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Any person having backache, kidney pains or bladder trouble who will take two or three Pine-ules upon retiring at night shall be relieved before morning.

The medicinal virtues of the crude gum and resins obtained from the Native Pine have been recognized by the medical profession for centuries. In Pine-ules we offer all the virtues of the Native Pine that are of value in relieving all

Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Prepared by PINE-ULE MEDICINE CO., CHICAGO SOLD BY ELK LICK PHARMACY.

THE ORIGINAL LAXATIVE COUGH SYRUP

Cures all Coughs and assists in expelling Colds from the System by gently moving the bowels. A certain cure for croup and whooping-cough.

KENNEDY'S LAXATIVE HONEY AND TAR

PREPARED AT THE LABORATORY OF E. C. DEWITT & CO., CHICAGO, U. S. A. SOLD BY E. H. MILLER.

KILL THE COUGH AND CURE THE LUNGS

WITH Dr. King's New Discovery FOR CONSUMPTION, BRONCHITIS and COLDS. Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

The famous little pills.

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The famous little pills.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. Kennedy's Laxative Honey and Tar Cures all Coughs, and expels Colds from the system by gently moving the bowels.

BENEFIT TO AGRICULTURISTS.

The Department of Agriculture to Instruct Farmers in the Uses of Denaturalized Alcohol.

NORFOLK, VA.—The value of free alcohol to the public can be better appreciated when the many uses of this product are known to the farmers of the country. Uncle Sam being desirous of giving the public the full benefit of the opportunities in store, purposes having an exhibit at the Jamestown Exposition showing the development and uses of denaturalized alcohol...

In connection with this Government exhibit will be exhibits of various kinds of internal combustion engines using denaturalized alcohol for fuel. Farmers will learn at the Jamestown Exposition how to save labor in a thousand different ways. They will be shown how they can utilize machinery for sawing wood, chopping stock feed, pumping water and many other things.

Uncle Sam will also show the public how to use denaturalized alcohol as a fuel for heating and cooking purposes at home, and for lighting the houses and country roads. He will teach the farmers how they may save time and expense by making their fuel and lights at so small a cost that their living expenses will be reduced to a minimum, and their conveniences so greatly increased that they will find real luxury in living on a farm.

The Jamestown Exposition, where 'Uncle Sam's' new show will be given free to everybody, will open its gates to the public on the historic shores of Hampton Roads, near Norfolk, Virginia, April 28th, 1907, and close Nov. 30th, 1907. It will be an international exposition, given in honor of the three hundredth anniversary of the first permanent English settlement in America.

A SWEET BREATH.

A sweet breath adds to the joys of a kiss. You wouldn't want to kiss your wife, mother or sweetheart with a bad breath. You can't have a sweet breath without a healthy stomach. You can't have a healthy stomach without perfect digestion. There is only one remedy that digests what you eat and makes the breath as sweet as a rose—and that remedy is KODOL FOR DYSPEPSIA.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.

Simon and Harvey Brown to John Eichenlaub, in Larimer, \$900. Geo. Johnson's heirs to D. S. Latta, Brothersvalley, \$1200. Farmer's Milling Co. to Josiah Meyers, in Holsopple, \$1500. J. L. Kendall to Rockwood Water Co., in Rockwood, \$1500. Albert A. Bittner to Isaiah Brown, in Meyersdale, \$650. T. F. Livengood to S. A. Lichtler, in Salisbury, \$1100. Chas. K. Anderson to Wm. Nelson, in Windber, \$425. Frank Baer to Em'l Eash, in Jenner and Conemaugh, \$1. Chas. B. Dickey to Nancy C. Beal, in Elk Lick, \$918. Chas. Orisswell to E. E. Naylor, in Windber, \$650. John H. Weimer et al. to Edward C. Barron, in Somerset borough, \$400. Norman E. Knepper et ux. to same, in Somerset borough, \$400. William Bowser to Hannah Deeter, in Meyersdale, \$350. Moses Lehman to Hiram J. Lehman, in Conemaugh, \$100. Austin M. Hemminger to Samuel Good, in Jenner, \$3800. R. E. Collier et ux. to J. E. Kolb, in Addison, \$1000.

San Francisco's Spirit.

