The Carbon Advocate.

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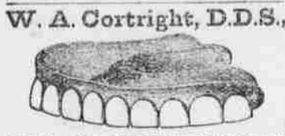

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March 29, 1884—tf.

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UNDER THE CROSS.

I can not, can not say—
Out of my bruised and breaking heart—
Storm driven along a thorn-set way,
While bloods drops starts
From every pore as I drag on—
"Thy will, O God, be done!"

I thought but yesterday,
My will was one with God's dear will;
And that it would be sweet to say—
Whatever ill
My happy state should smile—
"Thy will, my God, be done!"

But I was weak and wrong,
Both weak of soul and wrong of heart
And pride alone in me was strong,
With cunning art
To cheat me in the golden sun,
To say, "God's will be done!"

O shadow, drear and cold,
That frights me out of foolish pride,
O flood, that through my bosom rolled
Its billowy tide—
I said, till ye your power make known,
"God's will, not mine, be done!"

Now faint and sore afraid,
Under my cross—heavy and rude—
My idols in the ashes laid,
Like ashes strewed,
The holy words my pale lips shun,
"O God, Thy will be done!"

Pity my woes, O God!
And touch my will with Thy warm breath;
Put in my trembling hand Thy rod,
That quickens death;
That my dead faith may feel Thy sun,
And say, "Thy will be done!"

BASHFUL.

Mr. Crampton was a good-looking young man, but was afflicted with the most provoking of ailments—extreme bashfulness. Among Mr. Crampton's friends was a damsel of some 18 summers, who had made a decided impression upon his susceptible heart. One thing was needed to make him happy, and that was to ascertain that his love was returned; but, alas! here came the rub of war, for, with his extreme bashfulness, he would sooner have walked up to the cannon's mouth than to have declared to Miss Phebe May his love. He resolved with true heroism to overcome his bashfulness for once and learn his fate; so one afternoon, summoning up all his fortitude, he sallied forth. He got as far as the door; but here his fortitude suddenly felt the emergency too great and retired precipitately. Five mortal times did that heroic young man endeavor to cross the threshold of his door, and as many times did his courage fail him. But—to his everlasting renown be it spoken—the sixth time he determined that he would go on; and, with great effort, succeeded in making the start.

With trembling heart he ascended the steps and rang the bell. He was admitted by a servant, falteringly inquired for Miss May, and the next moment found himself alone in the parlor.

After the lapse of about five minutes a light step was heard on the stairs, and Mr. Crampton knew that his divinity was coming.

She entered the parlor with her brightest smile, looking more bewitching than ever.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Crampton,' she said, pleasantly, and she held out her hand.

'Good afternoon, my—you—that is—Miss May," stammered our hero, feeling his trepidation return tenfold; and he rose and took her hand, knocking over a chair in his confusion.

"We are having fine weather, Mr. Crampton, are we not?" she remarked, pleasantly.

"Yes—no—that is, I think—yes it is!" faltered our poor hero. Then, with a desperate feeling that he must come to the point at once, if ever, he continued:

"Miss May, I came to see if—"

"Well, Mr. Crampton, what?" asked Phebe, with a roguish sparkle in her eye.

"Yes—yes—very fine weather—indeed it is!" exclaimed Mr. Crampton, with something of the feeling of a man who had a narrow escape from drowning.

A short silence ensued, and again Mr. Crampton mustered up courage and began:

"Miss Phebe, will you—"

"I will be happy to oblige you in any way," replied Phebe, sweetly, after in vain waiting for him to continue.

"I was about to remark that—that—the ball the other night was a very fine one," was the provoking answer; then again: "Miss Phebe—" and again a dead stop.

"This will never do!" resolved Miss Phebe, mentally; "here this poor, dear man is actually killing himself with trying to come to the point, and, as it is too much for him, I shall have to do it myself;" so, laying her hand on his, while he was staring abstractedly out of the window, she said, in a most ludicrously woe-begone tone:

"Mr. Crampton, do you expect me to do all the courting?'

Mr. Crampton was dreadfully confused.

"I—I beg pardon—I didn't mean—" he began.

