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Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

THE WIDDER WHARTON.

Her Dan Was Gone, but There Seemed to Be Others.

A couple of miles west of Prairie City I was overtaken by a man on horseback, who informed me that there had been an accident in the town by which a man had been killed, and that he was then on his way to break the sad news to the widow. She occupied a dugout about a mile farther on, and as we reached the place we found her sitting on an old box at the door and puffing away at her pipe. She gave us a nod and a look of inquiry, and the man with the mournful news cleared his throat and blew his nose and finally said:

"Mrs. Wharton, in the midst of life we are in death."

"What you drivin' at?" asked the woman as she gave him a sharp looking over.

"We are here today and gone tomorrow," he continued. "We cometh up as a flower and are cut down."

"Who's goin' tomorrow?" she demanded. "If you think I am, you've made a mistake. What's the matter with you, stranger—got cramps or sun-tin'?"

"Mrs. Wharton, I am the bearer of news."

"Waal, what is it?"

"It's bad news."

"Let'er come and don't be beatin' all around the bush. Is taxes goin' to be higher?"

"No—not that."

"Got to give our lands back to the Injuns?"

"No."

"Judgment day comin' pirty soon?"

"No. Widder Wharton, we know not what a day may bring forth."

"Waal?"

"We are a wife in the mornin and a widder at night, and slosh is life."

"Who's the widder?"

"Mrs. Wharton, our husbands go forth—go forth at the rising of the sun, and—and—"

"Look here, mister man," said the woman as she rose up and lifted a handy club from the ground; "hev you got anythin in pertickler to say to me?"

"I hev, widder," he answered.

"Then spit 'er out and don't act like a fool! What's happened?"

"Your husband is no more on this earth."

"Why ain't he?"

"Cause he's dead. He fell agin, saw up at the mill this mornin and cut in twi."

"Humph! You mean Dan?"

"Yes."

"Gone fur good?"

"Gone to a better land, I hope. Widder Wharton, may heaven gin you strength to bear up agin this awful blow."

"Y-e-s—um! See them critters over by that haystack?"

We looked where she pointed and saw five men sitting in the shade of a haystack, each one with his face in his hands and his elbows on his knees.

"Who's them?" asked the messenger.

"Callers," she replied, "callers to see if I was a widder and on the marry, and at least five more will be along afore dark. I guess heaven will gin me strength to bear it, and I'm much obliged to you. And now I must go in and change my apron and put on my shoes and git ready for a rush."—New York Sunday Journal.

The Hardest.

"And what, may I ask, do you find the most difficult duty in your new sphere?"

The other advanced woman knit her brows.

"Well," she replied after a moment's thought, "I guess the hardest thing I have to do is to pretend to be afraid of my husband when I come home loaded late at night."—Detroit Tribune.

Wayside Subtleties.

Wayworn Watson—These here newspaper writers is too high for me. What is the difference between livin and existin, I want to know?

Perry Patette—Heaps—miles, oceans. A man can exist on bread and meat, but he has to have booze to really live.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Collecting Case.

"Mrs. Van Twitter is such an original creature."

"What has she been doing lately?"

"Collecting souvenir husbands. In-side of six months she has had one from St. Louis, one from Denver and one from San Francisco."—Chicago Record.

Alligator Fashion.

"I like the looks of the high standing collar," said Cholly. "The only objection I've got against it is that when you chew gum you have to hold your jaw still and move the whole top of your head, you know."—Chicago Tribune.

A Reminder.

Bluff—I frequently have something flash upon my memory that I had forgotten for years.

Bragg—Did one of your flashes ever happen to recall that ten you borrowed of me in 1889?—Detroit Free Press.

The Diver's Joke.

"Why do you wear that very uncouth looking suit?" said the mermaid, perched on the bowsprit of the sunken vessel.

"Oh, for divers reasons," replied the humorist in the diving bell.—Yonkers

THE WISE BACHELOR.

Men and Women as They Appear to His Observing Eyes.

Flippancy is a woman's cynicism. No woman can be a heartless flirt unless she has had a real love affair.

When a man shows a woman the in-most corner of his heart, she pokes around in it and says, "Is this all?"

