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Buchanan, Mich., May 22. Genessee Pure Food Co., Le Roy

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

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PRINCE AND ADDRESS OF THE PARTY OF THE PARTY

"What is the price of Dobbins' Electric Soap?"

"Five cents a bar, full size, just reduced from ten and your choice of 139 25 cent books sent free, for each 3 wrappers, and 7 cents for postage Hasn't been less than 10 cents for 33 years.

"Why that's the price of common

The Joy of the Banquet

By Charles Fleming Embree.

gathered in front of the treasurer's glass. Hold this infernal thing up with house on Nezahualcovotl street. Three of these were Indian aggregations. The puffers looked like aniin tattered and dirty white cotton wheezily inflated the melody with industrious lungs. They had wandered in from mountain districts, where the people live in thatched huts and have pottery corn bins, round like sugar bowls. A lawyer dow opposite the treasurer's house you are hideous in that light blue." with a dirty collar got up in a winand addressed the populace, rasping Ortiz, treasurer of the state, whose capers," ress and civilization on to the point crying: "And the second of the governor stalked to his who were utterly hopeless, giving of tramways.

Just then six secondhand cars (repainted and made handsome) came hurtling out of the barns a block beyond, charged down the street, all covered with green, white and red hunting, the mules teving to run straight away from the track. The erowd gave forth "vivas" indolently. Cenobio, Schor Ortiz' pet servant, a lad of 17, stood up in the door and wrung his body and shricked "Viva!" till his throat failed him. The bands away, leaving in the corridor a trem- the governor, Porfirio Diaz (familiarall stopped playing and looked at him in mild Aztee surprise.

Rehold the cars all stopped; Senor Ortiz' window flung open; the great man himself. Warwick of the government, dictator, funny little jolly gentleman appearing. He was dressed in a flannel shirt and had a black mustache. He bowed and laughed, and said a few journal things. Some people cried "Viva!" A desultory procesner, following the giddy six cars and three lawyers with a flag, went the four bands, packed in one mass, with four tunes buried somewhere in the density of discord that rose up united.

Senor Ortiz had retired within. Cenobio sat down in the zaguan, deject-"Concha!" called he.

She did not hear. She was second kitchen girl to Senor Ortiz, or sometimes waited at table.

sash, and passed through the stone more weakly. For the light blue seemed passage from the street. The walls to fill the room. Her chalky head above were decorated with paintings of it reminded him again of the Guana-Popocatepetl and the death of Maxi- justo mummies. milian. He continued through the Between dances the young men savage eyes upon her left. She nearly large central court of flowers and is- brought beer, cognac and other stim- dropped the dish. sued at the kitchen. "Concha!" mur- ulants to the young ladies, who drank

eyes, with a timid expression involv- whispered that the sultan was ill. spasmodic fist.

the driver of one of these mule cars insinuating fondness. I shall die."

"It would be the will of God," said lights?" asked Don Mariano. Concha.

"I love you," continued | Cenobio, scanning the chandeliers. "I was going to marry you one time;

"Yes," said Concha, raising fond eves to him.

"Well, Concha, Conchita, you are him murmuring: Don Mariano Ortiz' favorite servant. where'sh ma dignity? Sh'gone!" I will marry you if you get him to let me drive one of his mule cars. Ah, to crack the whip and blow the horn!"