"Yes, you did!" interrupted Phebe, with her most roguish smile; then, drawing a little closer to him, she continued:

"The matter stands just this way, Mr. Crampton! you love me—and I—I love you! so, then, what is the use of making such a terrible time over it?'

"You love me!' cried Mr. Crampton, ecstatically, and he caught her close to him; and thereupon commenced a most interesting performance, resembling most the concussion of two pairs of lips.

"And now is—is it all over?" asked Mr. Crampton, after a short silence, as he wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"Not quite," laughed Phebe, as she extricated herself from his embrace; "you haven't asked me to have you yet."

"And, oh, my dearest Phebe, you won't refuse!" cried our hero pathetically.

"I'll take the matter into consideration!" was the merry reply.

CORA, THE FLOWER GIRL.

Joseph Thorn was a noble young man, generous to a fault. One knowing him would respect and admire such a man.

One evening he wended his way to Artley bazaar, where he saw pretty Cora Dean, the flower girl.

"Why, Cora, how is this—the flowers only half sold?"

"Yes," replied Cora, "and I am about getting tired;" but rallying, she smiled patiently. Joseph, waiting a few moments, saw a party of his friends approaching, and quietly taking Cora's tray with the "button-holes," jokingly called out to them: "No one admited to the festival without a 'button-hole.'" The young folks laughingly gathered about the stall, and in a few moments the flowers were all sold.

Joseph accompanied Cora home, and, leaving her at the door, returned to the festival; but, although many bright eyes and fair faces were turned to him, his thoughts and heart were monopolized by the pretty flower girl.

"Joseph, where have you been spending your evenings lately?" asked Mrs. Thorn.

"Why—why—mother, I—I love Cora Dean."

"What, the flower girl of Artley Bazaar?"

"The same, mother."

Mrs. Thorn was not foolish enough to unnecessarily blight her son's prospects and cause him unhappiness throughout life, but wanted him not to be mistaken in taking a step that would have the same result. That evening, heavily veiled, Mrs. Thorn went to the bazaar, and, stopping at Cora's stall, priced the flowers, thus engaging Cora in conversation.

"No wonder the boy has fallen in love with the girl," inwardly said Mrs. Thorn, "for she is so beautiful. I am in love with her myself!"

So charmed was Mrs. Thorn that she could hardly forbear declaring her identity. Joseph went one evening the following week to Cora's stall, but no Cora was there. He went to her home and found her, but thought her cool in receiving him. Mrs. Dean welcomed him very cordially and talked volubly.

"Mr. Joseph," said she, "we have some good news to relate to you. Cora has had $50,000 settled on her by an uncle in Australia!" Poor Joseph's heart sank. Now he knew why the flower girl was so cool. Rich, she would want a mate the same, and thus reasoning he took up his hat to go. He felt that this perhaps, was the last time he would see her, as money made the gulf that would separate them.

"Good-by, Cora!" said he, sadly.

"Good-by, Joseph!" and as the gentle girl took his proffered hand he felt her own tremble, and his pent-up feelings could no longer be restrained.

"We shall not see each other again, now, Cora!"

"Why not, Joseph?"

"Cora, hear me," he broke out desperately. "I love you! Can I hope ever to win you and your love, your heart?" Cora placed both her hands in his and replied:

"Joseph, I love you above all things in this world!" He caught her in his arms; then and there he gave her the first kiss, and that was their betrothal.

But one thing remained to complete Joseph's happiness—his mother's consent. Upon his arrival home, he asked Mrs. Thorn for a few minutes' conversation. She smilingly granted the request, for she knew what was coming.

"Mother, I have asked Cora to be my wife, and she has consented. Can I hope for your approval?"

"Dear Joseph, that I give you willingly, for I know you will be happy with Cora. Her family and ours were, some years ago, great friends, a fact which I have recently discovered."

"Cora has had $50,000 made over to her by a wealthy uncle," said Joseph.

"Well, really, that is agreeable news, but, my son, Cora herself is worth ten times the money. She is a charming girl and will make your life a happy one."

HIS MOST FAMILIAR SOUND.

"You are an early riser, are you?" said Mrs. Brown to Mrs. Jones.

"No, the reason is I cannot wake up John before noon. I have tried the clock alarm, blank cartridges and bell-ringing, but he sleeps like a dead man."