Whenever you admire a woman's hair, she thinks you are hinting around for a watch guard made of it.

No matter how ashamed a girl feels the first time she kisses a man, it never occurs to her that the man may feel that way too.

When a girl has a grudge against a man, she gives a chafing dish party and makes him hold the handle while she splashes little dabs all over his clothes. A girl who doesn't like a kiss ought to be treated for it.

Most men could bear it better if they weren't expected to grin.

A woman can never sit in the dusk with her husband without trying to get romantic.

Life's "apartments" often turn out to be a hall bedroom.

The deepest thing in the heart of an old maid is an ache for a little child.

When a rich girl has kinky, black hair, it is called "rippling midnight."

One of the queerest things is that a nagging woman often loves her husband.

Some women's idea of taking care of men is by fussing with them when they sit in a draft.

Some men don't discover that they are fond of their wives till their wives have got through being fond of them.

If all memory of the past could be blotted out every night, married folk would be a good deal happier.

Some time before she is 20 every girl determines either to be a foreign missionary or to spend her life washing dirty babies.

When all the women callers insist that his first baby is the perfect image of himself, a man sneaks up in the garret and looks in a looking glass.—New York Press.

An Apology.



Visitor—Ah, that's an old master, surely?

Mrs. Veneer (apologetically)—Ye-es; but the frame is new.—Punch.

His Fatal Venture.

One of them had a real football head of hair and wore a sweater, while the other wore a carnation in his button-hole and could with difficulty see over his own collar. And the girl who sat immediately back of them on the grip heard what they were saying:

"You didn't seem to get on very well with that college girl at the dinner last night," said the youth in the sweater.

"Did she want somebody else to take her in?"

"She seemed well enough pleased at first," said he of the collar gloomily.

"Then how did you happen to fall down?"

"Well, she said she despised people who pretend to be what they are not."

"And you agreed with her?"

"Well, I saw no reason to disagree with a girl whose father is worth \$2,000,000 and who is good looking enough for a girl without a cent to her name."

"Good, old boy. What did she say then?"

"Said she was glad to meet one person who was willing to pass for what he really was and not affect to know more than he did. After that we got on like a house afire."

"That must have been before I caught sight of you."

"Perhaps it was. Then we got to talking about a book we had both read, and I made use of a French phrase which seemed to describe it better than anything else."

"And wasn't she pleased with that?"

"I guess so, but that was the end of it."

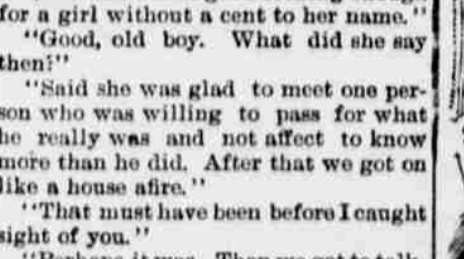
"Pshaw, you're off your base. How could that end it?"

"She said: 'Oh, you speak French, don't you? How nice!' and began to rattle it off like a steam engine."

"Well, but you—"

"I had said the only French phrase I knew."—Chicago Tribune.

A Complete Success.



He—Thank heaven, I've never disappointed my father's expectations since the day I was born.

She—So he was expecting a girl, was he?—New York Sunday Journal.

Mary Had a Little Bike.

Mary bought a bike when bikes were novel here below. And every where that Mary went Upon that bike she'd go.

She pedaled it to school one day— To teach it was her rule— And when the children saw that bike It crazy made the school.

And when from thence they hurried out With all their parents dear, They begged and pleaded till to each A bike there did appear.

And now the school is closed, and on The town's macadamized pike With Mary all her little

THE WISE BACHELOR.

What He Has to Say About Men, Women and Children.

It would be a good deal more sensible if the men had chaperons.

A man never believes that the girl he is going to marry could ever grow as fat as her mother.

The man who puts off getting his teeth fixed before he gets married is always too poor afterward, because he has to pay for the children's music lessons.

When a woman's first baby is 4 months old, she isn't happy till she takes it to a photographer and has its picture taken sitting on a hair rug with all its clothes off.

A girl can't be in love and have a bad cold in the head at the same time.

