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July 18, 1885—1y]

he Carbon Advocate

INDEPENDENT -- " Live and Let Live."

Lehighton, Carbon County, Penna. September 28, 1889.

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THE RIDING CLUB.

was wondrously handsome in features as dress, but she had a peculiar fashion of new

gear her fondest acquaintances never would guess, and an accident happened white under some branches where foliage bung all the narrow path o'er, and it pulled her hat eff and her hair all came off with it, leaving her

A gentleman riding on horseback over the

"No, I never use it."
"You don't! Well, I wonder how in crea

will settle down. Where'd you come from?"
"From Kansas."

"How's times out there!"
"Very good."
"Any chance for a feller to make libring!"

"At hard work."
This reply evidently dampened the man's

"Some kin stand hard work," he said, "and

some can't. I dou't b'lieve in a feller makin'

a slave of bisself. That's why I left Ioway and Ohio and Illinoy."

"What do you want to do for a living?"

"Well, I don't zactly know."

"And you've no idea where you will lo-

"No, dunno as I hev; but I'm willing to

stop in any place where times is good, and I kin git along." He is probably wandering still, he and his

family, adding to that great and widely scattered army of people who never "git along" in any country.—Youth's Companion.

Appropriate.

Farmer-For the Lor' sake, Mr. Phly,

Farmer-Wall, it's pretty well parned, fur

The Charm of Long Descent.

what kind of a coat be that you hev on! Mr. Phly-Why, this is what they call a

+ -5.1.2.5

-40

"Oh, yes, plenty of chances."
"What at!" asked the man, engerly.

and thus accosted the traveler:
"Got any terbacker, mister?"

lop and they cans

Professional & Business Cards.

Horace Heydt, ATTORNEY AT LAW. NOTARY PUBLIC, DEFICE:-The Room recently occupied by W. M. Rapsher.

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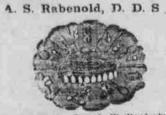
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good fit. But if you need SPECTACLES it is such more important that the EYE should b commodated with correct lenses and a proper ly fitting frame which will bring the lenses di rectly before the centre of the eye. If you but our spectacles at Dr. Horn's you will find th above points properly attended to.

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or three times a week; when sick, 2 table apoundful a day. For a Cow, 1 teaspoonth twice a wack, when sick, twice a day. The same for Hogs. For Poultry mix with teed. Two powder is prepared after the recontribute in the late Dr. If. O. Wilson, and is the genus article. Owners of above named animals ship ive it trian.

on a large nose. I believe they would fill a volume."

of poppies, torches, flamingoes, comet-and other objects of sanguinary hue

of elephant's trunks, crane's bills, head

Tom and Annie were in the higher

"missiles," as they agreed to call them

Annie's shyness was quite forgotten, her black eyes shone, and she was full of ani-

The next day Mrs. Burton again on

gested Annie's going to school, and she

of green goggles to wear if you are go-ing to sit in front of me."
"Got them, then," said Tom, saying to

himself, with a feeling of satisfaction, "That makes 107." Sam was surprised

at Tom's coolness, and hept on with speeches intended to be prevoking, which Bem quietly recorded in his book.

of "missiles" was exhausted.

turned to the charge.

day, Annie said:

spirits as they sat side by side, writin and numbering the remarks and jokes-

nie; "but we will try."

Bhis as a farmer's autique oversits

The gold day waxes to a purple hust,
The western cloudets like bolded lebszers bhush,
The shanghai's caper up the button babs,
While crickets chirp along the old ston; walls,
And drops of dee like perspiration gush
Upon the tiger tily o' taway plush;
The martingale unto his figul mate calls.
The whippoorwill is screeching in the ten,
While night in darkness all the sciene enfolds.
Starting the leavild upon the bough,
And now the farmer lad appears, care free—
Her red tail like unto grim death be holds
And with a bay rake agitates the row.

—It. K. Munkittrick. ue as a farmer's antique overur's set of volumes," said Tom. "Suppose you put the matter to the test," said Will. "Each of you take a blank book and write in it all the per sonal remarks and jokes you can recall, and see which has the most." "Agreed," said Tom. "I'll bet I'll get

THE P. R. A. J. SOCIETY.

