The Carbon Advocate.

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

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Advertising Rates

For Legal Notices.

The following prices for legal advertising has been adopted by the CARBON ADVOCATE.

Charter Notices	$4 00
Auditor's Notices	4 00
Commissioner's Notices	4 00
Divorce Notices	4 00
Administrator's Notices	3 00
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Other legal advertising will be charged for by the square.

H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNCELLORS.

HORACE HEYDT,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OFFICE:—The room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher,
BANK STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English and German. July 4, 1885-1y

W. M. RAPSHER,
ATTORNEY & COUNCELLOR AT LAW,
FIRST DOOR ABOVE THE MANSION HOUSE,
MAUCH CHUNK, PENN'A.
Real Estate and Collection Agency. Will Buy and Sell Real Estate. Conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates of Decedents a Specialty. May be consulted in English and German. November 22, 18'4.

H. V. MORTHIMER, Sr.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING,
Bank St., Lehighton, Penna.
All business pertaining to the office will receive prompt attention. 16.

PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. P. ALFRED ANDREWS,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Opposite Nathan Snyder's Store,
EAST WEISSPORT.
Special attention given to chronic diseases and Diseases of Women. apr17-6m*

DR. W. W. REBER
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
OFFICE Hours at Parryville From a. m., to 12 m, daily.
May be consulted in the English or German Language. May 17, '84

W. G. M. SEIPLE,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
SOUTH STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
May be consulted in English or German
Special attention given to GYNECOLOGY
OFFICE HOURS—From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 6 to 9 P. M. March 31, 83

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S.,

BRANCH OFFICE-Opposite Clauss & Bro's
Bank St., Lehighton, Pa
Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Days—WEDNESDAY of each week. P. O. Address, LITZENBERG, Lehigh county, Pa. Jan. 3, 18 5-1y.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S.,

OFFICE: Opposite the "Broadway House,"
Mauch Chunk, Pa.
Patients have the benefit of the latest improvements in mechanical appliances and the best methods of treatment in all surgical cases. ANÆSTHETIC administered if desired. If possible, persons residing outside of Mauch Chunk, should make engagements by mail. 1y8-y1

EYE AND EAR.
DR. G. T. FOX
Visits Allentown regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practice limited to
Diseases of the Eye & Ear
Office at Hayden's American Hotel, and office hours from. 9 in the forenoon until 3:30 in the afternoon. Also attends to Refraction of the Eye for the proper adjustment of glasses, and for the relief and cure of optical defects.
May also be consulted at his office in BATH, Wednesday and Saturday of each week, at BANGOR on Monday, and at EASTON on Tuesday. jan 2 86 1y.

HOTELS AND RESTAURANTS.

CARBON HOUSE,
JONATHAN KISTLER, PROPRIETOR,
BANK ST., LEHIGHTON, PA.
The CARBON HOUSE offers first-class accommodations to the Traveling public. Boarding by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-y1,

PACKERTON HOTEL.
Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR,
Packerton, Penn'a.
This well known hotel is admirably refitted, and has the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent tables and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 16-y1.

MANSION HOUSE,
Opposite L. & S. Depot,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa.,
C. H. HOM, PROP'R.
This house offers first-class accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its departments, and is located in one of the most picturesque portions of the borough. Terms moderate. ☞The bar is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager Beer on Tap. apr17-86-1y

W. A. Peters
Announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has now open for their accommodation his
NEW RESTAURANT,
next door to the 1st National Bank, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, and that he is now prepared to furnish First-Class
Meals at Short Notice!
The Bar is supplied with the best wines, fresh Lager Beer, and Choice Cigars. You are invited to call. april24-86-1y.

Thomas' Drug Store.

Wall Paper, Borders, Ceiling Decorations,
Gilts, Micas, Flats, &c.,
—GET THE VERY LATEST SPRING STYLES OF—
at rock bottom prices. Call and see! No trouble to show Goods at
Thomas' Drug Store,
Bank Street, Lehighton, Pa. Reber's Block.

