The Carbon Advocate.

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

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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. 22.

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OFFICE—Corner of Bank Street & Railway 2nd building above the Carbon Advocate Printing Office.
May 19, 1883-m6*] LEHIGHTON.

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OFFICE Hours at Parryville From 8 a. m., to 12 m, daily.
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Has Removed his Office and Residence from Second St. to SOUTH Street, in the building formerly occupied by A. J. HOLLENBAYER, where he will be pleased to see his friends and patrons. OFFICE HOURS: from 6 to 9 o'clock P. M. March 31, 1883.

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BRANCH OFFICE-Next to Carbon House
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Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week. P. O. Address, LITZENROT, Lehigh county, Pa. Jan. 3, 1884-1y.

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The above named book of near 100 pages by DR. SHOEMAKER, the well-known experienced Aural Surgeon, will be sent free to any address. Every family should have this Book. The book is illustrated, and fully explains in plain language all
Diseases of the EAR and CATARRH,
and how to treat these ailments successfully. Address,
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Dec. 6, 1884-1y*

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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 19-y1.

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Halway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
Packerton, Penn'a.
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.

Mauch Chunk House,
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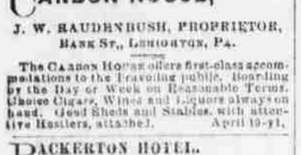
T. F. FERR, Proprietor.
When visiting at the County Seat this Hotel will found to be first-class in every respect. Wines, Liquors, Lager Beer, Cigars and other Refreshments of purest quality at the Bar. Terms very moderate. Patronage solicited. Sept. 22, 1883.

Beer Saloon and Restaurant,
1143 Vine St., Philadelphia,
Dennis Gilbert, Proprietor.
The Bar is furnished with choice Cigars, Fresh Lager, and other refreshments. Persons from the Lehigh Valley visiting Philadelphia are respectfully invited to give me a call. DENNIS GILBERT.
March 23, 1884—1f.



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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

A PRIZE Send 6 cents for postage, and receive free a costly box of goods which will help you to more money right away than anything else in this world. All, of either sex, succeed from first hour. The broad way to fortune opens before the workers, absolutely sure. At once address, TRUE & Co., Augusta, Me. Dec. 20-1y

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Thomas' Drug Store.
GREAT
REDUCTION!
Just received a large stock of the very latest paterns of
Wall Papers
—AND—
Borders,
which I offer at the following reduced prices:
GILTS, 25 & 30c.
White Blanks, 10 & 12c.
Brown B's 7, 8 & 10c.
All must be sold in a few months. Call at
THOMAS'
DRUG STORE for bargains.
Durlings' Old Stand, Bank Street, LEHIGHTON.

CATARRH
ELY'S Cream Balm Cleanses the Head. Allays Inflammation Heals the Sores Restores the Senses of taste & Smell. A quick and positive cure.

HAY-FEVER
50 cent at Druggists. 60 cents by mail registered. Send for circular. Sample by mail 10 cents. ELY BROTHERS, Druggists, Owego, N. Y.
dec-22-y1

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
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The following Companies are Represented:
LEHIGH MUTUAL FIRE,
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WYOMING FIRE,
POTTSVILLE FIRE,
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief effective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1879 THOS. KEMERER.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents postage, and we will send you free, a royal, valuable sample box of goods that will put you in the way of making more money in a few days than you ever thought possible at any business. Capital not required. You can live at home and work in spare time only, or all the time. All of both sexes, of all ages, grandly successful. 50 cents to $5.00 easily earned every evening. That all who want work may test the business, we make this unparalleled offer: To all who are not well satisfied we will send $1 to pay for the trouble of writing us. Full particulars, directions, etc., sent free. Immense pay absolutely sure for all who start at once. Don't delay. Address STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine. dec. 20—1y

