Ehould grasses wave and roses bloom Ehould be addeded for love of me, and the second second for love of me, and the second for love of the seco

"UNC' P'TROOSHO."

"Wha' fo' dey calls me Petah P'troosho? Ain' yo' nebah year dat?

"Marse Gawge gub me dat name, down in Faginny, endu'in wah time. Marse Gawge gre't man ter gib we all noo names. I had mo'n 'leben, I guess, on'y P'troosho de on'y one 'sides Petah dat stick ter me. W'en Miss Alice gub me suit er Marse Gawge's clo'es, wid red necktie an plug hat, Marse Gawge he laff an say he gotter call me Boobrumm'l, and so he do fo' long time eb'ry day I dress up. Den, one time w'en I gwine to mill, de ol hosses dey git scart an run plumb ter mill an back ergin; an atter dat, eb'ry time Marse Gawge see me wid de bay team, he hollah, 'Hullo, Gilpfing'. "Nodah time, w'en I bin fussia aroun in de garrit, I foun er ol muff, wha' ol miss done frow erway, an ax Miss Alice kin I hab 'm, case it jes' de ting w'en I hatter go set b' Pomp, de dribah, on col days w'en Marse Gawge an Miss Alice go dribin. Miss Alice she say I kin, so nex' col day, w'en dey hatter go ter Marse Willie's, I war de muff. 'N Marse Gawge, he seen 'm, an say: 'Hullo, Rushinbow! W'en you come f'm France?

"But w'y he call me 'P'troosho?' I dunno, 'zackly, but Marse Gawge do.

lo, Rushinbow! W'en you come f'm France?

"But w'y he call me 'P'troosho?' I dunno, 'zackly, but Marse Gawge do. He k'm ter me one day, an say, 'Petah, whuffer yo' don' git merried ergin? Marse Gawge allus sayin tings right plumb out ter we all, jes' lak dat.

"An I say: 'Marse Gawge, I ain' speakin no names, but does yo' membah er suttin pusson dat am now gone erway f'm disher wale of teahs, an whatter mis'able tempah dat pusson had?' An do yo' membah dat w'en dat suttin pusson was libin, folkses dat libed wid her gotter stam roun? No, sah, I doesn't caffer any mo', tank yo', Marse Gawge. 'Sides, Fze ergettin too ol' fo' sich nonsensical tings.

"Marse Gawge he laff. 'W'y Petah,'

sensical tings."
"Marse Gawge he laff. 'W'y Petah,'
he say, 'yo' is on'y 'bout fifty. Yo'
young man yit. Now, me 'n Miss Alice
bin tinkin dat 'twould be nice ting ef
Cl'rindy 'n you'all 'd git married.
'Twould sorter mek it mo' c'nveeniunt,

Cirindy 'n you'all' d git married. Twould sorter mek it mo'chveeniunt, an all dat.'

"I'd dunno whatter say ter dat. Dat Clrindy was lady lookin an right smaht, but she got jes' sich a tempah as I done had 'speriunce wid. So I look 't Marse Gawge an say: 'Mh' Golly, chile, dat niggah wuss'n de odah one I done menshun. How yo' spose I kin stan dat?

"Marse Gawge he stop 'n tink fer w'ile. Den he say: 'Petah, I'ze 'feared yo' done let yersef' be hainpeck'. Lemme tell yo', Petah, dat de on'y way ter be boss am ter 'sert yo'se'f an don' let no woman mek yer stan roun lak Aunf Debby done. Dey was er man oncet whar name was P'troosho, an he right smaht man. Well, dey merry him ter gal wha' got mo' tempah 'n er settin hen. My, she war tur'ble! So P'troosho, w'en he git all hitch, 'gin ter train dat 'oman.

"'Ef she git mad he git mad, too, 'r 'tend dat he is, an he jes' raised eo! Nick 'wuss'n her. Ef she say it col day, he say she lie, dat de day am mis'ably wahm. Of he don' lak he dinner he tek 'n frow it on de floh an bre'k de dishes. He hollah at dat 'oman an boss' er roun an builyrag twell dat 'oman don' know 'er name. By 'm' by she git so dat w'en P'troosho tell' er in broad daylight dat de sun am de moon she b'liebe 'im, an willin ter sw'ar ter it. Ef he call 'Kate' she mos' bre'k 'er naik comin ter see whuffer he call.