Physicians Perscriptions
Carefully Compounded

Sale Bills!
Printed while you wait. We have better facilities than any other office in this county for this work. Give us a call.

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 Home Title Guarantee and Insurance Company.
March 29, 1873 THOS. KEMERER.

Children Cry
FOR PITCHER'S
Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and Feverishness. Thus the child is rendered healthy and its sleep natural. Castoria contains no Morphine or other narcotic property.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M.D., 82 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children." ALEX. ROBERTSON, M.D., 1057 3d Ave., New York.

THE CENTAUR CO., 182 Fulton St., N. Y.

WHAT IS DYSPEPSIA?

Among the many symptoms of Dyspepsia or indigestion the most prominent are: Variable appetite; faint, gnawing feeling at pit of the stomach, with unsatisfied craving for food; heartburn, feeling of weight and wind in the stomach, bad breath, bad taste in the mouth, low spirits, general prostration, headache, and constipation. There is no form of disease more prevalent than Dyspepsia, and none so peculiar to the high-living and rapid-eating American people. Alcohol and tobacco produce Dyspepsia; also, bad air, rapid eating, etc. BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS will cure the worst case, by regulating the bowels and toning up the digestive organs. Sold everywhere.

ST JACOBS OIL
TRADE MARK.

THE GREAT
GERMAN REMEDY
For Pain
Cures Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Headache, Toothache, Sprains, Bruises, etc., etc.
PRICE, FIFTY CENTS
At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

RED STAR
TRADE MARK.
COUGH CURE
Absolutely Free from Opiates, Emetics and Poison.
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

HOW THE BELL RANG.

JULY 4, 1776.

There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were black with people,
Pacing restless up and down;
People gathering in corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the black Atlantic currents
Lash the wild New England shore,
So they beat against the state house,
So they surged against its door;
And the mingling of their voices
Made a harmony profound,
Till the quiet street of Chestnut
Was all turbulent with sound.

"Will they do it?" "Dare they do it?"
"Who is speaking?" "What's the news?"
"What of Adams?" "What of Carroll?"
"Oh, God grant they won't refuse."
"Make some way there!" "Let me nearer!"
"I am stifling!" "Stifle then!
When a nation's life's at hazard
We've no time to think of men!"

So they beat against the portal,
Man and woman, maid and child;
And the July sun in heaven
On the crowd looked down and smiled.
The same sun that saw the Spartan
Shed his patriot blood in vain,
Now beheld the Soul of Freedom
All unconquered rise again.

So they beat against the portal,
While all solemnly inside
The delegates to congress,
With but reason for their guide,
O'er a simple scroll debated,
Which, though simple it might be,
Could shake the cliffs of English
With the thunders of the free.

At the portal of the state house,
Like some beacon in a storm,
Round which waves are wildly beating,
Stood a slender, boyish form,
With his eyes fixed on the steeple
And his ears agape with greed,
To catch the first announcement
Of the signing of the deed.

Aloft in that high steeple
Sat the bellman, old and gray;
He was sick of British power,
He was sick of British pay;
So he sat with lean hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When signaled from the portal,
The happy news to tell.

See! see! the black crowd shivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy upon the portal
Looks up and gives the sign;
And straightway at the signal
The old bellman lifts his hand
And sends the good news making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted! What rejoicing!
How the old bell shook the air,
Till the clang of Freedom ruffled
The calm-gliding Delaware!
How the bonfires and the torches
Illumed the night's repose,
And from the flames, like Phœnix,
Slaughtered Liberty arose.

The old bell now is silent,
And hushed its iron tongue,
But the spirit it awakened
Still lives forever young.
And while we breathe the sunlight
On the Fourth of this July,
Let us not forget the bellman
Who, 'twixt the earth and sky,
Rang out our independence,
Which, please God, shall never die.

Cured by a Photo.

