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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H. V. Morthimer, Jr., Publisher.

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OFFICE:—The room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher.
BANK STREET, - LEHIGHTON, PA.
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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, 15-4.

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OFFICE: ADVOCATE BUILDING,
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All business pertaining to the office will receive prompt attention. 16.

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BRANCH OFFICE—Opposite Clauss & Bro's
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Dentistry in all its branches. Teeth Extracted without pain. Gas administered when requested. Office Day—WEDNESDAY of each Week. P. O. Address,
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The Only and Popular Resort for commercial men. Rooms to let by the Day or Week on Reasonable Terms. Choice Cigars, Wines and Liquors always on hand. Good Sheds and Stables with attendance attached. April 10-y1.

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Midway between Mauch Chunk & Lehighton
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This well known hotel is elegantly refitted, and is the best accommodations for permanent and transient boarders. Excellent cuisine and the only best liquors. Also the finest wheelyard. Sept. 18-y1.

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Opposite L. & S. Depot,
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This house offers moderate accommodations for travelling and permanent boarders. It has been newly refitted in all its appointments, and is located in one of the best patronage portions of the town. Terms moderate. ☞ The bar is supplied with the choicest Wines, Liquors and Cigars. Fresh Lager Beer on Tap. apr 10-y

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Announces to his friends and the public generally, that he has now open for their accommodation his
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next door to the 1st National Bank, Bank Street, Lehighton, and that he is now prepared to furnish First Class
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Terms Moderate.
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POPULAR
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Drugs and Medicines.
THOMAS carries the largest stock of Drugs and Medicines in the county.
THOMAS has an elegant stock of Drugs, Sponges, Fancy and Toilet Articles, at the lowest prices as well as the goods.
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TRUSSES, SUPPORTERS and BRACES—always a large stock on hand.
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WALL PAPERS and BORDERS—the latest in season, just in.
REMEMBER THOMAS when your prescriptions are FILLED or for any Pure Medicines.
GO to THOMAS for your Fancy Articles, Perfumes and Humbugs; go to THOMAS for your Horse and Cattle Powders. jan 17

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

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GENERAL INSURANCE AGENT
The following Companies are represented:
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LEHIGH FIRE, and the
TRAVELERS ACCIDENT INSURANCE
Accidents insured against Railway, Travel and General Accidents.
Office in Advocate Building.
March 20, 1886. THOS. REMSHER

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The CORNER STORE
FOR FRESH, NEW
Melons,
Cabbage,
Sweet Potatoes,
Peaches,
Egg Plants,
Cantalopes,
Potatoes,
Bananas,
Lemons,
Onions,
C. M. Sweeny, & Son,
—AT—
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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.

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Unrivaled for Coughs, Bronchitis and Throat Diseases
SAFE. SURE. PROMPT. 25 Cts.
AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

A HUSBAND'S TRIBUTE TO HIS WIFE

Behind the vines and windows
Then let the sunshine through
Between the snowy mullins
Creeped back with bows of blue,
Where blooming plants are breathing
Their wealth of sweet perfume,
The beauty of the summer,
Fills our delighted room.

There are the birds sweet singing,
There are the blooming flowers,
There are the warmth and sunshine
Of summer's mingled hours;
There happy love awaits me,
And every smile is true,
For paradise shines for ever
In my lovely eyes of blue.

Thunder-clouding clouds are blending,
And showers of sleet and rain
Are beating to the windows,
They storm and rave in vain.
They mingle not the summer
That fills that happy room,
The summer that my dear wife makes
For ever in our home.

Her smile is my life's sunshine;
Like sunshine is her hair;
Her cheeks are like the roses
That bloom so brightly there
Within the cheerful window;
Her voice is sweet and clear
As the wild singing birds that fill
Around her willow bear.

She is the very soul of summer,
All gladness is her life;
And God of indeed am I, who call
This summer-child my wife.
No matter what the season be,
Or how the wind may howl,
Within this room we always make
A summer of our own.