When Mrs. Burton received a letter from her sister, Mrs. Grabam, asking whether Annie Graham could stay with her aunt and cousins from September till the following January, she was muchpleased. Annie was 12 years old, just the age of Tom Burton; and as the four other children were much older, their of Mr. Punch and other suggestive obages ranging from 18 to 24, she thought | jects. it would be very pleasant for Tom to have a companion of his own age. The whole family thought a bright little girl would be an agreeable addition to the nousehold circle; but when Annie came they were much disappointed. Her appearance was pleasing. She had a trim little figure, bright black eyes, pretty dark curls, and, though her features were rather irregular, her expression was both amiable and intelligent; her nanners, too, were graceful and refined; yet she was painfully shy. She seemed troubled if spoken to, and even a glance would cause her to shrink as if trying to hide from every eye. The trying to hide from every eye. The and she was becoming very anxious to thought of going to school seemed so excel Tom in this regard. Anxie shought listressing that Mrs. Burton dropped the subject and allowed her to stay at home. Tom was disappointed, and complained to his mother that he could not get ac-

uainted with Annie. 'Never mind, dear," said Mrs. Burton. "I think you will get on together nicely when the ice is once broken;" but Tom feared it would never break. Tom was a good boy, in the main

though he had a very quick temper, and he was a good looking boy, but—his hair was red. Now, as some people object to red hair, I should like to describe Tom's as auburn or golden or tawny; but the bruth is, that if ever hair was redgenuine, unmistakable, unmitigated, dery red—that hair was Tom's, and Tom knew it. Poor boy! he couldn't help mowing it, for he had been teased abou it from his earliest recollection. His trials began with his elder brothers at when the boys found how it plagued him to have any allusion made to his hair. Battle after battle did Tom fight to compel silence on the subject, but all in vain. One day, when Annie had been at her aunt's for nearly a week, Tom rushed home from school and burst into the siting room, where the family were assem oled, in such a plight that his appearance was greeted by a chorus of reproof and

emonstrance. "Dear me, Tom," said fastidious Miss Clara, "you look as though you had been rolling in an ash heap." "The sleeve of your jacket is half torn

out and your collar is hanging," said Miss Julia. "Hello, Tom, what's the matter with your eyes?" said Will. "They don't natch; one's blue and the other's black. "Sullivan's nothing to you, Tom," said Bert. "You're a regular fighting phe-

"Tom, dear, I hope you haven't been fighting again," said Mrs. Burton. "Yes, I have, mother," said Tom 'The fellows won't let me alone, and l won't stand being called Carrot-top by

"Nonsense!" said Miss Julia. "What harm does the name do you?" "A rose by any other name," quoted

literary Bert. "The boys are only in fun," said Mis "And your hair is red, Tom," said Will, eying the said hair critically, with the air of having his attention called to

it for the first time. "You should try not to give way to anger about such a trifle, dear," said Mrs. Burton. "You should cultivate a

forgiving spirit."
"This fighting must stop, sir," said
Mr. Burton, sternly. "Don't let me hear

any more of it."
Then, to the utter astonishment of every one, another voice was heard, and Giraffe. Annie Graham spoke, voluntarily, for the first time since she had entered the house. She spoke in a clear, rather high pitched, slightly plaintive voice that gave distinctness to every word.
"I know just how you feel about your

hair, Tom, for it is just the way I have felt a great many times." Every one was amuzed; even Mr. Bur on laid down his paper when Annie

spoke, and every eye was fixed upon her. Tom was as surprised as the others, "How can you know anything about it, Annie?" with an appreciative glance at Annie's dark curls. "Your hair isn't

"No," said Annie, solemnly, "it's my

"Why, that isn't red, either," said Will, laughing.
"No," said Annie, in the same clear. "No," said Annie, in the same clear. thought: "Another joke! That makes draudful to have made it is so large. It is 258!"—Eleanor Harlow in The Indedreadful to have such a nose; it seems to cast a shadow over my whole existsice." Will opened his mouth, seeing a chance for another joke, but, at a sign

from his mother, he shut it again, and "I think a large nose is even more trying than red hair, for you can dye your hair, or cut it off and wear a wig, or it may turn gray; but a large ne can never possibly grow smaller, and as you grow older it will look even larger. I never can forget my nose. It has been laughed at ever since I was a little, tiny girl, and every one that saw me would say: What a targe nose that child has!' The girls at school laugh at it, and one

Annie paused, and Tom, whose own trials had taught him something in regard to personal sensitiveness, said:
"I don't think your nose is bad looking at all, Annie; and, even if it were a great deal larger than it is, it couldn't be | Washington Post, so bad as my red bair, for it doesn't give chance for se many jokes. After any one has said it is large they can't say any

'Oh you do not know," said Annie, "the number of lokes that can be made

A COOL SUNDAY AT HOME.

