JOLLY UNCLE JOSH.

His Real Generosity towards Newly Married Niece

A Realistic Romance of Middleburg in Which a Few Business Men Take a Conspicuous Part.

Miss Summers–Polly–I-I-er-dore–I. But the speaker took a header over bashfulness only to hear a sweet:

Yes, Charley.

Can I aspire to–er–to–that is–again a lapse into silence, followed by an encouraging yes, Charley.

Oh, if I might only hope to–er–to–er–to.

Another failure of language. It was seemingly a hopeless case, and might have been only for a demure.

Charley, I've said yes twice, too, and—

And to this day that young man will insist that he popped the question. All this happened away down East and it wasn't long before there was a wedding. Not much longer there came a letter from Polly's uncle, Josh, out here in Penn'a., who wrote effusively of his delight at her exhibition of what he called "grit." And he purposed that if the young people would locate here in Middleburg he would start them up in life as a wedding present. Of course they accepted and were soon bidding their friends good bye. A few weeks subsequent, a travel-stained party arrived in Middleburg. Our old friend, Uncle Josh, met them at the station and straightway led them to a hotel.

"The Washington," said he, "is a typical Pennsylvania hotel of the best class and of all the hotels around this section. It is conceded by all to be the best. The proprietor, Mr Carbon Seeboid, has been in the business for years and has the handling of guests down to a fine art. A house well nigh perfection in all its arrangements, with a thorough business man at its head, endowed with that delightful intuition which makes a guest feel at home, is a mighty good place to stop. Such you will find the Washington all the way through from proprietor to servant."

After dinner Uncle Josh presented the happy couple with a deed to a cosy cottage. He then ordered a carriage from Aurand's livery and Arthur having an eye for nice turnouts remarked what a fine team they were driving. "Yes," remarked Uncle Josh, "Mr. Aurand is noted for the fine stock he handles, and whenever you want to enjoy a drive behind a trustworthy team, be sure you go to him."

"And now since we have provided a cage for the bird the next thing to do will be to look after the furnishings for it," said Uncle Josh. Hereupon Polly declared she had heard so much about Walter's that she decided to go there. The result was she was soon ushered into such a fine display of furniture that at first she was at a loss what to select; but finally decided upon a fine dining room suite and a bedroom suite. There was no objection about the price for Walter's prices are always down to brass tacks. A writing desk for Hubby Charley and an easy rocker for Uncle Josh concluded the purchases.

"Uncle," said Polly, "the next place I want to go is a millinery store."

"Right up Main St." said Uncle Josh, "to Mrs. Aurand's." So hither the party revisited. But little time was necessary to be spent here for from the maze of headwear that met Polly's eyes she soon made her choice and also a resolve that this visit would not be the last for a beautiful line of just such notions as a woman most cares for interested her and a careful inspection resulted in a purchase as it always does at Mrs. Aurand's.

After walking down the street the party halted in front of Spangler's handsome drug store. "Come, let us go in," said Uncle Josh. "Why, uncle, we're not sick," said Polly. "Never mind. I fancy you will want a few brushes and so forth and besides I suppose this young man will soon begin to take an interest in matters for——U–n–c–l–e! Never mind, come in anyway," and the result of their visit was an acquaintance with the gentlemanly pharmacist and a goodly supply of toilet articles, combs, brushes and so forth.

"Always bring your prescriptions here to be filled," said Uncle Josh, "for Mr. Spangler is a competent druggist and has none but the very best drugs.

Now we will see about some insurance and for that purpose we will go to see Mr. Stetler who is the agent for some of the strongest companies in the world among them being the Merchants of Newark, Phila., underwriters, citizens of New York and the Mutual of New York. Nothing is more important than insurance on both property and life and any loss you may be so unfortunate as to sustain will be promptly settled by Mr. Stetler.

And now I think we have done enough for one afternoon and after one more visit we will stop for the day. I want to see about getting you a weekly visitor that will tell you all the news and be reliable but no gossip." Hereupon Uncle Josh entered the office of the POST. A brand new two-story structure met our gaze. In the editorial sanctum we found Mr. Wagenseller, a literary gentleman of ability. Uncle Josh said, "I'll pay for 2 years at once. You can be sure you get all the news." And now our work for one day is ended. SCRIBE.

FREEBURG.