My Guardian.

BY M. E. BOLAHAN.

"We must have come two or three miles already!" I exclaim piteously, leaning forward to my unshaken mate. "How much farther is it to Idlewild Hall?"

The good-natured Hibernian on the elevated front seat turns his jolly round face with a broad smile.

"An' sure it's almost there we are, miss," he says respectfully. "Do ye see through the trees yo can see a bit of the auld hall itself, and Mather Ransom himself admindin' on the county."

Somewhat eagerly my impatient eyes seek the direction indicated by a nod of the driver's head, and in silence I drink in the delicious beauty of the scene before me, just as we pass under a long row of cool, dark elms lining the avenue, and Idlewild—the home of my guardian—breaks full on my admiring view.

The beautiful, dark old hall, all surrounded by porches, balconies and frescoed verandas, around which climb ivy and moss and curious flowering vines in their full luxuriant verdure, the spacious gardens, and brilliant flowers, dim lake beyond, and the gayly-dressed figures of ladies and gentlemen playing tennis on the lawn, all seem like some glimpse of Fairyland to my city-stifled senses.

With a prancing dash, which displaces the driver's serenity, we reach the hall door, and I have a good opportunity to examine the guardian in whose care my mother left me, as, with uncovered head, he comes slowly and carefully down the steps.

The same glance which shows me that he possesses a face of dark, slumber beauty, with keen eyes and mustached lips of almost cruel firmness, shows me also that the slow, careful walk is occasioned by an unnatural twist of one foot—that Paul Ransom, with his face and form of grand, powerful beauty, is, alas, a cripple.

One swift, keen glance into my face he gives as he patronizes the carriage door, and—child of the world as I am—I feel all the swift, hot blood dye my brow under his glance, then recede, leaving the pale and almost faint.

"You have had a long journey, Miss Kenneth," he says, extending a slim, strong hand as I stand on the pavement beside him. "My mother is in her room, almost ill with a headache; and Evangeline"—I think his deep voice dwells on the name tenderly, then he goes on with a little smile, that for a moment lifts the shadows from his eyes—"is on the lawn deep in a game of tennis. She had almost given you up, so that I must bid you welcome to Idlewild. I trust you will be very happy here."

As the cool indifference of his voice, my heart throbs painfully, some homesick feeling returns to my heart, fills with a mood of rebellion, and I answer wearily, as I walk by his side up the broad, cool steps:

"No doubt I shall be as happy here as clean here," and suddenly again my eyes meet his; but I do not change color this time. "It is not in my nature to know contentment."

A sudden dark storm-cloud gathers on his face; I am almost startled by the change; but in a moment it is gone, leaving only the proud, cold indifference behind.

"Since you are your mother's daughter," he says, with a faint smile, which, with all my world experience, I am yet unable to analyze, "I might not blame you for that. Lizette"—as a trim servant appears—"will show you to your rooms, Miss Kenneth, and I will tell mother you have arrived."

I bow coldly, and follow the maid up the broad, shallow stairs, and into my own apartments, elegantly furnished as if they were to receive a queen.

But it is a weary, heart-sick girl they receive, after all—more miserable and heart-sick than I had ever dreamed it possible that I could be; and with a smile of bitter self-scorn I view my own slim, tall reflection in the many mirrors lining the walls of my dressing-room.

The cool reception I have met has piqued my pride considerably; more than, even to myself, I care to confess.

Why my beautiful worldly mother—the very queen of fashion—should have selected as guardian to her beautiful, worldly daughter a man like Paul Ransom is quite beyond my comprehension.

Of my own power I am quite conscious.

How could it be otherwise, when all the Eastern world—even the fastidious Paris, went down before me while in the hands of my beautiful, worldly mother.

Yet, for all the surprise, delight, or feeling of any sort that Paul Ransom had displayed at sight of my beauty, I might have been an awkward, ignorant country-girl.

