THE MIDDLEBURGH POST.

GEO. W, WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor h. --

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., MAY 13, 1897

Germany is doing her best to divert the emigration of her subjects frc this country. 1000 50

During the last fifty years (,ermany, Austria and England ha ... e each retained their birth rates ' andiminished, while that of Italy ans slightly increased.

· Four Buffalo (N. Y.) reporters attended a prise tight in a professional capacity " ,nd the "mill" being raided by the police were promptly captured with the party. Judge King of that city, before whom they were brought, released them, declaring that it was a principle of law as well as of common sense that three kinds of men were permitted to go anywhere without blame-doctors, clergymen and reporters.

Japan fought her last naval war without battleships, but in her next one she proposes to use some of the strongest armorclads atloat. Two \$4,-000,000 vessels are now building in England and more are likely to follow. Japan's most active enemy in the Far East is Russia, and on that account the probable intent of the Japanese naval office is to match, and if possible overmatch, the Czar's available navy.

Occasionally one hears of an instance of real gratitude. The will of Mrs. Marie Elizabeth Cleveland, who died at Nice, France, directs that the greater part of her estate shall be turned into a trust fund and invested so as to yield the largest income consistent with safety to the principal, to be paid semi-annually to Marvin F. Scarfe of Pittsburg, who, at the risk of his own life, saved Mrs. Cleveland from accidental drowning, and at his death the principal to go to his children.

The alliance of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State shows very clearly that Oom Paul fears trouble and is making preparations to meet it, observes the San Francisco.Chronicle. The Boers in both 'republics make a small numerical showing, but they could put in the field a force that would whip five times as many English or other troops. The encounter with Jameson's men showed very clearly what the Boers can do in the peculiar long-range fighting in which they excel.

ACT T O-DAY. Time strikes the your of eachipassing day With swift p

recision and unerring toll Nor pauses ! .a his journey to survey The ruir .ed castles of the human soul. Swift '

hough his flight, think not his jour iney short; for life, however brief it chance to be, Doth carry, as it nears the unseen port,

Hopes freighted with sternal destiny. Remember, then, the field of life's survey Cannot be circumscribed by human creeds And he alone is wise who crowns each day With lofty purpose and enpobling deeds, -Charles Babson Soule, in Chicago Journal

That Tantalizing Letter.

FELL, I'm bothered if I can tell who it's from !" "It" was a letter; and, surely, the casiest way for Mr. Sprunt to arrive at the desired information was simply to open it.

No doubt ; but here arose a slight difficulty : it wasn't his. The postman had delivered it at the shop by mistake. It was addressed to Miss Nancy Vale.

All day the sight of it lying on the top of a ham ou the counter had literally tantalized him. When the shutters were going to be put on for the night, he took it up for a final scrutiny.

postmark's London," he The ruminated. "I never heard tell of any -- my goodness! I've done it now!'

And so he had. The imperfect adhesion of the envelope had yielded altogether to his too insinuating finger.

Of course, now that it was open, it would have been a depth of folly passing Mr. Sprunt's comprehension not to master the contents, and his face actually quivered with suppressed excitement during the perusal.

"If that doesn't beat the Dutch ! he ejaculated on reaching the end. "A legacy of five hundred pounds from her grand aunt. If I had known this was going to happen, I would have made her Mrs. Sprunt long ago. I've always been fond of Nancy, and I'm fonder now than ever. What a mercy this letter came my way !"

This was no time, however, for moral reflections. The situation called for immediate action. In order to secure this golden windfall for his own coffers, he must not let the grass grow under his feet.

A moment's cogitation showed that the first thing to be done was to get the fair legatee, by hook or by crook, to promise to marry him before she knew of her good luck.

Suppose he proposed that night, and was accepted? In the course of a day or two ne could produce the letter, all scaled up again, as if it had newly arrived. Once Nancy had pledged her word, he could depend on her not throwing him over. With Mr. Sprunt to think was to act,

especially when five hundred pounds were at stake. It was a blustering March evening

thought hardly worthy of considera-

Having thus logically stated his case, he leaned his burly figure back in his chair, stuck his thumbs into the armholes of his waist-coat, and complacently awaited a reply.

