

# BUY GOODS IN CHICAGO



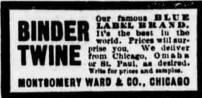
Lave you tried the Catalogue system of buying ET: AYTH MG you use at Wholesale Prices? We can save you 15 to 40 ner cent on your purchases. We are now creeting and will own and occupy the highest building in America, employ 2,000 clerks filling country orders exclusively, and will refund purchase price if goods don't suit you.

Our General Catalogue—1,000 pages, 16,000 Dustrations. 60,000 quotations—costs us 72 cents to print and mail. We will send it to you wan receipt of 15 cents, to show your good faith.

#### **WONTGOMERY WARD & CC.** MIGHIGAN AVE. AND MADISON ST.

CHICAGO. ODD POISON

A SPECIALTY Primary, Sec A SPECIAL I ondary or retiary BLOOD POISON permanently
cured in 16 to 85 days. You can be treated at
home for same price under same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay railroad fareand botel bills, and
mocharge, if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and
mins, Mucous Patches in mouth, Sore Throat,
Pimples, Copper Colored Spots, Ulcers on
my part of the body. Hair or Eyebrows failling
out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON
we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obsticate we cannot cure. This disease has always
baffied the skill of the most eminent physicians. \$500,000 capital behind our uncondiblonal guaranty. Absolute proofs sent coaled on
application. Address COOR REMEDY CO.,
307 Masonic Temple, CHICAGO, ILL.



Mifflinburg Marble Works.

R. H. LANGE, DEALER IN MARLE AND SCOTCH GRANITE

Monuments, Headstsones and @Cemetery Lot Enclosures.

Old Stones Cleaned and Repaired Prices as Low as the Lowest.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. J. A. JENKINS, Ag't., Crossgrove, Pa.

### A BIG CLUB.

Cut this out and return to us with 81.00 and we'll send the following, postage prepaid: VERMONT FARM JOURNAL 1 YEAR. NEW YORK WEPKLY TRIBUNE 1 YEAR. AMERICAN POULTRY JOURNAL 1 YEAR. THE GENTLEWOMAN 1 YEAR. MARION HARLAND'S COOK BOOK. TEN NIGHTS IN A BAR ROOM,

All For \$1.00. Regular Cost \$4.00.

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 Hariand'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 ctubbing list.

Vermont Farm Journal, "PUBLISHER,



ARS, ROEBUCK & CO.(INC.) CHICAGO, IL



## A Mysterious Guest

NE carnival night in 186-, Cantal and I, pursued by ennui, found ourselves by chance side by side in a proscenium-box at the opera ball. Our eyes were idly studying the motley mosaic formed by the maskers dancing to the witching music of Strass' bow, when the door of the box was flung open and, with a silken frou-frou, three masks entered and greeted us by name. Clio the Fair, Antonie Chantilly and Susannah Jackson were as well known in the world of artists for their beauty as for their wit. Cantal gave them chairs, asking with a smile: "You are playing truants to the ball?"

"Suddenly we caught sight of you!" cried Antonie; "we will have supper together, if you've nothing better on

"Well and good!" said Cantal, turning to me; "I will engage the red dining-room at once, if you are all agreed." In the midst of his last words my eye was caught by the face of a man of 35 in the box opposite; he had an oriental pallor. Lowering his opera glass he bowed to me. After a moment's thought I remembered he had rendered me a trifling service, such as custom permits between fellow-travelers-information about a certain brand of cigars, if I remember rightly-I returned his bow. I had hardly reached the foyer when the stranger approached me. Recalling his courtesy in Germany, I could do no less than invite him to join us, if he was quite alone, in the gay hubbub.

"And whom shall I have the honor of presenting to our merry party?" I asked, smiling, when he had accepted.

"Baron won H---," he said. "But, in view of the indulgence of the ladies, the difficulties of pronunciation, and the carnival season, let me assume, for an hour, another name, no matter what"with a laugh-"Baron Saturn, if you like."

