

THE FIELDS OF CLOVER.

Oh, for one more nappy day,
To run and romp and play,
Out in the fields, where ever and over,
I could roll once more in the fragrant clover!

For never was joy
Like being a boy,
Out in the fields of clover.

Oh, for one more bare-foot run,
After the long hot day is done,
Down in the fields of fragrant clover,
While by my side my old dog Rover
Runs after the cows
Who stop to browse,
Out in the fields of clover!

Oh, for one more vigorous swim
In the deep old pool where the light is dim,
Where down I plunge, over and over,
And when I come up I smell the clover,
As the wind blows fresh
On my naked flesh,
Out from the fields of clover!

Oh, for one more rest at night
With my heart as free and light
As in the days now long passed over
When I played in the fields of fragrant
clover.

For never was joy
Like being a boy,
Out in the fields of clover!
—William Reed Lounroy, in Every Where.

A BROKEN-DOWN MAN.

BY WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, M. D.

I HAD had a busy day, and was looking forward with pleasure to the close of my hours for consultation, when a distinguished journalist was announced—one whom I had long known, and who had done an excellent piece of work in showing how easy it was to incarnate a perfectly sane man in a lunatic asylum. His visits were always a pleasure to me, so I directed him to be at once shown in. He entered laughing.

"You have not yet got me into your clutches," he said, "though if I continue much longer in Washington as a newspaper correspondent I fear some one of your long-named monstrosities will fasten on what brain I may have left. I want you to let me bring a broken-down man to see you. He is worn-out financially, socially, mentally, physically, and every other way.

"He cannot pay you a cent, and probably he will not even thank you for any services you may render him. On the contrary, he may do you an injury if he can get a good chance, solely for the purpose of working evil. He used to be a prince among men. Now he is an embarrassment to the public. His friends, all but me, have long since abandoned him to his vicious inclination for morphia.

I knew something of the depths of degradation to which opium could bring a man or woman. I knew that it abolished the moral sense, so that stealing, lying and hypocrisy are practiced with perfect equanimity by persons who have formed the habit of using it; but a wreck so complete as J— described was, even in my experience, unusual. I told him I would do what I could for the so-called "friend," and appointed three o'clock the next day for the consultation. This was out of my office hours, for I wished to have plenty of time for the study of the case, and perhaps for initiating a cure. I waited in my consulting-room the next day till a quarter past three, and then, as J— and his disreputable friend did not appear, I went to the Army medical library and was deep in a number of French and German medical journals when I heard J—'s voice at my shoulder.

"Your man told me you were here," he said, "so I hurried over to catch you. Of course, the seamp disappointed me, but I am inclined to think that this time it was not his fault; for he is not shamming—and he is quite capable of that—he is probably dying. I want you to go with me at once. I have got him in a room adjoining my office."

"Now," I said, when we were seated in the carriage, "tell me something more about this man."

"I have known him," answered J—, "after a moment's reflection, 'for about a year. He was practicing medicine in New York when we first met, and seemed to be occupying an excellent position. I knew that he had some of the best people for his patients, and that he was a man of wealth. He spent a great deal of money in experiments and in charity. I was doing special work for the Reformer at the time, and often met him, dressed in shabby clothes, prowling about the slums of New York in search of objects of benevolence, or for material for a work on sociology that he was writing.

"He came to see me first," J— went on, "in consequence of my successful attempt, in connection with my journalistic work, to get myself shut up in a lunatic asylum as a dangerous madman, in order that I might ascertain the truth or falsity of reports respecting cruelty to patients. That experiment seemed to rouse the most intense interest. He often mentioned the fact that many persons shammed insanity, or feigned other diseases, for the purpose of accomplishing some end, or simply from an impulse to deceive.

"Of course I know all about the malingering of prisoners, soldiers, sailors and others to avoid duty, or to escape punishment; but he carried his views far beyond that, and enunciated so many original notions that I found him not only entertaining but instructive. He appeared to enjoy my society, and consequently we were very much together. He has written a good deal, and his books and monographs are somewhat known. Surely, you must have heard of Dr. Lanville?"

"Dr. Lanville!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that your broken-down friend is Dr. Lanville?"

"Yes, I do; but he has changed his name and has dropped the doctor. Well, to go on. When I was ordered here he was greatly distressed, and announced his intention of following me, not only in order to be with me, but, as he said, to work up some subjects he was studying and to avail himself of the libraries

and collections in Washington. About a month after my arrival he appeared, but greatly changed."

