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VOL. V., No. 32

LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PENN'A, BATURDAY MORNING, JULY 7, 1877.

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This distressing and dangerous complaint and its premonitory symptoms, neriected cough, night sweats, bourseness, wasting firsh, feverpermanently outed by 'Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrgu of Wild Cherry'.

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Its marvelons power, not only over consum) Its mary clone power, on only over consump-tion but over every circuit disease w. ever studied attentive action is needed. Under its use the court is consum, the nile everture to the provide the provided attention of the transfer of the studies, the pair everture to the transfer of the studies and assumitate the tood, and every organ has a purer and better quality blood supplied to it, out of which new recrea-tive and plastic material is made.

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Tought a bar at "Swaxne's Ominient "Its nos are quick relief, and in a short time made a perfect cure. I can now sleep undattries and I would alvie all who are suffering with this distressing compaint to precure swayaers Onnment" at once. I had trust precure is wayaers of the cut of the cut

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GRAY HAIR

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I am happy to said any testimena to this great vidice of the "Loncon Hair Chor Hessberg," which removed my lar to its original dark color, and the hes agreens to be permanent. I am standed that the persentance is nothing then of ve. but operate upon the secretions. It is also a benification if reseates, and committee the growth. I purchased the first both from Ed. B. Carrisus, ourgin. Tenth and Contassats who, can also testify my hair was ve.? gray whelf i commenced he use.

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"One Little Indian."

On a beach, not a reservation; an htfair of love, not a war; a story not a

The affair began with an aversion on both sides; they do sometimes.

The first time he saw her, he thought

"And it was for this quiet, little, brown, nondescript girl that I gave up my trip to the Adirondacks and hurried down here at Rob. Sherwood's entreaty to 'come and be fascinated.' Those were the words of his letter—and he knows I affect blondes. Pshaw! I'd as tieve make myself agreeable to a squaw !"

And Phil. Farnham puffed out his chagrin and cigar smoke together, as he

paced the piazza to an fro.

She looked all over him at a glance, when introduced, and thought to her-" And this is the man I have idealiz-

ed in my imagination as a Lancelot among men! Rob said te was 'elegant.'

Why, he's old, and ugly, and unman-nerly! Ugh!"

And a little shudder of disgust rai through the slender figure as she turned away after a few words following the introduction. It looked a promising beginning, certainly, to the parties who felt an interest in the affair. "Old, and ugly, and unmannerly,"

was the verdict, given decidedly by Rhoda to her aunt and cousin Maud, who a little curiously awalted her opin-ion. She was taking down her hair for the night and stood to Maud's room bethe night and stood in stands a room be-fore the glass as she spoke, and to see her fling the great, heavy braids back, one would think they had in some way conspired toward destroying her illusion

of the Knight Lancelot.
"Why, Rhoda! He isn't thirty yet;
and although he is not handsome, to be
sure, he is not as hideous as you make out; and as for 'unmannerly,' Phil.
Farnham is a centleman.' And Maud,
who thought Phil., next to her lover
and brother, the most elegant of men;
was a triffe indignant at Rhoda's criti-

" He must be a sort of wizard, I "He must be a sort of wizard, I fancy; he appears to have charmed you all. For my part, I can see neither youth, beauty, nor grace in the redwhiskered 'gentleman.' But peace to his ashes! He may continue to smoke all his cigars inmolested by me during his stay here. Don't ask me to talk to him, for I sha'n't be civil, I know. I've taken an litense dislike to the man."

And with these words Rhoda flitted

And with these words Rhoda flitted through the door leading to her room, with an affected shudder that would

have done justice to a first-class actress.

