

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
 Executor's Notice 3.00
 Other legal advertising will be charged for by the square.
 H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS.

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, 1887-17.

W. M. RAPSHER,
 ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.
 FIRST DOOR ABOVE THE MARSH HOUSE,
 MAUCH CHUNK, PENN'A.
 Real Estate and collection agencies. Will buy and sell Real Estate, conveyancing neatly done. Collections promptly made. Settling Estates or succeeded out a Specialty. May be consulted in English and German.
 November 22, 1884.

H. V. MORTIMER, SR.
NOTARY PUBLIC,
 OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING,
 Bank St., Leighton, Penna.
 All business pertaining to the office will receive prompt attention. 16.
 PHYSICIANS AND DENTISTS.

DR. W. W. REBER
 PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
 BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA.
 OFFICE Hours at Parryville from 8 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 Gynaecology.
 Office Hours—From 12 M. to 2 P. M., and from 8 to 9 P. M. March 31, '85

F. A. Rabenold, D.D.S.,
 DENTIST.
 BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Clauson H. P. Bank St., Leighton, Pa.
 Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. (MORNING-WIDENING-DAY) of each week. P. O. Address: LITZENBERG, Leighton county, PA. Jan. 2, 1887.

W. A. Cortright, D.D.S.,
 DENTIST.
 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, returns patients outside of Mauch Chunk should make engagements by mail. 17-17

EYE AND EAR,
DR. G. T. FOX
 Visits Leighton regularly on THURSDAY of each week. Practices limited to Diseases of the Eyes & Ear. Office at Hayden's American Hotel, and office hours from 9 in the forenoon until 2:30 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. BANGOR, Me. Monday, and at EASTON on Tuesday. Jan 28, 87.

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 Claret, Wine and Liquors always on hand. Good Beds and Stables, with attentive Hostlers, attached. April 10-17.

PACKERTON'S HOTEL,
 Opposite Mauch Chunk & Leighton LEOPOLD MEYER, PROPRIETOR.
 Packerton, Penna.
 This well known hotel is admirably suited, and is at the best accommodations for transient and permanent boarders. Best of food and the very best liquors. Also fine stables attached. Sept. 16-17.

MANSHION HOUSE,
 Opposite L. & S. Depot, Leighton, Pa. C. H. HORN, PROPRIETOR.
 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. From moderate. The bar is supplied with the choicest Wine, Liquors and Cigars. Trem Lager Beer on Tap. April 17-19

W. A. Peters
 Announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has now opened for their accommodation his
NEW RESTAURANT,
 next door to the 1st National Bank, BANK STREET, LEHIGHTON, PA. The new restaurant is now prepared to furnish first-class meals.
Meals at Short Notice!
 The Bar is supplied with the best wines, fresh Lager Beer and Choice Cigars. Tap are in the building to suit. April 18-17.

TO ADVERTISERS.
 A list of 100 newspapers divided into States and sections will be sent on application—FREE.
 For those who want their advertising to pay we can offer no better medium for thorough and effective work than the various sections of our Sole Agent, THE CARBON ADVOCATE, at Leighton, Pa.
 GEO. L. ROWELL & CO.
 Newspaper Advertising Bureau,
 103 N. SPRING ST., NEW YORK.


The Carbon Advocate.

H. V. MORTIMER, Jr. Publisher. VOL. XIV., No. 39. LEHIGHTON, CARBON COUNTY, PA., SATURDAY, AUGUST 14, 1886. \$1.00 a Year if Paid in Advance. If not paid in advance, \$1.25

The Carbon Advocate

ALL INFORMATION FULLY NEWSPAPER
 Published every Saturday in Leighton,
 Carbon County, Pennsylvania.
H. V. Morthimer Jr.
 —BANK STREET—
\$1.00 Per Year in Advance
 Best advertising medium in the county
 Every description of Plain and Fancy
JOB PRINTING
 At very low prices, and with the latest machinery
 other printing established in this
 section, and in all its branches, at low prices.

