

GEO. W. WAGENSELLER, Editor and Proprietor

MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JUNE 24, 1897.

It is estimated that seventy-five per cent. of the silks worn by American women are of American manufacture.

French paupers are provided for by the funds arising from a ten per cent. tax on theatre tickets. This tax averages \$10,000,000 a year.

The Tennessee anti-cigarette law prohibits the sale or manufacture of cigarettes in the state. It also prohibits the importation of cigarettes from other states.

One of the Kansas courts is wrestling with the question whether the music of a brass band is a work of labor or a work of art. There are many cases in which it is plainly a work of torture.

The famous rivers of ancient Greece, which are mentioned so often by the poets and historians of the peninsula, were mere creeks, some of them scarcely larger than brooks, and not deserving the name of river.

Memberships in the New York Stock Exchange in future may be assessed for taxes. Justice Beekman of the New York supreme court, has decided that a seat in the exchange is property, and that a tax might be imposed legally.

Manchester and Liverpool, which are only an hour apart by rail, are fighting a great commercial duel. Manchester has spent an enormous sum to construct a ship canal to divert the trade of Liverpool, and the latter city has put \$45,000,000 into a new system of docks.

Mrs. Max Muller, who has spent considerable time among the Turks, says they do not seem to feel at home in Europe, but that they are "strong and steady and determined to fight to the bitter end before they surrender what for 400 years they have called their own."

Somebody is just out with the statistics of costs incurred by the various wars during Queen Victoria's reign. Lord Lytton's Afghan war cost \$90,000,000. The Crimean war sent the English taxpayer a bill of \$580,000,000. The expedition to squelch King Theodore of Abyssinia, cost \$45,000,000, and the scare which was indulged in by England during the late Russo-Turkish war, and resulted in Disraeli's "peace with honor," cost just \$31,250,000.

Wendell Phillips, like Mr. Moody, appreciated the power of newspaper publicity, says the Portland Oregonian. Major Pond tells us that when he was interrupted and prevented from being heard once by an unfriendly audience he stooped down and began talking in a low voice to the men at the reporters' table. Some of the auditors, becoming furious, called "Louder!" Whereupon Phillips straightened himself up and exclaimed: "Go right on, gentlemen, with your noise. Through these pencils," pointing to the reporters, "I speak to 40,000,000 people."

King George I of Greece owes his royal office not only to the favor of his subjects, but also to the grace of three of the leading powers of Europe, and any change in sovereignty which the people might desire to make would have to be approved by these powers, viz: France, Russia and England. When the independence of Greece was declared, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the powers selected Prince Leopold, now king of Belgium, as the ruler of the new state. He accepted the office at first, but subsequently declined. In 1831 Otho, son of the king of Bavaria, was placed on the throne. He ruled until 1862, and in that year a revolution broke out in Athens, and he was deposed. A provisional committee then ordered the election of another king by universal suffrage, and Prince Alfred of England, who is now duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, was elected. An agreement had, however, been made by France, England and Russia that no prince of either of these countries should be placed on the throne, and his name was therefore withdrawn. On the 30th of March, 1863, the national assembly of Greece elected Prince Christian of Denmark king. The election was confirmed by the powers on the 13th of July, and he ascended the throne and was crowned as King George.

A woman in Little Rock the other day shot four men. Wonder what she was firing at?

A SONG.
That passed over, and this may, too.
Who forgoes that the skies are blue,
In dreary seasons of fog and rain,
To-morrow the wind may sift again.
That passed over, and this may, too.
God who sendeth the summer dew,
Guardeth the daffodil under the snow,
Spring must come, and the winter go,
That passed over, and this may, too.
—Sara M. Haughton, in Youth's Companion.

HELEN'S TWO LOVERS.

By ANNA SHEILDS.

Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed? Was he glad? Was he sorry?



Did he feel triumphant? Did he feel bitterly ashamed? Was he glad? Was he sorry? Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition, and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed.

Will Spencer asked himself these questions over and over, wearying of the repetition, and yet never able to end it by saying heartily that he was glad and triumphant, or bitterly that he was sorry and ashamed. The plain fact stared him ever in the face, that Helen Raymond did not love him, and that Mrs. Raymond had urged his suit, and exerted her maternal influence and eloquence until Helen had consented to be his wife, telling him very frankly that her heart was in the grave of her lover, George Vanhorn, who had been killed in a railway collision nearly one year before.

