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MALCOM KIRK.

A Tale of Moral Heroism In Overcoming the World.

BY CHARLES M. SHELDON, Author of "In His Steps," "Crucifixion of Philip Strong," "Robert Hardy's Seven Days."

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Illustrations by Herman Heyer.

THE BEST SOLACE FOR OUR OWN GRIEF 13 TO LIGHTEN THE SORROWS OF OTHERS. For a few moments Malcom Kirk experienced a feeling of anguish on his own account that shut out entirely this other forlorn and bleeding heart. Then there sprang up in his soul a most tremendous and overpowering revolution of feeling. He said to a very dear triend several years afterward that as he stood there on the threshold of his parsonage, with the hot, dusty glare of that withering day smiting him and the figure of that old woman on the doorstep, he knew that perhaps the most important event in his own inner experience was taking place. For this appeal for help, this cry to him to share a burden while his own seemed greater than he could bear, revealed to him the Christ life in our human lives and the glory of overcoming the world for his sake. Certain it is that as Malcom Kirk stood there that morning his soul felt the touch of a healing and beneficent love, and he looked at his life again as worth while, and then began already to know that the fire of his own sorrow was destined to make him

What he actually did the next minute after all this was to ask Mrs. Barton to come into the house. He took her into his study, and then after a single moment of hesitation he went out into the back yard to Dorothy.

more serviceable to others,

She was still sitting on the bench, dry eyed and oblivious of everything around her, living over the last three days. Malcom came up and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Dear," he said very gently, "will you come with me into the house? There is some one there who has come to see me—to see us both."

She did not know what he meant or hardly what he said, but she rose and went into the house with him. "Mrs. Barton, this is Mrs. Kirk.

want you to tell her what you have told me.' The little woman could see that something unusual had happened at

the parsonage, but her own trouble practically absorbed her feelings. She looked at Dorothy, however, with the admiration which her beauty of face outen er 't 'n what we call ordinary

"Oh, ma'am," she cried, "I've come to see if Mr. Kirk won't help me to get my boy home again. He's been drinking. I live in a lonesome place at "The Forks,' and I don't very often come to town, but I have heard of your husband, and they say people all around have gone to him for help, and I know he will do what he can for me. My boy will be 21 next week. I told your busband that some day your baby and horses anywhere." would grow up into a good Christian man to comfort and bless you. That's what I hoped and prayed my boy would do. And he might if the saloon had not tempted him."

She was going on, for her heart was full of her trouble, when the look on Dorothy's face stopped her.

"Don't you know-has not Mr. Kirk told you-that our baby-our babydied last week?" The little heartbroken woman looked

at Dorothy in astonishment. There was nothing refined or sweet about her, but God gave her the right word to say at that particular time. She rose and with her hands clasped walked over near Dorothy. Malcom never forgot that sight. "Oh, Mrs. Kirk, may God help you! Forgive me! I have not been to town for several weeks. did not see the paper last week at all. The last time I knew anything of your baby he was well and happy. I would never have come with my trouble if I had known yours." She paused for a moment, while two tears ran down over her thin cheeks. Dorothy began to sob. She had not cried before since that day when the baby was laid in its coffin; not even at the grave.

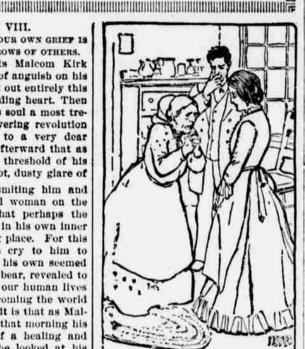
"Oh, ma'am." Mrs. Barton went on your baby will never be a drunkard. My husband was. We lost a good farm back in Ohio on account of the drink. and then my husband died, and I took the boy and came out here. I went purposely to a lonesome place to keep my boy from the town. I may have made a mistake, but I did the best I knew, and I feared for him on account of his father. Oh, ma'am, your heart is sore, I know it, but it's not as sore as mine, for your baby never broke your heart. I would sooner see my boy in his coffin than see him as I have many a time during the past two years. There's trouble and trouble. May God help us to bear our own. But your baby's safe now. How can I tell if mine ever will be?"