"Those on my hair would fill a whole A Tragedy with a Corpulent Woman and Small Girl for Characters.

"And I feel sure that I will," said An-

By the time evening came Tom and Annie had each a blank book in readi-"Hush, darling; it is too heavy for such reather. I will wear it next winter." ess. Miss Clara helped to make them. and they were very pretty. The cover "And will you buy me a little muff next winter, with fur all around the holes where were of stiff, cream colored paper. On Tom's was painted a boy's head, crowned you put your hands through?" by a carrot of brilliant orange, while around the edge ran a fantastic border The stout woman's fingers adhered to the handle of her fan.

On the cover of Annie's book was a The crimp came out of the stout woman's range as she said: "Well, do not think about it now." swordfish, and the border was made up

"Ma, may I bring the bear skin rug out to

"Do anything you like, but don't bother mation. Bedtime came before the stock

The stout woman's feet burned and bega made no objection. Annie was very much liked by teachers and pupils, and she was much less shy than usual; for, if she did snother word."

they?"
The 8-year-old giggled, but the stout woman

excel from in this segard. Annie motignt that her being a swanger gave Som an unfair advantage; but from said that was balanced by the fact that "itse fellows knew he would fhresh any one that spoke of his hair." Tom did not know that it "Ma, my slippers pinch so; may I put or my crocketed bedroom shoes!" "If you speak again you shall go to bed im-Another short silence was his very rage at such allusions that tempted the boys to make them. Before long his old enemy, Sam Whitney, re-"Ma, if I go to bed so early must I have a hot water bottle like I did when I had a sore throat and you put red flannel around it?"

The stout woman's collar wilted and the 8-

"Hello, Woodpecker," he called out to Tom. "I wish you'd get your hair cut. If you don't I'll have to get a pair year-old was sent upstairs.

Over the bannisters there came one more question:
"Ma, must I have my pink cretoune quilt over me to-night?"

> A man was sitting on the third seat in a street our recently when a short, fat man climbed abourd and at once began fanning hissoif with his hat. "Well, this is a hot

bringing his number up to 115. Tom and Annie had agreed that a joke re-peated should count the same as a new one, Annie sagely remarking that old jokes were the most provoking of all. and Annie had agreed that a joke repeated should count the same as a new one. Annie sagely remarking that old jokes were the most provoking of all.

After a time, so many such questions arose that at Will's suggestion they drew up a set of rules, and formed themselves into a secret society of two members, each wearing a badge, on which was inspected the most public man's ears grew red as he spoused: "It's a bot day, I tell you!" and into a secret society of two members, each wearing a badge, on which was in-scribed the mystic letters P. R. A. J. S.,

of short hand of their own invention, to be afterward copied into the larger book. Of course, these badges and note books excited the curiosity of the other pupils; but Tom and Annie could not be personnel. Then the first man looked around of short hand of their own invention, to and chuckled sicefully.-St. Louis Republic suaded to divulge their meaning till, one

"Tom, I feel very sorry for Cornie Scott. She is a dear girl, but she is rather stout, and some of the girls make fun of her. Cornie never gets angry, but I found her crying today, because I agood deal troubled with what is popularly called her a porpoise. Suppose we invite her to join our society?"

There are diplomats in some of the lesser positions in Washington. A clerk in one of the departments was asked the other day if his immediately superior officer was not a good deal troubled with what is popularly called big head.

"I should dislike," said the clerk, "to speak "Tom, I feel very sorry for Cornie

meetings, at which each member was addressed by a name that had been originally bestowed in derision. Annie was Swordfish; Tom, Woodpecker, Ned was known as Bat, while Cornie cheer-"Why!" "Because wa might cage some of the fully responded to the title of Porpoise. Each had a book, modeled after those originally made by Tom and Annie, and diligently collected "missiles," though it was soon evident Cornie's would exceed all the others, her list

growing at a wonderful rate. The soclety grew more and more to be a social slub, and was soon joined by Charley Gibson, a freekled boy, enrolled as Leopard, and Emma Davis, a tall, thin What He Wanted. who meekly bere the title of The P. R. A. J. society was kept up

during the whole of Annie's stay, and it proved more useful than many societies When it came time for Annie to return home there was general regret at

"We shall miss you very much, my dear," said Mrs. Burton. "You have been like a little sunbeam in the house. I hardly thought that would be so when A Prayer.