"Mother was never willing I should marry George," Helen said, sadly, "because he was poor, and we have suffered all that poverty can inflict. He was on his way to Colorado, where his brother had been successful, when he was killed." Will Spencer winced, for he was rich, very rich, but then he put to the wind that soothing salve, "I will win her love when she is my wife," that has wrecked so many lives. It may come, this love that will not be hidden, to a man and wife after they are bound together for life, but the risk is great, and Will Spencer knew it.

Yet he cherished the delusion that love in the end would win a return, and he knew his own love to be strong and enduring. He had stepped back when George Vanhorn was met with such a smile as he could never win, had kept from pressing his suit when the name of Helen's lover appeared on the list of the killed in the account of the railway collision, but after the lapse of several months he had won Mrs. Raymond to his side, and so, by proxy, wooed Helen and won—what? a cold, reluctant consent to his wife?

Yet she was not cold, this girl of twenty, whose heart had seemed crushed ever since the day when George Vanhorn's name was recorded as dead. He could have told how her eyes could soften with love's tenderness, her cheeks burn with love's blushes, her low, sweet, voice tremble with love's whispered words. He had won what all the Spencer gold, the riches of long generations, could not buy.

In the "long ago" the Raymonds had held wealth, too, but Helen's father, to use the expression of his brother, had "muddled away two fortunes, somehow," and had died a pauper. Helen was but a child then, and her mother was sufficiently wise to "fit her for a teacher," by a course of judicious education, for which her uncle paid.

And Helen, nervous, sensitive, quick in feeling, impulsive in speech, was about as unfit for a teacher as a girl could be. Still she trudged about in all weather to instruct such pupils in music and French as she could procure, and helped her mother shoulder the thousand and one cares of a boarding-house when she was at home.

Before that fatal railway collision she was a bright, beautiful girl, with large, expressive, brown eyes, a voice of music, the step of a fairy, singing as a bird sings, from sheer joyousness of heart, bringing a jest to all the household worries, laughing merrily over her own blunders in the culinary department, turning old dresses, renovating old bonnets without a complaint, living on love and hope.

After that day she moved about slowly, her eyes dull and weary, her duties met with rigid mechanical precision, her lips compressed, her cheeks pale, a shadow of her joyous self. And it made Will Spencer furious he could not break this icy calm. All in vain he brought her costly gifts, took her to every place of amusement where he could coax her to go, was her openly devoted slave. The few words of thanks she spoke were dull, her smile was on her lips only, and her eyes did not brighten. By no device could he call up one flash of her old joyousness. She sang for him, selecting difficult overtures that proved her proficiency, displayed a charming voice, nothing more. Never did she sing the old ballads that George Vanhorn had loved, when she threw her heart into every line, and made her eyes misty with her thrilling tones.

Yet she was grateful, and spoke often of her own regret that she so poorly repaid all Will's tenderness. She tried not to shrink from his caresses, to give back something of the warmth of his love, and then, in the privacy of her own room, wept scalding tears over her own faithlessness.

Mrs. Raymond was often afraid that she would yet miss the golden prize she had partly won, and heartily seconded Will in his preparations for a speedy wedding. It was Mrs. Raymond who went with him to open the house that he had bought to adorn for his bride, who aided him in the selec-

tion of carpets, curtains, furniture, and gave him instructions regarding the kitchen department, of whose needs he was as ignorant as most young bachelors. It was Mrs. Raymond who received an anonymous letter containing a liberal sum, which she quietly appropriated for a trousseau and a suitable dress for the bride's mother.

She was a woman of rare tact. Having won Helen's consent to be Will Spencer's wife, she never bothered her by complaints about her listless indifference to her lover or her future prospects. She simply made all the arrangements for her, without once admitting a possibility of change. The betrothal was spoken of on all occasions, the preparation of the house, the selection of the trousseau referred to in matter-of-fact words that made Helen feel, as it was intended she should, that she had walked into a net from which there was no escape.

And Will Spencer knew it all, and writhed under the knowledge, being a frank, loyal man, whose impulses were generous and honorable, and who loved Helen with all the strength of his heart. Often he asked himself how he could endure life, if he found his wife a faithful slave, instead of the happy companion he hoped to make her.

