

A NEW TRIUMPH

The Dreaded Consumption Can be Cured.

Dr. A. Sisson, the Great Chemist and Scientist. Will send to Sufferers, Three Free Bottles of His Newly Discovered Remedies to Cure Consumption and all Lung Troubles.

Nothing could be fairer, more philanthropic or carry more to the afflicted, than the generous offer of the honored and distinguished chemist, Dr. A. Sisson, M. C., of New York City.

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD OR OUR SAVIOUR IN ARI

Cost over \$20,000 to establish. Contains nearly 300 full page illustrations of our Saviour, by the great masters. Every picture is reproduced from some famous painting.

Beauty is Blood Deep.

Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic clean your blood and keep it clean.

Select a School

- By what it can do for you. Here are a few pointers: 1. A strong faculty. 2. Thoroughness.

Something He Will Remember.

Fond Mother—I want to get something for my little boy of eight—something he will remember me by.

Unpuckable.

"Ah, yes!" sighed Freddy. "My Nell's a peach. But she's just a little beyond my reach!"

NOT VERY PLEASANT.



Hostess—I'm afraid we are going to be a very small party to-night. The fog seems to have kept away all our best people.—London Punch.

Her Sentiments.

His art has all that's grand and free And fine pertaining to it; But oh! it has my sympathy.

Sensible Persons.

"Does your husband worry about the grocery bills?" asked the thin-faced lady.

Adds Insult to Injury.

Mrs. Rambo (next morning)—Abraham, do you know you tried to go to bed last night with your boots on?

Comes High.

First Heiress—I don't see why they refer to a prince as his highness.

Not Always.

Yeast—Trim figures are always small, I believe? Grimsonbeak—Not on your life!

Matter Out of Place.

Grocer—What are you grumbling about? Dye want the earth? Customer—No, not in the sugar.—Tit-Bits.

AN EASTER OUTLOOK.

International Sunday School Lesson for April 10, 1909.

[Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.] THE LESSON.—Sufferings of Jesus foretold. Matthew 16:21-23. Read Matthew 16:1-3. See also Mark 8:31-33; Luke 9:22-27. GOLDEN TEXT.—He was bruised for our iniquities.—Isa. 53:5.

COMMENT.

I. Christ and His Cross, and His Victory.—Vs. 21-23.—"From that time forth began Jesus to shew unto His disciples, how that He must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day."

But Jesus turned and said unto Peter, "Get thee behind me, Satan; he did not call His apostle a Satan, a devil, but he looked for the moment through Peter, and saw behind him His old enemy, cunningly making use of the prejudices and impulsive honesty of the undeveloped apostle."

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WHEN THE SNOW FALLS.

My city home is very fair to see, And in a measure it is dear to me, But oh, the dear old times!

Now when winds wail and snow is falling As at no other time, from out the past Youth rings sweet memory chimes.

I see the brown old house upon the hill— The coasting hill so smooth and white—the Where father earned our bread. Again I haste from school at close of day With empty pail along the snowy way In cap and mittens red.

And when at length in weary hungry plight I reached my mother's kitchen warm and bright, A sense of peace and rest Filled all my boyish being, for I knew The best of all love—mother love so true— Made that place rich and best.

I see the table set with homely care; No costly service nor attendance there, But oh, my mother's food! And father's face across the bounteous board.

When weary father took his well-earned rest, And mother, too, as well, Sometimes the blue-eyed girl across the way Came in and joined in homely treat or play, Working her binding spell.

Which held me even then, through childhood's days, And holds me still while walking manhood's ways, And so it always will. Oh, time of dawn'ing love, of joy and mirth, In mother's kitchen round the dear old hearth— I seem to live there still!

I almost taste the tempting nuts so brown, And corn so snowy white and light as down, And apples crisp and red. Then came a blessed time wherein I trace The soft sweet outline of my mother's face Above my dream-strewn bed.

Fiercer, yet fiercer rage the wailing winds, The snow beats ceaselessly against the blinds. Ah, how the picture glows! And can it be that forty changeable years Have passed since then, with all their smiles and tears— Full forty winters' snows? —Mary S. Potter, in Good Housekeeping.

MY MURDERER.

