GIVEN FREE EACH MONTH (During 1897)

4 First Prizes, each of $100 Cash.
20 Second " " " $100 Pierce Special Bicycles.
40 Third " " " $ 25 Gold Watches.
FOR
Sunlight SOAP WRAPPERS

For particulars send your name and full address to Lever Bros., Ltd., Hudson & Harrison Sts., New York.

A Woman's Question.

Do you know you have asked for the costliest thing
Ever made by the hand above—
A woman's heart, a woman's life,
And a woman's wonderful love?

Do you know you have asked for this priceless thing
As a child might ask for a toy—
Demanding what others have died to win
With the reckless dash of a boy?

You have written my lesson of duty out;
Man-like, you have questioned me;
Now stand at the bar of my woman's soul
Until I have questioned thee.

You require your mutton shall always be hot,
Your socks and your shirt shall be whole;
I require that your heart shall be true as God's stars,
And pure as heaven your soul.

You require a cook for your mutton and beef;
I require a far better thing;
A seamstress you're wanting for stockings and shirts—
I look for a man and a king.

A king for a beautiful realm called Home,
And a man that the maker, God,
Shall look upon as he did the first,
And say, "It is very good."

I am fair and young, but the roses will fade
From my soft young cheek some day;
Will you love me then, 'mid the falling leaves,
As you did 'mid the bloom of May?

Is your heart an ocean so strong and deep
I may launch my all on its tide?
A loving woman finds a heaven or hell
On the day she is made a bride.

I require all things that are grand and true,
All things that a man should be;
If you give this all, I would stake my life
To be all you demand of me.

If you cannot do this, a laundress and cook
You can hire, with little pay;
But a woman's heart and a young woman's life
Are not to be won that way.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Personally Conducted Tours.

That the public have come to recognize the fact that the best and most convenient method of pleasure travel is that presented by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company's personally conducted tours, is evidenced by the increasing popularity of these tours. Under this system the lowest rates are obtained, for both transportation and hotel accommodation. An experienced tourist agent and chaperon accompany each tour to look after the comfort of the passenger. The following tours have been arranged for the season of 1897:—

To the north (including Watkins Glen, Niagara Falls, Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, AuSable Chasm, Lakes Champlain and George Saratoga and a daylight ride down through the Highlands of the Hudson July 27 and Aug. 17. Rate, $100 for round trip from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington, covering all expenses of a two weeks trip.

To Yellowstone Park on a special train of Pullman sleeping, compartment, and observation cars and dining car, allowing 8 days in "Wonderland" Sept. 2. Rate, $235 from New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington; $230 from Pittsburg.

To Niagara Falls, excursion tickets good to return within ten days will be sold on July 22, August 5 and 19, Sept. 4 and 16, at rate of $10 from Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washing. These tickets include transportation only, and will permit of stop over within limit at Buffalo, Rochester and Watkins on the return trip.

Two ten day tours to Gettysburg, Luray Caverns, Natural Bridge, Virginia Hot Springs, Richmond and Washington Sept. 28 and Oct. 12. Rate $65 from New York, $63 from Philadelphia.

Free chairs and tables will be provided for the excursionists on Wednesday, August 4th.

Go and see how the Indians act in old ocean on August the 4th.

DEER PARK,

On the Crest of the Aeghanies.

To those contemplating a trip to the mountains in search of health or pleasure, Deer Park, on the crest of the Alleghany Mountains, 3,000 feet above sea level, offers such varied attractions as a delightful atmosphere during both day and night, pure water, smooth, winding roads through the mountains and valleys, Cricket grounds, Ball grounds, Golf links, Tennis courts, and the most picturesque scenery in the Alleghany range. The hotel is equipped with all adjuncts conducive to the entertainment, pleasure and comfort of guests.

There are also a number of furnished cottages with facilities for housekeeping.

The houses and grounds are supplied with absolutely pure water, piped from the celebrated "Boiling Spring," and are lighted by electricity. Deer Park is on the main line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and has the advantage of its splendid Vestibuled Limited Express trains between the east and west. Season excursion tickets, good for return passage until October 31, will be placed on sale at greatly reduced rates at all principal ticket offices throughout the country.

The season at Deer Park commences June 21, 1897.

