

Havana Horror.

The following extract from a private letter from a lady now in Havana, says a Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record, describes the awful distress of the poor reconcentrados in that city and shows the need of contributions for their relief:

"This morning," the writer says, "I went to help distribute food and clothing to some of the reconcentrados in an old warehouse, where a lot of the sick were corralled. It was the worst sight I ever saw in my life and quite unnerved me for the day. In the women's quarters three had died that morning and their faces were not yet covered. Several were dying, and one died in convulsions, clutching my hand with fingers that felt like birds' claws. The bones of all seemed nearly pricking through, the children were covered with sores and many of them had their feet and legs terribly swollen—scurvy and dropsy, I suppose, from fever, starvation and poor food, when they have any food at all. Twenty-three thousand homeless orphans in this province alone, to say nothing of the rest of Cuba, and the sick and helpless adults. It was about 10:30 a. m. at the time of my visit to that particular corral, and none of them had had a mouthful to eat that day and only one meal the day before, of soup made from salted pork and rice, which of course the babies and the sick did not relish. They give the children condensed milk, with hot water, whenever they can get it, but condensed milk is very dear here, and often for days together none can be had. Naturally I sent out post haste for milk. I didn't have much money with me, only a few silver pesos, but I gave every cent of it, and, as I had dismissed the carriage at the door (Cuban fashion, you know), intending to take another on the return, I had to walk back to the hotel, two miles or more, over these stony streets. The result was that for 24 hours my feet had the toothache and felt as if they had been bastinadoed."

In accounting for the reasons for the failure of the Cob Pipe Manufacturing company at Quenemo, Osage county, Kan., the explanation is made that one reason for the decrease in demand is that farmers are in such good condition financially that they have discarded their favorite cob pipes, and are now smoking cigars. This is bad for the cob pipe company, but it is to be hoped that they can console themselves for their loss by contemplating the improved condition of the western farmers. This change of the farmers from cob pipes to cigars indicates that the farmers have money to spend, and are prepared to part with it to gratify their desires.

The autograph most in demand in the United States is said to be that of a negro, ex-Senator Bruce, recently appointed registrar of the treasury, whose signature makes money of every treasury note and silver certificate issued by the government. "It has been the custom of white teachers," says Booker Washington, "to hold up to their pupils the possibility of every one of them becoming president. Such incentive has been denied the colored youth; but Mr. Bruce's name on every dollar bill issued is a rift in the political cloud that hangs over the negro, and proves that he, too, may rise."

The will of the late Maj. John Hancock, of Pittsburgh, reads as follows: "Having confidence in the honesty of Maj. George Bright Halstead, formerly of Newark, N. J., now of the Hermitage, on Lake Minnetonka, Hennepin county, Minn., whose friendship I formed in the infamous Libby prison, Richmond, Va., while we were prisoners of war in the summer of 1862, I hereby appoint him executor of this my last will, and order and direct that no bond shall be executed from him in any court for its execution."

It costs 50 cents in Mankato, Kan., to sing, hum or whistle a certain popular song between the hours of six in the morning and ten at night. The town council has so decreed, on the ground that the song has become an intolerable nuisance. It would hardly be safe for the author of that song to visit Mankato, if the authorities were to find it out. The name of the offensive song is not given, but that is not necessary.

Phoenix (A. T.) boasts of being the cleanest and best ordered little city upon the continent. Her clean streets and sidewalks are her pride. Any man detected spitting upon the sidewalk is arrested, and has to pay a fine of five dollars. The city attorney was the first offender under the new law, and he promptly paid his five dollars, and promised to obey the law in the future.

According to a recent report there is a young American woman in charge of one of the departments in the Paris astronomical observatory who won her place in competition with 50 Frenchmen. The department which she directs computes the measurements of the stars in the Paris belt. The American woman is doing something more than holding her own.

A queer conscience case has come before the pension bureau. A veteran in an Antonio, Tex., returned \$370 pension money to which he said he was not legally entitled. On investigation the bureau discovered that the man was mistaken, that the money was rightfully his, and it was returned to him.

A NEW TRIUMPH.

The Dreaded Consumption Can be Cured.

