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.

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, Att'y.

CLOSE TOGETHER.

We're purty clost together
North, east, an' south an' west;
It took the stormy weather
To bring us to our best!
One flag is ripplin' over
The ranks on land an' sea;
The man who marched with Sherman
Stands with the man of Lee!

We're purty clost together—
Thar ain't no kind o' doubt;
It took the stormy weather
To let the rainbows out!
One flag is ripplin' over
This bright land of the free;
The man who marched with Sherman
Stands with the man of Lee!

Yes, purty clost together;
An' ef it's storm or tide,
We'll thank God fer the weather
That finds us side by side!
For one flag ripplin' over,
That throws her ribbons free
Where men who marched with Sherman
March with the men of Lee.

—F. L. Stanton, in Chicago Times-Herald.

A STRANGE DECEPTION

By ELIZA WALLACE DURBIN.

I.

THE editor of Oxford's Monthly sat in his sanctum, every atom of his body expressing editorial weariness—the weariness that is beyond all others—and is approached only by that of a school-ma'am on Friday evening.

He had finished one task, and was allowing himself the recreation of realizing how tired he was before beginning another. As his eyes wandered listlessly over his desk, they fell upon a letter lying there. With a sudden stir of interest he picked it up.

"So she is coming to New York," he mused. "I wonder what she is like. Very likely plain and strong-featured. What an incongruity if so much beauty of mind should lie under an unattractive exterior! Yet what does it matter anyway? It's lucky for us we chanced to bring her out; that last story of hers was extraordinary."

Just then the office boy entered.

"Lady to see you—Miss Lansing," said he. The editor sat up in his chair, all his listlessness gone.

"Bring her in," he said quickly, and watched the door with intense interest.

In a moment there entered a creature whose beauty struck John Laurence dumb. He stared at her in wonder as she came toward him, and not till she hesitated in embarrassment did he get up and hold out his hand.

"How do you do, Miss Lansing?" he said, awkwardly. "You have taken me by surprise."

"I did not intend to come so soon," she replied, in a voice that wafted him to the green meadows and rippling waters of her stories, "but I wished to see about attending some art school."

"You do your own illustrating?"

"Yes."

"You are greatly blessed, Miss Lansing."

Miss Lansing knew very well that he was thinking of her physical charms as well as her mental gifts, but she betrayed no embarrassment. There was an instant's gleam of white teeth and a glint of gold as she smiled slightly, then her face became almost sad in its seriousness.

There was a little silence, then she said timidly: "I have brought you the story of which I wrote you."

He took it, saying: "I will examine it as soon as possible. Shall I give you the check for your last story?"

"Not to-day. I don't want it to-day," she answered, hastily.

"Very well. Now sit down, and let me show you some comments on your work."

He brought a lot of papers, and with quiet enthusiasm called her attention to certain paragraphs; but she seemed very indifferent, and soon rose to go.

He went out with her.

"Have you friends in the city?" he asked when they reached the hall.

"No, I know of no one. I have a room on Thirty-second street, near the Imperial hotel."

When he found she intended to walk he seized the opportunity of accompanying her, and from his leisurely manner you would not have guessed that every idle moment was increasing the already crushing pressure of work to each square inch on his brain.

By the time they had reached her place he had committed himself to the pleasure of showing her the city. But when she had disappeared he took a cab and hurried back to the office, where visions of a ravishing combination of dark blue eyes, long, black lashes, soft wavy, gold-brown hair, and a fascinating mouth flitted in and out with the sunlight as it flashed back and forth over the spot where she had stood.

John Laurence had lived his 33 years in the realm of sentiment; but had never been inside the garden of Eden. He had gone past and around it, and knew it was there, without any desire to enter, or even any curiosity as to what was within; but now that fate had given him a ticket and passed him inside, he did not stand long at the portal.

II.

Miss Lansing had said she would not stay longer than a week, but six passed, and she was still in the city. Of all those millions of people she knew only two—Laurence and his sister. The thought pleased Laurence. He gloated over it with selfish delight. He was thinking of it one morning while finishing some work, preparatory to taking his sister and Miss Lansing out for the afternoon, when the boy ushered in Miss Lansing herself.

He sprang up in surprise and pleasure, but the gladness of his face gave way to concern when he saw that she was excited and troubled.

"Mr. Laurence," she began quickly, "can you give me a check for those stories now? I have just received a telegram. I must go."

He gave an exclamation of dismay.