Mrs. Amelia Boyer of Selinsgrove, was the guest of relatives here in her native home during Saturday and Sunday She came here with her son Dr. P. A. Boyer who was here on professional business..... J. Harry Shotsberger was at Paxinos on the 24th inst. auctioneering a horse sale. He reports a large attendance and fair prices.... Harry Glass from Sunbury visited his mother and other relatives at this place last Friday. He has entered into partnership with Mr. Tregs at Sunbury in the grocery and feed business. Henry is a sociable and obliging fellow, has good business qualifications and we trust he will be successful in his new venture in business.....Our townsman, P. J. Bickel, has succeeded in securing a license for Vanhorn house at Richfield. He is an experienced business man and was postmaster at for four years at Freeburg. He will take possession of the house April 1. ....Miss Mary E. Weaver, teacher at Beaver's school in Monroe township, was at home over Sunday. She was accompanied by Miss Beaver, one of her pupils. Both the young ladies attended church. Miss Weaver has many friends in her native home ....Simon Long, who was thirty-three years in the hotel business, will retire in the spring. He will remain at Freeburg for another year and lead a private life. He conducted the Empire House very successfully during the four years he occupied it.....Gilbert & Bros. are extending their business. They manufacture their first class cigars and they deserve the success that attends their business..... Mrs. Catherine A. Bassler spent a week in Phila. attending the funeral of Mr. Wilson who was married to Miss Gundrum, daughter of Geo. Gundrum, dec'd.....Our orchestra had a successful practice at the home of Prof. Wm. Moyer last Thursday evening....B. F. Dock, of Freeburg, and Jonas Yearick, of Kratzerville, purchased, at assignee's sale, 45 acres of land, a roller mill, two good horses, barn, cider press for $2900. This property is located at Markleville, Perry Co. They have a bargain this purchase.

FLORIDA

Last Tour of the Season via Pennsylvania Railroad.

The last of the popular Pennsylvania Railroad Personally-conducted tours to Jacksonville will leave New York and Philadelphia by special train of Pullman palace cars on Tuesday, Mar. 8.

Round-trip tickets, valid to return on regular trains until May 31, 1898, and including railway transportation in each direction, and Pullman accommdations' (one berth) and meals on special train going, will be sold at the following rates: New York, $50.00; Philadelphia, $48.00; Canandaigua, $42 85; Erie, $54.85; Wilkesbarre, $50.35; Pittsburg, $53-00; and at proportionate rates from other points.

For tickets, itineraries, and full information apply to ticket agents; Tourist Agent, 1196 Broadwan, New York: Thomas Purdy, Passenger Agent, Long Branch District, 786 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.; Thos. E. Watt, Passenger sAgent Western District, Pittsburg, Pa.; or address Geo. W. Boyd, Assistant General Passenger Agent, Broad Street Station, Philadelphia. 1t,

MARRIED.

Feb. 22nd at Salem by Rev. H. G. Snable, Ammon E. Gearhart and Nora S. Erdley. Both from near Freeburg.

Feb. 27th at Salem by Rev. H. G. Snable, Calvin M. Sauer and Dillia M. Benfer. Both from Jackson township.

IN GREEN PASTURES.

Dr. Talmage in this sermon draws a lesson from the shepherd's plaid, his crook, his dogs, his pasture grounds and flocks. The text is Psalms xxiii, 1, "The Lord is my shepherd."

What with post and rail fences and our pride in Southdown, Astrakham our pride in Southdown, Astrakhan and Flemish varieties of sheep, there is no use now of the old time shepherd. Such a one had abundance of opportunity of becoming a poet, being out of doors 12 hours the day, and oftimes waking up in the night on the hills. If the stars or the torrents or the sun or the flowers had anything to say, he was very apt to hear it. The Ettrick Shepherd of Scotland, who afterward took his seat in the brilliant circle of Wilson and Lockhart, got his wonderful poetic inspiration in the ten years in which he was watching the flocks of Mr. Laidlaw. There is often a sweet poetry in the rugged prose of the Scotch shepherd. One of these Scotch shepherds lost his only son, and he knelt down in prayer and was overheard to say, "O Lord, it has seemed good in thy providence to take of the Scotch shepherd. One of these the time when to us sand blind mortals I seemed to be most in need of it, and how I shall climb up the hill of sorrow and auld age without it thou mayst ken, but I dinna."

