The Carbon Advocate.

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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.

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LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
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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.

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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

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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 29, 1884—tf.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in association 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, East the hotel, Lehighton. jan22-y1

Thomas' Drug Store,

GREAT
REDUCTION!

Just received a large stock of the very latest paterns of
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—AND—
Borders,
which I offer at the following reduced prices:
GILTS, 25 & 30c.
White Blanks, 10 & 12c.
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All must be sold in a few months. Call at
THOMAS'
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T. J. BRETNEY,
Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighton and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of
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at very reasonable prices. By prompt attention to all orders he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. Residence, corner of Pine and Iron Street, Lehighton, Pa.
Orders for hauling left at C. M. Sweeny & Son's Store will receive prompt attention.
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Oct. 12, 1881-3m.

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
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March 29, 1879 THOS. REMEBER.

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dec 20—1y

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New Liquor Store
The undersigned respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a
Wine and Liquor Store,
in the Building next to the "Carbon House,"
Bank St., Lehighton,
and is prepared to supply Choice Brands of WINES and LIQUORS,
RYE WHISKIES, BRANDIES, RUM, GIN, ALCOHOL, MINT, BITTERS, KIRMEL, &c., &c., at Very Lowest Prices. BOTTLES AND DEMIJOHNS CHEAP.
William G. Heilig,
March 7-'71 Lehighton, Pa.

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TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
PROMPT, SAFE, SURE
Cure for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.
FIFTY CENTS A BOTTLE. AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
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Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises and other Pains and Aches.
Fifty Cents. At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

THE NINE SUITORS.

A British ship at anchor lay
In the harbor of New York;
The stevedores were packing her
With Yankee beef and pork.
Nine slim young men went up the plank,
And they were tall and good;
But none of them had ever loved,
They said they never would;
But whether they wouldn't,
Or whether they couldn't,
Or their mothers said they shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The passengers were all on board,
The vessel got up steam,
And floated down the river, like
The—ah—something of a dream.
A pretty girl came up on deck
And near the railing stood;
She never loved a fellow-man,
And said she never would;
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or her father said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The nine young men stood in a row,
Each trying not to stare,
The lady looked embarrassed, and
They offered her a chair.
The nine young swells were very rich,
And it was understood
That each of them could marry
Whatever girl he would;
But whether he couldn't,
Or whether he wouldn't,
Or the lady said he shouldn't,
The world will never know.

So things went on as usual,
The weather soon grew thick,
The nine young men were gallant,
The pretty girl was sick;
She certainly was charming,
When they brought her dainty food,
"I'd eat it all now really
And truly if I could;"
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or her stomach said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The nine young men came up on deck,
Each in his Sunday clo'es,
And went aback the wheel-house,
In order to propose;
The lady had no preference,
But said that, if she could,
She'd marry every one of them,
But if wasn't any good;
But whether she couldn't,
Or whether she wouldn't,
Or that custom said she shouldn't,
The world will never know.

The lady asked the Captain how
She ever should decide?
Said he: "The love of these young men
Should certainly be tried."
So, when they all were present,
She fell into the sea,
And eight of them jumped after her,
The ninth—oh where was he?
Now whether he couldn't (jump),
Or whether he wouldn't (swim),
Or the Captain said he shouldn't (try),
The world will never know.

Once fairly out of the water, she
Went up to him, and said:
"Dear sir, you are a solid man,
And have a level head;
So, without further parley,
Or hint of a pretense,
I agree to marry you, sir,
For you have common sense."
So her father said he couldn't,
And her mother said she wouldn't,
And the Captain said he shouldn't,
Refuse to give consent.

—From "Over the Summer Sea."

HUGH MALVERN'S LEGACY

BY CHARLOTTE M. STANLEY.

I was walking along Broadway, lost in a brown study, wherein I earnestly considered and pondered on the important questions of where I should go and what I should do during the summer and fall, when suddenly I became aware of a pair of dark eyes gazing into mine, and then the moment they met my glance, quickly and somewhat confusedly averted.

