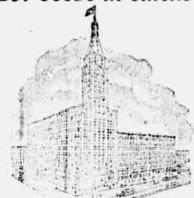


What is Celery King?

It is an hero drink, and is a positive cure for constinution headache, nervous disorders, rbeumatism kidney diseases, and the varicus troubles arising from a disordered stomach and torpid liver. It is a most agreeable medicine, and is recommended by physicians generally Remember, it cures constipation. Celery King is sold in 25c. and 50c. packages by druggists and dealers.

BUY GOODS IN CHICAGO

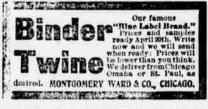


Pave seer med the Onfologue system of buying Ly d. Two no you use at Wholesale Prices? We can have you 15 to 40 per cent, on your purchases. awereding and will own and occupy the Univest building in America, employ 2,000 clerks firms country orders exemsively, and will refund purchase price if noods don't suit you.

Cur Ceneral Catalogue-1,000 pages, 16,000 if u tratiens. 60,000 quotations—costs us 72 this to print and mail. We will send it to you the receipt of 15 cents, to show your good faith.

Mortgomery ward & co. MIGHIGAN AVE. AND MADISON ST. CHICAGO.

inay BLOOD POISON permanently cured in 15035 days. You can be treated at bone for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract by Tractop ay Tailroad fareand hetelbilis, and no charge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and rains, Mucous Pattches in mouth, Sore Throat, Pimples, Cepper Colored Spots, Ulcers on any part of the body, Hair or Evebrows falling but, it is this Secondary BLOOD FOISON we guarantee to cure. We so hick them ast obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always affled the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,060 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proofs sent sealed on application. Address COOK REMEDY CO.



Mifflinburg Marble Works.

R. H. LANGE. DEALER IN MARLE AND SCOTCH GRANITE Aonuments, Headstsones and Cemetery Lot Enclosures.

Old Stones Cleaned and Repaired Prices as Low as the Lowest ATISPACTION GUARANTEED. J. A. JENKINS, Ag't.,

Crossgrove, Pa.

A BIG CLUB.

Cutthis out and return to us with \$1.00 and we'll send the following, postage prepaid: VERMONT FARM JOURNAL I YEAR. NEW YORK WEEKLY THIRENE! YEAR. AMERICAN POULTRY JOURNAL I YEAR. THE GENTLEWOMAN I YEAR. HARRON HARLANDS COOK BOOK. TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.

All For \$1.00. Regular Cost \$4.00

This combination fills a family need. Two farm This combination fills a family need, Two farm papers for the men.—The "Gentewoman," an ideal paper for the ladies.—N. Y. Weekly Tribure for all.—Marion Harland's Cook Book with 38 tages and 1,000 practical recipes for the wite and the book, "Ten Night's in a Bur Room," the greatest Temperance novel of the age. A two cent stamp brings samples of papers and our great clubbing list.

Vermont Farm Journal, WMILEPASKERD 691 Maio St., Wilmington, Vt.



SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO.(INC.) CHICAGO, ILL.

WINTER ON THE HILLS.

What do the city houselings know Of Winter hale and hoar. Who crouch beside the back-log's glow, Behind the battened door?

Not theirs the wonder of the waste-White league on league outrolled; Not theirs 'neath spacious skies to taste The tonic of the cold!

Not theirs the North Wind's breath to

breast Till each vein tingles warm The while he drives along the west The horses of the storm!

Not theirs the snows as soft as sleep That hill and hollow hood; Nor the oracular silence deep Within the druid wood!

Not theirs by night, undimmed, to mark The spangles of the Bear; Nor through the dark from arc to arc The pale auroras flare!

Not theirs to share the proffered part Of wealth he holds in store; Not theirs to know the constant heart Of Winter hale and hoar! -Clinton Scollard, in N. Y. Independent.

WHEN RETRIBUTION CAME TO CAIN

By Walker Kennedy

MAIN brooded all the afternoon in the secluded hollow among the hills. Beside him lay his brother, so fair, so beautiful, so still that a wintry coldness crept through his own body at the thought of him. Sometimes an awe fell upon him at Abel's failure to answer his angry questions, and he grew wild at his obstinacy. But Abel would wait until speech came back to ternately thrilled with horror at the change he had wrought in his brother; then nervous with rage at the tender life he had so cruelly marred.

The sun sank toward the sky line. Its heat bent seethingly upon the rocks | Plain. which walled the lonely glen. The sky above was lovingly blue. His brother's flocks grazed in peace upon the hillside, suspecting nothing. Back of rest. He kneeled down and quenched the hills the mountains lifted high their his thirst from the clear, trickling aerial diadems. The sun sank lower, and evening was coming on. How sad the motionless palm trees looked! Something was gone. He must awake his brother. Now that the madness had died out of him, his heart grew warm toward Abel. They would go home laughing together.

