MIDDLEBURGH, PA., JULY 29, 1897.

By a curious coincidence Captain Marryat's "Snarley-yow," the only novel reviewed in the reprint of the London Court Journal for June 24, 1837, was also reviewed in the literary papers for June, 1897, as a new edition has just appeared.

There are two piles of gold in New York City which aggregate 260 tons, One pile is in the Sub-Treasury vaults, is valued at \$77,940,000, and weighs 150 tons. The other is in the cellars

Mr. John Usher, of Norton, who has given \$40,000 toward the foundation of a Chair of Public Health in Edinburgh University, once provoked Mr. Gladstone into exclaiming: "I am responsible for the understanding that the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in this skull of mine, but I am not re-the Almighty has been pleased to lodge in that skull of yours."

Part of the surplus revenue, which Great Britain is happy in having this year, is to go towards improving the postal and telegraph services. It seems that there are about 16,000,000 of letters annually which the Government does not attempt to deliver into the hands of the persons to whom they are directed. These letters are directed to persons living in the sparsely populated districts and are left by the officials at some central point where the owners can call and get them. This is to be remedied, and direct delivery of letters to every house in the kingdom is to be made. Greater scope is to be given in the matter of parcels, and the charges on delivery of telegraphs outside the set limits are to be materially reduced.

Much good is done in Minnesota with an annual appropriation by the State of \$10,000 to encourage the establishment of school libraries. Twenty dollars the first year and ten dollars annually thereafter are given by the State to any school district which raises an equal or a greater amount, the stimulus of which proposition has resulted in an excess of private giving over the State appropriation. In the ten years during which the appropriation has been granted libraries have been established in over 1800 schools, the average number of volumes in each ibrary being sixty-five. This number is not large, but the growth of each library is continuous. Moreover, the rules governing the choice of books give these little libraries a value not represented in the number of volumes. The books are not chosen at random or promiscuously, but each season's purchases are confined to some one subject, the purpose being to create good reference libraries to supplement the instruction by the teacher and the text book.

Says the Atlanta Journal: "Texas has furnished a large share of the lynchings in this country for ten years past. An attempt to institute a reform is seen in the anti-lynching law passed by the Texas legislature at its recent session. It makes all participants in a mob which for any rea. son whatsoever inflicts death upon any person guilty of murder in the first degree. Texas, like all other States, had a law against lynching before this act passed, and in the eye of the law all participants in lynchings are guilty of murder. It was thought, however, that the enactment of a specific statute against lynching would have a salutary effect. Governor Culberson took this view, and in a special message to the legislature urged the passage of just such a law as has been enacted. The press of the State has very generally commended the action of the legislature, but it remains to be seen if the new law will have any effect. In nearly every instance where a lynching occurs the community has been shocked by some hideous crime and is in sympathy with the mob. Under such circumstances it is impossible to convict anybody connected with the lynching. The Texas law is an official condemnation of mob violence, but it will not change the nature of men or make them less easily driven to frenzy by the perpetration of those crimes which are so frequently visited with vengeance at the hands of a mob."

When you have a country woman to dinner, notice how shy she is of the butter you serve.

THE GREEN LANES OF THE PAST.

care not to gaze at the years coming on. Thick-mantled in mist and with doubt overcast, But would rather stray back to the days that Along the green lanes of the past—

cross the cool meadows of memory, where The birds ever sing, and the wild waters And the laughter of children is borne on the air.

And love shineth over it all.

The painter may picture the future in dyes That rival the rose and the rainbow, and still It may leave him at last but a guerdon of

sighs, And a hope that it failed to fulfill; The poet may sing of the splendors su-

preme, Of the opulent ages, far-coming and vast—
I question him not, yet I ask but to dream
On the old quiet hills of the past.

The past is my own-there is nothing uncertain-In all its wide range, and my title is While the future, at best, is a face on the

curtain, That fades as my feet draweth near; of the Clearing House, weighs 110
tons, and is valued at \$55,180,000.

That takes as my local and the blossoms, the birds and the bowers.

And every loved scene where my soul

clingeth fast, Like an evergreen ivy that mantles the towers

And feeds on the dews of the past. -James Newton Matthews, in Ladies' Home Journal.

Q0000000000000000000000000000 NORA'S BLUNDER.