Dr. C. T. Horn,
Central Drug Store,
Opposite the "Carbon House,"
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.,
Keeps a full supply of
Pure Drugs & Medicines,
Fancy and Toilet Articles,
Stationery & Choice Cigars.
Choice Wines and Liquors for Medicinal purposes. Prescriptions very carefully compounded, day or night.
ALSO, just received, an immense stock of Newest and most Popular Designs in
Wall Papers
—AND—
Borders,
which he is offering at Prices fully as low as the same qualities and Patterns can be got in the Cities. If you are about redecorating your home, call and see styles and learn the prices before purchasing elsewhere.
Remember, THE CENTRAL DRUG Store,
Feb. 2-y1 DR. C. T. HORN.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send no money but you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you in work that will at once bring you in money faster than anything else in America. All about the $200,000 in presents with each box. Agents wanted everywhere, of either sex, of all ages, for all the time, or spare time only, to work for us at their own homes. Fortunes for all workers absolutely assured. Don't delay. H. HALLETT & Co., Portland, Me. Dec 13-1y

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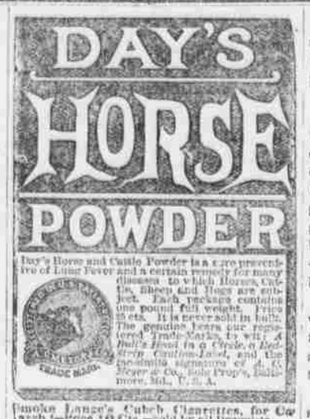
PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

DAY'S HORSE POWDER
Day's Horse and Cattle Powder is a sure preventive of Lung Fever and a certain remedy for many diseases to which Horses, Cattle, Sheep and Hogs are subject. Each package contains one pound full weight. Price 25 cts. It is never sold in bulk. The genuine bears our registered Trade-Marks, to wit: A Bull's Head in a Circle, a Red-Strip Caution-Label, and the facsimile signature of A. G. Meyer & Co., Sole Prop's, Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.



Smoke Lange's Cuban Cigarettes, for Catarrh 1—Price 10 Cts.—Sold by all Druggists.

A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present Past?
Shall the mystic Yonder,
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
With thee be cast?

Ah, the joyless fleeting,
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
Of the How and Why!
Ah, the Thingness flying,
From the Herness, sighing
For a love undying,
That fain would die!

Ah, the Hness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But unglad'ning,
That lie behind!
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
Of mind to mind.

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart believeth
Itself of woe!
And the doubt mists lifted
From the eyes of love gifted
Are rent and rifted
In the warmer glow.

In the inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
No Ego there,
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
An Umess rare!

A RUNAWAY.

"Your Aunt Carleton and Cousin Jennie will be here on the next train, Russell" said Mr. Wilder to his nephew. "You would better take the pony chaise and bring them from the depot"

"Can't. Am going away myself, sir."

"The deuce you are!" responded the old gentleman, pushing his spectacles up over his forehead, and regarding his nephew with an air of surprised consternation.

"Yes, sir. Charley Hunt invited me out to his place for a few weeks, and I thought I might as well go now as any time"

"I should say that it was a very strange time to be leaving home; your aunt and cousin will consider it as a personal affront, sir."

"It is not intended as such, sir. Though, to be frank, considering the object of Cousin Jennie's visit, I prefer not to see her. And I must say that I think she would have showed more sense and delicacy if she had stayed away."

"Your cousin is a very lovely girl, Mr. Impudence, and you'll be likely to go a begging."

"I don't doubt it in the least. But for all that she won't suit me for a wife, uncle."

"How do you know that, you conceited young donkey! when you have never seen her?" inquired the irate old man,

"Common sense teaches me that no marriage can be a happy one that does not spring from mutual love. And one thing I am resolved, that I will never marry from mercenary motives."

"Nobody wants you to marry the girl unless you like her!" roared Mr. Wilder, his face growing purple with vexation. "All I ask is that you will stay and see her. And I insist upon it!"

"I am sorry to disoblige you, uncle; but if I should stay, it would only give rise to conclusions that I am anxious to avoid. But I will relinquish all claim to the property that you are so anxious should not be divided. As that seems to be the main object I think that it ought to be satisfactory."

A few minutes later Russell passed by the window, valise in hand. He nodded good-humorously to his uncle as he glanced in, who glared after him in speechless rage "He shan't have a penny—not a penny!" he growled.

"What's the matter now?" said the gentle voice of his wife, Polly, who had just entered.

"Matter enough. Russell has gone—actually cleared out so as not to see his cousin. What d'ye think of that?"