"I'm very sorry," stammered Nancy, whom the proposal had taken entirely by surprise. "If you mean me, Mr. Sprunt, it's quite impossible." "What, impossible !" almost shouted

that gentleman, starting up in such undisguised astonishment that Nancy with difficulty repressed a smile. "You can't mean impossible, surely? For my sake, take time and consider. The shop's a good going concern. I could keep you like a lady. A slik gown and a gold watch and chain would be

nothing to me. And I've a snug bit of morey laid by-" "That makes no difference," interrupted Nancy, a little frown pucker-

ing her forehead. To say that her elderly wooer was

dumbfounded, is putting it mildly. If money made no difference, what on earth would? He was almost at his wits' end, seeing his chance of five hundred pounds visibly receding, when a bright idea struck him. The sentimental card was the one to play on a woman.

Accordingly, with a rueful look, he rose as if to depart.

"Well, I can say no more. I've offered you my all, and it doesn't please Many's the time, Nancy, my you. dear, I've thought of you here so solitary-like. Maybe, after this, you'll think about mesometimes sitting lonesome.

"Oh, hush !" cried Nancy, smitten with real compunction for the pain she was inflicting. "If it was anything else, Mr. Sprunt-"

"Ay, that's it," with a heavy sigh, taking a step to the door. "If you knew how I've saved up, and planned and counted on this, you'd be sorry for me. You see a disappointment

tells more on a man come to my time of life. I'm not so young as I once Was."

The smile with which he concluded was more touching to Nancy than tears. A wave of infinite pity swept over her.

Sprunt paused half way to the door, detecting signs of indecision.

"I see you're not able to bring your mind to it," he said, humbly. "I might have known you couldn't. You'll not let this make any difference between us; it will kill me, if you did. Good bye, my dear-God bless you! Yon'll never want a friend as long as old John

Sprunt's living. Good bye. "Stop a moment," said Nancy hurriedly. She was fairly overcome by such disinterested affection. "If you your heart. care so much-

"Care !" broke in Sprunt, with genuine fervor; "you don't know how much l care" (which was quite true). "Oh, Nancy! Just chauge your mind and say 'yes."" picking up the all-important docu-ment, which had lain undisturbed

Nancy said "yes."

While this settling and sealing of his mistress's destiny was taking place, it may be profitable to enquire, "What was Spook after ?"

During the most interesting part of the colloquy he was intent on an ezamination of the visitor's overcostforeign articles (that is, those not in-

digenous to Cherry-tree Cottage) possessing a rare fascination for him.

mind to sell out, and come back and ask you again. So here I am. You won't send me away this time, little

Nancy, will you?" Nancy turned away her head with a sudden shiver of anguish. Not till that moment, since Tom's return, had she remembered what had transpired

the previous evening. Oh, the horror of the thought! Tom had come back, but too late ; was she not John Sprunt's affianced wife?

in an agony of despair and shame she hid her face in her hands. Yes, shame! How could she ever confess to faithful Tom that she had plighted

her troth to another? But it had to be told. Tom was anxiously demanding what was the

matter. "John Sprunt was here last night," she said at last, in a strange, unuatural voice, "and he asked me to marry him.

"He, he, ha! Is that all?" laughed Tom, immensely relieved. "But I wouldn't look so solemn about it.

Don't you think it a capital joke ?" "No, I don't," said Nancy, bursting into tears; "because I said I would." A dead silence followed this declaration.

Nancy got out her little handkerchief and slowly wiped her eyes, stealing a pitcons glance at Tom, who sat grave as a judge, with a perfectly inscrutable expression.

"Are you anery, Tom?" she asked. timidly, when the silence grew unbearable.

"Angry ?" with a short, bitter laugh. "Oh, no. I'm delighted, of course. At the same time, it's an unexpected honor. I didn't know I was taking a journey of thousands of miles to be present at John Sprunt's wedding. But why, in the name of wonder, breaking off his tone of polite irony-"why didn't you tell me this at first?" "Because I forgot," sobbed Nancy, 'Oh, why didn't you come a day sooner-just one day?"

"You don't mean to say you would have preferred me to the young and handsome and generous Sprunt?" asked Tom, with biting sarcasm.

Poor Nancy litted her swimming eyes in mute reproach. The sight brought the penitent Tom to his knees by her side.

"I'm just a perfect brute !" he declared, kissing away her tears. "Can you ever forgive me for being so cruel?

