A NEW ENGLAND CHRISTMAS TALE.

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little at the beginning of her walk.

There was no snow, but the heavy hoar-

frost glistened on the sidewalks, and

Old Mrs. Bean was coming out of

the great kitchen, and when her friend

wished her a merry Christmas, she

"There ain't nobody to make it merry

"I wish you a happy Christmas!"

said Miss Debby again. "I've come on purpose to be your first caller, an' I am goin' to make you the only present

I shall give this year. 'Tis somethin'

useful, Mis' Bean; a warm petticoat

I've fixed up nice, so's you can put it

The old woman's face brightened. "Why, you are real kind," she said,

waintin', Oh, yes, dear sakes! ain't it

beautiful warm one? one o' the real,

old-fashioned quilted kind. I always

used to have 'em when I was better off.

"Now I'm goin', because I can come

an' set an' talk with you any day, and today I've got Christmas work," and

off Miss Debby went to the heart of

Christmas was on Tuesday that year,

and she opened the door of a little

house, where a tired-looking young woman stood by an ironing-table, and

looked at her with surprise. "Why, Miss Gaines!" she exclaimed, "where

"I wish you a happy Christmas!" said Miss Debby, "I've come to spend

'I Wish You a Happy Christmas," Said

Miss Dibby.

the day with you. Just through break-

fast? No; the little girls are eat-

in' away yet. Why, you're late!"
"I didn't mean to be," said the young

mother; "but I felt so tired this morn-

ing, and pretty sad, too, thinking of

last year an' all. So I just let the children sleep. Nelly's got cold and was

coughing most all night, and I couldn't

bear to get up and begin the day. Mother sent for me to come over to

spend Christmas, but I couldn't get the

ccurage to start. She said she'd have some little presents ready for the lit-

tle girls, and now I'm most sorry I dis-

appointed her."
"Tha.'s just why I'm here," said Miss

go out, I can see, but you leave her here

with me, an' you just get ready and

take Susy and go. Your mother'll think

everything of it, and I'll see to things

here. Ironin'? Why, 't will do me good

I feel a little chilly, and Nelly and I

can have a grand time. Now you go

right off an' get ready, and catch the

quarter-to-nine train. I won't hear no

So presently the pale, hard-worked

young mother in her widow's bonnet

started off down the street, leading

bright-faced little Susy by the hand;

and Miss Debby and her favorite Nelly

watched them go, from the window. The breakfast dishes were washed and

put away in such fashion that Nelly

thought it quite as good as doll's house

keeping; and then, while Miss Debby

ironed, she sat in a warm corner by the

stove and listened to stories and to Miss Debby's old-fashioned ballads,

which, though sung in a slightly

cracked voice, were most delightful to

childish ears. What a Christmas morn-

ing it was! And after the small ironing

was done what pleasant things there

seemed to be to do! Miss Debby rum-maged until she found some little

aprons cut for the children; and first

she basted one for Nelly to sew, and then she took the other herself, and

they sat down together and sewed until

dinner time. The aprons were pink and added to the gayety of the occa-

sion; and they were ready at last to sur-

prise Nelly's mother by being put back

in their place in the same roll-all

done even to the buottons and button-

holes, for Miss Debby found time to fin-

ish Nelly's as well as her own. And

they had bread and milk for dinner,

and Miss Debby told stories of when

she was a little girl. Altogether there

never was a happier Christmas day, and

the spirit of Christmas, of peace and

good will shone bright in Miss Debby's

face. Her quick eye saw many chances

to lend a helping hand to the poor, de-fenseless household. When Nelly's

mother came home at night, heartened

and cheered by her visit, she found the

froning and mending done; and a day

or two later the pink aprons turned up

all ready to be put on. And Nelly's

tiresome cough, which sounded like the

whooping-cough, was quite stilled by some good old-fashioned dose which Miss Debby mixed agreeably with mo-

lasses and put to simmer on the stove.

There seemed to be no end to the kind and thoughtful things Miss Debby did

She had started for home at dusk,

just before it was time for young Mrs.

Preller to get back, and was walking

along the street, a little tired, but very

now!" she exclaimed, as she passed the watchmaker's window. "I mean to go and see Mrs. Wallis a little while," and

she quickened her steps.
Presently Miss Debby Gaines came to

a fine. large house, very different from the one she had just left, and took pains to straighten her little black bonnet as she went up the long flight of handsome

stone steps. An elderly man-servant opened the door.