"You ought to try the plan I use on my husband," said Mrs. Brown.

"How is that?"

"Pull a cork out of a beer bottle and he will spring right out on the floor."—ROVER NOTES.

THE INVISIBLE HAND.

It is now about seven years ago since the announcement appeared in a local paper that Shafton villa, a most desirable, excellently ventilated, and advantageously situated residence, was to be let. I had long been in search of a suitable house for myself and my family. The preliminaries were arranged, and in due time we were installed in our new home.

After about a week's sojourn, however, we learned for the first time since taking our new residence that it bore the reputation of being haunted.

A former proprietor—so ran the story among the ignorant villagers—had surprised his daughter one evening inditing a loving epistle to the son of his enemy; had seized it over her shoulder, and, after reading it, had compelled her to write another, appointing a meeting in that room that very night. Providing himself with a pistol the enraged father himself met the young lover, and, after bestowing upon him many hot words, presented a loaded revolver at the young man's breast. This probably was done only to intimidate the hero, but at that very moment the door was flung open by his daughter, who, taking in the terrible situation at a glance, cast herself upon the form of her lover.

This seems to have turned the father's wavering purpose into a fixed determination. At any rate, whether from accident or design, the pistol went off, and before the wretched man's gaze the next moment were the dying forms of his daughter and his enemy's son. Casting himself wildly before them in passionate grief, the terror-stricken father besought forgiveness. It was too late. No word escaped their cold lips, and ere he could summon assistance he felt upon his brow the brand of Cain.

That night the master of the house disappeared, and some fishermen, rowing on the river the following morning, discovered the body floating down with the tide.

I was sitting, at 11:30 one night in the latter part of February, in the very room in which the terrible deed was said to have been enacted.

My writing—a philosophical treatise that I was preparing for a quarterly review—was spread out on the table before me, and I had leaned back upon my chair in a futile endeavor to get again into a train of thought, my eyes meantime being bent listlessly upon the paper. It was while gazing thus that, to my utter astonishment, I beheld the sheets slowly rise from the table and move forward in the direction of my shoulder as if drawn there from behind me by some invisible hand.

By a great effort of will I pushed back the chair and rose from my seat, and the paper as I did so fell silently upon the table. I drew my handkerchief from my pocket and wiped my forehead and to where the lamp burned to turn it up. As I did so my gaze dropped to the chair I had just quitted, and behind it I saw, with the utmost vividness, the outline of a human form.

The features, as I looked, became plainly visible and were those of the picture on the wall. Transfixed to the spot, my hand resting upon the lamp, unable to move it up, I watched the countenance of the figure and saw that it was convulsed with rage and surprise. For a moment I thought a fearful gaze was fixed on me, when its hand slowly rose and was shaken furiously at some invisible object, apparently in the seat I had left. The expression next changed to one of intense malice and anticipated revenge, and the forefinger pointed to the paper on the table.

Suddenly a frightful change passed over the distorted features, and I beheld written upon them as if it had been stamped in legible letters the word "Murder." The figure wrung its hands with a look of unspeakable agony, and to my horror was stealthily turning its eyes full upon me, when the lamp, which up to now had been burning low, suddenly went out and left me in total darkness.

In less than a week our excellently situated and enviable residence had lost its tenants, and we were numbered among the panic-stricken occupiers of the past. Many times after our departure I read that Shafton villa was to be let. But the last time the announcement was varied. Through the medium of the same local paper, a paragraph informed me that Shafton villa was to be pulled down and a church erected on the site out of the bounty of a lately deceased lord of the manor.

A HUSBAND TOO MANY.

One morning seven years ago Jacques Torcy, the clever speculator, the man of fashion, was found dead in his bed at his country seat—his brains scattered over his pillow. At first it was believed that he had been assassinated. The house was deserted, being uninhabited at the time. M. Torcy had gone there to look for some account-books which he needed. His only attendant at the time was a gardener, who lived in an isolated building.

But on the examination of the books and coffers of the unfortunate man, who had a banking house in the Rue Lafitte, it was evident he had committed suicide. He was completely ruined; even the dowry of his wife had been swallowed up. He had not wished to survive the disaster.

