RAILROAD TIME TABLES.

PENN'A R. R.

EAST.	WEST.
6.18 A. M.	9.14 A. M.
10.17 "	12.15 P. M.
2.21 P. M.	4.53 "
6.09 "	7.51 "
SUNDAYS.	
10.17 A. M.	4.53 P. M.

D. L. & W. R. R.

EAST.	WEST.
6.57 A. M.	9.09 A. M.
10.19 "	12.47 P. M.
2.11 P. M.	4.55 "
6.15 "	8.30 "
SUNDAYS	
6.57 A. M.	12.47 P. M.
6.16 P. M.	8.40 "

PHILA & READING R. R.

NORTH.	SOUTH.
7.32 A. M.	11.25 A. M.
4.00 P. M.	6.05 P. M.
BLOOM STREET.	
7.34 A. M.	11.23 A. M.
4.02 P. M.	6.04 P. M.

J. J. BROWN,

THE EYE A SPECIALTY.

Eyes tested, treated, fitted with glasses and artificial eyes supplied.

11 Market Street, Bloomsburg, Pa.

Hours—10 a. m. to 5 p. m.

Telephone 1436.

The SPORTING WORLD

Yale's Football Captain.

Captain Charley Gould of Yale's 1901 football eleven is one of the sturdiest pigskin chasers that the New Haven university has sent out in many a day. Gould was a prominent member of last year's great team, which won the championship.

Gould is very confident that his team will make a creditable showing, although he is fully aware that Princeton and Harvard, time honored rivals of Old Eli, are also putting up an effective game for the early part of the season. Yale's rush line last year was one of the heaviest in college records, but Gould's present linemen fall but little short of it in point of weight. The New Haven line averages 210 pounds to the man, and the activity of the bulky athletes is remarkable.

Many of Yale's former football stars are now at New Haven drilling the men into form. Coaches are invaluable

CAPTAIN CHARLEY GOULD OF YALE.

in handling a partially developed team, and their efforts are directed by the teachings of experience. Among the famous football players who are now coaching at Yale are "Beef" Heffelfinger, Walter Camp, Morris Ely and Adee, the quarter back of 1895.

Foreigners at Henley.

The whole question of the admission of foreigners to the race for the Grand Challenge cup at Henley will come up for discussion before the stewards of the regatta at their next meeting.

W. H. Grenfell, the famous old Oxford oarsman, in a letter to the London press urges that this matter be fully considered by all rowing clubs in the habit of making entries for the cup. He re-enumerates the objections that have been made to the conversion of a domestic regatta into an international meeting. "The course," he says, "is too short for an important international eight oared race. Under certain conditions of wind it is very far from being a fair one, while the great army of picnickers who have before now impeded racing boats might at any time through some accident give occasion for international unpleasantness." He then goes on to say that no one wants to see Leander the perpetual winner of the cup and that the pre-eminence of the club in this respect is doing great damage to amateur rowing, but that so long as picked and elaborately trained crews from abroad are admitted to the contest Leander is practically compelled to organize as strong a crew as possible, even though in so doing she is compelled to take the best oars out of competing college boats.

He concludes with the suggestion that a committee be formed to decide upon a regular international course, preferably at Putney, and to provide every possible inducement to foreign oarsmen to enter as competitors.

Quaker Water Polo.

The University of Pennsylvania is to have a water polo team. Professor George Kistler, one of the strongest professional swimmers in America, will train the team. He promises to turn out a good representative team for this year, with prospects of a better one next year. Games will be played in New York with the teams of the New York and Knickerbocker Athletic clubs. Thus far Pennsylvania is the first university to take to water polo as a college sport. Private golf links for the students have been procured by the University of Pennsylvania. These have lately been completed and will be used at once.

O'Brien as a Wrestler.

Jack O'Brien, the Philadelphia pugilist, at Newcastle, England, recently took on a husky fellow in a private wrestling bout. O'Brien's opponent had the reputation of being scientific. He was strong, too, and Jack's friends predicted a quick defeat for him. However, the American surprised every one by throwing his rival.