It is remarkable how rapidly the new city is rising upon the ruins of the old. Last week one vast expanse of ghastly and tangled ruins met the eye on all sides in the burned district. But behold the transformation one short week has effected. The dismal expanse is already spotted with low wooden and corrugated iron tenements for trade, all bright, new and smiling. They are even now imparting to the desolate scenes a cheerful air. At the rate at which they are going up the burnt area will be pretty well buried in its own graveyard within 60 or 90 days, and we shall see no more of it. We shall bid it farewell forever without regret. Chicago has already been held up as an example of how quickly a lively and enterprising American city can arise from its ashes. Let us see if we cannot beat Chicago.—San Francisco Call.

THROUGH TO FROSTBURG.

A New Route from Sand Patch Tunnel to Pinto, Md.

The B. & O. Railroad Co. is reported to be surveying at Frostburg for a cut-off from Sand Patch to avoid the tunnel there, through Frostburg to Pinto cut-off. This route is said to be a straight one, and a low grade. It would put Frostburg on the Pittsburg division of the B. & O., taking by that route such traffic as now passes by way of Cumberland. The people of Frostburg are much interested in the move, which is a general topic of conversation. For years the B. & O. has been looking into plans whereby the Sand Patch tunnel and the Sand Patch grade could be avoided. The grade has been the scene of many costly runaways in which scores of lives have been lost.

The proposed route cuts right through the city of Frostburg and extends down through the Porter lands, down into Cash Valley and through Squirrel Hollow, and crosses the National road half way between the Alleghany Grove camp meeting grounds and the Six Mile House farm, and running through it to the Winchester bridge, and then on to Pinto tunnel. The grade through the Six Mile House farm is 800 feet wide from Squirrel Hollow to Winchester bridge. This wide strip is said to be for a station, the best place between Cash Valley and Pinto, the Eckhart railroad to connect there, says the Connellsville Courier.

Marriage Licenses.

Henry H. Miller, Berlin. Effie J. Deeter, Dividing Ridge. Milton J. Phillips, Pittsburgh. Estelle G. Shipley, Meyersdale. Harry Welch, Larimer township. Sadie Lynch, Larimer township. Chas. Steinkorcher, Meyersdale. Bertha Vallimont, Clearfield Co., Pa. Henry C. Rose, Saxton. Emma L. Eaken, Berlin. Norbert T. Miller, Friedens. Anna V. Ross, Friedens. Robt. W. Lehman, Brothersvalley. Mayme Dunmeyer, Somerset township. Wm. H. Feigher, Bedford Co., Pa. Eppie G. Ling, Stoyestown. P. J. Kinsinger, Summit. Sarah Yoder, Summit. John A. Thomas, Berlin. Annie Menges, Berlin. Daniel T. Knox, Garrett. Annie S. Vallimont, Drifting, Pa. Harry J. Peterman, West Newton. Rosellie Herrington, West Newton. Wells Porter, Somerset borough. Emma O. Pisel, Somerset borough. Aleehouse Morris, Summit. Viola Jackson, Summit. Perley W. White, Summit. Minerva Shockey, Greenville. Harry M. Beal, Macdonaldton. Cora Whitaker, Macdonaldton.

FORTUNE FOR A BRAKEMAN.

Sells Coal Land Near Deer Park, Md., for \$49,500.

N. C. McCulloch, a brakeman on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway, has been informed of the sale of 450 acres of land owned by him near Deer Park, Md., on which there is a coal deposit. The consideration of sale was \$49,500. The sale was made to United States Senator Elkins.

Mr. McCulloch bought the land 30 years ago, when working on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and the late United States Senator Gorman was interested with him. The deal just effected had been held up by Senator Gorman, and was consummated after his death.—Oakland Journal.

A PACKINGTOWN POEM.

Charlotte Perkins Gilman in Independent. The American public is impatient. The American public is slow. The American public will stand as much as any public I know. We submit to be killed by our railroads. We submit to be fooled by our press. We can stand as much Government scandal as any folks going, I guess. We can bear bad air in the subway. We can bear quick death in the street. But we are a little particular About the food we eat.

It is not so much that it kills us— We are used to being killed; But we like to know what fills us When we pay for being filled. When we pay the Beef Trust prices— As we must, or go without— It is not that we grudge the money. But we grudge the horrid doubt. Is it ham or trichinosis? Can a label command belief? Is it pork we have purchased, or poison? Is it tuberculosis or beef?