"What on earth does she mean, mamma, and what shall we do about it?
She must not be rude to Rob's friend!"

cried Mand.
"Le's her go; it is only another of her freaks," replied Mrs. Sherwood; shringging her shoulders.
Rhoda Brent had some very peculiar

traits. Her aunt said she was "all od-dities, and very unlike the Brents," by which, of course, she meant she was not a bit like her mother's people, or tier. Rhoda was Mr. Sherwood's ward and Mrs. Sherwood's niece, and as her aunt was desirous of seeing her well married and off her hands, now that she was well educated and out of school,

ever since she had had her in her charge. Maud, now, was so totally different. She did just what was expected of her, and had, therefore, very properly fal-len in love at once with the man her mother had selected, and now, duly engaged, was only awaiting the coming autumn in which to marry and take her tour abroad, according to the usual manner of girls in her set. Rhoda, on the contrary, did nothing anyone expected of her. She had refused, point-blank, two splendid offers, both of which her aunt approved and urged— and, as matters looked now, she was in a fair way to avert, at least, a third I Mrs. Sherwood consulted her Mrs. Sherwood consulted her son on the matter not long after, and the two concluded they would try new tactics.

"She is just like all the Brents—con-

trary and willful, "said Mrs. Sherwood, with a sigh.

"Very well, mother—we can be the me. Now I propose a new method. If you are determined to marry Rhoda off to somebody, Phil. Farnham is just the fellow—only he dosen't admire brunelles, you see; but you have talked too much about Phill to her-in his favor, I mean. Try the rate of contrar-ies. Instead of praising him, talk him down. Make her fall in love out of sheer contricty. Arouse her pique, enlist her sympathy, and she will be dead in love with the object before the sum-mer is over. He isn't far behind her in obstinacy—but you thanage her, and leave him to me."

There was very little said about Mr. Francism to Rhoda after that, and as he was very rarely in the finese, being out in his yacht or off fishing most of the time, she was not annoyed by his pres-sure at his intentions. It was all her ence of his intentions. It puzzled her after awhile, and she wondered how Phil. Farnham came to be called "fascinating, and a winner of woman's hearts," when she had not see any at-tempt on his part to make himself agreeable to one. Sheasked Rob, about it one day as they were coming up from

the bath. 'I thought you told me Mr. Farm-

style of beauty. He declares he feels as though he was in a wigwam when

as though he was in a wigwam when he looks down the table and sees all those dark faces. Why, he calls all brunettes 'squaws.' Ha, hat' and Rob. laughed heartily. Rhoda did not enjoy the joke. She walked on a little quicker, a vivid flush flaming up into her dark cheeks, and answered her comin sharpily:

answered her cousin sharply:

"The cool insolence of these redwhiskered 'pale faces' is refreshing—
a little dash of the Indian would ima little dash of the Indian would im-prove Mr. Farnham's manners, as well as appearance. 'Squaws,' indeed !'

"Yes, I think so too, Rhoda. I was provoked at him, for I wanted him to like you, and he doesn't."

"He doesn't! Pray, how can he

judge ? I am sure he hasn't spoken a word to me since the evening of his arrival."

Well, Rhoda, I wouldn't have much

to say to him, if were you, if he gave you a chance. But he won't, for he declares he never troubles himself to pay attention where he does not admire. There he is how. Let's turn off this road." And Rob made an attempt to take

And Rob made an attempt to take the next path, but Rhoda outflanked him, and walked boldly by the enemy, flashing out a deflant, bright glance from beneath her long, letty lashes as she bowed good morning. Rob whisp-ered softly to himself and laughed again, but insedibly. mgain, but inaddibly.

"That little cousin of yours has a line pair of eyes, Rob.," yawned Phil. Farnham, lazily, from the depths of his hammock out on the lawn, where he and Rob. were taking siests that afternoon.

"Yes, but you needn't expect to recive any admitting clanters from them.

ceive any admiring glances from them, Phil.; she says she hates red whiskers, and that she will never take the trouble to make herself agreeable to a man who wears them She calls you 'Dun-dreary;' " and Rob. laughed merrily to

himself. The hammock swung to and fro so apidly now that it threatened to overthrow its occupant, and the volume of smoke that issued therefrom looked very much as though there might be a

very much as though there might be a raging fire within its depth somewhere.

