Souls are shut in the violins. They are the souls of Philistines, nussed on. But the Phillistines, row on row, Soulless sit, and they do not know. But they brandish their eyeglasses, Stere at each other's evening dress, serutinize form or brilliant hue,

Say, "Is it rouge, or is it true?" And how stout the seprano's grown! Isn't the bass a dear? And, oh, Do look at Mrs. So and so!"

Still the musicians play serene, As though Philistines had not been, But their souls in the violins Mourn on litterly ar their sins. Call them wildly and call in pain, Call them with longing deep and vain, And with inflaite tenderness,

Since they can give them no redress, Since not one of them is aware Here is he, and his soul is there In the noise's divinest chord, Making melody to the Lord.

So how often in life and art Soul and body must dwell apart. Great is the Master's soul, no doubt. Twenty Philistines go without.

Little matter upon the whole. nan soul in the violin. Save me at last, a Philistine!
-"Songs From Dreamland," May Kendall.

A POSSIBLE LOSS.

I met her on the shores of the lake. There were real tears in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Vansittart, " she cried, "what shall I do? My husband's out in a boat, ever so far away, and the wind's rising, and the boatman says that it's awfully dangerous when there's a storm, and"-I tilted my hat forward and scratched

my head. "I don't see what you can do," said I compassionately. I had sat next her three nights at table d'hote and liked her extremely. "Look at those trees! Oh, how it

blows! And see! Great waves!" "The wind is certainly getting up," I admitted, sitting down on a garden seat. "Oh, Mr. Vansittart, suppose he

"Suppose he?"- I paused. The idea was a new one to me. I turned it over in my mind. "Well, suppose he should?" I said at last in an incoiring tone. "And we've only been married a

"Yes, yes," said I thoughtfully. "Your love is still fresh?" "As fresh as the day when"-

"Your romance has not worn off; the day of disillusion has not come. Your husband's memory would be the sweetest of consolations to von." "But, Mr. Vansit"-

"There would be no alloy in your recellections. You are young, your life would not be spoiled, but it would be, as it were, hallowed by sweet and not too poignant regrets. In the course of time the violence of grief would wear

She sat down on the bench beside me and dug the end of her parasel into the "You would feel," I pursued, "that,

sacred as these memories were, precious as they were, you would not be justified in giving your whole life to them. And at last it may be that another would come who"-"Oh, I can hardly imagine that, Mr. Vansittart.

"Try," said I encouragingly. "One who, though not perhaps the equal in all respects of him you had lost, could yet shelter you from the world"-"I should want some one, shouldn't

"And give you an honest, enduring, unwavering affection." "It wouldn't be the same thing,"

"Depend upon it," I returned earnestly, "it would be in some ways better, for he-your second husband-might well be one who could appreciate the depths of your nature, who would be serious when you were"-"Instead of always making jokes?

Ye-es, Mr. Vansittart." "Serious and yet able 'to enter into your lighter moods, always good tem-"He would be a wonderful husband.

then!" "Generous-nay, lavish-in giving you whatever"-

"Faney!" "You wished for, unsparing in his efforts to please you"-

"What, after marriage?" "Devoted absolutely to you. Why, it's a lovely picture.

"Yes, it does sound nice," she conceded, digging with the parasol. "Could not such a one," I continued,

leaning toward her, "by his affectionate and constant efforts, in the course of time heal the wound caused by your "I don't know. Yes-I suppose so-

well, perhaps in time, Mr. Vansittart, he might. "He would," said I positively. "I can imagine myself"-

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vansittart?" "I say, I can imagine myself making it the work, he whole preoccupation,

the worthy task, of my life thus to restore happiness to one from whom it seemed to have departed forever." "It would be a splendid thing for a tran to do, wouldn't it?" There was a pause. Then she said:

"But, Mr. Vansittart, would you, who are so young and so-and so-and so-I mean, who are so young, be content with a heart that has spent its first leve on another, in which the freshness of vonthinl"-"I sometimes think," I interrupted.

in low but urgent tones, "that affection of that kind is nobler, higher, better than the rash impulsiveness of an ignorant girl. It would be a sympathetic communion of minds, of souls, Mrs. "Yes, I see. Yes, it would, Mr. Van-

"My sympathy for you," I pursued, woun sotten and Inspire my nature. I should be elevated to your level. And perhaps at last, when long years had ob-

literated"-"Well, had blurred, Mr. Vansittart." "Yes, had blurred the pain of memory, we might come to see, to understand, velopment of two human lives."

