

Alaska Gold Dust

is hard to get. Fairbank's

GOLD DUST

is sold everywhere.

It Cleans Everything

MADE ONLY BY THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Chicago, St. Louis, New York, Boston, Philadelphia.



CANDY CATHARTIC

Cascarets

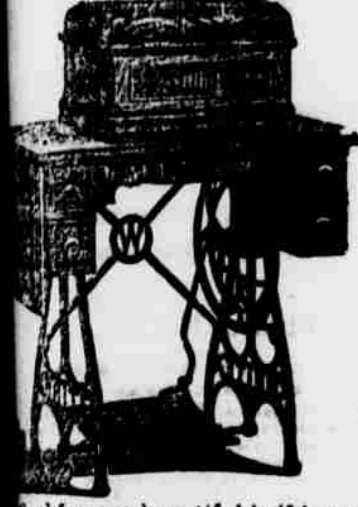
CURE CONSTIPATION

REGULATE THE LIVER

10c 2c 50c ALL DRUGGISTS

DON'T SACRIFICE . . .

Future Comfort for present seeming Economy, but BUY the Sewing Machine with an established reputation that guarantees you long and satisfactory service:



The White.

Its beautiful figured wood-work, durable construction, fine mechanical adjustment, coupled with the Finest Set of Steel Attachments, makes it the Most Desirable Machine in the Market.

FRANK S. RIEGLE,
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance.

SNYDER'S OLD, AND RELIABLE Gen'l Insurance Agency,
SELINGROVE, SNYDER COUNTY, PA.
Elmer W. Snyder, Agent,
Successor to the late William H. Snyder.

Par-Excellence of Reliable Insurance is represented in the following Standard Companies, from which to make a selection. None of the World over.

COMPANY	LOCATION	ASSETS
Royal, Liverpool, Eng. (including foreign assets)	Hartford, Conn.	\$43,000,000.00
Hartford, of Hartford, Conn. (oldest American Co.)	Hartford, Conn.	8,645,735.62
Phoenix	New York	5,588,058.07
Continental	New York	6,754,908.72
German American	New York	6,240,098.83
Mutual Life Ins. Co.	New York	\$204,638,983.66

ACCIDENT-EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY Insurance Corporation,
Accident Ins. Co. Subscribed Capital \$3,750,000.00

Life and Accident risks accepted at the lowest possible rate, just a strict regard to mutual safety. All just claims promptly and honorably adjusted. Information in relation to all classes of Insurance promptly furnished.

ELMER W. SNYDER, Agt.,
Office on Market Street, Selingsrove, Pa.



SUMMER SAIL

shoes is a pleasant foot. For the pleasures of the season, there's no sail shoe sale. Crowds are flocking to our store, and securing the coolest and best fitting summer shoes now made, at prices which make it a pleasure to buy for house or street wear or every-day purposes, walking, or driving, we supply the shoes demanded by the taste. Ladies, claim your hands, and surrender your old shoes.

Justice of the Peace
AND CONVEYANCER
M. Z. STEININGER,
Middleburgh, Pa.

F. E. BOWER, E. E. PAWLING
BOWER & PAWLING,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Offices in Bank Building, Middleburgh Pa.

CHAS. NASH PURVIS,
Collections, Loans
and Investments.
Real Estate and Private Banker,
Williamsport, Lycoming Co., Pa.
Deposits accepted, subject to drafts or checks, from any part of the world.

A. R. Pottieger,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
SELINGROVE, PA.
All professional business entrusted to my care will receive prompt and careful attention.

JAS. G. CROUSE,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
MIDDLEBURGH, PA.
All business entrusted to his care will receive prompt attention.

—Newly Established—
WEST PERRY HOTEL,
One-fourth mile East of Middleburgh.
Rooms free for traveling men to drive to town, before or after meals.
Rates 75 cents per Day.
J. H. Ross, Pro.

PATENTS OBTAINED.
Consult or communicate with the Editor of this paper, who will give all needed information.

MODERN ANANIASSES.



Dr. Talmage deprecates in this sermon the many untruths that are spoken or acted in the social and business world, taking his text from Acts v, 1-10. "A certain man named Ananias, with Sapphira, his wife, sold a possession," etc.

A well matched pair, alike in ambition and in falsehood, Ananias and Sapphira. They wanted a reputation for great beneficence, and they sold all their property, pretending to put the entire proceeds in the charity fund while they put much of it in their own pocket. There was no necessity that they give all their property away, but they wanted the reputation of so doing. Ananias first lied about it and dropped down dead. Then Sapphira lied about it, and she dropped down dead. The two fatalities a warning to all ages of the danger of sacrificing the truth.