This caprice surprised me slightly, but I feil in with his fancy, and announced him formally under the mythological title he had hit upon. His fantastic appellation was received with favor; Clio insisted he was a king from the "Thousand and One Nights," traveling incog.

After the preliminary compliments, Susannah Jackson, between two irre-sistible yawns, asked: "Will the baron join us at supper, for the sake of symmetry ?"

"I am very sorry to refuse," said the stranger. "Unfortunately a circumstance of capital importance will call me away in a few hours."

"A make-believe duel ?" said Clio, with a pout.

"No, madame; a rencontre, since you have deigned to consult me."

"Bah; a mere trifle; not worth crossing swords over, you may be sure; words exchanged at an opera ball don't count; you are a stranger, that's plain-

"Quote true, madame; I am some what of a stranger everywhere," the baron replied, with a bow.

"Allons! Do you get people to coax

'Very seldom, I assure you!" the old fellow replied, both gallantly and equivocally. Cantal and I exchanged glances; what was he driving at? It might turn out amusing, in any case.

Like a child who insists on having what is refused to it, Antonie seized his arm, exclaiming: "You belong to us till dawn!"

He surrendered; we left the opera. So here we were with the prospect before us of several hours' relative intimacy with a man of whom we knew absolutely nothing, except that he had played at the Wiesbaden Casino and studied Havana cigars.

Leaning back in the carriage, Cho called to the footman: "To the Malson Doree!" The foreigner's heavy carriage was rolling after ours. Antonie, better known under her romantic nom de guerre, "Yscult," had accepted his mysterious escort.

Installed in the red dining-room Joseph received strict orders not to let in a single living being, except the Ostend oysters-and our illustrious friend, the fantastic little Dr. Florian les Eglisottes, if by chance he should come for his proverbial ecrevises.

A great log rolled in the fireplace. The air was heavy with the scent of furs and winter flowers. Wine stood chilling in silver coolers. Bunches of camellias trembled on their wire stems in crystal vases. Outside a dense snow mingled with rain fell, and we caught

a muffled sound of carriages. During the sparkling sallies of the supper, I gave myself up to my innocent mania of observation; I was not long in discovering that the Saxon baron was worthy of study. Our chance guest was not wildly hilarious, that was certain. His features and his bearing were not lacking in the conventional distinction that is a passport to society; his accent was not disagreeable as with most foreigners. Strangely enough it was his pallor that was against him; from time to time he turned a chalky, a ghastly white. His lips were as thin as a line drawn by a paint brush; his eyebrows

met in a perpetual frown. An hour winged by, freighted with jesting, confessions, and laughing words; smiles and diamonds flashed; the magic of the deep mirrors reflected in an infinitude of blue distance every gesture, every candle flame. Cantal and I sunk into a reverte. The coffee was smoking in its transparent cups; Cantal, with a Havana between his lips, was wrapping himself in blue rings, like a demi-god in a cloud. Baron von Hwith half-closed eyes, a glass of champagne in his pale hand, leaned back on divan; he seemed to be following closely the magical modulations of the nocturnal duet in "Tristan and Isolde." played with much feeling by Susannah. Antonie and Clio the Fair with locked bands listened, radiant, to the music.

I listened, too, looking the while at our three graces. All wore velvet that night. Antonie, of the violet eyes, was | der. in black; against the severe line of the saked. decolletage her throat and shoulders rose like veritable Carrara. She had a narrow gold ring on her little finger and three sapphire cornflowers shone in her chestnut hair that fell in two soft braids far below her waist. Clio the Fair, an exquisite blond, with brown eyes-the goddess of impertinence!—a disenchanted young person whom Prince Soltikoff had baptized a la russe by pouring champagne foam on her hair-wore a well-molded green velvet gown and a ruby necklace. This young creole of 20 was quoted as the model of all the reprehensible virtues. She would have bewitched the profoundest philosopher of Greece or the austerest metaphysician of Germany. She had just returned from Baden-Baden, laughing as merrily as a child. and leaving 5,000 louis on the green cloth. Susannah Jackson, the Scottish Circe with night-black hair, in red velvet, looked Eke a dark lily-the meaning of her name, by the way, in Hebrew, she told me. A red, green, or black mask hung from each belt.

