

## THE LAND OF MAKE BELIEVE.

Let us let the little children have the legends and the rest; let them keep the glad illusions of the years that are the best; let them know the joyous fancies of the mystic fairyland; and the wonderful enchantments only they can understand—For the years are coming to them when they'll sigh, and softly groan; that they left the realm of childhood in the Land of Make Believe.

In the Land of Make Believe there is a vine that meets the sky, and Jack goes up and down it—we have seen him, you and I. There's a winding path that leads us to the bushes of the wood, and a many times we've trod it with the quaint Red Ridinghood; there's a frowning cliff surmounted by a castle grim and grim, and old Bluebeard lurks within it—you know how we peered at him!

In the Land of Make Believe we used to ramble up and down the playing of the Piper in the streets of Hamelin town; and we saw the fairy mother make the horses rear and prance when we rode with Cinderella to the palace for the dance; and of evenings, you remember how we saw some one go by, and we knew it was the Sandman, come to shut each blinking eye!

All the others—how we loved them! How they used to come and play till at last they sent a message that they'd come no more, one day. For they had to leave us lonely with our broken dreams and toys while they staid behind in childhood with the little girls and boys. Let us let the children have them, ere the years come when they grieve that they ever found the highway from the Land of Make Believe!

W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

## The Architect Burglar.

No one who had happened to observe the figure of Mr. Bromley Brown wandering round his garden on a certain mild April morning would have imagined him to be suffering from an acute sense of regret for his wasted opportunities.

From the top of his bald head to the toes of his shiny boots he might have stood for a model of middle class prosperity. His gray suit, if it accentuated the round proportions of his figure, was of fashionable cut, and he held a Panama hat of finest straw in the square hand on which a diamond glittered in the spring sunshine. Behind the terrace, over which figures of impossible animals in stone kept watch at each corner, stood his new and elaborately furnished bungalow, aggressive and much decorated. Mr. Bromley Brown's room in the tower overlooked a stretch of pine woods—a small lake, which shone with steely brightness under a fringe of larches, and a far-away range of rising ground. He did not often glance at the view, but it pleased him to know that it was undeniably finer than even that commanded from the window of his neighbor, General Compton, whose family had owned acres of surrounding heath and firs for generations past.

Mr. Brown took one last stroll on the lawn, and as he slowly ascended the steps of the terrace, the parlor maid laid the newspapers on a table outside a bow window. A girl's figure leaned out, and a young voice called to him:

"Why do you look so solemn, papa, dear? What a perfect day it is! Warm and sunny enough for June!"

"The lines on Mr. Bromley Brown's face relaxed."

"I was thinking," he said, impressively, "of how very little material comfort signifies, and how few of us are satisfied."

"I don't in the least agree with you there, dear," said Valentine, who was eminently practical.

"I have built this bungalow," continued Mr. Bromley Brown, "as a place to rest in after a life spent in the dustiest of all occupations—money making. But I am aware that thousands of men would both have enjoyed the occupation and welcomed the peace of this beautiful spot. I do neither. I was destined by nature for something widely different."

"You say that because you have done nothing lately but read those foolish novels,"—here she pointed a small, scornful finger at a book lying open on the table—"since you had influenza, papa, dear."

"I beg your pardon, Valentine—I know I may not look it, but since my earliest days, as I have often told you, I have had a curious, wild craving for adventure, for some excitement outside the deadly routine of a business life. It is hard," and Mr. Bromley Brown raised his voice in querulous expostulation, "that here I am, a man who has made a considerable fortune in a special cough lozenge, but who, all through his boyhood, has vainly wished to be a pirate, and who now—he waved his hand in the direction of the bungalow, then toward the smooth lawn, "would most gladly give all this luxury to be a successful detective."

Valentine laughed, and leaned still further out of the window. She, for her part, was absolutely satisfied with the fair face worn by the world around her. She watched a fat blackbird as he shuffled along by the golden border of daffodils—she rejoiced to know that the air was musical with the voices of larks, to see that the sun glittered on the pool below General Compton's house and turned its casements into twinkling diamonds. A man went slowly down the green drive by the pool, his arm swaying to and fro as he sowed grass seeds. The earth seemed to sing a song of renewal and hope, of love and sunshine. How good it was only to breathe and to live! Other people might have thought that life would be none the less pleasant to Valentine because her eyes were large and gray, and her cheeks rosy like the bloom on the boughs of a cherry tree. But she did not take much account of those advantages, nor of the fact that she was the only child of the prosperous house of Bromley Brown.