David, the shepherd boy, is watching from me the staff of my right hand at on the very hills where afterward a Lamb was born of which you have his father's sheep. They are pasturing heard much, "the Lamb of God, which vid, the shepherd boy, was beautiful, brave, musical and poetic. I think he often forgot the sheep in his reveries. There in the solitude he struck the harp string that is thrilling through all ages. David the boy was gathering the material for David the poet and David the man. Like other boys, David was fond of using his knife among the saplings, and he had noticed the exuding of the juice of the tree, and when he became a man he said, "The trees of the Lord are full of sap." David the boy, like other boys, had been fond of hunting the birds' nests, and he had driven the old stork off the nest to find how many eggs were uneth the hinds to calve." David the boy said, "As for the stork, the fir trees are her house." In boyhood he had heard the terrific thunderstorm that frightened the red deer into premature sickness, and when he became a man he said, "The voice of the Lord Maketh the hinds to calve." David the boy had lain upon his back looking up at the stars and examining the sky, and to his boyish imagination the sky seemed like a piece of divine embroidery, the divine fingers working in the threads of light and the beads of stars, and he became a man and wrote, "When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers." When he became an old man, thinking of the goodness of God, he seemed to hear the bleating of his father's sheep across many years and to think of the time when he tended them on the Bethlehem hills, and he cries out in the text, "The Lord is my shepherd."

If God will help me, I will talk to you of the shepherd's plaid, the shepherd's crook, the shepherd's dogs, the shepherd's pasture grounds, and the shepherd's flocks.

And first the shepherd's plaid. It would be preposterous for a man going out to rough and besoiling work to put on splendid apparel. The potter does not work in velvet. The servant maid does not put on satin when toiling at her duties. The shepherd does not wear a splendid robe in which to go out amid storms, and the rocks and the nettles; he puts on the rough apparel appropriate to his exposed work. The Lord our Shepherd, coming out to hunt the lost sheep, put on no regal apparel, but the plain garment of our humanity. There was nothing pretentious about it. I know the old painters represent a halo around the babe Jesus, but I do not suppose that there was any more halo about that child than about the head of any other babe that was born that Christmas eve in Judaea. Becoming a man, he wore a seamless garment. The scissors and needle had done nothing to make it graceful. I take it to have been a sack with three holes in it, one for the neck and two for the arms. Although the gamblers quarreled over it, that is no evidence that reled over it, that is no evidence of its value. I have seen two ragpickers quarrel over the refuse of an ash barrel. No; in the wardrobe of heaven he left the sandals of light, the girdles of beauty, the robes of power, and put on the besoiled and tattered raiment of our humanity. Sometimes he did not even wear the seamless robe. What is that hanging about the waist of Christ? Is it a badge of authority? Is it a royal coat of arms? No; it is a towel. The disciples' feet are filthy from the walk on the long way and are not fit to be put upon the sofas on which they are to recline at the meal, and so Jesus washes their feet and gathers them up in the towel to dry them. The work of saving this world was rough work, rugged work, hard work, and Jesus put on the raiment, the plain raiment of our flesh. The storms were to beat him, the crowds were to jostle him, the dust was to sprinkle him, the mobs were to pursue him. O shepherd of Israel, leave at home thy bright array! For thee, what streams to ford, what nights all unsheltered! He puts upon him the plain raiment of our humanity, wears our woes, and while earth and heaven and hell stand amazed at the abnegation wraps around him the shepherd's plaid.

Next I mention the shepherd's crook. This was a rod with a curve at the end, which, when a sheep was going astray was thrown over its neck and in that way it was pulled back. When the sheep were not going astray, the shepherd would often use it as a sort of crutch, leaning on it, but when the sheep were out of the way the crook was always busy pulling them back. All we, the sheep, have gone astray, and had it not been for the shepherd's crook we would have fallen long ago over the precipices.

Here is a man who is making too much money. He is getting very vain. He says: "After a while I shall be independent of all the world. O my soul, eat, drink and be merry!" Business disaster comes to him. What is God going to do with him? Has God any grudge against him? Oh, no! God is throwing over him the shepherd's crook and pulling him back into better pastures. Here is a man who has always been well. He has never had any sympathy for invalids. He calls them coughing wheezing nuisances. After awhile sickness comes to him. He does not understand what God is going to do with him. He says, "Is the Lord angry with me?" Oh, no! With the shepherd's crook he has been pulled back into better pastures. Here is a happy household circle. The parent does not realize the truth that these children are only loaned to him, and he forgets from what source came his domestic blessings. Sickness drops upon those children and death swoops upon a little one. He says, "Is God angry with me?" No. His shepherd's crook pulls him back into better pastures. I do not know what would have become of us if it had not been for the shepherd's crook. Oh, the mercies of our troubles! You take up apples and plums from under the shade of the trees, and the very best fruits of Christian character we find in the deep shade of trouble.