T. A. Slocum, the Great Liberator 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 joy to the afflicted, than the generous offer of the honored and distinguished chemist, T. A. Slocum, M. C., of New York City.

He has discovered a reliable and absolute cure for consumption, and all bronchial, throat, lung and chest diseases, catarrhal affections, general decline and weakness, loss of flesh and all conditions of wasting away, and to make his gift more known, will send three free bottles of his newly discovered remedies to any afflicted reader of the Post.

Already his "new scientific system of medicine" has permanently cured thousands of apparently hopeless cases.

The doctor considers it not only his professional duty, but his religious duty—a duty which he owes to suffering humanity—to donate his invaluable cures.

He has provided the "dreaded consumption" to be a curable disease beyond a doubt, in any climate and in any time in his life. American, Latin, European laboratories thousands of "heart-felt testimonials of gratitude" from those benefited and cured, in all parts of the world.

Catarrhs and pulmonary troubles lead to consumption, and consumption, unintercepted, means speedy and certain death. Don't delay until it is too late. Simply write T. A. Slocum, M. C., 26 Pine Street, New York, giving express and postoffice address, and the free medicine will be promptly sent. Please tell the doctor you saw his offer in the Post.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD, OR OUR SAVIOUR IN ARI"
Cost over \$100,000 to establish. Contains nearly 200 full-page engravings of our Saviour, by the great masters. Every picture is reproduced from some famous painting. Agents are taking from three to twenty orders per day. The book is so beautiful that when people see it they want it. The Hermitage, Prado, Uffizi, Pitti, Louvre, Vatican, National of London, National of Berlin, Belvedere and other celebrated European galleries have placed their greatest and rarest treasures at our disposal that they might be engraved for this superb work. "FIRST GLANCE AT THE PICTURES BROUGHT TO US TO MY EYES," says one. "I cleared 50 first week's work with the book," says another. "Some high grade man or woman should have agency here at once," says every editor, "as \$200 can soon be made taking orders for it." Nearly \$10,000 expended on new plates for edition coming from press. Also a man or woman of good church standing can secure position of Manager and Correspondent of this territory, to devote all his time to employing and drilling agents and corresponding with them. For full particulars A. P. T. ELDER, Publisher, 278 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CUBAN ANNEXATION

Grows In Favor With the Better Classes in Havana.

NO COMPROMISE FOR INSURGENTS

They Will Fight to the Last For Independence, Despite the Efforts of the Autonomists—Spanish Officers in Cuba Object to the Armistice.

Havana, April 19.—In the midst of the complicated political situation one fact stands out clearly and stubbornly, in spite of the claims and counter claims of the insurgents and autonomists, and that is the better class of people, particularly among the Spanish residents here, grow daily more and more in favor of the annexation of Cuba to the United States as being the only safe solution of the crisis and as the only plan which will guarantee the safety of their persons and the integrity of their interests.

The work of fortifying the coasts of Cuba, progressing rapidly and effectively. Naturally not many details of the plans adopted are allowed to become public property, but it is understood that the planting of torpedoes has been progressing with a certain amount of activity, considering the resources at the disposal of the Spanish engineers and military authorities generally. Although the government offers, it is said, \$2 per day to men who will work at the fortifications, there are not many workmen able or willing to do so. Even the unfortunate reconcentrados say they would rather die of hunger than work upon the fortifications.

As anticipated by almost everybody, General Pando, the Spanish commander-in-chief in the field, has returned here after a number of useless efforts to prevail upon the insurgents to arrange terms for peace, and many people here predict that the efforts of the autonomist government will prove equally fruitless. The insurgents maintain the stand which they have held all along, namely, that they will not accept anything short of independence.

The Spanish officers and patriots of Spain pretend to have received the news of the armistice with feelings of perfect disgust, the officers going so far as to say that they feel insulted at being practically considered impotent to end the insurrection by forcible means. Now they appear to be gradually awakening to the fact that matters are reaching a point which indicates that their stay in Cuba is likely to be of very short duration.

Dr. Congosto, the secretary general of Cuba and formerly Spanish consul at Philadelphia, engaged in an altercation with Senator Corso, a reporter on the staff of The Union Constitutional, in the office of the censor, Senator Mendez. The lie was passed and Dr. Congosto struck Senator Corso a blow in the face. Senator Mendez intervened, and the combatants were separated. Subsequently Corso challenged Congosto to fight a duel, and the challenge was accepted. The duel has not yet taken place.