For a few moments we sat in thought. Then Mrs. Lawrence observed, "Good

man who had nobly dedicated his life | also is a protestion against insects or others again were songs of ineffable give to him an affection, different in cient records. kind perhaps, but not inferior in intensity to that which she had felt for the man who first won her heart." "That would be the only reward I

should hope for," said I. "So that, in the end, I should feelit would be borne in upon me that this his watch. man was my real, my true, my only"-At this point Mrs. Lawrence stopped abruptly, for a shadow fell between us, and on looking up we saw a stout, elderly man, wearing a blue jersey, stand-

ing just in front of us. about the gentleman what's out in the | man."-Waterbury.

"About the-what? Oh, yes, I suppose-oh, yes, I am." "Well, you've no cause to be put out about 'im, mum. He's just roundin the

point, and he'll be ashore in two min-"But Dobbs said it was very dangerons," I protested. "Dobbs don't know everything, sir,

your sake, mum."

"Thank you-thank you so much,"

said Mrs. Lawrence. The elderly man stood looking at me in such a manner that I took sixpence out of my pocket and gave it to him. To be frank, I have seldom grudged a sixpence more. Then the elderly man

There was a long silence. Mrs. Lawrence had made quite a little pit in the gravel walk. Once she looked at me, and finding me regarding her rather gloomily, I believe, hastily turned away again with a blush. At last the silence became intolerable-almost improper,

"What were we talking about when that man interrupted us?" asked Mrs. Lawrence, with a desperate assumption

It is a rule of mine to give a plain answer to a plain question. "We were talking," said I, "of what would have happened if Dobbs had known everything." And having thus said I suddenly began to laugh. Women are strange creatures. Mrs. Lawrence leaped up from her seat and stood over me. Her eyes flashed with

indignation, and she positively brandished her parasol at me. "You horrid, herrid boy!" she cried. "My dear Mrs. Lawrence"- I pro-

"You've made me talk as if I'-"It was a mere hypothesis," I plead-

"As if I-oh! Anyhow, if my husover, I'd never speak to you." "So you say now," said I composed

with the prospect a little while ago," "Mr. Vansittart, you're wicked! How can I go and tell my poor, dear Rob-

said I in a conciliatory tone. "Perhaps you think I don't care for im?" she cried defiantly. "The hypothesis was that you did," said I. "That's what made it so inter-

tonight," Mrs. Lawrence announced

"If you go on like this," I observed warningly, "I shall end by being"-"You can be just what you like." "By being glad," I concluded. "Glad! Glad of what?"

"Glad," said I, "that I soo your husband walking toward us in perfect As I spoke he came within speaking

"Hello, Georgie," he cried to his wife, "Here I am; had a bit of a blow, Mrs. Lawrence ran a few steps toward him. I took the liberty of following.

"Vansittart been looking after you?" asked Lawrence, with a smile. "Oh, my darling Robbie," cried Mrs. sorts of things about you. "Foolish child!" said he foudly. "Did you think I was going to be drown-

"We didn't exactly think it," I broke in. "We assumed it by way of"-

played billiards afterward: "Tell you what, old chap, if a felto him, he can't do better than risk his | that might be passing, and this was the life on this beastly lake," and he smiled day and the night of the Wandering most contentedly.

It was merely penitence, of course. But I let him alone. -- Idler.

Threats of Science. Wonderful things are going to be lone by the development of synthetic chemistry between now and the year 2000 if Professor Berthelot, the French savant, is to be believed. The food and drink producing animals and vegetables will not then be encouraged to exist for human life, but food and drink will be nanufactured direct and to order by nan himself and served in highly concentrated tablets, vest pocket size

A person may then carry about him two or three table d'hote dinners complete, from Blue Point oysters or Little Neck clams to crackers, cheese and cofce, tobacco and with all his wine and ognac included. This change will be rought about, it is said, by the remarkable progress being made in compounding food and drink from their constituent elements-carbon, hydro gen, oxygen and nitrogen. It has advanced so far already that the preparation of beefsteak from its elements is assured, and nicotine, the essential principle of tobacco, has been produced from

Life indeed venhl not be worth the living should the professor have his way. The ready made tubiets of food and drink would be horribly alike to the eye, the taste and the nuderstanding; cating and drinking would be purely mechanical; good fellowship and wit and imagination would depart, and existence would be utterly material and dull. - Boston Gloise.

