Che Home Reading Circle

A VISITOR FROM KENTUCKY.

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.

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PART L There was a stir in Wilkesburg when the Pearsons arrived from New York. Wilkesburg was a small town on a branch railroad in the nilly region of Kentucky, and time was never a very important commodity there. The people grew to be very large and lived to be very old. The representative of their district in congress was the greatest man they knew, though they heard much of New York, and their notions of it were vague. These dim impressions they derived chiefly from the county newspaper, that fearless and vigorous opponent of the trusts and monopolies, of which New York was the home, it is said, from their congressman, who delivered valiant and terrible blows at the plutocrats of the east when he spoke in the little courthouse square at Wilkesburg.

So, without any direct attempt at an analysis of their feelings, they thought of New York as a great but distant shadow, a place where most of the people were entirely given over to unholy greed and to all phases of wickedness. The idea was firmly imbedded in the minds of every man and woman in Wilkesburg that Wilkesburg and the thousands of other little places like it scattered between the Atlantic and the Pacific were the true salvation of the country and its rock of hope in a muddy sea. But the one name that conjured up horrors for of the honest rural population. They rich and magnificent at their expense, and the subject was often discussed. as a thing that it seemed must be, at the regular Saturday afternoon half holiday when the men gathered around the stove in the general store.

But their indefinable feeling of hos-

tility towards New York did not blunt their apreciation of Jim Pearson. Jim was one of themselves, a venturous Kentuckian, who had gone to New twenty years reports of Jim's success and at the caucuses around the stove expressions of admiration of Jim's daring were given with warmth and with-out reserve. It was a matter of personal pride to everyone that a Kentuckian and a native of their own what he intended to make of them. cians than he, for in Wilkesburg They did not suppose he would ever condescend to visit Kentucky again.

But when Tom Crockett, who was Jim's first cousin on his mother's side, received a letter from Jim saying that he and his wife were coming to pay him a visit, the news was known all over Wilkesburg in less than three hours. Mr. Crockett was a bachelor, but he kept house, or rather, an able colored woman kept it for him, in a low but roomy old place that his grandfather, who was one of the first settlers, had built. Mr. Crockett was somewhat "flustrated," as he described it, at the unexpected honor, but the ties of kinship and hospitality are very strong in Kentucky. The Kentuckian of the true blood would rather be a host than a guest, in order that he may do for the others, and Mr. Crockett was delighted. There was a mighty bustle in house, and it was soon in fit condition to receive a kinsman who, a victor in a distant clime, was returning after many years to visit his birthplace and the friends of his youth. At least that was the way it was put by Jeremiah Brooks, who taught the public school and had poetical ideas.

The circle around the stove had a The silver question, the chances of the next presidency, and the relative bravery of the northern and southern troops in the civil war were retired temporarily in the pres-ence of Jim Pearson. There were many opinions as to the effect of New York upon Jim. Young Sol Haselrigg, who was clerk in the store and had aspirations of his own, "reckoned that Mr. Pearson would be stuck up" and sion that Mr. Pearson and his wife had would think himself too good for the Witkesburg people. As for himself. young Mr. Haselrigg declared he would not take airs from any man, even if he did live in New York. But Mr. Crockett. bered him well. He was a "right peart" boy, but he was genuine Kentucky stock and he didn't think New York would corrupt him.

Mr. Pearson and his wife arrived one sunshiny Saturday morning and Mr. Crockett was at the train to meet them. He recognized Cousin Jim at once, despite his New York clothes and the twenty years that had passed. Mr. and and Wilkesburg did not have much chance to pass judgment on them just then, for Mr. Crockett bore them off hastily to his house. He "reckoned they might be right smart tired hav-

FACE

mples, blotches, blackheads, red, rough, ly, mothy skin, itching, scaly scalp, dry, in, and falling hair, and baby blemishes revented by CUTHURA SOAP, the most affective skin purifying and beautifying coap in the world, as well as purest and tweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery.

EVERY HUMOR From Pimples to Screenia cured by Corteval Resention.

ing come scuh a long journey and he guessed a good snack and a rest would

pearten 'em up a heap." Mr. Crockett was much worried be-cause they did not bring the children along, as he wanted to have the whole family with him, but Cousin Jim ex-plained that he disliked to impose on good nature and he had left the boyshe had only two children, and they were both boys-at home with friends.