For full information as to rates, rooms, etc., address D. C. Jones, Manager, Camden Station, Baltimore, Md

"July 18, 1896, our store, four dwelling houses and three barns were washed away by a flood. Soon after the community was visited by an epidemic of bloody flux. In a short time we sold ten dozen of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in every case where it was used the results were all that could be desired; in fact our physicians admitted that it would do more toward bringing about a cure of flux than they could do."—BUSH & KNISLEY, Auburn, W. Va., Oct. 8, 1896. For sale by Harry Roberts, Druggist, Easton, Md.

"Nothing succeeds like success." Hubbard's Famous Climax is the great wheat grower.
LEANDER R. HOOPER,
Manufacturer's Agent.

SOME RACY 'POSSUM SKETCHES.

Zeb White, He Tells of the Preacher Who Believed in Joseph and Ashes.

We had been talking about the moonshiners and their ways and tricks to beat the revenue officers, when Zeb White turned on me with a smile and said:—

"Of co'se yo' know that I used to run a still up yere, and fur two or three y'ars them revenoo fellers down at Knoxville wanted to see me powerful bad. They were cute as foxes, but they never did get the best of me. I was jest thinkin' of the feller who cum up yere with the new sort o' religun."

I asked him to relate the circumstances, and after softly closing the kitchen door wherein Mrs. White was melting tallow and dipping candles, he resumed:

"Yo' know them revenoo fellers never go huntin' fur a still at random. They allus send a spy up yere, and arter he has nosed around and found sunthin' he sends 'em word. That's the reason we ar' allus so shy of pedlers and other strangers. I had my still in that big ravine we was lookin' at t'other day, and a stranger might hev looked fur it fur a month and never got within forty rods of it. Them revenoo fellers sent up a man to look fur coal and iron, but we soon got on to his game and sent him off. Two or three pedlers cum along and hung around fur a day or two, but they didn't diskiver anythin'. They kept sendin' one sort and another, but it wasn't no good, and I thought they had given it up when a critter appeared who took me in as slick as grease. He said he was a preacher, and he had the look of one. He was about 50 y'ars old, humble as a cat, and the last man on earth to harm a fly or a bug. He called hisself a 'Josephite,' and he had got up a religun never heard of yeare befo'. It was what he called Joseph's religun, and all yo' had to do to be saved was to sprinkle ashes on yo'r head and believe in Joseph."

"And who was Joseph?" I asked.

"I ain't 'zactly cl'ar on that pint," replied Zeb, "kase the preacher didn't explain very perticky. He wa'n't no disciple, nor nuthin' of that sort, but some saint or other who had a heap o' inflooence, and who was gwine to save everybody who humbled hisself. Them big words the preacher used was too much for us, though they made us believe what he said. He did his preachin' from house to house, and right yere in this room I've seen twenty-six men and wimin on their knees a-prayin' to Joseph, whilst my ole woman was walkin' around and sprinklin' ashes on each one's head. It was the same at other cabins, and by and by this got to be known as 'The Josephite Settlement.' Mighty quare times we had fur a few weeks."

"And the preacher turned out to be a revenue spy?"

"I'm cumin' to that. I watched him purty clus fur a time, but he 'peared to be all right. He put mo' ashes on his head than any fo' other people, and the way he shed tears and prayed to Joseph would have touched yo'r heart. Thar' was jest one thing about him that made me kind o' suspishus. His Joseph believed in whisky, and so did he, and the critter was allus askin' fur it wherever he went. I might hev passed it over, but the ole woman was different. One day she sez to me, sez she:—

"'Zeb White, it ain't nateral and never kin be nateral for a preacher to drink whisky. If that yere Joseph got drunk then I ain't gwine to believe in his goodness.'

"I sot down to argy it out," said Zeb, "and arter a bit I reckoned to consider that whisky and ashes didn't make up much of a religun. The preacher was smackin' his lips over the new religun, and the ashes was gittin' down to the roots of our ha'r and makin' the scalp sore, and jest then my old dawg sot in to make me mo' suspishus. He begun to act mighty quare and ugly toward that preacher, and I couldn't help but thing suthin' was wrong. I kept my eyes open, but it was several weeks befo' anythin' happened."

"Did the preacher go tramping over the country?" I asked.

