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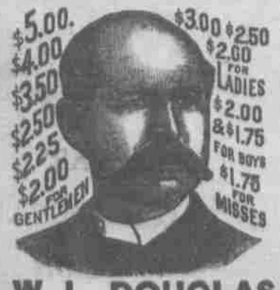

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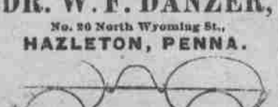

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For Newark and New York 5.22, 7.30, 9.37, and 11.12 a.m.; 3.03, 5.29 & 8.01 p.m.

For Mahanoy Chunk and Belvidere 5.22, 7.30, 9.00, 4.06.; 12.42 p.m.

For Lambertville and Trenton 5.22, 9.06 and 11.12 a.m.; and 12.42 p.m.

For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem and Easton, 5.22, 7.07, 7.30, 9.06, 9.57, 11.12 a.m.; 12.42, 3.03, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.

For Philadelphia and points south at 5.22, 7.07, 7.30, 9.00 and 11.12 a.m.; 3.03, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.

For Reading and Harrisburg 7.30, and 11.12a, m.; 3.03, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.

For Bowmans, Lehigh Gap, Charryford, Laury's, White Hall, Cooley, and Hokendauqua 5.22, 7.07, 9.00 9.57 & 11.12 a.m.; 12.42, and 5.29 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk 6.52, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 1.22, 3.15, 5.35, 7.23, 8.16 and 9.38 p.m.

For Weatherly and Hazleton 6.52, 7.43 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15, 5.35, 7.23, 10.28 p.m.

For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.52, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15, 5.35 & 7.23 p.m.

For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.52, 7.43 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15 p.m.

For Pottsville 6.52, 7.30, 7.43, 9.36 11.12 and 11.48 a.m., 12.42, 3.03, 3.15, and 7.23, 8.01 p.m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 6.52, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15, 5.35, 7.23 and 10.28 p.m.

For Pittston and L. & B. Junct., 6.36, 7.43, 9.36, and 11.48 a.m.; 5.35, 7.23 and 10.28 p.m.

For Towanda, Auburn, Ithaca and Geneva 11.48 a.m.; 10.28 p.m.

For Laceyville, Towanda, Sayre, Waverly, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 11.48 a.m.; and 7.23 and 10.28 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For New York 4.11, 5.47 and 10.07 a.m.; 5.29 p.m.

For Philadelphia 4.11, 8.02 a.m.; 2.52 and 5.29 p.m.

For Easton and Intermediate Stations 4.11, 8.02, 10.07 a.m.; 12.52, 2.52, 5.29 and 8.34 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk 8.14, 8.56, 10.36 a.m.; 12.38, 3.15, 5.13 and 9.38 p.m.

For Reading at 8.42 a.m., and 2.52 p.m.

For Hazleton 9.56 a.m.; 12 38, 3.15 & 10.28 p.m.

For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 12.38 and 3.15 p.m.

For Pottsville at 2.52 p.m.

For White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston, Tunkhannock, Towanda, Sayre, Ithaca, Geneva, Auburn, Elmira, Rochester, Buffalo, Niagara Falls and the West 10 28 p.m.

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SONG OF THE OCEAN SHELL.

Upon a mountain height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And in my listening ear this lovely thing
Evermore of the ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.

How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land,
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day?

Strange, was it not? Far from its native deep,
One song it sang:
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,
Sang of the storied sea, profound and wide,—
Ever with echoes of old ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height
Sang of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away,
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home, of thee!

—[Eugene Field.

AN OLD LADY'S LOVE STORY.

I sat spinning at my little wheel, in the sun, for the autumn day was cold, when I heard some one whistlin'; and looking up, there was young Squire Turner with his arms folded on the gate, looking over. When he caught my eye he laughed, I blushed; and I arose and made him a courtesy.

He was a handsome gentleman, the squire, and the hand from which he pulled the glove shimmered in the sun with pearls and diamonds; and he was bonny to look at with his hair like spun gold in the October sunlight.

When I courtesied he bowed, makin' his curls dance over his shoulders, and, said he, "I've spoiled one pretty picture but I could have looked at all day, but I've made another as pretty, so I'll not grieve. May I come in?"

"And welcome, sir," said I; and I set a chair for him, for he was grandfather's landlord; but for all that I felt uncomfortable, for I was not used to fine company.

