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The GERMAN REMEDY

Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25&50cts

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BINDER TWINE Our famous BLUE LABEL BRAND. It's the best in the world. Prices will surprise you. We deliver from Chicago, Omaha or St. Paul, as desired. Write for prices and samples.

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Old Stones Cleaned and Repaired

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Cut this out and return to us with $1.00 and we'll send the following, postage prepaid:

VERMONT FARM JOURNAL 1 YEAR.
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AMERICAN POULTRY JOURNAL 1 YEAR.
THE GENTLEWOMAN 1 YEAR.
MARION HARLAND'S COOK BOOK
TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM.

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This combination fills a family need. Two farm papers for the men—"The Gentlewoman," an ideal paper for the ladies—N. Y. Weekly Tribune for all—Marion Harland's Cook Book with 300 pages and 1,000 practical recipes for the wife and the book, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," the greatest Temperance novel of the age. A two cent stamp brings samples of papers and our great combing list.

Vermont Farm Journal, WM. L. PACKARD, PUBLISHER, 691 Main St., Wilmington, Vt.

SEND US ONE DOLLAR and this ad. and we will send you this big $25-lb. new 1899 pattern high-grade RESERVOIR COAL AND WOOD COOK STOVE, by freight C.O.D., subject to examination. Examine it at your freight depot and if found perfectly satisfactory and the greatest Stove BARGAIN you ever saw or heard of, pay the FREIGHT AGENT our SPECIAL PRICE, $13.00 less the $1.00 sent with order or $12.00 and freight charges. This stove is size No. 8, oven is 16x18x11, top is 42x23; made from best pig iron, extra large flues, heavy covers, heavy linings and grates, large oven shelf, heavy tin-lined oven door, handsome nickel-plated ornamentations and trimmings, extra large deep, genuine Standish porcelain lined reservoir, handsome large ornamented base. Best coal burner made, and we furnish FREE an extra wood grate, making it a perfect wood burner. WE ISSUE A BINDING GUARANTEE with every stove and guarantee safe delivery to your railroad station. Your local dealer would charge you $25.00 for such a stove, the freight is only about $1.00 for each 500 miles, so we save you at least $10.00. Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO. (INC.) CHICAGO, ILL. (Sears, Roebuck & Co. are thoroughly reliable.—Editor.)

WRITE FOR OUR BIG FREE STOVE CATALOGUE.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS 25 CTS

DREAMING BY THE FIRE.

When, alone with my soul, I am sitting
In the firelight's golden gleam,
Sadly watching the shadows flitting,
I seem to slumber and dream;

A thousand deep fountains of feeling
Gush forth with melodious flow
Like the music of windharps stealing
Through the twilight, sweet and low.

Afloat on swift tides of emotion
As bitter with tears as the seas,
I drift through a measureless ocean
Of sorrowful memories;

And out of the misty sea spaces
Fair phantoms around me rise—
How well I remember their faces,
The light of their soulful eyes!

Afar, through the nebulous distance
A splendor shines like a flame,
And voices, with tender insistence,
Lovingly call me by name.

From mist, and from foam, and the hollow
Sad sound of this sobbing sea,
These phantom forms beckon and follow,
These voices whisper to me.

I know that these misty sea spaces,
These shapes, are not what they seem,
That the voices, the eyes, the faces,
Are only ghosts of a dream.

Long ago a strange guest came, unbidden,
An angel, out of the skies,
And in graves are these faces hidden
And dark are the shining eyes.

But still—when alone I am sitting
In the firelight's golden gleam
Sadly watching the shadows flitting—
They haunt my soul in my dream.
—Charles W. Hubner, in Atlanta Constitution.

EL SACUDIDOR

By Manley H. Pike

WHEN Will Low got home from northern Mexico, where he had been absent a year, in company with his father, who owned some property there, Charles Foster and myself didn't lose a moment in rushing over to see him, as you may suppose, yet we hardly knew him at first, he had grown so much taller and stouter, while as for his complexion, I don't give the slightest idea of it by saying that he was sunburned. Why, he was only a shade or two lighter than a genuine Congo negro.

