You're Gambling!

It's too risky, this gambling with your cough. You take the chance of its wearing off. Don't!

The first thing you know it will be down deep in your lungs and the game's lost. Take some of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and stop the gambling and the cough.

"I was given up to die with quick consumption. I ran down from 138 to 98 pounds. I raised blood, and never expected to get off my bed alive. I then read of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and began its use. I commenced to improve at once. I am now back to my old weight and in the best of health."—CHAS. E. HARTMAN, Gibbstown, N. Y., March 3, 1899.

You can now get Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in a 25 cent size, just right for an ordinary cold. The 50 cent size is better for bronchitis, croup, whooping-cough, asthma, and the grip. The dollar size is best to keep on hand, and is most economical for long-standing cases.

A Great Boon to Humanity.

Bioxide of sodium seems to be one of the greatest boons to humanity which the century has given—that is, if the reports as to the recent demonstration of is qualities before the French academy of science prove to be substantiated.

It is said that this product possesses the property of renewing oxygen, the life-sustaining principle in air, as well as of absorbing carbonic acid as it is given off. Two men with a new apparatus containing bioxide of sodium are alleged to have put on diving dresses from which all air was excluded, and remained for the space of two hours under these conditions. Subsequently they remained under water for half an hour under similar conditions.

The availability of this new means of vitalizing air in the case of submarine craft seems obvious. But its use is likely to be very extended, enabling firemen to penetrate the densest smoke without danger of suffocation, and miners to pursue their calling safely, by depriving "fire damp" and noxious gases of their power to work harm and death.—Boston Globe.

Unique in Their Alignment.

The highest of the Tennessee mountains is the Unaka range, and its highest peak is Rattlesnake, the giant that stands above the Cherokee Indian reservation over 7,000 feet. Twenty-two peaks measure about 6,000 feet. The remarkable fact is that some of these peaks, standing directly opposite each other, measure exactly the same height, while others come within a few feet of a common height.—Chicago Record.

Possibly the reason why the Japanese are so aggressive is because they are so cleanly. Public baths are provided on every street. Japanese workmen bathe once or twice every day.

WOES OF WORKERS.

The American man or woman is industrious. Our leisure class is small, our working world very large. Many of our leading citizens of great wealth are hard workers. Our laboring classes are found in herds and hordes in the "hives of industry." What is all this work for? In most cases it is for daily bread, in many for maintenance of others. Great numbers also work to acquire wealth. Some for great commercial prominence. Some to preserve intact a splendid inheritance. Necessity, generosity and ambition are the inspiration of all classes of industry, and the object of every one falls to the ground when ill-health attacks him.

Maintaining health is the most vital thing in the world for workers of every class, and the usefulness of Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, as a strengthener of the constitutional and vital powers, is beyond all question. This great remedy enters into partnership with Nature and helps human beings do their work without giving up to premature decay. The strain of work is on the minds of some, on the bodies of others, but the nourishing of either, or both, is in the nerves and blood. Nervura acts directly on the fountains of health and its strengthening power is wonderful.

Dr. Greene's NERVURA

for the Blood and Nerves.

What does the worker do when some chronic trouble manifests itself? He takes some stimulant or something which is designed for temporary effect, and simply weakens his already overworked system. How different from this is the work of Nervura! How beautiful its support to the natural powers! Without shock of any kind its purely vegetable elements seek out the weak spots and build them up. Immediately the circulation of the blood improves and the sluggish elements are expelled. The nerves are quieted, the quality of the blood is enriched and the new and strengthening tide communicates itself to every muscle of the body.

Mr. JOHN D. SMITH, Electrician for the Thomson-Houston Electric Co., of Lynn, Mass., says:

"When a man has been sick and is cured, it is his duty to tell others about it, that they, too, may get well. Three years ago I had been working almost night and day, could not eat regularly, and got only a few hours' sleep at night. No man can stand that long, and I soon began to be prostrated. I could not sleep when I tried, and my food would not stay on my stomach. I was in a terrible condition, and was much alarmed.

"I went to doctors, but they did me no good. Learning of the wonderful good done by Dr. Greene's Nervura blood and nerve remedy, I determined to try it. It cured me completely of all my complaints. I eat heartily and sleep well, thanks to this splendid medicine. I believe it to be the best remedy in existence."

