PIMPLES

Cured in FIVE DAYS by the use of Dr. Thomas' Facial Ointment, apply at bedtime; cures while you sleep.

For a short time we will send a Fifty-cent box by mail, postpaid, on receipt of thirty five Address,

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Bapper Chemical Co., 1324 North 55th St., West Park Station, 12-5-20t. Phiadelphi, , a

In Hard Luck,

"Yes, Mrs. Uptodate is dreadfully worried."

"What's the matter?" "Why two new fads have made their "Why two new fads have made their or eise he had a jury seat when Lawyer appearance at the same time and she doesn't know which to take up."—Chi- All this the Reminiscent Man has ever on

His Enjoyment Limited.

Mrs. Twaddle-Why, Dr. Jalap, it's ages since I saw you! How have you been? Do you enjoy good health? Dr. Jalap-Not in others, Mrs. Twaddle-not in others .- Boston Transcript.

Avoid adulteration and wholesale and retail profile by buying your whiskey direct from the distillery. See the Hayner Distilling Co. announcement in this paper, which explains how to get four full quarts of pure Seven-Year-Old Ryc Whiskey, express prepaid, for \$3.29. They guarantee pure goods and full measure.

Realistic Performance. Papa-Not quarreling, I hope, children?

Tommy-Oh, no. We're just having tableaux.

Papa-What does this one represent? Tommy-Mamma asking you for a

check .- Tit-Bits.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP. A Little Boy's Life Saved.

I have f few words to say regard-ing Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E Steele of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten min-utes until be "threw up" and then I thought sure be was going to choke to death. We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bettle of cough me dicine, my boy would not be on earth to-day. Joe Demont, Inwood. Icwa. For sale by the Middleburg Drug Stere.

Gen. Wood has been made a member of the Academy of Science of Havan The academy is one of the most exclu sive organizations in Cuba. It is limited to 40 members, and each member is elected for life.

A Cure for Lumbago.

W. C Williamson, of Amberst, it gave me entire relief, which all other remedies had failed to do. Sold by Midddleburg Drug Store.

Judging.

Oh. I despise the fool who thinks That only money makes the man-And yet how pleasant it would be If men had cause for judging me Upon that foolish plan. -Chicago Record-Herald.

one Way Pa Felt.

"A man and his wife are one, aren't they, pa?"

"They are equivalent to one, my child. She is one and he is nothing." -Judge.

The sensible way to buy whiskey is to get it direct from the Distillery. This saves wholesale and retail dealer's profits, also insures pure goods. The Hayner Distilling Co. will ship you four full quarts. Seven-Year-Old Rye, express prepaid, for \$3.20. See large advertisement in this issue.

The Polite Young Man.

"Yes," said the haughty young woman who was a Colonial Dame as well as a Daughter of the Revolution, "my great-great-grandsire fell at Bunker Hill."

"Ice or banana skin?" inquired the polite young man from Milwaukee .-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Question,

Willie Boerum-Pa. Mr. Boerum (desperately)-I will only answer one question, William, and then you must go to bed.

Willie Boerum-Well, then, pa, why don't the storks migrate south every winter like the other birds?-Brooklyn Eagla

BEST FOR THE BOWELS



EAT 'EM LIKE CANDY

KEEP YOUR BLOOD GLEAN Three years! Gods! How striven to case the pain which

THE REMINISCENT MAN.

What would we do for things to read about our public men?

How could we learn their boyhood traits and how they acted then?

How could we know their whims and fads and other little things

About them, were it not for what a certain person brings?

All hall the chap who fills that gap in wise

Dame Nature's plan, The one who's always in our view-the Reminiscent Man.

He tells us of our Presidents, and what they did and said. Or what they didn't do or say, as we have often read:

often read;

He cites remarks of heroes bold, long ere they burst to fame.

Which plainly show they were designed to bear an honored name;

He knows the pages of the past—no other

person can
Dig up as many facts as does the Reminiscent Man.

Sometimes he is the man who's styled the Old Inhabitant. And he can tell when Col. Bluff went out

and laid a ha'nt; And then, again, he is the man who battled side by side With Maj. Blood, and now he tells about it with much pride;

his tongue.

Perhaps he used to fish along with Mr. Of-

And when that man's a candidate he tells He holds the wise reporter up and fills him

full of tales. The news may stop, but, after all, the R. M. never falls Somebody ought to write a book about the

talky clan-The bunch of people who make up the Rem-iniscent Man, Josh Wink, in Baltimore American.

