

Catarrh to Consumption

Catarrh invariably leads to consumption. Growing worse and worse each winter, those who rely upon the usual treatment of sprays, washes and inhaling mixtures find that it is impossible to check the disease with these local applications which only reach the surface. The offensive discharge increases all the while, and gets deeper until it is only a question of a short time when the lungs are affected.

The importance of the proper treatment can therefore be readily appreciated. But no good whatever can be expected from local applications, as such treatment never did cure Catarrh, and never will. Being a blood disease of the most obstinate nature, Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) is the only remedy which can have the slightest effect upon Catarrh. It is the only blood remedy that goes down to the bottom of all stubborn diseases which other remedies cannot reach.

Mrs. Josephine Polhill, of Due West, S. C., writes:

"I had such a severe case of Catarrh that I lost my hearing in one ear, and part of the bone in my nose sloughed off. I was constantly treated with sprays and washes, but each winter the disease seemed to have a firmer hold on me. I had finally been declared incurable when I decided to try S. S. S. It seemed to get right at the seat of the disease, and cured me permanently. For I have had no touch of Catarrh for seven years."

The experience of Mr. Chas. A. Parr, of Athens, Ga., was like that of all others who vainly seek a cure in local treatment. He says:

"For years I suffered from a severe case of Catarrh, the many offensive symptoms being accompanied by severe pains in the head. I took several kinds of medicines recommended for Catarrh, but they had no effect whatever. I was induced to take S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) and after four months I was perfectly well, and have never felt any trace of the disease since."

Those who have had the first relief by taking the right remedy at the seat of the disease, and found only disappointment in local treatment will find it wise to waste no further time on sprays, washes, inhaling mixtures, etc., which are only temporary, and cannot save them from dreaded Consumption. They should take a remedy which will reach them because it can reach their blood. S. S. S. is the only blood remedy which can reach Catarrh; it promptly strikes at the very bottom of the disease, and cures it permanently.

S. S. S. (Swift's Specific) is a real blood remedy, and cures the most obstinate cases of Catarrh, Rheumatism, Contagious Blood Poison, Cancer, Scrofula and Eczema, which other so-called blood remedies have no effect upon whatever. S. S. S. is the only blood remedy guaranteed.

Purely Vegetable
It contains no mercury, potash or other dangerous mineral.
Books will be mailed free by Swift Specific Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

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

POWER & PAWLING,
Attorneys-at-Law,
Bank Building, Middleburgh, Pa.

R. Pottieger,
VETERINARY SURGEON,
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Professional business entrusted to my care with prompt and careful attention.

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Business entrusted to his care with prompt attention.

Newly Established.—
PERRY HOTEL,
Fourth mile East of Richfield.
Free for traveling men to drive down, before or after meals.
Rates 25 cents per Day.

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F. Miller, Prop'r.
TERMS EAST.
Communicate with the Editor
who will give all needed information.

A CURE FOR THE BLUES.

There's a little window over the way,
Where the sun is shining all the day
On the yellow head of a baby at play—
Not a little one, understand!
For this baby is just "turned two" and so
'An toddle a little, and to and fro,
Can talk a little, and don't you know?
She's the brightest in the land.

No wonder the sun smiles broadly down,
For there's never a scowl and never a frown
From the sweetest baby in the town—
She is never sulky or sad;
For it's her "maddy" always high,
With two strong arms to toss her high,
Till she almost reaches the sunny sky?
(I suppose he is her "dad.")

And when I am feeling sad or blue,
I go to my window, and, looking through,
I wave my hand, and she waves hers, too—
While the kisses fly on wings;
Then she shows me her ragged dolly dear,
And her woolly dog without an ear,
And all the rest of her very queer
And very precious things.

Then she sets them up in her baby steele—
And her smile so sweet that I must smile
And forget my worries for awhile;
So here is a recipe:
'Tis a very good cure for feeling blue,
And I wish with all my heart that you
Could stand with my window and try it, too,
For it has never failed with me!

—Baltimore American.

POOR OLD DIADAMIE.

By Angella Woods.

(Copyright, 1897.)