He talked away, paying me more compliments than I was used to, for grandmother, who brought me up, said, "Handsome is as handsome does," and "Beauty is but skin deep."

Since I'm telling the story I'll tell the truth. I had done wrong about one thing. Neither of the old folks knew that I wore Evan Locke's ring in my bosom, or that we'd taken a vow to each other beside the hawthorn that grew in the church lane. I never meant to deceive, but grannie was old and a little hard, and that love of mine was such a sweet secret. Besides, money seems to outweigh all else when people have struggled all their lives through to turn a penny, and they knew Evan was a poor, struggling young surgeon. I thought I'd wait a while until I could sweeten the news with the fact that he'd begun to make his fortune.

Grannie came in from the dairy five minutes after the squire had gone, and heard he had been there. I didn't tell her of his fine speeches, but there was a keyhole to the door she came through, and I have a guess she heard them.

That night we had something else to think of. Misfortunes had come upon grandfather; but I didn't foresee that, when the half year's rent should come due, not a penny to pay it with would be found.

All this time Evan Locke and I had been as fond as ever of each other, and he came as often as before to talk with grandpa on the winter nights; and still every little while our young landlord, Squire Turner, would drop in and sit in his easy way watching me knit or spin. Once or twice he was flushed with wine and over bold, for he tried to kiss me. But squire or no, I boxed his ears for his pains, and no softer than I could help either.

I could not help his coming, nor help seeing him when he came, and I did not deserve that Evan should be angry with me. But he was. Eh, so high and mighty, and spoke as though one like the squire could mean no good by coming to so poor a place as the schoolmaster's.

He made me angry, and I spoke up.

"For that matter, the squire wou'd be glad to have me promise to marry him," said I. "He thinks more of me than——

"May be you like him better!" said Evan.

"I don't say that," replied I. "But bad temper and jealousy scarce make me over fond of another. I pray I may never have a husband who will scold me."

For he had been scolding me. No other name for it.

Well, Evan was wroth with me, and I with him—not heart deep, though, I thought—and I did not see him for more than a week. I was troubled much, though. I knew he would come round again, and maybap ask my pardon. For b fore you are wed you can bring your lover to his senses.

So I did not fret after Evan's absence, nor quite snub Squire Turner, who liked me more than ever. But one night grandfather came in, and, shutting the door, stood between grandmamma and me, looking at me, and so strangely that we both grew frightened. At last he spoke:

"I've been to the Squire's," said he. "For the first time I had to tell him that I could not pay the rent when due.

I opened my lips. Grandmamma's hand covered them. Grandpa drew me to him.

"Thou'rt young, lass," said he, "and they are right who call thee pretty. Child——cou d'st like the squire well enough to wed him?"

"Eh!" cried grandma. "Sure, you're not wandering?"

"Squire Turner asked me for this lass of ours to-night. Of all women in the world there is but one he loves as he should his wife, and that is our Agatha."

"I dreamt of golden rings and white roses on Christmas eve," cried grannie. "I knew the lass would be lucky."

But I put my head on grandfather's shoulder and hid my face. The truth must out, I knew.

"Wilt have him, and be a rich lady?" said grandpa.

And when he had waited for an answer, I burst out with "No" and a sob together.

"She's frightened," said grandmamma. "Nay, we must all well once in our lives, my child."

Then grandpa talked to me. He told me how poor they had grown, and how hard the squire was, and I had but to marry him to make my grandparents free from debt and poverty their lives through. If I refused and vexed the squire, heaven only knew what might happen.

"She'll never ruin us," sobbed grandmamma.

All this was hard to bear—bitter hard; but now there was no help for it. I took the ring from my bosom and laid it on my palm, and told them it was Evan Locke's, and that I had plighted my troth to him. And grandmamma called me a deceitful weenie, and grandfather looked as though his heart would break.

"Oh, I would have done anything for Evan—anything but give up my true love.

That night I kissed his ring and prayed heaven that he might love me always. In the morning it was gone, ribbon and all, from my neck. I looked for it high and low, but found no sign of it. And I began to fear the loss of that dear ring was a sign that I would never marry Evan Locke.

The days passed on, and he never came near me.

"O, it was cruel in him," I thought, "to hold such anger for a hasty word he had provoked, when I spoke it that he must know I loved him so."

And grandma would scarcely look at me (I know why now), and grandpa sighed, and moaned, and talked of the workhouse. And I thought I should die of grief among them.

One day grandma said to me, "It seems that your sweetheart is not over fond of you, nor over anxious to see you."