The Pearsons reappeared the next day at the Methodist church with Mr. Crockett and were subjected to a minute examination by the whole population of Wilkesburg. It was decided after services that their clothes were of very advanced type and were the acme of fashion. Young Mr. Haselrigg himself was convinced of that, for he noted with great care every detall of Mr. Pearson's attire. The verdlct upon their manners was reserved for further acquaintance, as that was not a matter upon which Wilkesburg would pass lightly and without mature knowledge. There were many who thought that the Pearsons would be "stuck up." but if the evidence indi-cated to the contrary they were quite

willing to change their opinions. Mr. Crockett was over at the store on Monday morning, and he told the half dozen people who were gossiping there that Cousin Jim and his wife were all right. They had New York ways, it was true, but he guessed they couldn't help that, as Cousin Jim had them was Wall street. It was the lived in the big city twenty years abode of burnt-in sin, a kind of witch's and Mrs. Pearson had lived there all and Mrs. Pearson had lived there all plot in which were brewed all the evil her life. "But they were taking right plans against the peace and welfare kindly to Wilkesburg and weren't tryin' to behave toploftical." This anwere convinced that New York was nouncement created a distinct feeling in favor of the Pearsons, for Mr. Crockett was a man of substance and though not in a very bitter way, but standing in Wilkesburg and what he said was to be received with respect and belief.

The Pearsons themselves in their own proper persons soon became better known to Wilkesburg and were received with considerable favor. They were rather fond of talking about the greatness of New York, and Cousin Jim showed how he had expanded, but York twenty years before, and had Wilkesburg folks didn't mind that, shown that he was as good and as Cousin Jim was one of them, and they Wilkesburg folks didn't mind that. smart as the best of the Yankees them-selves. At intervals in those long in the metropolis. He was admitted to the Saturday afternoon circle in the would come back. No one else in store on terms of amity and equality. Wilkesburg or the surrounding country It was soon discovered there that he had ever gone as far as New York, had very little knowledge of politics, and the least expert among them could "corner him in an argyfication." But as they knew he had been engrossed for more than twenty years in important business affairs they did not lay this up against him. In fact, they Wilkesburg should invade New York were rather glad of it, for while they and do so well. They heard that Jim were willing to confess that Mr. Pearhad married in New York a few years son, had beaten them badly in the race after his arrival there, and they won- for wealth, there was consolation in dered how many children he had and knowing that they were better politigion alone takes precedence of politics.

and every man is a red-hot partisan. After Wilkesburg had decided that the Pearsons were not "stuck up" spite their worldly properity and the fashionable cut of their clothes, the people saw that the visitors had a good time, in so far as the resources of the village went. Mr. Crockett, of course, was especially careful to administer to the wants and pleasures of his guests. He always remembered that Cousin Jim was Kentucky-born and would verlook in Wilkesburg the absence of he luxuries and splendors to which he was accustomed in New York. When the time came for them to return to New York, he was sincerely sorry, but he knew the busy season was coming on and Jim's presence in the great store here was necessary. So he reluctantly assisted them in the prepartions for their departure, urging them many imes to come and see him and Wilkesburg again.

'We want you to visit us in New York," said Cousin Jim; "but I don't suppose you'll ever be traveling that far. To you it would look like going to the end of the world, wouldn't it?"

"I reckon it would," said Mr. Crock-"New York's been gettin' along without for me for a long time, an' I guess it'll have to keep on doin' it." Mr. Pearson laughed. Then they hook hands with Mr. Crockett and his friends and were off for New York, leaving Wilkesburg to discuss their sayings and doings for many months. Mr. Crockett was proud of the impres-

There was an unexpected and heavy advance the following autumn in the price of White Burley tobacco on the Louisville market. Mr. Crockett was who was a chivalric man, stood up an expert raiser of White Buriey, and stoutly for Cousin Jim. He remem- that season it had been his luck to put n an unusually large crop. When winter came and his tobacco was sold he found that he had a very pretty sum f money to his credit in the bank. It was so much that he felt rich and able to take a holiday. There would be very little work to do until spring about the farm, which was in trim and tidy fix, and when he gave the matter further thought he was unable to see any good Mrs. Pearson were in traveling garb, reason why he should not indulge his inclination.