For answer Nancy silently laid her slender little hand in his broad palm. Tom pressed it again and again to his

"This is mine now," he said, resolutely; "and I refuse to give it up till you can tell me somebody else has

"I'll just go over to the shop at once, and see Sprunt myself," remarked Tom presently, getting up. "Hello! here's a letter, Nancy," up. where it fell till now.

Nancy looked at the letter in puzzled surprise. Together they perused it. Their amazement at its contents was equalled by wonder as to how it got there.

Suddenly Nancy exclaimed:

"Ob, I think I cau explain it. I remember just like a dream seeing something white fall out of one of the pockets of Mr. Sprunt's overccat.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING

TEMPERED.

When itern occasion calls for war, And the trampets shrill and peal, And the transfers sing all day Forces and armories ring all day With the flerce clash of steel. The blades are heated in the flame, And cooled in icy flood, And beaten hard, and beaten well,

To make them firm and pliable Their edge and temper good ; Then tough and sharp with discipline, They win the tight for fighting men.

When God's occasions call for men, His chosen souls He takes : In life's hot fire He tempers them,

With tears he cools and slakes ; With many a heavy, grievous stroke He beats them to an edge And tests and tries, again, again, Till the hard will is fused, and pain

Becomes high privilege : Then strong, and quickened through an

through, They ready are His work to do.

Like an on-rushing, furious host The tide of need and sin, Unless the blades shall tempered be, They have no chance to win ; God trusts to no untested sword

When he goes forth to war; Only the souls that, beaten long On pain's great anvil, have grown strong.

His chosen weapons are. Ab, souls, on pain's great anyil laid, Remember this, nor be afraid !

-Susan Coolidge, in Congregationalist

JESUS WAITS BEYOND.

It is not with the grief which cannot be assuaged that we who love Jesus mourn ou lost. His rising from the grave is the pledge of their immortal life, and waited to us from that shore of bloom where they await us, come to our spirits whispers of undying hope. We know that we shall meet them again when the heavens shall receive us, as the heavens have received them. A dear wife was drifted out on the tide which sets away from these surf-beaten banks of the earth. Hour after hour her husband held her in his arms, her breath growing fainter, coming in gasps; ever her brave eyes look-ing steadily into his, her strong soul facing the invisible world just beyond the vail, the invisible world just beyond the vali, without a tremor, without a protest. An-other than the beloved husband was waiting to take her hand, and to that Other both could resign themselves trustfully and buoy-antly, for this and the next fully and buoy-antly, for this and the next fully and buoy-antly for this and the next full a girl in the flush of her youth. "Glory, honor, im-mortality!" whispered an aged saint. "All sunshine yonder." said God's servant, going home. So our Easter thoughts are full of rejoicing, full of praise transcending speech. rejoicing, full of praise transcending speech. Yesterday we thought of Jesus in the tomb ; today it is of Jesus risen we sing. And as a dear poet has written, we remember in thankfulness that

"Calvary and Easter day Were just one day apart !" -- Christian Intelligencer.

A PRAYER OF ADORATION.

bring us the greatest profit but is a at life as a whole, and sum up al tra-from its beginning till the moment da and in view of this, ask: "Wag w profit a man if he gain the whole was ose his own soul?" If you fulfill the purpose of foot as Blessed be thou, O God ! who hast raise living, no matter how humble in particular in the may be your life, it is well worth attac ip our Lord Jesus from the dead that he might be the first fruits of them that are asleep. We bless thee for his service of humiliation, his atoning death, his glorious God's purposes are always worthy. resurrection and his continuing life. For his sake pardon our transgressions and The meaning and joy of living as summed up in merely keeping beau body, but in having every power user trol, in having an active mind appear There is life in a sponge, but have does it mean? Then first can any ast say, "I live," when he has gained by from bondage to sin. Read the biography of men thailed themselves, having their affections at the things of the present world, and m find that their cup of happings use shortcomings and enable us so to use this world of passion and temptation that we may win the victory of faith. Teach us to live as heirs of the inheritance Christ's death has purchased, and to die as those who follow without fear the path of him who conquered death. Out of the experience of Thy love we praise Thee. With the innumerable company of the redeemed in heaven and earth we wor-ship the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world, who died and rose again and lives in an immortal life. Glory be to Thee, O Christ ! in heaven and earth forevermore

A VOICE FROM THE DEEP.