"Tell me how," I said.

"Instead of being dressed in the best and most stylish-cut clothes, his attire was ill-made, dirty and looked as though it might have been bought years previously in the meanest ready-made clothing shop in Chatham street. His body was bent, he had become slouchy in his gait, his beard was untrimmed, his hands and face looked as though they were strangers to soap and water, his eyes were watery and had a peculiar look as though they did not see what was going on round them, though wide open; his speech was hesitating and indistinct; and yet I could see that it was Lanville who stood before me, scarcely able to make himself understood, and swaying from side to side as he tried to stand erect.

"Lanville!" I exclaimed. "What is the meaning of this?"

"Hush!" he answered. "My name here is Lewis—Mr. James Lewis. I look like a drunken man, don't I? But I am not drunk; I have acquired the opium habit, and this is my usual condition. I can't talk with you, however, till I have had my morning dose. Excuse me a moment." And before I could recover the power of speech, he had taken a hypodermic syringe out of his pocket, had filled it from a small vial and was preparing to use it when I checked him.

"No!" I said, "you shall not take that stuff here. And this," I continued, "is Edward Lanville, physician, scientist, philanthropist, and, above all, gentleman; or, rather, was Edward Lanville. You were wise to change your name. But this must be stopped. You—"

"It shall not be stopped!" he exclaimed; "I know what I am about. I have a right to make a beast of myself if I choose. I love morphia. I should die without it. And then, while my attention was engaged with his speech, he succeeded in injecting the contents of the syringe under the skin of his arm.

"To say that I was overwhelmed with pain and disgust would not express the full extent of my emotions. He saw that I was greatly moved. The morphia, however, in a few moments seemed to have steadied his mind and body and to have given strength to his articulation.

"I wish you wouldn't distress yourself, J—," he said. "I am past cure now. Let me alone; I only want to die in my own way."

"No, I will not let you alone," I answered. "I shall stop you if I have to appeal to the authorities. I shall go before the court to-day and apply for a warrant for your arrest. I will have you locked up."

"You can't," he replied, with a faint smile. "So long as I commit no act of violence or disorder I am within the law, and can do as I please."

"Before I could fully decide what would be best to do he darted out of the room. Since then I have often seen him. Progress, however, arguments are equally ineffectual with him, and he has continued to fall lower and lower. His morale is gone, but he manages to keep clear of the police and to maintain a sort of blind affection for me.

"A few minutes ago he came to my office in a worse state than I have ever seen him. He had just strength enough left to tell me that he had taken a sufficiently large dose of morphia to destroy life, but that a moment afterward he had repented and had hurried to me for assistance."

By this time we had arrived at J—'s office, and in a few moments I was in the room in which the so-called Mr. Lewis had been placed. He was lying on a sofa, breathing heavily. His eyes were closed, and at each expiration his lips were puffed out like those of a man smoking a pipe. I knew that this was often a serious sign. His face was livid, his breathing slow and difficult, his pulse weak and beating only about 50 a minute.

I spoke to him loudly, shook him roughly, and even stuck a pin into the skin of his hand, but there was no response. He was in a state of stupor, apparently from the effects of some narcotic poison. But there was still the decisive test to make as to whether or not morphia or opium in any of its forms was the poison.

The room was rather dark and I asked for a candle. Then bending over him and raising one eyelid with my fingers I examined the pupil. It was contracted to the size of a pinhead. The other eye gave a similar result. Now, in opium-poisoning the pupils are always strongly contracted, and I was sure, therefore, that he was under the influence of that drug. Evidently he could not live.

It was impossible to employ the usual measures for keeping up vitality by forcing the patient to move about. He was too far gone for that. However, I sent at once for the remedies I wanted to use, but before the messenger returned he was dead.

The case was evidently one for the coroner, and that official was at once notified. He arrived promptly, held his inquest, and after a thorough elucidation of all the facts in the case the more than ordinarily intelligent jury rendered the verdict of "Suicide from morphia-poisoning."

Preparations were made for the funeral which, J— decided, should take place the following day, and from the house in which the man had died.

There was much food for thought and conversation, and J— and I talked over all the circumstances of Dr. Lanville's life and death. It was, therefore, after ten o'clock when I started for home.

