

ANTI-CHE
"Cures headache in a flash!"
Relieves the congestion, cools the head, stops the ache.
Absolutely safe for old or young. Does not leave slightest ill effects or reaction. Tasteless Tablets
All druggists, 10c and 25c
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

**Foley's
Kidney
Pills**

What They Will Do for You
They will cure your backache, strengthen your kidneys, correct urinary irregularities, build up the worn out tissues, and eliminate the excess uric acid that causes rheumatism. Prevent Bright's Disease and Diabetes, and restore health and strength. Refuse substitutes.
Emporium Drug Company

**SHAW'S
MALT.**
"Tonic and Beverage"
A REAL MALT
BOTTLED BY
THE DISTILLERS.
Sold by
LEADING DEALERS



PILES RUDY'S Suppository
A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S PILE Suppository.
Dr. Matt. Thompson, Rapt. Graded School, Stateville, N. C., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. B. M. DeWitt, Haven, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. D. McGill, Clarkburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 25 years, I have found no remedy so equal yours." Price, 50 Cents, Sample Free. Sold by Druggists.—MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.
Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson
CALL FOR FREE SAMPLE

H. S. LLOYD
The First Requisite
in letter writing is that the paper used be above criticism.
Your stationary should reflect your taste, character and refinement, and convey your personality.
The Eaton, Crane Pike Writing Papers are always the first choice of discriminating people. They are by far the finest social correspondence papers made. They are first in quality, and absolutely correct in style. Their artistic and painty boxing adds much to their general attractiveness.
Come in and let us show you our line of the justly popular EATON CRANE & PIKE papers.
H. S. LLOYD, Masonic Block



**The Flower of
Spring Footwear**
is most conspicuously shown in new Oxfords. In shape and details of construction these shoes produce the best ideas of intelligent shoe making. The new features of military heels and high knob toes, with a high arch, will be found most attractive to all men of style and fashion.
Home of Hart, Shaffner & Marx Clothes
Jasper Harris,
The People's Clothing House
Opposite Post Office, EMPORIUM, PA.



WINDSOR HOTEL
W. T. BRUBAKER, Manager.
European, \$1.00 per day and up
American, \$2.50 per day and up



Midway between Broad Street Station and Reading Terminal on Filbert Street.
The only moderate priced hotel of reputation and consequence in PHILADELPHIA

**CHAMBERLAIN'S
COUGH
REMEDY**
CURES
Coughs, Colds, CROUP, Whooping Cough
This remedy can always be depended upon and is pleasant to take. It contains no opium or other harmful drug and may be given as confidently to a baby as to an adult.
Price 25 cents, large size 50 cents.

We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign
PATENTS
Send model, sketch or photo of invention for free report on patentability. For free book, How to Secure PATENTS, write to
TRADE-MARKS
GASNOW & CO.
OPPOSITE U. S. PATENT OFFICE
WASHINGTON, D. C.

When You "See Stars."
The man who when struck violently on the head says he "saw stars" is not far from telling the truth. The fact is that there is a phosphorescent power in the eye which does not attract a person's attention under ordinary conditions, but which is distributed and reveals itself whenever the head gets a sudden shock and sometimes even in the act of sneezing. A blow on the head results in a pressure of the blood vessels upon the retina, causing either total darkness or a faint blue light which floats before the eyes, and it is in this faint blue light the imagination discerns the thousands of fantastic forms and figures that by general acceptance are termed stars; hence, while the astronomical display so frequently mentioned may be said to be entirely a creature of the imagination, there is at least some foundation for the idea. The true nature of the sensation is never very apparent, even to the victim, for the simple reason that it is invariably experienced under circumstances which render a searching retrospective investigation out of the question.

