

SOUTHERN PROGRESS.

A monthly, sixteen-page journal containing in each number some twenty narratives of the South, chiefly descriptive and pictorial. The paper is undoubtedly the best illustrated journal in the world, and the only publication which presents glimpses of Southern life and Southern people. It is a favorite souvenir with those who have visited the South; and it serves a good purpose, in lieu of a visit, to those who have never been there.

The regular price of Southern Progress is fifty cents a year, but to introduce the paper we will send it three months for ten cents.

FRANK A. HEYWOOD,
Editor and Publisher,
211 S. 10th St., Philadelphia.

THE WHOLE FAMILY.

The years have come, the years have gone,
The quiet, softly gliding years
With midnight melting into dawn,
With shimmering roof of embers and
tears.

Since that white day the angels knew
Was heaven's own birthday, sweet, for
you!

The little children whom you left
Have grown to happy-hearted youth;
They hardly knew themselves bereft.
So sheltered close by tenderest ruth,
When, doubly precious for your sake,
Our hearts for them were like to break.

I often feel that mother-watched
Have been their footsteps on life's way;
That doors for them have been unlatched,
That unseen love has been their stay.
Though, in our Father's gracious will
Some other did your work fulfill.

And often it is clear to me
That here and there are not apart,
That somehow God's whole family
Have scarce the throbbing of one heart
To separate them; just a breath—
The shadowy, thin, soft veil of death.

Why should you not draw nigh to those
Who love you yet, who love you dear,
For whom your love yet means repose,
And faith and insight swift and clear?
You have but crossed the shining sea,
Where all our souls shall have been.

To you, dear one, whose very tones
Still vibrate in your empty room,
To you, athwart whatever comes
For you are bright with fadeless bloom,
I send my whole heart's love to-day,
The day my darling went away.

For Heaven is but the pleasant name
Of that fair place our Lord prepares;
Through fleeting ages still the same
His loving work for whom He cares,
To house, where many mansions be,
At last His own dear family.

Margaret E. Sangster, in S. S. Times.

MY LITTLE COWARD

By F. A. MITCHEL.

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TO BE able to face danger without fear requires a constitution that very few possess. It was Frederick the Great, I believe, who said: "Whoever has not felt fear has not snuffed a candle with his fingers." Young Hobson, who sank the Merrimac in the channel at Santiago de Cuba, after having been reported from his first attempt, is reported to have said: "There must be no more recalls. My men have been keyed up for 24 hours, and under a tremendous strain. Iron will break at last."

During my term of service in the civil war I found it very hard to go into a fight, and the more engagements I took part in the less I liked them. I can remember but one instance during the whole period of my enlistment when I became absolutely unconscious of danger, and the most remarkable feature in the case was that a greater coward than myself performed an act of heroism that saved my life.

During the summer of 1862 I was with Fremont's army in Virginia. We were facing "Stonewall" Jackson on the west bank of the Shenandoah river, while Shields was threatening him from the east bank. One morning at dawn I was sent out with a small reconnoitering party—there were half a dozen of us under a corporal—with a view to getting on a neighboring hill where the enemy's left would be distinctly visible. We had accomplished our object, estimated his force, counted his guns, and were riding back to report what we had seen, when, in passing a farmhouse, there came an odor sweeter to a soldier who has been riding hard with an empty stomach, than that of the rose or the violet—the odor of boiling coffee. Without an order from the corporal, without a word to each other, we turned in at the gate and rode straight for the house.

Breakfast was being placed on the table as we entered, and we were made welcome to partake of it. The family consisted of a widow and her children, the oldest a girl of 14, with big black eyes, a sensitive mouth, a trim little figure, straight as an arrow, and jet black hair hanging down her back in one long, thick braid. I was much younger than my companions, and it was perhaps this that led her to single me out as an object of especial interest; or perhaps I showed my admiration for her in my eyes; at any rate we stood looking at each other without even a "Good morning" or a passing remark, when suddenly her face broke into a smile—a smile of welcome, of confidence, of admiration. Our party had been seated at a table scarcely a minute when a gun boomed from an eminence near by, and a shell went shrieking overhead. Every man jumped to his feet and left the room. As I was rushing from the house I felt a hand on mine and a chicken-leg thrust into my palm. Turning I faced the black-eyed girl. She had given me what was of far more value to a hungry soldier than the purest gem in Virginia.