Charlie Cornwall and his wife enjoyed, during the first year or so of their marriage, the blissful belief that each had been the other's first love. Still, although Charlie was fully persuaded that his Lucy had never seen anything lovable in man before she met him, and although Lucy was convinced that her husband loved her with true and unadulterated affection, Mrs. Cornwall could not entirely throw off the distrust of the opposite sex which is always to some extent innate in women, and being aware that there is a very popular code of ethics which makes marriage equivalent to license, she kept a jealous eye upon her husband. Nothing, however, happened to interfere with the harmony and happiness of their life together until Charlie, having answered a very tempting advertisement in the *Field*, anent a shooting-box in Inverness-shire which was to be let on application to a certain "X. Y. Z.," and having concluded the necessary arrangements, had transported himself and wife thither.

Upon the first day after their arrival, while Charlie went round with the keeper over the ground which it was proposed to break on the morrow, Mrs. Cornwall was pretty fully occupied in arranging the little house to their requirements. Experience of country house visits and seaside apartments had taught Lucy Cornwall, among other things, that the drawers of wash-stands are very often the receptacles of the most extraordinary rubbish and odds and ends, but during all this experience she had never met with such a shock as awaited her during her explorations of this little remote Highland shooting box. In one of the aforesaid drawers she found a photograph of her Charlie, one of a set which she remembered he had taken when their billing and cooing was in full swing, upon which was written in his handwriting: "From your ever true and affectionate Charlie."

But for this writing she would have regarded this discovery as being merely an extraordinary coincidence, but the inscription was a damning fact and when she put two and two together, and recalled his ardent profession of fidelity to and affection for her at the time the photograph was taken, at one fell swoop she shattered the pleasant belief into which she had lulled herself as to her husband's immaculate behavior before his marriage to her. There was not an extenuating circumstance conceivable. The photograph had certainly not been given to a man, or such an inscription would not have graced it; but had without doubt been given to some woman, who, finding herself deceived, had thrown it away in disgust.

So she waited the arrival of the unconscious Charlie with that stern joy which woman, as well as warriors, sometimes feel; determined, no matter at what cost, to find out to whom he had been "ever true and affectionate" at a time when he was continually swearing that she was his only idol on earth. Her heart beat quick when a well-known step and a careless whistle down stairs proclaimed the approach of the victim, and she made no answer to his "Lucy! Lucy! Where are you? Here's a Highland welcome for a fellow who has been tramping about since breakfast time, and who is tired, wet and hungry! Hullo!"

This last ejaculation was the result of his first glimpse of his wife's face. He saw at once that something had happened during his absence and therefore composed his features to a suitable gravity.

"Why, what's the matter, Lucy?" he continued. "You look as if—"

Mrs. Cornwall cut him short with magisterial severity.

"Charles Cornwall," she said, holding up the photograph, "explain this if you please!"

The unfortunate man gazed at his own counterfeit presentment and the color fled from his cheeks.

"Explain what? Explain this photo?" he stammered. "Why, my angel, I wonder you're not ashamed to keep such a hideous work of art. It was done whilst we were sweethearting, before I grew my beard. There's a coat! There's a head of hair! Ha! ha! I never did come out well—never!"

"Charles Cornwall," continued his wife, still keeping her relentless gaze fixed on the unhappy man's guilty face, "I found this photograph in a drawer up stairs. Now, how did it get there?"

"My dear, good soul, how on earth am I to know?" replied Charlie. "I gave it to some fellow, I suppose, and he—"

"No, Charles," said his wife, "not to some fellow. When one man gives his carte to another, he does not as a rule, describe himself as 'ever true and affectionate.' Women may be fools, Charles, but your wife is no fool. There's a mystery here which I must and will have cleared up. O, Charles, Charles! How often you have sworn to me that I was your first and only love!"

"So you were," said Charlie; "and you can't prove anything to the contrary."

"No, but this photograph could," answered Mrs. Cornwall. "You've given it to some woman and I shall make it my business to find out who she was."

The wretched man groaned inwardly and racked his brain to recall any injudicious little present of this kind he might have made during that period of festive enthusiasm which usually marks the close of bachelor life. It could not have been Stella, of the Jocosa Theater, or that pretty girl in the pink dress he met at Henley, or ——. No; he was positively sure that even if he had distributed little mementoes of this nature amongst his fair friends he would not have been such a fool as to write on them so criminating a sentence as that by which he was now confronted.

