

SECRETARY OF THE SENATE'S RINGING WORDS.

One of the Greatest and Grandest Testimonials Ever Written Given to Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Hon. Frederick W. Baldwin, Sect'y of the Senate, State Attorney, and Chairman of the Republican State Committee, Gives Unqualified Endorsement and Recommendation to Dr. Greene's Nervura.

The great men of America use, praise and recommend Dr. Greene's Nervura. Prominent people of highest standing, Governors, Mayors, Senators, Representatives, in fact, Statesmen in all parts of our country, together with Judges, Clergymen, Doctors, Newspaper Men, people whose names are known and honored everywhere, publish testimonials in strongest terms concerning the great good which this wonderful remedy, Dr. Greene's Nervura, has done them, their families and friends, and recommending in most emphatic language all who are ailing in any way and have need of medicine, to try by all means use this grandest of all medicinal discoveries.

It is because Dr. Greene's Nervura cures that it is so highly and so strongly recommended by everybody.

Hon. Frederick W. Baldwin, of Barton, Vt., adds another to the long list of eminent statesmen who powerfully endorse the marvelous curative powers of Dr. Greene's Nervura, and give earnest advice to the sick, the weak, nervous, dyspeptic, run-down, debilitated

and discouraged to try this great remedy, feeling sure from their own experience of its remarkable merits that health and strength will in all cases follow its use.

Hon. Mr. Baldwin, Secretary of the Senate, State Attorney of Vermont and Chairman of the Republican State Committee, is one of the foremost men of this country. To show the honor in which he is held by his state, it is only necessary to say that at the last Presidential election he was elected Presidential Elector for Vermont and messenger to carry the vote of Vermont to Washington. Such is the eminent standing of the man who tells you to use Dr. Greene's Nervura if you wish to get well. He says:

"I have long been acquainted with the virtues and fame of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and know of people among my friends who have been helped by its use, and from the general verdict from all sources that have come to my attention, I cannot do otherwise than commend it. Make use of this letter for the good of others."

But while the great and honored of our country use and recommend all to use Dr. Greene's Nervura, it is among the common people, those in the ordinary walks of life that on account of their vast numbers, the marvelous and extraordinary benefit, the numberless cures, the remarkable restorations to health by this most wonderful of remedies, can be daily and constantly observed. Dr. Greene's Nervura is distinctively the medicine of the people. Its discovery was for the people, it cures the people and it stands to-day unrivaled as the people's remedy.

It makes those who use it strong and well.

It is the prescription and discovery of our most successful specialist in curing nervous and chronic diseases, Dr. Greene, of 35 West 14th St., New York City, and was used for years in his enormous practice before given broadcast to the people as the greatest restorer of health in the world's history. Dr. Greene can be consulted free of charge, personally or by letter.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

The influence of women upon the civilization of the world, could never be measured.

Because of her, thrones have been established and destroyed. The flash of her eye, the touch of her hand, and we have the marvellous power of women, glorious in the possession of perfect physical health.

Lydia E. Pinkham, by her wonderful discovery of the "Vegetable Compound," has done much to place this great power in the hands of women.

She has lifted thousands and thousands out of the misery brought by displacement of the womb, and all the evils that follow diseases of the uterus. The "Vegetable Compound" restores natural cheerfulness, destroys despondency, cures backache, strengthens the muscles, restores the womb to its normal condition, and you are changed from a physical wreck to the joy of your home and friends.

By the way—the leading druggists tell us that the demand for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is simply beyond their power of understanding, and what is best of all, it does the work and cures where the best physicians utterly fail.

Before subscribing for a Magazine SEE THE BEST DEMOREST'S.

AN UNPARALLELED OFFER.

Demorest's Cut Paper Patterns are the most practical of the market. They are of such size that any member of a household could require. To each copy of the Magazine is printed a coupon entitling the subscriber or purchaser, as a pretty, useful and regular aid for any or any number of patterns for four cents each to cover postage and postage. When the value of the patterns is considered the subscriber actually gets a bargain.

Demorest's Magazine Free? And what a Magazine it is! For just it will be one brilliant time ever before. New management, new methods, new ideas. Each copy contains an exquisite reproduction in colors of some beautiful picture by a famous artist, worthy to adorn the walls of the most refined home. It is illustrated by DEMOREST'S in the art, complete Family Magazine, published containing all of the most excellent features of its contemporaries, besides having inimitable features of its own. DEMOREST'S is actually a Family Magazine.