There are a thousand of ways of telling a lie. A man's whole life may be a falsehood, and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. There is a way of uttering a falsehood by look, by manner, as well as by lip. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterward say "maybe," calling it a white lie when no lie is that color. The whitest lie ever told was as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know when they are lying. With some it is an acquired sin, and with others it is a natural infirmity. There are those whom you will recognize as born liars. Their whole life, from cradle to grave, is filled up with vice of speech. Misrepresentation and prevarication are as natural to them as the infantile diseases and are a sort of moral croup or spiritual scarlatina.

Then there are those who in after life have opportunities of developing this evil, and they go from deception to deception and from class to class, until they are regularly graduated liars. At times the air in our cities is filled with falsehood, and lies cluster around the mechanic's hammer, blossom on the merchant's yardstick and sometimes sit in the doors of churches. They are called by some fabrication and they are called by some fiction. You might call them subterfuge, or deceit, or romance, or fable, or misrepresentation, or delusion, but as I know nothing to be gained by covering up a God defying sin with a lexicographer's blanket, I shall call them in plainest vernacular, lies. They may be divided into agricultural, commercial, mechanical, social and ecclesiastical.

First of all, I speak of agricultural falsehoods. There is something in the presence of natural objects that has a tendency to make one pure. The trees never issue false stock. The wheat-fields are always honest. Rye and oats never move out in the night, nor paying for the place they occupy. Corn shocks never make false assignment. Mountain brooks are always current. The gold of the wheatfield is never counterfeit. But while the tendency of agricultural life is to make one honest, honesty is not the characteristic of all who come to the city markets from the country districts. You hear the creaking of the dishonest farm wagon in almost every street of our great cities—a farm wagon in which there is not one honest spoke, or one truthful rivet, from tongue to tail-board. Again and again has domestic economy in our great cities foundered on the farmer's rick. When New York and Washington sit down and weep over their sins, let Westchester county and the neighborhoods around this capital sit down and weep over theirs.

The tendency in all rural districts is to suppose that sins and transgressions cluster in our great cities, but citizens and merchants long ago learned that it is not safe to calculate from the character of the apples on the top of the farmer's barrel what is the character of the apples all the way down toward the bottom. Many of our citizens and merchants have learned that it is always safe to see the farmer measure the barrel of beets. Milk cans are not always honest. There are those who in country life seem to think they have a right to overreach grain dealers and merchants of all styles. They think it is more honorable to raise corn than to deal in corn. The producer sometimes practically says to the merchant, "You get your money easy, anyhow." Does he get it easily? While the farmer sleeps—and he may go to sleep conscious of the fact that his corn and rye are all the time progressing and adding to his fortune or his livelihood—the merchant tries to sleep, while conscious of the fact that at that moment the ship may be driving on the rock or a wave sweeping over the hurricane deck spilling his goods, or the speculators may be plotting a monetary revolution, or the burglars may be at that moment at his money safe, or the fire may have kindled on the very block where his store stands.

Easy is it? Let those who get their living in the quiet farm and barn take the place of one of our city merchants and see whether it is so easy. It is hard enough to have their hands blistered with outdoor work, but it is harder with mental anxiety to have the brain consumed. God help the merchant. And do not let those who live in country life come to the conclusion that all the dishonesties belong to city life.

I pass on to consider commercial lies. There are those who apologize for deviations from the right and for practical deception by saying it is commercial custom. In other words, a lie to competition becomes a virtue.

There are large fortunes gathered in which there is not one drop of the sweat of unrequited toil, and not one spark of bad temper flashes from the bronze bracket, and there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart's blood on the crimson plush, while there are other fortunes about which it may be said that on every doorknob and on every figure of the carpet and on every wall there is the mark of dishonor. What if the hand wrung by toil and blistered until the skin comes off should be placed on the exquisite wall paper, leaving its mark of blood—four fingers and a thumb? Or if in the night the man should be aroused from his slumbers again and again by his own conscience, getting himself up on elbow and crying out in the darkness, "Who is there?"