She spoke the last words in such a tone of hopeless sadness that Dorothy lifted up her head and looked at her.

"Don't say that!" she said, and the tears flowed down her face faster. They were merciful tears. Her heart,

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"Oh, Mrs. Kirk, may God help you! For give me!"

which had been fast bound within her as if it would burst, felt the first relief she had known. God was leading her She still did not know that what Mal com had experienced had come to her also. But the lonely, stricken weman in the little study, representing so much human sorrow of a kind that neither Dorothy nor Malcom knew, had touched her. She also was able to say to her husband years afterward that she felt as if the coming of that other burden into their own heavy hearted lives was a part of the foving Fatner's

plan for their victory in overcoming the world, the world of what might have grown to be a very selfish sorrow.

What happened, all that was said in that little study room after that, is not easy to tell; but when Mrs. Barton went out Malcom Kirk went with her. Dorothy went into her own little room prayer that revealed to her the loving Father. For the first time she saw her baby surrounded by the infinite love, and when she came back to her work in the kitchen there were hope, immortal hope, and a large measure of the peace of Christ in her heart.

Malcom Kirk got into the farm w: on with Mrs. Barton, and they drove | continue their devilish work, although down to the main business street of Conrad.

"Now, Mrs. Barton," Malcom had said, "if you will wait outside I'll go into the saloons and see if I can find your boy. While I'm looking you might question passersby and ask

She thanked him gratefully, and he able to predict. noted that even in the burning sun her motherhood increased every moment.

down out of the wagon. "This boy risen and was blowing almost a gale, is one of the lost ones in this town that Dorothy and I pledged ourselves three years ago to rescue. Heaven give me strength and wisdom to make that promise good." He had never been inside of a saloon

in his life. He shrank from the ordeal before him with all the shuddering of that he realized what the fires might a highly sensitive spirit in the presence of an ugly, repulsive, hideous evil. But he went at once into the first saloon on the main street and stopped inside pear the door and looked around him.

It was not yet 10 o'clock in the morning, but there were a dozen men and boys in the room, which was quite large, seated with stools and furnished

with small, round tables. At first his entrance attracted no attention. A few of the men were lounging at the bar. The rest were seated at the tables. But as he remained by the door two or three of those nearest him turned and looked at him. One of the men was a laborer who had several times been employed

by Malcom in odd jobs about the house. Instantly Kirk walked over to him and held out his hand. "Carver, do you know Mrs. Barton's boy? Philip is his name. She is looking for him. He left home Saturday, and she is sure he is in one of the saloons somewhere.

The man looked very much embarrassed. He shuffled his feet nervously in the dirty sawdust under the table. "I saw him yesterday. He was in

Valmer's place in the next block." "Thank you," said Malcom slowly. "Can any of you gentlemen tell me anything about him? Has any one

seen him today?" No one answered, and there was a painful silence. The barkeeper, who had been eying Kirk, suddenly broke the silence by saying with a short

"You won't find him here. I won't say he hasn't been here. He knows a good thing when he sees it. Won't you step up and take a glass of iced beer this morning? We keep the best in the town on tap for preachers."

There was a laugh from one or two of the men nearest the speaker, but Malcom simply looked him in the face without a word. He then laid his hand on Carver's shoulder and said softly:

"I'm sorry to see you here, Carven You promised me you would quit it."

The man writhed in his sent, but did not say a word. Kirk looked at him

"Come, Carver; come out of this. I'll give you something to do. Don't lose your soul in this place."

"Say," said the barkeeper, who had been leaning with his elbows on the bar listening, as had also every other man in the saloon. "You leave my customers alone, will you, and mind your own business?"

"That's just what I am doing," replied Kirk earnestly, and, as he spoke, his pale blue eyes filled with a high, white light, "It is my business to destroy your business. Man, do you know that just outside that door is a mother's broken heart that you have helped to break? And hers is only one out of thousands all over the world. Mind my own business! It is exactly what I intend to do, until every hell like this is wiped out of this town."

He spoke very quietly, almost softly; his voice did not declaim, but the unusual quality of it thrilled everybody there. He looked into their faces a moment and with a last appealing look at Carver he turned and went out.

"Whew!" said the barkeeper. "First sermon ever delivered here. Score one for Parson Kirk!"