THE early settlers in the narrow Kibuck valley in central Ohio were well acquainted with the hardships common to pioneer life. It required not a little courage and perseverance to conquer the forests and to exterminate the reptiles and wolves; but a still more formidable foe to these lonely people was the miasma that arose from the slow, muddy creek that wound its way through the beautiful valley. If you were to walk to-day through the burying ground on the East Hill, you would read the story upon the little white slabs so thickly set in the green grass. It was a hard climate for little children.

In those days, when traveling to a new country was done by wagons, it was customary for wagons to join a train, whether strangers or not; and when one or two or three dropped out, no one thought it strange, or indeed thought of it at all. For this reason no one knew when Diadamie came or where she lived.

The people of the village knew her only as a peddler of the berries that grew amongst the hills. These berries were rich and sweet, and were keenly relished where fruit was almost unknown. The housewives had learned to expect Diadamie some time early in July, and thereafter once, twice or perhaps three times a week.

Diadamie's approach to the village was across the creek through a covered bridge, which brought her suddenly to the foot of the main and only street. She carried a large basket upon her head, and as she emerged from the bridge her clear mellow voice rang out upon the summer air: "Old Diadamie, hark-kell-berries." This call was repeated from door to door, until the last of the little shining berries were disposed of. Then Diadamie would make some small purchases at the village store, always including a stick or two of bright red and white striped candy, after which she walked out across the stretch of level road and disappeared in the shadow of the mountain.

Why she called herself "Old Diadamie" was a mystery. Her figure was straight and slim, and she walked with a quick, firm step which does not belong to age. Her eyes were blue, but of so dark a shade as to be easily mistaken for black. Her hair was deep black, with a strong tendency to curl had it not been lashed back with bands and pins in her effort to subdue it. Her mouth was large and strong, and when she laughed she showed that every tooth was of amazing whiteness and perfection. Diadamie wore a dress of indigo blue calico, with a sash of the same material. She was always scrupulously clean and neat.

Diadamie's house was little more than a hut. It was built of logs and had but one room; it was situated upon the top of the mountain, hemmed in and sheltered by the dense forest. But Diadamie did not live quite alone. No, she had Tietro—Tietro, who knew her only as Nanan. Walled in by huge drifts of snow, the winters were drear enough to this strange pair. When summer came, and Diadamie was obliged to spade and plant her garden, and later to go on long walks gathering berries, and afterwards to tramp to the village to dispose of them, the days were long and lonely for Tietro. It was then in the silence of the mountain that little Tietro's brain was full of imaginings that caused him to ask many bewildering questions of Diadamie upon her return.

Tietro sat all day long just as Diadamie had placed him in the rudely-constructed chair, which was high enough to enable him to look out of the window. There was a rest for the long, thin, useless limbs, and a cushion for the misshapen back. For hours Tietro would sit listening to the wind in the trees, and watching the patches of sunlight upon the soft green snow. Now and then a gray squirrel would run up and down the trees; but no sound from the outside would ever reach Tietro's ears. He had never seen a living being but Diadamie. Tietro's arms were long and thin like his lower limbs, but they were not so limp. He could use his hands and arms, but he had never walked a step. Diadamie always dressed him in a long loose gown, gathered in full about his slender little neck so that the folds would fall over his poor shapeless body and cover his deformity. Likewise she had let his yellow hair grow long, and trained it to fall in soft, loose curls over his shoulders, reaching far down below where

he should have had a waist. Tietro's face was always white, and his eyes were as large and blue as the speedwell flower.

Diadamie had returned from her first trip to the village. She stopped down and kissed Tietro's cheek, then stepped back and with her hands behind her head him guess what she had brought him.