"I wish you a happy Christmas!" said Miss Debby. "Can I see Mrs. Willis. do you suppose, Mr. Johnson?"
"Oh, yes'm," said Johnson, with feeling, "I was wishing somebody'd come in, Miss Gaines, now it's beginning to get dark. The young ladies was here this morning, and brought their presents, but they d made a promise to go out into the country with some young

"I wish you a happy Christmas!" said

"Why, it's only half past four o'clock

that day in a neighbor's house.

words about it."

Well, that is a present!"

are you going so early?"

the town again.

"It is the one thing I've been

right on an' feel the comfort of it."

shook her head.

for me," she said.

By SARAH ORNE JEWETT.

Little Miss Debby Gaines was counting the days to Christmas; there were only three, and the weather was bright and warm for the time of year.

"I've got to step fast to carry out all my plans," she said to herself. ems to me as if it were going to be a beautiful Christmas: it won't be like any I've spent lately, either. I shouldn't wonder if it turned out for the best, my losing that money I always call my Christmas money; anyway I'll do the best I can to make up for it."

Miss Debby was sitting by the window sewing as fast as she could, while the light of the short winter day was going, mending a warm old petticoat and humming a Psalmtune. Suddenly she heard a knock at the door; she lived in two upstairs rooms, and could not see the street.

"Come in!" she said, cheerfully, and dropped her lapful of work.
"Why, if it isn't Mrs. Rivers!" she

said, with much pleasure. The guest was a large woman, fash-fonably dressed. You would have thought that a very elegant blue-jay had come to make a late afternoon call upon such a brown, chippy-sparrow as Miss Debby Gaines. Miss Debby felt much honored, and brought her best rocking-chair; and Mrs. Rivers scated herself and began to rock. Her stiff silk gown creaked as if she were

"What are you doing-something pretty for Christmas?" she asked. "It may be for Christmas, but it isn't very pretty," answered Miss Debby, a little laugh and shake of the head. "Tell you the truth, I was mending up a nice warm petticoat that I don't have much use for; I thought I'd give it to old Mrs. Bean, at the poorhouse. She's a complaining, cold, old creatur', an' she's got poor eyesight an' can't sew, and I thought this would make her real comfortable. It's rather more heavy than I need to wear." "I've been downtown all the after-

nocn, and it's so tiresome trying to get at anything in the stores." said Mrs. "They push you right away from what you want time to look over. I like to consider what I buy. It's a great burden to me trying to get ready for Christmas, and I thought I shouldn't do anything this year on account of my health. I've had large ex-penses this autumn. I had to have new carpets and a new outside garment. I do like to see the pretty things in the stores, but they were so full of people and so hot and disagreeable this after-

Miss Debby had picked up her petticoat and was holding it close to the window while she sewed on the button with firm linen stitches.

"I haven't been down the street for two or three days," she said. "You'll excuse me for goin' on with my work; it's most dark, and I'll be done in a mo-ment, and we can sit an' talk."

"It does me good to come and see you once in awhile," said Mrs. Rivers, plaintively. "I thought I'd stop on my way home. Last year you had so many

"There aren't any at all this year." answered Miss Debby, bravely. "It Debby, gayly, and with double her wasn't convenient, so I thought I'd just usual decision. "No, Nelly's not fit to Christmas.'

"Sometimes I wish I had no more responsibilities than you have. My large house is such a care. Mr. Rivers is very particular about everything, and so am I." She gave a great sigh and creaked louder than before, but Miss Dbby did not have the right sort of consolation to offer, and kept silence. "You enjoy having your pretty house," she ventured to say after a few moments, wouldn't like to do with as little as -" and Mrs. Rivers shook her head in the dusk and went on rocking.

"Presents aren't nothing unless the heart goes with them," said Miss Debby boldly, at last, "and I thinkk we can show good feelin' in other ways than in bestowing little pincushions. Anyway, I've got to find those ways this year.
'Tis a day when we New England folks can seem to speak right out to each other, and that does seem good. Somethin' gets in the air. I expect now to enjoy this Christmas myself, though felt dreadful bad last week, sayin' to myself 'twas the first time I couldn't make my presents. I aidn't know how interested I was goin' to get; you see I've made my little plans."