There are large fortunes upon which God's favor comes down, and it is just as honest and just as Christian to be affluent as it is to be poor. In many a house there is a blessing on every pictured wall and on every scroll and on every trarced window, and the joy that flashes in the lights and that flows in the music and that dances in the quick feet of the children patting through the hall has in it the favor of God and the approval of man. And there are thousands and tens of thousands of merchants who, from the first day they sold a yard of cloth or a firkin of butter, have maintained their integrity. They were born honest, they will live honest, and they will die honest. But you and I know that there are in commercial life those who are guilty of great dishonesties of speech. A merchant says, "I am selling these goods at less than cost." Is he getting for those goods a price inferior to that which he paid for them? Then he has spoken the truth. Is he getting more? Then he lies. A merchant says, "I paid \$25 for this article." Is that the price he paid for it? All right. But suppose he paid for it \$23 instead of \$25? Then he lies.

But there are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks, "How much is this article?" "It is \$5." "I can get that for \$4 somewhere else." Can he get it for \$4 somewhere else or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by depreciating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter. A customer comes in and asks, "How much is this article?" "It is \$5." "I can get that for \$4 somewhere else." Can he get it for \$4 somewhere else or did he say that just for the purpose of getting it cheap by depreciating the value of the goods? If so, he lied. There are just as many falsehoods before the counter as there are behind the counter.

A man unrolls upon the counter a bale of handkerchiefs. The customer says, "Are these all silk?" "Yes," "No cotton in them?" "No cotton in them." Are those handkerchiefs all silk? Then the merchant told the truth. Is there any cotton in them? Then he lied. Moreover, he defrauds himself, for this customer coming in will after awhile find out that he has been defrauded, and the next time he comes to town and goes shopping he will look up at that sign and say: "No, I won't go there; that's the place where I got those handkerchiefs." First, the merchant insulted God, and, secondly, he picked his own pocket.

Who would take the responsibility of saying how many falsehoods were yesterday told by hardware men, and clothiers, and lumbermen, and tobaccoists, and jewelers, and importers, and shippers, and dealers in furniture, and dealers in coal, and dealers in groceries? Lies about buckles, about saddles, about harness, about shoes, about hats, about coats, about shovels, about sofas, about horses, about lands, about everything. I arraign commercial falsehoods as one of the crying sins of our time.

I pass on to speak of mechanical falsehoods. Among the artisans are those upon whom we are dependent for the houses in which we live, the garments we wear, the cars in which we ride. The vast majority of them are, so far as I know them, men who speak the truth, and they are upright, and many of them are foremost in great philanthropies and in churches, but that they all do not belong to that class every one knows. In times when there is a great demand for labor it is not so easy for such men to keep their obligations, because they may miscalculate in regard to the weather or they may not be able to get the help they anticipated in their enterprise. I am speaking now of those who promise to do that which they know they will not be able to do. They say they will come on Monday. They do not come until Wednesday. They say they will come on Wednesday. They do not come until Saturday. They say they will have the job done in ten days. They do not get it done before 30. And when a man becomes irritated and will not stand it any longer then they go and work for him a day or two and keep the job along, and then some one else gets irritated and outraged, and they go and work for that man and get him pacified and then they go somewhere else. I believe they call that "nursing a job."

Ah, my friends how much dishonesty or such men would save their souls if they would promise to do only that which they know they can do! "Oh," they say, "it's of no importance. Everybody expects to be deceived and disappointed."

Social life is struck through with insincerity. They apologize for the fact that the furnace is out; they have not had any fire in it all winter. They apologize for the fare on their table; they never live any better. They decry their most luxuriant entertainment to win a shower of approval from you. They point at a picture on the wall as a work of one of the old masters. They say it is an heirloom in the family. It hangs on the walls of a castle. A duke gave it to their grandfather! People that will lie about nothing else will lie about a picture. On small income we want the world to believe we are affluent, and society to-day is struck through with cheat and counterfeited and sham. How few people are natural! Brightly talk around, looking

grinding against iceberg. You must not laugh outright. That is vulgar. You must smile. You must not dash quickly across the room. That is vulgar. You must glide. Much of society is a round of bows and grins and grimaces and oh's and ah's and he, he's and simperings and namby pambyism, a whole world of which is not worth one good honest round of laughter. Society is become so contorted and deformed in this respect that a mountain cabin where the rustics gather at a quilting or an apple paring has in it more good cheer than all the frescoed refrigerators of the metropolis.