Victims of a Bomb in Cuba.
Havana, 19.—The latest advices from the town of Alfonso XIII as to the explosion of a dynamite bomb at the Church of San Francisco de Paul last Saturday night say that the explosion took place at the main entrance. The killed were Jose Larino, a Sacerdot, and Juan Grovas. Ramon Fondora, a child, was so seriously injured that he died soon after. Pedro Dago, a policeman, and Luis Prese, a child, were also wounded. The church doors were smashed to pieces, and also a number of images. The explosion greatly damaged the main wall of the church.

Not Dissuaded.
"I'm writing an article on how to live on ten dollars a week."
"I don't see how you can figure it out."
"Oh, it's much easier to figure it out than to do it."—N. Y. Truth.

NOT HIS SPECIALTY.



"Will he get well, doctor?"
"Get well, madame! Is it for that that you called me?"—La Caricatura.

My Doctor.
He's treating me for fading memory, in this way—He's sending his collector up to see me every day.

A Masked Battery.
"In the orient," said Mrs. Mendworld, "woman is the mere plaything of man."
"Frightful!" ejaculated the major.
"Ah, major, it does me good to find one open-minded, honest-hearted man to agree with me."
"Yes," mused the major, "under such conditions she must almost cease to be amusing."—Chicago Journal.

A Charitable Theory.
"Mamma, I guess I know why Mr. Bunsby sits in the front row at the theater."
"Why, my dear?"
"So everybody can see he's got a little hair left behind."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Last Course.
After the dinner at the cafe, Robby noticed with bulging eyes the heaping pile of change which the waiter brought back to his father.
"Oh, papa!" he exclaimed; "oh, papa! I'd like a plate of that, too!"—Harlem Life.

Her Debut.
Said a lady living on Laclade avenue, St. Louis, to a colored female cook:
"Your references are satisfactory, and I rather like your appearance, so you can consider yourself engaged."
"De same to you, mum. When shall I make my debut?"—N. Y. World.

A Scientist's Opinion.
Mr. Bilkins (looking up from the paper)—The eminent physician, Dr. Greathead, says there is no exercise so conducive to health in woman as ordinary housework.
Mrs. Bilkins—I'll bet he's married.—N. Y. Weekly.

More Certain.
Jack—So you knew I loved you?
Ada—Yes, I have known it for some time.
Jack—Ah, what was it told you; your womanly intuition?
Ada—No; your sister, Jennie.—Harlem Life.

Old No Longer.
Stranger—Where do the Highminds reside? They are one of the old families of this city, I believe.
Mrs. Forundred—They used to be, but Mr. Highmind fell last year.—N. Y. Weekly.

Glad to Get Home.
Mrs. Hoyle—So you are back from Europe.
Mrs. Doyle—Yes, and I find everything very different here.
Mrs. Hoyle—I suppose you did have to pay cash over there.—Town Topics.

Not Complimentary.
"Who is that nice-looking girl over there?"
"That's my daughter."
"Indeed! Not a bit like you!"—Judy.

Still with Us.
"Investigation has pretty thoroughly exploded that Pochontas story."
"And yet there is plenty of evidence that John Smith was saved."—Chicago Journal.

A Ray of Hope.
Mamma—Just look at the front of your new coat! I don't think it is the slightest use to try to keep you clean!
Johnny (eagerly)—Ain't you going to buy me a new one?—Push.

Really Old Numbers.
"Are you superstitious about the number 13?"
"That's what; I used to earn \$13 a week and now I get only ten dollars."—Detroit Free Press.

Beaten for Once.
Druggist—See here! Why didn't you tell that customer that we had something just as good?
New Clerk—Because he was after some postage stamps.—Puck.

Woman's Way.
"When it pours down rain my wife always says it is a good day to stay at home."
"Yes?"
"And then invariably she puts on her mackintosh and goes somewhere."—Chicago Record.

Deafness Cannot be Cured.
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflammation of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a running sound in the imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. In some cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface.