"Candy," exclaimed the little boy. How well he knew. "Yes," replied Diadamie. Tietro unrolled the little package with shining eyes. How beautiful it looked to the little creature—those two twisted sticks of red and white sugar. The berries were now ripening fast, and Diadamie, anxious to increase her store as much as possible, had remained out longer than usual. It was fast approaching twilight when she climbed up the mountain side and struck the little path leading to her home. Once she thought she heard a cry like a child—but no, that could not be; yet she quickened her steps. Again it came, and this time clearer. She stopped to listen a moment, then hurried on. Within a few rods of the door she heard Tietro call: "Nanan, Nanan," Diadamie answered the call with a clear, reassuring tone: "Here, Tietro, here is Nanan;" and in a moment she had her arms around the frightened child, soothing and caressing him. "What has frightened Nanan's little boy?" Tietro's face was blanched; his eyes were staring, but he was too terrified to speak intelligibly; he only pointed to the door, then hid his face in Diadamie's dress. It was a long time before he was sufficiently quiet to talk, and then all that Diadamie could persuade him to tell her was: "She came and stood in the door." Diadamie was sure that the child had dreamed, and finding himself alone for the first time in the growing darkness he became frightened at the shadows. However, it was a long time before

he should have had a waist. Tietro's face was always white, and his eyes were as large and blue as the speedwell flower.

Diadamie could persuade Tietro to let her go to the village, but finally after promises of "candy" and extra rewards, he consented, and Diadamie set out with her usual stock of berries.

She felt the load to be heavy, somehow, and the way long. The day was hot. Many in the village were ill with fever, and it was harder than it had ever been to sell her berries. When the last measure was sold and Diadamie had started home, the sun was low down in the west. It was impossible now to walk fast up the steep mountain path. The day had been hard. But how was it with Tietro? What was it to be in the long years to come? What was the end to be? What if she herself was to have the fever?

It was fast growing dark. She must hurry on. Tietro would be frightened, "poor little lamb." But Diadamie could not hurry; something clogged her weary feet and held them back. At last she reached the top, and now the way was short; but it was dark, quite dark. Yet as she approached the house, she surely saw a light. Diadamie's heart stood still, but she tried to call to Tietro that she was coming. Yes, a clear white light shone from the window. Then she ran—ran with the swiftness that love and terror lend—screaming aloud: "Tietro!" She rushed breathlessly into the room, to find, to her utter bewilderment, Tietro sitting quietly in his chair, as she had left him—except that there was a strange light in his eyes, and a smile of deep content upon his little white face. Diadamie almost doubted her reason for a minute; then she said: "Tietro, tell Nanan what it is!" But she never could coax any explanation from Tietro. Only once he said: "Nanan, dear Nanan, I am not afraid now."

Autumn comes soonest in the mountains. While the village still dreams of summer, the mountain trees have changed their tints from red to gold and from gold to brown. The wind has scattered the leaves over the green moss stones and blown them over Diadamie's beaten pathway, entirely obscuring it. The rain has packed them down, and everywhere they lie sodden and dead. The snow falls early in November; then comes a rain and washes it partly away, but the wind rises from the north and slowly freezes the rain, and the icicles hang from the great broad branches of the trees, from the top sills of the windows and from the eaves of the log house.

Tietro has grown thinner. He does not seem to care so much for Diadamie's stories now. He sits for hours quietly looking at the snowy scene; yet he seems contented. He has a habit

of smiling to himself—a little, slow smile that plays around his baby lips, then steals into his clear blue eyes, to fade away with serious wonderment. The cold air affects Tietro badly; he breathes in short, painful gasps, and eats but little.

All day Saturday the snow has been falling. Sunday morning Diadamie arose early, and built a fire in the fireplace which blazed and crackled cheerfully. Then she carried in more logs, swept the snow from them, and built them up close to the fireplace—enough to last all day, so that she might not have to bring in snowy wood to chill the air for the suffering child.

The day dragged by. Diadamie felt a weight upon her heart from which there was no relief, for it was plain that Tietro was not so well. The stillness of that snow-entombed mountain was awful. She could not interest Tietro in any way. Before it was quite dark he wished to go to bed; Diadamie laid him down tenderly, tucked him in and kissed him many times, but he only smiled in answer to her good-night and soon fell asleep. Diadamie piled the logs on the fire and the blaze filled the room with a bright glow. Tietro slept on and breathed more easily now; and after one more look at his wasted face, she threw herself down on a rude couch at the foot of his bed and fell asleep.

