The Carbon Advocate.

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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,
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Dec. 6, 1884-1y*

HOTELS AND LEHIGH

CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR,
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The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Travelling 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.
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
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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.

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 29, 1884—1f.

BY THE SEA!
The Stockton, Atlantic City, N. J. Corner Maryland and Atlantic avenues, one of the finest seaside resorts in the country, is now open for the reception of guests. The facilities for boating, bathing, fishing, &c., are unexcelled. Terms liberal. KELSEY & LEFFLER, Proprietors. Mention this paper.

J. W. RAUDENBUSH
Respectfully announces to the public that he has opened a NEW LIVERY STABLE in connection with his hotel, and is prepared to furnish Teams for
Funerals Weddings or Business Trips
on shortest notice and most liberal terms. All orders left at the "Carbon House" will receive prompt attention. Stable on North Street, next the hotel, Lehighton. jan20-y1

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.

T. J. BRETNEY,
Respectfully announces to the merchants of Lehighton and others that he is prepared to do all kinds of
Hauling of Freight, Express Matter and Baggage
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.
T. J. BRETNEY.
Oct. 12, 1884-3m.

THOMAS KEMERER,
CONVEYANCER,
AND
GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are Represented:
LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE.
READING MUTUAL FIRE,
WYOMING FIRE.
POTTSVILLE FIRE.
LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual Horse Thief Protective and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

HELP for working people. Send 10 cents for postage, and we will mail 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

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WALL PAPERS,
Borders & Decorations,
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Window Shades & Fixtures,
Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.
Paints, Oil, Varnish, Putty, Brushes & general Painters' Supplies.
No. 61 Broadway, Mauch Chunk, Pa.,
Below the Broadway House.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send us five cents postage, and by return mail you will get free a package of goods of large value, that will start you to 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 10-1y

Subscribe for the ADVOCATE, only $1 per year.

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, KIMMEL, &c., &c.,
at Very Lowest Prices. BOTTLES AND DEMIJOHNS CHEAP.
William G. Heilig,
Lehighton, Pa.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poisons.
PROMPT, SAFE, SURE
Cures for Coughs, Colds and other Throat and Lung Affections.
Fifty Cents a Bottle. At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U. S. A.

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THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
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.

MY MINDE TO ME A KINGDOM IS.

BY WILLIAM BYRD.

My minde to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I finde
As farre exceeds all earthly blisse
That God or Nature hath assignde;
Though much I want, that most would have,
Yet still my minde forbids to crave.

Content I live; this is my stay—
I seek no more than may suffice.
I prease to beare no haughties way;
Look, what I lack my minde supplies
Loe, thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my minde doth bring.

I see how plentie surfets oft,
And hastie clymbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all.
These get with tolle, and keepe with feare:
Such cares my minde could never beare.

No princely pompe nor wealthie store,
No force to win the victorie,
No wylie wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye—
To none of these I yield as thrall:
For why, my minde despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave;
I little have, yet seek no more.
They are but poore, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store,
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lacke, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's losse,
I grudge not at another's gaine;
No worldly wave my minde can tosse;
I brooke that is another's bane,
I feare no foe, nor fawne on friend;
I lothe not life, nor dread mine end.

I joy not in no earthly blisse:
I weigh not Croesus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is;
I feare not fortune's fatal law:
My minde is such as may not move
For beautie bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have at will;
I wander not to seek for more:
I like the plaine, I climbe no hill;
In greater storms I sit on shore,
And laugh at them that toile in vaine
To get what must be lost againe.

I kiss not where I wish to kill;
I feigne not love where most I haste;
I breake no sleepe to win my will;
I wayte not at the mightie's gate,
I scorne no poore, I feare no rich;
I feele no want, nor have too much.

The court ne cart I like ne loath,—
Extremes are counted worst of all;
The golden meane betwixt them both
Doth surest sit, and feares no fall,
This is my choyce; for why, I finde
No wealth is like a quiet minde.