"And leave me!" cried she, with a sudden spasm of grief, clasping her

"No: to return nights," said he. "And if I succeeded, you wouldyou would then really-marry me!" "Immediately."

guajolote. The nina says the banquet shall be new, a la Americana, without in and set it before him. Then he will give you a mule car."
"Concha!" He caught her hand in

blind enthusiasm.

painting of Porfirio Diaz hung between windows. A brass imported bedstead, draped, was even less beautiful than oozing marshes of brown that glisthe counterpane of pink silk. Chairs of tened. black Austrian bent wood impeded the somewhat boorish progress of the treasurer. He halted in the room's middle, his arms half buried in trousers pockets, his round head lowered pugnaciously. "What, in the name of the saints, is that?" growled he, burning

the lady with his eye. Dona Maria was almost a pure Inbrown soap. I can't afford to buy dian, yet the slight strain of foreign suspended in ecstasy upon the surnificent fury. And through it all slept blood had been enough to modify her face; ravishing hints of a breast of on in peace a pink and brown baby in

Indian brown begin. She had a very heavy jaw, an immovable eye, fat cheeks and a delicate mustache. She was imperial in carriage. "The dress I shall wear to the ball," said she, with huč. miliating deliberation. She was holding the light blue thing up.

"That!" rasped he, "Oh, woman! W HEN the mule car line was in-augurated in the state capital Light blue! Look at yourself in the tasty beside you!"

They say that Dona Maria used to be mated mumnies. Indian patriarchs a charcoal woman before she became "Your ideas of beauty," she said, with crushing calm, "are not for me."

"You shall not! Will this woman with me? The state bows before me. Porfirio Diaz believes in me. And can my wife exhibit no dignity? I tell you, "Retire, Mariano," replied she, her

devil!

to Cenobio and eried: "To-morrow! And the good Mary will help me!"

The ballroom was gorgeous in green. white and red bunting. A long row of blue dress floated everywhere. Like an empress she carried it. It was very ugly. She daneed with the governor (governor by the grace of Senor Ortiz), who looked bored, and carried one hand in his trousers pocket. She daneed with a dashing young federal senator (senator by the grace of Ortiz), who wore a brown sack coat. She daneed with the waszened, tiny old secretary of state.

In the moment came, Cenobio darkly gazing round a corner from the ante-room; the sweet Madonna coming in, all trembling, with the Maximilian dish. She all but tottered. The brown seemed to have gone away from her any other way. We have had 25 years constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outlier way. We have had 25 years constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outlier way. We have had 25 years constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outlier way. We have had 25 years constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outlier way. We have had 25 years constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outlier way. We have had 25 years constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outlier way. We have had 25 years constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outlier way. a tune and the ball began. The light upon the company, sion was formed, and round the cor- empress she carried it. It was very casionally she danced with Don Mariand, and looked fixedly over his head. Cenobio arose, adjusting his pink could be heard muttering more and

palpitating. She, too, saw the blue upon her right. She perceived her master's savage eyes upon her left. She nearly dropped the dish.

He looked and understood the nature of all without prejudice, being trained to it. But the treasurer acquired a beht.

Palpitating. She, too, saw the blue upon her right. She nearly dropped her master's savage eyes upon her left. She nearly dropped the dish.

He looked and understood the nature of its contents. But all its background was that disgusting dress. A devilish destructions and you will be more than pleased with the investment. Your money back if you are dissatisfied. Stamps taken REVIVO. It quickly and surely restores Nervous ness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Falling Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. Be not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is agreat nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail \$1.00 per package, or six for \$5.00, with a post tive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Circular free. Address Royal Medicine Co., 260 Dearborn St. For sule in Middle Medicine Co., CHICAGO, ILL.

Reveals in Middle Market Constant in the kitchen. "Concha!" muradone to the stable of all without prejudice, being trained to it. But the treasurer nequired a habit of retiring into corners morbing in back the pink glow to pale cheeks and reverse to the stable of all without prejudice, being trained to it. But the treasurer nequired a habit of retiring into corners morbing the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail thus so modestly by the rebozo, shone out upon Cenobio. Large, soft, brown the wounding tower of blue. People whispered that the sultan was ill. They longed for his merry laugh. During one interval they saw him we have proved asked. During liquors, had gone the same way. He tural groan. Concha marked in the dirt wift her refused the next dance. The old, The banquet terminated early. wheezy secretary came mumbling.