But he shall acknowledge it, I tell myself, with a confident smile when I am dressed, in one of Worth's most exquisite wonders, for dinner.

Then I go slowly down the steps, quite indifferent to the fact that a crowd of ladies and gentlemen—all very young and gay, are trooping in from the veranda.

A moment and all have passed, laughing and jesting, except two—a lovely young girl, with a tender, saucy face, and—my heart throbs violently—my guardian, with his slow, halting walk.

Her face is lifted to his with some laughing remark; then she discovers me standing on the lower steps of the stairway.

Signaled by the look in hers, Mr. Ransom lifts his eyes until they rest on me—the stern, keen look has vanished—and comes forward, with a cold, courteous bow.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Kenneth," he says. "I alone am to blame that no one called for you; I had quite forgotten to announce your arrival. Allow me—my cousin, Miss Evangeline Vance."

Forgotten to announce my arrival!

What a Paragonian lie is, to be sure, yet I wonder in my heart why it is that he treats me with such polite, studied carelessness, while a moment ago, when speaking with Miss Vance, that beautiful, tender smile unbent his lips and deepened to laughter in his dark eyes.

My heart is hot and restless with cool pain—pain to which I am entirely unused; and after a few words of languid greeting on my side, timid friendliness on hers, I follow Miss Vance into the long, handsome dining-room, where I am presented to the guests.

We are already seated at the gleaming table, talking in low whispers, when the door opens and my guardian comes forward, in the slow way which has grown so fascinating to me; and with an elevation of my scornful eyelids, I see that he is accompanied by—

"Dr. Glenhurst!" I exclaim, eagerly extending both hands as I rise in the pleasure of meeting some one one from the old life. "Ah! I am so pleased to see you—any one from the old life, for which I am heart-hungry."

So low the words are that no one hears them, I am sure, except my guardian and Dr. Glenhurst.

As an old friend, the latter takes my hands eagerly, while my eyes rest on his fine face.

"The compliment is too general to be flattering, Miss Lelia," he says in a low voice. "But from you, one would be easily reckless to expect anything more personal. Do not give me credit for goodness. When I learned that you were to be here, I went down on my knees to Ransom for an invitation."

But without answering the sally, Mr. Ransom walks to a seat beside his cousin, and I question Dr. Glenhurst to one beside me, resolving to be my most brilliant, witty and beautiful—cold and cutting to my guardian as he is to me.

And I keep my resolve; but several times I could easier have wept with vacant pain as I find his dark eyes fixed on my face with a nameless melancholy, which makes him "a thing apart from the gay crowd."

I tell myself that I hate him; I tell my pride that beneath his roof I will not stay, that I will go back into the great, glad, gay world that appreciates me, and of which it seems odd to even think in this beautiful, secluded place, with its dreamy, sad peace of Nature; yet in his presence, even though we are coldly indifferent, is a fascination, a magnetism, that draws and binds me.

The days drag out into weeks, and I am at times—very few—feverishly happy then, more often, desperately miserable.

My guardian and I are, if possible, colder, more cutting, than ever, while his entire nature seems to change in the presence of his pretty cousin.

Mrs. Ransom is to me all that her son is not—loving, sweet and courteous.

One day Dr. Glenhurst and I are admiring a picture of my mother, painted by an artist friend.

"Your mother was a beautiful woman; quite as beautiful as yourself, Miss Lelia," says my companion, looking up.

Mr. Ransom is standing by the window, looking out on the decline of day, and he shrugs his shoulders with a low, bitter laugh.

"And quite as heartless, of course," he says, stepping through the open window into the fragrant garden, where Evangeline is gathering fresh flowers.

With an imploring glance at me, Mrs. Ransom hurries from the room; and slowly, stung to fierce passionate anger, I follow, resolving to pack my trunks immediately, telling myself that never, in this world or the next, will I forgive Paul Ransom.