But we found the same old Will under the tan, and such a chattering as we three made—trying to give a full account of a whole year's happenings in half an hour!

After awhile, however, we managed to quiet down sufficiently to go upstairs and look over Will's collection of curiosities, ranging all the way from tarantulas' nests up to spears and warclubs. Among them was a chestful of Mexican clothing and ornaments, rich and elegant enough, some of them; and while Charley was turning these over, he came upon something which made him inquire, wonderingly:

"Why, Will, what under the sun do you keep this old thing among these nice clothes for?"

It was a common leather boot, wrinkled, dusty, and half worn out, wrapped around with a stout rawhide rope, which we at once recognized as a lasso. The boot couldn't have amounted to much in its best days, and now, with a ragged cut extending all along the sole, as if it had been ripped up with a dull knife, it was only fit for the ash-barrel. No wonder Charley asked the question.

"Boys," said Will, "I think more of this old boot than of anything else you see here. It's a memento of the narrowest escape I ever had or expect to have; and besides, it reminds me whenever I look at it that there are different kinds of ability in this world, and that you must not always judge a person according to your own idea of what he ought to be."

"Tell us about it, won't you?" urged Charley and I.

And Will, holding the old boot in his hand, sat down between us, and began:

"After I was fairly settled out there on the Los Pueblos ranch, I must say I felt very lonesome. Father was away most of the time about his business, and it wasn't generally convenient to take me with him, so I was left to my own resources for amusement, and few enough they were.

"The ranch buildings were simply two adobe shanties, covered with red tiles, looking more like sheds than houses, and no better inside than out. The Mexican and Indian peons, or hired men, lived in one, and Don Mereno, the owner, in the other.

"The don was the proudest and laziest mortal it has even been my luck to meet with. He did nothing all day but lie on a bench in the sun, smoking cigarettes—except when he took a nap—which was about half the time. Occasionally he'd ride over the ranch, superintending matters, not often, for it seemed to be too great an exertion for him.

"You see, the don was a pure Spaniard—descended straight from one of the old conquerors of Mexico, I believe—and he was so proud of the fact that he spent all his time in thinking what a great man he was, and so had none left for any other purpose. If he had lived in a town, he would soon have had the nonsense taken out of him, but out there on the plains he seldom saw anyone except his servants, and his conceit and laziness had plenty of room to grow.

"His son, Pablo, was entirely different. He was about our age, and a handsome boy, too. Such a rider you never saw; and he could do things with a lasso that you wouldn't believe without seeing them.

"He really managed the ranch, and his father would have had a hard time of it without him.

"He thought nothing of riding 50 or 60 miles a day, and didn't seem to know what the word 'tired' means, for he had first sat on a horse when four years old, and for years had scarcely been out of the saddle, except to sleep—not always for that. Talk about riding horseback, boys—why, Pablo lived on horseback!

"Now, you can guess that beside such a fellow I wasn't of much account, coming from a New England town, where if we take a ride now and then on some old carriage horse, it's as much as we do. Of course, I began riding as soon as I got to Los Pueblos, because if I didn't there was little else to do; but I could no more sit in a saddle all day and keep up with Pablo and his vaqueros than I could fly. Besides, I was a sight to laugh at even when I was doing my best—bouncing up and down like a churn-handle, swaying from one side to the other, and quite often going head-first over my horse's ears to the ground. The vaqueros used to laugh at and make fun of me behind my back, from morning till night, and, although Pablo's ideas of a Spanish gentleman's conduct made him act as if he never noticed my awkwardness, yet I could see that he despised me for not being able to do what every child ought, as he looked at it. All this used to grind me terribly, boys, I can tell you.

"On my side, I didn't think well of Pablo. I was greatly surprised when I found that he could scarcely read a word of his own language—not so much as I could after having studied Spanish a single month—and that he actually didn't know the meaning of the Latin prayers he repeated every day; and, what was worse, didn't care to. He was more ignorant of arithmetic than the youngest boy in the grammar school, and couldn't add up four or five numbers without using counters, to save his life. But what took me aback most was that he didn't seem to know that he knew nothing, or to want to be anything different from what he was then—had no ambition, in short.