Although he soon decided the first point Mr. Crockett was in a state of perplexity for some time over other coints, equally important. Where and how should he take his holiday? Such a thing as a set holiday had no part in the life of the five hundred people who constituted the population of Wilkesburg, and the only organized amuse-ment ever known in the village was the debating society which met every Friday in the cold season, in the schooliouse, and tried very earnestly to decide whether the Indian had suffered more wrongs than the negro, or wheth-er war or whisky had done the greater injury to man. He might go hunting out there was no novelty in that, and, esides, the game was becoming very scarce in the region around Wilkes-

burg. The right idea came to him one even ng when he was locking the barn doo after two days of doubt and indecision. He would go to New York and see the Pearsons. Such a thing as gong to New York had never occurred to him before. New York was so far away, and although it must be real he had never persuaded himself that it Wan.

Yet now that he thought of it there seemed to be nothing impossible in the

bank and no kin to look reproachfully at him if he should spend it. There was no reason why he should not take

There was much surprise in Wilkesourg when it became known that Mr. Crockett was going to New York. It had never been expected of him, and most of the people doubted his prudence. They ergued that Mr. and Mrs. Pearson in Wilkesburg would come down to the Wilkesburg level, but in New York they would stay on the New not aspire. Consequently his feelings would get hurt. They gave him much good advice. But, though he trembled a little at his own audacity in going so far, Mr. Crockett refused to change his nind. In order to provide against any ossible interference he wrote immediately to Cousin Jim that he was comng, and the next day followed the letter.

As he boarded the train the friendly station agent advised him to hold his chin mighty high or he would make his New York kinfolk ashamed of him and Wilkesburg. But Mr Crockett told him not to be scared that cousin Jim was not stuck up and "would take his Kentucky ways kinder easy."

PART II. The journey to Louisville was a triffling matter. Mr. Crockett had made it more than once before, and he knew what to do. But when he changed cars there and took a through train for New York, he began to lose some of the high confidence with which he had left Wilkesburg. This was the first time he had seen the interior of a sleeping car, and when the porter prepared his berth he approached it with fear and hesitation. At home he was considered a tall man in a tall community, and when sleep found him long after midnight, he lay with his knees against the top of his berth.

Mr. Crockett triumphed over all the difficulties of the journey, but when he left the train at Jersey City and found Cousin Jim waiting for him, his New York relative was as welcome as the sight of water in a thirsty well.

"I just received your letter this morning," said Cousin Jim. "It was a big surprise. I never thought you'd come this far. I would have telegraphed you, but it was too late, as I knew you were already on the way. So I told Mary to make ready for you while I came over to meet you."

"Oh, 'twasn't worth while to spend money on the telegraph company. I managed the trip all right," said Mr. Crockett, heartily. "I knew you'd be owerful glad to see me, 'cause I recolect how pressin' you were for me to pay back that visit you made me. How's Mary and the boys?' "Oh, they're very well," said Cousin

"You 'pear to be a little peaked yourelf," said Mr. Crockett, looking critically at his companion. Cousin Jim was a thin and rather small man with nervous and uncertain manners. There was no color in his cheeks and his flesh ooked flabby. Mr. Crockett could have rushed him in one hand. But he was all brain, Mr. Crockett had explained on the occasion of his visit to Wilkesburg. It was these thin, nervous little men who did great things, Jay Gould had been a thin, little man. Mr. Pearblack clothes somewhat faded.

"I'm glad to see you're not puttin' on style and takin' the shine out of me," said Mr. Crockett.

"Oh, no," said Cousin Jim, with a little smile; I'm not much of a follower of the fashions here in New York, I like to be plain, and I stick to my working clothes here."

"You do credit toyour Kentucky rais-Cousin Jim," said Mr. Crockett, and, besides, people in big business don't have much time to bother with fashlons, I guess, 'less they're on a holiday.

Mr. Crockett's train had arrived in the night, and the trip on the ferry ver the river was one of interest an delight. Before him sparkling with many lights lay the great city, long narrow like a gleaming sword blade thrust out into the sea. Crockett was glad that he had came to New York.