"If she never loves me!" he thought, bitterly. "If all my love fails to win hers, what will my life be?" He did her justice. He knew that if his love failed to win her heart, his gold was powerless to make her happy. He knew that if her mother died or could not be benefited by her marriage, she would rather beg her bread herself than be his wife.

While matters stood in this unsatisfactory state, Mrs. Raymond made a suggestion: "I want you to go away for a month," she said to him, "and let Helen miss the constant devotion that she has had ever since your betrothal. Let her feel that a void has come into her life, and how dull and cheerless it would be if she lost you. The wedding day is set for June 10, and this is April. Stay away until the 5th or 6th of June."

It seemed to him good advice, and he had business in the West that would fill his time profitably. It gave him the first really happy moment of his engagement, when Helen said, gently, yet with a shudder: "I cannot bear to think of you on railway trains, Will. Write often, that I may know you are safe."

Her lips met his in a tender pressure, such as a loving sister might bestow, but with far more affection than she had ever before given him. Was he winning her? The hope made this unexpected absence endurable, and for two weeks life held more pleasure than it had done in all the days of his courtship.

Then came a blow, sudden, sharp, overwhelming! He was in a large Western city, when, after night, returning to his hotel, a man on crutches asked for charity. The voice was familiar, and, in a shock of horror, the face struck him. One gasping cry escaped him: "George Vanhorn!"

The man would have hurried away, but he followed easily. "Let me go, Spencer!" the cripple pleaded. "I did not recognize you! Don't you know I am dead?" "I know you are coming in here with me," Will said, gently, substituting his arm for one of the crutches, and entering the hotel where he had a room. "Steady, now!" and he led him, feeling how he trembled, until he had him seated in a great arm-chair in his room, and felt his heart stirred with deep compassion at the havoc pain and poverty had made.

He would not let his guest speak until he had ordered a supper and made him comfortable. Then, turning to him, he saw that he was weeping. "See what a woman you make of me!" the poor fellow said. "You thought I was dead?" "Yes! All your friends think so." "It was a narrow escape, and I wonder why I was spared. Nine months in a public hospital have left me crippled and incurably ill. They would not keep me after I could get about on crutches, but I have begged or starved, and it will not be long! I would not let any one know for fear it would get to—Helen!" "You want to hide from her?" "Yes—yes! What would her life be tied to mine? You will not betray me, Spencer?"

"But you may recover." "No! I should be only a wreck if I could, but I cannot. I have internal injuries that the cold and hunger of last winter have increased, fatally." Will Spencer literally could not speak. This man asked of him only the silence that would give him his wife. Could he let Helen remain in ignorance of this strange adventure the memory of her old love might die away in time.

It was easy to see how George had loved her, how utterly self-sacrificing his silence had been. To spare her pain he had kept from her all knowledge of his own suffering. But his pride yielded to Will's entreaties to be allowed to befriend him. He was very weak, very ill, and he allowed Will to get him a pleasant room in a quiet boarding-house, to furnish him with necessary clothing, to engage a doctor, and to take a brother's place beside him.

And then true, unselfish love triumphed. "She will never marry me," Will thought, ruefully, as he folded a long, long letter, "but she shall not be cheated out of what little happiness life may still hold for her." He wrote, too, to Mrs. Raymond, a letter that caused that respectable lady to grind her teeth, but which she obeyed, packing her trunk and accompanying Helen in the journey westward.

It was Will Spencer who met the two at the depot, and accompanied them to the boarding-house, where he kept Mrs. Raymond in the parlor after sending Helen upstairs alone. It was Will Spencer who smoothed away every difficulty, engaging rooms for mother and daughter, and quietly effacing himself.

It was far too long a story to try to record the three months that followed. George Vanhorn was resolute on one point. He would not marry Helen. He had no hope of recovery, but if the unexpected should happen he would not risk ruining Helen's life by binding it to his.

"Oh," she would cry, "what am I to deserve the love of two such men? Mother, it humbles me to think how they love me!" And by this love her courage was sustained through the three months, when she and her mother smoothed George Vanhorn's path to the grave. Such happiness as could be hers, she knew that she owed to Will Spencer, who showed his love only by his care of the invalid. He never spoke of love to her, giving her up entirely, but upon her lover he lavished every kindness wealth could procure, or friendship dictate. He gave him a brother's devotion until the last parting came, and when he was laid in the cemetery Will Spencer took Helen and Mrs. Raymond back to their home and left them.