Dr. Greene, Nervura's discoverer, will give all health seekers his counsel free of charge. His office is at 35 West 14th Street, New York City, and his advice may be secured by personal call or by letter through the mail; no charge is made in either case. The worn-out in body, mind, or sexual powers will get prompt help from Dr. Greene. His advice is absolutely confidential and is free to all.

Too Many Fried Messes.

Dr. Jacobi, writing in the Medical Record, says that in the United States there is one physician to every 600 people—proportionately twice as many as in Great Britain, four times as many as Frances has, five times as many as Germany has and six times as many as Italy has. And Dr. Jacobi might have gone on to show that we take an interest in patent or proprietary medicines and in various other forms of extra-professional treatment which is almost non-existent in Europe.

There must be some explanation of this American craze for doctoring. Certainly it is not that we are a sickly and an ailing race. On the contrary we are exceptionally hardy and enduring.

It may be that our backwardness in the art of cooking has a great deal to do with it. Outside of a few highly-favored centers the efforts of cooks are directed chiefly to the concocting of sundry fried messes that are interesting to the palate but productive of that lumpy feeling in the pit of the stomach and afterward of all manner of disorders, from a general sense of gloom and dissatisfaction and need of some sort of medicine to complete collapse and a fierce struggle with death.

A good cook can come pretty near to keeping the doctor out of the house.—New York World.

Sweat and fruit acids will not discolor goods dyed with PUTNAM FADELESS DYES. Sold by all druggists.

The area in Ireland under flax this year is 47,327 acres, an increase of 12,338 acres on 1899. Under favorable conditions flax yields in Ireland about £6 or £7 per statute acre.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A wideawake American has erected steam pumps on the Jordan and is supplying churches all over Europe with genuine Jordan water.

Best For the Bowels.

No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCARETS help nature, cure you without a gripe or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCARETS Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C.C.C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

While the English law provides for the organization of labor bodies, it deprives them of the privileges of incorporation.

Fits permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. $2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd. 931 Arch St. Phila. Pa.

Danish lighthouses are supplied with oil to pump on the waves in case of a storm.

H. H. GREEN'S SONS, of Atlanta, Ga., are the only successful Dropsy Specialists in the world. See their liberal offer in advertisement in another column of this paper.

The cost of Philadelphia's marble City Hall to June 30 last were $23,739,593.

Piso's Cure cannot be too highly spoken of as a cough cure.—J. W. O'BRIEN, 322 Third Ave., N. Minneapolis, Minn., Jan. 6, 1900.

The Missouri is now claimed to be the longer by 200 miles than the Mississippi.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE TABLETS. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

The skins of upward of 100,000 animals are used to cover Oxford Bibles alone.

Throw physic to the dogs—if you don't want the dogs; but if you want good digestion chew Beeman's Pepsin Gum.

A pound of phosphorus heads 1,000,000 matches.

AN ARIZONA GHOST STORY.

A strange-looking little Arizona newspaper, in a wayworn wrapper, came with my mail a few mornings ago, and when I opened it, wondering why it had been sent to me and by whom, my eye presently fell on a blue-penciled paragraph:

"Marshal Catlip and posse got back late last evening. They had a lively chase—and there is one bad man the less. It won't cost this town anything to try him. Dive Tranchard needed a change. He was too fond of horseflesh—other people's."

Probably Arizonians understood that paragraph perfectly at first sight, and it intimated even to a slow New Englander that "Dive Tranchard" had been sternly punished.

"Dive Tranchard!" Something in the name set the chords of memory vaguely vibrating all day, and when I waked next morning, the full, familiar name had come to me out of the past—Dives Tranchard! It must be he—the "queer boy" of the school where I first began as a teacher in Kennebec county, Maine, 20 years ago.

I was then only 18 years old, and the school agent who hired me and the good minister-member of the school board who gave me my "certificate" said that I might "pull through" if I could manage Dives Tranchard.

In the schoolroom, Dives did not appear formidable at first view, but I was not long in discovering the fertility of his mischievous ingenuity. The wits of the average schoolmaster could not possibly keep pace with the swift trickiness in which he indulged himself.

He was a somewhat sedate and distinguished looking youngster, with a clear-cut, refined face, and the inconsistency between his countenance and his conduct was such that I never was able to feel, during the whole time he was my pupil, that I quite understood him.

Dives was an orphan, who, while still very young, had been adopted by the storekeeper of the place, Mr. Mulhall.

