

Friendly Advice.

about the coming local election... "Gibbs is a good man; he is capable, honest, fearless and conscientious. He will make the very kind of representative we need. He once saved my life from drowning."

"Do you really want to see Gibbs elected?" said a solemn-faced old man. "I do, indeed. I would give anything to see him elected," answered the bore. "Then never let anybody know he saved your life," counseled the solemn-faced man.

Irresistible. "I wonder if the men in this car call themselves gentlemen?" exclaimed the indignant little girl standing up in the aisle. "My dear child," spoke the gray-haired man in the seat nearest her, "almost any of us would give his seat to an aged woman, or even to a younger one with a baby in her arms, but—"

"Well, can't you see I'm carrying a doll?" she asked, with flashing eyes. She got the seat.

A Prize Housemaid. Mr. Four Hundred—Mary, have you seen a letter in a blue envelope that I left on the table? "Aristocrat's askin' the pleasure of your company to dinner?" Mr. Four Hundred (startled)—We-e-ll eyes!

"It is true he is young, handsome and well-to-do, but the only question my child, concerns the heart. Do you love him?" "I will be frank with you, mamma. I never could love a man, no matter how attractive externally, who says 'all during.'"

A Masculine Monopoly. Henriques—The art of painting must have been originally confined to the sterner sex. "Clinger—What makes you think so?" Henriques—Well, we never hear of any rare paintings done by the old mistresses.

The concession of the Turkish maten monopoly has been secured by a German syndicate.

Easy Come, Easy Go. The man who creeps along bent over, with his spinal column feeling in a condition to snap like a pipestem at any minute, would readily give a great deal to get out of his dilemma, and yet this is only the commonest form by which lumbago seizes on and twists out of shape the muscles of the back. This is commonly known as backache, a crick in the back, but by whatever name it may be known, and however bad it may be, 10 minutes' vigorous rubbing with St. Jacobs Oil on the afflicted part will drive out the trouble and completely restore it. It is a thing so easily caught, it may be wondered at why there is not more of it, but because it is so easily cured by St. Jacobs Oil will be the very reason that we hear so little of it.

Nights of Labor. Pillsbury—Say, don't you want to join the Knights of Labor? Pater Familias—Nights of labor? No, thanks; I have a night job now. You see, we have twins at our house."

PUTS ITS FABRILE DYE produces the fastest and brightest colors of any known dye stuff. Sold by all druggists.

More than 45,000,000 passengers a year go through the North Union and South Union stations in Boston.

The exports of corn for the last fiscal year were \$85,000,000, of wheat \$73,000,000.

Best For the Bowels. No matter what ails you, headache to a cancer, you will never get well until your bowels are put right. CASCADES help nature, cure you without a scrape or pain, produce easy natural movements, cost you just 10 cents to start getting your health back. CASCADES Candy Cathartic, the genuine, put up in metal boxes, every tablet has C. C. C. stamped on it. Beware of imitations.

Germany still imports seventy-five per cent. of her steel pens from England.

FITS permanently cured. No fits or nervousness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. \$2 trial bottle and treatise free. Dr. R. H. KLINE, Ltd., 981 Arch St., Phila. Pa.

Mexico boasts 130 libraries and 711 newspapers in various languages.

TOLD OF CZOLGOSZ

Assault on the President Hears His Assailant is an Anarchist. Buffalo, N. Y. (Special).—When he awoke, after his morning nap Monday, President McKinley cited Dr. Rixey to his bedside and asked that he be permitted to read the morning papers.

Of course, he was denied this, but the physician was pleased that the President should take so active an interest in public affairs. The President was assured that if he continued to progress favorably he might in a week read the papers as usual.

For the first time since his would-be assassin was taken from his side, President McKinley mentioned Czolgosz. He asked what had been done with the assailant and was told he was being held as a prisoner here.

"He must have been crazy," said President McKinley. "I never thought until he approached me at the White House that he was an anarchist," the President was told.

"Too bad, too bad," was the reply, "but, though, that he will be treated with all fairness."

The President was told that from parts of the world messages of sympathy had arrived. He was informed that the American public had shown great grief over his misfortune and that had demonstrated that he has a strong grip upon the affections of his fellow-countrymen. The President was deeply touched and said that he felt himself too highly honored. To Dr. Rixey he said that he hoped to recover to show that he appreciated all which had been done for him.

Perhaps the strangest feature of the progress that has been made toward recovery by the President is that he has at no time shown any symptoms of relapse. After the operation there was no sinking spell which usually results from such a shock, and from the moment his wounds were dressed his progress has been steady and satisfactory. Dr. McBurney said that in all his experience as a physician he has never known another patient who exhibited so great a tendency to respond to medical treatment as did President McKinley.

"It is marvelous," said he, "and is worthy of the study of men who are capable of understanding such things." The President asked how long it would be before he would be permitted to partake of food. Dr. Rixey told him that the wounds in his stomach would not heal in less than a week or ten days, and during that time it would be impossible for him to take any solid nourishment. This information was far from pleasant, but the President made no complaint other than a semi-jocular remark to the effect that it was bad enough to be shot, without being starved to death.