Then they talked about other things and Mrs. Rivers grew more cheerful and at last went away. She always found Christmas a melancholy season. She did not like the trouble of giving then, or, in fact, at any other time; but she had her good points, as Miss Debby Caines always insisted.

11. On Christmas morning early Miss Debby waked up with a feeling of happy expectation, and could hardly wait to make her cup of tea and eat her little breakfast on the corner of the table before she got out her best bonnet and Sunday cloak to begin her Christmas errands. It was misty and dark, but the sunlight came at last, pale and radiant, into the little brown room; and Miss Debble's face matched it with a quiet smile and happy look of

"Take neither purse nor scrop," she said to herself, as she went downstairs to the street. There was nobody else stirring in the house, but she knew that the poorhouse would be open and its early breakfast past by the time she could get there. It was a mile or so out of town. She hugged a large package under her shawl, and shivered a

In Curing Torturing Disfiguring Skin Diseases

Works Wonders

friends, so they aren't coming to din-ner, and Mrs. Wallis has been alone all day. She was pleased to have 'em go,

By this time Miss Debby had crossed the wide hall to the library, where the lonely old mistress of the house usually sat. She hesitated a moment before si

"I wish you a happy Christmas!" she said. "It's me, Mrs. Wallis-Debby

"Why Miss Debby!" and there was something in the tone of this hostess which told at once that she was glad to see a friend. "Why, Miss Debby! Come and sit down in the chair by me! I don't doubt you have been trotting bout all day," and Mrs. Wallis held out warm, affectionate hand.

"No, I've been keepin' house for Mis' Preller, so she could go and see her mother," explained Miss Debby, quite simply. "I had a nice time with her simply. little girl that's just getting over a cold and couldn't go with the others. I was just on my way home. I thought I'd stop and see if there was anything I could do for you."

"Nothing, except to stay a little while and keep me company," said Mrs. Wallis. "My granddaughters are usually here, but they had a very pleasant plan made for them, and I was very glad to have them go. A skating party and dinner at the Ashtons' country house, and a dance.

"Young folks will be young folks," said Miss Debby. "I should like to hear all about it when they come and tell. Everybody seemed to be goin' somewhere to-day; 'twas the nice clear weather." "There are all my pretty presents on

the table," said Mrs. Wallis. "Somehow they haven't been very good company; this is the first Christmas in all my life that I have happened to spend quite alone.

Miss Debby might not have done it without thinking, by daylight, but she drew a little nearer and took hold of Mrs. Wallis's hand.

"You must have had a great many lovely things to remember," she said softly. "But anybody can't help feeling lonesome; I know how 'tis. Everybody misses somebody the world over. There was all of us together once at home, and I'm a kind of sparrow on the housetops. But I've had a beautiful day so far, I own I was afraid you'd have a sight of company an' I should have to miss seeing you."

"I'm glad somebody wanted to see me," said Mrs. Wallis, more cheerfully, and one of the friends I've known longest; and they went on with much pleasant talk of both the old days and he present time, and Mrs. Wallis gave Miss Debby a cup of tea, and they had a happy little feast together there in the before the humble, lovinghearted guest went away, leaving peace and good-will once more in a lonely and troubled heart.

She stopped here and there at the handed on Christmas day, and everyhouse she comforted a crying child by mending his Christmas top, and at an-



Everybody Misses Somebody the World

other she knew just how to help a pretty girl to dress for her Christmas party, and sat down and took off her big woolen gloves to alter the refractory dress, which it had seemed imposssible to wear. She was like a good angel as she sat there, sewing and smiling and making everybody's mind at ease.

It was late in the evening when this was done, and she had had a long day; but she stopped, with great bravery, and asked to see the minister, and told him how thankful she was for his sermon on Sunday and wished him a happy Christmas. The minister had been a little discouraged for some reasons, as ministers often are in spite of everything, and even some great kindnesses in the shape of welcome presents from his friends did not cheer him half so much as the sincerity and affection of Miss Debby's visit. And he watched the little figure go down the street with tears in his eyes. So few people could forget themselves to remember others as this dear parishioner could; it was worth living for, if one could sometimes help and refresh those who are the true helpers; and so he went back to his work in the study, feeling like a better and busier man than when he had left it.