"I hope Cousin Mary hasn't put herself out for me," he said . worth while to make any fuss and bustie over me. Just let a servant fix a bed for me tonight, and to-morrow when I've played around on the grass awhile with the children I'll go down to the store and see how you boss things." "We have no yard," said Cousin Jim with some haste. "This is New York, you know. It's not like Kentucky. Even the Vanderbilts and Astors don't

have yards. Mr. Crockett was taken aback somewhat. Land must be mighty dear in New York, he said. When they reached the New York side they walked to the elevated road and entered a train that

carried them several miles uptown.

Leaving the train they turned into a great city of New York ought to light "You mustn't expect much of us," said Cousin Jim, deprecatingly, "We

don't go in for any great style. You know I'm only a plain man from Kentucky and Mary looks at things just "That's right! That's right;" said Mr. Crockett, with great heartiness. "A man oughtn't to be better'n his raisin', no matter how well he gets

New York hasn't spoiled you. Cousin Jim, an' I'm mighty glad to see that it hazn't." They came to a large building with

plain brick front. Some ill-kept children were playing in the street and one of them raised the cry: "Country! Country!" when the long-legged Kentuckian towering more than a head above Cousin Jim, stalked up. But Mr.



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iden. He had plenty of money in the | Crockett did not know that the cry was aimed at him, and his peace of mind

was not disturbed. Mr. Penison stepped into the doorway. There were rows of tin tubes on either side of the narrow entrance. He pressed something fixed in a brass plate under one of the tubes. Mr. Crockett watched him with great curiosity, but the experience he had acquired on his journey, added to his native shrewdness, made him too cautious to ask questions. Nevertheless he was surprised when the door flew open, Fork level, to which Mr. Crockett could and he came very near to making some comment. But he restrained himself and followed Cousin Jim inside.

Mr. Pearson led the way up a narrow staircase. There was no carpet on the steps, and a close, heavy odor as of air that had been breathed more than once, filled the hall. A lamp glimmer-ed feebly at a turning in the staircase, 'Cousin Jim is a little more savin' than I reckoned he was," thought Mr Crockett, "but it's just as well, I'm a

They climbed up and up, and it seem-ed to Mr. Crockett that they would never come to the end of these steps. He was a muscular man and could have thrown Cousin Jim over his shoulder and carried him a quarter of a mile without feeling any overwhelming ex-haustion, but he was not accustomed to climbing steps.

"You live pretty high up, pears to me, Cousin Jim," he risked at last.

"Yes," said Mr. Pearson with a faint smile; "it's healthier, you know, The higher you go the better the air." Mr. Crockett had not thought of that,

But the end of those steps came at last

and they knocked at a door five flights from the ground. They were welcomed by Mrs. Pearson, a small woman, who was pallid and flabby like her husband, Mr. Crockett was a gallant man and he did not forget the ties of kinship He opened his arms and gave. Mrs. Pearson a hearty embrace. Then he kissed her on the check. A little color

come into her pale face. "Powerful glad to see you, Cousin Mary," said Mr. Crockett, "and it perked me up mightily to see Cousin Jim, too, standin' there on the platform when the train came up. I'd a-had pesky hard time findin' you all by myself in this great city. Now don't you tucker vourself out foolin' with my vallse and overcoat. Just let your the corner anywhere."

"The fact is," said Mr. Pearson, "our servants 'ft us yesterday and we haven't a able to get others that suited up Haven't you read in the the trouble we have in papers a. the cities with servants? Always dis satisfied, always striking. There's no getting along with them. I really believe its sometimes easier to let them go entirely and do one's own work." "That's so! That's so!" assented Mr. Crockett, cheerfully. "I wouldn't have no slouchin' servants foolin' around I like doin' my own work, might be different with Cousin Mary She don't 'pear to be real strong." "Oh, yes, I am strong," said Cousing

Mary, "My looks deceive you." In proof of her words she snapped up value and overcoat and disappeared with them down a dark and pinched little hall. Mr. Crockett was taken presently into the front room where he struck twice against chairs and once against the wall. An oil lamp stood or the dresser and Cousin Jin apologized for the dimness of its light.