"Now, Petah, dat's de way ter do ef

whuffer he call.

"Now, Petah, dat's de way ter do ef er fool 'oman ac' lak dat. In dat way yo' kin bre'k 'em ob deir tricks in 'bout

"I tought erwhile an mek up my min dat war gre't scheme, so I say ter Marse Gawge, 'Marse Gawge, ef yo' 'n Miss Alice sesso, I do dat an see how yo' plan

wuk."
"So wen Chris mus kim, me 'n Cl'rindy stan up in de pollah ob de big house, an de w'ite pashon merry us, same lak he done Murse Willie an Miss Blanche, an atter dat we all hab big time in de hall twell mos 'mawnin."

de doah, lookin mad. Pret' soon I say, 'Cl'rindy, whar mah bes' Sunday shuht wid ruffles on? Cl'rindy ans' back, reel shoht, she ain' see no sich shuht.

"Yo' ain'? I say. 'Onan, di'n 'I say ter yo' dat I wan' dat shuht ter w'ar on Sund'y, an di'n 'yo 'say yo' ten ter it? Tell me dat, will yo'?

"But she ain' say nuffin 'tall. She jes' set an star' outen de doah, jes' lak I ain' dar.

"Pen I say 'Look yoon yo' yallor."

Tell me dat, will yo?

"But she ain' say nuffin 'tall. She jes' set an star' outen de doah, jes' lak I ain' dar.

"Den I say, 'Look yere, yo' yaller numskull, ef yo' don' tuhn roun yere an ans' me quick, I tekn' shek yo' twell dem ol teef rattle outen yo' haid!

"Den she jump up quick, an kim at me. 'Wha' dat yo' say, yo brack niggah? Wha' dat? Talk ter me 'bout shekkin folk, will yo?

"Mistah, is you ebah see er reel mad 'oman! I 'gin ter git sear't, dat Cl'rindy look so mad, an w'en she git so close ter me I put out mah han ter push' er 'way fm me.

"Dat 'oman reach out and grab me wid bofe han's by de naik, an ef she din' shek me twell mos' all my teef drap out, I hope ter die. Den she hit me slambang wid her fis' er couple times, an biff me all ober de house, an lann me jes' tur'ble. Ki! but dat 'oman war pow'ful strong!

"W'en she git froo she say, 'Look yere, ol man, I hatter stan 'buse fm Tawm, but I ain' gotter stan none fm you. Don' yo' disr'membah dat, niggah.' An she look lak 'er mad all ober wid, but I ain' wai' ter find out. I jes' git outen de house an inter de yahd.

"Marse Gawge kim round inter de back yahd jes' den. 'Hullo, Ptroosho,' he say, 'is yo' bin tamin dat shoe! Yo' look lak you' bin fightin win'mills.'

"Marse Gawge, I say, 'I ain' bin doin nuffin wid no sh'nmills, an I ain' bin doin nuffin wid no shoes. I jes' hatter gib dat yaller niggah wench er less'n, an she ain' tek ter it, nohow. Dat P'troosho way mout wu'k wid w'ite folks, but w'en er fool niggah try' mon 'nodah fool niggah de debbil am ter pay.'

"Marse Gawge mos die fin laifin. Den he say, 'No, Petah, yo' don' look lak yo' made er gre't s'ccess ob it.'

"An autograph fiend from New York An autograph fiend from New York

mance.

A Valuable Autograph.

An autograph fiend from New York was recently visiting a friend in Detroit, and naturally he brought his album along, and he also talked much on autographs, their rarity, value, etc.

"Well," said the Detroit man one day, after a list of high priced autographs had been shown him, "your figures are not in it with one I saw here some years ago."

not in it with one I saw here some years ago."

'Whose was it?" asked the friend with much interest.

"A gentleman's. living here at the time, but now dead."

"What did it bring?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars,"

"Aw, come off. I know autographs, and I know one never sold for such sum."