"Awake, my brother, awake," he said. Why dost thou trouble me thus? I will never deal with thee so again. Come, I will help thee drive thy flock home. Re not so still, Abel, but let me hear thy laugh."

But the dead spake not. The blue eyes continued to look beyond him at the vacancy of the blue sky; and no tremor of life ran through the white limbs of the stricken man. Cainshook him gently, and then with passionate vigor, but the pallid body lay limp in his arms, and he knew that his brother had gone before him, leaving but this silent semblance behind. But whither had he gone, and what was it that had

Fear entered his heart like a knife.

The sun had sunk low, burning its fires to a lambent blue the other side ly in the twilight; and then another sound fell upon his ears, filling him with speechless dread.

The sheep upon the hillside were bleating for their shepherd.

What should we do? He went to the mouth of the glen and looked out upon the plain. Yonder in the distance was the habitation of his father and mother. He shuddered at the sight of it. As one who walks in his sleep he left the glen and was making his way down the hillside, when a question was

whispered to him: "Where is Abel, thy brother?" And before he thought, he answered

aloud: "I know not; am I my brother's

keeper?"

Then he glanced about to see to whom he had made reply. Had he answered the evening wind, or yon-der golden-dyed cloud, or some spirit of the mysterious hills?

He could not tell, for no one was there, no shadow even of a presence. But that question stirred the depths of his being, and he knew that when he returned to his father and mother they, too, would ask him what of his brother. A storm of madness came upon him. Ahead of him lay the Land of Rest, through which ran the river that Sings. Never more could he go that mother's eyes; never more lay down in his father's tent.

And so, forsaking the beaten track, he fled around the hills, scrambling from rock to rock, from brake to brake, striving at every step to place behind him the Land of Rest. He came to a pass that ran along the brow of a precipice, and he fled into a grewsome defile which rounded into the haggard and stony recesses of the hills until it seemed lost, and he was cut from sight of that hated Land of Peace.

The stars flickered in the silvery veil of the twilight, and he flew as one aceursed. Thorny shrubs, prickly vines and bristling cacti lacerated his bare limbs, and with blood trickling from a hundred smarting wounds and a fury of escape in his brain, he fled like some frenzied animal pursued by fearful foes. Angry mountain streams tried to thwart his progress, but he plunged recklessly through their cold waters. Hissing cataracts impeded his way, but he dashed blindly into their seething spume, and climbed over their slippery, moss-covered basins. Nothing held him, nothing frightened him, nothing daunted him. It was what was left behind that caused that terror in

shead were a joy to him.

along dizzy abysees and alsely accents till night came upon him, yet gave him to pause. He was grateful for being now in the blessed land of shadows. Ere long luminous eyeballs gleamed upon him as he pushed onward, but the madness in his veins repelled them, and he could see them fleeing in animal terror from him. Writhing things coiled in his way and hissed vengefully at him, but slunk away at his swift coming. Even the glow worms in the grass paled at his presence, and the songbirds of the night were silent as his feet went scurrying through the grass. It seemed to his shivering soul that all nature looked upon him as a fearful thing-a thing exiled and accursed.

Then the moon came up, and the leaping cascades and angry mountain streams glowed pallidly. Livid mists of green flame rose from the earth and suffocated the forest ways. But the tortured man kept on, for rest was not in his soul; only the passion for flight. And all the while he was going upward and toward the far line that marked the mountain tops where they met the sky.

Steep and rugged was the way, and he knew not what was beyond. The great trees fell off, and a thin, starved growth succeeded; then a wilderness of jagged stones, bare of aught save lichen embroideries. But he passed on swiftly, a racing shadow, knowing no fatigue, no pain, until he reached the top of the ridge; and there he paused and looked ahead of him, at the stars first, and then at what lay at his feet. The mountain sloped down into what seemed to him a cloudy void; and now would awake. He must awake. Cain the impulse that had taken him upward took him down the sides of the the bluish lips. And so he lingered, al- hills. He felt that he had put a barrier between himself and the Land of Rest, and gradually there stole upon him a sense of dreamy fatigue; yet he proceeded downward, until he saw lights gleaming at intervals on the

He stopped beside a tiny rill of water to refresh himself. A bank of moss, under a large acacia tree, invited him to stream; and almost as a tired child, he dropped upon the mossy bank. Then merciful sleep blotted out the crime of the first murderer.