Mrs. Cornwall, of course observed his embarrassment and naturally construed it as admissive of guilt.

"Charles," she said, "there will not be another day of happiness between us until the mystery of this photograph is solved and until I know who has been sniggering and slobbering over it."

"My dear, don't be silly," said her husband. "If I told you that I haven't the faintest recollection of having given my photo to anybody, male or female, except yourself and our friends, it ought to be enough. You've no right to doubt my honor and fidelity on account of a trumpery discovery like this and if my assurance cannot satisfy you must remain unsatisfied. It's unwarranted, it's cruel and it's absurd."

Of course, Mrs. Cornwall fell to sobbing at this unexpected display of spirit and whined out something from Byron to the effect that love was a thing apart from man's life, but that it was woman's whole existence. In which frame of mind the cold-blooded Charlie left her, glad at the success so far of the attitude he had taken up, but by no means so sure of innocence as he made himself out to be. So for three or four days the relationship between man and wife was what in political language would be termed "strained."

About a week afterwards Charlie came in from shooting, and said:

"My dear, I met 'X. Y. Z.' to-day for the first time. He is very anxious to know if we are quite comfortable here and said he hoped very shortly to do him the honor of paying us a visit."

"M'm! Perhaps the lady whom you so signally favored will come with him," said Mrs. Cornwall, with sarcastic emphasis.

"We shall see," replied her husband. "He didn't say anything about bringing a lady with him. Shall I ask him to?"

"Oh, dear, yes, of course," replied Mrs. Cornwall. "You must be anxious to see one to whom you are ever true and affectionate after all this time. Oh, yes, ask her by all means. It would be such a delicate act of courtesy towards me. What is 'X. Y. Z.'s' name?"

"Fordyce—Richard Fordyce," replied Charlie.

The mention of this name produced a strange effect upon Mrs. Cornwall, which Charlie could not fail to note; the color left her cheeks, her breathing came hard and fast and her fingers began to twitch nervously.

"Well, my dear, what's the matter?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," replied Lucy. "I—I don't feel very well. I think this Scotch air is rather to strong for me. I would like to go south again."

Such a sudden indisposition of one who had been, up to a few seconds previously, in robust health made Chas. Cornwall ponder. Why should the name of Richard Fordyce produce such a strange and immediate effect? Evidently there was something below the surface, and as he had during the past few days undergone an intolerable persecution at the hands of his wife, he was in no mood to leave any stone unturned by which he could turn the tables on her. So he replied:

"Nonsense! Lucy, nonsense! You havn't been here long enough to get accustomed to the air, so don't talk already of going South when we've got two months to run. Besides, my dear, I'm curious about this affair of the photograph, and when Fordyce comes I'll ask him if he knows anything about it. Remember, you have made a very grave accusation against me, and although I have not said much, it has been a source of great annoyance and grief to me."

"Oh, never mind about that, Charlie," said his wife; "I haven't been very well for some days and when one isn't well one is apt to be irritable at trifles. Consider it all as unsaid and let us get away from this damp, dreary place."

But Charlie, whose turn it was to be suspicious, insisted that she should give the place a trial of a few days longer, and so, in spite of all her sobbings and entreaties, Mrs. Cornwall had to yield with the best grace she could.

On the very next morning Charlie, as he was smoking his after-breakfast pipe saw Fordyce coming up the garden, but for reasons of his own, he did not allow himself to be seen and did not go out to greet his visitor. He listened, however, attentively and after hearing his wife run hastily down-stairs, he heard Mr. Fordyce's cheery voice sing out:

"Why, Lucy! who would have thought of meeting you in this out-of-the-way corner! We haven't seen each other since—"

Here Mrs. Cornwall, interrupting, said: "Hush, Dick, hush! I'm Mrs. Cornwall now. We must not be as we were to each other, for if my husband were to know that we were acquainted I can't think what he would do. As it is, I'm in a dreadful fix on account of a photograph of his which I found upstairs and which—"

At that moment Charlie, who had intently followed the little chap up to this point and who feared that further absence on his part would prevent the truth about the photograph becoming known to him, appeared.

