

ESTABLISHED 1866. Cameron County Press

HENRY H. MULLIN, Editor and Proprietor. ORVILLE PROUDFOOT, Assistant and Manager. RAYMOND KLEES, Assistant Foreman. W. SCOTT STERNER, Assistant Local Editor.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

The Churches.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL. REV. J. EMORY WEEKS, Pastor. You are cordially invited to the following services next Sabbath: Class meeting at 9:30. Sermon by the minister Rev. J. Emory Weeks, at 10:30 appropriate to Easter; special music. Sabbath School at 11:45, some extra features. Epworth League at 6:30, and at 7:30 Miss Barger, will speak on Home Missionary Work. A speaker of rare ability, you will miss a treat if you are not present. Preaching at Sterling Run at four o'clock. The Woman's Home Missionary Society will meet with Mrs. F. P. Strayer, Friday evening. Strangers welcome to every service.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. REV. R. H. BENT, Pastor. In the Presbyterian Church Easter Sunday, Easter music. You are a Christian? In name at least. Do you believe that Christ rose from the dead the first Easter day. Morning subject: "The Certainty of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Why certain?" You do not wish to die as the beasts die. You persistently believe in a better life. Why? Evening subject: "Immortal Life Sure."

EMMANUEL EPISCOPAL CHURCH. REV. M. L. TATE, Rector. The following services will be held at Emmanuel Church, next Sunday, Easter Day: There will be an Early Celebration of the Holy Eucharist at 7:30 o'clock; Morning prayer will be read and a Choral Celebration of the Holy Communion at 10:30 o'clock. Theme of short sermon, "The Easter Hope." Evening prayer and sermon at 7:30 o'clock. Theme, "The Epiphanies of the First Easter Day." Some announcements that will interest every member of the Parish will be made at the morning service. Strangers are always welcome at Emmanuel Church.

FIRST BAPTIST. REV. J. L. BOGUE, Pastor. Billy Sunday was a base ball player when religion struck him, Len Broughton was feeling the pulse and administering sugar coated pills in the sick room. John Livingston Nevins was a school teacher down in Georgia, when he crossed the rubicon of life, but this chap—The Porter of Smithfield Market—was a common slugger of human flesh. Hear the remarkable story of how a prize fighter got hold of the genuine old-fashioned Salvation Army Religion, at the First Baptist Church of Emporium, Sunday night. A service of story and song. A special Easter night service. Don't fail to hear it. Regular services of the day at usual hours. Week-End Services at Emmanuel Church. On Good Friday the following services will be held: Morning prayer will be read at 10 o'clock. The Three Hours' Service will begin at 12 o'clock. The Junior Choir will sing and the Litany be read at 7:30 p. m. Saturday—Easter—Evening—Evening prayer will be read and the Holy Sacrament of Baptism will be administered at 4 o'clock. Three Hours' Service. Every devout person in Emporium is invited to worship at Emmanuel Church at the Three Hours' Service on Good Friday. This service will begin promptly at 12 o'clock and last until three o'clock. Come in at any time and retire when you wish during the singing of a hymn. Printed services will be found in the pews, so that the service can be easily followed. Come and commemorate with us the Passion of our Adorable Saviour.

Music at Emmanuel Episcopal Church, Easter, April 16th, 1911, at 10:30 A. M. 1.—Processional Hymn, No. 112. 2.—Passover Anthem. 3.—Gloria Patri, Chant No. 4. 4.—Te Deum. 5.—Jubilate Deo. 6.—Kyrie Eleison. 7.—Gloria Tibi. 8.—Gratias. 9.—Nuncius Creed. 10.—Sermon Hymn, No. 116. 11.—Anthem, "They have taken away my Lord," 12.—Offertory Response, Chant 191. 13.—Sanctus. 14.—Sanctus. 15.—Benedictus Qui Venit. 16.—Agnus Dei. 17.—Gloria in Excelsis. 18.—Nunc Dimittis, Chant 108. 19.—Benedictional Hymn, No. 121.

SUNDAY SCHOOL EASTER SERVICE AT EMMANUEL CHURCH.

- Monday evening, April 17th, 7:30 o'clock. 1.—Hymn. 2.—The Lesson. 3.—The Prayers. 4.—Voices I Hear. 5.—When the Sun Got Up. 6.—My Great Light. 7.—Daffy Down Dilly. 8.—At Easter Time. 9.—Easter Messages. 10.—Hymn. 11.—Easter Bell. 12.—Easter. 13.—Without an Offering. 14.—The Dear Easter Story. 15.—The Burden Lifted. 16.—The Lord is Risen. 17.—Luther's Easter Hymn. 18.—Jesus and the Resurrection. 19.—The Surprise. 20.—Reading. 21.—Reading. 22.—The Altered Mottoes. 23.—Hymn. 24.—Benediction. 25.—Election of Vestry.

