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THE MOTHER OF A SOLDIER. The mother of a soldier-hats off to her.

face the fray: She gave him to her country with a bless-ing on his head— She found his name this morning in the long list of the dead; "Killed—Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while

leading on the rest.

A Bible in his pocket and a portrait on his

The mother of a soldier-she gave him to She saw him on the transport as he waved

his sun-browned hand; She kissed him through the teardrops and told him to be brave; Her prayers went night and morning with her boy upon the wave.

The mother of a soldier-her comfort and her joy, She gave her dearest treasure when she

gave her only boy; She saw the banners waving, she heard the people cheer; She clasped her hands and bravely looked away to hide a tear.

The mother of a soldier-Ah, cheer the hero deed, And cheer the brave who battle 'neath the

banner of their creed;
But don't forget the mothers, through all door.

Nay, don't forget the mothers the moth-

ers of our men,
Who see them go and never know that
they'll come back again,
That give them to their country, to battle
and to die,
Because the bugles call them and the starry

The mother of a soldier-hats off to her. Whose head is bowed in sorrow with its tender locks of gray. She gave without regretting, though her

old heart sorely bled When she found his name this morning in the long list of the dead: "Killed-Sergeant Thomas Watkins, while

leading on the rest, His dear old mother's portrait clasped upon his hero breast?" -Folger McKinsey, in Baltimore News.

> · 公下公下公下公下公下公下公下公下 An Experiment in Friendship

By Murray Seasongood.

BOLKER, during his four years at college, never made a friend. To him neighbor in a lecture meant either nuisance, if fidgety and inclined to talk, or object of indifference, if quiet and taciturn; snob, if well dressed; nonentity if, like himself, shabby. In those four years of toil Bolker never committed the conventional college sins of drinking, smoking or loafing. Instead, he spent his time on mathematics, now computing, with infinite patience, how long it takes (disallowing friction) for a drop of water to flow from the north pole to the equator, and now mastering the eccentricities of parabolas and other devilish curves. His mathematics stamped themselves on his appearance, his habits and his character. The part in his black hair was the perfection of straightness; just as regular as 7:30, 12:00 and 6:00 came eachday, so regularly he regaled himself at Foxcroft. As for work, his was invariably ready three days before the required time. Bolker graduated finally with a summa cum (highest honors in mathematics), an abnormally developed character and a vague longing. This last he proved conclusively to himself was for a continuance of his student life, and in hopes of satisfying it he pleaded successfully

The next fall found him ensconced in office heartily trusting he should never have to assert himself. While beautifying his new quarters, on the day before college opened, with a much connoting sheepskin, he was startled by a loud: "Oh, excuse me-but will you lend me a match?" from a well-dressed lad, standing at the door.

"Certainly, yes; come in," stammered the proctor, blushing.
"Thanks, awfully," said the visitor.

"I didn't really want a match, you know. I'm your neighbor, and I thought we might as well meet. I'm a freshman; my name's Watson."

Strangely, the proctor was not bored; indeed, he was glad. "Mine," he said, holding out his hand timidly, "is Bolker." The ingenuous intruder grasped it heartily.

"What a jolly room you have!"-it was in reality almost bare-"I suppose you're a senior." "No; I'm a graduate this year."

"That is dignified! What an age it must seem since you came. But I see you're busy fixing up. I ought to be, too. I'm such a lazy dog, though, I'd sit around and talk all day, if you'd let me. Well, so long. Come and see me. Fifteen, right next door," and out he strode, whistling.

Bolker's heart seemed pushing up toward his collarbone. He had not mentioned that he was proctor, because he feared the boy, once knowing it, would not come back, and he wanted him back; wanted him to come often.

His wish was gratified. That very night Watson dropped in, now without excuse. He spoke of the strangeness of the place, of how thoroughly insignificant one felt in it, as though no one would care if you lived or died; wherein it was all quite different from home (home being in Dayton, O., and very far away). Then Bolker surprised himself by playing the comforter.

