

Free From Rheumatism.

If the people generally knew the true cause of Rheumatism, there would be no such thing as ailments and lesions for this painful and disabling disease. The fact is, Rheumatism is a disordered state of the blood—it can be reached, therefore, only through the blood. But all blood remedies cannot cure Rheumatism, for it is an obstinate disease, one which requires a real blood remedy—something more than a mere tonic. Swift's Specific is the only real blood remedy and promptly goes to the very bottom of even the most obstinate case. Like all other blood diseases, the doctors are totally unable to cure Rheumatism. In fact, the only remedies which they prescribe are potash and mercury, and though temporary relief may result, these remedies produce a disease of joints and only intensify the ailment. Those who have had experience with Rheumatism know that it becomes very severe each year.



The case of Mrs. James Kell, of 677 H Street, S. E., Washington, D. C., will convince everyone that it is not so easy to expect doctors to cure Rheumatism. Under recent date she writes: "A few months ago I had an attack of Rheumatism in its worst form. Pain was so intense that my nervous system was prostrated, and I was a long time perfectly helpless. The attack was an unusually severe one, my condition was regarded as very dangerous."

It was attended by one of the most famous doctors of Washington City, who is a member of the faculty of the leading college here. He told me to discontinue his prescription and I would be well. After having it refilled twelve times and receiving not the least benefit, I declined to take it longer. Having heard S.S.S. (Swift's Specific) recommended for Rheumatism, I decided, almost in despair, to give it a trial. After taking a few bottles I was able to hobble around on crutches, and very soon had no need at all for them. For S.S.S. cured me and well. All the distressing symptoms have left me, my appetite has improved, and I am happy to be again able to perfect health. S.S.S. never disappoints, for it is made from these deep-rooted diseases which beyond the reach of all other remedies. It cures permanently Rheumatism, Cancer, Scrofula, Eczema, and other blood diseases. It is the only remedy guaranteed.

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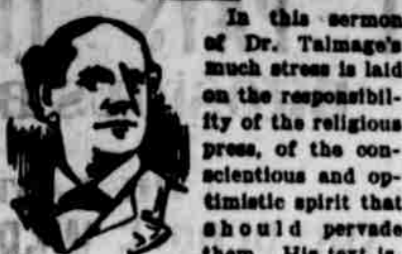
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RELIGIOUS PAPERS.



In this sermon of Dr. Talmage's much stress is laid on the responsibility of the religious press, of the conscientious and optimistic spirit that should pervade them. His text is, "Then I turned and lifted up mine eyes, and beheld a flying roll" (Zechariah 7, 1).

In a dream the prophet saw something rolled up advancing through the heavens. It contained a divine message. It moved swiftly, as on wings. It had much to do with the destiny of nations. But if you will look up you will see many flying rolls. They come with great speed and have messages for all the earth. The flying rolls of this century are the newspapers. They carry messages human and divine. They will decide the destiny of the hemispheres.

There are in the United States about 20,000 newspapers. The religious newspaper of which I am the editor was born 19 years ago, but born again seven years ago. In this brief time it has grown to about 900,000 circulation, and, by the ordinary rule of calculating the readers of a paper, it has about 1,000,000 readers. Our country was blest with many religious journals, edited by consecrated men, while their contributors were the ablest and best of all professions and occupations. Some of those journals for half a century had been dropping their benedictions upon the nation, and they live on and will continue to live on until there will be no more use for their mission, the world itself having become a flying roll on the tempests of the last day, going out of existence. There will be no more use for such agencies when the world ceases, because, in the spiritual state, we shall have such velocity that we can gather for ourselves all the news of heaven, or, seeing some world in conflagration, may go ourselves in an instant to examine personally the scene of disaster.

Was there room for another religious journal in this land, already favored with the highest style of religious journalism? Oh, yes, if undenominational, plenty of room. Nothing can ever take the place of the denominational newspaper. When the millennium comes in, it will find as many denominations as there are now. People, according to their temperaments, will always prefer this or that form of church government, this or that style of worship. You might as well ask us all to live in one house as to ask us all to worship in one denomination or to abolish the regiments of an army in order to make them one great host.