It is a digest of current events and ideas for the busy man or woman, a Review and a Storehouse of Interest for all. Wives, mothers, sisters and daughters can find exactly what they need for home and table, and also practical hints in every department of domestic and social life, including the furnishing of the home, embroidery, dress-making, art and fancy work of all kinds, etc., etc., and suggestions and advice regarding the work and dressing of their own persons.

The scope of the articles for 1896 and 1897 will cover the whole country, and its varied interests and the articles will be profusely illustrated with the latest engravings, and, in addition, it will publish the best and latest fiction. It treats at length of Out-of-Door Sports, Home Amusements and Entertainments. It gives a great deal of attention to the Children's Department, and "Our Girls," and has a Monday supplement by Celebrated People, in which are discussed important questions of the hour of interest to the older readers.

Let us have your subscription at once. You get more value for your money than it is possible to secure in any other magazine.

The Magazine one year for \$2.00. Or six months for \$1.00.

(Over 250 different garments are shown each year, patterns of all of which are obtainable to subscribers at 1c each.) Sample copy (with pattern coupon) sent for free.

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York
A Liberal Offer. Only \$3.00 for THE MIDDLEBURGH POST and Demorest's Family Magazine. Send your Subscriptions to this Office.

Mixed His Metaphor.

"I hear the crowd chased Bilworthy out of the hall when he tried to make a speech."

"Too bad, poor fellow. He tried to say something about his party pulling the fetters from the leg of labor and got it 'pulling the leg of labor.'"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Noted Speaker.

"That fellow Jenkins is a great politician. You see his speeches in the papers almost every morning."

"Jenkins? Jenkins? I never heard of him."

"Of course not. He is always reported as '(Voice in the audience).'"—Truth.

His Mistake.

Brown—This Billy the Biffer, the new English middleweight, is well known on the other side, is he not?

Robinson—Very well, indeed. If he had given his attention to verse instead of prose, he might have been poet laureate.—Truth.

Unanswerable.

Policeman—You had better come along quietly and not make any trouble. Pickpocket—G'yarn. Not give you trouble. Where'd your job be if it warn't for the likes o' us?—Judy.

Clearly Defined.

"Aunt Clarissa, what is precipitancy?" "It is turning the gas out before you look to see if there is a man under the bed."—Chicago Record.

A Boon For Unfortunates.

A shoemaker had this card in his window:

"Any respectable man, woman or child can have a fit in this shop."—Manchester News.

Made Promises.

"How did Senator B. get the sobriquet 'Pawntroker?'" "On account of his unredeemed pledges, I understand."—Detroit News.

She Wanted Something New.

"George," she whispered, as she crept a little closer and placed her right auricular against his left hand second story vest pocket, "George, I want to ask you a question—a very important one: Why do you allude to papa as a pirate? Surely you must have some good reason for doing so."

"I have, indeed," responded George, with a dreamy, faraway look in his eyes; "pirates board people, you know, and I expect your father, if my plans work all right, to eventually board me. See?"

"Oh, how clever you are, George! Do you know, I was awfully afraid you were going to get off that ancient chestnut about his being such an old freebooter, and I'm so glad you didn't, because all the fellows I've had for five years past have said that, and I was longing for something new."

And with a contented little sigh she inserted her northeast ear deeper than ever in George's upper left hand vest pocket and settled down for the evening.—New York Sunday World.

A Confusion of Terms.

"Has your husband given much thought to the political situation?" said one woman.

"Yes," replied the other; "I guess he'll take any that's offered him after the election."

"Any what?" "Any political situation. He says he needs the salary."—Washington Star.

A Slave to Custom.

"You have been 30 years in the public service and are rich and independent. Tell me, judge, why do you not retire on a pension?"

"Because if I should do that I would not get my annual vacation."—Flying Blatter.

A Terrible Record.

Members of parliamentary bodies sometimes like to satirize their deliverances as a whole as well as to make fun distinctly and individually of one another. One day a member of a great legislative body was conversing with a gentleman when another member came up.

"Allow me," said the first member, "to introduce to you Mr. Blank, the man who has written laudable stupidities than any other living person."

"Ah," said the second member, "an editor?"

"No. He's the official stenographer of the house."—Youth's Companion.

A Tight Squeeze Also.



"A CLOSE CALL."—Scribner's Magazine.

The Late Mayor Clancy.

The mayor was dead, and three Irish day laborers were submitting his character to a post mortem examination.