We will give ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by HALL'S CATARRH CURE. Send for circulars free.

J. C. HENNEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, etc. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

As to Brother Lastly.

"What was the subject of Brother Lastly's sermon yesterday?"
"Heaven—Is it a Place or a State, and What Do Its Inhabitants Do?"
"Good sermon?"
"Beautiful."
"What did he tell you about Heaven?"
"Well, he said Heaven is something we know absolutely nothing about."—Chicago Tribune.

Why He Stayed Away.
"Why is it you never come around to see us any more, Charley? Have we ever done anything to offend you?"
"No, it's nothing you've done; but if you insist upon having the truth, it's your children."
"Our children! What on earth do you mean?"
"You see, they've got old enough to rectify now."—Tit-Bits.

Viewed by Many.
Yes, artist, you are really great. Though critics keep you down: Your most successful piece of work is painting red the town.

NOT NEEDED.



Servant—Please'm, there's a poor man at the door with wooden legs.
Misses—Tell him we don't want any.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Joy in Absence.
I love the good old-fashioned songs, and for good cause, as you'll allow; A present joy to them belongs—Because nobody sings them now.

Rival Peaches.
Miss Keedick—I read of a peach which was raised in Tennessee and weighed a pound and a half.
Mr. Spatts—That ain't such a very big peach, Miss Keedick.
Miss Keedick—Isn't it?
Mr. Spatts—No, indeed. You weigh much more than that.—Judge.

A Promising Crowd.
Mrs. Aiton—They tell me you have your house full of boarders.
Mrs. Boardman—Yes; all in the profession, too.
"The young man in the second story front looks like a promising actor."
"Well, they're all that."—Yonkers Statesman.

A Cestry Dish.
"Oh, mamma, do Christians eat preachers, just like cannibals do?"
"Why, no, my child. What put that notion into your head?"
"I heard Mr. Deekin say this morning that she was going to have her minister for lunch.—Brooklyn Life.

Queer Punctuations.
"I received a letter from a Boston girl the other day," remarked Mr. Spudda, "and I noticed that she used a queer sort of punctuation."
"How is that?" asked Mr. Spatts.
"She closed every sentence with a glacial period."—Judge.

Resenting It.
"Cyrus Winterside," snapped the indignant wife, as the quarrel waxed fiercer, "you married me for my money, and you know it."
"That's false!" roared Mr. Winterside. "I married you for your amiable disposition, you virago!"—Chicago Tribune.

Why She Smiled on Him.
"Oh," she cried, "if I could only see myself as others see me!"
"It wouldn't do," said he. "It would make you too conceited."
And then she smiled upon him all the rest of the evening.—Tit-Bits.

Not Losing Time.
"Did you win that cake by walkin' for k?" inquired Mr. Erastus Pinkley's friend.
"No, indeed," was the answer. "Walkin' too slow for me. I picked de cake up an' eat it."—Washington Star.

The Probable Outcome.
First Citizen—The people, sir, will soon be up in arms against this new milk trust.
Second Citizen—Possibly, sir, but in the end the people will take water.—Town Topics.

And Wanted It Bad.
Brown—Did you ever see a man who really wanted the earth?
Towne—Oh, yes.
Brown—Who was he?
Towne—A first-trip passenger on an ocean liner.—Brooklyn Life.

Probably He Found It.
"I saw a big, two-tailed fellow this morning who was looking for trouble."
"How was that?"
"He had a girl on his arm and was asking the way to the marriage license office."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Kept Running.
"Their marriage was a runaway match, wasn't it?"
"Twice. He first ran away with her and then ran away from her."—N. Y. Evening Journal.

Circumstances Alter Tempers.
"They say Warmly's temper is absolutely uncontrollable."
"Well, that depends somewhat on the size of the other man."—Chicago Journal.

A Practical Woman.
Husband—I feel as if I ought to be going to bed.
Wife—Well, a minute's sleep will take up the burden and you'll be able to—Chicago Daily News.

HE SPOILED HIS STORY.

His Deal for the Truth Was a Young Reporter's Ruin.

Newspaper reporters are sometimes thrown against strange experiences in getting the news that other people comfortably read next morning. But, believing himself in a fair way to obtain a narrative which no other news writer is aware of, the reporter is willing to go sleepless and foodless and to undergo all kinds of peril in order that by all means he may get his piece of exclusive news.

