

MANY young women are completely prostrated for a week out of every month by menstrual sufferings. The terrors of menstruation overshadow their whole lives. How needless this is in most cases is shown by the thousands of grateful letters constantly coming to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., from women she has helped.

HAGGARD FACES OF WOMEN

MISS JOIE SAUL, Dover, Mich., writes as follows to Mrs. Pinkham: "I suffered untold agony every month and could get no relief until I tried your medicine; your letter of advice and a few bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound have made me the happiest woman alive. I shall bless you as long as I live."

MISS ROSA HELDEN, 126 W. Cleveland Ave., Canton, O., writes:



"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM—Four years ago I had almost given up hope of ever being well again. I was afflicted with those dreadful headache spells which would sometimes last three or four days. Also had backache, bearing-down pains, leucorrhoea, dizziness, and terrible pains at monthly periods confining me to my bed. After reading so many testimonials for your medicine, I concluded to try it. I began to pick up after taking the first bottle, and have continued to gain rapidly, and now feel like a different woman. I can recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in highest terms to all sick women."

Pain leaves its mark. Faces become pale and thin. Features grow sharp and haggard. The stamp of suffering is unmistakable. Write to Mrs. Pinkham for aid. Her experience is the widest in the world and her advice is free.

The Cure that Cures Coughs, Colds, Grippe,

Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis and Incipient Consumption, is

OTTO'S CURE

The GERMAN REMEDY Cures throat and lung diseases. Sold by all druggists. 25 & 50c.

Eureka Harness Oil

not only makes the harness and the horse feel better but makes the harness soft and pliable, puts it in condition to last twice as long as it ordinarily would.

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GRAZER'S CREAM SOAP

SOLD EVERYWHERE. TAKE NO OTHER.

Bozhaman, Mich., May 22. **Grain-o** Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

GRAIN-O:—My mamma has been a great coffee drinker and has found it very injurious. Having used several packages of your GRAIN-O, the drink that takes the place of coffee, she found it much better for herself and for us children drinking entirely. We use a package every week. I am ten years old. Respectfully yours, **FANNIE WILLIAMS.**

5 Cents

"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 brown soap. I can't afford to buy any other soap after this. Send me

FACING TOWARD GOD.

As the lilies look deep in the lens of the lake
To view the fair pictures their second selves make,
As the blossoms of infinite fashion and hue
See themselves beautified in the prisms of dew,
As the bird sees itself in the surge of the sea
When it wings its way o'er it exultant and free,
As the ray of the star or the golden sunbeam
See their glorified image in cascade and stream,
So my soul gazing far, soaring high o'er the sod,
Sees itself magnified in the goodness of God.
As the bird hears its soul in the sweetness of song,
As the sea voices praise when the tempest is strong,
As the flower opens its heart to the kiss of the sun,
As the nightingale tells praise when daylight is done,
As the turtle dove turns to its nest and its mate,
As the sky turns to gold when Heaven opens its gate,
As the vine to the oak in close harmony clings,
As the grub soars aloft when transfigured with wings,
As the ship turns helm homeward across the deep sea,
So turn all my fondings, Dear Father, to Thee.
As the limpet, though lowly, clings close to the rock,
Protected and safe from the hurricane's shock,
As the snowflake, though frail, so unquestioning flies,
Obedient His bidding through stormiest skies,
As the flower looketh heavenward in sunshine or rain,
And offers sweet incense from forest and plain,
As the tints of the dawn turn to glory the cloud,
As the winter winds chant prayers and praises aloud,
So my heart hears Thy voice over land, over sea,
And joins all Creation in worshipping Thee.
I. EDGAR JONES.

Lifting the Mortgage

By Mrs. Charles C. Marble.

"MY DEAR JOHN," said a sweet-faced woman, gazing fondly into the eyes of her pale, careworn husband, "it seems too good to be true. I'm afraid I'll awake in the morning and find it all a dream."

"A blissful dream, Agnes," he replied, "no more nightmares for you and grandma, thank God!"

"Poor grandma laughed aloud today, the first time for many months; didn't you, mother?" she said, turning to a feeble old lady who held in her lap a sleeping infant.

"Yes," assented the old lady, with a smile, "and I looked out the front window, too, John; I did. It's been a long time since I done so afore, for the mortgage these past years seemed like a terrible monster lurkin' round the front door, and I was afraid all the time it would open its powerful jaws some day and swallow us all up, as your poor father said it would. You're a good son, John, a good son; and your old mother'll die in peace now under the dear old roof. If only your father had lived to see this day!" she added, with a sigh.

"Dear, simple-hearted mother," cried her son, kissing her toil-worn hands, "the monster debt has indeed made us all tremble for years. Heaven grant," he added, solemnly, in a husky voice, "that no other shadow may come to darken your declining years. Heaven grant it!"

