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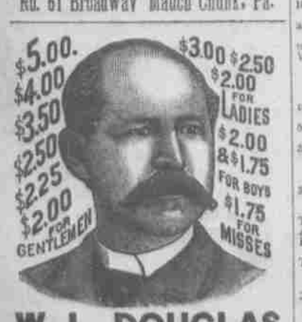

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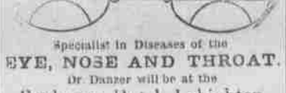

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Arrangement of Passenger Trains.

IN EFFECT Feb. 16TH, 1891.

LEAVE LEHIGHTON

For Newark and New York 5.22, 7.30, 9.57, and 11.12 a.m.; 3.05, 5.29 & 8.01 p.m.

For Manunka Chunk and Belvidere 5.22, 7.30, 9.00, a.m.; 12.42 p.m.

For Lambertville and Trenton 5.22, 9.00 and 11.12 a.m.; and 12.42 p.m.

For Slatington, Catasauqua, Allentown, Bethlehem, and Easton, 5.22, 7.30, 7.50, 9.00, 9.57, 11.12 a.m., 12.42, 3.05, 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.; 3.05, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.

For Reading and Harrisburg 7.19, and 11.34a.m.; 3.06, 5.29 and 8.01 p.m.

For Bowmans, Lehigh Gap, Cherryford, Lauries, White Haven, Conley, and Hickendaqua 5.22, 7.07, 9.00, 9.57 & 11.12 a.m.; 12.42, and 5.29 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.58 a.m., 1.22, 3.15, 5.25, 7.22, 8.16 and 9.28 p.m.

For Weatherly and Hazleton 6.32, 7.43 9.36 and 11.58 a.m.; 3.15, 5.25, 7.22, 10.28 p.m.

For Mahanoy City, Shenandoah and Ashland 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.58 a.m.; 3.15, 5.25 & 7.22 p.m.

For Mt. Carmel and Shamokin 6.32, 7.43 and 11.58 a.m.; 5.25 p.m.

For Pottsville 6.32, 7.30, 7.43, 9.36 11.12 and 11.48 a.m., 12.42, 3.05, 3.15, and 7.22, 8.01 p.m.

For White Haven, Wilkesbarre and Scranton 6.32, 7.43, 9.36 and 11.48 a.m.; 3.15, 5.25, 7.22 and 10.28 p.m.

For Pittston and L. & B. Junct., 6.32, 7.43, 9.36, and 11.48 a.m.; 5.25, 7.22 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 7.22 and 10.28 p.m.

SUNDAY TRAINS.

For New York 4.11, 5.42 and 10.07 a.m.; 5.20 p.m.

For Philadelphia 4.11, 8.02 a. m.; 2.52 and 5.20 p. m.

For Easton and Intermediate Stations 4.11, 5.42, 8.07, 10.07 a.m.; 12.52, 2.52, 5.20 and 8.31 p.m.

For Mauch Chunk 9.18, 9.56, 10.32 a.m.; 12.20, 5.13, 5.43 and 8.38 p.m.

For Reading at 5.42 a. m., and 2.52 p. m.

For Hazleton 9.56 a.m.; 12.20, 5.13 & 10.28 p.m.

For Mahanoy City and Shenandoah 12.20 and 5.13 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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All of the above have been used for years around here and are thoroughly reliable.

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OVER AND OVER AGAIN.

Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the book of life
Some lesson I have to learn.
I must take my turn at the mill,
I must grind out the golden grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will
Over and over again.

We cannot measure the need
Of even the tiniest flower,
Nor check the flow of the golden sands
That run through a single hour;
But the morning dews must fall,
And the sun and the summer rain
Must do their part, and perform it all
Over and over again.

Over and over again
The brook through the meadows flows,
Over and over again
The goodness still wheel goes;
Once doing will not suffice,
Though doing be not in vain;
And a blessing falling us twice
May come if we try again.

The path that has once been trod
Is never so rough to the feet,
And the lesson we once have learned
Is never so hard to repeat.
Though the sorrowful tears must fall,
And the heart to its depth be driven
With storm and tempest—we need them all
To render us meet for heaven.

LOCATING THE TRAITOR.