An Odd Nugget of Gold.
There have been many large and oddly shaped gold nuggets found in the United States and elsewhere, but the oddest of them all was that discovered at the Midhas mine, on Sulky gully, near Melbourne, Australia, in 1887. The nugget was flat and almost the exact counterpart in contour of a colossal human hand held open, with the exception of the thumb and forefinger, which were closed together in a manner so as to make it appear that the thumb was holding the finger in place. Its greatest length was twelve and a half inches and its greatest breadth eight inches. It was of the very purest gold, with but a little of foreign substances adhering, mostly between the "fingers," and weighed 617 ounces. It was found in the north-west main drive of the Midhas mine, 120 feet below the surface of the earth and at a spot only fifty feet from where the famous Lady Brassey nugget was discovered the year before. It weighed fifty-one pounds of pure gold.

Mme. Rejane at Rehearsal.
Mme. Rejane at one of her rehearsals was endeavoring to impress upon a young actor the necessity of a tragic expression.
"Put yourself in his place," she said. "But I have never been through such an experience," the other pleaded.
"Well, then," retorted the actress, "imagine you have lost 300 or 400 louis at baccarat and that you have been dismissed from the company."
His face fell.
"There you have it," said she. "Keep that expression and you will win."
For a young woman who could not weep to order she tried a heroic cure.
"Very well. I will take the part away from you. You are not pretty enough."
This had the desired effect, and the floodgates opened.
"Weep like that and you will be the hit of the piece," exclaimed Rejane triumphantly.—London M. A. P.

Balzac and Black Coffee.
Balzac was addicted to the use of strong black coffee and depended upon it as a nervous stimulant during the hours which he devoted to composition. Its effect he has himself described in these words:
"The coffee falls into your stomach. Immediately everything starts into action. Your ideas begin to move like Grand Army battalions on the battlefield, and the battle opens. Memories arrive at a run, standards flying; the light cavalry of comparisons breaks into a magnificent gallop; the artillery of logic dashes up and unlimbers; thoughts come rushing up as sharpshooters; characters spring up on all sides; the paper becomes covered with ink, for the struggle has begun and ends in torrents of black water like the battle in black powder."

Burns as a Tax Collector.
In the olden days candles were taxed articles, and it was the duty of Robert Burns as an excise officer to see that the tax was not evaded. He generally looked the other way, however, as when passing through the kitchen one night at William Lorimer's of Kennishall, where the goddess was busy making candles, he merely remarked, "Faith, madam, ye're thrang the night," and passed into the parlor.—St. James' Gazette.

The Mountains Bother Them.
The British have had heaps of trouble in Siam to make the natives understand that the world is round instead of flat. Indeed, the native teachers keep on teaching the children that it is flat, and when argued with they reply, "If it isn't flat why do the mountains stand up as they do instead of rolling downhill?"

A Financier's Observation.
"He spends money like a prince," said the man who makes trite comparisons.
"Perhaps," replied Mr. Dustin Sten, "only most members of royal families. I have met in my banking experience more anxious to borrow money than to disburse it."—Washington Star.

A Paradox.
Little Willie—Say, pa, what is a paradox? Pa—Well, my son, a coal stove is one kind of paradox. It won't burn until it is put up; then it won't burn until it is shaken down.—Chicago News.

A Difference.
"I am told that Jones is a regular leech, is that true?"
"No; I would hardly say that. A leech, you know, never gets stuck on himself."

The Ham Fair at Paris.
A feature of Parisian life is the ham fair which is held on the Boulevard Richard Le Noir. The name of this fair is wholly misleading, for as far as I have ever seen hams are the very last thing any one ever buys there. Old brass and copper curios, quaint jewelry, rare china, lace, tapestries and books are what most people go out to seek, and a sight not to be easily forgotten is the long, wide boulevard lined with ramshackle stalls laden with every possible kind of lumber and presided over by the most rapacious of brocanteurs. Out of piles of valueless lumber Americans and English diligently seek for their pet kind of curios, and there is not an artist in Paris who cannot point to some bit of furniture in his or her studio and say with pride, "I got that for 5 francs at the ham fair." No one ever pays more than 5 francs, I notice, but, alas, every year these five franc bargains are becoming more rare, and even as housekeeping in Paris grows more and more costly so does the furnishing of one's house to keep.—London Queen.