"Oh, yes, I can give you the money, but—"

He went to his desk, and in a moment returned and held out a slip of paper.

"Two hundred dollars!" she exclaimed.

He paid no heed.

"When do you go?" he asked.

"The train goes at one."

"It is ten now," glancing at the clock. "I will come to you in an hour then."

"Good-by," she said, softly, and looked wistfully up at him. When she met his look the blood rose to meet her quickly lowered lashes.

He stood looking down at her, then suddenly bent and kissed her.

"Good-by for a little while," he said, tenderly, and then the door opened and she went quickly out.

When Laurence rang the bell at Miss Lansing's lodging place the trim servant girl, who had come to expect him as regularly as she expected the milkman and the iceman, looked at him with friendly curiosity as she waited for him to speak.

Laurence looked at her in surprise, for his object in coming was so well known that it had become unnecessary to repeat it.

"Miss Lansing has gone home," the girl said at last.

"Gone! But her train doesn't go till one."

"I don't know. She went away and isn't coming back."

"Did she leave no word?"

"No, sir."

Laurence stood looking irresolutely from the girl to the street. A suggestion as to what to do in this unexpected turn was given him by the kind-hearted girl.

"You would likely see her at the depot if you know which way she goes," she said, kindly.

Laurence was down the steps before his hurried "Thank you" was out.

But trying to find some one in a city depot is worse than hunting for a needle in a haystack, for there the stack moves as well as the needle, the particles being scattered in all directions. After waiting and watching until long after her train time it suddenly occurred to him that she might have sent word to him, and he left the depot in even greater haste than he had come.

That she had gone without seeing him did not trouble him; there were many reasons to be found for that; very likely she had found an earlier train. He could see her again. Orville was not so far away. But why had she left him no word? The longer he thought of it the more convinced he became that she had sent him a message.

The assistant editor, Grayson, was in the outer room when he entered.

"Lady in there waiting for you, Laurence," said he, looking up. "Our new genius, Miss Lansing."

It seemed to Laurence he had been carrying the world around, the sense of relief as those words dislodged the weight oppressing him was so great.

As he opened the door a tall, angular, unprepossessing woman rose to meet him.

"I am Miss Lansing," she said.

Had the words been a dagger thrust, letting flow his life's blood, he could not have become whiter. The woman stared at him in astonishment.

"I am Miss Lansing, of Orville," she repeated, the note of importance that had been her first sentence changing to one of resentment.

Laurence turned to shut the door. As he did so the woman's eyes fell upon a manuscript lying on his desk, and she snatched it up with a cry of surprise.

"Where did you get this?" she demanded.

"What do you know of that?" he asked.

"Why, I wrote it! I gave it to my cousin to illustrate—" She stopped, and comprehension flashed into her face. "Tell me how you got it," she commanded, in intense excitement.

"I do not see—"

"Oh, I can easily prove it is mine," she interrupted. "Just bring me the person who gave it to you. How did you get it?"

He told her briefly. She interrupted him with a cry of dismay when he spoke of the other Miss Lansing's departure.

"You did not pay her?" she cried.

"Yes, I paid her. Don't get excited." She was looking wildly at the door. "If there is anything wrong I will—"

She turned on him fiercely.

"She captivated you, did she? Well, you were useful to her; you helped her to run to her worthless artist lover."

"Sit down," said Laurence, sternly, his face, until now very white, becoming red with what she thought was anger. "Whoever she is, she is gone, and I must know the truth. Tell me your story."

She would not take the chair offered her, but his manner calmed her enough to enable her to tell her story connectedly.

"She is my cousin. My father reared her with us. She wanted to marry a good-for-nothing artist, and to get her away from him we sent her to my aunt, who lives up the river here. She has always illustrated my stories, so I gave her some work to take along. I never dreamed—aunt must have been in the plot, too, else she wouldn't have known I was coming to-day. I wired her at aunt's that I was coming, and she should send my manuscripts to my address here. To think she had the impudence! I can't have her arrested for forgery, can I? She only signed her name—it's the same as mine. What can I—"

Here Grayson, whose curiosity, aroused by the woman's angry voice, had stirred him to listening, heard Laurence interpose in a quiet, firm tone. A little later the woman came out. He saw that she held a check; but the promise she had given in exchange for that check he did not see.

III.

A year later a check for $200 came to Laurence. He applied a temporary balm to his wound by sending it back to the agent with a few curt words, but the fact that it had come stayed with him, and the restlessness it engendered drove him to ask the agent when he brought the check the second time the address of the sender. Three weeks later he was in Denver.

