A CRADLE SONG The Cure that Cures To and fro, to and fro, With her mother singing low, Lies my baby, wide awake, Heeding not the soothing shake, Coughs, Colds, Nor the swinging to and fro, Nor her mother-singing low. Grippe, Whooping Cough, Asthma,

Bronchitis and Incipient

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To and fro, to and fro; Steadily the rockers go O'er some crevice in the floor, As they did in days of yore When my mother-singing low-Rocked her baby to and fro.

> To and fro, to and fro-Hear that midget coo and crow. See her twist and turn and spy Just a twinkle in her eye-Then she hughs aloud, you know, At her mother-singing low

To and fro, to and fro-Bread to bake and seams to sew. Beds to make, and sweep and dust, Baby go to sleep; you must; You mus'n't 'tick your legs up so. Ma must rock you-sing, by lo."

To and fro, to and fro. O, my darling, could you know All the weariness and care You have made your mother there All your mirth would change to woe en you heard her sighing so.

To and fro, to and fro. Patiently the rockers go, Till at last the evelids close. Carried safely to repose By the tender undertew Of that song so sweet and low.

O, my pet, my precious one-When her toll for you is done-When alone you seek for rest, Broken-hearted and oppressed, You will miss the voice, I know, Of your mother-singing low.

To and fro to and fro You to motherhood may grow But I'll never forget your glee you kicked and laughed at me As you kicked and musica low, While your mother-singing low, Rocked and rocked you to and fro. -Charles D. Tryon, in Ohio Farmer.



on receipt of 15 cents, to show your good faith. DAT M'CANN came up from the plains into the hills in a bad humor with himself and the world. He had tried to be cow-puncher and had been promptly bucked off; he had tackled the cooking problem and only escaped mobbing by resigning his job; now he had dragged his little, squab form, with its hanging arms, up into the hills to try mining. He applied to the first camp he came to. King, the foreman, gave him a job.

Early the next morning he and another man walked down the gulch through the sarvis bushes for half a mile, turned abruptly to the right, climbed the uneven length of a sigzag trail and at last halted near the top of a ridge. The pine trees, slim and tall, grew out of the unevenly carpeted ground, through which cropped irregular slices of a red-brown, erumbling rock. At the very crest was a dark gray "dike" of quartzite, standing up steep and castellated for a height of 30 feet or more. This was the "hanging wall" of the prospective mine. Down through the trees were glimpses of vast, breathless descents to other ridges and other pines far below. Over the dike was

nothing but the blue sky. The two men had stopped within a hundred feet of the top. The old hand went over to a rough lean-to of small trees covering a rude forge, from beneath which he drew several steel drills of various lengths and a sledgehammer, which he carried to a scar in the face of a huge outcropping rock. After lumping these he returned and got a can of water and a long T-shaped implement of iron. The two men then set to work. McCann held firmly while the other struck. After each blow he would halfturn the drill. When a dozen strokes had been given he poured a little water in the hole and thrust the drill through a bit of sacking to keep it from splashing. The other man jammed his hat down closely over his forehead and struck fiercely, alternately breathing in and grunting in rhythmical succession. When the hole became clogged with fine, gray mud McCann carefully spooned it out with the T-shaped instrument, wiping the latter each time on his trousers. While he did this his companion leaned on his sledge or threw chunks of rock with wonderful accuracy at the squirrels that ran continually back and forth on the ridge As the hole grew deeper longer drills were used, until at last the longest of all left barely enough above the surface of the rock to afford a hand hold. With that the miner expressed himself satisfied. He then brought three cylindrical packages wrapped in greasy paper. "What's them?" McCann inquired.

the traff. Bob was ahead, slouching along with the mountaineer's peculis gait, which seems so lazy, and yet which gets over the ground so fast. In a very few moments he reached the guich below, plunging from the bare, rockstrewn hillside under the pines to the lush grasses and cool saplings of the canyon bed as from a desert to a garden. He looked around to say something. McCann was gone. "Well, I'm d-d!" he ejaculated, and

yelled loudly.

After a moment's pause, from far down the opposite slope came a faint whoop. Bob sat down on a fallen tree and waited philosophically, shouting at intervals. In a little while the Irishman came charging frantically up the gulch, tearing along through the vines and bushes at full speed, so terrified that he passed within ten feet of Bob without seeing him. The latter watched him surge by with an odd little twinkle in his eye. Then suddenly he shouted again. Pat slowed up, looked about for a moment vacantly and then his rugged Hibernian face broke into a multitude of jolly wrinkles.

"Arrah, it's yerself, darlin'," he said: "Oi thought it's Pat McCann as is goin t' slape wid th' mountain lines this night!

"You stick t' me," was Bob's only comment.