He slept until far into the coming day. Once a lion came to the stream to drink, sniffed at the heavily-sleeping man, and then in a hangdog way departed. Some noisy birds flitted about him on a tour of inspection, and withdrew, chirping excitedly, to their favorite tree. But he lay there, brawnily, wildly beautiful, and slept as if he had never slept before. Toward the evening there came one, half affrighted, who put an end to his slumber. He awoke at the call of a voice, and looked up to find a woman bending anxiously over him.

"My mother," he murmured, half adream.

"Nay, not thy mother," answered the sweet voice of the woman, as she drew back timorously, yet laughing shyly.

He raised himself and looked at her, looked anxiously, wonderingly at her white and rounded beauty. Never had he seen aught like her, though her eyes spoke to him of the brother whom had loved and slain. But a certain sadness haunted those eyes and twined itself in a shadowy way around her mouth; and, at his eager gaze, a blush came into her face and spread itself in pale rose waves over her face and

"Do not flee from me as all things else flee. Bide here awhile that I may look at one who seems kind. Let me breathe this unknown sweetness and help me drive this heaviness from my heart.

"Thou hast come from a far country," she ventured to say, reassured.

"Knowest thou such a place as the Land of Rest? Thence I came."

"I know it not. It must be across the Hills of the Sky, which none of our people have ever ascended." "I seek the Land of the Forgotten.

May this be it?" "Nay, this is the Land of Wander-

"Then it is here, perchance, that I

must spend my life. He buried his face in his hands and mused; and the woman, seeing him thus in reverie, slipped noiselessly away, as if she would escape his presence; she had not gone far down the stream when she gave a cry that brought Cain wondering to his feet. He had thought that she was still beside him, but to his surprise he beheld her way. Never more could he meet his at some distance, and in deadly peril. A great bowlder, loosened by some action of the wind or water from its place higher up the mountain, was rolling slowly downward, its passage retarded now and then by a stout sap-

ling or an outeropping scrap of rock. Each impediment gave way before it, and in a few moments it must reach the spot where the woman, paralyzed with fear beyond all power of motion, stood directly in its path. The sight brought back to Cain that same resistless fury which had come to him when he had slain his brother.

He was on his feet instantly, but he could not reach her in time, for she was too far down the ravine-the bowlder was nearer. Thrilling with a new and imperious emotion, he sprang with a lithe leap across an intervening ledge to where the bowlder hung for a moment held back by a gnarled fir, and, instantaneously and unflinchingly set-ting his naked shoulder against its jagged sharpness, he heaved sidewise with superhuman might.

The huge brown mass, swayed thus out of its balance, turned from its course and went plunging downward upon a new track, tearing its wild way through brush and brambles, but leavhis heart; the dangers and darknesses ing the crouching woman safe to one ahead were a joy to him.

Deeper and deeper he went into the echoed sororously up from the far deeps unknown ways of the hills, faring of the valley, Cain, with a tremulous

ery of joy to her whom he had saved, fell faint and quivering upon the sward. When he opened his eyes the woman knelt beside him, staunching a cut on his shoulder and touching his face with

her soft hands. "What is It I feel toward thee?" he said after a little while. "It is something so sweet as to be a pain. Leave me no more, or, fairest child of earth, for I could not bear this pain in my heart if deprived of the sight of thee. Thou canst not depart from me again. Why, indeed, should I let thee go? Is there not strength enough left in the arms of Cain to hold so frail a thing as thou? But no; thou disarmest me with thine eyes."

The woman looked lovingly upon his dark beauty and his strength, and saftl softly: "What wouldst thou have of

"I know not-I know not," he said, helplessly, as one who longs, but longs for what he knows not. Then the darkness was made clear in his mind and he thus concluded: "As my mother is to my father, so be thou to me."

Though a woman, he knew she was not as his mother. Beautiful as she was, he felt that there was something in her that corresponded with the fatal flaw in himself. Yet this did not repel him.

It lacked some time of the falling of night when they descended into the plain, whose long grass waved mysteriously in the pale twilight, and, hand in hand, wandered until they beheld the outlines of a city with temples and towers and palaces darkened against the sky. To him this was a wonder; but she told him it was there she lived, and thither he must go with her and no harra would befall him. And there he found toil that helped

him forget awhile that deed in the lonely glen in the Land of Rest. And she who had led him into the Land of Wandering became his wife. Of that union were born two sons, and, when Cain looked upon them, his soul often grew sick within him, for one was like unto himself, and the other was Abel come back to life again. Strange to say, he loved the fair-haired boy with surpassing tenderness, and the sight of the dark-browed youth was almost hateful to him. And Adah, his wife, loved the laughing, blue-eyed boy, too, and saw in him the beautiful dream of a mother's love come true. And Cain waxed very prosperous.