"There can't come no more shadows, son," replied the old lady, firmly, raising her fading eyes to his. "There's no more fear of him" turned out of my old home, where you were born, and where you brought your young wife, and from where my little ones were carried out in their coffins years ago. No, no," she added, in a sinking voice, "I shan't close my eyes in the same bed and in the same room as did your father, and be carried out the same door when you take me to sleep beside him in the old churchyard. No more shadows for me, John, till I enter that valley of shadows which'll bring me out to the light beyond."

"I pray it may be so," John answered, with a strained, pained look in his eyes.

"How you must have worked, and saved, and suffered, John, to lay up so much money! Now I know why you sat up so long after we all went to bed," said his wife, tenderly. "You worked in secret to surprise us. Dear John."

"Yes," assented her husband, "in secret." But no answering smile sat upon his lip, no happy light beamed in his eye.

Days and weeks rolled on—days and weeks of torture to John Austin.

The nightmare of anxiety had been driven from the pillow of his loved ones, but above his head hovered, darker, more forbidding than ever. With sleepless, wide-open, staring eyes, he watched the terrible shape as it jeered and laughed and pointed with one skeleton finger to an object which ever dangled before the troubled man's gaze.

He closed his eyes to shut out the picture, only to hear with startling distinctness the cold, merciless voice of his creditor.

"I desire the property, John Austin," says the voice, "and intend to foreclose. No more extensions of time. I am determined, so make up your mind to pay the whole amount or vacate the property."

"Give me one year longer," pleads the pale, careworn John; "one year for my poor old mother's sake. She may stand in need of no earthly home after that," he adds, brokenly; "and, besides, you are so rich, Mr. Brown, and have so many houses. Have pity, I pray you!"

"Pity!" sneers the rich man, "pity! I should go to the almshouse if I listened to such pleas. No, sir; my money or the house. Where there's a will there's a way, you know," he added, with a chill smile, as he moved away; "so, Mr. Austin, look out for the way."

"There is a way," said a still, small voice, as John sat at his desk the next morning; "there is a way."

And poor, overworked, struggling, anxious John Austin listened, listened, and—fell. When the clear, brilliant eyes of the stars looked down into his soul that night they saw written upon its once fair, spotless surface the hideous name—"forger." Then came those nights of agony, those days of shuddering fear.

"They will never know," ever whispers that tempting voice at his elbow "who was the guilty one. Be tranquil, then. Think only of the happiness you have given your loved ones. Rejoice and be happy."

"Happy! tranquil!" exclaims the tortured man, struggling to look upward; "never, never again!"

Day after day he scans the face of his employer; every opening of the door, every sudden exclamation of his fellow clerks brings the dew of agony to his brow, a piteous trembling to his weakened frame.

"This suspense unnerves me," he murmurs. "When shall I know the worst?"

And then!

"Mr. Austin," sternly says his employer, one memorable day, "I desire your presence in my private room, upon a very disagreeable piece of business."

Like a torrent of lava rushes the blood to the unfortunate man's brain. To his despairing eyes the room rocks as a ship on a stormy sea; in his ears are the roars of Niagara. He struggles to speak, but his tongue, parched with the fever of fear, can utter no sound. Blindly he makes a step forward, sways, and like an oak struck by lightning, falls insensible at the feet of his employer, the man whose name he had forged.

"Guilty! I was sure of it," said that man, spurning the form with his foot, "I shall show him no mercy. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth" has always been my idea of justice, and I shall exact it now."

"Mercy!" he cried, turning around sharply; "who asked for mercy?"

The clerks looked at one another in surprise. No one had spoken.

"Twas my imagination," curtly said the merchant, with a frown. "I suppose, though, it seemed like a whisper in my ear, ridiculous idea," he muttered, turning away; "really ridiculous. Mercy, indeed!"

Then the abject which John Austin had ever before his sleepless eyes was placed upon his wrists that day.

"Manacles," he cried, with a shudder; "oh, my poor old mother, my wife, my child!"

"Fifteen years at hard labor!"

The cold, emotionless voice of the judge is followed by a heartrending cry:

"My son, oh, my son!" and a feeble old lady with outstretched arms totters toward the stricken prisoner.

"He doesn't mean it, John; he can't mean it," she moans. "Tell him it was for me, for the love of your poor old mother, you done it. O! tell him, somebody, tell him and he'll take it back. The monster has swallowed us up after all, John," she cried in a dazed way; "my son, O my son!"

"Mother," cried the agonized man, "mother!"

"The shadows, John, the shadows are here. I can't see," moaned the old lady, groping her way. "You must come to me, my boy; come to your old mother."

