



Mr. J. B. Douglass
Hillstead, Pa.

Untold Misery

Dyspepsia and Catarrh of the Stomach Cured.

"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—I was troubled with dyspepsia and catarrh of the stomach for over a year. I could not eat the least thing without'."

Much Untold Misery.

I took medicine of different doctors but received only slight benefit. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla last winter and from the second day I noticed an improvement. My stomach

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

did not sour nor my food rise nor distress me. I have taken four bottles up to this time and have gained several pounds in flesh. My friends all speak about

My Improved Looks

and say they never saw me looking so well. When they ask what I am taking, my reply to all is, Hood's Sarsaparilla. JOHN R. DOUGLASS, of the firm of Douglass & Belknap, grocer and provisions, Hillstead, Pennsylvania.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

In the Early Days

of cod-liver oil its use was limited to easing those far advanced in consumption. Science soon discovered in it the prevention and cure of consumption.

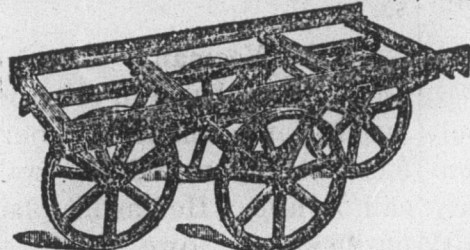
Scott's Emulsion

of cod-liver oil with Hypophosphites of lime and soda has rendered the oil more effective, easy of digestion and pleasant to the taste.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

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The 2-ton Armored Steel Truck weighs 175 pounds, has 16 inch wheels with 2 inch face. When three of the wheels are on the floor, the other end is about 14 inches from the floor, thus enabling it to travel easily. The body is 28 inches wide by 50 inches long. A bottom board is easily put in to make the bottom tight. If stakes are required, narrow boards can be put in slanting over the outer rail and under the inner one or, if wide



boards are used, they will practically make side boards. By making these stakes long enough and putting in and one in the same way bulky material may be handled. We are making this offer to show a sample of our work. We want to show how nice a thing we can make, and how readily we are in the matter of prices. This Steel Truck is furnished at \$2.50 cash, 2 cents per pound, and 2 copies of advertisement No. 4, as per conditions named in No. 4. This is adv. No. 5.

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hump?

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WILL CURE
CATARRH
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Apply Balm into each nostril.
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After all the Lenten trial it was wondrous sweet. Not to wear that Easter bonnet. Days and weeks were spent upon it. All the potency of riches. Woman's art that so bewitches.

Made a wondrous combination. Wrought a work of admiration. Yes upon that Easter morning. Wore she not that crown adorning—Wore her bonnet of last season—Smiled and offered not a reason.

But I know. A bunch of roses. Like the west ere twilight closes. Came to her; also a letter. Reading thus:

"Love's gentle letter. Binds my heart, and I am wearing. Chains for you. Love gives me daring. Will you wear these buds in token. That the chains shall not be broken?"

Now the roses, fresh and tender. That he dared that day to send her. Did not match the wondrous bonnet—Spilled the colors that were on it; But the milliner's creation. Without sigh or hesitation. Was abandoned—and the maiden. With the blushing roses laden. With the bonnet of last season. Smiled and offered not a reason.

But somebody knew the token. That love's chains should not be broken. —F. S. Mines, in Judge.



SUSIE BARCLAY sat in her room stitching busily, and at the same time building air-castles, the innocent air-castles of a girl of eighteen, who is just waking to the consciousness of a heart to be won and given. She would have blushed with indignation and wounded feeling, had anyone told her she was actually in love, and there would have been no falsehood in her denial. Yet, since



MRS. BYRNE SITTING ON THE DOORSTEP.

Rev. James Castleton had come to Rosedale and taken the church under his care, life had seemed brighter to Susie.

Rev. James Castleton was a quiet, rather reserved man of thirty-five, not handsome, but especially gifted with eloquence. But in his soft gray eyes, in the curves of his gravely set mouth lay an expression of goodness, of unostentatious piety, that made his simple language more effective than the most elaborate oratory. Old women brought their sorrows to Mr. Castleton, and went away comforted, blessing him for an unaffected sympathy that doubled the value of his counsels. Children clustered about him wherever he called, and looked eagerly for his coming into the Sunday school. The young people liked him and trusted him, wondering a little sometimes that one so grave and quiet could so thoroughly understand the troubles and temptations of youth.

He had shown an interest in Susie Barclay for many reasons. She was an orphan and had lost both parents and a sister within a fortnight, victims of a malignant fever raging in Rosedale, four years before. She was poor, having taken a position as pupil teacher in a seminary, and been household drudge as well, to earn an education. At the time Mr. Castleton came to Rosedale, Susie was teaching music, was organist at St. Mark's, and in leisure time at home earned many an odd dollar by embroidery.