No one was surprised two years later when the young widow married again. M. de Beaulieu is as handsome as was her first husband. He has an ample fortune safely invested. The second marriage, like the first, was happy. Soon a boy was born, and then a girl.

One day Mme. de Beaulieu received a letter which had been on its travels some time, and which was addressed to Mme. Torcy, and had an American post-mark. The writing of the superscription troubled her, and when the envelope was opened the first line made her tremble. Was this some mystery? Was it a device formed before his death by unfortunate Torcy, who wished to have his widow receive a letter that would persuade her that he was still alive, and thus keep her from weeping?

But the suicide? the corpse? the burial? Alas! the letter answered all.

Through the complicity of a grave-digger of the village he was assured of the early death of a man of his stature and complexion—and event which had been awaited for several months; and when the grave-digger apprised him of the long expected death, he proceeded to file his schedule.

That night he disposed in his own bed his corpse, which had been carefully disinterred. When he had arranged it he fired two pistol shots in the dead man's face, completely disfiguring it. Then, the "suicide" having been accomplished in the deserted house, he made his escape, taking with him only enough money to defray his traveling expenses, and went to try his fortune in America.

At last he had become wealthy, two or three times as wealthy as he had formerly been; he was about to return to pay his creditors, capital and interest, to rehabilitate himself; and now, as he was freed from anxiety, he would have time to devote himself to domestic happiness with his dear little wife—who he believed had not remarried.

* * * * * * *

The first thought of the second husband was to go to the first and kill him, since he had dared to rise from his legal tomb under the pretext that he was not dead.

"No, no, not that!" cried Mme. de Beaulieu, with terror.

"Does he not come to take my happiness from me?"

"He has not the right to do so."

"Our marriage is void; his is not."

"Our marriage void—and our children?"

"Ah, our children! our children!"

Finally the unhappy couple went to consult my friend the lawyer.

It was arranged that the latter should demand a divorce in the name of Mme. de Beaulieu from her first husband, and that M. Torcy should be made to understand that it would be dangerous for him to return to France. His escapade is complicated with the violation of a grave. The grave digger is dead, but M. Torcy on his own confession, can be made answerable for the crime. A divorce will be obtained, and then M. and Mme. de Beaulieu, whose marriage in the meantime will be considered provisionally void, will remarry.

It appears, according to the latest news received from M. Torcy, that he is resigned to this arrangement. He is not coming back to France. He will allow the divorce to be obtained, and all the more willingly, as he has been able to maintain silence for seven years and not write to his wife. In making his preparations to return to France it was necessary for him to end an intimacy with an amiable American widow. Now, however, after an honorable acquaintance with her of seven years, having been freed from all domestic obligations in France, he will be able to espouse the fair American.

REFRESHING HIS MEMORY.

An old, gray, wrinkled man sat in a fashionable restaurant.

"Excuse me, sah," said the waiter approaching; "seems to me sah, I've seen you some place."

"Yes, you saw me when I was a young man, full of health and vigor, with bright eyes and raven locks and a keen appetite."

"I disremember? sah. Wha' was it?"

"Right here. Don't you remember?"

"Waal, now, sah, et does seem to me like I hab a mighty faint recollection ob you. But, you see, sah, I's gettin' ole an' my memory ain't as good as it used to be."

"Perhaps I can tell you a little circumstance that will refresh your memory of me."

"What's dat, sah?"

"I ordered my dinner of you, and have been waiting here ever since for it."

GILHOOLY'S DISCOVERY.

Texas Siftings: There were some fresh rolls on the table at the boarding house of the Widow Flapjack, on Austin Avenue. Gilhooly took one and broke it open.

"Well," said he, drawing a deep breath, "the longer I live the more I find out."

"What new discovery have you made now?" asked Mrs. Flapjack, nervously.

"The rolls are new, are they not?"

"Certainly they are."

"Then I have made a discovery. Did you know Mrs. Flapjack, that the cockroach had a talent for theatricals?"

"No, indeed, I did not. You are so funny this morning."

"I am not joking a bit. Here is a cockroach that has put in an appearance in an entirely new role," and he held the insect up for the inspection of the boarders.

A HARD DEATH.