And as John Austin was led from the dock by the pitying officials his old mother, supported in the arms of the faithful wife, passed into the valley of the shadows, to the mountain of light beyond.

The night of a stormy day in November of the year 18—was closing in when a man stood irresolutely at the turning of a road near the great city of C—

The trees shivered and tossed their long skeleton arms with melancholy murmurs. The dead leaves stirred by the wind turned with long quivering sighs upon their place of sepulture, becoming with faint rustlings, their sad, untimely fate.

"Drip, drip, drip! Steadily, drearily, fell the rain."

"In the winter of my days am I homeless and desolate," said the man, looking about him with a dull, apathetic expression of eye. "Homeless and desolate."

With trembling fingers he drew his thin coat about him, and gazed pitifully, helplessly into the gray leaden sky above.

"Even the heavens frown and show no mercy. In prison I had shelter, at least," he said, aloud; "but out here under the sky I shiver with cold as well as hunger. I'll go back to the prison. They will not turn from me as the good people do outside of its walls. I'll tell them the Prince of Heaven had not where to lay his head, and for His sake ask them to let me in."

"Drip, drip, drip! Heedless of the fast gathering darkness, the cold, the rain, the man sank down at the foot of a tree, and sat staring into vacancy.

"Come, little one," he whispered, feebly, outstretching his hands to some imaginary object; "come to your father. No, don't shrink," he moaned. "O, do not shrink from me!"

Then a look of hope for a moment crept into his eyes.

"I forgot," he sighed; "she was but a babe, and it has been years, long, terrible years, since then. All are dead now, mother, wife, child! Ah me!"

"Drip, drip, drip! Through the bare branches the chilling drops fell upon the bowed head and weary form beneath.

"I will go back," he murmured, dreamily; "back to the prison. But it's a long journey, and I feel so ill, so very ill."

His head sank upon his breast, and for a long while the silence was unbroken save by the monotonous fall of the rain.

Then the man stirred uneasily.

"Fifteen years," he murmured; "15 long years. I must go home now—home to Agnes, and mother and the baby."

"Drip, drip, drip! Motionless sat the figure. Angrily the wind rattled the bare boughs above him; rudely it tore from its one fastening the thin coat, dashing with malicious glee the chilling rain over the sunken chest, the white bowed head, into the ashen, peaceful face. Round and round his unheeding form circled the dead leaves, tenderly covering his weary feet, vainly striving to touch his cold, wet hands.

"Drip, drip, drip!"

"Home," again murmured the man while a smile, tender and sweet, broke over his face, "home."

Lower and lower sank the poor white head, fixed became the smile, ever the sad eyes drooped their heavy lids.

An hour, two hours passed, but no movement made that silent sleeper at the foot of the tree.

The rain had ceased, and now from behind the drifting clouds peeped the face of the moon. The stars came out one by one, the wind died away with sullen murmurs, colder and colder grew the night, yet motionless remained the figure.

The night wanes. In the east appear the first faint streaks of dawn. Higher and higher mounts the sun. With laughing glances he peers into the sleeper's face; with his brightest glow does he pityingly envelop him.

The man stirs not.

"Dead!" whisper the leaves to one another, "dead!"

Yes, dead! John Austin, the forger the convict, let us hope, had indeed gone "home."—Western Christian Advocate.

PROVERBS ABOUT WOMEN.

A Number of Chinese Aphorisms That Have Reference to the Fair Sex.

There is much of philosophy in the subjoined sayings found in Chinese literature and having relation to women:

Respect always a silent woman; great is the wisdom of the woman that holdeth her tongue.

A vain woman is to be feared, for she will sacrifice all for her pride.

Trust not a vain woman, for she is first in her own eye.

A haughty woman stumbles, for she cannot see what may be in her way.

Trust not the woman that thinketh more of herself than another; mercy will not dwell in her heart.

The gods honor her who thinketh long before opening her lips. Pearls come from her mouth.

A woman that is not loved is a kite from which the string has been taken; she drives with every wind and cometh to naught by a long fall.

A woman and a child are alike; each needs a strong, uplifting hand.

A woman that respects herself is more beautiful than a single star; more beautiful than many stars at night.

Woman is the ease for that which pains the father; she is balm for his troubles.

A woman who mistakes her place can never return to where she first was; the path has been covered up from her eyes.

A woman desirous of being seen by men is not trustworthy; fear the glance from her eye.

Give heed to her to whom children have come; she walks in the sacred ways and lacks not love.

When first a woman loves she fears; she fears not that to which she has become accustomed.

A mother not spoken well of by her children is an enemy of the state; she should not live within the kingdom's wall.

The Children's Festival.

