## WORLD OF LETTERS.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

Nothing to surpass in mechanical beauty and elegance the latest work of the Roycroft Printing shop at East Aurora, Mr. Elbert Hubbard's two-volume novel, "The Legacy," has yet made its appearance in this country. It is evidently a labor of love, for there are only 700 copies, and each is signed by Mr. Hubbard. The volumes are printed on dekle edged, handmade paper, and bound in blue chamols, satin-lined. We put the book's manner before its matter not because the latter isn't interesting, but because in any fair estimate it must be ranked Nothing to surpass in mechanical in any fair estimate it must be ranked

secondary.

Mr. Hubbard is a philosopher and satirist rather than a novelist. In touching off fads and folbles and in putting caustic to the shams of the time he has few equals among the younger of our writers; but his is not the equipment for sustained imaginative works. e work in fiction. His story—that a simple-minded Harvard profes-r who suddenl: receives a legacy by will of an admiring former pupil. the will of an admiring former pupil, is tricked into putting it into stock speculation in the hope of being able to make enough profit to endow a chair of blology, is fleeced, to be sure, becomes temporarily insane and while laboring under the hallucinations of that mental aberration flees with a favorite public to the far west, where he takes no with a typical guideman.

To fear us;—we are weaker far than you—Tis we who should be fearful—we indeed Should hide us, too, as darkly as you do.—Safe, as yourself withdrawn. Hearing the World roar on Too willful, woful, awful, for the Childheart! he takes up with a typical guichman, Rattlesnake Pete, and lives for a per-lod as a hermit in the wilderness-presents good opportunities for artistic treatment, but Mr. Hubbard only in places rises to them. His drawing of the cowboy is superb. But nobody not esoterically enlightened can figure out Johnson's share in the professor's insanity nor perceive the propriety of waiting until near the last chapter to have the professor's wife fall over a precipice.

precipice.

The merit of the work is really in its epigrams and in its little dashes of peppery description. They scintillate in nearly every chapter. Below are some of them:

Some of them:
You seldom catch a weasel in the arms of Morpheus; the snake always sees you first, and the fox has his inward eye on a hen roost, not on a theory. Admiration and imitation being first cousins, we unconsciously become like that on which our thought is fixed.

The wife of a genus often takes his fits of abstraction for stupidity, and having the man's interest at heart, she endeavors to arouse him out of his lethargy by railing at him. Occasionally he awaltens ens enough to rail back. And so it has become an axiom that genius is not domestic.

confessional is a necessity for great sous and small.

If you were a stranger and chanced to call at Pete's cabin he would have taken you in, warmed you, clothed you, fed you, and he would have felt insulted had you offered to pay. If you had fallen among thieves, been beaten sore, and left by the roadside, half dead, and Pete had chanced to pass that way he would have stopped, bound your wounds, set you on his own beast and taken pursuit of your enemy; thus not only acting the part of the Good Samaritan, but seeing his biuff and going him one better.

"The Windfall" by William O. Stoddard (New York: D. Appleton & Co.) is a story of the mines, written especially for boys and spiced as all Mr. Stoddard's stories are with liberal dashes of love, heroism and adventure. The young hero of the tale goes through enough explosions, floods and miscellaneous perils to satisfy the most exenough expressions, floods and miscel-laneous perils to satisfy the most ex-acting, and in the final chapter no doubt wins his reward. We haven't read as far as the final chapter, but we would if we had the line.

The Appletons publish in their Town The Appletons publish in their Town and Country library a capital sea tale by F. H. Costello, entitled "Master Ardick, Buccaneer." It is a yarn spun in the day of the second Charles, when daring spirits roved the main and honest enterprise often went foul through muthy of crews or encounter with the black that In the year vestibule to black flag. In the very vestibule to this story, as it were, we have a choice this story, as it were, we have a choler sea fight between a modest British merchantman and a Hollandish pirateer, and a few pages further on a mutiny is served up in language that does it justice. Indeed, the reader of this book will be a singular personage if he does not feel before laying the volume down that he has got his money's worth.

ume in which the Chicago firm of H. S. Stone & Co. has sought to preserve them. It appears in orange-and-scarlet covers under the title "The Land of the Castanet," and includes in all ten papers, or double the number which saw light in the magazine. Mr. Taylor's sketches of Spain are interesting to the acceptes because drawn with a lor's sketches of Spain are interesting in themselves because drawn with a free hand and set down without manipulation; and they are interesting co-incidentally by reason of the light which they unintentionally shed on certain diplomatic problems now before the weight for artifement. the world for settlement.

### BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The first number of the Tatler contained a most sympathetic and appreciative review by W. D. Howells of James Whitcomb Riley's latest and most ambitious offering, "A Child World." "He has chosen." Mr. Howells informs us, "for the vehicle of his poem that lefsurely and comfortable decasyllable rhyme which long ago comically got itself called heroic, and which here gives me the effect of being put into commission without being much dusted off, but with the cobwebs and the strawy litter of a venerable disuse still upon it. As it creaks gently along under the poet, with a pleasant clatter of loosened bolts and nuts, it stops now and then and lets him break into a lyric, and then starts quietly on again. From beginning to end it moves through the world of childhood, the childhood of forty or fifty years ago, the childhood of forty or fifty years ago, the childhood of that vanished west which lay between the Ohio and the Mississippi, and was, unless memory abuses my fondness, the happlest land that ever there was under the sun. There were no very rich nor very poor in that region, which has since become the very hotbed of millionairism, but an equality of condition never matched before or since, so that the picture of the peaceful, kindly life in one village family, which Mr. Riley gives, is the portrait of all village family life then and there, except when it was marred by vice or tainted by guilt. In the large towns it was not quite so simple, but it was still very simple; the towns were not so large nor so old, but their citizens were still nearly all of village growth and had known the village life. It is a phase of this life which Mr. Riley translates into rhyme with a most conscientious literality and a perfect courage. Allowing for the fact that life ordinarily talks prose, and not heroic couplets, or blank verse, or even so much as hexameters, I do not see how rhyme could possibly be truer to it. As for the spirit of it, that is as perfectly expressed in this poet's gentle art as unaffect

Perhaps a quotation from this poet would not be out of place:

The Child-heart is so strange a little The Child-heart is thingthingSo mild-so timorously shy and small,—
When grown-up hearts throb, it goes
scampering
Behind the wall, nor dares peer out at

al;—
It is the veriest mouse
That hides in any house—
So wild a little thing is any Child-heart!

Child-heart!—mild heart!—
Ho, my little wild heart!—
Come up here to me out o' the dark,
Or let me come to you!

So lorn at times the Child-heart needs must be.
With never one maturer heart for friend
And comrade, whose tear-ripened sympathy
And love might lend it comfort to the end,—
Whose yearnings, cohes and stings,
Over poor little things
Were pitiful as ever any Child-heart.

. . . . . . . Times, too, the little Child-heart must be

Times, too, the little Child-neart those gladgladBeing so young, nor knowing, as we know.
The fact from fantasy, the good from bad,
The joy from woe, the—all that hurts us so!
What wonder then that thus
It hides away from us?—
So weak a little thing is any Child-heart!

Nay, little Child-heart, you have never need To fear us;-we are weaker far than 'Tis we who should be fearful—we indeed
Should hide us, too, as darkly as you

Child-heart!-mild heart!-Ho, my little wild heart!-Come up her to me out o' the dark, Or let me come to you!

The Child-heart-long and long since lost to view-A Fair Paradise!-How always fair !t was and fresh and new-How every affluent hour heaped heart and eyes With treasures of surprise!

"Houghton, Mifflin published them,"
Mr. Hardy interrupted nervously, "There
are three altogether,"
For a moment the enterprising young
publisher looked dazed. Then he pulled
himself together; but Mr. Hardy had already arrived at the door, and a moment
later his heavy tread could be heard slowly descending the stairs.—The Tatler.

The December McClure's is to be a "hird," so its publishers say—and they ought to know.

cans her latest novel, which reaches us from the Lippincotts, of Philadelphia. The woman in question is what migate be called a feminine dead beat, but there are probably some persons who will find her interesting.

Those who read the papers on Spain by H. C. Chatfield-Taylor which were printed in recent issues of the Cosmopolitan will welcome the handsome volume in which the Chicago firm of the papers of the Cosmopolitan will welcome the handsome volume in which the Chicago firm of the papers of the Cosmopolitan will welcome the handsome volume in which the Chicago firm of the papers of the Cosmopolitan will welcome the handsome volume in which the Chicago firm of the papers of the cosmopolitan will welcome the handsome volume in which the Chicago firm of the papers of the papers of the cosmopolitan will welcome the handsome volume in which the Chicago firm of the papers of the papers

Boys."

