a heap o' spread, An calkerlated somehow on a somethin'

jes' shead! A feller you are knowin' tells you confiden-

Of a scheme fer makin' money jes' hand over fist, you see. But the situation sizin' up, although in

workin' prime,
He isn't doin' anything at jes' the present

"He's allers goin' t' do it, an' he's meanin' well, no doubt, Though good at theorizin', ain't wuth

shucks t' work it out.

A crank you couldn't call him, cranks persistently'll dream
Of Jes' one thing—This feller passes on
from scheme t' scheme.
Then there's the other feller, close related

t' the one I've mentioned—he's the feller allers tellin' what he's done, Once he was rich an' honored, had his

praises sung in rhyme— But he isn't doin' anything at jes' the pres-

"They're never doin' nothin', far as anyone can see, An' that's jes' why their talicin' ain't of interest t' me.
I'd rather with a feller that was busy keep

in touch.

I can learn a heap more from him though he doesn't talk as much.

An' so," said Uncle Hiram, "jes' observe now fer yourself, You'll find these two I've mentioned in your struggle after pelf,

The one's been t' the top an' one's preparin' fer t' climb—
But they ain't a doin' anything at Jes' the

present time." -Roy Farrell Greene, in Detroit Prec Press.

"It Is Not Always May."

By Laura Perry Davie.

THEY had been keeping house just a mouth, and all their furnishings were in the first glory of their pristine freshness. Their friends' household gods were viewed with a cort of benevolent contempt from the height of their own achievements in window seats and Turkish corners. Likewise their regard for each other was as far above the everyday commonpiace affection which they bedieved to exist between the married couples of their acquaintance as were the moon and stars in relation to this mundane sphere. They had been very busy all that month evolving from a very limited amount of money results which were only possible through the exercise of much skill and taste. Now their labors were completed and they had nothing to do but sit and gaze at each other with adoring eyes, and gratulate themselves upon their

asn't it simply ideal?" said delightedly, as she sat perched upon the arm of Gilbert's chair. "There is not a discordant or inharmonious note in the whole composition."

"It's a peach," said Gilbert, who was still enough of the world-worldly to be addicted to the occasional use of slang. "I was just thinking what apparently trifling events direct the course of a lifetime. I can trace this realization to the bievele meet at Mrs. Ainslie's. If I had not attended that-and it was only by chance that The possibility is too dreadful to dwell upon."

Dora laughed reminiscently. "I day in that hideons black and yellow affair, which made you resemble a huge bumblebee. It's a wonder I ever came to regard you with -well, tolers-

"I was always fond of that blazer." chores in."

"You would look lovely out in the back yard sifting ashes in that fear tul and wonderful garment," scoffed Dora. "The neighbors would think you had wandered from the jungles of Africa."

"When they see the masterly way in which I handle the ash sifter they'll wish I had wandered into their back yard," said Gilbert, defensively. and perhaps I will unless you appreclate me more and abuse me less."
"Poor, hen-pecked creature," said

Dora, mockingly; "you have my sym-

"The sympathy of some people is less desirable than their enmity," less desirable than tack murmured Gilbert, insinuatingly, murmured Gilbert, insinuatingly, "Me-

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Dora, thinks such bitterness of spirit betokeneth on empty stomach. I will bie me to the scullery and engage the good services of the chafing dish insay, Bertie, which would you rather have—a Welsh rarebit or creamed

"A rarebit would go high," said Gilbert with animation; "we'll have one later. I guess I didn't tell you, but I have to go down to work awhile tonight."

Dora's face fell. "What for?" she

Cemanded, poutingly. Oh, John T. asked me to, and it behooves a fellow to accede to the president's wishes with his sweetest smile, though he may be bursting

with wrath internally." "Horrid, fat old thing," said Dors, Charespectfully: "why doesn't he work be little himself? It would do him

good." "My dear, your bump of veneration is not properly developed. The president of the First national bank cannot be horrid, neither is he fat, but merely - ah - distinguished looking. By-by, I won't be late."

Left alone, Dora threw herself down on one of her new chairs so bard that the springs bobbed her up

and down repeatedly.
"I'm m-a-d!" she declared aloud. "What's the use of having a husband At he's going to be away all the time? I declare, I don't believe that picture is hung straight."