With all the merriment of holly and mistletoe, of family reunions, and of lovers' gifts, Christmas is still peculiarly the children's festival. Nothing can quite equal the ecstatic and unmixed joy of the little-girl who gets just the doll she wanted, or of the small boy who finds a coveted toy in his stocking on Christmas morning.

Is there a living Serouge in all this smoky city or in all this busy country who can contemplate the childish joy in millions of American homes Christmas morning and say in his heart that there is no Santa Claus? "If such there be, go mark him well," for he has missed the gladdest and most significant fact of the Christmas season and of the century in which he lives. There is a Santa Claus, and he has many millions of faithful deputies in this happy country, who will fulfill his orders with loving hands and get thereby a joy almost as pure as that of the little ones themselves. No nation can decay as long as it is permeated with the Christmas spirit.—Chicago Tribune.

Pointer to New Duchess.

If the new duchess of Manchester is worth \$1,000,000 in her own name she would do well, recommends the Chicago Record, to hand out spending money to the duke in 25-cent pieces if she wishes to retain her fortune.

Statistics of the British Election.

At the last general election in Great Britain 3,876,000 votes were cast, at an average of 82 cents a vote for legitimate expenses. In the English counties the cost was \$1.22 and in the boroughs 60 cents.

Rupture of Hernia Cured.

No operations or injections, no pain or discomfort in any way, no steel springs or iron frames, no wooden, ivory or hard rubber bands, cups, punches or plunges used. Not the least distress or annoyance.

Our outfit for the cure of rupture or hernia is made of fine soft materials, such as felt, velvet, chambray, silk and elastic webbing. It fits like a glove and an arm you no more. It holds your intestines back in their natural position and the wound will heal like any other wound when it has a chance. The only way to cure is to hold the intestines in or back of the time until the wound becomes grown together. Your rupture can not be cured in any other way. We have had 25 years' constant and hard experience in treating ruptures and this outfit is the result. Men, women and children made comfortable by using this outfit.

Price reasonable and, in accordance with the case, if interested, please write for particulars, which we will mail you free.

MOHAWK CATARRH CURE

Cheapest and Best Cures Catarrh in from 3 to 10 days. Cures Cold in the Head, 5 to 15 minutes. Cures Headache, 1 to 5 minutes. Securely packed with full instructions by mail. POSTPAID, 25c.

Try it and you will be more than pleased with the investment. Your money back if you are dissatisfied. (Stamps taken.)

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If troubled with a weak digestion, belching, sour stomach, or if you feel dull after eating, try Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Price, 25 cents. Samples free at the Middlesburgh Drug Store.

Practical Financering.
"The widow seems to take a great interest in old Goldthwaite. She thinks that if she takes interest now she'll have the principal later."—Tit-Bits.

Fought to Get It.
"Did you hear what Mrs. Wedder calls her alimony?"
"No. What?"
"The spoils of war."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Off on a Trip.
She—I haven't quarreled with my husband for six weeks.
He—Oh, has he been away from home as long as that?—Youkers Statesman.

How It Happened.
Mr. Bleecker—Oh, yes. Baxter lost all his money but not his friends.
Miss Chambers—How is that?
Mr. Bleecker—Well, he had the good sense to die at the same time.—Judge.

An Apt Illustration.
Professor (at an examination in grammar)—Tell me what you know about verbs.
Scholar (after a moment's hesitation) Sir, the verbs * * * are just the opposite of kings.
Professor—How so?
Scholar—Why, because they always agree with their subjects. —N. Y. World.

Mathematics.
"There is safety in numbers," said the trite conversationalist.
"There is," answered the man who talks on politics. "If you can't convince a man by your argument you can always silence him by quoting a lot of statistics that he knows absolutely nothing about."—Washington Star.

Two of a Kind.
"Yes, look at yourself," exclaimed Mrs. De Kanter, "and see what a beast you are. A little sober reflection will do you good."
"Shobe's reflection?" snorted De Kanter, turning away from the mirror. "B'Jove, the reflection 'sh' jush' as full's I am."—Philadelphia Press.

Sausage Mystery.
Customer—I heard you scolding your new boy about the disappearance of a sausage. What did he say?
Butcher—He said the pithecanthropus was in the canine.
Customer—What did he mean by that?
Butcher—He meant the missing link was in the dog.—Chicago Daily News.

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Old Stones Cleaned and Repaired. Prices as Low as the Lowest. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

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Prof. ROSA 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 threatened to run into pneumonia. 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 entirely recovered, saved a doctor's bill, time and suffering, and will never be without this splendid medicine again." For sale by Middlesburgh Drug Store.

What shall We Have for Desert?
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For all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Troubles, Lame Back, Head, Stomach, Bowel, Urinary, Rheumatism, Red Watering, etc.

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