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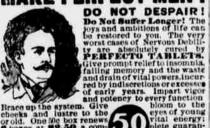
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#### From Ocean to Ocean

By Rudyard Kipling

of equal length is more vivid than the de-scription, in "Captains Coursgeous," of Harvey Cheyne's rush across the conti-nent, to meet the son whom he had mourned as dead. This is said to have been based on a "record" trip between the same points San Diego, Cal., and Boston, Mass.—mad San Diego, Cal., and Boston, Mass.—made by a western rallway president in 1896. By permission of the Century company we print herewith the passage in question, from Chapter IX. of "Captains Cour-ageoua"

WHATEVER his private sorrows may be, a multimillionaire, like any other working man, should keep abreast of his business. Harvey Cheyne, Sr., had gone east late in June to meet a woman broken down, half mad, who dreamed day and night of her son drowning in the gray seas. He had surrounded her with doctors, trained nurses, massage women, and even faith-Mrs. Cheyne lay still and moaned, or pays to shake up the managers." talked of her boy by the hour together to anyone who would listen. Hope she had none, and who could offer it? All she needed was assurance that drowning did not hurt; and her husband watched to guard lest she should make the experiment. Of his own sorrow he spoke little-hardly realized the depth of it till he caught himself asking the calendar on his writing desk: "What's the use of going on?"

He had taken the wife to his raw new palace in San Diego, where she and her people occupied a wing of great price, and Cheyne, in a veranda-room, between a secretary and a typewriter, who was also a telegraphist, toiled along wearily from day to day. There was a war of rates among four western railroads in which he was supposed to be interested; a devastating strike had developed in his lumber camps in Oregon, and the legislature of the state of California, which has no love for its makers, was preparing open war against him.

Ordinarily he would have accepted battleereit was offered, and have waged a pleasant and unscrupulous campaign. But now he sat limply, his soft black hat pushed forward on to his nose, his big body shrunk inside his loose clothes, staring at his boots or the Chinese junks in the bay, and assenting absently to the secretary's questions as he opened the Saturday mail.

Cheyne was wondering how much it would cost to drop everything and pull out. He carried huge insurances, could buy himself royal annuities, and between one of his places in Colorado and a little society (that would do the wife good), say in Washington and in the South Carolina islands, a man might forget plans that had come to nothing. On the other hand . . .

The click of the typewriter stopped; the girl was looking at the secretary, who had turned white.

He passed Cheyne a telegram repeated from San Francisco:

Picked up by fishing schooner We're Here having fallen off boat great times on Banks fishing all well waiting Gloucester Mass care Disko Troop for money or orders wire what shall do and how is mama Harvey N.

down on the roller-top of the shut desk, and breathed heavily. The secretary ran for Mrs. Cheyne's doctor, who found Cheyne pacing to and fro.

"What-what d'you think of it? Is it possible? Is there any meaning to it? can't quite make it out," he cried.

"I can," said the doctor. "I lose seven thousand a year—that's all." He thought of the struggling New York practice he had dropped at Cheyne's imperious bidding, and returned the telegram with a sigh.

"You mean you'd tell her. May be a fraud?"

"What's the motive?" said the doctor, coolly. "Detection's too certain. It's the boy, sure enough."

Enter & French maid, impudently, as an indispensable one who is kept on only by large wages.

"Mrs. Cheyne she say you must come at once. She think you are seek."

The master of thirty millions bowed his head meekly and followed Suzanne; and a thin, high voice on the upper landing of the great whitewood square stair-case cried: "What is it? What has happened?"

No doors could keep out the shrick that rang through the echoing house a moment later, when her husband blurted out the news.

"And that's all right," said the doc tor, serenely, to the typewriter. "About the only medical statement in novels with any truth to it is that joy don't kill, Miss Kinzey."

"I know it; but we've a heap to do first." Miss Kinzey was from Milwaukee, somewhat direct of speech; and as her fancy leaned towards the secretary she divined there was work in hand He was looking earnestly at the vast roller map of America on the wall.

"Milsom, we're going right across Private car-straight through-Boston. Fix the connections," shouted Cheyne down the staircase.

"I thought so." The secretary turned to the type writer, and their eyes met (out of that was born a story-nothing to do with this story). She looked inquiringly. doubtful of her resources. He signed to her to move to the Morse as a general brings brigades into action. Then he swept his hand musician-wise through his hair, regarded the ceiling, and set to ant Mills by Henry Harding, and in work, while Miss Kinzey's white fingers called up the Continent of America.