"Did the remains indicate in any way that the man died hard?" asked the coroner.

"Yes, sir."

"You noted signs of a struggle, did you—something tending to show that the poor fellow defended himself?"

"No, sir."

"What reason, then, have you for thinking that the man died hard?"

"Because when I found him he was frozen solid."

—There are two ways of stopping the the pains of toothache. Having the tooth pulled out or committing suicide. Either one will accomplish the purpose.

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Shiloh's Consumption Cure." Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton.

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents and $1. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport; C T Horn, Lehighton.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria, and canker mouth. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton.

"Hackmetack" a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, and C T Horn, Lehighton.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport; C T Horn, Lehighton.

For dyspepsia and liver complaint, you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport; C T Horn, Lehighton.

A nasal injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Sold by W F Biery, Weissport, C T Horn, Lehighton.

A Wonderful Preserver.

Mr. Runaround was out late the other night, and the next morning at breakfast in order to "justify" himself, he remarked to his wife.

"Pet, we have been married twenty years, and you look almost as young now as you did then."

"You have not changed a particle," she responded sweetly.

"Not changed?" he answered, in surprise, remembering his gray locks and and ruby nose. "Why, my dear, how can you say that?"

"Because things preserved in alcohol never change," she answered.

Mr. Runaround buttered his napkin ring under the impression that it was a muffin, and the meal progressed in silence.

Drunkenness, or the Liquor Habit, can be cured by administering Dr. Haines' Golden Specific.

It can be given in a cup of coffee or tea without the knowledge of the person taking it, effecting a speedy and permanent cure, whether the patient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck. Thousands of drunkards have been made temperate men who have taken the Golden Specific in their coffee without their knowledge, and to-day believe they quit drinking of their own free will. No harmful effects result from its administration. Cures guaranteed. Circulars and testimonials sent free.
Address, GOLDEN SPECIFIC Co.,
185 Race St., Cincinnati, O.

The Printer's Devil.

The following is going the rounds without credit: "Though an angel should write, still 'tis devil's must print," wrote Moore. The origin of the expression "printer's devil," is a curious one. Aldus Manutius, a printer in Venice to the holy church and the doge, employed a negro boy to help him in his office. The little darkey was thought to be an imp of satin, and went by the name of the "printer's devil." Manutius in order to protect the little fellow from prosecution, was obliged to make a public exhibition of him, and announced that "any one who doubted him to be flesh and blood, might come forward and pinch him." Since that day a printer's apprentice has been called, and often appropriately, "a devil."

—Heart disease has brought many to an untimely grave. The heart is as liable as any other organ to disease, if you have it even in the slightest form use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. $1 per bottle.

How His Education Was Begun.

"Ah, my little boy, so you want a paper, do you? Well, you should have gone into the counting room downstairs to get it. However, never mind, I think I can find one here for you. Ah, there it is, my little man. Do you want it for yourself?"

"Yeth, thir."

"Well, then you needn't pay me anything. I'm always glad to encourage little boys, who want to read good, substantial literature. I'll warrant your papa has begun your education right."

"I don't want it to read, thir."

"What for, then?"

"To make a kite, thir. I'll make a bully kite. Pa says it's the lightest paper he ever thaw."

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on the lungs, and reduced to a walking skeleton. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 48 pounds."

Call at T. D. Thomas' drug store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all lung disease. Large bottles $1.

A Charitable Object.

"Please help the blind," pleaded a beggar, who had a little dog with him attached to a string.

"You are not blind, you can see as well as I can."

"I know I'm not, but the dog is. It would be tough luck, indeed, if both of us were blind."

—Ayer's Sarsaparilla thoroughly cleanses the blood, stimulates the vital functions and restores the health and strength. No one whose blood is impure can feel well. There is a weary, languid feeling, and often a sense of discouragement and despondency. Persons having this feeling should take Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify and vitalize the blood.

He Was Right.

"Say, I'd like you to call around and settle that account."

"What account?"

"Why yours."

"Is it mine?"

"Yes, it is yours."

"Well, then, if it is mine, I'll settle it when I please."

