lelcome News

disease can be overcome is the most welcome news a paper can print. Although this is an advertisement, it contains facts of more vital importance than anything else in this newspaper.
It tells of a medicine known for over thirty

ears as Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. It is a medicine that particle the Blood, and restores the Kidneys.
Bladder and Urinary Organs to vigor and strength. Its principal ingredient is not alcohol. It does not ruin men's and not alcohol. It does not ruin men's and fostering the appetite for strong drink.

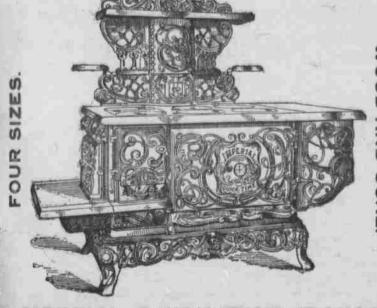
Favorite Remedy cools and purifies the blood. It is not like the many "bitters," "compounds" and "tonics," now so widely sold, which heat and inflame the blood, doing more injury

Favorite Remedy cures troubles of women just as certainly as it cures troubles of men. I restores the Liver to a healthy condition, and cures the worst cases of Constipation. It cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases, Gravel, Diabetes and Bright's Disease.

" My complaint was Stone in the Bladder. Physicians said my case was hopeless, but Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy cured me."-D. H. Hoan, Lebanon Springs, N. Y. Sold in all drug stores for \$1.00 a bottle.

One teaspoonful is a dose, and you will experience relief long before first bottle is taken. Sample Bottle Free I Every person troubled

with any of the ailments mentioned above is offered a chance to try Favorite Remedy without any cost whatever. Send your full postoffice address to the Da. Davin Kenneny Corroration, Rondout, N. Y., and a free sample will be sent you. Please say you saw the advertisement in this paper, so we may know your request is genuine.



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weight Underwear, also Ladies and Children's Dress Goods Suitable for Winter. COME AND EXAMINE THESE GOODS THE QUALITY AND PRICES

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Special Offer. The D. & H. Bicycles have many superior points of excellence in advance

of any other Bicycle made. Prices from \$40.00 to \$75.00. Write for particulars. Address,

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THE UNCHANGING. Toe fleet the hours slip by With feet untarrying:

Too soon is lost the sky Of life-renewing Spring; Too soon comes Autumn's breath With presages of death.

Yet, though the red rose fade, And the green fields lie wasts. Despoiled and disarrayed: Though ceaselessly we haste To our dim heritage Down the gray paths of age:

There is one thing that Time, The great all-conqueror, May touch not with his rime -The fond, true heart of her! Girt with Love's asphodels, There Youth perennial dwells. -Harper's Bazar.

A STORM MIRACLE.

Sunday after Sunday the same deon the right-hand side of the center aisle in St. Matthias's Church, and women became excited, and a general Sunday after Sunday the young minis- rush to the cabin began, until the or ter in charge looked down over his der was given that no more should congregation and caught the wistful come down into the cabin. look of a pair of dark brown eyes that was solemn and pathetic at once. Be- time never abated. The steamboat fore the last amen of the recessional was shrouded in a mist of wind and had ceased to vibrate on the ears of rain, and the erstwhile jolly crowd was the kneeling worshippers, the little now a panic-stricken one. Lunch bascreature had each time made her way kets and boxes that were carefully out of the church unnoticed. After a placed under the seats were saturated while the Rev. John Grimshaw, who with salt water. was six and twenty, and impressionsble at that, began to feel the influence laid a firm grasp upon the girl's arm of that benign expression, and of those and half lifted, half dragged her to s solemn dark eyes, and decided to speak with the girl if an opportunity pre-sented itself, and the opportunity did doors, and thus protected her from the come one Friday night, on a saint's day rain. She did not seem to comprewhen there was a special service at hend the extent of her danger, and the church in the evening.

before except on Sunday, and what wild-eyed child. was his surprise and pleasure when the young minister lifted his eyes that ing could be discerned on the open deck night and saw the face that was be-ginning to interest him sitting before rain, made gray by the blackness. Just him quite near the front. During the then the heavens seemed to open, and singing of a hymn he approached her a blinding flash of lightning played and and asked her to remain after the ser- capered across the boat; a deafening of martyrdom. vices, as he wished to say a few words peal of thunder, like the bursting of a to her. She did not reply, except with a mute appeal with her splendid dark very waters of the deep, and to echo eyes. He mistook her silence for em- and re-echo across the boundless waste barrassment, and returned to his place It was terrific, and people chapped at the lectern.