"I have brought you back your check," he said to her by way of greeting when he found her, and she stood before him, her mixed emotions jostling each other as they strove for expression in her face. Plainer than all others were her sorrow and agonizing shame, and his heart grew hot with anger toward her as he saw them; for they told him that her sense of right was not nearly so far astray as he had judged; it had been in plain sight when she had acted against it.

He laid the check on the table and, eying it contemptuously, said: "I would give a million like that if you could give me back my idea of you, though I never saw you again."

He looked at her, but she said not a word, and with a low good-by, which she did not return, he went away, stumbling against a half-finished picture as he went, and so noticing that she was in her studio.

As he was ascending the steps of his hotel a man coming down stopped, stared, then forced Laurence's attention to himself by grasping his coat.

"John Laurence, by all that's holy!" he exclaimed.

They shook hands. Then, woman-fashion, they talked awhile where they stood and then went up the steps together.

When they had made themselves comfortable in Laurence's room, Laurence said:

"Why is it you don't come east, since your pictures are such a success, Harlan?"

Gilbert Harlan kept on puffing at his cigar for a little while, then slowly put it down, saying: "Thereby hangs a tale—a tale of woe."

"Ah! a woman in the case?"

"You needn't sneer. Wait until you see her."

"Who is she?"

"Miss Lansing."

"Miss Lansing!"

"Oh, not your contributor—not that ill-constructed, slovenly-finished, dull-colored following of an ugly design."

"You know her, then?"

"Rather. I boarded next door one summer. Meanest family alive. They had a niece living with them. Her father—brother of Lansing—when very young married a girl out there. Some trouble arose—nothing wrong—and Lansing deserted her and gave his child to his brother. When he died—the girl's father, I mean—they kept the child and didn't let her know about her mother, who had found out their address and kept writing and writing—she was too poor to come, poor thing. Finally the girl got one letter, and begged them to let her go to her mother. They were furious with her for asking. I taught her and she illustrated her cousin's stories, but she never got a cent for it. I fell in love with her, of course. She liked me, but didn't care particularly for me, so I stayed on in hope that she would.

"One day a woman out here wrote to Adelaide that her mother was in the poorhouse dying of consumption. I saw my chance and took it. The girl promised to marry me if I would take her to her mother. How the uncle howled when I asked for her! The girl was under age and we could do nothing then; but I went to the city after money, and while I was gone they sent her to an old, rheumatic aunt near New York, and as I had not confided my plan of elopement to the girl, she did not write to me and I could not write to her. She must have won the aunt to her side, for she soon ran off to Colorado. She arrived just in time to save her mother from dying in the poorhouse. She afterward secured a position on a paper here, where I found her when I came."

"And she—"

Harlan absently flipped the ashes of his burned out cigar on to the carpet with one slim finger, and watched them as they fell.

"No," he said, sadly; and after a long pause added, with a sudden brightening: "But, of course, I can't help hoping, as long as there is no one else. But my model will be waiting for me. I will look in when I come back."

Laurence watched him go up the street, conscious that of all the shafts that had pierced him a year ago, the one tipped with the word artist had rankled most.

When Harlan was out of sight he hastened back to Adelaide Lansing.

He sat down this time, and to her surprised, inquiring eyes he answered: "I could not help it."

"Help what?" she asked, hoping by the coldness of her tone to neutralize the effect of the flush she felt covering her face.

"Help my coming back. Harlan told me. Why did you not trust me—that day?"

She turned to the window.

"Why didn't you?" he repeated, going to her.

"I could not bear to see the change in you," she answered, almost inaudibly.

"And you will forgive me—my rudeness this morning?"

"I What have I to forgive? Will you ever—"

He gathered her into his arms with fierce tenderness, as though shutting her off from all past faults and future mistakes, as he answered: "I love you. Is that not enough?"—N. O. Times-Democrat.

Not Used to Fragile Ware.

Mrs. Housewife—Bridget, that is the seventh piece of china that you have broken within the past two days.

Bridget—I know it, mum. At the last place where I worrked the folks never ate off anything but gold and silver.—Somerville Journal.

ISAIAH CALLED TO SERVICE.

Sunday School Lesson in the International Series for October 23, 1898—Isaiah 6:1-13.

[Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.]

GOLDEN TEXT.—I heard the voice of the Lord, saying: Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I: Here am I; send me.—Isa. 6:8.