Backward, turn back, oh, Time, in thy flight, \(\)
Send back the draft that is tabaled "on sight;"
Or turn to that note and the date mark effect—
Give one more chance at the three days of grace.

—Washington Capital. ou first came to us a little maiden all "We had only to wait till the ice was

-

oroken," said Miss Clara. "And I think," said Annie, laughing, it was my big nose that broke the ice." "Or my red hair," said Tom. "Your hair may have melted it," said And Tom never winced, but only

more pretentious.

her departure.

forlorn."

pendent. Wanderers. First Stranger (meeting a wanderer on the descrit—Say, have you come to arrest met Second Ditto—No; Pm Charley Ross. Will you kindly find met. Who are you? First Stranger -I'm Tascott, -Lawrence

Political Note.

Our esteemed contemporary, Cabman Jones, informs us that he cannot support our nomines, the mesquite, for the dignified of-flee of national bird. He says the mesquito does not sear high enough. Indeed, he says that he has lived in countries where mesquitoes filled the air chock full down near the of them was angry at me, and nicknamed me "Swordfielt," and the others
took it up. I dread to go to a new place.
I dreaded even to come to see you, and the only real argument we have heard against the mosquito. Surely this proud nation will not accept for its bird one that never flies higher than fifteen feet from the earth. How-ever, before we formize the mosquito we mean to obtain, if possible, the evidence of somebody who has slept in a second or third story room without bars on the window.—

> Purely Mechanical, of Course. Wherever hicyclists are seen
> The there observed that cranks abound.
> Mistake use not; of course I uests.
> The cranks that make the whoels go round,
> —Washington Post.

A Farnam street woman, whose stoutness makes her susceptible to the heat, stayed at home from church last evening, and, in the company of her 5-year-old daughter and a palm leaf fan, prepared to enjoy a quiet evening upon the front porch.

Unfortunately the 5-year-old was in a talkative mood and the following unseasonable dialogue took place:

"Ma, why den't you wear your black velvet dress instead of that old white wrapper!"
The stout woman fanned vigorously.
"Hush, darling; it is too heavy for such

"Be quiet, dear; I can't tell what I shall do next winter."
"I'd like a nice white wooly hood, too."

The tormented mother moved uneasily in

me."
"I guess I'll bring the afghan, too."
There was a short silence.
"Ma, do you remember when we had that
levely grate fire last fall, I used to lie on this
rug with the afghan over me and warm my
toes by the hour?"

A long pause brought temporary relief to the suffering mother.

"Ma, a mosquito bit my ear. If I only had my waided our muffs that match my blue plush cloak, they couldn't hurt me then, could not moceed in forgesting her unfortunate nose, she was chossed by the thought that any remarks made upon it would swell the number recorded in her blank book.

Then the stout woman sought the water cooler and bandaged her head with a damp clotk.—Omalia World.

scribed the mystic letters P. R. A. J. S., signifying "Personal Remarks and Jokes Society." They each carried a little note book, in which they made notes in a kind of their ways of their hard of their own inventions.

Loring called her a porpoles. Suppose we invite her to join our society?"

"Agreed," said Tom, "if you will los me invite Ned Warren. He's a good fellow, but some of the boys laugh at him, because he's cross eyed."

The society, thus enlarged to include the society, thus enlarged to include the society in Song Birds.
"It's a pity," said De Klque to the summer

> and henr them up around the hotel instead of canary birds."—Washington Capital. Jack Tar-We ain't so very far from land, Jim. There's been a yacht along here

Jim—How do you know!
Jack Tar—See all them champagne corks.
-Omsha World-Herald. Bank Cashier—Come, sir, what do you want! Time is money.

Penurious Caller—I'd like to exchange a

little of my time for money.—Saturday Evening Herald. "Judge Lynch is not a real judge, is he!" asked Mrs. Fangle. "No," replied her husband; "he's usually in the suspender business."—Time.

Illusive Health.

it certainly does look like blazes.—Munsey's Weekly Rev. Mr. Oglethorpe of the village church)

—Well, my little son, I'm glad to see you looking so fat and hearty. The country air Uncle Zeb—Heah, yo' boys. Did you stole dat wattahmillian from Squar Wigginses? is doing you good, anyway.