"Must you be off?" he said, sincerely sorry, when the lad finally rose to go. "Yes, I want to start in well and get up early. I'm tremendously obliged to

-whew, it's late." "By Jove, I had no idea it was so late. Half past ten! I'll have to stop that fellow playing his piano up there."

"Why, you don't mind it, do you?" "No-but you see-I'm proctor in the

"You?" the lad laughed. "Why, you've just graduated. You're joking, aren't you?"

"No, I really am the proctor." "Oh, what a cinch I've got," chuckled the boy, impudently. "Good night, old man—that is I mean, dr.".

The exclamation annoyed Bolker vaguely. What if ever as proctor he should have to-nonsense! His fears were groundless. The fact that he was proctor did not in the least hamper the acquaintance from ripening. as time went on, into friendship. The freshman was young and liked the proctor's quiet reserve, his sophisticated advice, and Bolker became equally fond of the wild lad toward whom his solitary heart turned with a tenderness almost fatherly.

One night there came from Watson's room more noise than was usual. It began early, and prolonged itself indefinitely. The proctor went to bed doubting. The noise continued; it became intolerable. Jumping into his slippers (which were always, toes out, precisely at right angles to the bed) Bolker rapped at the door. For an instant the noise ceased; then the proctor heard from within: "Let me go. I'm all right, I tell you," and an angry "Shut up; get in there quick; I'll go, in the voice of Watson, who thereupon looking extremely silly, appeared at the

"Won't you please stop the noise?" the lonely years, That fight the bravest battles on the sun- | faltered Bolker. "I can't sleep if you

"Were we making a noise? Really

"It doesn't matter at all if you'll only stop. Good night." Good night, sir." The door slammed

with a scuffle and a blended chorus of You old liar-eh, eh-give me thatwhoop! Bolker slipped into bed, very miser-

able. He hated to do it. Out in the hall he heard another scuffle, mournful reproaches, blasphemous diatribes against all proctors and reluctant good nights. But it was long, despite the succeeding quiet, before he slept. Next morning Watson appeared for

an instant to iterate his regrets. "Just a beer night, you know-my eighteenth birthday. It won't happen again, I asure you. Ta-ta!" During the next week Bolker was

wretched because his neighbor did not appear. Doubtless he was angry. To have stopped his birthday party wasbut one's duty! Rot! One's duty was to have waited at least awhile longer.

As a matter of fact Watson, as Bolker should have known, was too busy for visiting, in that year before the midyears. To keep off probation would be a hard struggle. He had determined accordingly to work hard, and did, so that he scraped through ingloriously.

One day after the troublous times were over the proctor was disturbed in his work by a well-known bang at the door, and in answer to his "Come ," Watson appeared all breathless. "I say, my folks are in the next room. They surprised me, and I want you to meet them now, please." "I'd like to," replied Bolker, nervou

ly, "but-but I'm busy, that is-"

"Bosh, my dear fellow; there's n one but mother and sister. I've told em so much about you they insist on seeing you, and when they insist you might as well give in right off; it saves time. They'll be insulted if you don't. Come on, there's a good fellow."

Bolker had never before met anyone's people, and didn't know quite how to do it. So it was only after many misgivings that he at length consented. But he found Mrs. Watson much like her son, and a brief talk with her made

him forget his hands and feet. Later, to Miss Watson's sincere thanks for his looking after her brother, and to her interested queries that disclosed at lute ignorance of all things academic, Bolker found himself answering with more freedom than he had ever dreamed of. The girl had all the unaffected frankness of her brother, augmented by a thousand little womanly graces,

that quite captivated him. At the end of a blissful hour came the climax; they asked him to dine. And when he perforce declined, they sweepingly rebutted his arguments; he was not a stranger; they had seemed to know him for ages; he had been so

good to Fred. In short, he accepted. At the end of a week Watson's people took rooms in Cambridge. "Mother likes the place better than Boston," explained the boy. "I'm the chief attraction, and they want to be near me. Oh—and they want you to call, often. Sie thinks you're just about the right sort." Bolker flushed. "That's very nice, I'm sure."