THE SECTION.—The story of the reigns of Amaziah and of Uzziah (2 Chron., chaps. 25, 26). A general view of the work of Isaiah, especially chaps. 1-6.

TIME of this vision, in the year of Uzziah's death, B. C. 750, or, rev. chron., 727.

PLACE.—In Jerusalem, the prophet's home. The vision was probably in the temple.

I. Isaiah and His Times.—1. His name means "The salvation of Jehovah."

II. Isaiah's Vision.—Vs. 1-4. 1. "In the year that King Uzziah died:" He well remembers the date of his spiritual birth. "I saw" in a vision, in the court of the temple. "The Lord sitting upon a throne;" Isaiah describes no face, but only a presence and a session."—G. A. Smith. "High and lifted up:" Far above all kings, all nature, all powers and principalities—in goodness, in power and in glory. "And his train:" His royal robes, resplendent and flowing, as an expression of his glory. "Filled the temple:" or palace above and around this royal presence. "Stood the seraphim:" "flame bearers," "burning ones." "Each one had six wings:" Suggesting their readiness and swiftness to carry God's commands.

3. "And one cried unto another:" It was an antiphonal song proceeding without interruption. Some of them commenced and others responded "Holy, holy, holy:" This is called the "Trisagion," or thrice holy. The word is repeated for emphasis, to express the superlative of holiness. "The Lord of hosts:" Of the whole universe, organized as into nations, workers, armies and choirs; all angels, all stars and worlds, all forces, all principalities and powers. Jehovah is Lord of lords, and King of kings. "The whole earth is full of his glory:" Every part shall manifest his glory to the utmost corner.

4. The posts of the door." "The foundations of the threshold."—Delitzsch. "Moved at the voice:" Trembled, vibrated, as we have felt in a great church at the sound of the great organ. "The house was filled with smoke:" Not of cloud and mystery, but of the incense of praise, kindled on the altar of incense by the seraphim songs.

III.—Conviction of Sin, and Forgiveness.—Vs. 5-7. 5. "Woe is me, for I am undone:" "I am lost." "Because I am a man of unclean lips:" His words, the natural expression of his heart, were sinful. "I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips:" He partook of the nature and the sins of his people, even when he did not sin by direct act. "For mine eyes have seen the King:" His conviction of sin arose from the contrast of his own soul with the thrice holy King.

6. "Then flew one of the seraphim:" God's Messenger: "Having a living coal," or "a glowing stone."

7. "He laid it upon my mouth:" His unclean lips, on the sin. "Thine iniquity is taken away:" The assurance of forgiveness from God accompanied the visible expression of forgiveness, not only for himself, but in behalf of the whole people of unclean lips to whom he was to be sent. "And thy sin purged:" Cleansed away.

IV.—The Call.—V. 8. Having been cleansed, he was prepared to listen to the call of God, and carry, as the seraphim to Him, the altar coals of sacrificial love and forgiveness to His nation. 8. "Whom shall I send?" To show the vision of God, and the way of salvation. "Then said I, Here am I; send me:" The whole vision not only prepared him to do the work, but inspired him to yield to the call.

V. The Disheartening Work to Be Done.—Vs. 9-12. 9. "Go, and tell this people:" This is not to be his first message to them, as his prophecies show, but is to be his message when they have rejected God's Word. "Hear * * * but understand not:" Go on as you have been doing, hearing the warning as a sweet song, and seeing the signs of coming evil, but only as a dream, a fiction.

10. "Make:" Go on and do your duty even though these effects follow. "The heart:" The source of feeling; the seat of conscience and the moral nature. "Fat:" Dull, covered up so that outside things will make no impression.

11. "Lord, how long?" Will this be the only result? When will there come something better? "Until the cities be wasted:" Describing the captivity which was to come upon Judah 150 years later.

VI. Final Success.—V. 13. Then God shows him that after all, his work is not a failure. There is to be success, though afar off, and in a different form. "It shall be a tenth:" A tithe, a small portion. The remnant often referred to in Isaiah's prophecies. "It shall return:" From the exile, as the second part of Isaiah so fully describes. "And shall be eaten:" Destroyed again as before, referring to successive captivities, and perhaps looking forward to the destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans. "Whose substance is in them when they cast their leaves:" They seem to be dead, but they are not, and shall produce leaves again.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS.

The vision or God, holy, great, wise, but as good and loving as he is great, is the beginning of new life, and worthy service.