"I am going back across the Atlantic," I say to Dr. Glenhurst at dinner; and although I appear quite unconscious of it, I see my guardian start and turn a shade paler. "I am weary of this country, and"—with a little low laugh—"since it is my privilege to be heartless—the people. Wish me God-speed now, I start in the morning."

The evening wears on to midnight before we part for the night; even then I cannot sleep with this nameless, yearning pain crushing my heart; so I step out into the garden, where the white moonlight lies heavy on shrub and flower, and where—I am unconscious of the fact until we stand face to face—Paul Ransom is wandering also.

"Where are you going?" he asks, laying one hand on my bare arm and thrilling me with his touch.

Then I know that I love him; that I may go out of his life, yet the memory of him will live with me through all the future years.

"Are you merciless?" he asks hoarsely. "Can you not forgive? The pain has been making in my heart for twenty years—forgive me that it at last broke rover in words. God knows I regret them, Lelia. Twenty years ago I loved your mother. Fool that I was, she encouraged me to love her; then laughed in my face for—a cripple—presuming to love her! Can you blame me for the bitterness that mingles with my thoughts of her still? But now, to-night, I have conquered much—even my presumption in daring to love the charge with which she entrusted me; the——"

With a low, glad cry of rapture—consciousness only that mine is not a barren love—I fall on my knees before him.

"Not that—never that!" I whisper, with clasped hands. "Let me atone—let your love gladden my life, that otherwise must be so lonely. Let the past be dead; let the future——"

But the thrill of his lips on mine sealed an eternal future peace.

Theo Banhurst's Wife.

BY M. E. B.

"Yes," says Alan Tremont, surveying his handsome friend through a blue wreath of smoke, "there are quite a number of beautiful women at Long Branch now; but the most beautiful of all—the most brilliant, witty and fascinating—in fact, the rage—is Mrs. Banhurst—your namesake, old fellow."

"Mrs. Banhurst!" exclaims his companion slowly knocking the ashes from his fragrant Havana. "She surely is not a widow. Yes, no?" Why, she can hardly be twenty."

Tremont sacrifices a few whiffs of his cigar to scrutinize the cold, handsome face opposite for a moment.

"Ah, you have seen her then, my friend!" resuming his weed. "Well, it is always difficult to tell the age of a beautiful woman, elegantly attired, you know, and Mrs. Banhurst acknowledge—twenty-five. Where did you see her—and when?"

Theo Banhurst inquires in a low, scornful way.

"About half an hour ago," he says, "down on the hall by the sea. She was dressed in white satin, and looking like some beautiful moaning shadow of the white moonlight that glossed over her. I would have appreciated her beauty better, perhaps, but that that handsome young Dunleigh was on its knees before your divinity, uttering all sorts of mad things in the most my-love-generally-to-once-in-a-lifetime."

His voice, full of scorn, but yet a touch of vague sadness and regret in its tones, perhaps it is in memory of the days in his life time when he had likewise uttered these same mad things to her, confesses.

His companion laughs softly, and sends a puff of blue smoke upward the snow vault above them.

"It is the general swing," he says. "All the men here have fallen, desperately, hopelessly in love with her, and she is consequently hated by her own sex. 'Women's gratitude is a secret,' you know, and they have even tried to bury her in the mines of her own set, just make a scandal scandal of it. As if!—so honestly—her sorrow were not already bad enough."

"Her past!" questions Mr. Banhurst, some shon of interest in his clear eyes. "What of her past, Tremont, that excites her present frivolity and coquetry?"

Alan flushes slightly, more, perhaps, of the consideration in Banhurst's tone than the question he asked.

His gaze wanders along the white moonlight over a throng of gay groupes and couples straying in indolent gayety, then rests almost coldly on the grand, handsome face yonder bending upon the black beside.

"She is an Irishman," he says slowly. "And although beautiful, brilliant, witty and fascinating, she is not a coquette. She is not to blame that men fall in love with her, and I know she would save them if she could. I was the first victim here, and"—with a mirthless laugh—"to show her my manliness, she told me the truth. She is not a widow as the people here think, but—a deserted wife."