NELLIE had a fancy for some fresh eggs for supper that evening, and as she seemed disinclined to venture out, I offered to go for them. We were all alone in the house, for father and mother had gone to the country for a few days, and Tom, of course, was away at the office.

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uttered an inarticulate, guttural sound, and swiftly followed me. I made a spring, reached the ladder and climbed to the roof. I would not descend to the yard—the chances of escape were less that way, for the wooden fence round the yard was very high, and as the houses on either side were unoccupied it would be quite possible for me to be murdered without any neighbors hearing my cries.

It was therefore an easy matter for me to climb the ladder, but just as I had crossed the roof and was about to drop myself on the next, which was lower than ours, the dreaded celestial head again appeared, this time just above the last rung of the ladder. Oh, if only I had the power to hurl him down before he reached the roof. I tore at the bricks in the chimney, but not one would loosen. There was nothing to be done but to run and to scream in the hope of attracting the attention of some passer-by on the street below, but when I opened my mouth to cry out no sound would come from my parched throat.

When we got near the end of the block I dodged my pursuer and doubled on my tracks. For a moment he seemed puzzled; I seized the opportunity, slipped quickly behind him, grasped his pigtail, jerked him backward; he lost his balance and fell on his back. Then I ran to the edge of the roof overlooking the street and screamed; to my surprise, my voice had come back and my scream was heard by a man passing on the opposite side of the street. He stopped and looked around bewildered. I screamed again, and, guided by the sound, he looked up and saw me; the moon was just rising behind the house, and my form was clearly outlined against the light the moon threw before it.

When the crowd heard what the Mongolian had done, they declared they would lynch him then and there. They tore him from the policeman who had him in charge, dragged him to the nearest tree, which was not far, for our street was planted with trees; a rope was brought from somewhere, and, despite the wretched man's pleadings in impassioned Chinese for mercy, was slipped around the branches. At that moment a broad-shouldered man broke through the crowd and demanded the cause of the uproar. It was Tom. The mob paused to explain. I ran to my brother, clung to his arm, and between my incoherent words and their explanations, he at last gathered the meaning we wished to convey, but still he looked puzzled.

"Nellie? Did I understand you to say, Dora, that it was Nellie this man murdered?" "Yes." "Why, I have come straight from the house, and Nellie was there as well as she ever was in her life, only anxious at your long absence and curious to know the cause of the disturbance in the street."

"There must be some mistake," I answered. "I saw her blood streaming from under our bedroom door. Perhaps it was her spirit you saw." "A pretty substantial spirit, then, if I must say, and one that can enjoy nut-chops and fresh eggs as well as a mortal. Come right along, boys," turning to the crowd, "and see for yourselves that my sister is all right. Come, Dora."

"He drew my arm within his own and turned toward home, the mob following with the Chinaman, the rope still around his neck. When we reached our house there was Nellie safe and sound standing on the steps. Before we could say a word she cried out: "What are they doing to Ah Sin? Oh, what a shame to treat a poor Chinaman so!" and impulsively she ran down, and while the Mongolian made voluble explanation, pulled the rope from his neck.

"Speak a little slower, Ah Sin, then I shall be able to follow you nicely," said Nellie, kindly. I forgot to tell you that Nellie can speak Chinese—she used to teach in the Chinese mission school. "What does he say?" I asked. And, "Tell us what the heathen is saying, young lady," cried the men.

Nellie asked the Chinaman a few questions, which he answered with much gesticulation, for he was more excited than I have seen a Chinaman either before or since, as well he might be; then she turned to us: "I think I can explain Ah Sin's part in this adventure. When he brought the clothes this afternoon I found some were missing. I sent him back to get

them, telling him I would not pay for the washing until he brought every thing. He went away and came back with the missing clothes in about half an hour. I then paid him and sent him down to the kitchen for some things for the wash I had left there. He got them and was about to go out when he remembered that he had not asked me when he was to call again. Just as he reached the head of the stairs he saw Dora getting out of the window, jumped to the conclusion that she was a thief, and followed her. I must tell you, addressing the crowd, "that he does not know Dora; she is usually away at work when he comes for the clothes."