"Why not?" said I.

"Where has he been this month back?"

"Busy, doubtless," said I, with a smile, though I thought my heart would burst.

"You're going with him, maybe."

"Where?" said I.

She went to the kitchen door and beckoned in a woman who sat there—Dame Coombs, who had come over with eggs.

"I heard you rightly," she said. "You told me Evan Locke and his mother were making ready for a voyage."

"They're going to Canada. My son, a carpenter—and a good one, though I say it—made the doctor a box for his things, the old lady dreads the new country, but she goes for the doctor's sake. There's money to be made there."

"I told you so," said grandmother.

"I don't believe it," said I.

"They've sold the house, and gone to Liverpool to take ship; and you may find the truth for your self, if you choose to take the trouble," said Dame Coombs. "I'm no chatterbox, to tell falsehoods about my neighbors."

And still I could not believe it until I had walked across the moor and had seen the shutters fast closed and the door barred, and not a sign of life about the place. Then I gave up hope. I went home all pale and trembling, and sat down at grandmamma's knees.

"It's true," said I.

"And for the sake of so false a lad you'll see your grandfather ruined and crack his heart, and leave me, that have nursed you from a baby, a widow."

I looked at her as she sobbed, and I found strength to say:

"Give me to whom you will, then, since my own love does not want me."

And then I crept up stairs and sat down on my bedside, weak as though I had fainted. I would have thanked heaven for forgetfulness just then, but it wouldn't come.

The next day Squire Turner was in the parlor as my accepted lover. How pleased he was, and how the color came back into grandfather's old face! And grannie grew so proud and kind, and all the house was aglow, and only I sad. But I couldn't forget Evan—Evan whom I had loved so—sailing away from me without a word.

I suppose they all saw I looked sad. The squire talked of my health, and would make me ride with him over the moors for strength.

The old folk said nothing. They knew what ailed me, only our little Scotch maid seemed to think there was aught wrong. Once she said to me:

"What ails ye, miss? Your eye is dull and your cheek is pale, and your braw grand lover canna make ye smile; ye are na that ill either."

"No, I am well enough," said I.

She looked at me wistfully.

"Gin ye'd tell me your ail, I might tell ye a cure," she said.

But there was no cure for me in this world, and I couldn't open my heart to simple Jennie. So the days rolled by, and I was close on my marriage eve, and granny and Dorothy Plume were busy with my wedding robes. I wished it were my shroud they were working at, I stood.

And one night the pain in my heart grew to great, and I went out among the purple heather on the moor, and there knelt down under the stars and prayed to be taken from the world; "for how can I live without Evan," I said.

I spoke the words aloud, and then started up in affright, for there at my side was an elfish little figure, and I heard a cry that at first I scarce thought earthly. Yet it was but Scotch Jennie, who had followed me.

"Why do ye call for your true love now?" she said; ye sent him fra ye for sake o' the young squire."

"How dare you follow and watch me?"

But she caught my sleeve.

"Dinna be vexed," she said. "Just bide a wee, and answer what I speer. It's for love of you, for I've seen ye waste like the snaw wreeth in the sun sin the squire woed ye. Was it your will the lad that loved the ground ye trod on should have his ring again?"

"What do you mean?" said I.

"I'll speak gin I lose my place," said Jennie. "I rode with the mistress to young Dr Locke's place past the moor, and there she lighted and gave him a ring, and what she said I know not, but it turned him the tint o' death, and said her "there's na a drop o' true bluid in a woman'gin she is false.' And he turned to the wall and covered his eyes, an' your grannie rode home. There, 'tis all I ken—wull it do?"

"Ay, Jennie," said I, "heaven bless you!"

And had I wings on my feet I could not have come to the cottage door sooner.

I stood before my grandmother, trembling and white, and I said: "Oh, don't tell me, grannie, you have cheated me and robbed me of my true love by a lie. Did you steal the troth ring from my neck and give it back to Evan, as if from me? You I've loved and honored my life long——"

She turned scarlet.

"True love!" said she; "you've but one true love now—Squire Turner."

"You have done it!" I cried. "It's written on your face."

And she looked down at that and fell to weeping.

"My own true love was breaking his heart," she said. "My husband and I had loved for 40 years. I did it to save him. Could I let a girl's fancy, worth nothing, stand in my way, and see him a beggar in his old age? Oh, girl, girl!"