"What's what's matter with the "Nothing!" cried the secretary,

"Thought," muttered Don Mariane, and you have often reproached me thickly—"thought the lights—lights, because I never did it."

At two o'clock they removed Don Mariano to his carriage, and heard

"Where'sh -

The next morning Concha, the Madonna-like, kept from under the eye chair, dressed in a petticoat and stiff of Dona Maria. In the kitchen's farthest corner, behind a horseshoe in her hair, mole on her ample cheeks. curve of adobe braseros burning blue mole running down her neck. Would with charcoal, she labored. On a that he who reads could know the stain stone metate she ground separately the following articles: Twelve ounces its diabolic alacrity, its capacity for of black, dried peppers, or chiles; four ounces of red, dried chiles; one small | cupful of sesame seed; 34 chocolate "Then I shall try. To-night they beans; a half sence of almonds; one have the ball in honor of these mule cent's worth of black pepper; one-half cars. To-morrow Don Mariano gives cent's worth of cloves; a stick of cinhis banquet to the government here. namon; fair measure of several kinds Don Mariano and Dona Maria have of nuts; a few tomatoes; such quanquarreled bitterly over the mole de tity of anise seed as may be taken up with five fingers; such quantity of coriander seed as may be taken up with this Indian dish of turkey. But the three fingers; two or three small, senor wants mole. Well, I shall make hard loaves of bread; goodly portions it, anyhow. I myself shall carry it of garlie; goodly portions of onions; two dried tortillas, an unstinted amount of pumpkin seeds; and seeds of the black chile. Every one of these things had been separately fried before grinding. The process completed, Don Mariano had withdrawn into the the mixing took place. Large quantipresence of his wife. She stood in a ties of melted lard, with water, served large bedroom whose brick floor a red to lend to the whole a liquid luxuriand blue carpet concealed. The canvas ance, an unctuous consistency. The ceiling, decorated to match the painted turkey himself, could be have seen walls, heaved gently up and down in that fatty and rich mass, must have answer to a breeze which filtered died in peace. Cooked to a turn and through unseen tiles above. A huge garnished-nay swamped in that thick substance-he was lost to the eye of man, only to be fished up amid

Dona Maria's deepest white dish (with dead Maximilian's monogram apon it, for his crockery goes sifting down among the scattered years of Let the reader picture it filled with a trembling, reddish-brown liquid, thick with unthinkable and opaque wonders; the pure melted lard glittering, color. Her broad face was a grayish suajolote, a thigh, a head, sunk in a soap box on the adobe floor.—San white, chalky, without a trace of pink. hat magnificent oblivion. Francisco Argonaut.

Cenobio, hungry-eyed, dressed in spotless loose white, with a sash of green, came and leaned for support against the wall and saw his fate, hanging at first upon the deftness of Concha's fingers, immersed at last, an ultimate ingredient.

"You will-you will marry me if I succeed " cried she.

"Concha," sighed he, "I swear I would marry even this old Indian chief cook."

The Indian chief cook was a strenuous, huge and bony party, who wore a white cloth wrapped round her legs instead of a skirt.

When the guests arrived Senora Ortiz floated forth to greet them. Her lord was stricken dumb. Rehold. she were the blue! A dread crunchhang ever round my neck, nor progress ing of teeth was distinctly heard by the federal senator.

The dinner was served. Porfirio Diaz' portrait had been transferred to the dining-room. The walls were draped with Mexican flags. The mumout adulations of the great Senor ample bust swelling; "nor cut these bling secretary's wife was good and mple bust swelling; "nor cut these bling secretary's wife was good and quiet, like a pussy. The federal sentength.