With Medicine Quality not Quantity is the greatest importance; next is the knowledge and experience to Correctly Prepare and Dispense the same.



At T. D. THOMAS' Drug & Family Medicine Store,
 Bank Street, Leighton,
 You can always rely upon getting STRICTLY Pure and Unadulterated
Drugs and Medicines.

THOMAS carries the largest stock of Patent Medicines in the county. THOMAS has an elegant stock of Druggists Sundries, Fancy and Toilet Articles for the ladies as well as the gents. THOMAS makes Hops and Cattle Powders a specialty. His 11 years experience in the drug business gives him a great advantage in that line. THOMAS has a large stock on hand. WINE, SUPPLIES and DRUGS—always a large stock on hand. WINE and LIQUORS, both foreign and domestic. He has a Clinton Grape Wine and a Dry Catawba Wine. Just splendid and cheap. WALL PAPERS and BORDERS—the largest assortment in town. Go to THOMAS' with your prescriptions for 4 or 5 for your Catarrh medicine. Go to THOMAS' for your Family Articles, Farmers and Horsemen go to THOMAS' for your Horse and Cattle Powders. Jan 17

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ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GREAT GERMAN REMEDY For Pain

RED STAR TRADE MARK

ROUGH CURE

SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.

THE CHARLES A. VOEGELER CO., LEHIGHTON, PA.

that neuture?" queries Grace Cartland. "No—yes—that is—well enough. The last number. I am glad!"

Lora rises and draws her rich wraps close about her. Those who pass turn to glance again at that dark, brilliant face above which the jetty hair coils and waves under a scarlet-plumed hat.

She is unusually silent as they move down the aisle into the wide, illuminated lobby, where hangings of crimson and gray exclude the light and sunshine of the November afternoon.

From under a side archway comes the tall form of him who lately charmed the dispersing audience with his "silver notes," and beside him is a petite figure in rub and velvet and furs.

One look into that pure, beautiful face gives Lora Erskine, then her hands fall heavily on the arm of her companion, and she drags rather than leads her forward, till they are in the outer world.

Grace Cartland, looking with wonder into the face above, cries out in alarm: "Lora, what is it? You are ill?" "No, no. Am I pale?"

She rubs her cheeks nervously, and laughs in a strange way. The two persons passing in a carriage at that moment see only that her face is rosy and brilliant, her lips smiling her eyes flashing.

"It is Lora Erskine," says Raynor Saville's wife.

"Yes, gay as ever. She is one of Fortune's favorites, untouched by sorrow, care, regret."

"It is because she has no heart, Raynor."

"I believe you," he says, and sits with a moody look on his face, that does not quite vanish when his wife slips her little hand carelessly in his and raises her lovely blue eyes.

"Do you know, Raynor," she says, "there is something about Lora Erskine that fascinates me still? Cold, false, selfish as I know her to be, I feel strangely drawn toward her."

She looks at him inquiringly, but whatever his thoughts, he does not speak, and his dark face tells no tales.

"Could you ever quite forget her?" asks his wife.

"I have no wish to remember her," he answers. "Speak of her no more. True, loyal wives like you, Nina, have nothing in common with such women as Lora Erskine. Her name should be strange to your lips."

She smiles in her childish, trusting manner, and nestles back upon the cushions. They are both thinking of Lora Erskine; she is thinking of them, and not one of them knows what dwells in the other's heart. Of our own thoughts alone we may be certain; we can but surmise another's, and alas! how often are we led astray!

"Nina, dear, you are better, to-day?" "Better! I think so, Raynor. That terrible pain is gone from my head, but I feel so weak, so weak."

Raynor Saville bends above the invalid with a look of affection and anxiety.

"The sweet face is so white and wan, the innocent blue eyes so listless and sunken, his heart sinks within him and his vision is dimmed with tears.