"I think you'll have another attack of the gout if you get yourself excited." said the good lady, as she resumed her knitting. "If Russell and Jennie had seen each other before they had any notion that you wanted them to marry, ten to one but what they would have fallen head and ears in love with each other; but as matters are now I don't believe it would be of the least use. From what Ellen writes me I should think Jennie to be as much opposed to it as Russel She says she can't bear to hear his name mentioned, and that it was as much as she could do to get her consent to come at all when she heard that Russel was at home."

"They are a couple of simpleton's," said the old gentleman; "I've got half a mind to make another will and leave my property to some charitable institute!"

* * * * * * *

In going to Dighton, whither he was bound, Russell Wilder had to travel part of the way by stage. There was only one passenger beside himself, a lady. He noticed particularly the daintily gloved hands and well-fitting boots. Her graceful form indicated that she was both young and pretty, but he could not see her face on account of the veil that hid it.

The sudden starting of the coach, which sent some of the lady's parcels from the seat to the floor, gave Russell an opportunity of speaking, when he returned them.

From this they fell easily into conversation, and it was curious how sociable they became. The lady inwardly thought her companion to be the most entertaining and agreeable man she had ever met with And as for Russell, he often lost the thread of his discourse in admiring the red, dimpled mouth, and the pretty teeth they disclosed whenever she spoke or smiled.

"Where do you want to be left, sir?" inquired the coachman, as they entered the village.

"At Mr. Charles Hunt's, Locust Hill."

"Way, there's where I'm going," said the lady, opening her eyes widely. "Nellie, Mr. Hunt's wife, is my most particular friend; we used to go to school together."

"And Charlie Hunt is my most particular friend, and one of the finest fellows in the world."

"How very odd!"

"How very fortunate!" exclaimed Russell, with a meaning glance at his fair companion, which made the rosy cheeks still more rosy. "May I take the liberty of inquiring—"

But just at that moment the stage stopped in front of the house, on the portico of which stood Mrs. and Mrs. Hunt, enjoying the evening breeze. In a moment Russell was shaking hands with the former, while his companion rushed eagerly into the arms of his surprised and delighted wife.

"Why what a happy surprise, Jennie!" she said, after spiriting her visitor off to her own room; "I had given up all idea of seeing you this summer."

"And I had no idea of being able to come until just before I started. You see, mamma—my step-mamma, you know—was going to Uncle Wilder's, and she insisted on my going with her to see the hateful, disagreeable prig of a cousin of mine that they are determined to marry me to So when mamma was busy packing I just put on my things and slipped off, leaving a note to tell where I was going. Wasn't that a good joke on them all?"

"I should think it was," said Nellie, with a burst of merriment far more than the occasion warranted. "When I saw who your companion was I thought you were out on your wedding tour."

"No, indeed; never saw the man until he got into the stage at P—. But, really he is the finest looking man I ever saw, and so agreeable! Who is he?"

"Oh, I'll introduce you when you come downstairs. You'll have only time to dress. Mind and look your prettiest."

If Jennie did not "look her prettiest" she certainly looked very lovely as she entered the supper-room, her linen suit exchanged for a fresh soft muslin, whose simplicity and purity were relieved only by the violet colored ribbons in her hair and throat. Russell had also taken great pains with his toilet. The pause that followed Jennie's entrance was broken by Mr. Hunt, who in response to a meaning glance from his wife said: "Russell, allow me to introduce you to your cousin Jennie; Miss Carlton, your cousin, Russell Wilder."

The embarrassment which followed the blank astonishment into which this announcement threw the parties, so unexpectedly made known to each other, was quickly dispelled by the turn that was given it by their hosts and hostess.

"I suppose you want to book yourself for the next stage?" said Mr. Hunt, slyly, to Russell, who had been taken into his friend's confidence. "And you," said his wife, turning to Jennie, "I don't suppose anything could tempt you to remain, now that you are to have that hateful, disagreeable—"

"Nellie!" interrupted Jennie, crimsoning as she remembered her words.

"Well, I won't then. But you must let me laugh! Just to think of you both running away from each other and running in the same direction, and to the same place!" The ringing laugh that burst from Nellie's lips was too contagious to be resisted even by those at whose expense it was raised.