The other men did not respond with much enthusiasm. Carver had risen from the table.

"Better have one before you go," said the saloon keeper.

"I won't drink again today," Carver retorted with an oath which was a curse. He staggered over to the door and went out into the glare of the hot, withering sun. Down the street he could see Kirk just entering Valmer's

"I'm half a mind to help Mr. Kirk hunt for the boy," Carver muttered. He hesitated for a moment and then, went on down the street, following the

That forenoon Malcom Kirk went into every saloon in Conrad, but he failed to get any trace of the missing boy. Always behind him, unknown to him, Carver staggered. In two or three saloons the man was unable to resist the invitation to drink, but he managed to keep just sober enough to know where Kirk was and to follow him.

The sights that greeted Malcom in the saloons were never forgotten by him. He was astonished to see the number of men and boys gathered in the saloons. Many of the faces he knew, and his entrance invariably created a distinct embarrassment through the company. The majority of customers, however, seemed, from their dress and talk, to be composed of farmers, and prayed, and there was that in her young men from the ranches outlying Conrad. Malcom was simply appalled when he thought of what such a fac meant.

He said to himself every time he came out and faced the dumbly appealing face in the farm wagon: "And yet we Christian people license these ene nies of the race and allow them to we know well enough how devilish it is. May God help us as a state to declare against it by statute as well as by prayers and sermons." He lived, as did every temperance man in Kansas at that time, in the great hope that the day was not far off when the sathem if they have seen the hay wagon loon would be declared outlaw, but

It was nearly noon when he finished thin, sorrowful figure trembled and his tour of the saloons, and as he came shivered, and her lips quivered as if out near the lower end of the main she were cold. His compassion for her street there was a large group of men looking off across the prairie and talk-"God help her," he said as he stepped ing eagerly together. The wind had carrying great clouds of dust through the town, and off as far as men could see there was a column of smoke spreading out with great rapidity.

"The prairie fires have started early," Kirk thought, but it was only when one of the ranchmen in the street spoke

"If this wind keeps up, this town will have its hands full in about an hour." The speaker ran to his horse, jumped on it and was soon galloping out of the

town toward one of the new ranches in the direction of "The Forks." "Mrs. Barton, it is possible that your

boy has gone home since you left." "Yes, yes!" cried the women, snatch-

ing at any hope. "I will go back. If the fire should come into 'The Forks,' I ought to be there to see that my other boy has help in getting the stock behind the fire guards. We plowed ours early this year on account of the dry weather. We lost all our haystacks one September from fires."

She drove out of town, after thanking Kirk earnestly for all that he had done, and Malcom promised to continue the search after dinner.

He was just starting home, after asking several men if there was really any immediate danger to the town



"It is my business to destroy your busi-

from the fires, when through the dust, racing in from the prairie, came s team of powerful farm horses drawing an empty hay wagon. The lines were trailing on the ground, and the harness was broken, and as they rushed by some one shouted, "That's Phil Bar-

A little farther down the street the horses were caught and stopped. Kirk ran up with a crowd of other

"No signs of Phil anywhere," said one of the men who had helped to

catch the team. "He's probably been thrown out omewhere."

"Drunken men never get killed." "I wouldn't give much for his chances if he fell off in the gully grass over there," said another, pointing toward the district from which the horses had come into the town.

Malcom's mind was in a whirl. "He may be near by. We ought not to leave him without looking for him." As he spoke he heard the boy's mother saying as she faced Dorothy in the

study, "My boy may never be saved." "We've got our hands full looking; after the town. We might as well face that fact; no rain for two months, water all out of cisterns and low in wells and that fire coming down on us 40 miles an hour," said one of the business men.

Kirk looked around him. The citizens were coming out of the stores and houses, and the whole town was roused to face and fight the coming danger, for it was true, unless the wind changed or died down, Conrad was threatened with the fate which that year befell more than one ranch and settlement.

"I believe Dorothy would tell me to go," he said to himself. Then he spoke aloud: "I don't feel like giving young Barton up if he is anywhere near. We can perhaps reach him before the fire reaches us. Who will go with me?" "I will," said Carver, who was a

inleom's elbow.

"Come on then," Malcom cried. And together the two men started on a run in the direction from which the horses had come in.