D THE D DEFENSE

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By W. B. BARRETT.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors Syndicate.)

T WAS snowing when Eleanor re turned from the private view. The air was bitter, the wind wintry. She was glad to reenter the coziness of her silent studio, its light, its warmth; to ing gas log which in her bedchamber adjoining imitated in its humble asbesos way the cordial greeting of pine. Burson, good chap, had left her at the studio door, though he had looked longingly at the comfort within, and she knew he would have stayed if she had asked him more cordially.

Still, she had asked him. Her con science must have been clear on the score of gentle hospitality-else why should she so petulantly have flung her sealskin coat across an easel and sunk listlessly into a Morris chair which commanded at once the speaking study for a canvas before it and a view through the archway of the blinking asbestos.

"He needn't have looked so wistful," she murmured, discontentedly. "I did ask him to come in and get warm. I can toast yourself a minute before of hair and put on her coat. you start for the north side, if you

How all of them did, indeed. They were awfully good, and yet-"

She rose restlessly and walked up and down as a man might, Bohemian that she was, pausing at last before the easel in the semi-darkness.

"And yet," she went on, in a passionate multitone which still was little more than a whisper after all, "what heart. good is it all? What do I care whether they praise or damn? What do I care whether my work is good or ill? What are wreaths and coronets when one's heart is hungry for love, and love is gloves. fled away, driven by a fool's laugh?

sank shudderingly upon the rug beneath her, her hands upon her eyes, kindly solace.

She saw again, in fancy, the gay beauty, gowned in the season's bril- be? Wellliancy of color, vied with the art which decked the walls. There had been a frou-frou of rich stuffs, a tinkle of across a vista of other faces, pale, immobile, seeming to have suffered, seeming still to suffer, bearing a cross and frozen into a grim and enduring silence. She had looked long upon that face, until her own color had deserted cheek and lip and fled back to the tumult of her fast-beating heart. Then she had beckoned the faithful Burson and precipitately left the gallery. And

Yes, now, what? Harold was back, after those years. But what was that to her; what could it be? She who had in ashes strewn her heart and hooded her face in sackcloth because one little 'No" had changed her life and his. what was there now to do to set it right?

Not upon a flaunting sleeve can a woman weave her heart. She had said "No," and he had gone away. He was come again, but her "No" must still be vocal and sing in her ears its cruel harshness. She had east him away, her nearl of men; it was to art she would be wed, she had said, as if disdaining ingling human pulses and caressing arms; to art, cold, lofty, high, exalted lifted up-and the little god had with cork supports. the crooking of his tiny, remorseless finger east her down and sown bram-

Three years! Gods! How she had talks of nothing but engagement striven to ease the pain which cut her "rings."-Judge.

almost before Harold was beyond the sea. And success had come, undoubtful; a noble success, laurele and acclaimed. The fires of genius burned within her soul and lent impulse to her heaven-gifted brush, the of triumph for her art. The salon's first prize decked her masterpiece. A host of friends and connoisseurs predicted for her a future wherein fame and luxury waited at her bidding-and then came before her that stern white face, and its eyes held her trembling

in their cold, unwavering stare. She drew her hands from her face and looked fixedly at the dim study upon the easel above her as she crouched upon the rug. In the faint light it seemed the fantastic home of elusive shadows. Yet as her gaze grew firmer the penciled lines started from the background and revealed themselves with clearness.

"Repentance," a title read below. A woman in an October wood, half cleared. She was looking to the west, where a falling sun had nearly crept beyond her straining gaze. Her hair had fallen in a wind-driven glory behind her, her arms were stretched in a pathetic gesture of recall and invitation, and across her face fell a somber look of heart-wringing longing and regret. And yet-such is the divine touch f genius-one who with clear eye could read, might have seen in some Illusive, intangible line the birth of a golden hope that repentance had not come too late; that the swift-falling sun would rise once more.

There was a dignity, a poise and grace, an inexpressible pathos in this lone figure of the wood which stirred the heart and moved the very soul to cry out that the mute prayer must find an answer; that within the ashes of its crushed past there must lurk a spark which should rise to a living flame.

