About A Poor Suit of Clothes.

Ask a man whose

BUSINESS SUIT

shows unreasonable distress what he paid for it, and nine times out of ten he'll say, "Oh, it's just a cheap affair; bought in a hurry," etc. He won't tell the amount he paid nor the reason or shock he got it from. His equivocation is an object lesson to every buyer. No man's afraid or ashamed to tell HOW MUCH this store's clothes cost him.

YOU CAN'T GET

the "chronic, cheap, trashy," clothes here. What we sell will stand the test—must be honest and durable in make and we pledge you value to the very penny of your investment.

Men's Suits $6.00 to $22 00
Men's Top Coats $8.00 to $20.00.
Boy's Suits $2 00 to $6.00.
"Knox Straw Hats" are now shown at our store.

Knox Ladies' Straw Sailors.—We have been appointed SOLE AGENTS for the Knox Ladies' straw Sailors and solicit your inspection of them.

SCHAUL & ROOSA

130 Main St. Hornellsville

N. Y. & P. R. R.

No 1 e	No 3 p	No 5 p		No 2 m	No 4 p	No 6 m
p m	p m	a m	STATIONS	a m	p m	p m
12 07	7 30	11 15	Oswayo	7 35	1 40	5 45
12 24	7 38	11 26	Tyler	7 05	1 42	5 15
12 31	7 45	11 33	Woodville	6 58	1 35	5 08
12 36	7 50	11 38	Rose Lake	6 53	1 30	5 03
12 39	7 53	11 43	Andrew Settlement	6 50	1 27	5 00
12 47	8 00	11 50	Ellisburg	6 42	1 19	4 52
12 51	8 04	11 52	Chapman's	6 38	1 15	4 48
12 55	8 08	11 56	Genesee	6 34	1 11	4 44
1 02	8 15	12 03	Paynesville	6 27	1 04	4 37
1 10	8 23	12 11	Calvers	6 20	1 57	4 29
1 16	8 30	12 17	Whitesville	6 14	1 52	4 23
1 25	8 39	12 26	Edwin's Crossing	6 06	1 43	4 15
1 31	8 45	12 32	Barney's Mill	6 00	1 37	4 09
1 35	8 50	12 36	Reseville	5 56	1 33	4 05
1 40	8 56	12 41	Rough & Ready	5 50	1 27	3 59
1 49	9 06	12 50	Cliff WCODD	5 40	1 18	3 49
1 54	9 12	12 55	Norton Hollow	5 35	1 13	3 44
1 58	9 16	12 59	Bennett's	5 31	1 09	3 40
2 05	9 23	1 06	Fall Creek	5 24	1 02	3 33
2 07	9 25	1 08	Canisteo	5 21	1 00	3 30
2 20	9 38	1 18	Erie Junction	5 08	12 47	3 17

AMONG OUR NEIGHBORS.

GREENWOOD.

Edgar Paine and family of Canisteo visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Paine, Thursday and Friday of last week.

Mrs. Ireland of Hornellsville is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Covert.

Mrs. Chas. French and Miss Kinskern of Hornellsville were guests of Mrs. French's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Bess of South Main street, Wednesday and Thursday.

Miss Kate Hallett of Hornellsville visited Mrs. Thos. Eagan from Thursday until Saturday of last week.

Byron Ruger is painting at D. W. Patman's at Bennett's Creek.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Chapman spent Sunday in Hornellsville with Mr. Chapman's sister, Mrs. Merritt Woodbury.

Menzo Knight and wife were in Tyler, Pa., visiting her sister, Mrs. Geo. York, on Sunday.

L. G. Burton, H. A. York and George Stephens were in Hornellsville Saturday.

J. B. Rumsey of Oswayo was a caller in Greenwood Monday.

Ray Woodbury of Hornellsville was the guest of his uncle, A. J. Chapman, Wednesday and Thursday.

Mrs. Jesse Webster is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Knight, at Akron, Mich.

Mary Woodward was in Canisteo Saturday.

L. S. Davis has been doing a job of plumbing for G. M. Webster.

Perle Burton visited her uncle, L. G. Burton, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clair Cheesman were in Andover Wednesday, visiting Mr. Cheesman's parents.

Ad. Hilliker, Will Young, Will Loper and Homer Stephens fished in Smith's pond Thursday.

There was a leek party at Mrs. C. M. Griswold's Friday evening. After a bountiful supper of fig tarts flavored with leeks, the party indulged in dancing.