"Was Barton a friend of yours?" asked Carver, as he panted by the side of the minister.

"No: I only knew him slightly." "What are you trying to find him for?"

"For his mother."

The men ran on. Over on the near horizon a line of flame and smoke over 25 miles long marched down toward them and the town of Conrad, with a prairie gale behind it and human love and courage in its path.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LEGAL ADVERTISING.

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWEALTH IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION.

A JOINT RESOLUTION. how near that day was not even he was Proposing an amendment to the Constitution

of the Commonwealth. Section 1. Be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Common-wealth in General Assembly met that the fol-lowing is proposed as amendments to the Con-stitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylrania, in accordance with the provisions of the sighteenth article thereof:

Amendment One to Article Eight, Section One Add at the end of the first paragraph of said section, after the words "shall be entitled to vote at all elections," the words, "subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the resignation of electors as the General Assembly may enact," so that the raid section shall read as follows.

Section I. Qualification of Electors. Every male citizen twenty-one years of age, possess-ing the following qualifications, shall be en-titled to vote at all elections, subject however to such laws requiring and regulating the reg-latration of electors as the General Assembly

He shall have been a citizen of the United He shall have been a chizen of the States at least one month.

He shall have resided in the State one year (or if, having previously been a qualified elector or native born citizen of the State, he shall have removed therefrom and returned, within six months, immediately preceding the elec-

He shall have resided in the election district where he shall offer his vote at least two months immediately preceding the election.

If twenty-two years of age and upwards, he shall have paid within two years a State or county tax, which shall have been assessed at least two monthsand paid at least one month before the election. Amendment Eleven to Article Eight, Section

Seven.

Strike out from said section the words "but no elector shall be deprived of the privilege of voting by reason of his name not being re-gistered," and add to said section the following gistered," and add to said section the following words, "but laws regulating and requiring the registration of electors may be enacted to apply to cities only, provided that such laws may be uniform for cities of the same class." so that the said section shall read as follows:

Section 7. Uniformity of Election Laws.—All laws regulating the holding of elections by the cities or for the registration of electors shall be uniform throughout the State, but laws regulating and requiring the registration of electors may be enacted to apply to cities only, provided that such laws be uniform for cities of the same

A true copy of the Joint Resolution. W. W. GRIEST, Secretary of the Commonwealth.

A MENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION PROPOSED TO THE CITIZENS OF THIS COMMONWEALTH FOR THEIR APPROVAL OR REJECTION BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE COMMONWEALTH OF PENNSYLVANIA, PUBLISHED BY ORDER OF THE SECRETARY OF THE COMMONWELTH. IN PURSUANCE OF ARTICLE XVIII OF THE CONSTITUTION. CONSTITUTION A JOINT RESOLUTION

Proposing an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth. Section 1. be it resolved by the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in General Assembly met, That the following is proposed as an amendment to the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania in accordance with the provisions of the Eighteenth Article thereof.

Amendment. Strike out section four of article, eight, and neert in place thereof, as follows: Section 4. All elections by the citizens shall be by ballot or by such other method as may be prescribed by law: Provided, That secrecy in voting be preserved.

A true copy of the Joint Resolution.
W. W. GRIEST.
Secretary of the Commonwea

Baokaohe,

So many women suffer from it. In mare alike their hours of work and pleasure. Backache is generally aymptom of derangement of the delicate womanly organs. It is useless the content of th It is useles therefore



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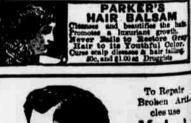
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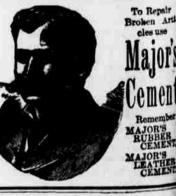
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bent their heads devoutly above to
table the new arrival sat bolt upright
The good landlady was shocked.
"Atheism?" she sharply asked.
"No, ma'am," said the new boards
"boil!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer. While the landlady and the box

On the Beach She-Well, I'd just hate to be

He-Oh! I don't know. I wish

could feel happy when I look a Cought at Last Miss Yellowiens—My paim Rehat Gotrox—That means money. Miss Yellowiess—Oh, this is a

den Town Topics. -What a far-away look is

De Witt-Yess he's thinking of