My wealth is health and perfect ease;
My conscience clere my chiefe defence;
I never seeke by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

ANOTHER LOVE MATCH.

"So this is your sole business with me to-day, young sir?" said the wealthy banker, in a not very promising tone.

Surely that young barrister had been wildly presumptuous when he, with his moderate income, his trifling practice, had come to ask the banker for the hand of his only daughter.

The young man's face flushed hotly, but he kept his self-command, replying with admirable coolness.—

"This is my sole business with you to-day, Mr. Forrester. I have come to you, hoping for the consideration which man should show to man, independent of position, social difference, the world's opinion, or anything outside this one fact. I, with all the force of my manhood, love your daughter, and ask your permission to go to her and tell her of it. You have not answered me yet, sir."

"Oh, it won't take me long to do that," the banker's tone was rather ironical. "I have but one daughter, and—I have very different plans for her future. You understand me:"

"I cannot fail to do so." The young man's face was white now, and had a little sternness in it. "May I ask whether you speak in this manner solely because you know I am not wealthy? Would you speak differently were I—well, not a struggling barrister?"

"Oh, I have no personal objection to you," said Mr. Forrester, carelessly, playing with a paper knife on the table beside him; a costly toy of ivory and gold, one of the curiosities brought by him from Egypt some years before.

"You do me no justice, I am confident," Dick Alvon pursued, a sort of dignity in his fine, blonde face. "You understand fully that Miss Forrester's position, your own reputed wealth, have had nothing to do with this interview. I have hesitated to speak because of them; but I fancied that even I, poor and obscure as I am, had the right to make a trial for the happiness I craved. I have come to you solely as a man, Mr. Forrester, hoping to find in you the sympathy of a man for a man, casting aside for the moment all other considerations."

"That is quite sufficient, sir." The banker spoke indifferently, still playing with the pretty toy. "It is of no consequence what you fancied. You will understand that henceforth Miss Forrester is a stranger to you."

"If it is her desire, sir."

"She will have nothing to do with it; she will not even know of your—your presumption. I am fully capable of judging for my daughter."

He was not quite so indifferent now, and the young lawyer arose from his seat.

"And I for myself, Mr. Forrester, having reached the age of discernment, I will have no interview with Miss Forrester, with your permission, should you kindly give it."

"And should I withhold my permission?"

The banker was becoming angry, and his eyes were very cold as he surveyed his visitor. The young man bowed.

"You will not do so, lest I find myself constrained to resort to means of having one without," he said quietly. "I am still under the impression that a man should allow no other to speak for the woman he loves; that he would try to win, let what may stand in the way; and I take my final dismissal from her alone."

The banker pitched aside the toy, and rising, motioned the young man back to his seat while he rang the bell.

"This is quite refreshing," he said ironically; "being entirely unlooked for and unusual; but—you shall be gratified." A servant answered the summons. "Tell Miss Forrester I wish to see her at once if she is disengaged."

The servant vanished, and the two men stood facing each other in perfect silence.

Five minutes, ten, fifteen, went by; then there was a rustle of silken drapery, the door opened, and a beautiful girl entered the room. Beautiful? Well, not perhaps with the simple beauty of chiselled features; but a girl, beautiful with the beauty of a true womanhood; with dark, unshadowed eyes, red, flexible lips, a smooth white forehead, and rich, dusky hair coiled low on the graceful head; a girl with ready smile yet with enough of her father's iron will showing in chin and eyes to make one fully understand that she would hold her own in a struggle.

She had known the young lawyer for six months, had met him here and there for he was received in the best society; she had danced with him and found him a good dancer; she had talked with him and found him, perhaps, a trifle more than agreeable, being, unlike most of the men that conversed with her, earnest and frank, rather than inane and complimentary. It had dawned on her lately that he had sought her more than others, and with the dawning of the knowledge had come a new pleasure to her. Unlike most young ladies of the present day, Leola Forrester did not value a man by his ancestry or his bank account.

