

# A Head

that throbs, pains and aches, or feels heavy, stuffy, dull or dizzy, is a poor head to do business with. It irritates the temper, upsets the stomach, interferes with digestion and wears out the brain and nerves. Make the nerves strong, the brain clear and your head will be right.

## Dr. Miles' Nervine

quiets the irritation, stimulates digestion and builds up nervous health and strength. Try a bottle.

### A Senseless Ring Game.

The small rubber rings that are used in every household with which to seal preserve jars may be made the means of much amusement when a lively game is desired for the amusement of friends. First obtain a smooth head of a flour or sugar barrel and see that the pieces are all fastened together, forming a circular board, or any smooth board about a square foot in size will serve the purpose.

Procure ten coat hooks of medium size and secure them into the board and mark above each hook its number, ranging from No. 1 to No. 10. A hole may be made in the upper end of the board or a screw eye inserted by which to hang it upon a nail in the wall.

No. 10 is a sort of a "bullseye," and each player, having three of the rubber rings, takes turns in throwing them from a position about ten feet away, endeavoring to "hook" as many on the board as possible. A score is kept of the points gained by each player, the one first getting 100 points being the winner. However, exactly 100 points must be made. For instance, if a player has 99 he has to work for "hook No. 1," as any other hook would carry him over the mark. This difficulty adds to the interest of the game.

An advantage of the game is that no noise is made nor damage done by the rings, and it may be improvised by any boy or girl.—New York Sun.

You can't afford to risk your life by allowing a cough or a cold to develop into pneumonia or consumption. One Minute Cough Cure will cure throat and lung troubles quicker than any other preparation known. Many doctors use it as a specific for grippe. It is an infallible remedy for croup. Children like it and mothers endorse it. Grover's City drug store.

### A Misunderstanding.

Mr. G. W. Stevens in his book, "In India," says that the first sight of that country is amazing and stupefying, because everything is so noticeable that you notice nothing. The common crows are blue, the oxen have humps. It is a new life in a new world. In describing the native life he gives this story of their indifference to punishment: A simple ryot the other day had said goodbye to his relatives and was pinioned, when suddenly he asked to speak again to his brother.

"Recollect," he said, "it's 20 kawasurs of barley that man owes me, not dawra surs," which are smaller. Then he turned and was hanged without moving a muscle.

Another man, a Pathan, was being hanged, when the rope broke. The warder bade him go up on to the scaffold again, but he objected.

"No," he said, "I was sentenced to be hanged, and hanged I've been."

"Not so, friend," argued the warder. "You were sentenced to be hanged until you were dead, and you're not dead!" It was a new view to the Pathan, and he turned to the superintendent, "Is that right, sahib?" "Yes; that's right."

"Very well, I didn't understand." And he went comically up the steps and was hanged again.

# Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat. Intactily digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c, and \$1. Large size contains 24 times smaller size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free Prepared by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. Grover's City Drug Store.

### IN THE FORUM OF JUSTICE.

Pass, pass, pass! Thou hast had thine hour To sow in and reap. Is it thine for dower? 'Tis the seed is at fault, though Jove's hand staid the shower. Make way for thy comrade with double thy dower.

Halt, halt, halt! There was given thee grace To begin with the best and their records efface Had thy sandals been winged. Step down from the race; One swifter than thou art would run in thy place.

Cease, cease, cease! Thou hast had thy chance. Must a Pallas attend thee to suit of mischance? Let fall thy vain weapon; a thousand advance To rush on and conquer with thy broken lance. —Grace Denio Litchfield in Century.

## POLIFEMO.

A Story of a One Eyed Man. BY ARMANDO PALACIO VALDES.

Colonel Toledoano, unhappily named Polifemo, was a ferocious man, who wore a long frock coat, checked trousers and a broad brimmed hat—gigantic stature, rigid gait, an imposing, enormous white mustache, a voice of thunder and a heart of bronze. But even more formidable than all this was the grim and awful effect of the terrible, bloodthirsty gaze of his single eye. In his other eye the colonel was blind. In the African war he had slaughtered many Moors and had taken delight in tearing out their palpitating entrails. At least this was the blind belief of all of us—we little boys who, after school, used to go to play in the park of San Francisco, in the very noble and heroic city of Oviedo.