When Susannah left the plano I took a bouquet from the table and offered it to her with a jest: "You are diva! Wear one of these flowers for the sake of unknown admirers." She graciously fastened a spray of hortensia in her bodice. 'I don't read anonymous letters!" she said, laying the rest of my "salaam" on the piano.

"Ah, cold Susannah!" cried Cantal, laughing, "you have come into the world merely to show us that snow burns."

At this moment Joseph entered carryng a bowl of iced punch, for we had resolved to drink like lords. Baron Saturn seemed restless; I saw him pull out his watch, draw a ring off his finger and give it to Antonie, and rise from his seat

"Lord of distant regions!" I called out to him, between two puffs of a cigar, "you mustn't think of leaving us for an hour yet. You'll pass for mysterious, and that's the worst of taste."

"Accept my spologies," he replied, "but a duty that I cannot ignore and that brooks no delay calls me away. Pray believe that I am hopelessly in your debt for the charmed hours spent here."

"Is it really a duel, then?" asked Antonie, nervously.

"Stay with us and save a cold. Look at us; listen and decide!" said Cantal. "Gentlemen," said Baron Saturn, "I will confess that I am blind and deaf as often as God permits."

This incomprehensible plunged us into the most absurd conjectures. We looked at each other with an awkward smile, not knowing what to think of this jest, when suddenly it flashed across me where I had first seen the man. For the space of a second everything about me seemed bathed in a red light—a light that came from our guest. Approaching the for eigner, I whispered in his ear:

"Monsieur, pardon me if I am wrong, but I believe I had the pleasure of meeting you five or six years ago at Lyons, at four o'clock one morning, in a public

Saturn raised his head and looked at me intently. "Ah!" he said, "it is possi-"Yes!" I went on, looking at him in-

tently. "Wait a bit—in that square find him fascinating." there stood a melancholy object that I "Perhaps you'll chan was drugged to see by two student friends, and that I've sworn never to look on again." "Indeed!" observed Saturn: "and

what was that object, if I am not indiscreet in asking?" "A scaffold; a guillotine, monsieur,

if my memory serves me. Yes! it was the guillotine. Now I'm sure of it!" These words had passed in a very low tone between us. Cantal and the ladies stood talking near the piano.

"That's it! I remember," I added. raising my voice. "What do you say to my memory? Although you drove by very quickly, your carriage, delayed a moment by mine, let me catch a glimpse of you in the torchlight. The circumstance stamped your face on my mind. You had absolutely the same expres-

sion then as now.' "Ah, ah!" he replied; "it is true; you speak with great accuracy, I admit!" And his strident laugh gave me the feeling of a pair of blant scissors sawing a lock of hair.

"One detail among others impressed me," I went on. "From a distance, I saw you got out near where the scaffold was standing, and-unless I have been deceived by a resemblance-"You have not been deceived, my dear

sir," he returned; "it was I." At this word I felt that the converse tion had grown icy. I was hunting for commonplace with which to change the current of thoughts, when suddenly Antonie turned from the piano and

ild, somewhat sadly: "By the way, you know there is an xecution this morning. It is poor Dr. de la Poise; he attended me ones."

"What? Is it really to-day?" I asked, trying to assume an indifferent voice. "At six o'clock, the fatal hour," said Antonie. "I had forgotten all about it. It seems they have even had a foreigner come to assist M. de Paris, in

view of the solemnity of the occasion and the distinction of the criminal." Not noticing the absurdity of her last words, I turned toward M. Saturn. He was standing near the door, wrapped in a great black cloak, with his hat in his hand, and bearing in all his person

an official air. "M. le Baron," I said to him, smiling, after your singular hints we have almost the right to ask you if it is as the law, that you are blind and deaf as

often as God permits?" He approached me, leaned toward me jestingly, and answered in a low tone; "Hold your tongue, there are ladies present!" He made a circular bow and went out, leaving me dumb, shivering, and unable to believe my cars.

last speech, clapped me on the shoul-der. "Have you lost your wits?" he

"He has come into a big property, and is only continuing to practice while waiting for a successor," I murmured, enervated by the fumes of the punch.

