

A NEW TRIUMPH.

The Dreaded Consumption Can be Cured.

A. A. Slocum, the Great Chemist and Scientist, has discovered the cause of this disease, and has invented a new and powerful medicine to cure it. This medicine is a scientific preparation of the most potent and valuable chemical elements, and it acts upon the system, driving out the poison, and restoring the system to its normal state. It is a scientific preparation, and it is the only one of its kind.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or more generous than to offer to the afflicted, the benefit of this new and powerful medicine. It is a scientific preparation, and it is the only one of its kind.

It has been found that a reliable and absolute cure for consumption, and all other pulmonary diseases, can be obtained by the use of this medicine. It is a scientific preparation, and it is the only one of its kind.

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SOMETIME.

Sometime we shall know why Our sunniest mornings change to noons of rain, And why our steps are shadowed so by pain, And why we often lie On couches sown with thorns of care and doubt; And why our lives are thickly hedged about With bars that put our loftiest plans to rout.

Sometime we shall know why Our dearest hopes are swept so swift away, And why our brightest flowers first decay; Why song is lost in sigh, Why clasping fingers slip so soon apart; Why estrangement, space and death rend heart from heart. Until from deepest depths the tear-drops start.

Sometime we shall know Each other, ay, as we ourselves are known, And see how out of darkness light has grown; And He who loves us so Despite our willfulness and blind complaint, Will show us how His kind and calm restraint Can mold a human soul into a saint.

Sometime our eyes shall see The silver lining in the darkest cloud, While silvery echoes follow thunders loud; Sometime our hearts shall be Content, forgetting all our restless mood, And knowing everything has worked for good. The how and when and why be understood. -N. Y. Tribune.

mongrel malaria. If you would push on to the higher ground you might save us both.

"I'll start when the moon rises," replied Grammel with ready untruthfulness.

"That's all right," said the sick man drowsily; "pile up those reeds at my elbow and I'll keep the fire going. I'll do."

Grammel rose at once and began to arrange the heap of reeds to humor his companion's fancy.

Lee-Carson leaned against them and dozed and Grammel, seizing the opportunity, added his own blanket to the other's coverings.

Lee-Carson opened his eyes with an effort.

"Once too often, Friend Grammel!" he said.

Grammel glanced confusedly at the offending blanket.

"I'm not sleepy," he replied; "besides, I'll be starting presently."

"Take it off!" was the peremptory rejoinder.

"Let me make up the fire first," said Grammel, temporizing; but he was saved further argument, for the fever was gaining upon the sick man.

"What's that?" exclaimed Lee-Carson nervously, struggling to sit up. "They are coming! That's the tramping of the hoofs!"

"Dare say they are," said Grammel, with a vague wish that there was a hoof within 200 miles of them. "You might try to rest now."

Lee-Carson made no reply, but sank back obediently on his blankets, where he lay moaning and muttering in an uneasy half-consciousness.

Thus the night wore on.

Then, because the desolation was so intense, Grammel began to grumble; his voice rang like a minor undertone through the resonant booming of the bitterns and the harsh chorus of the frogs in the pools and fens around them.

"Half this tobacco's soaked," he said, sniffing contemptuously at the hollow of his hand, "and the rest tastes like smoked porridge steam; but I suppose it's better than breathing in this fetid fog in its native nastiness. Pah! it's chilly too. I don't think—" He stopped.

Lee-Carson was singing, a broken line or two at first, then his voice rang out clearly:

"Thus as the spreading ocean Conquers a sandy coast, Each tide has borne us further To man a lonelier post."

"It's only doggerel," he went on with a weak laugh, "but it warms a man's veins, and it's true; I tell you, it's true!"

The big man opposite sat very still and listened. Lee-Carson ran on in the irascible monotone of delirium:

"Fordison and Chester died, you know—wiped out with fever. Fordison died just at dawn, a wet, low dawn only as high as the tops of the trees. That was in the forest, when we were making for higher ground. And Grammel—good old Grammel—buried him and planted a rock on his chest."