I pass on to speak of ecclesiastical lies, those which are told for the advancement or retarding of a church or sect. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Calvinist what an Arminian believes. He will tell you that an Arminian believes that man can save himself. An Arminian believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask an extreme Arminian what a Calvinist believes. He will tell you that a Calvinist believes that God made some men just to damn them. A Calvinist believes no such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a Pedo-Baptist what a Baptist believes. He will tell you that a Baptist believes that immersion is necessary for salvation. A Baptist does not believe any such thing. It is hardly worth your while to ask a man who very much hates Presbyterians what a Presbyterian believes. He will tell you that a Presbyterian believes that there are infants in hell a span long, and that very phraseology comes down from generation to generation in the Christian church. There never was a Presbyterian who believed that. "Oh," you say, "I heard some Presbyterian minister 20 years ago say so." You did not. There never was a man who believed that. There never will be a man who will believe that. And yet from boyhood I have heard that particular slander against a Christian church going down through the community.

Then, how often it is that there are misrepresentations on the part of individual churches in regard to other churches, especially if a church comes to great prosperity. As long as a church is in poverty and the singing is poor, and all the surroundings are decrepit, and the congregation are so hardly bested in life that their pastor goes with elbows out, then there will always be Christian people in churches who say, "What a pity; what a pity!" But let the day of prosperity come to a Christian church and let the music be triumphant, and let there be vast assemblages, and then there will be even ministers of the gospel critical and denunciatory and full of misrepresentation and falsification, giving the impression to the outside world that they do not like the church because it is not ground in their mill. Oh, my friends, let us in all departments of life stand back from deception.

But some one says, "The deception that I practice is so small that it doesn't amount to anything." Ah, my friends, it does amount to a great deal. You say, "When I deceive, it is only about a case of needles or a box of buttons or a row of pins." But the article may be so small you can put it in your vest pocket, but the sin is as big as the pyramids, and the echo of your dishonor will reverberate through the mountains of eternity. There is no such thing as a small sin. They are all vast and stupendous, because they will all have to come under inspection in the day of judgment. You may boast yourself of having made a fine bargain—a sharp bargain. You may carry out what the Bible says in regard to that man who went in to make a purchase and depreciated the value of the goods, and then after he had got away boasted of the splendid bargain he had made. "It is naught, it is naught, saith the buyer, but when he is gone his way then he boasteth." It may seem to the world a sharp bargain, but the recording angel wrote down in the ponderous tomes of eternity, "Mr. So-and-so, doing business on Pennsylvania avenue or Broadway or Chestnut street or State street, told one lie."

May God extirpate from society all the ecclesiastical lies, and all the social lies, and all the mechanical lies, and all the commercial lies, and all the agricultural lies, and make every man to speak the truth of his neighbor. My friends, let us make our life correspond to what we are. Let us banish all deception from our behavior. Let us remember that the time comes when God will demonstrate before an assembled universe just what we are. The secret will come out. We may hide it while we live, but we cannot hide it when we die. To many life is a masquerade ball. As at such entertainment gentlemen and ladies appear in garb of kings or queens or mountain bandits or clowns and then at the close of the dance put off their disguise, so many all through life are in mask. The masquerade ball goes on, and gemmed hand clasps gemmed hand, and dancing feet respond to dancing feet, and gleaming brow bends to gleaming brow, and the masquerade ball goes bravely on. But after awhile languor comes and blurs the sight. Lights lower. Floor hollow with sepulchral echo. Music saddens into a wail. Lights lower. Now the masquerade is hardly seen. The fragrance is exchanged for the sickening odor of garlands that have lain a long while in the damp of sepulchral. Lights lower. Mists fill the room. The scarf drops from the shoulder of beauty, a shroud. Lights lower. Torn leaves and withered garlands now hardly cover up the ulcerated feet. Stench of lamp wicks almost quenched. Choking dampness. Chilliness. Feet still. Hands folded. Eyes shut. Voice hushed. Lights out.

She—"I don't look at all like myself to-day."
He—"It would be a good time to have your picture taken."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

LESSON V, FOURTH QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, OCT. 31.

Text of the Lesson, Acts xxvii, 12-36—Memory Verses, 21-25—Golden Text, Acts xxvii, 25—Commentary by the Rev. D. H. Moore.

12. "And when the south wind blew softly, supposing that they had obtained their purpose, loosing thence they sailed close by Crete." Paul, with Aristarchus, a former fellow traveler, and afterward a fellow prisoner (Acts ix, 90; Col. iv, 10), is now at sea on his way to Rome. They touched at Sidon and thence near Cyprus to Myra on the mainland of Lycia, in Asia Minor. There he was transferred to a ship of Alexandria bound for Italy, and after many days of slow sailing rounded the east end of Crete and reached the Fair Havens, on the south coast of Crete. Here they spent much time, until Paul advised them not to venture farther on account of the season, but the master and owner and the majority advised to try and reach the port of Phenice, a little farther west in Crete, and winter there. So with a light wind they started, keeping as near the land as possible. Paul is in the hands, humanly speaking, of those who know not God, but he is really in the hands of God and can trust Him to manage.