"I say, Rob., let's look in at the hop to-night," said the voice in the hammock, after a long silence. "I believe

I'd like a waitz or two,"
"Certainly — I'm willing — but I
didn't think there was anyone here you would care to waitz with. Oh, I recollect now. Miss Merton arrived to-day, and will make her debut in our room this evening. How wild you were over her blonde beauty last winter.

"Um? Yes, very fair and stately. Well, I'll meet you there to night-we'll make our debut, to, in full dress-red whiskers' and all," he added,

sotto voce.

Rhoda was radiant that evening. She lighted up well, and, in a wondeful buff and scarlet combination of silk, lace and flowers, the pretty, little, lithe, dark figure fwayed in the waltz and and whirled in the galop like some bright, tropical bird. She danced divinery, and loved the waltz with a girlwas well educated and out of school, she had manœavered 'kilifully to get less than manœavered ' Rhoda had been a trial to her aunt en declared, she "would dance with a chimney-sweep if he could glide her step." She did refuse him She did refuse him ouce

Somehow, it must have been for the sane reason, of course, Phil. Farnham waitzed oftener with her than with any other lady in the room; and, in spite of his predilection for blobdes, brunettes appeared in the decendant that evening and the fair debutante, Miss Merton paled and languished with jealousy as she noticed the attention—nay, devo-tion—that "little, dark Mies Brent" was receiving from her preux chevaller of last winter.

"I never thought Phil. Farnhaul aligthing of a flirt before!" said Mrs. Sherwood hext morning, as the girld sat in the room, talking over the hop, "but I must coufess he disappointed me. He isn't the kind of n an I took him to be. Now, last winter he was devotion itself to Millie Mertini-and last night scarcely noticed her. There was reason for his marked non-attellition either; for I could see that she was chagrined at his neglect. Somehow I don't like Phil. as well as I used to. He is changed," and Mrs. Sherwood shook

her head and sighed. Perhaps it is his triste only that has changed, and he prefers brunettes to blondes now, "answered Rhoda smiling to herself slyly, as she recalled Rob.'s words and contrasted them with Phil.'s

manner the night before. "No, not that altogether. don't samire dark women. I mean his whole character seems to have changed. He is reserved—not as agreeable or as pleasant as he used to be—critical and satirical; and Rob. says he is growing into a nort of a woman hater -declares he will never marry, because he can never love one of the 'women of to day.'

So don't fall in loye with him, Khoda "
"Won't marry because he couldn't
love one of the 'women of to-day !' I
suppose any one of them stands ready to fall into his arms at his asking t You needn't warn me, auntie. I dislike this man," was Rhoda's sharp retort.

ham was a ladies' man," said ahe.
"Why, he hisn't spoken to one since he's been here,"
"Oh, that's because he's so dreadful fastidious," carelessly replied Rob.
"He says there isn't a pretty girl at the house. You know he affects the blonde style of beauty. He designs he for

"Mr. Farnbam's whiskers are notreally red. Do you think so, Maud? I should call them more of a blonde brown," replied Rhoda, not noticing the sly glances Maud exchanged with her mother at this sudder change of opinion in one who had colored the red whiskers and mustache berself not ten days

ago! "Farnham's an cild fellow," exclaimed Rob., who had come into the room just as Rhoda had pronounced Mr. Farnham's whiskers "brown." "I've been trying to get him enthusiastic over our masquerade, and he won't even say he will stay until the night of the ball. He - tired of the beach. Now, Rhoda, if you were only a blonde you might have smitten him with your charms; and through you I might have persuaded him to remain. I don't know, however,

that I wish he liked you, for-"
"For what?" interrupted Rhoda,

quickly. "Oh, you'd never suit one another, that's all. But I needn't bother myself. He doesn't admire squaws, and you hate red whiskers; so there isn't the least danger of you're fancying one another."