When I was on the steamer coming across the ocean, I got a cinder in my eye, and several persons tried to get it out very gently, but it could not be taken out in that way. I was told that the engineer had a facility in such cases. I went to him. He put his large, sooty hand on me, took a knife and wrapped the lid of the eye around the knife. I expected to be hurt very much, but without any pain and instantly he removed the cinder. Oh, there come times in our Christian life when our spiritual vision is being spoiled and all gentle appliances fail! Then there comes some giant trouble and black handed lays hold of us and removes that which would have ruined our vision forever. I will gather all your joys together in one regiment of ten companies, and I will put them under Colonel Joy. Then I will gather all your sorrow together in one regiment of ten companies and put them under Colonel Breakheart. Then I will ask, Which of these regiments has gained for you the greater spiritual victories? Certainly that under Colonel Breakheart.

There is no animal that struggles more violently than a sheep when you corner it and catch hold of it. Down in the glen I see a group of men around a lost sheep. A plowman comes along and seizes the sheep and tries to pacify it, but it is more frightened than ever. A miller comes along put down his grist and caresses the sheep, and it seems that if it would die of fright. After awhile some one breaks through the thicket. He says, "Let the have the poor thing." He comes up and lays his arms around the sheep and its is immediately quiet. Who is the last man that comes? It is the shepherd. Ah, my friends, be not afraid of the shepherd's crook! It is never used on you save in mercy, to pull you back. The hard, cold iceberg of trouble will melt in the warm gulf stream of divine sympathy.

There is one passage I think you misinterpret, "The bruised reed he will not break." Do you know that the shepherd in olden times played upon these reeds? They were very easily bruised, but when they were bruised they were never mended. The shepherd could so easily make another one, he would snap the old one and throw it away and get another. The Bible says it is not so with our Shepherd. When the music is gone out of a man's soul, God does not snap him in twain and throw him away. He mends and restores. "The bruised reed he will not break."

When in the o'erhanging heavens of fate
The threatening clouds of darkness dwell,
Then let us humbly watch and wait,
It shall be well, it shall be well.
And when the storm has passed away
And sunshine smiles on flood and fell
How sweet to think, how sweet to say,
It has been well, it has been well.

Next I speak of the shepherd's dogs. They watch the straying sheep and drive them back again. Every shepherd has his dog—from the nomads of the Bible times down to the Scotch herdsman watching his flocks on the Grampian hills. Our Shepherd employs the criticisms and persecutions of the world as his dogs. There are those, you know, whose whole work it is to watch the inconsistencies of Christians and bark at them. If one of God's sheep gets astray, the world howls. With more avidity than a shepherd's dog ever caught a stray sheep by the flanks or lugged it by the ears, worldlings seize the Christian astray. It ought to do us good to know that we are thus watched. It ought to put us on our guard. They cannot bite us, if we stay near the Shepherd. The sharp knife of worldly assault will only trim the vines until they produce better grapes. The more you pound marjoram and rosemary, the sweeter they smell. The more dogs take after you, the quicker you will get to the gate.

You have noticed that different flocks of sheep have different marks upon them; sometimes a red mark, sometimes a blue mark, sometimes a straight mark and sometimes a crooked mark. The Lord our Shepherd has a mark for his sheep. It is a red mark—the mark of the cross. "Blessed are they that are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven."

Furthermore, consider the shepherds' pasture grounds. The old shepherds used to take the sheep upon the mountains in the summer and dwell in the valleys in the winter. The sheep, being out of doors perpetually, their wool was better than if they had been kept in the hot atmosphere of the sheep cot. Wells were dug for the sheep and covered with large stones, in order that the hot weather might not spoil the water. And then the shepherd led his flock wherever he would; nobody disputed his right. So the Lord our Shepherd has a large pasture ground. He takes us in the summer to the mountains and in the winter to the valleys. Warm days of prosperity come and we stand on sun gilt Sabbaths, and on hills of transfiguration, and we are so high up we can catch a glimpse of the pinnacles of the heavenly city. Then cold, wintry days of trouble come, and we go down into the valley of sickness, want and bereavement, and we say, "Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?" But, blessed be God, the Lord's sheep can find pasture anywhere. Between two rocks of trouble a tuft of succulent promises; green pastures beside still waters; long, sweet grass between bitter graves. You have noticed the structure of the sheep's mouth? It is so sharp that it can take up a blade of grass or clover top from the very narrowest spot. And so God's sheep can pick up comfort where others can gather none. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him." Rich pastures, fountain fed pastures, for all the flock of the Good Shepherd.

