"Overwork and loss of necessary sleep made me very nervous and it My features aren't spread and I have but was with the greatest difficulty that I could execute my solos. A friend advised me to give Dr. Miles' Nervine a trial, which I did and received immediate benefit. In a few days I was entirely relieved. I recommend it to all musicians who suffer from overworked and disordered nerves."

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Small advertisements of every description. Want, sale or Rem. Lost or Found or ther notices inserted under this head for one-hair cent a word for one insertion and one-fourth cent a word each subsequent insertion. Nothing inserted for less than ten cents.

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For eight years I suffered from costipation and source headache, the headache usually lasting three days at a time. Head tche powders relieved me temporarily, but left foo bad an effect. Since I began taking Chiery King I have greatly improved in health, seldom or never have headache, nave gained in fiesh, and feel decidedly well—MRS, E.S. Haren, Temple, N. H. Celery King for the Nerves, Liver and Kidneys is sold to see, and 25c, packages by W. H. Herman, Trongeville, Middleswarth & Uish, McClure; H. A. Horight, Aline.

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Comrades, Antiention.

I served from 62 to 64, and was wounded May 16, 1864, in the Battle of the Wilderness. I would like to have my comtades know what Celery King has done for me. In 1880 my old complaint, chronic dharrahoea, came back. The doctors could not stop it, but Celery King has cured me, and I am once more enjoying life—Paavk Bassilian. Owosso, Mich. (Ox. F. 49th N. Y. V. L.). Celery King for the Nerves, Liver and mid Kidneys is sold in 80, and 25c, packages by W. H. Herman, Trougleille; Middlewarth & Lish McClure; H. A. Ebright, Aline W. H. Herman, Troxelettle; Middl Ush, McClure; H. A. Ebright, Aline

of this paper, who will give all needed infor-

DMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the setate of H. C. Sampsel, late of Contre township Snyder county, Pa., dee'd, kaving been grante-te the undersigned, all persons knowing them selves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having daims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

J. W. SAMPSELL. Oct. 27, 1928.

Administrator.

New Book Free. A valuable book giving complete information how I successfully cure consumption and other lung diseases will be sent free to the readers of this paper. Address Dr. Bartz, A. Inter Ocean Bldg., Chicago, Ili.

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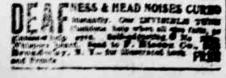
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Osly 50 Cents Per Large Bettle. State Broadway, I. V. was will med it

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THE FOUR-LEGGED MAN.

The "piece" I would "speak" is a song of the "freak."

The chap whom we all of us know.

Who is always on view for a nickle or two
At any museum or show;

Who isn't designed like the rest of man-

But belongs to a different clan, The big-footed boy, or the ossified joy, Or the wonderful Four-Legged Man.

We mortals, whose eyes are the usual And are set in the usual face.

Must work every day for our pittance of And thank the good Lord we've a place. But if you've a nose that obligingly grows Till it waves in the breeze like a fan,

Your presence they seek, at a "hundred" a To show with the Four-Legged Man.

And if you've an ear that is awfully queer And is on the same side as its twin. Or if you've a mouth that's a foot to the

Bo it opens down under your chin, Enthroned in your state you may chuckle

at fate, As thousands your "novelties" scan, And lecturers spout to the public about Yourself and the Four-Legged Man.

And so I declare that it doesn't seem fair That I've no superfluous charms; My legs are but few, for I have only two, And the same may be said of my arms;

one head, I am built on the regular plan, I'm toiling, alas! with the laboring class, And I envy the Four-Legged Man. -Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

CRANBERRY JAKE. GENEROSITY BRINGS

.... ITS OWN REWARD.

W ELL, Jake, and what do you want? Speak up lively, for I want? Speak up lively, for I be off to the meadow," said Farmer Brown to a small specimen of humanity which had suddenly appeared before him.

"Please, sir, I want a job," was the nnswer. "You want a job, Jake? Ha, ha! and

what can you do? Can you rake the cranberries or run the machinery, or see to the flood gates?"