And he did call often; the girl was wonderfully attractive. When, after two months' stay, she and her mother left, Bolker, for the first time in his college career, felt lonesome.

Worst of all, the April examinations put poor Watson on probation. "My dad writes he won't have me come back if I don't make my class. But, hang it all, I couldn't helpit! It takes me such time to get started, the hour's always up by the time I begin. Looks pretty erious, eh? But I'll manage somehow guess."

He did manage, in his first four finals, despite the innumerable seminars and incessant grinding that preceded them, to do very badly. That was sure.

It so happened that in the fateful room, where he was to take his last, an examination in English, Bolker was proctor. "Good luck to you!" he smiled o Watson, giving him a blue book. Then he settled into the dreamy, trancelike state wherein he was wont to pass the three-hour ordeal.

After awhile he glanced toward Waton. Good heavens! the boy was not writing; he was looking squarely on the book of the man in front of him. Bolker turned away hastily, then, with a fearful doubt, looked again. Could it be that he-her brother-could it be? It was; the wretched boy, afraid of failure, was taking this cowardly means, prostituting friendship for safe cheatng. With a great weight on his heart, the proctor strode toward his friend. "I'll report you," he hissed, bending

Watson looked up and laughed. "Oh, you wouldn't do that!"

The watchman resumed his sest. trembling. He dared not look again.

Il mine have been a mistake. "But if it isn't, what then? I won't look-there is no need. Yes-I will look-to prove I was wrong." Reluctantly he wung around. Horrible, it was true! A flush came to Bolker's cheeks-here was no time for leniency. He would report, he must report, the infamous cheat. Report? No, thank heaven, that was not necessary!

Over on the other side of the room lozed a fellow proctor; to him tiptoed

"Say, old man," he pleaded, "do you mind changing places? I feel sick-I want to sit by the window where it's

"Sure, you're sick ?" queried the other, pleasantly, and crossed over. Bolker sank into the chair and mopped his face. Then he looked triumphantly at Watson, now working away. Indeed, after that, the boy continued to scratch along. never once pausing to look up, until, three-quarters of an hour before time was up, he handed in his book and scurried out.

When the examination ended Bolker, faint and trembling, strode to the room of his friend. Through the open door he descried the goody collecting innumerable shirts and ties that strewed the floor.

"Where's Mr. Watson?" he demanded, fiercely.

"Why, he's jest this very minute went away, swearin' around that he'd never make his train! Such a mess you never seen, sir! He's terrible careless, is Mr. Watson, sir, and I was to say good-by for him-"

was rapidly oozing away. "Poor little chap, he's so young! It was an awful temptation and he yielded. Bolker, you blackguard, you hope he pulled through. You do, sir-and it's enough to have stopped him, made him fail! Yes, and why, why? For a big, grinding corporation called Harvard, of which you are the tool, the spy. For that you've sacrificed your friend, your only one, her brother!"

Bolker slammed the door. His anger

All thorugh the summer Bolker toiled. solitary and wretched, hoping, praying, in spite of himself, that Watson had contrived to pass and would return. Never had summer seemed so hot, so long, so unendurable; never had he accomplished so little; never had he made such childish mistakes; never felt so utterly alone.

As October drew near, he became more and more despondent, fearing he should never again see his by now canonized friend. He even thought of resigning, for the reason that in allowing another to cheat he had nimself But one morning he was startled and

shocked by hearing the voice he so well know: "Hello, Bolker; lend me a match, will you?"

