The Carbon Advocate.

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H. V. MORTHIMER, jr., Publisher.

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ATTORNEY AT LAW,
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May be consulted in English and German. July 4, 1885-1y

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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.
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HOTELS AND DEIRY

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JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR,
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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 10-y1,

PACKERTON HOTEL.
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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.

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 & LEFLER, Proprietors. Mention this paper.

D. J. KISTLER
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, near the depot, Lehighton. jan22 '73

Go to THOMAS' DRUG STORE
For PURE DRUGS and PATENT MEDICINES, Wall Papers and Borders, a fine assortment. Toilet Soaps, and Perfumery, Hair and Cloth Brushes, and all articles usually kept in first-class Drug Stores. Prescriptions compounded with care. Darling's Old Stand, Bank Street, Lehighton, Penn'a.

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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.
T. J. BRETNEY.
Oct. 12, 1881-3m.

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LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDLNT INSURANCE
Also Pennsylvania and Mutual House Thief Insurance Company.
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HELP for working people. Send 10 cents 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,
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods.
Window Shades & Fixtures
Latest Styles, made and put up, if desired.
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Below the Broadway House.

$200,000 in presents given away. Send 6c. for five cents postage, and by mail 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 10-1y

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A PRESENT!
Our readers for 12 cents in postage stamps to pay for mailing and wrapping, and names of two book agents, will receive FREE a Steel Finish Parlor Engraving of all OUR PRESIDENTS, including CLEVELAND, size 22 x28 inches worth $4.00
Address Elder Pub. Co., Chicago, Ill.

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

—Read the ADVOCATE.

—A young heiress is maid of money, of course.

—The idea that stump oratory is a peculiarly American institution is quite a mistake.

—To look forward profitably we must look back. Experience of the past is the best light for the future.

Boils and Carbuncles.
These are the volcanoes of the human system. The proceed from impure blood and from a riotous demoralization of the digestive organs. They are annoying, painful and sometimes dangerous. They can be driven out by toning up the system, and this can best be done by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters. Messrs. Handy & Rullman, druggists, Annapolis, Md., says: "We sell lots of Brown's Iron Bitters. All who use it seemed pleased. We hear not one complaint."

—Women have been able fighters in war; have managed commercial enterprises; have painted, written, plowed, shoveled in coal, governed kingdoms, inspired great social enterprises; and there is no reason why they should not preach, if they can save souls. There is one thing, however, that a woman cannot do—she cannot deccutly sharpen a lead pencil.

Thousands of men fall in life for purely physical reasons. They are not torpid but their liver is, and their liver blocks the way. They are bilious, yellow skinned, headachy and miserable, all because that great gland declines to do its work. The medicine that can restore to this organ to its natural power will add one hundred per cent. to the available force of this world. We know of but one thing able to do this—Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy.

—A citizen of Huntingdon, Vt., has a cat which is in the habit of going into a stable on cold nights and getting on the back of one of the cows and remaining there during the night, having discovered that this is an effective way to keep warm.

For colds, croup, asthma, bronchitis, and sore throat, use Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, and get the genuine.

—Mr. Moody sensibly says that pretty girls should not permit men to kiss them at church fairs for twenty-five cents. That is right. They may be just as easily kissed after they leave the fair, and for a hundred per cent. less.

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.
Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. But are strictly medicinal in every sense. They act strongly upon the liver and kidneys, keep the bowels open and regular, cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by druggists, $1.00. At Thomas' drug store.

—When a tramp asks you for ten cents of a Sunday it is the best kind of evidence that the gin-mills are accessible. If he asks you for only five you can make up your mind that lager is on tap somewhere in the vicinity.

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, at T. D. Thomas'.

—Are blacksmiths who make a living by forging, or carpenters who do a little counter-fitting, any worse than men who sell iron and steel for a living?

—A Wisconsin editor speaks of a wind that "just sat on its hind legs and howled."

Never Give Up.
If you are suffering with low and depressed spirits, loss of appetite, general debility, disordered blood, weak constitution, headache, or any disease of a bilious nature, by all means procure a bottle of Electric Bitters. You will be surprised to see the rapid improvement that will follow; you will be inspired with new life; strength and activity will return; pain and misery will cease, and henceforth you will rejoice in the praise of Electric Bitters. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by T. D. Thomas.

—A bead properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

—Too much cheek is a personal blemish. Let every tramp cut this out and paste it in his bank book.

Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment.
A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, sore nipple, hard and soft corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists. Williams M'f'g. Co., Prop's., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.

—Of course Noah took a swarm of bees into the ark, else of what use would the archives have been to him?

—A grocer had a pound of sugar returned with a note stating: "Too much sand for table use, and not enough for building purposes."

GEN. U. S. GRANT'S PICTURE.
Do not read this notice, unless you care to read a proposition which, if you accept, will cost you something. I have an engraving made from an oil painting by a celebrated artist of Gen. Grant, for which he sat shortly after his trip around the world. It is in the opinion of critics the best picture of the Dead Hero in existance. The price of the engraving, 21x28 inches, on very heavy steel engraving board, is One Dollar and Twenty-five cents ($1.25), postage paid by me. So thoroughly am I convinced of the value of the engraving as a work of art, and its appreciation by the public, that I will mail to any address in the U. S., FOR INSPECTION, one copy, packed in a heavy paper box, upon receipt of 24c. in stamps to pay postage and packing, upon the condition that the party receiving same send me ONE DOLLAR ($1.00) upon receipt of engraving if it is satisfactory, or return the picture to me if it is not considered worth fully the price asked. I have also a very handsome Cabinet Photo. of Gen. Grant, hand finished, which I will mail on receipt of 10c. Address as above without one. Liberal arrangements will be made with agents. Write for terms and price list.
Address WILLIAM DICKSON, Publisher, Box 828, Chicago, Ill. Aug. 1-w-10.

—Use the spur of the moment if you wish time to fly.

—A man who is captured by a pretty girl is frequently a miss-taken man.

—We never injure our own character so much as when we attack those of others.

RED STAR
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.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md., U.S.A.

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TRADE MARK.

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.

A SEPTEMBER DAY.

It has been hard to say "good-by"
To gentle summer, loving friend,
Who, with a free and lavish hand,
Made glad the earth from end to end.
But what a legacy she left
Her sister autumn! For awhile
We still may feel sweet summer's charms,
And earth still glows beneath her smile.

Behold this fair September day!
Oh, sweet the breezes as they pass,
All laden from the distant fields
With perfume of the new-mown grass.
Beneath the trees I idly rest;
Green all above, and green below,
And over all a tender sky,
Where fleecy clouds are sailing slow.

And there are meadows stretching far
As eye may reach, where gaily play
The golden sunbeams summer left
To gladden this September day.
Yet, autumn's hand is busy, too;
An artist is the nut brown maid,
For on each mountain tree and shrub
Her glorious colors she has laid.

There is a stillness all around—
Which rests upon the landscape fair
Like some sweet benediction's peace,
And makes each happy thought a prayer
Of praise to Him whose glory lives
All seasons through, in earth and skies.
Oh, may the autumn of our years
But summer seem in autumn's guise.

HER PRIDE SUBDUED.

When Helen Vinton was twenty-one, the great mills where her father had made the bulk of his vast fortune became her absolute property.

A heavy charge for a girl, and many of her friends questioned the wisdom of the will. But it had been understood that before that time she would be the wife of her cousin Victor, to whom she had been betrothed almost from her cradle.

And, besides this, between her and all care regarding the mills stood her foreman, Stephen Walker, the strong, calm man, whom the men both feared and loved, and whose father had been foreman there before him.

And though the marriage had been delayed from time to time, and Victor had spent most of the two years, since she reached her majority, wandering over Europe, she had never known the responsibility of her position until this autumn day, when she sat amid the rich surroundings of her library, herself the fairest object there, bending wearily over the long columns of figures that represented to her the state of her business.

There was a quick step in the hall, and Stephen Walker entered—a tall, rugged man, with kindly brown eyes, and a smile that redeemed the plainness of his features, and with strength and determination in every line of his face.

"You are examining the accounts, Miss Vinton. I trust you find no difficulty in understanding them?"

"Oh, I dare say they are plain enough," she replied, with a forced laugh, "but I was always stupid about figures. This is a heavy burden you have thrown on my shoulders, Mr. Walker—how heavy, I scarcely realized until I attempted to go over these dreadful books."

Stephen Walker grew very pale and his voice sounded harsh and strained as he said:

"I hope there will be no trouble, Miss Vinton. I suppose Victor will be home in the spring, and I think Brown will be quite capable of taking charge until then."

