The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Proprietor. INDEPENDENT—"Live and Let Live." $1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance.

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Advertising Rates.

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H. V. MORTHIMER, Publisher.

CARDS.

Attorneys.

T. A. SNYDER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
OFFICE - Corner of Bank Street & Bankway, 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a specialty. May be consulted in English and German. Nov. 25

Physicians and Dentists.

REMOVED.
W. G. M. Seiple, Physician & Surgeon,
Has Removed his Office and Residence from Second St. to SOUTH Street, in the building formerly occupied by A. J. HOLLENBACH, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons. OFFICE HOURS: from 6 to 9 o'clock P. M. March 31, 1883.

DR. W. W. REBER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
MAIN STREET, PARRYVILLE PA.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. March 21, 1883.

W. A. DERHAMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
Special attention paid to Chronic Diseases.
Office: South East corner Iron and 2nd sts., Lehighton, Pa. April 3, 1875.

N. B. REBER, M. D.
U. S. Examining Surgeon,
PRACTICING PHYSICIAN and SURGEON.
OFFICE: Bank Street, REBER'S BLOCK, Lehighton, Pa.
May be consulted in the German Language. Nov. 25.

DR. C. W. BOWER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
May be consulted in the German or English Language.
OFFICE Opposite Darling's Drug store, BANK St., Lehighton, Pa. jan. 13-y1

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S.,

OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. NITROUS-OXIDE administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. jy8 y1

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEGAN ON MUTUAL FIRE.
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Detective and Insurance Company.
March 23, 1878 THOS. KEMERER.

CARBON HOUSE,
J. W. RAUDENBUSH, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling public. Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-y1.

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
Packerton, Penn's.
This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 16-y1.

DAVID EBBERT'S
Livery & Sale Stables

BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, Pa
FAST TROTTING HORSES,
ELEGANT CARRIAGES,
And positively LOWER PRICES than any other Livery in the County.
Large and handsome Carriages for Funeral purposes and Weddings. DAVID EBBERT
Nov. 22, 1882.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for
Funerals, Weddings or Business Trips
on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1

PATENTS. ANDERSON & SMITH, Solicitors of U. S. and Foreign Patents, No. 706 7th Street, cor of G, opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C. Correspondence solicited. No charge for advice. No fee charged unless Patent is allowed. References, Lewis Johnson & Co., Bankers, and Postmaster, Washington, D. C. Pamphlet of Instructions free. jan 6-1y

YOUTH AND MIDDLE-AGED. Would you be restored to Manhood? Send stamp and you will receive in sealed envelope, advice, free. Prof. J. Y. EGAN, Ogdensburg N.Y. july7y

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES,
Toilet Articles and Perfumery. Choice Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes. Special attention given to Prescriptions,
At THOMAS' Drug Store,
Darling's Old Stand, Reber's Block, Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.

AYER'S
Hair Vigor
restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.
It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the VIGOR is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.
MR. C. P. BRICKER writes from Kirby, O., July 3, 1882: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I—because nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."
J. W. BOWER, proprietor of the McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."
MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."
MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from 18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."
We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

AGENTS wanted, to sell Edison's Musical Telephone and Edison's Instantaneous Piano and Organ Music. Enclose stamp for catalogue and terms.
EDISON MUSIC CO., Philadelphia, Pa dec. 24-n6.

KIDNEY-WORT
FOR THE PERMANENT CURE OF
CONSTIPATION.
No other disease is so prevalent in this country as Constipation, and no remedy has ever equalled the celebrated KIDNEY-WORT as a cure. Whatever the cause, however obstinate the case, this remedy will overcome it.
PILES. This distressing complaint is very apt to be complicated with constipation. Kidney-Wort strengthens the weakened parts and quickly cures all kinds of Piles even when physicians and medicines have before failed. If you have either of these troubles
PRICE $1. USE Druggists Sell
KIDNEY-WORT
Acts at the same time on the Bowels, Liver and Kidneys.