"I don't know, sir, but I could try, for please, sir, father's sick again, and mother's having hard work to get along with all the children and not much work coming in this year, and she told me unless I could earn the money for it myself, I couldn't go to school this winter, and so you see I'd like a job if you can spare one."

Kindly Farmer Brown's face softened as he looked at the thinly-clad little urchin so early in life in quest of a "job," and he said with a smile:

"Well, my little man, come on then. You shall have your job, but mind you must work stiddy. No play in work hours round here, remember. It's work we're after.' Little Jake drew himself up with a

sturdy look of independence as he snid:

"You just bet I can work, Mr. Brown.

"Well, come on, then," said the farmer, and together they made their way down the long road leading to what was known as the cranberry meadow

Mr. Brown had kept on adding a bed now and then, from year to year, until his cranberries formed his most important product, and the picking seaand girls of the neighborhood as the one chance of the year to earn a little money for new clothes and extra one seemed to notice him except to schooling.

Jake put both hands in his pockets in imitation of Farmer Brown, and followed him with a businesslike air which might have distinguished a millionaire, so full was it of importance.

As they drew near the scene of his 'uture labors he became more and more alive to the importance of his first lob.

Jake was not, at first sight, a prepossessing youngeter-a face all freckles from exposure to sun and wind, not even redeemed by the saucy turn-up nose, that in story books al-

ways makes interesting the plain face. No, Jake certainly was not handsome, but there was a pathetic look about the mouth and eyes that seemed to appeal to one's heart for pity and sympathy, a look as of one who had already known some of the burdens of

But, although Jake appeared so timid and shrinking, there was something true blue about the little fellow. and under his ragged jacket there beat an honest little heart that was destined to do something noble yet in the

Down in the meadow were the cranberry pickers hard at work gathering the ruddy berries, sorting them, pouring into barrels, everyone eager and alert to do his or her part in the cranberry harvesting of the year.

It was a pretty scene, viewed by one who had hitherto been a stranger to it. The hills in the distance all aflame with the autumn glow, and the farmhouses nestling in their shadow-the meadow lands and fields beginning already to look bare and sere, for the frosty nights had been many-the cranberry bogs were the spot where life seemed to be centered.

Dozens of men were raking the cranberries from the flooded bogs, while inside the picking-over house dozens of girls were hard at work picking over the berries as they rattled down into the bins before them.

One of them, a slender, fair-haired girl, turning toward her companions. said, in clear tones: "See here, girls, I. for one, am about tired of this kind of work. Shan't you be glad when it is over, and we can go home and get a

"Yes, I shall be glad," said Fannie Damon, "for I dream of cranberries by night and think of them by day, until I am almost turned into a eranberry myself; and then, too, as school has begun I feel impatient to be among my books again."

"It's always books with you ten's

it, Fannie? laughed black-eyed Kitty Wells, who was always the life of any group, so full was she of good-natured

Just then Mr. Brown entered, bringing little Jake with him, and as he entered he said in his brisk, hearty voice:

"Look here, girls, I've brought you a new helper. Make him run errands for you, and can you make room for him to pick over at one of your bins?"

No one spoke at first, for many in the neighborhood had no sympathy with Jake's drunken father, or for his shiftless family, as the neighbors called it, so there seemed to be no place for Jake until at last gentle Fannie Damon broke the silence by saying: "I can make room for him here, Mr. Brown," and Jake took his place beside her, and she kindly instructed him in his new duties in a way that forever won his honest little heart's allegiance.

Day after day Jake held manfully to his duties, but ofttimes the work was hard and irksome, for beside the constant picking over it was: "Jake, come here," and, "Jake, run there," from morning till night, and not always in the kindliest tone either, for some of the girls would not forget that he was drunken Jake Taylor's boy, and must be treated accordingly.

"Girls," said Fannie one day, "please be more kind to Jake, for he is such a good boy and tries so hard to be help-

"Do you suppose we're going to treat old Jake Taylor's boy like a prince?" said Kitty, outspoken as usual.

"But, Kitty, let's be kind to him for his own sake," said Fannie. "He is very quick to feel every slight, and he is so sensitive about his father already. That is what makes him so shy."