All that day, though sitting in the saddle, every moment expecting to be struck down, or charging in the face of hot shot, I would revert at the slightest cessation of danger to my little girl. I could see her through the smoke, among the guns, beside the battle-flags, and once narrowly escaping death while charging over a breastwork, her young face suddenly rose before me with that same sweet smile she had given me in the morning.

Evening came and brought a lull in the fighting. While the men were resting I made a pretext of foraging for something to eat, and cantered down the road toward the house where dwelt my new-found friend. Darkness prevented my seeing anything except the fire-line of picket firing, or the burning fuse of a shell, or here and there a campfire which men with more stomachs than discretion had lighted to cook a supper. Troops were all about me, but it was too dark for me to distinguish their uniforms. Confident that they were our men I pushed on till I espied the lights of the house I sought, then, leaving the road—the fences were all down—I trotted over a tobacco field and dismounted at the door. Without

being aware of it, I had ridden right through a gap in the enemy's lines. The family was at supper. As I entered the dining-room my little girl, who was seated facing me, fixed her big eyes on me in wonder at my sudden appearance. I gave no reason for my coming, but stood awkwardly fumbling the hilt of my saber.

"I am glad you came back for supper," said the mother, kindly supplying a reason for my coming, since I was too stupid to give one myself, "but don't you think it dangerous?" "Dangerous?" The quiet supper-room seemed very peaceful to me after my experience during the day. "Why, I have been under fire since early morning."

"Mamie, get a chair," said the mother. The only vacant place at the table was beside Mamie, who brought a chair, and I sat down to supper. Mamie, resuming her seat, glanced up at me with an admiring expression. "Aren't you afraid to fight?" she asked. I had no thought of admitting fear to such a pleasing admirer.

"Oh, no; a soldier must never be afraid," I replied. "Not of the shells?" "Only when they come too thick; when one comes at a time, and I can see it and dodge, I don't mind very much."

"Nor the bullets?" "The bullets are spiteful, hissing little things," I admitted, "but I can face them." "Aren't you afraid of anything?" What an absurd question. I was tempted to confess all the fear I felt, but could not endure to shatter the ideal of bravery she had created for herself.

"Well, I—I don't like the noise." This was the only truth I gave her. The pandemonium of sounds in a fight so terrified me that I had no bravery left for the missiles of war. "I don't see how you can stand it," she said, wondering. "I couldn't; I'm such a coward."

"But you're only a girl. I don't think you could bear to see men killed. I saw a sergeant this afternoon; he was standing by a gun; a piece of a shell struck him and—"

There was a pressure of a soft hand on my sleeve, and Mamie was looking at me with an eagerness, a terror, that warned me to desist. I glanced down at the hand she had unconsciously laid on my arm, then raised my eyes to hers. She blushed, and drew her hand away. How brutal of me to speak of such horrors to a girl. I did not finish my story.

When supper was ended we all went across the hall to the sitting-room. The windows were up, for it was mid-summer, and though we could not see out into the darkness, we could hear the tramp of men in the road, and scarcely a minute passed without a distant boom or a faint sound of a picket firing. There was an anxious look on the face of Mamie's mother, surrounded as she was with her little ones, and feeling that the younger children would be better asleep, she took them away and put them to bed. This left Mamie and me alone. We were not troubled about the approaching battle; we were interested only in each other.

Mamie's admiration for me grew every moment. She asked me why I wore yellow facings on my uniform, and I told her that they were to distinguish the cavalry. She was delighted with the jingle of my spurs, the golden shine of my buttons, and when I let her half draw my saber, her expressive eyes gleamed with mingled awe and wonder. Dear little innocent! she mistook the glitter of war for bravery. Was not I a soldier, bristling with steel, armed to the teeth? While she—she was only a girl, and a coward.

When my trappings and weapons ceased to interest her, we sat side by side looking over a book of pictures. Mamie was continually glancing aside at me and smiling—though there was nothing to smile at—then looking down at the pictures. Some fine strands of her hair brushed my cheek. How it happened, I never knew, but I, perhaps accidentally, let my hand fall on hers. She looked up at me with that same meaningless smile—meaningless, because she knew no more than I that it was the first tender opening of a woman's heart.