Buy Your Spring and Summer
DRESS AND DRY GOODS,
Groceries, Queensware, etc.,
—AT—
C. M. SWEENY & SON'S,
Old Post-Office Building, Bank St. Lehighton.

Dr. CLARK JOHNSON'S
INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP
Cures all diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Skin and Blood. *Millions* testify to its efficacy in healing the above named diseases, and pronounce it to be the
Trade Mark. BEST REMEDY KNOWN TO MAN.
Guaranteed to Cure Dyspepsia.
AGENTS WANTED
Laboratory 77 West 3d St., New York City, Druggists sell it.
LYKENS, DAUPHIN CO., PA.
DR. CLARK JOHNSON:—
My body was literally covered with Tetter, for which I could get no relief until I took your INDIAN BLOOD SYRUP, which has effectually cured me. I recommend it highly.
ENOCH BREGER.

Spring Announcement!

The undersigned calls the attention of his many friends and patrons to his Large and Fashionable Stock of
Spring Goods,
Consisting of
BOOTS
AND
SHOES
Of every description and Style in the Market, including a special line of
Lady's Fine Shoes
Also, a full line of
Umbrellas,
Sun Shades,
Hats, Caps,
&c., &c. Our Young Ladies and Gentlemen will find it to their advantage to give him a call before purchasing elsewhere, as they will find the BEST SELECTED STOCK in Town AT BOTTOM PRICES.
LEWIS WEISS,
Old ost Office Building, BANK Street, LEHIGHTON
April 14, 1883-1y

TRIP LIGHTLY.

Trip lightly over trouble
Trip lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why clasp woe's hand so tightly
Why sing o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unsightly?
Why not seek joy instead?

Trip lightly over sorrow,
Though all the ways be dark,
The sun may shine to-morrow
And gaily sing the lark.
Fair hopes have not departed,
Though roses may have fled,
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Trip lightly over sadness,
Stop not to rail at doom.
We've pearls to string of gladness
On this side of the tomb;
Whilst stars are nightly shining,
And the heaven is overhead,
Encourage not repining—
But look for joy instead.

Brideless and Whiskerless.

Sir Thomas Winston was a widower, and his present family consisted of two daughters, somewhere between eighteen and thirty, and a son. There were several guests besides myself at Winton hall—Capt. Seymour, a brother officer of young Winton's with a suspected desire of forming another fraternal connection with him; "Paddy" O'Brian, a sort of social Crichton, and others. Of the fairer visitors, I need only mention one, Ada Dart, for what man of sound mind could notice any other girl when she was in the room? Well, Capt. Seymour could do so, but then he was infatuated and not of sound mind—suffering from younger Miss Winton on the brain in fact. It surprised me very much to see the beautiful Ada sail into the drawing-room before dinner on the evening of my arrival. I had met her at a dinner party and three balls; I had attended her with grateful humility throughout the whole of a picnic, and her image rose before me rather more than I liked.

I could not remain long by her side; the room was full of strangers, with many of whom I had now to form acquaintance for the first time, even the ladies of the house being unknown to me. I had eventually paired off with a companion, and dinner was spoiled by a perpetual dread of speaking with levity of things she reverenced.

The place I coveted at the side of Ada Dart was filled by Paddy O'Brian, who had a wonderful and enviable power of showing politeness and apparent attention to the general company while really attaching himself to one selected individual.

Before the evening was over I felt certain that I had no chance of "walking over" for the prize, and also, that she was worth winning; for Paddy was not the man to court undowered beauty. Indeed, he could not afford so romantic a proceeding.

When the ladies retired, most of the men repaired to the billiard room where cigars were provided, but the majority were tired and went to bed, early, leaving Paddy O'Brian and myself to finish a game.

"Will," said he, as soon as were alone, "I suppose that you and I have been asked here for the same thing."

"Oh yes; the shooting, you mean," I replied.

"Shooting! That's the polite way of paying us. They want us to help them with their private theatricals."

"Oh, they're going to get up private theatricals are they?"

"To be sure, or you would never have been asked to Winton ball, nor I either, faith! I got it out of Miss Dart."