This fearful man had a nephew 8 or 10 years old like ourselves. Unhappy boy! We could not see him in the park without feeling an infinite pity for him. In the course of time I came to see a tamer of wild beasts put a lamb into the cage of a lion. It made a like impression upon me when I saw Gasparito Toledoano walking with his uncle. We could not understand how it was that that unfortunate boy could keep up his appetite and regularly maintain his vital functions, why he did not grow sick at heart or die consumed by a slow fever. Whenever a few days passed without his appearing in the park we all felt our hearts agitated by the same doubt. "He must have been devoured at last." And when finally in some place we came across him sound and well we all were both surprised and pleased. But we were certain that some day or other he would end in becoming a victim to some sanguinary caprice of Polifemo.

The strange thing about the case was that in his animated face Gasparito gave no token of those marks of terror and depression that should have been the only things visible therein. On the contrary, his eyes were always beaming with a cordial joy that left us stupefied. When he went with his uncle, he stepped with the greatest freedom, smiling, happy, skipping at times; at others either his audacity or his innocence reaching so far that he would make grimaces at us behind the colonel's back. It had the same amazing effect upon us as if we had seen him dancing upon the vane of the cathedral tower.

"Gasp-a-r!" The air vibrated with the roar and transmitted it to the confines of the park. Not one of us there could keep the color in our cheeks. Gasparito alone gave heed as if he were the voice of a siren. "What is it, uncle?" And he ran to him, executing on the way some complicated dancing step. Besides this nephew, the monster was the possessor of a dog that had to live in the same unhappy state, although he also gave no evidence of it. He was a beautiful Dane of a bluish color, big, light of movement, vigorous and answered to the name of Muley, doubtless in recollection of some unlucky Moor sacrificed by his master. Muley, like Gasparito, lived subject to the power of Polifemo the same as if in the lap of an odalisque. Graceful, sportive, friendly, incapable of deceit, he was, while offending nobody, the least fearsome and the most affable dog of the man I have known in the course of my life.

With these attributes it is not to be wondered that all of us children should have been captivated with him. Always when it was possible for us to do it without danger of the colonel remarking we disputed with each other for the honor of treating him with bread, butter, cheese and other tidbits that our mamma gave us for luncheon. Muley accepted everything with undisguised pleasure and gave us unmistakable proofs of sympathy and recognition. But finally, that it may be seen to what degree of nobility and disinterestedness reached the sentiments of this memorable canine, and that he may serve as a lasting example for dogs and men, I will say that his greatest affection was not shown for those who gave him the most.

There used to play with us occasionally (in the provinces and in those days social classes did not exist among children) a poor little fellow from the hospice named Andres, who could not give him anything, for he had nothing to give. Very well; the preferences of Muley were for him. The liveliest tail waggings, the highest and most vehement gambolings, were dedicated to Andres in neglect of the others. What an example for any deputy of the majority party!

Did Muley divine that that destitute child, always silent and sad, had more need of his affection than ourselves? I do not know, but so it seemed to be. For his part Andresito had come to conceive a genuine passion for the animal. When we found ourselves playing together in the most distant part of the park, pitching quoits or playing "chapas," and Muley happened to present himself unexpectedly, he would knock at once how to call Andres aside and would stay with him for a long time, as if he had some secret to communicate. The colossal silhouette of Polifemo would be discernible afar among the trees.

But these fleeting interviews, full of apprehension, were all too insufficient for the fondling. Like a genuine lover, he was anxious to rejoice in the presence of his idol protractedly and alone.

Therefore one afternoon with incredible intrepidity he bore the dog from our presence away to the hospice, which in Oviedo is called la inclusa, and did not return till an hour had passed. He came back radiant with happiness. Muley likewise looked superlatively pleased. By good fortune the colonel had not left the paseo and had not observed the desertion of his dog.

These escapades repeated themselves from one afternoon to another. The

friendship of Andresito and Muley continued to cement itself.

But the fondling was not satisfied even yet. There germinated in his mind the idea of carrying off Muley to sleep with him at the inclusa.

Being an aid to the cook, he slept in one of the corridors beside the chamber of that functionary on a bed of cornstalks. One afternoon he conducted the dog away to the hospice and did not come back. What a delicious night for the unhappy child! He had never in his life known other caresses than those of Muley. First the masters and then the cook had always talked to him with rod in hand. Boy and dog slept embraced like two lovers. Along toward daylight the child felt the smacking of a blow which the cook had given him on the back with a stick the evening before. He pulled down his shirt.

"Look, Muley," he said, in a low voice, showing the bruise. The dog, more compassionate than the man, licked the livid flesh of the boy.

As soon as they opened the door Andres let the dog go. Muley ran to the house of his master, but in the afternoon he was back in the park again, disposed to follow Andresito. They slept together again that night and the night after and the next one also. But bliss is brief in this world. Andresito was happy on the brink of a precipice.