English Evening Papers. The education of the public is suppose

ed to be advancing, but that view of affairs is evidently not taken by the editers, judging from the kind of matter. which they set before their renders. which gets scrappier day by day-or evening by evening. The so called "news" nowadays runs

omewhat as follows: Coal is black. Herrings lay more eggs than fowls do.

The emperor of Japan has got a false Water is a compound of oxygen and

It is stated that Lord Rosebery, who is the prime minister, owns a race

It is a curious coincidence that yes

terday was wet and that the battle of Waterloo was fought on June 18, 1815. We learn on good authority that Alexander the Great was not the originator of the electric light. It was Xerxes out a patent for it. And so on, and so on. - London Judy.

How to Preserve Old Manuscripts,

How He Tells the Time.

ried the visitor.

what time it is in the mernin, he all love, and others glared with the fierce lus says it's time to get up. An when eyes of a tiger, but as she prayed the I ask him what time it is in the evenin discordant sounds died away, and the "Beg pardon, mum," said he, "bpt he allus says, "Time to go to bed, Tom- ugly looks and cruel faces timmed and are you the lady what asked Jim Dobb my. Oh, I tell you my lather is a great vanished. She was surrounded by thoubaby and who seemed to be bearing them

An Abused Girl. "Yes, I gave him up," sighed the

of Amoy, and the walls vanished, and friend. It was about I o'clock in the morning "He—he became a spelling reformwhen Dr. Hugh McDowgle buttoned up er," rejoined the other, with a shudhis cont and said goodby to Cassius der, "and signed his name 'Jorj." It Blank, one of the tea kings of the east. beggin your pardon. Anyways the gentook all the poetry and romance out of Mr. Blank was a charming gentleman, tleman's safe enough. Glad of it for the name. So we parted."-Loudon who, by careful cultivation of Old Bur-Globe. AND RESIDENCE AND REAL PROPERTY. gundy, Comet ports and matchless sher- Me Up.

MY WISH. Mine he an humble cot of brown, Just on the outskirts of the town, Where, by the lany world forgot, Content chail these my perceful lot. A faroff fragrance, fresh and faint,

The little birds on swaying boughs Shall there repeat their tender vows, And if the wee things be so willed They're welcome there their homes to

Thus would I pass my span of life. Far from the bustle and the strile.

WANDERING SPIRITS.

It was the festival of the Wandering Spirits in Amoy. Usually the day is warm and balmy. The breeze from the great Formesa channel flakes the lower bay with silver dashes and flaunts every flag upon the numerous junks which lie in the water edge of that populous city. But this year it was different. Gray clouds hung over the universe, and a cold and cheerless wind from the north made a fire positively agreeable despite the fact that the place lies almost with-

in the tropics. In a small house near Banyan villa lived a poor Chinese family. The father, Tan Sin, was away at the time on the band were drowned a thensand times ten gardens of Formesa, where he went every year to earn the little money that supported his household. The mother, v. "but you know you were quite taken Ah Ho, a bright eyed and preity woman, was at home nursing the baby. It had been very sick for several days, so sick that the ordinary medicines had produced no result. Ah Ho had been com-

guished physician from Amoy, The wise man had examined the infant, shaken his head, given some mysterious drugs, again shaken his head and gone off in his chair earried by four stout coolies. Before he went he said to "I shall sit somewhere else at dinner Tai, the old family servant, "That is a very sick child, and I am afraid it will

> After he had gone Ah Ho cooked tha drugs into a tea and administered it in the patient and mechanical manner which is so characteristic of the people in the east.

