

the Keystone Watch Case Co. of Philadelphia,
the largest watch case manufacturer in the world, is now fitting upon the Jas. Boss Filled and other cases made by it, a bow (ing) which cannot be twisted or pulled off the watch.

It is a sure protection against the pocket and the many accidents that befall watches fitted with the style bow, which is simply held by friction and can be twisted off the fingers. It is called the

Non-pull-out

and CAN ONLY BE HAD with cases bearing their trade mark—
Sold only through watch dealers, without extra charge.

I use your knife or finger nail to open your watch case. Send for an opener (free).

GRATEFUL—COMFORTING.

EPSON'S COCOA.

BREAKFAST SUPPER.

By a thousandfold exceeding the laws of Nature, the operations of Inspection, and by a careful application of the properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epson provided for our breakfast and supper a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many a trouble. It is by far the best substitute for tea, coffee, or any other drink, and gradually builds up a real strength, though it has every tendency to disease. Hundreds of maladies are floating around us ready to attack us, and Epson's Cocoa is the best remedy for all of them.

We are preparing a facial salve for keeping the skin soft and a nourished frame.

Civil Service Gazette

Illustrated with boiling water or milk. Sold in half-pounds, etc., by grocers, labelled

“JAS. A. EPSON & CO., LTD., Homeopathic Druggists, London, England.”

INTERIOR lady or gentleman wanted for ele-
mentary position. Also, nursery agent.

J. E. WHITNEY, Rochester, N. Y.

This is the common
child age, and ever
you must an wo
not should educate
in luxury or the
times.

Clark's Business

ERIE, PA., furnishes the best ad-
vantages at the lowest cost. A school of
reputation. Graduates assisted to
try business positions. Write for catalogue.

**CARTER'S
LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

CURE

for Headache and relieve all the troubles in-
cluding the bilious state, the stomach, the
liver, the kidneys, the lungs, the heart, the
brain, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress, after
eating, Pain in the Side, etc. While their most
marked success has been shown in curing

**SICK
HEAD**

medicinal, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are
especially valuable in Constitution, curing and
preventing this annoying complaint, while they also
cure all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the
liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only
cure the head, they would be almost priceless to those who
suffer from this distressing complaint, but for
any one who wants to establish a business and
make money, they will find these little pills valuable
in so many ways that they will not be willing
to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

the taste of so many lives that here is where
make our great boast. Our pills cure it while
they do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and
easily taken. Take two pills and a glass of
water, and if you do not grip or are out by their gentle action please all who
them. In vials at 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold
druggists everywhere, etc.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

MAIL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE

Removal!

J. L. Purse

—PRACTICAL—

BUGGY AND

CARRIAGE BUILDER.

Has removed to 108 Spring street,
east of the jail.

In The Electric Light Building,

Orders for new work done promptly
and on reasonable terms. Repairing
of all kinds executed with
promptness and dispatch. Work
guaranteed and prices satisfactory.

A GRAND OFFER!

**FREE MME. A. RUPPERT'S
FACE BLEACH**

MME. A. RUPPERT
says: "I appreciate the fact
that there are no other brands
of Face Bleach in the United
States that would like to try
my World-Famous Face
Bleach. I will do so, and when
you receive it, you will be pleased
to find that all of you may have
an opportunity. I will give
to every customer a
sample bottle, and
in order to supply those out
of city, or in any part of
the country, I will do so at
a small extra charge, so as to
cover the cost of postage.

In every case of freckles, simple moth, sal-
lowness, blackheads, acne, eczema, oiliness, rough-
ness, or any discoloration or disease of the skin,
and wrinkles, (not caused by age,) it expresses
FACT, and removes absolutely.

It is a cure. Address
MADAME A. RUPPERT, (Prop. of)
NEW YORK CITY.

No. 6 East 14th St.

TOM WINSTON'S VOW.

"Whatever misery or disappointment
overtakes you always be sure that my
wishes have brought them. If a curse
hangs over your house know that it is
mine," Tom Winston said to Theo
Thorpe the day the latter brought his
young wife, Lucy Lane.

Theo only answered:

"I'd be sorry to believe that, Tom,
some day you'll be thankful to remem-
ber that the curse causeless shall not
come."

And then he went quickly into the
mill.

The miller's cottage stood in a verdant
hollow beside the millpond, where ap-
ples, plums, peach and cherry trees ran
down the sunny slope in front and hen-
eyuckle clambered up the walls to deck
them with russet perfume, while up on
the windy hill across the pond stood Tom
Winston's house, with never a tree to
shelter it from the winter storms nor a
flower to drape its bare walls, nor a
woman's face to warm its cold hearth-
stone and chase away the black shadows
from about Tom's heart.