An indication of confidence in the President's recovery was the announcement made by President Buchanan, of the Pan-American Exposition, that there would be another "President's Day" to make the occasion a festival of rejoicing over the President's recovery. Mr. Buchanan did not make the announcement until he had received positive assurances that the President would in all probability recover.

HOW ROOSEVELT BORE IT. "Our One Thought and Prayer," He Said, "Is Now for the President."

Buffalo, N. Y. (Special).—John Barrett, former Minister to Siam, who was with Colonel Roosevelt at Isle La Motte, Vt., when the news of the shooting of the President was received, says:

"I shall never forget the demeanor of the Vice-president when he heard the news of the shooting. He was called to the telephone in the house of Governor Fisk. As soon as he realized the meaning of the terrible news a dazed expression, followed by a look of unmistakable anguish, came to his strong face, and tears filled his eyes. He was plainly laboring under deep emotion, and asked Senator Proctor, likewise keenly affected, to make the sad announcement to the waiting crowd outside.

"The Vice-President paced nervously up and down the room, dictated a telegram to Buffalo and waited for more news. When, shortly, the second bulletin followed, saying the President's wounds were not necessarily fatal, the Vice-President exclaimed with sincerest feeling:

"That's good—it is good. May it be every bit true." "He brushed aside those about him, hastened out on the veranda and made the reassuring announcement himself.

"When the Vice-President party was en route back to Burlington somebody, in all kindness, but thoughtlessly, said:

"Mr. Vice-President, you must be anxious lest on your arrival you shall hear that the death of Mr. McKinley has made you President."

"Instantly he raised his hand in characteristic gesture and with a pained look said: "Do not speak of that contingency. Our one thought and prayer is now for the President, that he may be spared."

LATEST NEWS.

Another Victim. A man was killed and another injured by the derailment of a passenger train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at Burton Tunnel, W. Va.

Near Gerardsstown, W. Va., Mrs. William Faircloth was accidentally shot and fatally wounded by Edward Faircloth, her brother-in-law.

Chairman Ellison, of the Virginia State Democratic Committee, appointed J. G. Hawkins secretary of the committee.

Henry Beckerman, of Richmond, while drunk, shot and killed William Fletcher at the Adams House, in New York.

The Virginia Constitutional Convention, by a close vote, decided to abolish the committee of the whole.

George E. Wright, a journalist and stock exchange broker, died at his home, Chicago, of paresis.

The congregation of the Lutheran church in Woodstock, Va., extended a cordial welcome to Rev. J. E. Shenk.

Rev. Thomas W. Shields, of Lebanon, accepted a call to the First Moravian church in York, Pa.

Green shot and killed his wife in Moines, Ia., and then fatally wounded himself.

The United States transport McClellan arrived at Manila with the congressional party.

W. H. Gladfelter has erected a town hall for the people of Spring Grove, Pa.

The wife of Dr. J. A. White, of Richmond, died at her home in that city.

Miss Virginia L. Edwards, formerly of Winchester, Va., died at Atlanta.

Two hundred and fifty miners employed at the Pine Hill Colliery, near Meersdale, Pa., went on a strike.

The stock of the Winchester Telephone company was sold to a Hanover (Pa.) syndicate.

Bradolino Yawaluno, an Italian, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., confessed that he murdered John Francesco Dura, having been incited thereto, as he claims, by Frederick Linhoff.

The National Association of Letter Carriers in session in Chattanooga, Tenn., adjourned after electing officers and selecting Denver as the next meeting place.

BUDGET FUN

ODD. "Any odd job?" the tramp inquired. The housewife answered with a nod. "Were you to do most any job," she pleasantly observed, "I were odd!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

HIS WIFE. Miss Alma—When did you become acquainted with your wife, doctor? Doctor—After the wedding.—*Heitere Well.*

SHE KNEW HIM. Have you nothing to say to me, now that I am leaving you forever? She—Au revoir.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ROUND-ABOUT RESPONSE. Dorothy—Clara believes in fate, doesn't she? Delia—Indeed she does; if a man proposed to her she'd send him her answer in a bottle thrown into the lake and expect him to get it.

HER MISCALCULATIONS. "And so this is the end!" he exclaimed bitterly. "Well," she replied, "if you haven't any more nerve than to give up right at the start I suppose it'll have to be the end. But I thought you were more of a man."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

SHOULD BE CONGENIAL. "I have not much luck with Miss Edith—she's about as cold as the North Pole." "So! I should think you'd get on famously then, for you're about as awkward as a polar bear."—*New York Times.*

THE FIRST ESSENTIAL. "I wish I could learn how to shave quickly," remarked the very young man. "First catch your hare," quoted his friend.—*Philadelphia Press.*

SAFER AND AS SURE. Joe—If you have anything mean to say about a man say it to his face. Billy—Oh, it will get around to him almost as quick.