"Eight years ago she was a simple, pretty country girl. Being away out of the world some place up among the Vermont hills. Suddenly to their rural quiet one day came a wealthy aristocrat—an artist by choice. I can't go into details, of course, but the upshot of it all was that in no time he married her.

"As usual in such cases, came the awaking. In a fit of mad pique, he had married her because one of his own fashionable equals had jilted him. It was a desperately cruel act for that, wasn't it, when he knew she was a woman? Yet he did, and—— Well, perhaps, the man was mad.

"Their honeymoon consisted of tears and reproaches on her side, jeering disgusts and haughty indifference on his.

"Then they parted, but they could not undo the mad marriage, more's the pity. When her husband is dead she does not know, but she thinks to some foreign country. The man is a scoundrel, and I know she thinks so. Why there are some men here—and a few—who would give all they are worth, and ever expect to get, for the honor of standing in that man's place; but on his worthless account, they never can, and that's the pity of it.

"Young Dudleigh is a good fellow, now a millionaire, too. And all she possesses on earth is the compensation her own literary work can bring. If that luckless husband of hers would only have the grace to shuffle off his mortal coil, now—— But, there, you are weary, old fellow. The music is stretches up—let's join the dancers, and I'll introduce you. We shall find her surrounded by the choicest court of gentlemen."

But there they do not find her, nor any place else; and Banhurst's proud, stern face is a shade more stern, and strangely agitated as he stands looking on the brilliant swaying crowd, thinking.

"Can it be—could it be possible? Heaven's if it should be my wife. The story is so strangely like. When all these years I have been striving to forget that I possessed one, how since I rush blindly against here. And Alan Worthington, who slightled my life and made it the worthless thing it now is, here with her husband too. Verily, sometimes these works are fathe own wonders."

And in her room, Beatrix Banhurst stands regarding with great dark eyes into which a weary, chilled sorrow has crept, her own flawless reflection.

"After all, the world is merciless," she softly whispers. "That one fault should mess against. After all these years to have wrecked—ruined—have. And Mrs. Worthington, the haughty aristocrat for whose sake he spoiled my life, is in the hall room below. I am his wife!" in passionate energy she clinches her white hand, "that, even though he wishes, I will never acknowledge it. For the future I am to be as proud, independent and indifferent as he has been in the past. No power on earth—not all the pain, misery and heartache the years may bring, can ever make me acknowledge the miserable truth. But, oh, if it had been otherwise!"

Next day she is on the balcony, the admired of all luxury watchers, when Theo Banhurst comes forward slowly, in an abstracted way and Alan Tremont begs permission to present his friend.

At sight of the tall, distinguished looking man with the proud perfection of particular beauty—the same man who wakened her from only to crush its dreams forever—that same heart now gives a great throb of response, and for a moment the world grows dark around her; the voices, the music and the laughter sounds as if far off.

"You are ill, Mrs. Banhurst," some one whispers anxiously; then pride comes to the rescue.

She haughtily denies the inquiry, then acknowledges the introduction to her own husband nonchalantly, as if face and name were alike new to the tablet of her memory.

Then Banhurst's face grows stormier, his heart strangely irritated as he gazes on this vision of dazzling loveliness, and notes that she—his own wife—has evidently forgotten his face and—existence.

Soon he turns to speak with his old love, Mrs. Worthington, and his heart cries out that time, which has been so lavish in her gifts to his wife, has been so blind and unmerciful to the other.

Several days pass; but he finds no time for a personal interview with his wife.

She avoids, torturer, sits him keenly every time they meet in company; but gives no sign of a former acquaintance.

"I will see her," he cries, looking out over the waste of sea. "I am her husband, yet I am thrust aside without even the right to speak one word. I will see her alone, and this very day. If I have to create a scandal—if I have to force an entrance to her apartments."