"I dare say we will do very well, and I cannot blame you for wishing to go. I know you have talents that are quite thrown away here. But, Stephen"—with a little break in her sweet, proud voice, and extending her hands to him—"I will miss you sadly."

He took her hands in his, and bent over them with a great sob in his voice.

"Oh, Helen—don't you know? Can't you understand? It is not because I want to better myself that I must go, but because to stay here, seeing you every day, and knowing, as I do, that you can never be mine, is madness, for oh, Nell, my queen, I love you!"

"Stop!" she said, passionately, her face white, and a steely gleam in her eyes that would have daunted a weaker man.

"No; you must hear me. I never meant to tell you this, but now you must know why I desert the charge your father left to me. I remember the first day I saw you, when your father brought you down to the dusty old mill—a tiny, golden-haired fairy, who seemed of finer clay than I, a rough boy—and left you for a whole bright day in my care. Helen, from that day I have worshipped you madly, hopelessly, I know, but as never man loved before; and now to stay here and see you Victor's wife, is worse than death."

"Have you quite finished?" she said, coldly, as he paused. "Then go. It is well you have chosen to leave here at once. And never dare to come in my presence again!"

He turned without another word, and went wearily out into the autumn evening, where the wet wind, sobbing through the leafless branches of the trees, seemed a weary echo to his thoughts.

And inside, prone on the floor, her golden hair trailed over the rich carpet, Helen Vinton lay struggling with the great sense of loss and pain, as she listened to the sound of footsteps down the broad path, and out of her life, realizing that Stephen Walker had loved her no longer or no better than she had loved him, but knowing, too, that between John Vinton's daughter and the foreman of the mill was a gulf that love could not bridge.

The winter that followed was a trying one to Miss Vinton. Brown, the man whom Mr. Walker had left to fill his place, fell ill soon after his departure, and the burden of responsibility fell upon her.

She was a proud woman, and had never made friends among her employees. Murmuring and discontent on one side, and scornful implacability on the other, culminated in a strike, involving a heavy loss to Miss Vinton, and much suffering among her people.

In the spring Victor returned—bright, handsome Victor—with his happy heart and sunny smile. And with his coming the trouble vanished as though by magic. The men loved him, and subdued by the sharp lesson of the winter, were quite ready to come to terms.

He was eager for a speedy marriage, but one pretext and another it was delayed until the summer faded and the autumn was upon them.

Once or twice during the summer, Victor brought out a newspaper containing favorable accounts of an invention of Stephen Walker's—an improvement that had been in operation in her mills long before it was patented.

The paragraph stated that he had accepted an offer to superintend the erection of some mills in South America, and was going far away.

And then the restraint she had put upon herself suddenly gave way, and she fell down unconscious at Victor's feet, who, in all his alarm and anxiety, did not dream of the true cause.

A few days after this, she was engaged in some household duties, looking very beautiful in her morning dress of soft muslin, when Victor's bright face appeared at the window.

"I want you to come down to the mills by-and-by, Nell," he said. "The addition is almost finished, and I want your approval before we remove the scaffolding."

"Very well, Victor, I will be down presently," she said, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking down into the frank, handsome face, with a secret regret that she could not love him as he deserved to be loved.

"And Nell," he continued, eagerly, "the men have been working like beavers to get it finished, and I have promised them a half holiday to-morrow, and a picnic up at the quarries. Could not you lay aside your dignity, and honor us with your presence for awhile? It would be so much better, for all concerned, if there was a better feeling between you and your people."

"No, thank you, Victor!" she said, haughtily. "If there is anything in this house that will serve them, they are welcome to it. But to go up there and play the Lady Beautiful, nurse the babies and listen to the endless accounts of last winter's rheumatism and this summer's lumbago, is too dreadful for contemplation."

"What a thoroughbred little aristocrat you are, Nell! You were born a hundred years too late. But I think I love you the better as you are," raising the taper fingers to his lips.

Yielding to a sudden impulse, she bent forward and touched her lips to the bright, boyish brow.

And Victor went down the road to the mills with a lighter heart than he had known for months, for he loved his cousin, and her coldness and indifference troubled him sorely.

Just then the morning train thundered up to the station, half a mile distant, and left a single passenger—a tall man, in a gray tweed suit, who nodded familiarly to the few bystanders and took the path across the fields to the mills.

Victor was standing surrounded by the men, looking like a young god. His straw hat was in his hand, and the wind ruffled his bronze curls.