"My little saint, my fragile flower," he says, bending nearer and laying a gentle hand on the waving, yellow hair.

She looks up into his face searchingly. "Raynor," she says slowly, "I have been your wife for five years. Have I not always done my duty?"

"You have been the best, truest of wives," he answers, wondering at the query.

"And—you love me?" "Could I do otherwise, darling?" "If—I should die—"

He silences her then and kisses her, uttering words of love and reassurance. There is a little silence after that, and then Nina speaks abruptly. "Raynor, I want to see Lora Erskine."

He starts as if pierced by an arrow, and looks at his wife with wide, wondering eyes. "I want to see her; you must send for her," the invalid insists. "She is at Long Branch now."

"Even were I to send, do you think she would leave her pleasures, her court of admirers, her life of gayety and frivolity to come here?"

"You must write; she will come."

"Nina, you do not know what you are saying," cries Raynor Saville. "Our home is no place for Lora Erskine."

"Yet I must see her."

"It is a nervous fancy," he says, and resists all her appeals.

The days pass and Nina Saville grows frailer and whiter, her strength is fast deserting her, her life is slowly but surely drifting away, and Raynor awakes to the bitter truth one day of their approaching parting, when she will leave him and he will be alone. He can find her nothing now.

"Send for Lora Erskine," she says, and he does her bidding.

She comes, not as he had anticipated, with a gay smile on her lips and her form decked in brilliant attire, but quietly and piteously, looking more like a nun than a coquette in her garments of gray, with her grave face and calm, earnest eyes.

They have not met for years, yet she greets him as though they were friends, parted but yesterday.

"She is dying, you say?" she asks sadly.

"Yes; there is no hope. She insisted on seeing you—that is why I wrote.

He speaks coldly, almost bitterly, and she sees that it is with reluctance he ushers her into the presence of his wife.

The darkened room, hallowed by the presence of a pure young spirit that ever

now is pluming its white wings for flight from the sin-stained world—will not the woman of fashion and folly shrink before it?"

He stands aside and watches her as she glides lightly to the bed where the invalid lies, and then his somber eyes see the white hands of Nina rise as if to ward off a blow.

"Lora, you look in an accusation. It is your heart in your eyes. Oh, you would not scorn me if you knew the misery I have endured."

Raynor Saville springs forward with a hoarse cry.

"Nina, you are delirious—raving," he gasps.

"No; listen, Raynor. Oh, would that I could die, and you would think of me kindly—tenderly. I have wronged you so—my conscience has confronted me night and day—I could not go with this weight upon my soul. I am a weak, erring woman; before you stands the salt, she, not I, is spotless."

"Nina!"

"I wronged you both cruelly. You did not love me, Raynor. In the old days when we three were such firm friends and companions; your heart was given to her, and I— I loved you. I cheated you. I told you she was false, treacherous, heartless; I laid the death of poor Harvey Wilder at her door; I used every means in my power to separate you—and I succeeded. You married me; but, Raynor, I have never been happy. I was haunted by remorse. I realized that I should never possess your heart as she did, though you were very fair and true to me, and now—oh, Lora Erskine, it is you who have shielded me by your silence, you who knew the truth and would not speak to clear yourself because—because, guilty as I was, you were too noble to rob me as I robbed you. Forgive me Raynor, Lora, forgive me."

Like one turned to stone, Raynor Saville stands. It is as if he had given all his possessions for what he had deemed a priceless jewel, and suddenly the fire and light had left it, and he found it but a thing of paste, base and worthless.

"Raynor Saville," she says, "if I can forgive, surely you can. Do not let her life go into darkness."

He leans forward then and takes the thin hand outfold toward him.

"I forgive you, Nina," he says.

A few moments later she lies in the embrace of death, white and rigid, with a look of peace on her fair, Madonna face.

Then Raynor Saville and Lora clasp hands then and part.