His father had been a very intemperate and blasphemous man, whose dearest delight had been to rail at the Scriptures. In profane bravado he had named his three sons Judas, Tophet and Dives. The two former had died of croup while very young, and Dives, or "Dive," as he was generally called, was the sole survivor of the family.

Naturally, a teacher only 18 years old could not hope to assume the role of moral adviser to a youth of 17 with entire success.

When I attempted it with Dives, he grinned in my face, and the effort ended in a rough-and-tumble fight over the schoolhouse floor. In this conflict I established a kind of doubtful suzerainty over him, and afterward maintained it with a bold front, but the issue was always in some little doubt.

What the outcome would have been is far from certain. I have a feeling that Dives would have been too much for me, in time, had our relations as pupil and pedagogue continued long. But they lasted only three weeks. On the first day of January he ran away, in consequence of a curious prank.

District Number Eleven was the only place where I ever saw what was believed to be a ghost. The people there were not superstitious, but I found that many of them had seen an apparition that they could not account for. It had been seen three times the previous winter and once late in November, a few days before I arrived.

More than 20 persons admitted that they had seen it during snow-storms, but all made light of it; the people were not ignorant, and the apparition puzzled them much more than it frightened them.

The mysterious thing, whatever it was, had always been seen at night, and seemed to be a kind of phantom on horseback, an equestrian ghost, so as to speak.

It had been discerned passing at great speed, but the hoofs made no noise, and it looked thin, or white, and was hardly distinguishable in outline amidst the falling snowflakes. That was about all I could learn regarding the phantom; and as the representative of education, I set myself to discountenance belief in the spectre. My theories were received with respect the only difficulty in the way of their entire acceptance was that numbers of those who listened to me had really seen the ghost.

It was a place where the people retained many of the old customs of ancestral Puritan England, among others that "of watch-night," or watching the old year out and the new year in, on the night of December 31st. It was announced at the meeting-house the previous Sunday that there would be a watch-night the following Saturday evening, to last half past twelve, New Year's morning. There would be singing and prayers, but it was not to be an exclusively religious ceremony. Conversation and even story-telling would be allowed.

At the watch-night meeting there were 30 or 35 people, old and young, including the Methodist minister, Mr. Reeves, who had been settled there but a few months, a very young man, with whom I had already become intimate.

He was companionable, robust and jolly, a youth who still enjoyed snowballing, for instance. After school, when I passed the house where he lived, he usually dashed out, fresh from his theological studies, and we would go at a brisk trot for a mile together along the road to the post-office and back.

The early hours of the watch-meeting passed agreeably. We had all gathered about the meeting-house stove, for the night was cloudy and bleak, and after the usual hymn and opening exercises, we amused ourselves by relating our "good resolves" for the New Year. Many of these were admirable and some very humorous. Mr. Smith, the little shoemaker of the place, whose wife was very large and strong and active, rose to say, with a twinkle in his eye, that he had sadly neglected his duty for the past twelve months, but had now firmly resolved to beat Mrs. Smith more frequently during the year to come, to which Mrs. Smith responded with a breezy laugh, "I'd like to see you begin!"

At about 11 o'clock one of the boys, who had been to the outer door, returned to say that it was snowing fast and thick, and indeed, we could faintly hear the icy flakes driving against the window-panes. One of the young ladies was playing, on the organ, the accompaniment to a hymn which many of the older people were singing.

Young Mr. Reeves sat near me, with a quiet smile on his face, pondering, as I fancied, something which he meant to say after the music. Suddenly I felt him start, and glanced at his face. His eyes were bent on some object, but he turned at once.

"Don't look!" he whispered to me. "I have seen that ghost. It is outside, looking in at the opposite window. Wait a bit, then cast your eye in that direction."

I did so, and saw as distinctly as I ever saw anything, a long, white awful face looking in! Much to my consternation, it moved, and appeared to nod several times.

"Don't seem to notice it!" Mr. Reeves whispered. "Sit quiet a moment. When the people move back from the organ, we will steal out and see what we can discover."

Recovering myself in a moment, I stepped quietly to the door, and a few moments later was joined by Mr. Reeves in the dark entry.

We took our hats, and then, without waiting to put on our overcoats, opened the door carefully. Snow was falling fast and drove in our faces; several inches had fallen; but we dashed out, doubled the corner of the house and hurried toward the window.