As the afternoon were on the baby grew worse. The little face became wan nd pinched, the eyes closed as if tired ith the weight of the evelids, and the ceble pulse leat more slawly and slow-Tai get ready the simple evening meal, but Ah Ho could not eat. It was her only child, and this was the first time that she had ever been face to face with the great mystery we call death. The old servant lif the lamps, and then remembering it was the night of the Wandering Spirits lit a handful of joss Lawrence, "I've been imagining all sticks and placed them in groups of three upon the mantelpiece in the sickroom, in the ancient bronze wase before the ancestral tablets and in the wainsecting of the door opening into the quadrangular yard. As she did the last she looked up and noticed that the sa-"Please, Robbie, will you take me cred talisman which had been fastened into the house?" said Mrs. Lawrence to the wall early in the morning had Mrs. Lawrence did sit elsewhere at When she noticed the fact, she trembled dinner, but Lawrence said to me as we and began to weep. It was her duty to have seen that the talisman remained where it was. The moment it fell the low wants his wife to be extra pleasant house became open to any evil spirit

> She looked about the quadrangle and finally found the yellow cardboard inscribed with the curved characters of a language that died 7,000 years ago, when a greater and wiser race had ruled in the faroff districts of Quin Lun. She picked it up and with her palsied fingers renffixed it to the wall. She looked sideways in through the doorway and saw Ab Ho sitting there crooming a love song over the sick child, and saw the child's face thinner and paler than before. There came a terrible fright over Tai's mind. It might be that through her carelessness some wicked spirit had

entered the house and was about to carry away the soul of the little one. The old woman wrang her hands and mumbled a prayer to Boddha. Then she tood still with her old head bowed took him on a hunting trip. They put down mean her breast and tried to think, up at a farmhouse and occupied two lit The medicine had done no good. The the bedrooms which opened into each great doctor had done no good. The joss other. In the middle of the night the sticks and the talisman had been of no son was awakened and saw his father avail. There was no doubt that the lit- walking back and forth. the boy in the room beyond must cross the sacred river. Then she remembered boy. the great English doctor who lived in Kelangsa. He was an emineut man, who made more money in a day than a biness mechanic could make in a year, used to it. I have it every night."

said that he knew more than all the Chinese doctors in Amoy together. unto death, he had taken pity upon her and had visited her miserable abode. He had given her costly medicine and shown her strange instruments, and she had

could be of any benefit to ker little master. But could be be induced to come? and as for herself her sole possessions suit which hung near her bedside. Would be come? He must come! She would bring him! She did not know

ove she felt that if she could but see strong and well once more.

"My father," said the small boy to but of the market place, the chant of the woman who was calling on his the songer, the call of the soldier, the mother, ' is a great man. He knows shout of the sampan man mingled and what time it is without even lookin at yet were separate and apart. Then the "What do you mean, Tommy?" que- shadowy faces and forms. Some sha

"Oh, when I holler out an ask him strangers; some smiled upon her with sands of spirits who loved her and her

voung-woman. "Did he prove unworthy of your affection?" inquired her sympathetic she became unconscious.

ries had succeeded in getting his system into that simple condition which is best described as being bounded by goat on one side, hebuail liver on the other, with a sprinkling of indigestion between. He required a physician at least Shall tell my garden, old and quaint. Earchothouse plants you'll find not there. Just simple blossons sweet and fair. particular disorder as to prevent the disorder which was always about to attack him. He had a keen appreciation of the doctor, who, besides being a master of

Content to toil from morn to night.

Aye, love makes laber so light, so light. -Kathleyn Kayanagh.

"I don't insist on your telling him," pelled to call in an aged and distin-

not live nutil temerrow.

He lived in a palace and had a retinue of servants in beantiful uniforms who Once before, when she was sick nigh walk. If it is very bad, I go to reading.