It was three years later when he came home from a European tour and called on Mrs. Raymond. "The old lady, sir, is dead," the servant told him, and Miss Helen's living in—street. Maybe yeeds didn't hear she's come into some money from her uncle, sir, and Mrs. Grady, she's took this house, sir."

Come into some money! Well, she did not need him. He would wait awhile. But in a few days a little note reached him: "It was unkind to let me hear of your return by accident. Will you not come to see me?"

Would he not? And when he went he could not keep the love out of his eyes or his voice, and she—at last! Her eyes drooped under his gaze, her cheeks blushed for him, her voice faltered, with tenderness. He had won his bride! And he had no secret hidden from her loving eyes, no treachery he would dread to have her discover. By the frankness he had thought would alienate her forever he had won her true, faithful love, a devotion as entire as that she had given in her girlhood to the man he had so nobly befriended. The Ledger.

The Longest Bridges. The longest bridge in the world is that over the Tay, in Scotland, which is 3200 meters—20696 feet long; and the next longest is also in Great Britain, being that over the Forth or Forth, 2394 meters—5552 feet in length. The following table gives, in meters and in feet, the lengths of the principal bridges in various countries:

Table with 3 columns: Name, Meters, Feet. Includes Tay, Great Britain (3200m/10500ft), Forth, Great Britain (2394m/7854ft), and others.

The greatest single span of the Forth Bridge is 521 meters—1725 feet; of the Elbe Bridge 420 meters—1378 feet; of the East River Bridge, 488 meters—1610 feet.

Bucks Paid Dearly for Their Scrap. Two Susquehanna County young men, a few weeks ago, returned from a bear hunting trip through Pike County, Pennsylvania, bringing with them a pair of locked horns, which they obtained from an old hunter in that section.

The hunter, in prowling through the woods, came upon the carcasses of two fine bucks, their horns firmly interlocked. They evidently had been fighting, and in the struggle had locked horns. Being unable to get them separated, and consequently, unable to obtain any food, they had starved to death in that position. One set had nine prongs. The horns are so firmly locked together that it is impossible to separate them without sawing off one of the prongs.—New York Press.

Made a Curious Apology. Among the peculiar documents on file in the County Clerk's office in Albany, Oregon, is the following recorded in volume 1 of miscellaneous records, which the Albany Democrat gives without the names, as nothing is known of the present residence of the parties: "Sweet Home, September 21, '79. This certifies that I did circulate a slanderous report against Rev. —, which was told me on Williams creek, Josephine County, a report which I do not propose to prove to be a truthful report. I know nothing against said — and ought not to have said anything and hereby ask pardon."—Portland Oregonian.

SELECT RELIGIOUS READING.
PREGNANT THOUGHTS FROM THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS.

Thinking Rank—A Prayer—Stock Which Breed Heroes—Voice Which Shall Live—Love of Country and God—Made Strong by Faith—Equality Under Our Flag.
Another and another wraith—We deck new graves each spring; And smaller grows the gray-haired band Who handles the garlands bring. Grave veterans, we follow slow The dull beat of the drum; There's one brief march before us now, And comrades, we shall come. One sleep to share, and o'er each grave The stary flag we love shall wave!

A Prayer for Guidance. Father of all, graciously look upon us as a family now seeking to behold thy face. As the morning light is thine, so the blessing of the whole day must come from thee. Guide us with thine eye, we humbly pray thee, and give thine angels charge concerning us, lest at any time we dash our foot against a stone. Above all grant unto us large gifts of the holy spirit. We do not pray for bread alone, but for the bread of life that cometh down from heaven. For one another and for our absent friends we would fervently pray. Bless the old and the young, and with the sick and the fainting be thou very gentle. Watch over those who are full of care and speak comfort to those to whom wearisome days and nights are appointed. Sanctify our successes, and may our failures teach us that it is not in man to direct his way. Go with the child to school and with the man to business, and may those who stay at home feel themselves under the constant care of God. The Lord undertake for every one of us according to our heart's necessity and multiply unto us his grace, so that beyond all our want there may be an overflow of divine love. Amen.