When a man says that nobody cares whether he lives or dies, he isn't advertising himself very well.

A woman loves a man better for sometimes hurting her feelings.

When a girl admits that she has a corn, she says she must quit wearing such loose shoes.

No matter how poor a stick he is, a woman always thinks her husband is an undiscovered genius.

A man always shuffles around and looks uncomfortable when his wife talks about things that happened on their honeymoon.

A man isn't likely to enjoy hearing his wife talk with a woman who remembers him when he was a boy.

When a woman tells you some gossip about another woman, she always begins by saying, "Isn't it awful how she has got herself talked about?"

When a woman gets an idea she must be economical, she hunts around and finds an old skirt to rip up.

It isn't that a man doesn't see the faults in the woman he is in love with, but somehow the faults seem lovable.

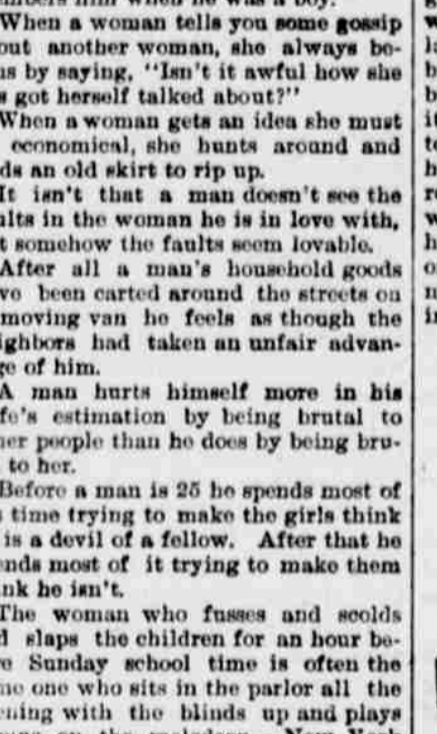
After all a man's household goods have been carted around the streets on a moving van he feels as though the neighbors had taken an unfair advantage of him.

A man hurts himself more in his wife's estimation by being brutal to other people than he does by being brutal to her.

Before a man is 25 he spends most of his time trying to make the girls think he is a devil of a fellow. After that he spends most of it trying to make them think he isn't.

The woman who fusses and scolds and slaps the children for an hour before Sunday school time is often the same one who sits in the parlor all the evening with the blinds up and plays hymns on the melodeon.—New York Press.

Two Views of the Subject.



Mr. Outspoken—If you were not so—so—large, Miss Maudlin, I would ask you to dance.

Miss Maudlin—I may look large, Mr. Outspoken, but I assure you I should feel small enough if I did dance with you.—Collier's Weekly.

Struck It Right.

"Yes," said the reader of hats, "I can tell the moment I look at a hat what kind of man the wearer was, how old, whether tall or short, and other characteristics. Oh, it's no trick. I don't know how I came by the faculty."

"It must be a gift," suggested one of us.

"Like second sight or mind reading," observed another.

"Bring on your hat," said a third.

"I'm anxious to see how it works."

A large number of hats were produced from one source or another, large hats, soft hats and stiff hats, and the ownership was successfully concealed.

The hat reader took a rather broad brimmed soft, shabby hat and began to inspect it.

"This," he said, "is the hat of a tramp."

"How do you know?"

"By unmistakable signs. The brim is turned up in the back. That comes from often sleeping in haymows or under trees. It is pulled down in front to shade the face from inspection."

"Wonderful. Go on."

"Its owner was often hungry. He has gnawed the brim. He was dishonest, for he hid things in the crown. The shape of the crown shows that he had the pointed skull of an idiot. Am I right?"

"I guess so, old boy," said the host of the occasion. "That's my hat, and when I was on my walking tour this summer I did nearly all you mention. Try another."—Detroit Free Press.

Suspicious Circumstance.

"It may be mere coincidence," said he thoughtfully. "I hope that such is the case."

"What's that?" asked the other man.

"Why, every time I call at the Joneses I find the doormat turned so that the 'Welcome' is upside down as I go in and all right as I start for the street."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ready to Negotiate.

Reformer—Mr. Grabbe, we can count on you to vote in favor of this bill to prevent bribery in the council, can't we?