They belonged to a tall, dark man who was coming toward me, and who now, as I looked at him impulsively, passed and went by. Something in his appearance struck me as strangely familiar, and involuntarily I turned and looked after him.

A youngish man, shabbily dressed, but with the unmistakable air of a gentleman, for all that. I noticed that his step was slow and heavy—no spring, no elasticity about it; it was the step of one in whom failing health, or a heavy, aching heart, had weighed the body down.

"I know him, I know him!" was my mental comment. "Who on earth can he be?"

Resolved to discover, I went after him, intending to look into his face as I went past; but when within a few feet of him, he suddenly turned, and we stood face to face. I knew him then.

"Malvern!" I cried. "Hugh Malvern!" and springing forward, grasped his hand. "God bless you, old fellow; how glad I am to meet you once again."

He smiled sadly.

"I thought I recognized you," he said. "You have not altered much. You are the same fair haired, bright-eyed, impulsive boy as ever. How differently time treats us. These same ten years that have made a man of you, have wrecked me—wrecked me utterly!"

My dear old tutor. The pleasure of meeting him was great, for years ago, at college, I had loved him dearly. Therefore, the welcome I gave him was a warm one; and before long seated in my cosy rooms at the —— Hotel, I persuaded him to lay aside his sad reserve, and tell me his story. It was as follows:

Hugh Malvern, who had originally been educated and intended for the church, had, upon leaving college, accepted a position as tutor in a wealthy, aristocratic family. Here, most unfortunately, as it proved, he formed an ardent attachment for his employer's niece, a beautiful and gentle orphan girl, penniless herself, but still, in the opinion of her haughty relatives, far beyond the tutor in position. Indeed, the very fact of her poverty made them the more anxious to have her marry wealth, and, discovering that she reciprocated Hugh's affection they hastened to dismiss him, and bent all their powerful influence to compel her to marry a rich merchant, whose money was his sole recommendation, with which he hoped to purchase for himself a lovely, although broken hearted wife.

Shrinking from the dreadful prospect laid out before her—a life of separation from the man she loved, and union with one whom she detested—and terrified at her own powerlessness to resist the stronger wills that were enforcing her to this hateful fate, the poor girl wrote to her lover, appealing to him to save her.

The appeal was answered, the sympathy of one of the female servants was enlisted in the lovers' cause, and with her assistance Blanche contrived to leave the house several days before the one appointed for the wedding, and, in the early morning, while the household slept, she fled to her lover, who was waiting close at hand, and who took her immediately to a little, quiet church, where they were married.

A short, sweet dream of happiness followed, from which the dread of coming poverty aroused them.

Hugh's moderate means became exhausted, and he sought earnestly for employment; for a long time in vain.

His wife's relatives, not contented with discarding the poor girl, whose sole crime was that of choosing a true heart's love rather than wealth and position, actually exerted themselves, with almost incredible malice, to injure her young husband.

He could obtain no pupils; they became poorer and poorer; he saw his young wife deprived of necessary comforts at the very period when she most needed them, and at last this student, this educated and accomplished gentleman, was glad to take a position as clerk in a fourth rate dry goods store.

The birth of a little girl followed shortly afterward, and then the poor young mother died.

"I have struggled on, since then, to support the child," said poor Hugh, wearily. "But it's uphill work. I have not much business capacity; the constant strain has been too much for me. I have lost energy, interest in life, hope. To lie down beside my wife in the grave, and be at rest, seems, of all things, the most desirable to me. I have a few pupils, and eke out a living by my pen—a poor one, and hardly worth the fighting for, were it not for little Blanche, poor innocent, with all her life before her."

I had a young half brother—my father's son by his second wife, who died in giving the child birth. My own mother, who had been an heiress, had left me a large fortune; but Frank was dependent upon me, having been confided by our dying father to my care. Immediately I resolved to engage Hugh as a tutor, and so it was arranged. His child was placed at an excellent school, and we three started off together to spend the summer in the mountains.