Each denomination must have its own journal, set apart especially to present the charities, explain the work and forward the interests of that particular sect. The death of one denominational journal is a calamity to all the other denominations. I would almost feel that a great misfortune had happened me if The Christian Intelligencer of the Reformed church (my mother church) did not come to my house every week, for I was brought up on it, and it has become a household necessity. Such a denominational journal had better be edited by some one who rocked in the cradle of that church and, ordained at her altars, having become venerable in her service, sits spectacted and wise and with heart full of sacred memories addresses the living of to-day. In the most sacred crypt of our memory stands the statue of the religious editors Abel Stevens and Joshua Leavitt and the royal family of the primes Irenaeus and Eusebius, while others linger on the banks of the Jordan, where they will not have long to wait for Elijah's chariot, and when they go up, if we still be sitting at our editorial desks, we will cry out in the memorable words, "My father, my father, the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof!"

But, then, there are great movements in which all denominations wish to join, and we want more undenominational newspapers to marshal and advance and inspire such movements. Yet such journals have a difficult task, because all Christian men, if they have behaved well in their denominations, for some reason prefer the one of their natural and spiritual nativity and, even looking off upon the general field and attempting wider work, will be apt to look at things through denominational preference and to treat them with a denominational twist.

In the issuing of the religious journal whose seventh anniversary I preach that difficulty has been met and overcome by the fact that its publisher is a Methodist and in its editorial rooms there are a Presbyterian, an Episcopalian, and a Congregationalist, and a line of denominational prejudice in editorial or reportorial column would run against immediate protest. Against John Wesley's "Free Grace," or Calvin's "Biblical Decrees," or Bishop McVane's "Canonicals," or Dr. Dowling's "Baptistery," from year's end to year's end not a word is written or printed. On all these subjects we have conscientious, but undenominational journalism is not the place to state them. He who tells all he knows and expresses all he thinks on all occasions and in all places, without reference to the proprietors, is a boor or a crank and of no practical service either to church or state.

Undenominational journalism is absolutely necessary to demonstrate the unity of the Christian world. Wide and desperate attempt is made to show that the religion of Jesus Christ is only

a battle ground of sects and the cry has been: "If you want us to accept your religion, agree, gentlemen, as to what the Christian religion really is. This denomination says a few drops of water dripping from the end of the fingers is baptism, and another demands the submergence of the entire body. This one prays with book, and that one makes extemporaneous utterance. The rector of one delivers his sermon in a gown, while the backwoods preacher of another sect addresses his people in his shirt sleeves. Some of your denominations have the majestic dominant in the service and other spontaneity. Some of you think that from all eternity some were predestinated to be saved and that from all eternity others were doomed." Now, it is the business of Young Men's Christian associations and tract societies and Sunday school unions and pronounced undenominational journals to show the falsity of the charge that we are fighting among ourselves by gathering all Christian denominations on one platform or launching the united sentiment of all Christendom from one style of religious printing press.

Do you believe in a God, good, holy just, omnipotent? Do you believe in Jesus Christ as a Saviour? Do you believe in the convicting, converting and sanctifying power of the Holy Ghost? Do you believe that the gospel is going to conquer all nations? If you should put these questions to those assembled millions on millions, while there would not be a solitary negative there would be an aye, aye, aye, loud enough to make the foundations of the earth tremble and the arches of the heavens resound. Let there be platforms, let there be great occasions, let there be undenominational printing presses to thunder forth the unity of all Christendom. One Lord, One faith, One baptism. One God and Father, One Jesus Christ, One cross. One heaven.

So also there is room for a religious journal that stands for liberty as against all oppression. No authority political or ecclesiastical, must be permitted to make us believe this or that. Liberty of the Armenian to worship God independent of the Turkish government. Liberty of Cuba as against Spanish domination. Liberty of Hawaii as against all monarchical authority which it has thrown off. Civil liberty. Political liberty. Religious liberty.

The religious journal on whose seventh anniversary I preach has had for its owner and publisher one who in his ancestry experienced just the opposite. His father, an exile from his native land because of his opinions, his property confiscated, his life imperiled, landed on American soil bereft of everything that foreign oppression could rob him of. Naturally his son knows right well how to appreciate liberty. The most of us are descended from those who imperiled all to gain their natural and religious rights. Let the type and the printing presses and the editorial chairs be overthrown which dare to surrender to any attempt again to put on the shackles. The movement has started for the demolition of all the tyrannies of church and state. Religious newspapers must stand shoulder to shoulder in this mighty march for God and the world's rescue.

Again, on this seventh anniversary of a religious publication I notice that there is an especial mission for a religious journal truthfully optimistic. The most optimistic book I know of is the Bible, and its most impressive authors were all optimists. David an optimist. Paul an optimist. St. John an optimist. Our blessed Lord an optimist. I cannot look upon a desert but I am by the old book reminded that it will "blossom like the rose." I cannot in a menagerie look upon a lion and a leopard but I am reminded that "a little child shall lead them." I cannot see a collection of gems in a jeweler's window without thinking of heaven aflash and ablaze and incarnated and empowered with all manner of precious stones. I cannot hear a trumpet but I think of that one which shall wake the dead. All the ages of time, bounded on one side by the paradise in which Adam and Eve walked and on the other side by the paradise which St. John saw in apocalyptic vision.