BY HELEN PORREST GRAVES,



F Miss Matty Rice had vawned once since breakfast she had yawned a score of times; and even pretty Eveleen was growing drowsy over her embroid-For it was a hopelessly rainy day in dark gray mist, the

tinted leaves floating down into matted layers of dim color around the columns of the piazza, and the tall dahlias nearly prostrated by the steady downpour. No walks, no gathering of ferns, mosses, berries, in the still, delicions woods; no dreamy rambles to the mountain tops man, who was talking with a lady -and, worst and saddest of all, nothing to read.

"And I won't be deluded into work ing worsteds," said Matty, "nor yet into crewels and Kensington stitch. Eveleen, what is that delightful book polite, that papa was reading aloud out of last

"Do you mean the 'Recreations of a Country Parson'?" said Eveleen, comparing two shades of rose-colored wool.

"If that's the name of it-yes." "He took it to the city with him," said Eveleen. "I saw it sticking out of his cont pocket when he was run-ning for the train."

"How provoking!" sighed Matty, clasping her dimpled hands above her clasping her dimpled hands above her head; "when it's the book of all books that I should like to read on a looks that I should like to read on a looks that I should like to read on a look in the look of all books."

"Mr. Winton has a copy of it," said Eveleen, threading a worsted-needle with the very darkest shade of garnet. "But what good will that do me?"

"Borrow it," suggested Eveleen. Everybody borrows everything in a place like this; and I'm sure Mr. Winton would be glad to oblige you." "But how?" urged Matty. "The hotel is at least half a mile away." "Send Nora."

said Matty, disconsolately

"Nora, indeed! I don't suppose Nora ever did an errand in her life,"

"Then it's high time she began," laughingly suggested Eveleen. "Write a note!

"I'd rather send a verbal message, said Matty; "and I wouldn't send at all if I wasn't dying to read the end of

that essay that papa began last night." Nora, deep in the energetic occupation of blacking the kitchen stove, was summoned upstairs.

"Nora," said Matty, impressively. 'I want you to go to the hotel. You

know where the hotel is?" "Sure an' I do, miss," said Nora. with wide-open mouth, and eyes of in-

tense attention. "And ask for Mr. Winton, and tell him that Miss Matty Rice sends her compliments, and would like to borrow the 'Recreations of a Country Par-800.

"Yis'm," said Nora.

"You're sure you understand?" "Yis'm, an' why wouldn't I?" promptly retorted Nora, rather nettled by this implied aspersion on her powers of comprehension.

"And come back as quick as you

"Sure an' it's me that will," said And presently the two sisters caught

a glimpse of her beneath the folds of a rusty water-proof cloak, with a mammoth umbrella held over her head, disappearing behind the huge leaves of the rhododendron hedge.

"I hope she won't be long," said

"Why should she?" said serene Eveleen.

And she went on composedly with the pomegranate blossom that she was embroidering, while Matty sat down to the piano, and tried to pick out the notes of some dreamy refrain, which had haunted her ever since she heard it at the opera last winter, with Patti smiling on the stage, and the full orchestra thundering out its strains.

And Nora, plunging down the ravine, like anything but a wood-nymph, plashed her way to the hotel, going a quarter of a mile out of her road on account of a spotted snake, and stopping for a good chat with a fellow-Hibernian who was on his way to the

away from Teddy O'Hara, "an' sure I've forgotten the name as clane as if I niver had heard it."

'Whose name was it alanna?" consolingly demanded Colonel Ross's coachman, whose soft nothings had put the message completely out of Nora's head.

"There was somethin' in it about the 'Rectory of a Country Parson,'" said Nora, twisting herself into the letter S, with the violent attempt at recollection to which she forced herself.

"There ain't no rectory hereabouts, said Teddy. "Sure it ain't built yet! But the parson he's up on the hotel steps. I seen him there as I came beyant. A tall young gentleman, with a high vest-for all the wurreld like Father Rockwell-an' spectacles as gintale as ye plaze. Is it a message you've got for him, Nora, mayourneen?"

"I'm to borrow him!" said Nora fixing her dull, glassy glare on Teddy O'Hara's astonished face.

"To-borrow him?" repeated Teddy "Yis, sure!" Nora answered, dog-

gedly. Teddy uttered a whistle.

"It's the quarest loan as iver I "An' if it's a fair heard of," said he. question, who is it wants him?" "Miss Matty Rice's compliments,"

repeated Nora, with parrot-like promptitude, "and she wants to borrow the parson.' Teddy exploded into a laugh.