When she awakened the fire was low, and she seemed to have been dreaming. She surely heard Tietro laugh. She opened her eyes slowly, and when consciousness had fully returned she was too terrified to move; for the room was filled with light—a moving, billowy, cloudy light, opaque like a mist, yet brilliant. This only for a minute—then darkness. Diadamie sprang to Tietro's bedside. Tietro lay quite still. There was a smile upon his little white face that was not born of mystery, but of fruition. Tietro was dead.

One day a traveler, tramping over the mountains, came upon a deserted



"CANDY" EXCLAIMED THE LITTLE BOY.

log hut; and near by, under the wide spread branches of a beech tree, was a little grave. At the head was a rude wooden slab, with this inscription, evidently burned in with a hot iron: "Tietro, aged six years."

HER NAME SAINT.

A Girl Christened Catherine May Choose from Many Godmothers. Catherine, whether spelled in the good, old-fashioned way or with new-fangled diversion, is a very popular name. But just who is her namesake or patron saint many a Catherine may not know.

Here is a list for Catherine to choose from: There is a St. Catherine, virgin of royal descent in Alexandria, who publicly confessed the Gospel at a sacrificial feast appointed by Emperor Maximianus. She was, therefore, put to death after vain attempts to torture her on toothed wheels. Fifty heathen philosophers sent to convert her in prison were themselves converted by her eloquence, and so it was she became the patroness of philosophers and learned schools.

The historical Catherine has been confused by many with Hypatia, who suffered death at the hands of Christian fanatics. Then there is the wicked Catherine de Medici of France, who entered into a plot which resulted in the massacre on St. Bartholomew's night.

The Russian peasant's daughter, Martha, afterwards became Catherine I of Russia. Peter the Great married the daughter of the people.

Then came the second Empress Catherine, the daughter of a prince, a woman of great ability, but wicked and vicious in the extreme.

Catherine of Aragon, wife of Henry VIII, of England, was the woman who occasioned the Reformation. Her personal character was unimpeachable, and her disposition sweet and gentle. At the age of 14 she was married to the prince of Wales, who died five months later. She then married his brother, Henry. The latter, though far from a model husband, treated Catherine with due respect until the divorce was granted which allowed him to marry Anne Boleyn.—Philadelphia Press.

A Halfway Comedy. Tom—I kissed Maud last night in the dark while mistaking her for Ethel, and she pretends to be very angry.

Dick—I suppose she is merely posturing.

"What strikes me as very strange is that Ethel is very angry, too."—Up-to-Date.

Smart Mr. Spatta.

"I suppose that this is called angel cake," said Mr. Hunker as he sat at Mrs. Small's tea table, "because it is warranted to make an angel of anybody who eats it."

"No, sir," replied Mr. Spatta, promptly. "It is called angel cake because an angel baked it."

And Mrs. Small beamed on him and did not ask him for money for a whole week, although his board bill was a month in arrears.—Judge.

A Rift in the Lute. Country Cousin (on a visit to London, to lady fiddler)—Were you practicing on your violin just now, Miss Strad? I thought I heard you.

Miss Strad—No, I haven't touched it to-day.

Country Cousin—Ah! then it must have been an organ in the street!

And for the life of him he can't understand why Miss Strad now gives him the cold shoulder.—London Punch.

Knew Where to Find Her. Mrs. Yeast—I was surprised to see your husband entering a saloon the other day.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I guess he wanted to see me.

"You don't mean to say he would find you there?"

"Well, he was pretty sure I would come there to find him."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Sweet, Old Song. "O, come where my love lies dreaming," She hummed in accents low.

And across the strings of her instrument She lightly drew the bow.

"O, come where my love lies dreaming—" And out through the bedroom door There floated upon the atmosphere The sound of her husband's snore! —Cleveland Leader.

Cruel Candor. "I'm afraid," said Mr. Meekton, "that I must plead guilty to being a baseball crank."

"I don't think so," replied his wife. "After accompanying you to one game I am prepared to say that you are not a crank on such matters. You are a raving maniac."—Washington Star.