How It Is Glazed.

It is stated on the authority of a Chicago tea merchant that the glaze on the paper covering of tea chests is due to a preparation composed principally of the refuse of sharks' fins, tails and skins.

THE LOST GOLD MINE

An Inscription In a Lost Language Tells Where It Is Located.

This soldier of fortune was searching for some stray asphalt bed in one of the wooded wildernesses of Venezuela. Accompanied by two native servants, a half breed guide and a young companion from the States, who knew little of roughing it, he had left the dingy old river steamer at the point where the Caura flows into the Orinoco and rowed slowly up the smaller stream into the province of Guiana.

The chief adventurer had heard, in his rambles among the old inhabitants of Caracas, of lakes of bitumen in this region which had never been discovered by the all consuming companies which were creating such disturbance by their disagreements. This was the land of the Parabena Indians, descendants of the ancient Toltecs, quiet and gregarious. It was probably through some wandering trapper from these Indians that the story of the asphalt beds had reached the country of civilization.

But the chief of the expedition had read of the strange discovery of the diamond mines of Golconda, of the gold of the Transvaal, and he was willing to risk something to find the hidden asphalt beds of Venezuela. He and his companions rowed up the Caura for three days, camping by night in their little boat, as a partial protection against the fauna that abounded on shore.

On the night of the third day they found a clear space by the side of the stream, and there they decided to land. They slept that night in their boat again, but were up early next morning, ready for the explorations of the day. The boat was snugly moored under a clump of trees whose luxuriant boughs overhung the water, and the travelers started out.

The soldier of fortune found that he was near Mount Chanaro, right in the heart of the Parabena country. As he had been told that these Indians were very docile, like the North American Lenapes, he was rather curious than otherwise to meet one of them. But he encountered no sign of habitation or trail on that day. It was all a wild country, covered with high underbrush and an abundance of trees. The trees, however, were not very close together, and travel was made correspondingly easy.

It was late in the afternoon. Allison Glenn and his party were walking along the mountain side, about a hundred yards from where the earth begins to ascend. No asphalt had been found. Suddenly the leader of the party espied a curious projection of leaves, stone, and dirt rising some six feet not far ahead.

An examination was made, more as a matter of curiosity than anything else. The dead leaves were brushed away, and at one end of this long projection there was found a carving that resembled closely the head of a huge fish. The carving was so accurate that Glenn made up his mind that this was not a mere freak of nature, and he ordered his men to completely uncover the rock, for the entire projection appeared to be a rock covered over with the fallen vegetation of years upon years.

The sight that met the eyes of the travelers when all was made bare was a startling one. It was a carved piece of solid stone, some 20 feet long and about 4 feet from the ground at the highest point. The lines of the fish were carefully reproduced, although with the hand of an amateur. The years that had passed had disintegrated parts of the huge rock, but enough was there to make it certain that this was the handicraft of human beings.

What was still more convincing of the fact that man had been there was a line of hieroglyphics on one side and near the head of the fish. These crude letters closely resembled inscriptions Glenn had observed on old Toltec relics preserved in Caracas. But they meant nothing to him then except the belief that became firmly rooted in his mind at once that he had encountered an unusual mystery.

The next day the adventurers were early at work clearing away the debris from around the stone fish, cutting down the trees and digging into the surrounding earth. Surely something must be in this neighborhood, it was reasoned. But nothing was found. Glenn then determined to clear away the trees and get a good photograph of the object with the small camera he carried. This was done.

No trace of asphalt had been found. The soldier of fortune, like all his ilk at times of uncertainty, was restless. He longed to have the mystery of Mount Chanaro solved. He decided at once to return to Caracas and there to report his curious find.

Glenn was a taciturn, inquiring kind of fellow. He liked to ask questions, but little relished the answering of them. He had no intention of making any formal report of his discovery. He had little opinion, anyway, of the aristocracy of the Venezuelan capital upon matters of archæological interest, and so he determined once again to seek his old friends of the suburbs of the town—quaint individuals who lived in the past, whose language was still quite as much Indian as Spanish.