"Who will tell us what to do about scenery, dresses, and all the little details?" said Miss Winton, when the family took the stage fever badly last summer. "Don't you know some one, papa?"

"I have it," cried Sir Thomas. "One of my acquaintances is great on the drama; at least talks of nothing else, and though not a Solomon, that seems to be his specialty."

"But is he presentable?" asked Julia Winton—"Seymour's girl, you know."

"Oh, yes," replied Sir Thomas; "he has paid up on his shares, and he aspirates his h's, and he has really very fine whiskers!"

"Shut up, O'Brian!" said I. "Do not foist off your own impertinencies upon the innocent. And what were you asked here for?"

"To act, of course. If it had not been for my success in Sir Lucius O'Trigger at Lady Sock's I might have gone hang before ever I'd have been a guest in this elegant establishment. Oh, there is no shirking the truth with me, my boy; nobody does anything for nothing in this world."

There was undoubtedly a sentiment of truth at the bottom of this frothy cynicism of O'Brian's; for on the following day the subject of private theatricals was quietly breached in my presence by the Misses Winton.

My theatrical tastes had never yet led me to take a part in any performance, and, indeed, of the ladies and men forming the present company, Ada Dart and O'Brian were the only two who were not about to make their first appearance upon any stage. Of course, these experienced members took a prominent lead, besides being necessarily drawn together in a confidential way which it was very unpleasant for me to witness. Jealousy and envy so stirred my bile that I was inclined to regret the good old days of duelling, when I might have picked a quarrel with my rival, and so had a chance of removing him from my path. But the way in which the odious Irishman knocked over pheasants and rabbits and a particular snap-shot, fired from the hip, which was fatal to a woodcock, forced me to own that there was a deep truth in the ingenious assertion so constantly repeated in newspaper articles, that private combat is a "cowardly practice."

The fine old hall of Winton park was to be our theater, and it was my particular province to take the best advantage of the many natural facilities of the place; to arrange about the scenery; to find out what were the proper dresses for the plays we were to perform, etc., and Ada Dart, being the only person whose counsel was of real service in case of a difficulty, I was perpetually obliged to appeal to her. Dangerously intoxicating were those conferences, which, I confess, I prolonged needlessly; indeed, I used sometimes to get up a vexatious opposition to her wishes in order to give our discussion a matrimonial flavor. Heigh-ho!

The plays selected were "The Belle of Perugia," followed by the farce of "Eyes and Nose," and the distribution of parts was a work for Job and Solomon, most of the company at first declaring their utter inability to take the simplest characters, and coming round gradually to demanding the principal roles. At our first general meeting it seemed doubtful whether it would be possible to cast the mildest and lightest of pieces, but at the end of a fortnight if "Othello" could have been rewritten with three Moors, four Desdemonas and two Iagos, our little company had stomach for them all."

I was cast for Fortescue, which was too prominent a part for my taste; for beside that, on principle, I very much prefer that other people should amuse me to reversing that proceeding; I hated having so much to learn by heart.

In a little time matters began to run smoothly and we had our first rehearsal. By recalling to mind the different actors I had seen in my part, and endeavoring to imitate them, I succeeded better than I had anticipated, and gained considerable applause. "But," said O'Brian, "you must shave, you know. The idea of Fortescue with those whiskers is too absurd."

Now, my whiskers were black, pendant, silky, and had cost me an infinity of trouble. It had taken five years of constant care and scientific training to bring them to their present state of perfection. Any one without experience in the matter would scarcely credit the amount of time and labor, not to mention the mere money, that I had expended upon them. Little soft brushes, delicate combs, bottles of a peculiar oil, more delicate than is ever used for the head, were appropriated to their service. When I visited my hair cutter that artist would deliberate at least five minutes before he could come to a definite conclusion upon the important point whether he should take the "heads" off. When I took my walks abroad and the breeze fluttered them over my shoulders, scornful indeed was the beauty whose eyes did not light up with admiration as she passed. Even envious men were unable to withhold their tribute of praise.

