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Cure all Coughs, and expels Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels.

Crude Thoughts As They Fall From the Editorial Pen—Pleasant Evening Reveries.

THE MOTHERS OF THE WORLD.

The first mother of whom we have any knowledge was the mother of Cain and Abel, the much abused Eve, who has been held responsible for so much of the trouble that exists in the world. It is written that Eve was created after Adam, so woman has always occupied a second place in the management of the world's affairs. Yet Eve must have possessed superior mental qualities, or she could never have led Adam into such evil ways, and the circumstances attending Eve's unhappy interview with Adam all point to the fact that Eve was mentally Adam's superior.

Notwithstanding the fact that in the beginning woman was second in the race, it has been demonstrated beyond cavil that mother love is the holiest, purest passion of the human heart. The mother instinct is almost supernatural. Even the brute mother will die for her offspring, and when the light dies out of the mother's eye, no other eye, save the eye of Omnipotence will ever follow the child in all his wanderings as she has done.

It is not pleasant to record the truth that there are mothers, who have sacrificed motherhood to worldly ambition, and the most unhappy women on earth are those who have set aside filial ties in order to live lives of social frivolity, and the time comes to all such, when the bloom of youth forsakes the cheek, and the fire of youth dies out of the eye. Such often turn to their homes for sympathy and love, only to find that they too have vanished with their personal charms, and when it is too late, the sad truth dawns upon them that they are unloved and unloved. The path of duty is the only safe path, let it be ever so thorny, and the only safe guide-board points to the home.

There is no earthly tie so strong or so sacred as that of motherhood. Society is held together by social ties. Civic societies are bound by money and oaths. These obligations are like marriages of steel, yet none hold like the marriage bond when inviolated and unpoluted by vile theories.

It is the mothers who hold the world in place. They are the balance wheels of the universe. They hold the scepter of power by controlling the affections of men. "The hand that rocks the cradle" has controlled armies. Marie Theresa quelled the tumult of a mighty army in Austria by raising her fair hand, and we are told that all was hushed to silence, as in a breath, sweet tones, she spoke. "The bravest battles that ever were fought, have been fought by the mothers of men."

GIRLS SHOULD KNOW

That the home kitchen, with mother for teacher, and a loving, willing daughter for pupil, is the best cooking school on earth.

That true beauty of face is possible only where there is beauty of soul manifested in a beautiful character.

That the girl everybody likes never whines, but is just her sincere, honest, helpful self.

And, finally, that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a pure, modest, true young girl—one who is her father's pride, her mother's comfort, her brother's inspiration and her sister's ideal.

Life may be full of beauty and usefulness if one is unselfish. Ordinary, every-day life affords so many opportunities for doing some good service. A gentle word spoken to one who is angry, an encouraging or sympathetic word to a despondent or sad friend, an earnest word of warning to any one who may be in danger of folly, all these little things are very helpful. A cheerful manner has a stimulating effect on others; a sunny disposition brightens the home. Everyone has at times known the bracing, stimulating feeling that comes when looking into a face which reflects a noble, pure soul or a brave, strong one. It may be the face of a stranger, but the unconscious influence of that fine character is not lost on the passer-by. It is a character which counts in life, noble motives and high thoughts which are worth having. With these possessions and that sweet maidenly reserve, modesty and delicacy, which go with refinement, a girl will not only be more charming, but will have an influence over all her associates.

TIRED MOTHERS.

If there is any class of persons who need tenderness and encouragement it is tired mothers; weary limbs, sad hearts and puzzling brains all attest to the fact. There ought to be special privileges granted to tired mothers as much as to invalids. Those who have passed through this trying ordeal know how to sympathize, know how to excuse the short-comings of those who are passing through the narrow gateways, where temptation holds high revelry, and the angel of peace sits in the shadow.

Tired mothers! always anxious, scheming, planning and economizing how they can manage their detail of domestic life with least expense; for children are such a drain upon the resources of one's time, heart and pocket. The mothers doing double work, triple work themselves, to save for this or that, until the nerves are strained and shattered to a degree unbearable to themselves, and particularly offensive to others.

Let me entreat you fathers and husbands, cheer gently with the wife and mother; deal and brighten her life by all means in your power, for she needs your help in many ways, to buoy her up and sustain her, that she may be nerved with fresh vigor to impart to the little ones who are a constant drain upon her life and energies.