Only a Question of Possibility.
Among the customers of a tea store opened in the northwest part of the city the other night was a man who, after buying a pound of coffee, handed a counterfeit half dollar to the shopkeeper.
"This money is counterfeit; I'm sorry, sir," said the shopkeeper.
"Yes; I know it," replied the customer, grinning. "Got it here one day last week, and I've been saving it for you." Then, noting the smile upon the shopkeeper's face, the customer said, evidently offended, "Perhaps you doubt my word?"
"Oh, not at all, sir; not at all. I couldn't doubt the word of so truthful a man. I was simply smiling because I wondered how it was possible for you to have got the money here. This place was opened only night before last."
Thereupon the customer departed hastily after producing a good coin and slipping the counterfeit into his own pocket.—Philadelphia Times.

Lancashire Humor.
There was a Lancashire collier who went out on Sunday with his wheelbarrow because, as he said, "I've lost my dog, an' a felly looks sich a foo' gooin' a-walkin' bi hisself."
Then there was the workingmen's club committee which wanted to endorse the accounts "audited and found correct and tuppence over" and the customer who, on being told that the price of candles had gone up owing to the war, asked whether they were "fichtin' bi candle leet."
Also one recalls the laggard Lancashire lover who, when asked for a kiss, said he was "gooin' to do it in a bit," and the old ladies who praised a certain Darwin clergyman as "a grand burier," and of the orator who translated "Dieu et mon droit" into "Evil be to him what evil thinks!"—Lancashire Life and Character, by Frank Ormerod.

Japan's Giant Wrestlers.
Japanese wrestlers are not to be confused with Japanese exponents of Jiu Jitsu. The wrestlers belong to the older school, in which weight is a paramount quality. It is a remarkable thing that a race which is on the average four or five inches under the European standard in point of height should have produced a special cult of wrestlers who are giants in stature and strength. The leading wrestlers of Tokyo or Osaka or Hiogo are all men at least six feet in height and weighing perhaps 300 pounds. They are a race apart. Wrestling is an occupation which has been handed down from father to son for many generations. And the explanation of their prowess is that they have always been meat eaters, while the rest of Japan, either from choice or necessity, have been in the main vegetarians.

Diamonds Under Water.
An imitation diamond is never so brilliant as a genuine stone. If your eye is not experienced enough to detect the difference, a very simple test is to place the stone under water. The imitation stone is practically extinguished, while a genuine diamond sparkles even under water and is distinctly visible. When possible, place a genuine stone beside the possible imitation under water, and the contrast will be apparent to the least experienced eyes.

Consistent Theory.
"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house and should have the final say?"
"Certainly I do."
"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"
"Because my wife won't let me."—Exchange.

Well Trained.
Mrs. Boggs—Mr. Meekman is a splendid example of what a man ought to be. Mr. Boggs—Not at all. He's a splendid example of what a wife, two sisters, a grownup daughter and a mother-in-law think a man ought to be.

Reckless.
"Aw, come on!" the little boy was heard to remark. "Be a sport. I'll bet yer any amount o' money you to 5 cents."—Harper's.

True Happiness.
About the happiest man in the world should be he that, having a fad, is able to make a living at it.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The arrow that pierces the eagle's breast is often made of his own feathers.

THE CAMPHOR LANGUAGE.
Used In Johore Because of a Malay Superstition.
In Johore, on the Malay peninsula, there is employed one of the strangest languages in the world, used for a most curious purpose. This tongue is called Pantang Kapor or "camphor language," and is a medium employed by natives and others engaged in gathering the product of the Malayan camphor tree, but only when they are at work.