A spurling blaze flamed out of the reeds, and Lee-Carson half rose.

"You must do it to keep the hyenas off, you know," he proceeded, solemnly. "Do you think we'll find it an impediment on Resurrection day? But I suppose it's no worse than a coffin with tennenny nails—is it, Gram?"

"Of course not!" answered Grammel. "Do shut up!"

But Lee-Carson wandered on.

"And Chester—the hyenas have him—if the crocodiles left any. They're birds of a feather, crows and hyenas. What's one man's meat—one man's meat—how does it go?—I can't remember!" he sobbed petulantly.

The red glow of the fire burnt like a plague-spot on the broad dark breast of the waste as Grammel fed it silently.

The weary, hollow voice went on:

"You're looking very pretty this morning, Alice, with the sun shining in your hair. You knew I'd come back, didn't you, darling?" He looked across admiringly into Grammel's bearded face. "Let's set the rat-trap in the stable—where is it? I can't find it!"

Then from the far distance of the marshes came indistinct noises that sounded like Titans laughing, and balls of fire rolled, dimly seen, through the fog, while Lee-Carson got exceedingly afraid because he fancied that he was on board a steamer on a thick night, and that a collision was imminent, and the skipper not properly certificated.

"I tell you, man, I see her lights! There!" he cried, struck like a harp with excitement, pointing a shaking hand into the darkness.

"She's working round all right," said Grammel, soothingly. "Can't you hear the sailors singing?" adding to himself: "If I can only get him on his songs, that will quiet him down, perhaps."

Lee-Carson responded to this at once, his eyes blazing.

"I can hear them! O, Lord, it is good!" he exclaimed, and seemed to listen; and he added, mysteriously: "But it's not the sailors—it's—don't you know their voices?—why, it's Fordison and Chester and—the rest."

And the high trembling voice was once more raised to join in the song:

"But northward, east, and westward, And under the tropic sky, The price that we paid to conquer Were the men who were proud to die!"

He chanted it over and over, till the taut sinews loosened and he fell back exhausted, and lay still for many minutes.

Presently Grammel crept around and covered him up carefully. Lee-Carson's sleep was the sleep of exhaustion, but it was better than no sleep at all.

After awhile Grammel too lay down and slept.

When Lee-Carson woke a huge red moon on the horizon seemed very close to his eyes, and he called out, wildly: "Grammel! Grammel! Curse you, Grammel, you're dead!"

And from the other side of the fire

THE WOMAN OF CANAAN.

International Sunday School Lesson for April 3, 1898.

(Based Upon Luke's Select Notes.)

THE LESSON.—Matthew 15:21-28. Read Matthew 15 and 1 Kings 17:1-6. The parallel is Mark 7:24-31.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Then came she and worshipped Him, saying, Lord, help me.—Matt. 15:22.

TIME.—Early summer, A. D. 30. Several weeks after the last lesson.

PLACE.—The first miracle was performed on the borders of the country of Tyre and Sidon, 40 or 50 miles northwest of the Sea of Galilee. 1 Kings 17:24 relates two examples of Elijah's help to a woman of this same region. The other miracles of the lesson were performed in the region of Decapolis, on the southeastern shore of the Sea of Galilee (Mark 7:31).

EXPLANATORY.

I. Jesus Retires from Galilee for a Time.—V. 21. The reason for this seems to have been the increasing opposition of the Jews as described in the previous portion of the chapter, and in the discourse concerning the bread of life which followed the feeding of the 5,000 a short time before this lesson (John 6:60-71). We learn also from John 7:1 that "the Jews sought to kill Him."