Pray for the religious newspapers of America that they may resist the temptation to become acerb, harsh and denunciatory of those who think differently from themselves. In all denominations there are disappointed people who put mean things in religious newspapers about ministers and other prominent Christian workers. Unsuccessful men and women never like successful men and women. There are editors and reporters who, instead of writing with ink, dip their pens in oil of vitriol or lampblack. When a religious newspaper does lie, it beats all secular journalism in contemptibility. As Adam Clarke, the commentator, said, "Some people serve the Lord as though the devil were in them." That only is a helpful newspaper which, as we fold it up after reading, leaves us in a mood to pray for all men and in a spirit that wishes prosperity for all Christian workers, whether they work our way or some other way, and we feel as though the angel, flying through the midst of heaven, having the everlasting gospel to preach, had with the flapping of his wing stirred the air on our cheek and forehead.

Pray also for religious journalism that it may be alert—not abreast of the times, but ahead of the times. In this day, when by cablegram we seem to get from Europe news five hours before it starts, we do not want in our religious columns information scissored out of an old newspaper, or information sent by means of a letter which comes to us through the dead letter postoffice because it was misdirected.

Nor do we want it to take the place of religious journalism as it was in 1815, when Nathaniel Wilson started his religious paper called The Recorder, or when The Watchman was born in 1819 or when The Christian Register made its first appearance in 1821. The canalboat drawn by mules on a towpath did well in its time, but now we prefer the vestibuled limited express. Because a thing is pious, it need not therefore be dull. The printing press may beat the Argus of mythology, for that fabulous being had only a hundred eyes, while the newspaper has a thousand eyes, and a thousand ears, and a thousand arms. The secular newspaper gives the secular news and does not pretend to give its religious meaning. The religious press ought to put all the events of the day in companies, regiments and brigades and show us in what direction that divinely disciplined host is marching and let us know what victories for God and righteousness they will win. The Christianized printing press is to do in our time on a large scale what the battering ram did in olden time on a smaller scale. That old war machine was a stout timber, hung by chains to a beam supported by posts, and many men would lay hold of the stout timber and swing it backward and forward until, getting under full momentum, it would strike into awful demolition the wall besieged. God grant that all of us who have anything to do with the mighty battering ram of our century, the printing press, may be clothed of God with especial strength and oneness of purpose, and that, having pulled it back for one mighty assault, we may altogether rush it forward, crushing into everlasting ruin the last wall of opposition and the last fortress of iniquity.

And now let all of us who are connected with either secular or religious journalism remember that we will be called into final account for every word we write in editorial or reportorial or contributors' column, for every type we set, for every press we move and for the style of secular or religious newspaper we patronize or encourage. In Ezekiel's prophecy the angel of God, supposed to be Christ, appears with an inkhorn at his side, as an attorney's clerk in olden time had an inkhorn at his side. And I have no doubt the inkhorn will have an important part in the day of judgment, those who have used it well to receive eternal plaudit and those who have misused it to receive condemnation.

Piled up in all the world's printing offices, secular and religious, are the publications of past years, bound up year by year, and in those offices they can tell just what they printed any day for the last 20 years, and in the great day of judgment all that we have ever written or printed will be revealed from the mighty volumes of eternity. All those who have ruthlessly pried into the secret of unhappy domestic life and despoiled homes come to judgment! All those who have by the pen assassinated character, come to judgment! All those who have had anything to do with salacious and lewd literature, come to judgment! All those who have produced pictures administrative of vice, come to judgment! No one will then dare say "I knew it was not true, and I only intended it for a joke," or "I had to make my living, and the paper that I worked for paid me in proportion to the startling nature of the stuff I prepared," or "I corrected the falsehood in the next issue," or "I felt my power in the editorial chair, having opportunity to address such multitudes week by week, and I wanted to keep the church and the world in awe of me." On that great day of judgment all the power we have had on earth will be insignificant compared with the power that will pronounce our rapture or our doom and that which might have been considered a joke in the "composing room," because it humiliated an enemy, will be no joke at all amid the wreck of mountains and seas, and the inkhorn will there tell of all we wrote anonymously and under the impersonality of a newspaper, as well as that which was signed with our own name. But what a beautiful day for a Frances Havergal, when she gets rewarded for all the kind things she ever wrote with the tears of her invalidism, or when the authors and authoresses of all lands and ages are told how many came to heaven through their instrumentalities, and for all those who use the influence of the press to correct the errors and extirpate the wrongs and break the serfdom of mankind!