"Bah!" exclaimed Cantal; "do you actually suppose him to be attached to the ceremony in question?"

"So you caught the drist of our short talk, old fellow, did you? Short, but instructive. The man is a mere executioner! A Belgian, probably. He is the foreigner Antonic referred to a few moments ago. Save for his presence of mind I would have made a break that would have alarmed the ladies."

"Come, come!" cried Cantal. "An executioner in a 30,000 franc carriage, who gives diamonds to his dinner neighbor, who sups at the Maison Doree the day before he devotes himself to a patient! Since your cafe de choiseul, you see hangmen everywhere! Drink some punch. Your M. Saturn is a poor jester, do you know?"

At these words it seemed to me that cold reason was on Cantal's side. Greatly annoyed, I hastily picked up my hat and gloves and turned toward the door. "This stupid hoax has lasted far too long," I added, opening the door. "If I find that funereal mystifler, I swear that-"

"Don't swear!" cried a gay, wellknown voice from behind the portiere. "Step back, my dear friend," and our famous little doctor, Les Eglisottes, entered springily, his great coat sprinkled with snow.

"My dear doctor," I said, "I will come back shortly, but-" He took my arm. "When I have told you the history of the man who was going away as I arrived. I warrant you that you'll not

lies. Besides, it's too late; his carriage has carried him half a mile by this time." These words were pronounced in so strange a tone that I paused on the threshold. "Give us the story, doctor,"

care to ask him an account of his sal-

I said, sitting down. "But remember, you'll have to answer for my inaction!" The prince of science set his goldheaded cane in a corner, pressed his lips on the finger tips of our three graces, poured out a glass of Madeira, and in the fantastic silence due to the incident and to his own entrance-commenced

in these terms: "I thoroughly understand this evening's adventure, as well as if I had been among you. What has happened to you, without being precisely alarming, might have become so. The gentleman is, rightly enough, Baron von H---, of an aristocratic German family; his fortune is in the millions; but"-the doctor looked at us-"his insanity having been diagnosed by the medical faculties of Munich and Berlin presents the most extraordinary and incurable of monomanias cited up to to-day."

"A madman! What are we to understand, Florian?" asked Cantal, pushing the alim bolt of the door. At this revelation, the ladies' smiles had changed. I began to think I was dreaming.

"I thought I had informed you that

our gentleman was a millionaire half a dozen times over," Florian replied, gravely. "He is more likely to put others under lock and key than to be so treated."

"And what is his mania?" asked Susannah. "I give you warning that I

"Perhaps you'll change your views o him in a moment or two," continued the doctor, lighting a eigarette. "It seems that the taciturn youth embarked in his teens for the East Indies; he traveled for several years in Asia. Here begins the dense mystery that conceals the origin of his malady. During certain revolts in the far east he witnessed-attracted, no doubt, at first by a mere traveler's curiosity-the cruel tortures that oriental laws inflict upon rebels and criminals. But it seems that soon the instincts of a cruelty that goes beyond belief awoke in him, troubled his brain, poisoned his blood, and finally made him the singular being that he has become.

"By one of the clauses of his father's will, the family is forced to avoid the baron's civil death, unless they wish to suffer serious pecuniary losses. So he is at large. He is on the best of terms with the gentlemen of capital justice. The first visit he pays in every town is to them. He has often offered them large sums for the privilege of operating in their stead, and between ourselves, I should not wonder if even in Europe he has bribed one or two. One can say that his madness is inoffensive. since it wreaks itself only on persons condemned by the law. So this is the gentleman with whom you have had the honor of spending the night. Let me add that when out of his dementia he is an irreproachable man of the worlda fascinating, playful conversationalist."