II. The Afflicted Daughter.—V. 22. Jesus had gone privately into a house, but He could not be hid, and a Syro-Phoenician woman in her great anxiety for help had found Him. And she cried: "Have mercy on me." Her daughter's trouble was her own. Her daughter was "grievously vexed with a devil." The torment of this disease may be learned from the description of similar cases. One such, a boy, is described as often falling into the fire and often into the water (Matt. 17:15, 18). The spirit makes him dumb, "and whosoever he taketh him, he tearth him, and he foameth, and gnasheth with his teeth, and pineth away" (Mark 9:17, 18). The Gadarene demoniac was wild and fierce, "crying and cutting himself with stones."

III. The Mother's Victorious Faith.—Vs. 23-28. "But He answered her not a word." He appeared to treat her with neglect and indifference. It seems by what follows, as if He arose and left the house. Various reasons are given for this silence. (1) To test and deepen the woman's faith. (2) "It seems to us that this was not the reason so much as that He might show His disciples and all succeeding centuries what a dauntless faith this woman had. Not for her sake, but for ours, she was put off for awhile."—A. F. Schaffner.

"His disciples . . . besought Him, saying: Send her away." Cure her and let her go. They interceded for her, but partly because it was a trial to them to have her crying after them.

"But He answered:" speaking to the disciples, and presenting the difficulty in the way. The mother may have overheard it. "I am not sent but unto the lost sheep of the house of Israel." This was His present work, and, till His death, it was the best means for finally reaching the Gentiles.

"Then came she and worshipped Him:" By prostrating herself before Him in oriental fashion.

"But He answered:" with a comparison probably not unfamiliar to her as expressing the feelings of the Jews toward the Gentiles: "It is not meet (fitting, proper) to take (to take away) the children's bread, and to cast it to dogs:" The "children" are the Jews; the "dogs" are the Gentiles. "There was some reason lying at the base of the designation. The heathens around were, in the mass, exceedingly unclean, and ferocious, barking too. Incessantly at the true God and true godliness."—Morison.

She granted the truth of the proverb, but out of its very truth she brings an argument for the granting of her request. "Yet:" it is not in spite of, but because of the truth of the proverb, that she argues for help. "The dogs eat of the crumbs which fall from their master's table:" So let me have the crumbs, what is left over after you have done all you plan for the Jews. It will not take anything away from them if you help me.

"O woman, great is thy faith:" Her faith was great in its love, being for her daughter. It was great in its earnestness. It was great in its foundations, the power and love of the Messiah, and His past good deeds to others. It was great in its humility, conquering self. It was great in overcoming obstacles. "And her daughter was made whole from that very hour:" As she found on her return (Mark 7:30); for she acted upon her faith and went home.

IV.—Christ the Healer and Helper of Man.—Vs. 29-31. One example of Christ's work having been given in detail a general picture is presented, massing His works together so that we may see more clearly His character and what He came to do. After no very long stay Jesus went north through the territory of Sidon (Mark 7:31), then eastward through northern Galilee, across the upper Jordan, and down on the east side of the Sea of Galilee, to the part of Decapolis (the ten cities) bordering on that lake (Mark). He was thus still out of Herod's territory.

"And great multitudes came unto Him, having with them those that were lame, blind, dumb, maimed, and many others, and cast them down at Jesus' feet; and He healed them. Inasmuch that the multitude wondered. When they saw the dumb to speak, the maimed to be whole, the lame to walk, and the blind to see; and they glorified the God of Israel."

Baby Mine!

Every mother feels an indescribable dread of the pain and danger attendant upon the most critical period of her life. Becoming a mother should be a source of joy to all, but the suffering and danger of the ordeal make its anticipation one of misery.

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BOOKS Containing invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent FREE to any address, upon application, by THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

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SPECIAL NOTICE.

There are many persons who desire to go to the goldfields of Alaska the coming season, who have not enough ready money available to enable them to do so.

To all such, we would advise the desirability of forming a local syndicate of three or more persons, and jointly purchase 500 shares of our stock, and select one of your number to go and prospect and mine for joint account.

