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It beautifies the complexion. It cures constipation and liver disorders. It cures headache and most other aches.

Celery King cures Nerve, Stomach, Liver



God wrote with Fat. . ters of smoke or Glawing red with fl where Cuban the

WAR TREADS

- Grave-mounds on the where the tall pa
- green, Are marks that remain of the ee
- them His footprints The broken warships o
- slowly and rot on the stad. Old tyrants have fied, and the termet
- take hope and obey His commund.
- His glance flashed in lightnings of battle then burning homes reddened the sky.
- His voice thundered death to oppression through cannon of Dewey and Schley;
- The forces of powerful nations moved but at His beck and His nod. And the tyrants, though bold and defiant.
- were seourged by His rule and His rod. Men move in their might and exulting think everything bends to their will, But God keepeth watch o'er the warriors
- and ruleth the Universe still.
- Events which men made, to all seeming, were cogs in the mighty machine
- Whose ponderous wheels move obedient to the touch of a Master unseen. Whose people are helpless as puppets to
- warp with the forces of man The sweep and the sway of the ages laid out an infinite plan, Beginning and ending in circles too vast
- for our weak eyes to see.
- The strifes and the struggles of Cubs, her griefs and her torrents of tears.
- Were acts in the world's greatest drama.
- enduring through ages and years, Beginning when wrong and its evils to strife and oppression gave birth. And Freedom set forth for redemption to
- conquer and gladden the earth;
- Nor will all be canceled and ended till evil lies dead in its den, And radiant Freedom in triumph rules over the councils of men.
- Then sird on thy armor. Columbia, now
- Then gird on thy armor, Columbia, now queen of the land and the sea. The patron saint now of all people op-pressed but who yearn to be free; Hope's stars shine for all on thy banner, Heaven's beacons which beckon the
- world To share in the promise and progress o'er
- which our proud flag is unfuried. God writes with Fate's finger His flafs, His
- care and His calls never cease. In the red path of battle, His marvels and
- miracles grow and increase— With faith let us fear not, but follow, for the end of His conflict is peace. I. EDGAR JONES.
- A "Happy" New Year By Mrs. Charles C. Marble.
- REVIVO RESTORES VITALITY Made a Well Man GREAT of Me.

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For sale in Middleburgh, Pa., by

- added, c' the test. "Gite" ed J. those m.
- "And i s the Saviour come toto--Eeth ehem every Christmas, mamma," he asked, still gazing upon that
- twinkling star. "Yes," she answered, abstractedly. "Ith the manger very, very far?" lisped May.

a that

iv comment

ug at once what

might mean.

"Not very," sadly said the mother, feeling herself at that moment very near the Divine presence. "Not very, dear."

Thoughtful Johnny went to bed and before he slept he whispered to the little sister beside him what those "other things" were which the wise men brought as Christmas gifts to the babe in the stable, for what else could they be but toys and candies

and all manner of good things? "And a turkey," added May. "A dreat, dreat big turkey. Oh, my, I do wish papa was one of them wise men, don't you, Johnny?" But receiving no answer from Johnny,

whose brain was busy wirn a new With destiny moving obedient to His meas-urcless mighty decree. At a late hour the father cam At a late hour the father came home; his voice thick, his steps un-

steady, ugly in temper; the noise of whose coming awoke the sleeping children.

"I have been waiting up for you." gently said the patient mother; "for you know to-morrow is Christmas, and there is nothing much in the house to eat. And, oh, I had hoped you would think of our dear little ones and bring home your wages tonight that I might buy some little trifle to make them happy."

"Don't bother me about the children and Christmas, and such nonsense," he grumbled, crawling into bed just as he was. "I've only got a dime or so left, and I'll want that to-morrow myself." And muttering imprecations upon his

wife and children and everything in general, the man fell asleep.

Late into the morning the miserable father slumbered, and when he at last did awake he lay there wondering at the deep stillness which reigned in the house. Again he fell into a gentle doze. his brain freed from the vapors of liquor by his long sleep.

It was high noon when he again opened his eyes, and still that oppres-IN a comfortless cottage on a back sive quiet below stairs made him wonstreet of a country town Johnny der.

Wallace and his little sister May "That was a strange dream," he muttered, uneasily, wiping the dew of fear lived with their parents, one of whom ill-deserved the name. While yet litfrom his brow. "How glad I was to see tle more than a toddling babe, Johnthe faces of Johnny and May peering into that deep, black pit into which I ny had learned what the uncertain had fallen. I can't remember how I footsteps of his father often meant, ever got out, but I can feel their dear and instantly his gay laughter ceased, and hurriedly would he put away the little hands in mine now," and with poor remnant of toys which Santa a new love in his heart, and a new light Claus had dropped the year before upon his face, the man descended to while on his way to more favored the kitchen.