It is at a brilliant musicale given by Mrs. Earle Fielding, a potent factor in the fashionable, intellectual coterie to which she belongs, that dark, handsome man comes forward to sing an air from "Le Trovatore." His tenor voice is clear and thrilling, and his hearers are entranced.

A little blonde in rose tulle taps with her feathered fan the shoulder of a lady before her.

"Do you not recognize him? Raynor Saville, whom we heard three years ago."

"Ah, yes. Where is his wife?"

"The blonde turns to her hostess who stands near, and repeats the query.

"Mr. Saville's wife?" says Mrs. Earle Fielding. "She—oh, by the way, you do not know of his second marriage?"

"No."

"Well, there is the bride of three months with my Archie."

They look and see a dazzling brunette in gold satin and black lace, and the little blonde catches her breath.

"Why, I have seen her before—her face is so familiar. Where was it? Oh, my treacherous memory—I cannot decide, yet—"

The tenor voice rings out again. The assembly had received the aria with rapturous applause, and now in response Raynor Saville gives them an old time favorite of his, a simple little Scotch love song.

"But you can do something toward it if you try."

"I don't want to try. Ten to one I should split it."

"Then won't you fix my mop and water pail?"

"Not to-day. They will wriggle through if you're careless!"

"You can at least fix the windows in our chamber so that they won't rattles and let in so much wind."

"Don't bother, Susan. I ain't in the mood for work. Just your wash your dishes and let me alone."

Having thus spoken Peter rose and prepared for going out. His wife knew very well his intended destination. He was going to the tavern, where he would be sure to meet some of his wet-dy cronies and where he would drink more or less. Thus far Peter had not been in the habit of drinking to inebriation, but the habit was growing upon him.

"Stop a minute, Peter," she said. "What for?"

"Wait and see."

Peter had curiously and he waited, Susan left the kitchen, and when she returned she had on her hood and shawl, with an umbrella in her hand.

"Sakes alive! Susan, where are ye going?"

"I am going with you, Peter; you are going to the tavern, and I will keep you company."

Peter stared.

"Goodness, gracious! Susan, what are ye thinking of?"

"It is justesome here without you, Peter, and if there is comfort to be had at the tavern, why may I not enjoy it with you? At all events I am going."

"Susan!"

"Don't worry, Peter. I won't say a word in the presence of your cronies to hurt your feelings. We'll only enjoy ourselves together."

"Do you really mean it, Susan?"

Peter was not entirely oblivious. He felt the reproach. He took of his hat and hung it upon a peg. Then he scratched his head and said: "I declare, Susan, that is a pretty considerable amount of liquor for a woman to drink. Don't let's say no more. Just you take off your hood and shawl and I'll stay at home."

Susan went away and removed her outer garments, and Peter got his hammer and nails and went to work, and before noon he had fixed a weather-strip upon the door, had fixed the pump and the mop, had lightened the chamber windows, besides having done various other little things that were needed. And in the afternoon, spurred up by the accomplishments of the morning, he sought work on his own account.

And when night came he felt better and happier than he had felt before in a long time. And the good influence did not fade with the day. That proved the turning-point of a life. Thereafter Peter Doldrum went on improving until he became a thrifty and self-reliant man.

FOR NEWLY-WEDDED FOLK.

She didn't show the least disposition to jump out of the car window, but all of a sudden he grabbed her by the paw. She grabbed back. Then he leaned over at an angle of forty-five degrees, and she fell toward him. It was a very uncomfortable position, but they maintained it with scarcely any change for hours. Her hat got skewed around almost upside down, but she could not release her clutch for fear he'd go through the roof. His collar wilted and his necktie worked around under his ear, but if he'd let go her paw she'd think he was mad.

"Darling!" said he in a blurtful whisper, "don't it seem like a curse?"

"I can't realize it," she answered, as she raised one of her back hairpins across his nose.

"No, mine?"

"Yes, lovely."

"Never got mad?"

"Never, sweetie."