HANDICAPPED BY CIRCUMSTANCES. "He has told me he loved me," said the fair girl, confidently; "but I don't know whether to marry him or not." "Don't you think he tells the truth?" "I am sure he does his best to tell the truth. But, you see, he works in the weather bureau."—*Washington Star.*

STUPENDOUS PROBLEMS. Smith—What makes so many people crazy to get into society? Brown—Well, what makes so many other people crazy to keep them out?—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE ANIMUS. Mrs. Gossippe—How does it come Mrs. Swagger invited you to her party? I thought you were enemies. Mrs. Snappers—We are, but she thought I'd become a fit to wear and wanted to make me feel bad.—*Ohio State Journal.*

UNNECESSARY CAUTION. "Hist! hist!" said the burglar as he went over the man of the house. "Never mind," replied the gentleman, who was looking up into the revolver; "my wife's away visiting relatives, and I assure you that I shall not think of getting up to grapple with you as long as she isn't here to accuse me of cowardice and tell the neighbors."—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

GREATER GLORY. "Another Jack—It's no use! That's the third time I've failed to pass my yearly exam." "Sister Sue—There, Jack, don't worry; you're captain of the football team, first baseman of the college nine, and the best man in the yacht club; that's better than 10 sheepskin."—*Ohio State Journal.*

RELIC. Above his head, as he worked, there hung in an elaborate frame a dollar bill. "A relic with a history. I doubt not?" observed the other. "Yes, the copy of my really first great financial victory," replied the man of affairs. "It's the first dollar I ever escaped from a summer hotel with!" When asked if he had had recourse to a rope ladder he merely laughed, denying nothing.—*Detroit Free Press.*

LITERATURE. The author had written himself down an ass. "But is this literature?" protested the other. "I do not know, sir!" replied the author, respectfully. "I have reason to suspect that it is not. For not only are many publishers anxious to publish it, but I have been offered vast sums for the stage rights, as well!"

Tennessee Pearls. The great Tiffany is authority for the statement that the finest pink pearls in the world come from the mountain streams in Tennessee, and it is interesting to observe how rapidly fashion is appropriating the finest of these gems for her own insistent needs. Only those of perfect spherical form and brilliant luster were accepted, and the prices were correspondingly high. Many really beautiful pearls that were not round nor pear-shaped were actually flung into the water again because of their odd shapes, that rendered them useless.—*Northville News.*

Street Car Pleasantries.

A man who looked from his physical proportions as if he could back up any remark he might care to make in public boarded an uptown Broadway car at Thirty-fourth street the other night. The car was filled, but the man happened to get in a row which held only four passengers. None of them made any sign of an indication to move up and give him a seat. He hinted repeatedly, but received no encouragement, and finally said gruffly, so as to be heard by every passenger in the car:

"These benches are made for five human beings or four car hogs. His remark caused a general laugh, which was quickly turned on him when one of the four men rose to leave the car. As he stepped off he remarked: "You are mistaken. These benches were made for four—three human beings and one car hog. Take your seat."

Not Popular with the Small Boy. Small Girl—What do you think about men and boys wearing girls' shirtwaists, any way? Small Boy (in his sister's bloomers and shirtwaist, vaguely)—I don't like it! It was bad enough when we boys had to wear our big brother's old clothes, but I kick at having to wear out my sister's old things, etc.

A Vain Hope. Flushing—Didn't you join another Don't Worry Club last week, Harriet? Mrs. Flushing (severely)—Yes; I hope you don't object to me belonging to two Don't Worry Clubs, Henry? Flushing (objectively)—Oh, no, Harriet, but I had hoped that they would keep you from worrying me somewhat.

What We Are Coming To. Jones—Where are you going, Smith? Smith (in a hurry)—Just going after a \$3000 traveling accident policy. Jones—Going on a trip? Smith—Yes; I'm going to Coney Island, and I want to be insured against accidents on "Dead Man's Bridge."

Consolation and Comfort. Who is it that does not wish to be out in the open air or alive in some field of sport, whether it be with the bat, rod or gun; whether we go coasting over the hills and vales on the wheel or sailing over rough waves or into serene coves, it is all sport, and the springing muscles seem to need it. It is bound to happen that some mishap will occur. This is that we have sprains in abundance. Light sprains, sprains that cripple, sprains that give great pain, sprains that rob us of sleep, but sportsmen of all kinds have come to know that there is nothing better than the old reliable St. Jacobs Oil. Have it with you for use; you may rely on its cure of the worst sprain and restoration to the comforts of life.

Counting the Cost. "Did you ever go to a church fair?" "Once." "Lose anything?" "My religion."—*Smart Set.*

Deafness Cannot Be Cured by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out of the tube restored to its normal condition hearing will be destroyed forever. Nine-tenths of all cases are cured by a method which is not only safe, but infallible in its results.

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My mother's consumption for last she was given and she tried Ayer's and was speedily cured.

D. P. Jolly, A.

No matter how your cough or how you have had it, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the best thing you can take. It's too risky to wait until you have consumption. If you are coughing today, get a bottle of Cherry Pectoral at once. Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

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