

# A Gift Suggestion

WHAT SHALL IT BE?

- A Neat Suit
- A Nobby Overcoat?
- A Warm Ulster
- A Pair of Trousers?
- A Woolen Jacket
- A Warm Sweater?
- A Smoking Jacket
- House Robe
- Good Underwear
- A Warm Pair of Gloves
- Fine Half Hose
- Swell Neckwear
- Fancy Suspenders
- A Good Hat
- A Good Pair of Shoes
- A Ladies Wrapper
- A Monte Carlo Coat

**J. SILVERMAN,**

Clothier From Head to Foot.

East Stroudsburg, Penn'a.



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## IN THE REALM OF POETRY.

**The Unconquered.**  
He thanked his God from day to day  
For blessings rich and rare.  
True love had met him on the way  
When April skies were fair.  
And then another sweetly brought  
Them news: joy to him.  
He shrunk from where embittered men  
Chafed, with the wrongs they bore,  
And gladly hurried homeward when  
His daily tasks were o'er.  
With gladness in his breast he kissed  
His dear ones at the door.

Content with joys that were his own,  
He did not hear the cry  
Of those beneath the chariot thrown  
And those with swollen eye.  
He cared not that the tyrant took  
A bloody sacrifice.

**How Sweet to Live.**  
How sweet to live, to know that God's loved  
And marking out our life from day to day;  
To know that, with His kindness so complete,  
We cannot, if we love Him, go astray.  
And when, through life, our paths look steep  
And bare,  
And when, we seem falling by the way,  
We may step upward, but a whispered prayer  
To find our loving Father near at hand.

We would not murmur when the trials come,  
Knowing they're sent to win our hearts  
In Thee,  
To draw our souls away from earth's bright glare,  
And make them tried for aye.

Thou wouldst not send the shadows long  
And deep,  
If we as well could bear the radiant light,  
Thou knowest best; we pray our souls to  
keep.  
Help us to walk by faith, if not by sight.  
—Mrs. M. R. Lawrence, in R. S. Times.

**The Sleep Walker.**  
White—as the lilies are white—  
The fleece of the cygnet's breast  
Not softer is, nor so light,  
As the feather-soft of the rest  
Where she lays the baby to rest;  
While the world rolls on in the night,  
And the stars drop down the west.

**Sweet—as the roses are sweet—**  
The little white roses that blow  
Brave in the red sun's heat,  
Fresh as a fall of snow,  
In a place that the wind-sprites know  
As they tumble over the hill;  
Such is her spell: I love,  
Still—as the silence is still—  
As the silver dew of the dew,  
A noisette, crystalline rill  
Sounding the great'st joy through  
For the violet's cup of blue,  
Sleep, little one, your fill,  
Till the robins wake you!

—Emma Herrick Wood, in Youth's Companion.

**A Serious Question.**  
What makes people laugh? 'Tis a mystery  
To solve it we struggle in vain.  
We tell of the apples that small Johnny  
ate  
And sing of his subsequent pain.  
They describe his demise in a jocular way,  
With phrases that diminish his pain,  
And yet think it over and tell me I pray,  
Is there anything funny in that?

When Bridget, a lass who is honest and kind,  
And willing and anxious to learn,  
Endeavors to knit the fir, but to find  
That the real reason to burn.  
We laugh with a merriment softly serene  
When the lassie in a ruse says "my  
And she's blown to the clouds 'cause she  
tried kerensies.

Is there anything funny in that?  
—Washington Star.

**A Silent Life.**  
Silently falls the snow-flake,  
Silently falls the dew,  
Silently dies the old year,  
Silently comes the new,  
Silently steal the sunbeams  
Over the dunes and the flat,  
Silently flows the river  
That turns a hundred mills.

Silently do a kind deed,  
Silently lighten care,  
Silently shed the bitter tear,  
Silently kneel in prayer,  
Silently bear a wrong done—  
Care not what slanderers say;  
Silently live a good life,  
Silently pass away.

