Inc., Philadelphia; capital, \$100,000.

Governor Stone respited George Ward, the Washington county murderer, from December 4 to January 9, 1901. The date for the execution of James Jones, of the same county, was fixed for January 9, and at the request of the county officials Ward was respited until the latter date that both might be hanged on the same day.

Stephen Mercer, a prominent and wealthy farmer of Collier township, committed suicide by shooting himself in the head with an old muzzle-loading rifle. No reason is assigned for the suicide. The family once before caught him with the rifle while he was making preparation to kill himself.

At Great Bend, Susquehanna county, 100 carloads of tan bark, the property of the American Hide and Leather Company, was destroyed by fire, together with the building containing it. The fire is believed to have been of incendiary origin.

Frank M. Wellbacher, proprietor of a silk mill in Allentown, made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors to Isaac H. Hall, of Paterson, N. J.

The jury in the case of John Keenan, charged with manslaughter, decided at Bellefonte, after half an hour's deliberation, that the killing of Annie Hobbins by him last September, on an island in Moshannon Creek, was purely accidental. Keenan was at once discharged.

"Oh! Dear I'm so Tired."



The ordinary every-day life of most of our women is a ceaseless treadmill of work. How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system all unstrung! One day she is wretched and utterly miserable; in a day or two she is better and laughs at her fears, thinking there is nothing much the matter after all; but before night the deadly backache reappears, the limbs tremble, the lips twitch—it seems as though all the limbs of Satan were clutching her vitals; she goes to pieces and is flat on her back. No woman ought to arrive at this terrible state of misery, because these symptoms are a sure forerunner of womb troubles. She must remember that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is almost an infallible cure for all female ills, such as irregularity of periods, which cause weak stomach, sick headache, etc., displacements and inflammation of the womb, or any of the multitudes of illnesses which beset the female organism.

Mrs. Gooden wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter tells the result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe that your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and swelling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries. I underwent local treatment every day for some time, then, after nearly two months, the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and medicines alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and a package of Sensitive Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicines. I have gained twelve pounds during the last two months and am better in every way. Thanking you for your kind advice and attention, I remain, Yours gratefully, "MRS. E. J. GOODEN, Ackley, Iowa."

\$5000 REWARD

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Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup

Safe, sure cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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Safe, sure cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

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\$5.00 Tea or Toilet Set.

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gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Does not hurt and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. W. H. ORRIS & SONS, Box 2, Adams, Pa.

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