"Watson, Watson," he cried, springing up. "Did you-"
"Well, I guess I passed everything pretty well; two D's, two C Minus', and -don't faint now-a B-yes, sir, a B in English. You must have been my mascot that day when you were in the room. Oh, and say-good news! My family are coming to live in Cambridge; they liked it so much-and they want to be remembered. Now, I didn't forget to tell you, did I? You're surprised about that B. Hm! Clearly, sir, you have heretofore underrated my ability Well, I always liked Ben and Donne and that lot-but what's the matter with you, man? You look funny. Whe-ew! I remember now. So you did believe l was cheating in that exam.? Why, at the time I thought surely you were joking. But, do you know, it bothered me often during the summer, because I remembered how serious you looked and that you changed with the other proctor. Lord, man, you ought to have known better! I'm sorry you thought that of me. I am sorry! Don't deny it, man-you can't! Oh, I'm not angry, but you must have thought me a beaut! I remember it now, and I suppose it did look suspicious, and I ought not to have done it. But I couldn't help it. There was an awful grind in front of me. He wrote like a steam engine, two pages a minute, you know! I liked watching him scratch away, but I didn't look to see what he was writing. I'm not as bad as all that. Don't be foolish.

to cry. You haven't shaken hands yet. Put her here!" Bolker, unable to speak, covered Watson's big hand with beat his -n and

Bolker. You look as if you were going

Not Good Sating. Bod on a very small sitery, had great effectly to get his quarterly install-ment. He had safeld on his stoward a number of time, but had each time been put off with some success. His wants at length becoming argent, he went to his steward and told him he must have his money, as his family wanted the necessaries of life. "Money!" replied the steward. "You preach for money! I thought you preached for the good of souls! "Souls!" replied the minister. "I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take a thousand such as yours to make a decent meal."-Chicago Chronicle.

Looking a Long Way Ahead. While Sir M. E. Grant Duff was governor general of Madras a judge imposed a fine on a native Christian. The latter had no lawyer to defend him, but he put in the following remarkable "Your honor may be right, I plea: may be wrong: I may be right, honor wrong; let honor give me back the fine and then at day of resurrection, when all hearts will be open, if I am wrong I will most gladly, sir, return your hon-or the money."—Chicago Chronicle.

A New Dodge for Summer. Clerk-Are we going to use the see

erpent this summer? Proprietor-I think not. I have a better scheme than that. I shall arrange to have bottles washed up on the beach every day, each one containing s message from some arctic explorer. M. Y. Journal.

GRACIOUS INVITATIONS.

International Sunday School Lesson for July 2, 1899-Text, Hoses 14:1-9-Memory Verses 4-7.

[Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.]
GOLDEN TEXT.—Come, and let us return unto the Lord.—Ho. 6:1.
READ the whole book of Hosea.
PLACE IN BIBLE HISTORY.—2 Kings.

Chaps. 15, 16, 17; Chron., Chaps. 26, 27, 28. CONTEMPORARY PROPHETS.—Amo Belonging to Judah, but prophesying in Israel, Isaiah. Prophesying in Judah. SECULAR HISTORY.—During Hosea's ministry authentic history began in Greece with the Olympiads, B. C. 776. Rome was founded B. C. 752. Assyria was the dominant, overshadowing power during Hosea's life, and was the instrument of the execu-tion of the Divine warnings. EXPLANATORY.

The Mission of the Prophet Hosen. Hosea had fallen upon evil times, and his mission was to make them better. Like Elisha at the bitter fountain of Jericho, he was to cast the salt of righteousness into the polluted social and religious fountains of Israel's life, and restore the waters to health. The Prophet Amos preceded Hosea. His message was one of denunciation of sin, of "Woe unto you," of punishment, of warning. It was of Divine justice. The Prophet Hosea follows him with a new motive, the mightlest that can be brought to bear upon the heart of man-the love of God, the deepest, tenderest, strongest love possible. "To Amos' proposition 'God is Justice,' Ho-

sea adds, 'God is Love.' " I. Hosen's Personal Experience Makes Him a Living, Visible Sermon on the Power of Love to Conquer Sin .- Chaps

II. Hosea's Appeals and Warnings .-Chaps. 3-14. He shows how the people are decaying morally, and as a natural result politically.

