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Meissonier said of Paris de Chavannes, "He has achieved the grand style in decorative art; it is so simple, so well balanced, so logical." Is not this a lesson for young American students, so many of whom are striving to reach the goal of meritorious distinction, if not fame? Simplicity and fidelity to nature are sure to win finally in the contest with degenerate and bizarre effects.

Two New York detectives wanted "Eddy Barnes." All they knew about him was that he was colored and that he was a bicyclist. They stood along the Boulevard and yelled "Eddy" at every black bicyclist. When "Eddy" came along he slowed down to see who had called him and was arrested. New York's shrewd detectives could teach Conan Doyle a good deal.

To be the author of a book ought to mean something more than to write sixty thousand words and get them printed. A true book is not alone an inanimate object. All true books have souls. But scarcely one in a hundred so-called books possesses that adjunct. The pity of it all is that in this flood of literature the one book endowed with the breath of immortal life must struggle so long in the deep waters and malarial marshes where thrive the unworthy and profitless thousands.

If the soldiers in Spain's Cuban armies knew what was good for them they would remain on the island, beat their swords into pruning-hooks and grow up with the country. There is plenty of room for them there, and the tropical sun might in a generation or two roast the most virulent of their Peninsular qualities out of them. It ripens the spirit of insular patriotism as it does bananas, with extraordinary rapidity, and they would become good and loyal Cubans almost before they knew it.

America is a country of poor roads, and those working for highway reform are laboring in a wise and just cause; but it is worth noting at some stages of the journey, when the end seems far away, what great progress has been made. It was only about ten years ago that it was emphatically asserted in England that the bicycle could never become popular here because the roads were so poor. To-day America is the greatest cycling country in the world, and there has been more advance in road improvement during the last decade than in any previous twenty years.

Austrian umbrella-handle manufacturers have in a number of instances given up catering to the American market, says the Dry Goods Economist. Of course, our trade with that country in this line is still of large proportions, but it has declined rapidly during recent years, and bids fair to continue to shrink. This is ascribed to the fact that Austrian handles, which are generally of the medium and cheap grades, are no longer wanted in this country. The public demand better goods, and since Austrian manufacturers have not observed this transition in taste, they are still making goods which were all right several seasons ago, but are passed. The United States relies chiefly upon Germany and France for the handles which it imports, and which are greatly superior to the productions of Austrian makers.

A Sharp Bargain.
Jenkins (who has agreed to sell his farm to Thompson for a good price, but wants to get a little more)—I don't but I sh'ld'nt ever get back out of this 'ere business, my woman, she's a-takin' on so 'bout leavin' of the old place. Thompson—My wife'll be dretful disappointed. She's set her heart on our kevin' that farm for so long. Jenkins—Tell ye what I'll do. You jest gim me a nuther hundred, an' I'll let Liddy Ann bawl—Judge.

His Exceptional Fortune.
"Aaron Burr was a remarkable man." "Decidedly. Notwithstanding the fact that he was vice president of the United States, he has not been forgotten."—Truth.

MESSMATES.

He gave us all a rosy cheerily
At the first dawn of day;
We dropped him down the side fall drearily
When the light died away.
It's a dead dark watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a long, long night that lags a-creeping there,
Where the Trades and the tides roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

He's there alone, with green seas rocking him
For a thousand miles round,
He's there alone, with dumb things mocking him,
And we're homeward bound.
It's a long, lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And a dead cold night that lags a-creeping there,
While the months and the years roll over him,
And the great ships go by.

I wonder if the tramps come near enough,
As they thrash to and fro,
To be heard down below;
It through all the lone watch that he's a-keeping there,
And the long, cold night that lags a-creeping there,
The voices of the sailor-men shall comfort him
When the great ships go by.
—Henry Newbolt.

A PACKET OF PATTERNS

HE was looking at May's portrait—a lovely little miniature—when the housemaid brought the packet to him. The girl entered timidly, with a furtive glance at her master, for whom her heart was bleeding. But if her timidity had arisen from the fear of seeing some exhibition of terrible sorrow, she had alarmed herself needlessly. No signs of tears, either past or present, was visible in the young man's eyes. They were hard and bright. Hard, also, was his face, and the clenched lips like adamant.