"Well, Miss Merton is here. She's
'a pale-face," I'm sure. Can't you
persuade Mr. Farnham to stay through

her, pray?"
"No; he's tired of the beach, and 'everybody here,' he says. So I sup-

But Mr. Farnham did stay to the mas-querade, notwithstanding it was post-poned a week later than at first designed, and much beyond his proposed time of departure. In that time, too, he paid such marked attention to little, dark Miss Brent that large, pale Miss Merton was shocked at the perversity of men's tastes, and everybody quite astonished at the turn affairs had taken. Everybody, at least, but Bob. Sherwood and his mother! The ball was a success. Phil. Faru-

haif looked really very well in his cos-tume, which he copied as accurately after Sothern's as he could; and with "blonde brown" whiskers, quite the cut, and a few alterations in his expression with a paint and pencil, he made very presentable "Dundreary." The usual stereotyped number of flower-girls, queens, ku ghts and peasants crowded the floor; but the prettiest lit-tle dancer in the room was one little Indian, Minnehaha she called herself. The costome was pretty and unique. Decked off with a profusion of bright bends and feathers, gayly ornamented moccasin slippers, and the long, heavy

moccasin silppers, and the long, heavy plaits of black hair hanging far below the bwher's waist, altogether it was charaning, if not an entirely accurate study of an Indian girl.

"I think I recognize these, sweet Minuehaha," whispered "Dandreary," taking up one of the long braids as he spoke, and drawing the little brown hand through his arm for a promenade. "Do not be too sire," returned the malden, in a low tone; "as you paie-faces are wont to call all dark maldens, collectively, "squaws," I should think it might be a difficult matter to pick out one individually in this assembly,"

one individually in this assembly,"
"If this one little Indian Sere less
agreeable and charming in her manner
toward me I might individualize still closer, perhaps, and whisper her true name, only the lady whose eyes shine behind that mask hates 'red whiskers,' and would never trouble herself to talk

to a stupid Dundreary !"
"Did Robert Sherwood tell you that?" The mask was torn off now, and, stepping out of the crowded room of to the wide plazza, Rhoda Brent's flashing eyes tooked up into Philip Parnham's face, demanding an answer.

"Confidence for confidence. Did Robert Sherwood tell you I called all dark women 'squaws?"" Then they both laughed in each other's eyes, and the moon shone down brightly upon them, the sea murmured softly to them, and the summer night

start twinkled merrily over their heads. "The "affair" was all settled quite amicably between them there; and when an hour later Rob. Sherwood stepped out on to the plazza in quest of his cousin and his friend, and teheld in the shadowy moonlight Minnehaha's dark tresses half hid behind Lord Dundreary's red whiskers, he came up to them with a quirzical smile upon his lips and whistled a bar of the "Ten Lit-

tle Indians."

"Robert Sherwood, your codeln Rho-da Breut has promised to be my wife. In spite of the pains you seem to liave taken to prevent our liking one another you see we do, and I hope we have your good wishes."
"Ah!" cried Robert, starting back

in mock surprise, and recklessly quoting in a melodramatic tone : " Phit-living not to thy lodge a strange

Here he looked sternly at Bheda Phil. isughed, and taking Rhoda's hand in his, replied as dramatically:

From the land of the Dacotahs. There are femile.

"For that reason, if no otner, Would I well the fair Bacotan, This code footbeary to forcute in, and old wounds be healed toreve tive one as my wife that malous, Minichans, Laughing Water."

"Lot your heart speak, Minnehala," Rob. continued to quote. Then Rhoda "nothing unwilling nor reluctant," putswered with a blush and a smile "Well, I'm sure Phil. is a nice enough 'I will follow you, my husband."

All the people at the beach—save Miss Merton—thought it a very good match; and some declared they had predicted it from the first day. Mrs. Sherwood and her son congratulated themselves upon the success of their well-laid plans; but Rhoda or Philinever dreamed that they had been made to fall in love with one another out of sheer contrariness and plque.