An aged woman had told the story of the hidden asphalt beds. Glenn thought she perhaps might know something of the carved fish. The imperturbable creature, possessed of the stoicism of her race, was little surprised apparently to see the adventurer back in the city so soon.

"Ah, sir, I fear you did not find the lake of tar," she observed in her native vernacular.

"No," Glenn responded, "but there are other mysteries in that land."

"Yes, yes, senor; it is a strange, weird country. Long has Mount Chanaro been shunned."

"Why should that small mountain be feared by the natives?" he persisted.

It was not long before this line of inquiry, with no revelation on Glenn's part of the find he had made, drew forth from the aged woman one of the strangest traditions of Venezuelan folklore. She told the story as though it was a settled part of the history of her people, a chapter in the life of her ancestors which was sacred for its antiquity and inspiring for the incentive it gave to ceaseless search, ceaseless persistence.

Generations ago, she said, there dwelt near Mount Chanaro a family of hardy woodsmen, half breeds—sons of Spanish adventurers, who knew that jewels were valuable in the world of commerce, sons of Indian women, not afraid of the woods, not afraid to fight intruders upon their settlement.

This family was secretive, and when any of its members reached the frontiers had little to say of the lands they had come to inhabit. The family increased, and in time there was a small tribe huddled around the base of the mountain. The Indians who lived nearest seldom observed these settlers hunting or fishing, although it was done occasionally. Their settlement was developed to an unusual degree, and signs of civilization were apparent at many places.

It was not long before members of this family began appearing periodically at the mouth of the Orinoco with gold nuggets to exchange with foreign traders for what they wanted at home. Even in its undeveloped form this gold was almost pure. It was sent to civilized countries and assayed, and all who examined it pronounced it to be the purest gold ever mined.

The ancient Venezuelans heard of this rich treasure, and some of them sought to find out its secret source and share in the riches it was sure to bring. But the old family would brook no intruder. Lines were carefully drawn and guarded. The gold would go to market and all who saw it would be astonished, but no outsider was permitted to see the wonderful mine.

Often while on their way to the frontier or the mouth of the river, in spite of all the secrecy and efforts to hide that might be observed, members of the family would be attacked and robbed, sometimes killed. But the treasure continued to flow out of that region, seemingly inexhaustible. The fame of the mine spread abroad, and the tradition grew that here was the richest gold mine in the world.

Long years afterward, when the story of the mine became better known, it was revealed that only a few members of the old tribe really knew where the mine was located. The secret was hidden from all except the few whose assistance was necessary in mining the treasure. But the whole tribe knew that the vein that had been found was a continuous one, very near the surface of the earth, and very easily mined.

It was not possible that a great treasure of this kind should be heralded abroad and the cupidity of neighbors not be excited. It took years for this to be done to such an extent that the security of the growing tribe would be disturbed. But the time came, and all the resources of the settlement were necessary to repel the invaders.

But, like the Goths and Vandals, the invaders continued to come with ever increasing frequency and strength. The little tribe was diminishing, and there were walls in the cabins of the Gold tribe, as it had come to be called. The struggle became so fierce that the boats no longer wended their sinuous way down the Chanaro and the Orinoco. Lest outsiders should finally force their way through, the mouth of the mine was covered up, and every effort made to destroy trace of it to all except the initiated.

At last the final struggle came. Indians broke through the fortifications that had been erected, and the settlement was overrun. Most of the old tribe were ruthlessly killed, and only one of the miners survived. He lurked about the neighborhood for several days after the massacre had taken place, saw the homes burned, and saw the invaders take away gold in great quantities, for the tribe had used gold to make the simple necessities of the hearth and the table.