"Sure, an' if it was leap year," said he, "I should think it meant something. I niver heard such a message in all me born days before. But I must make haste, or the mail will be off."

Away trudged Teddy, while Nora kept on to the hotel, all unconscious of the curious transformation that had befallen her luckless message.

"Is the parson here?" demanded she, shaking her umbrella, and stampery by the window. | ing the mud off her feet on the steps of the mountain hotel, which was still well-filled with guests who had mid-October, with lingered to see the splendors of the the sky veiled in October frosts among the woods.

The hotel clerk, who had just come out to glance at the barometer, stared at her; the young ladies on the wide veranda giggled; the stout old gentlemen, who were walking up and down the boards to gain their daily two miles of exercise, stopped short; and a spectacled, grave-looking young just beyond, glanced around, as if he fancied that he were personally inter-

"Do you want the-elergyman?" said the hotel clerk, doubtful, yet

"Is it a stone-mason or a chimneyswape I'd be manin', d'ye think?" retorted Nora, beginning to imagine that she was being made game of.

"I am the clergyman," said the spectacled gentleman, stepping courteously forward at this juncture. "Is there anything I can do for you?" "Miss Mattie Rice's compliments,"

said Nora, without in the least abating the shrilliness of her voice, "an' she wants to borrow you."

that I should like to read on a day like that I understand you, my good

"I'm speakin' the English language, sure,' said Nora, somewhat affronted. "She wants to borrow you." "But what for?" said he,

the titters of the group which was now fast gathering on the veranda. "To amuse herself wid this rainy

day," said Nora. "You're to come back wid me, p'lase. I was to bring you. Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and--

"Really," said Mr. Fontaine, "this is very strange.

"The Rices live in the little Swiss cottage by the Haldino Falls," suggested the hotel clerk. "Gentleman goes up and down to the city every day. Keeps a little pony carriage,

"You're to come back wid me, please," interrupted Nora. Rectory,' or 'the County Parson. Miss Matty Rice's compliments, and

Mr. Fontaine, hurriedly surveying the sttuation in his mind's eye, decided that it was better to obey this strange behest.

And putting on his water-proof wrap, and arming himself with a light silk umbrella, he accompanied Nora McShane, to the great buzzing and whispering of the group on the ver-

Miss Rice was listlessly watching, Eveleen's embroidery, as the door bounced open and Nora rushed in, ex-

"Here he is! I've brought him!" "Brought whom?" said Matty, in surprise.

"The country parson," said Nora. "There wasn't no rectory. I inquired

for it, but it wasn't built. What on earth is the girl talking about?" said Matty, in amazement.

And then Mr. Fontaine walked in, holding his hat in his hand. "I am the clergyman," said he. 'Can I be of any use?'

Matty colored a deep cherry-pink. "Oh, dear, I am so sorry!" she fal-"but there is some dreadful hotel to borrow a book, and she has brought me back -a man!"

"A book?" said Mr. Fontaine. "Yes," said Matty, trying harder and harder to keep back her laughter as the comic side of the circumstance forced itself upon her. "The Recreations of a Country Parson.' Mr.

Paul Winton has it. Mr. Fontaine began to laugh. did Matty and Eveleen; and in five minutes they were the best friends in on old Sky-Top, and every shining action.

"There," said Nora, as she turned drop was transformed into a tiny rain-

Mr. Fontaine came often after that So did Mr. Paul Winton, the owner of the genuine "Country Parson." And when the family closed their cottage, and returned to the city, the two young men discovered that the journey to Philadelphia was not such a very long one. And there is every prob ability that the lacking rectory will be built in the spring, and that the country parson will bring a pretty young wife there; at least so says popular

"Dear, stupid old Nora!" says Matty Rice, "it was all her doing. And she shall have a home with me always." "But blunders don't always term-

inate so successfully," Eveleen gravely Matty shakes her head. She will

not concede this to be a blunder at all. Only-a coincidence. -- Saturday Night.

Living on a Dollar a Week,

Four of the students of the local Young Men's Christian Association training school are experimenting in cheap methods of cooking, says the Republican, of Springfield, Mass. About two months ago Dr. McCurdy, in one of his talks to the physiology class, spoke of the work done by Ed ward Atkinson in experimenting with different kinds of food in order to find out which is the cheapest and at the same time the most nourishing. One of the class became interested and read extensively on the subject. Not being satisfied with what others said he bought an Aladdin oven and with three other fellows begin to experi-ment on himself. The Aladdin oven is an invention of Edward Atkinson, the well-known economist, whose idea was to cover an oven with asbestos in order to keep in the heat, and in this way to save fuel, space and time. With this oven the four young men began the experiment, which they now declare to be the "greatest thing out." They put whatever they want for breakfast into the oven the night bethe morning breakfast is ready.