"He was a good man," McCarthy said perfunctorily. "Av course he had his faults—ivery wan av us has 'em."

"Yes, he had his faults," observed O'Toole, "an whole Oi don't believe in spakin ill av the dead—hiven rest his soul—they do be after tellin me Mayor Clancy bade the world as a liar!"

"Roight yez are, Dinis," said Degan; "he hardly seemed to know the truth."

"Know the truth?" repeated O'Toole. "Why, Mayor Clancy didn't aven have a spakin acquaintance wid it. D'yez remember the time he promised tin good Dimmycrats the same place in the public works department an thin gev it to a Moogwump after all?"

"Indade Oi do," Degan said ruefully. "Oi was wan av the tin."

"Oh, well, ivery man lies in his day," McCarthy said philosophically.

"But Clancy's day was ivery day an a tin hour day at that. Nothin could stop him," ventured Degan. "Oi saw Sullivan a little while ago, an he sez that up at city hall!"

"Nothin could stop him?" interrupted McCarthy. "Shure death has stopped him."

"Death is it?" cried Degan. "Well, death or no death, Sullivan says Clancy's not only lyin, but lyin in state at city hall this minute!"—Up to Date.

His Time Coming.

"Bah!" said the aged person in scorn. "You are not old enough to vote anyway."

"No," said the youth, the light of conscious superiority shining in his eyes, "but I am young enough to play football after your little old political campaign is over and forgotten."

Tossing his lionine locks back, he strode springily down the thoroughfare.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Injured Innocent.

"Judge, yoh honob," said Erastus Pinkley, "I've unjustly 'cused. I warn't playin no policy."

"But you were found with the policy slips in your possession."

"Dem warn't no policy slips, judge, yoh honob. I was jes' figgerin out how de different states is gwine ter go next November."—Washington Star.

SELECTIONS

NOISY DOOR KNOCKERS.

Antiques Which Still Adorn the Doors of London Aristocracy.

Each caller at a house had his own particular knock. There was the postman's knock, the doctor's knock, the tax and rate collector's knock and the knock of the master of the house. There was no end, of course, to these characteristic signals, and in long streets their noise was as uninterrupted as it was deafening.

They were not only of practical use, but they were a source of no end of amusement for the mischief loving youth of the neighborhood, who took especial pride in the number of knockers they could wrench from their fastenings during the night. Lord Charles Beresford was one of these pests, and many a race has he given the metropolitan police.

But knocker wrenching has gone out of fashion, and preceded the knocker for a few years. This is a good thing, for many of those that now adorn doors in London are worth hundreds and some of them thousands of dollars. Many of the nobility take great pride in their knockers, and many are formed on curious and artistic models. These, of course, are to be found on the doors of distinguished people only. The knockers on the gates of the Piccadilly entrance of the Duke of Devonshire's palatial abode are fully worthy the latter. They came from Italy, and were made in the seventeenth century. Lord Portman has a couple of Pompeian knockers. They had lain concealed in the ruins of Pompeii 1,800 years. In spite of this, they do not show any corroding effect on the part of time, and the Diana done in bronze is still as perfect and as clear as it must have been in the days of Christ.

When Lord Charles Beresford was younger, he tried several times to wrench off the bronze dolphins which serve as knockers to the doors of the town house of the Marquis of Bath. The result of his last effort is thus told:

"Late one night he drove up with his intimate friend and chum, the Marquis of Queensberry, in a hansom to the residence of Lord Bath. The features of the cab driver might have been recognized as those of Lord Ribblesdale, master of the buckhounds in the last administration, who for some reason or other is known to his friends by the sobriquet of Dribblesquash, with which he was endowed years ago by Lord Charles Beresford. As soon as the hansom halted, Lord Charles and Lord Queensberry hopped out, carrying a stout rope. One end of this they attached to the knockers and the other to the body of the cab, which they re-entered, ordering the titled driver to whip up. This he did. The horse sprang forward, and out came not only the knockers, but also the panels of the door. An exploit of this kind could not be long kept secret, and very soon Lord Bath was in possession of the names of the robbers.

What next followed was wrapped in mystery, but before a week elapsed knockers and panels had disappeared from the bachelor "diggings" of Lord Charles and had been restored to their proper place in the doors of the Bath mansion in Berkeley square."