Will Dexter of Whitesville called on friends in town Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fay Stephens have moved to Andover. Mr. Stephens has secured a job with E. G. French.

W. G. Kellogg, G. M. Webster, H. Donaldson and D. Travis work in attendance as delegates at the Republican County Convention Saturday in Hornellsville. Quite a number of citizens were also present at the Convention, including Professor Cole, F. D. Young, Reuben Covert, L. D. Scribner, S. Kellogg and others.

W. O. Slocum and wife were in the city on business Saturday.

Pitt Coston, Mrs. Williams, Mabel Lewis and Alfia Parshall were in Sonora Saturday on a visit to Miss Lewis' home.

The dancing party at Vern Johnson's Wednesday was attended by many from out of town.

John Schertt, our evaporator man, returned to Greenwood Sunday.

David Ferris, accompanied by his grandfather, went to Hornellsville Friday.

Mrs. S. Kellogg, Misses Daisy Harris, Bertha Kellogg and Ellen Young were in Hornellsville last week.

Mrs. F. D. Young, Mrs. S. Kellogg and Mrs. G. M. Webster are in attendance at the Universalist Association at Friendship.

Dr. C. F. Smith and wife are in Buffalo for a week's sojourn.

Mrs. Thos. Eagan was in Canisteo Saturday.

Andrew Boudein of Salamanca and Clinton Carr of North Fork were in this city Monday, calling at our office.

Our former townsman and neighbor, M. F. Smith, now of Hornellsville, received the nomination for Sheriff at the Republican Convention at Hornellsville, June 2d. Mr. Smith has hosts of friends in Greenwood.

Jesse T. Atkins of West Hill is building a large barn, the same being 40 feet in width and 100 feet in length. There seems to be an increasing demand for barn room, which indicates prosperity.

Monday afternoon, as ex-Supervisor J. S. Young was climbing into a rack on his wagon his horses started on a runaway. In running between Woodward & Young's store and that of Geo. Smith, the rack struck the latter, demolishing one side of the rack and shaking up the store so those inside thought it coming down. The runaways turned down Main street, and, thru the united efforts of Mr. Young and Fred White, were stopped near the band stand. Mr. Young and team escaped without injury.

Elmer Bunker and wife were calling on old friends in town Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Theodore Cobb of Spring Mills were guests of G. M. Webster Monday.

There is to be a meeting of stockholders of the N. Y. & Pa. R. R. Co. Tuesday.

The Methodist society are preparing to re shingle their parsonage.

Miss Nora Livermore, who has been stopping at G. M. Webster's for some time, has returned to her home in Andover.

Rev. C. E. Sutton was at Canisteo and Hornellsville Saturday.

Miner Shaw and wife, Bert Whiteman and wife, Ayers Gurnsey of Jasper and Mrs. Mildred Potter and Mrs. E. W. Sherwood of Hornellsville, went to Smith's Pond Saturday, on a fishing trip. Ask Bert how many he caught.

Sarah Shaw and Dr. C. F. Smith and wife went to Buffalo Monday, Miss Shaw for treatment at the Woman's Hospital.

Horace Barnard and wife were calling on friends Monday.

John Donaldson and wife are celebrating the arrival of a ten pound girl at their home, last week.

The lightning of the recent storm knocked the phone of J. S. Young worthless. He sent to Wisconsin for repairs and it now works better than ever.

Lee Wright, while scorching on his wheel down Main street, collided with Miss L. Kellogg, smashing the forward wheel to her bicycle, and injuring Miss Kellogg.

Miss Ellen Young of South Main street has a new wheel.

Henry Cobb of Coudersport was in this city Monday.

Mrs. Ellen Young has recently erected a monument to the memory of her husband, Benoni Young.

A Good Cough Medicine.

It speaks well for Chamberlain's Cough Remedy when druggists use it in their own families in preference to any other. "I have sold Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for the past five years with complete satisfaction to myself and customers," says Druggist J. Goldsmith, Van Etten, N. Y. "I have always used it in my own family both for ordinary coughs and colds and for the cough following la grippe, and find it very efficacious." For sale by Benedict & Van Noy, Andover, and N. E. Coston, Greenwood.

Church Directory.

M. E. CHURCH.

Preaching at 11 a. m.
Class meeting at 12 m.
Sunday School at 12 m.
Junior League at 3 p. m.
Epworth League at 6 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.
Rev. C. P. Sutton, pastor.

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

Young People's Christian Union at 3 p. m.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Sunday School at 12 m.
Y. P. S. C. E. at 3 p. m.
Preaching at 7 p. m.