Her father took off his gold-rimmed glasses and laid down his newspaper. "That this is most curious!" said he. "What a splendid chance if one could only light upon him—the plausible scoundrel! The shrewd young villain!"

Valentine turned her gray eyes on his shining crimson face.

"Listen to me—Val," he cried, "you remember the general told us last

week that the Mumbys and the Jellicoes had both had their pantry windows forced open?"

"Did he? I don't think I was listening."

"The Mumbys lost a lot of plated things—I know that he keeps his silver in the bank, and lets his friends use those horrible thick spoons—and poor old Jellicoe had that hideous centrepiece, given him by the cricket club, taken. Now it transpires that in all probability the burglar, or the moving spirit of the gang, is a young man who has been sketching houses in the neighborhood. He professes to make architectural drawings, and by so doing finds out all manner of details."

"That is certainly very original."

"Original, I should think so. Infernally sharp, I call it." Mr. Bromley Brown here proceeded to read aloud an extract from the newspaper.

"The 'architect-burglar,' for by this sobriquet this accomplished criminal is now known, has been seen, it is believed, not long ago in this neighborhood, although probably he is now many miles away from the scene of his late exploits. He is described as a young man of gentlemanlike and military appearance, with fair hair and mustache, and wearing clothes of fashionable make."

Mr. Bromley Brown was soon absorbed in meditation. He pictured himself, resolute, terrible, cunning, bounding down this distinguished criminal, bringing him to justice—afterward, in court, replying with telling sarcasm to the cross-examination of the prisoner's counsel, and, lastly, complimented by the judge on the lucid, admirable way in which he had given his evidence. Life was no longer sordid and prosaic; it was palpitating with romance. He fell asleep to the accompaniment of the lark's song, and dreamed that he was the chief of police in Russia. Waking up with a start, he heard the clock strike 12.

"Gracious me!" he cried aloud. With his waking eyes he still seemed to see the female Nihilist of his vision, pointing a revolver at his head. He stretched himself and walked sadly across the lawn toward the hedge that bounded his garden. Below him was the ribbon of white road, pine bordered. Mr. Bromley Brown started, but much more violently this time. Then he rubbed his face and eyes with his handkerchief and uttered a low exclamation.

A few yards away in the road he saw the figure of a young man, tall, fair, yes, and of unmistakably soldierly appearance! And he was sketching. A thrill ran down Mr. Brown's spine. He might not be the chief of the Russian police, but he was not on the eve of a discovery, an adventure, the possible player in a great and dramatic case? He coughed and unlocked the gate leading to the road. In one moment his mind had been made up. He would invite this young man, obviously no other than the architect-burglar, with friendly greeting, into his house. A hurried word to the coachman would send him, on swift feet, for two of the local police. Another messenger would hasten to General Compton, the sternest of county magistrates, and he would arrive in time to be a witness of the disclosure of a notorious criminal, and of the ingenuously and promptly of his old friend Brown. Meanwhile the young man had looked up smilingly. In answer to the remarks of the old gentleman by the hedge he said that he had come a considerable distance—that and this with a very pleasant laugh—well, yes, he was thirty, and that there would be plenty of time to finish his sketch after luncheon, and that he thought it a most kind suggestion of his questioner to invite him to have some.

Mr. Bromley Brown, whose cheek had now lost much of its usual ruddiness, walked with set lips and a curious enigmatic expression on his face up the stone steps on to the terrace, and the young man, smiling and unconcerned, followed him into the drawing room. For one instant Mr. Brown glanced nervously at a silver box and candlestick on Valentine's writing table. Then, murmuring an excuse, he ran, panting, to the stables; in a choking voice dispatched the astonished coachman for the police, and a helper, with an impressive message scribbled on a card, to General Compton. On his return he found the architect-burglar laughing over a favorite book of Valentine's the "Diary of a Nobody"—and they two talked. Mr. Brown, for his part, with a curious absent-mindedness, of books and different forms of humor. The parlor maid interrupted them to say that some cold meat was ready, and the two men adjourned to the dining room. The guest

seemed duly grateful for a whiskey and soda.

