

each being in the surveying and on November of Maytown. for sale at a person desirous of purchasing not as now is the time to get good ones. Mr. Nissley has already disposed of two lots Nos. 4 and 5, at the corner of Orange and Main streets Bert Walters for \$500.

A Bad Accident.

Manuel Holwager, a farmer of Mt. township, who is well known here, was seriously injured in Mount Joy on a giving morning. Mr. Holwager's wife drove to Mount Joy and stopped at the Farmers' Inn. After she had alighted and the horse was unhitched, the animal took fright in escaping from the boiler at the Farmers' creamery. Mr. Holwager attempted to quiet the animal when he was knocked down and trampled by the frightened horse. The latter then ran on a run and collided with a fence. The force of the collision threw the horse on its back. He regained his feet and dashed into a fence after which he was caught, being seriously injured. Mr. Holwager is confined to his bed suffering from serious internal injuries and a badly injured shoulder.

Vaccine Company Chartered.

A charter was granted last Tuesday to the Pennsylvania Vaccine Company, of Newago, with a capital of \$10,000. The following directors: H. K. ... Elizabethtown; G. A. ...; J. F. Hamaker, Conewago; Heisey, Marietta; W. Schaub ...; G. R. Heisey, Lancaster.

... I have recommended it — W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of our oldest and most respected residents and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold at J. S. Carmany's Florin, Pa.

Death in East Donegal.

Mrs. Catharine Stahl died Thursday evening at the home of her daughter, Mrs. John Shultz, in East Donegal township, about one mile north of Maytown. Death was caused by heart trouble. Deceased was seventy-two years old. She was a member of the River Brethren church and was an estimable woman. Her daughter with whom she lived is the only surviving child. The funeral was held Sunday morning, with service at 10 o'clock at the Cross Roads church near town.

A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time at the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by J. S. Carmany Florin Pa.

Church Chronicle.

Methodist Episcopal Church—Preaching every Sunday evening at 7 p. m. by the pastor and Rev. John Boehm on alternate evenings. Epworth League at 6 p. m. Sabbath School at 9 a. m., Amos Risser Superintendent. Class meeting Sunday morning at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting Thursday 7 p. m. Rev. Wayne Channell pastor, Rev. John Boehm assistant pastor.

No one can reasonably hope for good health unless his bowels move once each day. When this is not attended to, disorders of the stomach arise, biliousness, headache dyspepsia and piles soon follow. If you wish to avoid these ailments keep you bowels regular by taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets when required. They are so easy to take and mild and gentle in effect. Sold at J. S. Carmany's, Florin, Pa.

If you would have an appetite like a bear for your meals take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They regulate the stomach and regularize the bowels. Price, 25 cents. Sold at J. S. Carmany's store.

'STEERIN' HER STRAIGHT INTO DEEP WATER.

tracks down th' trail made a clear showin' which way it went, but 'twas hard guessin' how far along it'd got by that time.

"Say! Those fellers was smooth-faced, easy-lookin' chaps, but they sure did know how to express their feelin's under th' circumstances. Their remarks kinder worked th' boys up, too. Hadn't been an excitement in camp fer some time 'n th' gang went right off on a rampage fer want of somethin' better t' do, loaded up guns, filled up on whisky 'n big talk, 'n started out like all sin dead bent fer a lynchin' party.

"Bein' an officer of the law at the time, I kep it on my mind t' preserve law 'n' order 'n recover th' lost property. I knew dern well though 'twas no use buckin' against a lot of half-crazy galoots like them when they've got licker in 'em, an' an idea in their heads so tight you couldn't chop it out with an ax. So off went th' whole bunch; me with 'em. Had t' laugh, too, t' think of catchin' that thing with hosses. They hed oil enough aboard, 'cordin' to th' owners t' go 50 mile straight. I mentioned th' fact t' one of th' boys who was a little soberer than th' rest.

"That's all right," sez he, 'how 'bout Goose creek?"

"Geel! sez I, 'that's so. Can't cross there with that. It's been runnin' high this week. No goin' 'cross country, either on them spider wheels."

"Pretty soon we begun t' take th' rise 'bout a mile this side o' the creek. On top of the knoll we could take a view clean to the bank. Way down there in the middle of the road was the machine, standing still just above where the road dips to the ford. Somebody was fussing round it. We knew it was the machine 'count of the sun dazzles shinin' on th' nickel parts. Then th' boys let out a yell an' hit up th' pace fer fair. A little nearer they began to shoot, more t' scare th' cuss than fer anythin' else. But it didn't scare him. He jumps in, pulls th' levers 'n goes down slow over th' bank and out of sight. Then he was safe as a gopher in a hole fer th' time bein'.

"Everybody pulls up just out e'

... explain how 'twas she didn't ... or go out under water. Don't ... understand the innards of them things any way. Them fellers that owned it was sore, though. They stirred up trouble with th' gov'nor 'n he had me fired fer not holdin' Pi. No more unthankful public jobs fer me."

And the ex-sheriff accepted with alacrity another invitation to step up.—N. Y. Sun.

FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS.

To the Banker It Meant Poverty But Not So to the Struggling Artist.

The banker's wife sat at the window wondering what could have detained her husband, usually so methodical, writes Charles Battell Loomis, in Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

At last she saw him step slowly from the car. This in itself was disquieting. Why had he not come home in a cab? What could have happened? She hastened down the stairs to the front door and reached it just as he did.

"Henry, what is the matter? Why are you so late? And why did you come in a car?"

"Oh, my darling, can you bear bad news?" said he.

For answer she gave him her hand.

"Mary, my darling, I am ruined. Cabs are for the rich. The failure of Sampson & Co. has pulled me down, and when all my debts are paid I shall have but \$500 with which to face the world." It was a terrible shock, and what wonder the little woman fainted. Only \$500. Ruin! Abject poverty! Sorrow's cup full!

The artist's wife sat with her face at the window of their tiny room, wondering what had happened to detain her husband. Artist though he was, he was generally very methodical in his movements.

While her fears strengthened a cab drove up to the house, and within it—wonder of wonders!—she descried the form of her husband. This was indeed disquieting. Why had he come home in a cab? Was he ill?

He sprang from the cab, dismissed the driver with a gratuity and ran with joyful face up the steps.

A young Roman ...
On, called on a maid—tried to squeeze
But the girl, with a blush,
Said the Latin for "Tush!"
You hold young thing! Let me baesar!"
—Baltimore American.

VERY COOL-HEADED.



Left Halfback—That man Punter, the fullback, never lost his head in a game of football yet, did he?

Right Halfback (a joker)—No, I think not. He's lost an ear, part of his nose, five teeth, but I don't remember ever hearing of him losing his head. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

She Made Him Work Hard.

The Parent—I like to see a young man exert himself.

The Daughter—Why, papa, you just ought to have seen him exert himself the first time he tried to kiss me! —Yonkers Statesman.

Drawing Conclusions.

Blowitz—Hear about my luck? I got a job six weeks ago at \$30 a week with a promise of \$40 after the first month if my work was satisfactory.

Newitt—Too bad! What are you doing now?—Philadelphia Press.

Another Cynic.

"Solomon says: 'In all labor there is profit.'"

"I wonder if Solomon ever tore up the sidewalk to get a nickel he had dropped through a crack?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Bright Side.

A lady was lamenting the ill-fortune which attended her affairs when a friend, wishing to console her, bade her look upon the bright side.

"Oh!" she sighed, "there seems to be no bright side."

"Then polish up the dark one," was the quick reply.—Golden Days.