Sojourner from the City—Not much it ain't! I've got a reg'lar Sam Hill of a toothache on both sides.—Judge. Boys-Yas, we did.
Uncie Zeb-Well, if or obbah ketch yoʻ
stealin' fum Squar Wigginses agin I'll-but
dis am good an' ripe. De co'rt's abjourned
for de 'casion.—Life.

Fac-simile of broken tile found in the nurs ery of Commodus during recent excavations The Carbon Advocate

An INDEPENDENT FABILY NEWSPAPER Pub-liated every Saturday in Lehighton, Carbon County, Pennsylvania, by

Harry V. Morthimer Jr. \$1 00 Per Year in Advance!

Best advertising medium in the county, fivery description of Plain and Fancy JOB PRINTING

An Attack of Gravel.

The Terrible Suffering of a Wessen at 60. How She was Happily Cured. (There is nothing I now onloy that I do not owe to having used Dr. David Kennady's Favorite Bemady, made at Rondout, N. X. My troubles began in my kidneys and from which I never expected to recover. First there were pains in my back, I was fewerish, with no appetite and could not sheep, I was compelled to use a came, and finally set so weak that I could not stands lottle. The darress in my back was terrible. I was burning up with a fewer or constantly shivesting as if cold. My physicians each

I HAD BRIGHT'S DISEASE. which was sharming information. To said to my atfliction after I had been fill about two years, I had a
bad attack of Gravel. When this made its appearance my physician save up my case, and I resigned
myself to die. I had four declaration at the best
in the country, yes I constantly gress worse. Bit
years ago last June, how well I remember the time! I
saw Dr. Keinnedy's Pavertic Remedy advertised in
our paper. After using one bottle I throw away my
came and went to New York on a wiell, and three botties oured me. I have never had a rotum of Gravel,
nor of the pains or weakness in the bade, and though

Now Vigorous and Strong as I was in my origin. I do all my own work, and result know what it is to be tired. I keep the medicine in this horse and rive it and recommend it whosever I come armiculatives, and recommend it whosever I come a remodulatives, and all of the various remodule that their constraint of Dr. Konnedy's Paveette listenery than constraint the discussion and all of the constraint of the constra

-Minister-ito Johnny on his knee)-

EFFECTS OF MODERN LIFE. Eminent authorities unanimously agree that the high pressure methods of modern life are rapidly making us a race of helpless invalids—subject to all manners of nervous affections, headache, insanity, dizziness neu-ralgia, backache, hysics is, nervous troube of the heart, stensach, katneys, pain etc. Ladies and gentleman who are thus afflicted or who are compelled to keep late hours do much mental or physical work, who worry or fret about business or dencestic troubles, should remember that no other remedy in the world with so specifity cure these dis-cases, remove werry and the blues, induce hen the riders all stopped from their hythmical gallop, and sast around on their horses and gased at the bald headed woman, while her eccort went after the hat and the heir, and every one of the women said they might have known it before, and all the men were struck speechless and completely knocked silly, and it took all the poetry out of horseback riding and brought it down to the commencet kind of proce—and the riding club now doesn't ride any more. ranguil sleep, relieve pain, or build up the brain and nervous systems as Dr. Miles' great discovery, the Kesterative Nervine, it contains no option or morphine. Trial bottles free at Biery & Thomas's deogstore.

- "The lyre has resumed its place in music, I sec." "What do you mean?" "Why there is Jaysmith singing, "Eve-Fifteen Dollars in My Inside Pocket, when the fact is he hasn't a dime."

Though anon we may hear at the dawn of morning the hurrying hoof beats of some gallant
steed as he accents the clearest of rhythmical
meter while hurrying enward with regular
speed, yet the gathering dozens of regular
riders who galloped and galloped in morn's
early light, and who rode till the glow was on
all of their features and eyes were all sparkling and glimmering bright, there is not for
this club the same freedom of gallop, it's not And 100 men to call at druggists, for a free package of Lane's Family Medicine, the great root and herb remedy, discovered by Dr Silas Lane while in the Rocky moun tanins. For diseases of the blood, liver and kidneys it is a positive cure. For constipation and clearing up the complexion it does wonders. Children like it. Everyone praises it. Large-size package, 50 cents, At all druggists. At all druggists'