I had telephoned my wife that I was detained and would not be home in time for dinner. I found her, nevertheless, waiting for me with a letter which, as she told me, had been left at the door shortly after I had gone out. It had evidently been directed with a trembling hand and the contents were almost illegible. With difficulty, and not

without my wife's assistance—she is wonderfully good at deciphering bad writing—I managed to read the following words:

"I have long held a theory that any disease, and even the effects of poisons, could be produced in himself by any strong-minded man fully acquainted with the symptoms, and who chose to bring to bear all the influences of a powerful will. I resolved to try this experiment, and I began over three months ago to simulate the symptoms caused by morphia.

"To make sure that my counterfeit was good, I determined to carry out the deception so as to impress my friend J—, who had himself feigned insanity so successfully as to deceive the medical officers and attendants in an insane asylum. This has been a most onerous, and in fact heartrending, task; for I have been obliged, in order to be consistent, to assume all the falsehood, the fraud and the degradation which morphia produces in its slaves.

"But I have carried my experiment beyond my power of control, and to such an extreme degree that I am now dying as though poisoned by morphia, when I have not used the drug in any form. I have done this by the exercise of my knowledge, imagination and will.

"I feel that I cannot live, and I write this account to you who have studied the mind and nervous system in their normal and abnormal relations; feeling assured that, influential as you know the principle of suggestion to be, this will give you a new idea of its awful and irresistible power. I have acted a tremendous lie, and I am fitly punished. There is a limit to the efforts of those who would advance science, and that limit is truth.

"The daily record of my perceptions, reasonings, emotions and volitional impulses, with their aberrations, you will find in a package which will reach you by mail to-morrow. My last thoughts on earth are devoted to the inquiry: Which is the more to be deprecated: the formation of a habit by indulging in a vicious appetite, or, by perverted imagination and will, to create all the morbid phenomena of that habit, and finally to die from the condition thus induced?

"I pray you to beg J— to forgive me for the distress my experiment has caused him. He has been so forbearing with me that I reproach myself most grievously for the pain and disgust I have made him suffer. I have endeavored to make some reparation by giving him the whole of my estate. You will find the will in the package, duly executed.

"When you read these lines I shall have perished through a misguided zeal, but with the full conviction that wicked thoughts and impulses, if yielded to, may become an abiding principle in one's mental organization. How necessary, therefore, to keep the thoughts pure and good, not only that an evil nature may be avoided, but that a noble one may be produced. E. L."

"He was insane!" exclaimed Mary, when she had, with many expressions of astonishment and horror, finished reading the paper. "No one but a lunatic could have acted in this way. Don't you think he was mad, Frank?"

"I don't know," I replied. "Perhaps he was, and perhaps he tells a half truth. Suggestion is a powerful factor with all of us. I can possibly form an opinion when I have read his diary. At present I am inclined to think that he was a victim to the use of the drug, and his story is pure falsehood, one of the vagaries of a diseased brain."—Youth's Companion.

He Had Nerve.

"Talk about a drummer having gall," said the man who had paid for the last round, "the worst case I ever heard of was in a plain, every-day country boy. He was wild and got into so many scrapes at home that his folks sent him out west. He disappeared for a year or two and in the meantime I got married. My wife and I went west for our honeymoon, and on a train about 100 miles from Tacoma I found this country boy in the car sitting beside a big, stout, coarse man, Bill, the boy, had the other fellow shackled to him. He recognized me and began inquiring after the folks at his home. After awhile he said: 'I'm getting along all right. Folks up here where I am think so well of me they made me sheriff. I'm just taking this chap down to the pen. Oh, yes, I've reformed, and you can tell the folks so when you get back. I don't have to write them.' When my wife went into the sleeping car the coarse, stout man turned to me, asked if I knew Bill's folks, and when I said I did he replied: 'Wall, tell them what you please, but I'm the sheriff.'"—Pittsburgh News.

Death Inflicted by Boiling.

England has four instances of the death penalty being legally carried out by boiling, to her discredit. The first happened in 1532, when a man was "sodden in a caldron in Smithfield." In 1531 a special retrospective act of parliament was passed to deal with the case of John Roose, a cook, who had poisoned some food in the kitchen of the bishop of Rochester, and he suffered in a similar way. In the same year a maid servant was boiled to death at King Lynn for poisoning her mistress. In 1542 another maid servant named Margaret Davy suffered the same fate for secret poisoning. In three households in which she had lived. The horrible nature of the punishment is partly explained by the fact that it was only employed against poisoners, and to check an almost unknown form of crime imported into England from the continent, which was peculiarly abhorrent to the instincts of the nation.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

—So rich was the Due d'Anmale that he had to make two wills in order properly to provide for the disposition of his property. One of them relates exclusively to that part of his estate which is in France, while the other deals with the wealth deposited in England, possibly from motives of precaution.