He took the thick envelope off the salver, glanced at the clerical writing and at the back, upon which was stamped in blue letters "W. Robinson & Co." Then he flung it on the table, and as the servant left the room the sound of harsh laughter broke upon her astonished ears. She fled to the kitchen and with scared face whispered that she thought poor Mr. Ord must be going mad.

Small wonder, perhaps, if he were! He had written a few days before to William Robinson for those patterns that he might choose the materials for his wedding suit. What a weighty matter that choice would have been! May was so particular about what he wore. He used to be a little careless about his dress once—going about in coats with creases in them, and farmer's boots. Then, in his endeavor to gain May's approbation, he had overdone it in the opposite direction, sporting collars of absurd height, and impossible ties, enduring like a martyr the pinch of patent leather shoes a size too small for him and getting himself a little chaffed by appearing in suits unmistakably in advance of the fashion.

May, with gentle tact, had changed all this. Never hating her ardent young lover by open condemnation of his apparel, but by artful suggestions had first roused him to an interest in his attire, then toned down his somewhat crude tastes, and finally schooled him into that quiet perfection of dressing which is the attribute of a gentleman. He had written for the pattern from Robinson's a few weeks before the important suit should be needed, as he wanted to have May's opinion with regard to the materials. Already the little, laughing, gay girl had begun to be more than a mere piece of loveliness for his admiring eyes to rest upon. He consulted her about everything. He had no sisters, and until the last year—when the death of an uncle and the inheritance of a fortune had made him his own master—he had lived a solitary life in a remote country town with the relation by whose sudden death he was enriched. May Carden, one of the first young ladies he came across in town, had taken his heart by storm. The mixture of frivolity and sound practical sense in her nature was exactly what he needed. The one broke the crust of a certain moroseness born of an unloved life, and the other steadied the propensities to extravagance of taste and living which unexpected wealth had not unnaturally aroused.

After that laugh of harshness, which had so startled his servant, Laurence Ord went back to the study of May's portrait. It was indeed a veritable "May" face. Cheeks like young roses, hair brown as hawthorn twigs, lips which were akin to the deep pink buds of the apple blossom, and eyes "faint with azure, like two crystal wells that drink the blue complexion of the skies."

These latter laughed back as if in mocking merriment to the hard gray eyes which were looking down on him. A sob of anguish broke in a groan from Ord's lips. He tried to realize that these dancing eyes were closed forever. Tried—tried as many and many a bereaved one had striven in vain to do—to grasp the fact that the dear lips would never speak again; that no more until the day of resurrection would so much as the faintest color tinge the still white face. The picture before him, bubbling over as it was with life and mirth, gave the lie to such a thought. The idea of May—May, the merriest little person in the world, lying cold and silent was too much for the young man who last had seen her having a wild game with a kitten on the deck of a friend's yacht.

He had dreaded that little ermine more than he could say. He had all but asked her not to go; but from this he had refrained, deeming it more selfishness.

"You don't mind me going, Laurie, do you?" she had asked, when the trip had been suggested, and with a little pleading look in her eyes which was irresistible, especially as he had not yet the absolute right to give or withhold permission. "I'll only be gone three weeks, dear, and then—if you s'ill have a mind to—you may take me and keep me forever, and forever! A large order, Laurie! Shall you want me for so long, do you think?"

Ord, never a backward lover, had answered that question by a quietus to the sweet lips which spoke it. He had gone to see her off on board the Orchid, and she had stopped in the middle of one of her airy whirls with the kitten and a piece of scarlet ribbon, to whisper, "Mind you have the patterns ready by the time I come back!"

The patterns were ready, but never more, thought poor heart-broken Laurence, would May come back to him again.

The yacht Orchid, which was wrecked last night on the dangerous reef outside Alwyn Bay, is the property of a Mr. Griffiths, of London. All on board were saved except the unfortunate, whose body was washed ashore early this morning. It has been identified as that of Miss May Carden.

This was the paragraph which had caught the eye of Laurence Ord as he had run over his morning paper at breakfast. Afterward he had come upon the first and longer account, but this was evidently a little paragraph inserted when further information had been received.