There is, it is said, a beautiful custom in

parts of Sicily when the fishermen are going on some expedition into the deep sen: their wives and children accompany them o the shore, and as they embark they raise all together their voices in hymns of praise to God, and as they put out to sea, those in the boats answer to those on the shore, in an antiphone of devotion, verse after verse until their voices die away in the distance and the yearning sea carries them out o sight and hearing. So we today stand o Baco-Curo The only so fic cure for Tobacco has the shore of eternity, and as soul after sou puts forth into the deep and passes from our sight, we raise the song of confidence. "Christ is risen," and the answer comes back from the bosom of that boundless occan-

WE SEEK NEWNERS OF

We are the children of the re and the dearness of the earth in a and joyous life under the sun is t when we remember that our furned thereto from the tomb ngair known unto his disciples in ing of bread. The sun, for who we ever look, is his true symb we ever look, is his true symbol, appearings are from overlasting -lasting. It is newness of life that is and this we have always, having his us - the Vine whielf, after innumeral tages, still blossometh in all its in it is he who is our springtime, we baptism of flame quickening the tead and consuming all the dead wood. M. Alden.

THE LORD GIVES WARNES.

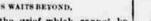
He who climbs above the care World and turns his face to his 6 found the sunny side of life. The side of the hill is chill and freen spiritual mind, but the Lord's gives a warmth of joy which turns The . into summer.-Spurgeon.

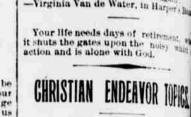
Ring out, O lily-bells ! Gone is

All nature sings at this giad Latera We see no more the shadow of the tost To us the nearly rates and the tost To us the pearly gates swing open Past is the pain :

Death is in vain ; He who was dead now lives again! —Virginia Van de Water, in Harpers h

May 10.





TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, MAY

"Some Things Worth Living far" If

14-23,

May 11. Honor from men. 1 Sec. 14-23.

14-23, May 12, Love, Gen. xxix, 13-60, May 13, Strongth, Isa, xi, 12-61, May 14, Joy, Pa, xl, 1-8, May 15, Henven, Matt. xxv, 31-30,

SCRIPTCRE VERSES .- Mark the

vi. 10, 11; ix, 1-3; xvi. 3, 4; 1 Cot. 1

In our daily toil and business we can

stantly on the lookout for that whit

LESSON TROUGHTS.

SELECTIONS.

The meaning and joy of living m

Luke iz. 23, 24; Acts xv. 25, 26, 11.

L 20, 21; il. 3-8; Heb. xiii, 12, 13.

ii. 12-17.

THINGS TO LIVE TOR.

Christ's approval Mat

An interesting letter has just been discovered, written by President Buchanan when a young man, which throws new light on an unhappy romance in the carly life of Lincoln's predecessor. That Buchanan died a bachelor because his engagement with Annie Coleman, the daughter of a prominent resident of Lancaster, Penn., was broken by the girl's parents is well known; but what caused her father's hostility has never been definitely understood, though the most intimate friends of the two have vaguely heard of anonymous charges, which Mr. Coleman would not allow his daughter's suitor to answer or even hear. Miss Coleman died in 1819, a few months after her engagement was broken, and Buchanan wrote to her father, asking permission to attend the funeral. The following letter was found in a box of old documents which had remained for quite a while unclaimed in a Washington warehouse, and was sold the other day for a few cents. It had apparently been returned to Buchanan, for the seal was unbroken; "You have lost a dear child. I have lost the only earthly object of my affection. My prospects are all cut off, and I feel that my happiness will be buried with her in the grave. It is now no time for explauation, but the time will come when you will discover that she, as well as I, has been much abused. God forgive the authors of it. My feelings of resentment against them, whoever they may be, are buried in the dust. I have one request to make, and for the love of God and your dear departed daughter, whom I love infinitely more than any other human being could love, deny me not. Afford me the melaucholy pleasure of seeing the body before its interment." As stated, the plea was not even

read, and as Buchanan found the animosity of the wealthy Coleman family was too much for a young lawyer, he left Lancaster and entered upon a career which ended in the White House,

Minneapolis is to have a great musical les-tival at the Exposition building on May 17

State State 1

both raining and blowing at a rate enough to quell the ardor of any ordinary suitor. But a deluge of old wives and pike staves wouldn't have deterred the redoubtable Sprunt from setting fortune (or rather Nancy's) to the test.