Johnny Exonerated.

Jeanie Chaffie is musical, much to the disgust of the neighbors. She pounds a piano by the hour. A few days ago, while going through Johnnie's clothes, Mrs. Chaffie unearthed a dime, which she suspected he had stolen from her, all of which Johnnie denied emphatically.

"Then tell me where you got that dime?" she said, earnestly.

"The neighbors gave it to me, and I am to get a quarter more."

"What did you do for it?"

"Nothin' yet, but I am to lock the piano, and give them the key."—N. Y. World.

Understood Both.

Indignant Father—My son, your education has cost me \$20,000. I have spent all I have and you must now go right to work and earn a living at something you understand.

Finished Son (Harvard '96)—Well, father which would you rather have me be, a baseball pitcher or a billiard marker?—N. Y. Weekly.

Knew What It Was.

One day Mr. Justice Byles was trying a man for stealing, when a medical witness was called, who said that in his opinion the prisoner was suffering from kleptomania. "And your lordship, of course, knows what that is," he added.

"Yes," said the judge, quietly, "it is a disease which I am sent here to cure."—Tit-Bits.

The Retort Sufficient.

"Well, little chap," said the stranger in the family, picking up one of the children, "what are you going to be when you're a man?"

"Nuffin," said the child.

"Noting? Why so?" asked the stranger.

"Because," said the little child, "I'm a little girl."—Fun.

Easily Explained.

Mrs. Walker—Where in the world have you been, John?

Mr. Walker—To the races.

"But your friend next door was to the races, and he's been home three hours."

"Well, he must have won, that's all."—Yonkers Statesman.

Those Pussing Bicycle Suits.

The policeman rapped loudly at the door, and when the servant opened it, said:

"Is Mrs. Swellrig at home?"

"No, but Mr. Swellrig is."

"Then tell him his wife's been knocked senseless in a bicycle collision."—N. Y. Truth.

Sufficient Ground.

"What's Jenkins' wife suing for a divorce for?"

"She claims he chugged her face into the mud after a quarrel."

"Does she consider that sufficient ground for instituting proceedings?"—Chicago Journal.

Hadn't Been Back.

Winkle—My wife woke me up suddenly this morning and disclosed to my startled vision a burglar in the next room.

Twinkle—Heavens! Did he get much?

Winkle—I don't know yet.—N. Y. Tribune.

The Bookkeeper.

The business of the bookkeeper is too sedate and solemn, For all the exercise he gets Is running up a column. —Harlem Life.

A LESSON IN ZOOLOGY.

No. I. (with book)—Bessie, what's a creature with four legs called?

No. II.—A quadruped.

No. I.—And a creature with two legs is a biped?

No. II.—Yes.

No. I.—Then what's a snake? A stomach-ped?—Harlem Life.

After the Commencement.

Mary has a great big Latin Sheepskin in a frame, And all she understands of it Is Mary's little name. —Town Topics.

Putting It Delicately.

"I hope you appreciate the fact, sir, that in marrying my daughter you marry a large-hearted, generous girl."

"I do, sir (with emotion), and I hope she inherits those qualities from her father."—Harlem Life.

Wanted a Sure Thing.

The Lawyer—You ought to feel secure; you have the law at your back.

The Prisoner—Fd feel a heap more safe if I knew I had the judge on my side.—Yonkers Statesman.

One Drop Too Much.

A paper states that a man named Neville is in custody for taking "a drop too much"—namely for marrying Miss Amelia Drop whilst he had another wife living.—Tit-Bits.

Wheel Scripture.

"Our preacher is up to date every time."

"What was his latest text?"

"Punctures in Character, and How to Repair Them."—Chicago Record.

Monumental.

"Higgins! Why, he can lie as fast as a horse can trot."

"Worse than that. As fast as a scorching can spin."—Philadelphia North American.

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You and we may differ as to money standards and out of our very differences good may come. But we won't differ as to the merits of one standard emulsion of cod-liver oil.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has won and held its way for nearly 25 years in the world of medicine until to-day it is almost as much the standard in all cases of lung trouble, and every condition of wasting whether in child or adult as quinine is in malarial fevers.

Differ on the money question if you will, but when it comes to a question of health, perhaps of life and death, get the standard.

Your druggist sells Scott's Emulsion. Two sizes, 50 cts. and \$1.00. SCOTT & BOWNE, New York.