Impossible to fore see an accident Not impossible to be prepared for it. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Monarch over pain

Homes Wanted

For a boy 10 years old, and a black eyed boy baby 5 months old. Good references will be required. Apply to D. C. Grunder, Superintendent of the Poor, Angelica, N. Y.

A Life and Death Fight.

W. A. Hines of Manchester, Iowa, writing of his almost miraculous escape from death, says: "Exposure after measles induced serious lung trouble, which ended in consumption. I had frequent hemorrhages and coughed night and day. All my doctors said I must soon die. Then I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery which wholly cured me. Hundreds have used it on my advice and all say it never fails to cure throat, chest and lung troubles." Regular size 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at L. A. Burrows' and all other drug stores.

ALFRED STATION.

Andrew J. Green of Andover was at James Mathews Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. Lillie Howard of Hornellsville was visiting at J. F. Perry's Friday of last week.

Chas. Cook was over from Oswayo Sunday. He is working in a heading factory there.

A number from here attended the telephone meeting at Andover Monday.

Word was received Monday that Olin Emerson was dead. He lived near Stone Dam. His remains were brought here Monday night, and funeral at the home of J. F. Perry Tuesday. His death was caused from pneumonia. He was formerly a resident of Alfred. He leaves a wife and children.

Miss Vina Hemphill of Hebron, Pa., is visiting friends for a few days.

Mrs. O. E. Langworthy of Hornellsville was at F. L. Pettibone's Sunday.

"Little Colds" neglected—thousands of lives sacrificed every year. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup cures little colds—cures big colds too, down to the very verge of consumption.

Glorious News

Comes from Dr. D. B. Cargile of Washita, I. T. He writes: "Electric Bitters has cured Mrs. Brewer of scrofula, which had caused her great suffering for years. Terrible sores would break out on her head and face, and the best doctors could give no help; but now her health is excellent." Electric Bitters is the best blood purifier known. It is the supreme remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poisons, badd digestion, builds up the strength. Only 50c. Sold by L. A. Burrows and all other druggists. Guaranteed.

SAUNDERS.

(Too late for last week.)

The meeting of the road commissioners was adjourned till June 13th.

Caucus was held at Wileyville last Saturday afternoon.

Miss Rosa Lewis, who has been working on Troups Creek, is home for a short visit.

Quarterly meeting was held at the Wedger school-house Saturday and Sunday, Rev. Mr. Matthews taking charge.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lewis welcomed a 13-pound boy one day last week.

Albert Saxton was in Whitesville on business Monday.

Ray Aldone of Hornellsville was the guest of Mabel Smith Sunday.

Jim Davis of Northfork visited his uncle, Albert Saunders, last week.

Miss Anna McCormick is visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. Maxwell.

We have often heard the remark, "O, she's only half baked!" but we can boast of one young lady who appears to be "All-done!"

The Williams boys have been working for L. J. Failing.

A Wealth of Beauty

Is often hidden by unsightly pimples, eczema, tetter, erysipelas, salt rheum, etc. Bucklen's Arnica Salve will glorify the face by covering all skin eruptions, also cuts, bruises, burns, boils, felons, ulcers, and worst forms of piles. Only 25 cents a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by L. A. Burrows, Andover, and all other druggists.

TIP TOP.

Miss Mary Whitford visited at the home of W. E. Baker last Thursday evening.

Miss Mabel Lee was the guest of Miss Ethel Boyd last Wednesday evening and Thursday.

Mrs. B. S. Baker and little daughter Ethel have been very sick. Ethel is some better at present writing; Mrs. Baker about the same.

W. E. Baker and family attended Memorial services at Andover.

Miss Bessie Clair is staying at B. S. Baker's, helping care for the sick.

Miss Mary Whitford and Miss Euphemie Green were calling on Miss Mabel Lee one evening last week.

Merle Baker, operator at Vandalia, was home Memorial-day, returning on train 29 Friday.

F. M. Lee and daughter Mabel spent Memorial-day at Andover.

John Hoard moved his family to Alfred last Friday, he having a job in the Terra Cotta works.

Fred G. Mastin is in the Sanitarium at Hornellsville. It is hoped by her many friends that she will soon be able to return to her home.

A. C. Baker has got a bike.

B. S. Baker attended the Memorial services at Andover.

"After suffering from piles for fifteen years I was cured by using two boxes of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve," writes W. J. Baxter, North Brook, N. C. It heals everything. Beware of counterfeits. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

RECORD OF THE PAST

No Stronger Evidence Can Be Had.