No need hardly say that Russell did not leave the next morning, nor did Jennie seem at all disposed to cut short her visit on account of her cousin's unexpected appearance. When they did go they went as they came, together. Mr. Wilder's astonishment was only equalled by his delight, on looking out of the window, to see the two walking up the path toward the house, arm-in-arm, and apparently on the best of terms. As for Russell and Jennie, they seemed to regard this unexpected meeting as an indication of their "manifest destiny," accepting it as such, much to the joy of their uncle, whose darling wish was accomplished in the marriage of the two, thus made happy in spite of themselves.

—A Yankee editor epigrammatically defines the position of the great mass of our population when he says: "I am a capitalist at heart, but a workingman from necessity.

—"Ah, Miss De Smith, are you going to have a goose at dinner to-day?" "Yes I hope so, you will come, won't you?" But somehow neither of them felt very comfortable after that.

—Subscribe for the CARBON ADVOCATE only $1.00 a year.

—House of Refuge—the home of your wife's father.

—If a gas man were to write poetry, would his meter be correct.

—Nothing is impossible to him who wills—unless he is a married man.

—Hope is the only good which is common to all men; those who have nothing more possess hope still.

—The chief of the Minneapolis Fire Department grows facetious and enlivens the otherwise dull pages of his report with a flash of wit, when, in enumerating the causes of fires, he mentions "looking for leak in gas pipe with a lighted lamp and found it—."

—Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for Constipation, Loss of Appetite, Dizziness and all symptoms of Dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by W. F. Biery, Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Croup, Whooping Cough and Bronchitis immediately relieved by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—That hacking Cough can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Will you suffer with Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Catarrh Cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cents. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures Consumption. Sold by W. F. Biery Weissport, Dr. C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—One half of the world doesn't know how the other half lives. And it is just as well. It saves a great deal of gossip.

—A Chicago clergyman says that one man out of a hundred tells the truth any further than he can make it benefit him.

—"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well, if a man is born in Holland is he Holt?"

—"I saw your advertisement for a young man of good address," remarked one of the applicants for a vacant position, "and I thought I would call in and reply. My address is Boston, Mass and if that isn't as good as the best, I should like to know where you will find a better one."

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblands, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

—In the Sharon estate, Miss Hill—Mrs. Sharon rather—will take her sharp and thin, a painter describes, as Sharon and share alike.

—A thoroughbred Boston girl never calls it a "crazy quilt." She always speaks of that insane article as "non compos mentis covering."

—Queen Victoria couldn't appoint all the great men who wanted the position to be Viceroy of India, but she got one Dufferin.

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.

—Make use of time while it is present with you; it depends upon your will, and not upon the number of days, to have a sufficient length of time.

—What we lack in natural abilities may usually be made up by industry; a dwarf may keep pace with a giant if he will only move his legs fast enough.

An Answer Wanted.

Can any one bring us a case of kidney or liver complaint that Electric Bitters will not speedily cure? We say they can not, as thousands of cases already permanently cured and who are daily recommending Electric Bitters, will prove. Bright's disease, diabetes, weak back, or any urinary complaint quickly cured. They purify the blood, regulate the bowels, and act directly on the diseased parts. Every bottle guaranteed. For sale at 50c a bottle by T. P. Thomas.

—A masher gazed intently at a giraffe for a few moments, and turning sadly away, sighed forth: "Oh, if I had a neck like that, what a collar I could wear."

—I live in constant endeavor to fence against the infirmities of ill health, and other evils of life, by mirth; being firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles—but much more when he laughs—it adds something to the fragment of life.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, being highly concentrated, requires a smaller dose, and is more effective, dose for dose, than any other blood medicine. It is the cheapest, because it is the best. Quality and not quantity should be considered.

—It is an assertion which admits of much proof, that a stranger of tolerable sense, dressed like a gentleman, will be better received by those of quality above him than one of much better parts whose dress is regulated by the rigid notions of frugality.

—Little prattler to elderly visitor—"Mamma says baby has got my nose; What does she mean, Mrs Grummer?" Elderly Visitor: "She means that baby's nose is like yours." Little Prattler: "Then baby's got you mouth, hasn't she? 'Cos she hasn't got any teeth in it."