He was telling them of his arrangements for the picnic, amid bursts of applause and peals of laughter, for the young master was "always ready with his joke."

On the outskirts of the little group, unnoticed in the excitement of the moment, stood the tall man in the gray tweed suit.

Suddenly he raised his eyes to the scaffolding above Victor's head, and then, no one knew quite how it happened, but strong men were thrown right and left, as by a giant's strength.

There was a sickening crash, and Victor was thrown, as though he was a child, far out of harm's way.

But where they stood a moment before, lay a man they all knew, pinned down by a heavy beam across his chest.

And while they stood horror-stricken and appalled, a graceful woman's form was in their midst.

"Men," she said, in a voice so unlike her own that those who heard it never forgot, "can you do nothing but stand and stare like idiots? Victor he has given his life for you, can you do nothing to relieve him? Go to the house and see that a room is made ready to receive him. John Stiles, saddle the fleetest horse in the stable, and ride for Dr. Jackson as you never rode before; and the rest of you put forth all your strength and lift this beam."

And they succeeded in rescuing the man, and bore him slowly and silently, with all the strong vitality crushed out of him, up the road he had trodden so often—up the broad walk that had echoed drearily to the sound of his footsteps less than a year ago—into the house he had been forbidden to enter again; and before them walked a woman, with wild eyes and white, drawn lips.

When the doctor came out of the room, after all was done that he could do, she met him at the door.

"Is there any hope, doctor?"

"I cannot tell yet. He has a strong constitution, and we will hope for the best," said the good old doctor, while the tears stood in his eyes.

For he had known and loved Stephen Walker all his life.

"Doctor," she said, grasping his arm with passionate force, "you must save him—you must, you must! Take all I have—money, lands, everything—but save his life!"

"You forget, my child, that the issues of life and death are not in my hands. If any skill of mine can avail to save Stephen Walker's life, I think you know I need no bribe."

"Forgive me, doctor! I scarcely knew what I was saying. I know you will do all you can, and I am a good nurse—papa always said so."

"Helen, you must not think of nursing him. This strain on your nerves is too great; you are ill already."

She laid a slim, cool hand gently in his.

"Put your finger on my pulse, doctor. It beats evenly. I must be brave and strong for his sake. If I gave my life for him it would poorly requite what he has done for me."

The doctor looked into the white, pitiful face, in which no trace of the old pride remained, and read her secret.

"It shall be as you wish," he said, briefly; "but you must let a nurse help you. It will be a terrible ordeal even if he recovers."

She went into the darkened room, where he lay in a heavy stupor, and knelt beside the couch. Presently he opened his eyes and saw her there. A glad smile lighted his face.

"Nell, Queen Nell!" he said, softly, and then, "Victor, is he safe?"

"Safe as unharmed, Stephen; but at what a cost!"

"It is better so—better and easier to die thus for your happiness than to live through the weary years of exile I looked forward to."

"Do not talk of dying," she moaned. "You must live for my sake; for, oh, my darling, I cannot live without you!"

A sudden gladness transfigured his face.

"Do you know what you are saying, Helen? Did you care for me a little after all?"

"So much, Stephen, that, if you are taken, there will be no good thing left in life for me but to lie down and die, too—so much so, that I could never have married Victor, though, like a coward, I shrank from telling him so."

"I must live, dear," he said; "I cannot die now."

And then he drifted away into unconsciousness.

It was long days before he knew her again—long, weary days, while the iron constitution did battle with the fever that consumed him, and often when it seemed that the battle was hopeless.

And through it all she never left him. In that dark time, all that was best and sweetest in Helen Vinton's nature came to the surface. She had no thought of concealing her love; her whole being went out in one passionate prayer that he might be spared. And when the crisis was passed, and he was pronounced out of danger, there seemed to be no room in her heart for her great joy and thankfulness.

They were married at Christmas, and I don't think the most fastidious of Helen Vinton's friends ever looked upon her as having made a mesalliance, for Stephen Walker won both wealth and honor, and never did wife glory more in her husband's success than she in his.

Victor took his sore heart away as soon as Stephen was out of danger. But his trouble was not incurable, for he has just brought a fair, young girl home, to be mistress of the house he is building.

Southern Exposition.

Special to the CARBON ADVOCATE.

LOUISVILLE, Sept. 27, 1885.

The best testimony of the merits of an entertainment is the evidence of those who have attended it. It is entirely safe to say that every visitor to the Southern Expositon this year has been surprised as well as delighted with the exhibition.