A few minutes' battling with the elements brought him to his destination.

In answer to his resounding rat-tattat on the knocker, Nancy appeared at the door, accompanied by Spook, a handsome black cat.

"Ah !" says the elever reader ; "an old maid !"

Well, she was single, undoubtedly, but it wasn't from want of-

"An offer," interposes the readers, with a cynical smile. "It never is."

To tell the little dressmaker's story to one capable of making so vile an insinuation would be casting pearls before swine. Enough to say that ten years before, Nancy, then a winsome dark-eyed maiden of eighteen, had played out her one romance.

To bring about a reconciliation between her lover and his tyrannical father who had threatened to disinherit him if he persisted in his attentions to her, she had given poor Tom his conge, coldly, firmly, finally.

Instead of this having the effect anticipated, it made life at home seem so intolerable to young Ford that he ran away.

From that ill-fated day Nancy had never seen her lover again, though his haggard face and that last look in his eyes as of some dumb animal in pain had haunted her ever since.

But this is a digression. Let us return to the present and Mr. Sprunt.

"It's a very wet night, my dear," he observed. Without waiting to be invited, he entered and seated himself in the armchair, and after a few desultory remarks and preliminary clearings of the throat, he made the plunge.

"What a time it seems since you've been over to the shop, Nancy! I've been missing you badly.

"Have you, really ?" returned she, blassinge of color stealing into her pale cheek.

"Yes, I've been missing you, and it set me a thinking," continued Mr. had elapsed was himself the owner of Sprunt, in a reflective tone. "I says a large sheep run. to myself, says I, 'ef you misses a

Spook had a terrible nose for discovering secrets. The nearer he approached one of the pockets the keener grew the sniffing; the reason being that therein lay the fateful letter, out for Cherry-tree Cottage to put his | which had acquired a very pronounced smell of the ham it had been in close proximity to all day.

Now, Spook had one weakness-and that was for ham. Ham in any shape or form was to him irresistible. For ham he would have stopped at no crime, how much less at mere pocketpicking!

After considerable manouvering, he dexterously inserted into the pocket a paw, and, without more ado, contrived to fish out the letter.

As it fell on the floor, a sudden movement of Sprunt's made Spook think he was detected, and he precipitately fled, leaving his booty lying half-hidden under the table, to be discovered in due time.

If anyone had told Nancy the next morning, when she began washing her doorstep, that she would leave it halfdone, she would have laughed the erazy prediction to scorn.

But so it was decreed.

She had given the preliminary wash with water, when a shadow fell athwart the step. Nancy looked up in surprise, and

met the steadfast gaze of a tall, bronzed and bearded stranger.

Uttering an inarticulate erv of half incredulous joy, she sprang to her feet and took a step forward.

The next instant the stranger's strong arms were round her, and his lips were pressed to hers in a long, passionate kiss.

It was Tom-Tom come back from the grave as it were.

Who could describe the feelings of the long-severed pair? Nancy's glowing face, when she raised it from her lover's broad chest, looked almost as young and as fair as when they had parted-and a thousand times happier.

Tom's story was not a long one, but, owing to sundry mysterious interruptions, it took a good while to tell.

To begin at the beginning, he had worked his passage out to Australia, got a place as shepherd on a sheep farm, and before half a dozen years

"And I wouldn't be here now," conperson when you don't see her, that cluded he, "if, last Christmas, I hadn't shows you've a hankering after her. come across a Strathendy man: Jim And if you've a hankering after a per- Black, the joiner's son. We got pretty son, that shows you're in love with friendly talking about old times, and her. And if you're in love with a per- he told me you were still Nancy Vale. of soap and treacle, and as an after. began to dawn on me. I made up my vania, with 5,258,014.

Spook was poking about it in his usual way. He must have been at his old pilfering tricks-"

"Oh, well, I would hardly call it that. Let's say he took it in a fit of abstraction-just as Sprunt opened it to begin with, wherever he got hold of it. Do you understand the reason | of his sudden affection for you, Nancy? The grasping old miser !"

At this moment there was a loud rap at the door, followed by the entrance of the very individual in question.

His dismay on seeing a stranger may be imagined. His first impulse was to withdraw, but Tom's voice arrested his movement.

"What do you want, sir?"