"K. H. Wade, Los Angeles—
"The 'Constance' is at Los Angeles

isn't she, Miss Kinsey?" "Yep." Miss Kinzey nodded between clicks as the secretary looked at his watch.

"Ready? "Send 'Constance,' private car, here, and

better that?"

"Not on those grades. That gives 'em 60 hours from here to Chicago. They won't gain anything by taking a special east of that. Ready?

"Alsoarranged with Lake Shore and Michigan Southern to take 'Constance' on New York Central and Hudson River Buffalo to Albany, and B. and A. the same Albany to Boston. Indispensable I should reach Boston Wednesday evening. Be sure nothing prevents, Have also wired Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes.—Sign, Cheyne."

Miss Kinzey nodded, and the secre tary went on.

"Now, then. Canniff, Toucey, and Barnes, of course. Ready?

"Canniff, Chicago. Please take my pri-vate car 'Constance' from Santa Fe at Six-teenth Street next Tuesday p. m. on N. Y. Limited through to Buffalo and deliver N. Y. C. for Albany. Take car Buffelo to Al-bany on Limited Tuesday p. m."

"That's for Toucey. "Haven't bin to Noo York, but I know

that!" with a tose of the head. "Beg pardon. Now, Boston and Albany. Barnes, same instructions from Albany through to Boston. Leave three-five p. m. (you needn't wire that); arrive nine-five p. m. Wednesday. That covers everything Wade will do, but it

"It's great," said Miss Kinzey, with a look of admiration. This was the kind of man she understood and appreciated.

"Tisn't bad," said Milsom, modest-"Now anyone but me would have lost 30 hours and spent a week working out the run, instead of handing him over to the Santa Fe straight through to Chicago."

"But see here, about that New York Limited. Chauncey Depew himself couldn't hitch his car to her," Miss Kinzey suggested, recovering herself.
"Yes, but this isn't Chauncey. It's

Cheyne-lightning. It goes." "Even so. Guess we'd better wire the boy. You've forgotten that, anyhow."

"I'll ask." When he returned with the father's message bidding Harvey meet them in Boston at an appointed hour, he found Miss Kinzey laughing over the keys. Then Milsom laughed, too, for the frantic clicks from Los Angeles ran: "We want to know why-why-why? General uneasiness developed and

spreading." Ten minutes later Chicago appealed to Miss Kinzey in these words: "If crime of century is maturing please warn friends in time. We are all getting to cover here."

This was capped by a message from Topeka (and wherein Topeka was concerned even Milsom could not guess): "Don't shoot, colonel. We'll come

Cheyne smiled grimly at the consternation of his enemies when the telegrams were laid before him. "They think we're on the war path. Tell 'em we don't feel like fighting just now Milsom. Tell 'em what we're going for. I guess you and Miss Kinzey had better come along, though it isn't likely I shall do any business on the road. Tell 'em the truth-for once."

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to ecommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in their lonely roundhouses; Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic & Pacific; and Albuquerque The father let it fall, laid his head flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe management, even to Chicago. An engine, combination car with crew and the great and gilded "Constance" private car were to be "expedited" over those 2,350 miles. The train would take precedence of 177 others meeting and passing; dispatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives, 16 engineers and 16 firemen would be needed-each and every one the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines, three for watering and two for coaling. "Warn the men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordingly, for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry—a hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division superintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Diego to Sixteenth street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid

down. Hurry! oh. hurry!" "It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mamma, just as fast as ever we can; but I really don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game of dominoes, but it's Sunday."

"I'll be good. Oh, I will be good. Only-taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we'd never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mamma, and we'll be in Chicago before you know." "But it's Boston, father. Tell them

to hurry." The six-foot drivers were hammering heir way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado river. The car cracked in the utter drought and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, towards Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed indicator flicked and wagged to and fro; the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows. above the roar of the car. He told them about his son, and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her Twelfth Year



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"We thank you for your kindness to Harry. You have belief beine beyond our expectations, and he has always spoken in the highest terms of you mist of your College. He ways you were always kindleds plessons to him and the lact time he was home he said he was so giad that he selected your College in pref-

R. C. Altriouse, Dublin, Bucks Co., Pa.

DON'T HESITATE. If you have an Ambition, If you want to Prosper, If you want to be Successful, your highest ambition can be gratified, if you will fit yourself for the many thousand opportunities constantly occurring and available to the graduates of Schissler College of Business. Send for THE TEST OF TIME, an interesting book, containing hundreds of letters just like those above, also letters from Bankers, Merchants, Clergymen, and Professional men, attesting to the superior qualifications of the graduates of the Schissler College of Business. Others may claim superior instruction and ability to place graduates in positions, but we prove it.