"It's bad, I know," he said, but the gas company is such a robber. Every month they'll send in a bill for two or three times the amount of gas you really use. It's not so much the mone we mind, but it's the principle of the thing. That's the reason we had our meter taken out. It's the only way you can fight these grasping corporations. Lots of the millionaires on Fifth aveaue have done the same thing."

Mr. Crockett admired Cousin Jim's stand for principle. He had a great horror for all corporations, which he was convinced were ruining the coun try, and he was heart and soul with Cousin Jim in his fight against the gas company. But this did not drive away he sense of physical uneasiness which had seized him when he entered the room. He did not know where to put himself. The chairs seemed to smal or his bulky frame, and he was afraid that if he stretched out his legs they would reach from one wall to the other Mr. Crockett was accustomed to wide areas and he felt suffocated.

Mrs. Pearson spread a white cloth on a small table and brought in some coffee and cold meat and bread and butter. Mr. Crockett was hungry, hunthan he liked to say, and he pulled up his chair with alacrity when Cousin Jim invited him to attack the food. But he was surprised to see that Mr. and Mrs. Pearson took no hand a the knife and fork. He asked them to join him. He said he didn't think it was manners for him to eat alone. But Cousin Jim shook his head.

"We ate dinner," he said, with the same faint little smile, "before I went down to the train to meet you. street which Mr. Crockett thought the ate so heartly that we really have no appetite now for anything more." Mrs. Pearson nedded assent.

Mr. Crockett turned to the meat and offee again with a relieved conscience. He was surprised to find how extremely hungry he was. He was a very large man and required plenty of food. Slice after slice of the meat and the bread and butter disappeared, and Mr. Crockett became conscious, presently, that Cousin Mary was watching him with keen, apprehensive eyes. reached the last slice of meat and wopdered why Cousin Mary did not bring But she made no movement. Mr. Crockett was sorely tempted to eat that one remaining slice, but he had been taught in Kentucky that it was not good manners to take the last piece of food from the plate, and so, after a struggle, he let it alone. When he pushed bis chair back, and while Cousin Mary was hurriedly taking the things away, he inquired about the

"They're asleep now," said Cousin "They have to rise always very early in the morning, and I make them go to bed soon after dark."

"School must take up powerful early here," said Mr. Crockett, "if boys have to tumble cut of bed that way. They must be mighty smart boys livin' here in New York all their lives. Know Greek and Latin and all them things, don't they?" "I've taken them away from school." said Cousin Jim, exchanging glances

with his wife. I'm a practical man, you know. This is a workaday age.

Boys can study books so much that they become unfit for real life; so I have put mine to work, I want to give them a training that will make them keen, hard-headed business men. There was sense in that, Mr. Cockett said, and nobody ought to know better than Cousin Jim. Still, it seemed a pity to make boys fend for themselves when so young. But as Cousin Jim stood up stoutly for his theory, and Cousin Mary supported him in it, he did not press the point. He said he was sorry he couldn't see the boys until morning, but he reckoned he oughtn't to disturb them. As it was inte and he was tired, he hinted that he would like to go to bed also,

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

Mrs. Pinkham's Explanation of the Unusual Number of Deaths and Prostrations Among Women.

The great heat plague of August, 1896, was not without its lesson. One could not fail to notice in the long lists of the dead throughout this country, that so many of the victims were women in their thirties, and women between forty-five and fifty. The women who succumbed to the protracted heat were women whose energies were exhausted by sufferings peculiar to their sex; women who, taking no thought of themselves, or who, attaching no importance to first symptoms, allowed their female system to become run down.

Constipation, capricious appetite, restlessness, forebodings of evil, vertigo, languor, and weakness, especially in the morning, an itching sensation which suddenly attacks one at night, or whenever the blood becomes overheated, are all warnings. Don't wait too long to build up your strength, that is now a positive necessity! Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has specific curative powers. You cannot do better than to commence a course of this grand medicine. By the neglect of first symptoms you will see by the following letter what terrible suffering

came to Mrs. Craig, and how she was cured: "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and think it is the best medicine for women in the world. I was so weak and nervous that I thought I could not live from one day to the next. I had prolapsus uteri and leucorrhoea and thought I was go ing into consumption. I would get so faint I thought I would die. I had dragging pains in my back, burning sensation down to my feet, and so many miserable feelings. People said that I looked like a dead woman. Doctors tried to cure me, but failed. I had given up when I heard of the Pinkham medicine. I got a bottle. I did not have much faith in it, but

thought I would try it, and it made a new woman of me. I wish I could get every lady in the land to try it, for it did for me what doctors could not do."-MRS. SALLIE CRAIG, Baker's Landing, Pa.