After breakfast the dinner is put into the oven, while the same is done after dinner for the supper. This long and slow method of cooking renders the cheaper cuts of meat tender and palatable, so that although they have lived well and have eaten even more than usual their expenses have only been \$1 each a week, which not only includes the food, but the fuel and the hire for the oven. One of the members of the faculty and his wife were entertained a few days ago with fine success. The guests politely pronounced the dinner to be the best cooked one they had ever eaten.

Weight of the Earth.

The weight of the earth has been fixed by the calculations of astronomers, extending over many years, as 6,069,000,000,000,000,000,000, or six thousand and sixty-nine trillion tons. Our planet weights as much as seventyearth-3963 miles-its weight would be 3,733,090,000,000,000,000 tons, The earth weights 1625 tinths as much as the United Kingdom. Further, its weight is fifty-two and a half times as much as Europe, eleven and a half times as much as Asia, seventeen and a half times as much as Africa, and thirteen and a third times as much as the Americas. J. Holt Schooling, endeavoring to make these figures clearer, imagines the Coliseum at Rome, peopled with ghosts of 87,000 persons, who have been counting since A. D. 79, at the rate of 100 tons per minute. They would not have made a perceptible impression on the total. If the inhabitants of a hundred million stars, each with a population of one thousand five hundred millions, were to begin to count, they would finish the task in seven hours.

A Great Catalogue.

It is said the great catalogue of books which the British Musium has in process of compilation will be completed within a year or two. This work will contain a list of nearly all the books' that have 'ever been published. One hundred and ten years ago the museum completed its first catalogue. It consisted of two volumes folio in manuscript. In 1819 this catalogue had grown to eight volumes. A new edition was commenced in the thirties. Only the first letter was printed. The rest were' written. It was completed in 1851 and consisted of 150 folio volumes. In 1875 the list had grown to 2000 and five years later to 3000 volumes. The new edition commenced in 1881 will be printed and is to consist of 600 volumes, containing a list of 3,000,000 titles.

A Curious Invention.

The Government of the United States has an interesting machine used for counting and tying postal cards into small bundles. There are two of the automata, capable of counting 500-000 cards in ten hours and wrapping and tying the same in packages of twenty-five each. In this operation the paper is pulled off the drum of two long "fingers" which come from below mistake here. I sent Nora to the and another finger dips in a vap of mucilage and applies itself to the wrapping paper in exactly the right place. Other parts of the machine twine the paper around the pack of cards and then a "thumb" presses the spot where the mucilage is and the package is then thrown upon the carrybelt ready for delivery.

The Shah of Persia.

The Shah is brusque of speech. He is also a magnificent shot, and can hit the world. Mr. Fontaine stayed to a copper coin tossed in the air. He lunch, and they never knew how that goes off on rough hunting trips and long, rainy morning whiled itself bags big game. He is the best gun away, until at last the blue rifts of sky shot in Persia. He is neither a fool spread banners above the pine trees nor an imbecile, and is a man of swift AS YE METE.

"Hit 'im a welt, Jim. There! that's right.
Git there, lazy-bones! Here we go!
Thought ye could snake it up if ye tried,
If the hill is a lectle bare o' snow.
What d'ye s'pose I keep ye fur?
Pretty pair!—a soiderin' me.
Put on the whip, Jim, good an' thick.
What do ye lag fur? Git there! Gee!"

Bright little Jim on the toppling load, Catches his lessons, quickly, too; Swings his lash with a childish vim, Brings it down with a loud halloo, "Git up, 'azy bones! Git dare, now!" Lashing and slashing with all his might, "Learning to drive," and his father stands, Laughing aloud at the funny sight.

Years roll away, as the years all do, Father is "grandpa," old and gray, Pottering round the house at Jim's, Made to feel he is in the way. Working hard with his feeble hands, Toiling at burdens beyond his strength. "Work if you eat. No laggards here." Is what he hears from Jim at length.