He made a wry face and stormed out, after dashed in with his equally dasham to have my banquet without mole! chair, scanning the viands narrowly. My dignity is stamped on. Oh, the His wife, a little pallid woman in white satin, seemed tired of all the By eight of the evening his mood was earth. At the table's head, with his covery " and it contains no opium, black. An all-day beating against that wife at his right, sat Senor Ortiz, cocaine or other narcotic. rock, his wife, had rent his last nerve. black, savage. He surveyed the board, He was morose, mean. At ten min. He watched the waitresses come and ntes to nine she swept into his presence. go. No mole. And his Mexican stomsurely majestic enough, and making a ach craved mole. He could not get tremendous display of light blue. Don that awful blue out of his eyes. They Mariano gritted his teeth as he handed talked to him; he mumbled boorish her in at the carriage. They drove answers. They toasted Senor Ortiz, bling maiden, who turned and fluttered by called Don Porficio-by the grace of whom they lived and had their being). But Don Mariano replied, snap-The dance was at the American hotel, | pishly. And all the while the stately Indian, his civilized wife, wore more dignity than three government's pretty senoritas sat on one side of the wives would have needed. The eterroom, the young men not approaching nal placedity of the Azice nation, with them freely. An orchestra struck up its slumbering under-fire, looked out

came and fled. In the mole's depths she saw a vision of a little home, a flying And during those dances Don Mariano street car and a baby. She cast a wild look on Cenobio. He answered it with culars; which we will maily on free, moody eye that burned with hope. She reached Don Mariano's side, her bosom palpitating. She, too, saw the blue upon

She caught up a striped rebozo, habit of retiring into corners mor- inspiration seized him. Concha was lowering her masterpiece, her liquid A dark, yet pinkish, oval face, framed watched the dances grimly, and his frightened eyes on him. He threw up thus so modestly by the rebozo, shone eye could not tear itself away from his hand as though to take the dish. He out upon Cenobio. Large, soft, brown the wounding tower of blue. People struck it a mighty blow with clenched,

whirlwind of thick and unctuou in a bare lot, Cenobio said, speaking ful solitude. It was recalled that blue in fatty embrace. A broken Maxiwith profound sincerity: "Concha, I many glasses of cognac, as other milian dish in Dona Maria's lap. A gut-want to drive a mule car." liquors, had gone the same way. He

Later, the tragedy of the spirit was "Concha," said he, solemn and sad "Oh, now, what's the trouble with rehearsed in the rear court. Cenobio and determined, "if I cannot become him?" said he, with a grandmother's strode there like a villain in a play. Concha, colorless, came stumbling out, Her eyes of terror fell upon him. Then she mounted: "No mule car, no Cenobio, no baby!" And she fell down and sobbed.

"Cepobio! Ven aca!" It was the sultan's rasping voice.

Cenobio bounded forward and disappeared. His master led him into that bedroom, and the youth observed a gleam in the orbs of Don Mariano. Take it out!" cried the sultan, pointing to the thing upon the floor.

Dona Maria sat bolt upright in a white chemise, fiame in her eye, mole of that concoction, its dread properties,

Cenobio got a pole and lifted up the thing. A little later Concha, still in agony, beheld him approaching, a funereal figure, hard despair looking out from his countenance; the tower of blue, collapsed, a dripping abomination, hanging in front of him. Before the sheds he east it down. He turned to see the sultan trotting fast behind, carrying a shovel.

Don Mariano, perspiring, dug a hole. The mozo buried the blue. Sunk on the ground by the tile-roofed shed sat Concha, scarce daring to look at that interment. The treasurer turned to her, and she shrank.

"H'm-Concha-Conchita," said he, gently, wheedlingly, rubbing his hands together; "name it, Conchita." 'Oh, what?" sobbed she, staring up.

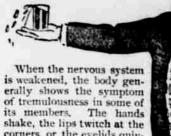
Don Mariano was laughing with a mild, continuous, endearing laugh. "Your reward," wheedled he, thing; anything."

A flicker of understanding lit up her brain. She leaped to her feet with outstretched arms and cried, hysterically: A mule car for Cenobio to drive!" "Done, Conchita," snickered the sul-

tan, and went away.