Through a variety of circumstances that do not often concur the Exposition this year has been able to bring together a large number of displays that have never been excelled in interest in this country. At New Orleans there were a greater number of exhibits and some of the most instructive of the State exhibits have been brought to Louisville. But the general public does not care particularly about being instructed too much while in pursuit of amusement, and all that afforded the best amusement at New Orleans is at Louisville.

Another and important advantage to the sight-seer is the convenient arrangement at the Southern Exposition. There was too much space at New Orleans and many visitors missed many interesting displays because they became fatigued before they covered the great area over which the exhibits were scattered. At Loisville the visitor is at once impressed with the compactness of arrangement, and he finds in the 14 acres of exhibits in the main building quite enough space for lengthy walks in pursuit of new attractions.

It is a great advantage to have the foreign displays brought into convenient proximity to each other so that one can turn from the characteristic exhibit of one country and in a few steps reach an equally characteristic display from some other country. Paris and Perkin are opposed to each other on the globe. But in the Southern Exposition here is a beautiful display of the finest articles manufactured from Paris and 15 feet away is a display of the curious and gorgeous work of China. So Italy and Mexico with the same unfailing marks of a common stock, but widely separated by the seas and with race characteristics modified by many different conditions, are here side by side and furnish a most interesting study of the differences occasioned by difference of conditions.

So it is in the Art Gallery. Here are American paintings; here are French paintings, and over there are paintings by Americans trained in French and presenting the characteristics of both countries. On the west side is a fine exhibit from the Sandwich Islands and in its examination one soon discovers the effects of the American influence that has always exerted itself in the Hawaiin kingdom Here are the royal portraits, and this stout looking king we are told was chosen from all the claimants to the throne on the failure of the direct line because he was the most acceptible to the Americans. Half a minute's walk brings one to the confines of the Russian exhibit that tells for itself that Russia is looking to America for encouragement in its industrial developments.

These things make one proud of his country. The American begins to feel that he belongs to one of the great and oldest of civilizations. But passing on into the Mexican exhibit he stands before a full size model of an Aztec temple and the fact is thrust upon him that what we call American civilization is a thing of but yesterday, and that here is a relic of civilization that had almost passed away when our continent was discovered. And the lessons of our own young though hearty civilization do not end here. We think we have at least the right to count new America by four centuries, but as we stop before the revolving tower from Rhode Island and glance over "The Skeleton in Armour" in the destructive pamphlet handed to us, our Americanism receives another shock as we look at the evidence of an occupation of our country hundreds of years before Christopher Columbus was born.

As we pass through the crowded aisles the American exhibitor hands out his free samples and attracts us with his beautiful lithograph card advertisements on every hand and seems to be giving away more than any business could reasonably justify. Then we drift into the section of the "Turk," who draws us with his plaintive appeals, and still further on the Hindoo merchants sit in silence with their beautiful work before them, never uttering a word except in response, and if unspoken to sitting silently regarding the floor, conducting their business and dreaming of things insubstantial, just as their race has been selling and dreaming thousands of years before the world dreamed of an American enterprise in trade that would induce people to give away half they have in order to sell the other half.

An hour's walk among these various people and things teaches more than a years' study of the books. Here they are, and here one can see and listen through his own senses, and learn how variously the great world is made up. To miss such an opportunity when it is offered almost at one's door, is to reject the best opportunity of the lives of those who can not travel abroad in foreign countries and see those many people at their homes.

All these things and these people will be in the old world exhibitions after they leave here, and those who miss seeing them now will read of foreign exhibitions hereafter and regret that they are not able to go abroad to see the marvels of the old world.

SO SOON ARE WE FORGOTTEN.

Gentleman—"I am sorry to learn of your wife's death, Uncle Rastus."

Uncle Rastus—"Sah?"

Gentleman—"I say that I am very sorry to hear that your wife has recently died."

Uncle Rastus (with a puzzled look)—"I giss da' am some mistake 'bout dat, Mistah Brown. I lef' do old coman in gud health dis mawnin, sah. Who said she wah dead?"

Gentleman—"I've forgotten now. But I certainly heard so several days ago."

Uncle Rastus (his face clearing up)—"Oh, ya'as, now I understan's sah. Dat wuz er formah wife oh mine, Mistah Brown. She died mo'n foah weeks ago. De present incumbent am all right."

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