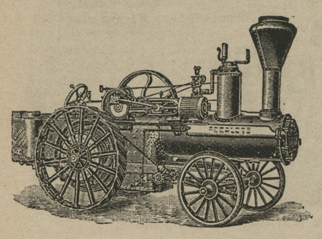
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MEN, YOUTH'S And BOYS' Overcoats and Suits

WILL CONTINUE THE ENTIRE MONTH OF MARCH.

☞We have some GREAT BARGAINS to offer you. We must have room for OUR GREAT SPRING STOCK. Come! Come! Come! Money saved is money made. Avail yourself of this opportunity.

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Spring Medicine

Is a necessity because the tonic of winter air is gone, and milder weather, increased moisture, accumulated impurities in the blood and debilitated condition of the body, open the way for that tired feeling, nervous troubles, and other ills. The skin, mucous membrane and the various organs strive in vain to relieve the impure current of life. They all welcome

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to assist Nature at this time when she most needs help, to purify the blood, tone and strengthen the laboring organs and build up the nerves.

"A year ago last spring I had a severe attack of inflammatory rheumatism which confined me to my bed for six weeks. I was treated by physicians and finally got around and went to work but my hands and limbs remained stiff and sore and the pains were severe at times. My wife prevailed upon me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and I have taken about three bottles and the soreness and lameness have all disappeared." T. H. BLOOMINGDALE, 113 Bushkill St., Easton, Pennsylvania.

Purifies The Blood

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.



Twice the Price

Would not buy a better set of teeth than we make for $8.00. A smaller price would make perfection impossible.

Sizes, shapes and shades for all ages, features and complexions, but only one quality —the best.

Extracting, 25c. With Zono or gas, 50c. Cleaning, 75c. Silver fillings, 75c. Platina, $1.00. Gold, according to size. Solid gold Crowns, $7.50.

$8.00—VERY BEST TEETH—$8.00

Sole owners of ZONO, for painless extracting without sleep or danger.

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should always be your first consideration. If you feel dull, depressed and lacking in energy something is wrong; they are the premonitory symptoms of disease, and are generally due to an impure state of the blood, which must be corrected promptly, or serious consequences will follow. To cleanse the system thoroughly and enrich the blood, revive the spirits and infuse new life into your being use

FOSTER'S GERMAN

Army & Navy Blood Bitters

A most effective remedy for Biliousness, Liver and Kidney troubles, Rheumatism, Scrofulous affections, Mercurial Poisoning and all diseases of the blood. Innumerable cases cured attest its efficacy. As a tonic it is unequaled.

Ask your druggist for it.

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A MISSING BUTTON.

IT COST THIS LADY THE SUM OF $10,000.

A Pretty Story with Many Useful Lessons to the Young Married Ladies also the Older Married Persons—The Result of Procrastination.

A cheerful south room, with a bay window full of blossoming plants; a bright fire glowing behind a burnished grate, and a little gilded clock, which had just struck nine at night—all these things met Mrs. Chickerly's eye as she laid down her book and yawned.

She was plump and fair-faced young matron of some four or five and twenty, with bright auburn hair, soft blue eyes and a complexion whose roses stood in need of no artificial rouge.

"Fanny," said Mr. Chickerly, looking up from his newspaper, "did you call on those Carters to-day?"

"No; I never thought of it."

"And they leave town to-morrow morning; and Carter is absurdly sensitive to all slights, fancied or real. Fanny, I desired you to make a point of calling."

"Well, I did intend to, Frank," pouted Mrs. Chickerly, "but one can't think of everything."

"You cannot, it seems."

"It appears to me that you are making a mountain out of a molehill," said Fanny, rather tartly.

"It may affect my business seriously. Carter's house carries great influence with it."

Mrs. Chickerly was silent, patting the velvet carpet with her foot in a manner that indicated some annoyance.

"I shall have to leave here very early to-morrow morning," said her husband, presently.

"To go to Scenersville, about Aunt Elizabeth's will?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I wouldn't, Frank."

"Why not?"

"It's such bitter cold weather to travel in, and Aunt Elizabeth is such a whimsical old woman, it's as likely as not that she'll change her mind about making a will when you get there. I would wait a little, if I were you."

Mr. Chickerly smiled.

"That would be your system of doing things, Fanny, but not mine."

"My system, Frank! What do you mean?"

"I mean that you believe in putting things off indefinitely, and not always in the wisest manner. I wish you'd break yourself of that habit, Fanny. Believe me, it will some day bring you to grief."

Mrs. Chickerly contracted her pretty eyebrows.

"I don't believe in being lectured, Frank."

"And I don't very often lecture you, my dear; pray give me credit for that."

"You didn't think you were marrying an angel when you took me, I hope?"

"No, my love. I thought I was marrying a very pretty little girl, whose few faults might easily be corrected."

"Faults! Have I any great faults Frank?"

"Little faults may sometimes entail great consequences, Fanny."

"If you scold anymore I shall go out of the room."