A great, dim, indistinct object was standing there which appeared to melt away suddenly, with but the softest possible sound. It disappeared round the other corner of the house. Without speaking, we ran after it.

We could hardly see anything on account of the driving snow and darkness, yet we again discerned, dimly, the great, indistinct object moving toward the highway.

I confess I felt a shivery sensation, for the spectral appearance made hardly an audible sound; but I dashed on, side by side with Mr. Reeves.

We were good runners, and made a dash to catch the thing. In the road, a few hundred feet from the church, we came so near at one time that I reached out my hand in hope to lay hold of the apparition, but it glided away only the faster and I did not succeed.

And now we both heard a kind of regular muffled noise, as of great feet falling softly; and these audible evidences of physical substance stimulated us to continue the chase.

"Run it down!" Mr. Reeves said, in a low voice, and I settled myself to keep pace with him.

The snow hindered us little, but notwithstanding our efforts the effigy drew away from us. We had lost sight of it when we ran past the house of Mr. Mulhall, the storekeeper, but in the very moment of passing, we heard the large door of the stable creaking. This, at that hour of the night, seemed so strange that we both stopped short and turned back.

Entering the yard, we approached the stable door, but found it closed. There were slight noises inside, however, and soon a match gleamed through the crack of the door, and a lantern was lighted.

To our astonishment, we now perceived that the person inside was Dives Tranchard, clad in a white garment and white cap, and that he was untying what looked like snowy bags from the feet of Mulhall's old white mare. Having taken off these mufflers, Dives next proceeded to withdraw a large, white, bonnet-like structure from the mare's head.

When these singular trappings were removed, he put the beast in her stall, stripped off his own white garment and cap, and made the whole outfit into a bundle. Then he extinguished the lantern, left the stable by a side door, and went to the house, which he entered cautiously by a door in the rear.

My first impulse had been to seize him when he came out and compel him to confess to the prank; but as he emerged from the stable, Mr. Reeves whispered, "Wait! Don't say anything to him. Don't let him know yet we have caught him."

We therefore stood aside in the darkness and allowed him to go to the house unmolested, and then, hastening back to the meeting-house, joined the people there. Our absence had been hardly noticed.

At 8 o'clock the next morning, after Dives had gone to the schoolhouse, we called at Mulhall's store and told the astonished storekeeper what we had seen. He did not at first believe us, and was inclined to resent the charge against his foster-son.

At last, when Mr. Reeves said that he might perhaps be convinced by being allowed to examine the room where Dives slept, Mulhall led the way up-stairs.

It was a large, open room, with many old chests, boxes and cuddies, and a very brief search disclosed the bundle which we had seen Dives bring from the stable the previous evening. It contained not only his white shirt and cap and the gunny bags, with which he muffled the mare's hoofs, but a curious padded contrivance of white cloth and wire to tie on her head.

The front of it was drawn to represent a human face, with holes for the horse's eyes. It was this nodding white face which we had seen at the window.

Farther search in the chamber revealed other things; plunder of many kinds; goods and trinkets from the store; not less than 50 letters, apparently stolen from the post-office; four bridles; 15 silver spoons; a bunch of articles which Dives could not have come by honestly.

By this time Mulhall, a rather simple man, was abusing his foster-son vigorously as a thief, and wished to go at once with us to the schoolhouse and denounce him.

Mr. Reeves persuaded him to say nothing till evening, and we arranged to call at the house that night and endeavor to get the truth of the matter from Dives himself.

But before noon that day the youth had, in some way, learned or guessed that his thefts were discovered. He did not return to the schoolhouse in the afternoon.

He had run away, and I never heard of him afterward until I saw his name in the Arizona newspapers.—Youth's Companion.

Anticipation and Realization.

Whenever a mother tells her daughter to sweep a room, the girl thinks envyingly of the day when she will be married, and "her own boss." And the manner, by the way, in which a married woman is "her own boss" is enough to make that noble bird, Freedom, drop its tail feathers and close its eyes in death.—Atchison Globe.

THE HEROINE OF TO-DAY.

She is Self-reliant, Strong, Ambitious, and Fitted to be Man's True Companion.