Btu no wife, ne children, were anyhouseholds. At least that was the way the little fellow accounted for where to be seen. the broken toys, which, between you

"Gone to some neighbors," he thought, filled with a disappointment most keen as he gazed from the wintherless little Johnny. Afterward, dows into the noisy street.

when a wee little sister came to "Merry 'Trismas," cried several the gold and other nice things. We share his wants and pleasures, he happy-faced urshins, as they caught weren't born in a manger, sir.' says he. guarded her also from his father's sight of him, "Merry Trismas, Mr. quite humble and mournful like. but pleases all the family. Four Flavore tempests of anger as well as his frail Wallace; where's Johnny?"

moving penerums of the blushing abuda, and he wondered, with a dull nain at his heart, if a prayer from a sreature so vile as he would be heard and heeded by the Great Helper beyond Christmas! and for the first time for years the tender significance of the word penetrated his dull senses, and he felt, with a glad thrill, that the One who could help was once a poor babe born in a stable, a lowly carpenter, a man of infinite sorrows, acquainted with direst grief, and that thought brought him near unto Him; confidence took the place of doubt, and, with a heart torn by new emotions, strange and sweet, he hurried to his miserable

"They may be within," whispered Hope, as he opened the door, and that hope redoubled as his eyes fell upon his wife sitting in front of the newlykindled fire, but that hope vanished when she turned upon him her stony face, her anguished eyes.

"I have inquired at every house," she said, wearily, in answer to his breathless question, "but no one has seen our

darlings." The father could do nothing but groan.

At this juncture neighbors flocked in, kind neighbors laden with Christmas cheer for both body and mind. Wallace flushed as he ate the food thus provided, and loathed himself for robbing his home of food and every comfort. That day and another passed and no news of the lost children.

It was now the day before New Year's, and into the town came many farm wagons, driven by ruddy-faced, genial old farmers.

The season had been unusually mild and the first day of the new year bade fair to come in disguised under the mantle of spring.

"Hey, what do you say?" queried bluff old Farmer Brown, "a leetle gal and a boy lost from this yer town? Jest describe 'em, mister."

"Wall, I never, and it's from this here town they strayed," he continued, "and I've been a-lookin' in another direction, the little feller not knowin' the town he come from, but always p'intin' to the north."

"Well, well! Johnny and May." "Yes, that's them!"

"Why, bless your soul, them little

ones I found a-sleepin' snug ez snug could be 'mong the hay on Christmas mornin'; and the first thing the boy says, says he: 'Is this Bethlehem, sir ?' in jist the sweetest way 'maginable.

"Bethlehem?' says I, struck all of a heap, for seein' as it was Christmas time I knowed right away what the boy was thinkin' on; so I says, says I:

"'No, sonny,' ez grave ez airy owl, this here ain't that holy place at all.'

"'Then come on, May,' says the plucky little feller to the gal; 'we must hurry up or the wise men will have give all their gifts away before we get there.'

"'What wise men be you lookin' fer?' says I. as though not comprehendin'. The little chap hesitated fer a minute, and then says, he, a-wipin' the tears from his tired and hungry little

sister's eyes, says he, confidin' like: "'We are goin' to see if the wise men won't give us some of the gifts, sir, what they bring to the young child in the manger every Christmas; some of



Mother's Love

Is boundless. Yet it is utterly helpless to give strength to the child born with a low vitality. The time to give strength to the child is before birth and to impart this gift the mother herself must be strong. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-tion gives strength to mothers. It prethem in robust health in the months before baby comes. It practical-ly does away with the pains of motherood, and enables the mother to endow her child with a healthy body and a happy disposition. "Favorite Prescrip-

contains no alcohol and is abso-

tion" contains no alcohol and is abso-lutely free from opium and cocaine. "I consider Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription the best medicine made," writes Mrs. Mary Murdock, of 250 Taylor St., Topeka, Kansas. "I kuow it has no equal. I am the mother of ten children and only one living—the tenth one. She is a besuty. Of my other bables, some were born at right time, but dead, others were premature births; one lived to be one year old but she was always feeble. I tried different doctors but none of them could tell what my trouble was. I was examined by surgeons but they found nothing wrong. I did uot know what to do, so I thought this last time I would try Dr. Pierce's Pavorite Prescription. I took it the entire nine months and now have a fine baby girl, and I can not praise your medicine emough for the good it did me." Dr. Pierce's Pellets cure heart-burn,