"Here we boys are, each with his plans for the future—Fred wants to be a lawyer, Charley a business man, and I an engineer; but such ideas never entered Pablo's head. I don't believe he ever once thought even whether he would continue herding cattle all his life, but just went on doing it without thinking anything at all.

"So, you see, Pablo and I had a contempt for each other, and after awhile we kept apart as entirely as we could. He was very kind and hospitable, though, and always took care that I got the best of everything, and didn't run into danger, which I was very likely to do because of hy habit of taking long walks about the country alone.

"This was another thing Pablo couldn't understand—why any sensible person should ever walk a step when he could just as well ride, and especially why he should enjoy doing it. I believe he used to think me a little out of mind when he saw me starting out for a ten or fifteen-mile tramp; and, indeed, it wasn't exactly a wise thing on my part, for I ran more or less risk every time I went, on account of the cattle, and particularly one old bull, called 'El Sacudidor' (the 'thrower' or 'tosser').

"This bull had killed several horses, and severely injured two or three vaqueros; but Don Moreno wouldn't hear of his being killed and even refused to let them saw off his horns. This was because the bull was pure Spanish, like the don, who seemed to think that miserable, half-breed Mexicans ought to feel highly honored if a real old Spanish bull found any pleasure in goring them.

"The animal generally pastured in a certain place at some distance from the house; yet you never could tell when he might take a fancy to go charging all over the ranch, attacking everything that came in his way; for, though bulls are not always savage, they have crazy spells, during which they seem to enjoy doing mischief, and would rather kill a man than not.

"One morning I was going through a long, deep ravine—a favorite walk of mine—when I heard a sort of puffing noise, and a great rattling of gravel. Looking up, what should I see but El Sacudidor coming around a bend about 30 yards in front of me, head down, tail up, and evidently just as full of ugliness as he could hold. Good gracious, what a savage brute he looked! And what a place that was to meet him in! The walls of the ravine went up almost perpendicularly, and, being of conglomerate—earth and gravel mixed together—a monkey couldn't have climbed them, while the path wasn't more than six feet wide, if as much, and right in the middle of it the bull was coming down upon me at a quick trot.

"Boys, to say that I was frightened is nothing. If anybody's hair ever actually stands on end, mine did then; and every drop of blood in me seemed turned into pins and needles, I was so terrified. I hadn't a weapon of any sort, not even a knife—though that didn't matter, for nothing short of a heavy rifle would have saved me, and perhaps that wouldn't.

"Fortunately, I had sufficient presence of mind left not to run. I stood my ground, and thus gained a few seconds, for El Sacudidor stopped short on seeing me, and began bellowing and tearing up the ground with his horns, while he tried to make out what I was.

"You see he was not accustomed to the sight of a man on foot, and very likely had never seen one before, which slightly puzzled and made him doubtful as to how he should act. If I had been on horseback, he wouldn't have wasted much time in reconnoitering.

"I tell you, fellows, he was a most ferocious-looking beast, with his red eyes, great nostrils, and horns sharp as spears, with the foam hanging from his mouth in long ropes. The bulls we have east are no more like him than a house cat is like a Bengal tiger.

"To see those horns dig up the hard earth as if it had been cheese, and to think that in another minute they would be coming down on me like an express train, with hundreds of pounds of solid flesh to push them along, was something I can't attempt to make you realize. It was simply horrible!

"Suddenly the bull threw up his tail, gave a loud bellow and sprang forward with his horns almost touching the ground.

"I had shut my eyes and given up all hope, when something struck me in the face—the noose of a lasso. Looking up, I saw Pablo Moreno checking his horse upon the very brink of the bank above, so close that the animal's feet crumbled the edge.

"'Put the lasso under your arms! Quick! quick!' screamed Pablo.

"His gesture told me what to do, and running close to the wall, I passed the noose around my shoulders.