"You need not, for I am going myself to pack my valise. By the way, there's a button off the shirt I want to wear to-morrow. I wish you would come up stairs and sew it on for me."

"I will, presently."

"Why can't you come now?"

"I just want to finish this book; there's only one more chapter."

And Fanny opened her volume so resolutely that her husband thought it best not to contest the question.

Sitting all alone in front of the bright fire, Mrs. Chickerly gradually grew drowsy, and before she knew it she had drifted off into the shadowy regions of dreamland.

She was roused by the clock striking eleven.

"Dear me! how late it is?" she thought, with a little start. "I must go up stairs immediatly. There, I forgot to tell cook about having breakfast at 5 to-morrow morning, and of course she's abed and asleep by this time. "I'll be up early enough to see to it myself, that will be just as well."

And laying this salve to her conscience, Mrs. Chickerly turned off the gas, and crept drowsily up the stairs.

"Fanny, Fanny, it's past 5, and cook hasn't come down stairs yet. Are you sure you spoke to her last night?"

Mrs. Chickerly rubbed her eyes and stared sleepily around.

"Oh, Frank, I forgot all about speaking to her last night," she cried, with conscience-stricken face. "But I'll run right up—she can have the breakfast ready in a few minutes.

She sprang out of bed, thrust her feet into a pair of silk-lined slippers, and threw a shawl over her shoulders.

Mr. Chickerly bit his lip and checked her.

"No need, Fanny," he said, a little bitterly; "I must leave the house in fifteen minutes or miss the only through train. It's of no use speaking to the cook now."

"I am sorry, Frank."

Mr. Chickerly did not answer; he was apparently absorbed in turning over the various articles in his bureau drawer, while Fanny sat shivering on the edge of the bed, cogitating how hard it was for her husband to start on a long journey that bitter morning without breakfast.

"I can make a cup of coffee myself over the furnace fire," she exclaimed, springing to her feet. But Mr. Chickerly again interposed.

"Sit down, Fanny, please. I would rather you would sew this button on the neck of my shirt. I have packed the others—those that are fit to wear. I have shirts enough, but not one in repair."

Fanny crimsoned as she remembered how often, in the course of the last month or two, she had solemnly promised herself to devote a day to the much-needed renovation of the husband's shirts.

She looked round for her thimble.

"I left it down stairs last night. I'll get it in a minute."

The house maid had just kindled a fire in the sitting-room grate; it was blazing and crackling cheerfully among the fresh coals, and Fanny could not resist the temptation of pausing a moment to warm her chilled fingers and watch the greenish-purple spires of flame shoot merrily up the chimney, until she heard her husband's voice calling her imperatively:

"Fanny, Fanny, what are you doing?"

"Oh, dear," thought the wife, as she ran up the stairs, "I wish Frank wouldn't be so cross. He's always in a hurry."

Little Mrs. Chickerly never stopped to think that the real reason was that she, his wife, was never "in a hurry."

The needle threaded, the thimble fitted on, an appropriate button was next to be selected.

"Oh, dear, Frank, I haven't one the right size!"

"Sew on what you have then, but be quick!"

But Fanny was quite certain there was "just the right button" some where in her work basket, and stopped to search for it.

"There, I told you so!" she cried, triumphantly holding it up on the point of her needle.

"Well, well, sew it on quick," said Mr. Chickerly, glancing at his watch nervously.

"That's just your worrying way, Frank, as if anybody could sew a button on well in a hurry. There! My needle has come unthreaded."

"Oh, Fanny, Fanny," sighed her husband, fairly out of patience at last, "why didn't you do it last night, as I begged of you? I shall miss the train and what little chance we had of a place in Aunt Elizabeth's will will be sacrificed to your miserable habit of being always behindhand."

Fanny gave him the shirt and began to whimper a little, but Mr. Chickerly had neither the time nor the inclination to pause to soothe her petulant manifestations of grief. He finished his dressing, caught up his valise with a hurriedly-spoken good-by, and ran down the stairs two steps at a time into the street.

"There he goes," murmured Fanny, "and he's gone away cross with me, and all for nothing but a miserable button! I wish there wasn't such a thing as a button in the world!" (A wish which, we much misdoubt, many another wife than Mrs. Fanny Chickerly has echoed with perhaps better reason.)

Mrs. Chickerly was sitting down to her little dinner a la solitaire, with a daintily browned chicken, a tumbler of currant jelly, and a curly bunch of celery ranged before her, when, to her surprise the door opened and in walked her lord and husband.

"Why, Frank, where on earth did you come from?" cried the astonished wife.

"From the office," coolly answered Chickerly.

"But I thought you were off for Scenersville in such a hurry."

"I found myself just five minutes too late for the train, after having run all the way to the depot."

"Oh, that was too bad."

Chickerly smiled a little as he began to carve the chicken.

"Yes, I was a little annoyed at first; it did seem rather provoking to be kept at home by only a button."

"What are you going to do?"

"Why, I shall make a second start to-morrow."