So Miss Debby came back to her little home again. The fire was out and it was all dark, but she went straight to her small rocking-chair by the window and sat down to rest, and to thank the Lord for such a happy day. And though her purse was empty her heart was full. and she had left a little pleasure behind her all along the way.

Presently she lighted her lamp, and then she saw on the table a great package and a note beside it; and the note was from Mrs. Rivers.

"Something you said the other day." Miss Debby read, "made me feel differently about Christmas from what I ever have before, and I am going to try to make as many people happy as I can. And you must believe that my heart goes with these presents that I send to you. They are some of my own things that I liked, and wanted to share with you, and I send them with love."

Miss Debby's face shone with joy. She had always liked Mrs. Rivers, but she had pitled her a little; and now the note made her feel as if she had found a new friend and made her happy without knowing it. And so Miss Debby's Christmas came to a happy end.

The End.

Horehound and Elecampane Cordial. Each of the component parts of Aunt Rachael's Cordial, vis: Horehound and Elecampane Root and Speer's Grape Julee is a cure for pulmonary complaints. The grape Julee and Horehound are combined with Elecampane in the proportions recommended by the best physicians for throat and lung diseases, public speakers and singers. For sale by druggists, or at Aunt Rachael's home, Passalc, N. J.

True Grasitude. "Bh," said the rescued man, as the other dragged him on dry, "you have saved a very valuable life. Go to the Banker's Rosenhain's and he will richly reward you. He is my chief creditor."—

Facts of Interest To Women Readers.

Symposium of Information, Partly Grave, Partly Gossipy and Partly Gay.

Chicago's noted woman lawyer, Ada C. Sweet, wields a sarcastic pen, in proof of which witness this discription of a new profession which she contributes to the Times-Herald: "Philanthropy as an occupation is growing in favor among the people who are seeking a field of effort and the mighty dollar in one quest. Religion, law, medicine and the other ordinary lines of business have a dangerous rival in the new profession. Men and women of a certain grade of intelligence, joined to sharp wits and a smooth tongue, have found out a new way of getting on in the world, and they are proceeding to get on with swift and sure progress, through the kind offices of the rest of creation. It is easy to start in trade as a philanthropist. All that is necessary is to organize a society ofone or more for the prevention or promotion of something or other, and then as soon as possible force upon an unwilling world an Institution, charitable or reformatory, but always to be written with a big I. In fact not to be partial, the philanthropist of the type here considered so writes himself. His start once made, all is simple and secure.. With his society and institution at his back the philanthropist can face a frowning world undismayed. He considers corrugation of the brows as nothing. The pocket of mankind is his oyster, which he with his tongue will open.

"Prospectus in hand, its front page duly garnished with the names of goodnatured figureheads, the philanthropist is fully equipped for business. But a little while and for him the land flows with milk and honey. Helives in comfort and dignity in the well-appointed administration buildings or rooms of his institution waited upon cap and knee by 'inmates,' the quick growth of institutions. They come of themselves, like weeds in a garden. An asylum for the seventh three-toed sons of the seventh six-toed son would doubtless be filled with duly qualified 'inmates' within a month after its doors were open. The philanthropist at home or abroad lives on the fat of the land. His clothes are well made, he wears a new hat, he is received in comfortable homes and regaled with chicken pie. The evening service at church is his especial function, and after his talk the chink of silver is heard in the aisles. For all these benefits and blessings he talks. He can say what seems school, he has well in hand. There is no one to molest or make him afraid. No ship's captain on the high seas is more Independent and secure in his authority and dealings than this autocrat in his institution. His rules and regulations, his by-laws and his charter, have been carefully drawn to make him supreme n authority and responsible to no one. He himself has chosen with a cunning hand the persons making up his board of directors and officers, and not one of them by any chance, he well knows, has energy or conscinece to oppose him. Upon his charges he firmly binds the crippling bands of institutionalism. They are unfitted for life and its responsibilities with sure success, and new unrowd around his gates. The people pay the bills-the good, easily coaxed, warm-hearted people. And they never ask an accounting. Great is the professional philanthropist, and great is the system of society in which he flour-

SELECTED RECIPES:

Teacakes.-Rub six ounces of butter into one poung of flour, add six ounces of easter sugar, two ounces of candled peel finely shred, mix a quarter of a teaspoon-ful of carbonate of soda in a little less than a gill of milk; pour this into the flour, sugar, and butter; drop in gradually the yolks of four and the whites of two well-beaten eggs; stir, grease a tin, put the mixture on it in small lumps, and bake them in a brisk oven.