It was true, and in later years his son often saw him in the night sitting at recovered. This was the only man who his desk writing with one hand and helding upon his stemach with the other. Ala Ho had neither money nor jewels, one asked him on such an occasion. "I have nothing else to do," answerwere the clothes she were and another 'ed Dumas.-Youth's Companion. Mrs. John Drew says: "On Sept. 26,

how she could do it, but inspired by 1827, at the Walnut Street theater, Philadelphia, as the little Duke of him and talk to him a moment he York, in Shakespeare's play of 'Richard would came to the house and bring with III,' and with Junius Brotas Booth, the him that which would make the child great 'elder Booth,' father of the late

It had grown dark by this time, and I began my stage career, and as I have the clouds had become heavier and heav- been continuously before the footlights ict. Grasping her old walking stick, she ever since I have had a longer stage castarted out into the night in search of reer than any of my contemporaries. the English surgeon.

the hours rolled by. Ah He had failen as though it were last night. The perinto a doze, seeing nothing but the ba- formance of the elder Booth as Richard y's face in her arms. Of a sudden she made a most powerful impression upon started, looked at the child and broke me. His Gramatic force and magnetism icto a passionate scream. The feeble were like a giant whirlwind, sweeping of Persia, who, however, did not take Pulse no longer seemed to beat, and the all before it. I have never seen any one mands were turning cold. Then she re- clse in that part who seemed to commembered it was the night of the V. q. pletely realize it. It seemed as though dering Spirits and fell upon her knoes it had been written for him." with her face toward the little Buddleist The paper or document, after being altar in the corner of the room. She hocleaned or brushed, is washed on both gan her prayer as she had been taught sides with a transparent adhesive solu- when a little girl by her mother, but tor of the Musnem of Archeology of the how what once seemed so distressing | tion. Sheets of imported white silk of the words sounded flat and hollow as | University of Pennsylvania, football was really, in spite of its sadness, the the most delicate fabric, large enough they were uttered. She burst into a frem- originated with those beginners of evnecessary condition for the perfect de- to give an ample margin or border to zied appeal to Buddha and all the good erything, the Chinese. Mr. Culin has a surround the document to be preserved, spirits, her voice broken with sols and curious and ancient drawing showing are then placed on each side of the rec- her eyes blinded with tears. As she a personage in the dress of a prime minord and pressed. The pressure causes prayed, the wind, which had increased lister playing football with a knge, or so often comes out of suffering, doesn't the silk to adhere closely to the doen in volume as the evening were on, seem noble, and two of their chamberlains. ment, which is then treated to a coating ed to change into a confused mass of The time is somewhere in the tenth or "It indeed seems to be the way of the of paraffin for the purpose of bringing sounds, and the sounds to separate into eleventh century, but long before then cut and making more legible the writ- voices. Some were whispers whose ac- the game was cultivated as an exercise "A woman placed as you describe, | ing thereon. This process seals the docu-Mr. Vansittart, would feel, I'm sure, ment permanently from any danger of far; others were wild wails of people About the eighth century it was introso deep, so strong a gratitude for the disintegration or fading of the ink, and dying in some drondful catastrophe; duced into Japan, where it became very popular. From these two countries to her that as time wore on she would | mice, which might prey upon the an- sweetness, while still others were like | toread over the entire world. the notes of birds. The sounds ever deepcoed and varied. The prattling of chil dren, the peise of boys at play, the hulair grew lighter and began to break into half recognized, and some were utter

up and away into the heavens toward

the stars. Then there came a great light,

like the sun rising over the mountains

The citizen struggled. "Let me alone, or I will call the police?" he cried. The highway robber wavered. "Do you mean it?" he demanded. "Yes." "You will really call the police?" "Most assuredly." The outlaw turned on his heel and

walked away.

getting clubbed," he said.-Detreit The smoke of burning tobacco contains nicotia, nicotianine, saits of ammenia, hydrocyanic acid, sulphureted hydrogen, three or four volatile acids, phenol, creosote and several other sub-

Sure Sign.

I've won her love at last.

Tom-Has she accepted you?

"I don't want to be the cause of his

A Mereifel Robber.

Knights of the Maccabees.

The State Commander writes us from Lincoln, Neb., as follows: "After trying other medicines for what seemed to be a very obstinate cough in our two twice a week, not so much to treat any | children we tried Dr. King's New Discovery and at the end of two days the cough entirely left them. We will not be without it hereafter, as our experience proves that it cures where all othhis profession, was as charming a companion as the good Scotch universities er remedies fail." Signed F. W. Stehave ever graduated. The doctor said vens, State Com.-Why not give this good night and went out on the verangreat medicine a trial, as it is guaranteed and trial bot'les are free at J. N. for him, but he preferred to walk the Snyder's drug store, Somerset, Pa., or brief distance that lay between him and Brallier's drug store, Berlin, Pa.