"Not a bit of it," replied Zeb. "He jest sot around all day long, or didn't go outer sight, and that was what fooled us. He got moonshine whisky everywhar' he went and must hev knowed thar' was a still around yere, but he didn't do any lookin'—not till the last. He jest paid strict attention to Joseph and the new sort o' religun, and we couldn't sprinkle too many ashes on his head. One night, however, when I was on my way to the still, I heard somebody follerin' on. When I was suah of it I took another path and dodged about and arter a bit I throwed the critter off my track. Who it was I couldn't make out, and I was dead-skeert of the revenoo till the next mawnin'. I was eatin' breakfast and feelin' powerful sober when in walks my old dawg and begins to bark and make signs fur me to foller him,

"'He's got a coon up a tree,' sez I to the ole woman.

"'It's sunthin' bigger'n a coon,' sez she as she watches the dawg.

"Arter breakfast I follered him, and he took me in that iron pit I showed yo' 'tother day. When I was dodgin' the critter who was follerin' me I passed clus to that pit. I couldn't imagine what the critter had found, and my ha'r jest stood up, ashes and all, when I looked down and saw the preacher at the bottom. It was a fall of about twenty feet, but he wasn't hurt much, and he was lookin' up and waitin'.

"'Ar' that you, Mr. Biggs?' sez I, as I made him out.

"'Yes, it's me, Mr. White.'

"'What yo' doin' down thar'?'

"'In my dreams I saw Joseph walkin' on the mountain-side, and I rose in my sleep and follered him and fell in yere.'

"The critter was as cool as could be," said Zeb with o chuckle, "but I was on to his game and knowed at last that he was a revenoo officer. He had cum among us with a new kind o' religun, composed mostly of ashes, and so I went over to a burning' log-heap and gathered a bushel or so of hot ashes and poured 'em down the hole fur his benefit. Then I went arter Cy Davis, Jim Williams and a lot mo', and that afternoon we pulled the varmint out o' the pit. He stood right up an claimed that it was a case o' sleep-walk and he fell on his knees and prayed to Joseph to forgive our wicked dubts. Consarn his pictur', but he 'peared so airnest that we sorter doubted ourselves and didn't do what we had planned to."

"Were you going to hang him, Uncle Zeb?"

"Wall, mebbe. Reckon that was what he desarved. We didn't hurt him, however. We jest tied him up to a tree, cut a lot o' switches, and then told the wimin to see to him. Sum throwed ashes on his head, sum plied the switches, and tho' the critter kept prayin' to Joseph, he didn't git any help from it. He got sich a lickin' as would hev made an ox lame fur a month, and when he was ontied he bundled up his new religun and got down to Knoxville as fast as he could limp. That's what makes it purty skeery fur preachers up yere to this day."

"Ever hear of the man afterward?"

"Oh, yes. I was down to Knoxville about a y'ar afterward to git sum tools and I met him on the street. He was one of the revenoo fellers, suah 'nuff, when I axed him about Joseph, the new religun, ashes and switches, he jest took me into a stoh and bought me two pounds of terbacker and axed me to keep shet. Reckon I'll wind up the clock and we'll go to bed. I don't go a heap on religun myself, but the old kind, which hain't got no Joseph or ashes in it, is good 'nuff fur me."

RISE AND FALL OF MIDDLESBORO.

Forty Million Dollars Sunk Trying to Make a Big Town.—Now Falling Into Decay.

To a stranger visiting Middlesboro, Ky., at the present time this stanza from Campbell's "Last Man" would seem altogether appropriate to the situation:

Earth's cities had no sound nor tread,
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb.

Middlesboro shows scarcely any signs of life. Many of the best business houses in the place are nailed up with boards across the windows and doors. Cumberland avenue is overgrown with grass, and one can can scarcely believe that this was the busy thoroughfare of "boom times," and that lots sold on this street for $500 a front foot. The Middlesboro street railway can scarcely be seen for the rank weeds that grow four feet tall along its entire length.

No cars are running on it, and in many places the rails are buried in the dirt. The Watts Iron and Steel Works, which cost more than $1,000,000, and which were in operation but a few months, are rusting and rotting down. The splendid Hotel, which was crowded from cellar to garret a few years ago, is deserted. In fact, over the whole town there seems to be a pall of despair, and the citizens who are trying to eke out an existence here scarcely ever smile.

Yet this is the "magic city" into which poured more than $20,000,000 of English and American capital, and which was to be the Sheffield of America.