The heroine of modern life and fiction is contrasted with the heroine of the century's beginning by Robert Grant in the Woman's Home Companion. In the following passage Judge Grant leaves little doubt as to which of the two he prefers:

"Not only woman herself, but the universe, rejoices in the new heroine of real life and contemporary fiction—the self-reliant, incredulous, sphere-seeking, critical, yearning modern woman. Even the rose on her bosom wears a prouder demeanor, as though conscious of her changed estate. Who would remand her to her insipid servitude? Certainly not man. She has become his true companion instead of his adoring doll. The Amelia Sedleys have passed away from the face of the earth forever, and the Marcellas rule in their place. And yet, with the swinging of the pendulum in mind, the philosopher may be pardoned for dropping a few violets on the grave of the heroine of the past; even on poor Amelia Sedley's—Amelia, who would certainly have bored this philosopher to the point of weariness.

"Amelia Sedley was the sheer heroine of the past without lights and shadows. But her more attractive sisters lie also in their graves, and memories of some of them come back to us fragrant with virtues in spite of their limitations, which, it seems to a philosopher, the new heroine—the Gibson girl—cannot afford to disregard. They had no minds to speak of, it is true. That is, they were parrot-like in their repetition of what their husbands and fathers and brothers told them was so; and their energies were devoted to household concerns—the generation and rearing of babies, the production of delectable food, to darning, nursing, church-work and small charities. They were generally timid and afraid of mice, disinclined to athletic exercise and heroic undertakings; they had no clubs, and did not aim to be original. But think how dainty and pure-minded and tender they were! Dainty with the niceness of dolls, pure-minded with the innocence of the moated grange, tender with the loving forgiveness and foolish infatuation of idolaters, it may be, and yet dainty, pure-minded and tender."

GUAINT AND CURIOUS.

A Chinese woman's shoe is often only three inches long. Naturally the Chinese lady does little walking, and when she does get about she leans constantly on her maid.

A marble statue of Apollo, with the head in a fine state of preservation, has recently been unearthed near Athens. Its workmanship shows that it belongs to the fifth century B. C.

When a rich Chinaman is so ill that he is likely to soon shuffle off this mortal coil, his thoughtful relatives hurry him off to an undertaker's, where he may rest his dying eyes on the coffin that is to contain his bones. This is to save time and trouble.

Numerous droves of cattle, each beast with smoke tinted spectacles fixed over its eyes, are in winter seen ranging the snowcovered plains of Russia. The glare of sunlight on the snow causes blindness, hence the resort to spectacles to protect the eyesight of the cattle as they pluck the grass which sprouts through the earth's white mantle.

A curious fight took place a short time ago on the south branch of the Potomac. John Fisher, of Romney, W. Va., caught a 40 pound turtle. Just as he landed it, the hook broke, and the turtle chased him all around the boat. The fight lasted 10 minutes, Fisher defending himself with a paddle, when the turtle at last turned tail and flopped into the water.

What is the record price for a single flower? From Australia comes an answer to the query. A princess was president of a music exhibition on which a loss had been made. She accordingly organized a flower show, at which ladies of rank, including the princess, had stalls. One of her customers was the wealthy Baroness Reinelt of Trieste, who, in choosing a pink, asked: "How much may I pay for this flower?" "You, Baroness, may in your generosity fix the limit." "How much is wanted for the music exhibition?" Forty thousand pounds." "I will give that for the pink," said the baroness.

A Paradise For Spinsters.

Queensland has been not inaptly described as a paradise for spinsters. The last census taken there showed 75,000 more single men than single women, and the efforts of the colonial government in the way of emigration are now chiefly devoted to making up the deficiency. Indeed, Sir Horace Tozer, the agent general for Queensland, may claim to be one of the busiest matrimonial agents in the world, for he is sending out large numbers of single women to that colony, and it is said that the objection entertained by the workingmen of Australia to free or assisted emigration does not extend to the class exported by him, so long as he is careful to select them young and tolerably good looking. It is evident that the agent and his assistants must possess unusual powers of discrimination with regard to picking out attractive emigrants, for it appears that about 50 per cent. of the women marry within two years after their arrival in Queensland. When we are told that servants are always in demand in the Australian colonies, that wages average between $100 and $200 a year, and that in all probability within two years domestic service may be exchanged for matrimony, it is easy to understand why Queensland has been termed "a paradise for spinsters."

Advertising in Paris.