The man on the seat behind them folded up the paper, poked up his grip, and changed to a seat across the aisle. As he sat down a motherly-looking woman inquired:

"Are they married?"

"I think so, madam."

"And can nothing be done to stop it?"

"I think not."

Two or three minutes the newly-wedded were silent.

"Darling!" she suddenly sighed.

"What is it, my angel?"

"Darling!"

"What is it? If any base hyena has dared to cause you a moment's unhappiness I'll murder him! Point out the animal!"

"I ain't that."

"I ain't afraid you'll be—he mad?"

"No, I ain't. How could I be mad at you? What is it, Dolly?"

"Why, I wish you'd wipe the sweat out of that left ear. Now, you love just the same, don't you?"

"Of course."

"And you ain't mad?"

"Why, no. There, now—who cares who's looking? It's nobody's business, anyhow!"

There was another interval of silence, during which she tried to remember whether they were engaged the week before her father gave Henry the boot or whether it was the next Sunday.

"Henry?"

"What, angel?"

"Are we wedded?"

"Yes, love."

"And you love me?"

"With all my heart."

"And you ain't mad?"

"No, dearest."

"Then I'm so happy! Henry, squeeze my hand!"

He squeezed. He held an indignation meeting and appointed a committee to see if something could not be done; but he squeezed the harder.

Three or four women got together and passed a resolution to the effect that if a railroad company could not protect its passengers the Legislature should be appealed to, but that couple had a death-grip on each other and wcu n't let go.

The baggage man came in when sent for, but he said he was helpless. He knew just how we must feel, but the road wasn't to blame. The conductor came back to the car and asked us not to lay it up against him. He was a poor man, had been out of a job several months, and this was his first run."

Well, the long and short of the matter was that eighteen or twenty of us rode 150 miles with that panorama, but such a thing will never happen again—never! We shook hands on that, and agreed we'd walk first.

A Sluggish Liver

Cause of the Stomach and Bowels to become disordered, and the whole system to suffer from debility. In all such cases Ayer's Pills give prompt relief.

After much suffering from Liver and Stomach troubles, I have finally been cured by taking Ayer's Cathartic Pills. I always find them prompt and thorough in their action, and their use is essential in every case of indigestion, constipation, or biliousness.—Ralph Wescam, Annapolis, Md.

Twenty-five years ago I suffered from a torpid liver, which was restored to healthy action by Ayer's Cathartic Pills. Since that time I have never been without them. They regulate the bowels, create the digestive system, and stimulate the appetite, more so than any other medicine.—Paul Churchard, Haverhill, Mass.

INGVIGORATED.

I know of no remedy equal to Ayer's Pills for Stomach and Liver troubles. I suffered from a torpid liver, and my skin was yellow, and my tongue coated. I used Ayer's Cathartic Pills, and my bowels, were pale and emaciated. A few boxes of Ayer's Pills, taken in modern business, restored my general health.—Waldo Miles, Oberlin, Ohio

Ayer's Pills are a superior family medicine. They strengthen and invigorate the digestive organs, stimulate the appetite, and remove the horrible depression and despondency resulting from the liver and bowels. They are the most reliable pills in my family, for years, and they never fail to give entire satisfaction.—Otto Montague, Oshkosh, Wis.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in Medicines.

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 REMURER, CONVEYANCER, AND GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT

The following Companies are Represented:

LEBANON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
 WASHINGTON MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE CO.
 WYOMING FIRE INSURANCE CO.
 LEHIGH FIRE INSURANCE CO.
 TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.

MARCA 25, 1877 THOMAS REMURER.

A Cruel Wrong.

BY QUINCY.

"How glorious, Lora. If there is one thing on earth above another that can lift one into the realms of ecstasy it is a tenor voice, a clear, musical, tender voice like this—what is his name?"