In the spring of 1887 the American Association, Limited, composed of English capitalists, began buying lands in Bell and Harlan counties, Kentucky; Lee county, Virginia, and Claiborne county, Tenn. By the latter part of 1888 they had secured 65,000 acres of coal, timber, and mineral lands in the vicinity of Cumberland Gap. During this year they secured a charter from the Tennessee Legislature, and began building a railroad from Knoxville to Cumberland Gap. About the same time the Association induced the Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company to build a branch from Junction City, by way of the Cumberland Gap, instead of going up the Cumberland River and through Harlan county, as it contemplated. About this time the American Association engaged Alexander A. Arthur, who had boomed Birmingham, Alabama, to take charge of its business as manager. He had the town of Middlesboro laid off and advertised it and this region all over the United States and Great Britain. He had a special car built, which was filled with samples of the coal, timber and iron ore to be found in this vicinity, and he sent this car all over the United States.

In the spring of 1889 the town of Middlesboro was formally listed in the world of speculation. It was two miles long and nearly that wide, on paper, and consisted of several hundred blocks. In the summer of this year 250 lots were sold at private sales, every other lot in certain blocks being disposed of in this way at $260 each, and the purchaser binding himself to build a house on each lot to cost not less than $1,000. Nearly all the lots thus sold were on Cumberland ave. Then the manager began to advertise more extensively than ever and promised that foundries, steel plants, tanneries, glass factories, planing mills and furniture factories would be located here within a short time. Strangers began to flock into the place from England, Germany and all parts of the United States. Lots began to go up in price, and in the winter of 1889-90 many lots changed hands at private sales for big prices. In May, 1890, the first auction sale of lots were held and speculators went wild over them. Many lots on Cumberland avenue sold for $350 a front foot.

Then followed a period of most reckless gambling by real estate speculators. Lots changed hands as often as 15 times a day and always at a profit to the seller. About this time the building boom began, and there were often as many as 20,000 people in the city which a year before had been a cornfield. Board was abnormally high, and hundreds of people lived in tents, being unable to obtain houses. Stores were conducted in tents, and a newspaper was published with the same kind of shelter above it.

The sales were held at different times and continued three or four days, with excitement at fever heat. Hundreds of men never closed their eyes in sleep from the time the sale began until it closed, and on the fourth day people became so enthusiastic and so crazy with speculation that Cumberland avenue resembled a gigantic wheat pit. Lots sold for fabulous prices to the very confines of the city limits, and sales ran up into the millions. The purchasers would pay part cash and give their notes for the balance. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of the notes are still outstanding, and thousands of men have been ruined by this wholesale gambling.

Building went on day and night, the workmen at night having electric lights burning on every hand. A few weeks later a disastrous fire broke out in several places at the same time, and one-third of the town was laid in ashes. But even this did not dampen the ardor of the intrepid speculators. The next morning after the fire hundreds of men were put to work clearing the debris away, and in a few weeks the town was rebuilt with better houses than ever.

But the pace had been set too strong, and by the fall of the year 1891 a reaction began to set in. Investors began to realize that they had overplayed, and Middlesboro began to go backward. Then followed another remarkable period. It is alleged that men who saw how things were going set fire to their own houses in order to get the insurance money, so that they could leave the place. It was a common thing to see five or six houses in different parts of the city on fire in the same night. The insurance companies became alarmed and cancelled all their policies in Middlesboro. The vast industrial enterprises which were promised when the town was laid off did not materialize as rapidly as the speculators desired, and when the general panic struck the country in 1893 and every bank in Middlesboro went to the wall, the "boom city" received a blow from which it has not recovered. The American Association called in Mr. Arthur and appointed Mr. Bartlett as manager; he has held the position ever since.

The Watts Iron and Steel Company finally did build a plant here, but they operated it only a few months when it shut down. There is a tannery in operation here and a brewery, and the South Boston Gun Works is installing a plant. The natural resources surrounding Middlesboro are undoubtedly very great, and it may be that, like Birmingham, Ala., it will finally prosper. In the mean time thousands of people are mourning over the money lost in Middlesboro's boom.

During the height of the speculative fever the American Association stock of $100 par value was worth $180 a share. It is now a drug in the market at 16½ cents. Not long ago all the property of the American Association in this section was sold at Sheriff's sale. It brought only a small per cent. of the company's indebtedness. It is estimated that the American Association has sunk $20,000,000 in the Middlesboro boom, and that outside capitalists, English, American, and German, have lost equally as much in the attempt to build a city in the Yellow Creek bottoms.



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