Look well to their record. What they have done many times in years gone by, is the best guarantee of future results. Anyone with a bad back; any reader suffering from urinary troubles, from any kidney ills, will find in the following evidence proof that relief and cure is near at hand:

Mr. S. C. Stevens, of 17 Atlantic street, Salamanca, proprietor of the leading livery stable, says: "I allowed my experiences with Doan's Kidney Pills to be published in our local paper in July, 1896, and it has appeared again and again under the heading of 'Local Evidence.' I had a weakness of the kidneys, especially during the spring and fall, when I contracted a slight cold. Procuring Doan's Kidney Pills at a drug store, I took a course of the treatment and it removed the attack which annoyed at the time. I have never had a pain in my back nor have my kidneys been out of order since I used Doan's Kidney Pills. I never had anything more satisfactory in the way of medicine, and I can as warmly recommend them now as I could when I gave my testimony over 18 months ago. I am only too pleased to allow my opinions of Doan's Kidney Pills to be published in Salamanca."

Doan's Kidney Pills are for sale by all dealers, price 50 cents. Mailed by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S. Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH

Better than a Piano, Organ, or Music Box, for it sings and talks as well as plays, and don't cost as much. It reproduces the music of any instrument—band or orchestra—tells stories and sings—the old familiar hymns as well as the popular songs—it always ready. See that Mr. Edison's signature is on every machine. Catalogues of all dealers, or NATIONAL PHONOGRAPH CO., 135 Fifth Ave., New York.

Old Age Postponed.

TRADE MARK Dr. Palmo Tablets CURE NERVOUS DEBILITY.

The sent of Nervous Diseases is at base of brain. When the nerve cells at this point wasse, a terrible decline of the system occurs. Nervous Debility, Atrophy, Varicocele, Failing Memory, Pain in Back, Dyspepsia, Insomnia, Etc., are symptoms of this condition. Neglected, it results in Paresis or Insanity, or Consumption. Palmo Tablets cure these ills by renewing the starved nerve cells, checking all drains and replacing weakness with strength and ambition. 50c a box; 12 boxes, $5.00, with iron-clad guarantee! Sg.one, free book. HALSID DRUG CO., CLEVELAND, O.

For Sale by Benedict and Van Noy, Andover, N. Y.

LADIES ATTENTION!

YOU will find that the best

PERFUMES,

STAIONERY,

CONFECTIONERY,

DRUGS,

GROCERIES, &c, &c.

Can always be found at

G. W. SMITH & CO.'S.

J. H. Kelly has returned to Oil Tower from Hornellsville, where he has been working in VF office.

Miss Carrie Williams was the guest of Miss Mabel Lee from Friday to Monday.

Miss Bessie Clair was called home very suddenly Saturday, by the death of her youngest brother.

W. E. Baker and wife, B. S. Baker and W. H. Green attended the funeral of Allie Clair, son of Mr. and Mrs. Dell Clair, Monday.

T. A. Burdick attended Memorial service at Andover.

Miss Lena Brundage was visiting at the home of D. L. Langworthy.

"De Witt's Little Early Risers are the finest pills I ever used."—D. J. Moore, Millbrook, Ala. They quickly cure all liver and bowel troubles. Benedict & Van Noy, Andover; E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

SILAS KELLOGG,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW
LOANS NEGOTIATED.
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

WM G. KELLOGG
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

G. M. WEBSTER & CO.,
MERCHANTS,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

W G SMITH & CO.
DRUGGISTS,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

WOODARD & YOUNG,
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

SHAW & PLAISTED,
HARDWARE,
GREENWOOD, N. Y.

C. F. SMITH,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
GREENWOOD N. Y.

HOYT & MAYO,
FASHIONABLE BARBER.
Rooms opposite Woodward & Young
—Entrance—
Shaving and haircutting done in modern style.

I beat the drums of their eternal despair. Woe, woe, woe!

But there is great excitement in Heaven. Why those long processions? Why the blowing of that great bell in the tower? It is coronation day in Heaven. Who are those rising on the thrones with crowns of eternal royalty? They must have been great people on the earth, world renowned people. No. They taught in a ragged school. Taught in a ragged school! Is that all? That is all. Who are those souls wing sceptres of eternal dominion? Why, they are little children who wanted on invalid mothers. That all? That is all. She was called "Little Mary" on earth. She is an emperor in Heaven now. Who are that multitude on the highest thrones of Heaven? Who are they? Why, they fed the hungry; they clothed the naked; they healed the sick; they comforted the heartbroken. They never found any rest until they put their head down on the pillow of the sepulcher. God watched them. God laughed defiantly at the enemies who put their feet down on these, his children, and one day the Lord struck. His hand so hard on His high that the Omnipotent sword rattled in the buckler as He said: "I am their God, and no weapon formed against them shall prosper."