Lastly consider the shepherd's fold. The time of sheep shearing was a very glad time. The neighbors gathered together, and they poured wine and danced for joy. The sheep were put in a placed inclosed by a wall, where it was very easy to count them and know whether any of them had been taken by the jackals or dogs. The inclosure was called the sheepfold. Good news I have to tell you, in that our Lord the Shepherd has a sheepfold, and those who are gathered in it shall never be struck by the storm, shall never be touched by the jackals of temptation and trouble. It has a high wall—so high that no troubles can get in, so high that the joys cannot get out. How glad the old sheep will be to find the lambs that left them a good many years ago! Millions of children in heaven! Oh, what a merry heaven it will make! Not many long meter psalms there! They will be in the majority and will run away with our song, carrying it up to a still higher point of ecstasy. Oh, there will be shouting! If children on earth clapped their hands and danced for joy, what will they do when to the gladness of childhood on earth is added the gladness of childhood in heaven?

It is time we got over these morbid ideas of how we shall get out of this world. You make your religion an undertaker planing coffins and driving hearses. Your religion smells of the varnish of a funeral casket. Rather let your religion to-day come out and show you the sheepfold that God has provided for you. Ah, you say, there is a river between this and that! I know it, but that Jordan is only for the sheep washing, and they shall go up on the other banks snow white. They follow the great Shepherd. They heard his voice long ago. They are safe now—one fold and one shepherd!

Alas for those who are finally found outside the inclosure! The night of their sin howls with jackals. They are thirsting for their blood. The very moment that a lamb may be frisking upon the hills a bear may be looking at it from the thicket.

In June, 1815, there was a very noble party gathered in a house in St. James square, London. The prince regent was present, and the occasion was made fascinating by music and banqueting and by jewels. While a quadrille was being formed, suddenly all the people rushed to the windows. What is the matter? Henry Percy had arrived with the news that Waterloo had been fought and that England had won the day. The dance was abandoned, the party dispersed, lords, ladies and musicians rushed into the streets, and in fifteen minutes from the first announcement of the good news the house was emptied of all its guests. Oh, ye who are seated at the banquet of this world or whirling in its gayeties and frivolities, if you could hear the sweet strains of the gospel trumpet announcing Christ's victory over sin and death and hell, you would rush forth, glad in the eternal deliverance! The Waterloo against sin has been fought, and our Commander in Chief hath won the day. Oh, the joys of this salvation! I do not care what metaphor, what comparison, you have. Bring it to me, that I may use it. Amos shall bring one simile, Isaiah another, John another. Beautiful with pardon. Beautiful with peace. Beautiful with anticpiations. Or, to return to the pastoral figure of my text, come out of the poor pasturage of this world into the rich fortunes of the Good Shepherd.

The shepherd of old used to play beautiful music, and sometimes the sheep would gather around him and listen. To-day my heavenly Shepherd calls to you with the very music of heaven, bidding you to leave your sin and accept his pardon. Oh, that all this flock would hear the piping of the Good Shepherd!

MIDDLEBURG MARKET.

Corrected weekly by our merchants.

Butter	1
Eggs	1
Onions	4
Lard	
Tallow	
Chickens per lb	
Turkeys	—
Side	
Shoulder	
Ham	
Wheat	1
Rye	.4
Potatoes	6
Old Corn	3
Oats	2
Bran per 100 lbs	6
Middlings "	7
Chop "	8
Flour per bbl	4 7

Sale Register.

Friday, Mar. 4, J. A. Smith, of Globe Mills will sell farm stock and farming implements.

Saturday, Mar. 5, one and one half miles west of Centreville, H. H. Hackenburg will sell 7 mules, 2 horses, 2 cows and farming implements.

Tuesday, Mar. 8, 1898, at Globe Mills, the S. H. Yoder estate will sell farming implements and household goods.

Tuesday, Mar. 7th, near Kratzerville, Percival N. Brouse will sell 2 horses and farming implements.