And it was upon embroidery she was busy on the week preceding Easter—Mr. Castleton's first Easter in Rosedale. As organist, Susie was compelled to take part in all the services at St. Mark's, but, besides this regular attendance, she was a devout, sincere mem-

ber of the church, and gave her time, little as she could spare it, to the work in the missionary society, sewing circles and festivals of the year.

And the work upon which she was sewing so steadily Susie called, in her heart, her Easter offering. Mrs. Stacey, the richest woman in Rosedale, often employed Susie's busy fingers, and it only made the gentle girl smile scornfully when she heard Bessie Stacey praised for the exquisite embroidery her own active fingers wrought.

Mrs. Stacey intended to make an Easter offering, at St. Mark's, of a new set of church-linen, and she had engaged Susie to hem-stitch and embroider it, promising her ten dollars for work she well knew would cost her three times that sum in any city store.

And Susie had already appropriated that sum, in her mind. She would buy a large cross of white flowers, such as she had seen in her visits to the city, and present it to St. Mark's. Not one penny of those ten dollars would she use for her own expenses; and if Bessie Stacey let it be understood that she had embroidered the linen her mother presented, why, Susie could give her cross, and so balance matters.

For, somewhere in the depths of her heart, so far down she had never called it to the surface, Susie knew that there was rivalry between Bessie Stacey and herself. She knew that Mr. Castleton was frequently at Mrs. Stacey's, to luncheon, to dinner, to arrange various church matters in which Mrs. Stacey suddenly awakened to an interest she had never felt when good old Mr. Murray presided in the pulpit.

And Bessie wore the most becoming dresses right under the minister's eyes, while Susie's modest dresses were hidden behind the curtains of the organ-loft.

As she worked in the passion-flowers encircling her cross, Susie thought of the order she would send to her Aunt Mary in the city for the cross she meant to buy. She had steadily put away the temptation to buy a new spring hat or one new dress, resolving to make over her gray poplin once more and have her old hat cleaned and pressed. And, really, one must be eighteen, with a very limited, hard-earned wardrobe and a strong desire to appear attractive in the eyes of one person, to appreciate the sacrifice Susie was making. Ten dollars, with her economical habits, skill in sewing, would go so far toward girlish adornment!

But it was to be her Easter offering; and if there lurked a thought of Mr. Castleton's words of praise or his grave eyes looking approvingly upon her tasteful gift, was she so very much to blame?

She had finished her work before sunset and took it home. Mrs. Stacey was in the sitting-room where Bessie was opening the parcel containing a new silk suit for Easter Sunday, and Susie

her way home. Mrs. Byrne lived at the other end of Rosedale, but she was too shy to refuse, and rolled the linen up again.

Mrs. Byrne was a hard-working woman with seven children, whose husband, after subjecting her to all the miseries of a drunkard's wife, had released her by pitching head-first off the bridge below Rosedale into the river. Womanlike, she grieved for him, as if he had made her life a bed of roses, and turned to her washtubs for a living, patiently and industriously. A very sunbeam of a woman she was, in spite of her troubles, and Susie was amazed to find her sitting on the doorstep sobbing like a child. She rose to receive Mrs. Stacey's message, and promised to do the work, and then, in answer to Susie's gentle: "You must be in trouble, I am afraid," her grief broke out in words:

"I've no right to complain, miss," she said, "for the Lord's been very good to us since poor Tim was drowned, but indeed it's a chance lost I'm fretting for."

"A chance lost?" said Susie, her voice still full of gentle sympathy.

"It's Nora, miss. She's been delicate, miss, ever since she was born, and the air here is bad for her intirely. The doctor says her lungs is weak, and it's a bad cough she's got, and we're too near the say here in Rosedale. And me sister, who lives at B—, she's wrote she'll take Nora for her own and give her schooling and not let her work till she's stronger. She's not much of her own, hasn't Sister Mary; but she's no childer since she put four in the church yard, and she'll be good to Nora, an' the child just dyin' here by inches, for she will help me, and sloppin' in the washin'g's bad for her. She coughs that bad at night, miss, and the doctor says the air in B— would be the makin' of her."

"But, surely, you will send her," said Susie.

"There it is, miss! Mary, she can't send money out an' out, and it costs six dollars to go to B—. I was up to Mrs. Stacey's, to ax the loan of it, and work it out a little at a time on the washin'; but she told me she could not spare it. An' she rich! I'm thinkin', miss, perhaps she'd be servin' the Lord as well as savin' a girl's life, you may say, instead of buyin' all this embroidered linen to show off at St. Mark's."

The words struck Susie like a stab. Was it to serve the Lord or for her own vanity she wanted to give the white cross to St. Mark's? Saving a human life! The thought almost took her breath.

"You can send Nora if you have ten dollars," she asked.