After a short climb the men reached the camp on a knoll overlooking two confluent gulches. There was the superintendent's office, the cookhouse, the bunkhouse, the blacksmith's shop, the stables and the corral-all of logs. Supper was served at sundown. The men filed in, took off their coats and sat down without a word. As each one finished eating he arose, put on his coat again and sauntered outside, filling his pipe as he went. Finally the whole gang was gathered at the bunkhouse smoking, telling laconic stories or playing cribbage-the great American game in the mountains.

As the last comer, Pat was told to water the horses. He went boldly into the corral with a rope and was kicked flat. The boys straightened him out, and, after he had regained his breath. gave two of the horses' halters into his hands. Except in the main canyons of the Black Hills there is no surface water, the creeks all running down along the bed-rock. As a consequence, wells are necessary even in the upper hills. Pat first let a horse get loose then he lost the bucket down the well. then he fell in himself in trying to fish it out. The boys fished him out with some interest. So manifestly inadequate an individual it had not been their fortune to meet before, and they looked on him as a curiosity. On the spot they adopted Pat McCann much as they would have adopted a stray kitten or puppy, and doubtless in somewhat the same amused, tolerant state of mind.

The next morning Bob and Pat cleared away the debris of the three blasts, wrenching off the broken, adhering bits with a pick and shoveling them out. King came up with an ax gang and built a rough, square breastwork of logs down the hill, to catch the quarts as in a bin. They also squared a number of timbers and tongued the ends. These were to timber the shaft. All this interested the little Irishman.

He recovered his spirits, and his old blarney came back to him. The clear, fresh air of the hills, the abundant food, the hard work, the sound sleep, the reaction against the taciturnity of the men, and the calm grandeur of the ains, filled h

had first begun work had been carries down 50 feet. Appropriate cross cuts and drifts had been made to exploit the lead. It was now abandoned. Bob and Pat were put to work at another spot In the same lead a little farther along the ridge. The place marked out for the first blast was between two huge bowlders, or rather between the two rounded checks of one bowlder. The passage between them was perhaps five or six feet wide. One end led out in a gradual descent to the broad, open park of the ridge top, the other dropped of abruptly three or four feet to another level place. Around the corner of the first the miners kept their tools and forage; down the second they planned to drop when the blast was fired; and

ing, on that particular day, in the lee of the rock. The hole had been all drilled before Bot discovered that he had forgotten to bring any powder; so, cursing, he started down the passage to get some from the sheet-iron powder house in the draw. Hardly was he out of sight before McCann, chuckling softly to himof rock the missing powder. With this he loaded the hole; he arranged the

fuse, and then dropped down the ledge to get a brand from the fire. It was nearly out, so it took a few moments to start a torch. However, he was in no hurry, as it was some little distance to the powder house, and Bob could not possibly return inside of half an hour. At last he coaxed a bit of pine into a glow, and turned to climb back. A startling sight met his eyes.

When Bob went to get the powder he stopped at the forge for the water pail. As he stopped to pick it up, something struck him a sudden blow in the thigh that knocked him over and set the blood flowing-he said afterward he thought the bone was broken. When he could see, he looked about to find what had hit him, and discovered not ten feet away the long, tawny body of

The great cat lay watching him through half-shut eyes, lazily switching its tail back and forth. From the depths of its throat came a deep rumbling purr. He tried to rise, but could not. Then he turned over on his left side and started to orawl painfully through the passageway of the rocks. The beast opened its eyes and followed stealthily, step after step, still switching its tail, and still purring. It was in a sportive mood, and played with its prey as a cat plays with a mouse. Inch by inch the man pulled himself along. leaving a trail of blood. At last, within a few feet of the ledge, he stopped; he could go no further. The puma, too, paused.

At this moment Pat McCann, a blazing pine brand in his hand, looked over the ledge. Bob saw him and faintly warned him back. The puma saw him too. The purring ceased, and the lithe muscles tightened under the skin. The game was over. The animal was preparing to make its spring.

It did not occur to the little Irishman's fighting soul_to retreat. His comical features stiffened; his little blue eyes fairly snapped. Slowly he drew himself up on the ledge, keeping his eye fixed on the puma, until he stood erect, then he shifted his brand mechanically into his left hand, and drew his sheath-knife. He did not know that the fire was his best weapon. and Bob was too weak to tell him. The brand, held point downward, began to obliged to answer a single question her-

REVIEW LESSON.

End of the Study in the New Testsment-International Sunday School Lesson for June 25, 1800.

(Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.) GOLDEN TEXT .- This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners.-1 Tim. 1:15. GENERAL REVIEW.

"I knew a man who went a thousand miles and back, and supported himself at great expense, to be with Agassiz a few weeks at his summer school at Penikese. An hour with the great naturalist would have amply repaid the trouble and expense. To even see the master of any department is helpful.