She ran across the room and righted the defect. Then she tried each seat in the room, viewing her donever had a dime. seat in the room, viewing her do-They talked quite hifalutin an they made minion from different points of view. She soon grew tired of this, how-

ever, and began to feel lonely. "I wish I'd gone to spend the evening with Eleanor," she thought, suddenly. "Gilbert could have come for me on his way home. I haven't had a chance to have a good talk with her since the wedding. I have lots and lots to tell her."

The idea grew more alluring as she dwelt upon it. In chatting with her bosom friend, the hours would pass much more quickly than moping

"I'll go anyway," she decided at last. "I can stop at the bank and tell Gilbert. It won't be much out of the

Half an hour later she stood rather doubtfully before the grim, imposing building where Gilbert was employed. She had frequently been there during banking hours, but it was evident it was not open to the public at night. She had not thought of that. While she hesitated Frank Stevens, one of Gilbert's fellow clerks, came up. Dora happened to know him well.

"Oh, Mr. Stevens," she said, "would you do me the favor to take a message to Gilbert. He's working here tonight, but the door seems to be locked, and I'm not used to breaking in banks."

Stevens laughed, "I'm glad to know that you are not here to 'burgle;' my little all is contained within these walls; but you must be mistaken, Mrs. Latimer, about Gilbert being here They never have the offices open at night; besides, I met him up at the Keqta club a few minutes ago. Shall I run up there and look him up for

"Oh, no, indeed," said Dora, faintly. It's of no consequence. I'm much obliged to you."

She turned away hurriedly, but all thought of Eleanor had vanished from her mind. Gilbert had deceived her. She could scarcely realize it, but kept saving it over and over. He had grown weary of her companionship and gone back to his bachelor friends. She had often heard him speak of the club. She knew that he had been in the habit of frequenting it, but had shown no desire to visit it since their marriage. Had he frankly told her he wished to spend an evening with his old chums, she could have let him go, so she told herself, but he had deemed it necessary to concoct a story to excuse his absence. That she could not forgive. Tears of selfpity sprang to her eyes as she hurried homeward. Only married one short mont?, and the dream dispelled. All the childish petulance of an hour earlier had fird before the misery of

"Deceived, deceived. The words kept repeating themselves until her brain reeled.

the woman.

To many women the grievance would have appeared a small, inconsequent matter, perhaps the occasion of a sharp word or two, and then forgotten; but to Dora it was a tragedy.

Reaching home she threw herself, pent and weary, upon a couch, and tried to review the situation. was quite sure she could never feel the same towards Gilbert as hereto-I did-I might never have met you. fore, and, feeling so, could she go on day by day as though nothing had happened, pretending to the world that he was all he should be, when will never forget how you looked that he had deliberately lied-yes, that was the word-lied to her and deceived her. At that moment, with Gilbert's baseness so strongly before her, she did not feel that she could. There seemed nothing for her to do but pick up the broken threads of her said Gilbert; "I've saved it to do life as best she could and return to her father's bouse. At the bare thought she turned her face to the

wall and wept, It was nearly 11 o'clock when Gilbert let himself in with his latchkey. Everything was so quiet he decided that Dora had grown sleepy and gone to bed. He stepped softly to avoid waking her, but, as he was hanging up his coat, the sound of a broken sob arrested his attention. It came from the little parlor, and, with one bound, Gilbert was within the room. Dora lay curled up among the cushions fast asleep, but there were tears undried upon her cheeks, ;

"Poor little kitten, she was lonely. but what in the world had she been tween you and me. Now, I am going erying about?" He slipped an arm to tell you about to-night."

under her head. "Dodo, Dodo dearie, here's Bertle. She stirred uneasily and opened her eyes. They rested on his face, first with a glad light, but in an instant their expression changed to one al-most of fear. She drew herself from

him and sat up stiffly. "Did you-get your work done?"

she asked, with cold dignity.
"Sure thing, and I think I did a good stroke of business for myself. John T. expressed himself as very much pleased with the manner in which I got through with it, and I'll bet you a bad nickel, Dodo, that I'll be the next fellow to get promotion. I told him about you, too. He didn't even know I was married."