With parties forming such syndicate, this Company will contract to send out one of their number for each 500 shares of stock purchased for him to prospect and mine for joint account, and to furnish him with food, tools, and all things requisite to enable him to prospect for gold, and with help to develop and work all good claims located by him—the claims to be located in the name of the syndicate and the Alaska-Klondike Gold Mining Co., and to be owned jointly and equally, share and share alike.

Write for Circular—Full Particulars.

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Wm. Shaw, capitalist, Chicago;
E. M. Titcomb, Vice President and General Manager Eastman Fruit Dispatch Co.;
H. C. Fish, member Maritime Exchange, New York;
Geo. W. Morgan, Circle City, Alaska;
John R. Loutler, New York;
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Eugene M. Scott, Deputy Collector, Cedar Rapids, Iowa;
Wm. F. McKnight, Attorney-at-Law, Grand Rapids, Mich.

The business of the Alaska-Klondike Gold Mining Company will be to run a line of steamers on the Yukon River, and between Seattle and the different parts of Alaska, open supply stores at the different camps, do a general transportation, commercial and banking business, and, in addition, deal in Mining Claims, and work the mines already owned and that may hereafter be acquired by the Company.

The Company controls the following properties:

Eight Gold Placer Claims aggregating 160 Acres in extent, located on Forty Mile Creek under United States mining laws. Development has proved the pay streak to be five feet thick and has yielded placer dirt that runs from \$10 to \$15 to the pan. Five Gold Placer Claims, aggregating 100 Acres in extent, on Porcupine River, that runs from 25 cents to \$10 to a pan.

Ten Gold Placer Claims, aggregating 200 acres on the Tanna River, panning from \$10 to \$50 a yard.

A fine gold quartz lode in Alaska, which runs from \$15 to \$50 per ton. The lode shows an enormous outcrop of free milling ore, vein surface being 12 feet thick; on this property have made 12 locations of 1500 feet by 200 feet, equaling 240 acres. We claim that this is a mother lode, but we do not know it is without assual for prospective values.

The estimates and statement above are of necessity based upon information obtained from our superintendents, and are believed and accepted by the company.

This company having acquired extensive holdings of rich placer and gold quartz properties, capable of earning large dividends on its stock, offers the following advantages that insure large and profitable returns.

Mr. George W. Morgan, our Superintendent, has been on the Yukon for the past year working in the interest of this company. Therefore, we are not asking any one to contribute to a project untried, but to one thoroughly mastered. This company, with its able, experienced knowledge, and great resources, is certain to become one of the richest companies operating in Alaska.

Our President takes pleasure in referring you to the following list of references:

James E. Dewey, Mills & Co., Bankers, Detroit, Mich.;
Louis C. Tetard, Commissioner World's Fair from Mexico, "The Rookery," Chicago, Ill;
Senator H. M. Teller, of Colorado;
John Shafrath, Representative to Congress, Colorado;
J. M. Bell, Representative to Congress, Colorado;
C. C. Clement, Washington Trust Co. Building, Washington, D. C.;
Joseph C. Helm, ex-Chief Justice of Colorado;
Charles D. Hayt, Chief Justice of Colorado;
C. B. Maughan, 219 Times-Herald, Chicago, Ill.;
Maurice Joyce, Electric Picture, Star Building, Washington, D. C.;
Capt. J. S. Lambert, Owner and Editor Chief-stant, Pueblo, Col.;
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The full-paid stock is now offered at **TEN DOLLARS** per share. Send your orders to the

ALASKA-KLONDIKE GOLD MINING CO.
No. 10 Broadway, New York.

A DESERT DREAM

By E. and H. Heron.

OF THE four who had steamed past the Needless and away under the low back of the Dorsetshire coast six months before, only two were left. Of these two Lee-Carson was the worst case.