Cousin Jim took him to his bedroom, and, setting a lamp on a little dresser, left him. Mr. Crockett looked at the room and the bed and then cogitated

"When I lie down shall I stick my head or my feet out of the window?" was the question. While giving it time to turn itself over in his mind he looked out at the interminable roofs servant take 'em and throw 'em into and concluded once again that land must be mighty dear in New York.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

SAYINGS OF JEFFERSON.

Political dissensions is a less evil than he lethargy of despotism; but still it is a great evil, and it would be as worthy the efforts of the patriot as of the philosopher, to exclude its influence, if possible,

Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most vig-orous, the most independent, the most virtuous, and they are tied to their country and wedded to its liberty and interest by the most lasting bonds.

Free government is founded in Jealousy

What has destroyed the liberties and rights of man in every government which has ever existed under the sun? The concentrating all powers in one body, no mat-ter whether of the autocrats of Russia or of the aristocrats of the Venetian sen-

An elective despotism was not the gov-ernment we fought for, but one which should not only be founded on free prinsiples, but in which the powers of govern-ment should be so divided and balanced among several bodies of magistracy, as that no one could transcend their legal and restrained by the others.

Education is the only sure foundation hat can be devised for the preservation edom and happiness.

It has been thought that corruption is estrained by confining the right of suf-rage to a few of the wealthier of the peo-ble; but it would be more effectually retrained by an extension of that right to such numbers as would bid defiance to the means of corruption. Among the most inestimable of our lessings is that of liberty to worship our

Creator in the way we think most agree-able to His will; a liberty deemed in other ountries incompatible with good govnment, and yet proved by our experience to be its best support.

Wealth acquired in speculation and plunder is fugacious in its nature, and fills society with the spirit of gambling. nate powers of the society but the peo-le themselves; and if we think them not nlightened enough to exercise their con-

trol with a wholesome discretion, the remedy is not to take it from them, but to inform their discretion by education.

The true office of our legislators is to

declare and enforce only our natura rights and duties, and to take none of them from us.

Science is more important in a republi an than in any other government.

I have ever thought religion a concern purely between God and our conscience. It is better to keep the wolf out of the fold than to trust to drawing his teeth and claws after he shall have entered.

The constitution has not placed our religious rights under the power of any public functionary.

If there is one principle more deeply written in the mind of every American it is that we should have nothing to do with conquest.

Instead of embarrassing commerce un-der piles of regulating laws, auties and prohibitions, could it be relieved from all its shackles in all parts of the world; could every country be employed in pro-ducing that which nature has best fitted it to produce, and each be free to ex-change with others mutual surpluses for mutual wants, the greatest mass possible would then be produced of those things which contribute to human life and happiness; the numbers of mankind would b increased and their condition bettered .-Compiled by the Washington Post.

Looking Ahead.

"I see that the magazines are arranging to get out some very fancy Easter numbers," said she. "Yes," replied her husband; "and so suppose, are the people who write the price tags for spring millinery."-Washington Star.

Blessings on Fatherhood.

Hogan-It's a great blessin', a baby in Grogan-It is. dare to throw a flat iron at me for feat av soakin' th' kid.-Indianapolis Journal

A FAITHFUL PARTISAN.

When another day is ending-One more, sadly like them all-And the western tints are bleding O'er the shadows, as they fall, Eyes grown dim, like fading embers, As he steps inside the gate, Bleam again, for he remembers That the baby thinks he's great,

In the busy world's commotion Few have paused to call his name; Yet this wee one's fond devotion Speaks with praise more sweet than

fame. Cares he long since thought to banish Still may lurk, though life grows late; Foes may smile and friends may vanish, But the baby thinks he's great.

Many a hero puts to rout; Older lads and wiser lasses Loving still, have learned to doubt. Yet, how well 'tis worth deserving,

Worth another stand 'gainst fate, Loyalty like this, unswerving-For the baby thinks he's great.

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