There had been a change of weather out, the clouds had disappeared, and the blue sky of the tropics seemed all the having performed in public some sim- good night's rest by investing 25 cents bluer and darker from the numberless ple philosophical experiments now fa- for a bottle of Pan-Tina, the great rem- *Johnstown Accommodation.-Rockwood 255 stars that shone down upon the Chinese As he swung around the read near Banyan villa an old woman tottered todeny the common belief that St. Anne | ford's drug store. ward him and almost feil upon the had three husbands, upon which he ground from sheer exhaustion. He recfound himself an object of horror IS EARLY RISING ognized her as the servant of a poor Chiwhereever he went nese family in the neighborhood and

asked her kindly what her trouble was. It May Do as Much for You. Tai gave an incoherent statement, in which she mixed the description of the Mr. Fred Miller, of Irving Ill., night and the sickness with a pathetic appeal for his assistance.

His chair and porters were waiting

since dinner time. The wind had died

ad, and I will follow you.'

to the baby, and after half an hour's

hard work succeeded in restoring its au-

impation. He laid the little one in its

mother's arms, and leaving a small

amount of money in case she should be

in need he placed one of his coolies on

Toward 5 in the morning the baby

began to manifest symptoms of hunger.

The chair cooly smiled grimly and plac-

ed the child where nature could do the

rest. The arms of the sleeping mother

closed convulsively over the frail body,

and the room lapsed into silence, bro-

ken only by an occasional gurgling

The cooly sat still for another hour,

one-half of his mind fixed upon the lit-

the pile of coins the good doctor had left

and the other balf upon a dim and fau-

tastic idea of duty. Then he rose, put

the money into some recess of his coat

and disappeared for the gambling house

on the main road. Shortly after that

the sun rose and bathed Amoy in most-

terable splendor. The gold and scarlet

went through the narrow windows of

Ah Ho's bouse and painted the rooms

in bues and tints worthy of a manda-

little colored papers that hung around

the altar where she had knott the night

before. From the street came the noise

of the busy world outside. An Ho woke

with a start and a gasp, and then burst

into a great smile shot through with

tears as she saw the sleeping child in

her arms with a faint blash on its

cheeks and a pulse no longer feeble or

uncertain. She knew that the Wander-

ing Spirits had heard her prayer and had

But in the yard lay the body of Tai,

the old servant, and on her aged face

were a light and a beauty such as shine

within the celestial walls, but are never

that Tai had given up her life to the

Wandering Spirits in order to save the

life of the little master that she loved.

Donas' Suffering.

ger, was just out of college, his father

When Alexandre Dunnas, the your-

"What are you doing?" asked the

"Yes, I am in great pain, but I am

"No. When it takes me, I get up and

"How can you work always?" some

Edwin Booth, as the crook back tyrant,

Though so many years have passed, I

Origin of Football.

According to Stewart Calin, the cura-

"And when it is insupportable?"

"You see. I am walking."

"Is there nothing to cure it?"

"But can't it be relieved?"

"You are sick?"

"it is incurable

"I go to work."

That afternoon the old astrologer said

preserved her babe.

seen on living beings.

-W. E. S. Fales.

guard and then went home.

two repused.

trouble for many years, with severe It took five minutes for the dector and his head porter to make out what the old servant meant, and then with his would go to the house immediately and good result. About a year ago he hour of the day. would let her act as his guide. She began use of Electric Bitters and found It is one of the foremost Democratic relief at once. Electric Bitters is newspapers in the State and the only one gasped: "I'm too weak, doctor. You go He walked rapidly forward to the and Liver troubles and often give alhalf open door of Tah Sin's house and most instant relief. One trial will passed in. On the floor lay Ab Ho and the baby, both seemingly dead. He took prove our statement. Price only 50c, own wires through the extraordinary faJohnstown Accommodation. in the situation at a giance. He had the for large bottle. At J. N. Suyder's cilities of the great Press Association. woman raised into her bed and gave her Drug Store, Somerset, Pa., or Brallier's | nided by its own correspondents. some sleeping potion which he luckily Drug Store, Berlin, Pa. had brought with him. He then turned

> universal.—Backe, How a Mother Saved Her Boy.

yield to everything they tried. A economic matters. It has exclusive op-Tins, the great remedy for Coughs, a public kind. sound beneath the coverlet where the Colds and Consumption. The first few doses relieved and the contents of the year, & a year. imagine the mother's joy. Pan-Tina week, \$1 a year, is sold at G. W. Benford's Drug Store. THE DAILY issue will be sent four.