His Unrespectful Frankness. Miss Quickstep—What part of the town are we driving through, Mr. Fiddle?

Fwaddy—I haven't the least idea.

Miss Quickstep—I was aware of that. Still, I thought it possible you might know what part of town we are driving through.—Chicago Tribune.

Differing Spheres. "Does it elagrin you that you don't fully understand politics, Mrs. Wiggins?"

"No; there isn't one man in a million who knows how long cucumber pickles ought to stay in the brine."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

It Wouldn't Work. "One touch of nature, you know, old man—"

"Of course, of course; but you're not nature, and consequently I refuse to be touched."

Thus the promptness with which he saw the point saved him.—Chicago Post.

Taken Unawares. Jack—What is the trouble between Josie and Claude? I hear the engagement is broken.

Penelope—Yes, Claude called when she was expecting Clarence, and she had on the wrong engagement ring.—Judge.

Her Secret. I can play the piano, the fiddle and tute. No enemy, though, have I got. The way that I keep all my friends is just this—

I can play on the things, but to not. —N. Y. World.

RELIEF AT LAST.

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ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS.

It is said that the 18-cent stamp of Seychelles, issued some months ago, is now being printed in two colors, and speculators are already at work booming the price of the old stamp. The high values of the 1885 issue of Uruguay are also reported to be in line of a material advance in price.

It costs the United States more than \$175,000 each year to pay for the production of three and a half billion stamps. The ordinary stamps cost five cents per 1,000. Special delivery stamps cost 11 4/10 cents per 1,000. Newspaper and periodical stamps cost 11 4/10 cents per 1,000, and postage due stamps 6 1/2 cents per 1,000. Postal cards cost the government 32.87 cents per thousand.

The collector who is in search of minor varieties will find a very good field for study in the 15-cent stamp of 1869. There are many differences to be found in the periods after D in "U. S.," four varieties having been discovered thus far. One variety shows a single period after the U, a second has two periods, a third three periods and a fourth a colon.

The German post office department has decided to introduce, experimentally, automatic stamp-selling machines. These machines were exhibited at the Berlin industrial exhibition last year. They will be placed at prominent points where the demands for stamps are the largest, and operate, on the deposit in the slot of the proper coin, to furnish the purchaser with the stamps desired.

The newspapers of New Zealand are printing many paragraphs on the fact that the new governor of the colony is an ardent philatelist. These paragraphs are received with the heartiest kind of approval from collectors, who are leaning with some interest to induce Lord Ranfurly to become honorary president of the New Zealand Philatelic society, or to identify himself in some way with the philatelic fraternity.

NOVELTIES IN THE STORES.

For those that are apparently entirely made of gold.

Trimming bands of every possible width and style.

Roman sashes of a short length to be used as throat bows.

Neck ruffles on a band with a cravat bow in front.

Clark capes in golf style with a fur hood and collar.

Black Chantilly lace flouncing for evening costumes.

Fancy sets of a muff and collar of fur, velvet and lace.

Long evening and driving cloaks lined with squirrel fur.

Long sashes in striped, plaided, flowered and plain ribbons.

Cloth suits trimmed with fur in curving bands as brand is worn.

Tiny gold crowns in raised embroidery effects for velvet bouquets.

Fancy collars of chinchilla, ermine or sable fur combined with lace.

Flatters of light cloth with short cape of fur edged with the cloth.

Mink fur capes having a cruche of ribbon and bands around the neck.

Black silk cord bands in passementerie patterns from one to five inches wide.

Long black mousseline neck scarfs having white applique heel ends.

Girls' pinafore frocks trimmed with plain cloth accessories and vice versa.

Bright red kid gloves with yellow embroidery and cherry pink with white.

Black silk brocade skirts with blouse of velvet, vest of chiffon and sleeves of silk.

Bouquet of white moulinet brand connected by embroidery stitches in white silk tawt.—Dry Goods Economist.

STATIONER, CITY OF WASHINGTON, D. C.

REVIVO RESTORED VITALITY.

Wanted a man who can do the work.

Wanted a man who can do the work.

Wanted a man who can do the work.

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