"Just the same I tell you this one did."

"Who paid for it?"

did."
"Who paid for it?"
"One of the banks in the city. It was on a check, and the same autograph would have brought a million, net, if the gentleman had happened to want that much for it."

After that the fiend put his album in his trunk and left it there.—Detroit Free Press.

Press.

Two Remarkable Epitaphs.

The two most remarkable epitaphs in the United States are those of Daniel Barrow, formerly of Sacramento, and that of Hank Monk, Horace Greeley's stage driver. The former reads as follows: "Here is laid Daniel Barrow, who was born in Sorrow and Borrowed little from nature except his name, and his love to mankind, and his hatred for redskins. Who was nevertheless a gentleman and a dead shot, who through a long life never killed his man except in self defense or by accident, and who, when he at last went under beneath the bullets of his cowardly enemies in Jeff Morris' sale a, did so in the sure and certain hope of a glorious and everlasting morrow."

Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Sa-

ing morrow."

Hank Monk's epitaph reads thus: "Sa-cred to the memory of Hank Monk, the whitest, biggest hearted and best known stage driver of the west, who was kind to all and thought ill of none. He lived in a strange era and was a hero, and the wheels of his coach are now ringing on the golden streets."—St. Louis Republic.

Temperature for Growing Mushrooms.
The mushroom in American pastures seldom starts into growth before the end of August or September, when the temperature of the soil has reached about 60 degs.; hence this is taken as the temperature which the cultivator of the mushroom ought to endeavor to maintain in order to successfully grow this vegetable. A very experienced cultivator, however, states that he has found this temperature to be rather too high in growing the mushroom in houses prepared for the purpose. He finds that he has much better success with an even temperature of 55 than 60 degs.—Mechan's Monthly. and the with pashon merry us, same lake he done Marse Willie art Miss Blanch, an atter dat we all hab big time in de hall twell mos' mawnim."

"I had or house back b' de cookhouse, whar me in Debby done lib fer mos' twenty year, an me 'n Cl'rindy we mobed in dar. Marse Gawge done gub us new cheers an table an stobe, an Miss Alice she let us hab new cyarpet, wha's me in the she don' want in up stails hall no mo'; so we all was fixed up right smaht.

"Cl'rindy war jes' sweet's p'simmons fo mo'n er week. Den one day she git outer de baid wrong way, an we'n I look 'ther I know dat 'omen is mad. I di'n lak dat, ca'se I hab my min all mek up dat w'en she 'gind at mad b'sniss she got ter hab less'n, an I don' lak ter gub it ter her. But I don' say nuffin, on' yen tay my min ter let 'er go twell she git tassy, den shek 'er off nd talt high hose.

"Wen we waitin on table at dimanh, Marse Gawge he kin see dat Cl'rindy and bot, an he wink at me, lak dis. Atter timer, we'n he cotch me erlone, he say it transacting official business—they are lost to show nuffin bout no shoe.

"Den Marse Gawge laff some mo', an any, 'I din' say no shoe, Petah, I mean, is yo' had ter 'gin Cl'rindy's less'na yi? I kin see she mad wid someting."

"I tell 'im I ain' staht trainin yit, but it look lak I hab ter right quick.

"Petah, 'Marse Gawge say reel solum, 'don' was' en of time in disher 'flath, De moment de trubble stahts in yo' staht in too.' An I say I will. But degin and the propose of them being of huge dimensions. The most bulky of his works contains; she well have been confessed, and the three's no hin excrbitable will have been confessed, and the heart of 38 works.

The mushroom in Auncie of Brown the few the method way and search and to Gogs; hence this is taken as the temperature of the sell has have the seed one pub and the

GEMS IN VERSE.

Chime fainty far from out the white church spire These evening bells; slow move the creaking Down purple glens ablaze with sunset fire, And low necked kine trudge home through thick leafed lanes. Sweet vale, the only sword now there that's seen

seen
Is the moon's scimiter in skies serene.

—James S. Sullivan.