There is really a choice of diseases To anyone, little or big; And no man really pleases To die of a long-dead pig. We take our risks as we're able, On elevator and train, But to sit at peace at the table And be seized with sudden pain When we are at home and happy, Is really against the grain.

And besides—admitting the poison— Admitting we all must die— Accepting the second-hand sickness From a cholera-smitten sty; Patiently bearing the murder, Amiable, meek, inert— We do rise up and remonstrate Against the Packingtown dirt! Let there be death in the dinner, Subtle and unforeseen, But O, Mr. Packer, in packing our death, Won't you please to pack it clean?

When Chloe Was Crowned

BY STEPHEN COLEMAN

It was all owing to the fact that Chloe (real name Matilda Washington) had yielded to the Afro-American yearning for a gold-capped tooth, that Bert Clarges became Billy Matthews' "servant girl."

Chloe, having struck a bargain with her dentist, found it dear when the brass alloy poisoned her mouth, and she had to be taken to the hospital, leaving the Matthews-Clarges household servantless at a crisis.

The day following Billy was to entertain Mabel Worden and her mother at dinner, and it was upon the effect of this dinner that Billy and Mabel depended to remove the slight prejudice Mrs. Worden felt against men who painted instead of earning what to her was an honest living.

"Now, I'll have to call it off," said Billy, miserably, as the ambulance swung around the corner with the jaunty interne hanging from the rear.

"You can't exactly call me a Jap," laughed Bert, as he stretched his six feet on the sofa, "but Miss Worden does not know me, and with the tan from the yachting cruise last week still on my face, I might pass for a mulatto. We can tell it for a joke afterward."

And Billy blessed him. Clarges was as good a cook as he was an architect, and the dinner he prepared was a triumph. Billy, taking advantage of a lull in the courses, slipped out into the tiny kitchen to congratulate him upon it.

"That's all right, old man," Bert answered, "but do you happen to know that the guest they brought with them is an old schoolmate of mine? I should hate to have her think that I had fallen to this."

Billy gave a grin that was more grateful than sympathy. "I'm fixed," he announced importantly. "Mrs. Worden whispered to me after the salad that she thought artists were Bohemians, but after such a demonstration of my love of home life she was perfectly willing to trust her daughter to my care."

Billy, all unknowing had given rein to fancy and told wild tales of unfortunate club men he had known who had turned their culinary skill to good use. Now he saw the mistake he had made.

He smoked his after-dinner cigar in the parlor, with Mabel sitting happily on one side and Mrs. Worden on the other, engrossed with their talk of the future. They did not notice that Marion had slipped away.

She went straight back to the dining room. Bert was just clearing up the table; there would be a light supper, perhaps, if they could be induced to stay late enough for chafing dishes, and he wanted to leave things in good shape.

"I knew you the moment I saw you," said Marion simply, as she held out her hand.

"She gave a little cry. 'Don't!' she said, in a voice wrung with anguish. 'Don't tell me that I brought you to this through my selfishness and pride.'"

"Your pride?" he said quickly, "what had your pride to do with it?" "Couldn't you guess," she wailed. "Don't you know how they talk in a small town: They said I was trying to marry you for your money. That was why I told you 'No' twice."

"I can tell you now," she said proudly. "Father was not ruined. Most of the money the lawyers got back for us. Now that I am rich and you—you—"

"And you can't be accused of marrying me for my money?" he helped her out.

"That's it," she said eagerly. "Now that you have been brought to this, I can say fearlessly that I love you and ask you to marry me."

"I may as well tell you," he said seriously, "that it was another woman who brought me to this."

She drew herself up, tall and straight. "Come, I will show you her picture." With a compelling arm on her shoulders he led her into the stuffy kitchen and up to a cheap tynpint in its primrose colored mat. "There she is," he said simply.

Marion gave a horrified cry. "It's a darkey," she gasped. "It's our cook," he explained solemnly. "They took her to the hospital yesterday. Forgive me, dear, I only meant to tease."

Mrs. Worden gasped when they found her with the cook's arm about her and her fluffy head upon his breast, but she did not withdraw her consent to Billy's engagement because she had sought to deceive her.

Chloe's teeth have been gold-plated now with the 14-karat metal, and only the dentist's flat refusal has prevented them from being engraved, "In grateful appreciation." Bert declares that there should be some such inscription.

Word from Brer Williams.