One afternoon when we were all together in a close group playing buttons we heard behind us two formidable stampings. "Get up! Get up!" Every head turned as if moved by one spring. Before us there loomed the cyclopean figure of Colonel Toledoano.

"Which of you is the rogue who carries off my dog every night, I would like to know?" Scandalous silence in the assembly. Terror held us clamped, rigid, as if we were turned to sticks.

Once more sounded the trumpet of the last judgment. "Who is the thief? Who is the bandit? Who is the miserable?" The ardent eye of Polifemo devoured us one after the other. Muley, who had accompanied him, gazed upon us also with his own loyal, innocent eyes and nervously moved his tail in token of uneasiness.

Meanwhile Andresito, paler than wax, came forward a step and said: "Do not blame anybody, senior. I am the one."

"I'm the one," repeated the little fellow in a louder voice. "Oh! Thou art the one!" said the colonel, smiling ferociously. "And thou knowest not who owned this dog?" Andresito kept silent.

"Knowest thou not whose it is?" he asked again in his loudest tones. "Yes, senior."

"How? Talk louder!" And he put his hand to his ear to reinforce that pavilion. "I said yes, senior."

"Who is the owner? I want to know." "Senior Polifemo."

I shut my eyes. I believe my comrades must all have done the same. When I opened them I believed that Andresito must then have been effaced from the book of the living. Fortunately it was not so. The colonel was gazing fixedly at him with more curiosity than anger.

"And why did you take him?" "Because he is my friend and he loves me," said the child in a firm voice. The colonel again gazed fixedly upon him.

"Very well," he said at last. "But take heed not to do it again. If you do, you may be sure I will pull your ears off." And he wheeled majestically upon his foundations. But before taking a step he raised his hand to his waistcoat, pulled out a half dollar and said, turning round again:

"Here, take this! Keep it for candy! But take care not to carry off the dog again! Take care!" And he walked away. Four or five steps off it occurred to him to turn his head. Andresito had dropped the coin on the ground and was sobbing, his hands on his face. The colonel came back quickly.

"Art crying? What for? Don't cry, my son." "Because I love him so much, because he is the only one in the world who loves me," moaned Andres.

"But whose son art thou?" asked the colonel in surprise. "I am from the inclusa."

"How?" cried Polifemo. "I am a foundling."

### A Wife's Repentance.

A party of young men were taking dinner a few nights ago at a fashionable cafe, when one of them who is somewhat of a jester called the waiter and said:

"John, go and call Main — on the 'phone. If a woman answers, it will be my wife. Tell her that I instructed you to say that I am in the police station for a few hours and will not be at home for dinner. Say to her that the possibilities are that I shall not be at home tonight. Understand me, sir?"

John winked a couple of times in a knowing way, bowed deferentially and suggested:

"Supposin'— "Supposing nothing, sir! If she asks who is talking, tell her it is the turnkey at the Central station, and she'll never know who told her the lie."

The waiter shambled away and was presently seen to be having a good deal of fun with himself. The jester inferred that it might have something to do with his case and called him over.

"What's amusing you, John?" "Wouldn't like to tell you, sir; at least right here."

"I guess these fellows understand. Let'er go!" "Missus says to tell her husband she is glad he is so nicely located for the night. She knows where he is for once."—Cleveland Leader.

### Wonderful Courage.

That was a magnificent feat performed by a French regiment when they were fighting the Austrians. It happened a long time ago, but the incident was marked by such superlative valor that it will never be forgotten.

The regiment, under Colonel Walhuber, was sent to take an entrenchment of the Austrians in the heights of the Simplan pass. Arriving at the point, they found the enemy solidly entrenched in what appeared to be an impregnable position. In front of their redoubts and quite separating them from the French force was a deep chasm through which ran a mountain torrent.

How to get across was a problem seemingly impossible to solve. But the colonel was equal to it. He found a long, straight tree with a trunk almost a foot in thickness. This he ordered to be cut down, and the trunk was actually thrust across the chasm under a galling fire. The colonel gave the word to pass over—one man at a time.

The first was shot and pitched down to death in the chasm. The second and third shared his fate, but presently a few succeeded in the desperate attempt. Then the colonel followed, formed the little party on the other side and charged. The enemy, dumfounded at such extraordinary bravery, left their position and fled—Cas-sell's.

### His One Brave Deed.

She was a hero worshiper. Often she would read history just to find some new hero to worship. Otherwise she would read such novels as "Beautiful Betsy, the Belle of the Brassworks; or, The Baronet's Bride."

Of course this made her feel that she had married beneath her, for her husband had not grown round shouldered from wearing heavy medals.

Occasionally she would tell him that she wished he was a hero. Once the foolish man told her that he would be a hero if he had a chance.