"Cheevers, my boy," observed Rivers, who has spent his own fortune and is looking out for a wife, "my figure is twenty thousand, but, by god, if I had your whiskers, I'd make it forty!"

You may judge my feelings, then, when it was seriously proposed that I should shave. I repudiated the notion with a shuddering earnestness which seemed to amuse some of the company, and they all set to work to argue me out of my objection to the sacrifice.

"They will grow again," said one Miss Winton.

"I am sure Mr. Cheever's face would look better without them," added the other.

"Yes; there is a particularly fine contour, which is completely hidden at present," said O'Brian.

"How do you know that, Paddy?"

"Contour or not," said I, firmly, "if you cannot put up with a whiskered Fortescue, some one else must take the part." And to that resolution I stuck in spite of flattery, persuasion and satire for three days. And I got it hot, too, at times.

First one and then another male visitor was tried in my part, and found wanting.

On the fourth morning after breakfast, Ada Dart expressed a wish to learn how to play at billiards. O'Brian was not in the room, and I seized the opportunity of offering my services, which were accepted.

"I am so sorry, Mr. Cheevers," said she, "that you cannot take the part of Fortescue. You must change with Mr. O'Brian; that is the only way in which we can manage it, and even that will spoil the play."

"Is it quite necessary that Fortescue should be whiskerless?" I asked faintly.

"Why, judge for yourself; how would a powdered wig look with—them? The worst of it is," she added, "that when I undertook the—the part of Maria, I, was with the supposition that you would be Fortescue," and she blushed slightly.

Those who are unacquainted with "The Belle of Perugino" must be told that Fortescue is the lover of Maria, and several half romping, half-loving scenes are enacted between them.

"Hit your ow-own b-b-b-ball in the exact center, and rather high," I stammered, "and you—you would not like O'Brian—that is, any other fellow to—to—to take that part, in fact.

"I declare I won't answer you!" she cried. "Of course, I know you, and never saw most of the others before, and such things make all the difference, you know. To be kissed, even in make-believe, by a man one has seen for the first time a week before, makes one feel nervous. But there!" (At this point I went down on one knee.)

"Get up; there's some one coming!"

It was Miss Winton and Captain Seymour, who came just in time to prevent a formal offer. I went off to my bedroom, locked the door, opened my dressing-case, took out scissors and razor, and finished the dreadful task.

On my way down stairs I met Sir Thomas, who stopped, stared, and asked my name. He did not recognize me. Young Winton, who was always late, was breakfasting when I entered the morning-room. He dropped a cup of hot coffee over his knees, and nearly choked. Leaving him in his misery, I encountered a young lady visitor, who crammed her pocket-handkerchief in her mouth and fled. But it would be tedious to recount the effect I produced upon each individual member of the household. All, even the faithless Ada, laughed at my appearance, except O'Brian, who looked upon my transformation from a purely dramatic point of view. Others were divided as to whether I most resembled a plucked fowl or a recently shorn sheep, but the veritable amateur said: "Sure, he will make an elegant Fortescue," and stuck to that view of the question. The company soon got used to the alteration, and the dramatic business now went as smoothly as a hand passed over my cheeks. I had the intoxicating privilege, the tantalizing element in which was tempered by hope of making second-hand love to Ada in daily rehearsals, till at last the day of positive performance arrived.

We all knew our parts, but whether we acted them well or not it is difficult to judge; our audience was bound in common politeness to be pleased, and the flattering applause and profuse congratulations we received cannot be counted for much. At any rate, everybody seemed delighted, and the whole affair was voted a success.

On the morning following the performance, I awoke early with a firm determination to turn mimic courtship into earnest, and force a plain yes or no from her that very day. To lie in bed with such a prickle in the pillow was quite impossible, so I got up, dressed and went for a walk. On passing through the garden on my way back to breakfast, I became aware that some one else was also in high spirits, for a well-known voice behind the shrubbery was singing "The Pigs in the Morning," and on turning the corner of a path which brought me into a little open dell, I came upon O'Brian, with his hat stuck on the back of his head, executing a "pas seul" to a vocal accompaniment.