NEW PROSPECTUS NOW READY, and will be mailed on request to any interested person. Fall Term opens September 4th.

### Schissler College of Business, Norristown, Pennsylvania.

was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent pro-

tested. But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir stateroom, where the French maid, sallowwhite with fear, clung to the silver door handle, only mouned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry sands and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the brake hose told them they were at Coolidge, by the continental divide.

Three bold and experienced mencool, confident and dry when they began; white, quivering and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels-swung her over the great lift from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton tunnel on the state line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again

from setting his watch an hour ahead. There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish leather cushions by the plate glass observation window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth, till the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy

and did their best to entertain him. At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water tank and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of bammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed from Boston. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for awhile. Her one word 'hurry" was conveyed by the crews to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

The very best we can, mamma. There's no sense in getting in before the limited. We'd only have to wait." "I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the

miles. Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles which stand for records to this day), but the 70-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clock hands would not move, and when, oh, when would they be in Chi-

cago? It is not true that, as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his bank knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that the last crew took entire charge of switching operations at Sixteenth street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help anyone who bumped her.

Now the highly-paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore & Michigan Southern limited from Chicago to Elkhart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up to a car. None the less she handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite arrange for special to leave here Sunday in out a piece," and Cheyne thought she and when the crew rebuked him, they time to connect with New York Limited at could. Accordingly the great fire horse did it in whispers and dumb show.

# A POSITIVE CURE FOR RHEUMAT "NO-RHEUMATISM

Is a Positive Cure for any Pains or Aches, such as Muscular Rheumatism, Sprains bruises or Neuralgia,

This preparation not only gives instant relief, but I have many testimonials from prominent residents of this and other towns showing that NO-RHEUMATISM" has effected permanent cures in cases of long standing Muscular Rheumatism, which would not yield to the best treatment.

GROWING IN FAVOR.

Already a great reputation has been gained for "NO-RHEUMAtism." Orders have been received from throughout the country for it. It is the people's friend. There never was, or never will be, another remedy on the market to equal

# "No-Rheumatism."

GUARANTEED TO CURE EVERY CASE OF MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM, SPRAINS OR BRUISES.

After an attack of la grippe, I was taken with severe muscular rheumatism. After trying several remedies and all to no avail, I decided to try "No-liheumatism," and after several applications I felt greatly relieved. I cheerfully recommend same.

MRS. M. F. NAGLE, Shamokin, Pa. Berne, Pa., May 2nd, 1899.

I have had to use a cane for years on account of rheumatism. I was told to try Australian "No-Rheumatism" I am pleased to say that the first bottle has given great relief—hence cheerfully recommend it.

Yours truly, SAMUEL ZIMMERMAN.

fully recommend it.

Fisherville, Dauphis Connty, Pa., June 26, 1899.

Having had great pain in my back for some time, and receiving a sample bottle of "NoHaving had great pain in my back for some time, and receiving a sample bottle of "NoRheumatism," made three applications, and am entirely relieved of pain; also a pain on my
breast, which I cured by one application. Advise all who are troubled with rheumatism or
JNO. G. KILLINGER, J. P., Fisherville, Pa.

Shamokin, Pa., April 4th, 1899.

Dear Sir:—I have been suffering for three (3) years with rheumatism. I tried every known remedy, internal and external, but never had any relief. I saw your advertisement of "No-Rheumatism," and I though I would give it a fair trial, so I purchased one (1) bottle, and after using same, I received great relief. I have used five bottles of your famous Australian remedy and now I am entirely free from aches and pains, and I cheerfully recommend "No-Rheumatism" to all sufferers of rheumatism. Yours truly,

Cor. Clay and Shamokin Sts.

Danville, Pa., June 1, 1899.