"You wished to see me, papa," she said in a pleasant voice, through the music of which one heard a ring of self-confidence. Then she saw Dick, and smiling, held out her hand to him. "Mr. Alvon," she said, "I am pleased to see you."

Her father frowned heartily as he stepped forward in time to prevent the young man touching the offered hand.

"Leola," he said, half sternly, "I sent for you that you might assist me to convince this—this gentleman that you still obey me."

She looked from one to the other with open, wondering eyes; the young man was deadly pale and his lips were firmly set; indeed, he looked very unlike a lover, but very handsome.

"You will kindly cling to facts, Mr. Forrester," he said quietly, and the banker flushed angrily.

"What do you intend to imply? Have you more insolence to offer?" he asked.

"I offer no insolence," Dick answered recovering himself sufficiently to draw forward a chair for Leola, for which she thanked him. "I simply asked your—"

"My permission to make my daughter an offer of your hand—and fortune, was it not?" the old man broke in witheringly, "and I decline the offer in her name. Doubtless you would like very well to woo and win an heiress, Mr. Alvon, but, as I told you, I have other views for my daughter."

"Papa"—Leola had not taken the chair Dick offered her, but stood near it, one hand resting on the back—"for shame, papa! Is it necessary to insult a gentleman who pays your daughter so great a compliment? Since you have spoken so rudely to Mr. Alvon, perhaps it would be as well of him to speak to me on the subject. I will answer him as a woman can answer such things, papa, I—"

"You will tell him that his presumption is insufferable," her father said, still angrily. "You tell him that you and I can manage to exist without counting a beggarly lawyer amongst our acquaintances."

"I do not think I will quite say that, papa," the girl said, her cheeks flushed, her eyes glowing. "I will say solely what my heart prompts. I am listening, Mr. Alvon," turning to him, a slight tremor in her voice.

Dick had been very patient, considering that he was not usually slow to anger. He was rather pale still, as he lifted his head and addressed Leola.

"I am what I have just been called, Miss Forrester—a beggarly lawyer; but I am a man for all that. It may seem as strange to you as it does to your father that one in my circumstances should think of love or a chance of happiness, being unable to purchase it; and yet I wrong you! you will listen patiently while I tell you that I have grown to love you with a man's best love, and ask if there be not a chance of my winning you. Not now, while I can offer you but my empty hand and honest love; but some time when I have won a way and drawn success to me by the efforts I can and will make with such a hope before me. If there is a voice in your heart that would speak for me do not silence it. I am saying this to the woman I love, not to Miss Forrester, the belle and heiress. Will you answer me here in your father's presence? I would take no answer from him; I would take an answer only from your own lips. What shall it be?"

His words, which had made the veins on the banker's forehead swell with indignation, moved Leola strangely; she flushed and paled, and the hand on the chair began to tremble.

"And I have told you she wants none of your love." Mr. Forrester broke out impatiently. But his daughter turned to him with a sudden gesture which silenced him.

"How much you are mistaken, papa," she said clearly, "for I do want it—all of it. I quite understand you," turning to Dick, "and I honor the frankness of your manhood. I take your love, oh, so willingly, so gladly! I have long respected you above all others; I love you now. I will go with you; I will help you in every struggle: I will not watch you from afar; I will—"

"You are mad!" her father cried.

But she held out her hands to Dick, and he was covering them with kisses and whispering loving, disconnected words of affection.

"Leola, do you know what you are doing?" her father cried again in a great rage.

But she smiled in her lover's face and answered pleasantly—

"I know perfectly, papa. I am promising to be Dick's wife, and telling myself how happy I am going to be."

"You will be a beggar, then," Mr. Forrester said, through his shut teeth. "I'll give my money to some charity; I'll found an asylum—I'll sink it in the Hudson river. You shall never touch a dollar of it."

"Papa dear, money is very nice, but it is not everything, especially to a woman," Leola said quietly. "I don't think I'll mind very much, papa."

"I'll close my doors against you! I'll never look on your face again!" fumed the stern parent.

She paled then.

"Papa, you'll not do that! You loved mamma; why should I not love somebody too? You may do what you will with your money, but love me still, papa, I could not live without that."