The cranberry picking season sped on. The October days and nights were very chilly now, and Jack Frost had painted all the trees in brilliant colors, while the frost flowers lifted their white faces from the brown stretch of meadow lands like children of summer, pale with fear at finding themselves so far away from their kindly

Little Jake worked faithfully day after day, despite weariness and the fact that no one indoors or out seemed disposed to pay him any attention, excepting his gentle friend, Fannie, whose kind words and smiles had made him her willing slave. So when one day came, and she was not found in her place, life looked dull indeed to little Jake. He winked back a tear as he heard some one say that she was tired out, and would not be able to work any more, although she had depended on the money to pay for a term at the academy, which she had hoped would enable her to teach in one of the village schools, as her invalid mother had almost nothing for her support.

As Jake listened to the talk about her, the thought came to him: "Well, here is my money. I might give it to ber." He put the thought away as one that must not be entertained, but as he remembered her kindness, it occurred to him over and over again, and it seemed so like a voice that he found himself unconsciously answering:

"Well, don't I want to go to school. too, and I haven't any other way to earn money. Why should I give it to

So he thought on all day, one minute deciding that his friend should son was hadled by the grown-up boys have his money, the next thinking that he needed it quite as much himself. The hours went by very slowly. No send him hither and thither on errands, now to the story above with a message, now out to the edge of the bogs where he would fain have lingered, for the autumn air was bracing and clear, and the meadows were so piest time of his life. pretty with the ruddy berries showing their heads above the water which flooded them.

Farmer Brown, who had been kind to Jake whenever he had a chance to speak with him, met him as he came from an errand back into the cranberry house.

"Well, my little man, how is business to-day?" he kindly asked.

"First rate, sir," answered Jake. straightening himself, and growing certainly an inch taller under the kindly look.

As he reentered the room one of the men shouted to him from the upper floor: "Jake, bring up some water and be lively."

He started cheerfully on the errand. but when half way up the ladder-like stairway he heard a creaking sound and felt something give way. Frantically he clutched at the side of the ladder, but falled to find support, and with a cry fell to the floor beneath, where he lay motionless. The terrified girls gathered around while Mr. Brown lifted him from the floor, pillowing his head on his knee, while he tried to restore him to consciousness.

At last he opened his blue eyes, and, ceeing Fannie Brown's kindly face above him, murmured, faintly: "Please give it all to her, for you see I'm a man, while she's only a girl."

Then he closed his eyes again and mouned faintly. He was quickly carried to his home and a physician summoned, who found that the extent of his injuries was a broken leg, which would be likely to keep him in bed a good many weeks.

Jake's sad-eyed mother, patiently accepting this new burden, set to work to make him as comfortable as possible, and smiled lovingly on him as she passed from his bedside to the next room, where lay the father whom so many condemned for his shiftless WAYS.

One morning a week or two later Jake received an envelope from Mr. Brown containing the wages he had earned at the cranberry harvesting.

He had told his mother of the use to which he wished to put his money, and she, although she knew they would sorely need it for themselves, could not bear to quench the spark of generosity in Jake, and so assented.

Little Jake, bolstered up in bed, la boriously printed on the outside of the

> "TO MISS FANNIE. FROM HER FRIEND JAKE. P. M .- TO GO TO THE CADEMY."

When Fannie received the little package she smiled and cried over it in turns, while she said to the girl friend who had brought it.

"As if I would take his money, when he needs it so much more than I, especially now, since Mr. Brown has been so kind as to offer to loan me the money for the academy. No, I shall send it back to the generous little fellow, of course."

"Look here," said Kitty (for it was she who had brought the package). "I tell you what let's do: Let's go there some night after school and give him a surprise party, and then get as many as are willing to promise to go there in leisure hours and teach him until he is able to go to school again.

"Agreed," cried Fannie, and Kitty hurried off to see the other girls and secure their aid, which was willingly promised, for they were all kindhearted girls and had been much ashamed of the way in which they had treated little Jake.

So one evening after a day when the broken leg had been unusually troublesome and time had gone slowly for little Jake, as he had no books or games to while away the hours, there came a knock at the door, and when Mrs. Taylor opened it a bevy of bright girl faces appeared, and as they clustered round Jake with kind greetings each one laid down a parcel on the bed.