"'Hold on to it!' called Pablo, and I was drawn up into the air just as El Sacudidor thundered beneath me with a toss of his head which sent one of his pointed horns along the sole of my boot, cutting the tough leather like a knife. One instant more of delay would have given that horn something softer to cut.

"Before the bull could turn about to attack me again, I was sitting safe at the top beside Pablo, who told me how he chanced to come to my rescue.

"Having seen El Sacudidor entering the ravine, he had galloped to the edge to watch his movements, and looking over, discovered me.

"I don't believe you'll dispute me, boys, when I say that no one not trained as he had been could have possibly dared what he did. If he had stopped a single second to think what plan he should pursue—if he had hesitated the least bit in the world—I should have been gored to death or trampled into a jelly under the great brute's hoofs.

"But he did exactly the right thing exactly in the nick of time, and I was saved. I had made a great mistake in despising him.

"I told him this, and much more, when I was able to speak again; and on his side he acknowledged that he had often envied me what I knew. So, without any particular agreement, we became firm friends, and went to work to exchange knowledge.

"The result was that before I left Los Pueblos I could ride a horse, drive cattle and throw a lasso in what I'm conceited enough to say is a very skillful manner, while Pablo picked up Latin, English and a dozen other things with most surprising quickness. He soon found the use of them, too, for a rascally speculator would have cheated his father out of half the ranch if Pablo hadn't been able to read the documents and detect the swindle.

"El Sacudidor was killed as soon as the don learned of my adventure. I suppose the old gentleman thought that a bull which so far forgot Spanish hospitality as to attack his master's guest couldn't be of the genuine race, and would appear to better advantage as beef for the guest's consumption. Anyhow, that was what he became. And I had the satisfaction of eating some of his sirloin—tough enough it was, too!

"When I came away I brought the boot and lasso with me," finished Will, carefully putting his treasures back in their former resting-place, "and I shall keep them as long as I live, to remind me of the time when my friend Pablo Moreno pulled me up from before the horns of El Sacudidor."—Golden Days.

Do Song-Birds Predict Storms?

A writer in the Monthly Weather Review avers that for a considerable time in advance of a great storm song birds cease their music, and that this may be taken as an indication of the storm's approach. For 48 hours before the beginning of a series of severe storms in northern Illinois last summer not a sound was heard from the throats of the thousands of birds which inhabit that part of the country, and whose music, in fair weather, is one of the charms of the district.

A Chance for Him Yet.

"I've cured Cousin Algernon of his infatuation for that girl who has refused him four times."

"How did you do it?"

"Showed him statistics proving that there are over 3,000,000 unmarried women in this country."—Chicago Record.

1,000,000 GIVEN AWAY.

By a special and particular arrangement with the manufacturers of Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, free trial bottles of this great medicine for the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Blood, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia and Constipation, will be sent absolutely free, postpaid, to all persons suffering from any of the diseases mentioned above who will send their full name and post office address to the DR. DAVID KENNEDY CORPORATION, Rondout, N. Y., providing you mention the POST when you write.

A very simple test to determine whether your Kidneys or Bladder are dissased is to put some of your urine in a glass tumbler and let it stand 24 hours; if it has a sediment or a cloudy, ropy or stringy appearance, if it is pale or discolored, you do not need a physician to tell you that you are in a dangerous condition. Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy speedily cures such serious symptoms as a pain in the back, inability to hold urine, a burning scalding pain in passing it. Frequent desire to urinate especially at night, the staining of linen by your urine and all unpleasant and dangerous effects produced on the system by the use of whiskey and beer.

By a searching investigation it was found that over 91 per cent. of the people who sent for a sample bottle were so much benefitted by its use that they purchased a large sized bottle from their druggist, which in most cases cured them, while in some rare instences it took as many as two or even three bottles to effect a permanent cure.

Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy is sold by all druggists at $1.00 per large bottle, or six bottles for $5.

Mercantile Appraisement.