But the lurking miner saw that the source of his treasure was not found. He saw, too, that the secret marks had not been discovered, and his heart rejoiced. Then he started on a journey toward civilization. He now and then met strange Indians, but successfully passed by them, in many cases winning their friendship. At last he reached the mouth of the Orinoco and told the story of his travels to the settlers there. But he would never tell the story of the mine, nor where it was to be found.

Every inducement was made to this old miner to secure the secret of the mine. But he said it was the secret of his tribe, and with that secret he would die. Years went by, and the settlers petted the aged frontiersman, cajoled him, took every means to prolong his life in the hope that some day he would tell the story—that he would reveal the sesame that would open the door to the lost treasure.

But, no. He would tell all but the whereabouts of that gold. His years were drawing to an end. One day death came. Just before the end arrived the old miner arose from his couch, and, grasping a support to hold him up, exclaimed:

"Find the fish, the fish! Read it, read it!"

"The fish?" asked Glenn when the aged woman had reached this point in the story, his enthusiasm having been aroused as the narrative progressed. "Did you say the fish?"

"Yes," she answered, "that was the dying gasp of the old settler. He said no more."

"I have found it!" exclaimed Glenn. "I have found it, but I cannot read the writing. Who can read it? Where can I find some one that can read it?"

"Ah, sir, that I do not know. I have told you the story of the secret mine. It is rich beyond all value, and if it could be found Venezuela would be a Klondike, a South Africa and a California all in one."

Glenn showed his pictures to the old woman and asked her if she recognized the inscription.

"No, signor," she replied; "that is something like Toltec, but I can't read it. Perhaps the man who knows that language is dead too. It was written years and years ago, you know."

The narrator continued on her story. She said that after the miner's death adventurers had gone inland to search for the fish, but had found nothing. Many of them had caught the fever and died. In the surrounding country remains of settlers were found here and there, people murdered doubtless by the Gold tribe. Bad luck seemed to attend all who sought for the treasure.

The search was kept up. Through out all the country the story went, and men sought Mount Chanaro to die or to come back broken hearted. Finally the tradition spread that there were infernal agencies at work at the place, that the hand of fate was against the finding of the long lost secret. Mount Chanaro's name became an object of dread throughout all the land.

But Glenn was little affected by this superstition. He admonished the old woman to keep the secret of his discovery, urging her by a small gift of money. She promised faithfully to do it, but said:

"Remember, signor, that you found Mount Chanaro by chance. All who go there to seek the gold have met ill fates. Remember this."

But the soldier of fortune, feeling that great riches lay within his grasp, began seeking persons who might be able to read the inscription. He felt that this writing without doubt contained directions for locating the lost gold mine. But no such one could be found in the Venezuelan capital. Having inquired of every one possible, he went to Brazil, inquiring of all the archæologists in Rio de Janeiro, but with no success. He kept the secret of his find to himself, endeavoring alone to find some one to read the writing without telling them what it was for, but everywhere he met with failure.

He still seeks the solution of that secret. He has gone back to Mount Chanaro and carefully covered up the stone fish. He has made many additional photographs of it. He has come to the United States and visited college professors and archæologists in all parts of the country.

"I am sure that this is the secret of one of the greatest gold mines in the world," he always says.

"Well, sir," he is encouraged, "the obelisks of Egypt and the cuneiform writings of Babylon were read. Perhaps those surrounding your fish may yet be deciphered."—New York Times.

Real Love.

A woman happily in love is at her best. Every outward charm has an added glory, and every potentiality of her soul, heart, conscience and intellect is aroused. The plainest so influenced will appear almost beautiful, the dullest gain a kind of wit, the coldest can be kind. They are transformed, glorified, inspired beings.

But nature, ironically bountiful to the suffering sex, metes out her rough justice, half in jest, to the splendid one. Men in love labor at once under every disadvantage. Their judgment is dethroned, their strength mocks them, their associates complain of their wandering tempers, they get haggard and feel hunted, they pursue their fairs and are pursued themselves as by all the devils. A hungry madness absorbs their energy; they are capable of any crazy deed. The fit does not last, but while it does the dangers are mortal. This is why men are notoriously silent in company on the subject of real love. They fear it, resent it, will join any conspiracy to keep it away from their friends, sons or associates.—John Oliver Hobbes, in "A Serious Wooing."