ried to the side of the girl, who was piercing scream arose above it all. A just in the act of leaving her pew, and spoke a few words to her. He was in- the deaf mute, who swayed for a mothat characterized him, to come to her ever watchful companion caught church often, to consult him, to become her and supported her in his arms a regular worshipper at the church; What had caused her to scream! but as he talked in low, persuasive Fright, perhaps, he thought, as she wit tones, and no response came from the nessed the battle of the elements. Surgirl, he began to wonder at her ex- ly she has not heard that thunderbolt treme bashfulness, and when she be- as it hurled itself from on high. Pshaw! gan to shake her head and to make rap. Was she not deaf, and how could she id signs with her deft fingers, in an instant he realized that the appealing know that she had been spared that eyes that followed him in his dreams peal, that caused many a heart to stand and in his waking moments and the still for an instant. pretty but sad face, were those of a He held her fast in his arms and deaf mute, and so swift and sudden was softly spoke the name "Ruth." She the surprise that swept over him, that lifted those eyes with a glance as he could have cried out in his anguish. sweet as an angel's. Her heart flutter A chill came over his heart, but only ed. She smiled with a smile of rec for an instant, and in the next he com-municated as best he could by nods and smiles and expression that he un-voice. He had read once of such s derstood her and was sorry for her. He miracle—that a volley of thunder so tried to make her understand that he dense and so terrific as to deafen a per would like her to continue to come to son of ordinary hearing had in some church and he a good Christian, but miraculous and divine way restored the whether she comprehended him or not hearing of a man who had been dear he did not know. He walked to the from birth. And, perhaps, this pre door with her, and as she went slowly clous gift had been restored to the gir

young preacher gave way to his emotion. He realized that he was deeply storm, and he bowed his head and in love with the little being who had thanked God. never spoken a word to him, and who, he now knew, would never speak to him. He should never know the sound denied him. And yet his dream was

low and soft and musical. At last sleep pulled the curtain before those precious, yet bitter thoughts and the Rev. Mr. Grimshaw feel into a deep slumber and dreamed that he was sailing the sea with this beautiful girl, that he held her in his arms, that he called her "Ruth." When he awoke it was with the bitterest disap-pointment, for he was alone and the bright sun was streaming full upon hig face. He remembered that the King's Daughters of the parish were to enjoy an excursion down the bay that day, of the minister to the happy unfortu portance to attend to before 2 o'clock, hour of sailing, he busied himself about them, saying the name of Ruth softly to himself in the meanwhile,

The excursion steamer was in waiting at the dock, and one by one the Church six months after would never young girls stepped aboard, each smiling her sweetest as she noticed the him with her voice, but her eyes and young minister standing on the wharf her lips and her hands spoke to him al it wanted one minute of the hour, and ways, and Sunday after Sunday as he anxious ones aboard the little excursion steamer were calling to Mr. Grimshaw to come aboard and not get left If he heard he heeded not, and just at eyes intelligently and hears the bless he was about to give up the hope of ed words as they fall from his lips. her coming, just as they were about to pull in the gangplank, a slight figure in a neat-fitting black dress, with white in a neat-fitting black dress, with white lace at the throat and a small black hal craft propelled by enormolis air-tight set upon a shapely little head crowned disc-shaped hollow wherds suggests a with a wealth of chestnut brown hair radical departure in the methods of approached the wharf. Calling to the boat-building. That the experiment sailors to wait a moment, John Grim was a failure, was the natural conse shaw sprang forward and, taking the quence of the principles on which the girl by the arm, forgotful that als sraft was constructed. All of the maed to her that she was late and mus rested upon a platform supported by hurry to get aboard in time. She only these air-tight wheels arranged in smiled and turned her wistful eyes ful rows on either side. The general efapon him, and his heart swelled with feet was that of a huge wagon, the box

that he perceived love in her looks. It would occupy an hour and a half was that the wheels took up sufficient to reach their destination, and he took | water to handleap them seriously. her under his especial charge. It was attempt was made to counteract this a merry crowd. It was folliest in the by increasing the power, but this addstern of the boat, where people were packed like sardines on the deck seats and on camp stools. John Grimshaw to scrape the water from the wheels

and looked out upon the water the yachts, the amacks, the sailing vessels, the rowboats that passed and represed them. Suddenly he felt what seemed to be the spray against his face. An-

big drops of rain began to fall and an ominous black cloud covered the blue Sheets of water rained and blew from the northwest. Big green waves that afterward became yeasty lashed them-selves angrily against the sides of the little steamboat that rolled and pitched in its efforts to upright itself against their fury. Thunder rolled and blinding and sig-rag streaks of lightning played across the sky. The rain poured in torrents and swept over the deck, wetting everything in its path, and driving the now thoroughly frightened people to the opposite side of the boat, which, with its unever weight, leaned and tipped in that direction. Water rushed in upon the lower deck. The Captain shouted: "Some of you go to the other side of mure little creature sat in the last pew the boat. Don't all rush to one side or you will have us overboard." The

other instant, and without warning.

The fury of the tempest in the mean-

Meanwhile, the young minister had passageway leading to the cabin, that looked on at the movements of the She had never been into the church panic-stricken crowd like some curious

The sky became inky black. Noththousand cannon, seemed to shake the their hands to their ears, and white At the close of the service he hur- faces became blanched. A sharp, shrill scream of agonized fear. It came from

down the stone steps he nodded a please he loved. He spoke once more the sant good night as she looked back. When he was alone that night the and she gave sign that she heard. I was too true. It was a miracle of the

If he could but hear her voice. But that inestimable pleasure was to be of her voice, which in his fancy was coming true, for he dreamed that he sailed the sea with her in his arms! Oh, gentle dreams! Oh, destiny!