—Grace Cartland refers to her pink-tinted program.—"So handsome, too, I wonder you can watch and listen with that cold, impassive countenance. Have you no soul? Does beauty and melody combined exercise no influence upon—"

"Grace, cease your rhapsodies," says Lora Erskine, with a faint, sweet smile. "I am not without appreciation, but this man is no wonder, and—I have seen him, heard him before."

"If that you know him, then? You must have met him, for this is his first public appearance. I hear it was with reluctance he consented to have his name added to the list of those who for the sake of charity, display themselves on this auspicious occasion. What did—"

"Hush, he comes again," whispers Lora.

There is a burst of applause, and all eyes turn upon that graceful, manly form standing in the enhancing radiance of the footlights, with the proud, dark head and perfect face upon which is a look almost melancholy.

It is not that Raynor Saville appears sad or depressed. You would not suspect a secret sorrow at his heart nor shadow upon his life, but there are some faces that wear a faint, vague pathos that is fascinating beyond brilliancy, and his was one of these.

His voice rings out in the plaintive notes of a Scotch love-song, and his dark, dreamy eyes gaze out over the sea of faces and rest upon the face of Lora Erskine.

She is sitting with that faint indifferent smile on her lips, but as across that space their eyes meet, a strange look flashes into her own, and her gloved hands clench upon her program.

The next moment the song ceases, the singer is gone, and a tall woman in a salmon pink and black is dashing her fingers over the keys of the piano-forte that occupies the center of the stage.

"What a pity Raynor Saville did not choose a professional life," said a little blonde, sitting behind Lora; "though, for that matter, it is not too late now—he cannot be more than twenty-seven."

"I believe he has no taste for a public life," answers her companion. "And his wife—"

"Ah, he is married?"

"Yes; there is his wife—next to that woman wearing that hideous green bonnet—see?"

Lora waits a moment, then turns her head slowly, discovers the objectionable head-dress, and draws her breath hard as her eyes fall upon that fair blonde face just beyond—a face so pure and guileless it might have been painted on canvas and titled St. Cecilia. The eyes are blue as a summer sky, shadowless and frank as a child's.

"A pretty little thing—one of those sweet, lovable creatures to be petted and trusted," says the voice behind.

"What causes the scarlet lips of Lora Erskine to curve at this instant in a sneer that fades into that faint, cold smile again?"

"You did not like the rendition of

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, 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 preparation known to me.
 E. A. ANGLIS, M. D.,
 20 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
 ALEX. LEITCH, M. D.,
 102 21 Ave., New York.

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

How She Cured Him.

A STORY OF WOMANLY RESOLUTION—A SHEPHERD AND HIS INDUSTRIOUS WIFE.

Peter Doldrum was inclined to be shiftless. He was not a man of extended business capacity, nor had he, by inheritance, been blessed with great intellect or much of worldly goods. Peter Doldrum was a day laborer in a small country village, owning a poor cottage and a poor piece of land; but both cot and land might have been much better had Peter Doldrum so willed and determined; in fact, his cot, that came from the parents of his wife, was pleasantly situated, and the land had been of the very best quality. But Peter was satisfied to work for others who would pay him, taking little heed to the capacities and possibilities of his own vantage. His wife was a thrifty, hard-working, god-natured woman, very seldom speaking otherwise than kindly to her husband. He was not often sorely tried; for at heart Peter was kindness and docility personified.

But, alas! there was danger of his going to the bad. The symptoms were strong in that direction. Could Mrs. Doldrum correct him? She had resolved that she would try.

It was a cold, drizzling day in mid-November. Peter had eaten his breakfast and sat brooding over the kitchen stove. His wife said to him: "Peter, can't you put some kind of a weather-strip on the bottom of the back door to-day? The wind and rain beat in there dreadfully!"

"No," answered Peter with a shrug. "It's a cold, wet job, and I don't feel like it."

"Well, can't you fix the pump? The handle is loose and the lower box leaks."

"Can't do it, Susan. I ain't a pump-maker."

Dr. Frazier's Root Bitters.

Frazier's Root Bitters are not a dram shop beverage. They 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.