Pillsbury's Wonderful Memory.

Harry N. Pillsbury, the chess player, offered one day in South Bethlehem, Pa., to memorize thirty words, no matter how hard they might be, the selections to be read to him only once.

Professor Merriman of Lehigh university and Dr. Threlkeld-Edwards of Bethlehem picked out most of the following words: Antiphlogistine, perisoteum, takadiastase, plasmon, ambrosin, Threlkeld, streptococcus, staphelococcus, micrococcus, plasmodium, Mississippi, Freiheit, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, athletics, no war, Eichenberg, American, Russia, philosophy, Piet-Potgieters-Rost, Salmagundi, Oom-Pillecootsi, Bangmamvato, Schlochter's Nek, Manzinyama, theosophy, catechism, Madjesoomslopa.

Mr. Pillsbury immediately repeated these words in the order given and in the reverse order.

Orators and Big Mouths.

All good orators have most abnormally wide mouths. This is the direct consequence of their habit of using sonorous words and speaking with deliberation and correct pronunciation. If one practices this before the glass one can see that the muscles in the cheeks are stretched more than ordinarily and the mouth is extended a great deal more than in everyday conversation. Then, too, nature has something to do with it. A large mouth, like a prominent nose, is a sign of power.

Crabs Are Fighters.

Crabs are fighting animals. In fact, they will fight anything, says a naturalist. I have seen a crab, in conflict with a lobster, catch the latter over the fore part of the head, where the shell is hardest, and crush it in by one effort, and it rather bears out my idea that the claws of these creatures are particularly weapons of war; that the moment one of them receives severe injury in a claw it drops it off by voluntary amputation, severing its connection with the body at the shoulder by an act of its own will. It seems to me probable that if the claw were necessary for feeding nature would rather seek to cure an injury to it than let the animal discard it altogether.

The species of crab which is most conspicuously a fighter is the hermit crab. Its first idea of independent life is to eat a harmless whelk and occupy its shell. Its next notion is to give battle to every crab of the same persuasion as itself that it comes across. Altogether hermit crabs are undoubtedly the most quarrelsome creatures in existence.

Need Not Feel Lonesome.

Rubberton—May I inquire what your business is, stranger?

Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gentleman.

Rubberton—Well, I reckon that's a good business, stranger; but you're not the only man that's failed at it.—Chicago News.

Martin Schweitzer, Montour House Danville, Pa.

Grain Moved in Streams.

Nowhere in North America will you come on a more thrilling night scene than the fresh water cargo tank unloading at Buffalo, says Rollin Lynde Hartt in The Atlantic. Here she lies beneath the towering grain elevator, which thrusts a long pumping pipe (called the "leg") down through her hatchway. Mount the gangplank, dodging the spinning ropes that make your head reel, stumble about on the dark deck, look down, down, down through the open hatch, and, zounds, what a sight! The hold glows with electricity. It is misty with blown dust. It roars with mechanical activity.

An enormous steel "shovel," big as the inside of a house and manipulated by countless flying ropes, charges back and forth through the whole length of the ship, pitching the yellow grain before it and heaping it up where the leg can get hold of it to whisk it into the bin that is somewhere up in the sky. Beneath, in the hold, an army of blue clad men with wooden "scoops" barely dodge the deadly shovel as they swing the grain into its path.

Writing a Book.

The following confession of a novelist as to the method in which he wrote one of his books is not without interest. He had had the story outlined in his notebook for a long time and ought to have been able to write it, but did not feel able. Then one day he happened to think of it again and saw, almost as if it had been a stage scene, the little tableau with which the book was to close—one of those ends which are also a beginning. So he began to work and in a short time had completed the first three chapters. Then, for no reason that he can give, there was a jump, and he wrote the chapters which are now numbered XXI and XXII, the last in the book. Then he went back and wrote straight on from IV to XVII.