—James M. Campbell, D. D., in Christian Work.

**The Easy Way.**  
We never have to use the hoe  
Or spade to dig by day;  
To get the worthless weeds to grow,  
They flourish anyway.  
They need no care as flowers do,  
From shabby nooks and corners, too,  
From barren soil and fruitless clay  
They point defiant leaves at you!

We never have to try and try  
To find the useful way;  
If worthy hands are found I  
May pick up any day;  
We have to practice hard and long  
To take our places in the strong,  
We write for knowledge, but we play  
Down easy ways that lead to wrong.

—R. E. Kiser, in Washington Star.

**The Dark Day.**  
Never a gleam in the dreary sky,  
And the chains of the Dark have bound me,  
But the light of Love in my darling's eyes,  
And—her little arms around me,  
And I say to the Darkness: "Be swift in  
flight!"  
For Love is here, like the morning light!

And what care I for the dreary skies  
That darken o'er my life's endeavor?  
If the light but shines in my darling's eyes  
The world is bright and clear.  
I cry to the Darkness: "Fly fast! Fly fast!  
The light of Love's Morning is here at  
last!"

—F. L. Stanton, in Atlantic Constitution.

**Human Familiarities.**  
Fork faces a man on pleasure bent;  
The air is crisp, the sky is blue,  
Some creature comes with strength and  
sport,  
And utters freely in his view,  
He smiles and stiles it with a gas,  
For that's his way of having fun.  
He has enough and some to spare,  
To gain another's ready store  
He talks with unassuming ease  
And when 'twon, looks round for more.  
His countenance just why 'tis done,  
But that's the way of having fun.  
—Washington Star.

**KIDNEY DISEASES**  
are the most fatal of all diseases.

**FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE** is a Guaranteed Remedy  
or money refunded. Contains  
remedies recognized by eminent  
physicians as the best for  
Kidney and Bladder troubles.  
PRICE 25c. and \$1.00.

**Foley's Honey and Tar**  
for children, safe, sure. No opiates.

## WHITE AZALEAS.

BY HELEN ELLSWORTH WRIGHT.

I sell you, stranger, it's no use. I could  
not part with that clay hill up yonder, not if  
you wife has took a dozen millions to it,  
and you was to pay me \$1,000 an acre. Why,  
ma, I don't want your money. I'm 42  
years old this fall. I've got enough to last  
and there ain't a chick nor a child to bust  
it in, and that hill—well, it's no use, that's  
all.

The place ain't good for raisin' much; just  
pine and berry branches and them there  
white azaleas, but when it comes my turn  
to die I want 'em to leave me there. Set  
them place where the trees grow thick, an'  
it's a good thing and a good thing. That's it,  
That's where I'm going to be.

Your wife, she fancied that? Peculiar,  
ain't it? Women folks like light most of  
ways, light and sunny parts, though once I  
knowed a fella that was 20 years ago.  
"Ray hell my hill, you say? No, sirree, you  
can't have half an inch."

Mebby you city folks can't understand  
but I'll tell you what, there's things up here  
that money couldn't touch, and that there  
spot is one of 'em. Confound it, man, I'll  
tell you why!

You see, 'twas more than 20 years ago that  
I come here to see a friend o' mine, named  
Ephraim Jones. You know Eph. Jones?  
Well, that's well, ain't it? He an' I was  
chums. This place was mighty lively then.  
Those cabins there was full of folks, an'  
men was takin' fortunes out o' quartz most  
every day.

The school house stood up yonder, near  
my hill, an' the teacher's name, well, that  
don't matter, anyhow. I couldn't say what  
she was like; I couldn't tell a blind man what  
a lily was. Your cities never grow that  
kind, no more than they do sugar pines or  
rhododendron flowers.

Well, we was—friends, we used to go  
for white azaleas, she an' I, up on my hill  
when school was through. It wasn't my hill  
then, not till long after, when she'd gone  
away, and yet we called it "ours."