Then the inkhorn by the side of the angel of the new covenant will speak out and tell of what it had to do with all letters of kindness written, with all emancipation proclamations, with all editorial and reportorial eulogies of the good, with all the messages of salvation to a lost world. Better in that day will it be to have set up the type for one line of Christian encouragement, or written one paragraph of useful sentiment, or published one page of helpful truth than to have written books as big as Gibbon's five large volumes concerning "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," if these volumes put Christianity at a disadvantage, or as brilliant as Voltaire's "Discourses upon Man," if they inculcated injurious theories, or as rhythmic as Byron's "Don Juan," if it sacrificed the decencies. On that day the flying roll which Zechariah of the text saw thousands of years ago, and the rolls which we see flying over all our towns and cities, and flying from the swiftest printing presses that were ever invented, will be found to contain messages divine or satanic. Not only the inkhorn which Ezekiel saw, but all the inkhorns will come to judgment. "And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God, and the books were opened."

A GREAT CONSPIRACY.

Attempt of Contractors and Officeholders to Control Philadelphia.

BOUND BY WRITTEN AGREEMENT.

The Most Desperate Attempt Ever Made by a Political Combination. The City Threatened—A Written Agreement Between Contractors and Lobbyists to Stand Together Under the Fake Cry of Reform.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)
Philadelphia, Nov. 30.—The eyes of the politicians of the state are turned upon the fight now in progress in this city. The reports received in Harrisburg concerning the contest led me to make a personal investigation of the fight, and the results are far more startling than at first reported. Philadelphia is on the eve of the most notorious campaign that ever disgraced the municipality. It is in reality the people against "the gang."

The Philadelphia Press of last Sunday published a full exposure of the nefarious schemes that have been inaugurated to place the control of Republican politics in the city entirely in the hands of a small coterie of men who are conscienceless, and who will stop at nothing to accomplish their ends. Their object is first to obtain control of Philadelphia and afterwards, through this prestige, gain control of the state. A statement of the situation is as follows:

Early in the present year four ward leaders, Messrs. Klemmer, Anderson, McNichol and subsequently by Mayor W. B. Akers, visited Senator Quay in Florida for the purpose of making a deal with him in the matter of city officers. They declared that they were tired of the regular Republican organization and that they proposed to set up shop for themselves. In other words they declared in so many words, as their subsequent action demonstrated, that they determined to hold the balance of power in Philadelphia politics, and that this power was to be thrown wherever it would do the most good, not for the party, but for them and their fellow clansmen. A deal was arranged, and the first proof of it was the appointment of Thomas L. Hicks as postmaster.

QUAY SCARED THEM.

Matters ran along smoothly enough until the attempt was made a month ago by Senator Quay to make a deal with Secretary of the Commonwealth David Martin and with Senator C. L. Magee of Pittsburgh. The Swallow vote representing the independent element of Pennsylvania, had thoroughly alarmed Senator Quay, and it was but natural that he should seek terms with his opponents. The "Ward Leaders' League," as this secret organization called themselves, was not taken into the secret of Senator Quay's plans. Its members were not informed by Quay that he was about to attempt a "fix up" with Martin and Magee, and so they did not know of it until after Quay had paid his now celebrated public visit to Messrs. Martin and Magee. The league is not in full possession today of the inside facts concerning those visits, and the reason why Quay's schemes have up to the present time, come to naught.

The action of the senior senator frightened this band of political mercenaries, and fearful lest Quay should get ahead of them, and believing that he was trying to do them unbeknownst, they decided to do a little dicker in their own book. A committee was appointed to wait on Secretary Martin, the recognized leader of the regular Republicans in Philadelphia, and present their demands. These were in effect, that if Secretary Martin wanted the support of "the gang," he could have it in return for his support of one of their number, James J. McNichol, for chairman of the Republican city committee.

MARTIN REFUSED TO DEAL.

Mr. McNichol is a ward boss. He is a contractor and a business man, but not the man for chairman of the city committee of a great municipality like Philadelphia. Mr. Martin recognized this, and frankly so stated to the committee. He pointed out, it is said, the inadvisability of placing a contractor in control of the Republican organization. The "Ward Leaders' League" would listen to nothing, however, and declared that unless Martin agreed to support McNichol the ward leaders' combination would set up a candidate in opposition to William J. Roney, the present tax receiver and a candidate for re-election. This outlandish method of "stand and deliver" did not suit Secretary Martin, and he informed the "ward boss" union," as the Philadelphia Press calls it, that he would make no deal with them.