The story had been with him so long that it was the easiest thing in the world to write it, and so he got through this part of the work with remarkable celerity. In the eighteenth chapter nothing happens. Every day for a fortnight he rose, breakfasted and tried to write that chapter; every night he tore up a big pile of manuscript which he knew to be hopelessly bad. Then he got desperate. The chapter should be written and should stand, whether good or bad. He wrote it and left the house because it was bad and he had resolved not to tear it up. Next day he wrote chapter XIX, and on the morrow he rewrote chapter XVIII and somehow or other contrived to get into it all that he had failed to get before. Then he wrote chapter XX, and the book was completed.—London Post.

Slave to a Pillow.

There is in this city a young man who sleeps on a pillow that is one foot square and only four inches thick, a pillow that resembles a pancake. He has used it ever since he was a baby. When, at the age of twelve, he entered St. Paul's school, he took it all the way to New Hampshire with him, and when he entered Harvard he took it to Cambridge also. Starting on his wedding journey, he carried it in his suit case. When he went abroad, the pillow went along. And now, when he is twenty-five, he is more attached to the tiny thing than ever and will take it on the briefest trips—on trips of a day, say, to New York or on trips over night to the country houses of his friends. He says that he has not once slept on anything but this pillow since he was seven years old.—Philadelphia Record.

Sadness Explained.

In Liverpool recently a sentimental young lady was on the Cunard steamship quay when she saw a young girl sitting on a trunk in an attitude of utter dejection and despair.

"Poor thing!" thought the romantic lady. "She is probably alone and a stranger. Her pale cheeks and great, sad eyes tell of a broken heart and a yearning for sympathy." So she went over to the traveler to win her confidence.

"Crossed in love?" she asked sympathetically.

"No," replied the girl, with a sigh, "crossed in the Servia, and an awfully rough passage too."—Tit-Bits.

The Retort Courteous.

A story oft told is that of Lord ——, who when a young man was opposing Mr. Sugden, subsequently lord chancellor of England, in a parliamentary contest. "He's the son of a country barber," said the noble lord.

Replying afterward, Mr. Sugden said: "His lordship has told you that I am nothing but the son of a country barber, but he has not told you all, for I have been a barber myself and worked in my father's shop, and all I wish to say about that is that had his lordship been born the son of a country barber he would have been a barber still. That, to my mind, is quite clear."—Household Words.

Obeyed Orders.

An old Yorkshire farmer was walking out one day looking very glum and miserable. He was a typical Yorkshireman, and he dearly loved a joke. But jokes seemed a long way off just then, and the old man was thinking deeply when he was accosted by a tramp, who made the usual request for a night's lodgings and something to eat, as he explained he had had nothing for two whole days. The effect upon the farmer when he said this was magical.

"Why, man," he said, "I've been looking for you all day."

And then without more ado he knocked him down and walked on him from one end to the other. The tramp got up, looking very staggered, and asked him why he had done that.

"Well," said he, "my doctor has ordered me to walk on an empty stomach, and now that I have fulfilled his injunction I can go and have a good feed, and you can come with me."—London Answers.

Bowlegged Sailors.

Sailors are a bowlegged class. An old salt always walks as if he were on the deck of a ship, and he never takes great strides like a landsman. He is used to having to walk great distances, in his imagination, on the quarter deck, and he can't get rid of the habit of making the most of his promenade.

The Sponge.

The sponge reproduces its kind mainly by eggs. In each animal are contained both the male and the female elements, and it throws out the ova to be hatched in the water. At first the young are free swimming, and afterward they attach themselves to convenient spots and grow.

Where She Differed From Paul.

A Scotch clergyman called upon a parishioner not long since, an old woman who was not blessed with many virtues, but who possessed a very varied assortment of vices. He took the latter as a text for a sermon and spoke to her at considerable length upon the subject, concluding with some extracts from one of St. Paul's epistles which he felt to be apropos.