It was not long before the storn ceased as suddenly as it came, and the heavy black clouds receded, and the blue in the sky was as bright as wher they started out. The little steamer cut pluckily through the water, and it half an hour the party, now in excel lent spirits had reached the cool, shad; grove. The miracle wrought during the storm was the talk of the day, and not less talked about was the devotion nate who knew now that she loved him and with an unfathomable intuition given to creatures like herself, knew also that John Grimshaw loved her He did not love her less because she and wondering if her name were really could not speak, else the banns would not have been published, and the mar riage that took place in St. Matthias' have occurred. She never spoke to ways, and Sunday after Sunday as he looked over his congregation, the same little figure, with a face of aweetness rather than sadness, looks up into his

Boller Boats.

ould not hear a word he said, explain | shinery and passenger accommodations a feeling undefinable, for he thought of which rested on the water. One of the causes of the fallure of this venture and the mute little creature he loved was equally futile, and as it stands now were sitting together. Their arms the roller boat has scored a most briltouched as they leaned on the railing liant failure.

EDWIN BOOTH'S SACRIFICE.

tow He Burned Precious Relies Left By His Brother, the Assaults

Booth was so sensitive upon the subect of his brother Wilkes' assassinaiion of Abraham Lincoln that Wilkes name was never mentioned to his wounded relative. His pictures were all taken away from their favorite corners and walls, trinkets and gifts from aim were hastily hidden and a constant broading over the calamity settled upon Booth a ceaseless melancholy. One night Mr. Booth asked Garry to see that the furnaces of the theater were fired up anew toward midnight, and that Garry alone should attend to the fire, dismissing the guard, the stokers and the firemen, from their accustom ed watch. At midnight Mr. Booth or dered Garry to help carry a heavy trunk from Mr. Booth's private room to the blazing cave of ovens, Booth lending a tender hand to the lifting of the great load. Garry asked no questions, but silently obeyed orders, and when the glare from the furnace struck the trunk upon the end grew the worn letters, "J. W. B."

White as a statue, the brother up locked the shot man's iron-bound chest and told Garry to stand apart and not to touch an article within, Garry stood in the black shadows and watched the sufferer take each garment of John Wilkes' piece by piece, and reverently put it upon the flaming coals. and watch it burn to a flame of scarletwhite. When Edwin came to the little dagger Macready had given to Junius Brutus Booth, who had in turn given it to Wilkes, Mr. Booth stood holding ! and turning it over in his hands, big sobs rising between the roars of the mighty fire and tears raining over his countenance. First, he put the little lewelled toy in a pocket next his heart, but after the last remnant of clothing, the last trinket and locket, last ple ture, ribbon and buckle of John Wilker Booth's possessions was in cinders. Mr Booth walked close up to the fire and threw the dagger into the core of it. then took an ax and split the trunk into kindling and burned every splinter of the chest in silence, in reverence with the unconscious dramatic splendor

Thirty Miles For An Acorn. Down in Mexico there lives a wood pecker who stores his nuts and acorns in the hollow stalks of the yuccas and magneys: These hollow stalks are separated by joints into several cavities, and the sagacious bird has somehow found this out, and bores a hole at the upper end of each joint, and anothviting her in that calm, deliberate way ment, and would have failen had not er at the lower, through which to extract the acorns when wanted. Then it fills up the stalks solidly and leaves Its stores there until needed, safe from the depredations of any other thievish bird or four-footed animal.

The first place in which this curiou habit was observed was on a hill in the midst of a desert. The hill was covered with yuccas and magueys, but the nearest oak trees were thirty miles away, and so, it was calculated, these industrious birds had to make a flight of sixty miles for each acorn stowed thus in the stalks!

An observer of birds remarks: There are several strange features to be noticed in these facts; the provident instinct which prompts this bird to lay by stores of provisions for the winter, the great distances traversed to collect a kind of food so unusual for its race, and its seeking in a place so remote from its natural abode a torehouse so remarkable.'

Can Instinct alone teach, or have experience and reason taught these birds that, far better than the bark of trees or crevices in rocks, or any other hidthey make for themselves with the hollow stems of distant plants?

This we cannot answer. But we do know that one of the most remarkable birds in our country is this California woodpecker, and that he is well entitled to his Mexican name of El Carpintero-the carpenter bird.

Not a Freak of Lightning Smith-I was reading in the paper this morning about a Texas man who

was struck by lightning while he was swearing. Remarkable occurrence, wasn't it? Brown-Oh, I don't know. If light

ning was to strike a Texas man when he wasn't swearing it would be much William's Paper Weignt.

Dr. Buchner, the African traveler, broke from the highest point on Mount Kilimandjaro, one of the mightlest mountains in Africa, a piece of rock which he presented to the German Emperor. The Emperor now uses a mountain summit as a paper weight on his writing deak.



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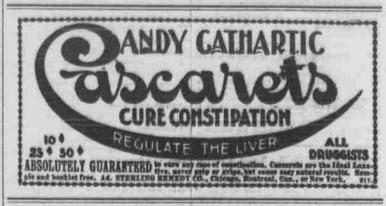
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