"Glad to see you Mr. Fordyce," he said, extending his hand. "I don't think you know Mrs. Cornwall—but—"

It was difficult to say who looked the more uncomfortable, Lucy Cornwall or Richard Fordyce, and Charlie, who now saw a chance of being able to pay off long arrears of jealous persecution, enjoyed their embarrassment thoroughly and continued:

"But perhaps you have met before?"

"Y-yes, Mr. Cornwall, I think I once had the pleasure," sheepishly murmured Fordyce.

"Egad!" thought Charlie, "he must have made a jolly good use of that 'once.' I rather think there's something more to come out."

But he only said:

"That's all right, then; I needn't introduce you." And to his wife's relief he went on talking generally about the house and the prospects of the season and of one thing and another, until she was almost lulled into a sense of security and began to think that after all he was not so very anxious to solve the mystery of the photograph. She was not so well pleased, however, when Charlie insisted that Fordyce should come back to dinner after the day's shooting, for she knew very well that men wax very much more eloquent upon certain subjects over their after-dinner claret than in the presence of their wives. So when Fordyce had gone she seized the opportunity and said to Charlie:

"I think it is very unconsiderate of you, Charlie, when I tell you that I don't feel well, to ask a man in to dinner."

"All right, my dear," replied her husband. "You need not turn up if you don't feel equal to it, and we will start for the South to-morrow if you wish it. At the same time I cannot help remarking upon the extraordinary suddenness of your indisposition and its coincidence with the arrival of Mr. Fordyce upon our little world here. But as I have asked him to dinner, I can't put him off and I think he would remark your absence, especially as he seems to be an old friend of yours."

It may be imagined that Mrs. Cornwall passed a sufficiently miserable day. If she could but get hold of Fordyce she might be able to stave off what now seemed inevitable exposure, but he was out on the moors and the only grain of comfort she could extract from the situation was the probability that he would naturally not be particularly eloquent upon a subject which was of rather a delicate character and that Charlie would not get much out of him.

She accordingly appeared at dinner, smothering her anxiety under a mask of affability; and nothing occurred during the process of the meal to render her especially unhappy. But when she rose to leave the two men to their wine, Charlie said:

"You don't mind smoke, Lucy, and it will be uncommonly dull for you all alone in the drawing room, so stay with us. I am sure Mr. Fordyce will pardon the departure from conventionality in a shooting-box."

Of course both the visitor and Lucy gladly acquiesced.

"Yes, Mr. Fordyce," and Charlie, as if in continuation of a broken-off conversation, "we are exceedingly comfortable here, but we might be a great deal more so if—

"Now its coming," groaned poor Mrs. Cornwall to herself.

"If," went on Charlie, "you could help us to clear up a mysterious little matter connected with a photograph of myself which Mrs. Cornwall found a few days ago in a drawer up stairs, and for the existence of which I cannot for the life of me account, and which, not unnaturally, makes her a little uneasy."

"What will Dick say, I wonder?" thought Mrs. Cornwall.

"A photograph of you found in a drawer up-stairs?" exclaimed Fordyce, in astonishment.

"Yes," said Charlie. "Lucy my dear, just run up stairs and bring the photograph for Mr. Fordyce to see."

Mrs. Cornwall rose and left the room. Charlie seized the opportunity and said to his guest;

"Look here, Fordyce, we are men of the world and understand each other. Of course, I see how matters stand, although the presence of that photograph here is such a mystery to me. When I was spooning Lucy I was not such a fool as to believe that a pretty girl like her would have no other admirer but me, and of course I never believed her when she told me that she never loved any but me. But you see she's very jealous, and now that I have a chnce of giving her a lesson I don't want to let it go. Understand, eh?"

Fordyce nodded, and Mrs. Cornwall entered with the photograph, which she handed to him.