The silence that followed the doctor's words was as solemn as if death had slipped his grinning skull between the

tapers.
"I feel rather indisposed," said Clio the Fair, in a voice broken by nervousness and the chill dawn. "Don't leave

"A strange night!" said Susannah. "Joseph," said Antonie, "take this ring; the ruby is too dark for me, isn't it, Susanne? The brilliants look as though they were weeping around a drop of blood. Have it sold to-day and give whatever it brings to the beggars who pass in front of the house."

Joseph took the ring; made the somnambulistic bow of which he alone has the secret, and went out to order the carriages, while the ladies put on their long black satin dominoes and their masks.-Adapted for the San Francisco Argonaut from the French of Victor de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam.

Repartee. The Lawyer-Take your case to som body else. You are too thin-skinned!

The Client—Hardly pay you to skin me, sh?—Detroit Journal.

CANIEL IN THE DEN OF LIONS.

seternational Sunday School Lesson tor July 30, 1800 - Text, Daniel 6:10-23-Memory Verses, 21-23.

[Specially Adapted from Peloubet's Notes.] GOLDEN TEXT.—The Lord is thy keeper.-Psa, 121:5.

READ THE ENTIRE CHAPTER. LIGHT FROM OTHER SCRIPTURES. -Doing Right at Any Cost: Examples.— Peter, Joseph, John the Baptist, Abraham, Moses, Gideon, Elijah, Shadrach, Meshach, Abelnego. Promises of Deliverance.— Chron. 20:15, 17; Psa. 91; 18:2, 8; 50:15; 57:4; 58.6; Job. 1:10; Isa. 40:29-31; 41:14, 17; 54:17; Rom. 8:32, 38, 39; Eph. 6:8; 1 Pet. 4:12, 18; 2 Pet. 2:9; Rev. 8:10; John 14:1, 18, 27. TIME.—Between 538-526, the two years during which Darius was reigning under

PLACE.-Babylonia, a part only of the great empire of Cyrus. THE JEWS IN EXILE.-The exile had now continued nearly 70 years, and the time

RULERS .- Cyrus, king of the whole empire of the Medes and Persians. Darius the Mede, king at Babylon, subject to Cyfus. Canon Tristram thinks he was placed there at the request of the Medes, to pacify them, and says: "This Durius is only once alluded to in the Greek classics."

EXPLANATORY.

I. Daniel's Past Experience.-Daniel must have been between 80 and 90 years old at this time. He had had many trials of his character and his faithfulness. The severe trials to which he had been subjected had hitherto resulted only in raising him to higher honors and success. 1. In his determination to keep from defiling his religion (chap. 1). 2. In his faithful presentation of the true God to Nebuchadnezzar, telling him the most terrible truths (chap. 4). 4. In his faithful reproof and warning of Belshazzar (chap. 5).

II. The Trap.-Under Darius, Daniel was recognized as a man of great ability and integrity, and one who could be trusted implicitly. Accordingly, he made him one of the three presidents over 120 governors of as many provinces into which the kingdom was subdivided. It was not long before the other officers determined that in some way or other, by fair means or foul, they must get rid of Daniel.

III. Daniel Goes Straight On in the Way of Duty .- V. 10. "Now when Daniel knew that the writing was signed:" It made no difference as to his conduct. He would say as Nehemiah said to Shemafah: "Should such a man as I flee?" Neh. 6:11.) "Windows being open . . . toward Jerusalem." Praying toward Jerusalem was not an act of superstition. It was (1) a recognition of God's promise to Solomon in favor of those who looked toward this center of His worship (1 Kings 8:35-44). (2) It was a recognition of the God of Israel, and of His promise that His people should return to their home. (3) It was an aid to the spirit of devotion. The place and its associations have an influence upon our spirits, and give them wings, or weigh on them like a burden. "Kneeling upon his knees:" A fitting attitude for humble prayer, favoring the spirit of devotion. "Three times a day:" Like the psalmist (Psa. 55:17).