The venders of Foreign and Domestic Merchandise in Snyder County will take notice that they are appraiser and classed by the undersigned appraisers of mercantile and other taxes for the year as follows:

Name.	License.	Class.	Tax.
ADAMS TWP.			
Middleswarth & Mattern, gen. store		13	$10 00
W. H. Herman,	" "	14	7 00
BEAVER TWP.			
W. B. Winey & Bro., gen. store,		13	10 00
A. B. Bowersox,	" "	13	10 00
W. M. Keller, confectionary,		8	5 00
W. H. Weaver,	"	8	5 00
J. F. Shirk, hardware.		14	7 00
E. J. Yerk, general store,		14	7 00
BEAVER WEST TWP.			
Middleswarth & Ulsh, general store.		13	10 00
Felker & Middleswarth,	" "	13	10 00
James H. Peter,	" "	14	7 00
Thomas Kohler,	" "	14	7 00
J. B. Shellenberger,	" "	14	7 00
J. H. Long,	" "	14	7 00
CENTRE TWP.			
J. F. Herman, general store,		14	7 00
Stroup & Dreese,	" "	14	7 00
C. M. Showers,	" "	13	10 00
CHAPMAN TWP.			
A. H. Troutman, general store,		14	10 00
Geo. S. Rine,	" "	13	10 00
John S. Rine,	" "	13	10 00
W. B. Rine,	" "	14	7 00
Harriet Hummel,	" "	14	7 00
David Meiser, grain dealer,		14	7 00
FRANKLIN TWP.			
W. B. Winey, grain and coal,		13	10 00
J. M. & G. H. Steininger, grain and coal,		13	10 00
David Wetzel, general store,		14	7 00
S. Barber Simonton,	" "	14	7 00
B. H. Custer,	" "	13	10 00
Franklin Milling C., dealer in grain,		14	7 00
Charles Boyer, general store,		13	10 00
Gift & Smith,	" "	14	7 00
JACKSON TWP.			
I. B. Romig & Co., general store,		14	7 00
H. M. Derk,	" "	14	7 00
A. B. Dauberman,	" "	14	7 00
MIDDLECREEK TWP.			
A. C. Smith, general store,		14	7 00
J. E. Magee,	" "	14	7 00
S. O. Ulrich,	" "	14	7 00
Feagley & Yoder, grain,		14	0 00
MIDDLEBURG BORO.			
W. W. Wittenmyer, general store,		13	10 00
W. H. Beaver,	" "	13	10 00
Runkle & Walter,	" "	13	10 00
W. I. Garman, shoes,		14	7 00
Middleburg Drug Store, drugs,		14	7 00
I. H. Bowersox, confectionary,		8	5 00
H. W. Foulk,		8	5 00
Schoch & Stahlnecker, stoves, etc.,		14	7 00
D. A. Kern, general dealer,		14	7 00
H. E. Walter, furniture,		14	7 00
PENN TWP.			
M. Millner, general store,		13	10 00
I. B. Romig,	" "	14	7 00
G. M. Witmer,	" "	14	7 00
PERRY TWP.			
Peter Garman, general store,		14	7 00
Henry Harding,	" "	14	7 00
Brosius & Minium,	" "	14	7 00
H. A. Ebright	" "	14	7 00
M. Rothrock, drugs,		14	7 00
C. F. Boyer, confectionery,		8	5 00
J. L. Varner, hardware,		14	7 00
WEST PERRY TWP.			
E. S. Straup, general store,		14	7 00
SELINSGROVE BORO			
J. K. Burns, general store,		14	7 00
H. F. Charles, grocer,		14	7 00
A. N. Gemberling, general store,		14	7 00
W. A. Arbogast,	" "	14	7 00
A. D. Carey, grocery,		14	7 00
L. J. Lamberson, grocery,		14	7 00
J. H. Ulsh, drugs,		14	7 00
Geo. C. Wagenseller, drugs and coal,		13	10 00
H. Oppenheimer, clothing,		14	7 00
Keely & Son, clothing,		14	7 00
S. Weis, general store,		12	12 50
Geo. R. Hendricks & Son, hardware,		14	7 00
Edward Taylor, restaurant,		8	5 00
H. E. Miller, grocery,		14	7 00
I. F. Laudenslager, coal,		14	7 00
M. O. Snyder,	"	14	7 00
A. B. Keck, shoes,		14	7 00
M. L. Kreeger, grain,		14	7 00
M. S. Schroyer, shoes and hardware,		14	7 00
Jos. K. Sharf & Son,		14	7 00
H. Holtzworth, general store,		14	7 00
W. D. Baker, bicycles,		14	7 00
H. Deibler, feed,		14	7 00
N. J. Livingston, furniture,		14	7 00
O. W. Meek, general store,		12	12 50
UNION TWP.			
W. M. Boyer, general store,		14	7 00
E. C. Williams,	" "	14	7 00
Geo. I. Flanders,	" "	14	7 00
C. W. Knights,	" "	13	10 00
N. T. Dundore,	" "	14	7 00
A. S. Sechrist,	" "	14	7 00
Bogar & Bingaman, grain,		14	7 00
J. G. Snyder, hardware and furniture,		14	7 00
WASHINGTON TWP.			
Jerry Charles, general store,		14	7 00
B. F. Harley,	" "	14	7 00
B. F. Stroup,	" "	14	7 00
W. P. Moyer, drugs,		14	7 00
Calvin Shotzberger, confectionary,		8	5 00
Henry Schnee, feed,		14	7 00
MONROE TWP.			
G. M. Gross, general store,		14	7 00
E. R. Hottenstein,	" "	13	10 00
S. J. Stroub,	" "	14	7 00
Geo. J. Schoch, grain,		14	7 00
SPRING TWP.			
Spangler & Haines, general store,		14	7 00
J. W. Specht,	" "	14	7 00
H. G. & E. S. Manbeck, general store,		13	10 00
A. A. Ulsh, general store,		14	7 00
E. B. Steininger,	" "	14	7 00
Total			$802 00