Devious are the ways of Parisian advertisers. Their latest trick is to send 20 men out on the knifeboards of omnibuses, each holding up a banner or scroll inscribed with a single large capital letter. When the men sit down close together the names of the firms advertised, and notices of special products appear well displayed on the banners borne aloft by the hired monopolizers of the knifeboards. The men, of course, take their places at the head of the station, and go along to the end of the journey. It is not likely that ordinary citizens will tolerate these proceedings long. Strong protests are already heard against the new practice.—London Telegraph.

A man can't be closemouthed when he sits in the dentist's chair.

KEYSTONE STATE NEWS CONDENSED

PENSIONS GRANTED.

State's Finances—Receipts of the Fiscal Year Largest in Its History—Large Pottery for New Castle.

Last week pensions were granted the following persons: Chas. Ashton, New Brighton, $6; John R. Mullen, Mt. Pleasant, $10; William Phillips, Port Perry, $6; William Gray, Carrolltown, $12; Darius G. Doyle, Three Springs, $8; Thomas G. Smith, Coles Summit, $12; Noah W. Kuhn, Mercersburg, $12; Thomas Wilson, Orbisonia, $12; Vez Shaner, Lash, $8; George Stone, Boalsburg, $12; Susan N. Foust, Mt. Pleasant, $8; Jeremiah Kohler, Lemoyne, 8.

The next Legislature will be asked to pass a bill making the office of district attorney in the small counties a salaried one. At present they are paid fees and a number of them complain that the compensation does not justify them to perform the labor required. The bill will propose a salary of about $1,000 in counties containing a population of 50,000 or less.

The State's financial officers announce that at the close of the fiscal year, November 30, there was $6,649,688.77 in the State treasury, of which $4,322,336.65 was in the general fund and $2,327,652.12 in the sinking fund. During the year there was received at the State treasury $17,494,211.78, the largest receipts in one year in the history of the State.

The New Castle Pottery Co. has been organized with $100,000 capital to manufacture table and other ware. The main building will be 482x195 feet and the smaller buildings 80x100, and 100x55 feet respectively. Work has already begun and the plant will be in operation in six months. It will employ 200 people.

For the proposed soldiers' monument and memorial to ex-Gov. Curtin at Bellefonte about two-thirds of the requisite amount of money has been pledged. It is thought the remainder can be secured and the monument erected by October 7, 1901, the anniversary of ex-Gov. Curtin's death.

At the service in Christ German Church, of Hazleton, the Rev. Mr. Schneckler, in a sermon against football, characterized the game as the devil's sport, and said that the patrons of the game are simply the devil's servants.

The capital stock of the Sharon and Youngstown Street Railway has been increased from $200,000 to $600,000. Work on the line between the two places is progressing rapidly and it is stated that cars will be running by June 1, 1901.

The Pittsburg, Somerset and Westmoreland Railroad Company has made a proposition to extend the road from its terminal 12 miles to Somerset if the citizens will take $50,000 worth of stock in the enterprise.

The fourth death in the Gates shaft of the American Coke Company at Uniontown, occurred when George Livingstone while working on the tipple lost his footing and dashed down the shaft over 100 feet to his death.

James Gibbons, a justice of the peace, and a prominent Democrat politician, was found dead in a chair at the St. Clair hotel, Pittston. Heart disease is supposed to have been the cause of death. He was 52 years of age.

The first rail machine at the Sharon steel works in South Sharon was put in operation for a test and a large number of rails cut. One hundred machines are now completed and nearly ready to be started.

James Patterson and George Johnston, colored, terrorized the people of Eastbrook, Lawrence county, and attempted to kill their employer, Winfield S. Moore, and are in jail at Greensburg.

Miss Louisa Sheppard, an actress of New York, has given up the stage to go into mission work. She will wed Rev. Charles H. Pridgeon, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Canonsburg.

An option on ten acres of ground at Braeburn has been secured by a New Jersey tube company and will be given by Park Arnold, with the stipulation that the company give employment to 500 men within a limited time.

Huffman M. Liston is back at Uniontown, after a sojourn in the Cape Nome gold fields. He reports the discovery of a mastodon's bones. He reports that Mr. Bartlett, of Pittsburg, has struck it rich.

At Washington the jury in the Carroll murder case failed to reach an agreement and were discharged after being out about 14 hours. Eleven stood for acquittal.

At Martins Creek, Northampton county, fire destroyed the cement plant of William Krause & Sons. Loss, $200,000; insured. The works will be rebuilt.