I have no distinct recollection of what first made me aware that armed men were without. I remember Mamie's jumping up, going to the window and peering into the darkness, then turning with blanched cheeks, a wild terror in her eyes. In another moment she had pushed me into a closet, locked the door and taken out the key. Soon after I heard the tread of men and their voices in the room.

Standing bolt upright in my narrow inclosure, my heart thumping, I was at first too terror-stricken to take heed of what was passing on the other side of the door, but presently becoming more composed I listened and heard men's voices. I was too excited to take in all that was said, nor could I hear all, but from certain words I judged they were confederate officers in consultation. Then I heard them going out. I was congratulating myself on the prospect of a speedy release, when a voice exclaimed:

"There's a Yankee about here." At once I remembered that I had left my forage cap on a table in the room, and doubtless it had been noticed by one of the confederates. Then I could hear some one moving about, pulling aside the furniture, and there was a vigorous jerk at the closet door, followed by a tremendous kick which would have broken it through had it not been of thick oak. After this I could hear footsteps hurrying out of the room.

I knew that the man who was hunting me had gone for some implement with which to pry open the door, and gave myself up for lost, but in a twinkling a key was thrust into the lock, the door pulled open, and there stood Ma-

mie. Motioning me to follow her she led the way out by a rear passage, and dashing across the yard, we hid in a clump of trees, her fingers pressed on my lips to keep me silent. A man standing near the house-door, holding my horse, had seen us and came toward us. Mamie and I ran on and made our way across a field.

"Halt, there!" A ball struck the air close to her ears. "Drop, Mamie; I'll go on." "I must show you the ravine." "Never mind the ravine; drop." She would not drop, but ran like a deer. Another bullet hissed by like an angry serpent.

"Drop, Mamie, for Heaven's sake, drop." "No, once in the ravine they can't hit you." And this was the timid creature who could not bear to hear how a man had been killed—a coward.

For the first time in my life I, too, was brave. I placed myself directly in line between Mamie and our pursuer. I could not see the ground on which I trod, and I tripped on the root of a tree. Just then the weapon behind us cracked again. Mamie staggered and tossed her hands above her head, turned partly round, then pitched forward and fell on her face.

I forgot everything but the tragedy before me. Our pursuers ran up, and seeing Mamie lying on the ground bleeding, and me bending over her, hurried back to the house. People came running out, some of them bearing lights, among them Mamie's mother. When she saw what had happened she swooned. I took Mamie in my arms; she looked up at me with a faint smile. Then suddenly my head swam. I lost consciousness. I, too, had been hit. Far from having felt fear, I had not even felt the bullet that wounded me.

Left by my captors at the house from which I had vainly endeavored to escape, I was nursed back to life by Mamie's mother. As I was in a critical condition, everything of an exciting nature was kept carefully from me. No one spoke to me of Mamie, and I had no heart to mention her name. At the end of a month I was pronounced out of danger and removed to a hospital. Before I was carried to the ambulance, Mamie's mother told me that I was to receive a visitor, and, leaving the room, returned leading a girl whose dark eyes stood out darker than ever in her pale face.

"Why, Mamie! I thought you were dead." "No, only wounded and badly frightened." I blushed crimson. Her modesty reminded me of my former boastfulness. "Mamie," I said, hanging my head, "they say that real born genius is unconscious. It must be so with courage—that courage which is a part of your nature. You think yourself a coward. You have proved yourself a heroine."

MOLLIE PITCHER.

Epitaph on the Grave of the Famous Young Heroine of the Revolutionary War.

"Moll Pitcher" was the daughter of a Pennsylvania German family, living in the vicinity of Carlisle. She was born in 1748, and her name was Mary Ludwig, a pure German name. She was married to one John Casper Hayes, a barber, who, when the war broke out with the mother country, enlisted in the First Pennsylvania artillery, and was afterward transferred to the Seventh Pennsylvania infantry, commanded by Col. William Irvine, of Carlisle, with whose family Mary Ludwig had lived at service. She was permitted to accompany her husband's regiment, serving the battery as cook and laundress, and when at the battle of Monmouth (Freehold), N. J., her husband was wounded at his gun, she sprang forward, seized the rammer, and took his place to the end of the battle. After the battle she carried water to the wounded, and hence her pet name of "Moll Pitcher."