An Interesting Sermon.

The Venerable R. S. Radcliffe, Arch Deacon of the Diocese of Erie and Rector of Grace Episcopal Church at Ridgway, conducted Evening Prayer at Emmanuel Episcopal Church at this place last Monday evening. The Arch Deacon gave a very interesting and instructive sermon. Rev. M. L. Tate, Rector of Emmanuel Church, conducted services in the Church of the Arch Deacon and no doubt gave very helpful sermon, as he always does.

Seed Bargains.

Throughbred northern Grown Kheron and Improved Swedish Seed Oats at 75c per bushel. Triumph Extra Early Yellow Flint Corn at 80c per bushel. Fine Dooley Seed Potatoes at 75c per bushel. W. W. WEIMAN. 9-31.

RECALL POSSIBLE.

The newspaper, unlike the public official, is constantly subject to the recall. Any man can send out to his newsdealer an order to cancel a certain newspaper and substitute another. This makes newspaper men realize that they are subject to public opinion. It would be an excellent thing for the country if the body of citizens could do with their mayors and governors and presidents—and also their judges, big and little—what every citizen can do to the editor of his newspaper—get rid of him when he is palpably bad.—Arthur Brisbane.

WORLD'S PEACE.

Never was a holier mission intrusted to a nation than that which devolves on our republic. Even to fail in the effort to preserve the world's peace would be more glorious than to succeed in smaller issues.—Andrew Carnegie.

LEARNED LITTLE.

I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.—Isaac Newton.

GOOD COOKING.

Probably the most important thing in keeping house is cleanliness. Nothing could be more delightful to a man than a well cooked dinner served on a spotlessly clean cloth and dishes and opposite to him a pretty wife, smiling at him, clad in a spotless dress. As to the cooking itself, good home cooking consists in having a good cook, good raw material, a good range and a good interest in the result of the cooking. It means, first of all, an egg properly boiled, a potato properly baked, a loaf properly raised with good yeast, a piece of meat cooked and not killed with spices, and, of course, it means that a kitchen must be presided over by one who looks upon the work as an art and with enthusiasm. Four meals a day are not too many if your appetite demands them, three meals are plenty and two meals are not too few. A man should never eat when he is not hungry. And I do say emphatically that "those who do no work should not eat."—Dr. H. W. Wiley.

STRUGGLES.

He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper.—Edmund Burke.

FOUR ESSENTIALS.

Four things a man must learn to do. If he would keep his record true: To think without confusion clearly; To love his fellow men sincerely; To act from honest motives purely; To trust in God and heaven securely. —Henry van Dyke.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

ESCAPING A MONSTER

By BYRON WILLIAMS

ONCE upon a time a man made love to a beautiful, virtuous and noble woman. He sought her out in the cool, umbrageous wood; he followed her along babbling brooks and sued for her hand in the rosy lamplight of her father's house. His waking thoughts were filled with dreams of her, and his mind by night went drifting away to ideal trysts and imaginative honeymoons, even into the heart of Agapemone!

And one night at dusk, as the birds were chirping their good night twitterings and the approaching shadows gathered in a sort of plutonian drapery about their love vigil, she gave herself to him with an intermingling of hesitancy and desire, a communion of love and innocence, and as they walked home under the stars they were very happy.

They were married; but, unlike the deceitful story of the story book, they did not live happily ever afterward.

And because they loved each other very dearly they were miserable. Somehow they did not seem to understand each other. When she was contrite and about to fall upon her knees and beg his forgiveness he was cross and preoccupied, and when he came home all love and affection she chided him for some real or fancied grievance. Thus they lived in turmoil and ceaseless regret.

One day, after a stormy scene in which she told him she hated him, the man went away into the dense wood. His very soul was sick and troubled, and as he tortured his weary brain with ineffectual attempts at a solution of their trouble he kept on wandering farther and farther into the dark, dark forest.

His preoccupation was suddenly and rudely dispelled by a sharp rattle and hiss at his feet. He looked down and saw a tiny snake valiantly defending its right to the pathway. Being fully occupied by his own thoughts and angry at the entire world, the husband resented this interference with his mood and, raising his stick, struck the little snake a wicked blow.

Imagine the man's surprise when the reptile, wavering for a moment, suddenly gained control of its doddering head and rushed back at its adversary with twice its former size.

Again the man struck the snake a stinging blow, and again the creeping thing returned to the combat, again doubled in size.

Calling to his assistance every particle of strength and skill that he possessed, the man made one final and murderous stroke with his strong club, but the snake, now terrible in the extreme and again doubled in monstrous size, rushed at the man, wrapped its slimy coils around him and was about to squeeze the breath of life from his body when a fairy, suddenly appearing, commanded the snake to release its victim.

The man, half dead with fright, rolled from the clutch of the reptile, which suddenly assumed its former miniature size and rustled away.

Turning to the man, the fairy commanded him to proceed homeward, but



GREW LARGER UNDER BLOWS.

on the morrow to come again to the wood and meet the snake. "Fear not," she whispered confidently. "It shall not harm you if you obey me."

Next day the fairy met the man near the border of the wood. Waving her wand, she opened a straight path before them.

"Yonder comes the snake," she said when he had walked onward for an hour. "When you meet it give it half the pathway, and if it hisses at you smile, but do not strike."

Trembling and afraid, the man did as directed. The snake, suspicious at first, but mollified by the gentlemanly conduct of the man, glided softly by.

"The name of the snake," said the fairy, speaking earnestly to the man, "is Strife. Strike it and it assumes monstrous dimensions. Disregard it, giving it more than half the road if necessary, and it remains a tiny snakelet, finally disappearing never to return. Go ye homeward now and prof it by the lesson you have learned."

And the man ran homeward as fast as his legs could carry him and told his wife in panting phrases the story of his strange experience. And when he had finished they looked into each other's eyes and understood. And since then they have given Strife its own side of the road and, I am quite sure, have lived—oh, very happily together.

THE MERE MAN'S VIEWPOINT

OLD "DOC" NATURE, M. D.

By BYRON WILLIAMS

LAST summer my wife complained of feeling listless. Her face was pale, and the bark of the bulldog startled her. Something had to be done, so I sent her out west, placing her under the care of a physician whom I knew to be the greatest in the world.

In less than two months she returned. The change was marvellous. She was brown and happy, and the roses bloomed in her cheeks just as they did years ago when she was a bride. And her health was something good to look upon, for you could actually see it in her eyes and in the graceful, active swing of her figure.

"Great doctor!" I chuckled to myself. "Great old doc!" When I had got over congratulating myself—that is, enough so I could talk—I asked: "Er—what did the old boy prescribe?"

"What do you mean?" she asked, looking at me wonderingly. "What did you do out west?"

"Oh, everything. We walked and climbed mountains and went down into the mines and swam in the lake and slept out of doors, and, oh, my, we simply ate everything in sight!"

"H'm," I mused. "Just sort of lived in a pair of high top boots. Great prescription, those boots, I?"

"What are you talking about?" she demanded, looking as though she thought I was about due for the asylum.

I chuckled. "You didn't know you were under the doctor's care all the time you were out west, did you?"

"Why, I never took a drop of medicine all the time I was there!"

"Of course not. 'Old Doc' never gives medicine." And then she looked at me in such a manner that I had to explain.

"You didn't know it, dear, but you were under the especial care of the greatest doctor in the world while you were west—Old Dr. Nature."

And she was. This old fellow was born years ago, and throughout all time he has been offering his great medicine absolutely free. And among the strangest things in this world is the fact that so many nervous, debilitated women will not accept him. Hypochondriacs and invalids, overworked and overfed patients, pass him by heedlessly, although his shingle hangs everywhere.

You can sniff his great medicine in the field and the wood. You can see his sign in the blush of the morning sun, in the graceful rhythm of the singing trees, in the visteria-like fronds of the blossoming bush, in the tinkling caecinnation of the laughing brook and in the delicate perfume of the wild apple blossoms. The woman who will heed his sign and enter into the office of his great outdoors will receive the prescription absolutely free.

Woman, if you suffer go to the shady places and gather bouquets of violets, pluck the wild rose from the spring wind's caress, steal from the babbling waters the essence of a euphony that thrills. Hunt out the wild tangibles where the bittersweet and the woodbine twine; look for joy in the chalice of the hepatica. All about you

Dr. Nature is brewing tonics that cure.