She didn't speak for several minutes after he had finished, and he thought that he had made an impression upon her at last. He was mistaken, however, for she suddenly turned round with the remark: "Humph! That's just where Paul and I have differed these ten years."

The argument was not continued.

Her Prayer.

The Buffalo News tells a story of a four-year-old girl who was spending a night away from [illegible]. At bedtime she knelt at her [illegible] knees to say her prayers, expecting the usual prompting. Finding Mrs. [illegible] unable to help her out, she concluded thus: "Please, God, 'scuse me; I don't remember my prayers, and I'm staying with a lady that don't know any."

Pushing the Perambulator.

Mrs. Haskins—I saw your husband today in a bicycle suit. I didn't think you'd let him ride.

Mrs. Strongmind—My dear, that was not a bicycle suit, although it might properly be called a "wheeling suit." You see, I want him to be appropriately garbed when he takes baby for an airing.—Philadelphia Press.

After the Ball.

She—How nice to be at home again! What a crowd there was! I don't suppose Mrs Bankier knew one-half of his guests.

He—Didn't he, though! Why, he had four detectives in evening clothes there.—Life.

His Unlucky Day.

Hardduppe—Wigwag is rather superstitious, isn't he?

Borrowell—Well, he refused to accommodate me with a loan this morning because it was Friday.—Philadelphia Record.

Eczema for Forty Years.

The Unqualified Statement of a Well Known Attorney, St. Ignace, Mich.

Some of the cures made by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment of stubborn and long continued eczema and skin diseases are causing much comment. People are beginning to realize that this Ointment is a wonder worker with all kinds of skin trouble. Attorney Jas. J. Brown, St Ignace Michigan writes as follows Dr. A. W. Chase Med. Co. Buffalo, N. Y.—Gents—I cannot refrain from expressing my acknowledgment for the relief I have felt from Dr. Chase's Ointment. For 40 years I was afflicted with a skin disease which was located in one spot—on my leg. I have spent at a rough estimate five hundred dollars trying to effect a cure and not until I applied this ointment did I get relief. You are strangers to me and this letter is prompted directly because I want to say and I feel as though I ought to say it. That Chase's Ointment has effected a complete cure of my affliction. Three boxes did the work on my leg. I was also suffering from itching piles and applied the ointment which gave the best of satisfaction by affording me rest at night and rapidly causing the disease to disappear. I have received such relief and comfort from the ointment that I cannot withhold expressing my gratitude. I was so long afflicted with the tortures of eczema I feel now that I am cured, a word of recommendation is due from me.

Yours truly,
JAS. J. BROWN.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is sold at 50 cents a box at all dealers or Dr. A. W. Chase's Medicine Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

HINTS FOR FARMERS

Spraying Potatoes.

The effect of spraying potatoes for blight and rot has been strikingly shown by results obtained at the Vermont experiment station this year, says the New England Homestead. This station insists that proper spraying backed up by proper cultivation will protect the potato crop from these diseases, and continued experiments and field trials covering a period of ten years have proved this beyond a doubt. The potato fields at the station during the latter part of September, when most vines were dead and many fields already dug, were as green and growing as at any time during July or August, and it is claimed that they were making potatoes at the rate of twenty-five to thirty bushels per week for each acre.

Best Time to Move Bees.

The best time to move bees is in the early winter before the weather has been cold enough to make the combs brittle, so that they will break in handling, or in a warm day near the spring before the bees begin to fly out. Thus it follows that one who buys bees should have those times to move them. If they are moved in the summer, the combs are liable to melt down, and if in the honey season unless taken several miles the old bees are likely to return to the old location when they take their first flight. The closing of the entrance is best done with wire netting which allows of ventilation. Move with as little jar or shaking of the hive as possible.

Pure Bred Stock Pays.