One bitterly cold winter's evening five men were seated together in a small room in a house situated in the Jewish quarter of a busy and largely populated Russian city. The appearance of the room was as wretched as the external aspects of the house itself. The solitary window was totally concealed by a heavy faded curtain, depending from the roof, and as the wind moaned dismally through the broken panes of glass, its somber folds swayed to and fro. The inmates of this mournful den were seated round the table, smoking their pipes and talking, as if furtively, in whispers. As the feeble rays of the candle fell fitfully upon the company they revealed the youthful faces of four students. The chief spokesman, however, was a much older man, apparently about 50, with a short pointed beard, shaggy brows, and keen, penetrating eyes of the darkest hue. The others deferentially addressed the speaker as "professor," and such, indeed, he was, at that time, at a well known school of medicine in Russia.

On the present occasion, however, he was speaking, not of science, but of the terrible doctrine of assassination.

Professor V—— was a Nihilist, a reputed Colossus of craft in the dissemination of revolutionary doctrines, and on the particular evening in question he was engaged in advocating, with fiery eloquence, the assassination of a certain colonel who had lately been promoted to the rank of chief commissioner of the secret police. As the night wore on their whispered conversation was suddenly interrupted by a low knocking at the outer door. In a moment the conspirators sprang noiselessly to their feet, and listened with bated breath. The sound was repeated—a peculiar whistle was heard from without, and the listeners exchanged significant glances and quietly resumed their seats. Presently cautious footsteps were heard in an outer room, the door was opened, and a young man hastily entered. His face was pale, his manner agitated, and as he returned his companions' salutations he regarded them with a fixed and angry stare.

"You have kept us waiting, comrade," exclaimed the professor, puffing calmly at his pipe. "Ugh! we are almost frozen, for the air of this wretched apartment is quite Siberian. But now to business. We will warm ourselves with talk, and fire our minds with the prospect of revenge."

There was a murmur of approval. It was noticed, however, that the young man who had just appeared upon the scene took his seat in silence, and, resting his elbows upon the table, slowly scrutinized the faces of his comrades.

"My dear professor," he said at length, "we can not possibly proceed at present with this business."

"Why not?" was unanimously asked.

"Because," replied the latest comer, as he quietly snuffed the candle, "because one of us is a traitor."

"A traitor!" exclaimed the men, starting to their feet.

"Yes, comrades, we are betrayed; and as no one knows of this plot of ours except ourselves, it is plain, I think, that one of us has turned informant."

"You are mad to say so!" hoarsely exclaimed the professor; "but in heaven's name, what has happened? Come, tell us quickly. This is no jesting matter."

"Listen, then. On my way thither, comrades, I entered a Cafe de Paris to sip a cup of tea and smoke a cigarette. I happened to sit down beside two officers of the Secret Police, and, as one of them was somewhat tipsy, I could hear his conversation. I found it rather interesting. He told his companion that he was under orders to surround this old deserted house at midnight—it is near 11 now—and to arrest all persons found within. He mentioned, moreover, all our names, and added, with a maudlin laugh, that a certain person, to whom the administration is eternally indebted, would be found in our midst playing the part of conspirator. Now, comrades, I have done. What shall we do?"

The men looked at each other in dismay. A dead silence filled the room, for the mere suspicion of treachery among the men who had solemnly dedicated their lives to the sacred cause of liberty seemed to hold them dumb. Such villainy in their very midst—among men banded together in sacred brotherhood—was a greater crime than the merciless acts of a despot and his minions.

"If this is true," said the professor in a voice of suppressed rage," then I will no longer believe in human fidelity, or the future of our cause. But—Death! if the story is true. Which of us is the informer?" added the speaker, staring fiercely at the pale faces of his companions.

"Bah! it is useless to ask that, my dear professor," exclaimed Ivan—such was the name of the youth who had brought the strange intelligence—as he advanced to the door of the room, locked it, and pocked the key in his pocket. "Every one will assert his innocence—of course. But, comrades, suppose we endeavor to find him out? Let us search each other. The traitor, whoever he may be, must doubtless have in his possession some proof of his guilt. At least, the experiment is worth trying. What say you?"