We used to all these years the trees grow  
think an' plan out what the year's worth  
bring. We'd all there till the shadows came  
an' shut the world away, an' then were glad,  
for all the just an' all the stars seemed  
made for that night. The wood-owls nested  
in those trees, an' when I'd say I loved some  
one, they'd always ask me, "Who?"

And so the summer slipped along an' time  
come for me to go. I was to fix a little  
home, an' when next the white azaleas  
blossomed to go back again for her.

Well, first she wrote me regular every  
week, and then her letters got to soundin'  
queer, like one who laughs an' wants to cry,  
an' then—well, then they stopped. Those  
were busy times with us, but I wrote by  
every stage.

—One evenin'—'twas along in May, an' I  
was pottarin' round at dusk a dinn' up the  
chores—I saw a man come down the trail.  
The man was Ephraim Jones. He never  
said a word—just reached out an' took my  
hand, an' wrung it hard, an' kind o' choked.  
By and by he said:

"Look here, old man, it takes an awful  
blast, you know, to shatter out that hard  
gray rock so you can get gold. Well, the  
good Lord bless us and sometimes, per-  
haps to find our gold."

Then he told me how her father'd got in  
debt, an' gone away, an' left her mother  
sick an' them two little sisters on her hands,  
with nothin' but the money from her father's  
school, how he'd tried to keep it from  
me all those weeks, and then—a man had  
come, a judge from heaven knows where, an'  
old enough to—

Say, stranger, he's sun too hot? You  
look on kind o' faint an' fuddled out. Per-  
haps you'd rather have me stay say my  
word. Go on. Well, there ain't much more to tell.

The judge he come a-courtin' her, but  
she said always, "No." He told her how  
he'd take them all, an' make her mother  
well an' send girls away to school, an'  
go on. Well, there ain't much more to tell.

Then winter come, an' they hadn't even  
wood, nor clothes, nor things to eat.  
The mother blamed her some an' cried, the  
lil' girls both tessed and coaxed, an' the  
judge come every day. An' in the win-  
ter turned to early spring, but things were  
n't better much.

One evenin' Ephraim come across our hill  
an' found her up there, where the trees grow  
thick. The leaves were comin' on the white  
azale plants, an' her hands were full of ten-  
der little shoots.

"Go, take him these," she said, "and say  
when they bloom I'll be his inside. My  
mother and the children need me most; my  
duty is to them!"

Well, the judge, he married her an' look  
'em all away. And I? I've got them little  
dry shoots yet, an' shall have always, too!  
Ephraim went down to see 'em once—he  
knew the judge, you know. They were livin'  
in a splendid house, with carriages an'  
everything. The judge was doin' all he  
could, but money can't buy love! She  
seemed so kind o' sweet an' still, like a lily  
that's been picked an' taken from the sun.

There was a baby, too, a puny little—her  
baby—an' she called him "my." I guess the  
judge he didn't know what for, but it was  
me!

What is it, stranger? He you ill? Per-  
haps the air's too light up here, an' you  
think you're sick over strong?

Well, to go on, he died, did little Joe,  
an' he sent Ephraim word. The white  
azaleas was in bloom, an' I got most a hun-  
dred sprays, an' Eph, he took 'em down.  
The little chap had lots o' flowers, all  
bunches, ones, you know, but mine the  
mother took—an' said, "em close—an' cried,  
(Confound this snake! It's gettin' in your  
eyes!)

Well, after that they went away, some-  
where in foreign parts, and that was—  
fifteen or so years ago. The judge, if he's a livin'  
now, must be an old man—you!

## Sick Headache?

Food doesn't digest well?  
Appetite poor? Bowels  
constipated? Tongue coated?  
It's your liver! Ayer's Pills  
are liver pills; they cure dys-  
pepsia, biliousness.  
25c. All druggists.

Want your mouthache to be a beautiful  
smile or fish face? Then use  
**BUCKINGHAM'S DYE OF THE MOUTH**  
25c. All druggists.