Paternalism in Germany.

Hamburg policemen watch the street cars closely, and if they find a car which carries a single passenger more than the number allowed by law the conductor is fined 72 cents.

Hors and Tongues.

Tongues alone cannot work much mischief in the world. It takes ears to make th work of tongues complete and efficient. If tongues must be bridled, ears must be stopped. Many a man who would not tell an impure story or give impetus to a ribald jest will do his part in demoralizing himself and his fellows by lending his ears to it. Deafness helps the evil speaker to hold his tongue.—S. S. Times.

The Way to Heaven.

The way to Heaven is by Weeping-Cross.—English Proverb.

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pangs of dyspepsia. No need to. Burdock Blood Bitters cures. At any drug store.

CONSUMPTION

never stops because the weather is warm.

Then why stop taking

SCOTT'S EMULSION

simply because it's summer? Keep taking it. It will heal your lungs, and make them strong for another winter.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Uniform Examinations—1900.

FIRST GRADE

January 11th and 12th, Alfred
August 9th and 10th, Wellsville

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

January 11th and 12th, Alfred.
April 12th and 13th, Cuba.
August 9th and 10th, Wellsville.
November 8th and 9th, Friendship

Normal school entrance examinations will be held in January, April and August at the same time and place of holding uniform examinations.

Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.

DEMAND THE OLD RELIABLE
GENUINE
ANTI FRICTION RAZER
SOLD EVERYWHERE 2 YEARS FOR 50c. WEAR TWICE AS LONG AS ANY OTHER
GET THE BEST TAKE NO OTHER

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS &C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, $3 a year; four months, $1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

Dr. Da-Bright's Harem-ine Pills
Cures all diseases and ailments arising from
BEFORE AFTER
LOSS OF MANHOOD
Guaranteed cure or money refunded. $1.00 a box or 6 boxes for $5.00. Prepared by.....
CHEMUNG CHEMICAL COMPANY, ELMIRA, N. Y.
Sent postpaid on receipt of price. AGENTS WANTED

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.
It artificially digests the food and aids Nature in strengthening and reconstructing the exhausted digestive organs. It is the latest discovered digestant and tonic. No other preparation can approach it in efficiency. It instantly relieves and permanently cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Heartburn, Flatulence, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Sick Headache, Gastralgia, Cramps and all other results of imperfect digestion. Price 50c. and $1. Large size contains 2½ times small size. Book all about dyspepsia mailed free. Prepared by E. C. DeWITT & CO., Chicago.
Benedict & Van Noy, Andover
E. Breeze, Elm Valley.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Lesson in the International Series for June 10, 1900—Death of John the Baptist.

[Prepared by H. C. Leininger.]
THE LESSON TEXT.
(Mark 6:14-29.)

14. And King Herod heard of Him (for His name was spread abroad); and he said: That John the Baptist was risen from the dead, therefore mighty works do show forth themselves in him.

15. Others said: That it is Elias. And others said: That it is a prophet, or as one of the prophets.

16. But when Herod heard thereof, he said: It is John, whom I beheaded; he is risen from the dead.

17. For Herod himself had sent forth and laid hold upon John, and bound him in prison for Herodias' sake, his brother Philip's wife; for he had married her.

18. For John had said unto Herod: It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife.

19. Therefore Herodias had a quarrel against him, and would have killed him; but she could not.

20. For Herod feared John, knowing that he was a just man and an holy, and observed him; and when he heard him, he did many things, and heard him gladly.

21. And when a convenient day was come, that Herod on his birthday did a supper to his lords, high captains, and chief estates of Galilee;

22. And when the daughter of the said Herodias came in, and danced, and pleased Herod and them that sat with him, the king said unto the damsel: Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt, and I will give it thee.

23. And he sware unto her: Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee, unto the half of my kingdom.

24. And she went forth, and said unto her mother: What shall I ask? And she said: The head of John the Baptist.

25. And she came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying: I will that thou give me by and by in a charger the head of John the Baptist.

26. And the king was exceeding sorry; yet for his oath's sake, and for their sakes which sat with him, he could not reject her.