"Ah!" he cried, on seeing me, "sure you have caught me making a fool of myself. But it is a good thing my mother's only son has done for me this morning. Congratulate me, my boy!"

"Certainly," said I, feeling a little sickly. "What on?"

"I am going to be married to the prettiest little angel that ever wore boots, and has a nice little sum all at her own disposition into the bargain. Whoop!"

It was too true; he had stolen a march upon me. I left Winton two hours afterward.

At present my whiskers are in the blacking brush stage.

SHERIDAN'S HELL STORY.

General Phil. Sheridan, who accompanies the President on his Western tour was asked the other day for the origin of the saying attributed to him: "If I owned hell and Texas I'd rent Texas out and live in hell." "It is true," he said laughing heartily, "and I'll tell you how I came to say it. I was in Texas when civil war was raging between the Mexicans under Juarez and the French under Maximilian. I went down on the Rio Grande with an understanding with the American authorities to scare the French. I was there engaged in strategetic movements intended to frighten the French for some days. Then we rode to Galveston. Arriving there, hot, dusty and dirty, after a long day's ride, having had no change of clothes for a week, I was disgusted with everything in the world. I stepped up to the hotel register, wrote my name, and just then a man spoke to me and said, 'General, how do you like Texas?' and in the intensity of disgust I gave him for an answer what you have quoted. Next morning it was in the Galveston paper, the shortest interview you ever read. The man I had talked so frankly to was a newspaper reporter."

"But there was one fellow," continued Sheridan, "who got even with me for it. He was the editor of a hard little country paper in a border county. He copied the saying:

"'If I owned hell and Texas I would rent Texas out and live in hell.—PHIL SHERIDAN.'

"And added for comment: 'Well, ——— a man, anyhow, who won't stick up for his own country!' He did not neglect to send me a copy of his paper."

THE RULING PASSION IN SLEEP.

A Long Island newspaper states that not a little scandal and amusement resulted on Sunday morning last from an incident that occurred in the handsome little church which is attended by our honored townsman, Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the New York SUN. The morning being somewhat sultry Mr. Dana had closed his eyes and committed himself to profound meditation. The clergyman, the Rev. Elias Pinwickle, D. D., was reading the first lesson, the fifth chapter of Daniel, and had just given the Hebrew prophet's interpretation of the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin," when the congregation was surprised to hear Mr. Dana exclaim: "No, no; no such thing! What was written was, 'The Republicans must go!'" He was adding, "Turn the rascals out!" when Deacons Clapp and McFeathers ejected him.

—Two staggering and swaggering Hungarian damsels, carrying a jug of whiskey between them, have scandalized Johnstown.

A MODEL GIRL.

I saw a girl come into a street car the other day; who had, I was ready to bet, made her own dress, and how nice she did look. She was one of those clean, trim girls you see now and then. She was about eighteen years old, and, to begin with, looked well-fed, healthy and strong. She looked as though she had a good sensible mother at home. Her face and neck and ears and hair were clean—absolutely clean. There was no powder, no paint on the smooth, rounded cheek or firm, dimpled chin, none on the moist red lips; none on the shell-tinted, but not too small ears, none on the handsomely-set neck—rather broad behind, perhaps—but running mightly prettily up into the tightly corded hair. And the hair! It was of a light chestnut brown and glistening with specks of gold as the sun shone on it, and there was not a smear of oil or pomatum or cosmetic on it; there was not a smear anyway about it, and not a pin to be seen in it. As the girl came in and took her seat, she cast an easy, unembarrassed glance around the car, from a well-opened gray eye, bright with the inimitable light of "good condition," such as you see in some hand, some young athletes who are "in training." There were no tags and ends, fringes, furbelows or fluttering ribbons about her closely-fitting but easy suit of tweed, and as she drew off one glove to look in her purse for a small coin for fare, I noticed that the gloves were not new, but neither were they old; they were simply well kept, like their owner and their owner's hand, which was a solid hand, with plenty of muscles between the tendons, and with strong but supple fingers. It would have looked equally pretty fashioning a pie in a home kitchen or folding a bandage in a hospital. It was a hand that suggested at the same time womanliness and work, and I was sorry when it found a five-cent piece and had been replaced. One foot was thrust out a little upon the slats of the car floor—a foot in a good walking boot that might have splashed through a rain storm without a fear of damp stockings, and an eminently sensible foot on a two and one half foot with a high instep, a small round heel, and a pretty broad tread. The girl was a picture from head to foot as she sat erect, disdaining the support on the back of the seat, but devoid of all appearance of stiffness. Perhaps the whole outfit to be seen, from her hat to her boots, did not cost $40; but I have seen plenty of outfits costing more than ten times or even twenty times that, which did not look one-tenth or even one twentieth as well. If our girls only knew the beauty of mere simplicity, cleanliness and health, and their fascinations.