And then I fell down at her feet like a stone. I knew nothing for an hour or so; but then when I was better, and they left me with Jennie, I bade her fetch my hood and cloak and her own, and come with me, and away I went across the moor in the starlight to where the hall windows were ablaze with light, and asked the housekeeper to let me see the squire.

She stared at me for my boldness—no wonder—but called him. So in a moment he stood before me in his evening dress, with his cheeks flushed and his eyes bright, and led me into a little room and seated me.

"Agatha, my love, I hope no mischance brings you here."

But I stopped him.

"Not your love, Squire Turner," I said. "I thank you for thinking so well of me, but after all that has passed, I——"

I could say no more. He took my hand.

"Have I offended you, Agatha?" he said.

"Not you. The offenders—the guilty—oh, I have been sorely cheated!" and all I could do was to sob.

At last strength came to me. I went back to the first and told him all—how we had been plighted to each other, waiting only for better prospects to be wed, and how, when he honored me by an offer of his hand, I angered my grandmother by owning to the truth, and of the ring grannie had stolen from my breast, and the false message that had been sent my promised husband from me.

"And though I never see Evan Locke again," said I, "still I can never be another man's true love, for I am his until I die."

Then, as I looked, all the rich color faded out of the squire's face, and I saw the sight we seldom see more than once in a lifetime—a strong young man in tears.

At last he arose and came to me.

"My little Agatha never loved me," he said, "Ah, me! The news is bad—I thought she did. This comes of vanity."

"Many a higher and a fairer have hearts to give," I said. "Mine was gone ere you saw me."

And then, kind and gentle, as though I had not grieved him, he gave me his arm and saw me across the moor, and at the gate paused and whispered:

"Be at rest, Agatha. The Golden George has not sailed yet."

I liked him better than I had ever done before that night when I told grannie that I would never wed him.

Eh! but he was fit to be a king—the manliest, kindest, and best of living men; also rode away with the break of the morrow and never stopped till he reached Liverpool and found Evan Locke just ready to set foot upon the Golden George, and told him a tale that made his heart light and sent him back to me. Heaven bless him!

And who was it that sent old grandfather the deed of gift that made the cottage his own, and who spoke a kind word to the gentry for young Dr. Locke that helped him into practice? Eh! no one but Squire Turner, whom we taught our children to pray for every night. For we were married, and in a few years had boys and girls at our knees; and when the eldest was nigh two, the thing I needed to make me quite happy happened—and from far over the sea, where he had been three twelvemonths, came our Squire, with the bonnie lady that ever blushed beside him, and the Hall had a mistress at last—a mistress who loved the Squire as I loved Evan.

Eh! but it's an old story. She that I remembered a girl I saw in her coffin, withered and old. And then they opened the vault where the 'squire had slept 10 years to put her beside him; and I've nothing left of Evan, my life and my love, but his memory, and it seems as if every hope and dream of joy I ever had were put away under tombstones. And even the Golden George, the great strong ship that would have borne my dear from me, has moldered away at the bottom of the sea. And I think my wedding ring is like to outlast us all, for I have it yet, and I shall be 90 to-morrow.

Ninety! It's a good old age, and it can't be long now before I meet Evan and the rest in heaven.—[The Gentleman's Magazine.

Two citizens of Palmyra, Me., have had so many quarrels that a few days ago a contract was drawn up between them that in future they won'd have nothing to do with each other.

Judge Holmes, son of the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," is said to be the only justice on the Massachusetts supreme court bench who enjoys writing out an opinion.

A Simple Test for Milk.

The following test for watered milk is simplicity itself. A well polished knitting needle is dipped into a deep vessel of milk and immediately withdrawn in an upright position. If the sample is pure some of the fluid will hang to the needle, but if water has been added to the milk, even in small proportions, the fluid will not adhere to the needle.—[American Market and Critical Bayer.

The daily surplus of births over deaths in the United Kingdom is 1,503.

MEN WHO DO WOMEN'S WORK.

Some of the Occupations In Which Males Do the Work of Females.