Every man who observes vigilantly, of Si. sciously into genius. - Butween Read from the treasured volume. The poem of thy choice,

And lead to the rhome of poetry The beauty of thy votes Which you cannot do if you suffer rin. A clear morning breeze stole with a Cough or Cold. Rid yourself of wanting employment. its Help Orde the discomfort by buying a bottle of has brought assistance to hardrolls. It Pan-Tina, the best remedy for Hoarse- has a Cent a Word Want Column for othness and influenza. Pan-Tina costs 25 er wants. conts at G. W. Benford's Drug Store.

> All noble enthusiasms pass through a feverish stage, and grow wiser and more serene, - Channing.

"Nothing Venture. Nothing Have." Rev. John Reid, Jr., of Great Falls, Mon., recommen, ded Ely's Cream Balm to me. I can emphasize his statement. "It is a positive cure for entarrh if used

as directed."-Rev. Francis W. Poole,

Paster Central Pres. Church, Helena, It is the medicine above all others for entarrh, and is worth its weight in gold. I can use Ely's Cream Balm with safety and it does all that is elaimed for it.-B. W. Sperry, Hart-

There is a great difference between serving the world and being the ervant of the world. - Rone's Horn.

A Great Battle

Is continually going on in the human system. The demon of impure blood strives to gain victory over the constitution, to rain health, to drag victims to the grave. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the weapon with which to defend one's self, drive the desperate enemy from the field, and restore bodily health for

Hood's fills cure massen, sickness, indigestion and biliousness, 25c.

Philadelphia has some long streets, town and Kidge avenue, ten miles: Bally & Sunday, by mail, \$8 a year Broad street, nine and three-quarter miles; Frankfort avenue, eight miles; The Weekly, - - \$i a year Fifth street six and one-half miles; Market street, five and one-half miles.

...

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Peculiarities of Love. Difficult to believe in when you Not the real article when too unsel-

More engressing than any other mental attitude, except vanity. The greatest leveler, except death, of human distinctions. oo often for far less than nothing.

Denied to kings, and ignored by rich | We want to catch it! fools, the comfort, hope and suivation

Short to say, easy to write, hard to

Strongest in the strong, but not always best in the good. A tyrant whose capriers take no ae- for quotations to count of men's deserts. A lottery which awards a prize and a

penalty relled in one.

would sack to solve. The indestructible phoenix of the emotions,-New York Recorder.

Discharge From the Ear Can Bo

Cured.

Scarlet fever, measles, and colds, by relect

A mystery, which none but a fool

Scarlet fever, measles, and con-tion of a hole in the car drum, introduc-condition that leads to offensive discha-and dealness that seddom ever "cures its but gradually gets worse by the soldition of unhealthy granulations and polypoid tuntors in the middle cavity of the ear, or by alcerations through to the bone, with inflammation and deposit of pass in the base of the brain, resulting in death. With such a condition that only leads from worse to worse, why will you delay to apply the sure means of relief. That such cases are camble has been demonstrated over and over by the hundreds cured by br. Sadier. Sit Form Avenue, Pittsburg, the eye, car, nose and throat specialist. The case of Mr. Chas, C. bryden, Sycamore street, Mt. Washington, Pittsburg, is a sample of hundreds. He had discharge from cinidhood. In 180 br. Sadier treated him six weeks, effecting a cure, with hearing restored, and he remains well to this day. All with sar trouble bring this article and be examined free. Jack-Congratulate me, old man! Jack-Just as good. We had a terrible quarrel last night, and she said she'd never speak to me again .- Pick

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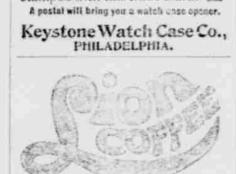
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