"I want you to look at it," said Charlie, in a calm, judicial tone, "because, to be quite candid with you, it has caused a good deal of unpleasantness between us, and when two people marry for love, as we did, and each is the other's first love, such a calamity as ill-feeling ought to be impossible."

Then, turning to Mrs. Cornwall, whose exquisite misery during this expose of the state of affairs to an old flame may be imagined, he said: "All I want to do, my dear, is to clear myself in your eyes by having it plainly proved that this photograph was never given by me to any other woman, as you suspect the case."

Fordyce began his answer with a roar of laughter.

"Well, Mr. Cornwall," he said at length, "you have been so exceedingly candid with me that I must be the same with you."

Mrs. Cornwall's agitation was painful to witness. If she could have frowned, or shaken her head, or touched Fordyce without attracting her husband's attention she would have done so, but she dared not, and braced up for the worst.

Fordyce went on.

"This photograph, Mr. Cornwall, I took from the lady who is now your wife, when I was head over heels in love with her."

'That was going on, then, at the same time as my courtship of her,' said Charlie, quietly.

'Yes,' replied his visitor; 'I was a rival of yours, although I did not even know your name.'

'And I had no idea that I had a rival,' said Charlie, determined that the arrows now wounding his wife should be well barbed.

'Then, when I found that she had a photograph of you,' continued Fordyce, 'I was jealous, and took it away from her. And then I lost sight of her altogether, although I heard she was married, forgot all about the photo—probably threw it away in my disappointment—and there it has been ever since.'

'Now, Mrs. Cornwall,' said her husband, with affected severity, 'I hope that you are satisfied that at any rate I am not the sinner.'

'Oh, yes, Charlie dear, of course I am!' sobbed Lucy; 'I've been very cruel and wicked, and I hope you will forgive me!'

MARITAL EXPENSES.

Sam Perkins, of Hearne, Texas, is somewhat of a philosopher, and he is always giving good advice to his friends. He is somewhat cynical on the subject of matrimony, having had some sad experience in that line.

Not long since his nephew, Sam Stinchcomb, told him that he intended to marry Mary Barlett.

"Has she got any money?" asked Sam.

"No."

"Have you got any?"

"No."

"My dear boy, don't you know that it takes a great deal of money to carry on war?"

—The family physician asked the clergyman satirically how the patriarchs came to live so long. "Because they took no physic," said the minister.

—If the night air is unwholesome, why do owls live so long?

—In a midnight riot after a drunken carousal in Wayne, Michigan, four men were fatally shot.

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.

—Villians in the play are always caught in the act

—"This is a very paneful affair," remarked the man as the sash fell on him.

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'.

—The strawberry shortcake is not long for this world.

—A loss of over $300,000 was sustained by the burning of a large packing house in New Haven.

Dr. Fraser'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.

—Mary Adams was burned to death by the explosion of oil gas at her home at Harper, Kansas.

—Burning out the oil makes a lamp lighter.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, Oh, it will wear away, but in most cases it wears them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which we sell on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial size free. Sold by T. D. Thomas, Lehighton and W. F. Biery, Weissport.

—Philistine (contemptuously)—"How can a man rest on posterity?" Poet (intensely)—"On the lapse of time, I suppose."

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 at T. D. Thomas.

—"What is the difference between an angry lover and a jilted maid?" 'Give it up, old man." "Why, one is, cross-beau, and the other is a cut-lass."

No Cure—No Pay.—A new departure in medicine! Fontaine's Great Discovery removes the cause of disease; namely, disease germs. This guarantee means something—for "Knowledge is power." For sale at Dr. C. T. Horn's drug store.

—George Williams shot his wife dead and then committed suicide at El Paso, Texas.

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Price 25 cts. Sold by C. T. Horn and W. F. Biery.

—Four horse thieves were captured and hanged by vigilantes at Limestone, Idaho.

SHILOH'S cough and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. Sold by Biery, Weissport, and Horn, Lehighton.

—Governor Hill, of New York has refused his signature to the New York Excise bill.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Horn, Lehighton, and Biery, Weissport.

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