13. "A mighty wind from the land arose against which the ship could not bear up, and they were compelled to let her run before it. Was this of God or the devil that they were thus driven out to sea? We know that Satan is the prince of the power of the air and that he caused the wind that blew down the house upon Job's children and killed them (Job i, 19, 19), but he could not do it without God's permission. God controls the angels who control the winds, and even the stormy wind fulfills His word (Rev. vii, 1; Ps. cxlviii, 8). We must see God alone.

14. "The storm increased. Under the lee of the island of Claudia they got the small boat on board which had evidently been towing astern. They somehow underrigged the ship, then lower the sail and let her drive under bare poles. What about the condition of the passengers among the 276 souls on board? (Verse 37.) Sailors are not supposed to feel anything, never to know they are sick till they are dead, but many ordinary people do get awfully sick in a storm. This must have been a sad ship. And yet there were some on it very dear to the Lord Jesus.

15. "Exceedingly tossed with a tempest." Well, there is no use to say a word about this unless you have been in such circumstances yourself. It was a bad case, and many doubtless wished that there was no more sea (Rev. xxi, 1). Yet even under such circumstances the Prince of Peace can control one's heart. In health or sickness, life or death, we can be quiet in His loving care.

16. "All hope that we should be saved was then taken away." Surely they were at their wits' end (Ps. cvii, 27), or, as in the margin, "All their wisdom was swallowed up." The case was, as far as human eyes could see, utterly hopeless. It makes one think of the sterner having no hope and without God in the world (Eph. ii, 12), or, in Roman, 8, "without strength." But there is a Saviour for the lost, and only for such. He said, "I came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance."

17. "But after long abstinence Paul stood forth in the midst of them." They had fasted for 14 days (verse 33), and must have felt famished indeed and ready for a word of comfort from any one who might have it for them. None but God could help or comfort them, and His servants are ready to be the messengers. He is the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort (II Cor. i, 3), but we cannot fully appreciate it or Him till we get into straits places.

18. "And now I exhort you to be of good cheer, for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship." He emphasized it by adding, "There shall not an hair fall from the head of any of you," and he took bread and gave thanks to God in the presence of them all and began to eat (verses 34, 35).

19. "For there stood by this time the angel of God, whom I am and whom I serve." This and the next two verses are to me the very heart of this lesson. Take the words, "God, whom I am," and think of what is included. His property, which He will certainly care for, His child, whom He will certainly love, loved by the Lord Jesus as the Father loves Him (John xv, 9), bought with the precious blood of Christ, and therefore as precious to God as that blood is; a part of Christ Himself, a member of His body. We need no hesitate to say, "The most high God, the possessor of heaven and earth, owns me, and take all the comforts there is for us. Then consider 'whom I serve,' and remember that we cannot serve God and Mammon; neither can we serve Christ and please men (Matt. vi, 24; Gal. i, 10).

20. "Saying, Fear not, Paul! Thou must be brought before Caesar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee." This is a confirmation of the Lord's testimony to him in Jerusalem—"Thou must bear witness at Rome" (chapter xxiii, 11). The Lord's "musts" are as sure as God Himself, whether 're must be born again' or 'all things must be fulfilled.' Every purpose of the Lord shall be performed, and all His thoughts shall come to pass (Jer. ii, 29; Isa. xlv, 24). It was the Lord's purpose that Paul should be His witness at Rome, and therefore it was as good as done, although in this storm everything seemed against it. How blessed are the "firm notes" of God from the first one in Gen. xv, 1, to the last in Revelation! His precious love exists on all fear, and the soul that rests in Him can truly say, "What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee." "I will trust and not be afraid."

21. "Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer, for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me." Verse 24 says, "And so it came to pass." Whatever God says is as sure as if it had already come to pass, so we should say continually, "I believe God." The first "believe" in the Bible is in Gen. xv, 6, where it is said of Abraham, "He believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." It might be literally translated, "Abraham amended God," or said amen so God. So did Jeremiah long afterward. See Jer. xi, 5, in the margin. It becomes us to be ever saying, "Even so, Father," or, as Mary said, "Be it unto me according to Thy word."