"Agreed! agreed!" exclaimed the Nihilists, as with one accord they sprang convulsively to their feet. One of the students—a tall, lank youth, with a somewhat foppish appearance—objected, however, to the proposal.

"But why?" hotly demanded the professor, who seemed all eagerness to begin the investigation.

"Because," was the hesitating rejoinder, "because it is unnecessary. Our word of honor ought to be enough. Besides, there is something degrading in the idea of searching one another, as if, indeed, we were a lot of pickpockets. So let us break up the meeting. This excitement is absurd, and renders the discussion of the plot impossible. As for the story told by the drunken soldier in the cafe, I don't believe a word of it.

These words produced an angry murmur among the excited conspirators. The protest seemed so ridiculous; and as the clamor increased Ivan turned to the speaker and warmly exclaimed, "Very well; we shall abstain from searching you, since you wish it; but remember this, that if we fail to find a clue to the informant among those who willingly submit to the examination we shall then know upon whom to fix our suspicions. Now, comrades, search me first; I am ready."

In a moment the speaker's pockets were emptied of their contents, and even the lining of his clothes was carefully searched; but beyond a few old love letters, some political pamphlets, and an English newspaper with a paragraph obliterated with lamp black, nothing of an incriminating character was found. A second student readily submitted to the test—if test it was—with similar results. Then a third stepped forward and placed himself in the hands of his companions. But at that moment a curious incident occurred. An invisible hand suddenly extinguished the light of the candle, and in a second the room was plunged in utter darkness.

What did it mean? Who had quenched the light? For a moment the Nihilists remained motionless, as if rooted to the spot. As they listened in alarm, they heard a strange creaking sound in the direction of the curtained window.

Suddenly the voice of Ivan exclaimed in the darkness: "Comrades, this is a trick! Listen! Some one is endeavoring to escape by the window! It is the traitor at last. His attempt to escape betrays his guilt. Stand back! I know how to deal with him!"

In an instant the report of three revolver shots rang through the room, and was followed by an agonizing yell as some one fell heavily upon the floor.

A profound silence then ensued.

It was an awful situation.

At length Ivan spoke to his terrified companions.

"Strike a light now," he said in a trembling voice, "and let us look upon the face of a traitor. Will no one move? Are you all afraid to gaze upon the dead body of a miscreant who has betrayed us to our enemies? Come, professor, where are the matches? You had them last. But hush! What sound is that? Listen! By heavens, comrades, the police are upon us already. The house is surrounded! Quick! here is a trap door, known only to myself. It leads to the main sewer, and is our only hope of escape. Follow me."

Groping hand in hand in the dark, the affrighted men followed the speaker's directions, and after some momentary confusion, disappeared into a noisome abyss. None too soon. In another instant the door of the room was battered to pieces, and a company of gendarmes entered. Lights were now flashed in every direction, but it was obvious to all that the conspirators had escaped. The officer in charge swore long and deep, and ordered the men to search the house from top to bottom. Then, advancing toward the window, he stumbled over a human body.

"What's this?" he exclaimed, examining the dead man's features with a lantern. "Hal so they have caught you at last, my friend, have they? Well, you played the spy long and well, but it always comes to this end."

And, tearing down the window curtain, the officer threw it over the rigid body of—the professor.—[H. McDougal, in Pall Mall Budget.

Families in Heligoland.

The women in Heligoland are, generally speaking, small and gracefully formed and present a remarkable contrast to their tall and strapping mates. The female loveliness is unfortunately somewhat transient, no doubt owing in large measure to the inferior fare and rough work with the nets. No idea of female suffrage is ever likely to enter a Heligolander's head. His idea of the relation of the sexes is the old one that the man is the head of the wife and that women, take them as you like, are an inferior order; they are kind and courteous to their women in all respects, but there is no doubt who is lord and bread winner. The patriarchal system has scarcely died out.

Each lusty, broad shouldered one, though he may have passed his 21st birthday, is required to give all or nearly all his earnings to his father so long as he lives in his father's house. When he marries and takes up house for himself then only does the patria protestas come to an end. Heligolanders as a rule marry young; there are more women than men, and it is not difficult to find a mate. Housekeeping is not an expensive job, and there is plenty of money to be earned if a man is intelligent and industrious. It may be some time before the young husband has a boat of his own, for a boat costs $125 (they are all built on the island), but he can always hire one, paying for its hire about 35 per cent of the payment he himself charges.