III. A Vision of the Past,-Chap, 11. The warnings and woes against sin are interrupted by two visions; one of the past, chap. 11, and one of future possibilities, chap. 14.

IV. The Vision of Hope.-14:1-0. First. The Prophet's Appeal (vs. 1, 3). V. 1. "Return:" like the prodigal son, after his bitter experiences, "unto the Lord thy God:" whose child you are, to whom you owe allegiance, gratitude. love, obedience. "For thou hast fallen by thine iniquity:" Again like the prodigal son. They had found "what an evil and bitter thing" it is to forsake Jehovah their God (Jer. 2:19). V. 2. "Take with you words:" Express your feelings of repentance; make public confession of sin, so that your penitence may be known as widely as the sin: put your vows and promises on record; as it were, sign a pledge. Such things are the natural accompaniments of true repentance. "And turn:" R. V., return, to the Lord. This is the new birth of John 3:3, & It is, and always has been, the essential condition of salva-

Second. The Penitent's Prayer and Confession (vs. 2, 3). "Take away all iniquity." By free forgiveness, and by taking away the sinful nature. "So will we render the calves of our lips: The calves, or bullocks, were the larger sacrifices of their ritual. Their vows, their praises, their expressions of love, their confessions and promises were their true offerings to God. Compare Isa. 58:5-14. V. 3. "Assur, Assyria, shall not save us:" They will no longer turn to Assyria for help, as they had done before (5:13; 7:11; 8:9). "For in thee the fatherless:" "Lo-Ruhamah" of chaps, 1 and 2, "findeth mercy:" (Compare John 14:18). I will not leave you

Third. The Lord Speaks in Reply (vs. Rather, as the night mist, i. e., the masses of vapor brought by the damp westerly winds of summer. The baleful effects of the sirocco are often felt in Palestine during the rainless heat of summer, but by the beautiful provision of night-mist all hardy forms of vegetable life are preserved. - Cambridge Bible. "Grow:" blossom, "as the lily:" in glorious beauty and pro-fusion. V. 6. What a beautiful picture this is of the kingdom of God on earth; the ideal which every Christian church should seek to realize more fully.

Fourth. The Prophet Pictures Israel Under the Fulfilment of this Promise. V. 7. "They that dwell under his, Isreal's, shadow:" The people of Israel. "Shall return:" Revive as the bare branches revive in the springtime. Shall grow, blossom, "as the vine:' utiful and fruitful.

Fifth. Repentant Israel Speaks. What have I to do any more with Israel renounces idols forever. The Lord Responds. "I have (answered) him, and observed level's repentance, and will and the Lord will ander His care.

Creek. Repentant Israel rejoices in the service. "I am like a green fir tree:"

Evidently thinking of the splendid for-

ests of Lebanon."-Cheyne.

Eighth. The Lord replies in words of both hope and warning. "From Me is thy fruit found:" All these blessings come from the Lord, as the life and fruit of a tree comes from the earth and air. So in John 15, the fruit on the branch comes from the vine.

None Perfect But Christ. He who boasts of being perfect is perfect in folly. I never saw a perfect man. Every rose has its thorns and every day its night. Even the sun shows spots, and the skies are darkened

nestle in every bosom.—Spurgeon, Boston Congratulates Horself, Boston congratulates itself on marked decrease in drunkenness during the last three years. In 1896 there were 20,480 arrests for this offense. In 1897 the number declined to 19,252, and in 1898 to 16,628. The probation system

with clouds. And faults of some kind

is working well. Not a Good Rule.

Christian people should be slow about adding to their list of Beatitudes the modern one which reads: "Blessed are those who row with the stre for they shall get what they want."-Boston Watchman.

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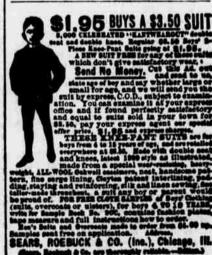
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