It is a superstition of these natives that should they use the language of the district, the Malay or the aboriginal Jakun, they would be unable to obtain their camphor.
The Malay natives firmly believe that each species of tree has a spirit or guardian angel that presides over its affairs, this spirit being known by the name of Bisan. This divinity's resting place is near the trees. Then, too, the spirit of the camphor tree is held to be extremely jealous of the precious gum, so that it becomes necessary to propitiate her, inasmuch as she would, should she learn that hunters were in quest of it, endeavor to interpose obstacles to their mission. Accordingly the natives speak in a tongue that the tree spirit may not understand. It was for this purpose that the mysterious "camphor language" was invented, and it consists of an odd mixture of Jakun and Malay words that have been curiously altered and reversed.—Harper's Weekly.

CRATER LAKES.
Mexico Has Some of the Most Perfect of These Peaceful Pools.
The mere words "crater lake" carry with them a charm and mystery that are akin to romance. But Mexico, with all her romance, has never given abroad any description of some of the most beautiful crater lakes in the world. Valle de Santiago, a little town of the state of Guanajuato, boasts four of the most perfect and beautiful of such lakes.

The village nestles among eleven craters, all formed in some past age by sudden explosions from the interior of the earth, explosions that blew out a great amount of earth, formed low cones and subsided without flow of lava or other demonstration than the single explosion. They are what are known to science as "explosion craters."
The calm restfulness of the crater lake is unlike anything in the world. One finds lakes and solitary pools in forests or mountain fastnesses, and the calm there is akin to witchery, but they are stirred sometimes by passing breezes, and the trees will wave above in the wind. But in a crater lake there is not a breath that will stir it, and even a stone cast into its bosom creates ripples that seem as though they would be swallowed ere they are born. Peace is a word without a meaning until one lies silent on the slope of such a crater, with such a lake at his feet.—Mexican Herald.

Bedouins and Water.
It is not unusual to hear a Bedouin upon reaching a camp where water is offered him refuse it with the remark, "I drank only yesterday." On the Bedouins' long marches across dry countries the size of the water skins is nicely calculated to just outlast the journey, and they rarely allow themselves to break the habit of abstinence, as this would be sure to make their next water fast all the harder. They are accustomed from infancy to regard water as a most precious commodity and use it with religious economy. They know every hollow and nook in the mountains where water may be found. Their camels and goats, which they take with them on their marches to supply them with milk and meat, live principally on the scanty herbage and foliage of the thorny matorra. Neither men nor animals drink more than once in forty-eight hours. No wonder they can subsist where invaders quickly perish.

Mice That Subsist on Scorpions.
Among the queer forms of animal life that inhabit Death valley is a mouse that has acquired such a taste for scorpions that they form its entire bill of fare. The scorpion carries its formidable armament in the end of its slender, elongated abdomen in the shape of an exceedingly venomous hooked sting. When disturbed it elevates this in the air and goes in search of its disturber. But it is comparatively slow in its motions, while mice are proverbial for their quickness the world over. The mouse learned many generations ago where the scorpion carries its weapon, and when he meets it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen, takes off the sting at a single bite and proceeds to make a meal of his helpless prey. It is supposed to be the only animal that relishes scorpions.

A Point of Information.
"Gentlemen of the jury," said the judge, "if the evidence shows in your minds that pneumonia was the cause of the man's death the prisoner cannot be convicted."
An hour later a messenger came from the jury room.
"The gentlemen of the jury, my lord," he said, "desire information."
"On what point of evidence?"
"None, my lord. They want to know how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—London Answers.

His Last Words.
Detective (in search of clew)—Can you recall the last words your husband addressed to you before he went away? Deserted Wife—Yes. He said, "Maria, for heaven's sake do hush!"—Sheffield Union.