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

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Modern Scientific Research and Modern Doubt.

The relation of the teachings of geology to the first chapters of Genesis has excited so much attention in these later years that the moral truth contained in this portion of the bible has often been left in the background. That the earth was gradually prepared to be the dwelling place of man, and arranged to correspond to the wants of his nature, is a fact of importance. But higher truth than this enriches the first pages of the sacred volume. There, at the outset, stands the great protest against pantheism and atheism—the sublime announcement sounding like the voice of the Creator himself: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth!" Then there is the description of man, as exalted above the lower orders of being through the possession of a living soul that comes directly from his Maker and bears his image—a denial of the degrading theories which, on account of resemblance of physical organization, have sought to identify mind with matter and to represent the beast as on a level with the rational creature.

Then follows the momentous fact of man's fall from holiness—involving, of course, his freedom and responsibleness, the origin of sin in the voluntary transgression of law, and that wonderful description of the phenomena of guilt, to the essential truth of which every heart responds: "And Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden!" We have here a series of statements that warn the conscience, now as always, not to listen to the suggestion that sin is an accident, or something involved in the nature of man, as the plant is included in the seed, but ever to look upon sin as man's own perverse, guilty act, done in disregard of the will of God. And then the mysterious connection of physical disorder and distress with the moral ruin of man is asserted; and thus the sufferings of the human race are made consistent with God's wisdom and justice.

It would be easy to show that this mass of truth—however it may be clothed in figure and symbol—enters into all Christian views of God, of man, his rights, and his duties to his master and his neighbor, and constitutes to this day the impregnable doctrine—impregnable because grateful to reason, as well as verified by scripture—by which Christianity confronts pantheism and all the different theories that are really, though unconsciously, its fruit. On the foundation of this mass of truth, Christianity, the system of redemption from sin and its consequences, is founded. Whence, one might ask, did the Israelites get these moral ideas, by the side of which the Greek philosophy, the ripest product of uninspired wisdom, is so defective? They must have had light from above.

But while geology has expanded, the lesson of Genesis is that the earth was made for man and was adapted to meet his wants, the science of astronomy would appear to have a contrary tendency. In the room of the old idea that the firmament was spread out and hung with glittering lights for the sake of the earth and man, we are now taught that the earth is itself a diminutive star, and that but a small portion of the stellar universe can be discerned by the human eye. Indeed, the Copernican discovery has produced a total revolution in our conceptions of the material creation. The earth has been driven, as a usurper, from her throne of glory in the center of the worlds to a little nook in the boundless empire. Yet, as the old Hebrews believed, as we know, to whom the Gospel has come, even better than they, God is mindful of man. He does think of us. He never ceases to care for us. Even the host of stars, whatever grander office they fulfill in the universe, are made at the same time to be for signs, and for seasons, and for days, and for years, and to be lights in the firmament of the heaven to give light upon the earth. Whatever nobler purposes they may accomplish, for this use, also, they were adapted by the Creator.

The intention of the Creator to elevate and gratify the human mind by spreading over us the sunlit and starlit sky is undeniable. One motive, therefore, in the structure of the material universe, was the good of man. Thus does the Creator consult our happiness in those contrivances which are destined to accomplish other ends remote from our comprehension. Out of all the worlds he has erected a roof over man's destiny. At the moment when we are awed by the revelation of his greatness we are touched by the disclosures of his condescension.—[Professor George P. Fisher.

The Pittsburg Baron Munchausen.

A certain young lady of Pittsburg, who has not yet reached her third birthday, makes her papa's life a burden by her persistent demand for "'tories."

"Tell me a 'tory, papa," she will say, and papa has to submit.

Under the encouragement of his little daughter "papa" is developing into a Baron Munchausen of no mean caliber.

One day, not long ago, in response to an urgent invitation, the following "'tory" was told:

"Once there was a mosquito. This mosquito had a family of three young mosquitoes in a nest up a big tree. The little mosquitoes said to their mamma, 'We's very hungry.' Then the mamma mosquito went to a house where there was a nice fat baby asleep in a crib. The mamma mosquito carried the baby off to her nest, and divided it up among her children.