Most of the notes in this column, it will be observed, are credited to the Tatler, Stone & Kimbail's little literary daily. The reason is that it is printing more and better matter of this kind than any other publication which we see. The exchange shears go to it instinctively and there is no better indorsement possible. Replying in a recent number to a correspondent who had complained of editors who boast of turning down certain authors the Tatler, for instance, presents this sharp shaft (and we cite it as a fair specimen of its kenness of fencing): "We suspect that the Harpers don't do much bragging about the way they 'turned down' Rudyard Kipling when he tried to sell them some of the best of his indian stories a few years ago. They don't even say much about their rejection of Gallagher, which Richard Harding Davis offered them in the young enthusiasm of his early days in New York, and those seven editors who rejected the story before Mr. Burlingame of Seribner's accepted it have kept very quiet. And so far Mr. Davis himself has never been known to tell of his persistent rejections of stories by Mr. Gilbert Parker during his brief autocracy at Harper's Weekly. No, beneath much of the editorial reserve that young writers from the country find so impressive during their early months in New York there lies many a pain from wounded vanity."

LITERARY NOTES.

LITERARY NOTES.

in an admirable and conclusive manner not only the verse of the solder's life, but also the poetry of patriothern of adventure, and of the sea, and of a modern field, to be termed roughly the romance of applied science, which the author has made his own in this new book of verses the qualities which have distinguished Mr. Kipling's best expresson in the verse are shown a a riper and fuller development than before.

### M'KINLEY AND HANNA.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Mark Hanna, chairman of the Republican national committee, was honored with a banquet reception by the Union club in Cleveland on Morday night. The occasion was chiefly interesting for the speech of Mr. Hanna hinself, though able responses to toasts were made by other speakers. The Mark Hinna of the caricaturists and the oppisition press and the real Mark Hanna appear to be two entirely different individu its. The former is a coarse, brutal and morcenary charauter, destitute of public spirit, private honor or worthy principles of any kind, an unscupulous and vulgar plutocrat who entered the political ariena simply to subserve his own selfish interests. The real Mark Hanna is entirely another man, judging from his record and his public utterances. Some plasses of his personality are just coming to the knowledge of the public. During the campaign he indulged in speech oilly when it was necessary. He possessus the rare and valuable power of reticence when silence is golden. Everything he had to say to the public prior to the election was thoroughly considered and wisely directed to accomplish the one end he had in view, the election of McKinley. He never condescended to notice the numerous attacks made upon him personally. These, in his estimation, were of no account and he left them to be deaft with by the common sense of the American people. But rince the election the restraint Mr. Hanna placed upon himself has been relaxed and he has been reported in interviews and speeches quite freely and very much to his credit. For one thing, it has been made very clear that instead of being the coarse and commonplace person with only the one talent of business organization his enemies declared him to be, he is a man of brond and liberal views, generous and patriotic in his impulses and a very happy public speaker.

At the banquet above mentioned Mr. Hanna spoke frankly, freely and feeling-Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

How aiways fair it was and fresh and an eyes

With treasures of surprise!

If you was a surprise!

With treasures of surprise!

If found you first sufficed when the surprise of the surprise

and temptations to which his treatment been subjected.

It is gratifying to every American voter, Republican or Democrat, whose ballot was given to the successful candidate to hear the man who had charge of his interests teatify to the conditions upon which the former consented to enter the field. As quoted by Mr. Hanna, McKinley said to him two years ago when the canvas was begun: "Mark, there are some things I will not do to be president of the United States, and I leave my honor in your hands." The man who said that would not, as was recklessly charged during the campaign, mortgage himself or sign away the solemn obligations of that great office to any man or any combination of private interests. Hanna, on his deference to the trust thus placed in his hands, obeyed the injunction, and, after the nomination, returned to his chief with the declaration that his candidate would enter the struggle unfettered by a single promise or dishonorable deal.

The cynic may sneer at disinterested friendship and the honor of public men; but it is fortunate for our land and its institutions that his degraded view of human nature is belied by the facts of human experience.

Always Reliable, Purely Vegetable, MILD, BUT EFFECTIVE.

## EDUCATION NOT A FAILURE.

From the New York Tribune.

The question may be asked in all seriousness, provoked by more than one current or recent incident. Is our education a failure? A great issue of national policy is brought to the fore. It demands consideration of political economy, history, industrial statistics, present conditions in all parts of the world, and what not. It is an issue, one would say, to the determination of which the most thorough knowledge of such topics should be summoned. But a man, a college-bred man, declares that the most illiterate and ignorant is as competent to deal with it as the most highly educated. Again, industrial evils, widespread, affliet the land, flusiness is prostrate. Men are idle, penniless. Vast discontent prevails. And a college-bred man says it is because the masses of the people are too highly educated. They are educated above their station, and thus made discontented. They remain ignorant, as it is fifting that hewers of wood and drawers of water should be. Are these men right? If so, the question first asked may readily be answered. Education is a failure. Schools and colleges are ghastly mockeries. If the one be right, "the dream, the fancy," of the poet are real. The squalid savage is the truest type of manhood. In his condition is not only more joy but more profit than "in this march of mind." Or if the other be right, and education be fitted only for the favored few, then is the republic itself a failure, and a tyrannical oligarchy is the best form of government. From the New York Tribune.