"Christ is the master in the departthere they had built a little fire, it bement of spiritual life. We have had six months' study with Him and of Him. Happily we do not have to go to Judea. He says: 'I will come to you and make my abode with you,' and 'Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world,' either as to time or space.

"It is not fish we experiment on, as did Agassiz, but souls, ourselves. So there can be no more interesting self, pulled from under a shelving bit | study."-Bishop H. W. Warren, in S. S. Times

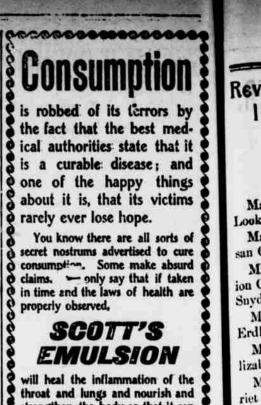
REVIEW BY CHAPTERS. In our last quarterly review we studied the first ten chapters of John by chapters, giving a suggestive title to each. It will be well to review those titles first, and then take up the remaining chapters as given here. The first diagram contains the titles as given in the lessons we have been studying. The second leaves the spaces for such titles as the teacher and scholar may agree upon.

One needs to note not only the titles of the chapters, but the progress of the development of the mission of Christ. John does not attempt to write a blography of Christ, but brings to our view certain salient points, milestones of progress, essential features to the presentation of the work of Christ, taking for granted that we know the life of Christ as recorded in the other Gos-

pels. Drill on the whole book by chapters. as given in the two reviews. After the class reviews, the outline of the book may be put on the blackboard, and the proper titles called for from the school and written in their places. Then drill the school till every scholar shall have the outline of the Gospel impressed upon his memory.

CLASS REVIEW BY DRAWING SLIPS. The Sunday School Times suggests the two following methods of review: "Natural curiosity as to what is 'coming next' may be taken advantage of in arousing and holding the interest.

"A teacher in the Woodland Presbyterian Sunday school of Philadelphia, Miss Fredrica L. Ballard, recognized this in reviewing last quarter's lesson in her class of young children. She wrote nearly 50 simple questions, each one on a slip of paper about six inches long and an inch wide. With the class gathered around her in the Sunday school hour, she held the bundle of slips in her hand, and read the questions one by one in their numbered order and sequence of thought. The first question drawn was answered before drawing another. The scholar who first answered the question correctly, or more correctly than others, kept the allp. So the method proceeded until all the slips were drawn, each scholar making an effort to have the largest number of slips at the end. The teacher was not



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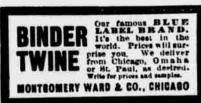


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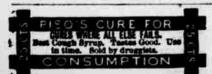
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The miner grunted contemptuously "Hercules powder," he replied. He pronounced the proper name in two syllables

With a sharp knife he cut these into lengths of about three inches each and dropped them one by one into the hole in the rock. Then he rammed them home with a hickory ramrod, just as all old miners will insist on doing. Because of this a large percentage of old miners have no fore and middle fingers on their right hands. The last piece he split, inserted in the crack a bit of fuse, on the end of which was a copper cap, dropped it in and then carefully BIRD chinked in with the wet grit which had been spooned out of the hole.

"Mosey for cover, Irish!" he said, and touched it off.

From behind his tree McCann saw the ting in radiation as it did so, and then the smoke belched forth in a canopy, filled with fragments of quartz. Following the miner, he found a jagged opening in the rock. Then they sharpened their drills at the forge and went at it again. By night they had fired two more blasts and had made a start toward a shaft. After the third Bob, the miner said, glancing at the weste "That'll do, Irish."

They cached the tools, caught up the water bucket and swung rapidly down

spirits. He imagined he had found his vocation at last. He wanted to do everything. In time he learned to strike with the sledge, although it was only after long practice on a stake that he could induce anyone to "hold" for him; he sharpened drills-after a fashion; he even helped in the timberingup. The only thing lacking was the "shooting" of the charges. He had fn ambition to touch the thing off. This King roughly forbade.

"That fly-away fool to risk his neck that way?" he said; "I guess not! He don't know enough now to make his head ache. When I want a wild Irishman too dead to skin, I'll let you know. don't want that man to have the first thing to do with the powder. Understand that!"

What King said went in that camp. Besides, the men knew him to be in the right. Pat was the unluckiest man alive, and the most awkward. He was sure to be in any trouble there was about-in fact, as Jack Williams said, he was a sort of lightning-rod for the whole camp in the way of trouble; everyone else was sure of exemption, if there was only one man's share of difficulty dealt out. So McCann pleaded in vain.