Hayes died after the war was over and she married a second husband by the name of McCauley; and at her grave in the old cemetery at Carlisle there is a monument that bears this inscription:

MOLLIE M'CAULEY,
Renowned in History as "Mollie Pitcher," the Heroine of
the Revolutionary War.
Died January, 1832.
Erected by the Citizens of Cumberland County July 4, 1876.

On Washington's birthday, 1822, when Mollie was nearly 70 years old, the legislature of Pennsylvania voted her a gift of \$40 and a pension of \$40 per year. Her counterpart in female heroism in the civil war, the heroine of Whittier's poem, "Barbara Frietchie," was also a Pennsylvania German dame. Her maiden name was Hauer, and her family moved from Lancaster to Frederick, Md.

It is strange that these two solitary female military figures, the most conspicuous since Joan of Arc, were both Pennsylvania Germans, but it is true.—Harrisburg (Pa.) Commonwealth.

Often the Best Source.
Difficulty, adversity and suffering are not all evil, but often the best source of strength and virtue. Some men only require a great difficulty to set in their way to exhibit the force of their character, and difficulty, once conquered, becomes one of the greatest incentives to their progress. It is not prosperity so much as adversity, not wealth so much as poverty, that stimulates the perseverance of strong and healthy natures.—Detroit Free Press.

Always Willing.
Mattie—What would you do if a young man was to kiss you against your will?
Helen—Oh, paw! Such a thing would be impossible.—Chicago Evening News.

THE TRIBES TAKEN CAPTIVE.

Sunday School Lesson in the International Series for September 12, 1898—3 Kings, 17-18.

(Based upon Pei-chai's Story of the Golden Tribe.—If you wish them, they will be found of these, but if you have them, they will not be of these.)
SUBJECT.—Captivity of the Ten Tribes.
THE SCRIPTURE includes the last years of Israel, in 2 Kings 17-18; 17:3-4; and the prophets Amos and Hosea.

TIME.—The fall of Samaria took place in December, 722, or early in B. C. All authorities agree here.

PLACE.—Samaria, the capital of Israel.
EXPLANATORY.

I. Decline and Fall of Israel.—The two prophets, Amos and Hosea, with all their intense earnestness and love, were unable to make the people see, through the gorgeous clothing of the nation, the deadly cancer that was eating out its life. Jeroboam the Great died about 740, and in less than two decades the proud kingdom over which he ruled ceased to exist. Four of the six kings who succeeded him were struck down by assassins, and one died in captivity.—Kent.

II. The Moral Causes of the Fall of Israel.—1. Forgetting God. They forgot God and all He had done for them (v. 7). Hence came sin and weakness. They lost their confidence in God's wisdom and power to defend them as He had done in the days of old. His authority waned. His commandments were forgotten and set at naught.

2. Hypocrisy. V. 9. "Did secretly." They covered their idolatry with pretenses that it was a worship of Jehovah.—Cook.

3. Idolatry. "Built . . . high places." Altars in groves on a hill, for worship, sometimes for worship of Jehovah, but often for the worship of idols. "From the tower of the watchman: In lonely spots, to guard vineyards and flocks."

V. 10. "Images." Perhaps carved in some figure, but often only obelisks, representing some idol. "Groves": Asherim, wooden images, carved on pillars, of the goddess Aserah, corresponding to the Grecian Venus.

V. 11. "Whom the Lord carried away." Into captivity by the Assyrians. These nations were nearer Assyria, and first attacked, and yet Israel did not take warning, but did the very things which brought evil upon others.

4. Resistance to Good Influences. V. 13. "Yet the Lord testified against" (R. V., unto). "By all the prophets." Those who see visions which God reveals. Prophets of every kind were sent.

V. 14. "But hardened their necks." A metaphor derived from those oxen who, in spite of all efforts to guide them, hold their necks set and firm in the way they determine to go. It expresses unbending obstinacy and self-will.

5. Unbelief. "That did not believe in the Lord." They of course knew His existence, but they did not trust in His guidance, in His wisdom and goodness, so as to do what He commanded.