Here Dick came to the front again, smiling rather heartlessly, I confess, at the scene he had caused.

"I think this can be arranged a little differently, after all," he said cheerfully. "I am not the presumptuous beggar you think me, Mr. Forrester; I am the fortunate inheritor of a very snug fortune left me lately by an aunt. It consists of a fine old place on the Hudson, a cottage at Newport, a farm in the northern part of the State, and a few thousands in the bank. I have fancied myself not utterly indifferent to Leola, and wanted to assure myself that she loved me—was willing to give herself to a poor man, simply because she loved him. I am willing to forget all you said, sir, and will promise to do my best to make you a model son-in-law. Will you give me your daughter now, Mr. Forrester?"

"It's about the only thing I can do now, seeing that she was willing to give herself to you any way," the banker said, grasping the hand Dick offered him.

And so when the heiress became a bride there was another love marriage to be recorded.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

—The steamboat Plymouth Rock, built in 1854 at a cost of $600,000, has been sold for $35,000, and will be converted into a floating skating rink.

—The Earl of Huntingdon, who, with his son, Lord Hastings, passed a good part of last winter in New York, and who was Chairman of a Florida land purchase company, died last week at his seat, Sharavogue, in King's county, Ireland, and is succeeded by his son, who is just 15. Huntingdon is third in the roll of Earls, dating back to 1529, but the last few holders of the title have been very poor.

—Two of the bidders for the Government envelope contract, on their way from Holyoke to Washington, were taking over the situation with much assumed candor. It was readily agreed that, as the bids had been registered, there could be no risk in comparing notes; so each promised to mark his bid on paper and pass it over. Both scratched away, the paper were exchanged, and both were blank. Each weasel counted on the somnolent condition of the other.

—It will be remembered that a Paris physician was recently fined for telling professional secrets, because, in defending the character of a dead patient, he explained the true cause of his death. The same physician was more recently called upon by the Paris authorities to give the usual certificate of the cause of death in one of his patients. This he declined to do, on the ground that he would thus "betray a professional secret." As it stands the quarrel is an interesting one.

—Prof. Paine's assertion about the inconsiderable part played by women as musical composers has resulted in the collation of the titles of a small list of well-known songs, the airs of which were written by women, and a few cantatas and operettas, but a correspondent, who aids in bringing to light the not very numerous examples, adds, in a communication to the Boston *Evening Transcript*: "There is nothing which can be brought forward in contravention of Prof. Paine's assertion, and I think I am safe in saying that no woman is entitled to rank even as a fourth-rate composer."

A "HOSS" TRADE UPSET BY A "PREVIOUS" WOMAN.

A Fairfield man who is somewhat addicted to trafficking has a poor opinion of women as aids in these matters. It happened thus: Upon a recent beautiful Sabbath, when the sun shone bright and warm upon the glittering snow, worn by frequent hoof-beats into a fine road, the tinkling of the merry sleigh bells rang out enticingly upon the winter air, the gentleman invited his much better-half to join the merry throng. Harnessing his horse they strated for Waterville, and passing through the village they found themselves upon the plains blow. Now it so happened that this gentleman swapped horse once with a Frenchman living there and, notwithstanding the sacredness of the day, the ruling passion seized upon him and he essayed to trade. He expatiated upon the virtues of the horse and said that he had owned him three months. At this point his better half broke in with "you have owned him more than eight!" He gave her a nudge with his elbow and proceed. "I would not sell him," he said, "but I expect to go on an extended tour in a few weeks." "Oh, Ben," said the wife, in horrid accents, "you ain't going away, either." That settled it. Slowly and sadly the horse was pulled into the road and pointed for home, while criminations and recriminations were the order of the day. The journey home was not so joyous as the start, and it is settled fact that when that gentleman contemplates a horse trade he will leave his wife at home.

A SQUARE BOY.