FOLLOWING THE FLAG.

When our soldiers went to Cuba and the Philippines, health was the most important consideration. Willis T. Morgan, retired Commissary Sergeant U. S. A., of Rural Route 1, Concord, N. H., says: "I was two years in Cuba and two years in the Philippines, and being subject to colds, I took Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which kept me in perfect health. And now, in New Hampshire, we find it the best medicine in the world for coughs, colds, bronchial troubles and all lung diseases. Guaranteed at E. H. Miller's, druggist. Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. 7-1

Suing for Royalty.

The Keystone Coal Company has sued the Merchants Coal Company for \$5,207.01, alleged to be due upon a certain article of agreement. The plaintiff company leased to the defendant the David Buechley tract, containing 320 acres, for which it was to receive royalty at the rate of 15 cents per ton for all coal mined, except that the minimum cash royalty was to be \$1,800 per month, whether defendant mined coal yielding royalty to that amount or not. During the life of the contract there were nine months that the royalty did not reach \$1,800, and it is for this shortage that the suit has been brought, says the Somerset Standard.

DEATH FROM LOCKJAW

never follows an injury dressed with Bucklen's Arnica Salve. Its antiseptic and healing properties prevent blood poisoning. Chas. Oswald, merchant, of Rensselaersville, N. Y., writes: "It cured Seth Burch, of this place, of the ugliest sore on his neck I ever saw." Cures Cuts, Wounds, Burns and Sores. 25c. at E. H. Miller's drug store. 7-1

THAT DEAR OLD LINDEN TREE.

Do you see you linden bending low,
Most fragrant blossoms o'er it?
Its leaves with life are all aglow,
Its history would you know?
My father set it where it grows
When I was but a lad;
He watched o'er it, as mother knows,
Through weather good and bad.
With such fine care its branches spread,
It prospered and it strengthened,
And e'en today no limb is dead—
Its shadow has but lengthened.
In July days its shade so dense
Would old nag John ne'er fail;
He'd stand for hours by the fence,
Flap ears and switch his tail.
As flies and gnats would buzz around,
And restless make our horse,
He'd shake his head and stamp the ground,
But never once seemed cross.
Beneath that tree when company came,
Their teams and wagons stood,
No other spot was quite the same,
No hitching place so good.
And then again 'twas by that tree
I courted Mollie Dare,
'Twas there, indeed, she answered me,
And promised to be fair.
She was the sweetest of all girls,
Just sixteen years of age,
Her laughing eyes and glossy curls
With all the boys the glory.
Well, Mollie ne'er forgot the vow
Nor yet the kiss that sealed it,
Her love for me is stronger now
Than when that kiss revealed it.
In course of time there came a day
When we had older grown,
I took dear Mollie Dare away
My wife—my very own.
And ever since I've marked that tree,
A bright spot on the farm,
Since 'neath its shade she gave to me
Her heart so true and warm.
At twilight hour there we sit
And watch the swallows fly,
As from the chimney tops they fit
And sail across the sky.
Most restless birds, they seem to be
Forever on the wing,
From house-top circling round the tree,
No time nor voice to sing.
But that is just the swallow's way.
He rushes off like mad,
While wife and I at close of day
For rest and peace are glad.
Her dimpled hand in mine is laid,
As seated 'neath that tree
Both she and I talk o'er again
Of all she is to me.
Know then, my friend, those linden boughs
With fragrant blossoms laden
Remind me always of the vows
By which I won my maiden.
—THOMAS MACKENZIE in Baltimore Sun.

Wanted Who Gun.

A Kansas City lawyer, while in that city the other day, dropped in on a friend who is a judge and found him holding court. A young man whom everybody knew was a criminal was being tried for alleged complicity in the holding up of a Dutch groceryman. In the robbery the Dutchman had grappled with one of the two robbers and had wrested his gun from him. The robbers escaped, but the storekeeper retained the revolver, and it was offered in evidence at the trial. The prisoner managed to "fake up" a strong alibi and, although the Dutchman positively identified him as the smaller of the robbers, he was acquitted. When the jury delivered its verdict the young man approached the bench and said: "Judge, can I have my gun now?" "What's that?" said the judge sternly. The young man realized his mistake and ran out of the court room. The jury was mad. "Can't we get him back here and convict him?" asked the foreman. "No," replied the judge, "he's been acquitted, but I hope he robs the home of every one of you."—Kansas City Times.