The high prices pure bred live stock has sold for of recent years have convinced farmers more than ever that the keeping of pure bred stock pays, says Farm and Home. Little can now be said of the scrub, while the pure bred commands phenomenal prices. The one costs but little more than the other to raise, but the results in quality of carcass or for breeding put the raising of scrubs out of the question with the intelligent feeder. Many have begun a valuable herd with only two or three animals, increasing the number as circumstances would warrant. This is a safe way to do, especially by the inexperienced.

Keeping Beets.

Table beets to keep well should be kept cool and moderately moist. They will stand hard frosts without material damage, but should not freeze. They may be left in the ground as late as possible and the danger of overgrowth and cracking open will permit. They can be pitted out of doors nicely in dry elevations in piles two to four feet high or about three feet wide and high and as long as liked, same as potatoes. To keep in the cellar it should be cool, and they can be placed in tiers, barrels, etc., or in piles on the floor and cover with sand to keep in moisture, as they tend to dry out and shrivel.

Tobacco For the Hennery.

If one put a four ounce package of the fine cut smoking tobacco in every hen's nest in the poultry house at a cost of 5 cents a nest, it would probably prove a good investment in helping to drive out lice and mites, says American Cultivator, but if there is a large hennery the tobacco stem or a tobacco dust that can be bought at almost any of the agricultural warehouses at from 3 to 5 cents a pound, and much cheaper if one goes directly to the cigar manufacturers, will serve an equally good purpose at much less cost.

The Horse Outlook.

There seems to be bright prospects before horse breeders, notwithstanding the mechanical contrivances designed to supplant the noble beast, says Farm and Ranch. Wars have caused the sacrifice of hundreds of thousands of horses and mules, and their places must be supplied by breeders. There is an increasing demand from the cities, and teams are said to be scarce on farms. Next year there will be good feed and plenty of it, and every vacancy will demand a horse to fill it.

Benefits of Fall Plowing.

Fall plowing is to be commended not only because it makes plant food already contained in the soil more available for next year's crop, but stores up much more rainfall as well, says a New York farmer. Thus the land is put in better condition to withstand drought during the next season than if it had remained unplowed through the winter. The land is also ready for replowing much earlier in the spring.

The Swill Barrel.

The swill barrel is the source of much of the trouble with hogs. As it is seldom or never cleaned it soon becomes reeking with putrid, filthy matter and infested with countless millions of germs. Many of the so called cases of hog cholera could be traced to the old swill barrel. Keep the swill in covered buckets, feed it out each day and treat the pails frequently to scalding water.

Time to Spread Manure.

The best and most economical way to use manure is to spread it where wanted after the hot weather is past and before the ground is frozen, says a Massachusetts farmer in New England Homestead. I do not like to see it spread on the frozen ground and snow. There must be too often a great loss by washing and drying ere it can be absorbed by the ground.

Clover Hay For Hogs.

At this season and a little later, when protein food is difficult to secure, well cured clover hay cut fine and mixed with swill or moist ground feed is excellent. If fed warm, so much the better. Hogs eat it readily.

PLANING MILL?

HOOVER BROTHERS

MANUFACTURERS OF

Doors, Sash, Shutters, Verandas, Brackets, Frames

and Turned Work of all Kinds.

Also Shingles, Roofing Slate, Planed and Rough Lumber.

RIVERSIDE, NORT'D COUNTY.

DO YOU WANT ANY PRINTING DONE?...

We want to do all kinds of Printing

JOB WORK!

It's Neat.
It will Please.
It's Reasonable.

A well printed, tasty, Bill or Letter Head, Poster, Ticket, Circular, Program, Statement or Card is an advertisement for your business, a satisfaction to you.

New Type, New Presses, Best Paper, Skilled Work, Promptness—

All you can ask.

A trial will make you our customer. We respectfully ask that trial.

THE MORNING NEWS

No. 11 E. Mahoning St.

DANVILLE, PA.

OUR STOCK OF TRIMMED HATS

was never more complete.

We have just received from New York an invoice of the latest effect in outing and ready-to-wear

HATS.

JOHNSON'S MILLINERY

122 Mill Street.