"Indeed," said Dora, "you told him about me. Did you tell him how good you are to me, how honest and truthful and open?"

Gilbert stared at her. "Heavens, Dodo! what makes you look so fierce? I guess it's the way

your hair sticks out. It's all mussed

"At least my conscience is not mussed up," said Dora, frigidly. "I never deceived you in any way. Whatever comes, I can feel that I am blameless. I shall have nothing to reproach myself with."

Gilbert stuck his hands in his pockets and gave vent to a low whistle.
"Really, Dodo, I don't like to confess

myself obtuse, but I haven't an idea what you are talking about. Perhaps"-with sudden inspiration-"you have had a bad dream."

"I would it were a dream," said Dora, dramatically. "No," she went on mournfully, "it is but too true. My life has been wrecked, and I loved you so, Gilbert." Her voice died away in a weak little quiver.

Gilbert began to lose patience. "You are acting like a spoiled baby,"

he said; "I'd like to take you over my knee and spank you." She drew herself up with dignity.

"I am not a baby. I am an injured lay violent hands on me, I cannot defend myself."

Gilbert drew a chair before her and sat down.

"Now look here, Dora," he said. should sit there like a little fury hurl- downtown every day in the year. ing innuendos at me, which, not knowing to what they refer, I cannot way."

"Certainly," said Dora, unmoved. You have longed to get back to your old friends and your club, but, instead of telling me so as an honest man should, you fixed up a nice little story about being obliged to work and wishing to keep in the good graces of she was knitting and bored a couple your superior, and then you come Nome with another chapter of the same story to pour into my unsuspecting ears, but, Gilbert Latimer, I happen to know that you were not at the bank to-night at all, and that you spent your evening, or at least a part of it, at the Keota club.

She hurled her accusations at him to combat them if he could. Then knitting. she broke down and buried her face in

"And is this all?" asked Gilbert. "It is sufficient," said Dora, in a muffled voice.

Gilbert was silent for a moment. "I have always believed that love and trust go together," he said, at last, "Married life 'is not always May,' and it requires faith and trust. as well as love, to weather the storms which must come to all. I do not steps. He halted at the door a mowant a love that is suspicious and untrustful; therefore, until you feel that, no matter what appearances are, you can trust me utterly, I will neither deny nor explain your charges."

He rose from his seat, and Dora, peeping out of the corner of her re, saw him preparing to resume his hat and coat. She had not bargained for this. Bad as it was to have a quarrel with him, she would rather have gone on quarreling indefinitely than to have him leave her; besides, he looked so tall and handsome as well as guiltless as he stood there, that she began to relent.

"If there is any explanation you can make," she began in a conciliatory tone, but Gilbert interrupted

"You have heard what I said," he remarked, coldly.

"I suppose you are going to leave me all alone again. Well, it's about what I might expect," she said, with a desperate grasp after her fast fleeing dignity. "I don't look for any consideration."

"I will bring Eleanor up to stay

with you," he said. "I hate Eleanor," said Dora, vin-

dictively. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid it is the best I can do for you."

"You might stay yourself," she suggested, with hidden face.

"Hardly, under the circumstances; good-by, Dodo."

With the closing of the door, the last shred of Dora's dignity vanished utterly. She rushed out and opened It with determined haste.

"Gil-bert!" The pitiful little wail reached him before he was off the step. One long stride brought him back.

"What is it, Dodo?" "Don't go away, Gilbert. I do believe in you. I believe in spite of everything there is a mistake somewhere, I trust you, Gilbert."

Gilbert laughed softly as he took the trembling little form in his arms. "Poor little girl. It was a shame to tease you so; but, Dedo, there must

be no misgivings or suspicions be-Dora put her fingers in her cars.

No." she said. "I don't want you to. I said I trusted you, Gilbert."

"But I insist." said Gilbert, pulling down her hands; "I want you to know. I was not at the bank to-night because the work which Mr. Acton wanted me to do was in his private office at his residence, and I was at the Keota club because Phil Acton had carried away the keys of his father's secretary and I followed him there to get them. That is the whole story, Dodo."