The sultry months flew by: it was time to return to town; merrily sped the crowded train upon its homeward journey; suddenly there came a crash, a jar, a violent, sudden shock that flung us from our places and engine and cars went over a steep embankment, dragging their horror stricken human freight to black destruction and swift death.

Oh, the horror of the scene that followed! Language fails to describe it. Shrieks, groans, oaths, prayers—a roar of mad confusion, an awful mingling of living and dead in one mangled, bleeding, wildly struggling mass; like a dreadful dream that lurid vision of death and despair scorched itself into my brain, and then, physical torture overcame all else, and I found relief from agony in unconsciousness.

Months elapsed ere I awoke to a full realization of the terrible misfortune that had overtaken us. Weak as an infant I opened my heavy eyes one day and recognized Frank seated beside my bed. Frank, safe and well, without a bruise or scar; Frank, who fell upon his knees and wept and thanked God aloud that reason had returned to me.

"Where, where is Hugh?" I whispered feebly. He turned away; the tears rolled down his face. Alas! poor Hugh was dead!

Then, by slow degrees, I learned the full extent of my misfortune. I had been crushed, wounded, broken, scalded, almost out of the semblance of humanity; my health and reason, indeed, would be restored; but through all my years of life to come I must limp painfully; a poor, repulsive, maimed, disfigured cripple.

"Better to have died. Better to have died!" I cried in agony. "Oh, would to God that I could change with Hugh."

They had taken him alive from the wreck of the ruined train, and he had lingered several days. Almost his last act had been to dictate a letter to me in which he bequeathed to me, and solemnly commended to my care all that he had in life—his little orphan girl.

A sacred legacy. The dying father's parting agony; his deep anxiety and tender love, his pure and simple faith in me, spoke in those lines; and earnestly I resolved that the trust he had given me should be fulfilled; that the child should be to me as a young sister. The first gleam of comfort came to me as I thought of her. Having her and Frank to care for, life was not worthless; I would still prize it for their sakes.

I wrote to the lady who had the care of Blanche, charging her to break the sad news of the girl's bereavement as gently and tenderly as possible. I inclosed also poor Hugh's last lines to me, and wrote her a few kind words, assuming the character of her guardian and nearest friend, and instructing her to apprise me of all her wishes and necessities. That done, I sent Frank—whose highest ambition was to study for the law—away to college, and then, retiring to a secluded country place, shut myself up in absolute retirement with only books for my companions.

So passed two years. I had become a sad melancholy man. Constant solitude, bitter brooding over the wreck of a bright career and the mournful possibilities of the lonely cheerless future, had imbittered my temper and weighed down my heart. What happiness had life to offer me? The solace of friendship, the fond ties of love, were not for one whose very appearance must inspire disgust and pity; I must go lonely to my grave.

Since that miserable day, two years ago, when, rising for the first time from my couch of pain, I limped to a mirror and gazed upon my distorted form and disfigured face with feelings that cannot be described, I had never beheld myself. There were no mirrors in the rooms I occupied, save that ghastly reflection which my memory preserved, and upon whose sad reality I had no wish to look again; in those two years I had grown a beard, and my lameness had so far passed away that I required only the aid of a cane in walking, but I was not conscious of—did not dream of—any improvement otherwise, imagination still presented to my memory the pitiful, ghastly image in the glass.

What were my sufferings then, what was my humiliation on discovering that, in spite of all—I loved. Loved? I adored, I worshiped a being so bright, so good, so beautiful, that a very prince of men could scarcely have been worthy to be her mate.

She had broken in upon my solitude like a vision of youth and joy; she had dissipated the gloom of my dark and lonely home like a burst of warm and radiant sunshine; the sound of her sweet voice, caroling like a happy bird, brought comfort and joy to my sore heart, 'my darling, my sister, my ward, poor Hugh's legacy, my dear adopted daughter Blanche.

It was thus I had thought of her at first. She had come, at her own earnest request, to spend her vacation with "the kind guardian who had also been her father's friend." I had consented, and sent Frank to bring her home.