THEY MEET AGAIN

Decked in the sheeniest of white robes, Alene floated down the lawn of Ellerby hall. Nestling in her gold-brown hair were rose-tipped apple blossoms, and clustering over her dress were the same sweet-scented blooms. Not more fairy-like were they, nor more beautifully tinted than Alene Ellerby herself. So at least thought Raymond Ogere.

But he sighed as he gazed upon the pretty vision before him, who had promised herself to another only the day before. Promised to marry Robert Willis, a man for whom Raymond felt some contempt as being superficial and weak.

"I have come to bid you good-by," he said. "Business requires me again in the city."

"Good-by," was the reply, in a low, formal voice, as she laid her slim, cool fingers in his.

He held them as he looked at her, and then he said, in a wistful tone, a strange expression growing in his eyes: "I wish you would give me a bunch of those flowers you wear."

She loosened some and laid them in his hand.

When he left her he smiled a bitter, grim smile. "I had quite forgotten the significance of apple blossoms. "Preference! What a mockery."

So Alene stayed on for a while with her aunt in Ellerby hall. Alene's mother was living, but her father had long been dead, and left them but a scant income. Her aunt, Mrs. Ellerby, was also in moderate circumstances, for the hall had now a heavy mortgage upon it. So Alene was not an heiress, nor even a young lady with rich relatives.

Her aunt had called Raymond Ogre a "cultivated gentleman." Again she had called Rob Willis "a foolish fop." Two days after Ogere's departure Alene astounded her aunt by saying she wished to go home. This announcement set Aunt Ellerby to pondering. Rob Willis had been there only that afternoon, and she had seen him going down the graveled walk with a remarkably crestfallen air.

"He is a prodigious numbskull, but his father is worth a mint." Aunt Ellerby had said to herself. She said to Alene the next morning at breakfast:

"You see, dear, I am thinking of selling the hall (I have a fair offer for it) and going to live with Bess." Bess was her daughter, married, and living in Paris.

"Why, Aunt Nan, I thought you never meant to sell the place."

"Well, Bess, the care I have here is aging me, so I think I shall go. And you may go along if your mother can pay the expenses of your voyage. After that, between us, your mother and I will manage to keep you there a season at least."

So within six weeks Alene and her aunt were well off on the sea and almost the first person they encountered on board was Bob Willis. Whatever "set down" Miss Alene had once given him she was civil to him now, and his esteem for the young lady seemed in no wise lessened from the fact that she was en route for the old world.

Gas day Mr. Bob unconsciously dropped from one of his pockets some papers. Alene, treading the passage shortly afterward, picked them up. One of the papers was flattened and dog-eared. Certainly Miss Alene knew better than to read what did not belong to her, yet here she was perusing:

DEAR BOB: You have surprised me, yet I confess I am not wholly displeased at your proposal, Please call this evening. Yours evermore, ALENE ELLERBY.

This was written again and again, all over the sheet, each copy growing nearer and nearer to a likeness of her own hand. She dropped the paper and thought. Then she looked again at the date and drew a great sigh. It was dated May 14, the day before Raymond Ogere bade her good by.

Alene neither fainted away nor did she face Mr. Willis with a scathing glance of scorn. She only left the papers where she found them, retreating into the ante-room with one clenched tight in her little fist.

That night Alene astonished the worthy relative who accompanied her by asking if she knew Mr. Raymond Ogere's address.

"No, my dear," was the reply, and with the words her last hope of ever again meeting Ogere vanished. For she was speeding away over the Atlantic, every minute bearing her farther and further from the man she loved, and with no means at her command by which to communicate with him, and what things may not happen in a year?

A few days before Alene sailed for the old world Ogere sat upon the balcony of a hotel in Paris. He had been there three weeks; by his side to-night sat a lady, who had done much to brighten his voyage thither and his sojourn in Paris. This was the Countess Brittole, who had been visiting some friends among the Americans. The countess was poor, and owned nothing but an owl-haunted chateau, where she never went.

She was a widow, and quite his own age, to be sure, but what did such things matter so long as people agreed and were happy? And then her position had such rare opportunities to benefit an ambitious man. And, unconsciously Raymond found himself listening to this wooing, and when at parting for the night the countess laid in his hand a tea rose she had worn in her hair he actually caught himself murmuring some very mellow sentiment.