"Oh, Bertie," she sobbed, hiding her face, "what must you think of me?" "I think," said Gilbert, laughing with sly enjoyment, "that you are an injured woman, but whatever comes you are blameless. You, at least, will have nothing to reproach yourself with."

"Gilbert Latimer," said Dora, wrathfully, "I think I'd like to take you over my knee and spank you."

Ther they laughed in pure enjoyment, and went out in the diningroom together to make a Welsh rare-The Potent Kind.

Seedy Party (to bartender)-Whisky. please? Bartender-What kind, friesco "Gimme the same as the gentleman had wot's lyin' under the billiard table"-What-to-Eat.

WHY BRONSON GAVE UP CINCH

His Wife Kept Too Close Tab on His Late Hours and Made Him Miserable.

After acquiring a snug little fortune on their farm old man Bronson and his wife concluded they would move A WOMAN into Chicago and spend their remaining days in downright solid enjoyment. They were getting along well, visiting stores twice a day, watching the crowds in the street, sitting on their front stoop in the evening, when, unfortunately, the old man became woman. Of course, if you choose to acquainted with some of the "boys" and learned an evil game of cards called "eineh." Luckily all of Bronson's first steps in this path of crime were taken in the afternoon under the guidance of a lot of the old boys gravely, "I want to know what this is always to be found in a small village all about. It is not fair that you and who have nothing to do but go

One evening, says the Chicago Chronicle, Bronson told his wife that refute. If I have offended you, please he would have to go down that night be kind enough to tell me in what to attend a meeting of the council, as a matter relating to their sidewalk would come up which would require You have grown tired of my society, his attention. Ever since Bronson had come home very late to supper one evening after a game of checkers, as he said, the old lady had had misgivings. Upon Bronson's "council" proposition she looked up from the sock of holes in the old man with her glassy, pale blue eyes.

"How late does the council keep?" she snapped, and her teeth came together like a steel trap.

"Guess it ginerally holds till bout 'leven," the old man ventured, timidly avoiding her eye.

"What's that?-"leven o'clock?" aldefiantly, as though challenging him most shouted his wife, dropping her

"Well, they mebbe git out sometimes a leetle before that time," said the old man, crawfishing.

"You see that you git in by ten o'clock, and no later." When it was ten o'clock that night the old man was too deeply engrossed in other things to think of time. It was a quarter of two o'clock when the old man, with his boots in his hand, stealthily crawled up the front ment and listened. He could feel or hear nothing but the thumping of his heart. Then I miselessly turned the key in the look and congratulated himself that it didn't make a sound. He had almost pushed the door open faint king of feeling in his stomach, but he managed to swear at himself for not having oiled the hinges that day. He almost dropped his boots when a voice from upstairs came down with a nerve-destroying, grating

sound: "Eronson, is that you? There was no answer, and again the roice came down more threateningly than before:

"Bronson, I say, is that you?" "Yes, 'tiz," answered Bronson, feeb

"Well, what time o' night is it?" tore through the air next, and Bronson saw streaks of lightning.

"It's gettin' along toward night. "Toward midnight, hey? How near

midnight?" "Well, it's a leetle after 12." "How much after 12?" Then he heard sounds as of some one getting out of bed and hunting for a match and he faintly but quickly responded:

ntes, if you must know." The next day Bronson told the boys he didn't care very much for cinch and he guessed he wouldn't play any

"Well, an hour and forty-five min-

FORM IN LETTER WRITING.

Points for Those Who May De ta Doubt as to the Best Usages in Correspondence.

To every one outside the family circle the Christian name and surname should be written in full. A married woman writes her name, Mary Bruce Talbot, and in a business letter adds beneath it, in brackets, Mrs. John Talbot. An unmarried woman writes "Miss" in brackets, before her full name, to a stranger when a reply is expected, says Mrs. Burton Kingsland, in Ladies' Home Jeurnal.

Typewritten letters are only admissible for business communications. In such epistles the alguature should be written by hand.

Speak first of the interests of your sorrespondent and afterward of those which concern yourself.