It was evening now, and as the slow hours passed young Ord began to writhe beneath the weight of anguish which crushed his heart. His senses had at first been blunted by the shock. Now they were awakening to full consciousness of the immeasurable pain. He laid the miniature down and began to walk about the room. He moved things here and there. He found the clock—then his nerveless fingers dropped it with a crash. He let it lie where it had fallen. He pulled up the blind and looked up at the starry heavens. But it was of no comfort to him to think of May as dwelling among their mysteries. The sight of them did not bring tears to his searching eyes, or soften one atom the hard agony which held him in its merciless grip. He had a sort of feeling that little May would rather be with him. He began mechanically to settle the things on the table, to fold up the newspapers and open his neglected letters. He was fighting his pain. The letters were read with out his being a whit the wiser as to their contents. The pocket of patterns was the only thing that remained. With another of those pitiful laughs he flipped open the envelope. The laugh changed into an indescribable cry. There was no pattern in the envelope. Instead there were three thick sheets of note paper, each of which had "Walter Robinson & Son, Solicitors, Alwyn Bay," printed upon it. The writing was a penciled scrawl—a dear, familiar scrawl. Laurence read it on his knees, sobbing out his thanks to God. Three sentences and the signature will sufficiently explain.

"I was brought ashore half-drowned. * * * Mr. Robinson, a lawyer, has kindly given us shelter. * * * Mr. Griffiths is addressing this * * * Your loving May."

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Money is the root of the manufacturing plant.
Gossip is always short lived unless it is properly ventilated.
Wise is the famous man who doesn't overlook his popularity.

The present is the child of the past and the father of the future.
The more vainly some people possess the easier it is to make them happy.
Time may be a success as a wound-healer, but it seldom removes the scars.

An old bachelor says the average wait of women is until they are asked to marry.
Money brings happiness to some men because of the interest they derive therefrom.

We never heard of husbands and wives quarreling about which loved the other most.
The bigger the bore a man is the smaller the hole he leaves when his days are numbered.

The courting of an heiress is a business suit, but the courting of a flirt is merely a masquerade suit.
Many a man who wouldn't think of making a wife of his cook has no scruples about making a cook of his wife.

An old bachelor says there is but one thing sweeter than love's young dream, and that is to wake up and find yourself still single.
Nothing disconcerts a girl more than to brace herself to meet the shock of a marriage proposal and the shock fails to materialize.—Chicago News.

The Child's Candid Opinion.
A widower, says the Chicago News, who had a five-year-old son, married a second time, and his choice was a rather plain woman of about fifty. After the wedding they came home, and the father introduced her to the little fellow, saying: "Charlie, this is the new mamma I promised to bring you." After taking a long and steady look at her Charlie went over to his papa and exclaimed in an audible whisper: "Papa, you've been swindled. She isn't new at all."

WOMAN'S WORLD.

The Busy Women.
Here lies a poor woman who always was busy.
She lived under pressure that rendered her dizzy.
She belonged to ten clubs, and read brownings by sight.
Shone at luncheons and teas, and would vote if she might;
She served on a school board with courage and zeal;
She golfed and kodaked and rode on a wheel;
She read Tolstol and Ibsen, knew microbes by name.
Approval of Dolarte, was a "daughter" and "dame."
Her children went in for the top education;
Her husband went seaward for nervous prostration.
One day on her tablets she found an hour free—
The shock was too great, and she died instantly!
—Chicago Times-Herald.

NEWEST DESIGNS IN UNDERWEAR.
Innovations in Matters as to Both Style and Material.
The undershirt is perhaps not the pet of the wardrobe, but it cannot be gaisned that it is the most important just now, especially as the dress skirts are out so long as to frequently require lifting, thereby displaying the petticoat.

The new undershirt is cut after the same pattern as the dress skirt, and fitted as carefully and faultlessly as a tailor-made garment. This applies to the short as well as to the full-length petticoat. The best models have sheath tops shaped to fit at the band all around the front and sides without plait or gather. The falness of the lower part, which sometimes almost surpasses calculation in its multitudinous yards of lace and ruffling, is adjusted in some form of a dounce set on in various modes, running up in the back with a corresponding droop in front, in scalloped lines, in Vandykes or circular pieces made and shaped to rival outer dressing in the beauty and precision of their designs.