He Didn't Try Again.

Banks and his better half had been having a discussion as to the advisability of purchasing a new dress to be at least equal to the DeGoldstein's next door. Finally, Banks had closed the incident by observing he could not afford to spend the money. He changed the subject and asked: "Dinner ready, my dear?" In his most conciliatory manner. Her fate had been like a stale thunderstorm ever since the disagreement, and Banks wanted to change it. "Yes," answered Mrs. B. shortly. "Must try again," said Banks to himself. Then, aloud: "Ah, I am glad of that, my love. I have what the poets would call 'an aching void,' Clara." "You often suffer from headache," she returned, in a cutting tone.

Banks drew his chair up to the table with unnecessary noise and refrained from further attempts at conciliation for the rest of the day.—Birmingham (England) Post.

Snooglygoaster Ham.

A friend of Snooglygoaster Ham, the Georgia lecturer, says that several months ago that fun maker was in Chicago and had the misfortune to have his purse stolen, leaving him stranded. Ham was known at the hotel and managed to get the proprietor to stake him until he got a check from the lecture bureau. The Snooglygoaster was feeling sore when he ambled into a restaurant and ordered dinner, asking the waiter what was "teal." "Teal, sir; that's duck," was the answer. "Duck?" "Yes, sir." "Got wings?" "Yes, sir." "And could it fly?" "Yes, sir."

"Well, I don't want any, then. Anything that had wings and could fly and didn't fly out of this pickpocket town I don't want to have anything to do with."—Charleston News and Courier.

The Man Who Does Things.

"You have been with that firm a long time," said the old school friend. "Yes," answered the man with the patient expression of countenance. "What's your position?" "I'm an employee." "But what is your official title?" "I haven't any official title. It's like this: When the proprietor wants something done he tells the cashier, and the cashier tells the bookkeeper, and the bookkeeper tells the assistant bookkeeper, and the assistant bookkeeper tells the chief clerk, and the chief clerk tells me." "And what then?" "Well, I haven't anybody to tell, so I have to go and do it."—Judge.

She Didn't Mind; She Didn't Care

A negro had made several ineffectual efforts to propose to the object of his affections, but on each occasion his courage failed him at the last moment. After thinking the matter over he finally decided to telephone, which he did. "Is that you, Samantha?" he inquired upon being given the proper number. "Yes, it's me," returned the lady. "Will you marry me, Samantha, and marry me quick?" "Yes, I will," was the reply; "who's speaking?"—Tatler.

Hated to Give It Up.

Patience—It's all off between me and Will.
Patrice—Engagement broken?
"Yep."
"I'm sorry."
"Well, you needn't be. Only I've found out that he's not a man of his word!"
"Indeed!"
"Yes; why only a week ago he said he'd give up anything for me, and now the hateful old thing wants this ring back!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Indisputable Evidence.

Green—"I caught a sucker yesterday that weighed nearly 200 pounds."
Brown—"That sounds rather fishy."
Green—"But it is true, just the same, and I can prove it. You remember that horse I paid you \$150 for a few weeks ago?"
Brown—"Yes."
Green—"Well, I sold him to the sucker for \$75."

Adam's Advantage.

"So some of those politicians but tookhold you again this morning," said the wife of the independent voter. "Yes," replied the annoyed husband, "and I wish to gracious I was Adam."
"Why so, my dear?"
"Adam didn't have any buttons on his coat."

THE TACTFUL QUAKER.

Sent a Home Shot to His Slow Moving Visitor.

Some time ago there lived a gentleman of indolent habits who spent his time visiting among his friends. After wearing out his welcome in his own neighborhood he thought he would visit an old Quaker friend some twenty miles distant.

On his arrival he was cordially received by the Quaker, who, thinking the visitor had taken much pains to come so far to see him, treated him with a great deal of attention and politeness for several days.

As the visitor showed no signs of leaving, the Quaker became uneasy, but bore it with patience until the eighth day, when he said to him: "My friend, I am afraid thee will never come again."
"Oh, yes I shall," said the visitor. "I have enjoyed my visit very much, and shall certainly come again."
"But," said the Quaker, "if thee will never leave, how can thee come again?"—Black and White.