Alderman—Well—er—what is the inducement?—Harlem Life.

Somewhat Talkative.

Bacon—Did you know there were over 735,013,559,600 different white hands in a pack of cards?

Egbert—Yes. My wife tells me about each one nearly every time we play.—Yonkers Statesman.

He Didn't Specify.

"I tell you," cried the author, "I'm going to rise in this world."

The editor eyed him doubtfully for five seconds and then asked:

"Balloon or elevator?"—Atlanta

AN EXTRAVAGANT HABIT.

The White Haired Veteran and His Great Passion For Whittling.

The white haired veteran had a very shame faced look when his wife came up to where he was sitting in front of the general store. The floor around him was covered with whittlings. He folded up a big jackknife and turned his head to avoid the reproving glances of his helpmate.

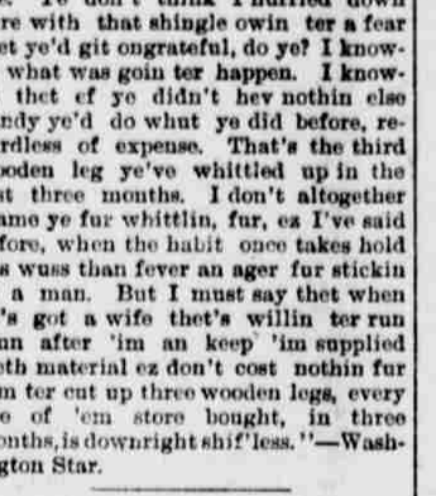
"I was too late, wa'n't I," she exclaimed in a tone of discouragement. Taking a pine shingle from under her shawl, she threw it down and said, "I've driv cattle, an I've plowed land, but keepin' track of a man is wuss'n anything I ever tried yet."

"I re'ly didn't think," he said apologetically.

"I knowed ye wouldn't think. When a man gits inter the way o' whittlin', he jes' quits doin' ev'rything else, seems ter me. Soon's he once tastes the joys o' whittlin' he's satisfied ter go ahead. I put that shingle out on the porch an tol' yer exactly where 'twas. An ye come off without it."

"It does seem kinder ongrateful in me," he answered.

"Tain't the ongratitude as moves me. Ye don't think I hurried down here with that shingle ov'in ter a fear that ye'd git ongrateful, do ye? I knowed what was goin' ter happen. I knowed that ef ye didn't hev nothin else handy ye'd do what ye did before, regardless of expense. That's the third wooden leg ye've whittled up in the last three months. I don't altogether blame ye fur whittlin', fur, as I've said before, when the habit once takes hold it's wuss than fever an ager fur stickin' to a man. But I must say that when he's got a wife that's willin ter run roun after 'im an keep 'im supplied with material ez don't cost nothin fur him ter cut up three wooden legs, every one of 'em store bought, in three months, is downright shif'less."—Washington Star.



What He Wanted.

The old gentleman looked at the youth rather sharply over the top of his glasses.

"I rather from your remarks," he said, "that you would like to be my son-in-law."

"I don't care a continental about that," retorted the young man with considerable asperity. "Your daughter has enough money in her own right to satisfy me."—Chicago Post.

Seemed to Remind Him.

"Speaking of that yellow old humbug, Li Hung Chang?"

"By George, I'm glad you spoke of him. If he were here, he would probably ask me: 'How about that letter your wife gave you the other day? Have you mailed it yet?' I'll go and do it right now."—Chicago Tribune.

Business.

He—Miss Luella, I love you madly. Will you be mine?

She—This really is so sudden, Mr. Bismarck. I must have time to think it over before I answer you.

He—Can't give you much. Last car goes in 15 minutes.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Awkward Addendum.

"So both your sisters have married," said the man who puts his foot in it, "and you are the only one left? Excuse me," he hastened to add. "I should have said the only one remaining."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Convenient Phrase.

"Who are the deserving poor?"

"The poor that those who speak of them never find."—Detroit News.

A Complete Success.

He—Thank heaven, I've never disappointed my father's expectations since the day I was born.

She—So he was expecting a girl, was he?—New York Sunday Journal.

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