After a few applications of the Australian remedy, "No-Rheumatism," I was entirely relieved of muscular rheumatism and have not since been troubled by itarcturn. I take pleasure in recommending "No-Rheumatism" as a positive cure for muscular and inflammatory rheumatism.

GEO, EISENHART,

I have used the Australian remedy called "No-Rheumatism" for my daughter and also my rheumatism. I would advise those who are subject to rheumatism to give the liminent a fair trial. Yours, &c.,

A. WOLF, 130 N. Shamokin St., Shamokin, Pa.

Shamokin, Pa., March 2nd, 1899.

I can heartily recommend the Australian remedy "No-Rheumatism" as a speedy and sure
I can heartily recommend the Australian remedy "No-Rheumatism" as a speedy and sure
cure for inflammatory rheumatism as I have not experienced any rheumatic pains since the
first few applications of "No-Rheumatism."

MRS. JOHN B. O'CONNOR,
500 North Shamokin St.

Being a sufferer of periodical attacks of muscular rheumatism I tried nearly every prepara-tion known and had received no permanent relief. I had given in despair and resigned myself to those painful attacks. At last I was persuaded to try the Australian remedy, "No Rheuma-tism;" and after very few applications, have not experienced any pains since. CHESTER G. KULP, Cor. Dewart and Orange Sta., Shamokin, Pa.

Williamsport, Pa., June 10th, 1899.

My Dear Sir:—The liment you so kindly sent me by mail came to hand, and although I had largely recovered from my rheumatism when I received it, still at times I felt the need of something of the kind, and I did uselsome of it and received benefit from its use, and from what I have seen of it I consider it a very fine thing. Thanking you again, I am very truly yours, J. E. JONES, 144 West Fourth Sts-

Pottaville, Pa., April 10th, 1899.

I take pleasure in informing you that your Australian remedy "No-Rheumatism,, entirely cared me after a few applications and I cheerfully recommend it for rheumatic allments.

MRS. THOMAS F. MANNING.

Baltimore, Md., May 4th, 1899,
I can cheerfully recommend the Australian Remedy "No-Rheumatism", from personal experience as the speedlest and sure cure for muscular rheumatism. W. B. STARKIOFF,
Travelling Sdiesman Davis O. K. Baking Powder. For sale by all Druggists throughout the State. Price 50 cents per bottle. Manufactured by

A. MASUR, Hotel Lindhurst Blk., For sale in Middleburg by the Middleburg Drug Co. and in Centreville by Dr. J. W. Sampsell. Jy 20-3m

.... Atentson, Topeka & Santa Fe men, discussing life later, 'we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey Cheyne's wife, she were sick back, an' we didn't want to jounce her. Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to them eastern way trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the western man (though this would not please either city) Chicago and Boston are cheek by jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central & Hudson River (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch chains boarded her here to talk a little business to Cheyne), who slid her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston & Albany completed the run from tide-water to tide-water-total time, 87 hours and 35 minutes, or three days, 15 hours and one-half. Harvey was waiting for

A Matter of Business. Lady-What do you want ten cents

Beggar-W'y I s'pose yer know dat ten cents is de interest on a thousand dollars fer one day. It is also de interest on \$24,000 dollars fer one hour, an' on \$1,440,000 fer one minute. I want ter go roun ter Russell Sage an' borry de latter amount fer one minute, an' if he won't let me have it I s'pose I'll have ter blow it in fer boose. Judge.

THE BEST OF ALL.

For over fifty years Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used by mothers for their children while teething. Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth? If so send at once and get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. Its value is incalculable. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures diarrhea, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, cures Wind Colic, softens the Gums, reduces Inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States and is for sale by all druggists throughout the world. Price, twenty-five cents bottle. Be sure and get "Mrs. Winslow's SOOTHING SYRUP."

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For eight years I suffered from costipation and severe headache, the headache usually lasting three days at a time. Headache powders relieved me temporarily, but left too bad an effect. Since I began taking Celery King I have greatly improved in health, seldom or never have headache, have gained in fiesh, and feel decidedly well.—Mrs. E. S. HATCH, Temple, N. H. Celery King for the Nerves, Liver and Kidneys is sold in 50c, and 25c, packages by W. H. Herman, Trouvulle; Middleswarth & Ulsh, McClure; H. A. Ebright, Aline.

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