One could not but know, as they faced each other, in that light of shadows, that these two women were in truth but one. She who sat disheveled upon the rug surely was none other than the sun-imploring creature of the autumn wood. It was not that the likeness of lineament was striking, but in the bitter abandonment of pose, in the wild craving of their speaking silence, in see the cheery welcome of the flicker- the tender wooing of the arms which voicelessly called out their woe, they were the same, and indivisible, one the insensate shadow of a living ery, one the sensate bodiment of a life-wearing sorrow.

Eleanor sat long, and still. What tempests tossed her heart in that deep communion cannot be told. It was herself, her soul, she had limned upon her canvased "Repentance," and in the revelations of the night it seemed all too plain to her that she had painted on a signboard the secret of her heart and invited him who ran to read.

The December sun shon in her window when she rose from her strange vigil by the living dead. There was a new-born resolution in her look. She laved her face carefully to hide its stains of tears. said: 'Perhaps it's too late, but you Then she brushed her glorious crown

"A walk will do me good," she said want to.' Ungracious? Well, why does to herself. "The morning is splen-Va. says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and Isn't that enough?

want to. Ungracious? Well, why does to herself. "The morning is splended. As soon as I can after noon I will withdraw my picture from the did. As soon as I can after noon can be made of the melons, squash and

She put on her jaunty fur hat. A traces of the night of watching had morning. She was still beautiful, no doubt, despite her score and five of years; despite the tragedy of her

She tore the study of "Repentance" from its easel and thrust it upon the blazing asbestos log. Then she slowly and thoughtfully drew on her

The studio bell uttered a long, imperative summons. Eleanor started And now, in a storm of bitterness, she sharply. What impossible call was that? At sunrise? Who could it be abroad so early, or so late? Well, and a flow of tears wet them with their let them ring. She was not at home. Again the bell called her, as if in

imperative demand. Its tone was crowding of the "view." A galaxy of masculine, demanding. Who could it

She flung wide the door.

Upon the threshold stood a figure. tall, manly, strong, with bared head well-bred merriment, a hum of con- as # before a shrine. Out of the ventional compliment. Across it all. dark eyes set in pallid frame a glance blotting out the lights, the canvases. burned in upon her, devoured her, hushing the gayety, rose again his face, snatched up her spirit unresisting as she had seen it that afternoon, into its wild carees, and then her lover came upon her with widestretched arms.

"Harold!" she cried. "Oh! Har old! Have you come at last."

And they set their faces to the east, where the risen sun spread a new glory across the snowy world.

Navigation by Electric Light.

An important patent connected with the St. Lawrence navigation has been issued and submitted to Mr. Tarte, minister of public works, by whom it will be laid before the cabinet, says an Ottawa special to the New York Times. The patent is designed to do away with the light houses, buoys and in fact the entire stitute a submerged electric system. The main idea is to Jak an electric cable in the center of the navigable channels, with power transmitted from a power house at Montreal, and lines of colored lights at or above the water level each side of the channel. the lights on one side being of a different color to those on the other and exalting art. She had aspired to be side. The lights will be supported by

Looping.

Gladys-Is he badly "hit?" Ethel-Yes; he's on the CRUE

ertrending Stery of Nervous Wrack How Dr. Greene's Nervura Came to the Rescue.

Mrs. P. Horaw, 1879 Third Avenue, New York City, says: "I had a constant bearing down pain that made me feel dreadfully nervous, and the pain

eadful condition.

e knows what I
ed. Everymorng I would feel so
eak and tired I
uld hardly get
up, and during
theday I would

seemed to do me any good. I was so discouraged and dowshearted I didn't care much what happened, or if I ever got well.

"Finally, some one told me to take Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, and said so much about the good it did women who suffered from female weakness that I decided to tryit. I cannot sayenough for this medicine. Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy is the best medicine on earth for nervousness and female weakness, and every woman who suffers from these troubles ought to get Dr. Greene to cure them. I took four bottles of Nervura and my pains are all gone. My periods are regular every month, without the slightest pain, my backache is all gone and there isn't the slightest discharge any more. The folks who see me now, who see how contented and happy and strong I am, think it is a miracle."

Get Dr. Greene's Nervura to-day for your trouble, and write to Dr. Greene for advice. Address 101 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

GRANDPA'S BIRTHDAY.



"Many happy returns of the day, grandpa; and mamma says if you give us each 50 cents, we mustn't lose it!"-Harlem Life.

Destroy the Vines Nove.