"It just happened that she got off early to-day, and he saw her for the first time this afternoon when she let him in, so his mistake was not an unnatural one. He did not dream that a young lady of the house would do such a thing as climb out of a window, though if he knew Dora he would not be in the least surprised." Here Nellie laughed. "That is Ah Sin's story, and it seems to me a reasonable one. Of course, when he followed Dora she thought he meant to kill her, but I cannot understand what she wanted on the roof at that hour. What was it, Dora?"

"Then I explained, telling her about the pool of blood, which I was now beginning to think existed only in my imagination. "Oh, that!" and an annoyed, perturbed expression crossed her face. "You recollect the quart bottle of ink father brought home the evening before he went to the country, and which Tom was to take down to the office? He forgot it every day, and you, Dora, took it into our room the day you needed some; you carelessly left it near the door, and when I went in to get the money for Ah Sin I must have knocked it over with my skirt. I did not notice it at the time, but when I went into our room later on I found the bottle lying on its side, the cork out and that great pool in the hall. Oh," again directly addressing the crowd, "if there is anyone here who can tell how to get red ink stains out of white marble I shall be so grateful. My father will be here if he comes back and finds the hall floor stained."

A janitor of one of the large city buildings came forward, and the two held a conversation. When I thought they had talked long enough I interrupted them to ask Nellie: "How was it you did not hear me when I came upstairs?" "I was in the front parlor, reading. When Ah Sin left me I did not hear a sound until Tom came home."

"Well, I guess everything is clear now," remarked Tom. "There is nothing to be done but thank these gentlemen for their promptitude in coming to Dora's assistance and to soothe the Chinaman's wounded feelings." With that he slipped something into Ah Sin's hand which made the Celestial smile. Then Nellie and I handed in our little contributions, and Ah Sin and my rescuers departed.

But unfortunately that was by no means the end of it. I had to face the ridicule of my friends and the enmity of my neighbors, and to this day whenever Tom desires to be especially tormenting he makes polite inquiries for my murderer.—N. O. Times-Democrat.

EXECUTED ENGLISH.

Queer Perversion of the Word "Laundry" by Americans.

Queer turns the abuse of the English language will take on the American continent as well as in the heart of the British capital. The other day, from the passageway where a certain domestic assistant occasionally goes to make inquiries of the mistress of the house, the listener heard this question asked: "Are they any laundry?"

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"What the woman meant, put into the fewest plain words, was this: "Is there a parcel to go to the laundry?" The phrase was pure American, and was used by a native of our great and glorious country. Among some of the people of the word "laundry" means not merely the place where washing is done, but the articles washed, taken collectively. Not long ago the listener saw in the window of a man's furnishing store—a beg pardon; a gent's furnishing store—a placard which read: "Don't forget to leave your laundry!"

This perversion of the ancient word "lavendary" takes a curiously different turn from Sir Hugh Evans' use of the word in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." "There dwells one Mistress Quickly, which is in the manner of his nurse, or his dry-nurse, or his cook, or his laundry, his washer, and his wringer."

And it somehow seems less absurd to call an animated washer and wringer a "laundry" than the things washed and wrung.—Boston Transcript.

Disgrace vs. Respectability. Society Dud—Oh, it's perfectly terrible, and we're all ready to die of mortification. Just think, my own sister, the wife of a mere nobody—never belonged to our set at all. She eloped with him last night, leaving a note saying that before morning she would be the wife of one she loved better than life itself.

Friend—Mercy! I hope it wasn't that ugly old fellow I saw coming in here yesterday? "No; her lover was young and handsome. That homely old bald-headed, toothless wreck you saw is Count Grogg."

"That creature a count?" "Yes, a real count. He has not only a title, but he is rich; and as soon as I can conquer my aversion to the old fool, I'm going to marry him."—N. Y. Weekly.

In the royal family of England the order of precedence among men is thus: The sovereign, the prince of Wales, the other sons of the sovereign in the order of their age, the sovereign's grandsons; the brothers or sisters of the sovereign; the sovereign's uncle, and, finally, the sons of the brothers or sisters of the sovereign.

MOTHER! There is a word soft of meaning, and about which such tender and holy recollections cluster as of "MOTHER"—she who waits over our helpless infancy and guided our first tottering step, the life of every Expectant Mother is beset with danger and all fort should be made to avoid it.