"As ye measure, so unto you "As ye measure, so unto you
Shall be measured the same again;
Eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth,"
Readeth the law in accents plain.
Mills of the gods, that grind each day,
May grind slowly; they grind full sure.
Ye who oppress a suffering life,
Must the oppressor's fate endure.
—Mary Morrison, in Our Animal Friends,

PITH AND POINT.

Bingers-"And were you married on time?" Gingers—"Oh, no; I had to pay the parson cash."—Yonkers Statesman.

"I hear she is so reduced in circumstances that she has gone out to work." "What a cruel falsehood! She has gone out as a domestic."-Detroit Journal.

Dr. Pray-"If they smite thee on one cheek, turn the other." Allermode-"That's out of date. You mean if they pull one leg extend the other."-Truth.

Bass-"Was that baby talk your wife was talking as I came in?" Fogg -"That was mother talk. No baby I ever saw indulged in such gibberish.' -Boston Transcript.

Old Gent-"If I am not mistaken, sir, I saw you kiss my daughter in the fore, regulate the heat according to parlor last night." Freddy Flyppe—directions, and when they get up in "That's all right, sir; I'll forgive you this time."—Standard.

"Your hair is always so handsomely dressed, fraulein. You must devote a great deal of attention to it." "Yes. I must confess my head is my chief weakness."—Tit-Bits. Brother Tom-"Cheer up, Bobbie;

Tse got good news fer yer. De doctor told mom it wos noomonia wot yer sick wid an' dat she dasn't give yer a bath fer a month."-Judge. Miss Yellowleaf-"Yes, I have had

my picture taken once a year every year of my life." Miss Youngbud-"How did you manage before photography was invented?"-Puck. Ethel—'I saw Count Hardupski last evening." Cousin Tom—'Does

he talk as brokenly as ever?" Ethel-'My! yes. I heard him ask pa to loan him \$10 before he left,"-Judge. Teacher (angrily) - "Why didn't

you answer my question, Bobby?" His Brother Tommy (answering for eight moons. If the kingdom of Great him)-"Please, sir, he's got a peper-Britain and Ireland be considered to mint in his speech."—London Tit-extend downward to the centre of the Bits. Bill-"And what did the old man

ay when you asked for his daughter?" -"Ordered me to leave the house." 'And what did you say?" "I asked him if he took me for a house-mover." -Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher (conducting review in geography)-"How is the surface of the earth divided?" Smart Boy-Into one-fourth land and threefourths water-'ceptin' the Chicago River, which is about half an' half."-Chicago Tribune.

"That brute," said the indignant buyer, "balked for three hours the first time I took him out." "Well," said the seller, as he chewed a straw, I told you he was a horse of wonderful staying ability, didn't I?"-Indianapolis Journal.

"George Pugsley called on me last evening." "That little fellow who stutters? Why, he's stupid." "Not a bit of it. He entertained us for more than an hour." "How?" Trying to name the Sandwich Islands."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Victoria Christened From a Golden Font. James Cassidy writes of the "Girl-

hood Days of England's Queen" for St. Nicholas. Mr. Cassidy says of Queen Victoria:

When the child was a few months old she was christened; and the chrising was a very grand affair. No common marble or stone font was used; a gold font was thought necessary. And so a gold font was brought from the Tower of London, where it had been kept for safety. One of the sponsors was Czar Alex-

ander of Russia; and hence it was that the name chosen for the baby was Alexandrina Victoria, the second name being that of her mother.

A fine, healthy, lively child, with blue eyes and fair hair, was the Princess, and it seems she suffered little from the trials of infancy.

The Jubilce of Rameses.

A jubilee for a long reign is not new in the world's history. When in the year B. C. 1333 Rameses II. had reigned for sixty-seven years a magnificent general rejoicing took place with great pomp on the banks of the Nile. On the rocks at Silsilis there is a full account of these festivities which were on a very grand scale, and it is recorded that certain high state officials traversed the country from north to south in order to make the necessary preparations.

Deep Boring.

The deepest hole yet bored in the earth runs 6571 feet below the surface of the soil. This is at Rybrick, in upper Silesia. An interesting feature was the record of temperature taken. At the surface it was 53.6 degrees. At 6571 feet it reached 157 degrees Fahr.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPICS

TOPIC FOR SUNDAY, AUG. 1.

Putting Migion Into Our Daily Tasks." Kings vii. 13, 14; Acts xviii. 1-4; Mark vi. 1-3.

DAILY READINGS.
GUR DAILY TASK.

July 26. Willing work. Neh. iv. 1-4.