The best possible disposition that cucumber vines is to pull the gallery. It has told too much al- when sufficiently dry, pile and burn "And how he praised my picture! ready. He, at least, shall never them. Left upon the ground they become the shelter and breeding place of the next year's crop of beetles, and long look in her mirror told her the their value for manure will in no way compensate for the damage accruing vanished beneath the impulses of the if left upon the ground. Better attend to it at once.-Rural New Yorker.

Try four full quarts of Hayner's Seven-Year-Old flye, express prepaid, for \$3:0. For parti-culars, see announcement of the Hayner Dis-tilling Co., Dayton, Ohio, which appears else-where in this issue.

Friendly Treatment Bad Enough. Towne-I'd hate to have that man for an enemy.

Browne-Who is he? Towne-I don't know; but he

punched my head once. Browne-Well, if he wasn't an ene my I'd like to-

Towne-Oh, you see it was all . mistake. After he punched me he said: "Excuse me, Buddy, I took yer fur a friend o' mine."-Philadelphia

A Master Stroke,

Duffy-Th' fit may be arl right, but how about th' color av th' coat matchin' th' different colored pairs of pants may want to wear wid it?

Cohenstein-Dot coad vil harmonize mit any color of der rainpow but ! orange! I vill pe honest mit you ohf I lose der sale! -Puck,

A Good Secommendation. "I have noticed that the sale on

Tablets is almost invariably to those a brith av frost on dhe Fourt' av July who have once used them," says Mr. phwin our tongues are hangin' out wid dhe H. Weber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. What better re-commendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled notes in it."-Judge. houses, buoys and in fact the entire with constipation, and you are cerparaphernalia for night navigation tain to be delighted with the prompt between Montreal and Quebec, and sub-relief which they afford. For sale by the Middleburg Drug Store,

Only One Theory.

"How in the world did she ever come to marry a man with one leg?" "I don't know, unless it can be traced to her strong liking for damaged goods that come cheap."-Chicago Times-Herald.

The Scale of Shrinkage. "Why don't you wear all-wool underwear?

"My dear sir, no man can afford to wear all-wool underwear unless he has five sons growing up."-Chicago Record.

Lady-What is the matter with my husband?

Doctor-I cannot be sure yet. Have you noticed him doing anything unusual lately?

"Let me see. Well, last evening, instead of lighting his cigar the ment he left the table, he walked into the library and put on his smoking jacket, smoking cap and slippers before beginning to smoke."

"Hum! My, my!" "And, later on, when he wrote a letter, he wiped the pen on a pen

"Horrors! It's paresis!"-N. Y. Weekly.

Triolet to a Debutante.

Ah, you are like this book I hold,
'Tis bound, you see, in lavish style;
Mask how it is adorned with gold; Ah, you are like this book I hold; The story through its pages told Can wait-we'll read it after while-Ah, you are like this book I hold 'Tis bound, you see, in lavish Tis bound, you see, in lavish style.
-Chicago Record-Herald.

IT WOULD BE IMPOLITE.



Doctor-My old chum Bones writes me that he wants me to operate on him for appendicitie.

Nurse-Will you?
Doctor-Well, I'd hate to cut an old acquaintance.-Chicago Journal.

ONCE IS ENOUGH TO SEE

Gustave Dore's portrait of Dante is worth seeing-once. But once is enough. - Some such look you notice on the faces of those who have suffered, and still suffer, much physical pain; people subject to rheumatism, gout, neuralgia, periodic headache, lumbago, or pain from some old lesion. This pain-habit puts its marks on them, as the custom of handling ropes crooks a sailor's fingers: or as too much riding of a bicycle stamps a worried expression on certain faces. No wonder people said of the Italian poet as he passed along, "There goes

THE MAN WHO NEVER LAUGHS."

The complaints above named all yield to the action of Benson's Porous Plasters, and quickly too. Not only those, but colds and coughs, kidney and liver affections, all congestions and muscular strains, diseases of the chest, asthma and all ailments which are open to external treatment. It is frequently said that Benson's Plaster is Pain's Master. It cures when others are not even able to relieve. For thirty years the leading external remedy. The old-style plasters, as well as salves, liniments, oils, etc., have little our effects as a second of the control of the contro have little or no efficacy as compared with it. Use it. Trust it. Keep it in the house. Ask for Benson's Plaster; take no other. All druggists, or we will prepay postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each. Seabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N.Y.

CAN'T DO ANYTHING ELSE.