FILES PERMANENTLY CURED

In from 3 to 5 days' time, by the use of 100-910.

One bottle guaranteed to cure any case of piles, regardless of how long standing, what you have tried, or what your physician may claim. Money refunded if permanent cure is not obtained in the most severe cases in less than 5 days' time. After all others fail get Lo-Mo and be cured.

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Edw. Your Bowels with Cascares.
Candy (Cathartic), cure constipation forever. 10c. 25c. Dr. C. C. McCABE, druggist, refund money.

Bishop McCabe, of New York.
On Dr. James' Headache Powders.

"With regard to Dr. James' Headache Powders, I have no hesitation in commending them to sufferers from headache. They relieve the pain speedily, and I have never known anyone to be harmed by their use. I have been a great sufferer from headache in my life, but have almost gotten rid of it by the constant use of hot water and fruit and by doing without coffee. The Dr. James Headache Powders have, however, greatly relieved me at times and I never allow myself to be without them, and have recommended to others freely. C. C. McCABE."
For sale by W. H. Spangler, Drug-gist Middleburgh, Pa. 6 17-9m

ONE OF TWO WAYS.

The bladder was created for one purpose, namely, a receptacle for the urine, and as such it is not liable to any form of disease except by one of two ways. The first way is from imperfect action of the kidneys. The second way is from careless local treatment of other diseases.

CHIEF CAUSE.

Unhealthy urine from unhealthy kidneys is the chief cause of bladder troubles. So the womb, like the bladder, was created for one purpose, and if not doctored too much is not liable to weakness or disease, except in rare cases. It is situated back of and very close to the bladder, therefore any pain, disease or inconvenience manifested in the kidneys, back, bladder or urinary passage is often, by mistake, attributed to female weakness or womb trouble of some sort. The error is easily made and may be as easily avoided. To find out correctly, set your urine aside for twenty four hours, a sediment or settling indicates kidney or bladder trouble. The mild and the extraordinary effect of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, of the great kidney and bladder remedy is soon realized. If you need a medicine you should have the best. At druggists fifty cents and one dollar. You may have a sample bottle and pamphlet, both sent free by mail. Mention the Middleburgh, Post and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. The proprietor of this paper guarantee the genuineness of this offer.

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The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and all throat and lung Maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try this remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address

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4:34	Main Street	4:37
4:32	Lewistown	4:35
4:30	Patent	4:33
4:28	Shindle	4:31
4:26	Wagon	4:29
4:24	McClure	4:27
4:22	Randy Mills	4:25
4:20	Adamsville	4:23
4:18	Beaverdam	4:21
4:16	Hunter	4:19
4:14	Middleburg	4:17
4:12	Meiser	4:15
4:10	Kreamer	4:13
4:08	Paoli	4:11
4:06	Sellersburg	4:09
4:04	Sunbury	4:07

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Trains leave Sunbury daily except Sunday:

5:15 a. m. for Williamsport and Canalton
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11:10 p. m. for Bellefonte, Kan. & Canalton

5:40 p. m. for Rosero and Elmira
9:10 p. m. for Lock Haven
Sundays 1:15 a. m. for Erie and Canalton
9:15 a. m. for Lock Haven and 9:25 p. m. for Williamsport

5:55 a. m. for Catawissa and Hazleton
5:35 a. m., 9:55 a. m. and 5:45 p. m. for Williamsport
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Sunday 10:00 a. m. for Wilkesbarre

Trains leave Selingsrove Junction:

10:00 a. m., week days arriving at Phil. depot 3:30 p. m.
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Washington 4:10 p. m.
5:41 p. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia
11:15 p. m. New York 3:35 a. m. Baltimore 10:40 p. m.
New York 1:15 p. m. Baltimore 8:55 a. m., week days
11:30 a. m. New York 7:35 a. m.

Trains also leave Sunbury:

1:00 a. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 6:00 a. m.
Baltimore 6:20 a. m. Washington 7:40 a. m.
New York 8:40 a. m. Weekdays, 10:35 a. m. Sunday
4:35 p. m. daily arriving at Philadelphia 10:20 p. m.
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To try to cure constipation by taking like other pills in a circle. You will never find the point sought, but only get temporary relief. A perfect natural laxative is Dr. Colery King, the celebrated remedy for all blood, stomach, liver and kidney diseases, regulates the bowels. W. H. Spangler, 23 Park Place, New York. M. D. M. P. Spangler will give you a sample package free. Large size 25 and 50c.

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