HERR HANS YAGER.

HE GIVES HIS VIEWS ON PASTORAL VACATIONS IN SUMMER TIME.

"I see a great many of the preachers of the large cities are getting ready to go to the summer resorts for the summer," said Herr Hans Yager's good neighbor to him last evening.

"Yes, dem fellows took it easy. Dem got a soft seat. In de winter dey put on dem pig oalgo nighd-gowns und sot on a soft chair mid der grade fire at their feed, und in der summer dey on de vater places gone and soft seat dere, too."

"Will they say they are worn out with labor and must take a few months off."

"Dey vas vored ouds, eh! Dem moost got easy vored oud. Der hardt-yorking labor mans him vorks hardt six days in a week und der preacher him vorks not hardt von dey in a week, und der labor mans him don'd got vored oud. Dot vos a hellum a pizness."

"Well, they say the Lord calls them to take a rest."

"Dot don'd was so. Der Lordt him don'd dalk to beople down her any more for more as two dousand years."

"That's so. Things have changed greatly since then."

"I gotld schmile dey haf changed in breacher pizness. Vas der Lordt was on dot gountry him was a breacher vot vas a breacher. Him valk mit his feet on und breach etery day aroundt, und him don'd got him vored out. Him don'd to dem higsfaultin's pig Saratoga trunks vater places go for to got rest!"

"That is very true."

"Him vas a schaep-vatcher vat was a schaep vatcher. Him vas no humpugger schaep vatcher. Him don'd gone himself away in de summer dime und let der schaep took care fon demselves, und let der volf come (vhat vas der teiful in breach dalk) und schdeel avay dem schaep. No-sir-e, Bop. Dot vater pizness him don't vas righ'd; und I pet you dem kind breacher got der teiful vhen dey got examination drisl mit der Lordt; und don'd it forget you."

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.

In de eyes ob de worl' luck makes a wise man onten a fool.

Dar's only a mighty short step 'twixt no fishness an' dishonesty. It is strong selfishness dat makes a man steal.

De man wid a thinkin' mind is neber alone 'cept when he's in company, an' he's neber in company 'cept when he's alone.

De man what doan care to be credited wid the work what he himself does, ain't keen to get credit ter oder people fur what da do.

Too much 'pearance ken be laid ter de openness of de eye. De owl is got a heap bigger eye den de fox, but he ain't got half as much sense.

De dishones' man often looks up wi he de honest man looks down. De man at head ob wheat stands up straight, but de real head of grain bends ober.

When a man wanster prube eberything what he says I'se sorter 'spicious what he wants to bet on eberything he says. I knows dat he's a liar.

—A successful strike occurred when the Richmond night express train struck a negro walking along the track who got a glimpse of the locomotive's head-light just before being landed in the woods a dozen or two yards from the road line. "Fo de Lord's sake, boss, who throw dat lantern at me?"

—Lawyer Barney has accepted a retainer from a New Bedford total abstinence society, and has promised to close every illegal groggery in the city within six months. He begins by causing the arrest of an active member of his own church for renting a building to an unlicensed dealer.

Notorious Offender Arrested!