> the story in our reader about the king who never smilled again?" "Yes, dear." "Well, does that mean that he signed the pledge?"

says Aug. 20th, 1888; "Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy, of Rondont, N. Y., has cared our daughter of Bright's Disease, after all other means had failed. She was so swollen that she measured is inches around the waist, and IS inches below the knee. To say that we feel thankful for such a boon as

The man brought the ozen to a standstill ingly)—Well, it was papa's dog, darling,

I am. NEWS ABOUT TOWN. tion a feller kin git along 'thout terbacker? Are you travilin', or j'st goin' somewhar?' The traveler, not unwilling to have a little It is the current report about town that

Is essential to good health; but at this search it is ofteniest, owing to the poverty or impurity of the blocd, decaugements of the digestive organs and the weakening effect of the changing season. Hood's Sarsaparilla

and aggravate their own sex.

-Cut rates-The surgeon's fee. SUDDEN DEATH. The papers are full of sudden deaths, If on have choking sensations, flattering, pain tenderness in chest faint easily, take Dr.

First Pullman Porter-Whad's yo' ser ervons 'bout, Johns'n? Second Porter-I's a quartah out; da's wad I's narvous bout. Done blacked a pah ob my own boots by mistake fer dat nabob's in d' fo'th A Sound Legal Opinion.

Electric Bilters.
This great remostly will word off, as well as cure all Malarial Diseases, and for all Kittney, Liver, and Stometh Diseases stands menualed. Price to calls and \$1 at KEBER's strugstore. -Mr. Hyde (of Hyde & Tallow, Chicago) -Waiter, I want a dinner. Walter-Will

I am over sixty years of age I am

Dr. Kennedy's Favorite Remedy DR. DAVID KENNEDY, RONDOUT, N. Y.

Where do we find any mention of pambling in the Bible? Johnny—In the history of Dayid, Minister—What! When did David eyer gamble? When he took four kings from the Pfallatines.

-"Mamma," said a little girl, you know crowd and the lost hair takes the poetry all out of a metrical gallop; so the riding club now doesn't ride any more.—Joliet News. S. D. VanBuskirk, of Demarest, N. J.

western prairies, met a dilapidated "prairie schooner" drawn by a pair of bony and hollow eyed oxen. A ragged, uncouth man and a woman of equally unattractive appearance, with a fretful and untidy baby in her arms, Favorite Remedy is but a poor expression of the feelings of grateful parases. occupied the front seat, while the rear part of the wagon did not seem to contain any-thing but other ragged children of all ages and sizes. -She (tenderly)-Did the dog bite you, darling? He-Yes, he did. She (reassur-

and we know he isn't mad. He-Yes, but

Are you travilin, or J'st goin' somewhar?"

The traveler, not unwilling to have a little conversation with this queer specimen of his manity, had reined up his horse and said: "I am going to the next town. Where are you bound?"

"Well, I don't zacily knows just where we will settle down. Where'd you come from?"

The large bottles are 50c and \$1.

-- The women dress to please the men

A GOOD APPETITE

s a wonderful medicine for creating an ap-setite, toning the digestion, and giving trength to the whole system. Now is the

arspparilla.

druggist.

Miles' New Cure for the Heart, and so escape death as did Henry Brown, druggist of Cleveland, Ohio. Sold by Biery & Thomas

E. Bambridge, Minnony Loya, County Ally, Clay Co., Tex. says "Have used Electric Bit-ters with noet happy results. My frother also was very low with Madarial Fever and Jaundier, but was curved by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life, Mr. D. I. Whoovson, of House Cave, Ry., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes that he would have sired, had it not been for Electric Bitters.

ze gentleman haf table d'hote, or a la carte? Mr. Hyde-Bring me a little of both and have 'em put lots of gravy on it.

Proprietor to cheap restaurant)—Yes, I want to hire a man. Are you willing to do any kind of work!

Applicant—Oh, yes; I am perfectly willing to do any kind of work but eat here, sir.

—Time

Amos Koeter in the Catskillo—Why will you persist. Miss Keeto, in following that scrawny Boston girl! Surely, these Chicago indies are more tempting!

Miss Keeto—Well, I heard the English nobluman say that she had the best blood of anybody in the botel.—Life.

Customer—How much time do you give me? Tailor—None, sir, I never give any credit. Customer—How's that? Tailor—Until recently I was editor of a religious weekly. Customer-How much time do you give