I had looked for a child, I found her a woman. I had nerved myself to see her shrink with horror at first sight of me, but there was nothing but tender pity in the gentle eyes that dwelt upon my face, and as she pressed her lovely, tremulous lips to my maimed left hand, her tears fell down like rain.

For the first time, pity did not wound me. Her tears were as balm to the sensitive pride that had shrank from all other sympathy; before long her sweet companionship seemed the first necessity of my life.

She read to me—for my eyes were not strong—and constituted herself my amanuensis, "to keep me company;" she played and sang, to cheer my melancholy, and would join me in my walks, winning me from regret with a thousand bright and pleasant fancies, as she strolled along and prattled happily by my side.

Innocent, confiding, candid as a child, I believed it was as a child that I loved her—and life had grown precious and dear to me once more, when suddenly Frank awoke me from my dream, and opened my eyes to the wretched reality—he declared to me that he loved her, and sought my permission to win her for his wife.

I gave it. What better could I hope for than to make her my sister, indeed. What other hope was there for me?

A gleam of sunshine had come into my darkened life, only to depart and leave the gloom yet blacker than before; a sweet bird had flown to my desolate heart, and sang it to oblivion of pain, only to take wing again, and leave the silence more irksome for having been so sweetly broken.

But when Frank came back to me, and told me of the failure of his wooing, a new pang rent my heart. It was not my grief for the boy's disappointment — though through all my own pain I felt for him—but he had said: "She loves another!" Therefore poor Frank's loss gave no hope to me—she would go, where her heart had gone—to strangers, and the light would fade forever from my life.

Frank left us. The place was intolerable to him now, but Blanche avoided me. A change had come over her. She was no longer the artless child, fearlessly claiming her place by my side. She had grown strangely shy and timid—even sad—a change which pained me inexpressibly.

I resolved to question her. One lovely evening I came upon her sitting in the rose arbor, her eyes fixed, with an expression of mingled affection and sadness, upon a portrait which she held in her hand. It was a small photograph, unframed, and as I stood a moment watching her, she pressed it to her lips. The next moment she had seen me and risen to her feet in beautiful confusion, a crimson blush dyeing her soft, fair cheeks.

"Blanche," I said advancing hastily, "why are you so changed—so sad? How have I deserved to forfeit your friendship, your confidence? Dear child, show me your heart—believe me, my own contains no dearer wish than to secure your happiness."

She did not speak, but the blushes deepened, and spread o'er her drooping neck and brow, and she trembled visibly. I took her hand in mine, scarcely less agitated than herself.

"Is it on account of poor Frank? He has told me that your heart was given away before he sued for it. Oh, my darling! confide in me, as you would have done in your own father—who is it that you love?"

She drew her hand away, her soft eyes met mine with a strange expression that made my heart leap wildly—a look of tender reproach was in them.

"It is not as a father that I think of you!" she whispered, and then dropped her scarlet face on her little hands and fled away.

I stood there gazing after her, stunned, confounded. A wild, delirious happiness filled my soul. What did she mean? What had I read in her eyes? Was I a fool or a madman, that so wild a hope should cheat me? Source knowing what I did I was about to follow her, when I saw the photograph she had been holding, lying where it had fallen on the ground.

My heart sank down. Fool, fool that I had been! Here was the picture she had kissed—the portrait of my rival! Could I bear to look upon it? I raised it, and beheld—my own picture.

Taken before the accident; but I forgot the accident now; forgot that it had made me an object of disgust and pity—her words—her eyes—the kiss upon the senseless paper—I followed her.

She stood in the library; she was strangely excited; an air of defiance was about her, her eyes were wet, but her head was thrown back proudly; all her pride was in arms now; all the woman was roused to guard her secret, the secret that gave back happiness to my life.

"Blanche," I cried, "I love you, I adore you! Oh, my darling, will you be my wife?"

She sank into my arms, weeping softly. "I am yours," she said. "Poor papa gave me to you. I am yours forever."

My darling smiled when I spoke of my hideousness.