"Mamie," asked Mrs. Benham, "why do so many men reform and give up their bad habits at New Year's?" "Because," interrupted Mr. Benham, "they can't help themselves. They're

His Roar. McGorry (carpingly)—Thim makers av al-manacs hov got us be dhe t'roats, bedad! Mrs. McGorry—How d'yes make thet

'broke' after Christmas.

McGorry-Make ut out? Here, now: We hov cowld weather New Year's, phwin Chamber ain's Stomach and Liver we don't nade ut; an' do dhey give us aven phwin our tongues are hangin' out wid dhe heat? Not so's yez cud notice ut, bedad!-Judge.

Not a Prograstinator.

"I shall not wait till New Year's to turn over a new leaf," said young Hoopler. grandmother sent me a Bible for a Christ-mas present, and I shrewdly suspect that the dear old lady has hidden a few bank-

Go Slow.

Make new resolves mildly, or else, I protest,
When the time comes to keep them you'll
run short of zest. -Chicago Record.

Rather Discouraging. Maude-Did Daisy Freshlight give young Slowboy any encouragement at the New Year's ball?

Clara-No, I think not. She asked him

Should Be Perfectly Happy. "I don't see why Long Jim Jones shouldn't

to marry her, that's all .- Chicago Daily

be happy this New Year's day," said the Georgia native. "He's got six fiddles, ten children, an' a moonshine 'still' that ain't never been spotted by the government."-- Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

pulse of the womanly heart is than ness for the means which saved and a desire to help other women in like case. Those are the motives which prompted Mrs. Eva Burnett to write the accompanying testion. accompanying testi-monial to the curative power of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. This is only one cure out of thousands. No one would dare say that the average woman was not as truthful as she is good. And it is the truthful testimony of the average woman that "Favorite Prescription" cures womanly diseases when all other means and medi-

cines absolutely fail. It establishes regularity, dries the drains which weaken women heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It tranquilize the nerves, restores the appetite and

induces refreshing sleep. induces refreshing sleep.

"I have intended for some time to write a you," says Mrs. Eva Burnett, of Russellville. Le gan Co., Ky., "and give a testimonial in regards what your medicine has done for me. My babcame in July, 1889, and I had congestive childs and lay at death's door for ten long weeks was in a dreadful condition and had six of the best doctors of the city. After everything habeen done and I had been given up to die asked my husband to get me a bottle of the Pierce's Pavorite Prescription. He had no fut in it, but he got it, and when I had taken it to weeks I was able to walk to the dining roat om y meals, and by the time I had taken there bottles I was able to cook for my family of four I can never praise Dr. Pierce and his medicine enough."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure bili-

LOOKING FORWARD. "Don't you think, dear, we might

riages?" "We might take the horseless part cow and wait for fortune to bring w the rest."-Leslie's Weekly.

afford one of the horseless car

PURE WHISKEY DIRECT PROM DISTILLER TO CONSUMER. Four Full Quarts Saves Dealers' Profit:

OUR OFFER!

Such Whiskey can't be he elsewhere for less than \$ REFERENCES: Third Nat'l Bank, Dayton; Sta Nat'l Bank, St. Louis; or any of the Ex. Co' THE HAYNER DISTILLING CO.,

226-232 West Fifth St., Dayton, Ohio 309-311 So. Seventh St., St. Louis, Mo

Saying the Affable Thing.

Agnes-Dorothy, you don't mind it that I didn't write to you while I was gone, do you? Dorothy-No, indeed, Agnes; I've been so busy myself that I'd have been mad at you if you had .- Brook

lyn Life. Ment and Vegetables. Dire increase in their cost we see. Ere long we will begin To fear that pork and beans will be

As rare as terrapin.
-- Washington Star. OBSERVANT OF THE AMENITIES.

Languid Leary-Lady, won't youse gim'me ten cents? I hain't et anythin' for two days.

Benevolent Old Lady-You poor man! You can't get much of a meal for ten cents.

Languid Leary-I've got enough money for de meal, lady. I wants de dime to tip de waiter.-Brooklyn

Eagle. An Important Question,

"I'd give my life to call you 'wife!" " The malden, long inured To caution, murmured: "Is the life Of which you speak insured?" -Philadelphia Press.

and SMOKE Your Lifeaway

Your can be cured of any form of tobacco using raily, be made well, strong, magnetic, full of new life and vigor by taking MO-TO-BAO, that makes weak men strong. Many gaiget new pounds in ten days, Over 800,000 cured. All druggists, Cure guaranteed. Booklet and advice FRIEE. Address STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York.