27. And immediately the king sent an executioner, and commanded his head to be brought; and he went and beheaded him in the prison.

28. And brought his head in a charger and gave it to the damsel; and the damsel gave it to her mother.

29. And when his disciples heard of it, they came and took up his corpse, and laid it in a tomb.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5:18.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Herod Antipas, who ruled the Jews as the Roman ruler over Galilee and Perea with the title of king. It was in this very territory that Jesus had been doing His greatest work. His words and works came to the ears of Herod, and to-day's lesson concerns Him as the result of the reflections of the wicked king. What he had said must have been court gossip, and so filtered down to the people generally. We can well make this lesson a study of the character of Herod and of his relations with the brave prophet, John the Baptist, noting especially:

Herod's Troubled Conscience. Herod's Character.

Herod's Crime.

I. Herod's Troubled Conscience.—There never yet has been a guilty conscience but that it has been manifested in some outward word or act. Herod had committed a great and dreadful crime, and it torments him when the night think his thoughts were furthest from it. The wonderful works that Jesus has been doing during the autumn of A. D. 28 and the following winter and spring, Herod could well have been said about John, yet the guilty mind of the king immediately associated the two great and good men. It might seem, and probably was the fact, that good men were generally disposed at that court. Here were two who rose far above the average. One had rebuked the king, been imprisoned and murdered; another arises, says nothing about the king, simply going about telling the glad tidings of the kingdom and doing good. While the works of Jesus were being told Herod knew his great crime.

Herod's Character.—This incident reveals the kind of man Herod was, and associations was one of his failings. Then he had been guilty of breaking one of the laws of the decalogue in taking to himself his brother's wife. John had said this was not lawful, and the king's intelligence had not been hunted so far as to deny it. But he could stand out against his wife far enough to save the life of John from her hands. This, however, was not strength of mind, but the reverse, probably superstition, at least akin to that in his fear of killing "a just man and a holy." But this dread of consequences was not so strong as one other characteristic of Herod's nature. He did not stand the scorn of his companions. It was "for his oath's sake and for their sakes which sat with him" that John was finally beheaded, and we may well suppose that it was not so much for the oath's sake as for fear of the scorn of those with him. If it had been solely for his oath's sake, he would probably have let his first refusal to behead John stand.

Herod's Crime.—Herod's crime was the beheading of John the Baptist. He was imprisoned in Macherus, a strong fortress and castle on the borders of Arabia, nine miles east of the southern end of the Dead sea, in March or April, A. D. 28. He was beheaded a little later. The act shows how a crime grows. He had been rebuked by John for what he knew was a sin. Instead of repenting he imprisoned the Lord's messenger. But he had not meant to take his life, yet just this is what actually happened.

Hors and Tongues.

Tongues alone cannot work much mischief in the world. It takes ears to make th work of tongues complete and efficient. If tongues must be bridled, ears must be stopped. Many a man who would not tell an impure story or give impetus to a ribald jest will do his part in demoralizing himself and his fellows by lending his ears to it. Deafness helps the evil speaker to hold his tongue.—S. S. Times.

The Way to Heaven.

The way to Heaven is by Weeping-Cross.—English Proverb.

Two million Americans suffer the torturing pangs of dyspepsia. No need to. Burdock Blood Bitters cures. At any drug store.

CONSUMPTION

never stops because the weather is warm.

Then why stop taking

SCOTT'S EMULSION

simply because it's summer? Keep taking it. It will heal your lungs, and make them strong for another winter.

50c. and $1.00; all druggists.

Uniform Examinations—1900.

FIRST GRADE

January 11th and 12th, Alfred
August 9th and 10th, Wellsville

SECOND AND THIRD GRADES.

January 11th and 12th, Alfred.
April 12th and 13th, Cuba.
August 9th and 10th, Wellsville.
November 8th and 9th, Friendship

Normal school entrance examinations will be held in January, April and August at the same time and place of holding uniform examinations.

Teachers desiring to be ready to teach at the next school year, whose certificates expire July 31st, 1900, should take the first examination of the year. O. M. BURDICK, Com.

EVERYDAY HEROISM.

Dr. Talmage Preaches on Common Duties and Rewards.

Words of Encouragement and Cheer for Those Who Toil and Struggle—Sympathy and Sympathizers of Daily Life.

[Copyright, 1900, by Louis Klopsch.]

Washington, Jan. 3.