Never write anything over your own signature of which you might later be ashamed.

Never allow anyone to read a letter intended for your eyes alone. It is intrusted to your honor, even if not so explicitly stated.

One does not use the word "house party" in an invitation, but says: "I am asking a few triends, etc." A letter sent by hand should be left unscaled, unless a servant be the mes-

Business letters should begin with Bir." "Dear Sir," or "My Dear Sir," or if in the plural, with "Gentlemen," and end with "Yours truly" or "Respectfully yours"-never "Respectfully" alone, omitting the subject of the sentence. Ladies are addressed as "Madam," whether married or un-

Obedfent Girl. Mrs. Goaph-My daughter, you wold cultivate a sweeter disposition word the young men. Remember

that "vinegar never catches flies." Miss Goaph-But, mamma, you always caution me any permit any American.

HERE are women everywhere who suffer almost constantly because they cannot bring themselves to tell all about their ills to a physician.

Such women can surely explain their symptoms and their suffering by letter to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for the con-

fidence reposed in her has never been violated. Over a million women have been helped by her advice and medicine. Mrs. Pinkham in attending to her vast **HELPS** correspondence is assisted by women only. If you are ill, don't delay. Her WOMEN

reply will cost you nothing and it will be a practical help as it was to Miss Ella E. BRENNER, East Rochester, Ohio, who says: "I shrunk from the ordeal of examination by our physician, yet I knew I must have treatment. My troubles were backache, nervous tired

feeling, painful menstruation and leucorrhœa. I am so grateful to you now that I am willing to have my name published to help other girls to take their troubles to you. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound used as you wrote me has made me entirely well and very happy. I shall bless you as long as I live."

Mrs. Pinkham receives thousands of such letters from grateful women.

MISS NELLIE RUSSELL, of 138 Grace St., Pittsburg, Pa., in a letter to Mrs. Pink-ham says: "From childhood I suffered from kidney trouble and as I grew older my troubles increased having intense pain running from my waist to my womb and the menses were very painful. One day.

seeing your advertisement in one of our papers, I wrote to you. "When your reply came I began taking your Compound and followed your advice and am now in perfect health, and would advise any lady rich or poor to take Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which I can praise above all other remedies. It is a wonderful help to women."

The New-York Tribune

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including discussions, correspondence and speeches of the ablest political far enough to squeeze in when it gave leaders, brilliant editorials, reports from all sections of the land showing an awful "squeak." It gave him a progress of the work, etc., etc., and will commend itself to the careful perusal of every thoughtful, intelligent voters who ha the true interests of his country at heart.

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A DMINISTRATRIX NOTICE. Letters of Administration in the estate of Tacodore Erdley, late of Franklin twp. Snyder Co., Pa., dec'd., having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment, while those having claims will present them duly authenticated to the undersigned.

SAVILLA ERDLEY, Administratrix, M. 1. POTTER, AUY, Paxonville, Pa., Middleburgh, Pa., Oct. 1, 1900.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Thomas Wise, late of Centre Township, Snyder County, Pa., deceased, have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted to said estate should make immediate payment and those having claims against it should present them duly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL H. STROUB, Executor, Pennscreek, Pa., Oct. 11, 1900.

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Samuel Brunner, late of Centre Twp. Snyder County, Pa., deceased, have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted to said estate should make immediate payment and those having claims against a should present them duly authenticated for settlement. ELIAS BRUNNER, Executor. Pennsoreek, Pa., Oct. 11, 1900.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that letters testamentary upon the estate of Samuel Arbogast, dec'd, of Perry twp. Snyder county. Pa., deceased have been issued in due form of law to the undersigned, to whom all indebted to said estate should make immediate payment and those having claims against it should present them duly authenticated for settlement. GEO. F. BRORIUS, Executor, Mt. Pleasant Mills, Pa.. Oct. 11, 1900.

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pleases all the family. Four Flavors. Lemon, orange, raspberry and straw-berry At your grocer's. 10 cents Try it to day.



Blankins for a long time. He out west and got to be a county tree urer or something of that kind. He was he getting along at last counts?

"His last accounts, I am inform didn't balance."-Chicago Tribuna



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