But they are not right. Humanity revolts at the very thought. "Knowledge is power," as the oid copybook legensal used to tell, and it is a power of universal beneficence, if only it be properly employed. "The practiced hustings liar" may tell his audiences ignorance is as competent as is wisdom to deal with great question of science and of statecraft, but they know, and he knows in his heart. So, that he lies. There is no rational farmer in the land who does not seek the superior knowledge of a physician when he is ill, or even when his horse or cow is ill. What wretched twaddle, then, to suy no expert knowledge is required to beal the aliments of the body politic! Those who have done this latter have invariably been men of knowledge. The founders of the republic—Washing ton, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and their colleagues—were scholars, every one of them, given to much reading and to diligent study. So were the men who saved the nation from disruption a generation ago. Now and then an unlettered gonius ashes upon the world and illuminates it with meteoric lustre. But the constant radiance that makes life bright and progress possible comes from men of true learning, who are men of action, but also men of thought.

Nor is the other theory more tenable. Richard Le Gallienne's "Quest of the Golden Girl" is out.

Sir Robert Feel a written a romance all the Sprightly Menie Muriel Dowe has a new book in press on "Some Whims of Fate."

S. Baring Gould's new historical romance concerns "Guavas the Tinner."

Professor Maharly is preparing for publication a fragment of a Greek novel which he has found on a paprus of the first cent. "New Jersey." by Frank R. Stockton, and "Georgia" by Joel Chandler Harris, are the titles of two delightful illustrated books to be published immediately by D. Appleton & Co. in a series cailed "Stories from American History." South American History." South American History." South American History." South American History. "South American While he show the maintenial which he has now for the first time used in fletion, The story opens in to an imaginary South American as the first one will begin its serial course in the next time used in fletion, The story opens in to an imaginary South American Republic, where all the subsequent action takes place, the plot turning on a ry-roution in this South American state. The hero is a young American civil engineer, while the heroines of the romance are two New York girls, who are sisters. "Holden and the heroes of the prize-ring, reappear in the pages of this stirring and fascinating romance. Every one knows the sanity and spirit of Dr. Deyles work, and here the pages of this stirring and fascinating romance. Every one knows the sanity and spirit of Dr. Deyles work, and here the pages of this stirring and fascinating romance. Every one knows the sanity and spirit of Dr. Deyles work, and here the content of the coach, and the mateur whip was constaitly in evidence. The road race described in this romance. The road race described in this romance. The whole was a through the coache it is affectations, was full of virility and picturesqueness. Those were the painty days of the coach, and the amateur whip was constaitly in evidence. The road race described in this romance. The professory of the coach, an

scholarship failed to comprise the very thing he was engaged in. It is not true that liberal education spoils a farmer's son for being a farmer, He is spoiled, if at all, because his education is not liberal, but partial; because his college curriculum includes too little; because he has not been taught how to apply all the friumphs of mechanics and meteorology, and chemistry, and electricity to the culture of the soil; yes, and to apply to the career of a farmer the mental discipline he has acquired by the study of philosophy, and the classics.

If | | | | | |

It is easy to scoff at these things, as at anything, but it is idle and mischlevous. The story of the world is the best vindication of the right of the human mind to freedom, to growth, to culture, to the attainment of the highest possibilities. The attempt was made to enslave men spiritually. It failed, and the world is the better, speritually, for the failure. The attempt was made to enslave them politically. It has failed, and is failing, and the world is for that reason the better off, politically. Equally sure would intellectual beneficent to of failure, and equally beneficent would such failure be to the world. Not for nothing was man endowed with mind superior to the blind instinct of the brute. Not uselessly is that mind developed and enriched. Our education is not a failure. It has only just begun its work for the welfare of the race.

THE ROMAN ROADS.

Some of Them Still in Use and Call for No Repairs. From the New York Independent.