The erstwhile plain Spanish ruffle is relegated to bargain tables in fashionable shops, and no device is too intricate or elaborate a foundation for the countless ruffles, puffings, insertings and tucks which are so lavishly employed in ornamentation. The white skirt is so much in evidence that we may safely predict its use for all wear except the street, and hand some examples of evening toilets are veritable glimpses of the perfection of needlework.

In all cotton undergarments a noticeable feature is the amount and beauty of the handwork. Canning little scalloped tucks, with stitches like frosting in their delicacy, the deft joining and intertwining of insertings, embroidered medallions, lace rosettes and applique work all argue in defense of their high price. But, oh, they are so pretty, so essentially feminine and such sources of a genuine self-satisfaction, for nothing is so perfectly comforting to the truly woman as a knowledge that her underwear is fine, soft, delicate and exquisitely laundered.

The corset cover is a little trifle when held in the hand, but its duty is manifold, and it can do much to mar the fit of the waist if by its pattern it is of a shape to shrink or draw away in the laundry. The only perfect design is that which is adjusted to the figure by drawing strings at the neck and waist. Darts and seams are now regarded as a menace to good fit and will not iron in the form desired. The French model fits smoothly when drawn into place and is embellished by lattice work of let-in insertings or tucks, or by bayadere lines of insertings or other trimmings. These garments extend only to the waist. The bolero and fichu designs are much sought by lovers of ultra-daintiness, and are perfectly satisfactory with all toilets except those requiring a ribbon-like smoothness of fit.

Woven vests of silk or lisle gauze are now made very elaborate, and shaped to fit as they never were before. They are gored under the arm, are cut rather long and trimmed about the skirts. The tops are much ornamented with lace and ribbon, and those of fine pure silk are exquisite both to look upon and as to fit.

Caring For the Hands and Feet.
As many feet are ill shaped and distorted by the wearing of loose shoes as by the wearing of tight ones. The best-known French shoemaker says that when women put on closely fitting shoes, and keep them on all the time, their feet remain well shaped, and in time the extreme close fit is comfort, but that the taking off of tight shoes when in the boudoir and the putting on of the loose slipper causes the foot to spread.

Taking a baby girl by the hand a wise grandmother, noting the skin at the foot of the finger nails, taught her to push it down, claiming that unless she did this it would grow up at the root like the web is about the rose, and that it must always be pushed away but never cut off. Few of us have resisted the persuasion of the manueiro as to cutting the article. She is businesslike in urging it, since it means a frequent visit to her place of business, not to mention the expenditure of considerable money. Every day wash your hands well in warm water, using soap that, while it may be a little costly, is kept in a box and used for your hands alone. Be careful to dry your hands thoroughly and use your nailbrush with decided vigor. Keep the nails in good condition, and your hands will look refined and ladylike though they may not be shapely.

There is so much that might be said—so much that must be left unsaid because there is no more room for the preacher's sermon. Here is the text: "She only is beautiful externally who cares for herself internally, and who

while cultivating the graces of the body, does not fail to remember that smiles drive away wrinkles, a happy heart makes one's life-work easy, and a sympathetic nature aids in making the pleasant look come upon one's face." There have been beautiful women who were had women, but their beauty faded away more quickly than a flower, for, after all, real beauty is a combination of both health and goodness.—Ladies' Home Journal.

The Children's Toys.
If toys mould character, the small girl of to-day will be a perfect mother and a capable housewife when she grows up. Her brother will probably keep a shop, be a soldier or develop into a professional athlete, if his character is moulded by his toys.

The most popular diversions of the small girl of this season are washing and scrubbing. She does not confine her energy to clothes or floors. The toy manufacturer has supplied her with the implements for house-cleaning, from diminutive chamois for the dollhouse windows to mops no bigger than a toothbrush and patent sweepers that creek delightfully and pick the nap of the carpet just as real sweepers do. The laundry sets are as complete as the most fastidious little house-keeper could desire. Wee irons of all shapes for collars and cuffs, for ruffles and laces and for plain pieces; two ironing boards, one for small and one for large pieces; two baskets; a wringer, a clotheshorse, packages of clothes, pins, tied with narrow blue ribbons, clothes lines and, of course, a laundress doll, dressed in blue seersucker, with big white apron, rolled-up sleeves and prim white cap.