THE WORLD TONGUE.
Hardly a Land In Which English Is Not Now Heard.
The traveler of today, unless he is going to Tibet or Tierra del Fuego, can get along very well with a knowledge of the English language. The farther he goes the more he is surprised at finding that English is really "the" world tongue. In France and Spain and Italy the American traveler is craftily "spotted." He is approached on the streets by those who would for a consideration make him feel quite at home. One of his chief worries is to escape the pests who can speak English and who wish to apprise him of the fact. They may not necessarily desire to molest him. Sometimes they are seeking merely to "show off." At any rate, they classify distinctly as bore. One may go to Smyrna or Constantinople or Beirut and still find the streets plentifully full of English speaking nuisances. At Jerusalem he will be fairly flooded with English. He may penetrate even to Damascus, and he will find at least a befezzed hall porter who can converse glibly with him and any number of fluently willing dragomans. He may go to Cairo, and in the shadow of the pyramids he will find blue gowned Bedouins speaking more than passable English. He may go hundreds of miles up the Nile and may be steered through the locks of the first cataract by frizzly haired Nubian boatmen who make insistent demands for backsheesh in very intelligible terms. He may wander donkey back to the tombs of the kings in the Sahara desert and be painfully disillusioned by a few words of concise information or explanation by some barefooted, dinky tent dweller.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

METEORIC DUST.
Bombards the Earth In an Invisible, Never Ending Shower.
Meteoric dust particles are infinitely finer than grains of sand. They have an interesting origin. Meteors or shooting stars have been bombarding the world from the beginning at a rate estimated at many thousands an hour, of which, however, an average of only five or six are visible to the naked eye in that time.
Owing to our protecting envelope of air few of these missiles reach us. In weight meteors vary from a few ounces to many pounds. Occasionally one is of sufficient dimensions to survive the passage of eighty to a hundred miles through an atmosphere increasing in density as the earth is approached.
The speed at which they enter the atmosphere, calculated at not less than thirty-five miles a second, generates such intense heat by friction that the iron, of which the meteor principally consists, is immediately reduced to an incandescent vapor, which is the luminous train so frequently seen in the heavens on a clear night. The vapor rapidly cools and condenses in the form of these minute particles, which assume the spherical form, as does shot during its fall from the top of the tower.
Finally the little spheres are scattered by the winds and currents in the upper air and gradually descend in their millions as an invisible, never ending shower. The perfect condition in which these meteors are found is due to the presence of certain non-corrosive elements found by analysis to be present in the metal of meteors which have come to earth.—Chicago Tribune.

A Clever French Captive.
A person who was supposed to be the French General Mouton, count de Lobau, was once captured by an English vessel, but after a time the captain discovered that his prisoner was the Count de Montrond. "Why did you deceive me?" he demanded angrily of the count. "I did not deceive you," replied Montrond; "not at all. You thought I was General Mouton. You told me so. You have a fifty gun frigate. Was it for me, who have only a pocket pistol, to contradict you?"
The captain did not forgive Montrond and took every opportunity to treat him rudely. One evening at dinner some one proposed the health of the French. As Montrond rose to acknowledge it the captain cried: "They are all cowards! I make no exceptions!" When Montrond's turn came he gave this sentiment. "The English—they are all gentlemen, but I make exceptions."

Bay Rum.
Bay rum is manufactured from the dried leaves of Pimento acris. Bay rum is procured by distillation, and this in a very simple manner. The leaves are picked from the trees and then dried. In this state they are placed in the retort, which is then filled with water, and the process of distillation is carried on. The vapor is then condensed in the usual way and forms what is known as "bay oil," a very small quantity of which is required for each punchon of rum.

He Cited the River.
Indignant Wife—You talk about having "meandered all over the neighborhood" while you were waiting for your breakfast. You haven't been out of your bed! Husband (half awake)—Well, didn't you ever see a river meander without getting out of its bed?—Chicago Tribune.

Turning the Tables.
He (after a quarrel, bitterly)—I was fool when I married you. She—I knew it, but I thought you would improve.—Exchange.

People who fish for compliments do not need long lines. They will get the best bites in shallow water.