The Chief of Police in Hartford has arrested and effectually brought to a stand still that old offender, "Cramps." "Cramps" was "known to the police" for a long time; in fact, the chief had him in his bowels. "Cramps" came unexpectedly and at inconvenient times, with severe gripings and neuralgic pains. PERRY DAVIS'S PAIN KILLER proves to be more than old "Cramps" could stand. The notorious villain surrendered, and acknowledged himself beaten.

—What kind of blasting powder is used to explode an idea?

—A laughing "stock"—The collar of our great granddaddies.

—A man who breaks his word—The stutterer.

—A stirring motion—Emotion. The keynote to success—Sharp.

—Is a mushroom city built with toads' tools?

—To find a man's standing in society—get the size of his bank account.

—Safe blowing— The challenges of American duelists.

—Do you wish a beautiful complexion? Then use Ayer's Sarsaparilla. It cleanses and purifies the blood, and thereby removes blotches and pimples from the skin, making it smooth and clear, and giving it a bright and healthy appearance.

—An American artist has succeeded in drawing a breath as natural as life.

—Water is a boss summer drink, but don't give it away to the milkmen.

—"Come in out oh dat hot sun, yon Lafayette! De fust ting you know you'll be burnt as black as de nigger de next doah!"

—A little knoll-edge is a dangerous thing in turning a sharp corner with a heavy load.

—This is one of the best mottoes ever followed: Never trouble trouble until trouble troubles you.

—As a cure for Heart Disease, nervousness and sleeplessness, Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is unsurpassed. 30 years trial prove it. $1 per bottle at your druggist.

—A friend in the suburbs has a gem of a servant girl. Her latest achievement was to use pain-killer as a flavoring for ice cream. She builded better than she knew, and the antidote for the stomach-ache were dish out at the same time. And yet the ice cream was not such as one would wish to partake of more than once.

—When travelling on a railroad it is said that lying with the head towards the engine will often cure a headache. A more effective remedy is to lie with the head on the railroad track in front of an engine. The latter recipe is warranted or the money refunded.

—There are few things so irritating in this life as to wait half an hour for your adversary at checkers, and then have him look up, as just aroused from a nap, and stupidly inquire, "Whose move is it?"

—Florence, Ga.—Dr. W. B. Pratner, says: "Brown's Iron Bitters have given satisfaction in every instance I have known it used."

—The whistle of a locomotive is heard 3,300 yards, the noise of a train 2,800 yards, the report of a musket and the bark of a dog 1,800 yards, the roll of a drum 1,600 yards, the croak of a frog 900 yards, and a cricket's chirp 800 yards. The cry of the next door neighbor's baby can be heard more'n a mile.

—"Good-morning, John," said one of the leading Presbyterian pastors in Scranton, to a young friend whom he met on the street the first warm day of the season, "how does the old man stand the heat?" The young man made no reply, but went his way with a clouded brow. And when the good pastor learned that the young man's father had died only a week before, he understood why his cordial greeting was met so coldly.

☞ No woman really practices economy unless she uses the Diamond Dyes. Many dollars can be saved every year. Ask the druggist.

—An old miner was shown a bag of samples by a newly-arrived prospector and asked what it would run. He turned the specimen over, held it up by the light, and enunciated: "I should say that if you can save the gold in this and catch the silver, and not waste the lead, it might run about—well, about $3 to the county."

—A boaster in a hotel was telling of the many sections of the country that he had visited. A fellow at his elbow asked, "Have you you ever been in Algebra?" "Oh, yes," said the boaster, "I passed through there on the top of a stage coach about a year ago."

—Look to your fire escapes. In other words settle your debts and pay your newspapers.

—You can never rely upon an echo. Does not Shakespeare speak of the cave where Echo lies?

—Beer drinkers are hereafter to know all the ingredients used by brewers in the brewing of beer. The new forms under which the brewers are to report to the collectors require a sworn monthly statement of all details on the subject, and the penalty against fraud is heavy enough to make it very dangerous.

—REAL SPORT.—Fisherman: "Got any sport in this stream, Pat?" Pat: "Indeed we do, sorr—the hight o' sport, sorr; we always throw the bellies to them, sorr."

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