The Carbon Advocate

An Independent Family Newspaper Published every SATURDAY, in Lehighton, Carbon Co., Pa., by
HARRY V. MORTHIMER.
OFFICE—BANKWAY, a short distance south of the Lehigh Valley R. R. Depot.
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EVERY DESCRIPTION OF PLAIN AND FANCY
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THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY FOR PAIN.
Relieves and cures RHEUMATISM, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, BACKACHE, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE, SORE THROAT, QUINSY, SWELLINGS, SPRAINS, Bruises, Cuts, Bruises, FROSTBITES, BURNS, SCALDS, And all other bodily aches and pains.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE.
Sold by all Druggists and Dealers. Directions in 11 languages.
The Charles A. Vogeler Co. (Successors to A. Vogeler & Co.) Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

For Something Very Nice in the Way of Ladies', Gent's and Children's
BOOTS, SHOES & GAITERS
—GO TO—
Peter Heim,
opposite the Public Square, BANK Street, Lehighton, where you will find a Large and Fashionable Stock to select from at Lowest Cash Prices. Also, Ladies' and Gent's
Boots and Shoes Made to Order
on shortest notice. Best Material and Workmanship guaranteed. Prices are fully as Low as elsewhere. Your patronage is very cordially invited. y 10-n 6

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DOES WONDERFUL CURES OF KIDNEY DISEASES AND LIVER COMPLAINTS,
Why?
Because it acts on the LIVER, BOWELS and KIDNEYS at the same time.
Because it cleanses the system of the poisonous humors that develope in Kidney and Urinary Diseases, Biliousness, Jaundice, Constipation, Piles, or in Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Nervous Disorders and all Female Complaints.
IT'S SOLID PROOF OF THIS.
IT WILL SURELY CURE CONSTIPATION, PILES, and RHEUMATISM,
By causing FREE ACTION of all the organs and functions, thereby
CLEANSING the BLOOD
restoring the normal power to throw off disease.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of these terrible diseases have been quickly relieved, and in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
PRICE, $1. LIQUID OR DRY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Dry can be sent by mail.
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Send stamp for Diary Almanac for 1884.
KIDNEY-WORT

For Bargains in
Dry Goods,
Dress Goods,
Notions,
Carpets,
Silverware,
Queensware,
Groceries,
&c., GO TO
E. H. Snyder's
Bank St, Lehighton.
May 10, 1884.

Rev. Father Wilds' EXPERIENCE.
The Rev. Z. P. Wilds, well-known city missionary in New York, and brother of the late eminent Judge Wilds, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, writes as follows:
"78 E. 54th St., New York, May 16, 1882.
MESSRS. J. C. AYER & Co., Gentlemen:
Last winter I was troubled with a most uncomfortable itching humor affecting more especially my limbs, which itched so intolerably at night, and burned so intensely, that I could scarcely bear any clothing over them. I was also a sufferer from a severe catarrh and catarrhal cough; my appetite was poor, and my system a good deal run down. Knowing the value of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, by observation of many other cases, and from personal use in former years, I began taking it for the above-named disorders. My appetite improved almost from the first dose. After a short time the fever and itching were allayed, and all signs of irritation of the skin disappeared. My catarrh and cough were also cured by the same means, and my general health greatly improved, until it is now excellent. I feel a hundred per cent stronger, and I attribute these results to the use of the SARSAPARILLA, which I recommend with all confidence as the best blood medicine ever devised. I took it in small doses three times a day, and used, in all, less than two bottles. I deem these facts at your service, hoping their publication may do good.
Yours respectfully, Z. P. WILDS."
The above instance is but one of the many constantly coming to our notice, which prove the perfect adaptability of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA to the cure of all diseases arising from impure or impoverished blood, and a weakened vitality.
Ayer's Sarsaparilla
cleanses, enriches, and strengthens the blood, stimulates the action of the stomach and bowels, and thereby enables the system to resist and overcome the attacks of all Scrofulous Diseases, Eruptions of the Skin, Rheumatism, Catarrh, General Debility, and all disorders resulting from poor or corrupted blood and a low state of the system.
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists; price $1, six bottles for $5.

AYER'S CATHARTIC PILLS.
Best Purgative Medicine
Pure Constipation, Indigestion, Headache, and all Bilious Disorders.
Sold everywhere. Always reliable.