Such a man was Ezra Hemming, who worked on a western paper—one of the kind which would now be denominated as "yellow"—and frequently thrilled his town with startling stories of fact. Hemming had a reputation for alertness which was second to none, and as he had a large circle of friends who made it their business to inform him upon privately known affairs, he was seldom at the "short end" of an exclusive story. One day John Boyd, who was the sheriff of the county, captured a horse thief who was badly wanted by a community in the interior of the state. The deputy from the county the officials of which were after the thief came down to the metropolis, and in his conversation with Boyd intimated that there would be a lynching when he got home with his prisoner.

Boyd told Hemming of the threatening aspect of things, and the reporter had a long talk with the deputy. To his dismay, he learned that the prisoner would not reach the rural community which wanted to do business with him until 2:45 in the morning, an hour which precluded the possibility of a good story. Hemming was a man of resources, though, and as there seemed to be little question of the details of the coming event, he went to the office and wrote a three-column account of the lynching, mentioning the names of prominent citizens present and adding flourishes and ornamentations. To stretch out to imposing length he caused one man, whom he was prudent enough to designate as "unknown," to mount a box and make an appeal in behalf of the culprit.

"Despite the prayer of Higginson's tender-hearted advocate, however," Hemming wrote, "the farmers who had suffered from his depredations insisted on wreaking vengeance." And he went on in that strain for several pages, making the intercession a strong point. He explained to Crawford, the city editor, that there was no doubt of the thing coming out just as he had written it, but to be sure, he would wire a "Yes" or "No" from the station when the train reached the town, for he planned to accompany the deputy.

At three o'clock in the morning Crawford received this jubilant bulletin: "Big thing. Five hundred people. Mile or more of rope. Now headed for tall sycamore tree."
And just as the foreman was sending to the pressroom the page with Hemming's glorious exclusive story, came this announcement: "It's all off. They're not going to do it."
Hemming came back looking like a madman. For two days he roved around, stopping at odd times to butt his head against something hard. At last he was induced by Crawford to explain.

"When we got there," he said, "it was a sure thing. They had it all ready, and took Higginson away from the deputy with a yell. Then I sent my bulletin. They rushed him to the sycamore and were just about to swing him up when it occurred to me that it would spoil the story if somebody didn't rise up and make an appeal for mercy for the thief. I waited, hoping for the usual intercession, till the danger line, and then, as nobody else showed a sign of talking for him, I jumped up on something and started in on it myself. I just wanted to make the facts fit the story I had written, so I made the speech I had attributed to the unknown. At first they didn't want to listen, but pretty soon they quieted, and I poured it in, thinking all the time how lucky I was to have written the thing. I jumped down then and stepped aside to let the regular programme go on. As I did so somebody yelled: 'By thunder, he's right!' And another voice declared: 'It would disgrace the town, boys! And a third called: 'Let's take him back to jail!' And before I knew it that lot of chumps had turned tail and rushed my thief, my private horse thief, my own man, for whom I had spread myself over three columns, back to the town and to the jail, where they left him and dispersed."

"That," said Hemming, sadly, "is why I want somebody to break my head in. Would you mind kicking me all the afternoon if I pay you for your trouble?"—Chicago Record.

Oyster Bouillon.
A recipe for oyster bouillon calls for two dozen large oysters, drained and chopped fine. These are put into a double boiler and heated slowly in water to draw out as much juice as possible. They are then put through a fine sieve, and every bit of the liquor pressed out. This liquor, added to that already drained, is put on the fire in a porcelain saucepan, and into it is beaten the white of one egg. Let it come to a boil for about one minute, then remove from the fire, and after it has stood for three or four minutes, strain through a piece of cheesecloth, doubled. Before serving, season and add as much hot milk as you have oyster juice. Dry toast cut in squares or oblongs is handed around with the bouillon.—N. Y. Post.

An Explanation.
The Pastor—Maw'n'n, Stath Simpkins. How is it I didn't see yo' in ch'u'n las' Sunday?
Sister Simpkins—I—A—A—wasn't dere.—Puck.