But this is to be spared, for a few minutes later he comes upon her seated at the base of the lighthouse, near which she was on the first night of his arrival.

She hastily conceals a shining trinket in her bosom, but not before he has seen that it is a locket, and that it contains a pictured face.

Slowly, gracefully, with a suspicion of nonchalant scorn in every movement, she rises and confronts him.

A moment of deep silence, then:

"You seem to have a peculiar penchant for this spot, Mrs. Banhurst," he says scornfully.

A wave of color crosses her beautiful, dark face.

"Indeed!" she says with a mocking laugh, "so pleased you discovered it. A person of such deep discernment might also discover the fact that his presence is not necessary to my happiness, Mr. Banhurst."

"Regret it as we both may," he says coldly, "you are my wife, and the force can go on no longer. Your home is mine, and"—suddenly, fiercely—"I will not allow those fellows yonder to make love to you any longer."

She shrugs her shoulders and laughs mockingly.

"Pray don't, Mr. Banhurst, concern your self on my account at this late hour. It is too ridiculous. You never acknowledged me before the world—how should they know? Naturally they suppose that unless my husband was dead he would be at my side. Why should I endeavor them for the miserable compensation of being your miserable wife? In the past you have never revealed the truth; in the future you never shall."

"Then I will!" he exclaims passionately, dried with a sudden desire, wild and intense, to possess the name of his scornful judge before him. "I will, and this very day."

She draws herself to her proud, slender height.

"You will gain nothing by it," she says coldly. "You have married me—now I will go the farthest end of the world to avoid you. If necessary, I will seek justice in the law. Any court will acknowledge eight years of absence desertion, and give me freedom."

"Am I, then, so repulsive?" he asks slowly, and at the question a quick flush mantles her lovely face into warm, living beauty from the proud, cold, statue it was.

But she laughs a little derisively, and resorts to that old feminine trick of stamping her slippers.

With one quick stride he catches her in his strong arms, and kisses her quickly on cheek and lips and brow.

"Before God, you are my wife," he whispers, holding her close. "I will never give you up. Your home and mine forever, Beatrix."

"I am not!" she pants, struggling for freedom. "Against every law of God you manifest, that you dare call me wife. Hate! the hatred that runs cold——"

But in her struggle she broke her slipper from her bosom, and lies before them with open foil, revealing the handsome face of Theo Banhurst, years younger than now.

"My darling—my love!" he passionately cries, and with a low, triumphant cry, she lays her hands in his.

"I thought I never would go to you again," she whispered. "But now——"

"Because, in your anger, you will come, and because I cannot live without you, Beatrix—my wife."

—Every man has some peculiar train of thought, which he falls back upon when alone. This, to a great degree, molds the man.

—Read this paper. All the news.

—It is said that there are more lies told in the sentence: "I am glad to see you," than in any other six words in the English language.

—Children are very nice observers, and they will often perceive your slightest defects. In general, those who govern children feel it nothing to them, but everything in themselves.

—There was a picnic in Miller township, Ind., the other day, and Aunt Susie Grubbs took the prize as the best dancer. Aunt Susie is 83 years old.

—It does not disturb a photographer's equanimity to be rejected by a young lady. He takes so many negatives, you know.

—"Love is blind." True, true. The young man never sees the dog until it is too late to escape in a dignified manner.

Dr. Frazer's Magic Ointment.
A sure cure for all boils, burns, sores, cuts, fresh 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.

—Governess: "What is the future of the week to love, Mary?" Pupil, after a pause: "To marry, Miss Jones."

—Elsie Bowls has turned over a new leaf, the Boston Home Journal says, and has become a charming and delightful man, a boon it is a great pleasure to meet socially.

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.

—We can at least feel grateful that Eve didn't wear eyeglasses and call Adam "Chawles."

—A genuine Chesapeake Bay Spanish mackerel was recently caught that measured two and a half feet in length, was seven inches broad, and weighed eleven pounds. Baltimore never saw its like before.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, 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'.