Sprunt stopped, gave his questioner a baleful glaze out of his little ferrety eves, and then utterly ignoring his presence turned to Nancy.

"Good morning, my dear. I dare say you're surprised to see me so carly; but the truth is, I'm anxious about a letter for you that the post gave me through carelessness yesterday. I had it in my pocket for you last night; but it's not to be wondered at that, in the circumstances, I forgot it," with a leer at Nancy. "And now, I'm sorry to say, it's nowhere to be found.

"You don't need to waste your sorrow on that. It has just been found," said Tom.

"Oh, ah-I'm very glad," stammered Sprunt,

"This letter has been opened. Perhaps you'll kindly give an account of your proceedings with regard to it,' continued Tom, sternly eyeing the delinquent, who was mopping the perspiration off his honest brow.

"I am not accountable to you, sir, growled Sprunt. "Nancy, my dear, I'll explain it all to you.'

"Just dare to call this lady your 'dear' again !" cried Tom, with such ferocity of aspect that "the Shop" backed two or three steps to the door. "As for explaining, you may save yourself the trouble. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," observed Tom, with a comical glance at Nancy as the door banged behind the baffled schemer. "The very first thing you are going to do, my little Nancy Pretty, is to choose your wedding

Canada's Population.

The Canadian Department of Agriculture estimates the population of the Dominion to be 5,125,438, a gain of rather less than 300,000 since the census of 1891. In 1890 there were two son, well, the next thing's to get mar- Folks said it was for my sake you States of the Union that exceeded ried to her,' says 1-subject to her would not marry. When I heard that, Canada in population-New York, with approval, of course," added the man the real reason for your refusing me 5,997,853 inhabitants, and Pannsyl"Christ is risen, risen brother, Brother, Christ is risen indeed." -Canon Newbolt,

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN.

One can bear with hope and calmness a parting which is only for a time and not for ever. As the great ship swings away from the dock, with every revolution of its wheel carrying our dear one away from us, hall across the globe, to be gone for years, we span the guif of absence with the bridge of kope : we forecast the coming back, we know that ere long, or perhaps after long, we will meet again. So, when out on the silent set the muffied oars of death carry our barg our dear ones here know that in Christ shall meet before many years. When we give our loved ones up it is in the good hope of the resurrection. Death hath no more dominion over those who are one in faith and love in the risen Christ. And this is the Easter joy in the crown of rejoicing. -Margaret E. Sangster.

THE SEED WILL BLOSSOM IN HEAVEN.

The doctrine of the resurrection is full of joy to the bereased. it clothes the grave with flowers, and wreathes the tomb with unfading harel. The sepulchre shines with a light brighter than the sun, and death grows fair, as we say, in the full assurance of faith, "I know that my brother shall rise again." Rent from the ignoble shell, the pearl is gone to deck the crown of the Prince of Peace ; buried beneath the sod, the seed is preparing to bloom in the King's garden. -C. II. Spurgeon.

FEW YEARS MAY HOLD MUCH.

He lives longest who lives noblest. Life He lives longest who lives noblest, Life is not measured by heart-beats, but by good deeds. We do not doubt that many persons of less than threescore and ten have really had a richer and faller exist-ence than even Methuselah ever enjoyed. It is possible to crowd an age into a life-time. Among the early dead there are mul-titudes who fulfilled their mission on the longth a trub as if they lingered on to wrinkles and gray hairs. Let us be mindful that the night cometh when no man can work and diligently strive to do our duty while it is called today.—Christian Advocate (Nashvilie.)

CREIST MUST FIRST EISE IN US.

The resurrection of Christ is of no avail to thee unless Christ also rises in thy soul. Nor is it enough that Christ should arise in Not is it chough that Christ should arise in thy soul but once, for the old Adam cannot be destroyed in a single moment. The old sinful nature strives daily to live anew in thee, and daily must thou destroy it that Christ may daily begin to live in thee. Christ ascended not to heaven nor entered bits his closer with after his resurrection so into his glory until after his resurrection, so thou will not enter into the heavenly glory until christ flow rises and laves in thee.— Gerhard.

spend the few years we have on each ing to answer the questions. What als eat? what shall we drink? what da wear? where shall we amuse ourses shall we spend the few years is the of our Lord and Master, trying to If we live Christlike lives, we shall peace and a happiness that the war nothing of.



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gown."-Boston Pouquet.