TAKE NOTICE.—All persons who are concerned in this appraisement that an appeal will be held at the Commissioners' offire, in the Court House, in the Boro of Middleburg, on Thursday, May 25, 1899 between the hours of 10 a. m. and 3 p. m., when and where all who feel aggrieved by their classification may attend if they think proper. WM. M. BOYER, Mercantile Appraiser.

A SUMMER SAIL

in ladies' shoes is a pleasant voyage afoot. For the pleasure it gives, there's no sail like our sale. Crowds are enjoying it, and securing the prettiest, coolest and best fitting Summer shoes now manufactured, at prices which buyers find it a pleasure to pay. For house or street wear, pleasure or every-day practical purposes, walking, riding, or driving, we supply the ideal shoes demanded by fashion and the dictates of individual taste. Ladies, whoever claims your hands, by all means surrender your feet to these shoes.

G. H. GIBSON, Sunbury

SCOTT'S EMULSION

is a food medicine for the baby that is thin and not well nourished and for the mother whose milk does not nourish the baby.

It is equally good for the boy or girl who is thin and pale and not well nourished by their food; also for the anæmic or consumptive adult that is losing flesh and strength.

In fact, for all conditions of wasting, it is the food medicine that will nourish and build up the body and give new life and energy when all other means fail.

Should be taken in summer as well as winter.

50c. and $1.00, all druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

Dr. Humphreys'

Specifics act directly upon the disease, without exciting disorder in other parts of the system. They Cure the Sick.

NO.	CURES.	PRICES.
1	Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations.	.25
2	Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic...	.25
3	Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness	.25
4	Diarrhea, of Children or Adults.....	.25
7	Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis.....	.25
8	Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache.....	.25
9	Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo..	.25
10	Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach.	.25
11	Suppressed or Painful Periods.....	.25
12	Whites, Too Profuse Periods.....	.25
13	Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness.....	.25
14	Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions..	.25
15	Rheumatism, Rheumatic Pains.....	.25
16	Malaria, Chills, Fever and Ague.....	.25
19	Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head	.25
20	Whooping-Cough.....	.25
27	Kidney Diseases.....	.25
28	Nervous Debility.....	1.00
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