The Stock Which Breed Heroes. There must come a time, not very far away, when the chief actors in the work of decorating our soldiers' graves will not be soldiers who themselves fought for our country's life, but their children and their surviving countrymen. They will have claimed the last member of the Grand Army of the Republic. A million men were sent back to the walks of private, civilian life when the rebellion closed. But thirty years of time's mowing have cut down the human wheat then standing in the field, until the sheaves yet to be gathered are comparatively few indeed. Let me assure you, for your country, and in its name, that your heroism in its behalf shall be held in everlasting remembrance. You may transmit to your families when you go hence very little of material store; but your part as a Union soldier in the great Rebellion will be a legacy to them of untold value, and your children's children to the latest generation will count themselves honored in having come from the stock in which such heroes were found.—Rev. J. B. Stitt, D. D.

Made Strong by Faith. So search we, Lord, not for some rare Far visions of thy face; In present loves and joys and toils Let us thy presence trace; In brave contentions for the right, Forgiveness of wrong, The fears that hope, the tears that smile, Weak lives by faith made strong.—Denis Wortman.

A Voice Which Shall Live. When the last prayer shall be said over the last dead comrade and the last requiem shall be sung over his grave, he will still speak to the living heart of the past and the future. His voice will be heard in the loyalty of his children and in their devotion to the old flag. It will be heard in the better and ever-improving free education to the masses, and in the more exalted national virtue which springs from the performance of noble deeds and in the living of good lives. Today the nation weeps over its dead, and strews flowers upon their graves. But the air is full of song and the household is full of rejoicing in remembrance of the blessings which, through their lives, all honorable peace has brought to our doors. Long may the flag that they so nobly defended wave over this favored country! Long may the nation's children gather under its folds and fling its colors into the untainted atmosphere of American loyalty! Long may the people shout and rejoice as its every star becomes a star of promise, and its bright stripes, radiant with beauty, shall symbolize the sunrise of universal peace!—Rev. John W. Sayers.

Love of Country and of God. Love of country, illuminated by obligation to God, which made a few Dutch provinces that were daunted neither by delay nor defeat, by starvation nor by death, ultimately victorious over Spain and the sea; which made the handful of New England farmers withstand the force of the invaders, though the snow as vast as a sea, was melted by their bare and bleeding feet; which inspired thousands to leave home and shop and bank and farm and school and face the cannon's mouth, until in the grave of the gentlest of our rulers all agonities were forever buried—this alone can fill our youth with high motives and sublime ideals, elevate our press and assure our commerce, restore our credit and preserve our name.—Rev. F. H. Smith.

God Within Makes Godlike Help. Only let us love God and then no awe will compass us about like a cloud of divine witnesses, and all influences from the earth and things on the earth will be the ministers of God to do us good. The breezes will whisper our souls into peace and purity, and delight in nearby motions will fall into sympathy with that indwelling, though unseen, spirit of whose presence beauty is everywhere the manifestation—faint, indeed, because earthly. Then not only will the stars shed upon us light, but from on high they will rain down thoughts to make us noble. God dwells in all things, and, felt in a man's heart, He is then to be felt in everything else. Only let there be God within us and then everything outside us will become a godlike help.—Euthausy.

Equality Under Our Flag. The shifting scenes of a forming civilization shall give place to a consolidated nationality; the hardy and industrious, the ardent and impetuous, the energetic and daring men of all sections and nationalities, shall be linked in production and manufacture, by commerce and by cheap and swift communication, and joined by the feeling of reciprocal fraternity. Equal rights and equal burdens will be equally distributed under one flag, on which the stripes shall symbolize the tears and blood which purchased the Union, and the stars the hopes which crown our destiny.—Rev. O. H. Tiffany, D. D.

Our voices take a sober tone, And innocent mirth is chastened for the sake Of the brave hearts that nevermore shall beat The eyes that smile no more, the unreturning feet! —Whittier

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS.
TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, JUNE 27.

"How to Get Patience and Why."
June 21. Wait patiently. Pa. XXXI, 1.
June 22. Patience rewarded. Pa. XL, 1.
June 23. Royal patience. 1 Sam. I, 26.
June 24. Divine patience. Matt. XXIII, 11, 14, 27-31.
June 25. Need of patience. Heb. X, 32-34.
June 26. Patience and pride. Eccl. V, 5-14.

SCRIPTURE VERSES.—Pa. XXXVI, 1; Eccl. V, 6; Eccl. VII, 8; Jas. III, 15; xl, 31; 1 Tim. V, 14; 2 Thes. III, 5; 1 Tim. VI, 11, 12; 1 Pet. II, 19, 20; Rev. III, 10; Heb. XII, 1.