Two or three weeks ago a pedestrian who was passing a house on Hopelle street heard the sounds of a terrific struggle going on, and as he looked in at the front door a boy about twelve years of age, who sat in the hall, quietly observed:

"It's only the old folks having a little row, stranger."

"Do they have 'em often?" asked the man.

"Almost every day."

"If I were in your place I'd stand at the door here and charge ten cents admission fee. It's worth the money to see a family riot like this, and you might as well make a few dollars as to let the chances slip."

The boy said he would think of it, and the pedestrian waited until the man had choked the woman as black as a plum and then passed on. Yesterday he chanced that way again, and there was another row going on, and the same boy sat on the door-step.

"I'll see the show," said the man, as he pulled out his wallet. "Has my advice profited you?"

"Stranger, I can't take your money," replied the lad.

"Why?"

"Because I am a square boy. For a week or so every fight in there was as square as a dice and worth the price of of admission, but as soon as a crowd began to come and the gate money began to run up to eighty or ninety cents, dad and mam began to hippodrome on the public. That blood on his nose was put there half an hour ago, and mam's black eye is three weeks old. They want me to stand in with them and deceive the public, but I can't do it. Let the best man win or quit the business, is my motto. Pass on, stranger, for this is a put up job to gull the confiding public."

WOKE UP THE WRONG PARROT.

Funeral fact and funeral fancy are subjects prolific of good stories, but we have rarely met with a better one than the following, which is vouched for as a story of fact. At a Boston funeral not long ago, the clergyman was dilating upon the many virtues of the departed. As it happened there was much justification for it, as the deceased was a man of large heart and many merits; yet the clergyman, probably, feeling free to let his fervor of language play unrestrained, almost outdid his theme. Not content with couching his praise in simple and straightforward words he mounted to imagery and seemed to attribute angelic as well as human characteristics. When at the climax of his eloquence, his hearers charmed with the sweet incense, the spell was broken by a shrill voice, which cried out:

"Facts, facts, give us facts?"

The sensible comment came from a sage and venerable parrot which had been removed to an ante-room and then it was remembered that prominent among the virtues of the deceased master was a sturdy dislike for flattery and a habit of sharply rebuking "highfalin."

ILLUSTRATING A PRAYER.

A good deacon in an old-fashioned New England town was terribly exercised over the conduct of a son of his, who showed a disinclination to walk in the straight and narrow path prescribed by the strictest rules of orthodoxy. This recalcitrant youth displayed a fondness for social gatherings, and would rather "go home" with a pretty girl fix nights in the week then devote a single evening to a careful study of his Sunday school lesson. Finally the climax of his transgressions was reached, and at the prayer meeting that week the unhappy father took occasion to make his family troubles the subject of a fervent petition to the throne of grace.

"Thou knowest, O Lord," he said "how that son of mine has transgressed Thy ways and brought sorrow to the heart of Thy servant, who has tried to bring up his son in the way he should go. Thou knowest how he prefers apple-parin's and huskin' bees and sich to the means of the grace. And now, O Lord, he has gone beyond all bonds, for did not Thy servant hear his unsaved son go riding through the streets of the village to-day whistling this ungodly tune—"

At this point, to the utter surprise and demoralization of the scandalized bretheren and sisters, and to the intense delight of the irreverent youth who were present, the conscientious deacon whistled, with realistic exactitude, the well known strains of "Yankee Doodle," and then proceeded with his prayer.

—Straight whiskies make crooked roads.

—Down in front—the young man's moustache.

—Those who employ a plumber must pay the piper.

—A cent vat you find vas more worth as two vat you lose.

—While is a mangy mongrel like a pig? Because he's a poor cur.

THREE EFFECTS.—The thousands of remarkable cures which have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla are due simply to three effects which this great medicine has upon those who take it:

First: It purifies the blood.
Second: It strengthens the system.
Third: It gives healthy action to the digestive organs.

With these three effects no disease can long retain its hold. It is forced to leave the system, giving place to health and strength, through the potent influence of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Sold by all druggists. Try it.

—What you don't know about men oftentimes makes them respectable.