The combination immediately adjourned to a neighboring hotel and held a night session, where it was determined not only to put up a candidate in revenge against Roney, but it was also agreed, as described in my letter from Harrisburg last week, to coerce the mayor and force him into the "holding up" the appropriation bills necessary to furnish money to run the city. By coercion and cajolery this crowd felt able to hold the balance of power in select council. No more daring scheme of political blackmail has ever been known in Philadelphia. It was a deliberate attempt to block the wheels of the city and force its highest officials down on their knees to a clique of city contractors, lobbyists and officeholders.

PUBLIC OPINION OUTRAGED.

But the scheme has failed. Outraged public opinion found expression in the denunciation of the newspapers, and so the crowd of mercenaries has been laying very low. All of the members of this league are out of the same stripes. There are self-respecting men among them, and their protests at this blackmailing scheme have given rise to the statement that the league is on the eve of dissolution.

It was by this means that the full story of this combination's attempt to seize all the offices and turn the city over to contractors and ward bosses came to light.

BOUND IN WRITTEN CONTRACT.

It was discovered that, ministering

each other, this outfit had entered into a written agreement to stand or fall together until the first of April, 1899. It was a complete bargain; a partnership to parcel out the offices; to grasp the city by the throat and hold it, placing one of their number, or one of their own creatures, in the mayor's chair next year.

But the most daring part of the whole disreputable job was their agreement "to work" the various Reform Leagues of Philadelphia under the cry of "reform." The wealthy and conservative element, the business men, and the well-to-do citizens with the city's best interests at heart were to be called upon to endorse their candidate, or at least lend an air of respectability to a combination in which not one name of prominence or distinction appears. This scheme also involved the obtaining of financial support from these reformers to help on the Leaguers' campaign and the election of their candidate for tax receiver and for mayor next year.

William J. Roney, the present tax receiver and a candidate for re-election, has an absolutely unassailable public career. His private life is stainless. He is a veteran of the late war, who was complimented in orders for bravery in action at Antietam. There is not a word to be said against Mr. Roney. Over \$5,000,000 have passed through his hands, and every cent has been accounted for. The sole basis of opposition is that he happens to be the brother-in-law of Secretary Martin. That is the way of the men who are fighting him. His wide experience, his integrity and efficiency as an official are lost sight of. He is David Martin's brother-in-law, and on that ground alone is this combination of contractors and officeholders opposing him.

WHO THEY ARE.

The charge is made that this crowd of alleged ward leaders is after anything and everything contractors and officeholders. State Senator George A. Yare is one of the shining lights. He is a large contractor, and has made all of his wealth out of street paving and other city contracts. Another prominent figure is Hugh Black, who for years has been making from \$5,000 to \$10,000 annually by hauling coke for the city. Select Cityman Edward Patton is another bright and shining light who has the contract for supplying all of the contracts for underground pipes laid in the city. So the list might be magnified in the way of officeholders there is State Senator Thomas Conantman Anderson, Representative Ward Contractor McNichol, Cityman Harry Hunter and others, all of them officeholders or contractors, to say nothing of W. E. Kindred, the lobbyist of the leading railroad at Harrisburg, who is a leader of the leaders.

If this element should ever control the politics of Philadelphia its reign would be extended to the state, and an epoch that would make the late legislative term pale would be the result. This so-called "Ward Leaders' League" has the endorsement of Senator Quay. Senator Pomeroy is billed to make a campaign of the city in its behalf.

W. H. PALMER,

WATERLOO, IOWA.

"Saved From the Horrors of Nervous Prostration" by Dr. Miles' Nervine.



A COUGH does not always indicate consumption. Mr. W. H. Palmer of Waterloo, Iowa, writes: "I was taken with a nervous prostration of the bronchial tubes, which developed into nervous prostration. I was on my feet but could not get up. I could not see for days except when under the influence of opiates. For four months I suffered agonies and myself had complete loss of weight. My physician said that consumption had taken a firm hold on me. I could not see my wife for a month and she had no rest. But a good old physician whose medicine and advice, I followed to use Dr. Miles' Nervine and I thank God this has been removed from my system. I am now as well as ever from the horrors of nervous prostration." Dr. Miles' Nervine is made by all druggists and is a positive guarantee. Its benefits are money refunded. Send for Nervine and Nervine sent free to all applicants.

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