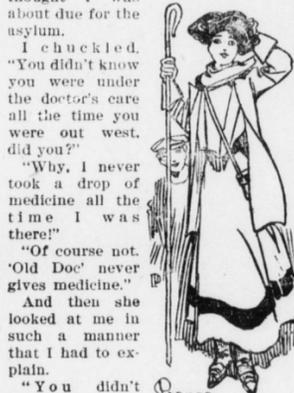
Stay out in the air, cultivate flowers; sleep out of doors. Save the bills of the ordinary doctor who, God bless him, does the best he can with people who expect and want drugs.

Day and night in the open air will cure our ailments. How much, then, can it do for you who are merely nervous and worried? Lose your worries on the soughing zephyr, bury your irritability in the dirt of your antelope's bed!

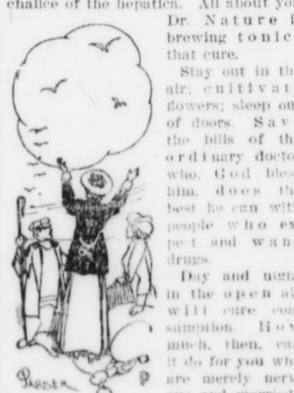
It isn't necessary to go out west to be cured. God's pure air is everywhere except in the cities. The great medicine is all about you inviting, pleading you to come and be cured.



THE DOCTOR'S TREATMENT.



CLIMBED MOUNTAINS.



FREE FRESH AIR.

Latest Popular Music.

Miss May Gould, teacher of piano fort has received a full line of the latest and most popular sheet music. All the popular airs, Popular and classical music. Prices reasonable.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALEGGANY R. R.

Taking effect April 3, 1911.

Table with columns for STATIONS, EASTWARD, WESTWARD, and times for various routes.

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Trains 1 and 2 run daily between Coudersport and Port Allegany, all other trains run week days only.

Flag stations. (OO) Trains do not stop at Telegraph offices. Trains run on Eastern Standard Time. Connections—At Ulysses with Fall Brook R'y for points north and south. At B. & S. Junction with Buffalo & Susquehanna R. R. north for Wellsville, south for Galeton and Addison. At Port Allegany with Pennsylvania R. R. north for Buffalo, Olean, Bradford and Smethport; south for Keating Summit, Austin, Emporium and Penna. R. R. points.

B. A. McCLURE, Gen'l Supt. Coudersport, Pa.

\$100 Reward, \$100

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by all Druggists, etc. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

FREE BOOK

For Every Living Thing on the Farm Humphreys' Veterinary Specifics.

500 Page Book free, on the Treatment and Care of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, Dogs, Hogs and Poultry, also Stable Chart to hang up, mailed free.

LIST OF SPECIFICS.

- A. A. For FEVERS, Mink Fever, Lung Fever. B. B. For SPRAINS, Lameness, Rheumatism. C. C. For SORE THROAT, Epizootic, Distemper. D. D. For WORMS, Bots, Grubs. E. E. For COUGHS, Colds, Influenza. F. F. For COLIC, Bellyache, Diarrhea. G. G. Prevents MISCARRIAGE. H. H. For KIDNEY and Bladder disorders. I. I. For SKIN DISEASES, Mange, Eruptions. J. K. For BAD CONDITION, Indigestion. At druggists or sent prepaid on receipt of price. 60 cts. each. HUMPHREYS' HOMEOP. MEDICINE CO., Cornet William and Ann Streets, New York.

Advertisement for French Female Pills, including text: "A SURE, CERTAIN REMEDY FOR SYMPTOMS OF MENSTRUATION. NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL. Safe! Sure! Speedy! Satisfactory! Guaranteed of Money Refunded. Sent prepaid \$1.00 per box. Will send them on trial, to be paid for when received. Samples Free. If your druggist does not sell them send your order to the UNITED MEDICAL CO., BOX 74, LANCASTER, PA." Sold in Emporium by L. Taggart and R. C. Dorson.

Advertisement for Gasoline, including text: "HIGH POWER GASOLINE. Gasoline is to an auto as the heart is to a runner—it must be just right. Inferior gasoline is the real cause of more auto trouble than any other one thing. Waverly Gasolines 76°—Special—Motor Power Without Carbon. Made especially for autos. Instantaneous, powerful, clean explosion. Quick ignition—never fails. Your dealer has them. Waverly Oil Works Co., Pittsburg, Pa. Independent Refiners. Makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil."

Advertisement for Ludlams Easter Millinery, including text: "EXQUISITE Easter Millinery. As Easter approaches, the need of new headwear becomes more urgent. Every creation on exhibition delineates an individual style characteristic of the highest expressions of the milliner's art. Ludlams Fourth Street, EMPORIUM, PA."