The Roman road as built for eternity. When the roadbed had been prepared by excavation it was carefully refilled, regardless of expense, with layers of sand, stones and cement. The surface was so solidly dressed that the wear and tear was reduced to a minimum. Investigations with regard to the property of the propert Investigations with regard to the preparation of the roadbeds were made years ago by Bergier on Roman roads that are still in use in France, and with the following results: In one road the excavation down to hardpan was three feet deep. This trench was filled up first feet deep. This trench was filled up first with a layer of sand and cement an inch thick; then came a foot layer of flattish stones and cement; then a foot layer of small traveled stones and cement. These last two layers were so cement. These last two layers were so hard and firmly knit together that tools could break off fragments only with great difficulty. The next layer consisted of a foot of cement and sand, covered with a top-dressing of gravel. In another road in France the foot layer of cement and sand charged places with another road in France the foot layer of cement and sand changed places with the layer of cement and traveled stones. A third road in France was examined at a point where it had been raised twenty feet above the level of the surrounding country, and a vertical section revealed a structure of five layers. tion revealed a structure of five layers. First came the great fill of 16½ feet; on top of this fill they placed first a foot layer of flattish stones and cement, then mortar of any kind, then a halffoot layer of firmly packed dirt, then a half-foot layer of small gravel in hard cement, and lastly, a half-foot layer of cement and large gravel. Paved roads were exceptional. An example of paved road is the Via Appia, whose pavement consists of a hard kind of stone, such as is used for mill stones. The stones of this pavement stones. The stones of this payement are carefully hewn and fitted together so precisely that the road often appears to be solid rock, and has proved to be so indestructible that after 2,000 years so indestructible that after a over of continuous use it is still a magnificent road. Ordinarily, however, the top dressing of the road consisted of gravel and hard cement, and when, in gravel and hard cement, and when, in the countless inscriptions such and such a governor is said to have restored a given road, reference is made to this top dressing of gravel and cement. The width of the military road was usuany sixty feet; the raised center being twenty feet wide, with side tracks each of the width of twenty feeet. In some roads the raised center was paved, while the side tracks were dressed with gravel and cement.

The viae privatae and the feeders of the military roads were usually dire

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# From the Shadow of Death

## TWO WOMEN AND ONE MAN.

## The Stories of the Rescued Ones as Told to Our Reporter.

iroop in health and spirits, and even her mental faculties became impaired. Nervous lebility was the name given the disease by the physician but it would not respond to his treatment, and grew daily worse. The physician was changed but his successor could do nothing to aid her, her weight was steadily decreasing, her complexion grew lark and unleading the aid her, her weight was the add unleading to aid her, her weight was steadily decreasing, her complexion grew lark and unleading and all will process are place.

late Mr. John Lappeus, of Eden, Frie County,
New York, and now residing with her son,
Rev. Daniel P. Lappeus, the pastor of the
Baptist Church of Brookfield, New York, is
an old lady nearly seventy-seven years of age,
well known in the locality where she now
resides, and in Eric County, her husband havlag been one of the "forty-niners," or Calibox, or six boxes for \$2.50.

From the Gazette, Port Jervis, N. Y.

Mrs. A. A. Pinney, of Matamoras, Pike
County, Pennsylvania, until two years ago
was the embodiment of sound health. Then
without any apparent cause she began to
iroop in health and spirits, and even her
iroop in health and spirits, and even her
BROOKFIELD, New YOPE,

physician was changed but his successor could do nothing to aid her, her weight was steadily decreasing, her complexing grew dark and unhealthy, and all will power was in a state of suspension.

On the fourth of last July, Mrs. Pinnee, by the device of a friend began to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and before the first box was empty she was on the road to recovery. By the time she had finished the six boxes she had bought, she was in restored health, and she declares that her health is even better than it was in her girlhood.

The above information was obtained from Mrs. Pinney by a reporter and though the lady has a horror of newspaper notoriety, she consented to have her story told, in the hope that it might be seen by others similarly afflicted to what she had been.

Farmer Harvey Vail, a well-known and respected citizen of Greenville, was aboutled by the reporter, as Ir. Williams' placed, which would be be brought him so low that all labor was given up, and he looked for bu one relief.

He was in this unhappy condition when he read of a case of a man who had been all that heart disease and a complication of aliments, which the physicians could not reach, had brought him so low that all labor was given up, and he looked for bu one relief.

Mrs. M. A. Quick was the third person from whom the reporter sought information. As space is valuable her own concise statement is printed as given at her hone, 1917. He was for several weeks caunch and which was for several weeks caun

UP TO DATE.

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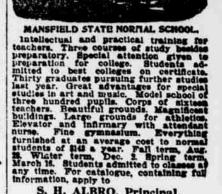
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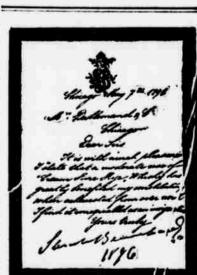
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