This went to his heart. He would have given his blackthorn shillalah from Dublin to have been looked upon

as a full-fledged miner. He used to put on all the airs of one in Sweetwater when he went down there once a week, swaggering about in copper-riveted jeans, with his hat on one side, conversing learnedly though vaguely on "blow outs," "horses," "foot walls," and other technicalities, hauling out of his pockets yellow-flecked bits of quartz-in short, 'putting on dog" to an amazing extent. But as he turned past the stampmill of the Great Snake and began to scale the heart-breaking trail that led to the top of the ridge, his crest began to fall. As he followed the narrow, level summit

for three miles of its length, standing as it were in the very blueness of the air, sputtering fuse disappear. The next his spirits began to evaporate. When instant the rock seemed to bulge, split- he took the shorter and gentler descent to the camp, the old conviction had returned with sickening force. He was not a miner. He had never "shot." He used all his persuasive powers in vain. For one thing, the men were afraid to disobey King. For another, they liked Pat, and having a firm faith in his "hoodoo," were convinced that his "shooting" and sudden death would be synonymous terms. So Pat abandoned per- as she turned from the window, "here aion and tried craft.

The old shaft on which he and Bob

uneasily at this, and its muscles relaxed. It was evidently discomposed. Pat did not await the attack, but stepped forward, holding his Lnife firmly.

The puma's great eves shifted

blaze.

When within a few feet of the animal Pat hesitated and stopped. His nerve was still unshaken, but he did not know how to begin. The puma still sniffed uneasily at the blaze, but had recovered from its first fear, and was again gathering its powers for a spring. For a moment there was absolute silence, and Patheard through the still air the sharp chatter of a squirrel and the clank of the ore-team's whifiletrees from the ore road far below. While he stood thus uncertain, the fire from the pine, having run up along the torch, began to burn Pat's fingers. Without moving his head or shifting his eyes, he dropped it gently-plumb upon the fuse he had so carefully arranged a few moments before. Then he took a step backward to avoid the smoke. There was a splutter and a flash, then a sudden roar. The man and the beast were hurled violently in opposite directions, and a volcano of rock shot high in the air and showered down again.

The ax-gang found the puma very dead and Pat very hard to revive. The whisky-and-water method brought him around at last. He looked hazily about him in evident bewilderment until his eye caught sight of the dead animal, but then his face lighted up with eager

"Glory to God, Ol'm a miner!" he shouted. "Ol've 'shot' at last!"-San Francisco Argonaut.

Ancient Warning Against Wine. The oldest Egyptian papyrus, which contains a series of moral aphorisms of the fifth Egyptian dynasty (3566-3333 B. C.), is said to afford the earliest instance of the moral treatment of intoxication and the first warning in writing against drinking in wine shops. 'My son," runs the injunction, "do not linger in the wine shop or drink too much wine. Thou fallest upon the ground; thy limbs become weak as hose of a child. One cometh to do trade with thee and findeth thee so. Then say they: "Take away the fellow, for he is drunk.""

A new Departure. Margie's famer was accustomed to wear a tall silk hat. One afternoon, however, he came home with a soft felt one on. "Oh, mamma!" cried Margie, es papa with a soft-shelled hat on."

self. She save that there was the bas of feeling throughout, and that the class was never before so deeply interestechin a review exercise."

A BIOGRAPHY.

Once, while I lived in the City of Destruction, which Bunyan describes, there came to me John 14:26, who troubled me greatly because he 16:8-11. At first I 11:10, because I 20:9. Then came voices saying 11:27; 12:35, 46; 17:17. Then I joined the noble band described in Acts 17:11. Here I saw a vision of 14:2 and Rev. 21, and found there not only Rev. 22:1-5, but John 14:27, and 15:11, and 15:12, and 15:15. And my soul longed for these things. Then I said: Where is the path? And a voice answered 14:6; and I said: Who shall guide me? And the voice said 16:13. Then I said: I am not fit to go there. And the voice said 3:3, and 3:5, and 15:3, And I said: What do they do there? And the voice said. 13:14, 15; 14:15; 15:12; 17:18, 21. And I said: Lord, how shall I do these things? And the voice replied 15:4, 7. Then the voice asked me 21:16 (f. e), and I replied 20:28 and 21:16 (m. c.).

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Instead of loving only those who love us we are to love also the unloving

and the unlovable. To help our fellow-men requires tact and contact.

Every man that will not allow God to regenerate him is becoming degenerate.

The Natty Old Gentleman

A soldier in Manila, who was ordered to the hospital at Corregidor, was on the beach one morning when he saw a particularly natty old gentleman carrying a cane coming toward him. The stranger was curious about the hospital and about the fighting with the Fillpinos. For two hours they talked and the old gentleman concluded by drawing a map on the sand of the bays and inlets about Manila and the position of the fleet. It was only after the parting that the soldier learned that he had been talking with Admiral Dewey.

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