The fact that these old things still retain their places indicates the hold they had on the public. They survive for years the introduction of the electrical button, and their existence is a fine triumph of sentiment. They recall other and nobler times of those who still use them—are, in fact, indissolubly connected with the earlier history of England.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Lafayette's Souvenir Box.

When Lafayette returned to France after his visit to the United States, he brought with him a box which is certainly one of the most remarkable ever made. This box is made of wood, but each piece of wood has a most interesting history. The body of the box is made of black walnut from Philadelphia and was taken from a tree which in 1813 spread its branches in front of the hall in which the Declaration of Independence was made. The lid is formed of four pieces. The first is made from part of a branch of a forest tree, the last survivor of those which saw the foundations of Philadelphia laid. The second piece is of oak, a relic of the first bridge built, in 1683, over the little river Canara. This particular piece was found in 1825 buried at a depth of about six feet below the present level of the soil. The third is a bit of the celebrated elm under which Penn made his first treaty with Schachamann. The tree died of old age in 1810, but one of its saplings, it is said, still flourishes in the public garden of Philadelphia. The fourth piece has still more ancient associations. It is a piece of the first house built by European hands on American soil. It is a piece of mahogany from the house built and occupied by Christopher Columbus in 1496.

This box is now in a private collection, but I am unable to trace it.—Springfield Republican.

The Smallest Human Brain.

Dr. Gero has furnished the Anthropological society with an account of the smallest adult human brain ever examined by a professional anatomist or physiologist. It is a well known fact that the brain of the adult male averages 49 ounces, the female 43½ ounces. The adult human being who had the smallest brain ever weighed was a female of 42 years of age. She was 5 feet high, and her intellect was infantile. The brain, without the membranes, weighed 10 ounces and 5 grains, being the smallest mature brain on record.—St. Louis Republic.



CREAM OF WHEAT

It is not only one of the most delicate and delicious Breakfast Foods ever offered to the public, but in addition being composed almost entirely of pure gluten, is one of the most healthful and nutritious foods known.

—MANUFACTURED EXCLUSIVELY BY—
NORTH DAKOTA MILLING COMPANY, GRAND FORKS, N. D.
CUSHMAN BROS., 78 Hudson St., N. Y., Eastern Agents.
Sample and 200 page cook book free if you mention this paper.

If Nothing Ever Happens

We could dispense with newspapers. But things do happen, newspapers are a necessity to every man and woman who wishes to know what is going on.

The New York Weekly Press

is the Leading Republican Newspaper in the World. It gives ALL the news; its editorial well written, clean cut and convincing; each week it prints a page, a fiction page, a page of clever wit and an accurate market page. No expense is spared to make it the best weekly newspaper in the world.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY PRESS

.....AND THE.....
MIDDLEBURGH POST
Will be sent to any address
One Year for \$1.75
Address all orders to the "POST," Middleburgh, Pa.
Drop a postal to THE WEEKLY PRESS, New York, and a sample copy will be mailed to you.

COLUMBIAS

AT ONCE.

The Columbia you want is ready for you. Not a day's delay, if you choose regular equipment. We have been preparing for months to meet the present great demand.

\$100 TO ALL ALIKE
Tandems, \$150
Men's Columbias
Women's Columbias
Tandems

THE STOCK IS COMPLETE.
HARTFORD BICYCLES
\$65, \$50, \$45
Such quality at such prices is unheard of. But Hartfords are leaders in both price and goodness. Regular models ready for delivery.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.
Branch Stores and Agencies in almost every city and town. If Columbias are not represented in your vicinity, let us know.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE!

Happy and Fruitful Marriage.

Every MAN who would know the GRAND TRUTHS, the Plain Facts, the Old Secrets and the New Discoveries of Medical Science as applied to Married Life, who would atone for past follies and avoid future pitfalls, should write for our wonderful little book, called "Complete Manhood and How to Attain It." To any earnest man we will mail one copy Entirely Free, in plain sealed cover.

ERIE MEDICAL CO., 66 NIAGARA ST., BUFFALO, N. Y.

Ripans Tabules cure dizziness.
Ripans Tabules: gentle cathartic.
Ripans Tabules cure constipation.
Ripans Tabules: for sour stomach.
Ripans Tabules: pleasant laxative.
Ripans Tabules cure liver troubles.

CLIMA BAKING POWDER

AND BE
LESS THAN HALF
PRICE OF OTHER
+ POUNDS 20
HALVES, 10¢ QUART
SOLD IN CANS

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURE WHILE ALL THE FALL
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good. Use
in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION