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 THE LAXATIVE AND NUTRITIVE JUICE
 OF THE
FIGS OF CALIFORNIA,
 Combined with the medicinal
 virtues of plants known to be
 most beneficial to the human
 system, forming an agreeable
 and effective laxative to perma-
 nently cure Habitual Constipa-
 tion, and the many ills de-
 pending on a weak or inactive
 condition of the
KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.
 It is the most excellent remedy known to
CLEANSE THE SYSTEM EFFECTUALLY
 When one is Bilious or Constipated
 —OR THAT—
**PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP,
 HEALTH AND STRENGTH**
 NATURALLY FOLLOW.
 Every one is using it and all are
 delighted with it.
 ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR
SYRUP OF FIGS
 MANUFACTURED ONLY BY
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
 SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
 LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N. Y.



**CARTER'S
 LITTLE
 LIVER
 PILLS.**
CURE
 Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident
 to a bilious state of the system, such as
 Dizziness, Nausea, Headache, Distress after
 eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most
 remarkable success has been shown in curing
SICK
 Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are
 equally valuable in Constipation, curing and prevent-
 ing this annoying complaint, while they also
 correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the
 liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only
 cured
HEAD
 Ache they would be almost priceless to those who
 suffer from this distressing complaint, but for-
 tunately their goodness does not end here, and those
 who enjoy them will find these little pills valua-
 ble in so many ways that they will not be will-
 ing to do without them. But after all sick
ACHE
 In the face of so many lives that here is where
 we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while
 others do not.
 Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and
 very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose.
 They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or
 purge, but by their gentle action please all who
 use them. In vials of 25 cents; five for \$1. Sold
 by druggists every where, or sent by mail.
**CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York,
 SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.**

DROPSY
 TREATED FREE.
 Have cured many thousands of cases of Dropsy, whether
 caused by the heart, liver, or kidneys. The medicine
 is simple, and in ten days at least it will relieve
 all symptoms. **TEN DAYS TREATMENT FREE** by mail.
 If you are afflicted with Dropsy, write to us, and we
 will send you our medicine free of charge. You can
 also send us your name and address, and we will
 send you our medicine free of charge. Write to
DR. H. B. GREEN & SONS, 14 LANTANA, GA.

**Dr. Grosvenor's
 Bell-cap-sic
 PLASTER.**
 Gives quick relief
 Rheumatism, neuralgia, pleurisy and lumbago
 cured at once. Genuine for sale by all Druggists.

A New Venture
W. RAMSAY POTTS
 Has opened a
LICENSED AUCTION ROOMS!
 AT No. 218 N. CENTRE ST.,
POTTSVILLE, PENN'A.

Sales of assorted goods, notions, hardware,
 hardware, etc., etc.
 Goods from all parts of the county on
 commission.

YOUNG MAN, If you contemplate
 attending Commercial School, it will
 pay you to visit the **ROCHESTER BUSI-
 NESS UNIVERSITY** before deciding where,
 though you may live a thousand miles away.
 It stands at the head of the list of commer-
 cial schools in the character as an educational
 force, as a medium for supplying the business
 men of the country with trained and capable
 assistants, as a means of placing ambitious
 young men and women on the high road to
 success, and in the extent, elegance and cost
 of the equipment. **THOROUGH COMMERCIAL,
 SHORTHAND AND PRACTICAL ENGLISH
 COURSES.** The Twenty-seventh Annual
 Catalogue will be mailed to any address.

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DRUNKENNESS
 Or the Lignur Habit, Positively Cured
 by administering Dr. Haines'
Golden Spherule.
 It is manufactured as a powder, which can be blown
 in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee or tea, or in food,
 without the least sign of its presence. It is absolutely
 harmless, and will affect a permanent and speedy
 cure, whether the patient is a moderate or a heavy
 drinker. It has been given in thousands
 of cases, and in every instance a perfect cure has been
 effected. It is the only medicine that has been
 tested with the scientific apparatus of the
 highest authorities for determining the amount of
 alcohol in the blood of particular cases. To be had of
C. H. HAGENBUCH, Druggist, Shenandoah
**G. M. HAMILTON, M. D.,
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.**
 Office—26 West Lloyd Street, Shenandoah,
 Pa.

—THE—
Colonel of the Fourth
 —A Story of the Late War—
 By **BERNARD BIGSBY,**
 Author of "Loyal at Last," "My
 Lady Fantastic," &c.
 CHAPTER XIV.
 THE PRODIGAL SON RETURNS.

The Stone river is a sluggish stream,
 bordered by cedar-brakes, which flows
 with muddy waters through a swampy
 country four miles from Murfreesboro.
 On the 30th of December its placid
 banks are bristling with the armed
 men of two great forces—on its left,
 Rosecrans with fifty thousand warriors;
 on its right, between it and the city,
 Bragg with as many more.
 Rosecrans has said: "I will mass my
 strength on the left, and crush the
 enemy's right."
 Bragg has re-echoed the words: "I
 will strike them on the right with my
 left."
 The dawn of the 31st was wrapped in
 a dense fog; and Bragg, eager to secure
 the advantage of striking first, dashed
 furiously on the Federal right, of which
 two divisions fell back, losing their
 guns and leaving many prisoners be-
 hind. But Sheridan's brave fellows
 stand like a rock beaten by the waves;
 and by this tremendous effort Rose-
 crans is enabled to form his line afresh,
 on which, from the cedar-brakes they
 had won, the Confederates hurl them-
 selves with gallant recklessness. Four
 times they charge; four times they are
 repulsed when the cry is, "Broken
 ridge comes with seven thousand men,"
 and twice again they rush to the at-
 tack, but Northern firmness stands
 the shock of Southern dash, and before
 they can again re-form, night in pity
 draws a mantle o'er the scene.
 On a New Year's day both armies rested
 from the conflict.

On the 3d, Bragg made some demon-
 strations to find out what Buell meant
 to do, and why he had not, as he so
 fully expected, sought a retreat. He
 soon learned of his position. The Northern
 General had made his position a
 citadel, from which he could rally and
 strike at any point, or break the fury of
 his charging foe.
 On this in vain the gallant Confed-
 erates advanced, only to fall back with
 broken ranks discomfited.
 But now the men of Texas came with
 a rage that nothing seems to stay. In
 vain the shower of grape pours on that
 unflinching host. See Colonel Robin-
 son, with the colors in his hands, dash
 through the abatis and sprang upon the
 embankment, calling on his men to fol-
 low! Even his enemies can scarce for-
 bear to cheer the daring feat, or sigh
 when they see the gallant figure thrown
 lifeless down. And now the muskets of

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**COL. ROBINSON, WITH COLORS IN HIS HAND,
 CALLING ON HIS MEN TO FOLLOW.**

The Fighting Fourth, burning their leaden
 hall upon his men, rushing to avenge
 his death; and, bleeding and torn, they
 fall back fighting to the very last.
 Down pours the rain on the terrific
 carnage and the shattered Southern
 hosts fall back on Murfreesboro.
 And where is Frank Besant all this
 while? Fighting at the head of his
 company during the heat of the fray
 you may be sure, but now sadly bend-
 ing his steps to a clump of trees, under
 which a group of officers is gathered
 round a central prostrate figure, over
 which Doctor Saunders is stooping,
 while the rest anxiously await his de-
 cision.

"Not necessarily mortal," he says at
 last, with a sigh of relief.
 The wounded man is borne tenderly
 to the field-hospital.
 "Who is it? Who is it?" ask several,
 as the mournful cortege passes them.
 "Colonel Fulton of the Fourth—shot
 through the lungs," is the sad answer.
 But Frank and his comrades have
 another duty before them ere they can
 lay their weary bones to rest on that
 eventful night.
 "Boys," the Major had cried, "there
 lies the body of Colonel Robinson. Shall
 he be buried on the high road to
 glory, or shall we bury him in the
 grave of his comrades? It is your duty
 to bury him on the field without a soldier's
 funeral, or sign to mark the spot he
 fell?"
 "No, no," came from a score of
 throats.
 So they dug a grave and laid the hero
 in it—a touching incident, though his
 only requiem was a salute fired by
 the hands of his enemies. At the head of the
 grave they placed a rough board, with
 rudely-painted characters, which read:

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF
COLONEL ROBINSON,
 WHO FELL AT THE BATTLE OF
STONE RIVER,
 GLORIOUSLY LEADING THE
SECOND TEXAS REGIMENT,
 HE WAS KILLED BY
 UNION SOLDIERS,
 IN RECOGNITION OF HIS HEROISM."
 Rude as the tablet was, simple as the
 lantern light, Frank thought that many
 a grand mausoleum would bear but poor
 comparison beside that humble tribute
 to a brave man's memory, even though
 the first blasts of winter would destroy
 the rough memento.
 That night they slept upon the battle-
 field.
 Now it must not be supposed that

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—U. S. Gov't Report, Aug. 17, 1889.

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Charlie Fulton's absence from his post
 had not caused consternation among his
 comrades and intense distress to his
 father. None, however, but Major
 Hopkins and Frank Besant had attrib-
 uted suspicious motives to his disap-
 pearance, and you may be assured that
 they kept their own counsel, jealous of
 their comrade's honor and mindful of
 their Colonel, whose heart they knew
 would be broken if his boy fell into dis-
 grace, so it was generally accepted that
 he had ridden farther than was prudent
 and had fallen into the toils of the en-
 emy. But the Major and Frank had
 drawn the worst conclusions, especially
 when the letter learned from the pic-
 nets in the direction the absentee had taken
 when he started on the journey from
 which he had never returned. Besant
 hoped against hope, but Hopkins vowed
 that he had sold himself body and soul
 for a pretty face, and had gone over to
 the enemy.

"He always had preposterous ideas
 of Southern chivalry," the Major said,
 "and it only wanted the witchery of
 this woman to tip the scale of his un-
 balanced mind and lead him headlong
 in ruin," a supposition the younger man
 had not the courage to controvert.
 It can readily be imagined, then, how
 his heart beat with renewed hope when
 on the afternoon of the 3d, while a
 fearful storm was raging, which will
 never be forgotten by those who
 shivered beneath its blasts, an old colored
 man crept into camp, anxiously in-
 quiring for him. He bore a letter
 written on a crumpled leaf of paper
 and inclosed in an empty rifle cartridge-
 shell, which the wary messenger had
 carried in his mouth for security's sake
 and which he gravely assured Frank he
 would have swallowed if he had been
 caught by the enemy.
 Hastily unfolding it, Besant read the
 penciled lines:

"FRIEND FRANK: I have been for some
 weeks a prisoner. This morning they moved
 me from Murfreesboro to a mill four miles
 down the river from your camp. We are only
 under a guard of eight men and a sergeant,
 besides some invalids, who won't count in a
 scrimmage. You and a dozen boys of the
 Fourth might readily effect a rescue if you
 think me worth the risk. Bragg has given
 orders for a retreat at daybreak, so if you don't
 hurry it will be all up with your unfortunate
 friend,
CHARLIE FULTON.

Rewarding the faithful negro beyond
 his wildest expectations, Frank hurried
 to the Major with his glad tidings, but
 to his surprise his senior evinced no
 especial signs of gratification.
 "You are a little too sanguine, Frank,
 my boy," he said, gravely, "but though
 we are relieved of the pain of believing
 the young man is voluntarily absent
 from our ranks, the onus yet remains
 on him to prove how innocently he fell
 into captivity. You see, now the Colonel
 is wounded, the command of the regi-
 ment devolves on me for the time being,
 and, considering the responsibilities of
 my position, I do not for the life of me
 see how, if you brought him back,
 knowing what I do know, I have any
 other alternative than to place him
 under arrest and court-martial him."
 "Oh, sir, surely you would not pro-
 ceed to such extreme measures!"
 "I am afraid I should, if his poor
 father, who now lies in a very critical
 condition, I guess we had better let
 this young fellow paddle his own canoe
 for a time—a dose of Libby's will
 go a long way to ameliorate his high-
 flown sentiments on Southern chivalry."
 "That is not spoken like Major Hop-
 kins."
 "Nor is it spoken by Major Hopkins,
 but by the acting-Colonel of a regiment,
 whose fair fame shall never be stained
 while I command. If my own dead
 son were here alive to-day, and he had
 done what Charles Fulton has, I would
 order him under arrest without an in-
 stant's hesitation."
 Frank was awed to silence by the
 Major's earnestness.
 "You see, Besant," the older man
 continued, "I am in possession of facts
 concerning which you know nothing."
 A spark of intelligence flashed in
 Frank's brain.
 "And your informant, sir, was James
 Lawson?" he asked eagerly.
 "If so, what then?"
 "Only, sir, that you are condemning
 a man of honor on the word of a base
 scoundrel as ever led to forward his
 miserable ends, was the hot reply.
 "That may be, but even an inveterate
 liar may speak the truth, if it suits his
 purpose."
 "Granted, Major; but are you quite
 sure that the truth did suit his purpose
 in this instance?"
 For reply the Major took from his
 pocket-book a torn piece of paper, on
 which was some writing in pencil, and
 handed it to his subordinate, with the
 remark:

"I am committing no breach of con-
 fidence in showing you this. Do you
 recognize the hand that penned this
 treacherous scrawl?"
 Frank read the lines eagerly; they
 contained a brief but succinct descrip-
 tion of Buell's position at Nashville,
 and were signed, "your devoted friend,
C. F."
 Frank's eyes blazed with triumph.
 "Do I recognize the hand-writing,
 Major?" he cried excitedly. "Indeed,
 I do! I see James Lawson's ear-marks
 on every up-stroke and down-stroke of
 this villainous composition. Why, the
 pitiful rascal has not even taken the
 trouble to disguise the characters."
 "You are sure of this?"
 "Well, you shall judge for yourself.

str," Frank dashed, taking a letter
 from his pocket which contained an
 inclosure. "Here is a note Lawson
 wrote to a lady friend of mine at Mel-
 tonburg, containing such a libelous
 account of my conduct that in sheer dis-
 gust she sent it to me, as she says, to
 put me on my guard against the fel-
 low's villainy."
 It was a study to watch the Major's
 face as he compared the two docu-
 ments.
 Turning to an orderly he said, sternly:
 "Go to company F and tell the offi-
 cer on duty to send Private Lawson un-
 der guard to me at once."
 In a few minutes, during which both
 officers maintained a moody silence, the
 messenger returned.
 "Private Lawson, sir," he said, salut-
 ing, "is reported missing. He was fired
 on this morning by the sentry as he was
 seen making for the enemy's lines, but
 escaped unhurt."
 The cloud of doubt cleared from the
 Major's brow as he clasped Frank's
 hand, and said heartily: "May be I was
 wrong in judging Fulton, and he will
 perhaps be able to clear himself of any
 charge more serious than a breach of
 discipline. Any how, Frank, you shall
 fetch the lad back and give him a chance
 of explanation. Take as many men of
 your own company as you like—volun-
 teers, mind—and manage the affair just
 how you please. It could not be in bet-
 ter hands."
 So, in accordance with this liberal
 order, a dozen men, heavily armed,
 with Besant at their head, stole out of
 camp that night under shadow of the
 cedar-brakes that lined the river.
 To return to the object of all this so-
 litude, Charlie Fulton's condition after
 the battle of Murfreesboro was a strong
 contrast to the gentle treatment he had
 received during his confinement at the
 recruiting station, and he was now be-
 ginning to learn that the lot of a pris-
 oner of war was not a very envidious
 one. Torn from his associates, who, being
 gentlemen, had accorded him many
 little kindnesses, he found himself in
 the hands of a rough soldiery, who
 seemed to take delight in covering with
 indignities their luckless prisoner. One
 snatched the cap from his head with the
 brutal declaration that it was too good
 to cover a Yankee's brazen scalp; an-
 other requisitioned his boots and gave
 him in return a pair of soles shoes a
 tramp would scorn to wear; a third ap-
 propriated his watch; and a fourth took
 a fancy to a ring he wore. Thus des-
 poiled he was hustled into the loft of
 an uncoupled mill, where he was cheer-
 fully told to make himself at home till
 morning, when he would be taken "in
 the ruck of captured Yanks to the pen."
 But sharp as the eyes of his captors
 were they were not sufficiently on the
 alert to prevent a stolen interview with
 the old colored man they had deputed
 to carry him a few moldy rolls and a
 cup of villainous coffee they called his
 dinner.

How anxiously the slow hours rolled
 along! Would midnight never come?
 Perhaps the ancient dandy had fooled
 him, or failed in his attempt to reach
 the Union lines, or, worst thought of
 all, was the probability that his folly
 had been discovered and his comrades
 might not think him worth the rescue.
 Below the men who had purloined a
 small keg of whiskey were getting quar-
 relsome over their caps. Now was the
 time to strike; if only Frank and his
 gallant boys would come; but, though
 he pressed his ear against a crack in
 the wooden wall and listened with
 breathless anxiety, there was no sound
 without save the moan of the wind and
 the fierce pattering of the sleet rain.
 But what is that? The hoarse chal-
 lenge of the sentry, followed by a
 groan—and all is still again. The ven-
 derers below had never even heard the
 sound, for their oaths and shouts were
 louder than ever. Then the crash of
 wood, and stamping and scuffling, and
 again the painful silence. He rushed to
 the door and beat upon it with his
 naked hand, fearful that after all they
 might not find him.
 "Charlie!"
 The lock fell shattered by a blow,
 the door swung open, and with hysteric

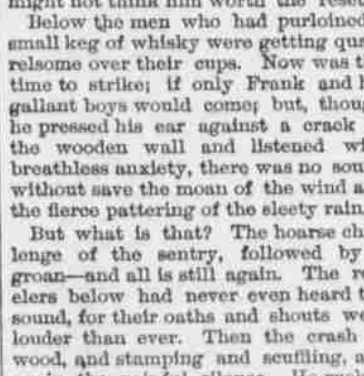
they reached the opposite bank of the
 river they heard the clatter of galloping
 horses on the Murfreesboro road.
 "Are any of our fellows injured?"
 Charlie asked, anxiously.
 "Not a scratch. We just bowled them
 over like nine-pins," was the gay reply.
 It was not till they had reached a
 place of safety and the sound of their
 pursuers had died away in the distance
 that Besant remembered the unpleasant
 task which lay before him of telling
 Charlie of his father's sad misfortune.
 The young man's eyes filled with
 tears as he heard the melancholy de-
 tails.
 "Poor old dad," he moaned. "Wound-
 ed so bad as that, and I not near to com-
 fort him. Ah! what will mother say. I
 wonder, when she hears that I was
 away from him in his hour of need?
 Away! my God! and on such an er-
 rand!"
 "Which she never need know—and if
 she did, the knowledge of your safe re-
 turn would condone the fault of your
 going, Charlie; for women do not look
 at some things in the same light that
 men do."
 "As you do, for instance?"
 "Yes, Charlie, as I do," Frank de-
 clared, firmly. "I am not going to add
 to your troubles by preaching you a ser-
 mon; but if I have any claim on your
 regard, I would implore you to make
 a confidant of Major Hopkins, who knows
 more of your doings than you have any
 idea of, and who is still willing to be
 your friend."
 "You speak with an assumption of
 guilt on my part, which in another man
 I would not permit on instant."
 "No, not guilt, Charlie; only intense-
 ly reckless folly," Besant declared.
 "And I am to make this purgation of
 a Major's father-confessor? Well, per-
 haps I will see him to-morrow and have
 a talk with him."
 "You will see him to-night; for you
 will have to report to him. He is in
 command now, you know."
 "In command? Since when?"
 "Since your father fell in action."
 "Ah, yes, of course."
 For a time they walked on in silence;
 but as they reached the Major's tent,
 Fulton asked: "Does my father know
 why I left the camp that night?"
 "No. The secret is only shared be-
 tween the Major and myself—unless
 you count Jim Lawson as one of us;
 but he is beyond the power of revela-
 tion."
 "As how?"
 "Deserted to the enemy."
 "The scoundrel!" Then, after a
 pause: "Oh, Frank; I do believe you
 are the best-hearted fellow that ever
 drew the breath of life."
 "And the Major?"
 "Yes, yes; if it will set your honest
 soul at rest, I will make a clean breast
 of all my sins to him this very night."
 And with that pleasing assurance the
 young men parted.
 Next day, as the doctors declared that
 there was no hope of Colonel Fulton
 ever being able to assume the command
 of a marching regiment, even if he es-
 caped with his life, Hopkins was in-
 stalled as Colonel, to the satisfaction of
 every man in the ranks; for they had
 long learned to love the quiet, gentle-
 manly man, who never flinched from
 danger and had such a keen sense of
 duty.
 And who is going to be Major? was
 the question at the bivouac.
 "Till he even on Besant against the
 field," cried Jack Gregory.
 But there were no takers.
 [TO BE CONTINUED.]