As he opened them one by one he found school books for which he had longed, two or three bright story books and a dissected map of the world, for which he could hardly express his thanks, so great was his delight, for Jake was an ardent little student in geography.

As he looked from one to the other of the little group around him he smiled in the pathetic way he had and said: "What made you doit? Oh, you are all so kind!"

"We wanted you to know how sorry we are for your hurt and to do something to help you forget it." said his friend Fannic, who had been delegated spokesman of the party.

"And we're coming every night after school to hear your lessons until you are well again," cried impulsive Kitty Wells.

Little Jake was almost too happy to speak as he listened to them, and as they bade him good night he said, in his quaint way: "I guess the angels must have told you to do it."

That night as his mother came to kiss him and give his pillow a plumping up she discovered a folded paper urder the pillow, which, on being opened. was found to contain \$50 in bills and these words: "For an unselfish boy who was willing to give all he had to another," and under them a list or names, headed by Mr. Brown's, and followed by everyone who had been at work in the cranberry meadow.

"Isn't this a happy night, mother?" said Jake, smiling up into her face. never have known how good folks are."

The girls kept their word, and night after night they came for the selflessons, and it was astonishing how fast he learned during the winter, for it was months before he could walk again, and yet to him it was the hap-

His poor mother, under the influence of the kind interest which people began to show toward them, brightened up and seemed to take heart again, while the father, feeling the same influence, began to give up his drink and look about for work, which was only too gladly given when his neighbors perceived that he was in earnest.

"Yes, girls, Cranberry Jake will make his mark in the world yet." said Kitty one day to her friends.

"I don't doubt it, but why do you call him by that title?" asked one.

ful I was to him last fall, and how ratient and uncomplaining he was all the time." Next spring Jake went back to

school, and to his great delight he was ven a little in advance of his classes.

Things have gone well with the Taylor family since then. The father is fast becoming a respected citizen. while Mrs. Taylor looks years younger. and "Cranberry Jake," as Kitty Wells cometimes calls him, last spring completed his course at the academy and last fall entered college, not, however, os "Cranberry Jake," but as James Taylor, the student who ranked highest among the many candidates for admission.-Good Housekeeping.

Bold and Sleepy.

The boldness of wolves and coyotes in the presence of man is well known. "It is not uncommon," says the author of "Adventures in Mexico," "for these animals to graw the straps of a saddle on which your head is reposing for a pillow." One night, says Mr. Buxton, when encamped on an affluent of the Platte, a heavy snowstorm falling at the time, I lay down in my blanket, after first heaping on the fire a vast pile of wood to burn till morning. In themiddle of the night I was awakened by the excessive cold, and turning toward the fire, which was burning bright, what was my astonishment to see a large gray wolf sitting quietly before it, his eyes closed and his head nodding in sheer drowsiness. I looked at him for some moments without disturbing him, and then closed my eyes and went to sleep, leaving him to the quiet enjoyment of the blaze. Youth's

A VICARIOUS PENANCE.

Have Borne a Cross in Seville's Holy Week Procession.

The self-imposed penance of the fathers in Seville would seem, even as the weight of their sins, to be visited upon their children unto the last generation of their seed. At least, it is true that the staggering youth before us is the twentieth of his name and line who has done vicarious penance for the sins of his forefather, a celebrity of the sixteenth century, who looked "on beauty charming" with the eyes of Don Juan Tenodio. He was finally captured, the legend relates, by a Barbary corsair, and carried a prisoner to Oran, where, manacled and chained, he spent many a long and weary day wishing that he were dead. But while he pined hopelessly in prison he made a solemn vow that, should he ever regain his liberty, he would walk barefooted, and humbly bearing his cross, behind the Christ of the Great Power in every madrugada, or morning procession; and, further, he vowed that he would make the an- . sober. nual accomplishment of this vow a charge upon his estate for all time, by providing that, should any one of his male descendants fail in its performance, his portion of the estate should go to enrich the foundation of a convent. There have been no defaulters

among the old gallant's heirs, and though the present bearer of the proud name is a perfumed and scented pollo, a dude of Seville society, he too did not shrink from the sacrifice necessary to keeping the money in the family. And I regret to say that, as he came meekly along in this strange guise, his appearance excited much amusement among the other pollos. whose inheritance had come to them without so unpleasant a condition; and at the sight of his bruised and bleeding feet much money was wagered on the question of whether he would be able to lead the cotillon at the duke of Alba's on Easter Monday.