The housecleaning set of toys is a great favorite. Brushes, mops, dust-pans, cloths, cakes of soap and polishing powders, brooms and pails, a step ladder and other necessities and luxuries of the bustling housewife are included in this array. But the third "scrubbing set" is the favorite of most small girls. It consists of two bath tubs, two tall pails for hot and cold water, a copper kettle for warming water, cakes of soap, bags of bran, toilet powder, sponges and loofahs, towels, a shower spray, a cork bath mat and a washable celluloid doll in bathrobe and rubber cap!—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Court Etiquette a Puzzle.
A young woman of reputation as a singer, who was commanded to appear before her Majesty at Balmoral on the occasion of her last visit to Deeside, suffered in her feelings from an ignorance of court etiquette which might easily have been remedied.

The singer, escorted by the ladies in waiting and an usher, descended to an ante-room, where, presently, Princess Henry of Battenberg informed them that her Majesty was seated, and then all proceeded to the drawing room, where the Queen sat in the center, nearly fifty guests standing around near the walls.

After making obeisance, the artist sang the songs selected by her Majesty from a list. They were all Scotch songs, and evidently afforded great pleasure. Tea and champagne were offered to the singer, and then an attendant handed the Queen a morocco box, and the artist took advantage of the small commotion thus caused and retired, bowing. This was a mistake, as the Queen's Secretary, who had followed her to the ante-room, informed her. She should have waited until royal permission had been given for her to leave the room. The dowager Duchess Roxburgh afterward brought her a handsome bracelet—a present from the Queen, which had been contained in the morocco box, and which had been intended to be presented by her Majesty in the drawing room.—ago Record.

A Rich Material.
Wool bengaline is a material of richness and refinement that is likely to become very popular this season. It is soft and silky in appearance, and the fabric falls in most graceful folds in its making and draping.

Fashion and Fancy.
White granelines are often used for evening and wedding gowns.
Jetted and spangled black net and mousseline are shown for dressy waists.
Fichus and bolero jackets of real lace are among the luxuries of the winter season.

Fashionable buttons are extremely artistic affairs and will be lavishly used on wraps and dresses of all classes.
Very handsome gowns are made this season from silk poplin, and for more common wear the woolen poplin is pretty.

Three-cornered colored velvet toques, trimmed with a bit of fur and some jeweled ornaments, are the smart thing in headgear.
Poppy-red ruffles in two shades are of mousseline for neckwear, and bunches of red currants to match exactly are to be worn in the hat.

There are now shell combs which curve to fit the head, directly under the knot, arranged high, and serve as a comfortable support for the heavy winter hat.
Black gowns of lovely transparent or semi-diaphanous weaves over silk or satin, and in heavier materials for day wear, will take high place in the ranks of fashion for the season.

Wear one of the new cutaway coats of lace with your black velvet skirt. It may be of cream lace over white, or black chantly over white satin and edged with a tiny ruche of black chiffon, but it is the correct thing.
Strappings of correct silk, with a narrow knotted braid on either edge, are one of the modish trimmings for a cloth gown; also applique designs of white cloth outlined with an embroidered stitch in silk matching the color of the gown to which they are applied.

POEM WITHOUT THE LETTER E.

John Know was a man of wondrous might,
And his words ran high and shrill;
For bold and stout was his spirit bright,
And strong was his stalwart will!

Kings sought in vain his mind to chain,
And that giant brain to stow;
But naught on plain or stormy main
Could daunt that mighty soul!

John would sit and sige till morning cold
Its slanting lamps put out;
For thoughts untold on his mind laid hold,
And brought out pain and doubt.

But light, at last, on his soul was cast;
Away sunk pain and sorrow—
His soul leapt in a fair to-day,
And looks for a bright to-morrow.

Note—The letter e is often used than any other in ordinary composition; hence the cleverness of this unknown author's verse.