Mother's Friend

so assists her in the changing place of the Expectant Mother is bled to look forward with dread, suffering or gloomy forebodings, to the hour when she experiences the joy of Motherhood. Its use insures safety to the life of both Mother and Child, and is found stronger after than before confinement—in short, it "makes Childbirth natural and easy," so many have said. Don't be persuaded to use anything else.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

"My wife suffered more in ten minutes with either of her other two children than she did altogether with last, having previously used four bottles of 'Mother's Friend.' It is a blessing to any one expecting to come a MOTHER," says a customer. HENDERSON DALE, Carmi, Illinois.

Of Druggists at \$1.00, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Write for book containing testimonials and valuable information for all Mothers, to The Bradford Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Small advertisements of every description, Wanted, Sale or Rent, Lost or Found, or other notices inserted under this head for one-half the word for one insertion and one-fourth for each subsequent insertion. Nothing inserted for less than ten cents.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents. Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes men strong, blood pure. 50c. All druggists.

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND RESPONSIBLE. Established house, monthly \$65 and expenses. Position steady. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. V., Chicago, Ill. 12-16-09.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation, force 10c. 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

Doubles the Pleasure of a Drive. A fine carriage doubles the pleasure of driving. Intending buyers of carriages or busses can save dollars by sending for large free catalogue of the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Mfg. Co., Elkhart, Ind.

Headache and Neuralgia cured by AILES' PAIN PILLS. "One cent a dose."

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY. Take Laxative Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 10-14-09.

A Note from the Editor. The editor of a leading state paper writes: "If you had seen my wife last June and were to see her today you would not believe she was the same woman. When she was broken down by nervous debility and suffered terribly from constipation and sick headaches, Iacon's Compound for the Nerves made her a well woman in one month." W. H. Herman, Troy, N. Y.; A. J. Elbright, Alton, Ill. Write for a free sample package of this great herbal remedy. Large sizes 25c and 50c.

Auditor's Notice. In re-Estate of Paoloe ) In the Orphans' Court A. Kelly, late of West ) of Snyder County, Pa. Perry Township, dec'd.)

The undersigned, who was appointed auditor by said court to distribute the funds in the hands of W. W. Vernetts, administrator of said decedent, as per his first and final account filed and confirmed in said estate, to and among those legally entitled to the same, will sit, at the purpose of discharging the duties of his appointment, at the office of Charles Lower, Esq., in the Borough of Selinsgrove, Snyder County, Pa., on Friday, April 22, 1909, between the hours 9 o'clock A. M. and 3:30 o'clock P. M. of said day, where and when all parties are requested to present their claims or to be forever debarred from claiming any portion of said funds. JAS. G. CROUSE, Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Edward Miller, late of Middlebrook township, 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 to the undersigned. A. D. KRAMER, Adm'r.

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.

Grapes Overhang Two Miles of Carriage Driver. Grape arborers loaded with Grapes, 2 miles long, and over 300 miles of vines trained on wires. This is the extent of Speer's Copto Grape Vineyard at Pessie, N. J., only 12 miles from New York City. Those who doubt it can have their expenses paid \$100 given them by the Speer N. J. Wine Co. if they will come and see and do not find the above true. The wines are the oldest and best to be had.

WORK FOR YOU AT HOME mailing circulars, books, and Novelties. Names, etc. 10 cents. HAV BROS., (B) Box 120, Boulder, Colo. 3-31-10.

WANTED By Old Established House—Good Grade Man or Woman, of good Church standing, to act as Manager here and do office work and correspondence at their home. Business already built up and established here. Salary \$900. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope for our terms to A. P. T. Elder, General Manager, 189 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., First Floor. 3-31-10.

SHINGLES AND BOARDS FOR SALE.—A lot of White Pine and Yellow Pine Shingles and Boards, well cut and ready to use. They will be sold CHEAP. 6-7-10. E. S. MITCHELL, Strouptown, Pa.

WANTED SALESMEN to handle our Lubricating oils on commission in Midland and vicinity. Liberal terms. THE SCUDLOPP COMPANY, Cleveland, Ohio. 4-7-9.