Lobster Cutlets.—For every cup of boiled lobster take one large tablespoonful of flour, one tablespoonful of butter, onehalf of a table spoonful of cream or milk, one tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the yolk of one egg, salt and pepper to taste. Scald the milk, rub the butter and four together until smooth, add to the milk and sir until it thickens; add the beaten will say the form of the salt of the milk and sir until it thickens; add the beaten will say the salt of yolks, stir for a moment and remove from the fire. Add the seasoning to the lobster and mix the custard. This must be done very carefully, that the cutlets may not be pastry. Put it away to cool, and when cool form into small cutlets; roll in egg and bread crumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat. Garnish with lemon and parsley. Jellied Cranberries.—Pick over and wash

two quarts of cranberries, put them into a porcelain-lined saucepan with sufficient cold water to cover them; place the saucecold water to cover them; place the sauce-pan over the fire and sowly stew the fruit until it is soft enough to be pressed through a fine sleve with a potato mash-er; to each pint of the cranberry pulp add a pound of fine white sugar; put the cranberry pulp and sugar over the fire and boil them, stirring them constantly for about fifteen minutes, or until a little of the jelly cooled on a saucer thickens to the desired consistency; when the jelly is properly boiled pour it into molds wet in cold water and let it cool until it is firm. It is then ready for use. Serve the firm. It is then ready for use. Serve the jellied cranberries with the chicken pot-

A Nice Way to Warm Over Romant of Ham.—Chop the meat fine, being careful to remove any pieces of gristle and fat. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a saucepan, when hot add a tablespoonful of flour, cook until smooth but not brown, flour, cook until smooth but not brown, add gradually a cup of rich milk, stirring constantly, add the chopped ham, seasoned highly with red pepper and a little salt. Let the meat get thoroughly hot and serve. The beaten yolks of two eggs may be added, and makes a pleasant variety. Macaroni Without Cheese.—A good dish of macaroni can be made as follows: Stew the macaroni in salt water; at the same time stew half a can of tomatoes (of four fresh ones) with a sliced onlon, putting them through a colander when they have cooked about ten minutes. Then add butter about the size of half an egg, a heap-

them through a colander when they have cooked about the minutes. Then add butter about the size of heif an egg, a heaping teaspoonful of corn starch, salt and pepper to taste (it is better if highly seasoned); when this mixture is cooked to a thin paste, pour it over the macaroni and bake it twenty minutes.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce.—Put one-half of a quart can of tomatoes on to boll, with two sprigs of parsley and a small piece of celery, or a little celery salt and three whole cloves. Fry one tablespoonful of chopped onion in ohe heaping teaspoonful of butter till yellow, then add a heaping tablespoonful of flour and stir all into the tomatoes. Season with pepper and salt and strain into a clean saucepan. Set where it will keep hot but not boil. Put one-fourth of a pound of well-washed macaroni in plenty of boiling salted water. Cover and boil rapidly from twenty to twenty-five minutes, then drain in colander. Place a layer of the macaroni in a hot dish, then pour over it some of the sauce, then another layer of macaroni and a layer of sauce, having the sauce the last thing. Set in the oven for five the sauce the last thing. Set in the oven for five the sauce the last thing. Set in the oven for five the sauce the last thing. Set in the oven for five the sauce the last thing. Set in the oven for five the sauce the last thing.