"That's a beautiful old cup," he remarked, pointing to a piece of silver of Queen Anne date in the middle of the table.

Mr. Bromley Brown's expression of mingled triumph and sarcasm passed unnoticed by the cheerful young visitor, who talked for some time with intelligence and knowledge on the subject of old plate. Mr. Brown was becoming so agitated that he began to walk up and down the room.

"And these are lovely spoons," observed the architect-burglar, with approving coolness. The clock struck one—and he rose quickly to his feet.

"Thank you a thousand times for your hospitality," he said, pleasantly. "I am afraid I must be off. You see I am sketching for duty, not pleasure."

Mr. Brown gazed at him aghast, but not without admiration. He felt that this must indeed be one of the most remarkable criminals now at large.

"Don't hurry—pray," he said, nervously. "Have a glass of green Chartreuse."

"You are too kind," said his guest.

There was a sound of steps at the door, and a voice outside, which sounded like a word of command, said:

"Where is the man?"

The door was flung open, and a tall, soldierly figure stepped quickly into the dining room.

"Well, Brown, what's all this about?" General Compton, young and alert for his years, stared at his friend with a pair of very keen eyes under white eyebrows. "You told me it was some very urgent business," continued the general. Then his eyes fell on the young man by the further window.

"Bless my soul, Estcourt! I didn't see it was you in the corner."

"Yes, and how are you, general?" said the young man, advancing, with a cordial smile.

Mr. Bromley Brown felt a sudden cold perspiration on his forehead. He was entirely unable to utter a word.

"Mr.—Mr.," said the young man—"was so kind as to ask me to have a whiskey and soda. It is so wonderfully hot for April, and I've been out doing this blessed topography for the last four hours."

"Ah! then you don't know each other?" said the general. "Brown, this is Lord Estcourt, son of my old friend whom I have often talked about, you know. He is working like a nigger at the college, and the speaker pointing toward a distant view of a large white building miles away beyond the grove of pines. 'Estcourt, this is Mr. Bromley Brown, one of my best neighbors.'"

Mr. Brown felt as if some one had struck him a violent blow on the head. He was giddy as he stiffly extended an icy hand toward the young man.

"Papa! papa!" A fresh young voice came echoing from the garden, and in another moment a young girl ran into the room. Lord Estcourt was just recalling to mind a well known advertisement:

"Bromley Brown's Cough Lozenges are the Best! They will cure a cough of long standing, arising from no matter what cause," but the girl's face caught his attention. It was fair and flushed, and the large gray eyes shone starglike under her broad black hat.

"Papa, there are two policemen here! They say they have come for some one—what does it mean?"

"Oh, only about the chickens that were stolen, my dear," said her father, miserably.

"But there are no chickens! You know you said you wouldn't have any, because you said they spoil the garden."

"Did I say chickens?" Mr. Bromley Brown's dreary expression was that of a victim being led to execution. "Of course I meant the forced strawberries. Valentine, my dear!"

The young man was still gazing at the lovely, puzzled face of his host's daughter.

"Your father has been so kind to me, Miss Brown," said he. "I am struggling over military drawing, and in daily terror of being plowed. But this morning I am going back to work invigorated and rested, and full of courage!"

She blushed as her eyes met his smiling blue ones.

"Oh! You are studying at the college?"

"Yes—I wonder—would you and your father care to come over and see it some day?"

"Oh! that would be delightful, papa, dear, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed it would." Mr. Brown was still feeling half paralyzed.

"Goodby, Estcourt, my boy," said General Compton. "I have got to have a word now with Brown on some most important business about which I came down."

Lord Estcourt drew a little nearer to Valentine.

"You will drive over very soon, then, Miss Brown?"

"Thank you—I am sure we shall enjoy it ever so much!"

"Then we won't say goodby, I think," said he, as he took her hand.—The King.

Watch the Mustache.

A late lad among women is the reading of male character by observations at not too close range of the mustaches of their masculine acquaintances. It is held that when the mustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of self-control. When it is straight and orderly, the reverse is the case. If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the mustache there is a tendency to ambition, vanity and display. When the curl turns upward there is geniality. When the inclination is downward there is a more serene tone of mind, not unaccompanied with gloom.—Detroit News.