"Yes, miss; but it might as well be a hundred. I can't get it."

"Yes, for I will give it to you; and you can ask the Lord to bless my Easter offering."

And before the astonished woman could reply, the shining gold piece lay in her hand and Susie was speeding homeward.

"The Lord be good to her! The saints bless her bed!" cried Mrs. Byrne. "An' she's teachin' for her own bread and butter an' trudin' about in all weathers to earn a dollar!"

"You seem surprised at something, Mrs. Byrne," said a quiet, deep voice at her elbow, and she looked up to see Mr. Castleton standing beside her. "I came over to see if you could come up to the parsonage and help Mrs. Willis to-morrow. She has some extra work on hand."

"Yes, sir! I'll come, and be thankful to you. An' I am surprised—just dazed like." And out came the whole story from the grateful woman's lips, ending with:

"And it's workin' she is as hard as herself in her own way, while Mrs. Stacey, that's rollin' in money, couldn't spare jist the loan of it, for it's not beggin' I'd be!"

Easter services were over, and Mrs. Stacey had invited Mr. Castleton to dinner. She had told no direct lie, but certainly had given the impression that the lovely embroidery upon the new linen was the work of Bessie's fingers. As they drove home she asked Mr. Castleton, sweetly:

"Don't think me impertinent, but which of the offerings was Miss Barclay's?"

"None, that I know of."

"Was there one offering of ten dollars in the collection?"

"No—a five-dollar bill was the largest."

"Such hypocrisy!" sneered Bessie. "It was not necessary for Miss Barclay to tell you, mamma, she was going to give ten dollars for an Easter offering, but she need not have told a falsehood about it!"

"Nor did she," said Mr. Castleton. "Her Easter offering was ten dollars."

But he made no further explanation; nor did Susie, when summer time brought her a letter, asking her to share his life and labors, know that Mrs. Byrne had told him the story of her charity.—Arma Shields, in N. Y. Ledger.

Happy Easter Bells.
Oh, happy, happy Easter bells!
From each round throat sweet music wells
This perfect Sunday morning.
Dear Bess, I see her 'cross the street;
Just at the church door we shall meet—
My trembling heart gives warning.
We stop to speak within the door;
A few low, whispered words, no more,
And then she joins her mother.
A bunch of passion-flowers she wears,
O blossom trail drops next the stairs,
Which near my heart I smother.

Ah, glorious day! I wait your flight:
She promised I might call to-night.
Ring, happy bells! entrance her!
I pray she may not tell me no.
She looks, she smiles, she blushes. Oh,
That yes may be her answer!
—Irene L. Jones, in Judge.

Lift Up Your Eyes.
What means this visit to the tomb?
So early Easter morn?
What home these spices, rare and sweet,
By loving hands now borne?
It means that faith and hope have fled,
And now they seek a Christ that's dead.
But no! "The stone is rolled away,
And Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!"
—F. S. Shepard, in Young Men's M.

DURING hard times consumers cannot afford to experiment with inferior brands of baking powder. It is NOW that the great strength and purity of the ROYAL make it indispensable to those who desire to practise economy in the kitchen. Each spoonful does its perfect work. Its increasing sale bears witness that it is a necessity to the prudent—it goes further.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

The Brilliant Jones (who likes an appreciative audience) to his hostess—"Oh, there! It's no use! I give it up! Conversation's impossible when people will talk."—Funch.

\$42.50 for a Farm Wagon. [K]
The best wagon in the world can be had for \$42.50; a barrel cart for \$3.50.

If you will OUT THIS OUT and SEND IT with 5c to the John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., you will receive their mammoth catalogue, where you can read about this wagon. [K]

MAME—"I'm having a new dress made, but my heart isn't in it." Jess—"Will you dare wear it as low as that?"—Puck.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo County and State aforesaid and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Hall's Family Pills, 25c.

JAGSON says it's one thing for a servant girl to know her place, but quite a different thing for her to keep it.—Elmira Gazette.

A Singular Form of Monomania.
There is a class of people, rational enough in other respects, who are certainly monomaniacs in dosing themselves. They are constantly trying experiments upon their stomachs, their bowels, their livers and their kidneys with trashy nostrums. When these organs are really out of order, if they would only use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, they would, if not hopelessly insane, perceive its superiority.

Mr. Pom Pus—"Sir, I had kings among my ancestors." Mr. Po Kerr—"Well, I would rather have acres."—N. Y. Press.

McVicker's Theater, Chicago.
The celebrated Lilliputians make their reappearance March 18, when they remain two weeks, presenting their greatest success, "A Trip to Mars." Seats can be secured by mail.

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If they move to Nebraska before the price of land climbs out of sight. Write to J. Francis, G. P. & T. A., Burlington Route, Omaha, Neb., for free pamphlet. It tells all about everything you need to know.

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