While it is true that women have to a great extent of late years taken to doing men's work, it is also true that some men do women's work. In California Chinese men are largely employed as domestic servants, and wherever Chinamen go they are chiefly employed in laundries. In many large laundries where new shirts are done up expert men are employed who make good wages. The reason why men are employed on new shirts is because the new shirts require more strength to iron them properly than shirts that have been previously laundered, and few women have the strength to do the work properly. In the State prisons men are commonly employed at laundry work, mainly on shirts. It is curious, by the way, how differently a Chinaman uses an iron from the method employed by women. When a woman uses an iron she begins with it at the right heat for use, and consequently it soon cools, and she consumes much time in changing her irons. The Chinaman, on the contrary, gets his iron very hot, much too hot for use. When he begins to use the iron he plunges it quickly into cold water. This cools the surface for a moment. The heat from the interior then begins to come to the surface, and continues to do so for some time, about as fast as it is cooled by use, so that the necessity for the frequent changing of irons is obviated.

Worth, the man dressmaker of Paris, has counterparts in other countries. The largest producer of dress patterns for women in New York is a man, although his business has been for many years conducted in the name of his wife. The most expensive and best fitting dresses that women wear are tailor made dresses which are made by men. The designs for new dresses are mostly made by men. The man milliner is proverbial.

In the department of nursing, which is considered specially women's work, many men are employed. Where patients are helpless and require much lifting, it has been found necessary to procure strong men, because women are not equal to the hard labor.

Sewing is especially women's work, but the very finest and best paid sewing is done by men in fancy tailoring. Since the introduction of the sewing machine the proportion of men sewers has increased in those branches where the work is heavy and requires strength for long hours of labor.

Although cooking is regarded generally as women's work, the best paid cooks are men. In the great clubs, hotels, restaurants, and private houses where fine cooking is required, the best cooks are men. It is the men who have made cooking one of the fine arts. It is true, however, that the great artists in food disdain to be called cooks, and are known as chefs, and they command salaries of which the average lawyer would be proud.

House cleaning is looked upon as women's work, yet there are establishments that will clean the house from top to bottom and put it in order, and employ mostly men to do it.

Boarding house keeping is mostly women's business, but there are many large and successful boarding houses in New York that are managed by men. Often they get two or three houses together, and the tendency of men in that business is to enlarge it so as to make these places approach the character of hotels. It is a rare thing for a woman to keep a hotel.

There are even men chambermaids. On steamboats and steamships most of the chamber work is done by men. Even in large boarding houses it has been found expedient to have men to do the chamber work.

Seven Queer Children.

People of Munson, Pa., claim to have among them the queerest family as to physical peculiarity in the whole country. Jacob Hiers, a farmer in moderate circumstances, has seven children. The oldest is 16, a bright boy, but having 13 fingers and 13 toes—seven on one hand and six on the other, his toes being similary divided. Next to him is another boy, 14 years old. As long as this boy is quiet no one would suppose he had any peculiarity, but the moment he opens his mouth to talk he loses all control of his hands, arms, feet, and legs, and they jerk and thrash and kick around as if they were hung on wires.

The boy is as slow of speech as his limbs are active, and in answering a simple question it is no uncommon thing for his legs to have carried him a rod or more away before he is able to articulate yes or no. The boy does not seem to mind his affliction, and not only does not hesitate to respond or try to when he is addressed, but is always ready to begin a conversation on the slightest excuse. He can be seen almost any day arguing with or explaining some point to some companion, who is kept constantly busy either in avoiding the involuntary kicks or blows of the boys sprightly feet or hands or in following him briskly to keep the run of the subject.

The third child is a girl, who is a hunchback and a dwarf. She is 12 years old. A boy next to her is deaf and dumb. The fifth child has a bright red birth mark encircling her neck like a piece of red flannel. It is an inch and a half wide. The other two children are twins, 8 months old—a boy and a girl. The boy's head is covered with hair enough for a grown person, while the girl twin hasn't the sign of a hair upon the head, the little poll being as white and shiny as a billiard ball. The girl is fat and the boy lean. When the boy laughs the little girl cries lustily, and when his little sister is merry the boy sheds tears and yells.

Every one of these seven children is handsome and mentally bright. Mrs. Hiers is a fine looking woman, and her husband is sound physically and mentally.—[Philadelphia Inquirer.

Haggard As He Is

Rider Haggard, while undergoing the tortures of an interview in New York, is described as a tall, lank, middle aged man, fidgeting about in an alleged easy chair, tying his legs into bowknots, and doing everything with his hands that the hands of a naturally awkward man ever did do when he was in a state of nervousness. He is over six feet high, somewhat loosely put together, with a slight stoop of the shoulders. He has dark hair, but the delicate mustache which adorns his lip is quite light in color. A long, pointed nose gives his face a thinnish appearance, but a careful look at him shows that he has a full forehead and that his eyes are well apart. He has an agreeable manner and a pleasant smile.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

MAN AND WIFE.