—A dude's trousers beat a breach of contract all to pieces. They are breeches of contract.

"Permanent."

There are medicines which give only temporary relief and then leave the sufferer worse off than before, especially in cases of dyspepsia. Remember that it is not that way with Brown's Iron Bitters. See what Mr. J. M. Gaines, of Gaines, S. C., says about this prince of tonics, "My wife has been greatly benefited by it; she had been troubled with dyspepsia for years, and now I believe she is permanently cured." It also cures liver and kidney complaints.

—It is no indication that a cat knows the value of money, simply because it always carries its purrs with it.

—A genius has invented steel knives which will cut cold iron. Now boarding-house beefsteak must yield.

The sure effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla are thorough and permanent. If there is a lurking taint of scrofula about you, Ayer's Sarsaparilla will dislodge it, and expel it from your system.

—"Reading maketh a full man," says Bacon. Curious that the libraries are not patronized more.

—The lad was blowing bubbles when he accidentally swallowed some of the soapsuds, and that made bub ill.

—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 and can be so quickly cure by Shiloh's Cure. We gaurantee it. Sold by B. 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, —eissport, C. T. Horn, Lehighton.

—Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injectors free. Sold by W. F. Biery, —eissport, 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 —eissport, C. T. Horn Lehighton.

—When a young woman marries a man for his money, would it be proper to say that the man has married his "hired girl?"

—The young couple who before marriage thought they would live on love are now living on corn bread and hominy.

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.

—It used to be death to counterfeit the coin of the realm, yet for ages past the moon has been putting out new quarters every month.

Queer reading would be the history of names. We cannot, however, go into the subject now, except as far as to say that Dr. Kennedy's "Favorite Remedy" was called by that name, in an informal fashion, long before the doctor dreamed of advertising it for public use. Speaking of it he would say to his patients: "This is my favorite remedy for all troubles of the blood, &c.," and its success was so great that he finally spelled the word with capital letters.

—"What will be the drink of the future?" asks Mr. Moody. There will doubtless be many drinks, among which whisky will loose up prominently.

Never neglect a constipated condition of the bowels, or serious results will surely follow, such as piles, impure blood, and many chronic complaints. Burdock's Blood Bitters.

—"Pa, how funny this looks in this paper. The printer has got the words all mixed up, so there is no sense in it." "No, no, my child. That is a new poem by Tennyson."

Very Remarkable Recovery.

Mr. Geo. V. Willing, of Manchester, Mich., writes: "My wife has been almost helpless for five years, so helpless that she could not turn over in bed alone. She used two bottles of Electric Bitters, and is so much improved, that she is able now to do her own work."

Electric Bitters will do all that is claimed for them. Hundreds of testimonials attest their great curative powers. Only fifty cents a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—An Oakland obituary notice referred to a deceased citizen as having "gone to a happier home." The widow is about bringing a libel suit. These Oakland women are too smart for anything.

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This medicine, combining Iron with pure vegetable tonics, quickly and completely Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weakness, Impure Blood, Malaria, Chills and Fevers, and Neuralgia.
It is an unfailing remedy for Diseases of the Kidneys and Liver.
It is invaluable for Diseases peculiar to Women, and all who lead sedentary lives.
It does not injure the teeth, cause headache, or produce constipation—*other iron medicines do.*
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April 11, 1885—6m

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AYER'S
Hair Vigor
restores, with the gloss and freshness of youth, faded or gray hair to a natural, rich brown color, or deep black, as may be desired. By its use light or red hair may be darkened, thin hair thickened, and baldness often, though not always, cured.
It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.
MR. C. P. ROSCOE writes from *Kirby, O., July 3, 1882*: "Last fall my hair commenced falling out, and in a short time I became nearly bald. I used part of a bottle of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, which stopped the falling of the hair, and started a new growth. I have now a full head of hair growing vigorously, and am convinced that but for the use of your preparation I should have been entirely bald."
J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The Vigor is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."
MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1883*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."
MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *18 Elm St., Charlestown, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."
We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
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