REWARD FOR MARSH.
 The Mayor of Philadelphia Issues a Procla-
 mation Offering \$5,000.
 PHILADELPHIA, June 6.—There is little
 change in the situation with respect to
 the Treasury scandal. Mayor Stuart ap-
 proved the action of council in refer-
 ence to the reward for Marsh's arrest,
 and issued a proclamation offering \$5,000
 for his capture. This, with the \$1,000
 offered by Bondsman Wanamaker, makes
 the total \$6,000. In the meantime Marsh
 seems to have made good his escape.
 Goswip as to Bardsley's disposition of
 the State's money is still rife. It is one
 of the interesting points yet unsettled,
 and the belief is forming that not one
 cent of it found its way in the Keystone
 Bank.
 From the county prison comes the in-
 formation that ex-Treasurer Bardsley is
 improving in health, though consider-
 ably afflicted. As to Marsh, the govern-
 ment officials said this afternoon they
 were not making an effort to find him.
 They contend that their work ended
 when he was first arrested, and that now
 it is the duty of his bondmen to find him.

HIS TERRIBLE STRUGGLE.
 Lawyer Hartine's Physicians Resort to
 Mercury to Counteract Hydrophobia.
 ASHBY PARK, June 6.—Lawyer Bar-
 tine, who was bitten by a cat, is still
 alive. His physicians, as a last resort,
 injected bicarbonate of mercury in order
 to counteract the effects of hydrophobia.
 His pulse at the last report made was 125.
 Mr. Hartine cautioned his daughters to
 keep away from his bedside, as he feared
 he would do them harm. During the
 day he attempted to leap from a window,
 but was overpowered by his guard. He
 piteously begged to be allowed to kill
 himself.

MISS SMITH A BRIDE.
 The Victim of Harry French's Tongue
 Weds Agent Merrill.
 BOSTON, June 6.—Helen F. Smith, the
 young lady whom Harry French declared
 to be his wife, and who went away to
 Europe to get clear of him, was married
 at 2 p. m. to J. N. Merrill, the London
 agent of her father's piano company,
 who came back with Miss Smith on her
 return from Europe with the intention
 of thrashing Mr. French for his scanda-
 lous accusations against Helen and Mer-
 rill.
 The wedding was private. It had been
 kept very quiet and was a modest affair,
 only a few intimate friends being pres-
 ent. For a time, at least, Mr. and Mrs.
 Merrill will live abroad, and the date of
 their permanent home-coming is not an-
 nounced.
 If you want to find out what virtues a
 man does not possess, go on a four weeks
 campaign out trip with him.

THE LOCK FELL SHATTERED BY A BLOW.
 Joy Fulton clasped the hand of his deliv-
 erer.
 "Quick, my boy," Besant cried. "One
 fellow got away and will give the
 alarm. It will be all we can do to get
 back to camp with whole skins to-
 night."
 They were not a bit too soon, for as



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\$3 SHOE and other specia-
 ties for Gentlemen, Ladies and
 Children, made and stamped on bottom. Address
W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by
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 30 other styles & Nets, prices to suit all.
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 Special Diseases, Blood Poison
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 Rash, Eczema, Itch, Scabies, Head
 Ache, Indigestion, Kidney
 Trouble, Liver Trouble, Dropsy,
 Dyspepsia, Flat, Nervousness,
 &c.

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 Trouble, Liver Trouble, Dropsy,
 Dyspepsia, Flat, Nervousness,
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 are used in its preparation. It has
 more than three times the strength of
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 or Sugar, and is therefore far more
 economical, costing less than one cent
 a cup. It is delicious, nourishing,
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 and admirably adapted for invalids
 as well as for persons in health.
 Sold by Grocers everywhere.
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 Ache, Indigestion, Kidney
 Trouble, Liver Trouble, Dropsy,
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