Forever.
Two little streamlets leaped and flowed
And sang their songs together;
They felt alike the summer rays
and by either the stormweather;
They felt alike the summer rays
and by either the stormweather;
And the storm the song birds wood
Their bright reflections there.
And on and on and on they danced,
Each leaping toward the river,
And then they met to kiss and part
Forever and forever.

Forever and forever.

Two human lives, two kindred hearts,
By destiny's decree.
By destiny's decree.
Its deepest mystery.
They dreamed their morning dreams of hope
Through fair, unclouded weather;
They opened love's bewitching book
And read it through together;
They saw in one another's eyes
And from each other's lips they took
Love's ever ready kiss.

And from each cover ready kiss.

And then the fate that crushes all The sweetest pleasures here Turned hope's glad muste to a sigh, Its glory to a tear. It stepped between them. Ah, it mocked The love it could not kill! It bade them in its fury live And love and suffer still. They tried with outstretched hands to spa Fate's wide, unyielding "Never." The voice of destiny replied, "Forever and forever!" —Chambers' Journal.

All Saints.

Men may not mark them in the crowded ways.
The noisy world forgets to blame or praise
The poor in spirit, yet they pass along
Through silent paths and make them glad
with song
Theirs is the kindgdom where Love reigns su-

And Faith soars higher than the poet's dream
Wrapped in the sunlight of eternal day,
Blessed are they.

God knows the patient souls who do his will: The mourners who can suffer and be still. Waiting in silence for his healing balm; The meek, whose hands shall clasp the victor

The meek, whose nature sumpains:
palm:
The hungry ones, whom he alone can feed;
The merciful; the pure in heart and deed;
The peacemakers—of these I hear him say,
Blessed are they.

Father, we pray thee that thy light may shine Upon the world through every child of thinel Into the haunts of darkness and distress They come with all the power of blessedness. When thou hast called them to thy pure sphere.

sphere fragrance of their lives shall linger here, t through death's silence we shall hear the say, Blessed are they.
—Sarah Doudney

Finished.

Ask me not why I strive and strive in vain
To wake again the thrills of dead romance
To feel once more the pleasure or the pain;
To wake my heart from out its deathly
trance.

trance.

I only know my love lies cold and still;
No more it stirs at smile or tender tone.
I loved you once, but coldness love can kill—
Then blame me not that now you walk alone.
You swore you loved me in the days now dead,
And on that oath I gave you all you claimed.
Then for love you gave neglect instead;
So all my heart shrank back to me, ashamed

That for a stone its jewel had been given.
Then what seemed love to passing fancy fell,
And when I thought you ope'd the gates of
heaven
You only paved the downward path to hell.

Now go your way. Henceforth I cease to be
The loving woman whom you did not love.
The future's gulf lies broad twixt you and me
You pass from out my life. Have mere,
God above! —Jessie Lee Randolph.

A Hero.

He is a hero who when sorely tried Hath yet a firm control O'er all his passions as they strongly rise To battle with his soul.

The silent battle which the spirit fights, Warring against desires Unholy and impure, if right shall win To higher good inspires.

The soul that crucifies an evil thought, That keeps a guarded gate Of Christian love and brotherly good will Between his soul and hate,

Shall stand, in all his manliness and worth As mightier than he Who takes a city in his strength and pride Or boasteth yauntingly.

Or boastetn vauntingly.
The shield of purity when nobly worn,
Where faith has been confessed,
Is stronger than the cunning coat of mail
Upon a warrior's breast.
He is a here who to truth is true,
Though lowly and obscure.
Long after earthly honors fade away
His triumplis shall endure.
—Annie Wall

PAYING A DEBT OF KINDNESS.

An Intlian Brave Who Never Forgot the Mercy Shown His Band.

An Intiau Brave Who Never Forgot the Mercy Shown His Band.

About the middle of this century there was a terrible uprising among the Yucatan Indians. For a time they were able to wreak vengeance on their white conquerors, and their ferocity and cruelty were horrible. Even so dark a page of history as this, however, is not without its story of kindness and mercy between enemies. The town of Peto was so sittated in the Indian territory that it was laken by the Indians and recaptured by the whites many times. Once, when it was in the hands of its rightful owners, a number of Indian prisoners were held. Less cruel than the savages, the whites killed only in battle; they allowed their prisoners to live. But provisions became more and more scarce, and the Indians were left to die of hunger. One day Don Marcos Duarte, a wealthy inhabitant of the town, was passing the house where the Indians were and stopped, shocked at the sight of a miserable, emacated creature.