By an explosion of powder John Petos and his three boys were dangerously burned at Smock, Fayette county. Petos was filling his powder can, when the youngest boy pulled an open lamp off a shelf into the powder.

Fifty students of Waynesburg college have formed a cadet corps, adopted the West Point uniform and will endeavor to have a West Point man as instructor.

The county commissioners object to the bill of Coroner F. H Taylor, of Fayette county, and say the cost of 25 inquests should have been borne by corporations and not by the county.

Eleven milk dealers arrested at New Kensington and find $20 and costs each for adulterating milk, refuse to pay their fines and defy the authorities to collect them.

The Washington county commissioners are deadlocked over the selection of a superintendent for the new court house.

John Miller, East Titusville, tried to save his cow from being killed by a train, was struck and received injuries from which he died.

John Chisholm, a Pennsylvania brakeman of New Castle, has begun suit against the National Steel Company for $50,000 for injuries received last July.

Morris Shafnisky, a eight-year-old boy, of Greensburg, was injured in a foot ball scrimmage with boys of his own age, and died Saturday evening.

Buncoed Out of His Seat.

"In the matter of strategy a woman can get the better of a man every time, in minor affairs, at least," said a man who is in business down town, and who rides home in a West Philadelphia car during the rush hour every evening, says the Philadelphia Record. "I usually get a seat, for I take the car away down at Fourth street. The other evening I was busily reading my paper when a woman got aboard at Twelfth street. I glanced up slyly, and saw that all the seats were occupied. Hasty as my glance was she caught my eye and that was my finish. Smiling broadly, she came over to where I was sitting and exclaimed, 'Why, how do you do? How are all the folks?' I couldn't place the woman to save my life, but I lifted my hat and replied that we were all well. 'She must be some friend of the family,' I argued with myself, so I folded up my paper and gave her my seat. After she had settled herself comfortably she looked up at me in a queer sort of way and said: 'Really, I must beg your pardon. I took you for Mr. Jones. You look so much like him.' But she had the seat, and she kept it. It was a clear case of bunco."

"Oh! Dear I'm so Tired."

The ordinary every-day life of most of our women is a ceaseless treadmill of work.

How much harder the daily tasks become when some derangement of the female organs makes every movement painful and keeps the nervous system all unstrung!

One day she is wretched and utterly miserable; in a day or two she is better and laughs at her fears, thinking there is nothing much the matter after all; but before night the deadly backache reappears, the limbs tremble, the lips twitch—it seems as though all the imps of Satan were clutching her vitals; she goes to pieces and is flat on her back.

No woman ought to arrive at this terrible state of misery, because these symptoms are a sure forerunner of womb troubles. She must remember that **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** is almost an infallible cure for all female ills, such as irregularity of periods, which cause weak stomach, sick headache, etc., displacements and inflammation of the womb, or any of the multitudes of illnesses which beset the female organism.

Mrs. Gooden wrote to Mrs. Pinkham when she was in great trouble. Her letter tells the result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I am very grateful to you for your kindness and the interest you have taken in me, and truly believe that your medicines and advice are worth more to a woman than all the doctors in the world. My troubles began with inflammation and hemorrhages from the kidneys, then inflammation, congestion and falling of the womb, and inflammation of the ovaries. I underwent local treatment every day for some time; then, after nearly two months, the doctor gave me permission to go back to work. I went back, but in less than a week was compelled to give up and go to bed. On breaking down the second time, I decided to let doctors and medicines alone and try your remedies. Before the first bottle was gone I felt the effects of it. Three bottles of **Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound** and a package of Sanative Wash did me more good than all the doctors' treatments and medicine. I have gained twelve pounds during the last two months and am better in every way. Thanking you for your kind advice and attention, I remain, Yours gratefully,

MRS. E. J. GOODEN

"MRS. E. J. GOODEN, Ackley, Iowa."

$5000 REWARD Owing to the fact that some skeptical people have from time to time questioned the genuineness of the testimonial letters we are constantly publishing, we have deposited with the National City Bank, of Lynn, Mass., $5,000, which will be paid to any person who will show that the above testimonial is not genuine, or was published before obtaining the writer's special permission.—LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO.

Thought Him An Angel.

The late Gen. John M. Palmer used to enjoy telling of being once mistaken for a person of greater dignity than the President of the United States.