In spite of the chagrin he felt at first when, giving up his trip to the Adirondacks, he had come down to the beach to be introduced to a "plain, little, brown, hondescript girl," Phil. Farnham never regretted having done so. And although he still is a profound admirer of the blonde style of beauty, there is no woman in all the world so dear to him as his One Little Indian !

BRIEFLETS.

-" Cantbustem" Is the name of a New York shoemaker.

-Men whose business drives them to the wall-bill-posters.

-An Atlanta Methodist clergyman is a policeman on week days. -The wife of Gen. Jeb Stuart is a

teacher in the Stanton Female Seminary; in Virginia. -Ice formed in Canada on the night

of the 23d ult., causing considerable damage to vegetation.

—Charles H. Carr, formerly a broker in Wall street, New York, was kloked to death by a horse in Cincinnati. -The Philadelphia Museum of Industrial Art is to be kept open on Sun-days. There has been a long contro-

versy on the subject. —A man in Santa Clara county, Cal.; two weeks ago sawed off a limb of a tree to secure a swarm of bees which had settled upon it. The branch in falling knocked him down and killed him.

-Blanton Duncan has sued the man-

ngers of the Louisville Library lottery on behalf of several purchasers of tick-ets that drew no prizes. Charges of fraud are freely made, the amount of money divided among the managers being stated at over \$1,000,000. -Among the curiosities taken from & Nevada nilne are a piece of sandstone with griss roots still clanging to it, and

showing native silver all over its surface, petrified wood impregnated with ruby silver, and a mass of pure chloride of silver that will assay at \$8000 a ton. —A County Commissioner in Monta-na, while bunting recently, found three hears in a guich. He wounded one, and the other two started for him. He scrambled up a ledge of rocks, and was kept there for hours by the beasts. Be-coming hungry, they wint away, and

-A man arrived in Buffalo recently who had come a long distance to place his mother in an advium for lunatics, He went to bed in a hotel, saying that he had been so nervous about his mother that he could not sleep for many nights, and in the morning was found to have become a faving maniac.

-A Nevada miner fell into a shaft —A Nevada miner fell into a shaft that was two buildred feet deep, but after going down about forty feet, he struck on a platform. He says that while falling, and expecting to be in-stantly killed at the bottom, he thought as much in the few seconds as he could think ordinarily in an hour.

Brattleboro's temperance citizens have sent to every liquor dealer in the place a card, in which they say: "We, as friends of the temperance cades, hereby notify son that we feel called upon to insist lifat the sale of intoxicating liquors in this town must cease. kindly requested to discontinue the sale of dispensing of the same."

-A medical restaurant has been latey established in London on the princi-ple that diseases can generally be cured by a special system of diet, and that they are caused chiefly by improper food. On the entrance of a visitor, a physician asks him regarding his all-ments. His meal is then prescribed; and he is allowed to eat no more than is presented to him. At the close he is dismissed to smoke a medicated cigar and to sip coffee, camomile tea, or ever other beverage may be considered

-Pigeod-English, a language peopvented in Cauton, Hong Kong, and Shringhal, where it is to-day used as the Shinghal, where it is to-day used as the medium of business transactions between the natives and foreign merchants. The name was derived from the fact that the natives pronounce business, pigeon; and, as weither of the two contracting parties could spare the time to acquire thoroughly either Chinese or Euglish, a happy adaptation of the one to the other by practical inter-mingling was hit upon. At the present mingling was hit upon. At the present day some very large transactions take place in Pigeon-English in the cities named, as well as at other points.

-Two gamblers were in Leavenworth, Kan., several years ago, with about \$50 in their pockets. They de-sired to get money enough to go to Cal-if ania. They went to separate hotels: One registered as a physician, and advertised a remedy for cholera. The other pit up a large quantity of yeast powders into sample packages, with a little croton oil in each, and hired a boy to distribute them. Soon family after family, affected by the croton oil, felt what they believed were symptoms of cholera. The sale of the cholera remedy was enormous, and the gamblera were enabled to go to California. They now teil the story through the Virginia. City Enterprise.