"What are you coing?" he asked.

the indians were and stopped, shocked at the sight of a miserable, emaciated creature.

"What are you coing?" he asked.

"I am eating my shoes, as you see," was the reply. "I am starving to death. For twelve days we have had almost no food. Most of my companions are dead and the days of the rest are numbered."

Don Marcos looked at the miserable survivors and said, "You and they shall live." and he sent them food every day and finally procured their freedom. Whatever were the rights of the question between Indians and whites in this case, human pity spoke first in his heart.

Some time later Peto was captured by the Indians, and the inhabitants were massacred. Don Marcos, with his wife and children, awaited death on their knees in prayer. They heard a party of savages approaching the house, and felt that the end had come.

The head of the band, however, stationed sentinels around the house and gave this order. "Not a hair of the head of this man or his family is to be touched, on pain of death."

gave this order. "Not a hair of the head of this man or his family is to be touched, on pain of death."

The family of Duarte was the only one that was spared. The Indian who had inspired the pity of Don Marcos was paying his debt.

Twenty years afterward in a successful uprising the Indians sacked a number of willages and country houses. They retreated loaded with spoil and dragging with them many household servants, of whom they intended to make slaves. The chief of the expedition asked one of them what was the name of his master.

naster.
"Don Marcos Duarte," he replied.
The chief immediately called a halt.
'How many men belong to Don Marcos?" he asked.

"How many men belong to Don Marcoss" he asked.

"Twenty-four," replied the man to whom he had spoken.

"Name them," said the chief.
Having collected the twenty-four men, he returned to them the spoil which had come from the Duarte house and said, "Go home, friend's: you are free." It was the Indian once more paying his debt.—Youth's Companion.

was the Indian once more paying his debt.—Youth's Companion.

Why She Reads the Last Chapter First.

"Of course I always read the last chapter of a novel first," admitted a young woman, "and I think it a very sensible plan. But I read such books in two different ways. I confess I read some trash. When I get a novel that I consider in this class I read the last chapter first. Then I read the next to the last chapter, and so on until I finish the first chapter. I find that the only way in which to enjoy such books. If I read it straight through from the beginning I would never be in doubt as to the ending. I have read so much of this light literature that I can always tell pretty well on reading the first chapter or two what the outcome of it will be.

"On the other hand, if I begin at the end my curiosity is aroused to a lively pitch. Here I have the unraveling of misunderstandings and the restoration to happiness of all the worthy people in the book. But I cannot tell how the doubts and differences came about. One can anticipate the close of such a novel near its beginning, but not its beginning near its close. So I read the chapters in reversed order with continued pleasure."

—New York Tribune.

New York Tribune.

Only a Score of White Rhinoceroses.
From a letter addressed to that renowned sportsman, Mr. Selous, it appears that that curious and rare animal, the white rhinoceros, has not yet gone the way of the dodo and the great bustard, though some have ventured to give Mr. Selous authority for saying that he is extinct. It is to the occupation of northern Mashonaland, which has kept the native hunters to the west of the Unmiati river, that this gentleman attributes the fact that in this part a few specimens still survive the constant persecution which in less than twenty yelfra has utterly exterminated them in every other portion of south central Africa. "There may yet," Mr. Selous adds, "be ten or even twenty of these animals left, but certainly not more, I think, than the latter number."—London News.

Where Crocodilies Are Found.

where Crocodiles Are Found.
Crocodiles are found in Africa, Asia, the tropical parts of Australia, Central America and the West Indies, while the alligators, with the exception of one species discovered some few years since in China, are found only in America. They are all of them terribly destructive creatures. The young feed principally on fish, but as they grow larger they attack every animal that they can overcome, dragging their prey into the water and so drowning it. It has been said that more people are killed by crocodiles than by any other of the wild beasts of Africa.—London Saturday Review.