The Old-Fashioned Boy.  
He has dimples,—laughter-wells,  
And his ears are pretty shells!  
He will very rarely cry;  
Smiles are shining in his eye!  
He is just as full of fun  
As a kitten in the sun!  
On his head a ribboned curl  
Makes him look 'most like a girl!  
What a blessing and a joy  
Is my fat, old-fashioned boy!  
—Chicago Register.

## Lion.

Lion is a big black dog, whose master sends him to the postoffice for his letters. When the clerk sees the shaggy head at the window he puts the letters and paper in Lion's mouth, and away he trots, never losing a bit of it. One day, when coming home from the office, he saw a piece of cake on the sidewalk. Now Lion is very fond of cake, and he was hungry; but, if he put the letters down some one might run off with them, for it was on a busy street. The shaggy head was still for a minute, as if thinking, when, dropping the letters carefully on the sidewalk, he placed one big black paw on them, and then ate the cake as if he enjoyed it.—Light of Truth.

## "Diogenes the Wise."

With all his faults the old philosopher of Athens was often called "Diogenes the Wise." Whether his wisdom was really so great as to deserve that title may be doubted. But his worst faults seem to have been good qualities carried to excess. In opposing too much luxury, he cut himself off from the comforts of life! In his eagerness to make life simple, he lost sight of its gentleness; he was saving at the expense of neatness, truthfulness and even to rudeness. One would say that he showed signs of tenderness and even refinement, which proved that the grain was not entirely coarse, and which made us wonder at an age that could produce two men so wise and yet so different as Diogenes the rude, "walking philosopher" of his time, and Plato, the polished and aristocratic gentleman.—St. Nicholas.

## Which Are You?

Two boys went to gather grapes. One was happy because they found grapes. The other was unhappy because the grapes had seeds in them.

Two men, being conversant, were asked how they were. One said, "I am better today." The other said, "I was worse yesterday."

When it rains one man says, "This will make mud;" another, "This will lay the dust."

Two boys examined a bush. One observed that it had a thorn; the other that it had a rose.

Two children looking through colored glasses, one said, "The world is blue;" and the other said, "It is bright."

Two boys having a bee, one got honey, the other got stung. The first called it a honey bee, the other a stinging bee.

"I am glad that I live," says one man. "I am sorry I must die," says another.

"I am glad," says one, "that it is no worse." "I am sorry," says another, "that it is no better."

One says, "Our good is mixed with evil." Another says, "Our evil is mixed with good."—Christian Register.

## Conundrums.

What is the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark? One was made of gopher wood and the other Maid of Orleans.

What is the difference between a chicken with one wing and one with two? A difference of (a) o-pinion.

What is the greatest thing to take before singing? Breath.

Why is Cupid a poor marksman? He is always making Mrs. (misses).

Why do most girls like ribbons? They think the beaux becoming.

Why is a blacksmith's apron like an unpopular girl? It keeps the sparks off.

Why are girls good postoffice clerks? Because they understand mangling the cards.

What animals are admitted to the opera? White kids.

When is a girl like a mirror? When she is a good looking (g) lass.

When is a schoolmaster like a man with one eye? When he has a vacancy for a pupil.

In what key should a declaration of love be made? Be mine ah! (E minor).

Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relatives? Because they are only slightly connected.

Why can the world never come to an end? Because it is round.

## First Impressions.

"Hurry up, mother! They close the doors when it is 9 o'clock, you know." It was his first day at school, and the little lad could scarcely await the moment for departure. His constant chatter showed his fear of being late. But at last the hour arrived, and he was shown into a large room where there were many children. His eyes opened wider and wider, but he did not have a word to say; his time was all taken up with just looking. Presently he found that his mother was kissing him, and telling him to be a good boy. Then a strange young lady

standing near took him in charge. Where was mother going? What was this strange woman going to do with him? His eyes, as he looked at his mother, wore an expression at once scared and pleading.

But he remembered that father had told him to be his solid little man, and not let all the children think he was a baby. So he bravely swallowed that funny lump in his throat, which somehow made his voice sound so odd and queer as he said to his mother, "Good by, mother! Be sure and come for me at noon."

Thus began his first school day. He was placed on a hard little seat behind a tiny desk, and for a time he felt that if he moved a finger something awful would happen; but soon he saw that things were taking place around him, and he raised his head. He looked at the other boys, front, back and all around, and presently he saw one boy stand up and say, "C-a-t." Then another boy stood up and said, "B-o-y." Was that all they learned at school? Why, he knew how to spell those words long ago! He thought he was going to learn something new. His heart swelled with all the importance of his seven years, and he could scarcely sit still until he was given a chance to show them how easy he could spell and count all that they were spelling and counting.