"Were you Caliban himself I should love you," she said. "I love your noble soul. But you are not hideous, Walter, look in the glass."

Oh, what a change two years had wrought. The disfiguring scars were almost gone, and softened and hidden by the beard. Not quite the old face in the picture, certainly, but very near—very near.

"You forced me to make a confession of my love," she sain pouting and blushing charmingly. "I saw that you loved me, and felt that you would not speak—oh, do not think me over bold!" and her sweet face was hidden on my heart.

I am the happiest of men to-day, for my darling is my own sweet wife. Frank has been paying us a visit. He has outgrown his boyish fancy, and raves of a stately, black-eyed beauty, the very opposite of my sunny lily, Blanche. And so my story ends and my life is crowned with joy since I, and I alone, am the blest and proud possessor of HUGH MALVERN'S LEGACY.

RAILWAY ETIQUETTE.

Timely and Important Rules of Conduct for the Benefit of Those Who don't Know How to Behave Themselves in a Sleeper or Dining Car.

BY BILL NYE.

Many people have traveled all their lives and yet do not know how to behave themselves when on the road. For the benefit and guidance of such, these few, crisp, plain, horse sense rules of etiquette have been framed.

In traveling by rail, on foot, turn to the right on discovering an approaching train. If you wish the train to turn out, give two loud toots and get in between the rails so that you will not miss up the right of way. Many a nice, new right of way has been ruined by getting a pedestrian tourist spattered all over its first mortgage.

On retiring at night on board the train, do not leave your teeth in the ice water tank. If every one should do so, it would occasion great confusion in case of wreck. It would also cause much annoyance and delay during the resurrection. Experienced tourists tie a string to their teeth and retain them during the night.

If you have been reared in extreme poverty and your mother supported you until you grew up and married so that your wife could support you, you will probably sit in four seats at the same time, with your feet extended into the aisles so that you can wipe them off on other people while you snore with your mouth open, clear to your shoulder blades.

If you are prone to drop to sleep and breathe with a low, death rattle, like the exhaust of a bath tub, it would be a good plan to tie up your head in a feather bed and then insert the whole thing in the linen closet, or if you cannot secure that, you might stick it out of the window and get it knocked off against a tunnel. The stock holders of the road might get mad about it, but you could do it in such a way that they wouldn't know whose head it was.

Ladies and gentleman should guard against traveling by rail while in a beastly state of intoxication.

In the dining car, while eating do not comb your moustache with your fork. By all means do not comb your moustache with the fork of another. It is better to refrain altogether from combing the moustache with a fork while traveling, for the motion of the train might jab the fork into your eye and irritate it.

If your dessert is very hot and you do not discover it until you have burned the rafters out of the roof of your mouth, do not utter a wild yell of agony and spill your coffee all over a total stranger, but control yourself, hoping to know more next time.

In the morning is a good time to find out how many people have succeeded in getting on the passenger train who ought to be in a stock car.

Generally, you will find one male and one female. The male goes into the wash room, bathes his worthless carcass from daylight until breakfast time, walking on the feet of any man who tries to wash his face during that time. He wipes himself on nine different towels, because when he gets home he knows he will have to wipe his face on an old door mat. People who have been reared on hay all their lives, generally want to feed themselves full of pie and colic when they travel.

The female of this same mammal goes into the ladies' department and remains there until starvation drives her out. Then the real ladies have about thirteen seconds apiece in which to dress.

If you never rode in a varnished car before, and never expect to again, you will probably roam up and down the car, meandering over the feet of the porter while he is making up the berths. This is a good way to let people see just how little sense you had left after your brain began to soften.

In traveling, do not take along a lot of old clothes that you know you will never wear.

Never walk through a car staring everybody out of countenance, like a Jim Crow detective hunting for the James boys, but mind your own business, be quiet, polite and patient, and SEE THAT YOUR TICKET TAKES YOU OVER THE GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE. Then you will feel as though you were among friends ALL THE TIME, and you will leave the train with a pang of genuine regret.