6. Disobedience. V. 15. "They rejected His statutes." The natural result of unbelief. "And His covenant." So the law was called, because it was an agreement between God and His people, He to preserve and defend them, they to obey. (See Deut. 29:1, 9, 13.) "His testimonies." His law, which is the testimony He bears for truth and against iniquity. "And . . . followed vanity." Idols who were absolutely powerless to help them. "Became vain." Weak, helpless, with no power to resist attacks.

7. Cruelty and Crime. V. 17. "Caused their sons . . . to pass through the fire." Not merely "made them pass through the fire for purification," but burnt them with fire. This was done in the worship of Molech. "The Rabbinists tell us that this idol was made of brass, and that the head was that of a calf with a crown upon it. It was made hollow, and a furious fire was kindled within it. . . . When the arms were red hot, the victim was thrown into them, and was almost immediately burned to death, while its cries were drowned by drums." "Divination and enchantments." These were different ways of seeking to know future events, and of imposing upon the people. "And sold themselves to do evil." The metaphor is taken from the practice of men selling themselves into slavery, and so giving themselves wholly up to work the will of their master.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.
No nation, and no individual, can attain the highest good from life without supreme consecration to God, a lofty ideal, and a holy enthusiasm in the service of God and man.
Sin is ungrateful and mean as well as wicked. God's goodness, which has ever blessed our lives, which has done more for us than we can ask or even think, should lead us to love and serve Him with our whole heart.
When religion displays itself in business, as well as in belief, at the caucus as well as at the church, at the polls as well as at the prayer-meeting, in society, as well as in synods, then the unsaved will acknowledge its genuineness.—Chicago Standard.
In the most comprehensive sense of the word God is the one answer of all human wants.—Rev. M. J. Savage.
To put works against faith is to contrast the tree with its roots.
Love has emulation without strife, unity without uniformity.
To silence the voice of conscience, follow its dictations.
The blush of guilt is nature's confession of wrong.

SALUTING IN THE ARMY.

A Thing Which Volunteers Learn How to Do as the Regulars Do It.

One thing which the volunteers do that they will never do in anything like the form in which the regulars do it is salute officers. Take a volunteer who is bronzed and big like a regular, and put him in a regular's clothes and send him out on the street, and he would certainly betray himself as a volunteer at his first meeting with an officer. The regular, walking on the street, salutes every officer he meets by raising the straightened fingers of his right hand to the brim of his hat, just over the right eye, and keeping them there until the officer has passed. The volunteer cannot be made to hold his hand there in any such way, says the Boston Transcript.

If he salutes a strange officer of low rank at all, he salutes him with the quick dash which is the regular officer's salute to the private. If the regular soldier is seated when an officer approaches in camp, on the street or anywhere else, he rises, faces the officer, stands very erect, and makes this salute. No one ever sees a volunteer trying to get his horse across the bridge while an electric car was crossing it from the other direction. The horse was plunging and leaping wildly, and the soldier had to work hard to control him. At this moment a young second lieutenant of Ohio volunteers came along the footway. In the midst of his horse's gyrations the mounted regular managed to salute the pedestrian officer in proper form. The smile of admiration and satisfaction on that young officer's face was worth going a long way to see.

SAILOR HATS TRYING.
The Low-Crowned, Narrow-Brimmed Ones Worn This Year Are Unbecoming.
The low-crowned, narrow-brimmed straw sailor of the season is going to rob the summer girl of much of her beauty, says the New York Commercial Advertiser. Several dozen women of all degrees of good looks fitted sailor hats on at one of the big shops and gazed disapprovingly in the mirror at themselves. There were all sorts of sailor hats on the tables and counters, low-crowned, narrow-brimmed ones of coarse straw, higher crowned, broader brimmed ones of fine straw, and various versions of each variety. The saleswoman declared that they were all this year's model. The customers murmured that only the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats were new. They continued fitting on and frowning at themselves and smiling derisively at each other.

"I never saw such a fright," said one young woman, as she resumed her own flowery hat after vainly searching for a becoming sailor among the low-crowned, coarse affairs. "I shall bust up my last year's hat and wear that. It is pretty and makes me look well, anyway."

"But these are considered very stylish," said the saleswoman, placing a little hat on her own head, where it looked about the size of a postage stamp. "They are made like boys' hats, and boys' hats and shoes and collars are the models for the best styles this season, you know."