PITH AND POINT.
She—"You used to say I was pretty. Have I changed?" He—"Oh, no; but I have."—Truth.
"I had a narrow escape in my house the other night." "How so?" "My wife shot at burglars."—Life.
Teacher—"Why did the Normans and Saxons fight at Hastings?" Pupil—"That's where they happened to meet, ma'am."—Pack.

"You claim that art doesn't pay. How do you know that?" "Didn't I keep a restaurant near a studio building?"—New York Journal.
"What are the most striking things you saw while you were in Europe?" "The people who were always striking me for tips."—Chicago News.
"To grow long hair I'm tryin'." And the person must be plain; To be such a social lion One of course must have a mane." —Washington Star.

"I like to meet those long-haired literary men." "Why?" "They always have more sense than you expect to find after looking at them."—Chicago News.
She—"Why did you request Miss Skails to play that piece again?" He—"I noticed that each of her selections was worse than the one that preceded it!"—Pack.

Mrs. Slimdick—"The city water company has raised my rates." Old Boarder—"They must have found out that we have salt mackerel for breakfast."—New York World.
A tutor who took the flute, Tried to teach two young tooters to toot; Said the two to the tutor, "Is it harder to toot or To tutor two tooters to toot?" —Life.

Soldier Boy—"Do you believe that the upsetting of salt causes a quarrel?" Jack Tar—"Well, there's just about what was the trouble with Spain. She upset too many of us."—Yonkers Statesman.
The Countess—"They say that the heiress whom Lord Liverus married has a very kind heart." The Duchess—"Yes, indeed. I am told that she occasionally condescends to visit her American parents."—Life.

Old Friend—"Your plan is a most excellent one; but do you think your wife will agree to it?" Married Man—"Oh, yes! I'll tell her someone else suggested it, and I'll call it an idiotic idea."—New York Weekly.
Watts—"Had fifteen women at my house this afternoon. Some sort of club my wife belongs to." Potts—"Must have been an awful racket." Watts—"Not so much as you would think. Fifteen women make no more noise than two. You see, there has got to be a limit somewhere."—Indianapolis Journal.

The seedy stranger at the hotel had deliberately tried to suffocate himself by closing his room as tightly as he could and turning on the gas. "You miserable vagabond!" exclaimed the doctor, after he had succeeded in reviving him, "what did you want to do that for? You have given this hotel a bad name and wasted about five hundred feet of gas!" "No, it isn't wasted," groaned the landlord. "The meter will register every foot of it."—Chicago Tribune.

Saxon Names of Months.
The following is a list of names said to have been given to the months by the Saxons:
January: Wolf-mouth, because of the danger of being devoured by wolves.
February: Lent-mouth. "Lenetox" or "Lenx," an old German word for spring.
April: Easter of Oster-mouth
May: Tri-milki. In this month milked cows three times a day.
June: Weid-mouth or pasture month.
July: Hay-mouth.
August: Barn-month. Filled the barns with corn.
September: Barley-month; either barley-harvest or brawling month.
October: Wine-month. Making of wine.
November: Windy-month, or Holy month; in honor of Christmas—Dodge's "Outlines and Topics in English History."

The Question of Diet For Strangers.
What is safe diet for a stranger? What kinds should he avoid? What beverages will prove hurtful or needless? What changes of clothing are necessary in different seasons? What exertions or exhaustion may he venture upon, and at what periods without serious risk? Temperance in labor and exposure may be as important as temperance in diet. Can a working man find healthy lodgings, and at what distance from his work? Can he find ventilated dwelling rooms in premises drained and tolerably free from miasmatic dirt, overcrowding and air poisoning? Risks from such dangers are not unknown to workmen wherever they may be. But the question is, Will matters be worse in the country to which the emigrant goes? Maladies may carry off half his family, and the doctor all his savings.—Nineteenth Century.

Catch Cold Easily?

Are you frequently hoarse? Do you have that annoying tickling in your throat? Would you feel relieved if you could raise something? Does your cough annoy you at night, and do you raise more mucus in the morning? Then you should always keep on hand a bottle of

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

If you have a weak throat you cannot be too careful. You cannot begin treatment too early. Each cold makes you more liable to another, and the last one is always harder to cure than the one before it.

Dr. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral Plaster protects the lungs from colds.

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