None but little baby Maysie, the two-
year-old child of sister Bessie, whom
folks said he had loved with no common
love. His gloomy face softened to none
but Maysie, and perhaps he would have
forgiven Lucy easier had it not been that
Bessie's baby wanted a mother so badly."

"I'll get the better of him yet," vowed
Tom, shaking his fist at the blue smoke
curling up from the hollow, on the even-
ing of that homecoming. "My curse,
bitter and everlasting, on bed and hearth,
and every stick and stone belonging to
Theo Thorpe!"

When the young wife heard that her
old lover was going about vowed ven-
geance, she laughed in gay defiance, and
declared that twenty Tom Winstons
would not frighten her.

At the same time she looked with
quite a new interest from under her
lashes at Tom when sometimes she en-
countered him on the road, as if she
would have said:

"Is the hurt so very bad, Tom?"

But Tom seemed to be stone blind as
he passed on his side of the way. Lucy
was very pretty and foolishly, and so-
well, being a woman, she set herself to
conquer him.

One day she came home with her
basket full of wild berries, and her black
hair was full of corn flowers, and bursting
open the old mill door, she stood in
the stream of sunshine, with her hazel
eyes full of triumph and her merry, care-
less face full of laughing dimples.

"What do you think?" cried she, danc-
ing on her little feet. "I met Tom Win-
ston and that baby up the wood, and I
made Tom speak to me, and I just up
and told him what a mean, envious fellow
he was, and how for all his ugly
threats I knew it wasn't in him to harm
a bone of my body."

"You told him that?" exclaimed Theo.

"Yes; and he looked hard at me, and
said that was true; and then we shook
hands on it, and I took the baby."

"Now, I don't know anything that
could please me so much as that," said
Theo earnestly. "To hear of Tom com-
ing round, and by your means, dear!
But nobody could withstand you."

This was a beginning of a true be-
tween the house on the hill and the
house in the hollow. Tom did not thaw
very perceptibly toward Theo, but he
did become quite cordial with Lucy.
Indeed, to Theo's heartfelt satisfaction,
he would sometimes hear from Lucy
that Tom and the child had been at the
house those evenings that he happened
to be in town with his loads of flour.

And soon Lucy used to go up to Tom's
house and take Maysie down to spend
the day with her, and never did she look
more winsome in her young husband's
eyes than when sitting under the apple
tree with the child on her lap.

The first year passed. A tiny, name-
less grave was in the churchyard, and a
little face, never seen in life, was cher-
ished in Theo's loving heart.

"Ah, no, Tom's curse couldn't hurt
us," Theo had answered in humble faith,
while his Lucy in her illness and sorrow
had muttered with fevered reiteration:

"If it hadn't been for him—if it hadn't
been for him."

Lucy was in the cornfields again pluck-
ing the scarlet poppies and the blue corn
flowers, and she clung to little Maysie
more than ever.

"What a comfort she is," Theo would
say, as he watched his wife's sad face
glow into brightness at the sound of
Maysie's prattle, "and how I thank Tom
for lending her so often to us."

Words like these often made poor
Lucy weep as she carried the child alone
—still alone—to the house on the hill.

It was the anniversary of their wed-
ding day, and Theo was hastening home
from his day's business in town earlier
than usual to honor the day by present-
ing his wife with a pretty gift, and then
take her over to spend the evening at his
father's.

Tom Winston grasped his baby in both
arms, and while his face fell on her neck
something like a prayer—the first but
not the last—came from his remorseful
heart.

And Theo, with tears raining down
his cheeks, raised up the erring wife
and kissing her whispered:

"The old place, wife, and honored as
before—Buffalo News."

The Power of Gastric Juice.

"It has been demonstrated more than
once that the gastric juice in the stomach
will digest anything living," re-
marked a physician. "I do not believe
the stories you often see in the news-
papers about snakes and other animals
existing for months in the stomachs of
men. If you swallow a small reptile
while drinking water from a spring, in
due course of time I will wager that the
creature will become part and parcel of
you through digestion and assimilation.
I have experimented with a dog in a
rather cruel way, but it proves my asser-
tion. Once cut into a dog's side and
placed the ear of a live rabbit in the
stomach. Several hours afterward the
end of the ear was gone, as if it had
been cut off with a sharp knife. The
gastric juice had pulverized it."—Pitts-
burg Dispatch.

Then he sat down to gloat over it.

