

"I am Hale and Hearty Now,"



writes C. B. Hill, of Marshall, Mich., "a living proof of the efficacy of Dr. Miles' Heart Cure. I have suffered 20 years from heart trouble, and became so bad I could not lie down to sleep. Physicians failed to help me, and I was advised to try Dr. Miles' Heart Cure, which benefited me from the first. I continued using it and now am in perfect health."

DR. MILES' Heart Cure

is sold by all druggists on guarantee first bottle benefits or money back. Book on heart and nerves sent free. Dr. Miles Medical Company, Elkhart, Ind.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Small advertisements of every description, Want, Sale or Rent, Lost or Found, or 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 I never had an effect. Since I began taking Colery King I have greatly improved in health, seldom or never have headache, have gained in flesh, and feel decidedly well.—Miss R. S. Haver, Temple, N. H. Colery King for the Nerves, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 50c and 25c packages by W. H. Herman, Trautville, Middleburgh & Ush, McClure, H. A. Eckhart, Aline.

ACTIVE SOLETTIONS WANTED EVERYWHERE for "The Story of the Philippines" by Hurst Halstead, commissioned by the Government as official Historian to the War Department. The book was written by General Halstead in the hospitals at Honolulu, in Hong Kong, in the American trenches at Manila, in the insurgent camps with Aguinaldo, on the deck of the Olympia with Dewey, and in the rear of battle at the fall of Manila. Bonanza for Agents, Dealers or original pictures taken by government photographers on the spot. Large stock. Low prices. Big profits. Freight paid. Credit given. Drop all trashy unofficial war books. **Quick return. Address: P. T. Barnum, Secretary, War Insurance Bldg., Chicago.** 8-12-16.

Comrades, Attention.
I served from 1864 to '64, and was wounded May 10, 1864, in the Battle of the Wilderness. I would like to have my comrades know what Colery King has done for me. In 1890 my old complaint, chronic diarrhoea, came back. The doctors could not stop it, but Colery King has cured me, and I am once more enjoying life. **FRANK BERLIN, Owasso, Mich. (Op. P. 49th N. Y. V. I.)** Colery King for the Nerves, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 50c and 25c packages by W. H. Herman, Trautville, Middleburgh & Ush, McClure, H. A. Eckhart, Aline.

PATENTS OBTAINED. TERMS EAST.

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

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

Administrators of the estate of H. C. Campbell, late of Centre township, Snyder county, Pa., dec'd, having been appointed to the undersigned, all persons knowing their names indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

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, Ill. 8-15-16m.

HAIR HEALTH

Never fails to Restore Youthful Color and Life to Gray Hair.

DR. HAIR'S HAIR HEALTH
Keeps scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff. Restores hair to its natural color. Gives perfect satisfaction.

HAIR GROWER DRESSING

Keeps scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff. Restores hair to its natural color. Gives perfect satisfaction.

HEAD AND NOSES CURED

Keeps scalp cool, healthy, and free from dandruff. Restores hair to its natural color. Gives perfect satisfaction.

Far from the Front.

By Samuel Minton Post.

ANNE LATHAM had not heard from her husband, Benjamin Latham, in three months. In time of war women grow accustomed to long epistolary silences, but never before had Anne been so long without tidings. She was a hopeful woman, and had schooled herself to look on the bright side; nor had she been unrewarded, for Latham had served in Lee's army four long years unharmed by disease or bullet. During the past year, however, anxiety for the absent soldiers was not the only trial that came to vex the hearts of the women of the confederacy. The wolf, hunger, long kept at bay by good crop years, scratched at the door.

It was not so hard to want themselves, but it was sickening to see their children lack. And it came to pass that many of the wives of the poor slave-owning whites who dwell in the hills sometimes asked themselves if they were not paying too dearly for the possibility of some day owning a negro, and other benefits promised by secession.

Ben Latham, in the hills of West Alabama, had managed fairly well for three years. She had a horse with which to do plowing, and she had sowed corn, peas and potatoes, which, with the milk of her cow, fed her little family of three; and with her spinning wheel and loom she spun and wove clothing for herself and children.

For three years she had kept a brave heart, and it was not till the confederate government pressed her horse into service that she began to despair. She wrote the loss to Ben, but added that she had enough to last her through the coming winter, and bade him not to fret. That was in the autumn. Spring came and found her with little to subsist upon but the milk of her cow, and the cow was going dry.

It was on a stormy night in April that Anne's future seemed to her well-nigh as dark as the skies. Everything that she knew was discouraging, and the unknown might be even worse. For if he were not dead, why had her husband not written?

the wolf had scratching and tearing at the door, and Anne's heart was full of wifely love. She could not control herself.

"I hadn't heard from you in three months, Ben, and I feared you were dead," said Anne; "and now you are here—oh, Ben, I am so happy."

"Oh, Ben! how long is your furlough?" asked Anne, suddenly, as she sat by her husband's side, with the color coming slowly back to her hollow cheeks. Hunger and sorrow forgotten in the joy of Latham's return, the only note that could mar her happiness was the thought of a future parting.

"Never mind about the furlough," replied Ben, moving uneasily in his chair. "We won't talk about it to-night. After a man's been fighting four years he has a right to kiss his wife and children without thinking about the dreadful war."

"How long is it going to last, Ben?" Latham had risen to his feet and was walking the cabin floor.

"I'm glad of that," said Latham, in a tone of relief, resuming his seat by the fire.

This remark, so unlike the Ben Latham of old, was too much for Anne. Bursting into tears, she threw her arms about her husband's neck.

"Oh, Ben, Ben, what is it? I'm so frightened. You are not as you used to be. Something dreadful has happened, or is going to happen. Tell me—tell me what it is?"

"Nothing is going to happen, Anne. That nonsense! You've been so much alone you're grown silly. What'll happen is that you don't rid your brain of such fancies," said the man, kissing his wife and laughing.

But the laugh was nervous and hollow, and the next moment he started to his feet.

INDIANS EVICT A SPANIARD.

Red Men Drive Him from the Reservation Because He Harassed the Indians.

The Ogallala Sioux at the Pine Ridge agency in South Dakota had an eviction party the other day of an unusual kind. Incidentally, they refuted the slanders of the alarmists who predicted outbreaks immediately after the troops were withdrawn from the western forts.

The eviction resulted from the hostility of the Indian against Spain. On the reservation there lived a Spaniard who was married to a full-blooded Sioux squaw and eked out an existence from the government's bounty to the squaw from the little money he picked up at trading and hunting.

When word came of the American naval victories to the Sioux villages there was great powwowing and talking and jubilation at the prowess of the Americans. The news got over to the Porcupine Creek tepees where the Spaniard lived, and the Sioux watched him closely to see the effect upon him.

The Spaniard fled precipitately. Outside was a squad of Indians waiting for the results of the interview. When they heard of it they climbed on their ponies and with a "hi-yi" and a warwhoop started down the trail pell-mell after the fleeing Spaniard, who was making good time through the alkali dust to the Nebraska line.

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THE BOOK OF THE LAW FOUND.

Discovery of the Book of the Law, the Sacred Scriptures of the Israelites, in the Temple at Jerusalem, in the Year 520 B. C.

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