Fifteen minutes later, in his chamber, he opened his memorandum book to make an entry, when something fell to the floor. As he bent to find it he saw only a dried, crinkled bunch of apple blossoms. Yet he sat, forgetful of everything else, gazing upon it, until at last two tears fell upon the little dead petals.

Whatever he had though of the countess, she was now forgotten, and her place he saw a fresh, slim girl in white, with pink cheeks and pink flowers peeping out from behind them. Within twenty-four hours he had engaged a state-room on a steamer bound for New York.

* * * * * * *

A jar, a crash, a shudder felt from stern to stern, and Alene was awake in a trice. People were rushing on deck. They had collided with another steamer and their own ship was slowly sinking.

At length it was discovered that the other vessel was comparatively uninjured, and boats were put out and the throng of terrified passengers were conveyed as rapidly as possible to the other vessel.

One gentleman—a finely-formed fellow of about 30—stopped short as the flickering light of the cabin fell on the face of the girl he held. She had not fainted, but she was weeping hysterically, and heeded nothing about her. Her gold-brown hair fell in masses over her white wrapper and tangled in his hand.

He staggered against the partition for an instant, than controlling himself, he was about to pass on, when some one darted past him. He seemed to realize the situation. "Ah! Mr. Willis this is your—wife."

Bob Willis turned. "My what?" he asked, looking around.

"Your wife."

"Oh! oh! you are mistaken, sir. Ah, I see, old friend Ogere! How d'ye do?" and the next instant he was gone. Alene was now staring into the face above her own with rational eyes. She had heard what Ogere had said, and remembered the note. "His wife? Never!" she cried, fiercely. "Do you think that I would marry such a creature as that?"

Then the comical side of the situation striking her, she burst into hysterical laughter, in which Ogere joined.

Yes, Mr. Bob had done all this in order to rid himself of a formidable rival, and he had succeeded; but his vanity had overleaped itself, and he had not found the poor but beautiful Miss Ellerby so much in love with himself or his money-bags as with her memory of the absent.

"They must have broken it off," thought Ogere, as he finished his promenade with Alene.

"Will you be my wife?" he whispered, as they sat down. And for answer Alene turned her poor, foolish, tear-stained face and hid it on his sleeve.

Not until they were on shore and Mr. Willis well away from them does Alene enter into the explanation her lover craves.

It is right that he should know that she had never sold herself to the man she did not love, as Ogere had been supposing all this while.

And also for the Countess Brittole, with her faint proposal, what would have been her feeling could she have seen Ogere's face at this moment? A few years late Mr. and Mrs. Ogere met her. Still a very attractive woman, she had succeeded in capturing a rich English banker.

A PATRON OF HUSBANDRY.

"President Cleveland will be very popular with the patrons of husbandry," said Gilhooly to Mrs. Col. Yerger, on the occasion of a social gathering at the palatial residence of the latter,

"You refer to the granger element, I suppose," said Mrs. Yerger, who is well up in politics.

"Oh, no; by patrons of husbandry I refer to the mother with marrageable daughters."

N. B. Mrs. Yerger has several marriageable daughters, and the whole family is going to Washington next spring to be present at the inaugural ball;

IN BOSTON.

"I notice in the report of the ball that Miss De Silver wore nothing but diamonds and pearl jewelry," remarked facetious Mr. Smith. "I hope she wore something else."

"Certainty, she did," replied Mrs. Smith.

"What else, pray?"

"Her eyeglasses."

SETTLERS WANTED.

A man who had a bad habit of letting his accounts with the butcher, grocer, etc., run on forever, was seen the other day by one of his creditors, packing a box home.

"Hello," he said, "what are you going to do with that?"

"Going to put my goods and chattels in it."

"What for?"

"I'm going to move out West."

"What's that for?"

"Oh, I'm going out there to settle; there's nothin' here for me."

"Going West to settle, are you?"

"That's the racket."

"Well, you'd better settle here first. There's nothing out there for us, and we want settlers in this neighborhood, about as much as any place you ever saw."

PAINFUL SURPRISE.

"My dear," he said as he entered the house, "who is that gentleman across the street?"

"I am not sure, but I think he is an old beau of mine."

"How long has he been waving his handkerchief?"

"Oh, more than half an hour."

"Is he trying to flirt with you?"