From red to white, from white to
yellow; from yellow to dull, then
darker, blacker, then black, and then the miller cast
the evil thing upon the ground and tramped
upon it with his heel.

Only these blasting words:

"I cannot longer deceive myself or

you. I should have never married you
—it should have been Tom. I know
now, to your disgrace and my own ruin,
which I love. Oh, don't be cruel, Theo,
for I am going to my ruin, though he
has my heart. Forgive, if you can, the
most miserable creature upon earth."

An hour afterward Theo crept out of
his dishonored home into the holy calm
of sunset. The mighty storm which had
swept over him had left him broken, hag-
gard and well nigh crushed. And that
storm was not yet over. There was a
giant of murderous vengeance wrestling
in his meek heart for leave to wreck its
will on the vile thief who had stolen his
love, his honor, his home.

He stood on the bank of the pond, with
his hands clinched hard, and his blood
suffused eyes glaring up at the house on the
hill, where the smoke curled merrily
and oh! how the wish tore at him to go
up and cover that guilty heart with
coward blood!

Hark! a tiny voice calling out: "Oh,
bol Missar Tho'pe! I see 'oo!"

Little Maysie running down the slope
and across the plank which spans the
narrow in heedless haste to reach one
who had ever been kind to her. A mis-
step, a scream, a splash in the water, the
flutter of a checked frock, the upraising
of two little hands for help.

Tom's baby slowly whirling down
to death at the flame.

Tom Winston's baby! Talk of ven-
geance—what more keen than this?

Theo stood transfixed, the veins knotted
in his brow. Satan mighty at his feet
to make him evermore a Cain—heaven
battling for this wavering soul with
threes of pity and stings of conscience.

Death or life—which?

A smothered cry as the terrified little
one swept past him, her eyes starting
with affright, her baby face stricken and
pale, her innocent little hands thrown up
to him for life!

Theo's self came back; with one bold
plunge he was at the throat of the heavy
waterfall before her, holding on fiercely
by the slippery log and as she eddied
around before the death descent of
twenty feet to the flame he caught her,
with superhuman strength wrenched her
from the current and tossed her upon the
bank.

Then battling for dear life for full five
minutes, he got away at last and clambered,
bruised and beaten, up the bank
to the child.

She was senseless; perhaps, after all,
dead, and taking her to his desolate
home, he laid her on his own bed and
rubbed her cold limbs. Pulling off her
dripping clothes he wrapped her in
Lucy's warm shawl, and at last the blue
eyes opened and Maysie smiled.

Then Theo fell on his knees and
thanked heaven for its great mercy in
saving his life and his soul.

"How could I think to do it, baby?"
he gasped, clutching her close to his
heart and gazing down into her wonder-
ing eyes.

While he was drying the little one's
clothes and his own around the stove,
and with her on his knee was feeding
her with warm milk and bread, awk-
wardly enough, but very lovingly, the
door opened and hasty feet crossed the
threshold.

What was this?

"Theo!" sobbed Lucy, dropping at his
feet, seizing his hand, kissing it, weeping
over it, clutching it hungrily to her
bosom; "take me back. I've come
back to you! I couldn't leave you
after that!"

She pointed to the child with a pas-
sion of tears.

"Lucy," faltered Theo, very pale, but
mild, "have you repented of the evil you
would do?"

"Yes, yes, yes—a thousand times yes.
I know my heart now. It was my miser-
able vanity, but never love. Oh, my
own husband, forgive, forgive, and let
me be the meanest thing in your house."

"Tom?" asked Theo, trembling so much
that he had to hold Maysie with both
hands.

"He is in the porch," whispered the fair
wife, hiding her shamed face, "full of
remorse and waiting to ask your for-
giveness."

"What?" ejaculated the miller.

This was far too wonderful to be un-
derstood at once. He looked at his wife,
humbled, repentant, well nigh crushed;
at the child, radiant with God-given life,
which he had preserved; at the dusky figure in the porch, so very like
his enemy; at his own heart, once so
dark and full of sin, and in a rush came
his great deliverance over him.

"Tom!" he shouted.

And his enemy obeyed the voice, with
bent head and the red tint of shame on
his dark face. Speak he could not, but
he took Theo's proffered hand and wrung
it hard.

"Oh, man!" cried the miller, with a
gulp of thankfulness; "what we've es-
caped this day! Tom, here's the child.
Heaven be thanked, I didn't let her go in
my anger!"

Tom Winston grasped his baby in both
arms, and while his face fell on her neck
something like a prayer—the first but
not the last—came from his remorseful
heart.</