July 27. Work with God. Hag ii. 1

July 23. "My Father's business." Li

ii. 41-52. July 23. "My Father's business." Lu ii. 41-52. July 29. Quiet work. 2 Thess. iii. 6-July 30. Hard work. Prov. vi. 6-11. July 31. Work rewarded. 2 Tim. (v.)

Aug. 1. Putting religion into our datatasks. 1 Kings vii. 13.
Acts xvii. 1-4; Mark Scripture Verses.-Exod. xiii. 21. xvi. 12, Deut. xxxiii. 12, 25; Ps. Cx 1-8; Luke xi. 3; 2 Cor. vi. 16; Xii, Phil. iv. 13, 19; Heb. xiii. 8

Phil. iv. 13, 19; Heb. xiii. 8.

LESSON THOUGHTS.

All through the Bible records da
toil is regarded with honor, and ev
Jesus himself was known as "the or
penter's son." We can therefore u
perfect right to ask God's blessing up
the beneat labors and while we our honest labors, and while we fervent in spirit, serving the Lord, may at the same time be diligent

Putting religion into our daily tas means to do all things as under the cof the Lord. It will add sherry to efforts, cheerfulness to our lat esty to our principles, and put char in all our dealings. SELECTIONS.

The busy fingers fly, the eyes may Only the glancing needle which th hold; But all my life is blossoming inward And every breath is like a litary.
While through each labor, like thread of gold,

Is woven the sweet consciousness thee. In one of Murillo's pictures in a Louvre he shows us the interior of convent kitchen; but doing the wa there are not mortals in old dress but beautiful white-winged ange one serenely puts the kettle on the fi to boll, and one is lifting up a pall water with heavenly grade, and one at the kitchen dresser reaching for r plates. . . . What the old monki legend that is represented is, I do a know. But as the painter puts it you on his canvas, all are so busy, a working with such a will, and so; fining the work as they do it, the somehow you forget that pans are paand pots are pots, and only think of t angels, and how very natural a beautiful kitchen work is. just wh the angels would do, of the angel aim and standard in an a

that consecrates it. Christ Must Make You. If you are to be anything in the well

Christ must make you. You can suresconly by His permission and help. Have yo let Him into your life to work and to bal up and to transform? You are neighbor with Him; but that will not do. He must) with Him; but that will not do. He must allowed to become something more that your neighbor. He must be a mitted into your heart. He must allowed to abide at the very for of your being and in the very springs your life. Mere neighborliness would have have made Paul or John. It took persons enthusiastic faith and love and surrenter make them. That you may rea het reads. make them. That you may reach the goals life, that you may realize your best possible iffe, that you may realize your best possib self, that you may be what Christ can hak you. I call upon you to make an absen surrender of your soul and body and spir to Christ. Other to Christ. Open your whole life to His is coming.—David Gregg, D. D., in "Our Bed Moods."

God Thought It Cheap. A man lived fifty years-joy dashed wift

tears : Loved, toiled, had wife and child, and les them; died; And left of all his long life's work one little Song, That lasted—naught beside,

Like the monk Felix bird that song w heard; Doubt prayed, Faith soared, Death itself to sleep;
That song saved souls. You say the mapaid stiffly? Nay
God paid—and thought it clean.

When trouble comes it is folly to sit do and brood over it. No situation was ever it proved in that way. Great emergencies of for great strength of spirit and for gr activity. The harder the pressure, and the state of the reason why you should be the man. If you once give up, and was didle repining the energy that ought to spent in courageous effort, then you are spent in courageous effort, the so different did. as well die. Your case, let it be as diffica as it may, is no worse than that of the sands of others who have, neverthelessing a stout heart and seems. a stout heart and won the day. God is a ply putting you to the test in order to termine the quality of your manhood. I has no evil designs against you. All the He sends or suffers to come will turn in

for your good if you only accept it in tright spirit, -Nashville Christian Advest A'Helpful Sign.

Sign the pledge; it makes a strong all gation. When a man gives up the dra he must do all that can be done strengthen his obligation. If he simp makes a resolution, he feels at liberty withdraw from it if he chooses. But if double-knots his resolution with a selepromise to which he has put his has then he feels bound by the most selection. obligations. He cannot think of breaks his word. He dare not violnty his plight troth. And in the moment of temptash his self-respect, his love for truth, his dest to be a man of his word, his written we will be a strong reason for samp as will be a strong reason for saying an Sacred Heart Review.



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