—A clergyman in central Illinois startled his congregation with the announcement: "Remember our communion services next Sunday forenoon. The Lord will be with us during the morning services, and the Bishop in the evening."

From the Corporal.

From the Marine Barracks, Pensacola, Florida, Corporal Ben Barger, writes of the benefits of Brown's Iron Bitters in that malarious region. He says: "I have used several bottles and must say I am greatly benefitted by using it. Several of my comrades use Brown's Iron Bitters, and you may rest assured they all think it the greatest thing on earth." This kind of testimony comes from all quarters concerning Brown's Iron Bitters—the best tonic.

—A Lehighton man slapped a stranger's face for staring at his wife, feeling himself quite a hero. The car stopped and a little girl helped the imprudent fellow off. He was stone blind.

Few People Escape

The taint of scrofula in the blood. With many it is hereditary; but it may also be acquired from want of air or lack of exercise, from improper food, or any cause which brings about weakness of the body and impurity of the blood. The disease is characterized by running sores, abscesses, swellings, enlarged joints, sore eyes, &c. No medicine has been so successful in curing scrofula, as Hood's Sarsaparilla. The most terrible running sores gradually disappear under the purifying and strengthening influences of this great medicine. If you are a sufferer from scrofula and desire more evidence as to the wonderful success of Hood's Sarsaparilla, send to C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass., for a book containing many wonderful cures.

—An Arkansas literary society having discussed for an hour why a red cow should give white milk, the secretary, by order, brought in milk fresh from a red cow. It was blue. Harry says they then blew out the lamp and went home.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend you Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure kidney and liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulates the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at 50 cents a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—Convenient: To have one eye near sighted and the other far sighted. With one a man can read, and keep the other on the distant steeple clock, to keep note of the time.

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.

—"Kind words never die" is a trite adage. The man sued for breach of promise, wishes it wasn't a true saying when his love letters are produced in print.

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.

—Do not tell a man he lies. It is vulgar. Say that his conversation suggests to your mind a patent medicine advertisement.

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.

—Everybody does not have the same opinion of roller skating. The way it strikes them depends upon their experience.

—How young old people look who have never been seriously sick, and who never worry and fret. How old young people look who fret and slew and suffer pain—all at once. But we can't altogether help our disposition, and we will sometimes get out of sorts in spite of all our caution. Then we need the best, the simplest and the safest medicine known, which is Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. Purifies the blood and renews vitality in old and young.

—The youth who woos and wins a girl at the rink will find it but a few steps from roller skates to rolling pin.

No other preparation so concentrates and combines blood purifying, vitalizing, enriching and invigorating qualities as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Quality should be considered when making comparisons.

—The most absorbing business—the sponge trade.

George Campbell, Hopkinsville, Ky., says: "Burdock Blood Bitters is the best preparation for the blood and stomach ever manufactured."

—May a colored man posting a letter be called a case of black mailing.

—Every letter of the alphabet is in this: A quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog.

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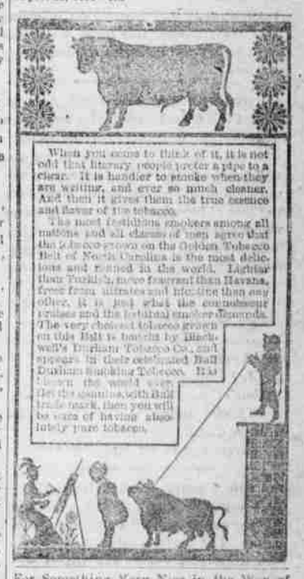

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HAIR RENEWER
was the first preparation perfectly adapted to every disease of the scalp, and the first successful restorer of faded or gray hair to its natural color, growth, and youthful beauty. It has had many imitators, but none have so fully met all the requirements needful for the proper treatment of the hair and scalp. HALL'S HAIR RENEWER has steadily grown in favor, and spread its fame and usefulness to every quarter of the globe. Its unparalleled success can be attributed to but one cause, its entire fulfilment of its promises.
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