"You would?" she said in tones of incredulity. "Did you ever do anything in your life that looked like bravery or that seemed valorous in after years?"

He thought of the day when they played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" and he gave the minister \$10 and she became his wife.

For a true hero never talks about his glorious, daring deeds. So she never knew that her husband was a hero. Isn't it a sad, sad story?—Baltimore American.

# Boots and Shoes.

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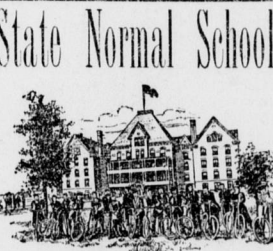
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Unexcelled facilities; Music, Elocutionary, College Preparatory, Sewing and Modeling departments.

Superior faculty; pupils coached free; pure mountain water; rooms furnished throughout; GOOD BOARDING A RECOGNIZED FEATURE.

We are the only normal school that paid the state aid in full to all its pupils this spring term.

Write for a catalogue and full information while this advertisement is before you. We have nothing of interest for you.

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It is a scientific combination of rare roots, herbs, bark and seeds from Nature's laboratory. It cures constipation, nervous disorders, headache, indigestion and liver and kidney diseases. It is a most wonderful medicine, and is recommended by physicians generally. Remember it cures constipation.

Celery King is sold in 25c and 50c packages by druggists.

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Gilson, Dougherty, Kaufer Club, Rosenblum's Valets of which we have

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CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

### RAILROAD TIMETABLES

#### LEHIGH VALLEY RAILROAD.

May 27, 1900.

#### ARRANGEMENT OF PASSENGER TRAINS.

#### LEAVE FREELAND.

6 12 a m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 40 a m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Pittston and Scranton.
8 15 a m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Ashland, Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
9 30 a m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
11 45 a m	for Sandy Run, White Haven, Wilkes-Barre, Scranton and all points West.
1 30 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
4 42 p m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel, Shamokin and Pottsville.
6 34 p m	for Weatherly, Mauch Chunk, Allentown, Bethlehem, Easton, Philadelphia and New York.
7 29 p m	for Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.

#### ARRIVE AT FREELAND.

7 40 a m	from Weatherly, Pottsville, Ashland, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.
9 17 a m	from Philadelphia, Easton, Bethlehem, Allentown, Mauch Chunk, Weatherly, Hazleton, Mahanoy City and Shenandoah.
9 30 a m	from Hazleton, Mahanoy City, Shenandoah, Mt. Carmel and Shamokin.
11 45 a m	from Pottsville, Shamokin, Mt. Carmel, Shenandoah, Mahanoy City and Hazleton.

For further information inquire of Ticket Agents.

WILLIAM WILHELM, General Superintendent, 26 Cortlandt street, New York City.

CHAS. S. LEH, Division Passenger Agent, 25 Cortlandt Street, New York City.

J. T. KEITH, General Superintendent, Hazleton, Pa.

### THE DELAWARE, SUSQUEHANNA AND SCHUYLKILL RAILROAD.

Time table in effect April 18, 1897.

Trains leave Drifton for Jeddo, Eckley, Hazlet, Stockton, Beaver Meadow Road, Hazlet and Hazleton Junction at 6:30, 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:15 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Harwood, Cranberry, Tomickon and Deringer at 6:30, 8:00 a. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:03 a. m., 2:38 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Drifton for Onedia Junction, Harwood Road, Humboldt Road, Onedia and Shepton at 6:30, 8:10 a. m., 4:41 p. m., daily except Sunday; and 7:37 a. m., 3:11 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Deringer for Tomickon, Cranberry, Harwood, Hazleton Junction and Onedia at 5:57 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Onedia, Humboldt Road, Harwood, Stockton, Hazlet, Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:22 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 8:11 a. m., 3:44 p. m., Sunday.

Trains leave Shepton for Beaver Meadow Road, Stockton, Hazlet, Brook, Eckley, Jeddo and Drifton at 5:45, 6:26 p. m., daily, except Sunday; and 10:10 a. m., 5:40 p. m., Sunday.

All trains connect at Hazleton Junction with electric cars for Hazleton, Jeannetteville, Auders and other points on the Traction Company's line.

Trains leaving Drifton at 5:30, 6:00 a. m. make connection at Deringer with P. R. R. trains for Wilkes-Barre, Sunbury, Harrisburg and points west.

For the accommodation of passengers at way stations between Hazleton Junction and Deringer, a train will leave the former point at 3:50 p. m., daily, except Sunday, arriving at Deringer at 5:15 p. m.

LUTHER C. SMITH, Superintendent.