WHEN BOOTJACKS WERE IN FLOWER.

Miss Maltese—Is Tom Catt really as old as he claims to be?
Miss Angora—Old? Why, he has actually been hit by a real bootjack in his day.

Ring Off!

All the morning Higgins had been trying to ring up the Pandora Theatre. Six times he had been engaged, and three times he had been put through to the wrong number; but at last an answering voice came.

"There!" said Higgins.
"Yes," said the voice.
"Good! Got two seats for tonight? Don't care where they are. Got 'em?"
"Er—well, yes."
"That's good! My name's Higgins. I'll give in my card at the box office. We shall be able to see well, I suppose; and out easily if we want to?"
"Oh, yes!"
"That's right. How much?"
"No charge."
"What? I say, who are you?"
"We're St. Mary's Workhouse!"
And the rest was silence.—Answers.

IN A QUANDARY.

"Boo hoo! Jimmy punched me!"
"Why don't you punch him back?"
"Cause den he'd knock de stuffin' out o' me."

Editorial Crispness.

A lady having written a story of which she thought a great deal took it to an editor and asked him to read it in order to see if he could make any use of it. As the editor was somewhat dilatory in according to the lady's request, she called a day or two later and again asked him to look at it and to let her know as soon as possible because, as she said, "I have other irons in the fire." Shortly after the editor's reply came, which was: "Dear Madam—I have read your story, and I should advise you to put it with your other irons.—Yours faithfully, The Editor."—The Sketch.

CAUSE OF THE COLLAPSE.

Doctor—This looks like a relapse. What have you been doing?
Patient—Just been looking at you bill.

Brother, don't you know if you swear at those mules you won't get to Paradise?

"Yes, pawson; but if I don't swear at them I won't get to the end of the row, and that's the important thing at present."—Philadelphia Record.

DROPS

TRADE MARK

CURES

RHEUMATISM LUMBAGO, SCIATICA NEURALGIA and KIDNEY TROUBLE

"DROPS" taken internally, rid the blood of the poisonous matter and acids which are the direct causes of these diseases. Applied externally it affords almost instant relief from pain, while a permanent cure is being effected by purifying the blood, dissolving the poisonous substance and removing it from the system.

DR. S. D. BLAND
Of Brewster, Wis., writes:
"I had been a sufferer for a number of years with Lumbago and Rheumatism in my arms and legs, and tried all the remedies that I could gather from medical works, and also consulted with a number of the best physicians, but found nothing that gave the relief I desired from 'DROPS.' I shall prescribe it as my specific for rheumatism and kindred diseases."

FREE

If you are suffering with Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Kidney Trouble or any kindred disease, write to us for a trial bottle of "DROPS," and test it yourself.

"DROPS" can be used any length of time without acquiring a "drug habit," as it is entirely free of opium, cocaine, alcohol, laudanum, and other similar ingredients.

Large Size Bottle, "DROPS" (500 Doses) \$1.00. For Sale by Druggists.
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THE "HOME RULE" Oil and Gasoline Can.

SAFE-CLEAN-NEAT-CONVENIENT.

SIZE, 5 GALS.

Lamps are filled directly by the pump, and any waste is returned to the can. Has a close fitting Hinged Cover over the top and air, dirt and evaporation light. This is the only Ideal Family Can and is needed in every home where Oil or Gasoline is used; does away with the objection of oiling and pouring from large Cans, and the annoyance of faucets that leak and waste contents. This is truly the HOUSEKEEPER'S FRIEND.

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TORNADO Bug Destroyer and Disinfectant.

An Exterminator That Exterminates.

A Modern Scientific Preparation. A Perfect Insecticide, Germicide and Deodorizer.

Will positively prevent Contagious Diseases. Positive Death to All Insect Life.

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Fits the Lunch! Fits the Pocket!

THE IDEAL FOLDING LUNCH BOX

represents the end of possibility in a Lunch Box, for the reason that it possesses every desirable feature that a Lunch Box can possess, and has more than one valuable advantage that no other lunch box ever had.

It is strong and durable, and will give years of continued service. It is convenient to carry both in and out of use. It is attractive in appearance, and because of its being used for more purposes than one, is a great relief to sensitive people who dislike the idea of being seen with a dinner basket.

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