**Remembered.**  
Mrs. Newell—Why, you're the man I  
gave a pie to last week.  
Newell—Yes'm; I thought I'd come  
around and relieve your mind, showin'  
up perfectly healthy agin.—Chicago  
American.

**A Wonderful Child.**  
A baby in Kalamazoo  
Remembered quite distinctly: "Don-go-oo."  
'Twas explained by his ma,  
And likewise by his pa,  
That he meant to say: "How do you do?"  
—Judge.

## TRIUMPH OF EMANCIPATION.



"How are you, little one?"  
"The child gives me great amuse-  
ment. He called me 'papa' yester-  
day."—Chicago Chronicle.

**What's in a Name.**  
"What's in a name?" they ask.  
Ah, very much, I fear.  
Men do things they call fair,  
And gladly, which they'd shun  
If labeled work, you know.  
—Chicago Record-Herald.

## A Thousand Dollars' Worth of Gold

A. H. Thurman, a well known coal  
operator of Buffalo, O., writes, "I  
have been afflicted with kidney and  
bladder trouble for years, passing  
gravel or stones with excruciating  
pain. I got no relief from medicines  
until I began taking Foley's Kidney  
Cure, then the result was surprising.  
A few doses started the brick dust  
like fine stones and now I have no  
pain across my kidneys and I feel  
like a new man. It has done me a  
\$1000 worth of good." Sold at  
Armstrong's drug store.

We wonder, too, if Mr. Bryan had  
been elected president, whether his  
message would be in harmony with  
his Kansas City Platform.

**Coughs, Colds and Constipation.**  
Few people realize when talking  
cough medicines other than Foley's  
Honey and Tar, that they contain  
opiates which are constipating be-  
sides being unsafe, particularly for  
children. Foley's Honey and Tar  
contains no opiates, is safe and  
sure and will not constipate. Sold  
at Armstrong's drug store.

The St. Louis newspapers have  
great power. A woman while read-  
ing one the other day fell asleep and  
cannot be awakened.

**Report from the Reform School**  
J. G. Gluck, superintendent,  
Pruitttown, W. Va., writes: "After  
trying all other advertised cough  
medicines we have decided to use  
Foley's Honey and Tar exclusively  
in the West Virginia Reformed  
School. I find it the most effective  
and absolutely harmless." Sold at  
Armstrong's drug store.

Spain need feel no alarm this time  
at Admiral Dewey trampling the  
quarterdeck again with a formidable  
fleet at his back.

**A Timely Topic**  
At this season of coughs and colds  
it is well to know that Foley's Honey  
and Tar is the greatest throat and  
lung remedy. It cures quickly and  
prevents serious results from a cold.  
Sold at Armstrong's drug store.

Cuba has at last concluded that she  
will consider this reciprocity treaty  
which we are urging upon her.

A kidney or bladder trouble can  
always be cured by using Foley's  
Kidney Cure in time. Sold at Arms-  
trough's drug store.

The President displayed no un-  
usual impatience over the commoner's  
delayed criticism of his message.

Foley's Honey and Tar positively  
cures all throat and lung diseases.  
Refuse substitutes. Sold at Arms-  
trough's drug store.

Mr. Bryan does not find the Presi-  
dent's message in harmony with the  
Kansas City Platform.

Don't be imposed upon by taking  
substitutes offered for Foley's Honey  
and Tar. Sold at Armstrong's drug  
store.

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BRAN, OATS,  
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.90	"	.79	4.25	"	3.80
1.00	"	.89		"	
1.25	"	1.18	.75	Quilts for	\$.69
1.50	"	1.39	.85	"	.76
2.00	"	1.86	1.20	"	1.10
2.50	"	2.25	1.35	"	1.25
2.65	"	2.40	1.50	"	1.39

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Gloves, Hats, Caps,  
Fancy Crockery,  
Lamps & Glass  
Ware, Felts &  
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makes kidneys and bladder right.