Dr. Talmage, who is now preaching to large audiences in the great cities of England and Scotland, sends this discourse, in which he shows that many who in this world pass as of little importance will in the day of final reckoning be crowned with high honor; text, II. Timothy ii., 3: "Thou therefore endure hardness."

Historians are not slow to acknowledge the merits of great military chieftains. We have the full-length portraits of the Cromwells, the Washingtons, the Napoleons and the Wellingtons of the world. History is here written in black ink, but red ink of human blood. The gods of human ambition do not drink from bowls made out of silver or gold or precious stones, but out of the bleached skulls of the fallen. But I am now to unroll before you a scroll of heroes that the world has never acknowledged—those who fired no guns, blew no bugle blast, conquered no cities, chained no captives to their chariot wheels and yet in the great day of eternity will stand higher than some of those whose names started the nations, and sent epaph and rapt spirit and archangel will tell their deeds to a listening universe. I mean the heroes of common, everyday life.

In this roll, in the first place, I find all the heroes of the sick room. When Satan had failed to overcome Job, he said to God: "Put forth Thy hands and touch his bones and his flesh, and he will curse Thee to Thy face." Satan had found out that which we have all found out, that sickness is the greatest test of one's character. A man who can endure sickness can stand anything. To be shut in a room as fast as though it were a bastile; to be so nervous you cannot endure the tap of a child's foot; to have luscious fruit, which tempts the appetite of the robust and healthy, excite our loathing and disgust when it first appears on the platter; to have the rapier of pain strike through the side or across the temples like a razor, or put the foot in a vise or throw the whole body into a blaze of fever, yet there have been men and women, but more women than men, who have cheerfully endured this hardness. Through years of exhausting rheumatisms and excruciating neuralgias they have gone and through bodily distress that rasped the nerves until the muscles and paled the cheeks and stooped the shoulders. By the dim light of the sick room taper they saw on their wall the picture of that land where the inhabitants are never sick. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

The cancer ate away her life from week to week and day to day, and she became weaker and weaker, and every "good-night" was deeper than the "good-night" before, yet never sad. The children looked up into her face and saw suffering transformed into a heavenly smile. Those who suffered on the battlefield amid shot and shell were not more heroes and heroines than those who, in the field hospital and in the asylum, had fevers which no ice could cool and no surgery cure. No shout of a comrade to cheer them, but numbness and aching and homesickness—yet willing to suffer, confident in God, hopeful of Heaven. Heroes of rheumatism. Heroes of neuralgia. Heroes of spinal complaint. Heroes of sick headache. Heroes of lifelong invalidism. Heroes and heroines! They shall reign forever and ever. Hark! I catch just one note of the eternal anthem: "There shall be no more pain!" Bless God for that!

In this roll I also find the heroes of toil who do their work uncomplainingly. It is comparatively easy to lead a regiment into battle when you know that the whole nation will applaud the victory; it is comparatively easy to doctor the sick when you know that your skill will be appreciated by a large company of friends and relatives; it is comparatively easy to address an audience when the gleaming eyes and flushed cheeks you know that your sentiments are adopted. But to do sewing when you expect the employer will come and thrust his thumb through the work to show how imperfect it is or to have the whole garments thrown back on you, to be done over again; to build a wall and know there will be no one to say you did it well, but only a swearing employer howling across the scaffold; to work until your eyes are dim and your back aches and your heart faints, and to know that if you stop before night your children will starve—ah, the sword has not slain so many as the needle! The great battlefields of our civil war were not Gettysburg and Shiloh and South Mountain. The great battlefields were in the arsenals and in the shops and in the attics, where women made army jackets for a sixpence. They toiled on until they died. They had no funeral eulogium, but, in the name of my God, this day, I enroll their names among those of whom the world was not worthy. Heroes of the needle. Heroes of the sewing machine! Heroes of the attic! Heroes of the cellar! Heroes and heroines! Bless God for them!

In this roll I also find the heroes who have uncomplainingly endured domestic injustice. There are men who, for their toil and anxiety, have no sympathy in their homes. Exhausting application to business gets them a livelihood, but an unfrugal wife scatters it. He is fretted at from the moment he enters the door until he comes out of it—the exasperations of business life augmented by the exasperations of domestic life. Such men are laughed at, but they have a heartbreaking trouble, and they would have long ago gone into appalling dissipation but for the grace of God.