It is not by denunciation so much as by a vision of God, of Christ, of love, that men are convicted of sin.

The burning coal from the altar of Christ's love is sent by God's messengers to those who feel their sin.

Chocolate as a Medium of Exchange.

Chocolate is still used in the interior of South America for currency, as are cocoanuts and eggs.

REST FOR MILK COWS.

A Matter of Great Importance That Is Ignored Far Too Often by Many Dairymen.

It is, we think, a fault of some of the best breeds of milkers that they can not be easily dried off, even when they approach the time for dropping their calf. An interval of at least a month and six weeks is still better, should be left to the cow, in which she should have an entire rest. Milk is not good for food for varying periods before parturition, depending much on the age and condition of the cow and the kind of food she receives and digests. A cow thin in flesh may require eight or even ten weeks' rest before beginning milking again. While we believe that young heifers after their first calf should be kept in milk until within a month or six weeks before the next calf is due, it is rather to get them into the habit of long milking than because the small amount they give will be worth the extra feed and labor required to secure it.

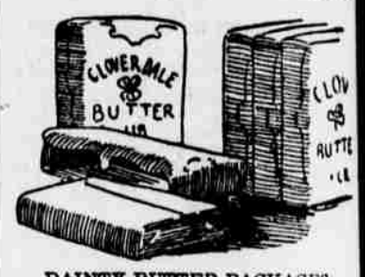
Unless to supply milk for household use in winter there is little advantage in milking the cows that calved in the spring longer than January of the following year. From eight to twelve weeks with comparatively little grain feed will leave the cow in better condition for next year than will crowding her stomach with grain, so as to force milk production until near the time her next calf is due to be dropped. This last will possibly increase the milk flow when the cow springs her bag for the coming calf, and thus cause garget, which is an evil that the best milkers are likely to suffer from.

Until near the time of parturition the cow should be fed enough grain to make her gain in flesh. But for two weeks before she calves this grain feed should be withheld, lest it stimulate the milk flow too much. After the calf is a week old, and the danger of inflammation has past, the grain feeding may be resumed, taking care not to feed grain in such quantities as to fatten the cow rather than increase her milk flow.—American Cultivator.

BUTTER IN BOXES.

Putting Up Dairy Products in Attractive Packages Is a Very Profitable Investment.

An attractive package often sells even inferior goods, while an attractive package and superior goods make a combination that is simply irresistible! Successful shippers of many kinds of farm products have found out the truth of this and are profiting by it. Of two articles of equal merit the public will always buy the more attractive goods. There are two reasons for putting up butter in the form shown in the cut. One is that in this shape it is exceedingly attractive, and the other is that such a package is most conveniently carried home by the purchaser without the risk of melting the butter by the warmth of the hand in holding the package.



DAINTY BUTTER PACKAGES.

The prints are made in the flat, four-square form, and are wrapped in parchment paper. Each pound print is then slipped into the paper box, the flap closed and the butter is ready for the customer. On the outside of the box, in dainty, colored lettering, should be the name of the dairy farm producing the goods, with the head of a mild-eyed Jersey or Guernsey cow, or a bit of clover, to suggestively ornament the package. A reputation for the butter one makes can thus be established. Such boxes cost about half a cent each, all printed, when bought by the thousand.—Orange Judd Farmer.

HINTS FOR DAIRYMEN.

Cleanliness in packing and delivering bespeaks neatness and taste and helps to sell it.

The breaking of heifers to milk should be done by a very careful and level-headed person.

A cow that is heated or worried will not milk well and her milk will not make good butter.

A healthy cow in a good condition genrally makes better colored butter than one in a poor condition.

Sunlight, fresh air and hot water are the cardinal factors in cleanliness. One of the standard doctrines of modern dairy practice is that disinfectants can never take the place of simple, old-fashioned cleanliness.

Do not be frightened if your cows are large eaters, for it is a pretty sure indication that they have something of value to give you in return. All that you can induce the cow to eat and digest, above that needed for support, will go directly to profit. — Rural World.

The Income from Cows.

The first $25 of the annual income from a cow yields but little or no profit to the owner over cost of keep; and it will take 5,000 pounds of milk at 50 cents a hundred pounds to bring this sum. If by proper selection and breeding one can get a cow that will yield 8,000 pounds of milk with but little if any more expense for food and care, the extra 3,000 pounds will represent profit. It is recognition of this principle and action accordingly that makes fortunes in other lines of business, and will [illegible] farm [illegible]