But perhaps the strangest of all the array of silent maskers who followed the Christ of the Great Power was a little girl of some 12 summers, clothed in her communion robes, weird and ghostly apparel for this the dark hour before the dawn. Her eyes were blindfolded, and, unlike the hoods of the Nazarenes, there was not left the smallest aperture through which she might look to choose and pick her way. She carried a golden chalice in one hand, while with the other she groped and felt her way. Every now and then, misled by the deceiving echo of the music, she would turn out of the way now to the right, and now to the left Once she stumbled and fell, and when she rose, in her confusion, started to walk back the way she had come; but the Nazarenes caught her by the hand. and directed her on her way again The little girl in the white communion dress symbolized that faith which is blind.-Stephen Bousal, in Century.

THE KING OF CURIOS.

He Needed Only the Treasure at the End of the Rainbow to Complete His Collection.

The old king of curios was an en-"I'm glad I broke my leg, else I should thusiastic collector of everything the path of the wicked realizes to what strange or rare, and he spared neither | it will lead, or he imagines that he will pains nor time nor money in adding to his treasures. A slight idea of the inspired task of helping Jake with his value of his collection may be gained from the fact that it contained, among other curiorities, the cloak of Little Red Riding Hood, a nightcap of one of the Seven Sleepers; the tuffet on which sat Miss Muffet; the pail of Simple Simon; a chimney pot from the house that Jack built, and pickled peppers picked by Peter Piper.

> Now, it happened, one day, that the king heard of the treasure at the end of the rainbow, and nothing would do but he must have that; and he forthwith summoned the chancellor of the ex-

"Oh, but really, your majecty," said that functionary, "there is only just enough money in your majesty's coffers to meet the expenses of the state. and we had to raise a loan on part of the regulia to get the peppers. It is "Oh, just to remind myself how hate- against the law to put an extra tax on the people, or we might do it in that way. Oh, dear!" he ended, ruefully; "if we can't, how can we?"

The difficulty of the position only increased the king's desire. He passed sleepless nights in consideration, and then issued a proclamation:

"Oyes! Oyes! Whose shall bring to his majecty the treasure at the end of the rainbow shall marry his daughter, her royal highness the peerless Princess Bloochina. And may the king live forever!"

It was indeed a most tempting prize, for the lady was celebrated for her beauty and goodness. Two princes, four barons, a lion tamer, a thistle-sifter, the owner of a Jerusalem pony, and a score of other adventurers immediately resolved to try their luck. But six months of hardship was quite enough for the princes. As to the barons, they traveled to gether for company, but continually squabbled over triflessuch as who should go first. Some of the suitors thought the treasure was far out on the ocean, and could not reach it for seasickness; others lost themselves in wandering over the mountains; and so it fell out that, at the end of a year and a day, all but one had returned to their homes and given up the quest as quite hopeless.—A. E. Bouser, in St. Nicholas.

In a Hurry.

"They've taken to embalming pet dogs in the east," he said. "Oh, isn't that just too lovely!" she

exclaimed. "That's what I'll have done to Fido." "Just the thing!" he returned, sud-

denly growing enthusiastic himself. pays that out of about 20 professions "Give him to me and I'll have it done which he turned out from St. George to-day."-Chicago Post.

TEMPERANCE LESSON

funday School Lesson in the la tional Lesson Series for Nove on in the lat 27, 1806 - Proverbs 4:10-18

GOLDEN TEXT.—My son, if sinters entice thee, consent thou not.—Prov. 1:22 A FATHER'S COUNSEL TO HIS SON The fourth Sunday in November observed as "Temperance Sunday"

Great Britain .- Int. Com.