IV. The Trap Sprung .- Va. 11-15. V.11. "Then these men:" The princes who had been plotting against Daniel. "Assembled:" As in v. 6, "assembled or ran hastily," so as to come upon Daniel suddenly and detect him in the act. 12. "And spoke before the king. . . Hast thou not," etc. As soon as they had the proofs they presented them to the ding. "The law of the Medes and Persians, which altereth not:" In this two principles are involved; one, the existence of a settled law or rule by which the king himself, theoretically at any rate, is bound, and which he cannot alter; the other, the inclusion, under this law or rule, of the irrevocability of a royal decree, or promise. V.

13. The leaders were now sure of their case. Every door of escape was shut against Daniel. They had simply to announce to the king that Daniel was V. Daniel in the Lion's Den .- Vs. 16-

18. V. 16. "They brought Daniel and cast him into the den of lions:" This was according to oriental custom on the evening of the same day. The story of the den of lions is strictly in keeping with Babylonian usages. "The king spake:" As they were putting Daniel into the den. "Whom thou servest continually:" A precious testimony to the religious character and fidelity of the prophet. (Compare Matt. 27:43; John 18:38.)—Todd. V. 17. "Stone . . . laid upon the mouth of the den:" The mouth was the door through which the animals were put into the den. 18. "The king . . . passed the night fast-ing:" The idea that lies at the basis of fasting is grief so deep that it takes away the desire for food.

VL The Deliverance.-Vs. 19-23. V 19. "The king arose very early:" Literally "in the dawning, in the glimmer of morning." V. 22. "My God hath sent fils angel:" Daniel does not say whether the angel was visible or not. The winds and the lightning are God's angels, according to the psalmist. "Innocency was found in me:" Daniel declares that he had been faithful to God and to the king, and hence God had seen fit to deliver him. V. 23. "Because he believed:" and had shown it by doing right at all costs. God never fails those who trust in Him.

VII. Retribution.-Those who were instrumental in the attempt upon Daniel's life were cast themselves into the den of lions, with all their families.

PRACTICAL.
Whoever does well, and is faithful and true, where others are dishonest and false, must expect to be opposed and hated. Every effort will be made to injure their character, to drag them into the mire, and to make it appear that they are no better than those who assail them.

Faithfulness to duty may bring men into suffering and death. The test of s Christian is what he will do for

Mark the fate of the conspirators. They fell into the pit they had digged

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 anamic 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. ें व्यवस्थान व्यवस्था विवास व्यवस्था है।

# Dr. Humphreys'

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

- o, cures. Prices-1—Pevers, Congestions, Inflammations. .25 9-Worms, Worm Fever, Worm Colic ... .25 3-Teething, Colic, Crying, Wakefulness .25 4-Diarrhea, of Children or Adults..... . 25 8-Neuralgia, Toothache, Faceache..... .25
- 9-Hendache, Sick Hendache, Vertigo. . . 25 10-Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach, 25 11-Suppressed or Painful Periods ... . 25 13-Croup, Laryngitis, Hoarseness ..... .25
- 14-Salt Rhoum, Erysipelas, Eruptions. . . 25 15-Rheumatiem, Rheumatic Pains..... .25 16-Maiaria, Chills, Fever and Ague.... .25 19-Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in the Head .25 27-Kidney Diseases .....
- 28-Nervous Debility......1.00 30-Urinary Weakness, Wetting Bed ... .25 77-Grip, Hay Fever ..... Dr. Humphreys' Manual of all Diseases at your Druggists or Mailed Free. Rold by druggists, or sent on receipt of price. Humphreys' Med. Co., Cor. William & John Sta., New York.



QUAYER VALLEY EPO. CO., 355 W. Harriss St., Chicago. P. S.—Gennine Quaker Valley furniture is never sold though retailers—always from factory to fireside at wholesase prices. Don't accept a worthless imitation.



DO NOT DESPAIR!

For sale in Middleburgh, Pa., by Middleburg Drug Co., in Mt. Pleasant Mills by Henry Harding, and in Penn's Creek by J. W. Sampsell.