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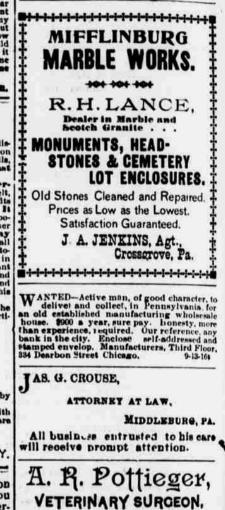
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A Prominent Chicago Woman Speaks.

Prof. Rozs Tyler, of Chicago, Vice-

President Illinois Woman's Alliance, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I suffered with a severe cold this winter which threat-

ened to run into pneumonis. I tried

different remedies but I seemed to

grow worse and the medicine upset

my stomach. A friend advised me to

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All professional business entrusted to my care

"Santy 'Taus won't never come while papa ith so bad," lisp' the drowsy May, with a sigh, which went to the very core of the listening Johnny's heart.

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VICTOR J. EVANS & CO. ratent Attorneys,) Evans Buil. ing. WASHINGTON, Q. C.

Buchanan, Mich., May 22. Genergee Pure Food Co., Le Roy. N. Y.

GENTLEMEN :- My manuma ha been a great coffee drinker and ha found it very injurious. Haviai used several packages of you GRAIN O, the drink that takes th place of coffee, she found it much better for herself and for us children to drink. She has given up coffee drinking entirely. We use a pack age every week, I am ten veurs old. Respectfully yours, FANNIE WILLIAMS



and 5 cents for postage.

little body would admit.

and me, some thoughtful neighbor

had sent in to the worse than fa-

The day before the Christmas of which I write the mother listened with an aching heart to the prattle of her children as they each recounted the skates and mittens, toys and candies-and the poor mother, looking at their worn and faded elothing. their much mended stockings and shabby shoes, wished in her heart that Christmas day might never dawn upon their disappointed hopes, that her own and her dear ones' eyelids might not open upon the joy and

gladness of a day so gloomy to them. Night had fallen, and the mother, dreading to hear that reeling footstep, had early prepared the little ones for bed, and now with them on her lap sat before the kitchen those of the stars.

Just above them the in the doop twinkled and glittered in the doop Just above them the evening stor blue of the heaven, and to the thoughtful boy it seemed to be a diamond upon the brow of a ch angel, a diamond which might be cant to him by Santa Claus, could be but call loud enough for the angel to hear.

"Maybe I ain't good enough," he sighed, remembering the well worn phrase of how children should win the good graces of that giver of gifts, and then, aloud, he asked: Will Santa Claus come to our house to-night, mamma?"

"I'm afraid not," replied the hopeless mother, knowing full well where the week's wages would be spent.

"I know why he won't tum to our house," gravely announced May. "Why?" queried Johnny.

"'Tause papa gets drunk, and says bad words. Santy 'Taus never comes to bad folks' houses. Does he, mamma?"

The mother only pressed the dear head more closely to her swelling heart, and made no reply.

"Teil us, mamma," said Johnny, after a long pause, "all about the baby in the manger and the wise men, and the star what led 'em to -to-

"Bethlehem!" supplied May.

And so the mother told again the simple story, ever beautiful, of how an angel of the Lord appeared to the wise men and bade them go and seek the young child, the Saviour; and how a star guided them to where the bab a star guided them to where the safe hay, and how the wise man wor-shiped Him and gave Him gifts of gold, and-and "other things," the

The father shook his head, moodily.

and sat down by the fireless store. "Where's Johnny?"

How the letters seemed to start out before him, no matter where he looked. gifts which they hoped Santa Claus How they danced upon the walls, over would bring to them-sled and doll, the floor, among the shadows, in the sunlight. Every tin horn, blown by boyish lips, repeated the cry: "Where's Johnny?" and the man, filled with a nameless foreboding, recalled the manly little fellow's reproachful looks, his loving care of the wee sister, and upon his big, brawny hand dropped a tear of which he was not ashamed.