When I last saw Conchita she was seated at the door of a little adobe hut in the suburbs, gazing out sweetly, the republic) was the mole's vehicle. rapt. Before her eyes dashed on the clattering car, whose mules leaped with the inspiration of Cenobio - Cenobio cracking a mighty whip and blowing a brass horn at all the corners with mag-

Tremulous Hands.



corners, or the eyelids quiv-er involuntarily. Such a condition calls for medicine which feeds the nerves. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, acting directly on the stomach and organs of di-gestion and nutrition, has a won-derful influence in restoring nervous force. It quiets the nerves not by drugging them into stupor

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> May Renew Seranton's Strike. Scranton, Pa., Jan. 7.- There is some danger of the renewal of the street car The barn men at yesterday's meeting rejected the schedule of wages submitted by the company, and sent back an alternative schedule as an ultimatum. The barn men want the same wages as the car men, 14 to 19 cents an hour. The company only wants to allow them 121/2 to 19 cents an hour.

> > Death of John Bardsley.

Philadelphia, Jan. 7.-After about ten days' illness ex-City Treasurer John Bardsley died late on Friday evening at his home, No. 1804 Cayuga street. He had been suffering from a complication of troubles, including heart disease, and on Friday he had a relapse, from which he failed to rally. He was 64 years of age, and leaves a widow and two daughters.

Two Blown to Bits by Dynamite. Hyndman, Pa., Jan. 7.-Michael Ferrin and a negro, name unknown, were blown to pieces yesterday afternoon at Philson, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, by an explosion of dynamite. The men were thawing the dynamite when the explosion occurred,

Found With His Skull Crushed. Wilkesbarre, Pa., Jan. 7.-Thomas Gibson, a mine foreman at Plymouth was found in a lonely road yesterday with his skull crushed in. He died a few hours later. The supposition is that he was a victim of foul play.

PENNSYLVANIA NEWS CONDENSED. Subscription for a new Y. M. C. A. building at Pittston have reached nearly

By the fall of a rock in a Bangor slate quarry Hugh J. Williams was crushed to death.

The American Plate Glass company, of Allegheny, has purchased the American Allegheny has purchased the American plant at Alexandria, Ind. Jane Fisher, daughter of Enoch Fisher, of Milnesville, has been missing from her home since New Year's night.

Rev. H. G. Appenzeller and wife, of Lancaster, returned missionaries from Korea, were given a reception. Breaking through the ice while skating on the Susquehanna, at Pitiston, Leo on the Susquehanna, at Pittston, Touhill was rescued with difficulty.

The wages of motormen and conductors of the United Traction company, of Reading, have been included in per cent.

B. Frank Harper, of Lebanon, has been elected president of the Iron Molders' union for the Eastern Pennsylvania district

Test wells for natural gas and oil will be drilled on several thousand acres of land in Bald Eagle township, Canton

Charles Schlegelmilch and E. A. Ran sing, of Lancaster, have been prosecu by pure food officers on the charge selling impure vinegar.

While burning paper around a hydra to thaw it out, the clothing of Mrs. A. 1 Spitler, of Bloomsburg, caught fire an she was severely burned. The Buffalo and Rochester Coal and Iron company has bought 4,000 acres of coal land in White and Centre townships, Indiana county, for \$12,565.56. A New Story

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ome greatly) needed lessons. PUBLISHED EXCLUSIVELY IN

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A Prominent Chicago Woman Speaks, Prof. Rexa Tyler, of Chicago, Viceresident Illinois Woman's Alliance, in speaking of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, says: "I suffered with a severe cold this winter which threatened 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 try Chamberlain's Cough Remedy and I found it was pleasant to take and it relieved me at once. I am now n tirely recovered, saved a doctor's bill, time and suffering, and wil never be without this splendid medicine again.' For sale by Midd'eburg Drug Store.

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