The fever mist was drawn like a silken cobweb low across the swamp, hiding the black eye-shaped pools and the variegated prettiness of rotting vegetation. The heavy air rang with the shrill pinioning of wild-fowl changing their haunts, and the ceaseless "trout-trout" of the bullfrogs in the quagmires round.

The two men were making a fire on a dark green ridge somewhat raised above the chilling level of the marsh.

"The mist is rising," said Lee-Carson; "oh, for a sixth-story attic!"

"I'd better go and shoot something before it gets any higher," said the other man.

"What was it you knocked over down there?" nodding back at the swamp.

"Only a long-beaked atrocity, species unknown. A brace of duck or a wild-geon would suit us better."

"Give me flesh and not fowl—the ooze-bred, mud-breasted progeny of this forsaken swamp. Give me corned beef or German sausage, for I'm sick of feathers!"

"Three more days should do it," remarked Grammel, cheerfully, with a broad optimistic glance westward, where, however, there was no reassuring break in the dead sea-like level of the horizon, above which brooded a sullen sunset.

"Then go and leave me here with food and ammunition. You can come back for me afterwards."

"I'll get supper first," said Grammel; "keep the fire in."

When his companion was gone, Lee-Carson lay down beside the smoldering blaze, and his eyes wandered slowly over the unending vista of seething mist. Presently he began to talk out loud.

"Grammel could reach the highlands if I were out of the way. I'm dying anyhow, and it seems a pity—"

"A day less or more, at sea or shore, We die—does it matter when?"

"No, it doesn't matter. It's a relief. Grammel won't leave me, so I'll leave him."

He drew a shotgun towards him.

"Loaded for swamp-fowl," he said, as he snapped it and laid it on his knee. "I'll not write a note to you, Grammel, because you would worry yourself, being a fool. No, I'll come to a nicely arranged natural end. It's waste to let two men die when death only puts in a claim for one. Grammel will get through this and lecture before the Geographical society about the swamps and the forests and our scientific researches, and then he'll write a book with the help of a female literary cousin, and marry her afterwards, and then there'll be little Grammels, and I—I'll be forgotten."

Then he made his arrangements with the gun. It had a 32-inch barrel, and Lee-Carson's hand was unsteady, for he was very weak. Therefore, when the charge sputtered into the mud and brush behind his shoulder, he sank down insensible.

When Grammel returned he found the fire blackening, and his comrade with his feet tangled in a tuft of grass, and the gun lying across his chest. Grammel examined him hastily.

"So that was your little game, was it? As if I shouldn't have known!" he exclaimed. "It's all so like the young ass too," he added, gently.

Within an hour the night had closed in, and Lee-Carson, wrapped up in a blanket and a couple of empty provision sacks, sat blinking over the fire made of dried reeds and the molting remnants of a forest, and shivered, his head humming with the 30 grains of quinine which was to be his garrison against the now almost due attack of swamp fever.

Grammel, from the other side of the fire, watched him narrowly through the smoke, and wondered how soon it would be safe to make him comfortable with part of his own clothing.

"I wish you wouldn't sit there and stare like a night owl, Grammel," Lee-Carson was saying fretfully. "I'm being alone when I've a go of this

fever, and I'm aching to get up and see the world."

"You're looking very pretty this morning, Alice, with the sun shining in your hair. You knew I'd come back, didn't you, darling?" He looked across admiringly into Grammel's bearded face. "Let's set the rat-trap in the stable—where is it? I can't find it!"

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And from the other side of the fire

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in ladies' shoes is a pleasant voyage afoot. For the pleasure it gives, there's no sail like our sale. Crowds are enjoying it, and securing the prettiest, coolest and best fitting Summer shoes now manufactured, at prices which buyers find it a pleasure to pay. For house or street wear, pleasure or every-day practical purposes, walking, riding, or driving, we supply the ideal shoes demanded by fashion and the dictates of individual taste. Ladies, whoever claims your hands by all means surrender your feet to these shoes.

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

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

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

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

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