"Two of the little mosquitoes had a leg apiece, and the mamma mosquito and the other little baby mosquito each ate an arm. After those were eaten the rest of the fat baby was put away for supper. That's all of that story."

When the narration was concluded the unsatisfied infant remarked: "Tell me a bigger 'tory than that, papa."—[Harper's Young People.

A nephew of Dr. Schliemann, Carl Schliemann, is singing in the Emma Juch Opera Company.

The richest man in Boston is Fred L. Ames, whose fortune is reckoned at about $20,000,000. His grandfather, Oliver Ames, used to peddle shovels of his own handiwork.

How to Take Flattery.

Don't worry whether the man who says nice things to you means them or not. The fact that he takes the pains to say them is a compliment. He doubtless has an axe to grind, but it doesn't follow that you must turn the grindstone.

ENJYIN' LIFE.

Thar's some folks have an idee that life can't be enjyed
Unless yo have a fortune and a famous name beside.
They say thar's no accountin', for tastes are often queer,
But I, somehow or uther, enjye jest bein' here.
When cherry trees are bloomin' I take my hat and cane
And cross the deacon's meadow and saunter down the lane;
The birds are all a singin', and when the breezes blow
The blossoms fall around me, jest like the winter's snow.
The mornin' wind is brackin' and seems to do me good—
So fragrant-like and spicy, when blowin' from the wood.
Oft in the summer even's I sit down by the mill
And listen to the plinkin' of banjos on the hill;
And if I get to noddin' I'm wakened from the trance
By faint notes of a fiddle or echoes of a dance.
Then in the winter even's we gather 'round the fire,
Thar's me and Jones and Oakley, the deacon and the 'squire,
And each one tells his story, of how he's lived his day—
While sleighs with bells a ringin' sound near and far away.
Now, these are my ejyments, and, perhaps ye think I'm queer,
But, I, somehow or uther, enjye just bein' here.

—[H. Knowles, Pittsburg Dispatch.

A FRENCHMAN'S QUEER IDEA.

He Proposes to Drop People Safely From the Eiffel Tower.

A French inventor, having in mind people who dote upon the particular sensation that one feels on a high swing, on the edge of steep declivities or in any place where there is a rapid descent, proposes to give to the public the feeling of a vertical fall of several hundred meters into space. To him a jump from the top of the highest steeple is a mere bagatelle; it requires the height of the Eiffel Tower to satisfy his ambition. It is in one word a question of letting amateurs fall a distance of 300 meters and giving them back safe to their families. At the end of 140 meters of fall the rate of descent of this new species of tourist will be 45 meters a second; at the end of 200 meters it will be 65 meters per second; at the end of 300 meters it will be 77 meters per second. The most rapid railroad trains make about 30 meters per second. Never, then, has the human race experienced so high a speed as that proposed.

It is always easy enough to fall 300 meters, but it is not so easy to pick one's self up safe and sound. This is the scheme of the inventor. He builds a cage similar in shape to a shell for a cannon. In the body of the shell is a large space, having a diameter of three meters and a height of four meters, with room to hold 15 persons comfortably seated in arm chairs. The floor is a mattress having springs 50 centimeters high. Beneath, and forming the point of the shell, is a series of cones inclosed one within another. The total height of the cage is 10 meters; its weight four tons. From the top of a tower one can let this gigantic shell fall with its load without injury to any of the occupants.

Where it strikes the inventor has hollowed out a large basin filled with water, shaped like the bowl of a champagne glass. The shell is received in this soft cushion and displaces about 30 tons of water. The shock that the voyagers would otherwise feel is by this means entirely deadened. The buoyancy of the shell causes it to rise to the surface and the bold experimenters can then get out. The shell is then to be lifted up by an elevator to the top of the tower, where everything is ready to begin again. The price for this venturesome journey is already fixed at 20f. a person. This might be recommended as a new idea to the directors of the Chicago exposition.—[New York Times.

Sir Edwin Arnold's House in Tokio.

