

The Home Reading Circle

A VISITOR FROM KENTUCKY.

By JOSEPH A. ALTSHELER.

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PART I.

There was a stir in Wilkesburg when the Pearsons arrived from New York. Wilkesburg was a small town on a branch railroad in the hilly region of Kentucky, and time was never a very important commodity there.

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 unholily greed and to all phases of monopoly.

But their indefinable feeling of hostility towards New York did not blunt their appreciation of Jim Pearson. Jim was one of themselves, a venturesome Kentuckian, who had gone to New York twenty years before, and had shown that he was as good and as smart as the best of the Yankees themselves.

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.

The circle around the stove had a new topic. 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 presence of Jim Pearson.

There was an unexpected and heavy advance the following autumn in the price of White Burley tobacco on the Louisville market. Mr. Crockett was an expert raiser of White Burley, and he stoutly for Cousin Jim. He remembered Cousin Jim at once, despite his New York clothes and the twenty years that had passed.

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ing come such a long journey and he guessed a good snack and a rest would partake of his head.

Mr. Crockett was much worried because they did not bring the children along, as he wanted to have the whole family with him, but Cousin Jim explained that he disliked to impose on good nature and he had left the boys—he had only two children, and they were both boys—and home with friends.

The Pearsons appeared 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.

After Wilkesburg had decided that the Pearsons were not "stuck up" despite their worldly property and the people saw that the visitors had a good time, in so far as the resources of the village went.

"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?"

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See this Pail!

Get one like it from your grocer and try Cuticore. You will like it, but you won't like the imitations. Avoid them. THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, N. Y. Philadelphia, Pittsburg.

idea. He had plenty of money 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 the trip.

There was much surprise in Wilkesburg 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.

PART II.

The journey to Louisville was a trifling matter to Mr. Crockett, but he knew 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.

"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 powerful glad to see me, 'cause I recollect how pressin' you were for me to pay back that visit you made me, how's Mary and the boys?"

"You 'pear to be a little peaked yourself," said Mr. Crockett, looking critically at his companion. Cousin Jim was a thin and rather small man with nervous and uncertain manners.

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

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.

"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 as I do."

They came to a large building with a plain brick front. Some ill-kept children were playing in the street and one of them raised the cry: "Country!" when the long-legged Kentuckian towering more than a head above Cousin Jim, stalked up. But Mr. Crockett did not know that the cry was aimed at him, and his peace of mind was not disturbed.

Never Too Late

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Crockett did not know that the cry was aimed at him, and his peace of mind was not disturbed. He calmly remarked to the doorman, "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.

Mr. Pearson led the way up a narrow staircase. There was no carpet on the steps, and a close, heavy odor of air that in order to breathe it, he had to open his mouth, filled the hall. A lamp glimmered feebly at a turning in the staircase.

"You live pretty high up, 'pears to me, Cousin Jim," said Mr. Pearson, with a smile. "Yes," said Mr. Pearson with a faint smile; "it's healthier, you know. The higher you go the better the air."

"The fact is," said Mr. Pearson, "our servants 's' yesterday, and we haven't a able to get others that suited us. Haven't you read in the papers a— the trouble we have in the cities with servants? Always discontented, always striking. They're getting along with them. I really believe it's sometimes easier to let them go entirely and do one's own work."

"It's had, I know," he said, but the gas company is such a robber. Every time I turn on a light, or use a gas stove, or three times the amount of gas you really use. It's not so much the money 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 'em, and you've got to fight 'em. Lots of the millionaires on Fifth avenue have done the same thing."

Mr. Crockett admired Cousin Jim's stand for principle. He had a great respect for a man who, in a world where he was convinced of the corruption of the country, and he was heart and soul with Cousin Jim in his fight against the gas company.

Mr. Crockett turned to the meat and coffee 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 meat and the bread and butter disappeared, and Mr. Crockett became conscious, presently, that Cousin Jim was watching him with keen, apprehensive eyes.

"They're asleep now," said Cousin Jim. 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 out of bed that way. They must be mighty smart boys livin' here in New York. Yes, I know Greek and Latin and all them things, don't they?"

THE HEAT PLAGUE OF AUGUST, 1896.

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 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 prostrated myself and leucorrhoea and thought I was going 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 I 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 deeply.

"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 and concluded once again that land must be mighty dear in New York.

TO BE CONCLUDED.

SAVINGS OF JEFFERSON.

Political dissensions is a less evil than the 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, from social life.

Cultivators of the earth are the most valuable citizens. They are the most virtuous, and those who are the most independent, the most free to exchange with others mutual surplus 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 be 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, I suppose, are the people who write the prose tags for spring millinery."—Washington Star.

Blessings on Fatherhood. Hogan—"It's a great blessing," a baby in 't house.

Grogan—"It is. 'T' old woman doesn't dare throw a flat iron at me for fear av soakin' 't' kid."—Indianapolis Journal.

A FAITHFUL PARTISAN. When another day is ending— One more, sadly like them all— And the western tints are bleeding 'O'er the shadows, as they fall, Eyes grown dim, like fading embers, As he steps inside the gate, Glean 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. Care 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.

Time, in silence, as it passes Many a hero puts to rout; Older heads and wiser asses Dare not 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. —Washington Star.

Wealth acquired in speculation and plunder is fugacious in its nature, and fills society with the spirit of gambling.

I know no safe depository of the ultimate powers of the society but the people themselves; and if we think them not enlightened enough to exercise their control 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

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ON THE MOVE. SO ABE

Science is more important in a republic 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 under piles of regulating laws, duties and prohibitions, could it be relieved from all its shackles in all parts of the world, could every country be employed in producing that which nature has best fitted it to produce, and each be free to exchange with others mutual surplus 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 be increased and their condition bettered.—Compiled by the Washington Post.

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