"While I was military governor of Kentucky," said he, "a disturbance occurred in some town in the interior. I was at a distance, but was needed at the scene. There was no train, no carriage, no buggy to be got; the only vehicle available was a big girdled circus chariot left by some stranded show company. I didn't like it, but there was nothing else to do, so I got in. You may imagine, I cut a great dash as I drove through a small town. People turned out in droves to see me pass. When I left the town behind me and reached the plantations the negroes saw me and stared with open mouths. They followed me at a respectful distance, until presently they were joined by an old, white-haired preacher, who, on seeing me in my magnificent chariot, raised his eyes and his arms on high and, in a voice that stirred all within hearing, cried:

"'Bress de Lord, de day of judgment am cum, an' dis gemman am de angel Gabriel hisself. Bredren, down on you' knees and pray, fo' yo' hour am hyar!"

An Overwhelming Thought.

Our sun is a third-rate sun, situated in the milky way, one of myriads of stars, and the milky way is itself one of myriads of sectional star accumulations, for these seem to be countless, and to be spread over infinity. At some period of their existence each of these suns had planets circling around it, which, after untold ages, are fit for some sort of human being to inhabit them for a comparatively brief period, after which they still continue for years to circle around without atmosphere, vegetation or inhabitants; as the moon does around our planet. There is nothing so calculated to take the conceit out of an individual who thinks himself an important unit in the universe as astronomy. It teaches that we are less, compared with the universe, than a colony of ants is to us, and that the difference between men is less than that between one ant and another.—London Truth.

Hunters' Paradise in China.

According to a correspondent in the Washington Star China is the last great game preserve in the world. Many will be surprised to learn that, notwithstanding the dense population of China and the centuries since the country has become thickly populated, it is still the best stocked with game of any country in the world. Even in the regions about Peking, now occupied by the allied troops, where villages dot the plains every mile or two and the population exceeds 2,000 to the square mile, wolves, foxes, raccoons, weasels and rabbits are so thick as to be pests, while such game as pigeons, quail, grouse and rice birds are found in immense flocks. The wolves of China are particularly numerous and fearless, and many lives are lost every winter from their depredations.

London's Big School Population.

The London school board is responsible for the education of a population more than double that of Denmark or Greece, larger than that of Scotland, and is only exceeded slightly by that of Bavaria and Holland. The child population of London in need of elementary education is larger than the total population of any European city except Paris, Berlin, St. Petersburg, Moscow and Vienna. It is more than double the population of Bristol, Dresden or Prague. The sum annually expended on elementary education in the metropolis is alone equal to the total national expenditure of Denmark, Norway and Sweden, not to mention that of many other minor States of Europe.—Newcastle (Eng.) Chronicle.

It has been ascertained by experiments that persons who use the telephone habitually hear better with the left ear than with the right. The common practice of the telephone companies is to place the telephone so that it will be applied to the left ear.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure—no pay. Price 50c.

Britain makes 300,000,000 yards of linen a year.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Central New York is practically a dairy country.

Police Judge Neiswanger, of Alment, Kas., is a woman.

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup Safest, surest cure for all throat and lung troubles. People praise it. Doctors prescribe it. Quick, sure results. Refuse substitutes. Get Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

LIBBY'S EXTRACT of BEEF

Made without regard to economy. We use the best beef, get all the essence from it, and concentrate it to the uttermost.

In an ounce of our extract there is all the nutrition of many pounds of beef. To get more nutriment to the ounce is impossible. Few extracts have as much.

Our booklet, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells many ways to use beef extract. It gives recipes for lunches and the chafing dish. Send your address for it.

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Worms IN CHILDREN ARE veritable demons, and must be removed or serious results follow. The medicine which for 60 years has held the record for successfully ridding children of these pests is **Frey's Vermifuge**—made entirely from vegetable products, containing no calomel. IT ACTS AS A TONIC. 25 cts. at druggists, country stores or by mail. E. & S. FREY, Baltimore, Md.

Don't Stop Tobacco Suddenly!

It injures nervous system to do so. BAGO-CURO is the only cure that Really Cures. Sold with a guarantee that three boxes will cure any case. BAGO-CURO is vegetable and harmless. It has cured thousands, it will cure you. At all druggists or by mail prepaid, $1.00 a box; 3 boxes, $2.50. Booklet free. Write EUREKA CHEMICAL CO., La Crosse, Wis.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 days' treatment Free. Dr. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box B, Atlanta, Ga.

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If affected with weak eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water