10. "Hear, O my son, and receive my sayings:" This is one way of keeping the Fifth Commandment, "Honor the father and the mother," and it wish the blessing of this "First Command ment with promise." Disobedience to parents quickly lends to disobedience to the laws of God and of country, which, more than all other thing, shortens life and destroys prosperty. "And the years of thy life shall be many:" In accordance with the promise in the Fifth Commandment, and Eph. 6:1-3. Obedience to parents h connected with virtuous habits that are conducive to long life. It will make a child industrious, temperate

I. The Way of Wisdom,-Vs. 11-12. All that is true of the earthly parentis infinitely more true of our Heavenly Father and Divine Wisdom as personified in the Proverbs. 11. "I have taught thee:" All that He says, and every commandment He gives, have for their purpose to lead His children "in the way of wisdom," and "in the right paths:" No one ever followed the Bible into evil ways.

12. "Thy steps shall not be strail. enede" Narrowed, confined, as with fetters. On the contrary, he shall be as "free as the wind wherever it blows," because he is going in the right way.

13. "Take fast hold of instruction." etc.: Instruction is (1) the material with which wisdom works; (2) it is the food of wisdom, by which it grows: (3) It is the guide of wisdom, directing its energies; (4) it makes the work of wisdom permanent. "For she is the life:" It is essential to a well-ordered and successful life.

II. The Way of Folly .- Vs. 14-17. 14 "Enter not into the path of the wicked:" He that does not enter will never walk therein, or reach its terri-

It is almost universally acknowledged that strong drink is one of the greatest incentives and encourage-ments to all kinds of sin and wickedness. One of the easiest and most tempting ways of entering the path of the wicked is through the gate of moderate use of intoxicating drinks. They are so pleasant and seem so harmless. But every drunkard in the world entered through this gate. All who travel on the Black Valley railroad took the train in the beautiful valley of the Crystal river.

15. "Avoid it:" For you cannot see the end of the way. No one is safe who enters the place of temptation.

16. "They sleep not," etc. Crimeh wrought into their very natures. It becomes a part of their life as the poison tooth is a part of the serpent. 17. "For they eat the bread of wickedness:" They get their living by wickedness, and injuring others. This

is the true meaning rather than Schultens' rendering: "For wickedness do they eat as bread, and violence do they drink as wine." No one who enters turn away from that path before he comes to its end.

III. The Contrast .- Vs. 18, 19. 18. "The path of the just is as the shining light:" Not like the sun going from dawn to midday, since Christ is that light, but like the coming of the daws, from the first ray of light on the clouds in the east, through a struggle between the darkness and the dawn growing brighter and brighter, lighting the hilltops, scattering the for and shades of the valleys, till at last the eternal day of life and light has fully dawned.

19. The way of the wicked is as darkness," where men stumble, and "know not at what they stumble:" It is the darkness of ignorance, of sorrow, of sin, of punishment, of hopelessness, of despair.

The result of observation by Hon.

Chauncey M. Depew, president of the New York Central Railroad company in a talk to railroad men: "Twenty five years ago I knew every man, woman and child in Peckskill. And it has been a study with me to mark boys who started in every grade of life with myself, to see what has become of them. I was up last fall and began to count them over, and it was an instructive exhibit. Some of them be pame clerks, merchants, manufacturers, lawyers, doctors. It is remark able that every one of those that drank is dead; not one living of my agt. Barring a few who were taken of by sickness, everyone that proved a wreck and wrecked his family did it from rum and no other cause. Of those who are church-going people, who were steady, industrious and hard-working men, who were frugal and thrifty. every single one of them, without as exception, owns the house in which he lives and has something laid by, the interest on which, with his house, would earry him through many a rainy day. When a man becomes debased with gambling, rum or drink, be doesn't care, all his finer feelings are crowded out."

TEMPERANCE TESTIMONY. Not long ago a representative of the New York Voice visited the great atb letic clubs of New York city, and found that, "with a single exception. all these men emphatically insist that even moderate drinking is a positive injury to an athlete, and that the total abstainer is the better physical mas from every point of view."

Mr. Reinhardt, of St. George's Ath letio club, whose specialty is wrestlist of were total abstainers save out