—A man who writes poetry in his hat is a versatile man.
 —If a brooklet is a little brook, what is a goblet.
 —Tobacco leaves—The cigar stubs that are thrown away.
 —The proper stamp for mankind is man. That is the only reason why girls go to school.
 —An End to Bone Scraping. Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Pa., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know I have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have my leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters, and seven boxes Buckler's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."
 —A court-ship has two mates and no captain.
 —One hundred and fifty of the 302 colleges in the United States publish newspapers.
 —Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, flesh wounds, snake bite, hives, lumps, corns, chapped lips and hands. Price 50 cents. Sold by druggists, Williams Mfg. Co., Prop., Cleveland, O. Sold by Thomas, the druggist.
 —When a house is not rented in Mexico it is not taxed.
 —Organ grinders in New York are prohibited from turning the crank between 9 p. m. and 9 a. m.
 —A twenty-five pound coll was born recently near Mt. Vernon, Ohio.
 —The value of a ton of silver is \$37,708.84.
 —Hay Fever, Asthma. Relief guaranteed. Fontaine's Cure. For sale by C. T. Horn, Druggist.
 —A pious old lady recently sent by wedding presents a pair of flatirons, a rolling pin and a motto worked on cardboard reading: "Fight on."
 —Hay Fever, Asthma. Immediate relief. Fontaine's Cure. For sale by C. T. Horn, Druggist.
 —The most confirmed skeptic will take your word for it if you point a gun at his head and tell him it is loaded.
 —For lumb back, side or chest, use Shiloh's Porens Plaster. Price 25 cts. Sold by C. T. Horn and W. F. Biersy.
 —A young man came to us the other day, and wanted to know if we could tell him where he could get a position with a chance to rise. We directed him to the nearest powder mill.
 —SHILOH'S COUGH AND CONSUMPTION CURB has cured a number of cases of cough, colds, consumption, Sore Throat, whooping cough, and all other lung troubles. Sold by Biersy, Weissport, and Horn, Leighton, Pa.
 —Reidsville (Ga.) hunters had fun for three hours the other day chasing a catamount. It was shot nine times before it was killed.
 —Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough, Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. Sold by Horn, Leighton, and Biersy, Weissport.
 —The Fall River News says a new yarn mill is to be started there. Wonder what they want another newspaper there for any how?

Catarrh Ely's

CREAM BALM
 Gives relief at once and cures Cold in Head Catarrh.
HAY FEVER
 Not a Lignid, Snuff or Powder. Free from injurious Drugs and Chemicals.
 A particle applied into each nostril is agreeable. Price 25 cents at druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents. Circulars free. No. 1010, Druggists, Chicago, N. Y.
 Jy-16-1885

DANIEL WIEAND,

ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF
Carriages, Wagons, Sleighs, &c
 —CORNER OF—
BANK AND IRON STREETS,
 LEHIGHTON, PENNA.
 Particular attention given to
REPAIRING
 In all its details, at the very Lowest Prices.
 Patronage respectfully solicited and best satisfaction guaranteed.
 Jan. 10, 84. DAN. WIEAND.

The CORNER STORE

FOR FRESH NEW

Cabbage,
 Potatoes,
 Pine Apples,
 Beans,
 Peas,
 Bananas,
 Onions,
 Radishes.

C. M. Sweeny, & Son,
 —AT—
 The CORNER STORE

Children Cry

FOR PITCHER'S Castoria

Castoria promotes Digestion, and overcomes Flatulency, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhea, 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 preparation known to me.
 E. A. ANGLIS, M. D.,
 20 Portland Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

"I use Castoria in my practice, and find it specially adapted to affections of children."
 ALEX. LEITCH, M. D.,
 102 21 Ave., New York.

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AGENTS WANTED FOR DR. SCOTT'S

EMERGENCY REMEDY FOR CROUP, BRONCHITIS, AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE THROAT AND LUNGS.

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