"I'll see to it that your breakfast is ready this time, to the second, and all your wardrobe in trim," said Fanny, rather relieved at the prospect of a chance of retrieving her character.

"You need not, I have engaged a room at a hotel near the depot. I can't run any more risks."

He did not speak unkindly, and yet Fanny felt that he was deeply displeased with her.

"But, Frank—"

"We will not discuss the matter any further, my love, if you please. I have resolved to say nothing more to you about reforms. I see it is useless, and it only tends to foster an unpleasant state of feeling between us. Shall I help you to some maccaroni?"

And fairly silenced, Fanny ate her dinner with what appetite was left to her.

Three days afterward Mr. Chickerly once more made his entrance, just at dusk, carpet-bag in hand, as Fanny sat enjoying the ruddy shine of the coal-fire and the consciousness of having performed her duty in the mending and general renovation of her husband's drawerful of shirts—a job which she had long been dreading and postponing.

"Well, how is Aunt Elizabeth?" questioned Fanny, when her husband, duly welcomed and greeted, had seated himself in the opposite easy chair.

"Dead," was the brief reply.

"Dead! Oh, Frank! Of her old enemy, apoplexy?"

"Yes."

"Was her will made?"

"It was. Apparently she had expected me, on the day she herself appointed and on my non-arrival in the only train that stops, she sent for the village lawyer, made her will, and left her property to the Orphan Asylum in Scenersville, with a few bitter words to the effect that the neglect of her only living nephew had induced her, on the spur of the moment, to alter her original intention of leaving it to him. She died the very next morning."

"Oh, Frank, how much was it?"

"Ten thousand dollars. You see, how much the missing button has cost me!"

Fanny Chickerly sat like one condemned, by the utterance of her conscience. Not alone the one missing button, but the scores—nay hundreds—of trfling omissions, forgetfulnesses, and postpontments which made her life one endless endeavor to "catch up" with the transpiring present, seemed to present themselves before her mind's eye. What would this end in? Was not the present lesson sufficiently momentous to teach her to train herself in a different school?

She rose, and came to her husband's side, laying one tremulous hand on his shoulder.

"There shall be no more missing buttons, my love," she said earnestly.—New York News.

RIDING A WHEEL.

Some Points for the Big Army of Cyclists in Chestertown, Rock Hall and Elsewhere in Kent.

The proper position for a bicycle rider is, in the first place, an upright one, says a well-known wheelman. He should push nearly straight downward with his legs—not backward, as one must do who leans far forward. His arms should not be rigid and extended to their full length, but a little bent, and the handles can be easily adjusted to bring this about. The reason for the bent or slightly bent arm is evident after a moment's thought. If the arm is stiff, rigid, and extended to its full length, the "pull" which you give the handles on going up hill, or indeed, while running along a level road, is a dead pull. There is no life in it. Each jar to the machine is a jar to your body, your head and neck, and consequently a jar to your whole system. On the other hand, if you ride with your arms a little bent, and acting as a kind of a buffer to all jarring influences, they will save you an injurious, though unnoticeable, shaking up each time you go out. The only way in which you will notice a change will be after you have become accustomed to the bent arm method. Then you will find you can ride longer without becoming tired.

Another feature of this stiff arm is the position into which the shoulders are thrust. Try it; grow a little tired with a long ride, and then see where your shoulders are. You have gradually come to lean on your arms for rest. Both shoulders have been thrown far back; your head and neck are stretched far forward, and your chest has, so to speak, sagged forward out of its natural position. Keep this up long enough, and you will be a fine-looking specimen.

No; the weight of your body should never come on the hands and arms, but on your thighs, and thence be transferred to the seat, with the unconscious, springy action of your legs, which in a measure allows some of your weight to come on the pedals. In this position your hands are free to guide your wheel, your body is erect; you do not then get into the habit of swaying from side to side to put your weight first on one side and then on the other; and your whole muscular movement is regular and normal. Try riding without putting either hand on the handles and sitting erect. If you ride well, you can easily keep your balance, and in an instant you will be in the correct position. Once in this position, place the hands lightly on the handle bars, and you will be in a healthy, a proper situation to gain benefit from your riding.

In riding ten miles, for instance, I should never go the whole distance at one pace. Slow, steady riding has its merits; so has sprinting for short distances. When a good clear roads looms up ahead, have a brush for two or three hundred yards with the boy who is with you. These little races are good things. They quicken your movements and they keep you from forming bad habits or letting your body sag into set, immovable positions. They also bring the muscles into a different kind of play.

In fact, in bicycle riding, as in about everything else, you should remember that there is a right and a wrong way; that you need not only endurance, but speed, and that changing from one to another, keeping up variety, is one good way of avoiding bad habits.

EVERYTHING goes by opposites in China. The dials of clocks are made to turn around while the hands stand still, and when the soldiery would strike terror to the hearts of an enemy they turn and run like all possessed.

"THE most shapely thing in sleeves," soliloquized the policeman at the street crossing, "is the arrum."

THE southwest wind is the most prevalent in England. It blows on twice as many days as any other.

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