"Some folks sez de devil is a gentleman," said Brother Williams. "I ain't so sho' 'bout dat; but one thing I knows fer sartin, en dat is he sho' is hot stuff!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Wanted It at Once.

"I disown you," cried the angry parent; "I shall cut you off with a shilling!" "Yes, sir," replied the erring son meekly, "and might I have that shilling now?"—Life.

Exchanging Confidences

Dingwall did not sit down when he was shown into the reception room because he heard unmistakable girlish giggles, seemingly from the adjoining room. He knew that those giggles could proceed from none other than Miss Barlow and Miss Barlow's friend from New Orleans, Miss Kusnemet. He had never seen Miss Kusnemet, but Miss Barlow had called him up on the phone and told him that she had arrived. Well, the girls would probably be in directly. It was not worth while sitting down.

Dingwall walked about the room and assured himself by means of the mantel mirror that his tie was straight and the parting of his hair unruffled. Still nobody came and still the giggling in the next room continued.

Dingwall stepped on tiptoe into the hall and listened. The girls were talking and quite unrestrainedly—of him, no doubt. Such was the way of girls. But why did they linger? Perhaps the friend was making a few finishing touches to her toilet in his honor.

Another burst of laughter came from the back room. Dingwall's curiosity was excited. He tiptoed to the door.

"He doesn't like to be kept waiting," he heard Miss Barlow say. "I don't," thought Dingwall. "But how did she know it? I've always tried to look pleasant."

"But I don't believe in humoring him too much," the young woman continued. "I wish you could see him this very instant."

"I guess she can make out to wait a few minutes," thought Dingwall. "I know you'll just love him." "I'm sure I will," said the friend's voice. "What color are his eyes?"

"A dark, liquid soulful brown," replied Miss Barlow. "He looks at me sometimes with a sort of sad, dumb, worship in them—as if he wanted to tell me something and it was breaking his heart because he couldn't."

"And I never thought she so much as gossiped at my feelings," thought Dingwall. "By Jove, these girls are pretty foxy!"

"Mine has black eyes," said the friend. "He has that same look in them, though."

There was a slight noise in the hall and Dingwall dodged back with a wildly beating heart and a flushed face.

He smiled at himself in the mirror a moment later and winked triumphantly.

"This is mighty interesting," he said. "I don't believe that was any one coming. I think I'll go back."

"He's well bred," Miss Barlow was saying. A perfect little gentleman." Dingwall's chest went out.

"I wanted to hug him the very first time I saw him. It was a case of love at first sight."

A heavenly radiance overspread Dingwall's countenance.

"But he's the most conceited little beast that ever—"

An unmistakable approaching footstep this time. Dingwall darted back into the reception room, where he stood in a whirl of conflicting emotions.

It was altogether beyond him. To confess her love in one breath and in the next to make an absolutely unjust accusation and in the most contemptuous terms! Here was a nice dose of bitter in the honey he had been swallowing with such avidity. One thing seemed certain—he could never meet that girl again. Henceforth she was nothing to him.

He was starting for the door when Mrs. Barlow entered. She seemed surprised to see the young man alone.

"Why, where are the girls?" she asked. "I imagine they are in the next room," answered Dingwall. "I—I hear them talking."

"Then Gretta can't have told them that you were here. Girls," she cried, raising her voice, "Mr. Dingwall is here, Flora!"

Miss Barlow and her friend came in. Dingwall went through the ceremony of introduction to the friend with rigid politeness. His greeting of Miss Barlow was similarly cold. There should be no dumb adoration in his eyes now, at least, he determined. Naturally the change in his manner embarrassed the young woman. It was rather awkward all around for some minutes. Miss Kusnemet dispelled the gloom at last.

"Flora has been telling me about her dear little dog, Cripps," she said, addressing Mrs. Barlow. "She said, addressing Mrs. Barlow. 'She says he does everything but talk. I tell her I don't believe he's as sweet and affectionate as my little spaniel, Mazarin. We've been having quite a doggy discussion.'"

Then a light dawned on Dingwall and he began to make himself agreeable.

Crime in Boston.

Judge—You say the prisoner held you up on the Common. What were his exact words to you? Complainant—He said: "I am compelled to request you to kindly elevate your digital extremities." Judge—Prisoner, you are sentenced to six months for highway robbery, and to twenty years for splitting an infinitive.—Boston Transcript.

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