Worms That Are Good to Eat.

The earthworms of Cape Colony, South Africa, specimens of which may be seen in any well regulated American college museum, have a maximum length of 6 feet 5 inches and are thick accordingly. When Mr. Meer and the other Dutch explorers first visited the Good Hope regions these slimy creatures were a regular article of diet.—St. Louis Republic.

A FORTUNATE THEFT.

A PATHETIC COURTROOM SCENE IN

Son, Daughter and Crandchile Make Up a Heartrending Sight—A Recognition That Brought Up Many Sad Recollections—A Brother's Love.

Recollections—A Brother's Love.

It was a veritable athlete of a baby. He had a carful for an audience that watched his antics with rapt attention. His round cheeks were nearly as red as the homely red hood enveloping his head. His dress was not much in the way of style, adornment or protection; his small toes were out of his red shoes, but he did not mind that; he rather liked it because of the freedom it gave him. He divided his time between looking around at the passengers and worrying his mother and grandmother, at intervals doing both at once as easily as one.

What was he on earth for? The blue eyes could find no answer in the passengers faces.

What was he on earth for? The bue eyes could find no answer in the passengers' faces.

His mother's eye pits were deep today and his fists fitted nicely into the cavities. He piled them vigorously for a moment. Then he pulled the mother's nose as if he would stretch it a little. He kicked at his mother and she smiled slightly. At this he uttered a scream and ran his fingers into his month. It was an unusual thing for grandmother to smile. She cannot remember ever having smiled before, it was so long ago since she had.

The mother looked thin—thin because she did not have enough to eat—and as if she hated all of the world save her baby. She did not mind the child's pounding. It was like striking herself in play. The little fellow was of her flesh, and had absorbed all of her strength. She cared not for her future if her baby could be provided for. She looked upon him as all her own. He was nothing of his father's. His father? They were going to see him.

"He's a smasher, ain't he?" the conductor said, stopping the car, and the least bit of pride showed itself in the mother's face as she descended the steps, the swing of the baby's weight throwing her almost prone upon the pavement.

They climbed the stairs, the three generations—child, mother, grandmother—into the courtroom. The judge was looking commonplace: the case before him was one of everyday occurrence. The first witness was called—the plaintiff, John Whiteside. Whiteside had been relieved of some few dollars in money. He was a countryman when he came to town to sell his produce—four handed, law obeying, shrewd. A thief should be jailed forever; hanging was none too good for him, he thought. He had a straightforward tale. The mother of the accused sat looking fixedly at the man on the stand; the young mother and wife wept; the baby threw its arms around its mamma's neck and screamed.

The lawyer for the accused made an objection without confidence, which was denied, and he sat down dejectedly. He was young, and paid for taking up the case in the experienc

"Don't you know me? I am your brother."

"John, John!" She drew away from him."

"Why didn't you write to us?"

"I was ashamed. I had nothing to tell only misery!"

"You killed your mother. She never smiled after that night."

"Let me go. No, no; save my boy. He is the only support we have."

"Since it is your first offense, and, I hope, your last one, I will be lenient," the judge was saying.

"Your honor, sir." The old man stood again within the rail. "There was a little misunderstanding. This boy is my nephew. I'll take him away from the city. I withdraw my charge, and I wish you would let him go free, your honor."

"I will!"

The accused put on his derby hat and slouched over where the little knot of relatives was gathered. He looked at his child, its mother and grandmother.

"The kid's gettin fat. Ain't he, Mary?"

"Now you are all goin back home with me"—

"Home? Never, never"— The fallen sister started to go, drawing the thin shawl about her shoulders.

"I do not live in Painsville now, Susan. I am in the west. No one will know you out there."

A sigh of relief, content, happiness issued from the grandmother's lips. The weary woman felt the baby to be lighter on her knee. The child crowed as if he thought the west the best kind of a place for a growing baby.

"I don't like to leave old New York for the country," said the young man.

"There's nothin going on out there.

Mobbe 'twill be easier sleddin. Say, old man, you got five cents about you?

I ain't had a drink for three days—see?"

—New York Herald.

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