Thursday, Mar. 10, one mile north of Kreamer, J. S. Meiser, administrator of Mary Benfer will sell personal proyerty.

Saturday, March 12th ½ mile east of Stroupstown, E. S. Mitterling will sell white pine boards and shingles.

Saturday, March 12, Henry Howell will sell 1 mile west of Fremont, 2 horses, 2 cows young cattle and farming implements.

Saturday, Mar. 12th, in Middleburgh, Mrs. Harriet W. Smith will sell at public sale a lot of household goods.

Tuesday, Mar. 15th, at Fremont, George Dreese will sell 8 horses, a lot of cattle, 30 shoats and farming implements.

Thursday, Mar. 17th, one-half mile north west of Richfield, Thos. Shellenberger will sell 2 horses, one cow and farming implements.

Monday, Mar. 21st, James Erdley will sell, 2 miles west of Middleburgh, live stock and farming implements.

Tuesday, Mar. 22, two and one-half miles south of New Berlin, Isaac Bilger will sell 4 horses, 3 cows and farming implements.

WANTED by an old established house, a man to take charge of and look after their business in this section. Salary $930, with commission. Cash security required. Address Business, care POST. 2t

AGENTS. NEW FAST SELLER, large profits. A Klondike for Hustlers, sample and par 12c. Box 35. JOHN BAUER. Perryville Pa. 3-3-1m.

FOR SALE.—One Job Press 10½x15 inches in good order, one Plow Paper-cutter will buy complete office. S. M McLAIN, Foreston, Ill. 1t

It pays
To be educated.
It pays
To be educated at the best school.
Time and money
Are both wasted at an inferior school.
The State Normal School AT BLOOMSBURG, PA.,
Is unsurpassed in equipment, instruction, and conveniences for students.
Write for a Souvenir Book of Views and Catalogue.
Spring term will open March 28, 1898
3-3-4t. J. P. WELSH, Principal.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of William H. Fessler, late of Centre twp. Snyder county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for the undersigned.

ELIZABETH FESSLER,
C. A. FESSLER,
Feb. 12, 1898. Adm'rs.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Mary Benfer, late of Middlecreek twp. Snyder county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated for the undersigned.

J. S. MEISER,
Feb. 12, 1898. Adm'r.

THE MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW YORK
RICHARD A. McCURDY PRESIDENT

STATEMENT
For the year ending December 31 1897
According to the Standard of the Insurance Department of the State of New York

INCOME

Received for Premiums	$42,693,201 [illegible]
From all other Sources	11,469,496 [illegible]
	$54,162,698 [illegible]

DISBURSEMENTS

To Policy-holders for Claims by Death	$13,279,630 [illegible]
To Policy-holders for Endowments, Dividends, etc.	12,712,424 [illegible]
For all other accounts	10,132,530 [illegible]
	$36,124,585 [illegible]

ASSETS

United States Bonds and other Securities	$152,017,241 [illegible]
First Lien Loans on Bond and Mortgage	60,493,837 [illegible]
Loans on Stocks and Bonds	12,889,366 [illegible]
Real Estate	21,618,454 [illegible]
Cash in Banks and Trust Companies	11,705,195 [illegible]
Accrued Interest, Net Deferred Premiums, etc.	6,147,209 [illegible]
	$258,786,337 [illegible]
Reserve for Policies and other Liabilities	218,278,242 [illegible]
Surplus	$35,508,191 [illegible]
Insurance and Annuities in force	$936,634,496 [illegible]

I have carefully examined the foregoing Statement and find the same to be correct; liabilities calculated by the Insurance Department.
CHARLES A. PELLER Auditor

From the Surplus a dividend will be apportioned as usual

ROBERT A. GRANNISS VICE-PRESIDENT

WALTER R. GILLETTE — General Manager
ISAAC F. LLOYD — 2d Vice-President
FREDERIC CROMWELL — Treasurer
EMORY McCLINTOCK — Actuary

Lambert & Waterhouse, General Agents for Pennsylvania.
G. D. Edmondson, District Agent, Danville, Pa.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder-worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or $1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York

WANTED-BRAINS
Send for our handsome views of public buildings, statues and avenues of Washington City. This book cost us many dollars. It will be sent to you for nothing. Write us to-day. Can you think of something to patent? Protect your ideas; they may bring you wealth. Before applying for patent, get our illustrated Guide and Inventor's Assistant. Sent free. COPP & CO., Patent Attorneys Washington, D. C.