By observing as closely as possible the following "lets," the number of homes "to let" will be materially decreased:

Let each allow the other know something.

Let each consider the other's feelings.

Let each realize the fact that they are one.

Let the husband frequent his home, not the club.

Let his having "to see a man" wait till next day.

Let his latchkey gather unto itself rust from misuse.

Let him speak to his wife; not yell "Say!" at her.

Let him be as courteous after marriage as before.

Let him confide in his wife; their interests are equal.

Let him assist her in beautifying the home.

Let him appreciate her as a partner.

Let her not worry him with petty troubles.

Let her not narrate Mrs. Next Door's gossip.

Let her not fret because Mrs. Neighbor has a sealskin.

Let her make home more pleasant than the club.

Let her sympathize with him in business cares.

Let her home mean love and rest, not noise and strife.

Let her meet him with a kiss, not a frown.

Stand Your Ground.

When you make up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, do not be induced to buy some other preparation instead. Clerks may claim that "ours is as good as Hood's" and all that, but the peculiar merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla cannot be equalled. Therefore have nothing to do, with substitutes and insist upon having Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and building-up medicine.

Loving letters,
Cupid's fetters,
Foolish youth—the tale is old.
Jilted! fury!
Judge and jury!
Letters worth their weight in gold.

Every House Should Have It.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag On in the house you have a Physician always at hand; it kills Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Burns, Bruises and all Aches and Pains. Price 25 cts.

There are few things in life of which we may be certain, but this is one of them, Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure has no equal for Colds, Coughs and Consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at Thomas' Drug Store.

Mrs. Smythe—My husband is quite a composer.

Mrs. Tompkins—Indeed! Verse or music?

Mrs. Smythe—Neither; the baby!

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. At all druggists.

He heaved a sorrowful sigh,
A woeful tear he wept.
His love had bidden him "Good-by"
And all his presents kept.

If Sufferers from Consumption

Coughs and Colds will try Pan-Tina Cough and Consumption Cure, they will find quick relief and permanent benefit. The medical profession declare it a remedy of the highest value. Try it. Price 25 and 50 cents. Trial bottles free.

A large proportion of the diseases which cause human suffering result from derangement of the stomach, bowels and liver. Dr. Lee's Liver Regulator removes all these troubles. Trial bottles free at Thomas' Drug Store.

☞ The man who works for the good of others is taking God's way to gain strength for himself.

"I would kneel forever at your shrine," said he.

"Would you?" she questioned sweetly.

"Yes," he answered wildly, "bring on your shrine and I'll prove it."

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Street, Baptist United Brethren Church, Blue Mound, Kan., says: "I feel it my duty to tell what wonders Dr. King's New Discovery has done for me. My lungs were badly diseased, and my parishioners thought I could live only a few weeks. I took five bottles of Dr. King's New Discovery and am sound and well, gaining 28 lbs. in weight.

Arthur Love, Manager Love's Funny Folks Combination, writes: "After a thorough trial and convincing evidence, I am confident Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, beats 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many friends and friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at REBER'S Drug Store. Regular sizes 50c. and $1.00.

The man who does not believe in revivals never has any very hard battles with the devil.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The BEST Salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains corns and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by REBER druggist.

Nothing makes such heroes of people as to look steadily into the face of Jesus Christ.

Two Years Ago!

I was a sight to behold and was unable to enjoy life at all. Now I am the picture of health and can eat anything. What did it? Sulphur Bitters cured me of Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint, after suffering two years. —W. H. Bowman, Manchester, N. H.

The only thing that can be counted on for a certainty always is the goodness of God.

The Worlds Fair.

The excitement caused by this great event is scarcely equalled by that produced by the great discovery of Dr. Miles—the Restorative Nervine. It speedily cures nervous prostration, change of life, pain, dullness and confusion in head, fits, sleeplessness, the blues, neuralgia, palpitation, monthly pains, etc. C. W. Snow & Co., of Syracuse, N. Y., Talbott and Moss, of Greensburg, Ind., and A. W. Blackburn, of Wooster, O., say that "The Nervine sells better than anything we ever sold, and gives universal satisfaction." Dr. Miles' new illustrated treatise on the Nerves and Heart and trial bottle free at T. D. Thomas and W. F. Biery, Drug Store.

☞ As long as a