Lesson and Reps.
A success of whom improves scrambled eggs, and should be added, while they're cooking.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

THE DANGER

to which the Expectant Mother is exposed and the foreboding and dread with which she looks forward to the hour of woman's severest trial is appreciated by but few. All effort should be made to smooth these rugged places in life's pathway for her, ere she presses to her bosom her babe.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

allays Nervousness, and so assists Nature that the change goes forward in an easy manner, without such violent protest in the way of Nausea, Headache, Etc. Gloomy forebodings yield to cheerful and hopeful anticipations—she passes through the ordeal quickly and without pain—is left strong and vigorous and enabled to joyously perform the high and holy duties now devolved upon her. Safety to life of both is assured by the use of "Mother's Friend," and the time of recovery shortened.

"I know one lady, the mother of three children, who suffered greatly in the birth of each, who obtained a bottle of 'Mother's Friend' of me before her fourth confinement, and was relieved quickly and easily. All agree that their labor was shorter and less painful."
JOHN G. POLLELL, MAISON, GA.

\$1.00 PER BOTTLE at all Drug Stores, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Contains invaluable information of interest to all women, will be sent to any address upon application, by THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATANTA, GA.

SPECIAL NOTICES

Small advertisements of every description, want, sale or rent, lost or found, or their notices inserted under this head for one-half cent a word for one insertion and one-fourth cent a word each subsequent insertion. Nothing inserted for less than ten cents.

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

WANTED—TRUSTWORTHY AND APT
Free gentlemen or ladies to travel to responsible, established houses. Monthly \$35 and expenses. Position steady. Reference. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. The Dominion Company, Dept. 47, Chicago. 12-18-79.

Edwards Your Bowels With Castor Oil.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 5c. 25c. If C. C. fail, druggists refund money.

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

Headache and Neuralgia cured by Dr. Miles' Pain Expeller.
"One cost a dose."

TO CURE A COUGH IN ONE DAY
Take Laxative Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c. 10-14-79.

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 to-day you would not believe she was the same woman. Then she was broken down by nervous debility and suffered terribly from constipation and sick headache. Wagon's Celery Cure for the Nerves made her a well woman in one month." W. H. Herman, 111 N. LaSalle, Chicago, Ill. Write for free sample of this great remedy. Large sizes 25c and 50c.

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

Auditors' Notice.
The undersigned, who was appointed auditor by said court to distribute the funds in the hands of W. W. Wernette, 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, for the purpose of discharging the duties of his appointment, at the office of Charles Hower, Esq., in the Borough of Selangrove, Snyder County, Pa., on Friday, April 25, 1880, 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 barred from claiming any portion of said funds.

Jas. G. Croome, Auditor.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE
Letters of Administration in the estate of Edward Miller, late of Middlebrook Tp., 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.
Apr. 4, 1880.

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 80c. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address: Berlin-Kennedy Co., Chicago or New York.

Grapes Overhang Two Miles of Carriage Drives.
Grape arbor loaded with Grapes, 2 miles long, and over 200 miles of vines trained on wires. This is the extent of Spear's Oporto Grape Vineyard at Fessale, N. Y., only 12 miles from New York City. Those who doubt it can have their expenses paid and file given them by the Spear N. Y. Wine Co. If they will come and see and do not find the above true, the vines are the oldest and best to be had.

WORK FOR YOU AT HOME
Ladies, books, and Novelties, Samples, etc. 10 cents. HAY BROS., (B) Box 139, Boulder, Colo. No. 702 Broadway—New York.

WANTED
By Old Established House—Highly Paid—A Good Man or Woman, of good Church standing, to act as Manager, having good office work and correspondence at their home. Business already built up and established here. Salary \$400. Europe self-addressed stamped envelope for our terms to P. T. Elder, General Manager, 130 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill., First Floor.

SINGLES AND BOARDS FOR SALE.
2000 of White Pine and Yellow Pine Singles and White Pine Boards. Call and see this lot. They will be sold cheap. S. S. MITCHELL, Greenview, Pa.

WANTED
SALESMEN to handle our Lubricating oil, cutting oils on commission in all cities and towns. Liberal commission. THE LUBRICATING OIL COMPANY, Cleveland, O.