LESSON THOUGHTS. True Christian patience is the virtue which in affliction we resign ourselves to the divine will and submit entirely to it. Patience is not without its reward; the harvest of the Lord may seem long delayed, but know that "our light afflictions, which but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." We ought to cultivate Christian patience, and be willing to submit to anything for the sake of the glory of God. Daniel, Joseph, Job,—all gave glory to God by their patience in tribulation.

SELECTIONS. We take with solemn thankfulness Our burden up, nor ask it less, And count it joy that even we May suffer, for we wait for Thee, O Lord! Whose will be done! A very aged man, who was spending his last days in an almshouse, was asked one day what he was doing now. With a beautiful pathos he replied: "Only waiting."

There is a Persian legend which tells of a man who for a thousand years had been beside the closed gates of Paradise, waiting for it to open. He had grown weary of his long waiting, and sought rest for a moment in sleep; but while he slept an angel opened the gate and closed it again, so his opportunity was gone. "Watch and wait," for we know not what hour our Lord will come.

Be patient, suffering soul!—I hear thy cry, The trial fire may glow, but I am nigh, I see the silver and I will refrain Until my image shall upon it shine. Patience! why, it is the ground of peace of all the virtues, it is nearest kin to love; it makes men look like God. The best men that ever wore earth about their necks were patient, meek, patient, humble, and full of the spirit.

EPWORTH PRAYER-MEETING TOPIC.
EVERY-DAY WARNINGS.

Sunday, June 27—The Danger of Delay. Prov. 27, 1. Of the three divisions of time we are certain, except as to past and the present, the future is not ours. In truth, there is no to-morrow to us. If we live to see it we call it to-day, just as all the days that have passed in our lives.

Having no certainty about the future makes it a part of wisdom to use the present to the utmost advantage, and to be prepared for the future. When each day's work is properly done, then we are prepared for the next. While the imperative duty of the present day and hour should be performed, it should also work with reference to the future. For the days of our lives are inseparably linked together, and what is to be done to-day is not for to-day only, but for time.

Be careful to discriminate between planning for the future and overconfidence in your expectations as to what you will do. The rich man who planned large additions to his property and promised himself many days of luxurious ease did not live to see his project begun. Even though he had lived his plans might have been swept away.

The possibilities of to-morrow grow out of the certainties of to-day. Neither boast of to-morrow nor be anxious about it, for in the first instance, trust too much in self and in the second, little in the eternal. Each day should be lived just as if you would have it go into history. And it will. Every man is a circulating library containing the record of his own life in detail, and an abridgement of the lives of his ancestors. How does your life read? Can it bequeath an authority, or an illustration of a great truth?—B. M. Lewis.

The Most Precious Sacrifice. We read in old familiar story that, day in the Roman forum, the earth opened and a great gulf yawned in the world. The augurs said that this gulf would close its horrid mouth until it had been filled with the most precious thing in the world. There was doubt as to what the most precious thing might be, when a young soldier, armed and mounted, rode boldly forward and plunged into the chasm, declaring that there could be nothing so precious as a given for one's country.—Proverbs Magazine.

Only Duty Performed. What did we do? Only our duty, but it was a duty more than one heroic general had shirked, and a whole people had shirked for forty years, but eight, in the preparation before our eyes, and the duty of liberty that we possess the duty of fathers. It was a plain duty, but a hard one. You left how plain it was and how hard when in the first great conflict—the battle of Bull Run, perhaps—you tasted not the danger, but the bitterness of defeat.—Tourgee.

REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY. Made Well. 1st Day, 15th Day, 30th Day. THE GREAT 30th Day.

FRENCH REMEDY. Produces the above results in 30 days. Young men will retain their lost manhood, and men will recover their youthful vigor by REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores nervousness, lost vitality, impotency, night sweats, and all effects of self-abuse or excess, and induces which unite one for a wife, business or marriage. Not only cures by starting at the seat of the disease, but it gives tonic and blood building, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks, restoring the fire of youth. It wards off rheumatism and consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, a great nerve tonic and blood builder. REVIVO will be sent to you on receipt of the price. Write for the money. Circular free. Address: ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 271 Wash St., CHICAGO, ILL.