Then when 12 o'clock came and he marched with the others like little soldiers to the street, this little lad looked eagerly for a face that he was sure would be waiting. With one little scream he fairly flew to her, and clasping his arms round her neck, said: "Mother, this is such a funny school! They didn't teach us anything new at all. The teacher just told the boys how to spell cat and pig and hen. But I showed her I could do much better than that."

"Well, what did my little boy say when the teacher asked him to spell?" "Why, she wanted me to spell cow, but I just got up and said, 'M-l-l-s-l-l-s-l-l-p-p-l.'"—Youth's Companion.

## Animals That Swim.

There is hardly an animal known that cannot swim. Most animals are perfectly ready to swim when necessary, and will cross deep water by swimming rather than to go around it. Some animals swim only when the greatest necessity drives them to it.

Birds, on the other hand, cannot swim unless they are water fowl. Every one knows how miserably chickens perish in water. Song birds are equally helpless. Even the waders drown in deep water.

It is a common belief that pigs cannot swim, or, rather, that, although they cannot swim, they will "cut their throats" with their front hoofs in the struggle.

As a matter of fact the domestic pig is not a willing swimmer, and will take to the water only in the most serious emergency. But the wild boar swims readily, and takes to the water invariably if hunted in a direction that leads to it.

The domestic cat is a very good and swift swimmer, despite her objection to water. In an experiment made by the writer, a cat beat a water spaniel. Both were thrown overboard a measured quarter of a mile from shore, and the cat got in first.

The cat's superior speed was not due to her fear of the water, for she was one of those rare cats that go in voluntarily. The dog was fully as anxious to reach shore as the cat, for he was frantic with eagerness to get to his master who stood on the land.

The cat in question belonged to me when I opened a fishing camp on a marsh island in the middle of one of the big salt water bays on the south shore of Long Island. She was a great, ugly black cat, and as she had been born on the marsh, she was accustomed to the water from the beginning.

When she was still a tiny kitten, she needed to amuse us and our visitors by lying close to the water and making swift dashes with her claws at the little minnows that flashed past.

Finally, one day, we were surprised to find her standing in the water. She had waded out so far that only her shoulders and head were above the surface and there she stood fishing. For a long time she did not move a muscle. Then suddenly she made a quick motion with her left fore claws and backed out of the water with a little blackfish.

From that day on it became unnecessary to feed the cat. She hunted for her own food regularly and for several years she ate absolutely nothing but fish, except in winter.

She became so greedy for fish that she would leap into boats as soon as they came alongside and steal the first fish that she could seize. Finally it became customary for the fishermen to anchor their boats in front of the camp and wade ashore to prevent the thief from getting any of their catch.

As the beach was shelving, the boats often were anchored 200 feet out from shore. One day I saw something move in one of the boats and then I saw our black cat climb furiously out of the bow with a fish in her mouth. She slipped gently into the water and swam ashore with her spoil.

After that she made a regular practice of swimming out to boats until she became a nuisance. Her sins were made worse by the fact that, although she would stand in the water patiently for hours waiting for a fish, she refused absolutely to catch the white rats with which the creek was infested.

So there was no grief among us when a stranger seeing the cat swim across the creek one day imagined that she was some curious sea creature and shot her dead.—San Francisco Chronicle.

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## Bird Vengeance.

A naturalist recently witnessed an encounter between a large swan and a little brown duck. The duck had apparently insulted the swan by trying to cross its path, for it was suddenly seized by the swan and held under the water until he was sure it would be drowned. But at last the swan let it go and sailed majestically away. But the duck, after taking a breath, looked round to see where his enemy was, and seeing it rose into the air and deliberately came down, flapping its wings, on the astonished swan's back. The swan fled in terror, and the duck, apparently satisfied, quietly swam away.

Greatest Wireless Station.

It is rumored that the government will erect the greatest wireless telegraph station in the world at Cape Henry. The principal use of the station will be to communicate with war vessels at sea, Tampa, Key West and Dry Tortugas 200 nautical yards. The poles will be 200 feet high.

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