Sally Lunn.—Sift into a pan one and one-half pounds of flour. Put in two ounces of butter warmed in a pint of new milk, one saltspoonful of salt, three eggs well beaten and two tablespoonful of good yeast. Mix well together and put the whole into a tin pan well greased and let rise over night. Serve with the addition of two tablespoonfuls of sugar. Clam Stew.—A well-made clam stew is such a delicious dish and so cheap that it is strange it is not oftener seen on outables. Take fifty small clams of any good. it is strange it is not oftener seen on outables. Take fifty small clams of any goovariety and steam them in their shells for about five minutes. When the shells begir to open, remove them from the fire anopen them, saving all the juice. Heat three cups of milk over the fire. Mix two tablespoonfuls of butter with two everones of flour, and stir in the milk. When it bolls, add the clam juice. When it bolls thoroughly again, add the clams Season with a little pepper and let it boll again for two minutes. Then remove it at once from the fire and servin soup plates over well-browned slice. in soup plates over well-browned silecof white bread. If it boils any longe
after the clams are put in they will btoughened. It is as futile to attempt tboil clams tender by extra cooking as te
boil eggs soft by the same method.
Pickled Oysters.—Boil the liquor of when they have stood a few minute-take them out and boil the liquor again with a gill of vinegar, a few whole black peppers and two or three blades of mace When this is cold pour it over the oys-ters and cover them clearly. This is ters and cover them closely. This is very good way to keep them.

HEALTH HINTS:

The fumes of turpentine are said to relieve the worst paroxyms of whooping cough.

A lump of sugar saturated with vinegar is highly recommended as a remedy for

If you wake with a headache every morning, try as a remedy the better venti-lation of your bedroom.

Do not attempt to dye gray hair; all dyes

to darken the hair contain lead, and are very hurtful to the health. Neither milk nor water that has been standing in a sickroom should be swall-lowed by the patient or by any one else. There is no "safe medicine" to "make one thin." Exercise—dance. Eat no po-tatoes, rice; corn starch, oatmeal and but little bread. Eat no sweet foods, preserves or candy. Let your diet consist of lean

or candy. Let your diet consist of lean meats, fish, oysters, all kinds of fresh fruit and green vegetables. Eat an orange before breakfast every morning.

Many persons are unable to bathe (sit)
in a tub of water; hot-water baths are

duntity of picric acid should always be kept on hand wherever workmen are sub-jected to the possibility of being burned, Dr. Naegell, a Beigian physician, has discovered that yawning has a salutary effect in complaints of the pharynx and eustachian tubes. According to his view, yawning is the most natural form of res-piratory exercise, bringing into action all piratory exercise, bringing into action all the respiratory rmuscles of the chest and neck. He recommends, therefore, that every person should have a good yawn, with stretching of the limbs, morning and evenig, for the purpose of ventilating the lungs and tonifying the muscles of respiration. He claims that this sort of gymnastics has a remarkable effect in relieving throat and car troubles, and says tha fortunates, defectives, or incorrigibles patients suffering from disorders of the throat have derived great benefit from it.

Many persons of both sexes are troubled with cramp in one or both of the legs. It usually comes on suddenly, and while it lasts the pain is acute. Most people jump out of bed—the cramp nearly always comes on just after going to bed or while undressing—and either rub their leg or get some one to do it for them. There is nothing easier than to overcome the spasm, and the method suggested is as follows: Provide a good strong cord-a long garter will do if nothing else is handy. When the cramp comes on take the cord, wind it around the leg over the place in which the pain is felt, and take an end in each hand, and give it a sharp pull, one that will hurt a little. The cramp will cease instantly, and the sufferer can go to bed assured that it will not come again that night.

A Gentle Corrective is what you need when your liver becomes inactive. It's what you get when you take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets; they're free from the violence and the griping that come with the ordinary pill. The best medical authorities agree that in regulating the bowels mild methods are preferable. For every derangement of the liver, stomach and bowels, these timy, sugar coated these tiny, sugar coated pills are most effective. They go about their work in an easy and natural way, and their good lasts. Once used, they are always in favors. Being composed they are always in favors. Being composed of the choicest, concentrated vegetable extracts, they cost much more than other pills found in the market, yet from forty to forty-four are put up in each sealed glass vial, as sold through druggists, at the price of the cheaper made pills.

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of

"Pleasant Pellets" cure biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels. Put up in sealed glass vials, therefore always fresh and reliable. Whether as a laxative, or in larger doses, as a gently acting but searching cathartic, these little "Pellets" are unequaled.

As a "dinner pill," to promote digestion, take one each day after dinner. To relieve the distress arising from over-eating, nothing equals one of these little "Pellets." They are tiny, sugar-coated, anti-bilious granules. Any child readily takes them.

Accept no substitute that may be recommended to be "just as good." It may be better for the dealer, because of paying him a better profit, but he is not the one who needs help.

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