"That's just what annoys me. He may mean it for me, or for the lady in the bay window above. "If it's for me I ought to know it, and if it's for her I'll never speak to the shame-faced thing again as long as I live! Oh! George! you don't know how vexatious and uncertain it is to have roomers above you! I wish we had a little cottage of our own."

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How? DO AS OTHERS HAVE DONE.

Are your Kidneys disordered?
"Kidney-Wort brought me from my grave, and were, after I had been given up by 13 best doctors in Detroit." H. W. Devereaux, Rechanic, Ionia, Mich.

Are your nerves weak?
"Kidney-Wort cured me from nervous weakness and after I was not expected to live."—Mrs. M. B. B. Goodwin, Ex. Christian Monitor Cleveland, O.

Have you Bright's Disease?
"Kidney-Wort cured me when my water was just like chalk and then like blood."
Frank Wilson, Peabody, Mass.

Suffering from Diabetes?
"Kidney-Wort is the most successful remedy I have ever used. Gives almost immediate relief."
Dr. Phillip G. Sailor, Manchester, Vt.

Have you Liver Complaint?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of chronic Liver Disease after I prayed to die."
Henry Ward, late Col. 6th Nat. Guard, N. Y.

Is your Back lame and aching?
"Kidney-Wort, (1 bottle) cured me when I was lame I had to roll out of bed."
C. M. Talbiago, Milwaukee, Wis.

Have you Kidney Disease?
"Kidney-Wort made me sound in liver and kidneys after years of unsuccessful doctoring. Its worth $100 a box."—Saml. Rodgers, Williamstown, West Va.

Are you Constipated?
"Kidney-Wort cured me after years of misery and cured me after 10 years use of other medicines."
Nelson Fairchild, St. Albans, Vt.

Have you Malaria?
"Kidney-Wort has done better than any other remedy I have ever used in my practice."
Dr. H. S. Clark, South Hero, Vt.

Are you Bilious?
"Kidney-Wort has done me more good than any other remedy I have ever taken."
Mrs. J. I. Gallaway, Elk Flat, Oregon.

Are you tormented with Piles?
"Kidney-Wort is a remarkably sure cure of bleeding piles. Dr. W. G. Kline recommended it to me."
Geo. H. Horst, Cashier N. Bank, Reyersdale, Pa.

Are you Rheumatism racked?
"Kidney-Wort cured me, after I was given up to die by physicians and I had suffered thirty years."
Elbridge Malcolm, West Bath, Maine.

Ladies, are you suffering?
"Kidney-Wort cured me of peculiar troubles of several years standing. Many friends use and praise it."
Mrs. H. Lamarseur, Isle La Motte, Vt.

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No other complaints are so insidious in their attack as those affecting the throat and lungs, none so trifled with by the majority of sufferers. The ordinary cough or cold, resulting perhaps from a trifling or unconscious exposure, is often but the beginning of a fatal sickness. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has well proven its efficacy in a forty years' fight with throat and lung diseases, and should be taken in all cases without delay.

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"In 1857 I took a severe cold, which affected my lungs. I had a terrible cough, and passed night after night without sleep. The doctors gave me up. I tried AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, which relieved my lungs, induced sleep, and afforded me the rest necessary for the recovery of my strength. By the continued use of the PECTORAL a permanent cure was effected. I am now 62 years old, hale and hearty, and am satisfied your CHERRY PECTORAL saved me.
HORACE FAIRBROTHER."
Rockingham, Vt., July 15, 1882.

Croup.—A Mother's Tribute.
"While in the country last winter my little boy, three years old, was taken ill with croup; it seemed as if he would die from strangulation. One of the family suggested the use of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, a bottle of which was always kept in the house. This was tried in small and frequent doses, and to our delight in less than half an hour the little patient was breathing easily. The doctor said that the CHERRY PECTORAL had saved my darling's life. Can you wonder at our gratitude? Sincerely yours,
MRS. EMMA GEDNEY."
159 West 128th St., New York, May 16, 1882.

"I have used AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL in my family for several years, and do not hesitate to pronounce it the most effectual remedy for coughs and colds we have ever tried. A. J. CRANE."
Lake Crystal, Minn., March 10, 1882.

"I suffered for eight years from Bronchitis, and after trying many remedies with no