DONE WITH A RIFLE.
The Head of an Indian Shot Out with One Hundred and Fifty-Two Bullets.
Adolph Toepferwein, San Antonio's marvelous young rifle shot, lately performed another of his astonishing feats, reports the Philadelphia Record. With a .22-caliber rifle he stood at a distance of 20 feet from a double thickness of heavy paper, about three feet long by two feet wide, and shot on it the outlines of an Indian's head. It took exactly 152 shots to do the trick. It was free-hand drawing, as the figure was not traced on the paper beforehand. This made the feat especially difficult, as "Tep" had to place every shot with reference to where its predecessor had gone, and where all the following shots were to go. In other words, he had to have every detail of the "drawing" planned out and constantly in his mind's eye while he was shooting. One shot fired a fraction of an inch wild would have spoiled the whole picture.

It is not clear whether or no this marksman is a member of Roosevelt's regiment of rough riders. If he isn't he ought to be.

Bicycles on a Gravestone.
There is no record that the bicycle has hitherto figured in sculptured work on memorial stones in graveyards, and, according to a London newspaper, a young widow of Rio de Janeiro may be accounted a pioneer in using its presentment for that purpose. She was introduced to her late husband while out wheeling, and ordered a sculptor to depict the meeting, bicycles and all, on the marble grave-stone in alto relievo. The effect is described as more novel than artistic, especially as the lady is clothed as attired in rational costume. In the inscription, which is in Spanish, is a sentence which may be translated: "My dear soul had the tire of his life prematurely punctured."

Chimney Sweep in Italy.
Three Italian school-teachers recently applied for work as public chimney sweeps in a Swiss village just over the line. The places they sought paid only \$100 a year, but that was more than they got in Italy as teachers of the rising generation. And people wonder that there are discontented murmurings and talk of revolution in the land of the Caesars!

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Use DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH. Cures HAIR LOSS, Stops Dandruff, Hair falling, scalp diseases, on it stain skin or linn. Absolutely gives Perfect Satisfaction.

Best HAIR GROWER DRESSING for Men, Women, Children. If your hair is FALLING, FADING or TURNING GRAY use DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH.

Only 50 Cents Per Large Bottle.

Prepared by LONDON SUPPLY CO., 663 Broadway, N. Y., who will send it prepaid, together with a case of DR. HAY'S HAIR HEALTH, only 50 cents and 10-cent instant 10c. CASH COUPON on receipt of 10c. Three bottles, \$1.50.

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SPECIAL NOTICES

Small advertisements of every description. Want, Sale or Rent Lost or Found, or other 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.

A Cure for Nervous Headaches.
For eight years I suffered from constipation and severe headache, the headache usually lasting three days at a time. Headache powders relieved me temporarily, but left too bad an effect. Since I began taking Celery King I have greatly improved in health, seldom or never have headache, have gained in flesh, and feel decidedly well.—Mrs. E. S. Hatch, Temple, N. H. Celery King for the Nerves, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 50c. and 25c. packages by W. H. Herman, Roxbury, Middlesex Co., U.S.A.; McClure, H. A., Ebor, N. C.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Henry Grubb, Sr., late of Centre township, Snyder Co., 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.

HENRY B. GRUBB, Adm'r.
Jacob Gilbert, ATTY.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Elizabeth Walter, late of Centreville, Centre twp., Snyder County, Pa., deceased, have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted to said estate should make immediate payment and those having claims against it should present them duly authenticated for settlement.

URIAH WEIRICH, Executor.
July 25, 1898.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Eve Sampson, late of Centre 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.

JONATHAN MUSSER,
DANIEL F. BINGAMAN,
Aug. 23, 1898. Administrators.

PATENTS OBTAINED. TERMS EASY.
Consult or communicate with the Editor of this paper, who will give all needed information.

HUMPHREYS'

No. 1 Cures Fever.
No. 3 " Infants' Diseases.
No. 4 " Diarrhea.
No. 8 " Neuralgia.
No. 9 " Headache.
No. 10 " Dyspepsia.
No. 14 Cures Skin Diseases.
No. 15 " Rheumatism.
No. 20 " Whooping Cough.
No. 27 " Kidney Diseases.
No. 30 " Urinary Diseases.
No. 77 " Colds and Grip.

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