If I name my garden at Azabu among the scenes ever to be remembered in Japan, it is because it was typical of a city residence there, as well as being really a pretty spot, and full of "things Japenese." Provided with an outer as well as an inner range of sliding shoji, we could make it warm in the winter as well as cool in the summer, although the outer glass (amado) would certainly rattle a great deal in a stormy wind or an earthquake, this latter phenomenon occurring pretty frequently. A Japanese house is really healthy as well as comfortable. Being built not in the soil, as with us, but above it, freely ventilated by the airiness inseparable from its construction, and being entered only with bare or stockinged feet it is always sweet and clean. The tatami, the mats, of such an abode remain so free from dust or dirt that the delicate silks or muslins of their kimonos are laid upon the floor by Japanese ladies without the least fear of soiling them. Cheap to build, beautiful in appearance, spotlessly pure, and, with proper arrangements, eminently salubrious, the Japanese domicile seems to me entirely admirable, and in almost all its good qualities rich and poor share alike. The palace of the emperor and the hut of the Kurumaman are practically on the same plan, and even in the smallest tenements I have seen apartments so clean, so neat, so bright, and so charming that they might have been boudoirs for the empress instead of the back room of a mat maker's or a carpenter's abode.—[Edwin Arnold, in Scribner.

Why Boys Are Mischievous.

A boy can not invent anything—he can only imitate; and it is easier to imitate evil than good. You can imitate war, but how are you going to imitate peace? So a boy passes his leisure in contriving mischief. If you get another fellow to walk into a wasp's camp you can see him jump and hear him howl, but if you do not, then nothing at all happens. If you set a dog to chase a cat up a tree, then something has been done; but if you do not set the dog on the cat, then the cat just lies in the sun and sleeps, and you lose your time. If a boy could find out some way of doing good, so that he could be active in it, very likely he would want to do good now and then; but as he can not he very seldom wants to do good.—[William Dean Howells.

Archdeacon Colley, preaching on Satan recently at St. James's church, Marylebone, London, replying to an imaginary remonstrance from those who believe in giving the devil his due, exclaimed: "Ah, my friends, if we gave the devil his due many of us would be missing." The awkwardness of the use of "us" in such a case occurred to him afterward, and he seemed seriously embarrassed, while the congregation smiled.

A statistician has estimated that courtships average three tons of coal each.

A short sighted man is a money maker for other people.

If you want to know the truth you must take off your glasses.

The truth always gives life to those who take it to their hearts.

A man who knows a great deal knows better than to try to tell it.

"Every Spring."

Says one of the best housewives in New England, "We feel the necessity of taking a good medicine to purify the blood, and we all take Hood's Sarsaparilla. It keeps the children free from humors, my husband says it gives him a good appetite, and for myself I am sure I could never do all my work if it was not for this splendid medicine. It makes me feel strong and cheerful, and I am never troubled with headache or that tired feeling, as I used to be."

A fool thinks he is right because he can't see very far.

The blinded man is the one who thinks he has no faults.

Every Home Should Have it.

It is not always convenient to call a physician for every little ailment. Having Red Flag Oil 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.

If you want to feel right do right.

Everybody gains when a bad man dies.

The higher men rise the more dependent they become.

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.

Whenever a man wants anything and can't get it, it's about the same as throwing dust over anything he does have.

If you want to keep on thinking well of a man, don't go his security.

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.

A good many people think that there ought to be more fasting and praying, but they want some one else to do it.

A contented spirit is better than a bank account of seven figures.

The Pulpit and the Stage.

Rev. F. M. Shrout, Pastor 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 26 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, heals 'em all, and cures when everything else fails. The greatest kindness I can do my many thousand friends is to urge them to try it." Free trial bottles at REDER'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.

The less a man knows the more he finds fault with other people.

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 REDER druggist.

If you haven't got religion enough to sustain you in trial, how do you know that you have any?

A hadocrite's mouth has more death in it than that of a mad dog.

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 German army is using horse-shoes made out of paper.

Siam is to have a $400,000 electric railway thirty miles long.

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.

Give a man that which he particularly longs for, and in five minutes he longs for something else.

The smaller the town you live in, the more people there are interested when you get your hair cut.

Hold it to the Light.

The man who tells you confidentially just