His great strength, derived from the wild woods, served him well in the beginning. This begot skill, and, after that, there came to him the sense of power over other men. In the course of time he became chieftain over the Shadowy City. Despite the crime that had stained his soul, he had attained everything that the heart could desire, and he knew that he had mastered the wild demon within that had once risen and slain his brother. Could it be, he wondered, that he had done no wrong

One evening he had held a revel in his palace in honor of the councilors of the city. In magnificence it had surpassed anything of the kind ever given by a chieftain, and it was late before the guests had departed. Cain had dismissed his slaves until the morrow, and he sat alone in the banquet-room meditating upon the splendor about him. and almost doubting the reality of the honors that had come upon him. But new that they many as they were, he l did not satisfy his soul, for deep jown in his heart was ever a gnawing wish for a word out of the old days and for a glimpse of that seeluded hollow in the Land of Rest beyond the Hills of the Sky. Even in the moments of his highest triumphs the rocks and trees of that glen would come waveringly before his eves.

While he sat thus moodily dreaming at the table, a young man entered the apartment noisily and stood before him. He had evidently been under the impression that the hall was deserted, for he qualled at sight of its solitary oc cupant. Somewhat abruptly he saluted his father, and then his tremulous hand sought a glass, filled with red wine, which stood upon the table. Raising it to his lips, he drained it to the dregs.

An unaccountable terror seized the soul of Cain. The frown upon the youth's brow, the madness in his eye the disorder of his appearance, recalled something from the past, and he saw himself in the son who stood before him-saw his old self when the demon lived within him. Then a deadly intuition broke upon his mind, causing him to rise painfully and demand:

"Where is thy brother?" The father's face was white as death while the youth hesitated, as if to evade the question, and then said, with a

sneering laugh: "Am I my brother's keeper?"
Intolerable pain, remorse, despair and murder passed over the face of Cain. He moved to spring upon his son

and rend him to pieces, but his intention was stayed; a look of intense and hopeless agony flitted across his face, he tottered and fell dead amid the wine cups of the table.-Saturday Evening

A Clear Complexion.

A daily bath, daily exercise in som form and a habit of deep breathing are prime requisites to the possession and retention of health and prettiness. A smooth, firm, soft, velvety skin and a clear complexion are also greatly dependent upon a liberal and easily digested diet. Poor soil will not produce beautiful roses or luscious fruits; so with the roses on youthful cheeks. Nature dips her brush into the bright red blood, made rich by a judicious admixture of nourishment, physical activities and happy thoughts, and paints them there as art could never do. The skin is an elastic structure, affording an extensive surface for the sweat glands to open upon. In some parts of the body these glands number twenty-five hundred or more to the square inch. Each little gland secretes and pours forth that form of effete matter known as insensible perspiration .- N. Y. Ledger TESUS TEACHING HUMILITY

Sunday School Lesson in the Intermational Series for April 16, 1890-John 13:1-17.

[Based upon Peloubet's Select Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—I have given you an ample.—John 13:15.
THE SECTION includes the whole chap-

ter, together with the other accounts of the Lord's Supper. TIME.—Thursday evening, April 6, A. D

D. The night before the crucifixion.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem:

perhaps, as Edersheim thinks, in St. Mark's house.

EXPOSITION.

1. Jesus and His Disciples Assemble in an Upper Room .- Jerusalem, early Thursday evening (v. 1). After the anointing in Bethany (our last lesson). after sunset of Saturday (the Jewish Sabbath), Jesus the next morning made His triumphal entry into Jerusalem. and taught in the temple both Monday and Tuesday. Wednesday, April 5, was spent in retirement at Bethany in preparation for the awful day of crucifixion. The next morning He sent two of His disciples to the city to prepare for the celebration of the Passover.

1. "Now before the feast of the passover:" That is, immediately before; just as He was about to sit down with His disciples to the Paschal feast .-Abbott. This is simply a note of the time and place. "When Jesus knew:" He was fully conscious that His last hours on earth were at hand when it was appointed that "He should depart." the Greek expressing the act of going over from one place or sphere to another. This is one reason for or condition in which "He loved them unto the end:""to the end of all the ages." The word may also mean "to the uttermost" (margin of R. V.), the uttermost of His nature, the uttermost degree possible

II. The Strife as to Who Should Be Greatest .- Luke 22:24-30. We cannot understand the full meaning of our lesson unless we turn to Luke and read about the contention among the disciples, probably as they were assembling in the upper room before sitting down to the table. It was apparently twofold, who should be greatest, and who should not be least, and was a very strange scene on the eve of the most solemn time in all their lives.