Society to-day is strewn with the wrecks of men who, under the northeast storm of domestic infelicity, have been driven on the rocks. There are tens of thousands of drunkards today, made such by their wives. That is not poetry; that is prose. But the wrong is generally in the opposite direction. You would not have to go far to find a wife whose life is a perpetual martyrdom—suffering more under the stroke of a fist, unkind words; staggering home at midnight and constant maltreatment, which have left her only a wreck of what she was on that day when in the midst of a brilliant assemblage the vows were taken, and full organ played the wedding march, and the carriage rolled away with the benediction of the people. What was the burning of Latimer and Ridley at the stake compared with this? Those men soon became unconscious in the fire, but there is a 30 years' martyrdom, a 50 years' putting to death, and no one complaining. No bitter words when the rollicking companions at two o'clock in the morning pitch the husband and drunk into the front entry. No tender words when wipping the black swollen brow the blood struck out in a midnight carousal. Bending over the battered and bruised form of him who should be took out from her father's home promised love and kindness and protection, yet nothing but sympathy and prayers and forgiveness before they are asked for. No wonder when the drunkard's wife goes for rum and the pawnbroker's shop gets the last decent dress. Some day, desiring to evoke the story of her sorrows, you say: "Well, how are you getting along now?" and rallying her trembling voice and quieting her quivering lip, she says: "Pretty well, I thank you; pretty well." She never will tell you. In the delirium of her last sickness she told the secrets of her life-time, but she will not tell that. Not until the books of eternity are opened on the throne of judgment will ever the world know what she has suffered. Through the dead silence of the night they heard the chorus of the angels.

If find also in this roll the heroes of Christian charity. We all admire the George Peabodys and the James Lenoxes of the earth, who give tens and hundreds of thousands of dollars to good objects. But I am speaking now of those who out of their pinched poverty help others—of such men as those Christian missionaries at the west who proclaim Christ to the people, one of them, writing to the secretary in New York, saying: "I thank you for that $25. Until yesterday we have had no meat in our house for three months. We have suffered terribly. My children have no shoes this winter." And of those people who have only a half loaf of bread, but give a piece of it to others who are hungrier, and of those who have only a scuttle of coal, but help others to fuel, and of those who have only a dollar in their pocket and give 25 cents to somebody else, and of that father who wears a shabby coat, and of that mother who wears a faded dress, that their children may be well apparelled. You call them paupers or ragamuffins or emigrants. I call them heroes and heroines. You and I may not know where they live or what their name is, God knows, and they have more angels hovering over them than you and I have, and they will have a higher seat in Heaven. They may have only a cupful of cold water to give a poor traveler or may have only picked a splinter from under the nail of a child's finger and have put only two mites into the treasury, but the Lord knows them. Considering what they had, they did more than we have ever done, and their faded dress will be conspicuous, and the small room will be an eternal mansion, and the old hat will be exchanged for a coronet of victory, and all the applause of earth and all the shouting of Heaven will be drowned out when God rises up to give His reward to those humble workers in His Kingdom, and say to them: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

You have all seen or heard of the ruins of Melrose abbey. I suppose in some respects they are the most exquisite ruins on earth. And yet, looking at it I was not so impressed—you may set it down to bad taste—but it was not so deeply stirred as I was at a tombstone at the foot of that abbey, the tombstone placed by Walter Scott over the grave of an old man who had served him for a good many years in his house—the inscription most insignificant, and I defy any man to stand there and read it without tears coming into his eyes—the epitaph: "Well done, good and faithful servant." Oh, when our work is over, will it be found that, because of anything we have done for God or the church or suffering humanity, that such an inscription is appropriate for us? God grant it!

Who are those who were bravest and deserved the greatest monument, Lord Claverhouse and his burly soldiers or John Brown, the Edinburgh carrier and his wife? Mr. Atkins, the persecuted minister of Jesus Christ, in Scotland was secreted by John Brown and his wife, and Claverhouse came up one day with his armed men and shouted in front of the house. John Brown's little girl came out. He said to her: "Well, miss, is Mr. Atkins here?" She was too sacred a spirit to betray the minister of the Gospel. "Ha!" Claverhouse said, "then you are a chip of the old block, are you? I have something in my pocket for you. It is a pistol bullet, and I will put it into a thumbscrew, but I call it a nosegay." And he got off his horse and he put it on the little girl's hand and began to turn it until the bones cracked and she fainted. He said: "Now, girl, don't cry! This isn't a thumbscrew, this is a nosegay." And they heard the child's cry, and the father and mother came out, and Claverhouse said: "Ha! It seems that you three have had your holy heads together, determined to die like all the rest of your hypocritical, canting, snivling crew. Rather than give up your Mr. Atkins,