—A new novel is called "A Bachelor's Paradise." A bachelor's paradise! Well that must be a place where buttons grow on shirts.

A Sensible Man
would use Kemp's Balsam for the throat and lungs. It is curing more cases of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, croup and all throat and lung troubles, than any other medicine. The proprietor has authorized Biery, of Weissport, and Thomas, of this place, to refund your money if, after taking three-fourths of a bottle, relief is not obtained. Price 50c. and $1. Trial size free.

—"Pa," said a five-year-old son, "can a rope walk?" "I think not, my son," answered the father, "but it might if it were taut."

An End to Bone Scraping.
Edward Shepherd, of Harrisburg, Ill., says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes Bucklen's Arnica Salve, and my leg is now sound and well."
Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by T. D. Thomas'.

—"Yes, sir," said White; "experience makes fools wise." "Think so?" said Black. "Then you've never had any experience."

The Rev. Geo. H. Thayer, of Bourbon, Ind., says: "Both myself and wife owe our lives to Simon's Consumption Cure. Biery, Weissport, and Dr. Horn, Lehighton."

—One of the greatest delights of hot weather to a married man is that his wife never says anything about a new sealskin sack.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. Sold by Dr. Horn, Lehighton and Biery, Weissport.

—Dearly bought experience is a lesson which all children must to a certain extent experience. Do not expect to entirely protect them from it. Let every child early experience the result of its conduct, be it good or bad, the same as adults do; at least to a moderate extent.

Where Baby was sick we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

—"Alas!" sighed Jenkinson—"alas! to think that I, who am such a lover of nature, should discover after my marriage that I am indissolubly wedding to art!"

No Cure—No Pay.—A new departure in medical science! Fontaine's cure for throat and lung diseases has cured after all other remedies failed. For sale at Dr. C. T. Hoyt's drug store.

—Notwithstanding all the modern improvements of husbandry, the matrimonial harvest is still gathered with the cradle, and threshed by hand.

The secret of successful advertising is to tell the truth. When we say that Dietrichson's Boraxo Soap is the best and cheapest soap you can use for all purposes, it is a plain statement of fact, and the best way for you to satisfy yourself is to try a pound.

When symptoms of malaria appear, in any form, take Ayer's Ague Cure. It will prevent a development of the germs of disease, and eradicate them from the system. A cure is warranted in every instance.

—"What proof have you that the earth revolves?" asked the teacher. "Just get drunk if yer want to see her spin around!" shouted a red-eyed boy on the back seat.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. Sold at Dr Horns' and Biery's drug stores.

—The devil, is said, has a cloven foot, but when a man is on his way to the devil he is very often met with a cloven mouth.

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Is one of the most fatal scourges which afflict mankind. It is often inherited, but may be the result of improper vaccination, mercurial poison, uncleanliness, and various other causes. Chronic Sores, Ulcers, Abscesses, Cancerous Humors, and, in some cases, Tuberculous and Consumption, result from a scrofulous condition of the blood. This disease can be cured by the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.
I inherited a scrofulous condition of the blood, which caused a disfigurement of my whole system. After taking less than four bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla I am
Entirely Cured
and, for the past year, have not found it necessary to use any medicine whatever. I am now in better health and stronger, than ever before.—G. A. Willard, 213 Tremont st., Boston, Mass.
I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores for five years; but, after using a few bottles of Ayer's Sarsaparilla, the sores healed, and I have now good health.—Elizabeth Wescott, 61 Appleton street, Lowell, Mass.
Some months ago I was troubled with Scrofulous Sores on my leg. The limb was badly swollen and inflamed, and the sores discharged large quantities of offensive matter. Every remedy failed until I used Ayer's Sarsaparilla. By taking three bottles of this medicine the sores have been healed, and my health is restored. I am grateful for the good it has done me.—Mrs. Ann O'Brian, 238 Sullivan st., New York.
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