III. Jesus Washes His Disciples' Feet. An Object Lesson and Its Teachings. Vs. 2-17. 2. "And supper being ended:" The R. V. Is more correct here, during supper. The original phrase is, "and supper having been begun," or served. Jesus, by waiting till supper was fully begun, gave the disciples ample opportunity to repent and take the lower instead of the better places, and to wash one another's feet.

3. "Jesus knowing:" Fully conscious that He was the Son of God, with all power and glory, to which He was soon to return. This verse sets before us the infinite condescension of Jesus, and reenforces the lesson of the act that follows. No disciple could ever claim that he was too great, too glorious, or of too high rank, or of too supreme power, to do the humblest service for man.

4. "He riseth from supper:" This was the Passover supper, not the Lord's Supper, which was instituted later in the

6. "Then cometh He to Simon Peter:" In the order of washing. "Lord, dost Thou wash my feet?" The emphasis lies first on thou, and then, a little slighter, on my.

8. "If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me:" Cannot share my kingdom, my character, my work. Because the first condition of discipleship was submission to Christ, even when He could not understand all the reasons for the command. Because this washing was symbolical of spiritual cleansing. and Peter himself undersfood it so

9. "Not my feet only, but also my hands and my head:" If the washing meant having a part in the work and character of Jesus, and being with Jesus, he could not have enough of a cleansing so precious. In spite of his errors his heart glowed with love to his teacher. He had begun to learn his les-

10. "He that is washed:" Bathed all over. A different word from "to wash" that follows, which means to wash a part, as the hands or feet. "Needeth not save to wash His feet:" The bathing represents the new birth; the washing the feet, the cleansing from daily imperfections, the daily prayer "forgive us our debts."

13. "Ye call me Master:" Teacher, with the definite article, the teacher. "And Lord:" One who has authority over you. You accept my instructions. and obey my commands.

14. "If I then:" The I is emphatic. 'Ye also ought to wash one another's feet:" Apparently this is what they had just been unwilling to do when they first came in.

Read here vs. 34 and 35. 15. "I have given you an example:" A copy to be imitated, like an architect's plan, or a sculptor's model, or a painting to be copied. "That ye should do as I have done to you:" Imitate the principle, the spirit, the soul of the act

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS. The washing of the feet signifies tha the soul must be cleansed before one can have part in the Kingdom of God. Jesus' washing the feet of Judas the traitor shows the wide sweep of His love, and the love with which His church should seek to help and save even the worst men that may enter the fold of the church.

To this day, even in the Christian world, one of the subtlest and the most common of the temptations with which we are assailed is the same which tried the disciples—the desire to be accounted the greater. Base jealousy of others. on account of their superior riches, talents, honors, or social position, often sadly mars what are otherwise lovely Christian characters.

John Ruskin invariably dines in solitude, for he finds that conversation has a bad effect upon his digestion.

What Shall Be Done

FOR THE DELICATE GIRL

You have tried iron and other tonics. But she keeps pale and thin. Her sallow complexion worries you. Perhaps she has a little hacking cough also. Her head aches; and she cannot study. Give her

Sech's Emulsion

The oil will feed her wasting body: the glycerine will soothe her cough, and the hypophosphites will give new power and vigor to her nerves and brain.

Never say you "cannot take cod-liver oil" until you have tried Scott's Emulsion. You will be obliged to change your opinion at once. Children especially become very fond of it; and infants do not know when it is added to their food.

50c, and \$2.00; all druggists, SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York,

WITCH HAZEL

OIL

Piles or Hemorrhoids Fissures & Fistulas. Burns & Scalds.

Wounds & Bruises. Cuts & Sores. Boils & Tumors. Eczema & Eruptions.

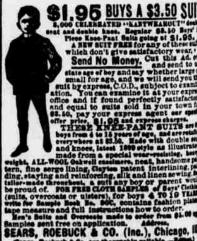
Salt Rheum & Tetters. Chapped Hands. Fever Blisters.

Sore Lips & Nostrils. Corns & Bunions. Stings & Bites of Insects Three Sizes, 25c, 5oc. and \$1.00.

old by druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of prix HUMPHREES' MED. CO., 111 & 118 William St., New York



8. Order to-day; or, send for illustrated circular N QUAKER VALLEY MF6. CO., 355 W. Harrison St., Chi P. S.—Genuine Quaker Valley furniture is through retailers—always from factory to wholesale prices. Don't accept a worthless i





For sale in Middleburgh, Pa., Middleburg Drug Co., in Mt. Ples ant Mills by Henry Harding, and

Penn's Creek by J. W. Sampsell.