"I wish to-morrow were Christmas," he said, aloud, with a sudden pang, as he thought of other men's children to whom had come lavish gifts, whose shouts of joy reached him in that solitary, comfortless room; men who earned no more than he, nor capable window, the room lit by no rays save of carning so much. "I wish to-morrow were Christmas, and I hadn't spent all my money in the tavern, I'd-" he

all my money in the tavern, I'd-" he broke off as the vision presented itsalf of that tavern, warm and snug, with its that tavern, warm and snug, with its the tavern, of something 'hot" as good, and in that thought all oth-m two has, fiveling the need of some-hing to contain his weakened stomach md shakes serves.

As he fumbled in his pocket for a bit of change, the bartender said, carelessly: "They have been found, I suppose, Mr. Wallace?"

"They? Who do you mean?" asked the other as carelessly, as his nervous hand closed about the glass before him.

"Why, your children, Johnny and May," replied the bartender, in some surprise. "Somebody told me your wife has been searching for them since while after daylight."

"Since daylight?" repeated Mr. Walace, pushing the glass from him with a shudder. "Since daylight, while I ave been aleeping off the effects of uch cursed stuff as that. May God orgive me if aught has happened to my ittle ones!"

"Well!" muttered the bartender, as e looked after the retreating figure f his one-time best customer. varrant he'll be coming back before ight to get this glas of liquor, so I'll ust set it by."

Aye, set it by, Mr. Bartender, set it y, but its aroma will have departed. s strength be gone, its power to do vil forever fied, e'er remorse shall have used to do its work upon that awakaed father.

For the first time in years the loughts of that hurry ig man penerated the smiling sky above him, the

our house, and-""

The listener turned very pale and stifled the groan which arose to his lips.

" 'And so,' the boy went on. 'May and me made up our minds to foller the star that had peeped into our window all that night; just like the star mamma said that moved on before the wise men, and so we got up real quiet, an out we went, and, sure enough, the star kept beckoning us on and on, and we walked and walked until all at once it growed dim and at last it went out. and May said it meant for us to stop just where we was, for that must be Bethlehem, and so we laid down in the barn, meanin' to go into the stable after restin' a bit to worship the young child, too.'"

Tears by this time streamed from the eyes of both men.

"My Johnny, my little May," cried the happy listener. "Thank God!"

"And what do you suppose they ex-expected to find in the stable as gifts?" he asked of the farmer after a pause.

"Oh, they looked for a turkey to dinner, and a sled, and a beautiful tree all gold and silver, like one of their little neighbors always gets from Santa Claus, and a dolly, and massy only knows what else. They got all the tur-key they wanted, you better believe." chuckled the old farmer, "and Johnny said if mamma had only been along e'd concluded it was just es good es Bethlehem, anyway."

And then Mr. Brown, after a little talk with the shame-faced father, dived into his pocket and brought out a wellfilled wallet, and the next day when all the world were greeting each other with a "Happy New Year," Johnny and May stood in speechless delight before a tree upon which stretched gold and silver tinsel in great profusion, and at its base lay all the gifts which they had journeyed so far to ask of the wise men; but better than all were the loving words and kind looks from that father whom they had hitherto only feared; that father who held them in his strong arms, and called them God's New Year's gift to a repentant man.

"Tis the dawn of a New Year, in deed," sobbed the happy wife, as the husband asked a humble blessing upon the bountifully spread board at noon, "a happy dawning for thee and me and our little ones."-N. " Observer.

Partridge Hunting in New Hampshire By the game laws of New Hampshine no individual is allowed to kill more than 15 partridges in one day. Having killed his quota of partridges, the hunter may then turn his attention to some other game.

so bad that Santa Claus won't come to berry At your grocer's. 10 cente, our house, and -'"

1901		JANUARY			1901	
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

CMoon 4 p.m. OMoon 20 a.m. C guarter 12 p.m. Jurit 27 a.m. GENERAL MARKETS.

MOON'S PHASES.

4 p.m. 0 Moon 20

<text>

try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and I found it was pleasant to take and it relieved me at once. I am now en tirely recovered, saved a doctor's bill, time and suffering, and will never be without this splendid medicine again.' For sale by Mid-dieburg Drug Store. What Shall We Have for Desert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it to day. Try Jell-o, a delicious dessert. Pre-pared in two minutes. No baking. Add hot water and set to cocl. Flavors :- Lemon, orange, rasberry and strawberry.

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Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the mother's favorite. It is pleas-ant and safe for children to take and always cures. It is intended especially for coughs' colds, croup and whooping cough, and is the best medicine made for these quieases. There is not the least dan ger in giving it to children for it contains no opium or other injuri-ous drug and may be given as con-fidently to a babe as to an adult.

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